Small World

Chapter 22: 'Jacking'-up for Action

David shot Jack an astonished glare. "...Wha-" he started to ask, only to be silenced by a reassuring wink from his once-human comrade.

Doctor Stein cackled. "Very good to hear! I alvaehz luv vhen people undershtand vhen zhey have losht. Now, Misher Shpade...do you have any shfinal vordz before my glue pelleter here shilenshez your furry little rat-lipsh for good?"

"...Yeah," Jack smirked, "You REAAALLY shouldn't have pointed that thing so close to my face..."

Within what seemed like less than a second, Jack had somehow managed to snatch the glue-weapon from the human scientist's hands, kick out the gun-toting human-turned-Ferren former co-worker's leg from behind him forcing the crazed marksman to accidentally shoot the ceiling causing sparks and smoke to shower down onto the floor, and then shoot both the mad doctor's and the trigger-happy former acquaintance of Jack's with the glue pelleter in the feet, sticking them in place.

Before Bennett had the chance to fire his shotgun again, Jack snatched it out of his paws and tossed the glue pelleter to David. "Here kid, catch! And grab the canister on the desk too!"

Barely managing to grab hold of the non-lethal weapon without dropping it, David was about to ask when the 'canister' was for...when he suddenly realized what the canister contained. *'Oh, of course! Jack, you're a genius!*' Without a second thought, David ran over to the desk, reach up and plucked the LN2 canister off it, and rushed over to the transparent tube his sister was being held in. "Hold on, Ruby, I'm getting you out of here!" With that, the Ferren scientist began spraying the contents of the canister onto the glass, hearing the material start to creak and weaken under the rapid temperature drop.

However, in all the commotion, it seemed both he and Jack had overlooked a crucial detail... As another wicked, if weak and raspy cackle echoed from the mad human doctor behind him, David noticed his sisters muffled whimpers and sobs had abruptly fell silent. Looked back up at her in horror, he saw that the strap around her neck had been tightened and she was now struggling and writhing in panic, unable to breath. Stein had flipped the trigger.

More cackles. "Say shweet goodbye to your shishter, rodent!"

Furious, David whipped around and fired six glue pellets at the evil human, most of them at hand holding the remote trigger device, but it made no difference. The only way to save his sister now was to break her out of that contraption, and fast.

Jack, who had been busy trying to restrain his former comrade with whatever he could find and stripping off any weapons he was carrying, turned around after hearing David's

outburst. "Kid! Hold on, I'll help!" Leaping over next to David in front of the death-trap-machine, the ex-human yelled to him, "GET DOWN! COVER YOUR EARS!"

Doing as instructed, the Ferren waited for a few seconds, before hearing the loud 'BANG!' of the shotgun discharging along with the crashing of shattered reinforced glass. Worried, David stood back up to inspect his friend's 'handywork', but was relieved to see none of the shells or glass shards hit his sister or Jack himself. He'd fired at a safe perpendicular angle.

"Now help me get these straps off!"

David nodded, not wasting any time. Both Ferren men tore at the restraints holding the young distressed damsel in place with all their might, and even with the help of a serrated knife Jack had pilfered from his ex-partner, it was taking a lot longer than David would have liked. The neck-strap was proving ESPECIALLY difficult, being made of a much tougher material than the other binds were. After what must have been at least another two minutes, the two finally managed to free Ruby from the machine...but she wasn't breathing. Seeing this, Jack immediately began trying to push down on the girl's chest, to which David had to object. "Jack no! That won't work! Ferren anatomy is different from humans'! We need to prop her against a wall and lean her head up first!"

"Alright, if you say so kid! Help me lift her!"

The two wasted no time, David picking her up by the legs and Jack by the head, the two carried her limp form over to the nearest wall and as David instructed, leaned her up against it and continued trying to necessitate her. "Come on...come on...come on Ruby...please don't give up on me now...please...!" After several more grueling seconds of silence, the first sounds of coughing and gasping were heard from the young female, allowing David to sigh in relief. As the grey-furred Ferren gently leaned his sister back down onto her side, Jack remarked curiously, "...She's not opening her eyes...is that a good or a bad sign...?"

David sighed. "Ferrens often remain unconscious for several hours even after being fully necessitated from asphyxia...but THAT'S not the part I'm concerned about..."

Jack noticeably winced. "...The 'crazy Doc' said she'd get brain damage after so long without air..."

David nodded. "Three-hundred-and-ninety seconds. Ruby's been without oxygen for at least double that..."

"Aw, kid, I'm so sorry... I should've shot the guy's hand first..."

"Jack it's okay, it's not your fault... It probably wouldn't have made a difference anyway... Even if his thumb was thoroughly glued to that trigger he still probably would have been able to set it off pretty easily..." he sighed again. "I can only hope whatever damage her brain DID take is mild enough to recover from..." Despite trying his best to hide it, a tear still managed to drip down her furry face.

At that moment, Jack's somber expression suddenly changed to a deadpan frown. "...Those two dingbats over there have been awfully quiet, haven't they...?"

The two Ferren men whipped around, to see that the other former human known as 'Bennett' was no-where to be seen, and the human referred to as 'Doctor Stein" was lying motionless on his back, bubbles of saliva foaming out his mouth. "DAMNIT!" Jack cursed, running over to the human scientist. "OH no! You're NOT getting out that easy, you German bastard! WHAT ARE YOU TYRANNICAL PSYCHOPATHS PLANNING?!"

The human just weakly chortled. "You'll shee...shoon enough..." Seconds later, the madman closed his eyes and fell completely limp.

Jack slammed his fists down on the man's corpse in anger "Cyanide. Why didn't I see that coming?!"

David gently laid a paw on his friend's shoulder to comfort him. "We'll get our information another way. There's still the computer mainframe, remember?"

Jack groaned lowering his head. "Yeah, whatever...I just...feel like I'm losing my edge... Maybe I'm just getting old..."

"...That or you're just still not used to your new body yet." David snickered sheepishly, attempting to humour him.

Jack snorted. "Oh yeah, and there's that."

Just then, the pair noticed some of the light-panels on the wall were now flashing red.

"Oh great...let me guess... Silent alarm?" Jack muttered.

Scurrying over to the computer terminal on the deceased human scientist's desk, David scrolled through the displays for a few seconds, before gulping in fear and informing his comrade and a high-pitched squeak, "...Not exactly... More like...an 'auto-destruct' sequence..."

"...I probably shouldn't say this...but can our luck get ANY worse today...?"