

I! Cleaner 58

Chapter 58 Don't bow your head, integrity will be lost_1

"That's more like it!"

After stuffing a large stack of files marked "completed" back into the drawer, the Red-haired Director smiled at Leon, who looked utterly resigned, and explained with a grin,

"I'm not intentionally forcing you! The consensus in our department has always been to assign tasks to those whose abilities fit the job.

For example, Emma. She has the Undying Body to protect her life, so the tasks she receives often involve physical damage but rarely involve spiritual entities like ghosts. Take that giant beast reported from Adolf Manor; it's a task she...will be completing.

And you, with your ability to gather intelligence on Anomalous Objects through touch, and that dead sheep by your side allowing you to see the state of others' souls, you can directly tell if they're lying. With these two abilities, you're basically a born investigator! If I don't let you go, who else should?"

"..."

Well, that's true...

After thinking about the methods he currently had, Leon couldn't help but nod in agreement.

With the abilities he currently possessed, investigating was indeed more suitable than dealing with something like a downpour of blood or a five-meter-tall giant beast. Even if the kinship recognition failed, he should be able to retreat unharmed...

Right?

Recalling the Black Goat's excited demeanor upon discovering the heart's whereabouts, Leon hesitated for a moment before speaking up worriedly,

"Director, it's not that I want to refuse the investigation task, but if that 'heart' is similar to the 'corner' and can detect the presence of other parts, and has controlled the members of the Ryan Family, I'm worried I might be besieged and might not be able to escape."

"Don't worry, I've considered that as well."

Surveying Leon's physique, the Red-haired Director hesitated, then reached out to tug at a few strands of her vibrant red hair, handing them over.

"With this and the Witch's Broom, it should be enough to protect most situations, but...don't touch it yet!"

With a slight flick of her slender wrist, dodging Leon's reaching hand, the Red-haired Director warned seriously,

"It can protect you on its own and doesn't require your physical or mental energy, but before I give you this, you must promise me, absolutely! Absolutely! Don't touch it with your hands!"

"..."

Don't touch it with my hands...Does that mean she doesn't want me to know its details?

"Never mind, just pretend I didn't say anything..."

Seeing Leon looking somewhat puzzled, the Red-haired Director seemed a bit regretful, quickly retracting her hand and waving off,

"Emma's task is almost finished; you can stay in the department for a few days. Once she returns, I'll have her take you on the investigation task. Her bandages are about as effective as these strands of hair and can protect you as well."

"..."

Hearing that Senior Emma was needed to protect him, Leon, the freeloading Leon, couldn't help but feel slightly embarrassed, his masculine pride driving him to extend his right hand directly,

"Then just give it to me, I promise not to touch it with my ha...uh..."

Feeling slightly embarrassed under the Red-haired Director's gaze as if watching a fool, Leon hurriedly pulled up his sleeve with his left hand, revealing his wrist,

"You misunderstood; I reached out not to have you place the hair in my hand, but to tie it directly on my wrist."

"The wrist is still not safe; you might accidentally touch it."

After shaking her head and rejecting Leon's suggestion, the Red-haired Director moved closer, then reached out to hook Leon's back of the neck, pulling him towards her embrace.

"Lower your head, and I'll tie the hair around your neck."

"Uh...okay..."

Seeing the pair coming dangerously close to his nose tip, Leon only felt his ears heat up slightly. He quickly closed his eyes, slightly arched his back, and straightened his neck, waiting for the Red-haired Director to tie the hair. However...

"Lower your head even more; I can't reach it."

Hearing the soft, sultry voice in his ear, Leon felt his heart race, and the blood in his brain began rushing uncontrollably to his ears. He seemed to hear the swishing of the hot blood flowing through his ears.

Lower...Lower and I'll be buried in it!

Although he secretly took a glance before entering the building, that was really just a little accident, almost instinctively glancing and immediately, politely diverted his gaze.

But now, if he responded to the Director's invitation and directly buried his head in it, that would truly cement him as a creep, and no river could wash that reputation clean.

Instinctively clenching his fist slightly, Leon awkwardly reminded,

"Um...I'm afraid lowering my head might be inconvenient; how about you tiptoe a bit?"

"What am I tipping for!"

Seemingly impatient, the Red-haired Director urged,

"It's just a matter of you bending over! Why should I be tipping? Hurry up and move!"

"..."

Though I didn't intend to take advantage of it, I've already pointed it out this much, maybe...Never mind, I'll remind her again!

To make the other party understand that now wasn't the suitable time to continue lowering his head, Leon had to take a deep breath, releasing it forcefully through his nose.

"Aiya!"

As a coquettish complaint sounded, Leon didn't hear retreating footsteps; he instead heard the Red-haired Director's lament again,

"Why are you blowing on my chest? Stop fooling around, lower your head quickly! I still have a lot of work to do!"

"..."

Ah...I've really tried...

"Yes, that's the right way to lower your head!"

Seeing Leon, eyes closed, lowering his head in resignation, the Red-haired Director nodded with a smile but quickly urged again,

"Did you just lower it by a millimeter? Lower it some more!"

"..."

"Mm, a bit lower, it's still not enough!"

"..."

"Lower! Lower!"

"..."

Lower? I've already bent to a ninety-degree angle! Even if you were a little lapdog standing on your hind legs, you should be able to reach!

Continuing to lower it any further was clearly a setup...

Feeling utterly speechless, Leon simply opened his eyes, and unsurprisingly, instead of seeing this and that, what greeted him was the slightly worn wooden floor of the Director's office.

As for the red-haired beauty previously standing in front of him, she had already returned to her seat behind the desk, sipping hot water, gleefully continuing her "Lower! Lower!" chant.

"..."

"Ah, don't be mad~"

Seeing Leon's expression turn dark, the Red-haired Director put down the cup, leaned back in her chair with a grin,

"You first hid the matter of Yang Xin from me, then sneaked a peek when I had a wardrobe malfunction. I wasn't angry with you for either of these things. Now I just played a little joke on you, so you can't be upset~ Ah, don't move, let me tie the hair on for you first."

Stretching her index finger, she drew a circle in the air, controlling the hair to tie around Leon's neck with a delicate little bow. The Red-haired Director smiled,

"Nice~ You managed to keep your eyes closed for so long, not sneaking any peeks, even when you had an excuse not to take advantage. Now I can trust you'll keep your promise."

Remember, now that the hair is tied around your neck, it's equivalent to my chest. If you inadvertently glance at it, I won't blame you. But if you dare touch it...Don't blame me for losing my temper!"