

As mentioned from Part One of this side story one of my parsons earned a couple story cookies. This is the result of his second cookie. You lot have him to blame thank for this. Enjoy.

Jerre felt another of the countless yet still heart stopping moment of weightlessness, then an instant later the force of acceleration pressed him up against the glass wall of his prison.

He was traveling faster than he had since the incident that had left him a tiny fraction of his former height. It was painfully obvious he was traveling rapidly, and judging to the seemingly endless jostling in his new prison several miles away from the cemetery.

One of the cheetahs had found the small glass jar the groundskeeper had been using to store small screws and other bits of hardware. Jerre could guess they had been sitting in the jar for some time since his fur was now covered in grains of rust. He'd was being unmercifully battered and bruised by the cheetah as he walked. The massive male likely had no idea the punishment Jerre was taking.

The movement finally stopped. His cage was pulled out of the cheetah's pocket. All three of the huge felines stared in at him. Their faces were massive, easily the relative size of roadside billboards. Each of the cats examined their catch with the natural curiosity of their line. The cheetah holding the glass jar tilted it a fraction.

Jerre slid to the side of his prison closer to the face of the cat. The fur topping the bridge of the cat's muzzle was a deeper shade of orange than the other two. "He's a Pooka, right?"

"What, like that movie? Nah, he's a Pixie, or something." One of the others asserted.

"Well, whatever he is you can't leave him in there. He'll suffocate before too long."

"I can fix that." The first said as he lowered the jar forcing Jerre to feel even more weightlessness than before. As bad as being in the cat's pocket had been swinging at the end of the feline's arm as he walked was far worse. By the time the cheetah set his jar on the countertop all the tiny jaguar could do was lay flat in his prison. He heard the rattling as the cat pawed through items in a drawer under the counter.

Jerre rolled to his back to watch the cheetah. His heart stopped as the male brought a huge knife into view. The weapon was easily ten times the length of Jerre's body. The cheetah brought it up above his jar and with but the briefest of hesitations slammed it into the lid of the jar. The edge of the knife had plowed through the lid until the pointed tip hit the bottom just a body length away from his prone body. Jerre curled up in a fetal position at the realization the cheetah had not even bothered to aim. The entire jar shook and vibrated with the harsh screech of the knife being pulled back out.

Jerre looked up at another shuddering blow to the jar. Again the tip had hit the bottom of the glass, this time bits of chipped glass flew all over the inside of the jar. Looking behind him Jerre saw the knife had made landing even closer this time. He could have reached out and touched it. His reflection in the wide polished blade showed his terror.

"You fucking idiot! What are you trying to do? Kill it?" One of the cheetahs said with a little anger in his voice.

"What? I'm just giving it air holes so it can breathe."

"Then use a smaller knife, genius."

"Naw, this should be enough." The cat said twisting the knife to make the hole wider.

As he heard the thud of the knife dropping to the counter Jerre looked up. The two blows had been at the same spot in the lid forming a narrow X shape. Looking out of his prison he saw the cats standing next to each other still arguing over what to call him. Jerre spent the time wishing Hugo was with him. The wolf was a lot smarter than he was, he'd know how to handle these cheetahs. Jerre guessed his alpha could have even thought up some way of escaping this trap.

Jerre watched as the three males ended their argument without a conclusion. They all stared down at him. Finally one said he was going to light up again. The jaguar watched as the orange muzzled cat made the necessary preparations. They proceeded to smoke yet another joint. Jerre and his friends had often done the same but had never indulged to this extent. This would be the forth joint in a matter of hours, and that was only the count since they'd broken into the tool shed.

They passed the new joint to each other and silently looked down at Jerre. He wondered what they were thinking. The glassy eyed stares of the three giant cats made him extremely nervous. Halfway through the joint the cheetah Jerre identified as Orange reached over and picked up his jar. As he held in his latest toke the male stared in at him. Suddenly he positioned the jar under his chin and placed his mouth over the lid.

All Jerre could see where fingers wrapping the outside of his glass prison and a sudden blotting out of the light coming through the knife holes in the lid. The wind of the huge cat exhaling into his jar ruffled his fur and filled his space with the rank breath of the cat but also a good deal of fragrant smoke. He took the opportunity to breathe in deeply, as many times as he could before the smoke slowly cleared.

He heard the cat chuckle. "Hey, he likes it."

Jerre saw the cat pass him to the next cheetah. As the male took a deep toke and held his breath he too stared in at Jerre with a toothy grin. Positioning his prison under his chin this male also exhaled into his jar. Taking in as much of the second hand smoke he could Jerre watched the giant cat as he stared back with a smile. Jerre's jar was passed from one cat to the next for the rest of the joint. Their game left him with a strong buzz, and far less pain from his previous rough handling.

Together they lounged back relaxing in the effects. For Jerre it was almost relaxing enough to forget his predicament. The three cats, acting much more mellow than the typical felines had settled in around the jar and watched their little captive. He watched back. There was little else for Jerre to do.

Even though his sense of time was distorted it must have been less than half an hour before Light decided to light up again. They took no time in forcing him to also take part. The excessive smoke gave Jerre the highest buzz of his life. By the time they had finished he lay on the glass bottom of his jar with his mind ceaselessly drifting.

To him the three giants seemed even bigger. His stoned mind focused on their massive teeth, then shifted to encompass the movement of the chest of the one with lighter fur than the rest. The massive ribcage of the cheetah expanded and contracted with each shallow breath and yet seemed to grow larger after each exhale. Becoming disturbed at the dizzying observation he looked at the last cheetah.

His paw under a chin the male stared in at him with barely open and glassy eyes. Jerre tried to tell his impaired mind it was just a trick of the light. The cheetah's eyes couldn't really be glowing a deep burning orange. Even after pulling his eyes from the cheetah's Jerre looked back against his better judgement. He was sure there was something sinister in the eyes of the banded throated cat. The shine from the male's eyes hinted at devious plans being concocted within. It made his heart race.

Jerre knew his high was taking a bad turn but was helpless to stop it. He shifted and looked at the lighter furred cheetah. Much to his dismay the male had scooted his chair back and leaned forward to rest his chin far too close to his jar than Jerre liked. The breath of Light fogged the glass side of the jar. To Jerre it looked like a spray of corrosive fog eating its way through the protective shielding of his jar. It would just be a matter of time before the giant cat's stale breath seared through the glass and started eating away at his flesh.

Orange was still sitting up but swaying like a cobra. Jerre shook his head. It had looked like the cat had flicked out a tongue that belonged more in a lizard's mouth than a feline. Looking back at Orange his heart almost stopped. The cat's eyes had changed for just an instant. His huge round pupil had for the briefest moment blinked like an inner eyelid. Jerre looked away and shivered.

The cheetah with the broad band of black across his throat reached out and lifted his jar. Staring in at him with still burning eyes the cat rattled his jar and observed "Little guy can't take his weed." Bar sneered for a second longer and slammed his jar down on the countertop.

Even as stoned as he was Jerre heard the glass splinter just a bit more from the impact. He also knew his body would be feeling the rough treatment again as soon as he was sober. He rolled over and crawled to the center of the jar. He stared down at the pair of gouges in the glass barely comprehending what he was seeing. One of the blows from the knife blade had left a crack in the glass that traveled all the way to the side and halfway up. Jerre flopped back on his back trying to understand the significance of his observation.

"Hey, what we got to eat? I'm hungry." One of the cheetah's said.

Jerre was hungry too, but he wanted to sleep off his buzz more than anything. His senses were misbehaving in horrible ways.

"I know we got some turkey bacon jerky left." Bar replied.

"Well get it, I'm starving." Light said.

A few moments later all three cats were chowing down on the wrinkled sticks of jerky. Jerre laid in his jar and watched. It was a fearsome sight watching the three huge demonic cheetahs devour their snack. Massive and sharp teeth on full display as they bit off huge chunks of meat they all continued to stare in at him as they ate. His imagination supplied far too much imagery of him between those gigantic slashing carnassials. Their size compared to him seemed even more profound as they almost purred their delight in their meal. Even as hungry as he was he had to look away from the sight.

"Awe, poor little guy must be hungry too." Bar's voice noted.

He felt his jar lifted from the counter and looked to watch as Light unscrewed the lid before setting his jar back. Despite his misbehaving senses Jerre looked at the cat. Biting off one more massive chunk from his jerky stick Light reached out and dropped the remaining length in the jar. Jerre watched the three felines cautiously for a few seconds. Orange even made an encouraging gesture to him. He got to his feet and made his way to the end of the jerky stick. It was almost twice as thick as his body and was leaning at an angle. With one last glance at his captors Jerre leaned in and bit at the jerky stick.

Gnawing at the tough hide of the stick he felt his mouth water at the sudden taste. He savagely tore into the meat stick. The savory flavor forced him to take another bite, then another. He'd craved real meat for so long he lost control. Almost like a feral Jerre ate as much from the jerky stick his belly could hold. He had no idea of how long he had taken to get his fill but once he was satisfied he stepped back and lay next to the edge of the stick. He felt the slight purr start in his chest at the feeling of still being

high and a full belly for the first time in weeks. The strange hallucinations of his captors no longer mattered. They'd given him some weed and then fed him. They couldn't really mean ill toward him.

Jerre woke sore, stiff and in a panic. Sitting up he remembered the past several hours. All three of his captors were still sleeping off their high. He couldn't see them but their snores were loud enough to let him know they were still in the apartment and nearby. He stared at the stick of jerky still leaning against the side of his jar. The far end lifted out of the jar by a body length or more. His eyes traveled the length of the stick. It would be easy for him to climb, he'd grown up climbing trees that seemed smaller than the stick of jerky.

Standing and stepping to the bottom end of the jerky stick Jerre wasted no time in climbing onto the thick roll of meat. Climbing the large stick was even easier than expected as it was tilted at an angle and thicker than his entire body. His claws sinking into the tough hide of the jerky felt like he was climbing a fallen and half rotted tree. He made it all the way to the rim of the jar and was forced to stop. The drop from the edge of the jar was the equivalent of a thirty foot drop.

Jerre looked around the room from his vantage point. All three cheetah were sprawled out sleeping. Their small apartment was much like his own had been, cramped and cluttered. What little furniture they had consisted of thin mattresses that could be rolled up and pushed out of the way. Jerre and many of his friends had lived the same way and yet he failed to feel any empathy for the three males. He'd been captured and subjected to brutal treatment. It didn't matter that he'd likely done the same, he needed to be free of them to survive. He knew from personal experience what would eventually happen to anything smaller and weaker than carnivores.

He stared at the top of the counter below and mentally prepared for the jump. Taking a few short shallow breaths he gritted his teeth and made the leap. Landing on all fours he slammed into the surface hitting his chin and once again bruising his chest. Struggling back to his feet after the ungainly landing he stood and started limping to the edge of the counter. His tongue told him his teeth were still intact but something inside his mouth had started bleeding.

The aches and pains of the fall combined with the rough treatment of his transport slowed him. Reaching the edge of the counter he stood and looked down. Looking away to both sides of the countertop Jerre decided to check to his left first. His sore and stiff body was slowly loosening up allowing him to walk a little easier. The far edge of the counter was cluttered with empty wrappers opened food cans and wadded up shopping bags. He eyed the plastic shopping bags.

Jerre was sure Hugo would be thinking the same. He felt like a genius at the plan that had sprouted in his mind. It took Jerre about five minutes to unravel one of the shopping bags and arrange it at the edge of the counter. With both oversized hand holds of the bag in his paws he stood at the edge and looked down. His gut was doing somersaults at the thought of what he was about to attempt. His plan no longer seemed so smart but he felt he had little choice. With a deep breath he stepped off the ledge before his fear got the better of him and convinced him to look endlessly for another way down.

The first instant of falling almost stopped his heart in his chest. The plastic bag rustled above him and opened as planned. Almost, because even as small as he had become the bag was not wide enough to provide the proper lift to counter even his slight weight. He once again slammed into the surface of the floor and collected some more painful bruises.

Jerre was slower in getting to his feet. He was sure nothing was broken but he felt the pain of the collection of new bruises over his body to be the equal of broken bones. Limping his way under the cabinet he took advantage of the limited shelter in the small overhang between the cabinet and floor provided. Slowly making his way across the breadth of the cabinet he stopped at the vent. He remembered from his own apartment the same type of vent that was situated under the kitchen sink.

Stepping closer he experimentally slipped an arm through the openings between the louvers. Taking another half step up to the vent he was able to barely slip his chest in the gap between the louvers. It took a little squirming and exacerbated his bruising again but in just a few seconds he was able to slip into the ventilation under the kitchen cabinet. Jerre all but collapsed inside the vent. He was free, sort of.

In looking around he saw he was not so much inside a vent as simply under the cabinet. The space he was in was huge. It spread out far and wide enough to equal the size of a warehouse to the shrunken jaguar. In the dim light he could see the opening for the duct at the back of the space. He could explore later. For the moment he crawled a few feet away from the vent and laid down to rest and hopefully recuperate. He doubted the three predators would be able to find him in his new hiding place.

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So, at this point I'm half minded to continue this. Jerre's kind of grown on me. I'm also interested in what might happen to him should anyone choose to turn in a story cookie to direct where his story goes from here. (Not such a subtle hint, I know, but, eh...)