

Henry Eclipsed Part 2

It was two days later, around six o'clock on Sunday night, and Henry was freaking the fuck out. He had been for two days as a matter of fact. He was due for a fuck with a professional pole dancer, and what the fuck had he been thinking? It's a fucking pole dancer, he probably does it all the time. Why did he have to go and drink so much? Why did he let his dick do all the thinking? God knows what diseases he might have... and yet, for every reservation Henry had, he just had to remember that enormous muscled ass and tortured poser, and all of them were sold off to the Native Americans.

Sure he had been drunk, but, wait, yes, that was kinda the root of the problem. He had gotten smashed after only three freaking beers, when had he been such a light-weight? He used to be able to pound six pints and only be tipsy. "Oh goood" Henry moaned as he held his head in his hands as he sat on his recently vacuumed couch.

He hadn't told the others about this, thankfully. Normally if he found someone whilst drunk he'd ring everyone and boast about it, but the phone lines had been quiet. There had been no word from Pat or Jameson, or Sam, or Harold. They hadn't spoken to him after Friday night, and it wasn't hard to figure out why. After seeing Kurt and how he had reacted, they no doubt were giving him space again. Henry glowered at such a bitter idea; fucking Kurt was the reason why he had ended up in that hellhole. But, without him, he wouldn't have met Brandy and... oh god he was confused.

Really, what the hell was he supposed to do? He was a pole dancer and possibly a stripper. And he so casually asked for a fuck. Who even does that? Henry glanced at the slip of paper sitting on the couch next to him. Brandy's home address and number, allegedly. What if it was some messed up trick and he was going to get gang-raped or had his organs harvested, or hell, even murdered? Henry was starting to hyperventilate as his paranoia built. He hadn't even rung the number yet. Maybe he should. Maybe, he should call it off. Brandy would understand, maybe. Henry sighed in frustration as he reclined on the couch, his feet hanging off the armrest.

The Panther had been on his mind for the past few days, and he could not understand why. Why was it all he could think of? What was it about that large delicious hunk of dark chocolate that enamoured him so? To even think about him ignited such a burning passionate feeling in his soul. Was it love... or lust? Right now the two feelings were practically synonymous. Though, it wasn't just his inexplicable attraction that bothered him. No. There was something else about Brandy. Henry could not put a finger on it, but, there

was something familiar about him. Granted, Brandy wasn't the first big black cat in his life... not since Randy. But we don't talk about Randy, some things need to stay buried. Hmm, rather remarkable coincidence really; Brandy and Randy.

As he lay there on that couch Henry was slowly unable to take the pressure of the wait. Forcing his torso up with his arms he checked on the clock: It was a quarter past six. Henry collapsed under his enormous weight, grunting as he crashed back onto his couch. He sighed loudly as he held up the paper above him. Should he even really call it off? He was pretty sexy, and the fucking would be pretty great. He'd be pretty experienced and- What the hell was he thinking? Henry screamed in frustration as his brain and dick fought for his blood supply.

How could he decide? The first bit of action he's gotten in a week, or common sense? The decision was impossible, unless.... There was the Oracle. Rolling off the couch, Henry marched to his bedroom and dug through his closet, hunting for a shoebox. Running his fingers along the top shelf, he finally found the holy temple. Wrenching the lid off, inside was the Oracle, a Magic 8-Ball he had had ever since his father gave it to him as a kid. The person who sold it to his dad said it was cursed, as the advice it gave was always a little *too* good. If anyone was going to help him out of his dilemma, it would be the Oracle.

"Should I go over to see Brandy tonight?" Henry questioned the ball as he gave it a good shake.

Bubbles rippled around the viewing window, the dark liquid obscuring the insides as the Oracle mulled the decision over. After ten seconds, the little magic dice finally surfaced. It read: **Your libido says yes**

Henry frowned as he started shaking it again. "Are you serious?" he demanded.

Once again he waited on the Oracle's sage advice, which came again after another ten seconds: **Yes, I am serious**

Once more a shaking. "Come on, just, should I go over to Brandy's for a fuck" he demanded irritably.

The ball answered this time after twenty seconds: **Dude, what do you want from me? I'm a god damn magic 8-ball, and you're a god damn adult. It's up to you whether you should go or not. Me? I'd say go. You probably won't find someone that fine for at least a month, and, hey... it's just sex. It's not anything meaningful**

How very to the point. Henry nodded thoughtfully as the dice sunk into the depths, before inexplicably surfacing again: **Also, shake me like that one more god damn time and I swear to all the dark gods out there I will roll off this shelf and bludgeon you in your sleep**

Okay, time to put the ball back Henry thought as he very quickly returned the Oracle to its box and then pushed back into the deepest part of his closet. But, it did make a good point. It's just sex, not a relationship. A wham bam thank you mister and here's some cab fare. It was just animalistic lust, not love, at least, he was sure it was. It was just his libido being out of whack. He just, needs it out of his system. Yeah, that's it. Henry nodded affirmatively as he decided he *was* going to see Brandy. He *was* going to fuck him. And that *nothing* will come of it.

By ten to eight Henry had managed to drag himself in some casual wear to Brandy's apartment, which wasn't too far from where he lived. Apartment 8-5, and it was a pretty lavish apartment building too. Henry remembered seeing the listings back when he was hunting for a place, but it proved too expensive for him.

As he stood before the door, he hand tried to reach out for the door, but it froze in the air. Henry's heart was pounding in his chest, and he was trembling violently out of anticipation. He also felt like a bit of a chode for not bringing anything, but then, he didn't have anything to bring with him anyways. He hadn't even gone for a food shop yet. He tried to force his hand forward, but it refused to go anywhere near the white door. He grit his teeth as he tried harder, but it wouldn't budge. Groaning in frustration, his arm slammed to his side. He was starting to hyperventilate again. *"This was a stupid idea"* he thought as he pivoted to turn around.

However, by sheer coincidence, the door creaked open. Henry froze in place as Brandy stood in the door frame in a lush white dressing gown. "Oh, hello there. You're a bit earlier than I expected. Eager, that's cute" Brandy smiled sweetly as he moved out of the doorway. "Please, come in" he said to Henry, who blindly obliged.

He felt so small being in an unknown apartment, and because it was much nicer than his. The carpet felt so soft beneath his feet, and Brandy's couch was simply enormous in red leather. Well, it would have to be, considering the occupant. In fact, everything was plus sized for the plus sized gentleman. Though, what wowed him the most was the TV. It must've be at least 80 inches. "That's a big TV" he blurted out before he could stop himself.

"Thanks," Brandy grinned, "the club gave me it when they were replacing it. Well, I *did* call first dibs, but that's probably irrelevant, as is the object in question. What you should really be looking for is where the magic will be taking place" he added as he led Henry into the bedroom.

Brandy's bed was a majestic king's double decorated in slick black satin sheets. And, by the looks of it, this bed had seen a lot of action in its time. Henry's nerves were getting to him as he could feel himself unconsciously squeeze his butt cheeks together from the sheer apprehension. "Here we are" Brandy sighed idly as he moved over to the bed, his enormous carriage beholding unto Henry.

Henry swallowed hard. This was all suddenly looking like an incredibly stupid idea, and he so wanted to bail, and then, with little warning, Brandy removed his dressing gown. Henry inhaled sharply as he was hit by the image of Brandy in the buff. His body was so magnificent, its majesty magnified by the lighting. His firm man boobs stood on curt display, their dark chocolate nipples pert and to attention. Henry couldn't help but want to suck on them, and, speaking of sucking... Brandy's enormous cock swung freely beneath his round gut. It must've been nine inches long at least, and that was soft. Henry knew his dicks, and he could tell that wasn't even a chubby. The fat black cockhead glistened in the light, and Henry could tell from it alone that it must've been two, no, three inches wide. He licked his lips furiously at the monster of a cock, and his tongue could only move faster as he then turned his gaze to Brandy's orange sized balls hanging from his tight sack. Even from a distance Henry could hear them gurgle and churn with hot panther spunk. "You like?" Brandy teased, sliding his large claw on the underside of his massive cock.

Henry nodded rapidly, his face red and flushed. "Good" Brandy purred as he collapsed onto his bed, the springs creaking under his hefty mass.

Brandy moved to the center of the bed, and posed for Henry; his fat cock draped over his knee. "Shall we get to it?" Brandy said, licking his lips lustfully as he played with his cock.

Henry was already undressing as fast as he could, and in seconds he was already at his underwear. Brandy watched him all the while, he gave a knowing grin to Henry as he saw the outline of a nice hard cock staring at him through the fabric. Henry gripped at his briefs tightly, and he hesitantly removed his underwear, putting his everything on display. Normally he felt nervous about showing new beaus his body, somehow, he didn't seem to mind so much with Brandy. Though he wish he could have lost a bit of weight. Seriously, who even likes having sex with Kujo the Whale anyways? "Well, hellllllooooo sailor" Brandy declared gaily as Henry sidled towards the bed.

He was right by the bed, and he had no idea what to do. There were so many options available, and all he could think about was pleasuring Brandy. He awkwardly scratched at his arm as he tried to decide on what he should actually be doing. "Problem?" Brandy inquired curiously.

"Umm, how should I...? *Where* should I start, exactly?" Henry stammered, his sub nature flaring like the sun.

Brandy cackled idly as he repositioned himself, his tail idly flicking up and down as he ran his arm along his body. "Wherever you want sweetie. This is the discovery of fat, so, just pick a spot and go nuts" he explained soothingly.

Henry swallowed hard. Pick one? Well, there was the mouth, but that was so forward and unsubtle. The ass? How cliché. It was also vexing how Henry could not stop staring at Brandy's gut. It was so round and firm, with a navel that looked like it when on to China and... well, that was an idea. "Umm, I'll choose... the belly?" he said with a questioning inflection, as if he himself wasn't sure of the choice.

"Oh indeed?" Brandy said calmly, his implacable brow raised. "Well then, get right on it soldier."

"Umm, okay" Henry swallowed as he climbed onto the bed.

Brandy's body heat was practically radiating off him, and Henry was starting to drown in his own sweat. Taking his calming breaths, Henry faced off with the intensely deep navel. Licking two of his fingers, they dove right into the deep navel, gently gyrating within the deep furry pit. Brandy moaned in fake ecstasy, but stopped out of confusion when Henry

awkwardly repositioned himself. He was about to question it, but his doubts were lost as Henry plunged his dick into Brandy's deep navel.

The Panther grunted in discomfort as Henry awkwardly fucked his navel. Each forceful hump was too strong, and it only served to make things even more awkward for the two. Henry's dick just felt wrong in the fluffy slit, and it provided nothing but chafing. He kept trying as hard as he could, but there was no arousal to be found here. With embarrassed finality he retreated from the hole, much to Brandy's relief. Henry cleared his throat awkwardly as he swung his legs off the bed, awkwardly sitting with the sheets wrapped around his waning boner. "I'm... I'm so sorry" he apologized in humiliation.

Brandy sighed at the pitiful Hare and his pitiful display, what a noob. "It's alright, I'll guide you this time. Now come up here" he said sympathetically, patting further up the bed.

Henry followed obediently, and his head was now facing off against Brandy's broad chest. With little effort Brandy hooked his meaty paw around Henry's legs and flipped the Hare onto his chest. His legs were curved on the fat dome of his chest, with the rest of him crammed onto Brandy's barrel-like chest. Lying atop it, Henry forced himself off it with his hands, unintentionally squeezing the thick torso of Brandy, who gave another faux moan. "Oooh~ well, aren't we straight-forward huh? So, why not enjoy my chocolate buttons? They're dark chocolate with a milky center" the Panther whispered suggestively.

Henry gasped a little from the idea, as nipple play hadn't been a thing with many of his crushes; but, if he insisted. Henry moistened his lips as he lowered them towards Brandy's thick nipples, and he began suckling like an infant. Brandy's moaning was a little more sincere as Henry's tongue traced around the areola and then slathering the nipple itself. Without warning Henry nipped at the tip with his long front teeth. Brandy yelped in shock; it didn't hurt much, but it felt strangely... nice. Henry nipped again, provoking the same pleased yelp from Brandy. The biting was provoking such an unknown and pleasure response from the Panther, and his nipples were so erect from the stimulation.

Tearing his lips from the chocolate delight, Henry smiled cheekily as he inspected the red marks on Brandy's nipples, and the subtle surprise on the panther's face. "Shall I do the other?" he offered naughtily, eyeing off the other nipple that was just begging for a turn.

"Please do" Brandy gasped.

The Hare took no breaks as he went on to attack the other nipple, subtly biting around the roots with quick and cheeky nips. He sucked an awful lot more with this one as his tongue played with the nipple, flicking it repeatedly with his tongue as he kept on nibbling. Henry's other hand was idly playing with the other nipple, squeezing and pinching at it. Though it seemed the trick had a threshold as Brandy ceased moaning from it all. He was more feeling it a little cheeky as he looked past Henry to his spread cheeks. Getting his own cheeky idea, Brandy licked and sucked at his index finger, getting it all moist and lubricated. It subtly floated down Henry's back and below his firm butt. Brandy traced along Henry's gooch with his claw, easily getting the Hare's attention as the claw hooked onto Henry's tail hole. With little warning Brandy plunged it deep into Henry's hole, his entire fat finger penetrating deeply as Henry moaned in pleasure and pain. His back was bucking wildly as Brandy's entire finger had sunk into his hole, and fucking hell it felt so god damn good. His maw was dribbling from the sheer ecstasy as Brandy gently moved his finger up and down, feeling around Henry's tight innards until, when Henry thought he could take it no more, Brandy's finger retreated.

With no more stimulation Henry collapsed onto Brandy's chest like a wet sock. He was panting gently as his sphincter slowly receded back to its regular size. "Experienced, I like that" Brandy winked.

"I, err, huh? Umm, yeah... YES! Yes, you could say, I've, allowed some, to uh, go there" Henry stammered, unable to form a clear thought as his backside started to burn.

Brandy smiled, suppressing his giggled as he gazed past Henry's limp body. All the excitement had caused his fat soldier to rise to duty. It gazed at him over the black horizon of his belly. And as Henry recovered, Brandy gave a deep inhale of his index finger, and he shuddered in his sick pleasure. "I... I think chocolate buttons aren't very filling for you now, possum. So, to fill you up, why not give a try on my chocolate éclair" Brandy remarked suggestively, fighting his own euphoria.

Éclair? Henry had no idea what Brandy was talking about, the heat was frying his brain, unless he meant... Finding the strength to press himself off Brandy's sweaty chest, Henry flipped his head around, only to catch sight of Brandy's cockhead over the horizon of his belly. Henry's pupils shrunk at the sight of that monster. "It would break my jaw" he protested.

Brandy giggled mirthfully. "That's not where I was thinking you'd put it" he explained knowingly.

“Oh,” Henry mouthed as he realized what Brandy meant. “But, surely not... dry, right?” he questioned out of terror and concern for his ass.

Brandy tutted and rolled his eyes, surely the Hare didn’t think he’d have the means for smaller people to handle his... éclair. “Side table, second draw” he said like clockwork; bored, clockwork.

Henry obeyed, rolling off the bed to find a rather suspect amount of lube in the draw. How often did he do this anyways? Taking a tube, plus an extra just to be certain Henry orbited around Brandy’s propped legs to the southern hemisphere. Henry exhaled slowly as he to face off with Brandy’s enormous cock. By god it looked even bigger up close. Thick veins ran along its length like a spider web, keeping the behemoth satiated; and, he was going to put it in his... well, it was too late to say no. He emptied the entire tube of lube onto that monster, rubbing it in as vigorously he could, his fingers running all over the thick ridges, with special attention given to the head. The goo fell off the black monster in thick drips, and it was unconsciously moving like a serpent, an apt metaphor.

Henry shakily got to his feet as he slowly moved his posterior above Brandy’s thick, glistening dick. But, how was he going to get onto it? Was he supposed to just fall onto it or what? Henry’s concerned expression was so obvious that Brandy instinctively held his arms out for Henry, who looked at them with confusion. “I’ll keep your balance, you use your legs to move” he explained.

Taking the Panther’s strong arms with his own, Henry cocked his legs forward to truss him up. By now his asshole was mere inches from Brandy’s thick cockhead, and by gods was he terrified. He had never taken anything that big or wide before, what if it broke him in half? Closing his eyes, his legs gave way. Landing square on the moist cock, Henry bit his tongue to stop himself screaming as Brandy’s cock stretched his hole wide. His eyes watered bitterly as his ass burned from the pain, and it kept sliding down. The fat head squeezed its way in, and there was still plenty of meat to go as Henry could feel his insides stretching as well. Brandy was also groaning as his cock was being strangled by Henry’s tight ass, fuck, with his size it was practically virginal. And yet Henry’s ass continued to take it all, inch by inch until Brandy squeezed him tightly with his legs to stop him from going any further. The Panther was incredibly concerned as Henry cried agonized tears, his teeth grit painfully. “Hey man, don’t try to force yourself so hard. You don’t have to take it all” he groaned concernedly, trying to not let his discomfort get in the way.

The Hare knew what his partner was saying, but this was his opportunity to impress the Panther, and he couldn't toss it away now. Henry grit his teeth hard as he forced Brandy's legs apart, continuing his descent. Brandy was absolutely dumbstruck as Henry sunk lower and lower, his tortured ass taking it all until, with a wet squelch, he finally reached the base of Brandy's cock. His ass was stretched so wide as it camped above Brandy's massive orbs. If he wasn't holding onto Henry's arms Brandy would've applauded him. No one, had *ever* taken the full length on the first try. He was speechless, utterly, speechless.

Henry's eyes were tearing up from the pain, and he was refusing to exhale, as he would've started screaming otherwise. It hurt so fucking much, and he could feel the damn thing bending in him. It had literally gone beyond his colon and was already pushing further in, stretching him wide like a sock. He was afraid to look at his own torso out of fear of the imprint of a dick appearing at his mid-section. But, taking it all was just the start. Putting all his weight into his legs, Henry forced his body up, his ass making a wet squelching sound as it released Brandy's meat from its foul quarters. Actually starting to get a little used to the pain, Henry started to slowly move up and down, sending tingles up Brandy's spine as Henry's insides massaged his length. Every ripple of Henry's insides sent little sparks straight to his brain, and Brandy moaned as he desperately gripped Henry's arms even tighter.

Henry could only make short and sharp breaths as he kept going, up and down, up and down as the lubricated cock was continuously driven into his ass. It bucked and flared wildly inside, stretching him out more as he could feel the shaft turn to iron. Brandy was moaning even more loudly as his claws were digging into Henry's arms. "YES! KEEP GOING! MAKE ME CUM BITCH!" he screamed lustfully.

Henry's eyes twitched bitterly. Bi-BITCH!? Uh uh, no way. He was not some two bit bottom bitch. Purely out of spite, Henry clenched his ass as tightly as he could. Brandy groaned in pain as felt Henry's moist insides clench tightly around his rod. It was agonizing, and, worse, he could feel the heat of an orgasm building. But, with it clenched so tight, it couldn't come. Fuelled entirely by spite, Henry started to move faster, building the orgasm that wouldn't come. Brandy's loins burned furiously, but Henry's ass was controlling him now, and it was telling him not to cum. It bucked and it protested, but Henry kept his ass clenched tight, denying him so dominantly. Brandy's moans were practically screams now, he was well past the time for an orgasm, and Henry knew it. Finally it grew too much for Brandy as he lost his grip on Henry's arms, screaming loudly as he gripped his bed tightly.

Without Brandy holding him up Henry slipped up and ran roughly down Brandy's cock, the shock of the landing unclenching his ass. Brandy howled with pleasure as he could finally cum. Thick hot beads of Panther spunk splattered Henry's insides, filling the Hare's mid-section with warmth as the Panther kept going. His cock bucked constantly, flooding Henry

with more cum. Brandy's orgasm lasted for ten cum-blasting seconds, and when he was finally finished, his tense body finally went limp. He was panting heavily as he was absolutely soaked.

Henry meanwhile, grunted and groaned as he forced himself up, Brandy's cock sliding out with aid of the thick cum clinging to the black expanse. Henry grunted and groaned as he reached the thick head, and he could feel his ring was hooked on the thick mushroom shape glands. Trying his hardest, Henry couldn't go any further, still riding up and down on Brandy's cock. Brandy seethed with pleasure as he felt a miraculous second orgasm build, and with one more effort, his cock squeezed out another hot load. With the minor shrinkage, Henry's ass finally released the cock with a loud suction-y noise. Panting from the effort, Henry knelt on Brandy's belly for support as he felt his burning hot ring. It was stretched to two inches wide, and he wouldn't be walking for a while. He could feel the cum within him, sliding down his insides as it freely leaked out of him in dribbles. They splattered onto his tense fingers, sliding around and spattering onto the satin sheets in thick white puddles. Henry groaned from the exhaustion, as did Brandy. "Well done, that was, incredible" Brandy panted.

Henry smiled at him as more cum leaked from his ass, and, that gave him an idea. Deferring to Brandy's rapidly deflating cock, Henry's soft tongue gently ran along his length, gathering the cum that clung to it in thick globules. It tasted so bitter, but, there was a deep sweetness to it. Henry swished it around in his mouth as he continued to slather up all of it, cleaning Brandy's cock as the Panther rested. With each glob he continued to swish it around in his mouth, mixing it with his spit to create a soupy concoction. Almost done, Henry's tongue ran under the hood of Brandy's cock, and for added fun he cheekily licked the inside of Brandy's slit, provoking a sharp inhale from the Panther. Henry's cheeks were full to bursting with Brandy's cum, but, he didn't swallow. No, not at all. Instead, he slowly prowled towards Brandy, the Panther too overheated to really pay attention.

He only really focused on Henry once the Hare was in view. Grabbing the Panther's head with his hands, Henry planted a kiss on the Panther's maw. His tongue pressed against Brandy's lip as the cum mixture continued to swish around in his mouth. Without hesitation, Brandy opened his mouth, allowing the mixture to flood in as his tongue met with Henry's, and they intertwined in a symphony of saliva, bathed in a mixture of cum saliva. Brandy gently gripped Henry's head as he pressed him to his chest, their two bodies as one. Henry's smaller tongue could expertly dance around Brandy's. It would cheekily run and hide from it, tickling its underside and stroking its topside. Their embrace lasted for an entire minute, culminating with Brandy swallowing hard. Their tongues were still flopping out of their mouths as they separated, a long bead of spit and cum connecting the two. With a quick wipe Henry broke the chain, causing it to dribble onto Brandy's chest, where it hung, still connected to his mouth. "You are... very surprising" Brandy remarked sincerely.

“Much better than some bitch... huh?” Henry panted, feeling very dominant.

“Oh indeed?” Brandy gasped slowly, still maintaining his grip. “Well then, show this bitch how it’s done then” he said spryly as he flipped his massive body over, still somehow able to stand on hands and knees.

Henry was awed by the firm expanse of Brandy’s back. He gingerly felt at all the muscular and fat ridges, slowly running downwards until he reached Brandy’s tail. It playfully flicked at him, drawing Henry’s attention until he came to the main event. Brandy’s ass was truly massive in scale. Each cheek looked to be roughly the same width as Henry, and their crushing power would most likely snap him in an instant. But he didn’t care, not one bit. Not when he gazed upon Brandy’s cherry red ass hole. It looked so wide and worn, most likely having been used quite often, and by bigger people. But, he didn’t care. For once, he could finally be the top, and he was going to take that chance.

His head pressed between those wide cheeks, and he was ready. His tongue darted from his tongue into Brandy’s ass, and he gently licked the outside of the flesh. Brandy moaned quietly as his claws dug into the bed. Henry’s tongue circled the bright red flesh repeatedly, until he stuck the entirety of his maw into that hole. His tongue continued to slick itself around the inside of the Panther, and he was moaning ever more loudly from it all. Henry could even feel himself starting to warm up, a hot feeling in his own little carrot stick. Retreating, Henry smiled at his handy work as his saliva dribbled out of Brandy’s ass. With a lustful roar Henry impaled Brandy with his dick, not that it meant much. That ass felt so loose around his cock, he could barely feel the pink flesh as it ran along his cock. But, he didn’t care. He humped as fast as he could, and every gentle rub he managed to get set him alight. It didn’t take him very long to build his own climax, and with one little triumphant thrust, he came a thick rope of cum, and, that was it. He whimpered from finally getting release, despite the sorry display.

Pulling out, a ribbon of cum came with him, dribbling onto the sheets to join the expanse of Panther cum already wetting the sheets. Brandy sighed a little in disappointment. “That it?” he questioned critically.

Henry flushed in embarrassment as he haphazardly stumbled off the bed. He winced from his ass hurting so much; he wasn’t going to be walking straight for a month. “Done already?” Brandy questioned.

Henry nodded sadly, awkwardly scratching his arm as he did so. "Sorry, I was so built up. I just..." Henry trailed off.

"Only thought about yourself?" Brandy finished.

"Huh, wuh?" Henry stammered, wondering where that had come from.

There was something off about Brandy, his entire demeanour seemed different, and, somehow, horrifically familiar. "I know your type you know" Brandy said slowly.

Henry was silent. He tried to open his mouth to speak, but closed it just as quickly. What the hell was he even talking about... and why just after sex? "A sad little queen you are, you know" Brandy remarked, his tone getting darker as he glared at Henry. "The sort who is always happy to be the bottom, but in truth is always begging to be the top. For he believes he's doing it all for the top just so they would ask him if he wants to be the top; he feels like he deserves it, that he's earned it. But no, they never do. And it makes him angry that they don't, and that resentment builds and builds until he gets so angry they have a tragic argument. And another, and another. Until, finally, they just can't take it anymore and leaves the sad little sub, who is all alone and butt hurt. And he just repeats the cycle over and over again as the tragic little cunt he is" Brandy sneered viciously.

Henry was dumbstruck. That, how could he even know how? Why would he? There were no words, none at all. His mind was screaming that it was all lies, he was just making shit up. Even though his heart knew the truth. "How do you...?" Henry said slowly, unable to comprehend anything.

Brandy narrowed his eyes slowly, quite familiar eyes actually, little brown chocolate malty balls. "You don't remember me, do you Henry?" he inquired.

Henry shook his head, he had been with a fair few people, how was he supposed to... supposed to.... "Well, I guess you wouldn't recognize me, I've put on a fair few since then" Brandy added off-handily, not losing his glare.

Henry's eyes went wide as he shrieked in shock, jumping backwards and crashing into Brandy's closet, causing the door to jolt open; it too had a mirror on it, and it reflected the two quite perfectly. "Randy?" Henry gasped in disbelief.

Brandy sighed in annoyance. "It's Brandy. Fuck me Henry you could never get that fucking right, no matter how many times I corrected you" he sighed in exasperation.

Henry slid down the closet door, landing square on his bare ass as Brandy's enormousness dwarfed him. "But then, you only ever cared about my looks, who the fuck cares about my name... or my feelings. Right, Henry?" Brandy added nastily.

Henry couldn't even make eye-contact. It would be like staring into the sun. "Brandy... I..." he stammered, unable to find the words.

"You what? What do you want to say Henry? That I look even worse now? That I'm so big I should rent myself out as a holiday inn? Oh, or how about the fact that if I get any bigger, smaller fat people would start orbiting around my big! Fat! Ass!" Brandy roared, punctuating his disgust for emphasis.

Henry shook his head, trying to pretend it wasn't real. This wasn't happening. Please god why was this happening now? "Six years Henry... six long years ago you broke my heart in the cruellest way possible. You abandoned me because of my looks. You tossed me to the curb just because I had put on a few. And if that wasn't enough, you then decided to justify such a vile act by flinging every synonym for fat-ass under the sun at me. Do you know what it feels like to carry that kind of resentment, no, that pain and anger for six long years?" Brandy demanded rhetorically, his fangs bared in fury.

"Cuz, Imma tell you something Henry, it fucking hurts. It fucking hurts! And to not even being able to confront the little shit who made you feel that way just made it even more unbearable. I'll be honest Henry, I don't know what fucking god was present two nights ago, but he must've liked me a fucking lot to have you walk into *my* club. I couldn't even believe it was you actually. I thought Jason was fucking with me again. But no, from beyond that staff door I saw you drowning your misery in a beer, and I could easily tell you had been dumped, for all the reasons I told you, you selfish little shit. If you don't think there aren't horror stories about the melodramatic little cunt called Henry Miller, then you would be sorely mistaken, even more sore than that ass of yours right now" Brandy said bitterly, tears forming in his own eyes.

"It was almost too good to be true that I could manage this set-up, and, to be honest, I was kinda curious if the rumours *were* true, which is why I had that special show set-up. And lo

and behold as you were putty the entire time. I could even see you mentally cumming when I winked at you. I knew I had you, and I knew, given who you were, that you would want to meet me. Your predictability played out pretty well for me. All I had to do was get you into a vulnerable position, and then destroy you. And look at you now Henry. Look at the person who broke my heart. Look at the person who sent me through a personal hell of bitterness and hatred until I could love myself again. Fuck, I even got fatter just to spite my mental image of you. That person is now sitting in my room, CRYING LIKE THE LITTLE BITCH HE IS!!! This set-up was so fucking perfect. Everything was in place, I even managed to almost break your ass, so you couldn't even run away, like always. I got you just after climax just so you wouldn't have the strength to do anything but sit here and face up to what you've done. Everything has played into my hands Henry, and, you know what?" he demanded to the shrinking and scared little Hare.

"You know what? I don't even feel good about any of this" Brandy admitted bitterly, sighing all the while. "I thought it would make me feel better to finally be able to destroy you, as you had done to me. To make you feel all the pain and heartbreak you inflicted on me. I wanted to make you suffer just as you made me suffer; and I don't feel anything but disgust with myself. I am personally disgusted that I debased myself to such a low just to get back at someone who had hurt me six years ago. Six fucking years I carried some stupid fucking grudge that honestly led me to the better parts of my life. I fucking love being this big, and I fucking love being adored by so many people. Without you, I wouldn't have even found the real me. Henry, you're not someone I should be hating. You're someone... you're someone... I should be thanking" he added with a confused and defeated smile.

Henry was shaking violently, his eyes practically white as he was so overcome by everything Brandy had just said to him. He mumbled something so quietly Brandy only barely caught it. "What was that?" he demanded.

Henry slowly raised his head, tears running down his face in rivers as he finally faced his past. "I said... you're the only one I regret!" he shrieked in shame.

Brandy was taken aback. "You what?" he said flatly.

"You were the only one I regret hurting" Henry sniffled loudly, his nose running from crying so much. "When I thought back to it, I was so personally disgusted and ashamed at what I had done to you. To have said such horrible things **OVER A STUPID FUCKING VANITY THING!!!**" he screamed furiously.

"I shouldn't have cared, I shouldn't have fucking cared, and yet I did. And I had to run my mouth off every fucking chance I had. And it was only after I ditched you, after I had lost you, that I realized who the disgusting fat monster was" Henry cried, staring into the mirror hanging off the closet door.

In it, he was the disgusting fat blubbery mess, sitting squat like a stupid fat lump before the greatest Adonis he had ever known. The best he had ever had in his life, and he had tossed it away; the person he had never deserved in the first place. "I was so ashamed, and I've carried that regret with me all this time. I've tried to avoid larger people so I didn't repeat it, but every fling I had felt wrong. Every single time I always did my best to please them, just like I failed to do with you. But it all felt so wrong. I always hated being the bottom, always taking it in the ass to keep them happy. I thought I resented them for that act. But I didn't resent them, I just resented myself the entire time. Because, for six years, I could **never** say sorry to the one person I wanted to say it too. I've hated myself for what I did all these years, and in turn all I've done was turn all of my self-hate onto other people. I can't apologize to them yet, and I know it's too late... but I'm sorry Brandy" Henry wailed through his thick tears. "I'M SORRY!" he screamed to the floor, unable to bare looking at Brandy anymore.

Brandy's mouth hung open with shock as Henry fell to the floor, having lost the strength to even sit. All this time, the person who he had hated with every inch of his being... he had been hurting just as much. It was at that point that Brandy realized the true nature of all of this: Henry didn't need to be hated, he needed to be helped. His thick paw reached out for Henry, but the Hare gently pushed it away, somehow having the strength to do that. "Henry..." Brandy said slowly.

Henry's miserable face stared into Brandy's own, and he sniffed loudly as tears continued to run down his face. "I'm sorry Brandy" he repeated miserably.

And so, Brandy just sat there as Henry clumsily grabbed his clothes, and then gingerly walked out of the room, or at least he tried to. A powerful hand was gripping at his wrist tightly, and he turned back to see Brandy towering behind him. "Don't go" Brandy begged.

The two locked eyes, and it was as if a million years had passed as they did so. Henry's lip quivered, and his jaw were clenched like he was biting his tongue to stop it from speaking. Whatever he wanted to say, Henry simply couldn't say it as his eyes misted up once more. He shrugged off Brandy's meaty paw. "I'm sorry Brandy... I'm just... bad for you" he said bitterly and walked out.

And so, Brandy was left alone in that room. His chest felt so tight, and he almost wanted to vomit. Everything he had felt for so long escaped like a flock of doves into the twilight, and in truth, he didn't know what to feel. He just watched the person he had once cared for walk out of his life for a second time, and in the end, he had to wonder, why?

It had been three days since their encounter, and Henry was miserable again as he lay on his bed. He was miserable in the morning, he was miserable at work, and he was miserable when he came home. Nothing could seem to brighten him up. He was ignoring his friends again, and their innumerable volumes of calls and texts. He didn't want to drink, and was barely eating. All he honestly wanted to do was waste away. That was, until his mobile vibrated wildly on his side table, as it was ringing on silent.

Normally he would've ignored it, but, something in his heart told him to pick up. It was a number he didn't recognize, and Henry hoped to God it wasn't some mobile scammer. Accepting the call, he put it to his ear. "Hello?" he said mopeily.

His heart just about skipped a beat or two as he heard a familiar deep voice reply on the other end: "Henry... I'm sorry too...."