2467 A Troublesome Discovery  
  
The Center for Troubled Youths looked strangely tranquil and picturesque after the busy concrete jungle of the city. It was situated in a quiet neighborhood, taking up most of it — the grounds were surrounded by a neat fence, spacious enough to accommodate a modest park and a good collection of sports facilities, starting from a football field and ending with several tennis courts.  
  
There were not a lot of the aforementioned troubled youths in sight, considering the pouring rain, but the buildings themselves looked clean and well-maintained. There was a main building where classes took place, two dormitories, a cafeteria hall, and so on… overall, the Youth Center looked like a campus of a prestigious, well-to-do university.  
  
There was even a street musician on the corner, playing a peaceful tune on an old guitar while hiding under a large black umbrella.  
  
Sunny and Effie looked at each other warily. After a while, he said:  
  
"The more innocent it looks…"  
  
Effie ended the sentence with a frown:  
  
"The creepier it usually is."  
  
Neither of them liked the idea of the Valor Group and Mordret collecting young delinquents in an unassuming private facility — supposedly to help them. Who knew what kind of shady things were going on here?  
  
After hesitating for a while, Sunny sighed.  
  
"You go talk to whoever is in charge here. I'll… look around."  
  
They prеsented their badges to the security guard at the entrance and were admitted inside after some mild resistance. Effie headed for the main building to find the director of the Youth Center, while Sunny lingered at the gate for a while before leaving to explore the territory.  
  
They met back at the car some time later, both wearing troubled expressions.  
  
"What did you find?"  
  
Sunny's voice was even.  
  
Effie studied him for a bit, then said somberly.  
  
"You first."  
  
He sighed.  
  
"Well… it… seems completely normal?"  
  
Her expression cleared.  
  
"Right? I found absolutely nothing to suggest that there's something shady going on in this place. The director is a very nice old lady… she told me everything I needed to know, and was genuinely upset to learn that the kid had been killed."  
  
Sunny scratched the back of his head.  
  
"Right. I walked around the whole territory and even spoke to a few residents. Everything seems above board. The youths are content, well-cared for, and happy. There are no odd vibes, no creepy undertones… nothing suspicious at all. From everything I saw, it seems like a completely legitimate charitable organization that is both funded well and managed well, with everyone doing their hardest to make sure that these kids receive a bright future."  
  
They stared at each other in utter confusion.  
  
Why would Mordret run a real charity? And do so earnestly, voluntarily, and with no secret agenda to boot?  
  
Sunny did not have shadow sense at the moment, while his other senses had been suppressed to the level of a mundane person. However, he still had his experience, instinct, and intuition — and yet, everything was telling him that there was nothing sinister or shady about the Center for Troubled Youths.  
  
Even the Devil Detective's dormant hostility could not find fault with this place.  
  
Effie scratched the back of her head.  
  
"Very weird."  
  
Sunny was inclined to agree. It was indeed extremely weird… but there was nothing they could do abоut it. In fact, why would they want to do something? It was odd to be unhappy that the youths weren't being exploited for nefarious purposes.  
  
He shook his head.  
  
"Anyway, did you find out anything?"  
  
Effie remained silent for a moment, then nodded.  
  
"Oh… yes, sure. The victim was indeed a resident of this youth center at some point. However, he graduated successfully around a year ago. Many of these kids either get sponsored by the Valor Group and go on to receive higher education or are helped with seeking employment. The Valor Group has countless entry-level positions… so, most of the latter end up being employed internally."  
  
Sunny raised an eyebrow.  
  
"So, the victim was an employee of the Valor Group?"  
  
Effie nodded.  
  
"Indeed. In fact, he worked in its Corporate Security Branch… basically, he was a security guard. And not only that, he was posted in the Valor Group's main office."  
  
Sunny's gaze grew sharper.  
  
"Oh? Meaning…"  
  
Effie grinned.  
  
"Indeed. He had a chance to interact with Mordret on a daily basis. So if you wanted a reason to go and pay thаt bastard a visit… congratulations! Wishes do come true."  
  
Sunny smiled darkly, then looked at the sky.  
  
The sky was obscured by a thick layer of clouds, so he grimaced and lookеd at his watch instead.  
  
Then, he cursed quietly.  
  
"Hey… how the hell do I read time from an analogue watch?"  
  
Effie blinked a couple of times.  
  
"What's an analogue watch?"  
  
It took them a couple of minutes to figure out the barbaric technology of the bygone era. Determining that it was already evening, Sunny sighed. "I don't think we'll be able to catch Mordret at work at the moment. So… let's pay him a visit tomorrow morning?"  
  
Effie shrugged.  
  
"Sure. So… arе we clocking out, then?"  
  
Her voice was lacking enthusiasm, which prompted Sunny to give her a long look.  
  
"If you don't want to go home, you can crash at my place. Granted, the Devil Detective was not the cleanest of people… but since I doubt that you'll be scared away by a little mess, it should be fine."  
  
She smiled.  
  
"Is that your way of calling me a slob? In any case… thanks, but no thanks. I don't think that abandoning her children and spending the night at a odd man's place would be in character for my counterpart. So, I'll head home…"  
  
She looked around, then added sheepishly:  
  
"Or rather, I'll trouble you to drive me home, partner. I barely figured out how to get to the crime scene after receiving the call — now, I am completely turned around."  
  
Sunny sighed and unblocked the archaic PTV.  
  
"Sure, no problem. Get in… partner."