

I! Cleaner 74

Chapter 74 The Appearance of the Rumored Girlfriend_1

"There's definitely something fishy about this distillery event!"

The Red-haired Director stormed into the office with a newspaper in hand, stepped over the guillotine lying on the floor, and slapped the New Industry News onto the desk. She was inviting in a very serious tone,

"Emma, come investigate with me! I swear by my name as the Director of the Virgin Sanitation Bureau, the person behind this event absolutely has unspeakable and evil intentions!"

"..."

"Director... are you short on money again?"

After reading about the so-called "evil event," Emma, who was cleaning the Skullcrusher Hammer, looked up with an expression full of helplessness and suggested,

"We just got paid a couple of days ago. How about I lend you some more?"

"Emma, you're misunderstanding!"

Ha, borrowing money is one thing, getting a discount is another; the two don't conflict at all!

Deciding that not only should she borrow money, but she also had to snag that fifty percent off, the Red-haired Director clenched her fist firmly and insisted righteously,

"I really think there's something off about this event. Come on! Investigate it with me."

"..."

Come on, just stop? Even if everything you say is true, what kind of abnormal event would require the Director of the Zodiac like you and a First Level disaster handler like me to step out together? A Divine Descent of an Evil God?

I really can't understand what level of boredom an Evil God would have to reach to, rather than conduct a grand sacrificial ritual upon descent, instead go raid a medium-sized distillery.

Witnessing the Red-haired Director nearly losing her sanity due to the lack of alcohol for too long, Emma suddenly felt a headache. She pointed a wet finger at the word "couple" on the newspaper, trying to reject as mildly as possible,

"I'm also a woman, but this event requires couples. Wouldn't it be inappropriate for us to go together?"

"The situation is urgent. We can't bother with such details!"

After calculating her remaining money, the Red-haired Director put on a serious face and invited again,

"Come on! I have this nagging feeling like this event is targeting me specifically!"

"..."

Are you sure it's after you, and not you charging at it?

"Fine..."

Seeing the Red-haired Director's unwavering determination in her eyes, as her good friend, Emma could only shake her head helplessly, dry her hands on her apron, and take the newspaper to have a look.

"Let me see where it's located. If it's not too far, then after work... I'm not going!"

After reading the detailed rules of the event, Emma's delicate face suddenly blushed slightly. She poked at the newspaper in embarrassment and quizzed,

"Did you even read it through? This isn't something any two people can just go to. You have to kiss publicly for a minute to prove you're a couple before you can enter!"

"Well... it's just a quick peck on the lips..."

Licking her lips, already going over six days without a drink and finding it unbearable, the Red-haired Director shamelessly said,

"We're both women and quite familiar with each other. I think..."

"Get out!"

"Emma, dear Emma! Come with me, please! I'll die without any more drinks!"

"Then go die outside!"

"..."

Tsk... As expected, even the best of friends can't be relied upon in crucial moments.

Pushed out of the office, the Red-haired Director sighed deeply in disappointment, then instinctively turned her head toward the adjoining office.

[Leon Laine (Level Three Incident Handler)]

After staring at the plaque on Leon's office door for a while, the Red-haired Director hesitated completely before having an epiphany about the oath she swore five minutes ago. She couldn't help but stomp her foot in frustration, bore her face, and resolutely turned to leave.

I'll come back when you're at work!

...

"Achoo!!!"

Hiss... It hasn't even transitioned to winter yet, so why is it so cold today?

Pulling down her coat sleeves and tucking her hands inside them, shivering from the cold wind, Leon couldn't help but open the panel and suspiciously glance at his unusually high Contamination Value of 0.9.

After being tossed into the hospital, the doctor had estimated that it would take a week for preliminary healing, but he bounced back to life after only three days, returning home last night. His constitution was noticeably superior to the average person.

Although his physical improvement was significant, by reason, he shouldn't be as sensitive to the cold. So, why shiver constantly when caught in the cold breeze?

As Leon trudged to work in the frigid wind, he couldn't help but reminisce the warmth of that cunning merchant's small coffee stall.

Although his bread slices let light through, his butter spread thinner than shoe polish, and he dared to charge a Copper Wheel for a single slice of ham, the coffee was warm, and the stove at the stall burned strong. The moment one sat inside, all the cold would disappear and the warmth would last all the way to the Purification Bureau.

Alas... Unfortunately, he's tied up with personal matters for now and doesn't have time for the stall. I'll just have to tough it out.

In a few days, when William and the others start attending Bridge Public School and move into Happiness Apartment with Anna, I can just crash at the Purification Bureau's office and won't have to travel this far every day... Hmm?

Turning around a street corner, Leon was pleasantly surprised to find that the usual spot where Old Charl set up his stall was not empty. A wave of warmth, as refreshing as a spring breeze, rushed toward him, instantly dispelling the chill surrounding him.

He surprisingly set up the stall!

Feeling as if reuniting with a long-lost friend, Leon, enveloped by the warm breeze, dashed over excitedly and was about to start a conversation with Old Charl, only to find himself stunned on the spot.

Nothing else, sitting before the coffee stall's stove wasn't the familiar dark-skinned, honest-looking old man but a young woman with a perfect legs-to-waist ratio, with the lower half of her face wrapped in a scarf.

" ... "

Why did the stall operator change... hmm...

"This small coffee stall, I plan to pass it on to my daughter in the future. This way, no matter how she fares outside, she'll always have a livelihood at home."

Remembering what Old Charl had once said, a flash of realization crossed Leon's eyes — is it that Old Charl had to take care of his wife and had no time to run the stall, so he handed it over to his daughter early?

Hmm... although it was presumably in jest, didn't he mention recruiting me as a son-in-law?

...

Why does this guy keep staring at me?

Seeing the guy standing there observing her without entering the stall, the scarf-wrapped woman frowned slightly but didn't lash out. Instead, she mimicked other coffee stall vendors by nodding politely and then took the initiative to ask,

"Sir, would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Ah! Yes, please!"

Snapping back to reality, Leon smiled, ducked into the warm tent of the small stall, and, without striking up a conversation with his "rumored girlfriend," directly ordered,

"A cup of coffee, two slices of thin bread with butter, and a slice of ham."

"Alright."

A crisp response came as the scarf-wrapped woman got up from the stove, standing tall in front of the heated stone slab.

She pulled out a soft loaf of bread, sliced two pieces as thick as three centimeters thin right onto the stone slab.

Then, she scooped out two lumps of butter bigger than strawberries from the jar and spread them on, followed by extracting half a ham, chopping off a palm-sized slice...

"..."

Am I dreaming?

Seeing the two "thin" slices of bread placed before him, Leon couldn't help but gape in astonishment, looking up at Old Charl's extravagant daughter and finding himself unsure whether he should thank her for her generosity or worry for Old Charl.

This daughter of yours... doesn't seem cut out for business!

"Sir!"

Noticing this peculiar man repeatedly glancing at her with eyes full of "complex" emotions, the scarf-wrapped woman's eyes narrowed slightly, her tone turning cold as she questioned sharply,

"Is there something peculiar about my face?"

"Uh... I'm sorry..."

Realizing he'd caused her discontent with his gaze, Leon awkwardly apologized, then respectfully averted his eyes and asked directly,

"How much do I owe you for all this?"

How much... How much would these typically cost at an ordinary coffee stall... Wait! There's movement!

While contemplating, she glanced at the building across the street as the curtain on the second-floor window had already been drawn open, like a hawk spotting its prey. The scarf-wrapped woman instantly became alert.

With her eyes fixed intensely on the second-floor window opposite, with most of her attention already diverted, she carelessly extended a hand toward Leon and absentmindedly stated,

"Just give one Silver Wheel."

???

What's this? One silver wheel? Just one?

Upon hearing the price for his breakfast, Leon immediately lifted his head, utterly baffled, staring at his "rumored girlfriend."

Wow, I thought you were extravagant just a moment ago, but turns out you charge even more than your dad!