

Day Twenty-Two: Maw Play

by Monroe Lehner

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/monroethelizard/>

featuring Seyia

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/draconicburners/>

It was all too easy to slip away from the rest of the expeditionary crew. Seyia was the only swamp greeline among the party, which gave him a natural advantage in the boggy, marshy surroundings they had been trekking through. He was with the rest of the pack in one moment, then the next, he was simply gone.

“Remember, never wander off alone,” Seyia muttered beneath his breath, mocking the words his expedition leader had uttered but 20 minutes ago. *“It could be dangerous.* Dangerous, my ass. There’s nothing but a bunch of plants and insects here.” A cursory glance around seemed to confirm Seyia’s claim – the only visible movement was that of small, winged bugs hopping between blades of long grass, while the constant hum and buzz of insect life filled the air.

Nearly a month had passed in this way. Seyia had volunteered to explore new planets and enjoy *adventure*, not to collect soil and water samples for 12 hours a day, every day, for three months. Already, his time on this foreign, exotic planet was a third over – one month of three, entirely wasted – and all he had to show for it was some rather sore legs from the hours he spent walking, squatting and documenting the local flora, every single goddamned day.

Time began to lose meaning, minutes and possibly hours blending together as Seyia grumbled and stomped his way through the marshy bog. Eventually, he stopped. The scenery looked the same as it had ever since he slipped away from the rest of his crew. How long had he been on his own? How far away were his companions? Sniffing the air, he couldn’t detect even the slightest scent of another

greeline. Wherever they were, he had to have wandered a considerable distance by this point.

“Just great,” Seyia grumbled to himself, leaning back against a tree. The greeline was confident in his survivalist abilities; his slick, blue hide had reflexively adapted to his environment coating his skin in a slick, glossy mucous – so water loss wasn't much of an issue. He also could go for some days without food, if need be. Aided by his acute senses, he could find his way back to the others eventually. Just it might be a pain in the ass to do so.

As the greeline stood in solitude, the sounds filling the air were unchanging, undying. The constant thrum of insect life pounded relentlessly on his ears, and he couldn't be sure whether or not the constant, low cacophony was dulling his senses. No matter how long he waited, the dim light permeating the dense canopy above also seemed to never change. Even when he focused as intently as he could, the position and brightness of the sun far above seemed static. Here, time had no meaning. Seyia felt the blood pounding in his ears, his own heart pulsing in a steady, unending thrum just like everything else on this planet.

Seyia was just about to set off, to find the rest of his crew – or rather, he *thought* he was about to set off – he could have been in that moment of readiness for a fraction of a second or an hour. Though he was already tensed in a state of perpetual readiness, the greeline's sensitive orange ears perked up all of a sudden: a sound! It was a heavy thud – maybe one of his fellow explorers had dropped a piece of equipment? Perhaps he *wouldn't* have to waste hours tracking down his companions! The thudding sound occurred again. It was closer this time. Then again. This time, he felt the earth shake slightly as something rocked the swampy earth.

Seyia's heart sank – what had been a beacon of hope was beginning to seem far more sinister. That rhythmic thudding was not the sound of another greeline, or even a group of greelines. Seyia had hoped for adventure, but now that he had it, he wasn't sure he was ready. He chastised himself for his earlier stupidity – through no one's fault but his own, the greeline was isolated without weapons and

without equipment. While greelines' teeth and claws were fearsome enough on their own, there was no telling how effective they might be against an unseen foe on a planet lightyears away from home.

As the footsteps grew close enough to disturb even the nearby foliage, Seyia braced himself. Just as he was readying himself to strike, the creature emerged! It was a large, blue-furred beast with a broad snout and large, twin horns sprouting from its skull. Though its fearsome, jagged teeth were bared, they were not drawn back in a grimace or a snarl. In fact, if anything, the beast seemed happy to see the greeline!

Even on four legs, the creature was scores taller than Seyia's own 5'7" height. Its back had to be over twice as far from the ground as Seyia's head; it could have walked right over Seyia, and he would've fit comfortably between the beast's legs. Somewhere in the back recesses of his mind, Seyia recognised this species from his studies long ago. He thought its name began with an F – fel...ine? fenim? felkin? That sounded the most correct; it might have been a felkin.

Between those legs, Seyia couldn't help but notice that the mystery creature was most definitely male. Huge, heavy nuts swayed heavily between its rear legs, and a plump sheath displayed an emerging shaft. As the massive creature watched Seyia's roving eyes, it licked its lips and exposed huge, dagger-sized teeth that seemed more appropriate for tearing through tree trunks than chewing up food. As huge strands of drool dripped from the cavernous roof of its maw, the creature looked up and down Seyia's body – almost like a predator sizing up its prey.

By the time the felkin was close enough that Seyia could feel the hot air blowing from its nostrils, Seyia realised he had nowhere to run. The beast took a half-step closer.

"Whoa, whoa! I don't mean you any harm," the greeline explained, lifting both hands in a show of goodwill. The felkin seemed to nod in understanding, though it didn't speak. It leaned down, nosing against Seyia's brown loincloth to push it out of its way.

“Oh! Uh, is there something you want under there?” Seyia asked, uncertainly. He was getting the idea that this beast knew exactly what it wanted, and it was certainly powerful enough to take it, regardless of whatever Seyia had to say in the matter. The greeline undid his loincloth, pocketing it for later.

Seemingly satisfied, the creature crouched down low to assume a more convenient position. A huge, purple ribbon of a tongue flopped out of its maw as it licked the sensitive area around Seyia’s genital slit. Almost in spite of himself, Seyia felt the purple tip of his ridged shaft emerging. The creature’s head was half the size of his entire body, and those massive teeth could do any matter of horrible things to the greeline in an instant! But that tongue *did* feel pretty good, and it *had* been months since he’d gotten any action.

As he relaxed back against the tree, he let the beast continue licking, pleasuring the greeline’s sensitive cock until it had emerged fully from its slit. His ordinarily-impressive 12 inches of throbbing shaft looked strangely small in the mouth of such an enormous creature. Still, despite appearances, the felkin was doing a wonderful job of pleasuring his cock.

As the larger male licked and lapped over the sensitive ridges defining the underside of Seyia’s shaft, the greeline began to feel weak in the knees. He eagerly drooled precum into the felkin’s maw, all of which the beast happily swallowed. And as much as the sight of those fearsome teeth and powerful jaws terrified Seyia, they excited him just as much.

“Could I, just... do this?” he asked hesitantly as he grabbed the two biggest teeth – the felkin’s sharp canines – in both hands. A deep rumble escaped the menacing creature’s belly, but he made no moves to stop Seyia.

Seyia held those huge teeth – each one was bigger than his own fists – as the massive creature licked over his cock, even sometimes daring to slip the fat tip of the purple organ into the bottom of his slit. He could easily fit inside the felkin’s maw, but here he was, treated to the blowjob of a lifetime while he gripped teeth

that could each spear through a whole chickens with the greatest of ease. He should have been terrified, but somehow, the sight of that monstrously powerful maw only aroused him further.

Seyia couldn't hold on much longer. He squeezed his blue eyes shut tight as his body began to convulse. Thrusting hard against a tongue the size of a rug, his groans echoed through the marsh as he deposited his white-hot load into the felkin's maw. Seyia came harder than he could remember in recent memory, emptying every drop of cum his body could produce for the beast to swallow.

"Fuck... That was great," Seyia groaned as the felkin pulled away, happily swallowing his load. The felkin's own cock was rock hard and throbbing – the knotted, equine-like shaft could have rivalled Seyia's own body in terms of sheer mass – but the felkin was already turning around to make his exit.

"Hey! Uh, wait!" Seyia cried out. The beast stopped and turned around. "I should get going back to the camp, but... I'd like to see you again!" he exclaimed.

As the beast stared, Seyia swore he saw it wink before turning around to vanish into the dense undergrowth of the swamp.

As Seyia pulled his loincloth back on and prepared to find his way back to the rest of the expeditionary crew, he thought to himself, *perhaps the next two months won't be so dull, after all.*