

William (sometimes known as “Bill,” “Billy,” or “Billiam” (especially by those who dislike him) loved his job. His boss liked him, he was able to see many lovely buildings and locations, and it actually paid reasonably well to boot. Many other people did not share this same view for the job of building inspector. They would say that it was boring, and that all you did all day was walk around, look at stuff, and stamp paperwork. But as the kind of person that came home and watched episodes of *The Office* while eating a meal of fish sticks and crinkle-cut fries literally every night after work, it was the kind of job that was just perfect for him. However for first time in the almost eight years that he had had this position, he did not love his job today. In fact, Bill would go so far as to say while walking up to the old abandoned Whittman house that he *hated* his job today.

There was really nothing wrong with the house itself. It was a beautiful three story house that sang, not screamed, of Victorian Era construction. It had a lovely porch that extended from the front door around the right side and to the back, a roof that pushed powerfully toward the blue sky above, and it was surrounded on all sides by a large lot that was walled off with a lovely stone fence, topped with metal spikes. That’s not even mentioning the inside, which had several bedrooms and baths, a huge kitchen, basement, beautiful wood flooring, and a library, a library for goodness sake! And even today, many decades after its construction, it showed only minimal signs of age. The paint was peeling just a skosh on the south side, and dust adorned a few of the windows facing the road. It was the kind of place that someone would be lucky to raise a family, or even maybe a few considering its size and property boundaries.

And yet the Whittman place was a building that Bill (or anyone else for that matter) did not want to be caught visiting, being near, or even looking at. This was because it was well-known for being the hide-out for a gang of three street-toughs (whose names are unknown even now, somehow). Violent and scary individuals indeed, who thankfully seemed to keep to themselves for the most part, but if you were to so much as breathe in the direction of the house, you would not walk away with both legs intact. It garnered the house such an awful reputation that even the locals walked to the other side of the street when they approached it.

At first, people tried to step in and do something. An offshoot member of the Whittman family came to reclaim his family’s home, but after watching him strut boldly up through the home’s front door, no trace of him was seen ever again. Various police organizations also tried to intervene, but any singular officer that went there was ejected from the home, completely tenderized, and any time a larger group went in to do a sweep, the gang was nowhere to be found. A “free termite spray for the entire home, yes this is a service the city will sometimes provide, quit asking,” yielded similar results. Lastly, anytime talk of destroying the house or anything similar came up, several angry letters from other members of the family poured in by the bucketfull, promising the lawsuit of the century if their old family home was destroyed. No matter the amount of public intervention it seemed that the three men nor the house could be reformed, and eventually everyone just plain gave up. What finally rid the area of the thugs was no less than the force of a semi, an actual semi driven by a very drunk dog gentleman.

But even with the main perpetrators put out of commission, the place still had a rather frightening air about it. A house that terrified everyone who knew about it did not become welcoming overnight, and poor Bill was the one who had to inspect it, welcome or not. And tis was why, for the

first time in eight years, Bill pondered the idea of finding new employment.

Bill's paw stopped before it reached the wrought iron gate, which had only the barest hint of rust upon it. He knew the thugs were not around anymore, there were three full drawers in the morgue to prove that. He also knew there had never been literally any other problem ever involved in this house. But as his hand reached out again, an immeasurable sense of dread loomed over him, as if he was making the biggest mistake of his life. The cat gulped, and reached out, his hand moving to the gate. With one swift motion, he gave it a tug.

Nothing. Another tug, harder this time, and still no movement. Opening his eyes and moving his clipboard out from in front of his face, he leaned over to inspect the thing proper. No locks, no chains, no nothing. There seemed to be absolutely nothing keeping the gate from opening when he tugged on it, yet even on a third tug it didn't give at all. Bill had all but forgotten his fear and sat his clipboard on the ground, now yanking and pushing on the gate in with all his might, going at it for almost a full minute before he had to stop and massage a pulled muscle in his arms.

"How the hell am I supposed to get in there?" Bill wondered aloud, the gate refusing to answer. Should he just leave? He really wanted to, but misgivings about the house aside, he knew that wouldn't fly with the department. He had to find some way into this place, even if he was most likely going to give it a failure. Bill sighed, and picked his clipboard back up, going for a patrol around the fence.

Bill found his way in, though he wish he hadn't. In the very back was a spot where the iron spikes along the stone had been broken or yanked off, and even if just his head cleared the five foot fence of stone he could climb it easily enough. He paced back and forth for a moment, weighing his options, whether or not he should just jump the fence or leave it be. But at the end of the day he had a job to do, and even he had to admit that he had put himself in far more dangerous situations than this. Spooky atmosphere be damned! He pulled himself up to make sure there were no nasty surprises waiting for him on the ground on the other side, threw over his clipboard, and proceeded to hoist himself up over the fence with a little difficulty.

Falling square on his ass (but thankfully missing his clipboard), the stout brown cat man dusted himself off and stood back up, mumbling perhaps the most inoffensive curses ever uttered. His favorite was "jimony crickets." After a few unsure steps he finally made his way to the house proper, scanning the lawn for any offending objects. Much to his surprise, he didn't see anything. Sure the lawn wasn't very well tended to, but there didn't seem to any dangerous materials whatsoever. No glass, no boards with nails coming out of them, not even any litter. Were these the cleanest vagrants on the planet? He thought it was odd enough that not a single window around the house seemed to be broken, and that the fence was in excellent condition, but this was downright weird. Even the porch was clean, wicker chairs set up and facing the lawn as if the wealthy socialites that owned this house had enjoyed a lemonade a few hours ago in the afternoon sun. As weird as *this* was though, it did not prepare him at all for what was waiting for him when he entered through the back door.

The house was in immaculate condition. No broken glass or furniture. No holes in the walls. No dangling light fixtures, or stains of questionable nature, or anything at all. It was baffling, no, impossible even. Bill found his mouth hanging open at various times, and had altogether forgotten that he was even inspecting the place as he walked through the various rooms. This was the building

where “The Fearsome Three” lived? He had to check the gps on his phone several times just to make sure, but every time the phone’s location screen confirmed it.

And it wasn’t even that the place wasn’t destroyed or filled with broken stuff either, it was clean. Cleaner than his own home! Sure there was some dust here and there, obscuring the view from the aforementioned frontside windows especially, but other than that the house was spotless. There were even a few dishes in the cupboards here and there, and they were clean too. No matter where he looked he couldn’t find a single thing wrong with the house. Heck, the more he walked through it the more he wished *he* lived here! And he had no problem voicing this as he walked around either.

“This house is in such great condition, this is incredible,” he found himself saying for the fifth time as he walked into the sitting room, complete with a couch and several chairs, all of them in nonsensically good condition. He couldn’t help himself, on the job or not he just had to sit down and take it all in. Oh man, the chair he chose was really comfy too.

“Jeez, maybe I should just tell them the house is a mess so they don’t try to resell it or whatever,” Bill joked, undoing the buttons of his coat. Goodness gracious it was the perfect temperature in here, not too warm and not too cold. Was the heat on somehow?

“No, then they’d just try to come and get it cleaned up.”

“Heh, you’re right. This house is too nice for them to just ignore,” Bill said with sagely nod, sitting back and relaxing, closing his eyes for a moment. And then they popped right back open, the cat jumping straight up out of the seat.

“Who’s there? Who was that? Where are you?” Bill said, spinning around and trying to find the source of the voice. Sure, it didn’t sound mad or threatening, but who cares? This was the thug house! What if they’d all been wrong all the time and there was four people living here? Or five? One hundred? He was sweating bullets as his eyes darted around the room, so scared he didn’t even think of running out.

“All around you,” the voice said, its tone soft, but clear. This did not calm Bill down in the least, who was now imagining an entire army of shadowy figures descending upon him from who knows where in a second. His whole body was shaking, and he was starting to look faint to boot. Poor guy was going to have a heart attack if he didn’t start taking some deep breaths.

“Calm down, you have nothing to fear,” the voice said again, this once again eliciting the opposite effect from the cat, “Though this may be hard to believe, it is I, the house.”

So now Bill was less afraid of being killed by murderous thugs (but not by much), and more afraid that he’d already been beaten into a coma and this was a dream. The house, really? He didn’t remember getting beaten to within an inch of his life, but he supposed that wasn’t really surprising. Maybe there was a gas leak? After summoning all the strength he had to move his muscles and pinch himself (which hurt a lot by the way) he determined no, he wasn’t in a coma dream. Or if he was, that it was at least a very convincing one.

“You don’t believe me, but that is alright. I can prove it,” said the voice, and then the chair Bill had been sitting on lifted itself right off the ground, and began to pirouette gracefully upon a nearby coffee table. After a minute or so of this, it ended with an impressive backwards somersault, the cat catching himself about to clap for the incredible display. Right, he was scared out of his mind, and this really wasn’t any less freaky. Probably something worth remembering.

Still, Bill really wasn't sure how to react to what he just saw. He gave himself a few more pinches, even threw in a slap for good measure, but now he didn't have any answers, just bruises. The house couldn't really be talking to him, right? Haunted houses weren't real. That was preposterous. But if he wasn't dreaming, he was hard-pressed to find an explanation for the furniture in the room starting to do the foxtrot in the air front of him.

"This is... I mean..." Bill struggled to find the words. What the hell could he even say to this?

"So you're a haunted house?" That seemed as good a thing to say as any, he supposed.

"I am not sure I would call myself that. I am not the manifestation of any of the Whittman's spirits, or anyone else's for that matter. I simply am, and started being so shortly after they died."

Well, that explanation left a lot to be desired, Bill thought to himself. Then again, assuming the house was telling the truth (what a statement indeed), what more was there to say really? The cat was still really confused, but definitely less scared, because hey, even if someone still was playing a really elaborate practical joke on him, at least it seemed pretty unlikely at this point he was going to be killed and buried in the backyard by some street punks. He lowered his clipboard and took up a much more relaxed posture, heart no longer beating so fast it may explode. He wasn't sure where to go from here, but thankfully the house was on it.

"I planned on just keeping you out at first, but you were very persistent. This was unfortunate, because I couldn't just kill you," Bill gulped very loudly at this, there goes that heart rate again, "Since that would just attract more attention to me. And that is *not* what I want."

So the house wanted to be left alone? Bill shrugged, he guess that made sense. That is, if he was a sentient house, he probably wouldn't want a bunch of people living inside of him and mucking the place up. Right, he guessed? Sure. If that was the case though...

"Wait, if that's true, was that gang actually living here, or somewhere else?"

"Oh, they did indeed live here Bill."

"Hey, how'd you know my name?"

"It's on the badge on your shirt, and on the forms on your clipboard." Oh, right, those. He was confused as to how the house saw both of those when the text on them was so small, but then he realized he was postulating about how a sentient house saw things, and figured that probably just wasn't an avenue worth exploring.

"Wait, I'm still confused," Bill said, trying his best to stay on track here, "If those three really did live here, are you telling me they actually kept you this clean? They didn't wreck anything or make any messes or anything like that?"

"Oh no, they'd never do anything like that. We had a deal. They kept me clean and safe, and I gave them a place to stay indefinitely."

"So this whole time they just lived inside you, taking care of you and driving people away?" As ridiculous as the whole situation was, it all fit in its own, weird way. It wasn't something he could easily deny either, since he was standing in what was definitely one of the nicest houses he had ever been in in his life. But if that was true, then that begged a very important question.

"Then who's going to take care of you now?" Bill asked, actual concern for the building in his voice.

"Well, that is where you come in," the house said, Bill not liking where this was going, "I was

trying very hard to keep you out at first, but you seemed to enjoy being here very much. And you seem like the organized type. So how does that sound? You can live here free and in comfort, and all you need to do is occasionally get supplies for my upkeep, as well as food for yourself I suppose. Oh, and I'd need you to 'discourage' any visitors, of course." For the first time the house had a definite intonation to a few its words, and Bill did not like them.

"Uhhh, well uhh, you're a very nice house," Bill began, backing up... Where, he wasn't sure, but going through the nervous motions helped him from full-on freaking out.

"But I don't think I can do that. I've got a nice job, nice other house. Maybe not *as* nice, but I don't think I can stay here. Or uhmm, hurt people. Nonono, I can't do a thing like that." Damn, where did he set his clipboard down? Nevermind, he didn't need it. No, he just needed to leave as quickly as possible. Bill heard what sounded like a sigh, which seemed like a very bad sign indeed.

"I was afraid you'd say something like that. The boys did too," Bill's fur was standing on end, and was about to turn and break into a run, but a chair swooped up from behind and knocked him on his rear, pulling him into the air, "But I need a new guardian, and I'm running out of time. If you're here, more will be coming soon. I am sorry about this, but don't worry, you'll be well taken care of."

"Let me down!" Bill screamed, his wails of terror bouncing around the room as the chair kept zooming around, making jumping down not an attractive option at all.

"Quiet, you'll attract attention. That's not what I want." A throw pillow planted itself on his face, refusing to move no matter how much he tugged or pulled. His screams were muffled into near silence, and the combination of his screaming, thrashing, and now greatly diminished air supply led to the cat getting lightheaded very quickly. His struggles eventually ceased, and the pillow pulled away, though it never stopped hovering close, not letting him forget what a bad idea it would be to start screaming again.

"Now, **relax**," the house said, that last word seeming to send an entire vibration throughout him. The fireplace that sat beneath his flying chair roared to life, and as soon as it did, a lovely scent filled the air. Music from a stereo he could not see also began to float into the room, though it sounded like nothing more than the deep thrum of a lyre. Bill's mind furiously worked on finding any sort of escape plan, his hyperventilating only drawing more of the fireplace's heavy scent into his mouth and nose.

"Now, didn't you say you had another house?" the voice asked him, sounding curious.

"Y-yes," Bill responded, only half-listening. He looked all around the room as best he could from his flying perch, no longer consciously hearing the music. His foot absentmindedly tapped to its thrum instead.

"How is that possible, wouldn't you be there if that was the case?" Bill was paying a bit more attention now, confusion overriding fear, for some reason.

"Look at the time," the house explained, a clock flying past that distinctly pointed to midnight. When did it get that late? Bill did not remember it being that late. His paw instinctively reached into his pants for his cell phone, but he must have left it somewhere. Still, the house was very very dark at this point, maybe it was that late?

"If you lived somewhere else, you would be there, wouldn't you?"

Bill snorted in derision at this ridiculous statement. That why he thought he was doing it

anyway. He kept sniffing in deep though, the scent no longer registering to him anymore. At least, not that he knew it did.

"I'm here because I'm on an assignment," the cat declared. The words came with difficulty, but they sounded about right. Yes, he was here because he needed to be.

"Oh, and what is that? What is this 'assignment?'" The cat's mouth opened and he raised a finger, but both faltered. He knew he was here for a reason, this "assignment," whatever it was. But for the life of him he couldn't remember it, the memory was just out of reach. He felt that he could almost touch it, but every time his paw came close the thought seemed to disappear back into the fog.

"You don't remember?" said the house with no small amount of amusement in its voice. "Or is it that there is none? You've forgotten your place Bill."

Bill shook his head, trying to clear things up, but only mixing it up worse. Something was wrong about this. He knew he was here for a reason--That he needed to do something. He wasn't sure what, but he knew if he could just figure it out, just grab that thought again, it'd all make sense.

"No, I don't live here, I live somewhere else," Bill said once more, his lips feeling like lead. It took extraordinary amounts of energy to articulate that thought alone, and as he spoke it aloud, it seemed to drift away from him.

"If you did, you'd be there," the house said matter-of-factly, the chair he was on setting down in front of the fireplace, "But you're at home, here, with me. Why would you be anywhere else so late?"

Why would he be? Forget speaking, even holding onto that thought was exhausting. He found himself panting just trying to keep it in his mind. Sweating a bit too. He was very warm, and found his eyes drawn to the crackling fireplace before him.

"Take of your clothes, you're tired," the house told him, and even as he knew it was a bad idea (for *some* reason, though he wasn't sure what), he began to unbutton his shirt. He pulled one arm out, then as he began to pull out the other, something scratched his chest.

"Ouch," he mumbled stupidly, his eyes pulling away from the fire, catching something odd and rectangular on the front of his shirt. It was him, a picture of him. And his name. And under that, some more words, a title... Building Inspector. Building Inspector. He mouthed the words silently to himself, and as he did so, the fog began to clear. He was a Building Inspector, he was inspecting this building in fact. In fact--Oh god. His eyes grew wide as he dispelled the fog from his mind almost entirely, and he began to look around the room in a mounting panic. Yes, this house, this house was trying to do something to him, trying to trick him, he needed to get out of here! He need to-!

But the pillow knocked him back into the seat, and something ripped the shirt from his hands before he had any time to defend himself. What felt like ropes made of some incredibly comfy fabric began to wrap around his arms, pinning them to the chair. This only made his fear grow greater in strength, and soon Bill was finding the energy and focus to yell once again, thrashing in his seat.

"Time for drastic measures," Bill heard that malevolent voice say, and he heard the sound of scissors opening and closing near him. Panic seized his entire body, and though his legs were now bound to the chair legs as well, Bill's struggles gained renewed vigor, fearing the worst.

"Hold still, you might get hurt otherwise," the voice said, and his bonds tightened considerably,

permitting no more movement at all. Hearing one more ominous sound of the blades, he froze up, figuring he was going to be tortured or lobotomized or something. But as he heard the scissors begin to snip, it sounded as if they were cutting through fabric, and his legs found they suddenly had a lot more breathing room.

"Here's the tricky part, keep holding still," the voice commanded, and he felt the cool metal of the scissor press up against waist, his crotch soon free as well. It took a second for him to realize that the scissors had cut off his pants and underwear, the cat now completely naked and bound to the chair. Though this confused him greatly, he was soon yelling into the pillow and squirming as best he could once again, that is until another one of those oddly plush ropes began to twine his cock and balls.

"I said, **relax**," said the house again, the vibration moving once again throughout his body. But he was prepared this time. He didn't know why his dick was being squeezed by the ropes, but he knew the house was up to something, he knew not to give in.

"You're naked," said the house. No other cajoling, no other statements. It was simple, and clear, and as much as he did not want to admit it, true. Bill waited for the next statement to come, ready to deflect it as best he could. He wasn't sure what the house was getting at, but so what?

"Why are you naked?" The house asked. Okay, now Bill had no idea what it was trying to do. He spoke as defiantly into the pillow as he could, which was pretty silly, but hey, give him a break.

"Because of you, house!" Yeah, alright, that did sound much better in his head. But the defiance gave him strength either way, and he gave the house the nastiest look that he could as the pillow pulled away.

"Why would you be naked because of a house?" Alright, these questions were just starting to get infuriating. He was prepared for the house to give him more powerful declarative statements like before, but these silly questions were throwing him off. Still, Bill gave another one of his defiant snorts, and looked around, as if there'd be some face somewhere for him to glare at.

"I don't know, because I went inside of you!"

"You're naked because you're inside of me then? Ooooh, I understand now. Thank you." What the hell was it talking about? The feline continued to focus on trying to figure out the house's game, as if beating it in a battle of wits would free him. All the while the ropes (now revealed to him to be belts from robes) squeezed and slid seductively along his fur, especially the one that had his dick in its grasp.

"What do you mean, you understand? Understand what?" Why wouldn't the house just be straight with him? It must be afraid that its argument wouldn't hold up, obviously. His ears twitched, the sound of the lyre once again in the air, but he was straining them trying not to miss the house's response.

"Well, you'd have to be pretty comfortable to be naked, right?"

"Well yes. Usually," Bill said, bouncing his head around. What was with all these stupid questions. Bill was just as confused as he was before, and once again snorting from what he thought was anger. Well he knew just what to say this time. Let's see the house talk its way out of this one.

"But I'm naked because of you!" Bill shouted, ready for the house to tell him otherwise.

"Right."

"Yes you did! And--Wait, what?" Okay, so maybe he wasn't ready for that. He didn't expect the house to admit to it so freely, and his train of thought was derailed in a second. So the house was admitting to it now? Wasn't it just trying to lie to him and make him think that it was benevolent a second ago? Not giving the cat a chance to gather his wits about him once more, the house continued its questions.

"You're naked because you're inside of me, isn't that what you just said?"

"Well yes, and--"

"And you're typically naked because you're comfortable. Didn't you just say that?"

"Yes, but--"

"And why would you be comfortable?"

Bill's mind was one big confused mess of thoughts once again. Why would he be comfortable? Was he comfortable? He took stock of his own body for the first time in a minute or so, looking down at his naked fur. Warmth from the fire cascaded across him, keeping him perfectly toasty despite being naked. The belts held him fast, but even as they did, they pleasurably tickled his furry body, massaging his worn out muscles. He did not notice the music, but its vibrations continued to move in time with his heart, nice and slow. He was-no, he wasn't comfortable. He couldn't be comfortable. Sure, physically, he felt good, but this was wrong. He shouldn't be here, he shouldn't be like this.

"No, I'm not," he said, and the statement kept him on track. He sighed with relief. It didn't really feel good to say it, but he knew it was true, and he held on to that.

"Oh, you're not?" the house asked, sounding worried, "Well that's no good. What can I do to fix that?"

"Nothing, nothing, you can't do anything," Bill muttered, still feeling like the house was doing something insidious, but he didn't know what. He took a deep breath, and a smile threatened to pull up the corners of his mouth as the scent of the warm fire filled him again. He had to try very hard to keep frowning, and he was finding that he didn't especially want to.

"Oh, so then you are comfortable. Alright, then you should relax." The plush belt on his junk gave a sudden firm squeeze, and Bill was once again aware of it, noticing he was growing hard from all that stimulation. He blushed and reached for the belt, trying to pull it away.

"No, I'm not, I have to leave," he mumbled again, his fingers far too heavy and clumsy to undo the belt easily.

"Well go ahead, nothing's stopping you."

"Yes, you... You are?" He blinked. He was free? Right, he was just reaching for the belt on his junk. So his hands were free, and after a grunt, he pulled his feet up and confirmed that they were free too. Oh goodness, holding his feet up in front of the fire like that felt good. They sank back against the smooth floor and he shivered, remembering he was trying to get the belt off of his crotch.

"Get off," he mumbled to the rope, trying to push it free, and inadvertently stroking himself. He bit his lip to keep from yowling in pleasure, for he felt it was very important to make sure the house didn't know that felt good, for some reason.

"Oh, you'd like to get off? Go ahead, enjoy yourself. Whatever makes you comfortable." Right, he wasn't comfortable. So he should do what made him most comfortable. What was that again? He was sure there was something, something he needed to do that would help him. That would make

him more comfortable. But he wasn't sure what. Something about the house? Yes, that was it. But what? His mouth seemed to have the answer before his brain caught up, and though moving his lips was so difficult, he knew he had it.

"I... I should be-ahhh, ahhhhnnnnnnff!" The belt once around his dick and balls had wrapped itself around his arm without his knowing gave a subtle yank forward, causing Bill to give himself a nice, firm stroke. And then another, and a few more after that, his now unbearably hard dick sending waves of pleasure throughout his body.

"Masturbating, right? Yes, that's what feels the most good right now," said the house, and though Bill felt in the back of his mind that something was very, very wrong, that was not a point he was in a position to argue. It *did* feel so good to masturbate, it made him feel so much pleasure.

"Why?" He asked, though he immediately forgot why he asked the question.

"Because you're comfortable here," the house said, "You wouldn't be naked anywhere but your own house would you?" No, he wouldn't. That made sense. He'd masturbate where he was most comfortable. And he was most comfortable here. Because-

"This is your home," the voice said with complete surety. His head was heavy, but he nodded the best he could.

"This is my home."

"That's why you're going to masturbate here." The belt tied itself around his tired hand, squeezing it around his member. He gasped and sunk back into the chair, his dick throbbing. He already felt like he was about to explode.

"Why would you get off anywhere but your own home?"

"I wouldn't," he mumbled.

"No, you wouldn't," the house responded. "So cum."

The belt tightened and yanked a few more times. The cat's gasps turned to whimpers, and then into a yowl. His heavy body was wracked with convulsions of pleasure, orgasming harder than he'd ever remembered doing. His thick ropes of seed were caught in a useless old shirt the house held up for him to use, and he gave until his body was too tired to give anymore. The shirt and some old ruined pants were scooped up in a dustpan and taken away out of his bleary vision, the feline's head swimming.

"Comfortable?" The house asked. What could Bill do but nod? He'd never been more comfortable in his life. He was home.

"Good. Because you'll have a lot of work to do starting tomorrow. First things first, we'll need to get you into some clothes." Bill lifted his head, his eyes barely keeping open now.

"Whyzzat?" he mumbled, voice so small if the house weren't all around, it surely would not have heard.

"Well you can't leave the house naked. And you'll need to go out and find some other members for your group. You can't run a gang with just one person, can you?"

Bill shook his head. No, of course not. He'd need more people if he was going to protect this house. Probably two other guys, big ones yeah. His eyes closed, and sleep took him quickly.

He had the oddest dreams. Dreams that he was writing stuff down on a clipboard, dreams of sitting on a couch in front of a tv tray, laughing at some stupid nerd shit on the tv. Hanging out with a

bunch of shrimps, heck, that he *was* a shrimp. What the hell was that? This was not only weird, it was stupid. It was so stupid it began to piss him off. As more images of this brown dream cat floated through his head, anger began to boil over inside him. Buying stupid looking button up shirts and ties at a store, writing a Christmas letter like some sort of dumbass. No, this couldn't be him. Who the fuck was this loser then? If all this wasn't bad enough, near the end, he saw him in front of a house. Not just any house, *his* house. Yanking on the gate, trying to get in. Even climbing the fence! What the fuck was this loser doing trying to get into his house? He tossed and turned, the dreams melting from white-hot anger, and as he saw the cat enter through the backdoor, he awoke with a start. He jumped from his chair, looking around the room, growling fiercely.

"Something wrong Bill?" the house asked.

"Some fucking idiot was trying to break into you!" he yelled, head whipping around the room to try and find the perpetrator.

"Oh, that. Calm down boy, **calm.**" He was still mad as hell, but at the house's request, his breathing steadied considerably.

"But I saw him, that fucker's still here I bet!"

"You don't remember? You took care of him already."

"I, I did?" He didn't remember that at all.

"Yes, you did. He's gone forever, you don't need to worry about him anymore."

"Well," he said, looking around again, just to make sure, "If you're sure, I guess."

"I'm sure," replied the house, a table sliding its way towards him. The cat turned his head, smiling wide at the sight before him. A thick leather jacket, spiked collar, jeans, packet of smokes, switchblade, boots. Good stuff. The house didn't even need to tell him what to do, he knew what this was for. He started getting dressed immediately, purring from the feeling. It felt good to wear the leather. Like he'd been naked all this time, until now. He looked in a mirror that sat near him against the wall, a sour and dirty punk of a cat looking back at him. He flashed the feline a scary smile, and he loved seeing the punk smile back.

"Good, now hurry and finish get dressed. We have a gang to get together."

Bill nodded, that's right. He needed to find some other assholes like himself. Because as much as he didn't like the idea of sharing this place, there was no way he was gonna let any other fuckers like that get near this house ever again.