2470 Glass Spire  
  
The lobby of the Valor Tower was as glamorous and quietly oppressive as its exterior — so much so that Sunny and Effie, the only two people not wearing smart business suits here, looked woefully out of place.  
  
Effie was stunning enough to turn heads, but her lackadaisical athleisure ensemble seemed too casual and slopρy… as for Sunny, his cheap, nondescript cop clоthes looked outright shabby and inappropriate in this grandiose temple to money and power.  
  
Nevertheless, both carried themselves with absolute confidence, as if they owned the place, which only brought them more attention.  
  
'Here we go.'  
  
Walking over to the vast reception desk, Sunny showed his badge to the nearest receptionist.  
  
"Detective Sunless and Detective Athena of Mirage PD. We are here to meet Mr. Mordret."  
  
The young woman looked between the two of them with a lost expression — at least for a moment. Then, her training kicked in. Her expression instantly changed to that of an extremely polite brick wall, and she said with a flawlessly neutral smile:  
  
"Oh… oh, I see. Do you have an appointment?"  
  
Sunny mentally translated her words…  
  
'No chance in hell. Be gone, peasants!'  
  
Of course, not just anybody could meet the CEO of the Valor Group. In fact, very few people could, and a couple of lowly detectives were definitely not in that small, exceedingly elite club.  
  
He responded to the receptionist's smile with one of her own.  
  
"No. Do you have hearing loss?"  
  
She blinked.  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
Effie leaned on the desk languidly.  
  
"My partner was wondering which part of what he had said you failed to hear. Was it 'detective' or 'Mirage PD'? Or do you just think that police officers have nothing to do all day and would seek out your CEO without a reason? We have an important and official reason to see him, so hurry up and get him into a room with us."  
  
Sunny raised an eyebrow and waved his badge in the air.  
  
"Or are you blind? Did you perhaps not see our identification?"  
  
The receptionist maintained her professional smile.  
  
"I am not sure I..."  
  
Effie shook her head and said loudly:  
  
"Wait, no. They wouldn't keep a deaf, blind girl at the reception — that'd just be cruel. Perhaps they simply don't care that the Nihilist is walking around killing people."  
  
By then, they were already being slowly surrounded by security guards, who weren't even trying to be subtle about it.  
  
Sunny sighed, and then added in a similarly loud tone:  
  
"Killing people, including their own colleagues! My, what a shame… it seems that the Valor Group treats police officers with contempt and is refusing to help the investigation. Are they just callous, or do they have something to hide? Goodness gracious, what a sad turn of events…"  
  
He felt a little guilty about putting the poor receptionist on the spot. Gods knew she was probably just hoping to get through the day… but at the same time, she was guarding the gates of hell, so a bit of torment came with the territory.  
  
The security guards had surrounded him and Effie by that point, looking at each other with troubled expressions. The loud voices had also gathered a small crowd… if office workers were known for one thing, it was that they often suffered from boredom. So, they were not going to miss a bit of drama to fuel the gossip.  
  
That was what Sunny wanted. He knew, of course, that getting to Mordret was not going to be simple — in fact, it was all but impossible in the short term.  
  
Even if an employee of the Valor Group had been killed by the Nihilist, that did not mean that they could just go and interrogate the CEO… they would have to go through a chain of increasingly important people first, starting from some poor exec and working their way upward from there.  
  
So, he was fully prepared for that long and arduous process. Making a scene in the lobby was merely the first step — the threat of a public disturbance would force someone in the hierarchy of the Valor Group to appease them, which was going to be a start.  
  
Effie sighed and reached into her paper bag to produce a sandwich. Unwrapping it slowly, she said:  
  
"Well, what can we do? I guess I won't have anything to tell the press tomorrow… just that our attempts at cooperation with the Valor Group were, sadly, met with a pronounced lack of enthusiasm. It just breaks my heart to imagine what people will say the next time the Nihilist strikes… could it have been prevented? Could the Valor Group have helped? I guess we'll never know…"  
  
The receptionist paled a little, then exchanged a series of glances with a senior colleague. Finally, she smiled weakly.  
  
"Oh, no… I'm afraid you misunderstood, detectives. Let me contact a superior and see what I can do. Please make yourself comfortable! Would you like a cup of coffee?"  
  
Sunny once again translated her words:  
  
'Shut up and stop making a scene, bastards! Go sit in a corner like good children while we find a scapegoat to entertain you for a bit!'  
  
At the same time, an avalanche of phone calls would probably descend on the Homicide Division Captain, who would get screamed at by half a dozen people to remind him to keep his subordinates under control.  
  
Sunny glanced at the nervous security guards, then at the receptionist.  
  
Eventually, he shrugged.  
  
"I don't want coffee. Do you have chocolate milk?"  
  
The receptionist gave him a very odd look.  
  
"Wha... I'm not sure?"  
  
Sunny frowned.  
  
"Then that won't do…"  
  
But before he could continue to apply pressure to hopefully get a more important scapegoat, and therefore shave off a couple of steps to the unreachable, deific CEO of the all-powerful Valor Group, a pleasant voice suddenly resounded from behind.  
  
"Excuse me. Perhaps I can help?"  
  
Sunny froze.  
  
Effie did, too.  
  
They glanced at each other tensely, then slowly turned around.  
  
Behind them, a striking man in an immaculately tailored, slightly flamboyant yet elegant suit was standing in a circle of bodyguards.  
  
He seemed to be around thirty, tall and in perfect shape, with pale skin and raven-black hair. His face was on the sharper side… not exactly handsome, but at the same time charming and strangely beautiful. Everything about him screamed of wealth and class — the emerald fabric of his bespoke suit, the subtle splendor of his luxury watch, the precious gemstones on his cufflinks and tie pin…  
  
But more than wealth, the man emanated the feeling of power.  
  
It was a different kind of presence from the oppressive aura his father used to possess. Instead, the man seemed friendly and mild. And yet, anyone could tell that he was someone extraordinary simply because of how absolutely relaxed and at ease he seemed — as if nothing in the world could possibly pose a problem to him.  
  
His tie was loose, and a few buttons of his designer shirt were stylishly missing. There was an easy, relaxed smile on his face, and a spark of curiosity in his strange eyes… his eyes that resembled two pools of liquid silver, reflecting the world back on itself.  
  
Noticing their strange expressions, the man blinked a few times.  
  
"Oh, where are my manners? Allow me to introduce myself…"  
  
But of course, the man needed no introduction.  
  
He was the young CEO of the Valor Group…  
  
Mordret.