

Henry Eclipsed Part 1

There's an old saying that is often thrown around from time to time: Getting dumped sucks, a fact Henry knew all too well. It had been five days now, and his mood had not improved one bit. Every day he would just sit on his bed with the curtains drawn, casting his bedroom into constant darkness. He felt it was apropos to physically be in the endless darkness that threatened to devour his shattered soul. If you hadn't guessed by now, Henry is pretty melodramatic. It was a trait the Hare was well known for, especially amongst his friends.

He continued to lay on his messy bed; sheets tangled around his body as he sniffled loudly, his bloodshot eyes producing no tears, as, alas, he had no more tears to shed. He had been wearing his same white button-up shirt for the entire duration, as well as his black pants. They were the clothes he had worn when he and Kurt broke up, what more fitting a garb for him to wear whilst locked away in his own prison of emotion? He barely reacted as the phone rang loudly from the kitchen of his apartment. It had been ringing quite a lot recently, though that probably had to do with him missing a few days of work, but he felt it was justified. He simply could not work in his condition. I suppose it begs repeating that he can be incredibly melodramatic. You already know this, but honestly saying it once doesn't really cover just *how* melodramatic he is.

The phone continued to scream out for him, and he just continued to ignore it as he stared dismally at the roof. The answering machine finally took the call. *"Hey Henry, it's Jameson and- huh, what? ... Okay, fine, Pat's here too. We haven't heard from you in a few days now, and everyone's starting to get really worried about you. We tried to come round but it looked like you weren't home.... Look, we know how much Kurt meant to you, so, when you hear this, please-"*

***BEEP* Message Bank Full.**

Henry sighed pitifully as his reddened blue eyes stared out the doorway of his room. His throat felt as red and raw as his heart, and even some demons could overpower the cruelty of heartbreak. Finding what little strength he had, he removed himself with some effort... well, let's not mince words here; another day longer and he could only have been removed from that bed via spatula. His fur was on ends as he staggered out of his room into the lounge room/kitchen combo. Henry had made no effort to clean up, though seeing as how he hadn't even used the area the only thing there was a layer of dust, and a black jacket draped over the couch. That's what he had worn on their last date, a bitter fact he was forced to acknowledge.

Staggering to the fridge, (ignoring his pile of dirty dishes), he opened it and removed a probably flat beer from it. Now common sense dictates you shouldn't really drink beer whilst dehydrated, but common sense packed up and left a long time ago. Skilfully popping the cap off, Henry took a heady swig as he went past the cordless phone. The answering machine attached to it was blinking red, revealing a large number of messages on it. With a swift press he deleted all of them. Walking two steps away, the phone started going off again.

Henry stared at it blankly as it kept screaming at him, and he consciously weighed up if he could be arsed to grab the phone. Gazing at the wall clock, it was 5:47 PM, quite late in the afternoon. So, it would've been Jameson and Pat again. He ground his front teeth together fitfully, before finally deciding to grab the phone a second before it went to the answering machine. "Hello?" he rasped dryly, taking a quick swig of beer afterwards.

"HENRY! Thank God we finally got you. We haven't heard from you since the bre- umm, we haven't heard from you in over a week. Everyone's been worried sick" Jameson said from the other side, his voice rich in concern.

Henry sighed loudly, unintentionally blowing into the phone. "You don't need to play dumb Jameson" Henry said bitterly, his nose scrunching up in disgust. "Since the breakup. I know. I'm, I don't even know why I'm talking to you" he added offhandedly.

"Because you started drinking Henry" Jameson said flatly, stopping Henry mid-swig. "You won't find your heart at the bottom of a bottle pookie. Look, everyone was planning to come over to see you tonight, but, why don't you finally come out instead?" he offered out of hope and pity.

"I've been out since high school" Henry replied sarcastically.

"You *know* what I meant Henry. You can't keep hiding in that apartment of yours. Your boss has been asking around and we've been covering for you, but he'll figure out quickly that you're not coming in because of a breakup Henry. So we need you to perk up, and quick. I'll ask around with the others, and maybe we'll go to a club, or, I dunno, maybe a strip club or something like that. We all know you rather enjoyed lap dances from Club CDE before it closed, so whadya say?" Jameson inquired.

Henry calmly put his half-finished beer bottle on the kitchen counter, his hand idly brushing past a photo. It was of him, looking much happier as he happily hung off the arm of a rather masculine and tough looking lion. He glared at the photo angrily as he swept it off the counter, smashing it on the tiles below. "You know what? Fine, not as if I'm waiting for Kurt to come back and sweep me up in his big strong arms and tell me he still loves me" Henry decided in defeat.

"O... kay? I'll talk to the guys and call back in an hour. In the meantime, go have a shower. I can smell you from my apartment" Jameson remarked as he hung up.

Henry fitfully slammed the phone on its holder and nodded, before realizing what he had agreed too. "Fuck!" he declared loudly.

Jameson won't take no for an answer now, and, maybe it won't be so bad? For one thing he hadn't had it in a week, nor had he pleased his soldier in that same time either. And just thinking about some fit young men gyrating around some poles, splaying their junk all up in everyone's faces, why, Henry was practically salivating at that idea. His dick was too, figuratively and literally as it stood right to attention in his briefs. Well, he had had enough pity time. And, there's worse things he could be doing he had to admit as he gazed at the bed he had been glued to for almost a week. He sighed as he polished off what remained of his booze in one swig. Did I mention he's kinda terrible at life choices?

Henry had spent forty luxurious minutes in the shower, and he lavished in his cleanliness. Sitting on his bed he faced off against full-length mirror hanging from his closet door. He was in the buff, and was idly brushing his fur with a comb. His grey fur was so soft after a decent shampoo and conditioning, and it actually coiled instead of crinkling like stale chips. As he stared at himself in the mirror, he gave his head a gentle shake. He smiled as his long ears flapped around behind them. He always found his floppy ears to be his best feature.

As he continued to brush himself Henry began to idly squeeze his breast, noting an unsightly amount of flab that had built on them after his weeklong pity party. Even his little pink nipples looked fatter, like they could nurse triplets all at once. How disgusting he thought, he'd probably need a bra to hold it all. Though he was pretty trim and lean, he couldn't help but feel like 300 lbs as he felt the slightest curves of his body. His nose wrinkled in disgust at the idea of letting himself go like that. "Look at what you did to me Kurt" he remarked bitterly.

As much hatred and frustration he felt, just the idea of his ex sent arousal surging down his body into his modest four and a half inches of cock. It stood to attention in no short order, and Henry let out a low murr of lust. His balls felt so full and tight from repression, they were rumbling like little volcanos. And, if he was going to a place where there'd be lots of athletic young men in skimpy clothes, it would be best to go without a full tank. Gripping his shaft tightly, he began to think back on the various times they'd done it; every single time with him taking it from behind... like the little bitch he was. Henry lost all momentum as those bitters thoughts clouded his mind, and though his little soldier was begging for attention, he just couldn't concentrate anymore.

Relegating the blood supply to his head, Henry stood before the mirror, in all his 5'2" glory. The flab on him looked so obvious to him, and he was disgusted with his body. Turning around, his nearly flat bottom looked like two halves of a watermelon. They were practically consuming his well-groomed cottontail. And his back was sagging too; and, sweet fancy Moses there were love handles too. God to think of all the hours needed to work all this off, getting all sweaty and gross. He gagged at the idea as he searched for clean clothes (that would fit his fat ass), but washing had been getting put off, and all that was left was another white button-up shirt and long black pants. With little choice he went with them, and though he tried to find his classy black jacket he wore when he needed to feel 'special', it wasn't anywhere in his closet. Henry sighed in annoyance at that; that jacket was very special to him. He had met Kurt in the jacket, boy that was a good night. But he had also broken up with him in it and- ugh, he had to shake that thought away. He had to shake them all away. It was done, they... were done.

Thankfully, the phone blared loudly, chasing away the memories. As Henry went for the phone he noticed his jacket on the couch, and remembered how he had thrown it off in shame after getting home. He forcefully repressed the rest of the memory as he answered the phone. Naturally, Jameson's voice was on the other end. "Hey Henry" he declared.

"Yeah?" Henry remarked apathetically.

"Well, don't we sound upbeat huh? Look, Pat and I sniffed around and got Sam and Harold to join us. They heard about this great new club that opened up last week, and it's the 'in' thing right now. Anything goes there, apparently. I honestly don't believe that, but it sounds like fun. Sam is practically begging for you to come, though I think he said it the 'other' way, the dirty slut. Hmmm. Well, we'll be coming for you in twenty minutes" Jameson said firmly.

"You got Sam? Doesn't he have assignments or term papers to mark?" Henry inquired curiously.

There was a rather unsubtle silence before Jameson spoke again. "Henry, it's Friday, and term doesn't even begin for another three weeks" he said, not even trying to hide his concern.

"Oh" Henry replied as he rolled his jaw fitfully. There wasn't long now, he would had to say something before it was too late. "Look, I don't know if tonight is good for me. I'm having second-thoughts Jameson" Henry admitted weakly.

There was a short but firm pause that lasted three seconds. "You're going" Jameson said with finality as he hung up.

Henry was left with the dial tone, and he sighed. He said yes before, anything else he said didn't matter now. All he could do was wait, so, he fixed himself a tall glass of cool water and waited patiently on his couch until twenty minutes was up.

Course, it turned out to be fifteen, but who's counting huh? A fist banged on the door loudly, and very impatiently. Surrendering to the inevitable, Henry collected his wallet, keys, and his mobile as he unlocked the door. On the other side was a very impatient Jameson, who was a Weasel of little patience sometimes as he stood in a white shirt with a sweater-vest and long jeans. Next to him was a Shetland Pony in a skanky looking tank top and go-go shorts; he went by the name of Sam, though everyone called him The Ride (because everybody gets one). "Bout time, we thought you were dead" Jameson remarked in faux concern.

"Well, happy to disprove your theory Jameson" Henry replied snarkily, brushing his hair back and then down his floppy ears. "So, where's Pat and Harold? Waiting downstairs?" he inquired curiously.

"Yeah, they wanted to wait there. You know how Pat is with stairs, and Harold with being gay and alone in an unfamiliar place" Sam smirked childishly.

"Yeah, I'll bet" Henry replied with uncertainty, a forced smile on his face.

“Well come on then bitches, no point standing around here all night” Jameson declared as he walked for the stairs, Sam following closely behind as Henry locked his apartment. Room 6-9, it was too perfect to have passed up the first time. Swallowing what little pride he had, Henry pursued his fellow queens.

The quintet of queers walked through the lamp lit roads. Jameson was hanging off the arm of his partner Patrick-Brent, a fucking enormous honey badger. His face was unreadable much of the time, not that you would be looking him in the face, not when his mountainous gut was always in view. No matter what he wore, it would always ride up over it. Today’s victim was some brand name shirt you couldn’t tell the brand of, due to being nothing more than a sport’s bra and the biggest pair of pants a normal clothes retailer could legally sell. Normally, Henry would hold some distaste over Pat’s enormous carriage, but he was much more forgiving due to Pat’s diabetes. He couldn’t help but be big.

Sam meanwhile was gossiping with Harold, who whilst not as big a slut as Sam (and, for the record, all the whores found in Los Angeles together are only half the slut he is), was still a pretty slutty Eagle in a fishnet shirt and shorts that lived up to their name. Harold sometimes moonlighter as a transvestite, so his tendencies towards make-up had migrated to both genders, though it was least subtle when he wore it as a guy. Henry, privileged as he was to be in the back, noticed that Harold had planted little diamantes on his lush tail feathers; that was new, and kinda cute too. Henry smiled a little as he breathed in the night air, but it quickly turned to a frown as he remembered that he was the only single here... possibly. Sam and Harold probably weren’t together, but that wasn’t the point honestly.

A sigh escaped his lips a little too loudly, catching Pat’s ears, the big guy’s head turned in his direction, and gave Henry a sympathetic smile. Signalling him to come closer, Henry joined his side. An enormous black paw swung around and comfortably pressed Henry into the enormous black wall. “Cheer up Henry, tonight might just be your lucky night” Pat rumbled in his deep voice, smiling as he did.

Henry couldn’t help smile back at the big guy. For what it was worth he was pretty great, and as much as he also wanted to hang off his arm, it would be best not to test Jameson’s jealousy. There have been many bitches who learned that the hard way.

The walk to the new club was mercifully short, at only fifteen minutes, and only two people called them fags. A new record really. What was also a record was how fast Henry went from moving to stopped. Far ahead was the club the group had been yacking about, called

The Candy Bar. But, that wasn't what stopped Henry, no club ever had. No, it was the line. Why, why of all times?

Henry's breath was caught in his throat as he caught sight of Kurt in the line. The Lion was wearing that long-sleeved shirt that showcased his tight arms muscles and abdominals, with his snail trail on full display as the shirt cut off. And those god damn black leather pants that were just so tight. Henry was filled with a foul mixture of lust, hatred, fear, and desperation. The other crowded around him gently. "Oh God Henry, had I known..." Sam said slowly, barely even knowing what to say.

"You know what, this was a dumb idea" Henry said quickly as he turned around and attempted to walk off.

"You sure?" Harold inquired sadly.

Jameson sighed sadly. "It's better to let him go. We can't make him go in there, nor should we force him too. Maybe we should all go home and try another night?" he suggested.

"Don't let me ruin your night" Henry sniffled, trying desperately to keep it together.

"But it's meant to be your night" Jameson insisted.

Henry fought back his bitterness as he forced his best smile. Throwing his head over his shoulder, his face was held in a bitter smile that broke constantly. "Make it your night, I'll just go home. Tell me how fun it was later" he said through clenched teeth as he walked off awkwardly.

The group watched sadly as the Hare walked up towards the crossing, and made a prompt left turn. "That's not the way back to his apartment" Sam pointed out.

"I think he knows that poppet" Harold replied.

Of course he hadn't gone home, what would be the point? He'd just climb right back into that bed of his and cry the night away. No, tonight wasn't going to be for crying; tonight was going to be for finding a hot young thing that Henry could rub in Kurt's stupid face. That was the plan in any case.

Finding a decent club proved tricky, as there weren't many in this part of the city. The Candy Bar was the only one he knew of since Club CDE closed, and even then that was new. It's not as if a decent bar will just appear out of the woodwork- Oh hello, what have we here? Down the road was a darling little place, at least, Henry hoped so, as there was a group of rather cute guys entering it. It didn't look all too remarkable, but it looked active and that was perfect. Glaring at the neon name, Henry found the place was called The Chubby Chaser. What a bizarre name, maybe Harold would know... oh wait, he didn't have his new number. Damn it, well, Jameson would answer, hopefully. Henry's fingers glide quickly across his smart phone's screen.

January, Xth of 201X, 7:17:34

Hey. Found place called Chubby Chaser. Does Harold know it?

Henry waited a few seconds as Jameson replied

I'll ask him

K

Henry waited impatiently, god knows how long it would take to find a promiscuous slut like Harold when on the loose. After a few impatient minutes the reply came through.

He says it's known for it's famous drink

Awesome.

Cute guys and decent booze, what a delicious combination. Henry licked his lips as he got to the curiously unmanned front door. Must not be a popular club, though Henry didn't stop to ponder such implications as he entered. The Chubby Chaser was a remarkably upbeat club with the lights down low, filling the room with a sensual purple mood lighting.... Oh em gee, it has a stage, with a pole and a decent sized catwalk. Pole-dancers god damn yes. There was also a DJ operating the music, so there'd at least be some taste. Henry was alight with happiness, that he didn't notice he was about to crash into someone, until he had. Henry staggered back from the shock. "Watch it!" it said irritably to whoever he had bumped into.

His frustrated look turned to a sneer of disgust as he realized her had crashed into a fat Ass. Literally, it was an enormous wide-ride Donkey in a speedo that barely covered him, and a collar with a black bowtie. "I'm sorry master" he apologised with a quick bow as he went about his business with a tray of drinks. Probably all for himself Henry thought in disgust as wondered why the club owners would even allow something like *that* into their club. And he was practically naked too, don't they have standards? Henry snorted in derision as he made it to the bar without questioning why he had been called 'master'.

It was remarkably absent of clients, aside from a pair laughing a little too loudly down the end. The bar was tended by a lone Grey Wolf, who was also topless and fucking gorgeous. "Hi there" the bartender said as Henry sat down.

"Hi you" Henry replied in a flirtiest manner.

The bartender laughed as he pointed to a sign on the fridge, which read:

The bartender is not for sale, don't even bother asking.

"Oh" Henry said slowly.

"Good try though, you were actually a lot more subtle than most people who try to hit on me, though they usually have had a few drinks first" the bartender remarked enthusiastically as he cleaned some glasses.

"Oh, yeah, was that what I was doing? I didn't even realize" Henry replied, not even trying to think.

The bartender laughed loudly as he placed his glass down. "That's cute, but *still* not interested" he smirked as he grabbed a drink menu and handed it to Henry. "Anything take your fancy?" he inquired curiously.

"Yeah, I heard you had a famous drink, which is apparently what named the place. I'd like to try that" Henry decided without even looking at what was in the drink.

The bartender froze suddenly, as if his mental wiring had just been blue screened. His mouth moved up and down slowly, but no words came out. It was as if he wanted to say something important, but couldn't find the words. He shook himself suddenly, and re-adopted his previous veneer. "You're after a Chubby Chaser, our "famous drink"?" he said slowly with a raised brow.

"Yeah" Henry said in confusion, not even beginning to understand such weird behaviour.

"We usually offer that drink free to new customers, but I think it would be better if you tried some of the other drinks first before you get a taste of Chubby" the bartender said through his smirk.

"But, I said I wanted the Chubby Chaser" Henry implored.

"If you- Umm, if you don't- No, somehow, I don't think you do" the bartender replied, his face cracking from smiling so much. His tone was weird as well, that sort of knowing tone you use when you know something the person you're talking too doesn't.

Henry sighed in frustration, was he just screwing with him just because he was hitting on him? What a douche. "Alright, then just a pint of [Generic Beer Brand Here] then" he decided.

"Okie doke" the bartender smiled as he poured the drink and handed it to Henry. "That'll be eight bucks seventy-five" he declared.

Henry shelled it out and hunkered down into the drink. The foam was completely minimal, an impressive trick indeed. And it was ice-cold too. Maybe this bar wouldn't be so bad after all. "This is pretty good" Henry remarked a little louder than he had wanted to be.

"Yeah, well, that's why I get twenty percent tips" the bartender boasted.

Henry gulped hard. This guy gets tipped twenty percent? "That's pretty good for a bartender" he admitted.

“Yeah well, that just goes to show how amazing I am, plus, the guys and gals do love paying a little extra for the eye candy” the bartender boasted as he flexed his arms and chest for Henry.

The Hare gulped hard on his drink, though it bounced back on him hard as he belched wetly, spitting some of his drink out in the process. The bartender laughed loudly again. “I love doing that” he said under his breath as started to dry another glass.

“Yes, very, grk, impressive” Henry said in a strained voice, trying to fight the lust demons and their rather imaginative ideas of what was behind the counter, as well as trying not to inhale what was left of his drink. Must think unsexy thoughts, must think unsexy thoughts... and he had it. “Say, on my way in I crashed into this fat donkey in a speedo. Does this place get weird clientele often?” he inquired curiously, his libido stalled for another few minutes.

The bartender snorted loudly, trying desperately not to drop the glass or break out in the giggles, a battle he was swiftly losing. “Was that a dumb question?” Henry inquired, his face flushed with embarrassment.

“Oh no... snrk... not at all” the bartender said whilst hiding his smirk with his tea towel.

Henry frowned again. This guy must get a kick out of screwing with new customers or something, not a good way to maintain the faith really. “Why do you keep laughing?” he demanded indignantly.

“Oh, I’m just remembering something funny I saw earlier” the bartender lied, still barely containing his smirk. “But to answer your question, some ‘clientele’ are allowed a more lax dress code, you could say” he said whilst giggling.

Henry narrowed his eyes at the bartender’s rather absurd antics, but eventually he decided to roll his eyes and go back to his drink. Normally by now he would be looking for a nice bulky sort to rub up against, but more liquid courage was needed for that.

Suddenly, the music ceased as the lights dimmed, the only remaining ones pointed cleanly onto the curtains that hung at the back of the stage, the ones that went out onto the

circular stage with the pole. The DJ was standing up from his console as a microphone was held in his hand. "It's that time of the hour patrons of the Chubby Chaser, for the lllllllllllive, shooooooooooooowwwwwwwwssss. Tonight maytes, we have da thunder fro down unda. The desert crasher and Cane Toad smasher. Give it up everyone, for ULURU... MONS!" the DJ shouted in the most stereotypical Australian accent ever.

Live show? Hell yes. Henry swivelled on his chair to face the stage, waiting eagerly as the curtains billowed in anticipation. As expected of a possible Australian stereotype, the Land Down Under started playing over the speakers as a dusty brown hand reached through the curtain. Henry's heart beat faster and faster in stimulated anticipation as the curtains were dramatically pulled apart... and his mental boner was murdered in an instant.

Walking down the stage was an enormous fat Dingo, easily over 400 lbs in weight. His many folds jiggled and shook as he stomped down the catwalk (thought it was really more of a runway) in leather cowboy boots, and in a black thong that was pretty much invisible behind that low hanging gut. Henry's throat closed tightly as he gagged loudly, turning around at lightning speed. His body was on fire with his own personal embarrassment... and the bartender was, of course, pissing himself laughing. "What the fuck kind of sick joke is this?" Henry gagged in a choked voice.

The bartender was barely able to breathe, that reaction alone would keep him going for days to come. He wiped a tear from his eyes as he desperately tried to catch his breath. Granted, his laughter wasn't the only painful thing ringing in his ears as the other patrons cheered loudly for Uluru Mons. "You... snrk, you... ha ha ha, you aren't very observant, snrk, are ya?" he giggled loudly.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Henry demanded in fury, his voice in only hushed tones as there was more drunken cheering from the club.

"Take a look around Columbus" the bartender smirked.

Against his better judgement, Henry did, and his jaw dropped in horror. All around the club were plus sized gentlemen in speedos and collars with bow ties crammed into tiny booths with a large number of patrons and... oh god one of them was getting motor boated. Those giant fat moobs jiggling like that, it can't be unseen. There is not enough brain bleach in the world. Henry began dry retching, his body rejecting the very atmosphere as he swung around back to the bartender, who was laughing again. "What is this place?" Henry whined pitifully.

“The Chubby Chaser is the premiere fat appreciation night club, complete with a functional bar, interaction with our various entertainers slash escorts at a respectable cost per hour. Every night there are live dance shows by our talented entertainers every half hour to an hour until ten, depending on current occupancy of the club, and on Mondays we offer strip shows to keep the interest on the post-weekend downtime. By the by, you just had your free Chubby Chaser, did it taste good?” the bartender inquired sweetly, only just containing his glee as the stage show ended behind him, the lighting and music returning to normal.

“It tastes disgusting” Henry said dryly, his eyes making occasional glances over his shoulder for the exit. “I should probably go” he decided in discomfort.

“Don’t go just yet Cinderella, you haven’t even told me your name” the bartender smiled, this most likely being a ritual of his.

“It’s Henry” Henry answered as he prepared to leave.

The bartender’s smile was gone in a flash as he gave an inquisitive look at Henry. “Henry what?” he inquired suspiciously.

“Henry Miller” Henry replied in annoyance.

The bartender’s eyes narrowed suspiciously as he grabbed another pint glass and filled it up with Henry’s previous order. He plonked it down in front of Henry with little ceremony, the head splashing onto the bar. “Here, it’s on the house. Umm, if you’ll excuse me, I have to go get something... uhh, from the back” the bartender mumbled as he walked down the bar and out the door.

Henry looked from the free drink to the swinging door, and back to the drink again. As much as he did want to leave, which, trust him he *did*, a free drink’s a free drink, though the bartender was acting weird again. But then, he had made a habit of acting weird so far, maybe he had one of those strange mental diseases the psychologists were throwing around like candy these days. Henry took a deep gulp of his drink, but no amount of alcohol could ever erase what he had seen tonight.

After five minutes, the bartender had returned with a strange frown on his face, and nothing actually in his hands. "Couldn't find what you needed?" Henry asked drunkenly.

"Uhhh, what? Oh, err, no, no I didn't. So tell me Mister Henry Miller, why did you drop by here tonight?" the bartender questioned.

Henry sighed sadly, belching loudly. "Ohh, my friends decided I needed to get out. I had this horrible break-up five days ago, and I've been out of it for that time. It was after a horrible argument and he ended it, saying I was too difficult to deal with, but he was talking crap. I gave everything I had to him, and it just wasn't enough for him" Henry grumbled bitterly, his right eye twitching slightly.

"That so?" the bartender inquired, pouring another 'on the house' drink for Henry, who greedily accepted it.

"Yeah, that's what I think" Henry remarked before taking another deep swig. He belched loudly again. "I dunno though, my relationships always suck," he muttered bitterly, resting his head on his hand. "But I never feel like me when I'm not in one. I just feel this horrible disgusting emptiness in my chest" he added dramatically, the bartender nodding thoughtfully.

Suddenly, the lights dimmed again as the spotlights returned to the billowing curtain. The many patrons and staff members made hushed murmurs amongst themselves as the music was unceremoniously killed. The DJ seemed rather confused as he stood up from his spot. "Uhh, patrons of the Chubby Chaser, it appears we have a special performance tonight. Please, give a warm welcome to He who blots out the sun. The infinite blackness that steals your attention (and the contents of your wallets). Give a big long cheer for SOOOOOLLLLLAAAAARRRRRR, EEEELIIIIIIIPPPSSSSSEEEE!" he cheered.

The seductive background music that played was drowned by the intense cheering from everyone as the curtains were drawn back. Whilst Henry knew what was coming, his drunken curiosity got the better of him as he turned to the stage, and he was frozen in place. Making his seductive steps down the stage was an eight foot tall Panther whose physical description could only be described as "God damn!" Unlike his predecessor, Solar Eclipse had very obvious signs of toning beneath his carriage, giving him remarkable form and shape that didn't bounce, and barely jiggled. Everything stayed in place, especially his beach ball sized gut. I mean God damn that thing must be defying gravity somehow.

Henry's breathing accelerated as his loins were on fire. His heart was racing as he watched the enormous Adonis reach the industrially strengthened pole, and went to work. He expertly gyrated around it, attracting loud cheers as he hung off it with left leg hooked around it, his back parallel to the floor and his arms reaching out to the crowd. Wolf whistles pierced the cheering as Solar Eclipse continued his display. Many of the nearby patrons were eagerly hurling their cash onto the stage as its husky performer walked slowly away, until he stopped.

Taking a short and subtle breath, Solar Eclipse back flipped onto the pole, his boulder-sized butt cheeks squeezing tightly, fastening himself upside-down on the pole as his legs entwined themselves around the metal. The pole started rotating on its own, causing Solar Eclipse to start spinning around, his open palms held out to his adoring audience, and they in turn reached out to him, grabbing his hands for moments or high-fiving him instead.

Henry's breathing had gotten so violently to the point steam would be shooting out of his nostrils. He was on fire as his rapid heartbeat echoed in his ears. Being upside-down the beautiful creature was showing off *everything* to the world, and that bright red speedo (more of a thong really) left very little to the imagination. His cock must've been at least eight inches long, maybe more. Henry couldn't tell as his mind fogged with clouds of lust. And as Solar Eclipse came around again, Henry could've sworn he had...? Now he wasn't completely certain, but he could have sworn Eclipse had winked at him. At him. His pants had gotten incredibly tight over the length of the performance, but that one wink sent him over the edge. He moaned silently as he was pretty certain he had come a little. Sadly, Eclipse's show was over before the mind sex could go any further, and the Panther sauntered back up the runway, but not before blowing a generous kiss to the audience. He disappeared behind the curtains, and the club returned to the normal, albeit with more excited conversations.

Henry was practically catatonic until the Panther left, and he slowly but surely rotated back to the bar. His shirt was clinging to his damp fur, it was as if he had been in a sauna for several hours. And he was practically snorting his breaths now. It was just, so, amazing. No, it was incredible. Such talent, much wow, good kinky. Henry could not for the life of himself understand it, but, somehow, for some inexplicable reason, Solar Eclipse had won his heart. Eclipse was the one person he wanted to be with; he, he had to meet him. "Enjoy yourself?" the bartender inquired with a cheerful smile as steam escaped from Henry's collar.

Henry nodded dumbly, still incapable of speech. The bartender smiled as he gave Henry a firm pat on his shoulder. "That's good, just as well your night wasn't a total bust huh?"

Though you gotta admit, Solar Eclipse does a good job of bringing in the crowds. It's why he's the head bitch round here" he remarked.

"He's incredible" Henry said dumbly, blushing a deep crimson even from the memories of the show.

"Oh yeah, he was the first one to join when the club started up three years ago. No experience before-hand, but Jesus could he wreck a pole and people's weekly income" the bartender added conversationally.

"I wish I could meet him" Henry said meekly.

"I could arrange that" the bartender replied.

Henry's eyes lit up as his heart rate hastened again. God help him if this guy was pulling his chain. "You can?" he squeed hopefully.

The bartender gave the Hare a knowing smile. "But of course. While I, a lowly bartender, might not seem as much, I have some sway with the dancers. They adore me after all, and I adore them. Hell, I've been with a few of them. And let's just say I happen to have some sway when it comes to our performers. I'm sure if I explained it to Eclipse, he'd be more than happy to have a, "private session"..." the bartender smiled as he leaned in nice and close to Henry's ears, "backstage".

Oh my God. Oh my God oh my God oh my God, this was all too good to be true, but it was true. He was actually going to meet Eclipse. If he could just get a moment alone with the guy, it would mean the world to Henry right now. "Please do" he said without thinking.

"K, one sec" the bartender said as he walked out the back again.

Henry could hardly wait as, within a minute, the bartender was already back. He eagerly awaited the news, which, by the smile on the bartender's face, was good. "He says he'd be happy to meet a new fan" the bartender declared.

Henry could barely contain his excitement. He wanted so dearly to explode from sheer joy as the bartender guided him behind the bar and past the staff door. He didn't even care for the fatties he passed by as he was guided into a large open area make-up room. It was lined with eight mirrors all down the middle, with large chairs for the occupants. Waiting in a plus-size seat down the end was Solar Eclipse, who was idly reading through a magazine nestled in his crossed leg, and, he was still in his stage outfit.

As he gave a bored flick of the page, his ears twitched as he caught sight of the bartender leading the way with his little package behind him. "There's a special delivery for ya Eclipse" the bartender joked.

Eclipse smiled warmly. "Thank you Jason, it looks lovely" he replied in dulcet tones as he neatly put away his magazine.

Jason gave the thumbs up to Henry as he walked off, leaving the Hare alone with his hero. Henry was fidgeting from the excitement, and it was at that point that he didn't even know what the hell he should say to this god. The Panther meanwhile gave a curt up and down on Henry, and he gave off a warm purr. "Well, hello there. Jason said you, "enjoyed" my performance" he purred seductively.

Henry nodded excessively. "Y-yes, I quite admired you" he said dumbly.

Eclipse frowned as he raised a curious brow. "You admire a big fat guy swivelling around on an industrial strength pole by his ass cheeks?" he inquired duplicitously.

Henry's ears and fur flared in shock. "What? No no no, I, I just thought you were incredible out there" he declared heatedly.

Eclipse leaned his head on an open paw, and he smiled. "I know what you meant, I was just having fun with ya" he giggled.

Henry sighed in relief, for a minute there he thought things were going south. "Oh good, so, umm, Solar Eclipse-"

"Call me Brandy, it's easier" Brandy cut in curtly.

“Okay, Brandy, I thought you were really good out there, even though I’m not normally into that sort of thing” Henry explained, though he was trailing off at the end.

“Pole dancing isn’t your thing?” Brandy inquired curiously.

“No, that’s fine. Umm, not usually into someone of your, uhuh...” Henry stumbled, unsure what would be the best word to provide least offence.

“Weight? That’s fair enough, people have their own tastes; so glad I was able expand yours. Although, Jason did tell you me you really enjoyed my show. So, I am curious...” Brandy remarked, idly dragging off as he looked away distantly.

“Curious, about what?” Henry demanded desperately.

Brandy stared at Henry through the reflection in the mirror, and he hid his smile in his hand. “Curious if there is a chubby chaser in you. Jason knows all the regulars, and he doesn’t know you. And well, newbies are always a lot of fun in my opinion. So, being the generous person that I am, I admit it would be fun to find out... yes, or no” Brandy remarked with a sly grin.

“Are you... asking me out?” Henry questioned with uncertainty.

“No, not a date. More like a little “fun time”. Call it a generosity on my part in regards to people uncertain of their fat lover identity. I do so love helping people find their answer” Brandy grinned, smacking his lips loudly. “So, what do you say? I’m free on Sunday evening, so, feel like a little mountain climbing?” Brandy purred seductively, lowering his cocked leg as he spread the Gates of Troy wide, giving Henry a good view of the strained red fabric of Brandy’s speedo.

“Yes” Henry said quickly without thinking.

“Wonderful” Brandy smiled as he quickly wrote something on a spare piece of paper, which he handed to Henry. “This is my address, I’ll see you around, let’s say, eight o’clock? See you there champ” Brandy said with a wink.

Henry grinned widely as his heart skipped a beat. “I’ll see you there” he answered, returning the titanic Panther’s smile with his own buck-toothed grin.