

“Time for dinner!”

Waylon Jones, aka “Killer Croc”, is the predator of Gotham, lurking within the sewers, hunting from the shadows, and eating anything like a buffet.

In this case though, he happens to be facing his greatest hunt to date: a White Castle restaurant that happened to open in Gotham city.

“Wonderin what their food is like, and if their just as good as my meat!”

A person of his appearance would frighten anyone (save for some villains, heroes, and a certain kid) at first sight during the day, but Croc wouldn’t have to worry about that as he crawled out of a manhole under the mantle of the night. There he dashed across the street and to the back of the restaurant, breaking down one of doors and sneaking into the oversized refrigerator.

“So far, so good!” he muttered as he gazed at all the packaged meat, “and now for the harvesting!”

He grabbed as much of the boxes of meat (including a couple that were labeled with a mysterious-looking star) and scrambled back to the manhole before the sound of sirens loomed closer.

“Oh man, Shark and I are gonna feast like kings tonight!

The lid closed, and from the shadows whispered “It worked” before going into silence.

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Back at the secret hideout, Kid Shark, the young sidekick of Killer Croc (and son of King Shark) laid on the couch with a stomach growling for food and a TV across the room announcing all of the daily troubles in Gotham.

“Officials are continuing their investigation of the mysterious sickness that’s claimed some residents near the harbor area of Gotham from a few weeks ago, and have advised others to be careful on cooking or ordering food from stores and restaurants, as well with those experiencing severe symptoms of stomach pain and high temperatures to head to the hospitals immediately.”

So what? Shark thought, *I ain’t getting sick that easy!*

“In other news, fast-food chain “White Castle” has opened their newest restaurant in the city of Gotham with the first 100 people that attended the grand opening receiving their meals on the house.”

Shark looked at the screen closely, and his stomach only growled louder and louder the longer he stared at it. “Yeah, yeah, I know. I want that food too, but no one’s gonna give that to a beast like me.”

Suddenly, the sound of a manhole opening and closing echoed through the lair, and Killer Croc dropped from it with boxes in his arms. “Kid, I’m back, and we’re gonna for an all-you-can-eat buffet!”

Croc laid the boxes on the floor, which spilled some of the meat on the floor, then started the stove, placed the pan, tossed the meat, and began to fry them. The smell soon filled the lair, and Shark couldn’t help but crawl towards the stove to grab just a tiny piece before Croc gave a tiny slap to his hand.

“Aw c’mon big guy! Just a bit before it’s well done!”

“Not for you kid, I did the ‘huntin’ today, beside...” He reached for one of the meat in the box and tossed it in the air before landed into his mouth and into his belly. What he failed to notice is that mysterious star symbol from the box was on the meat as well, but dissolved quickly with the meat once it rested inside the acidic pool of the beast.

“Ugh, a little weird, but I’m sure cuz it was refrigerated. And don’t worry kid, I’ll serve it just like in the restaurant!”

Kid Shark curiously imagined how Croc’s burger would look like the ones served in very elegant restaurants, and surprisingly it WAS exactly how they looked in those places, from the vegetables to the plates.

“Whe-whe-where did you get all the stuff on your own?”

“Some new stores were opening around here, and luckily, they were mostly the food-related kind! So I uhh... ‘paid’ a visit to them when they were gone.”

Kid Shark didn’t need to know more, and with that, Killer Croc and he raised their dinner to their mouth and finished it all in less than a few minutes, vegetables and all. Once dinner was done, they crawled with their full bellies to the couch for rest, and Shark laid his head on Croc’s belly and fell into a deep sleep before he heard Croc say “G’d night kid” and shutting his eyes as well.

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Croc’s stomach grumbled and growled loudly from in the lair, with Killer Croc waking up to the sound of it and Kid Shark’s head bobbing up and down from Croc’s belly rumblings. The two just stared at his belly and resumed their sleep again, before the same thing awoken them again, but more violently to their concern.

“You feeling alright big guy?” asked Shark while staring at Croc’s belly.

“Yeah, must’ve ate too much veg-AAAARRRRGGGGH!!!!”

Croc clutched his gut and fell to his knees onto the ground, growling in pain. Shark quickly rushed to his side and placed his hand on his back for comfort. He hasn't seen Croc this much in pain since his transformation incident some time ago and quickly looked around him to see any sort of body changes. Nothing, and Croc only moaned in pain continuously as he knelt closer to the floor.

"Croc, what is it?"

"I-It's m-m-my b-b-b-belly-AAAAGGHHHH!!!"

"Too much vegetables?"

"M-Maybe. B-But this never h-happened b-b-befor-OHHHHH!!!!!"

Shark helped Croc lift back onto the couch for some comfort, and then began to rub his belly before feeling something squirming and poking under his scaly skin.

"Wh-What? Croc, hang on, I need to check something quick!"

He rushed to his side of the lair to grab something in his little box of treasures (aka stolen stuff that look too cool to throw away) and grabbed some ice pack to treat Croc's rising temperature. Soon enough, he heard monstrous growls and scratches that he never heard before, let alone inside Croc's belly, and jumped a bit when something poked out at him.

"AAAAGGHHHH!" screamed Croc as the pain worsened and spread through his body. "K-Kid! Wh-What's going on? Wh-wh-what's h-happening t-to me?"

"I don't know Croc," replied Shark, "but whatever it is, it sounds like something's ALIVE inside you, and it ain't sounding friendly!"

"Th-then wh-what are we g-gonna do?"

Kid Shark panicked for a minute, then recalled the report on the news on the sickness in Gotham and grabbed a (somewhat) working cell phone from the floor.

"I'm gonna take you to a doctor Croc!"

Croc's eyes widened, remembering the time when a "doctor" performed the experiment that turned him into a monster, and then grabbed on Shark's arm tightly.

"NO! NO DOC'S OR HOSPITALS!"

Shark was a little confused by this, but saw Croc's eyes and recalled the pain he endured before as a beast and grabbed Croc by the hand.

"Alright then, no doc's. The least I can do is still find something for the pain!"

“Hu-hu-hurry!” yelped Croc, and continued to grab his belly tensely in pain.

Shark looked over the kitchen for some pepto-bismo, but found it empty, then any herbal teas or pain killers, only to find none of them where there should be. Finally he scavenged his box of treasures to find anything at all for medicine, until he came across a raygun with the words “GROW” and “SHRINK” on each side. He remembered stealing it from a local laboratory nearby for a little test for enlarging food, but looked back at Croc’s belly and had an idea.

“Croc! I have an idea!”

“W-what is it kid?”

“Remember we saw that movie on TV where these guys shrink themselves to go inside some dude’s body to save his life?”

“Y-yeah. Why?”

He waved the raygun in the air for Croc to see, which left Croc’s confused at first, then realized what it was and shook his head quickly.

“NUH-HUH! NO WAY YOU’RE DOING THAT!” he yelled and curled up in fear. “YOU’RE GONNA GET ME KILLED....OR WORSE, I’LL DIGEST YOU!”

“But I’ve been inside you before, remember? Beside, we’re out of medicine and you said no doctors or hospitals, so it’s either this or nothing, and I can’t leave you like that!”

Killer Croc looked at Kid Shark once more before yelping in pain again, then nodded his head in agreement.

“A-alright. B-but be careful!”

“No problems big guy, just hang on and stay still.”

Shark grabbed a pair of walkie-talkie and gave one to Croc, then set the raygun to “SHRINK” and pointed at himself, revealing a wave of colors flowing around him and his accessories while shrinking him to the size of an ant and into Croc’s palm. When it was over, Croc slowly lifted his hand in front of his face and squinted at the now-tiny Kid Shark.

“G-good luck k-kid”.

Then in one big gulp, Kid Shark slipped into the belly of the beast as Croc’s mouth slowly closed behind him, shutting the light from the world outside.

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Shark continued to fall and fall within Croc's throat, while Croc felt his tiny presence with coughs and chokes. Luckily though, it didn't last long, as he found himself deep in the acids of his reptilian friend.

"Yuck. Now I know how it's like to be bite-sized. Hey Croc, how's it going now?"

Croc only groaned and moved from side to side, shaking Shark off balance and head first into the fleshy ground.

pffft "I got it, find the problem and deal with it!"

He roamed the stomach looking for anything abnormal, but this was Croc's stomach, and if there's one thing true about his stomach is that it has everything, literally everything, you can think of that Croc can eat. From boots to hammers, Shark searched and clobbered anything that he thought was the problem, but all he managed to accomplish was clean most of Croc's belly.

Gee, no wonder he's having problems, especially with that thing he's been trying to break habit from, he thought, but doesn't look like it's the big problem though.

Suddenly, a screech came from the near end of the stomach, creeping Shark out into a little jump. He squinted to see what he emerged to be a pink blob of waste until he noticed slowly that blob growing tentacle-like arms, red shiny eyes popping out almost all over itself, and a grinning maw chomping anything that happened to be in its path.

"UUUUGGGGHHHHH, GROSS!!!! CROC, WHAT DID YOU ATE?!"

Kid shark felt the tremors once again, and the pain trembled throughout Killer Croc's inner workings.

"H-hurts.....h-help."

Shark stared back at the blobby menace. "So you guys are the reason the big guy's getting a stomachache, eh? Well, get ready for a whole lotta aching then!"

He lunged towards the devilish threats and jabbed at them with all his might, causing some to go flying in the air or flatten down like pancakes. On the outside of the belly, Croc felt his gut jiggle and tickle, as well as slowly shrink back down to normal size.

"Ugh.....that meat musta gone bad..." Croc groaned.

Shark listened as he plummeted the monsters back into nothingness. "You have NO idea, big guy!!! *huff...huff* I think that's all of them!"

"Kid, you okay in there?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. How about you?"

“A little better. But getting a little chest pain as well.”

“Good, then that means they’re working as I expected them to.”

Killer Croc sniffed the air and turned towards the entrance to find a tall, skinny man in a grey trenchcoat, smiling devilishly.

“Who the hell are ya?”

“Sorry for barging in so suddenly, but the name’s Isaac. Dr Isaac Richardson. Creator of the Meat Eaters that are currently inside you.”

Croc stiffened a bit after hearing this. “Meat Eaters? Those things the kid is fighting inside me?!”

“Someone inside you? Fascinating! I didn’t think you had the technology to send someone to literally go inside you! But that won’t help you for long.”

Croc’s stomach rumbled a bit as Shark started pounding for attention. “BIG GUY, WHAT’S GOING ON OUT THERE? WHAT’S THESE MEAT EATERS?”

“That’s right, what da hell are those things doing to me?!”

“Oh, nothing much” the doctor replied, “just eating you from the inside all over. I’m sure you’re stomach’s fine for now thanks to your tiny friend, but by now, they must have laid their eggs in your intestines, preparing to hatch and make a nice feasting of your heart, brain, lungs, and everything inside out.”

“WHAT!!!” yelled the duo, “ALL OF THAT’S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW?!”

“Indeed, but it’s nothing compared to what you’ve done to my.... Street employees, as well as some of the civilians living here in Gotham.”

Kid Shark remembered about the TV news he saw earlier, especially the images of the people who’ve fallen victim to the not-so mysterious disease. “SO YOU KILLED THOSE PEOPLE FROM THE NEWS!!! YOU BASTARD!!!”

“What can I say, they participated wonderfully in my little ‘tests’ for perfecting these creatures. Beside, after eating all of my workers and test subjects faster than I can gather them, I figured you would be good replacements for my work, especially your scaly, gluttonous friend here. What I didn’t expect is for you to hit my newest target so fast, but hey, fast-food is good food for creatures like you.”

Croc roared and rushed him towards the wall. “YOU BETTER GIVE ME A CURE OR WHATEVER TO GET RID OF THESE THINGS RIGHT NOW, OR ELSE - ”

“Or else what? You’re gonna bite my head off? I don’t think so, especially to you monst- ”

WHAM Croc delivered the madman right into the wall and out with the stars circling his head.
“Yeah, I would, but too bad ya rotten meat, especially the doctor kind like you.”

“CROC! WHAT ABOUT THAT CURE? WE NEED IT TO STOP THESE THINGS NOW!!!”

“I don’t now kid, but for now, keep chasing those critters before it starts to hurt more!”

“ALRIGHT THEN, KEEP STAYING STILL BIG GUY!”

Croc returned to the couch for the relaxing struggle, feeling the little tickles inside his gut slowly going deeper and lower.

Kid, thanks for doin this for me... he pondered, but hurry....and more importantly, keep stayin safe...

~

The acids somewhat bothered shark. Sure, he’s a tiny person in a giant stomach, as well as being in the big guy’s stomach once before. But the fact that he’s in it tiny, well, size does matter when it comes to who’s hunting and eating.

That and the constant slipping and falling on the ground only added to his frustration as he raced across the twists and turns of the fleshy maze.

If these eggs weren’t so deep inside, the big guy could’ve vomited them out like any other rotten food, Kid Shark thought, Then again, he could just force it out the OTHER way, but I wouldn’t want to go out like that!

Soon enough, after minutes of running and slipping, Shark found weird, bubbly sacks of gooey orbs clustered together all over the intestine walls.

“Yeah, I’m not eating anything for awhile once I get out of here.”

“Found them Kid?”

“Yup, now all I have to do is-”

The eggs wobbled and squirted out the monsters onto the scene, the faces grinning at their supposed first meal of the day.

“-smash them down....ewww. Well then, HERE I COME YOU UGLY MUTTS!!!”

Croc wondered what was going on in gut until he felt the bumps and squirms near his stomach, slowly filling his gut with gas.

“Ughhh, why does it have to be so-burp-gassy now?”

Shark was oblivious to Croc's reaction, as all of he could focus on was the punching and smashing the parasites within the intestine, hatched or not. Luckily, despite their smaller and quicker sizes, their inexperience only allowed Shark to clobber them much more easily than the grown ones from before.

"THERE GOES ONE, AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER, AND..."

He grabbed one from the legs and twirled it all around him and into a nest of them.

"BULLSEYES!!! ALRIGHT, I THINK THAT'S ALL OF THEM!"

"You sure kid, no more left alive?"

"YEAH I'M SURE! EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW BIG GUY!"

"Alright then-Ack-no need to-eck-tickle me now!"

"But I'm not tickling you."

Silence filled the room and intestines for a minute, both confounded by the situation.

"Then that means.....OH CRAP!"

Kid Shark ran and climbed back up the intestines (while tripping and falling) and came face to face with the last parasite munching his way up into the stomach.

"Well, time to clean the mess up for good this time!"

He lunged at the parasite with his fist and smashed it like the jelly on a PBJ.

"There, NOW they're all done for!"

"Kid, you got them ALL now?"

"For sure! So how about letting me out now?"

"Got it, just give me a sec!"

Killer Croc tried to force his stomach to vomit, but for some reason, nothing came out. A first for the croc, which startled him as much as when the entire incident started, and tried again. Nothing.

Wh-what? Nothing? THAT's never happened before at all!

"What's wrong big guy?"

"Uhhhh.....Unless you pressed some button or something like that from in there, I can't spit or vomit you out."

“What, why? Isn’t that like a superpower for you?”

“Very funny kid, but I guess all that trouble from inside me musta done something.”

Shark looked up from the stomach to still see the esophagus closed, then back down towards where the intestines open.

“Well, I’m not going out from the back end! And what if you need help right now from the outside?”

“Calm down kid, I’m doin better now than before, and you took care of those things. We just gotta wait or something.”

Shark groaned. He never liked waiting, especially if there was danger that could still come to him and Croc. He trotted back and forth, noticing croc chuckling a little as he did. Then ran towards the stomach lining and launched himself onto the pink flesh, which resulted in a louder chuckle and a burp.

“Croc, I have an idea!”

“What is it?”

“Go drink some soda or something like that!”

“W-why?”

“Just do it, and don’t worry about me!”

Croc walked towards the refrigerator and grabbed the last Crush orange soda he stored, then began to chug it as quickly as he could, creating an orange waterfall for Shark.

Ahhh! Guess I should’ve told him to not drink so much or fast, but this better work!

True to his name, Shark dived and swam to and fro the stomach walls, bouncing and bouncing to form enormous waves and splashes to create the something that could set him free from Croc’s belly.

C’mom, c’mom! Work!

Then, surely enough, tiny bubbles rose from the liquid and began to form into piles and piles.

Yes!

“Ugghhh....kid, what are you-hic-doin?!”

The rumbling only grew and grew with the stomach eventually grumbling as it did earlier, minus the pain and more of a voice that sounded like “C’MON ALREADY!”

Killer Croc felt his belly swell quickly and the pressure building, but before he could say anything, his mouth finally erupted the words of the stomach: “BBBBUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRPPPP!!!”

Out from the gut, through the mouth, and into a puddle, Kid Shark splashed back to the outside world, slimy and stinky thanks to the innards of ‘s his reptilian friend.

“Kid! Are you alright in there?”

“Yeah, but thanks to you, I’m no longer inside.”

“But how did-.....oh, THAT’S why you wanted me to drink soda!”

“That’s right, but can you come by over to the little puddle I think in front of the entrance? I don’t to stay small forever.”

~

The next morning, Croc and Shark laid on the couch munching away the bacon from the bowl in between them, focusing on the flashing TV screen and its loud messaging.

“This the Gotham morning news. Today, the GPD arrested a suspect literally tied up in front of their headquarters for the mysterious epidemic that was spreading throughout the city. The person is identified as Isaac Richardson, a former medical doctor suspected for illegal drug fabrication and experimentation of former patients and other people. Meanwhile doctors are progressively working on a treatment thanks to data obtained from him and expect to provide it before the end of the day.”

“Look at that big guy. Not only did I save you, but we could possibly save the rest out there!”

“Yeah, too bad though we’re not getting the credit again, and probably giving it to the bat as well...”

“Honestly, I’m just glad you’re better now. I don’t know what would’ve happen if I didn’t think of that idea from the TV.”

“It was a crazy idea, but it worked. And just out of curiosity, how was it being that small inside....well, uh, me?”

“.....Let’s just say it’s like a sci-fi world, only a lot of slipping and dodging from all around a slimy, bubblegum-colored floor.”

Croc nodded and looked back at the now broken food crates.

“You know, all I wanted was to try that new fast food in the neighborhood, but for now, I think I’ll stick to natural fresh meat that I’ll hunt!”

“Good call big guy, but *yawn* I’m just too tired for that now. How about later?”

“Later then, oh and kid?”

“Yeah Croc?”

“Thanks, for everything you’ve done now and before.”

Shark looked up at his lizard friend “No problem big guy, no problem.”

The two gazed back at the screen for a while, then their eyes closed and back to resting till their stomachs roars for dinner once again.