

## I! Cleaner 81

Chapter 81 Lift!\_1

"Clang!"

With the crash of the iron tray hitting the table, a small piece of smashed pudding leaped up, nimbly gliding over the mound of braised beef, and with a splash, it plopped into the soup bowl by Leon's hand.

Leon, who was happily eating, paused and looked up in surprise, only to see a familiar face full of anger on the empty seat opposite him.

That spoiled woman police officer from this morning?

No... What's your problem? There are so many empty seats, why sit across from me, your "enemy"? Are we that close?

"Miss Yisha."

Giving consideration to her identity as a secret police officer and not wanting trouble, Leon set down his fork and politely gestured to an empty seat not far away, saying as politely as possible,

"I prefer to eat lunch alone, so if it's convenient, could you go over there..."

"No!"

Staring angrily at this jerk who fooled her in the morning and now snatched her lunch, the policewoman glared at Leon, took off her scarf and placed it on the table, gritting her teeth and hissing,

"I am sitting here today! If you don't like it, you can leave!"

"Fine, then I'll find another spot, and I hope you'll keep your promise to stay here and not move!"

With the policewoman's slightly stunned expression, Leon forced a smile and carried his tray leisurely to the next seat, casually picking up a tender piece of stewed beef shoulder and happily stuffing it into his mouth.

It was really great, some people in the Police Department were annoying, but the cafeteria's cooking was truly top-notch! Especially this homemade braised beef, though it's not some grand luxury dish, the chef certainly put in significant effort.

The beef was clearly seared briefly before being stewed, preserving its tender texture very well. The ratio of the broth was evidently well-calculated to be just right, neither oversaturating and dampening the flavor nor leaving it under-seasoned.

Leon only had to press lightly with his teeth, and the specially seasoned broth with white pepper, bay leaves, and cloves was squeezed out from the tender beef fibers. The fragrant and slightly spicy broth, along with the tender and smooth texture of the beef, almost instantly conquered his tongue.

In the deep autumn when your fingers were chilled by the wind, having such a morsel of tender, slightly spicy veal when starving was indeed a great happiness for a busy worker.

Damn it, I can't stand it anymore!

Looking up at Leon's enraptured expression and the delicious broth at the corner of his mouth, then down at her own tray with pork cutlet now cold due to sitting too long, the unlucky policewoman's eyes reddened.

I have never seen such an arrogant rebel!

After sneaking into the Police Department relying on luck, not hiding cautiously was one thing, but actually brazenly enjoying the department's cafeteria, and right in front of me, savoring the braised beef left specially for me! You are just...

Ah! Damn! And you even smack your lips!

"Clang!"

The sound of the iron tray hitting the table rang out again. Having had enough of Leon's joyous eating, the policewoman directly broke her earlier promise to "sit here," carrying her tray back to sit opposite Leon, glaring at him fiercely.

Decided! She must use the most malicious expression of her life, ominously saying to him:

You don't think no one knows what you did four days ago, do you?

According to the director's words, we can't arrest this bastard nor intend to mislead him with false information, and this lead has been completely abandoned, so we might as well use this information to scare him!

Not only could it warn him to restrain his actions, but it could also let him know that we, the secret police, aren't just sitting around! Hopefully, it would make him realize he was exposed and get lost!

...

"You..."

Just as the teary-eyed policewoman slapped the table, ready to risk violating the Secret Investigation Bureau's discipline and make life difficult for this damned jerk, she saw the jerk across the table glare back first, coldly questioning,

"Why are you wasting food?"

"Huh?"

Huh, what?

Seeing the pudding smashed and scattered all over the table, Leon, who had been living on less than two Copper Wheels for daily meals for the past three years and had even picked bread crusts out of trash cans when starving, couldn't help but feel his mood plummet.

As he wrinkled his brow and looked up, ready to say something about not wasting food, like those things you spilled on the table, at least fifty percent of the people in the Capital City wouldn't even get to eat, he glimpsed the clothes the policewoman was wearing.

According to the kingdom's police department regulations, except for officers on duty or in service positions, wearing uniforms isn't required. Although the policewoman's casual outfit was plain, the intricate embroidery at the collar and the expensive-looking fabric that resisted wrinkles no matter how she moved revealed its high value at a glance.

So... What's the point of saying these things to her?

After lowering his head again to look at his own old coat, checking the thin patches around the elbows and the worn cotton core exposed by the collar lining, Leon couldn't help but chuckle self-deprecatingly, completely giving up on any intention of reasoning with her, and after giving her a cold glance, he lowered his head again.