

## I! Cleaner 63

Chapter 63 The Major Case Triggered by Nineteen Bronze Wheels\_1

"The situation has taken shape..."

Although it sounded a bit melodramatic, Leon thought it over and felt that this phrase was perfectly fitting to describe Charl Department Store's current circumstances.

When Charl Department Store first started making waves, someone might have been able to stop it. After all, before a train starts moving, it only takes a small block of wood on the track to stop it.

But now, with such a large commotion, more and more people have benefited, and even more are eagerly waiting for compensation. It's as if the train has already set off; at this point, not to mention a block of wood, even a solid iron wall daring to block the way would be run through!

Amid his curiosity about old Charl and idle chat with the coachman, the steam carriage roared along and soon arrived near the Charl Department Store headquarters building.

Through the brightly polished glass, Leon looked out at the frenzied crowd and the large cash box soon to be filled; he couldn't help but click his tongue secretly, marveling at old Charl's grandeur while painfully taking out two Silver Wheels and handing them to the coachman.

"Change!"

"..."

As Leon confidently stretched out his hand after paying, the coachman grimaced speechlessly.

With a good twenty-two kilometers from the start to here, minus five and adding two again, this trip should have cost you nineteen Copper Wheels. I've answered all your questions along the way, chatting with you all the while; yet, you're so stingy as not to give even a single Copper Wheel in tip?

Might as well dock your pay!

Sorry, tipping is a lavish habit of the rich, and for two lifetimes, I've been poor, still not entirely out of poverty, unworthy of such extravagant expenses.

Under the coachman's glare, Leon took the change of one Copper Wheel, got off the carriage holding the file folder stained with dried blood, both happy and disheartened.

The driving force behind his stealing documents from the Hydro Company, seeking connections with the press to expose the problem, was to help those patients wailing in the hospital corridors. He felt that only by making a big deal out of it could there be a chance for these people to get enough compensation for treatment.

But now, before he could manage to expose the issue, those patients had already started receiving compensation. The burden lifted, leaving Leon with a feeling of relief mixed with the disappointment of having missed his target by a wide margin.

Hmm...guess I should go and meet with "old Charl"!

Recalling what was overheard outside the Hydro Company conference room, Leon, standing by the street, pondered for a moment before heading towards the Charl Department Store building.

Back when he heard the arguments in the conference room, it seemed that the three nobles, led by Lionheart Lyon, had deliberately reduced filtration cycles to dump untreated sewage into the public pool just to seize Charl Department Store.

Although the patients had gotten compensation, those three bastards had yet to be punished. He happened to have the Hydro Company's operational records and several documents processed and approved up and down the ranks,

although "punishing evil" wasn't as high a priority as "helping the needy." After all, the Kingdom had tons of rotten business every day that he couldn't begin to manage, but...

Since I'm already here, my twenty Copper Wheels can't go to waste!

...

"Are you saying those most important documents are missing?"

After listening to the detective agency's report, the dark-skinned old man's brow furrowed. Bending his knuckles, thick from years of hard work, he hit the sturdy elm wood desk in front of him with a heavy thud, looking displeased as he said,

"I've paid you enough to bribe a county councilor many times over these days, not just a few security guards and file keepers. Are you really working hard for me?"

"Well... Mr. Charl, the situation this time is a bit unusual..."

Seeing their biggest patron angry, the detective agency staff couldn't help but change their expressions and quickly began to explain,

"We really did our best, not only bribing two small security teams but also some servants from the Shield family, and even kidnapping several Hydro Company archive room employees' family members.

While your wife was having a series of meetings for three consecutive days, diverting everyone's attention, our people completely controlled the archive room during the Hydro Company's most relaxed moment.

But just as our people compiled several documents and followed those file keepers into the backroom to search for the remaining archives, the damned security manager happened to enter the outer room.

Not knowing what kind of luck he had, among almost thirty files piled up at the table, he happened to grab those two most important ones and leave. Mr. Charl, we really were—"

"Enough, I'm not interested in your stories!"

Casting a glance at the detective agency staff looking downhearted, the bloodshot-eyed old Charl couldn't help but furrow his brow, saying unpleasantly,

"What mistakes you made are your business. I need evidence to prove those three Old Nobility families, especially the Ryan Family's deliberate violations! Since the documents ended up with the security manager, go get them back!"

"Well..."

A member of the detective agency wiped the sweat beading from his forehead with a handkerchief, bowed slightly, and said, "Our people followed him right away after discovering the missing documents. But shortly after the security manager got the files, someone in the conference room seized them—ironically, the cop who saved your wife.

That little cop, after grabbing the items, led our people on a wild chase around the Hydro Company premises, where he might have set up trip wires in hidden places in advance, sending our teammates tumbling and knocking themselves out..."

As he paused, letting someone with a bandaged head step forward to flash his empty front teeth, the detective agency member continued with a bitter smile,

"Mr. Charl, I understand it sounds unbelievable, but considering his missing teeth... our team really gave it their all, but couldn't catch up.

Mainly because that man's physical strength was extraordinarily strong, seemingly having undergone some special training. Once he was sure no one could follow him, he suddenly dashed to the sixth floor and broke the air vent window with a kick, escaping from a pre-tied rail. Our team pursued him a long way, yet couldn't even catch a glimpse of his face."

"Then go find someone who met him!"

Pressing his throbbing head, old Charl coldly knocked on the table twice again.

"I've invested in you guys for so long, spending so much every year, hiring so many people to come in handy at times like these!

Whether by money or other means, no matter who he is, you must find him for me! Get those documents back!"

"Yes, Mr. Charl, we're on it!"

Seeing that the old man seemed uninterested in continuing to hold them accountable, the detective agency members were ecstatic, nodding repeatedly in assurance,

"That person always kept his face down, using his cap's brim to cover it. Only your daughter and that lucky security manager saw his full face.

Due to your wife's sudden illness at the time, your daughter was crying intensely...so she couldn't clearly describe his appearance, so we've centered our investigation on that security manager. We've already unearthed a few leads!

Rest assured, Mr. Charl, as long as the documents haven't been destroyed, 'Silver Hook' promises to retrieve them for you!"