

You, Me and Our Genius Twins Chapter 1

Chapter 1 Genius Kids

It was a usual day in Dusktown, but not for one particular mall. Its parking lot was cordoned off, and a corpse covered in white cloth lay in the center of the parking lot. A group of people stood around the body, awaiting the police officers to conduct their questioning.

“I know who the killer is, mister!” A young boy aged four or five squeezed through the throng and tugged at the man whom the officers called ‘leader’.

Christopher looked down and was surprised to see that he was stopped by such an adorable boy.

He was in white tracksuit, and his face was perfectly sculpted. His eyes were big, round, and shining, his skin flawless and fair. Anyone who saw him would want to kiss him.

Christopher crouched down patiently and knelt on one knee. He asked gently, “Is that so? Tell me what you saw.”

“I saw nothing, but I can guess what happened.” He raised a finger and pointed at the crowd. “The killer is that lady in a white hat.”

Christopher looked at where the boy was pointing, and he saw a middle-aged woman glaring at the boy with panic and anger. “That’s nonsense, you brat!” She looked at Christopher. “Officer, you can’t listen to him. He’s just a four-year-old kid. He can’t possibly know anything about this.”

“My brother did not lie.” Another adorable boy came out. He was wearing the same kind of tracksuit his brother was wearing, though the color was different. His brother wore a white one, while his tracksuit was black. “Hi, mister. I’m Taylor. Quincy Taylor. And this is my brother, Joel.” He went up to Christopher and extended his hand while he made his introductions.

Well, these boys are precocious. Christopher was amused, and he entertained the boy by shaking his hand. “Nice to meet you.”

“My brother isn’t a liar, mister. That lady in the white hat is the killer.” Quincy looked at Christopher seriously.

Christopher noticed something wrong with that woman as well, but he wanted to know why the kids were so sure she was the killer. He asked, interested, “And how are you so sure she’s the killer?”

“Because it’s not a sunny day today, and yet she wears a cap that’s supposed to cover her from the sun. And this is an underground car park. There’s barely any light here, but she still won’t take her cap off,” Joel said cutely.

“And she dresses immaculately, which means she likes to doll herself up. However, she’s actually pairing her dress with a cap that’s normally used for outdoor sports. People who love to doll themselves up never match their outfits that way. In other words, the cap and the dress aren’t parts of the same set. She wore the cap in a hurry,” Quincy answered seriously.

Joel went over to the body and squatted beside it, then pointed at the high heel on her right foot. “The right heel looks a lot cleaner than the left, which means someone has wiped it off before.” He looked at the woman in the cap seriously. “I suspect that the victim got into an argument with that lady, and she used her heel as a weapon. She must have hit that lady’s head and caused it to bleed. The lady got angry, so she killed the victim. After she did that, she put the victim’s heel back on her foot and wiped the bloodstains off it.”