

I! Cleaner 71

Chapter 71 Shall we go sleep on the street?_1

"Oh man, this guy's luck is just too bad. He really has it rough!"

As Leon lamented the unfortunate events surrounding the baby-faced girl, she was secretly glancing at him, tears in her eyes and thinking similar thoughts.

Although Mr. Lyon was a good person, it seemed like his family's luck wasn't any better.

Last time with the gas pipeline incident, her sister barely escaped a deadly explosion after just a hospital stay. This time, Leon had been even unluckier. He was just passing by the money box when the pile of Gold Wheel coins inside broke the box's wall and buried him, almost crushing him to death.

Waaah... And there's more. I've carefully inquired about it. His parents died in battle six years ago, his sister isn't healthy enough for heavy work, and there are two younger siblings who aren't in school yet.

His whole family of four was supported by him, their big brother, who started working hard to support them at just fourteen years old. Yet, the family's circumstances kept deteriorating, only slightly improving after he joined the police department recently.

It's really too pitiful. If something really happens to him this time, even if I compensated his family with a fortune, I'd still feel guilty for a lifetime!

"I'm truly very sorry! This is all my fault!"

Remembering the empty little home with no extra furnishings when she went to apologize, the baby-faced girl sniffed hard, lifted her head, and earnestly said,

"Mr. Lyon, aside from the necessary compensation, Charl Department Store will cover all your lost wages, medical expenses, and nutrition costs! I know you're someone who doesn't care much for money, but please, this time, don't refuse! Also, if you have any other requests, feel free to ask! We'll do our utmost!"

"..."

Oh, well... You apologize so earnestly that it makes me feel guilty...

Looking at the baby-faced girl apologizing tearfully for something that wasn't her fault, Leon subconsciously scratched his head, feeling as if he were extorting her.

Hmm... no, no.

This time was different from last. If it weren't for me, that toad would certainly have caused mass casualties.

After being modified by the Brain of the Evil God from the Purification Bureau, it'd likely become a case of a stampede due to too many people rushing to buy goods, and the big sale would inevitably be forcibly stopped.

So killing that toad was actually doing Charl Department Store a huge favor. And I did get injured helping them, so it's not like I'm taking something I didn't earn.

...

"Well... let's forget about the compensation, but there is something I'd really like your help with."

Thinking of his family's situation, Leon loosened his stiff neck, embarrassed, and said,

"Since you've been to my place, you've probably seen my brother and sister, right? They're at the age to start school. They should have started this summer. But back then, something happened at home, the military took back... um... long story short, we had no money for schooling at that time. I've recently checked with the school, but they've said they can't take new students this year, and maybe next year, so if you could..."

"Yes! Absolutely yes!"

Seeing the "poor good guy" finally make some requests, the baby-faced girl, tormented by her conscience, was overjoyed and hurried to the bedside from the foot of the bed, clapping her modest chest earnestly and promising,

"We... Charl Department Store owns shares in many good schools. We have internal recommendations every year. You can choose any school, except the royal private ones, among church public schools or noble private schools for them!"

"Um... there's no need for that..."

Thinking about the location of Veteran Lane and those public and private schools, Leon shook his head and said,

"We're all non-believers, and given our family's situation, they probably wouldn't be happy at a noble private school, so there's no need for such a good school. As long as it's an area public school with decent teaching and strict management... hmm... it would be better if it were closer to home."

"Ah! I'm sorry, I overlooked that!"

Upon hearing Leon's concern, the baby-faced girl blushed and apologized awkwardly before hesitating,

"But as for good area public schools... The schools in Old Town are quite chaotic. The better ones should be Platinum Public School, Bridge Public School, Chelsea Public School, and Westminster Public School. But you live on the edge of Old Town, on Veteran Lane. These schools, in order to ensure student resources, are built closer to the New Town side, so they seem a bit far. Walking there would take quite a while every day, how about..."

Sneaking a glance at Leon's expression, the baby-faced girl cautiously suggested,

"Shall I compensate you with a house there?"

?!?

What?! Isn't it normal to suggest, 'how about you switch schools,' and at most offer a vintage stagecoach? What's with giving a school district house directly? Is Charl Department Store really this outrageously generous?

"Hiss... cough! Cough, cough, cough!!!"

Startled by the baby-faced girl's suggestion, Leon instinctively took a deep breath, which strained his cracked ribs, leading to painful coughing. Holding his chest in agony, he leaned back against the headboard.

"Ah! Mr. Lyon! Hold on, I'll call a doctor!"

Seeing Leon go from fine to pale and lying down suddenly terrified the baby-faced girl. She turned to find a doctor immediately.

Yet, just as she turned, Leon quickly pulled her back.

"I'm okay, I'm okay... cough... I just... inhaled too abruptly."

Afraid this weepy compensation girl might propose some absurd compensation plan, Leon, holding her hand, caught his breath and pressed his aching ribs, refusing,

"There's really no need for a house! Just help my brother and sister get into school! Oh right, among these better public schools, which is the closest to Veteran Lane?"

"..."

Perplexed, she glanced at their clasped hands, feeling Leon's warm, calloused palm. The baby-faced girl didn't struggle immediately. After some thought, she shyly replied,

"The closest public school... that should be Bridge Public School. The main gate is at the end of Bridge Street, and it's not too far from your workplace in the municipal district. If you get off work early, you could pick up your brother and sister from school... um... Mr. Lyon, your hand..."

"Oh, sorry!"

Upon being reminded, Leon, for some reason lost in thought, quickly released the baby-faced girl's hand and furrowed his brows in concentration.

Bridge Street... That Happiness Apartment that almost cut him in half with giant scissors seemed to be on number 35 of this street. Not only was the rent very low, but there were also many vacant apartments.

Moreover, the husband of the middle-aged nurse from the hospital incident happened to be a teacher at Bridge Public School, and Anna coincidentally "saved" his wife, forming a bond of good karma.

To say the least, if Melanie and others went to Bridge Public School, they'd definitely be well taken care of. If they occasionally misbehaved, both Anna and I could quickly find out. Moving there seemed like getting several benefits at once but...

Recalling that "unhealthy" muscular old man and his giant scissors that almost split him, Leon worriedly rubbed his temples.

Anna and the others could move in, but what about me?