

**Title:** BRING THE PERSON

**Genre:** Suspense/Thrillers

**Setting:** Criminal Investigation Department, Hammersmith Police Station  
London, United Kingdom.

**Main Characters:**

*Mayari Taylor, 26*, a newly hired detective who wants to prove her worth and skills as a detective.

*Pamahres "Ares" Adams, 29*, a young famous detective who helps Mayari with solving her case.

**Plot:**

Mayari Taylor is a newly hired detective at the Hammersmith Police Station, a woman in a field full of men, who have always been belittled by her colleagues. That's why she's trying hard to prove to everyone that she's someone capable of doing her job, even if she's a woman. Until she finally resolved a case involving missing teenagers around the city. That's where she's finally going to meet a young reporter who's famous for being good at his job and good-looking that all the girls want.

Being in the same area where all of them cover and examine a case. Pamahres offered to work together and share some of the knowledge they had. And as Mayari was eager to succeed in her job, she decided to work with him without hesitation.

Until one day she was given a case where she has to solve a murder case of a whole family. All of the evidence is shredded to pieces that she's basically have nothing to help her solve the case. Pamahres was just always there to help her with the murder incident. Pamahres was the one who covered the crime and they both sought to solve the case. Even with all the investigations that they doing they still always end up meeting the wrong criminal for the case.

While solving the misery of that one case, they still continued to solve and investigate crimes such as arson, homicide, robbery, vandalism, fraud, burglary, and assault.

Falling in love with each other was no longer a surprise anymore because of being together all the time and surviving a life and death situation together because of the cases that they have. It wasn't hard for Mayari to grow feelings for him, not until she learned that the true criminal for her unsolved case is Pamahres himself.

**What makes the story attractive and special?**

This story is fascinating because you can solve some mind games because of the cases that Mayari and Pamahres are going to try and solve. Apart from that, isn't it fun to know that the perpetrator himself is the one who reports the crime he has just committed and also has the audacity to take part in the investigation of the case?

**Total estimated words and chapters of your novel:** 35-40 chapters, 70,000 to 80,000 words.

## EPISODE 1

### 001 CRIME

*London, United Kingdom. December 03, 2018  
Criminal Investigation Department, Hammersmith Police Station*

It was yet another dull day inside the Criminal Investigation Department of Hammersmith Police Station. You can hear a little talk from my colleagues about the cases they have, and there are still some colleagues who can't sit at their table and keep going back and forth in our boss's office and back to their cubicle to check what they're reading or checking. There are also soft sounds coming from their radio to give them a signal of what's going on in the area. Or if there is an important message for them.

I said dull day but it's clearly a busy day *for them* and not for me.

People around this department are tall guys or guys with an aura that you would automatically salute if you saw them. They are men who yell for superiority and authority, a group of clever people with great abilities. They're the best detectives in the United Kingdom. And I'm just a newbie with just five feet and five inches tall, who can't even scare a cat with my baby-face look. Being the only girl in this field where you normally see boys just wouldn't let you run away from the mischievous behavior.

Yes, they're not treating me as one of them, but only a kid who's not going to do anything but act pretty. That's how they see me; they're always forgetting that I graduated from the Police Academy as one of the best students with great skills. They just don't see the value of my existence here.

I let out a sigh and I just tried to concentrate on watching TV where the popular young reporter Pamahres is reporting another crime. The crime has taken place across this city and the criminal is still missing. They have a suspect, but their evidence is not that strong.

It's about an 18-year-old kid who unexpectedly vanished four days ago. One of the suspects is the neighbor of the guy, he's said to be the last person to be with the missing teenager, so he's instantly accused of being the one who's possibly hiding the teenager. They're also investigating the neighbor of the kid and searching around his house. That's what the detective in charge of the case which is also my colleague said on the television.

That's not strong evidence and they should know that.

I was focused on watching and trying to solve the case even with only small details when Van suddenly taps my shoulder. "Hey," he said in a small voice. I looked at him and then cock my head on the other side. He's is the nicest detective here and fortunately, he doesn't treat me like I am not worthy of my title and job.

When I got here, he was the first one to approach me and offer friendship to me. Whenever he felt like someone is trying to disregard my skills, he would always butt in and try to defend me even though they wouldn't really bother to listen to him and his opinion about me. But that's okay because I know that someone is still believing in me and my skills.

"What is it?" I asked

"I am going out for a lunch, do you want to come?" Don't get him wrong, he is not hitting on me or has a crush on me. He already has a girlfriend and I even know her personally. Being friends with her girlfriend is actually one of the reasons why he's nice to me.

"Sure," I said and smiled at him. He smiled back before saying "Let's go!"

I don't know if I should be thankful that I am just going to work to sit all day and probably just accept a few "favors" from my colleagues when they need some small help like identifying a suspect or buying coffee for them and I'm still earning money or get mad at it because it's freaking boring already!

I mean, isn't it funny that you get to have money by just sitting around? No! It's not funny at all. I came here to become a detective and not just sit around.

Ever since I was young, I already dream of becoming a detective. That is why I strive hard to become one even though the training is really hard for a girl like me. But because I am determined to become one, I did it and graduated with Latin honor.

"Stop being depressed about it, I know your time will come soon and they will start appreciating you." That's what Van said to me and I kept repeating that to myself as I walk my way back to my apartment. I live alone but my parents never forget to call just to ask about my whereabouts. They are very supportive of my profession, particularly the fact that my father used to be one of the greatest detectives of his day. He had to retire because of his disease.

While I'm on my way home, I happened to bump into Carl. He's my neighbor, a college student with a very good-looking face that always captures the heart of young girls even the old ones.

"Hey!" I called him when I noticed that he seems to be nervous as he kept on looking around. I saw that he got surprised when he saw me but then felt relieved when maybe realized that it's just me.

"Detective Mayari!" I don't know why he sounded so scared when he called my name.

"Are you okay?" I asked him and went close to him to check if he is sick or something. I am close to this guy because he also wants to become a detective like me someday.

"It's just that..." then he stopped and looked around again, "...can we just talk inside your apartment?" his face tells me there's something wrong, so I nodded quickly and squeezed his hand as we made our way to my apartment. He began to calm down when I let him inside.

"What is wrong, Carl?" I asked him in a small voice.

"It's just weird because I think my Chemistry professor is following me," he said before heaving a sigh. "She kept on asking me in class about weird things." I can sense the disgust in his face as he said that, his teacher is kind of creepy.

"And why do you think she's following you?" I immediately asked him as I let him sit down on my couch. I remained standing as I listened carefully to him. Normally, girls are the ones who are going through this and I know boys are going through this kind of problem, too. He's probably stressed out because he doesn't have someone to talk about his creepy professor, as no one would ever care to believe him, and they'd just laugh at him if he informed them about it.

"I don't know..." he paused then purses his lips a bit. "Maybe she has a crush on me?" he still tries to joke around even though I could see that he is really bothered by what his professor been doing to him.

What he said is not actually impossible, just like what I said, Carl is a good-looking student. His professor may have really developed a crush on him. She's an adult already and she should know that she's messing up with her student. That's illegal and Carl's parents can sue her if she's proven guilty with her actions.

"I can go and talk to your professor," I said to cheer him up.

I know that his parents are always busy and they probably won't even bother to come to Carl's university to help him out.

"Wouldn't that be funny? My friends would laugh at me and call me gay," he laughed at me, but I could feel the tension in his voice. And I knew it; he really doesn't have anyone he can talk about this except for me who he knew that wouldn't judge him.

"It's actually very alarming, Carl..." I said to him  
"And she's forty," he continued which made me gasp.

Jesus Christ! I was actually thinking that maybe she's in her 20's or early 30's but she's already forty years old and still trying to hit on an eighteen-year-old guy. She's disgusting!

"I'll walk you home," I suggested before picking up my coat to wear it again. He looks at me with relief in his eyes before he slowly nodded. The corner of his lips lifted a bit for a smile as if he was happy to know that I am here for him. "I will visit your university tomorrow to talk to your professor. Your friends or classmates don't have to know about my visit." Then I pat his head lightly making him giggle.

"Thank you, Detective Mayari! You are the best,"

I accompanied Carl to go to their house that night. He also told me a lot of stories about that Professor and everything he said are enough for me to really suspect her actions.

It would be better if I could talk to her immediately before she does anything unpleasant to Carl. What if he'd sexually harass him? It can cause trauma to the kid and I won't let that happen.

"Are you sure you're going?" Van asked me while I'm fixing my things so I can go pay a visit to Carl's Chemistry Professor.

"Why not? She's making her student feel uncomfortable and Carl doesn't have the parents to talk to her." I said before putting my gun on my back.

"You're not his guardian," he looks at me worriedly making me frown at him a little.

"I don't have to be his guardian to be worried about him," I snickered.

He raised his hands as a sign of defeat "Fine, fine... if she refused to talk to you, don't get depressed about it." Then he chuckled at me making me shook my head at him. I showed him my badge and shrug my shoulders. "Oh no!" he looks stressed when he realized what I am trying to say which made me laugh.

"I guess I can finally use my job being a detective, huh?" then I giggled at him making him facepalm. It was fun having Van to guide me. But today is the only day that I can use my *being the detective* as an excuse to get my way to ask the professor.

"Take care, Mayari!" Van waved both hands to me as I leave our department and some of our colleagues laughed at his childishness.

"We searched inside the neighbor's house already, we even check all the places he went to and he's clean." I heard Michael say, the detective in charge of the missing teenager's case. He raised his hand to greet me when he saw me, and I just smiled at him.

I got to Carl's university easily because I have my car with me. The guard immediately asked me about my concerns and I told him that I just need to speak to Professor Victoria, Carl's Chemistry Professor, and he let me in.

I went straight to the Faculty Room to find a professor named Victoria Williams. It is not difficult to find the location of the Faculty Room because there's signage.

"Good morning, ma'am. How may I help you?" a small girl whom I think is also a professor here asked me when she saw me looking around.

I smiled at her "I'm Detective Mayari Taylor and I'm searching for Professor Victoria Williams, is she here?" she looks uneasy when she heard what I just said. She looks inside the faculty room before looking back at me.

"Did she cause trouble?" she asked me in a small voice making my eyebrow rose a little.

"I just need to talk to her, ma'am. Why?"

"Oh," she paused then let out a small laugh before she shook her head. "It's just weird that a Detective wants to talk to her when she's actually a very nice person."

I nodded my head at her. "So... is she here?" I continued

"Ah, yeah! Let me just call her for a second," then she turns her back to go inside the faculty to call Professor Victoria Williams.

The hallway is quiet, and it's a lunch break, so perhaps most of them are in the cafeteria. I could see some of the students looking at me and probably wondering what I'm doing here. I looked down at my phone to see if Carl had been sending me a text today. He just said that his professor had kept touching him earlier that he felt uncomfortable.

I clicked my tongue and purse my lips a little.

"You're looking for me?" I got startled when a woman suddenly spoke beside me. When my eyes went to her, our eyes locked for a second but she immediately averted her eyes on me.

"Oh yeah..." I offered my hand to her for a handshake. "I'm Detective Mayari Taylor and I'm just here to talk about your student Carl Robinson." I tried to sound as intimidating as much as I could to show her superiority. She's older than me, and she might think I'm just going to be nice just because I'm younger.

She looks surprised at what I said that her upturned eyes grew big. She blinked at least ten times before looking away. "Are you his guardian?" she said in a calm voice before she began to look around. "Can we talk somewhere else because I think it's not nice for us to just stand here in the hallway?"

"I am not his guardian but the kid discussed to me the things you did that made him feel uncomfortable." I didn't even try to listen to her suggestion that we should talk somewhere else because I'm already too eager to talk to her.

"Detective, I prefer if we talk about it in private," she said. "She tried to smile at me, and I have no choice but to agree. We went to the Chemistry Lab together and she told me to sit in one of the chairs, and I did.

"I didn't know that my kindness made Carl uncomfortable," she let out a soft chuckle before tucking some strands of her on the back of her ears. She couldn't look straight into my eyes that she can't stop moving or playing with her fingers.

Kindness? I know Carl ever since he's in 3rd grade, he's a very sweet kid and I know that he doesn't get uncomfortable that easily. If this woman here made him feel that way then I don't think she's only showing him kindness.

"You cannot touch your student in a sensual manner and call that as *kindness*, ma'am," I said a little before my eyebrows rose. Based on how she's moving and acting right now I feel she's feeling guilty but still stubborn to admit it. In fact, she's sensible, as she's still able to form sentences to tell me in a very careful way.

The only problem is as a detective we need to keep our attention to every single detail. Just like how she p lays with her fingers and couldn't stay still while I'm throwing her some questions. She's anxious about it.

"I didn't know you have such a dirty mind, Detective." She grinned at me. I blinked my eyes twice because of what she said to me.

"I'm sorry?" I said, raising my right brow.

"I feel offended by all your remarks to me, Detective Taylor. I guess I have to ask your chief regarding this."

And she surely had the audacity to report me to my superintendent that I am receiving scolding right now.

"You can't just go there and start asking her malicious questions!" he yelled at me, and I could see Van's concern in his eyes as he tried to cheer me up. I bit my lower lip, and I bowed my head. "This is the very reason why we don't really need you here!" I closed my eyes tightly and kept telling myself that he just said it out of anger, but I have to admit that it really hurts me.

"Go back to your cubicle and just sit the fuck up there, Detective Taylor. This is your first warning,"

"Yes, sir." I saluted at him and he just glared at me making me feel terrible to myself.

I went home that night still furious about the scolding that I received. I turned on the television and decided to just watch the news.

"The family of the missing teenager, Harold Sy, is willing to give rewards to the one who can find their son," Pamahres said on the TV as he stood there looking stunning while reporting.

So, they haven't found any trace of the kid yet? Hmm, I wonder what Michael's been doing about this case right now. Seems like Harold Sy is from a rich Chinese family around the city.

I should probably text Carl right now to apologize that I couldn't do anything about his professor.

*Me:*

*Hey, Carl. I'm sorry for today, where are you? I'll treat you to some burgers.*

It took him ten minutes before he replied to me.

*Carl:*

*Sorry... I'm busy--- Detective Mayari...*

I looked at the clock and realized that it's already eight in the evening. I picked up my coat and phone and immediately contacted Van for some information.

"Hello, Mayari!" He said softly on the other side, I could hear Zab, his girlfriend, calling him in the background.

"Can you find me the address of Victoria Williams?" I said as I walk my way towards my car, I feel very nervous right now that I couldn't think straight anymore.

"What? Isn't that the professor of your friend? Do you want to get scolding again from Chief?" I could feel the frustration in Van's voice but I am just too eager to find Carl right now.

Three dots, three dashes, and three dots. The morse code for SOS. Carl is in danger.

## EPISODE 2

### 002 CRIME

Carl almost grew up with me, and I've always spent my free time teaching him a few morse codes he could use if he'd come across such a danger. He's really listening to me, I'm just very grateful.

"Are you beings serious right now, Mayari? What if he is just really busy?" Van continued to blabber as I started my car's engine. I informed him about Carl's text message, and he's just worried that I might get scolded.

Instead of hearing everything he says, I decided to just keep asking him for Carl's professor, "Can you search more about Professor Williams?" Once our leader finds out that I went here alone, he'd kill me, I don't have time to weigh the consequences. I just want to make sure that Carl is safe and put him away from danger.

He is like a brother to me, and even if he is not, I can never imagine not giving a damn if I know that someone is in danger.

"I'll give you some spanking tomorrow morning," I can imagine Van gritting his teeth.

I could hear Zab's voice in the background asking him what he needs. I couldn't help but smile knowing that even though he's mad at me right now he really wants to help me. I know he couldn't bear the fact, either, that someone could be in danger.

"Victoria Williams," Van said to his girlfriend.

"Copy," Zab responded.

"I'm going to help you, Mayari, but make sure to give me a signal or whatever if something bad happens. I'll back you up immediately," he stopped for a few seconds before he sighed. "No never mind. I'll go with you, Mayari." I heard his girlfriend tell him she's going to get his coat ready.

"Van, you don't have to," I looked around the street, "Just give me the exact address of her house and some of her background."

"I already sent you the address, Mayari!" said Zab in the background.

I cut him off instantly before Van could even speak, "I'll call you if I need some backup, alright? Thank you, Van and Zab..." I'm really thankful that they are very much willing to help me even if Van kept telling me it's dangerous and I might get some scolding again tomorrow.

It doesn't matter, though as long as Carl is safe.

"Just make sure you're going to be safe," Van said on the other line. He's way older than me, and he's always treating me like a little sister.

"I promise," I ended the call. I've been working on searching Professor William's house. I instructed Zab to find more information about her and give it to me. She said copy so I know she's going to do that.

I can't help wondering about what could be the reason for Professor William's fascination with Carl while I was driving. The way she looks when I saw her earlier, she's stunning, and she can always get any men she likes, except the young ones, because that would be very weird.

***Me:***

***Okay, I'm going to see you tomorrow. Take care, Carl.***

I still sent that to Carl, I know that she probably just force him to text me that he is fine so I won't have to worry. Stupid her for believing she's not going to get caught by her own fault.

I started sighing.

I hope she's not going to do anything to Carl.

Once something terrible happened to him, I'm not going to forgive myself, knowing that I should have done something but then let it happen. It took me at least twenty minutes before I found her place, she didn't have that much of a neighbor, but I knew that the location of her house was the same village where the missing Chinese teenager was living.

I blinked my eyes and couldn't process what had just come to my mind. I parked my car two blocks away from her building, so she wouldn't know that I was here. I want to ask her questions directly, but knowing how she acts earlier when I did that, it wouldn't help. She's probably acting naive and oblivious to what's going on.

Her house looks eerie when I continue to walk slowly, the entire room is dark, and you couldn't hear anything. The lights in her house are switched off and she has no neighbors, the only light in this spot is the full moon and the faint lights coming from the street lamps. I got a text message from Zab so I glanced at my phone right away.

***Zab:***

***She's divorced, so she's living alone.***

She sent more texts, but I was interrupted when I heard a distant yell coming from the back of her home. I don't want to trespass on her home, so maybe I don't have a choice but to knock on her door. If this doesn't work, then I don't even have a choice, I'm going to trespass even if it's against the law.

I made sure my gun and radio is with me, in case she'd go berserk and become violent I could still protect myself. Van said he'll immediately come and rescue if anything bad happens but I am certain that I could do this alone. But just in case, I will still bring my radio with me to contact him.

## EPISODE 3

### 003 CRIME

When she saw the siren, I saw the fear in Professor William's face.

"H-have you called the police?" She asked me, looking frightened until she stood up, attempting to drag Carl and the other kid away as if she was trying to run with them. "Come over here, my boys. I promise I'm going to keep you safe."

I blinked my eyes, feeling bad that she's getting to this stage where she's no longer in her sanity. Now, because of her loss, she's lost her mind.

"Professor Williams," I tried to call her, but she was already panicking, and she was only trying her best to escape with them from this place. I heave a sigh, I don't know what to do right now. Apparently, she can't run any longer, I just feel bad seeing her like this.

I went to her and pulled her away from Carl and the other boy. She was shaking so hard that she was trying to push me and out of my grip. I pulled her to me for an embrace as I was trying to hush her up. "Professor," I whispered to her ears as I tried to ease her down with my touch. "They're in a safe place now; nobody's going to hurt them anymore," I whispered as I rubbed her shoulder.

She stiffened for a few seconds before she broke down and cried out some more.

"I can't live without them," she cried hard to remain the pain in her voice. "Why didn't they take me with them, huh? Why didn't I just die in place of them? "

Mother only wants the best for her kids, and she never risks anything for her child. Parents protect their children from any uncomfortable circumstance and provide all the comfort they can afford.

She loves her children more than anything else in this world and the day she lost them, she also lost her ability to live.

"If they are here right they will call me Mommy. They would scream out my name if they were about to get mad, and you know what? I wouldn't mind for a second. I would do anything to hear "mom" from that sweet voice again" She was sobbing heavily as she was struggling to get hold of me.

A tear is coming out of my eyes as I listen to her.

"I just want to be with them," because one thing I've learned a lot more from the mothers is that grief doesn't end. Out of a fractured, crushing heart comes eternal love as it moves through the countless stages of sorrow. It's often gentle, it's often rough. There are still reminders here. There's always love in there. After all, the mother never stops enjoying the child she had.

The backup I asked went inside Professor Williams' house, and they found us lying on the floor while I was trying to console her. The remains were discovered and marked as the bodies of her dead children.

Carl and the abducted teenager have been saved. Professor William was also arrested.

"I was so scared," Carl said to me as he let out another sigh. He kept telling me how grateful he was that I had the sense of his text for me. I just looked at him and felt grateful that I was able to get him out of danger.

"I'm glad you're safe now," I patted his cheek, and he grinned at me.

"Thank you very much, Detective Mayari. I owe my life to you," he smiled at what he said. Before embracing him close, I laughed back at him. "Next time make sure nothing bad happens to you again. I really should start teaching you self-defense right now."

"Yeah, you really ought to start training me," he giggled, making me shook my head at him.

His parents and the Chinese teenager came, and they quickly made their way to their sons. They were really thankful that I had to save their sons, and they kept thanking me.

"You've done a great job," Van pats my back and grinned at me but next time you include me in your plans because you're making me worried," he shook his head at me before he rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, whatever, I chuckled at him. I was far so eager to rescue Carl, however, I'm going to take note of that. Thank you for your help, too." If it weren't for his connection or access, it would have been hard for me to find Professor William's house and find out about her true reason for kidnapping Carl and the other kid.

"You got me worried about you, but I must say that I admired your dedication to saving your friend." He gave me a friendly smile, making me feel at ease. Now that I've been awakened to reality, I've felt the pressure on my back now.

Ha! Ah! Ohhh! I remember Professor Williams struck me earlier with a vase. I twisted my lips, I was just trying to save her, and that's what I got in return? I smiled at my mind, yeah, no matter what, this would eventually recover.

"You should tell the boss that Professor Williams needs a psychological test, I think she's depressed or something." I bite my lower lip; I'm not sure about psychological terminology. Still, I'm confident she's not emotionally stable.

"Okay, now you need to get some rest. You're sure to get some scolding tomorrow for doing this alone." He scrunched his nose, giving me an expression that I'm going to be very dead meat tomorrow. I groan in frustration, feeling devastated now that my superior is going to mock my detective skills again.

I pouted my lips.

But whatever, at least Carl is safe and I get to save the missing teenager, too. That what matters, I guess?

Some reporters came to get a statement from us; I tried not to get caught by all of the reporters, because I'm just not comfortable talking in front of the camera. Glad, I've got Van with me, and he's the one who explained it all. Some reporters want to speak to me directly, but they quickly turned their attention to him.

"So you're the young detective who manages two cases at a time," I almost jumped to where I was when I heard a raspy voice beside me. When I turn my head to see where the voice came from, I couldn't believe whom I just saw.

When I turn my head to see where the voice came from, I couldn't believe whom I just saw.

I realize it's not unlikely for him to come here knowing that he's one of the reporters who's covering up the story of a missing teenager, but I'm still shocked to see him close up.

It's not shocking for me to see him as gorgeous even at a time like this but God, someone sure did make this guy have a beautiful face like this. He's a tall guy, just looking at how long and firm his legs are and I think he's 6'2" or taller. Looks older than me from what I know, only in his 20's, or something?

He's wearing glasses, and his chocolate brown hair is a tad messy.

His protruding eyes were fixed on me even though he was wearing eyeglasses. I could still see his stunning grey eyes. They suit his dark and long eyelashes well. His not so dense eyebrows are fine, too. His aquiline shaped nose supports his eyeglasses. God, someone made this man amazing with his red and wet bow-shaped lips.

It seems like an angel.

Perhaps he's a fallen angel?

I've just realized that I've been staring at him for so long when he faked a cough. Suddenly I felt shy, and now I feel like my cheeks are flushed.

He's smiling at me now, making his gray eyes more clearly to my eyes.

His lips parted to say, "I'm sorry to disrupt your moment. I hope you don't mind if I asked you a few questions about what happened tonight," he said in a deep, raspy voice.

I know I said I didn't want to talk to some reporter right now but the way he's talking and staring at me seems like he's enchanting me with some dark sorcery that I'm bewitched by him.

"H-huh, huh?" I cursed myself because I could not even utter a word. What the heck was that Mayari? Of all the words you know you've decided to use, huh, like a dumb person you are?

His eyes rose a bit, but you can see the humor on the way his lips rose a little for a slight grin.

"I-I mean yeah, no problem. I can spare a little time to talk to you,"

And honestly, huh? This night is definitely satisfying but at the same time humiliating.

## EPISODE 4

### CRIME 004

Since I refused to talk to other reporters, I felt like it would hurt them more if they saw me entertaining Pamahres that's why I invited him to where I parked my car. I was hesitant to invite him because I don't want him to think that I am hitting on him.

"I-Is it really okay?" I asked for the nth time as we sat on my car's hood.

As he was pressing the off button on his microphone, I heard him chuckle a little. I bit my lower lip, feeling terrible that I may be wasting his time right now. As someone who is good in his profession, even though he's the one who wants my statement, I feel like I should be the one who should be grateful for sparing me some time.

I'm not supposed to waste his time on my self-anxious butt.

I idolize him too much for being able to cover up a murder and constantly being interested in those things. He is not afraid to speak out, and I have also learned that not only does he insist on investigating the crime, but he even works to investigate the crime.

I've learned from Van that before he pursued his Journalistic career, Pamahres used to be an Investigator, he met a lot of people in this field who trust his instinct whenever they try to solve a case. He's such a great person that I couldn't help but feel proud of myself that I'm involved in solving a crime now, and he's going to work with me here.

"Are you new in this field?" He suddenly asks making me feel nervous.

Maybe he noticed that I'm lacking skills and feels stiff around him. He's always present into crime like this and this is probably the first time he saw me.

"Yeah..." I avoided his gaze because he might notice that I am no good and that I am not someone worthy of his time.

"I see," he paused before he cock his head on the other side and offered his hand to me for a handshake. "I am Pamahres, you probably heard about me already because I appear on the television sometimes." He doesn't appear on the television just sometimes but he appeared on it most of the time, but here he goes, acting humble about it.

I can't help but feel amazing more.

"I-I know you..." and I should stop stammering because this is so embarrassing. I should be more confident but this is the first time I got involved in this. Our boss didn't even give me this job and I only had a little luck into my hands that I get to solve this case without being really the one who's assigned to this.

Technically, I kind of steal someone else's task.

I now feel bad for Michael, what if he gets mad?

"Oh? That's cool." A grin slowly forms on his lips before we started to shook each other's hands. His palm feels soft and hard at the same time, a hand of a hardworking person. I bit my lower lip, kind of happy that I get to shook his hand.

Don't get me wrong, I don't like him romantically. It's just as someone who dedicated her life to the field like this; it feels good to meet someone who is good at this.

I admire him.

That's all.

I want to learn more things with him even though I know that would be hard as I am just a simple detective who can't even get a mission from her boss. Because according to them, they don't even need me.

"I've never heard about you, so, I immediately assumed that you're new because someone who has good instincts as you have, is hard not to notice." He continued making me look at him with my eyes widening a bit.

Did he just compliment me?

I mean...

I know I'm doing my best and Van always reminds me that I am doing my job just perfectly. But to hear from someone that they acknowledge my skills actually felt good and I'm about to tear up.

But that would only cause us awkwardness if I suddenly start crying here for no reason. I might freak him out.

"T-thank you," I feel like I'm blushing a little.

"You never become part of this case? What case do you usually focus on?" is he really making a conversation with me right now instead of asking me questions that have a connection with the kidnapping incident of Carl and the other kid?

I mean... I can't believe he's actually interested in me.

"I never get the chance to be part of anything. I'm still a newbie and I don't think I'm already qualified to become part of anything like this since I still have to learn a lot of things first." That's half true and half-lie, it's true that I am a newbie but I already have lots of experiences when I was still studying because my superior before always involves me in a real case.

It's just that when I started my job here, they always treat me like nobody and a child.

But I won't tell him that because it's not his business and I should not say anything bad about my current superior.

That's just not right.

"Well, in my opinion, I think you're just qualified enough. I heard you receive some scolding for trying to help your friend." I turned my face to him with a little caution and my eyes were opened again. I didn't know he heard about that already.

He pursed his lips a bit before he averted his gaze and just chose to look up into the night sky. I saw him staring at the stars and I could see him admiring them.

"I'm sorry for being nosy, I just heard your colleagues talking about it," he said.

I can't believe they're gossiping about it. I was able to feel a little ashamed of it. But as I looked at him, I saw him not considering it a bad thing, but a good thing.

"A true detective doesn't really care if it's their job to do it. They serve to bring the truth and give justice, not just to sit around and wait for their superiors to give them something to do. Because not everything is reported in the public, some are hidden, and will remain hidden if no one tries to look further."

Why does it sound like he's trying to say something? It seems like he's got something from the past, whether it's based on his experience.

He looks at me that got me to startle for a second.

"Keep doing what you think is right. If they fire you for doing your job, then fuck them, do you." Then he pats my head making me feel soft.

But meeting him right now, listening to him speak too, it seems like there are so many other things I do not know about him. I don't personally know Pamahres, I never really know much about him, all I know about him was the stories I heard from my colleagues. And that stuff could make me either feel more proud of him... Or really admire him, or maybe... Only feel bad about him? Just feel bad about him?

Yet I'm sure of one thing. He is a wonderful person. He is a great person.

"I apologize if I talk too much, shall we start talking about the case?" He grinned at me then and assured me he said all that to make me feel better, rather than feeling guilty that I dragged him here alone with me.

I started telling him that something was going on with the professor, that it freaked me out. And I felt more at ease when I discovered that the missing teenager is living in the same subdivision. It was listening to every information that Pamahres have provided in the public and the little information that Michael and the other investigators in our department were talking about, which helped me to understand that it is likely that Professor Williams was also the one who kidnapped the Chinese teenager.

It says he's gone missing inside the subdivision, there's no other hint except that his neighbor says that the Chinese teenager is interested in Chemistry.

"I know for sure that you will be a great detective," he paused, "No, actually. You're already a great detective. They just need to start acknowledging your abilities and you will for sure bring justice to everyone." A soft grin emerges in his mouth as he pats my head softly.

Pamahres is older and certainly taller than me, which makes me look like a kid next to him. But even with those broad shoulders, long legs, and his imposing aura, for some reason, I just feel relaxed around him.

"Thank you, Pamahres..." I said quietly as I gazed at him with joy in my eyes. This was the first case I unintentionally solve, and I felt more proud of myself that Pamahres is showing me encouragement and gratitude for what I've done.

"Thank you for all the information you've shared with me," he turned his head to the other side until he gazed at me with those beautiful gray eyes.

"You're welcome, Pamahres. It's my pleasure to help you," and then the corner of my mouth lifted a bit for a small smile.

After that, we bid our goodbye to each other. It was fun talking with him; I could feel his interest in every word I say. Van decided to drive me home; of course, we used my car. He said that he won't be able to sleep well if he is not certain that I am safe.

His girlfriend picked him up after that, though. I received some scolding from both of them before they decided to go home. I couldn't take their scolding seriously because they are so cute and I'm just too happy to even feel anything other than contentment.

The next morning, Carl's mother gave me a homemade apple pie as a thank you for saving her son. Of course, I accepted that wholeheartedly because I know that she's just grateful that her son is safe. I went to my work, feeling nervous that even though I've done something right, my superior would still give me some scolding, or worse call me names again.

I heave a sigh and went to open the door of our department, heaving a sigh. The moment I open the door, I heard a round of applause making me almost fell down from where I am standing.

What the heck?

"Detective Mayari!" our superior said with a wide smile on his lips as he welcomes me. "We all heard about what you've done last night and we're very proud of you." I looked around the whole department and saw that Van is giving me thumbs up.

What just happened?

"I'm glad that you were able to solve the case of the missing Chinese teenager, it was actually hard to do it because we don't have enough evidence." Said Michael, and here I am thinking he will get annoyed at me because I took his case away from him. "Finally, I can get some sleep." Then he chuckled before sitting on his cubicle.

"What is happening?" I asked Van after they all congratulate me. He chuckled before handing me a cup of coffee.

"Pamahres came here earlier, asking for you. He said that if you would be interested in working with him." Then he gave me a boyish smile making me gape a little.

What did he just say? Pamahres want me to work with him? Well, I can't believe what's just happening. But I guess I have to talk to Pamahres personally about this to confirm if it's true. But how can I find him? I don't even know his whereabouts.

## EPISODE 5

### CRIME 005

I lost my hope to see Pamahres personally again when I went back to being stuck inside my cubicle. The only difference now is that other detectives are asking for my insight and if I have anything helpful to say for the investigation that they have.

I feel more useful than I did before, and I'm already grateful for that.

My boss is now beginning to recognize my skills, but he's also not ready to grant me my own case. But that's all right, at least something's actually going on with my life, and I don't just have to sit here all day and get them some coffee.

"Detective Mayari," Michael drew my attention to him. He just walked out of our chief's office, and now he's staring at me.

"U-uh... yeah, huh?" He doesn't even care for me, normally. We will casually nod and smile at each other, but that's it, nothing more. So, I'm very shocked right now that it seems he's trying to talk to me about something.

"You're coming with me," that's all he said, then he's off to get his stuff and get out of the department room, leaving me clueless. I saw Van laughing at me, but I had to smile at him with uncertainty written all over my forehead.

He pats my head gently like he typically does before he pinches my cheek. "Go get your things, Detective Mayari. You're about to become part of the first official case." Then he gave me a sincere grin, making me blink my eyes twice.

What did he say? I'm going to be part of what? My first official case, huh?

"You don't want to keep Michael waiting because he's a little impatient," he said. And that's when I knew it was really happening!

I'm quick to pick the stuff I think I needed before I followed Michael, who I think went to the parking lot. Then I saw him leaning on his car, staring at me with his sharp eyes. I grinned awkwardly at him, and he shrugged his shoulders.

Ever since Pamahres came to tell everyone he wants to work with me, I've found that my colleagues are beginning to treat me differently. As if they had suddenly understood my importance and that I had finally begun to live in their universe.

I don't know if I should thank Pamahres or just believe that all is going fine because I've done well, and not just because of Pamahres. I know his effect over others, but I really like to believe it's because of me.

I'm still grateful for him, though.

"Get in," said Michael, so I went to open his car door and stepped inside his car. He went to the driver's seat and sat down there. When he started the engine, and I sense he's still in the mood to talk, I started asking him questions.

"Where are we headed now?" This is the first time that I have been part of the official case, and I am so mesmerized that I can't suppress my enthusiasm. I just hope he's not going to get annoyed because today is the best day ever for me.

We're definitely going for a gruesome murder, but the point is, it's my first time ever to be part of a case!

"Not sure about the place, but it's near," hmmm, I remember they said Michael wasn't good at places, and he always got lost. That's why a GPS was mounted in his car so as not to get lost. I was looking at the little monitor of his tracker and I realized it was really close.

"Have you been asked by the Chief to take me with you?" I hesitate to ask, I want to be vigilant about my words and acts because I just don't want my first case to be ruined because of my nosiness.

"Nope," he paused and then tried to take a look at me before he went back to the road. "I asked him if I could take you with me," he said, that's very surprising to hear.

I know that Michael is bossy and a little grumpy.

I never imagine a day when he will go and start needing me to be part of his case. I can't even believe that he's thinking of me. Knowing that there are a lot of better detectives out there than me.

I couldn't help but smile, knowing that he was thinking of me. I know it doesn't sound anything to anyone, but it's a huge deal for me, and I'm just really glad about it.

"Stop grinning, detective Taylor. We're definitely headed for a murder case, and the grin on your face is out of place." He rolled his eyes to me, but I couldn't conceal the smile on my face.

He's right, but he can't blame me for that. I'm finally recognized by my squad, and it made me very excited and pleased.

When we stopped at the crime spot, he went out first, so I had to pick up my pace so that I could follow him. There are crime signs all over the place, and you will immediately notice that this is a crime scene.

There are police officers wandering around, and there are people chatting nearby, presumably confused about what's going on here.

"Detective," one of the cops said to Michael as he saw him. Michael barely shook his head before he took the gloves that were handed over to him. They looked at Michael as they saw me, probably wanting to ask what my business here is.

"She's with me, she's a detective," said Michael, and the police quickly shook their heads and handed me gloves. I grinned at him and thank him, he seemed to get used to seeing a detective that he didn't even smile back at me.

"What's going on?" Michael began asking questions as the police were leading our way through the crime scene. We went to the house where the body of an elderly man was lying there with blood running over his body.

"This is George Baker, 57 years of age. He was shot dead several times and found by his wife." said the cop.

I kept staring at Mr. George Baker's dead body while the crime scene photographer is starting to take photos of him.

It was said that he died because of gunshots, depending on where he was right now. He's in the kitchen and he's just about to have dinner until someone shoots him.

The evidence recorder is beginning to pick up potential bits of evidence, and I watch them do their job properly. I cock my head to the other side, and I began to realize that something was going on.

When I heard a sob coming from a lady, I was stopped.

"George, my love! Why do you have to leave me like this?" The lady is weeping her heart as she was attempting to get closer to the body of Mr. George Baker.

She's probably the one who found the victim's dead body. She's wearing a red lace dress, and her blonde hair is tied up in a messy bun. She appears very young to be the wife of the victim. She looks more like a daughter than a wife. But I couldn't judge her; is she perhaps the second wife or something?

"She's the wife," I was astounded when I heard a familiar voice coming from my back. And when I looked at him, I was right, the voice came from Pahmares. He grinned at me as our eyes met, and I was so mesmerized by his smile and presence that it took me a few seconds before I smiled back and greeted him.

"Pahmares!" I said that, and he smiled at me. "You're here!" I know it's not unlikely for him to be here, but I'm really shocked that he actually came and I really saw him again after days of not seeing him.

"Are you finally being recognized by your team and now you're in a real crime scene?" he asked in a small voice as he started to glance around.

"Kind of," I shrugged my shoulders to him. Still not sure if I'm really going to be recognized or Michael really needs an assistant. At least I get to be part of it, though, and I didn't just waste my entire day looking nowhere in our department.

"You should start doing your job, I'll go there and ask for other details for later," he said, patting my shoulder before he began walking towards his team.

"Oh... okay!" I'm not sure if he heard me, but I still said that. I went back to look at the wife of George Baker.

"Go and start asking questions, Detective Mayari..." said Michael when he gets close to me. "I just need to check the whole place to search for more evidence," he continued, so I nodded at him.

"Alright, I'll start with his wife." I smiled at him and he just nodded at me.

I went close to his wife who is still busy crying as one of the officers is trying to calm her down. Although I don't think she's in the right mind to be interviewed, I still need to do my job and ask her now.

We don't have forever here and I can't just sit here waiting for her to be ready.

“Excuse me,” I said politely and she immediately looked up at me with tears in her eyes. “I’m sorry, I know you’re probably still in shock but I need to ask you some questions for us to be able to solve your husband’s death.” I continued.

She nodded her head and tried to wipe the tears on her face before she looks at back at me. As if telling me that she’s ready to answer my questions now.

I only took a few seconds to read the papers that the officer handed to Michael. It says that the time of death of George Baker is 10:35 in the morning.

“What time did you find the victim’s body?” I started asking.

Her forehead creases a little “I saw his body around 10:40 or 10:30’s... I don’t really remember. I just heard some gunshots then I immediately know that something is wrong so I went downstairs and found my husband lying there.”

I nodded my head and listened to her carefully while I try to write whatever she’s trying to say.

“Is there any person you know who’ll probably go to do this?” I asked.

She shook her head “My husband is the nicest person and everybody loves him. I can’t think of anyone,” she started crying again.

Loved by everyone

That’s what usually people say when someone dies.

“Sir, you’re not allowed to go inside. This is a restricted area,” I heard an officer saying as he tried to stop a guy whom I think is the same age as the victim’s wife.

“What do you mean I can’t go inside? This is my house and my father’s the one who died!” he said in a frustrated tone as he tries to push the officer that’s stopping him from going inside.

So, this is the victim’s son? I looked at Michael to try and ask if the victim does really have a son and he only nodded at me.

“Let him in,” said the wife of the victim. The police officers tried to ask for our help and Michael just nodded.

They let the guy inside and he immediately went to his father’s dead body. When he tried to touch it, I stopped him. “You can’t touch the body or your fingerprint will be imprinted and you might become a suspect,” I said to him making him flinched a little.

“Even if he don’t touch him, he’s probably really going to be the suspect!” said the wife making every one of us look at her.

Hmm, I guess something is becoming fishy here.