

The distinct sound of an angry fist against a wooden door echoed throughout Jet's apartment, snapping the lazy green shark from his place on the couch. He blinked in dull surprise, the spell brought on from several hours of Kitchen Nightmare finally broken. He wasn't expecting anyone to come by, least of all on his designated "Cartoons and Gordon Ramsay" day. Nor were there any Amazon packages on the way.

With a grunt of slight annoyance, Jet stood up and began to walk to his front door. "Is it too much to hope that I won a secret lottery...?" he mused. Soon enough, he was unlocking the old door and pulling it open. He certainly wasn't expecting to see Bruce, the tiger who owned the building. And Jet was well aware of the fact that the man never showed up with good news. At least at his door. The middle aged Tiger didn't give the shark a chance to ask why he was here before digging into his pocket and producing a small creature by the scruff of its neck with an annoyed glare. Jet flinched.

"Your pet got out again. Almost found him in the hallway." Arms crossed in Bruce's fingers, the tiny otter, not even two inches tall, pouted. Jet took a worried glance back to his bedroom door. How had he gotten out again? He'd taken every precaution...

"Look," Bruce grumbled, yanking Jet back into the conversation at hand. "You can't just keep letting your micro roam around the apartment like this. You know Mrs. Jones hates them. She'll probably try and call an exterminator if she catches him outside like that."

Jet nodded silently He understood perfectly. Though that didn't mean he'd be able to prevent this in the future. Bruce sighed and handed over the micro to its owner. Despite his squirms of protest, Jet quickly enclosed the otter in his hands, attempting to give him some reassuring petting with a thumb. It wasn't helping.

"Just keep a better eye on the little guy, alright?" Bruce finished. And with that, he turned and left, his large footsteps audible even as he reached the elevator. As soon as he was out of sight, Jet quickly closed his door and let out a sigh of relief. But right afterward, he opened up his hand, raising the otter within up to his eyes. "Damn it, Rudder!" he growled in frustration. "You can't keep getting out of your cage like this!"

The micro just gave him an indignant glare in response. The little thing was clearly mad. It was actually rather adorable. But either way, it wasn't as if Jet could get through to him. After all, micros weren't exactly intelligent enough to understand speech or listen to reason.

With a tired sigh, Jet trailed a hand over his face. "Okay, you're staying in my line of sight from now on, at all times mister." He would have to figure out how the otter was escaping before he even put him back in the cage after all. And he couldn't be expected to just leave him out on his own yet. "I wonder if there's an obedience school for you guys yet... You're definitely a trouble maker."

With yet another sigh, Jet made his way over to his couch once again. He plopped down, careful to keep the micro in his palm from falling. He once again tried rubbing over the mustelid's back with his thumb, but Rudder merely squeaked and scooted away. "Why won't you like me, little guy...?"

"Rudder" on the other hand was very adamant about keeping this relationship less than professional. He still didn't even know why this giant had taken him prisoner, nor why he kept referring to him as "Rudder". Whatever that was supposed to mean. It had taken him a week to learn that that sound was meant to refer to him. But by this point, nearly a month had passed and he still knew nothing. All he could figure out was this giant shark's schedule, and try to plan his escapes around it.

Almost every day, the shark would leave around seven AM, dressed in abnormally nice attire, looking confident. Then a couple hours later, return looking quite and exhausted. Eventually there would come a phone call. And afterward the beast would demand physical attention in the form of trying to rub the otter's back or holding him against his firm chest. It was a nearly nightly ritual. One that usually included a lot of ice cream. Of course, Rudder never got to participate. It was extremely unfair in the otter's opinion. He had to snatch it away if he wanted any!

He'd tried to escape countless times, but they all ended in failure. Usually the result of some clumsy giant accidentally stumbling upon him. Quite literally at that, usually by stepping on him. Or kicking him halfway across a room. Damn giants and their giant stupid feet.

And now Rudder was forced to undergo the escape punishment: more rubbing and closeness. It wasn't entirely unpleasant though, which confused Rudder to no end. After all, this *was* supposed to be a punishment right? Perhaps his jailor just sucked at giving out punishment.

"Hyw own't ouy klei em, iltle yug...?" Rudder stepped away from the giant thumb once again as the giant tried to scrape his immense thumb against his back. He could keep this up as long as necessary. He had learned the fine art of dodging ater all of this time. He heard another sigh from above, hot breath washing over his small form and ruffling his fur like a tornado. "Rilhatg Ill elt oyu og."

Rudder was finally released to his next punishment: the giant's torso. It was an unsteady surface, always shifting with every movement and breath the giant took. It took everything the otter had not to fall over onto him. Once he was let go onto the smooth surface of his jailor's shirt, he immediately set to gaining his balance. He risked a glance up to the shark's face, finding him wearing a small smile. That only pissed the otter off more. How dare this bastard enjoy his suffering so much?

"I'm gonna get out of here you giant fish!" Rudder announced loudly. "Mark my words!" But of course the only reply he received was a chuckle that sent him bouncing, rolling backward over the somewhat stained shirt and onto the rougher surface of his sweatpants. With a grunt, he managed to gain some sense of balance on his hands and knees, gripping the somewhat solid skin below him, blushing slightly from his clearly embarrassing screw up.

However, Rudder failed to realize just where he'd ended up. At first anyway. But as he attempted to get to his feet, a shake under him made him fall flat yet again. It was as if the ground had jumped under him.

A moment later, it dawned on him. Just before the rapidly hardening penis below him pulsed again. A look of horror on his face, Rudder stared up at the gigantic shark. He now wore a nervous smile, and a blush around his fanged mouth.

Jet was in shock. He hadn't expected his laughter to send Rudder rolling down his chest and stomach like that. And even if it was rather funny, he was worried if the little guy had been hurt somehow by his tumble. But before he could even check, he realized that the little guy had landed on a rather... sensitive area. He hadn't had a chance to get off in a couple days, and was planning on taking care of it

soon when word of his escapee reached him. His cocks were already starting to slide from his cloaca by then. And with how pent up he was down there, Rudder's accidental attention left him quite a bit stimulated through even his sweatpants.

His immediate thought was to take care of business right away. After all, micros were great for that! They were even marketed for it sometimes. But Jet was trying to get Rudder to, well, get acquainted naturally before trying something like this. He didn't think it right to just force it upon the little guy so early in their relationship.

But.... what if that was the extra motivation he needed? Jet heard that micros sometimes were more obedient after getting up close and personal with their masters. ... It was worth a shot right?

And as the thought permeated his head, Jet's twin cocks only swelled more and more, until Rudder was lying in a tight hammock of cloth between them. If there was any hesitancy in Jet's mind before, it was certainly gone by then. With a slight moan, the shark picked his micro up and shimmied his pants off with his other hand. Soon enough, his emerald cocks, both nearly 5 times the otter's size, flopped free into the cool open air. His plump ass cheeks nestled into the couch cushions as he placed Rudder right at the base of them in front of his vent.

Almost immediately, Rudder scrambled back, no doubt in surprise, but Jet gently coaxed him back in place with one hand as he started to slowly stroke his left cock. "Come on, Rudder. I know you want to play~" Soon enough, he was practically pressing the small otter up to his warm cock. The feeling of the micro soon pressing against it with his tiny hands and legs made him gasp out loud, and a drop of pre soon drooled from both tips.

"See buddy, I kn-knew you could do it," Jet moaned as his stroking picked up. At the same time, he began to rub Rudder up and down his cock slightly, getting him more than well acquainted with the shark's length.

Rudder, in contrast, was now regretting his choice of insulting the giant's taste in torture? Was this some sort of weird karma for his thoughts? It certainly felt like it. The shark's cock pulsed every moment, hot flesh growing ever hotter as more blood was pumped into it. And even worse, the giant was steadily squeezing him tighter and tighter against it, forcing the air from his lungs and forcing him to

breathe in the dizzying musk from all around. Soon though, he felt himself being dragged upward, his fur rubbing against the 30 foot cock.

Now, of course Rudder kicked and struggled like hell, but he could do nothing against those thick, vice-like fingers. Suddenly, he felt an odd warmth on his head. It soon trickled down over his fur, getting into his face and mouth. Rudder sputtered as he recognized the salty taste of precum. "Let me go you big bastard!" he shouted, only to get another mouthful of the stuff.

The torture continued for far longer than Rudder thought he could stand. He felt as if his bones themselves were straining to stay together after a couple minutes. He was too tired to struggle by then, simply letting the sickening up and down motion continue. The shark panted and moaned with every second, and the rivers of pre from both cocks were enough to swim in.

"Ujts a tlielt itb mreo, Rudder!" the giant gasped out. "Ogdo ybo!" Rudder could only hope that was a sign this was going to be over soon. The stroking grew more frantic, confirming his suspicions. He could feel the cock he was practically glued against growing warmer and throbbing more and more.

Finally, the shark let out a piercing moan. Rudder closed his eyes and prepared himself for what was coming. Soon enough, his cock throbbed as a flood of cream burst from both tips. They flew straight up, soon crashing down to "Earth". Rudder felt a huge shot of it land all around him, the sexual fluid coating his entire body in an instant. He dared not open his eyes or attempt to breathe. He was trapped until the man decided to free him or clean him off. If that ever happened.

After an eternity, the grip around Rudder's body relaxed somewhat and he felt himself being drawn upward. He still couldn't see, but could hear somewhat well.

"Wa, uyo tgo lla emssy. Ndot woyrr, itltle ygu. Ill Incae uoy fof."

Suddenly, the air around Rudder's body felt... warmer. As if a great puff of air from the radiator was blown into his face. But even stranger, what light that filtered through his eyelids was suddenly cut off. But before he had time to contemplate this, the fingers holding him aloft released him, and he fell to a squishy surface.

Rudder's legs gave out under him and he fell face first onto the wet, soft space. He managed to pick himself up after a moment and wipe his eyes clean. But what he saw terrified him. He could only see a yawning, pink abyss before him. The walls of the cavern pulsed in what little light permeated the area. He understood immediately. He was in the shark's mouth.

Immediately Rudder spun around to attempt to escape. On the other side was a wall of sharp teeth and a rapidly closing lips. He could barely make two steps forward before slipping once more and landing on the shark's tongue. Soon after, all light was cut off. He screamed in frustration and fear as the tongue reared up, pressing him against the hard palate above. It slurped and licked all over him, leaving him no space to move. He was suckled like a piece of candy, every inch of his fur soon being covered in shark drool. He was cleaned of one fluid only to be doused in another.

Finally, Rudder opened his eyes, glaring out at the hell around him. '*No more!*' he thought in a fury. He lashed out, arms and legs flailing in an attempt to tell his captor to *step off!* He couldn't take another moment of this. He had to escape.

He fought against the massive tongue, desperate to escape. He pushed himself forward, getting closer and closer to the teeth and lips.

Or so he thought.

In his panic, Rudder had gotten himself mixed up, and instead pushed forward toward the shark's throat. The moment his arm went over the edge and touched the back of the throat, he understood his mistake with the blood rushing from his face. And soon, the tight muscles of the throat gripped his arm hard. And drew the rest of him in.

GULP!

Jet stared in shock and horror at his own torso the moment he felt his gag reflex kick in. The small bulge of his pet traveled downward, dragged irresistibly downward by his hungry body. And soon, that lump in his throat disappeared and fell into his stomach, most likely into a pile of half-digested Cheetos.

“Little buddy? Rudder?” Jet called out nervously. Or would it be called in? He gently pat his slightly chubby stomach, as if he could feel the small form within. Though thankfully, he soon felt movement within, unmistakably his pet.

Jet let out a sigh of relief. He hadn’t exactly *meant* to swallow Rudder.... but he did taste pretty darn good. And what better place to keep his pet safe and under his watch than inside his own body?

Well, the logic may have needed some work but this worked out pretty well. “Hang tight, Rudder. You’ll be out of there before you know it.” But not before Jet could enjoy it a little first.