

I! Cleaner 51

Chapter 51 Birthday?_1

"I really was screwed by the Black Goat!

Leon couldn't believe how, just a moment ago, everything was going smoothly, but within seconds, he managed to completely blow his cover in three different ways. He muttered a curse under his breath, then swiftly grabbed the broom and darted out of the conference room door, coming face-to-face with the security manager, who wore a vicious expression.

"You..."

"You're finished!"

With a fierce kick, Leon landed a blow square on the security manager's face, sending him flying back along with the rest of his words. Leon then scooped up the file from the floor and charged headlong out the door.

By this point, even the most clueless person should have realized something was wrong. Five or six shouts of varying tones echoed almost simultaneously within the conference room, ultimately merging into a symphony that condensed into a single phrase:

"Catch him!!!!!!!"

...

You'll never catch me!

Although things had suddenly gone sideways, Leon felt completely unruffled inside.

Because, beyond the calming effects of [Martyr of the Wine Country], he had the wisdom imparted by Senior Emma: "Instead of thinking about how to complete the mission, you should first consider your escape plan in case of failure."

So, when entering the hydraulics company, Leon had already scoped out the layout carefully, planned his escape route in advance in case he got found out, and was utterly untroubled by the thought of being caught.

After quickly assessing the situation in his mind, and considering that there was a security team at the main entrance to ward off protesters, Leon didn't run toward the nearest door. Instead, he took off in the opposite direction, sprinting deeper into the company!

"Stop him!"

"Seize that person!"

"Don't let him get away!"

Amid the chaotic shouts, as if a snowball was rolling downhill, more and more people picked up the chase behind Leon, almost entirely blocking the corridor.

Due to carrying a bunch of items, Leon couldn't pick up much speed and was quickly chased down. A few of the security guards, who were in peak physical condition, were only about three steps away, still able to keep shouting loudly while chasing him down.

"Drop those things!"

"There's no way through up ahead!"

"Stop! You can't escape anymore!"

Who said I was going to 'run' away?

Leon glanced back at the pursuers, seeing that they were getting perilously close. Already prepared, he narrowed his eyes and gripped the handle of the [Witch's Broom] tightly!

"Boom!"

A shield meant to block airflow shattered explosively, and in the enclosed room, a bizarre storm suddenly kicked up, absurdly only targeting the lower half of the body.

The security guards running behind Leon, already leaning forward as they ran, were knocked down like falling stalks of wheat by the evil wind. They fell onto the floor, some hitting their heads hard enough on the tiled flooring to bleed or even pass out.

Although those following weren't directly blown over by the gust, they tripped over the downed guards in front and ended up rolling into a tangled mess on the floor, blocking the way for the people behind. The number of "pursuers" was suddenly halved!

"Damn it! Go around!"

"Move it! Don't block the way!"

"He's going upstairs!"

One cannot deny that the physical fitness of the hydraulics company's security staff was quite impressive. A few managed to keep their balance and didn't fall, merely delayed for a moment. The ones who hadn't fallen too hard soon got up, gritted their teeth, and rushed back into the chase, following Leon into the stairwell.

However, another confounding event occurred right then.

Leon burst into the stairwell like a monkey returned to the forest. His already somewhat thin body seemed as light as paper. With just a single leap, he practically flew up the stairs.

He grabbed onto the railing with his free hand to stabilize himself, then, deciding that wasn't fast enough, he tucked the goat head and folder into one arm and the broom under the other, and astonishingly jumped into the gap between the stairs.

In the stunned eyes of the security guards who were watching him as revered as a deity, Leon, who wore the same uniform as them, didn't even bother using the stairs. Instead, he began to scale upward through the stairwell gap, like a swimmer slipping through water.

It was as if the surrounding air wasn't just empty space but was buoyant like river water. His not-so-bulky frame barely needed to contract and extend its limbs to gain leverage on the railings and stairs, springing nearly two meters upward effortlessly, more nimble than a man clutching empty barrels floating up from the sea!

"You... Why are you all just standing there?!"

The event manager, pale-faced, wheezed as he ran into the stairwell and saw the security guards standing dazedly, looking up. He couldn't help but furiously roar:

"Chase him down for me! He took records from the file room! Even if you all drop dead here, you must... huh?"

The sight of Leon, who ascended the sixth floor monkey-like, then kicked through a window to fly out on the broom, momentarily made the event manager forget to breathe.

His previously furious face alternated between red and white, before eventually turning a faint shade of purple.

"Huh?!?!?!?"

...

"Hahaha, I never expected it! My heart is actually in the Capital City!"

Ignoring the oncoming gale, the Black Goat strapped to the broom handle grinned widely in exhilaration:

"Kid, you're really lucky! I just mentioned it casually, and you bumped into one right away, and it was even the strongest heart around!

Kid! You need to get stronger fast! Once you're powerful enough, in just an hour, we could wipe out the entire Ryan Family and snatch my heart back!"

"Speaking of luck..."

Accustomed to ignoring the Black Goat's demonic remarks, Leon couldn't help but frown as he recalled the recent events:

"Don't you think today has been a bit strange?"

"Huh?"

"Up until I left the conference room, my luck today was astonishingly good."

Straddling the broom, Leon extended his hand, counting each coincidence on his fingers:

"I wanted to find your goat... anomalous object, and I immediately got the information; I wanted to understand the hydraulics company's compensation plan, and I instantly found out about the board meeting; I wanted to sneak in to see who had touched your heart, and something immediately happened... Oh, and also!"

Feeling the pocket on his security uniform, Leon furrowed his brows:

"It's one thing that you fell out of the shopping bag—the movement was a bit vigorous—but the pocket is peculiar.

To ensure I didn't lose my ID, I specifically secured the button on the pocket, but just as I bent over, the thread on the button broke at that exact moment, sending my Purification Bureau ID flying out.

And that security manager... he had to appear at the most inopportune moment; had he been a moment earlier or later, nothing would've happened—there're just too many coincidences today, right?"

It does seem a bit ridiculous... and the instances of good luck and bad luck are equal? Hmm... I get it!

Squinting in thought, the Black Goat confidently declared:

"Kid, today must be your birthday!"

???

Birthday? My birthday isn't for a while! And what does that have to do with anything?

"Heh, it's the blessing your Purification Bureau stole from the Master of Starry Skies."

Noticing Leon's confusion, the Black Goat chuckled and queried back:

"You don't think the 87 branches of the Purification Bureau were just randomly named, right?"

Kid, let me tell you, your 87 branches are a conceptual anomalous object themselves, something like Star Atlas Protection, if I recall correctly.

The effect of that thing grants Purification Bureau employees the protection of the corresponding constellation on their birthday, giving them a 'wish fulfillment' ability akin to dreams coming true.

Of course, this ability is a degraded version and can only help you achieve goals that were already possible—wanting to become world king, for example, would yield nothing."

"But that can't be right, can it?"

Upon hearing this, Leon instinctively furrowed his brows and shook his head, denying it:

"Wish fulfillment would represent good luck, but I've experienced as much bad luck as good today!"

"Having misfortune is part of the deal. Did you really think the Master of Starry Skies had no temper?"

Recalling something particularly amusing, the Black Goat laughed:

"Though forced to give their blessing, the Master of Starry Skies is quite petty. They countered with an equivalent curse.

Employees of your Purification Bureau using this blessing on their birthday will face several misfortunes after achieving their goals, tying up the balance, so to speak."

"It seems to make sense..."

Reflecting on recent events once again, Leon initially nodded slightly but then quickly shook his head, frowning:

"But my birthday has passed—it's definitely not today!"