

I! Cleaner 60

Chapter 60 Internal Organs and Hair_1

Your Anomalous Objects... filled six entire floors?

Stunned by this utterly outrageous answer, Leon didn't speak for quite a while. It wasn't until he saw the slight curve in the Red-haired Director's mouth that he realized he had been played yet again.

"As long as I can get the Yang Xin back, it's mine, right? Then I have no problem with it!"

After giving the Red-haired Director's back a glare, Leon, fooled twice, had no desire to continue wasting time with her nonsense. He left a parting remark and stormed out of the director's office with a scowl.

After he slammed the door behind him, the red-haired woman gazed out the window, then slowly turned her head back. Her charming face was full of smiles, yet her eyes, clear and watery, held no hint of joy. Instead, they were as deep and cold as icy ponds.

"Things as they are now... aren't actually that bad."

Muttering to herself incoherently, a lonely look flickered in her gaze as she suppressed her smile, tipped back the glass of water, and drank it dry in one gulp. Then she slumped forward onto her desk like a drunken person and lay still. Soon, the office was filled with the steady sound of quiet snores.

As the snores spread throughout the office, from the second floor to the third, fourth, and up to the top-most floor where all windows and vents were sealed to prevent any light from entering, countless tiny creatures began to emit quiet, nearly inaudible snores in unison.

...

"There's something like this going on!!!"

After finishing the records in hand about the Charl Power Company's illegal operations, the editor of the "Daily News" social section couldn't help but slam his fist lightly on the restaurant table in anger, then promised in a low voice full of indignation,

"Dumping into the public water pipes... these damned bastards, is there nothing in their brains but money? I must blow the lid off this affair!"

"Hmm..."

With his finger lightly tapping a sheep's head, Leon glanced at the editor's face filled with anger, a thick disappointment flashing briefly across his own face, then nodded expressionlessly and started gathering the documents on the table.

"Since you've agreed, let's wrap it up for today. I hope you'll follow through once you get back."

"I absolutely will!"

Grabbing Leon's wrist, the editor of the "Daily News" stood up, full of enthusiasm, and promised,

"Leave it all to me! Once I'm back, I'll definitely write this up truthfully, so those damned bastards get the punishment they deserve!"

By the way, these materials are still a bit flimsy. It might only lead to Charl Department Store paying fines, while the real culprits could get off scot-free. Do you have any other evidence against those three companies?"

"Not for the time being."

Seeing that there wasn't a trace of anger in the other's soul, instead filled with panic, conspiracy, and ill intent, Leon couldn't help the deep sense of disgust that flashed through his eyes.

Suppressing the urge to punch the other's face, Leon, in disguise, pushed away his hand and expressionlessly packed the documents back into a folder, then bid his farewell,

"Editor, since you feel the evidence is insufficient, I'll take these back and organize them. Once I find enough evidence, I'll contact you again."

"Ah? No need!"

Seeing Leon about to leave, the "Daily News" editor seemed a bit flustered and hurriedly grabbed his arm, pleading,

"The victims are still waiting for compensation! Though these materials aren't complete, they're enough to get most people's attention. Why don't you leave them with me, and I'll draft a report first?"

"No need."

"Why not?"

Unable to bear any more, Leon shook off his hand and replied coldly,

"Because if I hand them to you, this report might never see the light of day."

"..."

Heh... He's figured it out, huh? Seems this kid isn't as dumb as he looks.

Watching Leon's cold and detached gaze, the "Daily News" editor's eyebrows twitched slightly, realizing Leon had figured out his intentions and wouldn't hand over the documents.

Disdainfully scrutinizing Leon's only visible eyes, observing his thin frame and shabby clothing, the editor, who had just showered Leon with praise and warmth, now angled his mouth downward and sat back in his chair, calling out loudly,

"Waiter!"

Waving over the waiter who had been glancing in their direction, the "Daily News" editor pointed at Leon with a calm face and ordered,

"Close the door, and call over a couple of security guards. This man just stole my stuff, and the item is right there in his arms."

"Yes, sir! Close the outer door!"

Taking a look at the "Daily News" editor, clad in a Frock high-end suit with a folded silk pocket square, hat, tie, watch, and walking stick, topped off with high-top calfskin shoes,

And glancing at Leon, wearing an ill-fitting, worn trench coat and a black kerchief covering his nose and mouth, the waiter barely used half a second to decide what to do.

Even though the two had come in together; even though there was a table separating them, with no physical contact the entire time; even though the item the wealthy gentleman pointed to was something the masked man had been holding from the start... none of that influenced his judgment.

After all, the customer is always right, and it was obvious that one of these individuals was not a customer of this establishment, wasn't he?

"..."

Watching as four security guards were called over, blocking the booth's exit, Leon furrowed his brows, turning back with icy eyes to the editor of the "Daily News," who was leisurely adjusting his tie.

"You're going to resort to force?"

"I'm not using force, just trying to save your life, and in turn, save the person you'll end up choosing."

Carefully smoothing out the wrinkles in his tie, the "Daily News" editor, leaning on his cane, stood up and sauntered over.

"You've been covering your face, but listening to your voice and watching your actions, you shouldn't be too old, right?"

Heh, young man, your sense of justice is admirable, but you clearly don't understand the ways of this world."

Gently raising the long "cane," wiping off the mud on Leon's pants, the "Daily News" editor smiled softly and said,

"In our country, the royal family is the Heart, the noble are the Organs, the parliament is the Brain, factories are the strongest Muscles, merchants are the Bone that constantly produces blood, and as for the rest... they are merely Skin that sheds and regenerates, along with hair that renews itself in waves."

Staring at the silent Leon, the editor's smile turned slightly sour, and he leaned in close, disdain evident in his eyes as he whispered only for the two of them to hear,

"I ask you, when Hair has a grievance against an Organ, as the Tongue, should I shout about it, stirring up the rest of the foolish Hair and Skin, creating more pointless Chaos?

Or would it be wiser to silence this troublesome Hair, teaching it how to finally shut that damn mouth of its own?"