

Morton looked up at the old decrepit building. Shingles cracked and slowly falling off the roof, window shutters barely held on by rusty screws.

The place was honestly a mess, but honestly he's seen far worse.

The sun was setting fast.

"Uh... So... What are we gonna do?" The gravent beside him spoke up nervously.

"What we always do." Morton said flatly. "Drive them out.

The condition of the building wasn't the problem. It was its residents. Its *dead* residents. Some of Morton's men had scoped the place out a while ago, and found its location to be perfect for their operations. However the... hauntings as it were made setting up a bit difficult. Half of his workers would chicken out, or refuse to go in there after dark. Creaking in the floor boards suggesting another's presence, shadows in the doorframes, objects thrown or falling without an apparent source... All common events in a typical haunting. Thankfully whatever it was hadn't gotten violent... yet.

Wisps and spirits weren't unheard of on skire, but finding them so deep within the city was uncommon. And whatever the cause, Morton wanted it gone. They were interfering with his plans, and lost time, was lost money and power.

"I- is that possible?" Bixbite asked, looking up at the taller cccat.

"It should be. Most things aren't impossible and that includes trifles like this." Morton approached the building. "We're simply observing today, and once I have a better idea first hand of how bad it is, I'll call in a specialist."

"O-oh. Alright." Bixbite paused, then his ears flattened. "Do I have to go in?"

Morton looked down at him. "I suppose not. But I'll need you to keep guard in case for any trouble makers who think the building is still free game. It's ours."

Bix's ears perked up. "Sounds good! You can count on me, boss!"

"Good. I will be back in a few, then."

Morton pulled a rusty key from his pocket, and unlocked the door. The motion from it disturbed the otherwise still dust, causing it to swirl around in the fading light of the sun. That was the only thing that he could see that moved.

He stepped in, floorboards creaking underneath, and he closed the door behind him, not bothering to be quiet. If there was a presence here, he wanted to make himself known to it, and to make it known he was a threat.

Morton stalked through the various rooms and halls of the house, ears held high. Listening, waiting, for whatever was here to reveal itself.

It took a while, Morton honestly wasn't paying attention to the time it took. Didn't care to. He had all the time in the world, but it began to slowly, but surely, reveal itself. At first it was a faint creak. One that could easily be mistaken for old house noises if one wasn't paying attention, but it was more distinctly that of *floorboards*, rather than old pipes or wooden walls. Morton made his way to it with a casual, calm pace. More dust was stirring in the air, as if someone else had just walked through the room mere seconds before him. He continued his patrol of the house, and that's when he felt a presence. Something was flung off the shelf towards him, a snowglobe. He caught it mid toss, and chucked it at the wall, shattering it.

Morton had no patience for games, or disrespect from any form of life or unlife. After breaking the globe, it felt like the presence had left. Good... and while he doubted it was gone for good, he got the impression that it was getting wary of him already.

He just needed to keep up his usual behavior until it relented.