

You somehow manage to get the members of Animal Control to give you something worthwhile. Charles was commissioned to make a ward on one of their lesser branches. You try to dig for what could possibly be so important as to need to ward, but not important enough to keep in a more heavily guarded branch.

You come up blank in that regard.

While trying to tease out some more information, you briefly come across a strong sense of direction. To the west in one of the few corridors that Animal Control has their turf wars. A neutral strip of Fever that has seen its fair share of bloodshed. It is a compulsion so powerful that you almost let yourself get sucked into the greater hivemind's labyrinthian tunnels of thought. An object.

You cannot ascertain what exactly the object is from here, but it is the next thing you need. You're certain of this and mid conversation, you abandon Animal Control in pursuit of what could possibly garner so much attention without being obvious to other CCCats.

And then a vague thought plagues you. Is he toying with you? How could that be possible?