

I! Cleaner 82

Chapter 82 Lift!_2

"Forget it, pretend I didn't say anything."

"..."

Watching Leon lower his head again to eat and not look at her at all, the female police officer, who had been full of anger just moments ago, now sat in her seat, bewildered.

Due to long-term malnutrition, Leon had always been quite thin, with hardly any flesh on his cheeks, making his eyes appear exceptionally large and full of expression.

Just as the Red-haired Director had said, even though Leon was not very talkative and rarely showed emotion, with just one look, you could tell he was actually a person with a rich inner emotional life, all thanks to those eyes that seemed like they could speak.

At that moment, the female police officer was struck hard by the cold indifference in Leon's eyes that seemed to push people a thousand miles away.

It wasn't aversion, disdain, anger, or hatred. It was the purest cold indifference, untainted by any other emotion.

Summer insects cannot discuss ice.

Although she would've never heard this saying, at this moment, the female police officer surprisingly read a similar meaning in Leon's glance—it was an ultimate indifference born from the clear recognition of the vast difference between them, to the extent that he was simply too lazy to communicate.

He was... he was...

Not knowing how to describe that look, after snapping out of her daze, feeling the stares from around and hearing whispers in the restaurant, watching Leon eat his stewed beef with indifference, the female police officer's face turned red in an instant.

"You bastard!"

I'll make you eat!

With a harsh scraping sound, she stood up suddenly, then grabbed one side of her tray and with a loud clatter dumped everything onto Leon's tray. With everyone's astonished gaze upon her, she bit her lip, lowered her head, and ran out of the cafeteria.

???

What the... are you crazy?!

Unaware of the significant psychological impact his glance had caused the proud female police officer, Leon's anger flared up as he looked at the messy tray.

Though the female police officer's mind didn't work well, her physical ability was undisputable. By the time Leon snapped out of his daze, ready to chase after her, she was already long gone, having run off on her long legs.

"..."

Ugh... don't engage with fools! Don't engage with fools! Don't engage with fools!

After glancing at the unfinished food on his plate, Leon repeatedly chanted to himself before sitting back down with a darkened face and resumed eating, even picking up and tasting a piece of rice pudding that had fallen on the table.

I have to say, this dessert was very popular among the female officers and tasted really good, obviously made with care. Mixing eggs, milk, sugar, raisins and other ingredients into rice until it became a pudding, it required skill to make.

Even though it was a bit cold now, the pudding still melted in his mouth, and its sweet fragrance evoked a feeling of comfort as it traveled to his heart.

After tasting the fried pork cutlet and apple pie, which were also very good, Leon finally pushed down his anger, nodded satisfied that the meal had pleased him.

Not bad, he thought. *Even though that policewoman is somewhat crazy, her taste in food isn't bad. I should order this next time.*

Caught up in his meal, Leon failed to notice the hand-knitted scarf with "Yisha" embroidered on it left on the table where they had faced off.

As for the female police officer who had dumped her tray and ran off, she was now back at the cafeteria's entrance, staring dazedly as Leon picked up the pudding from the table, then, with care, used his utensils to finish eating every bit of the mixed-up mess in his tray.

...

"Hiccup..."

Running all the way home with the cat food and pet toys he bought from the department store, Leon finally arrived home before 3 p.m.

As someone who didn't have a large appetite, Leon first encountered the canteen lady's big serving spoon, followed by the idiotic police officer's double portion that truly tested his willpower as he forced down this painful yet satisfying meal.

After sitting down to rest, clutching his distended belly, Leon checked the time, seeing he had until three thirty, he relaxed a little, then got up with difficulty to get things ready.

According to information from Materialism, a witch's cat would come knocking at half-past three. While it didn't seem dangerous, considering its association with the abnormal, Leon found an excuse to send his younger siblings away, emptying the house.

A tin mouse, a scratching post, a salted fish toy, a cat-fishing rod, a ball with a bell inside...

After arranging the collection of cat toys in the room, preparing a couple of large bowls, one half filled with water, the other full of cat food, Leon nodded with satisfaction. Just as he was about to sit down to rest, he realized he forgot the litter box.

After searching through the empty house unsuccessfully for a suitable container, Leon ended up using his washbasin, filling it with sand from outside.

All set!

If the thing knocking soon was really a cat and not some large feline, surely it would be satisfied with his hospitality!

Full of confidence, Leon waited, and soon enough, at 3:30, there came a knock at his door.

"Knock, knock knock."

"Coming!"

Taking a deep breath, Leon walked nervously to open the door. Fortunately, it wasn't a large feline outside, but a small, short-legged cat with fluffy long fur.

"Meow~"

Accompanied by a slightly milky-sounding meow, as if in greeting, the gray and white cat courteously nodded to Leon, then reached up to its back with a paw to retrieve a card from a small pouch and handed it over.

[Hello, I am Mango, the pet of the witch under contract with your Purification Bureau]

After glancing at Leon, confirming he could read and had finished reading the card, the cat named Mango quickly pulled out another card before he could speak.

[Don't ask why I'm not a Black Cat. Other witches keep black cats because they like wearing black clothes, making the fur less noticeable]

"..."

Uh... I just wanted to say hello, but I was a bit curious.

Nodding to show his understanding, Leon smiled gently and said, "So, your owner likes to wear gray or white clothes?"

"Meow~"

Shaking its head to indicate otherwise, although cute, the cat had a small "Jl|" formed by the fur on its brow, giving it a naturally grumpy look. It fetched a third card to hand over.

[My owner likes playing flying ball, and any fur on their clothes is blown away, so they don't care]

"Oh, so that's how it is..."

After exchanging a few awkward card conversations, when he saw the clearly intelligent cat at the door, Leon thought of his preparations and scratched the back of his head with embarrassment.

Well... it's obviously not an ordinary cat, will it even like what I prepared?

Looking back at the bowls on the table and the basin of sand on the floor, Leon swallowed anxiously and hesitantly asked, "Well... can I ask how I should entertain you?"

After Leon spoke, the cat first pulled at the fabric on its collar, revealing a pink scarf embroidered with rabbits, then turned its head to rummage through its pouch on the back, taking out a fourth card to hand over.

[My requirements aren't high, just like before]

Oh! Low requirements are good!

Having read the card, Leon was instantly relieved. However, before he could invite the cat inside, he was handed a fifth card.

[Regarding food, for starters I only need boiled soft carrots and peas, followed by any tuna salad; not picky about the main course, just half a portion of herring sashimi and cucumber rolls...]

"..."

[Also, I traveled quite far to get here and need to freshen up. Could you take me to the restroom first?]

"..."

[Human? What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?]

