

I! Cleaner 73

Chapter 73 Under the calm daily life... _1

"Hey, big brother~"

A baby-faced young girl left the ward not long ago, and Anna came in carrying a small cloth bag, her eyes full of curiosity as she asked,

"What were you talking about just now? Miss Amy seemed to be in a good mood; her eyes weren't so puffy."

"Haha, of course, it was something good!"

After solving the problem of his younger siblings' schooling, Leon's mood was also quite good, and he happily announced,

"Just now, I didn't take Charl Company's compensation. Instead, I asked her for a favor to fix the school issues for Melanie and William."

"Really!"

Upon hearing that her younger siblings had their schooling settled, Anna's eyes naturally sparkled with delight.

She quickly walked to the bedside, sat down, and while taking out a lunch box from the little cloth bag, she delightedly asked,

"Which school is it? Is it the one built in Blackstone Lane? Or the one heading out of town from the Alchemy Factory?"

"Neither."

Shaking his head with a smile, Leon did not keep her guessing and directly revealed the answer.

"It's Bridge Public School, the one at the intersection of Bridge Street and Theater Street!"

Bridge Public School?!

Upon hearing the name of this school, Anna couldn't help but be overjoyed, a flush of excitement passing over her fair cheeks.

"Isn't that the best school in our Old Town! If William can go there, he might be able to advance internally and even continue to university as long as he has good grades! Wow, this is truly..."

"Don't get excited, hey! Hold it steady!"

Seeing that the lunch box in his sister's hand tilted and a lot of soup had already seeped through the lid's gap, Leon hurriedly reached out to hold it up. Though he managed to save his lunch, he pulled on his fractured rib, his face turning pale with pain.

"Brother!"

Startled, Anna quickly stood up and helped Leon, who was gasping, lean back against the pillow at the head of the bed. After a while, when she confirmed he was alright, she finally relaxed, looking at him anxiously.

"Brother! You shouldn't move for now; I'll feed you instead."

Leon, with his pain-contorted face, had no choice but to nod. He then slightly lifted his chin caught in the neck brace and took a sip of the fish soup brought to his lips.

"Hiss..."

Was it too hot?

Hearing Leon's inhaling sound, Anna curiously blinked and scooped up another creamy white spoonful of fish soup to taste herself.

"It's not too hot...?"

"No, it wasn't too hot; it was just too fresh."

Seeing his sister's face still full of worry, Leon chose not to mention it was actually pain making him gasp, instead teasingly remarked,

"Anna~ It seems like this hospital is a good place, huh? After you stayed here for a few days, not only did you recover, but your cooking skills even got better~"

"My cooking skills didn't change; it's just because we now have money at home and can afford to buy live fish and spices."

Taking a handkerchief from her pocket, she wiped off a bit of fish soup from Leon's mouth corner, forked a small piece of fish, and brought it to his mouth, happily saying,

"Brother, this morning, someone knocked on our door and said he was your colleague, bringing over your week's salary, a full nine Gold Wheels!"

Nine Gold Wheels...

Hearing Anna's words, Leon couldn't help but do some mental arithmetic.

His basic weekly salary was 12 Gold Wheels, and including the 2 Gold Wheels from the Toad field task, it should have been a total of 14 Gold Wheels. If he was left with 9 after deducting the drinking bill, that meant... did the director's six bottles of wine cost 5 Gold Wheels?!

Shocked by the price of those wines, Leon quickly swallowed the fish in his mouth and opened the badge panel to check the progress of the [Martyr of the Wine Country].

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One hundred seventeen bottles... If all these wines were this price... on the day he got drunk and was sent home by the director, didn't he drink almost a hundred Gold Wheels worth?!!!

...

[Dear Miss Olivia, ten days ago you dined at our store, and your total bill of 327 Gold Wheels for beverages remains unpaid. We hope you will settle this balance promptly upon receiving this notice. We look forward to your continued patronage.]

"..."

After reading the debt reminder on his table, the red-haired director, who stayed silent, picked up a bottle and gulped down the tea inside, acting as if it were whiskey. He then placed the whiskey bottle back on the table and looked at the liquid inside, which was the same color as whiskey, deep in thought.

What on earth was I thinking back then? How could I have ended up buying him so much liquor?

Remembering a certain drinking buddy who seemed on the brink of ducking under the table but never actually collapsed no matter how much he drank, the red-haired director rubbed his aching temples and vaguely recalled parts of that night.

"Director, these are all liquors on the menu. Should we order some food?"

"I'll taste others too, but I'll only try a sip of each."

"Huh? Is this it? I thought you could handle your liquor well?"

"Are you running out of funds? How about I chip in?"

"..."

Was I swindled?

With remarkable memory, recalling how his wallet was stripped step by step, the red-haired director couldn't help but smack his lips in annoyance. The more he thought about it, the more he felt like a gullible fool caught on a hook.

Someone insisted they couldn't drink, then went on to drink even more than I did! What's worse, once the alcohol was gone, they just lay on the floor, soundly asleep, while I had to take them home!

Feeling the deflated wallet that had just received his salary, the red-haired director clenched his fist, resolved through gritted teeth.

I, Olivia, would rather starve to death or be tormented by cravings, forced to deceive myself with tea in a wine bottle, than ever drink with Leon again!

Never!

Randomly crumpling the debt notice into a ball and tossing it into the trash can beside the desk, the red-haired director scowled and pulled over a stack of newspapers, browsing through the week's news.

The Sun News: "Shocking, days ago a citizen passing by Charl Department Store unexpectedly was showered with a windfall from the sky!"

"Pfft!"

Looking at the grayscale photo on the front page of the newspaper—the one where Leon was buried under countless Gold Wheels with only two arms visible—the red-haired director couldn't help but chuckle. After a quick scan, he clipped the article into Leon's file with a grin.

"The incident report on the Scales Gold Sect Holy Spirit's appearance was just missing a picture, so I might as well use this as a submission~ Haha, serves you right for tricking me out of drink money!"

"Oh, and it's already been four days. Given Leon's condition, shouldn't he be back to work by today?"

Swiftly reading through The Sun News, and not spotting anything suspicious, the red-haired director, feeling considerably brighter, continued to peruse the other newspapers.

Daily News: "Our editor-in-chief was attacked by rebels a few days ago, claiming: 'Nobles are just the fleas in the crotch!'"

Financial Times: "Rose Department Store's revenue plummeted due to the big sale at Charl Department Store, rumored to be closing or liquidating!"

Dance Entertainment News: "Scandal erupted against the troupe's lead, facing boycotts, and with no replacement, Master Wilde's performance might be impeded!"

Hmm... although many events have occurred, none seem related to the 'abnormal,' so the Capital City seems pretty peaceful lately!

Nodding in satisfaction, the red-haired director was about to organize the newspapers but caught a glimpse of a small, inconspicuous article in the corner of his eye.

New Industry News: "Ami Liquor's new couple's wine released, offering a fifty percent discount when couples purchase and consume it on-site."

"Hiss..."