

Nick's Little Secret

By Dragonien

It was always the footsteps that woke Sammy up. That resonant whump whump whump of impacts that rattled the room around them, each one creating its own localized earthquake. The vibrations rolled up through whatever piece of furniture lay strewn about, the windows rattling in their frame, the creak of old floorboards underneath the carpeting following several of the weighty steps. Sammy knew that they thought they were being quiet, trying to sneak up on the little mouse to tease or surprise them. Maybe one day Sammy would try to explain to them how difficult it would be for something more than 10 times their size to be quiet when they moved. Not that Sammy thought it would stop them.

“Rise and shine... “

The sultry voice rumbled through the air in that playful tone Sammy had come to know so well. As usual, scant seconds passed before the view outside Sammy's bedroom window was replaced with a gigantic green eye staring in at them. Rather than be surprised or scared like most people might expect, the little mouse just sighed and rolled over in bed, turning their back to the giant eye. It was only when the whole house shook, more sharply this time than from the simple vibrations of footsteps, from a rhythmic impact on the roof of a gigantic tapping finger did the mouse finally respond. Though as they did they made no attempt to turn back towards the eye to do so.

“Come on Nick it's too early for this I was up even later than you last night. Do you have any idea how loud you two are when you're- “?

Sammy was interrupted mid-sentence by a flood of light pouring into the room. The faint squeak of hinges that were just about do for lubrication was magnified a dozen-fold due to their relative size and screeched irritatingly in Sammy's ears. The cleverly hidden little fold of carpet that bisected the mouse's bedroom pulled away and revealed a sharp drop off as the looming fox outside casually unlatch the hook on the side of the house and opened it up on its hinges like the glorified dollhouse that it was. It was a nice house, don't misunderstand. It was a legitimate, mouse-built home. It had been, literally, repossessed then purchased by Nick at an auction. After taking a handsaw to it and shamelessly cutting it in half he had painstakingly attached hinges to the side and a small hook lock on the opposite side so that he could easily swing it open and closed to expose the inside of the house and all of its rooms for easy access. So, Sammy got to stay in their own little quaint home, just with a fox able to reach in and snatch them up at will without fear of damaging the building itself. Such snatching that the fox now indulged in with glee.

Powerful, orange-furred fingers wrapped around the little mouse, leaving their blankets discarded and strewn across the floor. It was a little disheartening to the mouse that they had enough experience at being manhandled like this that the abrupt change in altitude as they were raised dozens of stories from their perspective into the air barely even gave them vertigo anymore. Not that the lack of physical reactions to the abrupt elevation did anything to dissuade their building nervousness when they looked down over the top of the vulpine fist holding them to see the ground some 50 or 60 ft below. Nor did Sammy's frequent experience with the giant billboard sized, fang-lined, grin now hovering ominously in front of them make it any less intimidating.

“What a naughty little thing. Have you been spying on me and Carrots?” Nick's voice cooed with amusement rather than accusation.

"Well when you're both big enough that you two going at it sounds like a couple of pieces of industrial construction equipment crashing into each other and I'm trapped down here with nowhere to go I don't think it's so much spying as it is being aware of a localized natural disaster."

The response only made Nick chuckle. This is why he liked the little mouse is so much. Despite their size and the weakness and fragility that came with it, Sammy still had no reluctance in sassing him. And to be fair he did have to concede the point to the mouse. His ingenious little bit of carpentry let him slip a hollowed-out ottoman over Sammy's house and clasp to the foundation so even if someone were to pick it up and try to look underneath it the house would still be safely locked inside both keeping anyone from discovering the mouse as well as keeping Sammy from being able to run away. Not that they had anywhere to go. Sammy had long since exhausted themselves attempting to escape, having discovered the meticulous and crafty fox had carefully locked, sealed, or otherwise barricaded any exit to his apartment that the mouse could have made use of. Which meant they were trapped with Nick. More specifically, trapped inside the false ottoman whenever the fox had company over forced and was forced to listen to him and said company having their fun. Again, when you're more than ten times someone's size you're a lot louder than you think you are when you do anything, sex included.

Neither that train of thought nor the mouse's sassy defiance stopped Nick from noticing Sammy's clear enjoyment of being manhandled grinding against the inside of Nick's fist.

"If I didn't know better, I'd think you liked to watch, to listen." The fox teased, voice growling up from deep within his throat. To anyone else the sound might have been more cute than scary but for a mouse even the growls of the smallest of predators were intimidating.

"I think you like being forced to watch, to listen. You like being locked in your little toy house. Wearing your little toy clothes and sleeping in your little toy bed..."

Even as Nick's words rumbled across Sammy the fingers surrounding the mouse tightened their hold slightly. Nick was careful not to actually hurt the little rodent, but his firming grip was clearly meant to insinuate how easily he had the mouse held captive, how easily he could just squeeze his fingers together and crush Sammy. He never did. In fact, despite all of his bluster and intimidation Nick went to almost ridiculous lengths never to cause any harm to the mouse. That didn't stop Sammy's instinctive fear of the possibility though. Nor did it stop him from being aroused by it.

"It's what makes you so sweet." Nick rumbled teasingly, grin growing yet more devious. "And you know I've got quite the sweet tooth..."

Sammy's ears flattened against the top of their head at this last remark. Though even as they swallowed nervously, Nick could feel the little mouse's already-raging erection throb in response to the implied threat. The fox's lips slowly spread wide in front of the terrified and aroused mouse held in his hand. Rows upon rows of pristine white fangs, each larger than Sammy's forearm, lined the dark cavern of pink flesh. A thick sheet of glistening, clear liquid dripped from the roof of Nick's muzzle and pooled underneath his tongue, leaving the hot breath that he blew out across the captive mouse moist enough that Sammy could actually feel their fur matting down slightly from the humidity. Sammy tried to muster up some protest, as token as it would be, but his jaw didn't seem to want to obey him. His attempts at words came out as a few squeaking, incoherent stammers. Stammers that, a second later, were sharply cut off as Nick relaxed the grip of his fingers and jerked his paw towards him to send the mouse flying straight into his mouth. The moment Sammy's body made contact with the powerful pink carpet of muscle that was Nick's tongue the muzzle around him snapped shut with a clang of teeth on teeth like a series of boulders all smashing against each other. With Nick's muzzle closed the

light had abruptly dimmed, only the faintest glow of red illumination where the light was able to leak through the thick walls of cheek flesh around the edges of the fox's muzzle.

Sammy's fur was already soaking wet, leaving their body feeling sluggish and heavy as they tried to rise to their hands and knees atop Nick's tongue. The saliva wasn't just wet, it had a slightly thicker consistency to it than water and made it feel gooey and stick that much more heavily to them. Before Sammy had time to do more than rise up to their knees the tongue under them abruptly rolled and sent them sprawling flat again. The powerful appendage lifted the mouse upwards like an elevating platform until they felt their back pressed flush against the hard flesh of Nick's palate. Their body was pressed flat by the intense pressure of the tongue and it would have probably been uncomfortable if not outright painful if the fleshier tongue underneath them wasn't malleable enough to give a bit and conform to the shape of their body. Which meant, instead of being squashed, it just ground the slickened muscle against Sammy's front from head to toe.

The mouse's compulsive moan was utterly drowned out even as it redoubled in intensity as the entire cavern of a maw around them began to rumble and vibrate with a booming resonance. The thunder rolled up from Nick's throat and seemed to shake Sammy's entire world as the fox began to growl in enjoyment of the mouse's predicament. Slowly the fox's tongue began to drag back and forth across Sammy's diminutive body, rolling the little mouse across the roof of his muzzle like someone might do a piece of candy. Back and forth the powerful muscle ground against the little mouse, Sammy's ears popping multiple times from the constant pressure changes caused by Nick's lazy suckling on his treat. The thick mass of flesh pushed itself up between Sammy's legs, spreading them apart and grinding its way against the underside of their comparatively tiny balls and along the sensitive flesh of their inner thighs. With little strength to resist, not that even the mouse's mightiest struggles would have so much as budged the tongue, they were simply dragged along for the ride. Before the mouse could get too comfortable, however, the powerful oral muscle began to shift beneath them once more. Slowly, Sammy's body was pushed forward until they felt their head pressed against a thick wall of slightly rubbery flesh. For a split second the pressure on their neck became uncomfortable as the tongue continued pushing against them only to abruptly relax as the pressure abruptly forced the tightly-clenched flaps of flesh apart and Sammy found themselves momentarily blinded by the bedroom lights once more.

When Sammy's eyes had adjusted once more to the light they found themselves slowly being pushed free from Nick's still-pursed lips until their upper body from mid-stomach down was sticking out of the fox's closed muzzle. They could feel the sharp teeth lining Nick's jawline pressing down around their middle, mercifully sheathed by Nick's gums to prevent them from causing the mouse damage. Sammy had little time to wonder at his new predicament before the fox's suction on his lower half started once more with renewed vigor. Sammy's paws pressed flat against the fox's upper lips, weakly struggle in a vain attempt to try to pull himself free. No matter how much the mouse pushed, squirmed or moaned out half-intelligible protests, though, they didn't so much as budge.

It took less than five minutes trapped in such a situation to push Sammy over the edge though for the poor, frazzled mouse it felt like hours. Just as their body seized up in that moment of over-stimulation before release, Nick's tongue abruptly relaxed its pressure. The poor, overtaxed mouse was left to spasm and twitch in the throes of their own sexual release unaided even as he continued to unconsciously grind back against the tongue and lips constraining them. Only when their orgasm had finally tapered off and they were left limp and panting, dangling from the front of Nick's mouth, did the fox react. Abruptly Sammy felt Nick's muzzle tip backwards just a bit, the pressure on their lower body tightening as a momentary powerful suction nearly slurped them back entirely into Nick's jaws once more. The remnants of their, compared to the size of the fox holding them captive, tiny release were suctioned away and followed by a rather ominous ULP of the fox swallowing. The sound was blatantly over-exaggerated and drawn out but that didn't do anything to stop it from being just as intimidating to the mouse as Nick had meant it. It was made all the more gratifying for the fox

when he felt Sammy's erection go rigid once more against his tongue even as the mouse began to try to push and squirm their way free from the muzzle that could have swallowed them whole in much the same way as it just had the little droplet that had been the culmination of their release.

Mercifully, rather than tipping his muzzle back to do just that, Nick reached a hand up to pull the mouse from his muzzle instead. Dangling the still saliva-soaked and embarrassingly still-aroused mouse in front of his muzzle, the fox couldn't help but chuckle at Sammy's attempts to cross their legs to hide their renewed erection.

"Looks like someone not done just yet..." the fox cooed teasingly. "Sadly, I've got to get to work. Don't worry though, I'm sure we can find some time later for round two. In the meantime, I'll have to put you somewhere for safe keeping..."

The ominous words were followed by the fox slowly lowering his hand downwards. Sammy watched as if on an elevator as the fox's muzzle rose overhead, followed by his chest, then stomach. Only when Sammy found themselves staring ahead at the waistband of the fox's underwear did Nick's hand stop, and Sammy realize what the fox had in mind. The mouse started to yell out a protest but little more than a few squeaked words were all they were able to get out before the fox's thumb had pulled the waistband of his underwear open, a warm gust of powerfully musky air blowing from the opening. For that brief moment that Sammy could see down into the dimly lit cavern of Nick's underwear they could see that the fox, for all of his suave and cool demeanor, was just as riled up and aroused as the mouse was. Without even waiting to further tease the mouse, Nick simply dropped Sammy down onto the hardened mass of flesh that was the base of his cock. A second later, a dull WHUMP of fabric snapping shut pressed the poor mouse down into the heated mass of flesh beneath them, leaving them trapped in the dark, musky warmth of Nick's crotch bulge.

With a contented sigh, Nick spent a moment adjusting himself. His fingers cupped the underside of his bulge while his thumb stroked across the outline of his shaft and the mouse sprawled out atop it. Before he let himself get too deep into his own enjoyment, though, he pulled his hand away with a sigh. He knew he was at risk of his little pet being found out if he took them to work like this, but honestly that was part of the thrill of it that made Nick do it. Besides, he told himself as he started pulling on his uniform, if he brought Sammy with him he could always sneak away for some quick fun at lunchtime. The risk was part of the fun. Not to mention, from the way that Sammy was trying, and failing to hide their grinding against him, Sammy liked the risk just as much.