

The Sugar Daddy

糖の物語



GET1029/GEK1067

THE SUGAR DADDY

ON MORALITY

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EPILOGUE

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Choose fate with your morality.

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DECISION 1

You step out of a dark alleyway into the streets.

The burst of light temporarily blinds you. Your foot lands in a murky puddle. You curse under your breath.

Pulsating red and purple from garish neon signs flash incessantly at every corner — pathetic, tasteless displays begging for the briefest of glances. You refuse.

A crowd inexplicably gathers by the pavement. More flock to see the commotion. A loud, overpowering buzz rises and sweeps over the cold street, an ominous cry for help.

Are these the people you work to save? The blind, opiated masses, teething and swarming at every street corner, clawing and clambering over the backs of other men to get a small glimpse at the empty promises of money, politicians and salvation.

The soft growl of your canine companion reminds you that he's there. Your Rottweiler looks up at you, and you stare deeply into his eyes.

Men give up their dreams and ambitions, sell their souls to corporations and strangle their own morality for the next pay check, and for what reason? To get their hands on the next car, the next woman, the next false promise of happiness and meaning.

He's right, unsurprisingly. You laugh quietly at the sickness that has plagued your city. You laugh because

it's funny, but also because you know that you're no different from them.

A distant gunshot snaps you out of your deep musing. It reminds you why you're here, on a shady street corner in the middle of Tokyo at midnight. You're here to make a trade.

You break into a sprint, stumbling towards the source of the gunshot. Chocolato follows. You collide into a gaudily-dressed woman, but pay her no heed. She swears loudly, but her voice quickly fades away as you run.

You immediately recognize the dealers when you see them in a secluded parking lot nearby. Large men in dark suits, with shining pins on their chests — typical yakuza types.

But something is wrong.

The man they're selling to is gripping his pistol tightly, trembling and sweating as he clumsily backs away.

You slide up to the men and whip out your gun.

"You're late," one of them mutters, his eyes never trailing away from the junkie with the pistol.

"Sorry," you grunt, "got caught in traffic."

"This idiot's high or something. Thinks we're cops trying to bust him."

The statement stops your heart for a fraction of a second. There's no way that they're onto me, you think.

“Says someone tipped him off about the deal,” the man continues, “that there’s a cop here.”

“He’s a junkie,” you persuade him, trying to shift the topic away from the police.

Your troublemaker stares intently, gaze shifting rapidly from you to the others. It seems that your talking is making him even more anxious. Chocolato bares his drool-coated fangs at him, which freaks him out even more.

“I’ll shoot!” he screams.

“I’ll deal with him,” you mutter quietly.

You spot a few small boxes lying beside you, and swiftly kick them at him.

He yells and fires some shots at them. You slide around to the side and leap towards him as he does this.

The junkie spots you and swings around to deliver a bullet your way, but he’s too slow. You send your fist down onto his wrist and smack the gun straight out of his hand. As he yelps in pain, you bring your knee into his gut.

You turn around and flash a forced grin at your companions. They sigh and shake their heads as they see their aggressor on the ground, writhing in pain. Chocolato runs up to him and sniffs his coat.

Kneeling, you reach into the oversized coat and pull out a large packet.

Sugar.

It has created a thriving business in the underworld, ever since the government declared it a highly controlled substance twenty years ago.

People kill for this stuff.

When the authorities chose to send you into the underbelly of the criminal world and take down sugar distributors in the black market, you were proud. Proud to have earned the honor. You were going to infiltrate the biggest criminal organization in the country. Your sense of justice was strong, a blazing fire that could not possibly be quelled.

It's been five years.

You're a weary, disillusioned shade of your former self. Maybe you're still chasing your ideals of justice and morality. But you're not the same person you used to be. You've seen things that would make a man end it all in a single moment.

Or maybe this was your true form, and the sugar addict within you just festered to consume more of you over the years. The authorities never questioned how it was so easy for you to become one of the sugar dunes. Little do they know that you've been dealing with Sugar Daddy's subsidiaries since you were young enough to climb for the sugar in the cabinet back in the day.

To Sugar Daddy, your infiltration was just a sugary street-rat looking for more power over your elixir.

But you don't get to have the luxury to caramelize in your own existence. The agency – no, the people need you. You're the only one who can save them from themselves.

You stare at the white packet as you hold it firmly. Your hands twitch a little.

You feel the craving within your belly, tearing into you from within. You bite your tongue hard to stop yourself, and taste the metallic sting. Not again, not right now.

Shaking your head, you toss the sugar to your associates as you walk towards them. They examine it carefully to make sure that it's still in good condition, then relax a little when they confirm that it is.

"I don't get it," one of them mumbles as you walk away. "We've worked with these guys before. They've never given us any problems until now. They take the stuff off our hands and distribute it quietly."

"Must be a new recruit," you say as you shrug. You're still shivering a little from before.

Chocolato's gaze shifts towards you.

It's ironic. You're addicted to the very shit you're trying to put an end to. That's what pretending to be a criminal does to you; give it time, and you quickly lose sight of what's real and what isn't.

You glare at him, silently telling him to shut up.

"Should we tell Sugar Daddy 'bout this?" the guy says. "Boss gets furious when something doesn't go his way."

“We don’t really have a choice,” you sigh.

Sugar Daddy is probably the most wanted man in east Asia. Cunning, enterprising and vicious. Built an empire out of sugar, which earned him the moniker. The guy you’re supposed to take down.

The three of you head over to your pickup point, where a slick, glistening car is parked. Tinted windows roll down, and the driver motions for you to get in.

“Just him,” the driver gestures towards you.

“What?” the other two protest.

“There’s another car on the way,” the driver states firmly.

“What about my dog?” you ask. He stares at the Rottweiler for a moment, and then nods.

You shrug again and slip into the vehicle. You wave off your two partners, who seem to have understood some sort of premise you have yet to catch, and watch them disappear into the distance.

You’re not sure where this vehicle is taking you, but you know better than to ask questions. The driver won’t say a word, anyway.

Your heart races a little when you think about where you’re headed. Have you finally been found out? Is this related to the sugar deal going wrong? You don’t want to think about it, but the thoughts won’t leave your head.

Tall buildings zoom by beyond the glass window, concrete monoliths looming imposingly over the city. They look to you like prison bars, grey pillars erupting from the ground to entrap you.

You calm yourself down and lean back into your seat. No point thinking about it now, after all.

The car finally rolls up to an indiscreet office building. The driver hits a button on his dashboard, and the door clicks open. He tilts his head towards the door, silently telling you to get out.

You do as you're instructed. You walk into the unassuming building, and a guard at the lobby sizes you up. Chocolato enters with you, but the guard seems to pay no heed to him.

He's not a real security guard, of course. This building must be important.

The guard gives you another glance over from behind his table, and then nods.

"You'll want to take the lift to level 34. There's someone waiting for you."

"Okay."

He notices your puzzled look, and gives you a seedy, toothy grin. "If you're here for the first time, it's probably a good thing. You're getting promoted."

You shoot him another confused glance.

“Someone’s noticed you. Must be doing a good job.”

“You know who I am?” you ask.

“Sure. Have to know everyone who’s allowed to step into this place. Even know about your dog there. Anyway, go on up. The boss is waiting.”

You freeze. The boss — Sugar Daddy? You’ve never been allowed to see the man until now. If you play your cards right, you might finally be able to take him down soon.

“Thanks,” you reply. You take a step, and then glance back at the man. “You allowed to tell me so much?”

“I dunno,” he confesses. “Maybe not. People are always telling me to shut the hell up. Haven’t gotten into too much trouble yet though.”

The rapping of his fingers on the table produces a steady rhythm that echoes in the large, empty lobby.

His missing pinky tells a different story.

Chocolato snickers.

You head to the lift and find the doors already open for you. The 34th floor button is already lit, most likely by the guard outside.

Your hand is still trembling slightly. You haven’t touched sugar in a few days, and it’s getting to you. The quiet moments alone are the worst for a sugar addict — the desire swirls around in your brain and seeps into

every pore of your being, until you find yourself overcome with an animalistic, ravenous hunger.

Get a hold of yourself.

Chocolato watches me with narrow eyes.

A ding indicates that you've have arrived. You step out of the lift, and find yourself in a long, seemingly endless corridor.

The walls are a plain beige, the floor an inconspicuous grey. Nothing stands out here, although you suppose that's the intention.

You walk down slowly, but stop in your tracks when Chocolato begins barking at the glass doors. You head over and catch a glimpse of what's behind them.

Piles upon piles of sugar. Everywhere. Behind each door lies a view of pure white.

You need to report this. Is this where Sugar Daddy keeps all his sugar? You try to open a door, and it swings open effortlessly. Not even locked. In the frenzy, you dismiss this.

Your head is spinning from all the sugar you see. You can smell it now. You can even taste it on your lips. It's more than you'll ever need in your life. Why is it all piled up here in one place? You try to think, but you can't think straight.

The beams of lights in the room reflect off the mounds of sugar and blind you. It's hard to hold back in here. You feel blood coursing through your veins and your

head throbbing. The hunger grips you tightly like an iron vice, biting into you coldly.

> Against your better judgement, you tear into the piles of sugar and feed your all-consuming hunger.

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> With great difficulty, you walk away and make a mental note to report this to your superior later.

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DECISION 1 ROUTE 1

The giant parcel of crystalline euphoria shifts in your arms as you hastily evacuate the premises. Without even needing to touch the inside of the parcel, you can feel the weight of the magic in your arms, shifting, beckoning, haunting you to quickly open Pandora's box.

Except the magic is sugar, and the box a giant ugly cardboard box that was so conveniently discarded amongst many beside the mountain of happiness hidden within the warehouse. There must be at least 3kg of sugar in here. Your heart thunders against your chest, ready to rip open your larynx and escape from your throat. You're out of breath from having your legs carry you as fast as they can to somewhere safe.

Somewhere where sugar isn't a controlled substance.

Somewhere you can indulge without ever having to feel guilty.

Somewhere you can be happy, for once, if only for once.

Chocolato heaves his canine breaths, as he, too, stares at the parcel of magic powder, confused beyond belief as to the turn of events.

You shift your fleeeeeeeeeeeeting focus back to the package of happi-happi-happi-happiness.

Your brain is pounding, the blood in your veins tiny demons waiting to rip open your entire being and escape. You need-its contents.
You need the d-d-d-d-dust.

This is the last time. THE LAST TIME, you promise yourself. With heaving breaths, you glance back at Chocolato. For a single moment, everything stops, and his eyes stare back at you, ever communicative.

The cop became the thief, heh.

You're gonna burn in hell for this, heh.

Just go for it. You need it. Get out of here, just you and me.

This is wrong!

WRONG!

To your senses!

The lights. The lights are blinding. The floor, still wet from the recent rain. The alley, so constrictive, claustrophobic, judgmental. The stench from the sewers grasps at your neck, trying to suffocate you. You strangle both Chocolato and the parcel to your body tight.

You were never confident with anything in your life before, but at this moment, you are sure.

God is in this giant parcel.

God loves you.

Drink His blood and eat His flesh.

You love sugar, and that is the only truth you've ever known, no matter how much the world tries to tell you otherwise. Sugar is all you need in your life. If sugar was a woman, you would consume her day after day after day after day after day, and you would do nothing with your life, just to be with her. Nay, your life is worship to her and her only. That is your sugar. Sugar is yours. All the world's sugar is yours.

And and and and Sugar loves you, too.

A sudden weight overcomes one of the two packages in your arms. Chocolato droops lifelessly onto the ground.

The crystals are sand against your raspy throat. Your tongue lavishly adorns itself in fleeting crystal bliss. The rain refuse from the pipes helps you mix the sugar into sandy syrup, which you load into your syringe.

You pump and pump and pump.
Smoke and smoke and smoke.
Swallow and swallow and swallow.

Though his physical cadaver is still on the ground, Chocolato's soul stands on his hind legs and prances around, singing happy songs from happy times. Now is the happiest time.

*I'm happy for you!
Good job for all you've done!
Take more, have more, play more, laugh more, live more, BE MORE!*

Time loses its construct.
The drugs work fast. The end of your high, your life, your integrity? Who cares-- all of that is coming to an end.

Or maybe not, this is just the beginning to your enlightenment.

Saint of Sugar, baby.

Crashing into the ground into the ground into the ground, your weighty bag of bliss is now almost empty. You throw a fistful of happiness into the air, and let it rain sugar. Nay, let it *snow* sugar.

The crystals fall in slow-motion.

Your grasp on the parcel loosens involuntarily.

You let yourself fall into the catastrophic snow bed of sugar you've made for yourself.

Crystals in slow-motion. Your head resting against Chocolato's furry side.

Crystals pierce into your blood, your brain, your nostrils, your throat, the back of your neck, your eyes, your hands, oh, your hands.

You were never consuming the sugar.
It was always the sugar consuming you.
And you are happy with that.
In fact, you embrace it.
Sparkling sugar turns to white, and white turns to black.

You are dead, you sugar-addicted garbage.

END

DECISION 1 ROUTE 2

You turn away from the sugar, take a deep breath, and continue to walk down the endless hallway, all while fighting the urge to backtrack.

The thirst is real.

Eyes fixated at the end of the corridor, you carry on forward.

This will all be worth it, in the end.

And there, you see it.

A round top wooden door with a shiny ball for a doorknob. Two men stand outside, like royal guards at a royal palace.

Stepping up to it, you whisper to yourself, “This is it.”

“The dog stays.” You hear one of the guards say.

“That’s an order.” The other guard bellows.

It would be in your interest to follow suit, you think to yourself, and give Chocolato one last look before proceeding towards the door.

Chocolato stands closely behind, not making any sound.

Taking a deep breath, you grasp the doorknob firmly, twist it, and bravely push open the door.

And step into the unknown.

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“So, sugar?”, you hear the rich, velvety voice of a wise man say. Someone with considerable authority is sitting behind that giant black chair.

Certainly not the greeting you were expecting as you stepped through the door.

“Good day to you, sir,” you greet. “I am ...”

“No need for introductions,” Sugar Daddy interrupts as he wheels around to face you. “I know more about you than you think I do.”

Your eyes met his, and his remark catches you off-guard as you try your best to keep a poker face.

An air of silence engulfs the room. You realize that it’s only the two of you in the room.

“So, tell me. How much pain did you inflict on that guy?” He enquires, chewing on his shu-gar.

“However much that was necessary, sir. But it was not that big of a deal. Someone had to do it, I guess. What matters is that the stuff stays intact.”

“Good, good,” Sugar Daddy says as he stands up from his armchair and walks towards you. “For that, a promotion shall be granted to you.”

You have been pre-empted by the guy downstairs, but still try your best to avoid giving yourself away. “Thank you, sir.”

“Ah, very nice,” you hear Sugar Daddy say.

“Bring the dog in.”

The door creaks open and you hear a familiar bark. Chocolato struts in, wagging his tail as he looks at you eagerly.

Following closely behind is one of the guards you saw earlier.

A look of confusion appears on your face.

“Here is the thing, son. I admire your work ethic. You are effective when the time calls for you to be. But recently my business deals keep going south,” Sugar Daddy utters.

Your breath hitches a little at his words.

“You see, someone tipped off the police about where and when the trade was happening. Last I checked, only people within the organization know of the exact details.” With that said, Sugar Daddy reaches into his drawer and takes out a gun.

“Today, I want to give you a test. A small one,” he says, as he moves towards you. “To what extent will you go to prove yourself to me?”

Fear creeps into your veins as you anticipate where the situation is headed. This cannot be what you think it is.

As he approaches you, you struggle to maintain your composure. Deep down, you know it all too well – the infamous test of one’s loyalty, to prove one’s allegiance.

Sugar Daddy whispers softly, manipulatively right into you, as he places the gun in your hands., “I want you to turn around, aim this gun at your precious little dog, and pull the trigger.”

The cold metal can be felt in the palm of your hands. You grip it tightly, and turn to face your canine companion, who is oblivious to the horror that stands before him.

Killing the emperor himself is not an option. You are on his turf.

For a brief moment, it feels as if time has suddenly halted. You struggle to come to terms with reality. After all, you've spent five years trying to take down the one person that is in front of you right now.

You contemplate killing the dog. This is a test to prove your loyalty to Sugar Daddy — if not, the last five years will be for nothing.

But what if you choose to disobey Sugar Daddy? You can't kill Chocolato. It just doesn't feel right.

Nonetheless, you raise the gun and take aim at Chocolato.

> *You pull the trigger and drive a bullet into your canine companion.*

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> *This does not feel right, and you shake your head, deciding not to kill Chocolato.*

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DECISION 2 ROUTE 1

The silence is pierced by the sound of a single gunshot.

You have heard gunshots before, but this one is different.

A dead body drops and lies motionless as you lower your trembling hand. You have just shot your best friend, your partner. Numbness clouds your emotional faculties.

Behind you, you hear clapping. Sugar Daddy chuckles as he applauds you for the deed, his shu-gar still dangling from his ugly smiling lips.

“This is why I hired you. You do what must be done. Well done,” he acknowledges, while walking towards you.

You try your hardest to contain the raging emotions inside of you.

This is for the end game. Focus on the end game.

Sugar Daddy gives a nod, and the guard swiftly walks towards you to retrieve the gun, paying no heed to the lifeless body in the middle of the room.

Sinking back into his armchair, Sugar Daddy motions for you to take a seat at his table.

Reaching into his drawer, he places the handgun back in, and takes out an envelope.

“Inside contains the details for when the next deal is happening. Keep it safe. In the meantime, get some rest.

Bet ‘cha you’ve had a tough day,” he says as he hands you a plain, white envelope, save for a star at the bottom left corner.

A tough day, huh, you think. The corpse of your most trusted parted lays ignored in front of you, and you can’t even retrieve him for burial. And this foul monster dismisses it as a tough day. A. Tough. Day.

Your inner self is filled with so much anger you swear you might just explode right here and now. But as always, you keep your composure and accept the envelope with the very hands that took Chocolato’s life just moments earlier.

“Thank you, sir.” You try your best to sound emotionless and unaffected.

“You are free to go,” Sugar Daddy utters, an indication that you are needed no more.

You try your best not to look at your fallen companion as you take your leave, but from the corner of your eye, you catch a glimpse of the body.

Not wanting to let your emotions betray you, you hastily exit the door, and start for the escalator.

Throughout the walk down the same, seemingly endless corridor, the absence of the canine steps you’ve grown so accustomed to can be felt.

You are now a one-man army. The last true mouthpiece. Solitude grips you.

Is this all worth it?

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DECISION 2 ROUTE 2

Time slows as you watch Sugar Daddy chew on his shugar. You feel the sudden weight on your chest lift as you make your decision. Your hands slowly lower. For a man running the largest underground sugar syndicate, his thoughts are far from sweet, and his tastes repulsive.

Your one and only chocolatey buddy let's out a soft whimper as it looks up to you. Poor Chocolato may not know what was asked of you, but this paragon of loyalty sure knows the visceral disgust you felt in that moment,

with the weapon always reserved for the villains you fight together having been pointed at him

Woah boss, I've never seen you like this. What did he say? Come on, you and me we, can take them. Just give me the signal. I got you covered boss.

Making a mental note of all the trigger-happy lunatics between Chocolato, yourself and safety, you inch closer to him. Every fibre of muscle in your body winds like a tight spring as you ready yourself for the chaos bound to ensue. Your eyes harden, and looking straight at Sugar Daddy's smug face, you hear yourself speak in a firm, quiet voice several octaves lower.

"It looks like I'm going to deny your very first order, Daddy. Tainted as I may be, I am a man of principle. I take care of my own at all costs, Death itself be damned, and I sure as hell will not kill a soul at the whims of anybody." You almost snarl towards the end, Sugar Daddy's request having been an insult in and of itself.

The silent rage and intensity in your voice surprise you, sounding almost surreal. "If you have a problem with that," you continue, "you are not the Emperor of Sugar I have heard so much about". Sugar Daddy's eyes widen ever so slightly, and you feel your nerves on fire as you ready yourself for the flash of violence.

However, the absolute silence is shattered by Sugar Daddy's guffawing. His looney minions follow suit, like the mindless sugar addicted weaklings they are. Sugar Daddy wipes the tears from his eyes as he says, half hysterical, "Looks like I found me a keeper. You've got guts kid, I'll give you that. Foolish, but brave and loyal."

As the sound of more laughter ensues, you feel the tension leave your body, but this isn't over. Not yet.

The instantaneous sound of compressed gas amidst the laughter sends a wave of dread through you as you turn to face the source. White with rage, your mind goes blank at the sight before you; the minion, a murderous gleam in his eyes, is holding a smoking gun pointed straight at Chocolato. You know what just happened, but you simply cannot bring yourself to look at the source of the heavy thud you hear next, lest something in you give way. Sugar Daddy takes a while to realise what just happened, and his laughter slowly dies.

The minion speaks. "Daddy, you don't need a weakling like him. Look, I did just as you asked of this pathetic loser. I deserve to be a Candyman more than this useless nobody. Just give the word and I'll sink him with lead."

Your knuckles go white as you restrain yourself. The amateur is in point blank range, voiding the one major benefit of using a gun. You could snap his neck like a twig before he even realizes what has transpired.

You catch Sugar Daddy observing you in anticipation, and when you do nothing, Sugar Daddy starts chuckling as he draws a sugar cane and walks over to the minion. Eyes square on you, he says, "You really won't kill anyone, will you? Color me impressed, Man of Principle. I could really use a Candyman like you for more, well, more delicate negotiations. It's a refreshing change from these trigger-happy buffoons."

He turns to his minion, and gently caresses his cheek with one hand. "Unfortunately, I needed two loyal dogs. Be careful — you've already killed one. Don't go

putting holes in the other too”, Sugar Daddy purrs before he stabs his minion in the heart with the sugar cane.

“Ain’t nobody be making decisions here other than me,” he growls angrily under his breath.

Turning to you, he says with a bright smile, “See, I too am a man of principle; I take care of my Candyman. And I am more than the man you have heard about, I assure you.” He beckons for you to return his gun.

As Sugar Daddy walks out of the room, he waves his hand in the air and, without looking back, announces: “Welcome to Sweet Paradise, Candyman.”

You look down to see Chocolato, facing you, stiff as a statue, his emotive eyes dead glass, in a growing pool of his own blood.

Is this all worth it?

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DECISION 3

The soft ding of the elevator door opening interrupts your thoughts and bring you back to reality.

For the last five minutes, you were on autopilot, legs heavy as lead as you walked away from your live - no, now dead - companion. The guards seemed to spawn from nowhere. They were already removing his body and cleaning up the mess that was made.

They moved mechanically, probably having done this more times than they could count. You didn’t want to think about where they were taking Chocolato. You had to stop yourself from taking down every one of those

snarky minions for taking him away from you, your only friend throughout this ongoing ordeal.

“Be ready. We’ll give you a call when there’s another job,” one of them says — you don’t really care which one. You enter the lift and give them a slight nod, trying to remain as stoic as possible.

Even as the lift door closes, you do not dare to show your true emotions. It’s almost easy, having lived this life for so long. Always worrying if they are watching, always wondering if today is your last day on this pathetic Earth. But this hasn’t been like any other day. This is *most definitely* not easy.

But maybe this just raised the stakes, and brought you back to why you even accepted this mission in the first place. You were in need of some desperate motivation, and maybe this is it. Sugar Daddy, a character providing illegal happiness with a cold, merciless and unfeeling heart.

He has to go down.

Half an hour later, you are back in your cozy abode. And by cozy, you mean a total mess of a house squeezed into 100 square feet of you and dog. You rid yourself of your soiled clothes, tossing them into some corner of the room. You scrub yourself down, trying to wash away the feeling of disgust unsuccessfully. You only stop when you start to see your arms and chest bright red from the scrubbing.

In a desperate bid to distract yourself away from your frazzled emotions, and everything in the house that reminds you of Chocolato, you shift your thoughts to

planning the next step in taking down Sugar Daddy's empire. You saw firsthand the amount of sugar he had stashed away, just mountains of ecstasy waiting to be consumed.

You will plan your next move tomorrow, perhaps. You are just too tired, drying yourself off and crashing onto your creaky bed. You close your weary eyes as sleep envelopes you like a heavy blanket.

It is business as usual the next day, the following day and every day for a week after that. Except that it is unbearably lonely. You see your Rottweiler in every dog you walk past, and think of what he would say in every situation, if he only could.

You continue to follow orders from Sugar Daddy directly, going on missions to carry out dealings in the sugar underworld. You gather intel and report your findings, spurred on by Chocolato's death to be as detailed and active as possible.

You've just finished supervising a simple trade deal. As a Candyman, you are now in charge of supervising newbies as part of your job scope. "Good. You may go now and wait for further instructions," you say to him. Funny how you were just in this runner's position a few weeks ago.

As you turn to leave the dingy alleyway, the all too familiar black car pulls up in front of you. A window rolls down and the driver motions you to get in once

again. “Sugar Daddy wants to speak to all the Candyman.”

It’s been such a long day and all you want is to bury your depressed self in bed. But this is no time to argue — you are steadily earning Sugar Daddy’s trust day by day. If you can hang in there for just a while longer, then you can bring him down. You inwardly sigh and get in, still having to hold back the sick feeling you have as you travel as one being and not two any longer.

15 minutes later, you are back at the headquarters, on your way up to one of the meeting rooms. “Hurry up. Sugar Daddy hates waiting,” one of his minions urges. You quicken your pace and enter the room, taking a seat at the long white table next to a Candyman you worked with previously, Mr. Niko.

“Another day in paradise, gentlemen.” Sugar Daddy starts, bringing your attention to where he is sitting at the head of the table. “But paradise is a novelty; paradise gets boring.”

Where is he going with this? Does he not want to sell sugar anymore?

“We are gathered here today to announce a new era of our sweet sugar business,” he continues, smoking on his shu-gar. The white smoke wafts throughout the room and the smell of sweetness lingers in the air. You swallow down the desire that burns in your throat. “We are changing up our product from tomorrow onwards. We will still sell sugar, oh yes we will. But we are going to make it even *better*.”

Better? Better how?

Sugar Daddy raises a small packet of white powder into the air. “We are going to make it even more *addictive*.” All eyes are on the packet as he throws it onto the table where it slides towards the center.

Is that more sugar? Salt?

Cocaine?

“Oh yes, my dear Candymen. That is what you think it is,” he grins devilishly. “Coco. Within the first minutes, you get a high like never before. You are on *top* of the world, you dance, you sing, you party! What’s better than sugar is sugar that makes you burst with *twice the euphoria*.”

Crazy, this is absolutely nuts.

“And here’s the best part. Once you get on it, you can’t get off. You crave more. You’re *desperate* for more. Business will have no choice but to be booming like never before!” He lets out a gleeful belly laugh, brimming with pride at his perceived brilliance.

You glance away momentarily, trying to keep the shock and worry off your face as you try to process the insanity unfolding in front of you.

Mixing cocaine with sugar not only makes it more illegal than it already is, it will basically cause thousands, no *millions*, of these sugar-addicts to unknowingly consume cocaine. They’ll live even more pathetic lives as drug addicts, or overdose and be dead in a few hours.

2.2kg of sugar has more than a 50% chance of killing you. It only takes 5g of cocaine to kill you for sure. You are sure both are terrible options. These addicts who are used to taking in so much sugar will have to be really careful not to OD. They aren't that smart.

“You will all be assigned into new teams starting from tomorrow to propose this plan to our factories and distributors.” Sugar Daddy lays back into his chair, taking another puff of his shu-gar. “Any objections or questions?”

The room goes silent, you all know better than to question any of Sugar Daddy's ideas. “Wonderful,” he gets up from his seat and heads for the door, “You are all dismissed. Sweet dreams tonight, I hope. We wake up to exciting new beginnings!”

You sit frozen in your seat. This is surely getting out of hand. Can you really endorse this madness? You know Chocolato wouldn't, but then again, you both knew what Sugar Daddy was capable of from the beginning. In fact, you could even say this was *expected* of him.

Taking a deep breath, you shuffle out of the meeting room and hail a cab back home, slumping in your seat as you wonder what to do.

It's that same dream again. You've run out of the orphanage, tears across your face. Those children have no idea what they are talking about. There big scary car that dropped you off at the Orphanage doors is nowhere

in sight. There is only a void. A void where a mother and father should be.

You didn't mean to scare them. You didn't mean to break Billy's nose either, but he was making you angry. He needed to stop talking. Or you needed to stop listening. And as you often did. You left. It was easier that way. You would return at night, just before curfew, as usual.

Or not. This time is different. This time, Billy follows you. He catches you turning into a quiet alley. Just as you bend down to pick up Rocky, sleeping in peaceful rhythm within his little newspaper padded box. You find yourself sprawled on the ground. The tar is rough, moist and pungent. The side of your head is unusually hot, and your ears ring. Your cheeks must be wet because of the floor.

Turning around, you notice Billy for the first time. Nose bandaged, mouth twisted into a wicked smile, eyes full of hatred, he declares, "Told you I'd make you pay", as he swings something down on you.

You wake up in a pool of ... perspiration. You instinctively reach for the side of your head but stop yourself. It's that dream again. Letting go of the Rottweiler plushie you were clutching so hard, you lift yourself off the bed and clumsily stagger towards the refrigerator. You are parched.

As you squeeze the plastic bottle to drain it of its last drop, the phone starts buzzing. Wondering who would possibly call at 3am in the morning, you pick it up without uttering a word. A short pause later, the other side finally speaks. "We've got a job. Contract renewal.

Meet me at the usual place.” It’s one of the Candyman handling your district. Mrs. Daifuku is—was—your superior, and from your past experiences, her calling so early in the morning is unusual.

Regardless, you put your phone down. Scratching your head, you walk towards the shower.

“Mr. Wonka has been reluctant to *enhance* his sugar production methods. I will simply be observing for this one. Let’s see how you negotiate,” Mrs. Daifuku states as a matter of fact, a faint smile dancing across her face and soft eyes observing you, as if from a distance. The other Candyman, Mr. Hakuto, is nowhere to be seen. This must be a two-man mission, and your audition.

You look up to the sky. The drizzle normally comforts you, but today it’s a mild irritation. You step into the warehouse.

Mr. Wonka seems flustered. His eyes dart between you, the door, and the now empty space by your side. “Would you like some tea?” you ask, as you search his office cabinet for the tea bags.

“Y-y-yes please” he stammers, as he points you to the right cabinet. “Would Mrs. Daifuku like to join us?” he questions, looking out of the door, voice laced with fear.

“It’s alright” you reassure him. “She intends to ensure we are left to our own devices. Have you heard from Mrs. Wonka recently? How is she?” You regret the question as soon as you ask. The intention was not to

threaten him, but given his position, it must've been hard not to see it that way.

“S-she’s good, though her handwriting seems to have changed a little recently. She says she’s practicing how to write with her left hand. See? It’s really neat, all things considered. My daughter is still upset with me though. I wish she wrote to me too sometimes”. His hands shake as he shows you the letter. The smile on your face freezes as you realize that you have seen that letter before. Mrs. Daifuku had written it. The similarity with her handwriting was uncanny, but Mr. Wonka was none the wiser, or so it seemed. The implication dawns on you. Mr. Wonka’s family was no longer being held hostage.

“You know why I’m here, don’t you?” you manage to ask, barely keeping your own voice from shaking.

“I am well aware.” There is a flash of anger and ... defiance, in his voice. “My family has the finest sugar refining technique in all of Japan. Our sugar is highly sought after, especially after it became a controlled substance. I will not taint our family’s traditions any further. The process will not change.”

“Mr. Wonka, I understand-”

“Do you know what you are asking me to do? I will not knowingly add poison into my product. Mr. Hakuto is making a mistake with the new process. It is bad enough I am adding in cocaine to the product, but I have held up my end of the deal for the safety of my family!”

He adds two sugar cubes into each cup of tea and hands you yours.

“Don’t worry, these are untainted”, he reassures you. As he takes a sip, his hands seem to stop shaking. “Taste it and tell me, do you really think I need help from this nonsense? My sugar is excellent the way it is. Of that I can personally guarantee.”

He looks straight into your eyes with a quiet confidence.

You take a sip from the cup. You can’t tell if it’s the tea or the quality of amazing sugar, but it feels like you are holding a cup of warm liquid happiness in your hands. It calms you a little, and quenches that sugar craving you have been suppressing. But no matter how good the tea or sugar, the weight of the situation does not lift from your mind. He was right: his sugar is amazing. So why did they want to add artificial sweeteners to the product? Why did he have to lose everything for the work he had the right to be confident in?

“That cocaine will sully the taste of my sugar, and I will not tarnish my reputation. What you do at your own warehouses is none of my concern, but only the finest sugar shall leave my factory,” he continues in a tone of finality.

“We are simply asking you to add it to the final mixing process, just like you do the other special ingredients for Sugar Daddy. Making separate batches should not be an issue. I urge you to reconsider. Mrs. Daifuku and I would rather appeal to your finer senses.”

Disgust climbs up your throat as you tell your blatant lies, especially after you’ve figured out the fates of Wonka’s family members.

“Your sugar is amazing on its own merit,” you carry on, pushing your thoughts to the back of your mind, “and you have every right to be proud. We simply wish to provide our clients with a more economical variant. They do not know which factories the sugar they get comes from, so your reputation shall remain intact so long you continue to provide the government with the finer batch.”

The man grows silent, and you can see the gears in his head turn. “So be it. But I want proof, in a form of a contract or otherwise.” With a tone of finality, he looks at you with a hint of insecurity under his steely gaze.

“Very well”, you continue, knowing full well you will hate yourself for deceiving this man, “Let us have that in writing for everyone’s peace of mind. Shall we?” you beckon towards the chair.

You are back outside the warehouse, and the drizzle persists. In the far horizon beyond the barbed-wire fences, the sun seems to have started rising.

“Tell me we didn’t kill his family,” you ask Mrs. Daifuku, trying your very best to hide the anger in your voice.

“It was unfortunate. One of the runners gave in to his baser desires and she killed him defending herself.”

Mrs. Daifuku sighs heavily, her hair, adorned with confident streaks of silver, tied into an up-do emanating quiet elegance.

“She was quite handy with that pen. Mr. Hakuto would not stand for the death of one of his own and he did what he thought right.”

She turns to you, aware of the one pressing question you have.

“His wife is dead.”

You look away, the last sliver of hope you had to make your lies less treacherous expiring. Both of you just stand there, helpless against the sad ordinaries of Sugar Paradise. Mrs. Daifuku looks away from you, lights a shu-gar, takes a long, hard drag, and continues.

“But his daughter is living with me at the moment. It took a fair bit of *convincing* for Mr. Hakuto to let her go, after what they’d done to her, too. Suffice to say he will put more thought into what he deems right from now on.”

Still looking away, you let these bittersweet words process.

Another long, hard drag.

“His daughter will receive the best care I can possibly provide. I know of nothing else I can do,”

She takes in one last particularly long drag, her eyes slightly squinted, yet weighing into her sockets, complemented with crows’ feet from smiles of long-forgotten days. She bends over to extinguish the shu-gar, and puts it back into her purse.

You hear a thud behind you. You turn around to find Mr. Wonka collapsed against the door, knees buckled, with sugar offerings in his hands.

You are back in Mr. Wonka's office. He has not moved or uttered a word for the past 15 minutes. Mrs. Daifuku moves to make a second batch of tea.

Wonka's voice, weak in composure, but heavy with emotions, delicately breaks the silence.

"You know when I told you the ingredients were poison. I meant it. And not the slow acting kind either. It would cause renal failure faster than you can imagine."

Mrs. Daifuku and you exchange sincere, apologetic glances, a moment of tenderness in this world of dangerously jagged rock sugar.

"I delayed agreeing to Sugar Daddy's demands because I was busy formulating an antidote. Surely my factory was not the only one being pressured. An antidote could save lives."

The air weighed heavy as you all thought of the tragic fates of failed wannabe heroes.

"I managed to, you know. And I used the poison itself to do it. I was really proud of my work, and was going to call Mrs. Daifuku in the morning. Your visit surprised me, and I feared the worst."

Wonka looks up to Mrs. Daifuku and begs the question, "Why did she have to die? Was it because I was too slow

in finding the antidote? Why did I risk my family for the benefit of society?"

"Mr. Wonka, your wife's death is not your doing. Madness breeds madness and your wife was at the wrong place at the wrong time. Your work did not kill your wife. It gave your daughter something to be proud of. Besides, killing off clients is bad for business. Rest assured your work will be put to good use.", Mrs. Daifuku comforts him as she passes him his cup of tea, with three cubes of sugar this time. It's going to take a lot more sugar to cover the bitterness this round.

"But first, we have to stop that sugar from reaching the black market at all costs. I didn't know it was this bad," you remark as you ponder over what to do next. It takes a second for you to realize the possible treachery behind your words. You look up from your teacup to see Mrs. Daifuku's gaze gone, replaced with another type of gaze, perhaps sizing you up, perhaps quiet admiration, perhaps a mix of both.

"Indeed, Sugar Daddy needs to be informed of Mr. Hakuto's problematic process, and of Mr. Wonka's loyalty in concocting the antidote.", Mrs. Daifuku answers you with a cautious gaze. Turning towards Mr. Wonka and peeling her eyes off you till the last moment, Mrs. Daifuku continues, "Rest assured that Mr. Hakuto is remorseful for his actions, and your daughter will stay in my care until Sugar Daddy confirms otherwise. Your loyalty will benefit you here."

She turns to you, her tone now cold with sheltered doubt, and says, "Thank you for your work. I shall report to Sugar Daddy directly. You may return home."

It has been a week since your last mission, and you begin to fear the worst. You have not had an ounce of sugar since that day. You check every shadow for assassins and find yourself slowly sinking into insanity.

The ringing of the phone makes you jump from your desk and you answer it in a hurried panic. “How much bamboo does a Panda eat?” Your government officer is on the line. “Much more than the forest can provide,” you answer. “Excellent. Listen up. I’ll keep this brief. One of the Candymen, Mrs. Daifuku was found dead in her house. There was a child hidden in her secret basement. It seems she was a hostage being taken care of. We found sufficient evidence to finally incriminate Sugar Daddy and the Wonka factory. We have seized the factory, but Sugar Daddy has eluded capture. Are you clear on this?”

The information is still bouncing around in the hard nutshell that is your head, but there is only one acceptable answer.

“Yes.”

You remember when Mrs. Daifuku chose you to be part of her runners. You were secretly glad, partly because everyone always unconditionally respected her, making it easier for you to infiltrate information, but also for another reason you couldn’t put your finger on. You felt an inexplicable sense of security with her. If there was ever a woman of true character, it was her.

She was the refined sugar in the world of brulée. The jewel amidst the filth. An unconventional maternal presence in a world that made no sense.

Why did she work for Sugar Daddy?

A moment of hesitation was present before the voice on the line spoke again, this time less dutiful, but more careful.

“We also found someone else’s DNA at Mrs. Daifuku’s house similar to yours—most likely not yourself, but a relative. Have you made contact with any family members lately?”

The sudden flood of information renders you momentarily speechless. “Not that I know of, sir. I was—am—an orphan,” you answer with desensitized conviction.

The tone switches back to that of duty.

“Very well, we shall save this enigma for later. Find Sugar Daddy immediately”, your officer instructs before hanging up.

It’s showtime.

You stand outside the last possible safehouse Sugar Daddy can seek refuge in. All the others were booby trapped, but otherwise empty. He has to be here, or all these years of work will have been for nothing.

You shake off that nagging feeling creeping up again. Recently, your dreams have become more vivid. The big scary car has the silhouette of a man chewing on a cigar, breathing heavily. You have seen him before, but just cannot figure out where.

Stalking in, you are immediately greeted from the shadows by a mangled face. “We have been expecting you,” he croaks. It takes you another moment to realize from his voice that this is Mr. Hakuto. He looks different from last you saw him. His face has fresh deep scars, his left eye is gone, and his right hand is missing, a hunk of metal in its place. The proud Mrs. Daifuku didn’t go down without a fight.

It looks like the poisonous nature of the sweeteners was supposed to remain a secret. You wonder why they didn’t attack you, too.

While you are escorted to Sugar Daddy’s chambers, you count the number of guards and exits, and realize you are in a whole lot of trouble. The sugar room ahead catches your attention, and the amount of sugar through the glass doors leaves you momentarily unable to breathe. You steel your resolve and look away, trying to focus on an escape strategy.

At the entrance to the chamber, you are mortified at your bleak chances of survival. You know you must try nonetheless, and so gathering your strength and resolve, you push open the chamber doors.

What greets you is astounding. Walls sugary white, adorned with tapestry so ancient and so beautiful you are left in awe. The ceiling is at least 10 meters high and the chandelier dangled with giant, polished, sugar crystals.

You find yourself sucking in your breath as you peel your eyes away from the decor and look towards the throne. On the lacquered candy throne sits the Emperor of Sugar –Sugar Daddy. The red and white spirals of the throne distract you—is it a twist on Santa Claus’ favorite candy, or an act of patriotism in the land of the rising sun? When you finally look towards him, Sugar Daddy responds with a gloating smile. “Welcome to Candyland. I see you like the Candy room.”

As he stands, you notice his cotton candy-laced cape fall to the floor as he starts pacing. His command echoes through the room: “Close the doors! Leave us be!” When the doors close, he turns to you and continues, “Kid, welcome home. You may not be aware, but Mrs. Daifuku was killed recently. The sweeteners were supposed to stay in the product, to clean the streets of the madness and filth that has plagued it for far too long. Mrs. Daifuku however, would not allow it. A life is a life, she said. Mr. Hakuto’s plan was perfect, but she just didn’t understand, you see. I take care of my Candymen, I do. I let my Sweet Children settle their own disputes, but too much was at stake here. I couldn’t forgive her as I did before. She amputated Mr. Hakuto’s hand. I just couldn’t. Now tell me, my Sweet Child, what should I do here? I cannot bring myself to kill you, see.”

Sugar Daddy stops his predatory pacing and looks directly at you. “There is no escape. Don’t make me destroy you. You do not yet realize your importance. You’ve only begun to discover your power as a Candyman. Join me, and I will complete your training. With our combined strength, we can end this destructive conflict and bring order to Japan.”

“I will never join you,” your booming outburst of conviction surprises even yourself.

“If only you knew the power of Sweet Paradise,” a flicker of emotion passes through his predatory eyes.

A moment of hesitation followed.

“The orphanage never told you what happened to your father,” the Emperor of Sugar’s voice is almost tender, but this could just be another scene in his manipulative play.

“They told me enough,” your own play is not weak.

The Sugar Daddy looked at you with eyes of judgement, before averting his gaze and adapting a tone of a weary omniscient storyteller.

“There was once a Mr. Daifuku, boy. In fact, there was a Papa Daifuku, a Mama Daifuku, and a Baby Daifuku—“

“I don’t need this.”

You reach for your gun. To hell with this forced story-time.

“Listen, boy,” the tone in his voice is so unusual that you leave your grip on your gun, but you do not pull it out.

“The Daifukus were happy, to say the least. They owned their own confection empire of daifukus. Until the god-forsaken government imposed the sugar controls and destroyed the Daifuku business.”

He lights a shu-gar and takes a long drag.

Your grip is still heavy on the gun.

“The only way to sustain the Daifuku family was to use whatever resources that were left, go underground, and live the life of the dirty.”

You try to understand why this is relevant to you. He must be trying to justify why he killed Mrs. Daifuku, his left-hand woman. What did he do to Papa Daifuku?

“The business grew too quickly, and before he knew it, Papa Daifuku had to hide Baby Daifuku to protect him. Mama Daifuku was never the same afterwards. Before they all knew it, the former Daifuku family collapsed, and Sugar Paradise took its place.”

The pieces of information finally melt together like an ugly pot colorful toffee that was quickly becoming a grey glop.

You tighten your grip on the gun, but it is still undrawn. For a sense of stability, security, whatever.

Daddy looks up with paternal eyes dipped in steel.

Time freezes as you take in what he says. It all starts to make sense. The menacing black car, the anger, the addiction to sugar, why you got promoted so quickly, why Mr. Hakuto didn't take your life, too.

Mama Daifuku.

Everything starts crashing into place.

“No, no, that’s not true. That’s impossible!” you find yourself shouting, despite the facts that lay before you.

“You know it’s true,” Sugar Daddy says, almost pleading.

“No!” you scream in denial.

“You can destroy the government. They have foreseen this. It is your destiny,” Sugar Daddy urges on. “Join me, and together we can rule the islands in all of Japan. Come with me, it is the only way.”

Your grip on your gun loosens involuntarily, and you collapse into the darkness.

You wake up on a soft surface. The room is bright. Too bright. For a second, you think you are in paradise. However, the reality of what happened hits you like a truck and, dejected, you realize where you are: Candyland, Sugar Daddy’s last refuge.

You hear mumbling beyond the door.

"Why are we in charge of guarding this Candyman?"

"They say he collapsed. From a sugar fit probably."

The words 'sugar fit' set your mind on edge as unpleasant memories try to surface. God knows you have plenty of those.

You reach for your gun, only to find an empty socket. Of course he would take your gun away.

"No, man. I hear Sugar Daddy took him out with just his stare. Man, he's scary."

"Right. Thank God they said he's leaving the complex. I just don't get why they didn't build proper passageways though. I can't imagine crawling through such filth"

"You do what you gotta do man. Speaking of which, what do we do with this guy? They say he's dangerous, but Sugar Daddy wants him alive. There are rumors floating around that he might be that kid from that time."

You've heard enough. He cannot possibly be your father. There's more to being a father than having the same blood flowing through your veins. There must be.

You know all of these complexes inside out. They are right, this particular house has no secret passages underground. The complex itself though is a different matter.

If they mentioned filth... You venture a guess that Sugar Daddy is escaping through the sewers. You, too, follow.

You are now faced with a choice. Kill Daddy, and you go against everything the orphanage taught you. Let Daddy go, and his product will kill the masses. Join Daddy, and unlock the power within you.

You ready yourself. Time to give Daddy a proper greeting. But first, you need a pistol.

You hear footsteps echo in the distance.

The footsteps get louder.

Two people, maybe three.

You step out and swiftly knock out Sugar Daddy's body guards, nicking one of their pistols and pointing it straight at Sugar Daddy. The bodyguards hit the floor with resounding thuds that reverberate throughout the damp, dark sewers.

"Surprised?" you enquire, noticing the blank look on Sugar Daddy's face as he comes to terms with this sudden turn of events.

"You learn to expect betrayal in my line of business, boy. But color me impressed, I've got to admit I didn't see this coming, not this soon at least", Sugar Daddy grins in response.

You keep him firmly within your pistol's iron-sights, as the reality of the situation sinks into the both of you. Still pumping from adrenaline, you make one last ill-advised pitch to convince the man.

"You can still turn yourself in, make amends for what you've done. Cooperate with us to take down the rest of the Sugar Mafia and I'll try to get you a lighter sentence," you try to sound like a law-enforcer, but you find yourself sounding like a boy pleading with his daddy for another lollipop.

"Can't you see that you're harming the greater good by your actions?"

"Humanity can't be trusted with sugar anymore! Leave sugar to the government, they've got all the experts to work out the ideal amount!"

“You know the goods are tainted! Hundreds, if not thousands will be affected!” you continue, “And all for what? Monetary gain? Prestige? Power? Those people’s lives are worth many times more than that!”

Daddy stands there unfazed by your plea, in deafening silence, contemplating his response. He knows his fate will be decided by his reply.

After a moment that seemingly lasted an eternity, the silence is broken by a chuckle, “Well, son, I’d rather go out on a sugar high than to live like a healthy dog.”

He is about to escape. You only have a split second to make your choice.

*>The greater happiness of society is far more important than one dirty criminal’s life. If you want to kill him,
[Turn to page 52](#)*

*>You can’t take someone’s life — it goes against your morals. All you can do is let him escape.
[Turn to page 54](#)*

DECISION 3 ROUTE 1

Disappointed, you realize the inevitable. There will only be one person walking away from this alive. You steel your resolve.

“Sorry Daddy — it’s for the greater good”

Your finger tightens around the trigger.

A deathly silence follows the brief bang. The flash allows you to etch every fine detail on your father’s face as he braces for the end, in the deep recesses of your mind.

He collapses with a resounding thud. Was that a grin on his face? Whatever it was, you didn’t quite catch it, because you, too, collapse onto the sewer floor, exhausted. This ordeal has stretched the limits of your morality, as you begin questioning yourself once again. When it was all said and done, was what you did right? These thoughts continue to plague you as your consciousness slips off into a haze.

The raid is a success.

You stopped the shipment of tainted goods that would have gone out and harmed the masses. You took down the head of the largest sugar smuggling syndicate in Tokyo, and you are responsible for its subsequent collapse.

Daddy is dead, but by all measures, you are a hero.

But the questions continue to nibble away at the back of your mind. They never stop.

As your team is debriefed one final time, your officer says to you, “Pity we couldn’t get him to cooperate eh? Think of all we could’ve done, we might’ve even been able to wipe the streets of illegal sugar entirely!”

“Yeah, he just couldn’t see it from our point of view,” you reply, heaving a sigh.

You’ve killed your father.

A familiar dog floats into your mind, and his eyes communicate to you again.

He just wouldn’t do it for the greater good.

END

> *For the exclusive bonus epilogue*

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DECISION 3 ROUTE 2

The mastermind has abandoned tact, and has resorted to truth.

You feel the cravings again, pulsating through your veins.

You are ever aware now — the weight of the blood pulsates through your veins, weighing you down with every heartbeat.

The ugly craving for sugar changes shape, and morphs into a cold reminder that the blood coursing through your body is the same as the giant sugar monster.

As much as you would like to deny it, Daddy is the stuff of nightmares. He is a giant sugar monster, like those from children's stories, but he is also Papa Daifuku. Therefore, you are just a monster baby.

A numbness suddenly overcomes you, you lower your arm, pointing the weapon away from your father. You shift your intense focus away to the numbness.

Your dad loses his gaze of intensity, and for a moment he looks like any other worn-out father, resting his eyes sparingly on the son he was never able to provide for.

Your daddy gains control of himself, and dashes out to god knows where.

You stand there numbly.

Chocolato floats through your mind.

*What justice?
What craving?
What was all of this for?*

You hush your dead dog's voice.

Your hair slightly overgrown, your shoulders drooping, the former person you were gone, you occasionally hear the news on your father's, nay, the Emperor of Sugar's campaigns.

--Over one quarter of the city has been gripped by poisoning from an underground syndicate, who sells the poison in the form of refined sugar--

The numbness you feel alienates you from absolutely everything.

--The police have communicated that more than 250,000 have died thus far from products related to this syndicate. --

You pull your sleeve to conceal the many scars on your wrists, concealing all the attempts at taking your own life. Though every time some busybody would be there to return you back to your misery.

Chocolato floats through your mind again.

You are nothing but cowardly scum.

You are not the man I worked for.

Nothing but rubbish.

You could have saved all those people. But you didn't.

*Because you are nothing but **sugar-addicted garbage.***

You collapse into the nearest alleyway, trying to silence all the static in the numbness. Through all the numbness, there is still one truth you cannot not escape.

You would have made the same decision again and again, if you had been given another chance.

In the fetal position, you lull yourself with a once forgotten nursery rhyme from the orphanage.

*Sugar is sweet
Spices are hot
Give me some sugar if you have got
Bitter is the medicine
Sour is the lime
Give them more sugar
Please this time.*

END

> *For the exclusive bonus epilogue*

[Turn to page 57](#)

EPILOGUE

You recline on the moth-eaten couch in your dilapidated flat. Twenty years have passed in a flash, many things have changed since that fateful day.

“THE WAR ON SUGAR HAS BEEN WON,” the headlines of all major newspapers heralded, predicting streets wiped clean of illegal sugar and all the addicts associated with it. Yet it was not meant to be.

Like a hydra, when you cut off one head, nine more takes its place.

Countless other splinter groups rose up, engaging in turf wars so much bloodier than anyone could’ve imagined. With the sugary lollipop of dominion over the illicit sugar trade dangling so enticingly in front of them, it should have been no surprise.

The city looked to its hero to once again save it from its own crippling sugar addiction. This time however, he was nowhere to be found.

The voices never stopped, not even for a brief moment, since that fateful day. The consequences of your choice weighed upon you like the world on Atlas’ shoulders, haunting you doggedly.

Would things have played out differently if you had chosen otherwise?

Unfortunately, life does not give you a second go.

Deep down you know this, but you just can't let it go.
The voices kept you from fulfilling your duties and left
you unfit for further duties.

Sensing your time was up, you tendered your resignation
and left with whatever remaining dignity you had.

Regrettably, it only went downhill from then on,
culminating with you now living in the same slums you
once sought to clean.

You laugh at the irony of it all, as you prepare a dose of
the new version of sugar on the streets.

A sharp sting hits you as you inhale deeply, before the
sweet, sweet respite takes you to bliss.

The End

NOTES

Decision 2 Route 1:

You killed your partner, Chocolato. Life is important, but for the success of your mission and the eventual overall happiness of society, you took a life. A utilitarian choice.

Decision 2 Route 2:

You refused to kill your dog. Life is sacred, and killing goes against what you believe in. A deontological choice.

Decision 3 Route 1:

You shot Sugar Daddy. Letting him live would have resulted in society's slow collapse, more deaths and total misery. In the grand scheme of things, the happiness of the world matters more. A utilitarian choice.

Decision 3 Route 2:

You could not kill Sugar Daddy. Taking his life was something you simply could not do, even when faced with dire consequences. Killing is utterly abhorrent to you. A deontological choice.

References for Cover Art

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To sugar.