

# My Iyashikei Game

## Chapter 7: 7

After Zhao Ming finished the call and returned to the room, he noticed both Han Fei and Zhang Xiaotian were busy on their phones. “What are you two doing?”

“Since Han Fei gave us such a detailed character profile, I thought I’d input it into our database, perhaps we might land on a hit... No way...”

After Han Fei saw the old man on the screen, he exclaimed excitedly, “Yes, that’s him! He even told me his whole family are fans of my show! They like my show a lot!”

“Well, I cannot tell whether he lied to you or not, but I’m sure you are lying to us.” Zhang Xiaotian swiped on the screen to reveal the person’s additional information. “This old gentleman is a cemetery custodian at the outskirts of Xin Lu City. His parents died when he was young and he had no children. The closest family he had would be the hundreds of unmarked graves that he cares for outside the city.”

“That’s impossible! He even gave me consolation at his shop yesterday afternoon! Is your system mistaken?” Han Fei checked the picture and the info on the officer’s phone repeatedly.

“You talked to him in person yesterday?” Zhang Xiaotian slid the information to the last page. “Take a closer look. This old gentleman died 3 days ago and he was buried in the cemetery he looked after in his life.”

The government database could not have gotten something like that wrong, right? Han Fei was dumbfounded as the old man’s black and white picture stared back at him through the screen. “But you were right that he was your fan. He loved your show and would often watch them during his midnight shift. It had caused several public disturbances. He had several complaints about that in our records.”

Zhang Xiaotian put away his phone. Both he and Zhao Ming turned to Han Fei. “I think it’s time for you to come with us. We’ll find out whether you’re related to the arson or not. We will not frame an innocent person but we will not allow a criminal to escape the law either.”

“I am willing to cooperate but I wish to take a detour to Antique Street first. I need to see this for myself.” Han Fei’s mind was muddled. He thought his life was confusing enough but who knew there was still so much space for him to sink under. After he arrived at Antique Street in person and witnessed the aftermath of the fire, Han Fei’s heart was as ashy as the burned remnants. Even the foundation of the buildings was cracked, any form of evidence would be lost by now. ‘Why me? Is it because that old man was my

fan? Other people's fans give them cards, chocolates and pens, how come my already small group of fans would play such an unfunny trick on me?'

At 9 am, Han Fei was escorted to Xin Fu Road's station. Perhaps it was his first time in the police car, his lips were white and his mind was elsewhere.

"I'll go report this to Captain Wang, Xiao Tian, look after him." After Zhao Ming left, Zhang Xiaotian led Han Fei into the holding cell. This possible arsonist, Han Fei was highly dangerous so he needed to be isolated from the public.

"You really got the wrong person. I haven't even played with firecrackers in my life, much less burn down a whole street."

"Just stay here and wait quietly."

"This is a misunderstanding!" Before Han Fei could argue his case further, the cell door slammed shut. "You really got the wrong person! The real culprit is still out there! I am the real victim here!"

"Save your breath. Every criminal says that. No one will admit their wrongdoing unless cornered." A female voice rang out in the holding cell.

Han Fei turned to the source. The first thing that caught his attention was a pair of black Doc Martens which was crossed on top of the interrogation table. It was connected to a pair of toned legs wrapped in a tight black jean. "Enjoying the view?" The woman who sat at the innermost corner of the cell had a great body. Since Han Fei entered the cell, she kept her eyes on her phone but somehow, she knew everything that happened around her.

"Well, take in as much as you can, you might not have the chance anymore. Our country might not have a fixed law for arson, but intentional arson that leads to immense damages has a maximum penalty with no upper limit. I heard you've burned down a whole street so I'd expect nothing less than a life sentence. I have to admit, what a way to go."

"Hold your horses, unlike you criminals, I'm here to help the police find the truth. This arson case is not as simple as it looks, there is a greater culprit at work here." Only two kinds of people would be found inside a holding cell, the police or the criminals. In any case, Han Fei did not give the woman much thought, his mind was still fixed on the game.

"A greater culprit?" This was the first time the woman lifted her head. Her eyes shone like she had found a new toy. "Indeed, burning down a whole street requires detailed planning. At least there have to be several ignition points to ensure the fire can continue to burn. But the cameras on site caught no one else but you. It does feel like you've been made a scapegoat."

“Finally, someone who makes sense.” Han Fei’s earlier negative impression of the woman overturned. After all, she was the only person who would believe his words so far.

“That’s just simple logic. But why would someone frame you? There’s no smoke without fire. You must have done something equally horrendous to have someone target you like this.” The woman’s instinct was sharp. Her gaze shot through him.

“What kind of crime could I have committed? All I ever did was to work hard to earn a place before the camera, but I was squeezed out before I was given the chance to do so; I just wanted to play a game to relax but...” Han Fei sighed when he thought back to the events that had transpired. The fact that he was still alive was a miracle. “Never mind. Before this, I always believed that whenever God closes a door, he will open a window.”

“But now?”

“Now, I feel like God has not only sealed up all my windows and doors, he has also left a ghost inside the house with me.”

Han Fei was not a chatterbox by any means but after playing Perfect Life, he was more open to human communication. He had no idea whether this was a good thing or not.

“Even though I don’t know the truth, it does sound like life has been harsh to you.”

“You’re right about that. By the way, what have you done to land in here, big sister?” Han Fei walked to the woman.

“Big sister?” The woman’s eyes twitched, clearly she did not favor this term. “I am here because I was caught in a brawl. I broke a man’s nose and fractured two others’ ribs. In my defense, it was too chaotic at the time to go for something more light-handed.”

“Wow, that sounds impressive!”

“Eh.”

Perhaps due to their similar state, the two soon became good chatting partners. Han Fei tried to reveal parts of the game’s plot to her.

“There’s nothing wrong with your analysis. There is definitely some other refrigerator in that old woman’s home but physically speaking, the chance of her being the murderer is low. She might just be the accomplice to help deal with the dead bodies. I suspect the real murderer might be her family members.”

“I think so too!”

The two bonded quickly.

“What is this old woman’s name? I’ll help you investigate after I get out from here.” The woman promised seriously. To Han Fei’s surprise, she bought his story.

“The old lady’s name is Meng Si, she’s about 70 and her hair is all white. She has a grandson whom she calls Chen Chen...”

“Got it.” The woman recorded all the info on her phone. “Why don’t you add me as a friend? We’ll be able to contact each other more easily.”

“Thank you for your help but this is an emergency. When do you think you can leave this place?”

“If you’re that desperate, I can get to work right this moment.” The woman stood up and landed a square kick on the cell door.

Bang! The door swung open and Han Fei was stumped. ‘What? How is that legal?’

The woman walked out from the holding cell without anyone stopping her. Then a loud roar came from the station, “Li Xue! You’re getting worse! This is a place of law! You can be sure I will call your superior about this!”

Hearing the middle-aged man’s voice, it finally dawned on Han Fei. “She’s a police officer?”

“Actually, she’s not your run-of-the-mill police officer. She joined the heavy crime unit when she was 23 and solved many big cases in the five years she was on the job. But she was transferred out from heavy crime due to her repeated violations against the rules and rough handling of the suspects.” Zhang Xiaotian looked at the broken lock and sighed, “Officially, she was sent here to help with the lack of manpower at the station, but in actuality, everyone knows that she was demoted back to basic patrols because her superior wants this to be a lesson for her, to help even out her temper.”