

The echo echoed down the hallway. "Hello, I need your help, please," said a trembling voice from the darkness. Detective Vargas, a man with a grizzled beard and piercing eyes, turned on his flashlight. "What can I do for you?" he asked in a hoarse but reassuring voice.

A figure emerged from the shadows. It was a tall woman, with disheveled hair and panicked eyes. "My name is Jennie," she said, her voice barely a whisper. She pointed to a shiny object on the floor. "What is it?"

Vargas knelt down. It was an ancient, gem-encrusted locket that glittered even in the gloom. "It's a...", he began, but stopped. There was something peculiar about it, a kind of aura.

Jennie knelt down beside him. "He's a good friend," she murmured, referring to someone invisible. Vargas looked at her curiously. "What's this?" he asked, pointing to a small inscription on the edge of the medallion.

"Take it," Jennie urged, her voice now firmer. Vargas hesitated for a moment, then reached out and took the object. Instantly, a surge of energy surged through him.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Vargas, referring to the figure engraved on the medallion. Jennie shook her head. "They're very rich," she said, "but I don't know who it is."