

THE FINAL BOOK IN THE SERIES

# TRIPLE 9 SLEUTHS

DANGEROUS REVELATIONS



MARANNA CHAN

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TRIPLE NINE SLEUTHS SERIES**

“The books are full of excitement. Triple Nine Sleuths is the best detective series I have ever read. I can’t wait for the next book!”—Michelle, 11

“The books are thrilling and the characters are hilarious. I think everyone should read them.”

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“I couldn’t take my eyes off the book. The author describes the action so well that when I read the part about the murder case, I could really imagine the scene playing in my head. If anyone is looking for a good local mystery series, I would definitely recommend the Triple Nine Sleuths series.”

—Anna, 11

“I got so inspired reading the series that I want to be an author when I grow up, just like Maranna Chan.”—Andrea, 10

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**MARANNA CHAN**



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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters,  
places, and incidents either are the product of  
the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.  
Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead,  
events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

First Edition

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

For my fans.  
It was a fun ride.

PAULA DE SOUZA

OKTO: THE SELF-CONFIDENT LEADER

*She could do whatever she set her mind to.  
Resourceful, self-motivated and independent,  
she stood up for her own rights and needs.*

*She exuded an aura of a natural leader  
who commanded respect from others.  
A protector and provider who cared for others' needs.*

*She was free from sins.*

# CHAPTER 1

COREY LAM OPENED her bag for the guard to check it. She waited patiently in the humidity and pushed back her thick black-rimmed glasses, which had slid down her nose. Her brother, Colton, and her best friend, Stacy Rodriguez Oei, were behind her, waiting their turn. Stacy started tying up her long wavy hair to prevent it from being plastered with perspiration onto her neck. They then proceeded to a locker room and left their bags there before they were permitted to enter. Officer Faizah was waiting for them. She led them through some long corridors that were separated by solid gates. The low grating sounds of the bars sliding open gave Corey a sense of foreboding. She felt as if she was on death row and her time was up. Her throat tightened as if a noose had been fastened around it.

“Don’t forget to breathe, Corey,” Colton said. He was a head taller than his sister even though they had been born in the same year and were only 11 months apart in age. Corey took out a paper bag and breathed

slowly into it, concentrating on inhaling and exhaling.

“Are you kids still okay to do this?” Officer Faizah asked, her eyes uncertain.

More than six months had passed since Corey’s encounter with Clemmons Wee, a cold-blooded serial killer. He had come so close to snuffing out Corey’s life. It was traumatic for Corey. After they had arrested Clemmons, Officer Faizah had found a list of missing persons in the killer’s secret room. Each missing person had a short description of his or her personality written on a page in a notebook. Stacy’s parents, Stanley Oei and Cybil Rodriguez, were among those listed.

STANLEY OEI

EPTA: THE LOVER OF PLEASURE

*He cared only about his own gratification.  
He always wanted more and nothing satisfied him.  
He allowed his every desire to run amok and  
was greedy, selfish and insensitive to others.  
He kept seeking new experiences and adventures  
to avoid feeling empty or unhappy.  
He paid for his sins.*

CYBIL RODRIGUEZ

DYO: THE EMOTIONAL PERSON

*She used flattery to gain love.  
She did things for others in order to be needed.  
She had problems with possessiveness and had  
become increasingly manipulative, controlling and jealous.  
Her anger exploded over simple misunderstandings  
and she resorted to hypochondria to gain sympathy.  
She paid for her sins.*

Officer Faizah had questioned Clemmons about the list, but the only information he had offered was that Stacy’s parents were still alive. To prove he wasn’t lying, he showed her a short, soundless video clip. Stanley and Cybil looked older in the video than in the photo she had of them that had been taken shortly before they had gone missing more than 11 years ago. In the video, they were in a furnished bunker. It looked as if they had been living there for a long time. A beam of light shone in through the window. Officer Faizah had watched the footage a thousand times, looking for any clues as to where they might be. She had her techs from the crime

lab analyse the video but they, too, had no idea.

Officer Faizah had visited Clemmons repeatedly to get him to talk, but he had kept silent. He would only talk to the Triple Nine Sleuths. Disgusted by his request, Officer Faizah had continued investigating the list on her own. She had exhaustively searched Clemmons' secret room but she had found no other clues. After six months, she had run out of options. She made a visit to the Sleuths and showed Stacy the footage of her parents.

"They're alive?" Stacy asked, half shocked and half relieved. "Where are they?"

Officer Faizah told her of Clemmons' request, but also that she would fully understand if the Triple Nine Sleuths refused to pay him a visit in Changi Prison.

Stacy was filled with mixed feelings. She did not want to see Clemmons again, but she was worried for her parents. Were they being held captive? She had to find and rescue them! She was determined to figure out what Clemmons knew.

Stacy's nana was against the idea of them visiting Clemmons. Seeing the killer again could aggravate Corey's trauma; Corey and Colton's parents were against

it as well. However, Corey wanted to help Stacy find her parents. It took a lot of reassurance from Officer Faizah and persuading from Corey before Pa, Ma and Nana consented to them visiting the convict. The visits would be supervised at all times by Officer Faizah and a warden. The teens would never be left alone with him.

"We can always turn back," Officer Faizah said. She felt bad for Corey. Corey was only a kid.

Corey looked at Stacy. She was flooded with memories of Stacy standing alone while watching the other classmates with their parents on their school's family day. Corey loved her friend and felt her pain. It had been two years since Stacy had found out her parents were missing. The three friends had been looking for answers about Stacy's parents ever since.

"I will be fine," Corey said firmly. She had said that a hundred times to herself. It was mind over matter. Even in dire circumstances, if one was mentally resilient, one could accomplish anything, she told herself.

Corey had never been inside a prison before. She had imagined it to be scary, and had expected to hear cries, whipping, screaming and shouting. She had never expected it to be so peaceful and orderly.



They entered the visitor's room. There was a row of cubicles, each with a chair. Every cubicle had a transparent panel with little holes that separated the visitor from the inmate.

Corey could not recognise Clemmons Wee at first. His hair had been cropped but it only accentuated his piercing eyes and strong jawline. He was handsome and didn't look at all like a psychopath. He had grown more muscular in prison. Officer Faizah had remarked how quickly he had become popular among the other inmates. He had charmed everyone. Clemmons was on death row but because he had appealed against his sentence, the date of his execution had been postponed.

"Hello, Corey. Have you missed me?" Clemmons asked, his voice warm and inviting.

"I'm here as you've requested. Please keep to your end of your bargain and inform us as to the whereabouts of Stacy's parents," Corey said in a formal tone.

"I thought we could perhaps catch up on old times first. What subjects are you taking in Secondary 3 now? Are you in the Science stream?" Clemmons asked.

Corey did not reply.

"Let me guess—I'm good at that. English, Chinese,

of course. E and A Maths, Pure Physics and Chemistry," Clemmons said confidently, smiling as he knew he was right just from Corey's reaction. "For Humanities, I'm guessing Geography? No? It has to be Literature then." He smiled widely. He caught a slight glint in Corey's eyes and knew that he had guessed correctly.

"So, you're going to have a conversation with my facial expressions?" Corey asked.

"Well, I'll take anything since you don't seem to be in a chatty mood today," Clemmons said. "I have a new hobby here. I'm trying to do mind reading—a form of mentalism. Have you ever heard of that?"

"Yes. It's a load of crap," Corey snapped.

Stacy interrupted. "Could you cut the small talk and tell me where my parents are?"

"Hello, Stacy," Clemmons said. "I can't just tell you where they are. Where's the fun in that?"

"He's wasting our time," Colton said indignantly and gestured for his sister and friend to leave.

"We should take this slowly. I know you have so many questions. Where have they been for the past 11 years? And why did they leave in the first place? Why didn't they take you with them? Why are their names

in a book with those of the other missing persons?” Clemmons said. “You’ll have to get me something before I’ll tell you.”

“What do you want?” Stacy asked.

“A book from my home called *Uncovering the Secrets of Mind-Reading*, a harmless collection of magician’s tricks that will keep me entertained until I am executed,” Clemmons said.

“We have already done what you’ve asked of us—we are here to visit you. Give us something useful first, and then we’ll see about the book,” Colton said.

“Yes, it seems you have,” Clemmons said, pondering. He dug a piece of paper from his pocket that had rows of numbers written on it. “This is the first puzzle. It will give you some valuable information about Stacy’s parents.”

## CHAPTER 2

“DO YOU HAVE any idea what the numbers mean?” Colton asked Corey.

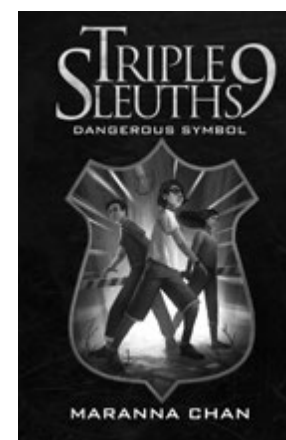
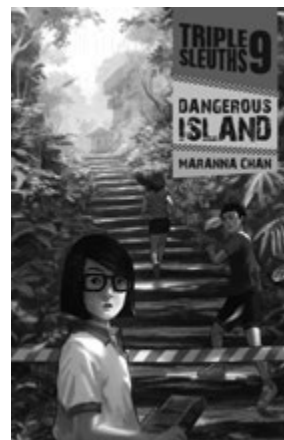
“It could be bingo,” Stacy suggested. “You know, the game of chance where numbers are randomly selected and if they form a line on your card, you win?”

“This is not bingo, Stacy,” Corey said.

Colton’s phone buzzed and he checked the message from Officer Faizah. “There are some police analysts trying to crack the code using modular arithmetic.”

“This is a one-time pad. It’s a cipher text made with a key—the person who encrypts the message has the key and so does the person who decrypts it. Without the key, you can’t make sense of the numbers. It could be a word, a personal identification number, a phrase or a book,” Corey said.

“A book? Maybe it’s the one my mother left behind—*Elucidating the Enigma of the Enneagram!*” Stacy said. A year earlier, when Stacy had been rummaging through her mother’s personal items, she



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