

Phone recovery

"What do you mean it'll only be a couple hours? That's already too long! Are you certain this is safe? It shouldn't take that long to do anyway!" The mouse glanced over the wall of pearly whites forming a great big, intimidating Cheshire smile.

"Relaaaaax, I know what I'm doing, it landed in the safe one, you could stay days or weeks in that one without protection, years even!" The raccoon hybrid reaffirmed, patting over their stomach expectantly.

Noma leaned over to be right up against the mouse, the silver eyes staring through the emerald lenses, "Besides, you owe me that after you made that firework blow up right besides me. Your fault I got startled and accidentally swallowed it."

Bruxton pouted, crossing his arms, and trying to look away from the towering face staring at him, "Don't you have like, other phones? Or just, belch it out or something?"

The raccynx cleared their throat, huffing warmth over the mouse as they sighed, "Look, either you go to get it back, or you go the other way and don't get back, your choice."

"Fiiiiine, just get the rope ready so we can get this over with..." The mouse grumbled, waving a hand before his face as to clear away the hot breath that stuck around.

"I knew you'd be reasonable, I got everything we need right here in my pocket already." Noma chuckled and pulled out some slim string, it looked like the kind used to wrap up roast beef, which while it made Brux suspicious, it would be sturdy enough for him to be safely pulled back.

The mouse grabbed the end of the string that Noma handed him out, wrapping it around his waist a couple times and making a tight knot that he was sure wouldn't go lose, test-tugging on it a few times before waving to the feline to signal he was ready.

"Just tug on the string once you are ready to get a tight grip on the device, and I'll wait a few seconds before I pull so you can grab it." Noma didn't wait for a response, simply snatching the mouse with one hand, and tossing Bruxton down their jaws, eagerly swallowing down, focusing on directing the rescue rodent the right way down.

The mouse grunted, instantly covered in drool, and sliding smoothly down the fleshy tunnel, pulled by gravity, and pushed by the muscles along the throat.

In a couple seconds, he was forced through a tighter ring, and splashed into a lake of chime. While it was dark, the racclynx had some odd perks from being made of goo, such as little red lights zooming past the stomach walls, keeping the otherwise dark walled cavern dimly lit.

Looking around, Bruxton found another light source, brighter, and colorful. The mouse swam over, the «rope» having plenty give letting him move around. In time, the mouse made his way to the device, it was a marvel that the watertightness of phones nowadays could keep such complex devices entirely functional even submerged.

He looked over, seeing that the phone was still unlocked and showing the last viewed page, the mouse getting a little nervous at the sight of an FA page showing an artwork of a micro in a very similar position to him, sent to fetch a ring, but with clean skeletons all around the gold accessory... The preview of the next page was not reassuring either, showing the macro knowingly biting on the rope to snap it off and let it slide down with the micro now stuck in.

But it could only be a coincidence, Noma would never hurt him, right? Bruxton swiftly shifted the device around to grab on either side, making sure he could get a grip, before letting go and pulling on the string as hard as he could, but the string seemingly had more give before it would get taught.

The mouse pulled and pulled and pulled, forming a pile of string that was soaking up in the acids until... The string fell down from the opening above, it was neatly cut, and now the mouse was stuck there.

"Hey what the heck? Noma! That wasn't the deal! I was getting your phone back!" The mouse exclaimed, hoping to be heard through the layers of abdominals and idle gurgles of the stomach.

The only response he got alas was a growing rumble shaking his pool around, followed by a massive, deafened belch echoing through the confines he was trapped within.

Now he had figured why Noma said it would take a few hours, the sneaky racc had planned this all along to punish him, he knew he'd be out later, now it was just a matter of when Noma would feel like getting their phone back out...