

## **Be Honest! 506**

Chapter 506 Backup?

–Police Station, Main Conference Room–

In the quiet room, everyone sat in knee-deep silence

Hot water, tea and coffee sat coolly, condensation beading the rims of the mugs and cups before many

The room was filled with police officers, detectives, and investigators, all gathered around a large conference table.

Everyone felt the tense despair that hung heavily in the air. This case was truly a horrifying one... one they wished they could quickly solve and do away with.

And in the room were Detectives Hardey and Shalom, seasoned investigators with hardened demeanors.

Since they were the leading detectives on the case, they stood before the massive adhering, addressing their team.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I don't need to remind you of the gravity of this situation. Over 200 children have fallen victim to this psychopath's ploy."

Bam!

"It's sickening!" Officer Jones, a young and passionate rookie, couldn't help speaking out in outburst when thinking about the madman on the loose.

"It's sickening, Detective! These kids were just enjoying their ice cream, and now they're fighting for their lives."

"We've analyzed the poisoned ice cream, and though we didn't mind anything, we can still confirm that the ice cream was probably laced with some unidentified exotic poison ." Detective Martinez, a skilled profiler, chimed in with a voice trembling with concern.

She saw with her own eyes what happened to the chicken after it ate a bit of the ice cream.

That chicken is now dead.

So even though they couldn't spot what kind of chemical was added to the ice cream, they knew it was harmful and was the true sickening treat that made so many children fall ill.

The kid called Big Ben, was the only one who said he saw a silver, almost see-through worm swim through the ice cream.

Even though they didn't find any worms, they still did not eliminate the idea of there being some undiscovered worm that can cause and release such poisons.

It's just that with the disappearances of these worms, they couldn't help wondering if the worms had special dissolving abilities when reacting with some chemicals and substances in ice cream.

Is there something they were missing here?

Could it be that when the worm meets with sugar, it will melt and dissolve into nothing?

Is that why they can't find it after searching for it?

Perhaps the worms are more intact when ice cream is in a frozen state.

But when it starts melting, the worms also melt too?

Well, don't blame them for thinking weirdly.

This case on its own was just too weird.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're dealing with a highly intelligent and twisted individual."

.

Everyone clenched their fists in evident frustration.

"We've got nothing to go on. No true suspect, no clues, and no clear motive... This psycho's playing with us."

Instantly, the room fell into a heavy silence, the weight of the unsolved case pressing down on everyone.

The initial suspect was the 57-year-old Ice cream man who was also the owner of his company with 3 ice cream shops scattered around the city.

His name was Donald CawingYu.

He lived a good love and had no reasons for breaking bad.

What's more, they knew he couldn't be the killer because forensics identified the bones they found in his home as his.

Meaning, the real Donald CawingYu was dead.

They cross-checked and pulled up all sorts of searches on the database, knowing he had no twin siblings.

Now that they knew there was an imposter on the loose. Possibly a criminal wearing a fake rubber silicon made-alike mask to resemble the deceased.

This bastard not only killed the real Donald CawingYu but also took advantage of CawingYu's job to do his dirty work.

In the end, they knew nothing of the true killer.

Heck!

They didn't even know what his real face was underneath the mask.

Everyone thinned their lips, feeling the weight of the matter grow heavier by the second.

Bam!

Hardy slammed his fists on the whiteboard hard. "We can't give up. We need to dig deeper, canvass the neighborhoods, talk to the families, and track every lead, no matter how small."

Shalom nodded in agreement. "We must look into the deceased past, to see if he and the culprit had once met in the past."

"Maybe they went to school together. Maybe the murderer is a person who works at the deceased's favorite coffee shop."

"And if there isn't a connection with the deceased, then look deeper into the families affected."

"Perhaps our suspect is targeting 1 parent out of the lot."

"Maybe the entire thing is a diversion for a bigger crime in motion right under our noses!"

"Either way, we must get a lead! We must find the suspect before he strikes again."

"And remember, everyone... He/she still has toes with suppliers of the mysterious toxins laced in the ice cream."

"For the sake of everyone and children everywhere, we must apprehend the criminal and find out where the prison is from!"

Everyone nodded with determined looks, now reaching to begin their crazy search for the culprit.

such a bastard must never be allowed to roam around freely... Not under their watch!

...

Everyone's eyes with enough energy for the day, now ready to take the challenge and find their killer.

But just then, Hard's phone rang, as well as Shalom's.

Ring!!!~

Who is it?

Both Hardy and Shalom were about to lash out at whoever it was who didn't have the decency to note their phones during work hours.

But feeling the vibrations in their pockets, they felt a little embarrassed, though not showing it to the group.

Ooops..

So it was them?

Well, don't blame them for not turning their phone silent.

They've been running around this city like headless chickens, having no time to think of other matters.

Picking up the phone, but haven't even said a word before their superiors bombarded their ears with instructions.

[I tell you now, Hardy... the people coming are not to be trifled with or dismissed! If you so much as utter a single rude comment, you don't have to wait to die in old age... I will kill you myself!]

[Shalom, shut up and listen! I don't care how far along you've gone with the case. When backup arrives, you will follow their instructions like a good dog not standing in their way! Understood?]

Tut...

The calls ended.

Both looked at each other in confusion, but not for long.

Why? Because almost immediately, someone came running in, telling them people from the newly formed SN department were there.

" "

Chapter 507 An Unwilling Group

" "

Hardy and Shalom give each other a tactful stare, understanding they had the same call.

And now, people from the SN department are here?

This ...

Although a part of them were unwilling to hand over the case after all the work they had put in, they still couldn't deny these people access.

Sure, they haven't really found any clues or links yet, but don't you think the energy and sleepiness nights they put into the case were still work?

Although the duo hadn't explained the new turn of events to their team, how could these people not understand when they heard all the screaming on the other end of the phone?

Hardy and Shalom's phones weren't on speaker, yet they could hear all that was told to them.

Their superiors were yelling and giving warnings, swearing to kill the duo if they dared act otherwise.

Bam!

Officer Jones' fist slammed the table passionately. "Sir, this isn't fair! Why should we hand over the case when we are this close to finding the perp? I can feel sir, I can!"

Detective Martinz nodded. "Yes, sir. With the directions you gave us just now, I feel we will be able to catch that bastard within a few days!"

So why should they give their blood sweat and tears to others just like that?

Do you know the meaning of Handing Over?

This means that any speculation, hint, clue, and evidence will be handed over.

In other words, everything they had just discussed here must be told and given to those taking over.

When the perp is captured, although some credit will go to them, the credit would be very small.

Most of the glory will go to the newly formed SN Department.

They will be the ones standing on TV, looking like big shots.

They will be the ones to hug all the glory.

Everyone felt that given 3 more days, they would be able to not only catch the perp but also find his poison sources too

They all felt it!

For the first time, they felt a true breakthrough since the case touched their fingertips.

And now you just want them to let it go and focus on another case while this one is still fresh in their minds?

Everyone felt they couldn't.

Even if Hardy and Shalom told them to work on other cases, they knew themselves too well.

They will probably work on another case on the surface while secretly focusing on the other case, trying to find clues for themselves.

They knew the drill.

Many times, if they're pulled off a big case the next project wouldn't necessarily be a case, but a project that required them to go through heaps and heaps of paperwork.

Sometimes, they might have to do menial cases like missing cats and cases like those.

Many times, they would have to sit in the office, taking down walk-in case reports from civilians who entered the police station.

In truth, their superiors would prefer they don't go out of the station, preferring they not go out snooping for the perps involved in the cases they are pulled out from.

It's best they stay where they are seen, staying away from the case altogether.

But who are police officers?

They are people who understand the rules all too well.

During lunch breaks and even during any little time given to them, they would do the snooping until they proved their hunch was right.



Many times, doing this was dangerous but the sleepiness they would have wasn't doing much to put their minds at ease.

Huh.

Want them to stay away from this case? No way!

Everyone stared at the duo with stubborn eyes that told their thoughts.

None of this was fair, so how can they be willing?

"Who are these SN people anyway? Why them?"

"Yeah. We admit this case is indeed a little strange. But does it mean that every strange phenomenon we experience needs their input?"

Hardy and Shalom looked between their roaring team and the glass walls that showed a group of people stepping into the territory.

These people had deep blue-black school-themed uniforms that looked sleek and gave them a mysterious edge.

Was that them?

Why were they all so good-looking? Even from the glass, he could see the super bounce and youthfulness they all had.

In truth, some people were around 45 in the group.

But because of staying in the academy, their appearance now looked 34 and their hair which was once thinning now grew luscious and full like a lion's mane.

Every day after practicing, they noticed their bodies slowly revert to their youthful times.

What's going on?

In all their lives, they had never seen people walk so elegantly, with grace and poise.

It was as though these people popped out of the paintings.

Their backs were so straight up and their movements were fluid like water.

Can it be that only handsome and beautiful people can get accepted into this SN department?

Was that the criteria here?

.

Without knowing it, Hardy and Shalom started moving forward while calling their rowdy group.

"You all shut up and don't embarrass me!"

No matter how unwilling they were, everyone had to follow orders!

Even they had to do the same.

What?

Do you think they were not unwilling?

Of course, they were!

The feeling was akin to someone preparing ingredients and reaching the final step to bake a cake, only to have the uncooked dough in the baking tray taken from them.

No doubt those who take the dough will now put it in the oven and wait for it to bake.

No one likes the feeling.

But what can they do?

Looking at the SN group stepping into the room, everyone tried their best to hide their unwillingness, but they just couldn't do it.

The atmosphere was tense and heated, despite there being an awkward silence.

Dorian raised his brow playfully but said nothing.

Rather, it was Chan-ki who spoke.

"Gentlemen, ladies... have we caught you all off at a bad time?"

Chapter 508 Together?

Bad time?

If eyes could kill, these SN people would be dead by now.

Although Dorian didn't say a thing, everyone could tell that this young boy was the lead person in charge.

The way the group moved beside him, as well as the way they looked at him from time to time, told everyone what they wanted to know.

But how can that be? How can the group's leader be a little kid?

With his hands in his pocket, Dorian looked bored.

Well, in their defense, he always looked calm and bored.

Looking at the group of unwilling detectives and officers, Chan-ki wasted no time getting down to business.

"I'm sure you're all aware of our being here. That said, we don't have time to talk about all the details of the case. What we require from you, is that you answer a few of our questions, and we will be on our way."

" \_ "

Everyone was dumbfounded, staring at Chan-Ki's side with confusion.

Don't you want everything they have so you can use it to your advantage?

Are you looking down on them?

Are you saying that their suspicions, clues and hard work weren't worth taking? Is that it?

Even if they hated the notion of someone else taking their hard work, it's better to have their hard work taken than for someone to not take it at all, feeling it unnecessary and worthless.

For the first time, these people wanted others to take their work.

Their pent-up fury finally exploded, with many no longer trying to curb their anger.

"Say that again, hot stuff! Are you trying to piss us off? Are you trying to rob it on our faces that your SN department is the one now handling the case?"

"Dammit! I'm so angry. What do you mean?! You dare look down on us?"

"Hey, you! Tough guy... If you have something to say, say it directly and in our faces! What's the point of acting so cowardly?"

Hardy and Shalom didn't say a thing but their veins were now protruding dangerously on their foreheads.

They too felt insulted, but just when they were about to speak, they heard a low voice ring beside them.

"Noisy."

" \_ "

Dorian frowned, seemingly getting more and more irritated the longer people yelled.

"Silence!"

Chan-ki's voice came off with a powerful aura that made everyone forget who they were.

F\*\*\*!

This guy wasn't shouting, yet his voice carried the same momentum mightier than that of a roaring lion.

Although unwilling to admit it, his voice made some of them take a step back while others sat like obedient school students.

Power of voice?

Everyone saw that after Chan-ki spoke, he and his team were focused on looking at the kid, their leader.

The kid whose face was irritated, now had a change of expression.

They could see his brows slowly unwind until his expression returned to his former lazy one.

Note-to-self.

The kid hated rowdiness.

No yelling allowed.

Everyone felt aggrieved but dared not yell again. They had a hunch that if they did, they would face unfathomable consequences.

Don't ask them why they were afraid.

It was only when Chan-ki silenced them did they take his group a little more seriously.

Swallowing hard, many were shocked by the thin layer of sweat now formed on their heads

It seems their body was frightened before their brains could register what just happened.

You don't understand.

When Chan-ki spoke, a dangerous aura enveloped them,? almost choking their throats.

It took over their bodies, causing them to monetarily shiver.

It was the sort of fear one has when coming into contact with an incredibly powerful beast.

So don't blame them for being fearful.

"Good... now here's how it will get done. Like I said, we require you to sit, or stand and answer our questions."

"Let's start, shall we?"

Snap!~

Chan-ki snapped his fingers and the academy disciples broke themselves even, heading for the many officers in the room.

"3 minutes."

Dorian spoke for the first time while making his way to the front.

There, he sat at the highest table, like a king.

Well, that was how everyone saw it.

It was a seemingly ordinary spot many leaders had used when setting and addressing a team.

But why was it that when he sat, it looked like a throne?

Power...

The boy intentionally oozed power wherever he went.

3 minutes...

The disciples acted fast.

"On the crime scene, how did you feel when stepping into the deceased's home?"

"Where are his remains?"

"Did you or anyone in the room see this object on the crime scene? Think hard!"

"What color of underwear did you wear on that day? Blue, red, white, black, yellow?"

"\_ "

.

The questions were growing weirder by the second, and the group didn't know what to make of it.

Excuse them for asking, but what does this all have to do with the criminal?

They even asked what direction they used to enter the deceased's home. Backdoor, front door or window.

Hello?

Is this what you should be focusing on?

What does their underwear color have to do with the case?

If not for the call earlier and the serious look at these people's cases, they would have sworn they were being pranked.

This was the first time they had seen people ask questions not about the victim but of them.

In no time, 3 minutes were up and the SN group turned to leave just as promised.

"Hold on!"

Hardy and Shalom couldn't take it anymore.

"Can you at least tell us why this information is important and what it has to do with the case?"

"Look... maybe we got off on the wrong foot here? but as police officers of the law, I think it's good we all share information so we can better our skills and help each other out."

Chan-ki paused, throwing his head behind his shoulders with a calm look in his eyes.



"It's all unnecessary."

Hardy, Shalom and everyone else were unwilling. "Why?!"

"Because you can't do what we do. If you don't believe it, you can join us and watch quietly... After all, we do need you all there so when it's time to pay the bill, your Precinct knows exactly what it's paying for."

Chapter 509 Special Treatment

Go? Of course, they will fucking go!

Shalom and Hardy called their surprise to inform them of the matter, but their superiors said they already anticipated that much.

Whelp.

They were only going as eyewitnesses, which would make the paying process easier.

Shalom and Hardy scrunched their faces in doubt.

Does this SN department not work for the government, why does it feel like they were private contractors?

Or are they missing something here?

Either way, they would go see what the whole fuss is about. They too wanted to know what this SN department did that was so different from them.

They wanted to know how these people would catch the culprit.

"No guns."

No guns when heading out to catch a criminal?

Everyone frowned but did as they were told.

They felt it was foolish, but recalling the lashing voices of their superiors through the phone, they dared not contradict anymore.

Soon, they were in police vehicles, heading out alongside their new comrades to a location they weren't very familiar with.

Eh?...

Isn't this the private Medical facility for Hou clan members only?

Could it be that the culprit is a worker there?

Could it be that someone in there is close to the criminal? A family, a friend, or even an enemy?

And why was it so busy today?

Hey! Watch it, will ya?

These people were driving crazy, all storming in like people on drugs.

What was going on here?

The storm of people flooding in was crazy.

Driving in the private medical facility, they could only keep their mouths shut when stepping out of the vehicles.

[Do as told and don't get in the way.]

Those were Chan-Ki's words to them when leaving the station.

Everyone stood, watching Chan-ki calmly step out of his vehicle before opening the door for Dorian to step out.

To be honest, they couldn't imagine Dorian opening his own door.

He just looked like Royalty no matter what angle they saw him in.

With his hands in his pocket, Dorian walked ahead, towards the rushing gathering of elite men and doctors in suits and medical attires.

They stood around the staff exit/entryway.

"Grandmaster! Grandmaster!... Welcome, welcome. We are ready for you."

Hardy and Shalom were taken aback, never having seen such a blatant display of dog-licking.

He felt that if Dorian told these people to lick his feet, they would probably do it.

How can a human being bend and stretch like that?

Where is your honor? Where is your pride?

The chubby lead doctor bent so low they felt if he bent any lower, his spine would break.

The way they looked at Dorian and his group changed.

Grandmaster? So young?

Grandmaster of what?

Grandmaster of criminology?

And what's with the attitude?

These people didn't even give them a second look, only treating those who dressed up like Dorian as Gods.

What?

Is it the uniform? Why do you only give them nods while you smile like blooming daisies at the others?

Suddenly, they felt offended.

"Right this way, please."

The elite Hou doctors and nurses, as well as the men in sleek suits and dark glasses, quickly led them around the massive facility exclusive only to the Hou family.

Massive was an understatement.

The first scene they saw when entering through the Staff entrance/exit way, was a moderately sized dome-shaped room.

The female locker rooms were to the left and the male locker rooms were to the right.

Since they were going to enter as they were, they didn't need to change, but they did need to pass through a sanitizing stone up ahead.

Of course, before going in, they were given gloves and face masks too.

Well, to be honest, only Hardy, Shalom and the other police officers were given gloves and face masks.

"\_" [police officers.]

Again, they asked... Why only them?

Hmph!

They gave these doctors the evil eye while still putting on the gloves.

What they didn't know was that Dorian and those from the academy didn't need any sanitation or gloves.

With simple spells and techniques, they could eliminate dirt and even the tiniest speck of dust from touching their bodies.

Even if you throw a glass of wine on them, they can clean it up in a blink of an eye.

In fives, they passed through a mass sanitizing machine that trapped them in a square glass spraying sanitizing mist within the space.

The process was extremely fast, and soon, they found themselves bypassing several hallways with wide see-through glass walls and windows, allowing them to see through the many patient wards.

This was a clan treatment facility, so there was little to no use for privacy, except the bathrooms.

Of course, the rooms had blinds for them to pull over if they truly felt the need for privacy.

But because they don't want enemies or killers to sneak in pretending to be doctors and killing off people, they prefer things when walking down the hallways.

They can see into the war, but those in the wars can't see them or anyone passing through the hallways.

Don't think that such a thing hasn't happened in the past.

Do you know that there was a time when the President himself... yes... the president of the country was almost assassinated within the city?

So they had to bring him here for treatment in their secure medical facility.

They have so many high-tech producers to deal with intruders. But sometimes, some elite people in the dark web can get immune to their systems, cracking it down like it was nothing.

During that time, they brought the president in, keeping him in one of their most private wards, which had several hallways dedicated to reaching it.

These hallways also had security guards stationed on them, as well as high-tech cameras that automatically perform face recognition scanning when one is passing by.

Should the system not be able to identify the person walking in, it will trigger a silent alarm to the many security stations across the facility.

During that time, a criminal they call the Morpher successfully broke in through their systems and even stepped into the president's ward.

Luckily, the assassin had not anticipated the latest technology they just installed a few days ago.

With one touch of a button under his bed, the president activated an impenetrable glass box that sealed his bed, preventing dagger throws, silent bullets and all sorts of attacks.

The assassin also knew he couldn't stay for long since another silent alarm would have probably gone off by now.

Long story short, whether it was see-through walls facing the hallways, or other protective barriers, the Hou facility took its security very important, especially since its use was to keep their Hou Clansmen alive!

...

Reaching their destination, Hardy and the others were shocked to see familiar faces lying on sick beds in the same vast open hall.

They were the infected children!

Chapter 510 The Annoyed Mother

What was going on here?

Why were infected people and parents all gathered in the same spot?

Although there are masks and gloves available, aren't they afraid the contamination would spread out even further?

Are they missing something here?

The parents and guardians were also confused, but what they didn't know was that it was with great necessity that they be here.

They were the first to contact their children when something went wrong.

Sadly, this fact alone was an issue... a major issue that had nothing to do with contamination.

Even Big Ben who wasn't 'contaminated,' still had to be here.

Since they were till they could touch their children now, many wasted no time running their gloved hands across the children's blush pale cheeks with teary eyes.

In particular, the not-so-bright Benjamin who was one of Big Ben's closest friends, was also there with Ben Big, Big Ben's family and the boy's mother beside him.

Never in their lives have they seen him so frail and ghost-like.

Honestly, maybe it was their illusion, but they felt he and the other children here were changing by the day, getting more and more translucent like a jellyfish.

Was it just them? It can't be just them, right?

Everyone decided to look past his bizarre appearance and give him all the encouragement he needed to push on.

"Little Benjy, you can do it. Didn't you hear what the doctors said? You'll be fine and out in no time... and then, you can take a one-week vacation with my family and we'll get to go to Belisney World."

Benjy smiled very weakly, his excitement very evident. "Really aunt? Belisney World... Belisney World... I'm so happy. Can we go now?"

Big Ben's mother shook her head pitifully. "Silly boy, only when you get better can you go. So just listen to the doctor's instructions and get well soon, okay?"

Big Ben nodded. "Benjy, didn't you say you want my limited edition Captain Swordfish action figure? Don't worry, once you're out, I'll give it to you, for free, no borrowing, no rental fees. It will be yours after you get better."

Benjy's frail smile turned even more cheerful, though it looked like it hurt him to do so.

Soon, Benjy's mother quickly wiped her tears, trying to look strong for him. "My little baby, after this, we will take some time to give you the best time of your life... Whatever you want to do? Whoever you want you want to do, mommy promises to fulfill it."

Benjy said even more again, before frowning and thinning his lips suspiciously. "Mom, how can I believe you if you are a Blue-leg?"

"\_" [Mother with tears in her eyes]

...

Can I return my child to the womb?

For a moment, his mother was choked.



Here I am, worrying about you? And you are here still accusing her of being a blue-leg?

Didn't she correct him earlier? It's called a black leg and not a blue leg, and it stands for traitors or snitches.

For a moment, she blamed her father for telling the boy so many ridiculous stories and allowing her son to watch all those action cartoons on TV.

Sure enough, children should listen to the stories she listened to when growing up. They should only focus on stories like Little Red Riding Hood, The Boy Who Cried Wolf, Jack & the Beanstalk and many others.

Now on TV, there are so many action-packed cartoons like Batman that influence strange words in their children's mouths.

Come to think of it, no story can truly be innocent.

Bah!

Where has her mind derailed to?

Shaking her head from side to side, she quickly pushed those weird thoughts out of her brain.

Blame her son for calling her a Blue Leg.

Everyone around them was chuckling, finding it amusing that Benjamin still had enough energy in his system to keep calling his mother names.

Sure, the kid wasn't doing it intentionally, and meant no harm, as he was calling a Spade what it was — a Spade, as he saw it.

When he reported Big Ben for knocking how his ice cream, his mom didn't even bother doing anything to his bro Big Ben.

Rather than telling Big Ben what he did was wrong, several parents asked Big Ben if the ocean cream had a problem.

In translation, they didn't think he was wrong. (An unreasonable person.)

Benjamin felt betrayed. If he were the one to knock down another person's ocean cream, his mom would stand before him with her hands on her hips, berating him and teaching him the lessons of life.

You see! You see! He wasn't wrong.

His mother was a confirmed Blue Leg!

How can she trust the enemy who knocked his ice cream out of his hand but not trust him?

Benjamin felt betrayed.

But what he didn't know was that if they truly overlooked the situation when it happened, maybe it would've been worse than it was now.

It's because the Hous were alerted when they were that the matter could easily be solved before any deaths occurred. Another day and all these children would have started dropping like flies.

The matter should've been transferred to the SN department from day 1 because everyone thought it was some contagious disease.

Should they have brought in the matter from Day 1, these children wouldn't look this way by now.

They would have regained part of their former hue, no longer looking like near-see-through jellyfish.? "Where is Dad? Where is Grandpa?"

"Dad and Grandpa said they were outside the facility and were just about to park. They will get here soon, so just relax."

"Okay, Mom... I'll trust you this once despite you being a Blue Leg."

" \_ "

Had this not been her child and he was not in critical condition she would have loved to have the doctors pry open his brain so she could see what the hell was going on in there.

Can you please forget the Blue Leg thing?

...

Many families had similar discussions with their children, as more and more guardians arrived.

Everyone noticed Dorian and the others but didn't say anything since they didn't say anything since Dorian's group also didn't stop them from continuing their conversations.

Instead, everyone saw Dorian, Chan-Ki and the academy disciples take out candles, strategically placing them across the scene.

Some disciples also began carving special symbols on the walls with the sticks of chalk in their hands.

'....'