

I! Cleaner 97

Chapter 97 Origin (Two in One)_1

"Thank you for the help from the Purification Bureau? Does that mean someone from the bureau had actually already contacted Happiness Apartment?"

But according to the records from the Purification Bureau, I am the first discoverer of this apartment, so did that person find it but not report it? Or is it..."

After pondering the words of the manager lady, Leon cautiously ventured,

"Excuse me, when you mentioned 'help', are you referring to something ordinary, or do you mean the fundamental kind of 'help' that transformed you both into what you are now?"

"Of course, it's the fundamental kind."

The fundamental kind... does that mean this Happiness Apartment was actually 'created' by someone in the Purification Bureau?

But... how is that possible?

Recalling the 'common knowledge' the Red-haired Director and Senior Emma had told him, Leon couldn't help but furrow his brows instinctively.

For an Anomalous Object, 'creation' and 'forging' were two entirely different concepts.

The anomalies "produced" by the Purification Bureau were mostly like those of the Taurus Director, where the remains retrieved after completing purification tasks were forged, retaining core abilities to create, essentially "modifying" the existing uncontrollable anomalies into more fundamentally controllable ones.

However, if the manager lady's statement and his understanding weren't wrong, then this Happiness Apartment... this Spirit Lodge didn't follow this common sense, it was made from nothing!

Such an important matter must be clarified! But...

"Anna..."

"You two talk first."

Receiving the helpless glance from Leon, the frail girl, although very curious, smiled understandingly, stood up, and walked toward the inner room.

"It's been really cold lately, I'll go check if Melanie and the others have kicked off their blankets, don't want them catching a cold."

"Thank you..."

Not wanting his family to get too deeply involved with the "world below the surface", once Anna entered the inner room and closed the door, Leon finally relaxed, opening his mouth earnestly to ask:

"If possible, could you tell me how that person 'helped' you back then?"

"What is it?"

Seeing Leon's suddenly serious demeanor, the manager lady seemed to perceive something was amiss as well, her expression hesitant:

"Young man, tell me the truth, does your bureau have some regulations prohibiting turning us into what we are now?"

"It's not so much prohibited as simply impossible to achieve..."

Trying to use language the other person could understand, Leon briefly described the difficulty of doing so, and, seeing the slightly worried look on the manager lady's face, he comforted:

"Rest assured, you don't have to worry about that person facing punishment; this sort of ability to create anomalies is something I've never heard of before, and there are no regulations in the bureau regarding it.

Besides, you've been anomalies for almost a hundred years, and although we in the Purification Bureau generally have bodies much stronger than ordinary people, most people's life spans are similar to average individuals; that person is likely long gone by now.

Moreover, since this involves creating anomalies, it's really very, very important; if possible, I hope you can explain it in as much detail as you can."

"Oh... I see."

Hearing that it wouldn't cause any trouble for their "benefactor", the manager lady visibly relaxed, and after some contemplation, began with some hesitation:

"It's not that there's nothing to tell, it's just that we don't know all that much... hmm... The predecessor of this apartment was a Charitable Asylum that my husband and I converted using our property, you've probably discovered that already?"

"Yes."

After Leon nodded, the manager lady touched her white curls with a calm expression and continued to recall:

"My hair was not originally white, it turned white little by little after I got very sick at the time.

That illness brought constant pain, and I had to rely on excessive sleeping pills and painkillers to get through it. I could only remain awake for three to four hours a day, but even during those three hours, I kept vomiting and having diarrhea from the medicine reactions...

Sigh... Although I was reluctant to leave my husband, after years of torment, I really didn't want to live anymore. I was preparing to apply to have the asylum converted into a municipal facility, and then stop the medication and die swiftly."

After narrating the origin of her hair in a flat tone, the manager lady's gaze became gradually more fierce, her voice cold and somber as she continued:

"I submitted more than thirty applications, and my husband, dragging his lame leg, went to the municipal offices two to three hundred times, but the answer was always just to wait.

By then, I knew the municipality probably didn't want to take it over, and once the two of us old folks died, the fate of those we sheltered in the asylum would definitely not be good."

The manager lady's face was full of indignation as she said:

"The asylum's property was under my name, and my husband, due to some past matters, had no inheritance rights, so I really couldn't afford to die. We had to hold on, trying our best to find other ways out for those in the asylum.

In the end, although we managed to send some people away, most in the asylum lacked the ability to work and still had nowhere else to go, and my health was declining.

My husband told me that my heart stopped three times in the last month, and the number of times I stopped breathing was countless, yet even at the end, I braced myself and lived, but bit by bit, I reached my limit..."