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Work Header

Rating:

- Explicit

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Categories:

- M/M
- Other

Fandom:

- Men's Hockey RPF

Relationship:

- Gritty/Phanatic

Characters:

- Phillie Phanatic
- Gritty (Hockey RPF)

Additional Tags:

- No Lube
- Sports
- Dubious Consentacles
- Ass-eating
- furry?
- Alcohol
- Tentacle Dick
- Googly Eyes

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English

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Gritty's Power Play

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Summary:

The Phanatic feels washed up and alone when one night, the upstart new mascot in town, Gritty, pays him a visit.

Notes:

Cowritten by my bff5ever.

Work Text

When a traveller in West Philadelphia takes the wrong fork at the junction of the Frankfort Ave just at Broad Street he comes upon a lonely and curious country. The ground gets even dirtier, and the brier-bordered row homes press closer and closer against the ruts of the dusty, curving road. The trees of the suburbs are forgotten, and the wild weeds, brambles, and grasses attain a greasiness not often found in settled regions. At the same time the asphalt fields appear singularly few and barren (because there's no parking); while the tightly packed-together houses wear a surprisingly uniform aspect of age, squalor, and dilapidation.

Without knowing why, one hesitates to ask directions from the gnarled, solitary figures spied now and then on crumbling doorsteps or on the sloping, rock-strown delis. Those figures are so silent and furtive that one feels

somehow confronted by forbidden things, with which it would be better to have nothing to do. When a rise in the road brings the Delaware River in view above the Heinz Nature Preserve, the feeling of strange uneasiness is increased. This is South Philadelphia.

The Phillie Phanatic looked out the window of his office. Wind and rain lashed the Broad Street Sports Complex making it look bleak and dark. Good, he thought. He reflected again on what had happened during the final two months of the Phillies' season. How do you lose so many games in such a short span? The Phanatic angrily finished his brandy and refilled it from his amply stocked liquor cabinet.

He was never supposed to show anger over this. He was publically the biggest fan the team had, but it was too much. The rebuild had shown some fruit but how much longer can he be expected to dance like a fool for nothing? He'd done this for 40 years with only brief glimpses of light in the darkness that was following this baseball team. He looked longingly at the shrine of Harry Kallas. Harry always knew the right words to say, but now he was gone and the team, and the Phanatic himself, were adrift with no words of guidance. Where could we go from here?

The Phanatic gazed absentmindedly at his half-drunk glass of brandy when he was startled by a knock at his door. He quickly composed himself to see the new mascot in town, the Flyers' Gritty, leaning into his office. "Hey Phanatic. I saw your light on and I wanted to check in on you. How you holding up?"

The Phanatic regarded his young peer. There was something off about Gritty. Maybe it was how the Flyers jersey he wore barely covered his stomach. Maybe it was the eyes. Yes. It was always the eyes. Soulless, like a doll's. Yet every time he regarded Gritty he couldn't help but find himself... captivated by the

unblinking googly eyes. The Phanatic finished off his drink to drive the thought from his mind. He had a girlfriend after all.

"I'm doing okay, Gritty, thanks. How about you, you've had a whirlwind debut, huh? And then the team got leveled in the home opener? Well, at least no one's blaming you but... disappointment walks hand in hand with jobs in this city. Drink?" The Phanatic pulled another glass out and filled it. Gritty didn't respond, merely smiled (he always sorta smiles) and accepted it. The Phanatic went on. "I just have a couple more charity appearances and then I'm off to the Galapagos for some R&R before spring training gets started." He looked up to hand the Flyers' mascot his drink to see that Gritty had come closer. Much closer. Close enough that he could see the movement of Gritty's neckbeard as he breathed.

"I guess you could say it's been busy," Gritty said as he took the glass. The Phanatic locked eyes with him in that moment and for an instant he gazed into those unfocused eyes and was entranced. All he could think of was what the inside of Gritty's mouth would taste like if they kissed.

He blamed the brandy. He would have to, after what he did next. Without thinking he planted his megaphone-like mouth on the open and inviting mouth of the younger mascot. Instinctively, he closed his eyes, but forced them open again so he could gaze into Gritty's dead eyes.

But those eyes had changed. There was something primal now reflecting in them, as they jiggled ever so slightly back and forth as Gritty returned the kiss. His wide maw making the kiss uncoordinated and overly wet, yet the Phanatic found it exhilarating.

Gritty pulled away suddenly, and stripped off his hockey jersey in one fluid motion. The Phanatic's eyes were drawn to his oversized and protruding belly button, a brighter orange than the rest of his fur. The sight of it caused a surge

of excitement to travel through him. His long, thin, corkscrew dick sprang out from his green bush, dripping globs of precum onto the floor.

"Phanatic," Gritty purred. "I'm pretty sure in this city a greased pole is an invitation."

The orange furball began seductively removing his gloves, finger by finger. Once freed of their confines, they reached out and grabbed the hem of the Phanatic's jersey, pulling it up and over his head. The shirt temporarily caught on the green mascot's horn-like mouth.

Gritty had often thought to himself, What that mouth do? He would find out soon.

The Phanatic helped shed the jersey, then turned his attention to Gritty's remaining article of clothing. He pawed at the shorts roughly, salivating at the visible bulge and desperate to get at what lay beneath. He pulled them down, freeing Gritty's massive member. It was long and tapered off, covered in thick, throbbing veins. It was like a fur-rimmed tentacle.

The green mascot honked in delight and hunkered down on his knees. Taking the huge orange cock in his fuzzy hands, he wrapped his horn-mouth around its thickness. He sucked in sharply, taking most of Gritty's length straight down his throat. The fur rimming the Phanatic's mouth tickled the other mascot's balls.

Gritty threw his head back in pleasure. He knocked off Phanatic's baseball cap and steadied himself by grabbing fistfuls of green hair. His fists followed the motion of the Phanatic's head bobbing up and down his shaft.

The orange mascot suddenly remembered what the Phanatic was famous for and pulled him off his dick. "Eat my ass."

The Phanatic's cross-eyes stared up at him, confused.

"That tongue of yours. I bet you're good at eating ass." With that, Gritty turned around and leaned on the desk, offering a taste. His orange backside beckoned.

The Phanatic scooted forward and hovered inches away from Gritty's furry hole. He honked again, this time a muddied, wet sound, and his long tongue unfurled like a party favor. That tongue gingerly licked the orange entrance, savoring the taste of zamboni-bulldozed ice mixed with mansweat.

While the green mascot eagerly tongued his entrance, Gritty slowly slid a finger into his oversized belly button. He slid the digit in and out in tandem to the Phanatic's sloppy administrations to his puckered hole. It let out a short muffled squeak as he prodded deeper inside.

The Phanatic suddenly pulled away, panting heavily. "Gritty, I..." His voice was hoarse and, well, gritty. "I want you to fuck me up like Andrew MacDonald fucks up the Flyers' defense."

Gritty silently walked over to his bag and ruffled inside. Pulling out a large tub of... something, he turned to the Phanatic. The green mascot eyed the tub, making out **A S T R O G L I D E** emblazoned on the label.

"So," Gritty smirked, "Wit or witout?"

The Phanatic blushed, quietly answering "Wit."

"Pussy."

With that, Gritty grabbed the other mascot roughly by the shoulder and turned him around. He kneeled down, pushing down on the Phanatic's back and forcing

his giant green ass in the air. With absolutely no prep, he shoved his tentacle-like dick straight into the baseball mascot's dry ass.

The Phanatic honked in pain, the sound of which only caused Gritty to work himself into a frenzy. He slammed mercilessly into the older mascot, his protruding belly slapping green ass and causing frenzied squeaking from his massive belly button.

Gritty's cock filled the Phanatic with every thrust. The older mascot could feel every vein as it moved inside him as if it had a mind of its own. It writhed inside him, hitting nerves he had no idea existed.

The Phanatic's party blower of a tongue hung limply from his mouth as Gritty pounded him six ways from Sunday. The rhythm was hypnotic, sending the giant green bird into a sort of fucked-out trance.

Gritty mumbled something indistinct under his breath, and with a hard, final thrust, he released a long stream of cum into the Phanatic's abused asshole. The green mascot jizzed violently, letting out a long, low honk as disturbing as an Elmo doll with low batteries. Spent, he collapsed under the weight of his orange counterpart.

With a sadistic chuckle, Gritty pulled out of the other mascot with a loud pop. He stood up, and grabbed the unfinished brandy from the desk. "That deserves a chin-chin" he said as he downed the rest of the glass.

Two months later, Ron Hextall is fired.