

I watched him enter his bulding and knew something was off... I couldn't put my finger on it but there was something with this "Jingles" that just was off. Maybe it was the bell...

I ran until I reached the back alley and the fire escape stairs. I climbed slowly, trying not to attract any attention to myself. I reached the third floor and saw him through the blinds of his window. He had just opened his door and dropped his coat.

I took my camera out and shoot as many pictures as possible of his appartment (his furniture, his belongings) and some of him. I took a few more of his bell before I tucked my camera away.

He then opened the bed and undressed himself. For a nap most likely.

When he laid himself down on his bed, his back was facing and I knew I wouldn't get a better chance. I undressed myself, swiftly entered through the opened window, opened his legs, lifted his tail and thrusted myself inside him.

He was speechless with surprise.

"Talk. Now."