

I! Cleaner 80

Chapter 80 Cafeteria Lady's Hand is the Strongest Anomaly_1

"It's precisely because I don't have enough strength yet that I want to acquire my own power as soon as possible. I'm not choosing the second option for this reason either."

After calmly admitting to being "weak," Leon responded earnestly,

"The anomalous object from the second choice is consumable, not my own strength. Once it's used up, there's nothing left, and it only works on targets that recognize the value of Gold Wheel. By the way, do you remember the tasks you had me choose before?"

Blood rain that dehydrated thousands of animals, a giant beast five meters tall, underwater marine folk, sandworms that could hollow out a mountain...

After recalling the tasks the Red-haired Director had listed earlier, Leon said with some helplessness,

"The targets you gave me almost never recognize Gold Wheel. Only the marine folk still accept gold, but they have their own currency and might not fully recognize the value of Gold Wheel. Whether the second type of anomalous object would work is uncertain."

"Of course, I could also take on tasks I'm sure I can handle like Senior Emma and specifically find enemies that recognize the value of Gold Wheel. But if I make a wrong judgment, my strongest anomalous object would be useless."

"The power obtained from the third option, however, would truly belong to me. In almost all these situations, it would work; at the very least, it would help me escape to safety. Why wouldn't I choose this?"

"..."

Seeing the Red-haired Director starting to understand and calming down, Leon thought for a moment and swallowed the most important reason back down.

While decisions are made with the brain, one often must consider the decisions their "bottom" makes first.

The Red-haired Director might not have noticed, but as a director of the Virgin Sanitation Bureau, her subconscious hoped that everyone in the bureau would have distinct strengths, so when problems arise, she could send the right people to solve them.

However, my "bottom" position is different from hers. For someone like me who severely lacks strength, the most necessary thing is not future potential; it's the immediate power that can guarantee safety.

Although the third choice is said to be common, something common is often suitable for most people and situations. The minimum level of utility isn't bad.

Considering the bureau's nearly ten percent annual mortality rate, if I give up my current power for a future potential, I might end up being carried away, and those who chose similar anomalous objects might think the same.

...

"If you put it that way, then the third one is okay..."

Noticing Leon wanting to say something but holding back, the Red-haired Director could vaguely guess some of his thoughts and couldn't help but smirk,

"You really are... just sixteen or seventeen years old, yet you've already gotten into the habit of overthinking in situations, worrying about this and fearing that, not willing to take even a bit of risk—an exact clone of Emma!

"Ugh... if I knew you'd turn out like this, I wouldn't have let her mentor you back then!"

Senior Emma, huh?

Leon couldn't help but smile at her words.

To tell the truth, my greatest hope right now is to be like her, earning a high salary while taking care of my siblings and living steadily in the Purification Bureau.

"Director, I don't think everything you said is entirely correct."

Seeing the atmosphere lighten, knowing he'd persuaded her, the upbeat Leon smiled and said,

"Senior Emma is indeed overly cautious, but it's precisely this kind of cautious character that makes it easiest to survive safely in the Purification Bureau. Don't you agree?"

"Yes, yes! Whatever you say is right!"

Rolling her eyes at "Emma the Second," the Red-haired Director dismissively waved her hand,

"Off you go! In about a week, the headquarters will have the new anomalous object ready for you. If it's not suitable then, don't come asking me for a replacement!"

Snapping her fingers towards the door, she used her hair to push Leon out. The Red-haired Director reviewed all the expressions Leon displayed during their discussion and couldn't help but ponder with raised eyebrows.

Tch... despite always being cautious, someone is probably quite ambitious.

My expectation for Leon was to become an ordinary First Level hazard handler or an ace employee like Emma capable of being a branch director, but he probably doesn't think that.

Initially, he hesitated between the second and third choices. Yet, as soon as he heard the second option only worked on opponents below a True God level, his eyes immediately became decisive, and he made his choice.

So, even though he didn't explicitly say it, he must think he will continue to grow, eventually having an opponent at the True God level, which significantly lessened his interest in the second option.

For someone with a cautious nature, such unbridled pride is unusual, so the secret he's hiding might be even stronger than I thought!

Full of secrets, Little Leon~

Suddenly taking a gulp of tea from her bottle, the Red-haired Director leaned back in her chair, staring at the old, peeling ceiling with a complex expression.

So... do you plan to take my place as the Virgin Sanitation Bureau Director? Or do you want to aim even higher?

...

"I'll just have a roasted potato."

Looking at the variety of dishes on the dining table, Leon eagerly reached out, pointing at the dwindling stewed beef.

"A serving of this, plus a bowl of stewed white bean soup."

"Sure!"

Despite her age, the hands of the canteen lady in the police department were extraordinarily steady. Holding a large iron ladle covered in gravy, she reached down to the bottom of the bucket, scooping a full scoop of beef, scraping off quite a bit of onion and carrot against the bucket wall before piling it onto Leon's plate with a splash.

"And then? Anything else?"

"No, no! This is enough!"

Is this enough? The chickens I raise eat more than you do!

Glancing at Leon's slim figure, the canteen lady frowned, hands on hips, and said with dissatisfaction,

"Look at how thin you are; people would think my food is unappetizing! Stand there! I'll give you another scoop!"

She scooped another full ladle of beef onto the plate without allowing refusal, then watched Leon, who appeared both delighted and overwhelmed, leave. With a regrettable click of her tongue, she chatted with the grandpa next to her,

"Look at this young man, so energetic, yet he doesn't have any meat on him—what a waste of a good... huh? Little Yisha? Why are you only here now?"

"Ugh... similar to last time..."

The policewoman sighed, carrying her tray, looking dejected,

"This morning, we caught a troublemaking jerk, only to find out he's well-connected, so we had to let him go, and I've been busy cleaning up the mess..."

"Forget it, no more grumbling. I'll have the same as always: rice pudding, apple pie, and stewed beef."

"The stewed beef is almost gone..."

The canteen lady hesitated, looking back at the large bucket of stewed beef,

"I saved some for you, but you never showed up; a while ago, a skinny kid wanted the stewed beef, and I couldn't help but give him an extra serving... how about a pork chop instead?"

"Alright..."

Hearing that her favorite stewed beef was gone, the policewoman's face fell as she took the pork chop listlessly, having not eaten since the morning.

She glanced around to find out who snagged her beef, and unexpectedly spotted a familiar figure—a dish piled high with stewed beef on his plate.

"Hmm?!!!"