

## I! Cleaner 98

Chapter 98 Origin (Two in One)\_2

Heartbeat stopped... Did she actually make it through even that...

\*Hearing the Administrator's painful experiences, although it felt a bit inappropriate, Leon still recalled what he had heard from the Red-haired Director.\*

\*Only the extreme would be remembered, only the obsessed dared to move forward, only Madness could understand greatness.\*

\*In other words, whether positive or negative, only the purest, most extreme things could leave a mark on this world.\*

...

"But I really didn't want to die, nor did I dare to die."

Unaware of Leon's thoughts, the Administrator, recalling those painful days, spoke with a somewhat grim expression,

"On the very last day, aside from occasionally being able to open my eyes, my heartbeat and breathing had completely stopped. I was practically a pure corpse, even my soul briefly left my body and saw how I looked lying on the hospital bed..."

But in the end, I forced myself back in! There was nothing else, I just refused to accept it! I just wanted to know why, why was it that even though a signature could save so many people, there was no one willing to stand up and approve my application!"

Panting a few rapid breaths, the Administrator's expression softened a bit as she held the hand of the sturdy old man standing behind her, who had returned without notice. Lowering her voice, she continued,

"Although my soul returned, my body had indeed completely died. The old man, who was prepared for it, called over the person responsible for organizing the remains.

Hmm... I don't remember too well, but that mortician was a young man. Besides his naturally downturned lips, which made him look like he was crying, he actually had a pretty ordinary appearance. However, his eyes were very bright and seemed to be able to see things others couldn't.

His eyes penetrated through my body and saw my soul hovering over, and then he asked me surprisingly why I was still unwilling to leave."

A young man with a naturally crying face and bright eyes?

Memorizing these features, planning to ask the Red-haired Director about it tomorrow, Leon softly asked,

"Is this the one..."

"Yeah, it's him."

After affirming with a complex expression, the Administrator said,

"He asked me if I had any wishes, but back then, my heart was full of hatred, wishing to immediately turn into a vengeful spirit and kill everyone in the municipality, so I yelled at him.

Yet, after hearing the reason, that young man ignored me and instead asked my husband whether he wanted to see me again, but the cost would be his immediate death."

At this point, the Administrator paused, then strongly gripped the sturdy old man's hand, with eyes full of tenderness, she said,

"My husband didn't agree immediately, but asked that young man with a naturally crying face, if he wanted more than just a single meeting, what would he have to give up?

Hearing his question, the young man, though a bit surprised, informed him that he could let my husband's soul accompany me forever, aside from just a single meeting.

But because my soul was stronger and tougher after years of torment, if our souls were bound together, my husband would lose much of his humanity and wisdom, becoming merely an appendage to my soul..."

So... he agreed, didn't he?

Looking at the sturdy old man grasping the Administrator's hand with one hand while sneakily reaching for a large pair of scissors with the other, Leon, both touched and speechless, blinked, unsure of what to say.

"Don't move!"

Having already caught the old man's actions, the Administrator pinched the back of his hand to make him behave again, and with slight apology, she said,

"Don't worry, I'm watching him, he won't cut you."

"Ah... it's fine, it's fine."

Leon gently touched the pendant on his chest, ensuring he could react in time, then couldn't help but ask,

"What happened afterward? Were your souls bound together and placed in this apartment?"

"Something like that."

Hearing this, the Administrator's eyes dimmed, and with a slightly downcast expression, she said,

"But we didn't have our current power at the start. Back then, we couldn't even eat or drink like living humans, nor communicate with the people inside.

When the Charitable Asylum was reclaimed by the municipality and the remaining people were forcibly evicted by the police department, we could barely manifest some semblance of form during the darkest nights."

Hearing this, Leon nodded and, after contemplating for a moment, asked,

"So, did you grow stronger over time?"

"No... We became like this purely by accident."

Upon hearing Leon's question, the Administrator quietly turned her head away, buried her face in the sturdy old man's embrace, and with a slightly muffled voice, explained,

"An orphan evicted from the Charitable Asylum wanted to return one night to take a look and almost fell while climbing over the wall. Worried, my husband and I briefly revealed our form to support him.

That child might have sensed something, got frightened, and ran away screaming, but later he couldn't resist returning a few more times. The news that we... might still be 'around' spread among those who were driven away."

Clutching her palms tightly with great regret, the Administrator trembled as she said,

"Then... many children, hoping to see us again, came back. We... we revealed ourselves a few more times.

Once people began to see us, more and more returned, even those who had found a way out and were sent away earlier came back from other districts.

But... but... then winter came... that year's winter was particularly cold, and they were just... so in the end, fewer and fewer could come, and their physical condition worsened with each visit, then... then..."

"..."

Then... most of them froze to death during their first winter being evicted, right?

Listening to this point, with stinging eyes, Leon slightly tilted his head back, recalling the related files he had reviewed earlier.

Those expelled from the Charitable Asylum numbered over a hundred, and since they lacked the Ability to work, the vast majority did not survive that winter, freezing to death near the Happiness Apartment.

However, when those cold, stiff bodies were found, most wore smiles on their faces. This event even made the news back then, with some clippings saved in the files.

Originally, Leon thought that their smiling faces were due to hallucinations before freezing to death, but now it seemed their smiles were genuine.

"My condolences..."

Watching the Administrator bury her face in the sturdy old man's embrace, clearly crying silently, Leon, regretting asking such questions, pressed his lips together, unsure of what was appropriate to say. Yet, at this moment, the sturdy old man gently patting the Administrator's back spoke up.

"One hundred and three."

After unemotionally stating the number, the sturdy old man, rarely speaking more, hoarsely and warmly added,

"I received those children's final thoughts."

"..."

So... the reason you both could now behave like living humans was because the one hundred and three people driven out from the Happiness Apartment, who froze to death, along with others who once lived in this apartment, truly believed you two still existed?

After roughly understanding his meaning, seeing the Administrator starting to sob, Leon, not knowing what to do, clenched his fists, then hastily changed the subject, asking,

"What about the young man with a crying face? Did he ever return?"

"He returned... returned once."

After snuggling into the sturdy old man's embrace and wiping her tears away, the Administrator whispered,

"About three years had passed after that winter when he visited us once.

Seeing our situation, he seemed surprised and said our 'progress' exceeded his expectations, asking what we had done over the years to have grown so quickly, whether we had killed those we hated.

After hearing our reasons, he seemed a bit disappointed, asking why we didn't think about revenge, and then never came back... Oh, right!"

Striving to remember, the Administrator, uncertain, said,

"We also asked him about his recent activities, whether he was still a mortician. He said he no longer dealt with burial work and had joined the Purification Bureau as a clerk? Deacon? Or some kind of officer... Do you have such a position in the Purification Bureau?"