

## I! Cleaner 87

Chapter 87 Burnt\_1

"Everything's packed up and stacked in your room. You can move it tomorrow."

Although Anna noticed Leon was changing the subject, she didn't expose him. She smiled faintly and helped Leon into the room.

Strangely, instead of leading the injured Leon to a chair, she took him to the small bed in the guest room. She then piled the pillows and bedding to make a comfortable cushion for him to lie on.

"..."

\*I knew I couldn't hide it from you...\*

Leon had wanted to maintain his dignity as the older brother and didn't want his sister to know about the spanking. But since Anna had already responded with her actions, Leon couldn't keep pretending. He lay down obediently on the bedding with a stern face.

However, as he lay down, his skin rubbed against the coarse fabric, igniting a sharp pain that made his whole body tense.

"Hiss..."

That lunatic may have had a twisted mind, but her strength was real. Especially that smack—even on my thickest flesh—oh, crap?!

As he rested on the bed, Leon felt a chill on his backside as his pants were pulled down slightly, exposing part of his rear to the cold air.

"Oh my! It's all swollen!"

Seeing Leon's swollen backside, Anna's earlier amused expression faltered and shifted to slight heartache.

"Stay put, I'll get the ointment..."

"Wait!"

Hurriedly pulling his pants back up, Leon endured the pain and got up, a bit embarrassed. "I can actually do it myself..."

"You better just stay down!"

Anna rolled her eyes at Leon's bravado. As she rummaged through her packed luggage, she grumbled, "I'm your sister. Why be shy about me applying ointment? When you were bedridden with a high fever for months, didn't I take care of you? Not just applying ointment—trimming nails, feeding you, doing your hair, turning you over to clean you, even helping you to the bathroom in the middle of the night, that was all..."

"Stop, stop, stop!"

Seeing his sister in rare chatterbox mode, recalling those warm yet embarrassing times, Leon, feeling exceptionally awkward, obediently lay back down, even loosening his belt a bit.

Seeing he had surrendered, Anna chuckled and said no more. She found the ointment, sat on the bedside, and pulled Leon's pants down again, exposing the "injury."

What?!

Upon seeing the handprint on Leon's backside, the frail girl blinked in surprise, then reached out her right hand, slightly measuring the distance.

That size... if you don't count the swollen parts... seems like a woman's hand?

Liar! You told me it was combat training?

Anna glared at the oblivious Leon lying on the bed, then bit her lip in dissatisfaction. She squirted some ointment into her palm, rubbed it warm, and pressed down firmly onto the center of the handprint.

What kind of combat training leaves a woman's handprint on your backside?

"Ouch!"

What was imagined as gentle and soothing ointment application turned into a forceful touch of a tigress. Caught off guard, Leon shouted in pain, about to complain about his sister's heavy hand, but then heard Anna nervously say, "Oh no! Maybe I used too much strength. Brother, does it hurt?"

"Kinda... still bearable..."

"Since it's bearable..."

Looking at the handprint on Leon's backside, the sickly girl scrunched her little nose, huffed silently at Leon's rear, then lifted her delicate hand, pressing down hard once again.

"Then hang in there! Rubbing it out will make the swelling go down faster!"

...

After enduring a session of "gentle torture," the frail girl lifted her sleeve to gently wipe away the cold sweat from Leon's forehead, her face showing concern. "Brother, didn't you say it didn't hurt? Why are you sweating so much?"

"Maybe it's because... it's hot..."

After responding with a lie even he didn't believe, Leon looked at his sister, who still had a sweet, gentle expression. Although his backside felt much more comfortable, it had gone through quite an ordeal. He couldn't help but ponder with a trace of bitterness.

Did I upset her?

Was it about helping her pack at home but returning late? Or that I got hurt again so soon after being discharged? Or perhaps...

"Oh, so it's because of the heat, that's good then~"

Anna looked at Leon, whose expression was a mix of suspicion and unease. She hummed in her heart, sealed the small jar of ointment, and turned to tidy up the baggage that had been rummaged through.

However, just as she wrapped the small jar in a towel and placed it among a stack of old clothes, something wrapped in old clothes quivered slightly and jumped out of the luggage. It fell and landed near Leon's hand.

"Hmm?"

Feeling something bump against his hand, Leon curiously moved to take a look and saw it was an old family album left by their parents—the one he had flipped through with Anna before.

Although he wanted to finish looking at the photos, he worried that it might remind his sister of something sad. Leon shook his head, restrained his curiosity, and handed the album back without looking up.

"Anna, something dropped."

"Oh? Okay!"

Seeing Leon didn't open the old album, the pale-faced girl let out a deep breath. She steadied her trembling hands and grabbed the album tightly by the edge, clutching it until her knuckles turned pale.

Yet, even though she used all her strength, an old photo still squeezed out stubbornly from the yellowing album's back cover and slid in front of Leon.

Is this... Anna with our parents?

Seeing the couple standing together in the photo, each holding Anna's hand and smiling happily at the camera, Leon, lying by the bed, couldn't help but smile. He was about to pick up the photo and return it when he noticed something odd, causing him to exclaim unconsciously.

Above the parents' heads was a sign that read "Family Portrait," suggesting the photo was taken in a studio, but the image only showed the parents and Anna. Leon and their two other siblings were missing.

Burned! I had clearly burned it!

Seeing Leon staring at the photo dazedly, Anna turned pale and bit her lip hard. She pinched her inner thigh harshly to regain her composure.

After forcibly calming herself through pain, a touch of color returned to her cheeks. She sat down close to Leon, making sure he couldn't see her expression, then leaned over to pick up the photo and said with a faintly regretful tone, "Oh dear, it seems the adhesive on the back has dried up over time. Once we've moved tomorrow, I'll go buy some glue and see if I can stick it back again."