**From Annoyance to Plaything (Aftermath)**

(A few days after the comic)   
  
It was the afternoon, a boring one. [REDACTED] was sitting in his office, doing some boring paperwork, waiting to finally clock out go home and end the day. As he was sitting over the papers, he felt a small movement in his shoe. At first, he was unsure but then he realized that he still has the guard in his shoe. He laughs, “How are you holding up down there bug?” he asked in a mocking tone. “Would you like some fresh air? Heh, I bet!”   
  
For the otter, things were not as fun as for the shark. The micro was stuck in [REDACTED]’s shoe for multiple days. Getting stepped on repeatedly, got the small guy a bit stuck to both the paw pad and the sock under him. He could have drowned in the shark’s sweat if it were not for the fact that he is an otter and can hold his breath for longer periods of time, but this did not help him avoid the horrible smell that he was forced to breathe in.   
  
[REDACTED] kept squeezing the micro, but it wasn’t as satisfying as at beginning when he got the small guy in his shoe. If he had to guess why, he would say that it was the uniform, full of heavy gear. [REDACTED] started to remove his shoes slowly, allowing the small Otter to feel that maybe freedom just got closer. Of course, the micro was unsure what’s happening, but then he felt the socks starting to move. He was stuck to it, but also to the paw pad above him. It was painful as both the paw pad and the sock pulled on him, but eventually he just became unstuck, left in the shark’s socks as the paw moved out. [REDACTED] dropped his sock onto the ground and gave the order “Get out. Now.” Fern instantly started moving, trying to find his way out of the sock. It wasn’t easy, the sock was dark, stained with dirt, he was numb, and the smell made him dizzy. “Pathetic” said [REDACTED] then pressed his toe onto the micro, keeping it on Fern a bit then dragged it into the direction of the sock’s entrance. The Otter wasn’t dragged along ‘til the fresh air, but it gave him a good enough direction. After a few minutes, the micro’s head popped out from the sock, “Finally...” said [REDACTED] on a rather annoyed sound.

Before the shark started to talk, he looked at the time. Coffee break... It took so long for the bug to get out, that [REDACTED]’s coffee break started. He looked down at the micro, he was annoyed. The Otter was laying on the sock, his small legs still in it. “You don’t move a muscle until I'm back.” said [REDACTED] while putting on his shoes, “I'm going to go out for a coffee, and you stay right where you are... unless you want to became a red stain on my shoe!”. With that, the shark went out of the room leaving the small otter alone.   
  
It was only 5 minutes, but for the micro it felt much longer. He was scared to move anything, but at the same time he was still numb and dizzy. Even so he finally wasn’t in the sock, the smell was still all around him, not leaving any fresh air. Then he heard the door open and saw the shark walk back to his chair, sat down and kicked off both shoes. Then the big paw went straight for Fern, 2 of [REDACTED]’s toes clenched around the small micro’s upper body, trapping his head in the smelly sweaty toe gap and started to pull him out to the open. The shark’s chair turned, and the micro was let go, letting him roll on the ground until he finally stopped. The otter needed to get himself together, beathing heavily. He wasn’t ready for what just happened.

[REDACTED] looked at him, “Get your gear off! The otter was still trying to get himself together, which made the shark mad. “Get it off now or I’ll crush you under my toe you pathetic bug!” He said, while sliding his paw closer. “P-please, j-just give me 5 minutes of fresh air, I-I need it, I'm numb I-I'm...” pleased the Otter. “None of this are my problems! Just do what I said, or I’ll make a red sticker out of you!”. The Otter had no choice, he sat up and started to remove his vest first, getting all the gears off of his upper body, fallowing with his boots and pants.

He finally got his heavy gear off, when he saw a big shadow under him. He looked up just to see [REDACTED]’s paw speeding towards him, not letting any time to react. The shark stomped down on him, not enough force to crush him, but enough to hurt. “Look at you, you finally did something fairly quickly.” The shark said in a rather cocky voice. He started to twist his paw on the micro, causing more n more pain for him. “Now that’s soft! I like how squishy you are without all those... things on you. You won't need them ever again anyways”. He lifted his paw off if the micro, “Now watch” said the shark as he stepped down on the micro’s uniform and gear with full strength. “Did you hear it?”, [REDACTED] lifted his paw, with Fern’s uniform stuck to it, anything that could break was broken. “Now get your trash off of my paw and start licking it clean... shining clean. Be finished by the time I can go home, unless you want to end up like your gear did.” With this, the shark turned back to his paper work, bringing his paw back to under his table, making the small Otter having to run after them if he wants to finish in time.  
  
It was a few minutes before 6pm, when [REDACTED] without any warning, tapped his foot down, trapping Fern under it. He slightly twisted his paw back and forth a few times. “Let's see...”, then he lifted his paw and looked at it, then looked down at the small otter, judgingly. “You did a... Fine job I guess... Now climb back into my sock until I pack my stuff away.” said the shark. Fern as quickly as he could combed into one of [REDACTED]’s socks and waited. It wasn’t long before he saw the shark’s toes wiggling their way into the sock, pressing down on him, before the paw lifted up and slid into the giant shoe. Sealing the micro in a dark, sweaty and smelly prison again, for a time, only [REDACTED] knows.