

Be Honest! 481

Chapter 481 A complicated Psycho

481 A complicated Psycho

In a massive hospital belonging to the great Hou family, many nurses and attending doctors were pulled by the sudden influx of children today.

The place had turned into a kindergarten and day center, with countless children crying, squirming about and wiggling for mercy, very scared of being at a hospital.

Who wouldn't be scared?

Wasn't this the ace with pointy needs, and strange people in lab coats that only want to poke and touch their skins randomly?

Ah yes, many still recalled their last visits here when the man/woman in white placed stickers in their mouths and flashed light in their eyes to see what was going on inside their mouths.

Many had vivid imaginations, recalling how in some cartoons, these people in white would use giant construction drills in their pateint's mouths.

Gulp.

Their tongues were not freed from the hands of these wicked people in white.

This was the place true evil was born, so why would they want to be here?

It became a cry fest here, with many looking at their guardians who betrayed them more than twice today.

"Mom! Am I really yours?"

"Yeah, Dad. Don't you love me anymore?"

"Big sis, you are bullying too much! When Dad comes back from work, I will tell on you!"

The older sister of 20 chuckled. "Sure. You do that, tattletale. You won't have to wait for too long because Dad is already on his way."

Many older siblings couldn't help wondering if they were this stupid and naive when younger.

At this rate, won't their younger siblings one day get kidnapped with how stupid they are?

Well, no matter how much the children cried and wiggled their guardians still held on to them well, lest they ran away from the hospital when they were distracted.

This wasn't a joke.

Some had even heard the whispers of their little ones who spoke to other children making plans to escape and run back home.

The fools didn't even know the way back home from here. So wouldn't they be more likely to get lost?

If they did, they might be trafficked or taken into a strange vehicle by bad people.

Once again, everyone felt after this whole fiasco ended, they must educate the children even more.

Such Stupidity was enough to cause all bad guys to swarm their way in the future.

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As for why there were so many children, it was because some of the parents, siblings or relatives who stayed back home didn't just let things go like this.

They not only called the police to report the matter but also headed for the nearby blocks, telling the guardians of what happened.

Understand that the ice cream truck passed through several blocks, including theirs around the area before leaving.

Some homes backed each other, like a home in street/block A sitting on the left, had its garden fence dividing it from another garden fence belonging to a person in Block B, the other side.

So very quickly, many headed to the garden fence, calling their neighbors and accusing the matter over the fence.

What? Such a big thing happened in their neighborhood and they didn't even know about it.

Today was Saturday, so most were chilling at home.

Some parents almost fainted from shock when recalling that their children had already finished eating the ice cream they bought a while back.

When rushing to see their children, they saw some crying, saying they didn't feel so good.

Some even looked deadly pale, as their faces turned ashy white and their lips very blue.

Ahhhhhh!!!!

It's over, it's over!

Their babies were poisoned!

Plop!

Many dropped their garden equipment and rushed for their car keys, driving off while cursing the ice cream man with every fiber of their being, not even caring that their children were hearing them cus.

"Hello? 911? Yes, I want to report a crime, a very very horrid, despicable one!... it's about the Ice cream man who drives around our lane!"

[...]

[The ice cream--]

"Yes! The bastard must've already poisoned no less than 200 children at this rate!"

[What? Where is he? Can you describe what he looks like? What is his name? What truck logo is on the vehicle? Are the children alright? Hold on Ma'am help is on the way!]

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The news the police were getting was nonstop about the matter.

Over 80 parents and gardens had called to report the same incident, some cursing, some crying and some begging for justice.

They described their children's blue lips and pale figures, causing the police to fret even more.

Policemen were already sent to the scene.

In a vehicle, Detectives Hardy and Shalom were brainstorming on the matter, wondering if this was a case of deep revenge or a case of a random psycho who gets off from torturing children.

Dammit!

"Usually, they even choose to leave the children out of things when doing their psycho madness. They drive more pleasure from someone with good enough strength to resist them. That way it makes their killing more fun."

"That's true. Why attack so many children and risk getting yourself apprehended... this should be the big question."

"Hmhm. We might be looking at all this wrong. Maybe the children are the real distraction to keep us looking away from a bigger crime that's about to be commuted."

"Shalom, I think you've got a solid point there... Perhaps this isn't about revenge or some psycho's way of getting around. Maybe it's done by some organized syndicate who plans to rob the Armoglian Bank since its headquarters is in the city."

"No. No. No. I don't think anyone can ever rob that crazily secured place. Maybe they are after smaller banks or after some biochemical weapon."

"But let's touch on the aspect of revenge again. Although it's unlikely that everyone in so many blocks had deeply offended the Ice cream man, what if there was no one in particular he was aiming for and the rest were only collateral damage to the cause?"

"You're right. It could be that, or... maybe the Ice Cream man had been set up."

"Hmhm. One of the children (Big Ben), told the parents that he thought it was the Ice cream man's evil twin. All the other children also felt something off about today's ice cream man but couldn't point their fingers at what exactly the problem was."

"Exactly. Don't forget that children are more sensitive to such things than us, adults. "

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For a moment, the men fell in silence, as they drove to the ice cream man's location provided by the operator.

Finding clues that could pin him down or give them an insight into why he was involved was very important.

Additionally, they also had to look for clues about whether he was forced to do it by others or was in a terrible bind with no way out.

"I get that Hardy, but this doesn't make any sense. He has been honest for the most part of his life. Sure, he was a delinquent when younger, but he changed his life around and became his own boss, making money from selling ice cream."

"Don't forget that he also has 3 ice cream trucks with several employees under his belt. What's more, his ice cream shop in the lower riverside is also doing well."

"Exactly! So why do this?... I don't know man... but something is not adding up."

"That we can agree on."

Vrmmmmm~

Like so, the vehicle speeded up significantly, heading to the suspect's home... But when they got there, the terrible feeling in their gut couldn't stop growing heavier by the second.

None spoke to each other, but came to the side of the door, leaning against the walls with tenor guns in their hands.

After ringing the doorbell for a while there was still no response.

It's possible that he could still be out since the ice cream truck wasn't here, nor was his private vehicle.

Don't ask why a boss of a company would still like driving around in various blocks with ice cream.

Maybe he enjoyed doing it.

Hey... there are still some wealthy people who loved doing things like being a cab drivers or school bus drivers.

People develop odd habits the older they get.

The suspect was 57 years old this year, single.

He had a wife, but she and his unborn baby had an accident dying in his younger years.

Since then, he has never narrowed and never even had another girlfriend or love interest.

He has already drawn to a will, giving 95% of his money and properties to kid foundations and charity homes.

As for his niece and her family, he will leave her with just one of his stores upon his death.

She and her own children can decide what to do with it.

His house would also be sold and given to charity upon his death.

The 57-year-old was quite a nice man and truly remarkable in heart, so forgive them for doubting his relationship with the case.

It was most likely a setup in their opinion.

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["Mr. Donald CawingYu, this is the police.]

--No response.---

1, 2, 3...

Bam!

The door was knocked open, and when they entered the first thing they saw was a severed head.

The head looked several days old, leaving the duo breathless.

"This... this... this... if is that Mr. Donald--"

"Hen who is the one--"

Ah! Both of them stared at each other with widened eyes.

"Evil twin!"

Chapter 482 The Case of Evil Twins.

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Wee-woh~

Wee-woh~

The ambulance and police vehicles pulled up, rushing to investigate the crime scene further.

This time, they were here to seal off the building and gather all microscopic evidence.

Everything happened just like in the movies, with people flying speedily in all directions wearing protective clothing.

Only a few detectives came in, trying to analyze how the crime happened.

"You see the cut through the neck? It's done so precisely and cleanly, leaving no bumps in its work."

"What is it? A dagger? A kitchen blade? A machete? A synth?"

"This... we won't know until those in the lab further analyze the head. For now, what we should be looking for is the body.

What happened to the body? Where did the culprit stash the body? Maybe there will be more clues as to what happened on the body."

Many detectives were looking for any clue, like signs of lover bracelets that came in pairs or other injuries that could depict how the fight between the victim and the killer went down.

Although it's said the man didn't have records of any existing lovers, who is to know if in secret he met a woman that tickled his fancy and was seeing that said woman or man?

Right now, they've got nothing. Nada.

The place is so clean they regretted not discovering the severed head sooner.

There were no broken windows, no signs of forced entry, nothing caught in the front door camera and nothing out of the ordinary anywhere except for the severed head.

Many inwardly thought that the killer should've cleaned up his tracks since the head looked a few days old.

This meant the killer had a good head start over them, which was not helpful at all.

Well, the only thing they could confirm after a few hours of waiting for DNA results was that this man here was the true Ice Cream man, menacing the kid was right... or sort of right.

You can say evil twin, but since this man had no brothers and wasn't reported to be a twin upon birth, it's more likely someone had made a Hyperreal mask of the victim.

This was the only way to explain why there were 2 Ice cream men with the same faces in the same town. One is dead here and another is on the loose.

This again puts them at a disadvantage since the real criminal might do away with the hyperreal mask once he feels threatened, and they won't even know what his true facial identity is.

Something was also off about the home one they couldn't quite put their hands on.

It was very chilly and gave off an ominous aura that made everyone feel on edge.

It was just a severed head. So why did they get the feeling that its opened eyes were looking at them with hidden intent?

Creepy... so creepy.

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Immediately Hardy and Shalom took out their walkie to relay the delicateness of the situation.

"Chief, we've got a really hard nut up our asses here. If the ice cream truck is found, we must not engage until we are confident we can take the killer(s) down without letting them escape."

[I figured as much. Don't worry boys, we've got every street camera looking for that son of a b**ch as we speak... Eagle Squad is already on the case, heading to the last location the truck was spotted. Boys, I've got a good feeling about this.]

"Got it chief... and one more question... as per policy, all strange cases must be reported to the newly formed SN department.... chiefs, when do we know the situation is weird?"

[This...]

The chief on the other side was also puzzled by this new policy.

What police case is not weird?

All cases, even a simple one such as stealing candy, are often weird because of the twists and turns to get to the truth.

Honestly, they were struggling to understand what the point was of this new department that only a handful have ever seen in action.

This new department was so mysterious and bizarre because the officers in the department were never there.

Their department was more or less like a desert space, with no one ever being there, except their secretaries who took calls, made schedules and recorded important information to pass along.

Understand this.

When it came to seeing the actual officers it was as though they were invisible.

No one knew what they looked like or even how many they were.

Everything in that department was dubbed as Classified, but not your ordinary Classified Level.

Their department was the Grand Puba when it concerned classified existences and files.

What's more intriguing is that the few who have seen them in action often come back changed, as though grown overnight.

They were also seemingly afraid of their shadows and often liked to keep all lights on at night when working overtime.

It was strange since during overtime at night, the officers liked most of the lights deemed very low, as they zoned out of their surroundings and only focused on what the light on their desks touched their work.

Everyone had reading lights on their desks, which surprisingly, mesmerizes one into full concentration.

However, those who had the privilege of seeing the SN department in action seemed afraid of the dark overnight.

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What's more, after a few days, they also lost noticeable weight, with some developing 3~5 day-puking regurgitations over the littlest bits of food they saw.

These people understood that they must eat to stay alive and active in the force.

So yes.

They still ate, but would puke but long after. Sometimes even when not eating, they would pile after thinking of God knows what.

Honestly, it's still baffling how grown men and women could puke at the sight of any little thing.

Cockroaches made them puke, ice cream made them puke, salads made them puke and just about everything made them what to vomit.

For some, they got out of their puking dilemma in a week, but for others, it took 2 to 4 weeks before they could eat without puking anymore.

This was all too strange, causing many to wonder what exactly these people saw for them to keep acting this way.

What sort of heap or pile of dead and mutilated bodies did they see to cause them to have such weak bellies?

Indeed, the newly formed SN department was often the talk of the many police squads during their breaks.

Heck.

Many didn't even know what the S and N meant.

(***SuperNatural.)

Everything was one big mystery, but things didn't end there.

All units must immediately transfer or report their situations to this SN department if things get weird.

But what definition of WEIRD were they looking at?

They used the term very vaguely, not giving enough flesh to the words.

In the police force, there were all kinds of <weird> and there were already many sectors in place to handle these sorts of weirdness.

Some handled homicide, some handled suicide, others who handled terrorism and so on.

All these in a sense have their own weirdness intertwined with the investigations.

So what type of weirdness was the SN department looking for?

[This... When you feel the case is beyond your capabilities and isn't adding up, let me know. And remember... don't keep your egos on high. There's nothing wrong in admitting you can't solve the case. We are here to catch the killer, so it doesn't matter what department does so. We are all police officers.]

Hardy and Shalom nodded lightly. "Right."

The hell it is!

Although they agreed, it was hard not to let their egos get in the way of things.

It was very vexing to hand in a case you've spent hours and maybe days working on.

After doing most of the work, who would like for another to just scoot over and take the credit?

Sure, their department will be mentioned in passing but a majority of the glory would go to the ones that take over the case later on.

What's more, all police departments compete with each other all the time.

Who doesn't want to be recognized in the bureau? Again, who doesn't want bonuses to their usual pay?

Hmph!

Until they saw the works of that mysterious departments with their own eyes, they didn't believe it was so great.

After speaking with the chief/Department head, they hastily left the deceased's home, heading to his workplace for more clues while also looking at his phone to see those he communicated most with.

It was true that the case was starting to be a real pain in the ass since no true clue had appeared yet.

At this point, the killer could be anyone.

Everyone was focused on solving the case, that during the moments they were in the house, they didn't see the head suddenly blink its eyes with interest, with an unnatural smile radiating from it.

As usual, humans were always fun to play with.

Like so, Chaos continued spreading within the city, oblivious to those within the academy.

As for Dorian, he had another matter he urgently needed to attend to.

"Raulin, we leave tonight."

"Yes, Grandmaster."

They cannot delay this matter any further.

It's time the Grandmaster takes back what's rightfully his!

Chapter 483 The Unlucky Lee

Arriving at the towering headquarters, filled with several skyscrapers around the same vicinity, Raulin was filled with ripples in his quiet heart.

A tear nearly slid from his eyes recalling the days when the Master and Mistress were still around.

They were a truly kind couple who treated everyone including their staff with love and care.

Why bad things happen to good people has always been a mystery in life.

Alas...

Such was life.

Eh?

Opening his third eye, Raulin was taken aback.

"Grandmaster..."

"Hmmm." Dorian nodded.

The Feng Shui of the place had changed and the air was more likely to breed chaos than before.

Sometimes, dark auras aren't necessarily asked about the existence of underworld creatures.

Human emotions played a vital role too. And under the leadership of unworthy people, a place can emit signs of bankruptcy and it's because Dorian had foreseen its abrupt failure that he decided to step in now and clean it up.

failure faster than one can imagine.

They didn't even need to see the company documents and profit margins to know several idiots were running the Tian business to the grounds.

It's because Dorian had foreseen its abrupt failure that he decided to step in now and clean it up.

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Are you kidding him?

From his calculations, it will take a few more months before his parent's legacy files for bankruptcy due to foreign debts taken by many stupid and incompetent people at the top.

There was also the matter of company secrets that were leaked numerous times, and even embezzlement of funds that have gone unchecked too.

But how can they be checked when almost everyone at the top was embezzling bits and pieces here?

Everyone was afraid to get caught so they all zipped their mouths.

And the few good ones were tossed out or framed. Some good ones still remained but dared not voice any thoughts on the matter for fear of losing their jobs.

Sigh...

When it comes down to it?

People have families to feed, children to look after and responsibilities on their shoulders.

No one wants their families targeted or killed from a slip of a tongue unless they were sure they could protect them.

Every investor and those on the board of directors were indeed all working to keep the company afloat.

However, many times, greed comes between future interests, as many choose the short-sighted route rather than the long-sighted one.

They would console themselves, saying things like:

"Hey, with the Tian couple's fate unknown, who knows how long the company will last? I should just take my cut of the national cake now and be done with it."

"Hey, who knows what new management will come in the future? They might be strict on us and might even denote us. So why not take as much money as we can now? This is what we deserve!"

Things in the many Tian companies were going into disarray.

Even when some Tian branch companies did hold out, most of the money they made would be sent to keep the other rumbling companies afloat.

Everything seems to be a nightmare, as many truly competent people had been kicked out from their positions by rival forces in the company who had always wanted the Tian couple's positions as Presidents and leaders.

Even if these people were competent, how can you allow a diligent follower of the Tian couple maintain high-ranking positions?

Wei Kwo wasn't the only troubling bug the companies had.

There were quite a few shrewd people who joined forces to make it into what it is today. -- A crumbling Tian empire.

Raulin was dumbfounded by the dark aura surrounding the place, feeling that these people had great talent to be able to do this much in such a short time.

There is no empire, nation or industry that is omnipotent to the end.

Nothing in this world that can always remain number one forever.

Yes... everyone knows this fact. But the speed at which it falls is what shocks the world.

What the hell were they doing that it crumbled so fast even to the point where salaries were not being paid?

This also had to do with the dark auras growing above the Tian buildings. It was like a super catalyst fueling destruction. The atmosphere had been too affected, and every little greedy thought was magnified to its maximum potential under the looming clouds of darkness.

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Looking at the lax guards at the gates, Raulin almost had the urge to fly over and smack these sons of b**ches to death!

On the days when the Tian couple were there, when has secretly ever been so lax?

You step into the headquarters and you would feel as though you're stepping into a top-secret military base.

Heheheheheheheheh~

Raulin's emotions were so turbulent, he even caused a nearby cat to wake from its slumber and flee in horror.

"Down, Raulin."

"Ye-" Raulin took a deep breath. "Yes, Grandmaster, this one apologized for his rashness."

Almost immediately, someone called out to them when they had already bypassed the gates.

"Hey! You two! How did you get in? Are you trying to sneak in without our notice? Don't you know we can have you arrested for this?"

A vein popped out on Raulin's forehead.

What a joke! Did you see them sneak in?

When they arrived they waited for these guards to notice them, only leaving when they saw it was of no use.

These bastards were so engulfed in their game they didn't even paused attention to their surroundings.

And now, they dare accuse them of sneaking in?

Normally, Raulin had become calm and tranquil after becoming an exorcist.

Almost nothing bugged him anymore, except matters concerning the Tian household.

This one was very personal to him because he saw the Tian couple as parents he wished he had.

You don't understand how much they did for him.

Even when he visited the company several times in the past, he witnessed its TRUE glory, which only made him angered by what he was seeing now.

How?... How did this magnificent empire fall so low?

If he was not an exorcist and this were medieval times, he would be one of the people in a village square, raising his fists for these bastards to be hanged. Kill them! Kill them! Kill them all!!!

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Heheheheheheh~

With interest, the guards, who seemed more like ruffians, quickly surrounded them, telling them to come back for questioning.

But if you slide them a few bills, they can turn the other way and not report this matter to the police, right?

Of course, before they can make their plan come to fruition they first had to check the identities of these 2 so they're sure they don't accidentally attack a wealthy person who would come for revenge later.

~Pah!

Raulin smacked their hands away before they could touch him or Dorian.

"Are you all worthy of touching the Grandmaster?"

Raulin was a little annoyed but now understood why the Grandmaster didn't want them to drive in with the vehicle.

The Grandmaster must've wanted to see and understand matters with his own eyes, right?

This should be why they were also wearing ordinary clothes.

Dorian frowned seeing as someone was blocking his view of the surroundings he was investigating.

"Move."

"You--"

The guard was taken aback by Dorian's dark eyes, almost falling to his butt in fear when looking at the abyss disguised as pupils.

He didn't know when, but his body seemed brutally honest, stepping out of Dorian's way in shame.

"Carl, don't tell me you're afraid of this brat."

"Yeah, Carl! What's gotten into, man? Have you forgotten you are a--"

"Noisy."

" _ "

Dorian's face was laced with a trace of disgust Raulin was very familiar with.

He immediately understood what to do, but just when he was about to react?

A familiar vehicle soon pulled up beside them.

"Ahh! Lawyer Lee!"

The many guards treated Lee with humble smiles.

In their eyes, Lawyer Lee was a very important figure.

Their hearts trembled with awe and fear, wondering if Lawyer Lee would report their shenanigans to those at the top.

"What's going on here? Why are you all blocking the roads?"

They had taken up all the space for the lanes moving forward.

"Again, I ask. What's going on here?"

"No-nothing, Lawyer Lee. Just dealing with a few troublemakers who are trying to break in!"

Troublemakers?

Ahh!

Lawyer Lee's heart skipped a beat when leaving to the side and seeing the so-called troublemakers.

F***!

He thought Dorian should have already been inside the main building by now.

So who would've known he would have shitty luck to run into them now?

Then what was the purpose of him stalling for so long to get here?

Lawyer Lee try had tears in his eyes but dared not cry before these guards who respected him greatly

"Let them in... I know who they are."

How can he not know who these 2 murderous bastards were?

Driving his vehicle forward, Lawyer Lee's hands still couldn't stop shaking.

'Good God of Science... please, let me survive past today.'

Chapter 484 Missing People

Today was yet another shareholder meeting, with several leading figures appearing at headquarters one by one.

Some looked playful, others looked worried and some were extremely confident in their shrewd schemes, plans and abilities.

Seated in the board office, everyone leaned back into their seats, waiting for all members to appear.

"Hey, where is old Jawel? How come I don't see him and his annoying dogs anymore?"

"Yeah. I don't see Mrs. Vilablaire as well. They know how important shareholder meetings are so why aren't they here yet? They haven't even scheduled video meetings to take their places."

"Wait! Many other people are also missing too. This is their second time missing a major board meeting with no excuses."

"Tsk. Isn't this great? The fewer people there are, the more important our voices will be when making group decisions."

"Right! As per the clause, if any major shareholder is absent for missing from company-shattering meetings without reason, their thoughts on matters discussed here do not count. If they grumble about it later that will be their damn problem."

...

Hmph!

Many sneered, thinking of how to make their decisions today fully instated.

Why? Because within the room, many of them belong to different groups, opposing others in the same room too.

All 9 in the room felt it was quite good for these people to not show up.

However, several complicated thoughts stormed their brains, wondering if these sons of bitches had secretly sold their shares, allowing new and random game pieces on their already well-designed chess board.

Was this why the lawyer was coming?

Many thinned their lips and slid their hands across their ties in wait to see if they were right or not.

Wei Kwo was the least bit happy about the matter, knowing for a long time now, he has tried to buy off shares from these shareholders to no avail.

What was it they told him?

[Sorry. No matter what you offer, we won't sell our shares to you.]

Who was it that said they didn't see the leaves giving out their shares in the next 10 years?

Who was it that said their shares guaranteed them sustainable lives?

Sure, the company might be facing crises now and even on the verge of bankruptcy soon. But don't just look at the cons, look at the pros too.

Until Bankruptcy, they still have an immeasurable status that can venture into places across the Capital city and other terrorizes that only the super wealthy mix in.

Almost always, they are recognized and given perks for free just because of their unique positions as major shareholders who make millions a year.

Another pro was that their top positions allow them to blatantly become thieves before bankruptcy.

Hell!

Their embezzling might be what eventually causes the company's fall, but before it goes down shouldn't they take as much as they can from it to secure their continuous lavish lifestyle?

Only those in top high positions can bribe and threaten those below to send the money their way.

Understand that sometimes, they took on contracts and budgeted 3~5 times more for contract completion, pocketing the rest, knowing there was truly no one to hold them down here.

They also gathered as much money as they could to buy shares in other up-and-coming companies.

They also scrambled to buy shares from the other major families within the famous Big 6, like the Ghu, Su, Hou and Gia.

Although the Gias were mostly a military family, they too ventured into business, though their businesses also focused on combat too.

Understand that the Gias have the top best privately owned Guard training schools and camps scattered around the country.

You want a professional guard on your estate, then you go to their companies to sort the matter out.

The guards they provide also came in tiers, levels and classes, with some even having S-tier abilities.

They also train some of them on how to become outstanding butlers since almost all wealthy families get their butlers from them.

Butlers also send their children or protégés to the training academy to take their places once they retire.

Wealthy homes always need Assassin-level butlers scattered around their many villas and mansions.

Yes.

Remember that people like old Hou had several sons, with the clan heir staying in the main metal, while his other children stayed in privately owned villas of their buying.

So who ensures everything is in top shape there? Of course, the butler's belonging to their children.

Old Hou's butler will remain in his main mansion, taking care of the heir. But the other children had to get the same deadly assassin class butlers who graduated from the academy too.

In the future, a majority of children will also branch out, buying villas of their own across the country, and will also get new butlers and guards of their own too.

The Gias's guard and agencies were uncountable to count across the country.

They often leave their competition in the dust because the Gias do have the resources to train the best of the best, as well as attain the latest model weapons for training sessions.

They even trained their guards to be low-key tech people because when guarding such vast estates belonging to the wealthy, security surveillance and other factors are key.

In the end, you just can't compare with the Gias, leading to over 99% of wealthy families, especially the up-and-coming ones, to use or permanently hire their trainees.

Mind you, these businesses are already stinkingly rich and worthy of worldwide awe from the masses.

But what is even more shocking is that many speculate this wealth only contributes to 7~2% of their wealth.

It cannot be stressed enough just how powerful their military influence is.

Their family was the founding families stationed right next to the ears of the many emperors leading the strongest dynasty before the Country's founding period when they went into the ear of guns and voting.

At that time, the Gias already had their teeth sunk into all matters, even becoming shareholders in something like military operations.

Why? Because at the start, they contributed a lot of their wealth and lands to open barracks.

It wasn't for free.

At that time, the country experienced poverty because of the many wars. But the Gias came through, turning the country into what it was today thanks to their many efforts back then.

This was why whether it was police work, marines, navy, air forces and Barack operations, they were in it all.

All in all, many shareholders spent their time hoarding money to buy shares from the companies belonging to the Big 6 while maintaining their shareholder status within the Tian company.

Now seeing Lawyer Lee enter the conference room, they couldn't help wondering if their guesses were true or not.

Who is it?

Who is the new toy in their playhouse?

Even Wei Kwo wasn't prepared for the shock he was about to receive.

"You-you-you! Nephew Tian! What are you doing here?"

Chapter 485 Uncle Vs. Nephew

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!!!"

Wei Kwo's voice was so loud it even made his hair float above his forehead.

Eh?

Isn't that the Tian boy?

Everyone couldn't help giving him several curious stares.

Even if they didn't recognize him at first, his resemblance to his father was too uncanny.

They were cut from the same mold, almost looking identical, except Dorian was a younger version.

One can say the only thing he got from was his mother's eyes.

Every other thing was a Carbon copy of a man they were too familiar with, his father.

What is this? Is he here to cause a fuss and forcefully take back his shares from his uncle's hands?

Yes. That was the only logical reason he should be appearing here.

Who doesn't know how he's been down and in the dumps after the unfortunate accident happened to his parents?

They hear these days, he couldn't even afford a simple staff of 12, and talk less of getting maids and gardeners.

Everyone knows he has nothing.... absolutely nothing.

So what else can he be here for if not trying to fight like a savage for his shares?

Many leaned back in their seats, washing the show with relish.

Hehehehehe~

Anything that makes that bastard Wei Kwo frown, is a good thing in their minds.

Yes. They said it.

They didn't like Wei Kwo, this peasant disguised as a wealthy man.

Just being in his presence made them want to choke on their own saliva.

They felt he was beneath their status and class, without the least bit of pedigree in the way he carried himself.

Think about it.

The people they hang with give a certain message to the outside world.

They just didn't want others to pair them with Wei Kwo.

Hmph!

He was the Ugly duckling amid beautiful swans like themselves.

This was why they had little to no patience when talking or dealing with him.

We Kwo also knew this, but still smiled and carried himself about, saying they were jealous of his rise to success.

Pfft~

That was the funniest gag they ever heard.

The only thing worth being jealous of was how confident he carried himself every day after dressing like a stoplight, with all sorts of color combos clashing with one another.

She conference to look like trash and not give 2 F's was indeed amazing.

Of course, Wei Kwo Kwo himself didn't know his dress was terrible.

Like his wife, he only cared about if his clothes were expensive.

They felt that the more expensive layers he placed on his body, the more good-looking he would be.

Wasn't that how it was supposed to be?

Thinning his lips, Wei Kwo gave a ferocious glare at the Lawyer, as though saying: why didn't you inform me of his coming?

Lawyer Lee also wanted to cry, knowing he was only informed of Dorian's plans last night.

You have to know that he tried calling Wei Kwo but the bastard's phone was switched off.

Following that, he also sent several text messages to warn Wei Kwo of the danger ahead. But seeing the eyes Wei Kwo gave him, he knew he hadn't seen his messages yet.

Stepping into the room, Raulin walked Wei Kwo's way.

"You-you!... What do you want to do? This is a private meeting between shareholders! You all have no business here!"

'Damn! Was this bastard always this scary? And why does he look several years younger?'

Watching Raulin approach, Wei Kwo's body was very obedient, taking 2 steps back like a frightened puppy squaring off against its father.

Raulin remained quiet, forcing Wei Kwo to take several steps to the side, before pulling Wei Kwo's seat and humbly bowing Dorian's way.

"Grandmaster."

"Mmm..."

"_" [Everyone]

--Silence--

Where was the action-packed thriller between uncle and nephew they signed up to watch?

Fake!

This scene must be fake. And why was the brat sitting on the seat meant for the shareholder with the biggest shares?

That seat was the head seat, for the one who has the biggest say in the room.

It was all fun and games when he was trying to fight his uncle. But all that stopped when his butt touched the seat.

"Boy, you better rise from there now."

"That's right. Although I'm not a fan of your uncle, I at least acknowledge that he has won and you, my dear boy, have lost. So have the decency to lose with dignity and leave now before we call security to throw you out!!!"

The words spoken were far more elegantly put compared to Wei Kwo's shrewish rants.

And although Wei Kwo was embarrassed he had to admit they had led things better than him.

'Heh. Want to drive me away, boy? You are a hundred years too young to be my match!'

An arrogant glow flashed in Wei Kwo's eyes, waiting for the brat to rise in shame.

But before he and the others could react, Raulin turned to Lawyer Lee saying nothing, yet his eyes conveyed his meaning.

Right!

Lawyer Lee jumped forward, opening his briefcase and taking several documents out.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as of today, Mr. Dorian T. Tian is the largest shareholder in the company, with 47% of the shares in his hands, and as such is well allowed to perform in today's meeting."

...

1, 2, 3...

What?!

Everyone stared at Dorian in shock.

With which money? Where did he have the money to buy off shares from other shareholders?

This was too unscientific, right?

Wei Kwo's eyes were read in fury, worry and disbelief, rushing to grab one of the many documents shared around the table.

Ah!

Holding it, he almost had a stroke, feeling immense pain in his heart.

How.... how... How can this be?

How can the boy he has tried to kill and crumble time and time again, rise above his head within this same company?

You have to know that he had more shares than his present number. But not too long ago, some mysterious person wanted to buy shares from him.

You don't understand!

At that time, he didn't want to sell, but he was truly running low on money, especially with the current spending habits of those in his family, and mostly him who went out of his way hiring killers upon killers to take care of Dorian.

Yes. He could embezzle from the company, but it was harder to do in his case since many didn't like him and always tried to block his path to success by hard allowing him to handle key projects that were perfect for underground embezzling.

So how could he have known that the 9% shares he sold were bought by Dorian?

Blue, green, red, yellow...

Wei Kwo's face turned into peculiar colors of fury, pointing his trembling fingers at Dorian.

Wei Kwo's face turned into peculiar colors of fury, pointing his trembling fingers at Dorian.

"You tricked ME!"