

Jimmy watched a fox eerily like himself, one he'd tailed a few times now. His eyes followed him until he made it up the porch and back into his house. He counted the minutes, waiting as sure enough the lights dimmed, then he set off from his watchpoint toward the building.

A distant cry of sirens made his fur stand on end and his ears flicker. They weren't for him, who could know he got here anyway.

Preparing a bag that clinked with stolen supplies, he stepped forward, he'd checked the locks before the fox had got home, he knew one needed replacing and was easy pickings, quite literally. A light hum drifted from a cracked open bathroom window, running water masking any noises he might make. "Save some of the hot for me." He mumbled jeeringly before invading the home.

Mickey stepped out of the shower, towel already retrieved and wrapped around himself. Most of his body was covered with red fur, with white tipped hair on his head and tail, separated from the red by a thick band of blue in both locations.

He dried himself as best he could, shutting the window and turning on an extractor fan to deal with the rest of the moisture before stepping out of the bathroom.

He nearly screamed as he saw a figure in front of him, one which clamped a hand around his snout to shut him up. Ripped, bright orange attire and dirt-stained red fur greeted him, with a silver shining glint at hip height, a knife. "Shit! Only one eye? Guess I'll have to get used to a patch." The other fox said.

Mickey's heart thudded, understanding him by his clothing for a prisoner, yet disturbed at how similar the stranger looked in build, with the same red fur. The only difference beyond the intruder having two eyes was his hair colour, it was almost like he was before an evil clone.

"Make a sound and I spill your blood here. You wouldn't be the first, and trust me, there's plenty they never found." Jimmy threatened. "Am I understood?"

Mickey nodded. Letting out a gentle "Mmh-hmmmp..."

"Right. Now, walk."

Mickey had so many questions in his head, even though he'd never voice them, nor could he plead with the intruder. He was led down the stairs, with Jimmy being careful to avoid windows or lights that would cast the shadow of both of them. On the way in he spotted the basement door, even quickly checking and stashing his bag down there once he made sure it would serve. Now it was time to make use of it.

The shock of the cold on Mickey's damp fur was discomfort enough, though it gave him an excuse to shiver, to tell himself it was just the chill, not the threat that made him twitch. Jimmy led him into a small subdivided room in the basement, pointing over to his bag. "Open it, pull out the biggest thing you see."

Mickey obliged, walking quietly over, with no hand on his body any more he quietly whispered. "Don't hurt me."

"Depends on you, put on what you find and we'll have no issues."

His stomach twisted as before even pulling it out he recognised what he saw. A straitjacket. Furthermore, clustered around that was ropes, tape, straps, even a choice of other tools that made his mind fracture in confused apprehension over what the figure meant to do with them.

"Well?" Jimmy said, looking at him and the jacket. Trying to keep from crying out, Mickey obliged, putting his arms in the sleeves. Jimmy sneered in delight as he stepped closer, quickly tugging two straps to hold it on before he grabbed the other fox's arms and threaded them into place. "Good boy, it suits you." The villainous fox said with a chuckle before he took his time, making sure to lace and strap the jacket up securely, firmly.

When it was solidly in place, he shoved the fox down, snatching a roll of duct tape out of his bag. "W-wait, I'll be quiet!" Mickey said. Jimmy ignored him and pulled it open with a loud hiss, swiftly bringing it to bear on Mickey's snout.

"Hmmmph..." The jacketed fox squirmed as the home intruding stranger wrapped it over his lips and around his cheeks in several turns before cutting the strip, only to pull and wrap in a way that bisected and overlapped. Mickey whined as his snout was covered from the back of his jaw all the way to his nose, though that at least was left in the air.

"Heh, that'll hold ya. Now this better be just as perfectly pristine when I get back. If you shout, if you try to call any neighbours, or if I even see them peeking at the house, it'll be you I take it out on. Got it?"

He turned on his heels and strode out of the room, pulling his bag with him and slamming the door. There was a grinding as he found some furniture to wedge under the handle, not that the fox would be getting far on his own.

Left alone and in the dark and quiet, Mickey wanted to whimper. His captor hadn't made any demands, hadn't even revealed himself until he made the first move. He hoped he was just being robbed. Not that he wanted his stuff gone but if the figure took his valuables and just left at least he'd be immediately safe.

His mind wandered, thinking of unsavoury things that prisoners were alleged to do, and having a 'soft' and helpless fox locked up might lead toward, especially given some of the other things he'd spied in that bag.

He was too stunned to even think about trying the door for the first ten minutes before he made it onto shaky feet.

The jacket made it so his hands were useless. The door couldn't even rattle from how little effect he had. With a soft whine which he cut off half way, fearing it might carry, he moved to sit in the corner of the room.

His captor came back a good while later, creaking the door as he strode in, even more of a doppelganger now that he had raided Mickey's wardrobe and got the dirt washed off, Mickey smelled the familiar scent of his soaps. The man had even helped himself to Mickey's eye patch.

He threw a blanket at the fox. "Keep warm, Mickey." He said

That provoked a flinch as the fox's eyes grew wide, how did he- oh, he probably found his wallet or just a letter or something. He looked down at the blanket.

"I don't want you getting cold and sick, that's hell to take care of, besides, it's convenient to keep you healthy.

Mickey tossed his body around under the blanket, legs trying to smooth it out and also stretch it to protect from the chilly floor. It slid off the jacket, difficult for him to work with. "Hah, lemme help, besides, I kinda wanted to use more tape." Jimmy said as he advanced.

Shaking his head in response, trying to insist it wasn't needed, the fox was unable to get away or make a convincing argument. Within moments the intruder fell on him, wrapping him in the blanket and then chasing it with rolls of tape around his ankles, thighs, waist. He was more than happy to reinforce it too, securing the fox.

Jimmy looked down at his handiwork, smirking. "Damn, not bad if I say so myself. If you were a chick..." He said as he let his eyes drift down, but his teasing seemed to lack heart, the invader had other things on your mind. "Hah, maybe if you're well behaved I'll look into finding us a 'cellmate'."

The man stepped forward, knife in his hand again, Mickey looked at him in panic as he leaned forward, shearing off a little of Mickey's hair, just enough to judge a patch of.

"You have a nice night now, 'other Mickey'. And don't worry, I mean it when I said it's better to keep you healthy. If the cops ever come looking for a red fox with blonde hair? Well, nothing a bit of hair dye won't fix. Hahahah!"

He waved the fox's hair in his hand before walking away, slamming and pushing furniture to lock the door down. The fox gasped, suddenly the intruder's gambit and aims made

sense. Mickey was an insurance policy, one for the escaped felon to trade in even if just to buy some time.

At least for the night, he was a prisoner in his own home, captured by an eerie lookalike. Though the talk of the dyes worried him, if he was going to go through that much effort, then the fox's peril had probably just begun...