

## I! Cleaner 83

Chapter 83 WrongWrongWrong\_1

At night, in the military base personnel's family area filled with sentry posts, there was a villa that, despite being very large, was almost devoid of decorations.

"Yisha?"

Seeing her daughter sitting on the sofa in a daze, hugging a giant plush toy, a tall woman walked over, worried. First, she checked her daughter's forehead temperature with her chin, then embraced her gently, asking softly,

"What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?"

Feeling the familiar warm embrace, the policewoman shook her head and then wrapped her arms around her mother's waist, burying her face deeply into her lap as she replied sullenly,

"I'm actually okay, it's just... just some things at work didn't go smoothly..."

"Is that so."

Hearing her daughter wasn't sick, the woman breathed a sigh of relief and then asked softly while gently stroking her daughter's smooth long hair,

"Is it still the matter with the Ryan Family? Are they still refusing the investigation?"

"No, this time it's another thing..."

Recalling the scene she saw at noon and the investigation results on "Leon Laine," the policewoman lifted her head from her mother's lap, her eyes complex as she said,

"Mom, three months ago, about father...did the military stop many compensation payments prematurely?"

"That did happen..."

Hearing her daughter's inquiry, the woman recalled and then said helplessly,

"You know, the military's expenses have been too high in recent years, and the Kingdom's finances can hardly sustain it. So this year, spending was cut by a third. Your father sighs every day when he comes home... Yisha, what made you think to ask this?"

"I just feel it's really unfair..."

Recalling the file she transferred in the afternoon, which almost drove a family to death, the woman's eyes turned sorrowful, and her voice grew louder.

"The military has forty-seven departments, and each has significant expenses. There are so many areas where spending could be cut—why does it have to be the compensation funds? Mom, do you know? Many who are still receiving compensation are the families left behind from the war six years ago, orphans without parents! Many of them don't even have the ability to support themselves and rely on that bit of compensation to survive. Isn't stopping it early just forcing them to death?"

"Yisha?"

Hearing what her daughter said, the woman couldn't help but be slightly startled, then her expression turned serious as she said with a stern voice,

"Who taught you to ask such things?"

"No one taught me. This is what I thought!"

"But you never used to think of these things! You always..."

\*People change!\*

\*But you were once... ugh! Forget it...\*

Watching her daughter purse her lips tightly, obviously stubborn now, the woman rubbed her brow with resignation, then lowered her voice to remind her,

"I don't care where you heard this from, but just share these thoughts with me, okay? Please don't say such things in front of your father..."

"Why?"

The policewoman asked, her eyes full of discontent,

"Even if he didn't propose it himself, a decision this outrageous had his tacit approval at least! Having done it, he should..."

"Yisha!"

Cutting off her increasingly intense words, the woman scolded her sharply,

"You're old enough to understand more now! Do you know how much pressure your father is under with everything that has happened this year?! Don't add to his problems with your questions!"

"Then what about the trouble he caused me?"

Thinking about the man she met at noon, wearing an old coat and happily eating pudding spilled on the table, with bitterness in her heart, the policewoman couldn't help but say,

"Mom, I met someone today whose parents both died in the war six years ago, but the compensation he got over these years was only a third, forcing him to support his family at the age thirteen or fourteen, carrying packages under the summer sun, and spending a day soaked in cold water at the docks cleaning cargo ships! You think that's outrageous enough already, right? But, mom, after father signed his name, the remaining compensation was also stopped, and he still has two younger siblings only six and seven! His sick sister stopped taking medicine to save money and almost died in the hospital!"

"Sigh..."

Seeing her daughter's eyes turning red, the woman who understood the military's situation sighed with a guilty expression,

"Your father... truly had no choice... Yisha, how is that family now? I still have some money, perhaps..."

"No need, he shouldn't be short of money now."

The policewoman took a deep breath, turning her head, speaking softly with complex emotions,

"He joined the Rebels and became an undercover agent in the Police Department, disrupting our capture operation today and rescuing a rebel involved in the assassination of the Princess."

"..."

"So is it really me causing father trouble, or is it him causing trouble for me?"

Glancing at her speechless mother, the policewoman sneered, sitting back on the sofa, her eyes fixed on the entrance.

"Now, can I ask? I really want to know, with a proposal as awful as this, in what frame of mind did he sign his name?"

"..."

Watching her daughter, who was holding a soft toy yet looked like a hedgehog ready to prick, the woman had no choice but to comfort softly,

"Yisha, listen to me, don't..."

"Don't persuade me!"

Turning away with stubborn defiance, the policewoman said,

"One should have the courage to bear what they've done, as he taught me!"

\*But he also taught you that some responsibilities are destined to be above all else.\*

Patting her daughter's back, the woman said with dim eyes,

\*In the war six years ago, not only did others sacrifice—your brother and two uncles died too, and this cut in compensation started with our family...\*

"Stop! Don't refute yet!

I know our family doesn't need the compensation to survive, but I just want to say, don't think too badly of your father. Maintaining this military mess, he's truly trying his best."

Looking up at the empty room on the second floor, thinking of her long-lost eldest son from six years ago, tears welled up in her eyes as she said,

"Early this year, after the former military head was executed for overstepping, numerous gaps had to be filled with spending severely cut. At that time, everyone knew this hole couldn't be filled, and the

successor would face consequences. Those eligible were unwilling to take this hot potato, only your father stepped forward..."

Recalling her husband, growing more silent, emaciated, and hunched over the past year, she grasped her daughter's hand, voice trembling,

"That war, six years ago, left a permanent scar in your father's heart. The military problems are far too significant. If left unchecked, or if replaced with an incompetent successor, won't history replay itself? He really can't let go. I know stopping the compensation is excessive, but have you noticed? Since taking on this burden, in just over half a year, half of your father's hair turned white, almost drained by military affairs."

"But couldn't he just..."

"Yisha, your father really did his best."

Interrupting her daughter's words, the woman sighed,

"I witnessed everything he could do this year, and yet it couldn't fill the gaps, reluctantly agreeing to cut spending here.

Moreover, he gave strict orders for the Consolation Officer to visit at least three times within two months and ensure those affected can still maintain living before stopping compensation.



But he only had one pair of eyes, couldn't oversee everyone, despite preparations, such issues are inevitable... Sigh, Yisha, for my sake, please, go back to your room, don't let him worry anymore, alright?"

"..."

"Alright?"

"Fine..."

The stubbornly spirited policewoman eventually yielded to her mother's gentle plea, reluctantly leaving the sofa. Pushed back to her room, she lay on her soft bed, clutching the toy. Yet, unlike usual, worn out as she was, she didn't fall into a peaceful sleep, but instead stared at the ceiling light in a daze.

\*Father was right to desperately maintain the military... I was right in capturing the Rebels wreaking havoc... And he, driven to the Rebels by revoked compensation, wasn't wrong either...\*

\*So who is truly at fault?\*