

I! Cleaner 75

Chapter 75 The Great Flood Roars at the Dragon King Temple_1

"You can't be serious, right?"

After pulling his hand out of his pocket and looking at the scarf girl in front of him, who was tilting her head in a carefree manner and didn't even bother to glance at him, Leon's mood soured. He protested with a frown,

"Today's portion is indeed sufficient, but it's basically just a spoonful of coffee powder with some bread and ham. The cost broken down is barely worth two Copper Wheels at most,. Selling it at such a high price is just too shady, isn't it?"

"What?"

Upon hearing Leon's grievance, the scarf girl was momentarily stunned. She turned her head back, her face turning dark as she questioned,

"You think these things are only worth two Copper Wheels?"

Damn it! For setting up this surveillance point across the street, the field operations team asked for a full four Gold Wheels! Just for ingredients and such, they reported expenses of two Gold Wheels. These bastards are just shameless!

"..."

No way... you're actually the one getting angry first? Is Old Charl's daughter always this unreasonable?

Looking at the scarf girl in front of him with her unfriendly expression, Leon, who had been fleeced like a sucker early in the morning, felt a surge of anger in his heart and mirrored her dark look, saying,

"Of course it's not worth it! I've eaten at this stall several times, and I can barely count as a regular. Can't I know roughly what the prices are?"

"You must be mistaken, right?"

The scarf girl frowned and said,

"Where did this regular come from? I've just opened this morning!"

"..."

Huh? Just opened today? So you're not Old Charl's daughter?

Realizing he had mistaken the stall, Leon, who had made an embarrassing blunder, couldn't help but lose his momentum. But thinking about the exorbitant silver wheel charge from the other party, he couldn't resist arguing with reason,

"Even if you're not from the same stall, selling this little for one Silver Wheel is too expensive."

"Uh-huh!"

Skimming the building across the way with the corner of her eye and noticing that someone seemed to be looking outside, the scarf girl quickly huddled into the tent, pretending to be attending to customers, and absentmindedly replied,

"Then how much is reasonable? Name your price!"

"..."

Seriously... ask me to set the price directly? Do you run your business so casually?

Dumbfounded by the scarf girl's slick operation, Leon tentatively spoke,

"About the price... I've eaten these from other stalls before, and they all charge two Copper Wheels, but you do give enough, and the fire burns well..."

"Then I'll also charge two Copper Wheels!"

"..."

After waiting for a few seconds without hearing a response from Leon, the scarf girl immediately withdrew her gaze toward the opposite side with some impatience and said,

"Still too expensive? Then..."

"No, no, that price is fine..."

Leon was already at a loss for words regarding the scarf girl's business philosophy.

Raising his hand to make a halt gesture, he stopped her further price reduction and sat back in his seat honestly, eating his breakfast without much taste.

This woman's way of doing business... is like a joke. She doesn't even look at people when speaking, and she's always glancing at the building across the street...

Could she be a detective catching an affair, a lookout for some criminal gang, or maybe an undercover secret police officer?

Although generally speaking, it's unlikely to encounter such a coincidence, Leon couldn't help but feel that the woman with the scarf covering the lower half of her face was all sorts of suspicious, at least she didn't really look like a coffee stall owner.

"Customer!"

Sharply noticing Leon's gaze and reading a hint of doubt in his eyes, the scarf girl's attention was finally drawn back. Her almond-shaped eyes narrowed slightly, and a compelling gaze immediately locked onto Leon.

"You've been staring at me? Is there something you need?"

"Uh...no..."

Feeling a bit creeped out by her glare, and realizing it's indeed rude to keep staring at others, Leon muttered a couple of vague sounds before turning his head, absentmindedly chewing on his bread while looking out at the street.

To be honest, if this scarf girl was indeed keeping surveillance, then she was probably either waiting for someone to pass this street or watching the building across.

If he remembered correctly, the opposite building seemed to be the family housing of the Tung Oil Factory, but after it closed down, the lower four floors were rented out for apartments.

However, due to the slightly off-track location and the noise from the street, business wasn't very good, and most of the rooms on the first and second floors were often empty.

So if the scarf girl were indeed staking out, considering the view obstruction when looking up from below on the third or fourth floor, her target should be the residents on the first or second floors...

Wait a minute! Why is that second-floor window open? And...

"Customer!"

Accompanied by a cold shout, a pair of well-toned long legs stepped into Leon's line of sight, instantly blocking his view of the building across.

Leon looked up along these legs, bypassing the slim waist, and the two firm fruits suspended on slender branches, until he met two piercingly cold eyes.

"What are you looking at?"

Having blocked the line of sight between him and the target residence, preventing him from alerting the target, the scarf girl looked at this man who first tried to engage with words, then repeatedly scrutinized

her, and even frequently glanced toward the target location. Her gaze turned icy all of a sudden, and her voice was cold and hard as she questioned,

"Or should I say...what exactly are you looking at?"

"..."

Holy smokes! You really are staking out, huh!

Seeing the scarf girl basically reveal her identity and even suspect him, Leon couldn't help but furrow his brow.

When this woman stared daggers at him, her aura was as sharp as a blade, definitely not like a private detective chasing after affairs, much less a petty lookout. She probably had blood on her hands.

In the whole Capital City, people with this kind of aura doing stakeout work could either be former military special ops people, secret police from the Department of Justice, or perhaps even Rebels planning an attack, and all three were trouble...

Just as Leon hesitated, wondering if he should pull out his Purification Bureau badge and gamble that she wasn't a Rebel but rather kind of a "colleague," a sudden shout came from the direction of the building across.

"Where are they?!"

Leon looked up following the voice, discovering a burly man with a scarred face popping his head out of the second-floor window, furiously roaring toward their direction,

"Where did they go?! Yisha!!! Is this how you keep watch for me?!"

?!!!

...

"I know it sounds a bit unbelievable, but I really just wanted to buy a cup of coffee..."

Dragged into the interrogation room of the Department of Justice and cuffed to a chair, Leon looked at the few secret police eyeing him fiercely, helplessly nodding his head in the scarf girl's direction.

"I really wasn't trying to mess with her; it's just that I ordered a cup of coffee and two slices of bread, and she actually charged me one Silver Wheel! That price is enough to buy half a ham or something, okay?"

*My money doesn't just fly in on the wind; I have to earn it bit by bit with hard work. If you guys encountered such a ridiculous situation early in the morning, wouldn't you also feel compelled to argue a bit?"

