2465 Buried Evidence  
  
Effie changed her posture and leaned forward a little. Then, she smiled languidly while looking at Sunny.  
  
"Perky young partner, huh? Well, I sure am perky… thanks for noticing, I guess… but young? I think you'rе younger than me?"  
  
Sunny let out a heavy sigh and suppressed the desire to palm his face.  
  
He stared the grinning woman in the eye and responded in a slightly disgruntled tone:  
  
"Age is a relative. I might have been born a couple of years later than you, but have I lived less than you? At this point, even I am not sure. Among other things, I am living seven lives at the same time… does that mean that I am aging seven times faster? Who knows — I definitely don't. Point is, the Devil Detective is your counterpart's senior. So, treat me accordingly."  
  
Effie's grin widened a little, and her eyes glistened.  
  
"Alright, Big Brother!"  
  
Sunny shuddered.  
  
"No, no! None of that, never!"  
  
She batted her eyelashes innocently, then leaned back and shrugged.  
  
"Well, whatever. In any case, what is our next step?"  
  
Sunny contemplated her question for a while. Eventually, he frowned.  
  
"Our target is Mordret, the CEO of the Valor Group. Besides him, there are two secondary persons of interest — Saint and Morgan. Saint does not seem to remember herself, acting out the role assigned to her by the Great Mirror…"  
  
That of his inordinately gorgeous therapist. Who talked!  
  
Sunny remembered the bizarre experience of seeing — and hearing — the human version of Saint. Now that he had regained his sense of self, he did not know how to feel about that. It was fascinating, a little thrilling… but mostly, it felt completely and utterly wrong.  
  
He cleared his throat, then continued:  
  
"You… must not know a lot about Saint, but she can become an extremely valuable ally to us — as long as we manage to remind her of who she is. More importantly, she can help us gain access to Morgan."  
  
His expression darkened.  
  
"Saint is valuable, but Morgan… Morgan is priceless. What we lack the most at the second is information, and she seems to know a lot about what is going on — much more than we do, at least. However, getting to her won't be easy. That asylum is like an impenetrable fortress, built to prevent anyone from both getting in and getting out."  
  
Sunny lingered for a moment, and then added somberly:  
  
"As for Mordret… well, he is probably the most well-guarded person in Mirage City. We don't know whether he remembers himself or not — all we know is that he is somehow connected to the Nihilist case. "  
  
Effie raised an eyebrow.  
  
"Oh? Wait… before, the Devil Detective mentioned that he knew who the Nihilist was, and that he only needed concrete evidence to prove it. Don't tell me that he meant the most powerful person in the city?"  
  
When Sunny remained silent, Effie's eyes widened.  
  
"The young CEO of the Valor Group — Mordret, that creep — goes around gruesomely murdering people at night?"  
  
Sunny sighed.  
  
"The Devil Detective was sure that it was Mordret… but I am not. He had a reason to hate that guy, though."  
  
Frowning, Sunny tried to parse through the vague, dreamlike memories of his counterpart. There were facts, there were emotions, there were thoughts and suspicions, all painted in dark hues by hatred, obsession, and insomnia.  
  
After a while, he explained:  
  
"Everyone thinks that the Nihilist has never left any clues behind, but actually, that is not true. There was a piece of evidence at the first crime scene — a blood sample that did not belong to the victim. That DNA test revealed that it belonged to none other than the heir of Valor Group, Mordret."  
  
Effie arched her eyebrows.  
  
"What? There was evidence connecting him to the crime scene? Why is he still walking free, then?"  
  
Sunny smiled bitterly.  
  
"Because he had an ironclad alibi. There was video evidence proving that Mordret was on the other side of the city when the murder took place — so, the higher-ups chose to suppress the investigation. The blood sample was destroyed, and everyone who had come in contact with it was threatened into silence."  
  
He shook his head.  
  
"The Devil Detective was the person in charge of the case, though, and he refused to let go. He believed that the video recording had been doctored, so the investigation into the Valor Group and its CEO continued with the Homicide Division Captain's silent approval."  
  
Effie looked at him in confusion.  
  
"What happened next?"  
  
Sunny remained silent for a while, then said in an even tone:  
  
"The Captain got into an unfortunate accident and passed away. My counterpart was convinced that she was killed because of the investigation and tried to accost Mordret, getting into an altercation with his security team. Needless to say, that was an unwise decision. The Nihilist had become a public menace by then, though, so they could not simply get rid of me. Instead, I was sent to a court-mandated psychological counseling and suspended pending a psychiatric evaluation."  
  
He sighed.  
  
"And here we are."  
  
Effie considered his words for a while, then smiled faintly.  
  
"So that is why you were so excited when those thugs pointed at the Valor Group. The identity of the latest victim gives us an excuse to dig into Mordret again."  
  
Sunny nodded.  
  
"Yes. They can bury a blood sample, but — ironically enough — they can't bury a corpse. Now that a person directly tied to Valor was killed by the Nihilist, we can openly investigate them — and nobody will be able to pressure us into giving up that lead without risking an avalanche of public outrage."  
  
Effie smiled.  
  
"So… the first thing we need to do is figure out how exactly that Black Snake kid was connected to the Valor Group, right? That will give us an official reason to approach Mordret. And once we approach Mordret…"  
  
Sunny smiled darkly.  
  
"We'll play it by ear. Oh, by the way, Morgan told me something else back when I saw her…"  
  
His smile turned cold all of a sudden.  
  
"She told me that Mordret can actually be killed here."  
  
Effie raised an eyebrow.  
  
"You're not planning to just assassinate him in broad daylight, are you?"  
  
Sunny lingered for a few moments, then shook his head with sigh of regret.  
  
"No... that would probably be out of character for the Devil Detective."  
  
He looked at Effie and smiled.  
  
"It does sound tempting, though..."