

Beyond the photos came a direct report from eyes on the ground, as well as the findings of the security team employees that went out to inspect the areas where this figure was spotted.

Cecil hummed thoughtfully.

According to the report, they had access to a device that allowed for instant teleportation, something that only a handful of officials would have regular access to. The kind of knowledge required to etch spacial magic onto a physical device was closely guarded and wouldn't be accessible during the end of the world.

At least not through legitimate means.

He leaned back in his chair, abandoning the report, which only ended with suspected height and weight measurements, as well as a sign off from Alloy to get this into Cecil's hands directly. Maybe Alloy suspected that this came from downstairs.

Cecil doubted it. Animal Control and La Masse were the main criminal gangs in Fever, and with the central elevator out of service, and the maintenance stairs confirmed destroyed, they wouldn't be able to get up here to begin with. And they wouldn't have business with UBF headquarters.

He considered reaching out to the Copperheads, but if there was something from that side worthy of his attention, they would have contacted him first. The few remaining gangs in Key that still had something of a leader to them were also quite busy trying to protect their destroyed territories.

The UBF remained in good standing with the political powers, though even if that wasn't the case, Cecil doubted that Elke Brassjaw would just let Alloy slip by if he was causing problems where he shouldn't be. Maybe it was coming from somewhere else.

Perhaps someone with a vendetta against the UBF. Wouldn't be unusual, considering headquarters was more like a fortress than an office building up until recently. Cecil could understand that people in shock would look for anything to take on blame. Plenty of people suffered because Alloy chose to protect his own people even if many others did the same thing.