

Going to take a break from the main story this week. As mentioned last week one of my patrons won a story cookie recently. They wanted to see what would happen to the sole survivor from Hugo's pack. This is the result of that request.

Jerre hid his smile behind the beam of the light. He was enjoying taunting tonight's bitch at the center of their circle. He'd been ready for a while now but Henry always took more time than the rest of them. The young wolf wouldn't have been part of the pack if not for his alpha brother.

Rollins chuckled and said "Soon now bitch, we'll split you then we'll split you."

The tiger thought his little joke was funny every time. Funny or not it had turned into the signal to get started with their fun. Jerre forced a smile to humor the larger cat. As he flashed his light in the eyes of the rabbit again he saw Conroy unbuckling his belt. He guessed the jackal was eager to go first tonight. He frowned as the flashlight seemed to shift in his paws a moment.

Once he had a better grip of his light again he reached to adjust his shirt. He looked down at the front of his shirt at how it felt. The backlight confirmed what his paws were telling him. His shirt had become far looser than it should have been. He looked at his light as he had to adjust his grip again. It looked as though it was suddenly twice the size it should have been. He frowned at the sensation that it was also becoming heavier.

In seconds Jerre was forced to acknowledge the impossible. With a glance across the gathering he saw the others were somehow being affected the same way. He was forced to drop the much heavier flashlight as it became the relative size of a pair of two liter bottles. Seconds later his shirt became the size of a tent around him. Before he could escape his own clothing he was trapped under the fabric. With little light inside his own clothes he struggled to make his way up the inside of his shirt.

He stopped at the flash of light that passed through the fabric that covered him. He understood instantly that someone had picked up his light. Now that he'd stopped he could feel the vibrations of whoever had taken his flashlight as they moved. His instincts were screaming at him to hide and with no other idea coming to him he followed their directive. Hunkering down inside his shirt he hoped the outline of his body were too small to notice.

His mind reeled at that thought. The situation he thought he was in could not be real. He was suddenly certain he'd been exposed to something. One of the others must have slipped something in his beer. He'd heard acid trips were like what he was experiencing. The standard advice was to go along with it, ride it out and let whatever you experience happen. The same advice said those that tried to fight the illogic ended up having a bad trip.

Jerre relaxed between the sheets of clothing. His thoughts were on what his friends would think of his tale once the drugs wore off. He smiled and started crawling toward what he thought his shirt collar. He almost laughed at the image of himself crawling around the grass of the cemetery. His friends were probably even now having a great laugh at his expense.

Reaching his collar he paused and looked around. He could see a huge silhouette picking up equally huge articles of clothing scattered all over the grass. The massive figure was making its way to Jerre's position. Rushing forward and out of the collar he dove into the grass. He lost his smile at the idea that his dive could have ended with him smacking his head into a tombstone. His friends could laugh now, but he'd get them back.

The rush of air around him as his shirt was picked up caused more than a bit of doubt to reenter his mind. Shaking his head against the urge to panic Jerre focused on finding some clue as to his real situation. The illusion of the acid trip was incredibly real. He must have been given some really good shit. He sat deep in the grass watching as the giant finished picking up all the clothing. He guessed he was actually sitting in the bushes somewhere. Whoever the giant was supposed to be stuffed everything together and once done looked around.

Jerre lowered himself deeper into the grass yet kept watching the giant.

"I know you can hear me. This is what you get for being what you were. Good luck surviving as you are now."

The massive figure turned and walked away. Jerre could still feel the thudding footfalls until they were some distance away. The silence of the cemetery surrounded him. He shivered and realized he'd become drenched when he'd dove into the grass. Wait, no, that couldn't be right he thought. He had gotten wet from crawling in the grass. Even at his normal size he would now be soaked from crawling around so.

That was alright. He scrubbed his face deciding to sit still and wait out the trip. The stuff would have to wear off eventually. He looked up at the moon. The crickets and other insects had started up again. Things were normal, except for his altered perceptions of being so small. Now that he was able to just sit and enjoy it the trip really was fun. It was actually relaxing watching the moon. His only regret was that he was missing out on the rabbit. With a little imagination he could solve that.

He heard someone call his name. Stopping his stroking he turned and as he answered Jerre smiled. Maybe they were all tripping on the same stuff. It would be like that popular movie from a few years ago. He chuckled at the thought and counted stroking his member wondering why his trip couldn't at least make him think he possessed a gigantic cock.

"What the fuck, Jerre?" Henry asked as he stepped through the last tall blades of grass.

"Just enjoying the trip. How was the bitch?"

The wolf stared at him disbelieving. "The bitch is gone dumb-ass."

Jerre sped up his strokes. "Well, I'm still having fun so don't ruin my buzz."

The wolf stepped closer and hit him on the back of the head. Wincing at the pain the jaguar stood and glared at the wolf. He frowned seeing they were the same size. Not only would his trip not bless him with an abundance of cock but it also made the smaller wolf appear to be the same size as him. Recalling the advice on tripping he didn't want to get in a fight. There'd be no telling what his distorted perceptions would do. With his mood lost Jerre turned away from the male and resumed watching the moon.

"I'm just going to ride it out. I'm sure you've all had plenty of laughs already. I'm not going to let it get to me."

"What the fuck are you talking about. We're all fucked, or don't you understand."

"Just ride it out, don't worry so much or you'll have a bad trip."

"Fuck you asshole." Henry said as he stalked off.

Jerre turned to watch the wolf leave. He smirked at the sight of the male having to push blades of grass aside. "Tell your brother this is some really good shit. Im really tripping balls here. Its like we're all tiny. Like smaller than grass, small."

Henry turned and shouted "You fucking dipshit, we are tiny."

"It'll wear off." Jerre responded and watched as the wolf turned and left him after a rude gesture. Looking back at the moon he wrapped his arms around himself to keep warm. His fur was now almost dry but the air had gotten much colder. As his legs began to tire he sat back on the ground and watched as the sky that he could see through the tall grass began to gain light.

Jerre started hearing the morning birds as they started singing to each other. Frowning again he started calculating the time since his trip had begun. He didn't know how long it was supposed to last but Jerre was beginning to doubt it should have lasted until dawn. He stood and looked around. He was still smaller than a blade of grass and the birds were stirring.

He worked on remaining calm as he started searching for a hiding place from the birds. Now that there was more light he worried that he'd be seen well before he could detect any danger from above. He came across what should have been a typical artifact but stood and stared at it for several seconds.

The box was one of those things he had barely noticed before. Dark green and flat it was a box for plumbing systems set in the ground only now it was enormous. What should have only been foot across looked closer to the size of an average parking lot. As he started he noticed a large hole in the cap about the equivalent of a twenty feet from him. It would be a risk walking across the surface but the hole promised safety within the casing of the box.

"Fuck it." Jerre sprinted across the rough plastic surface and climbed down into the hole. He only had to squeeze his shoulders in a little. He hung on the edge of the hole looking down into the darkness. The plumbing inside the box looked like unearthed edge of some massive doomsday device. The smallest part of it was several times thicker than he was tall. The drop was even more concerning. It was approximately sixty feet to the dirt that filled in the bottom of the casing.

He couldn't pull himself back up. He could get his head up out of the hole but he wasn't strong enough to climb back out. Even after struggling to swing a leg up out of the hole Jerre was forced to give up the effort or lose his grip on the edge. He hung by the edge looking up through the hole almost crying. His fingers were tiring rapidly. There was nothing he could do but hold on for as long as he could. In the end he hung on for was less than ten minutes.

He was surprised the fall didn't kill him. He lay on the gravel waiting for the pain to tell him how badly he'd injured himself. Sitting up he felt the aches and bruising from his fall but he miraculously hadn't broken anything. Standing he looked around the inside of his prison. At first glance there was no way for him to climb back up to the lid of the box. More concerning were the large array of spiderwebs.

In looking he was reassured that there was nothing else moving anywhere inside the box. Still, there were a number of spider egg sacks in the top corners just under the lid. Even more frightening were their size. Each was almost as thick as his chest. Taking a careful step toward where the nearest massive pipe came up out of the ground he stopped. He was shocked at the realization that the gravel he was on was actually sand.

With all the spider webs in the same box he was trapped in Jerre looked for anything that could be used as a weapon. In searching the entire bottom of the box he could only find dried out and brittle dead grasses and weeds. There was nothing he could use in his own defense against even a spider. There was one hope.

The lid of the box contained an electronic device with a cable leading from it to the top of the pipes. The cable was far longer than necessary and drooped to the ground inside the box. Jerre could climb to the lid, but there was no exit at the device. The nearest hole was more than seventy feet from the end of the cable. Defeated he sat on the loosely bundled cable.

He'd fucked up royally. He was trapped where none of his friends could ever find him. He was without food and water, and to top it all off he was cold and his fur was wet again. He laid on the ground and curled up to save what warmth he could.

He slept fitfully. Between the cold the wet and worry over spiders he didn't sleep for long at any one time. Eventually the sun rose high enough that it shone through the small hole he'd entered the box through. He moved to lay in the small spot of sunlight. Slowly warming he started feeling better. He still slept fitfully, once the spot of sunlight moved he was forced to get up and follow it.

During one of his sleep periods he was woken by a new noise from within the box. The sound of rushing water was almost as audible as the rapid clicking noise that had woken him. Looking around he realized the sounds were coming from the massive piping that shared his box. He stared at the huge arch of plumbing almost fascinated.

Moving back inside the spot of sunlight again Jerre watched as the pipes started sweating. Little droplets of water were forming on the surface of the pipes. His thirst got the best of him. He walked over and sipped the water from the surface. It tasted harsh and metallic but considering he hadn't had anything to drink for nearly half a day Jerre would take it. Satisfied for the moment he went back to the spot of sunlight and tried getting some more rest but the constant tic-tic-tic-tic of the meter above him kept him awake.

Soon a new sound entered his awareness. Another thudding impact made him turn and watch as a water drop fell from the lid of his prison. Another came, then another and soon enough the drops were coming faster. Another few seconds and the drops formed a small stream of water that fell to the ground. He stood as the water started pooling at the other end of his trap.

Jerre thought it typical bad luck that his prison would start flooding just as he had finally gotten himself warmed up. He watched in dread as the pool of water grew deeper and encroached in his side of the box. He was soon forced to start climbing the cable to keep ahead of the flood. Jerre wasn't strong enough to keep climbing the cable ahead of the flood of water. Once again soaked and cold he clung to the cable to keep his strength.

He knew he'd soon have to tread water just before the level was high enough for him to escape. When the level of water had lifted him to where he was just under the lid he made his move. Not a strong swimmer he managed to get to the opening without drowning, but only by keeping hold of the underside of the lid. He made it to the opening and tread water as the level lifted him up and out of his prison.

As his head came up to the surface of the lid he scanned his surroundings. With the lawn sprinklers still going he was safe from birds and likely any other animals. This time Jerre was able to lift himself out of the water and onto the top of the lid. With water pelting him hard enough to keep him on all fours he made his way back to the edge of the grass. Back in the of cover that the lawn provided Jerre turned and took a better look around.

He was still in the cemetery. A line of bushes crossed just to the south promising more cover. The sprinklers were still drenching the grass and his fur. Each drop pummeled him as if a full bucket of water was dropped on his back. He watched as the level of water covering the lid of his former prison continued rising. In seconds his paws were underwater up to his ankles and wrists. He pushed his way back into the grass.

He'd gone perhaps a hundred feet when the sprinklers shut off. Seconds later they started up in another part of the cemetery. Shaking the excess water from his fur he struggled to get to his feet. The pounding he'd taken from the sprinkler left him sore all over, even more than the bruising from his fall. He pressed on anyway knowing he had to get to the cover of the bushes.

Jerre had made his way for perhaps twenty feet of his former scale when he felt more than heard an impact just behind him. Turning his heart all but tumbled over itself at the sight of an enormous rabbit crouching low to examine him. The animal's head alone was three times his height as it came even closer to him. Letting loose more than a little urine in his fear he stepped back from the advancing terror.

The rabbit lifted its head and twitched for a moment. Jerry had seen bunnies before as much as anyone but had never paid much attention to their actions. Now he watched every movement certain his last moments had come. The massive animal turned its head to examine him and after the briefest of moments turned and stepped away.

To Jerre the once tiny rabbit was larger than an elephant yet it moved faster than he ever hoped to counter should he have needed to defend himself. It stopped after taking a few bouncing steps from him and nosed into the ground for something. Jerre's heart refused to slow even after he realized the animal had no further interest in him. He watched as the it bounded off in whatever search it was conducting until it was out of sight.

After the encounter he only paused in his journey once. That was when he came across an earthworm that had surfaced from the waterlogged soil. He was shocked to see the thing was as thick as his leg. He avoided the monstrous looking thing with a shiver that wasn't brought on by the cold or wetness of his fur. He was close to the cover of the bushes when he stopped and crouched lower.

He hadn't realized bushes were also good cover for the smaller birds. He stayed low and watched the bushes. There were birds hopping from branch to branch and even to the ground and back again. While the birds were far from the same size as the rabbit they were much more likely to take an interest in him as a food source. It would be certain death should he continue. Turning and making his way from the line of shrubs cautiously Jerre desperately tried to think of a way out of his situation.

He came to a headstone and searched the entire edge but failed to find a hiding place or anything else that would help him. Making his way from one stone to the next resulted in finding nothing. He was still wet and cold from the water clinging to the shaded areas of grass as the sun began to set. He stopped at another stone and sat with his back against the rough surface. His hunger had now built to the point where his stomach hurt from the lack of food. It had been almost a full twenty four hours since his last meal. Desperate for anything Jerre pulled a blade of grass toward himself and bit into it.

The surprising taste flooded him mouth. Woody and sweet the juice from the blade tasted like a mix of pancake syrup and soda gone flat and also watered down. Sucking the juice from the blade of grass Jerre bit lower and continued toward the stalk. He felt full by the time had had chewed his way to the stalk. Satisfied to at the very least end his hunger Jerre curled up with the hope of getting some rest.

He slept only in short stretches before being woken by either the cold or some strange noise. His fear of even the smallest animals had risen into prominence and was becoming the driving force of his existence. By morning he was convinced he had little time left. Cold and wet enough that he shivered constantly Jerre regretted letting Henry walk away from him. He should have gone with his friends. Hugo

was in the academy, he'd be smart enough to find a way to survive and even thrive better than Jerre seemed to be faring. Hungry again he gnawed on another blade of grass. This too caused his spirits to sink even lower. Humiliated at the thought of a carnivore like himself to be turned into a simple grass eater. Should he ever find any of his friends again they might not even bother asking him back if they knew.

Resuming his trek through the cemetery as the day began Jerre headed for the landmark of what he guessed the grounds keeper's tool shed. He had made his way to the back of the cemetery but it had taken him almost two full days. As he neared the structure he could see that the doors had a gap at the bottom large enough for him to crawl through. He was certain the gap was also not big enough for many of the cemetery's animals to get inside. On finally reaching his goal he was dismayed to find the shack was built on a concrete foundation. It was twice his height to the top of the foundation at the corner.

His search for a way to the top of the ledge brought him to the front of the foundation. He was released to find a short but steep ramp that he was able to climb. He felt fortunate and even a little encouraged to reach the door to the tool shed. Squirring his way under the door he was confronted by a plethora of tools to defend against any predators. His trouble was they were all implements that he could only weird at his former size. Walking deeper into he shed he scanned the floor for any cast off splinters or shavings that he could use for protection.

His search had barely begun when the light failed to the point that he couldn't see anything other than vague shapes. Even his feline vision failed him in this interior darkness. Forced to find a shelter for the night Jerre chose to crawl into the gap between two bags of grass seeds. Going several body lengths into the gap he was confident there were no dangerous insects laying in wait for an easy meal and backed out toward the opening. He slept easier that night and managed to feel safe for the first time since diving from his shirt.

The next morning he continued his search at first light. His luck was no better than that of the previous day. The floor of the shed was littered with grass and the occasional bush clippings but Jerre found nothing helpful. Everything was from vegetation and far too pliable and brittle to use as a weapon against even something of his new size. In the end he took to walking the outside perimeter of the shed.

He had only gotten halfway around the side of the shed before he spied a weed growing up at the edge. He reached the plant and his claws were more than capable of plunging deep into the comparatively firm surface of the weed stalk. Inspired Jerre used his claws to rip a large enough portion of one of the weed's leaves and use as a shield from the sight of any predators.

Using the leaf as a mobile bird blind Jerre made it all the way to the back of the shed when he found something he could plunder.

A thistle plant had grown just inches way from the edge of the foundation and stood more than a natural foot above where he stood marveling at the size of the massive seeming weed. One of the wide leaves had even been kind enough to droop to lay on the edge of the foundation. It took about an hour for Jerre to claw a few of the thistle thorns free of the leaf and fashion them into something he could hold as a sword. Now armed with sword sized thistle thorns he sat resting from his efforts and pleased with himself.

He sat examining his crude weapon. While it looked dangerous he knew it could only be used as a stabbing weapon. It had no edge to it but the point was sharp enough to deter most things in his new size range. He knew he wouldn't stand a chance against any animal large enough to defeat him with his improvised weapon. Even knowing his much reduced abilities he felt more confident in himself than he had in days. He could also think over his first model and return and fashion a new set of weapons the next day. He climbed back to his feet and made his way back to the front of the shed and entered. The

rest of the day he spent honing the point of the thistles against the rough floor. Working on the last thistle sword his experiment yielded a method to create a cutting edge along the length of the thistle sword. As the light faded on his third day he smiled at his already improved weapons stash. Jerre thought that perhaps he could return to a partial meat diet, if insects could be considered meat.

He was woken the next morning by the doors to the shed being opened. Jerre scrambled to hide himself from whoever was entering the shed. He knew from experience that it was safer to hide from those larger and stronger than to risk one's future on the mercy of a stranger. That had been learned from the other side of the equation when he was of normal size and a predator. His current state forced the retreat to the gap under the seed bags where he watched from.

The groundskeeper turned out to be a meerkat. Jerre watched as he climbed onto the riding mower and started it up. Even after the meerkat rode the beast of a mower out of the shed his ears still rang from the noise it had created. He hadn't thought everything would have been so magnified at his size. It was going to be a lot to get used to. He paused at the thought. He had actually considered his own continued survival a possibility now.

Jerre stayed in his hiding place as the meerkat went about his duties. Most of the morning was wasted until the male closed the shed's door behind him as he left. He cautiously climbed out from under the bags and crossed to the mower. The grim humor of his stepping under the mower without having to duck under the edge of the cowling was not lost on him. Once under the machine he looked up at the blades and scanned the cuttings plastered to the protective shield above. The smell of freshly cut grass was nearly overwhelming but he searched on hoping to find the remains of any unfortunate animal that had gone under the machine. He spent close to a half hour looking over the fresh clippings stuck to the inside of the undercarriage but saw nothing he could eat as a carnivore.

Walking back out from under the mower he was struck by the fresh air. He hadn't noticed but the air under the mower was starting to reek like a swamp. Forced to satisfy himself with grass again Jerre finished the day by working to make himself some coverings from bits of leaves and grasses. The next morning he was ready to explore outside the shed once again.

The covering he had fashioned wasn't perfect but he felt it was enough to hide him from birds and a few other animals. Hunger had been a driving force but more than that in eating only grass his digestive system was rebelling. Driven to get meat back in his diet he had wandered around the area close to the shed for some time when he came upon an ant. He had actually worried about coming across anything at his size. He stood watching the insect assessing the best way to defeat it.

It was a good deal smaller than him. It may have been smaller but it still came up halfway up his shin and looked bristly and dangerous despite being smaller. He let it come close before striking. With one of his thistle swords Jerre impaled it to the ground. Leaping back and pulling his second thistle sword free he was forced further back by the stink the ant stated giving off.

Eyes watering and sinuses burning Jerre was forced to keep his distance as the ant struggled to free itself from the thorn through its middle. He stood at a distance unwilling to get close to the struggling ant. Some of his hesitation was from the stink it was putting off but he also couldn't afford to be injured. In minutes Jerre heard another ant approach. He backed away and watched as the new arrival came up to its injured fellow and touch antenna. As fascinating as it was the sound of yet another ant forced him to back off even further. In minutes there were five ants gathered around the one he'd injured. Disgusted by the turn of events he had to abandon any hope of finishing the ant off.

He was making his way back to the shed when he heard something following him. Turning he saw an ant behind him. Turning to the side Jerre was prepared to let the ant pass and finish making his way to the shed. He was surprised to see the ant pause and after testing the ground with its antenna turn to follow him and approach. Realizing it was following him in retaliation of the attack on another Jerre

turned and ran. He couldn't return to the shed, not with even one ant following him. He knew enough about them to guess that they'd never rest until any threat was eliminated. He'd proven himself just such a threat.

The ant was relentless. Jerre was growing tired from trying to outpace the ant but it didn't seem to be tiring at all. It didn't follow at a fast pace which allowed Jerre to remain ahead of it and yet he also knew it was following his scent. He'd never be able to throw it off his scent by outrunning it. He was at a loss of what to do.

He stopped at the sound. He'd heard it several times over the last couple of days. The lawn sprinklers had started.

Jerre turned for the shed and ran as fast as he could. As hard a pounding the sprinklers promised to give him he doubted the ant following him would continue under the coming onslaught. The first drops landed around him. In seconds he was getting hit by drops and almost forced off his feet. Stopping to watch the ant he saw it struggle against the artificial rain far more than him. He couldn't pass up the opportunity.

Climbing back under the door of the shed Jerre stood and dropped his prize on the floor for the moment. He assessed his camouflage. Soaked through and sticking to his equally wet fur it had still held up surprisingly well. The thistle sword had been washed clean from the pounding water. Even the limb he'd managed to slice from the ant looked clean. He just wished he knew how to start a fire to cook the ant's arm.

After forcing himself to eat the raw ant meat Jerre watched the area outside the shed. He had been fortunate in the timing of the sprinklers. The next time the sprinklers wouldn't save him by coincidence. If he could again find a single ant out foraging then he could time his attack once the sprinklers started up. Buttering a limb from the stunned ant had been relatively easy. With the proper timing on his side he wouldn't have to worry about being pursued by any of its fellows. He gave a satisfied sigh at the thought of being a carnivore once again. Things were looking up.

The next few days went by with Jerre perfecting his attacks. He also improved his camouflage and weapons. Jerre endured his first week as a tiny person by learning to live at his new size even though it still disturbed him and didn't feel natural.

His second week started with him learning him the schedule of the cemetery. The sprinklers ran every morning. The lawn was trimmed twice a week by the meerkat and once a week the male spent extra time in trimming some of the assorted bushes. He'd even learned to use the mulched grass clippings from the mower to begin building an small enclosed space he could sleep safely in.

Jerre woke to the sound of the shed doors being forced open. He got up and stood at the entry to his almost finished abode and watched the intruders. Three cheetahs had broken in to get out of a sudden downpour. He backed away from the doorway as one of them shone a flashlight around the interior of the shed.

One laughed and said "Fuck it, I'm lighting up again." as he dug in a pocket of his jacket.

Soon they were all sharing in the smoke. Jerre recognized the smell. With a smile he knew they'd be little disposed to search for anything out of the ordinary. He even surmised that they'd soon be mellow as kittens. Amused at their behavior he watched. He'd never thought getting stoned was a spectator sport but he now had little choice. It would be far too dangerous to get close enough to the trio for a contact high.

By the time the first joint was finished one of the cheetahs had planted himself on the seat of the mower while another had plunked down on the seed bags. The third had settled against the doorframe of the shed. They all watched the thunderstorm from where they rested. Even Jerre was mesmerized by the flashing and following rumble of thunder. He was certain none of them would be looking for anything other than another joint to smoke.

Jerre had been standing at the entry of his shelter watching with the three massive cheetahs for several minutes when another flash lit up the interior. One of the cats happened to be more curious than the rest and had been looking over the tools within the shed. It was just Jerre's bad luck striking once again that the cheetah's eyes were traveling past his position when the lighting struck.

"Oh fuck, that's some weird shit. Fuck man, fuck. Fucking weird." He almost shouted and he scrambled to his feet.

The commotion sent the other two off. After a brief discussion of what the cheetah had thought he'd seen the flashlight was pointed at Jerre's shelter. He'd taken refuge by crouching down behind the unfinished wall but the deed was done. He had no other choice but to stay hidden as the light brightened as they approached.

"Fuck, Rick. Do you see this too?"

"That's crazy."

"What is it?"

"Maybe it's like a fairy, or something?"

The speculation was greeted by laughter. "Yeah, and whatever's in there will give you three wishes. Fucking idiot."

"Oh really? If you're so much smarter, then what is it?"

"It's a trick. You didn't see anything because you're high."

Jerre knew he'd been seen when the light source moved again. It stopped right above him.

"Yeah? Then what's this?"

Jerre didn't move. There was silence for several moments until he finally looked up. The only thing he could see past the light were the three silhouetted figures of the cats. He knew they were staring down at him.

"What is it?" One whispered.

"It's ours."