

Midnight Grey

It had been several weeks since Henry's fateful encounter with Brandy, and since then he had gone off the radar, again. An absence his friends would notice... eventually. Henry's friend Jameson had just gotten out of the shower five minutes after getting home from work. A towel was wrapped around the Weasel's slender waist as he walked into his apartment's living room, where his partner was lying on the couch in a sweaty grey tank top and sweat pants that were straining to contain his waist. The Badger's eyes were closed and he was breathing gently as he lay on his side, his massive gut hanging over the edge and threatening to take the rest of him with it. "Pat..." Jameson said slowly, giving his beau a questioning look.

"Mmm?" Pat grunted, an eye fluttering open.

"You took your medication today, right?" Jameson questioned, concern written on his face in permanent marker.

"Mmm" Pat rumbled, closing his eye again.

Jameson heaved a short sigh of relief, a hand over his chest to stop his heart leaping out of it. "Oh good, I was a little worried there. Long day huh?" he questioned with a weak smile as he camped on the armrest of their couch, his legs crossed out of modesty.

Pat shifted onto his back, his drowsy eyes staring up into Jameson. "Mmm. The client wanted a little overtime. Was willing to pay extra" he mumbled while trying to stifle a yawn.

"Aww" Jameson cooed, reaching over Pat's face to give his big man a nice belly rub. "That's my big manly provider" he said pleasantly as Pat shared his grin. The Badger always enjoyed a nice soft belly rub, especially if it was Jameson doing it. The Weasel's slender fingers loved sliding up and down Pat's soft belly fur, it was probably his favourite part of the guy, aside from his dick, of course.

Pat purred loudly as Jameson grew more and more aggressive with his rubbings, scratching at him with his claws. Getting a cheeky idea, Pat bumped Jameson's arms, breaking the Weasel's balance as they were the only thing keeping him up. He cried out in surprise as he

fell forwards, crashing onto Pat's chest. His tail flopped helplessly by the side of Pat's head as the rest of him was spooning his belly. Pat grunted from the shock, as Jameson's weight was never an issue to him. However, what was the issue now was that he was getting a good look up Jameson's towel. "Hello sunshine" Pat said to Jameson's flat ass.

"Hello yourself ya doof" Jameson grumbled as he rolled off Pat, and thudded hard on the tile floor. He groaned from the sharp pain in his side as he did his towel up again, as it had come loose in all the commotion.

He picked himself up gingerly, shaking his head at Pat was giving the Weasel his best puppy dog eyes. As annoyed as Jameson was, he couldn't help but laugh whenever Pat did that. He was sure Pat was trying to be cute, but watching the giant bastard try to pull off cute was absolutely hysterical. Jameson snorted loudly as he kept his mouth firmly clamped shut. He didn't need a giggle fit causing another possible wardrobe malfunction. He took a deep calming breath, reaching down to his toes and then up to the roof as he did. "Hokay buster" he said calmly. "I'm going to get changed. Mind switching the news on?" he questioned as he rounded the couch, pausing behind it to finish his statement.

"On it" Pat mumbled as he reached over to the coffee table Jameson had narrowly avoided hitting for the remote.

"I wonder if there'll be anything good on this time" Jameson wondered as he went off for their bedroom.

He returned a few minutes later in a loose-fitting shirt that clearly looked like it had once been Pat's, and a pair of short sport shorts, which were his, just to be clear on that. His partner was still camped on the couch with their somewhat old TV blaring the evening news.

Jameson rounded the couch, and Pat instinctively raised himself up as far as he could muster. The Weasel sat down and quickly placed a couch cushion on his lap, for Pat to lay his head on. He gently stroke Pat's forehead absently as his eyes glued themselves to the screen. "Anything interesting?" Jameson questioned.

"Some body was found in a swamp" Pat mumbled, referring to the news segment on the TV.

“The corpse was discovered during the early morning as workmen were working to dredge the swamp for construction in the area. Though badly decomposed, according to the dental records the body belonged to Dorian LeRouge, a college student who went missing in the area three years ago” the news person reported as an image of the Mongoose fratboy appeared on screen. “Forensic scientists have begun their autopsy of the body, and have already noticed physical damage incurred on the body in the form of teeth marks found on the bone. Police are still investigating to see if this was a homicide case. We go now to the victim’s family.”

The image swapped over to a recorded interview with Dorian’s parents. His father was keeping a strict if hollowed appearance, but his mother was barely keeping it together. “It’s disgusting that someone would do that to our son” Mr. LeRouge spoke to the off-screen interviewer. “However, we are glad to finally have him back, so he can be given the burial he deserves. And, if he was murdered, it is our deepest hope that the sick [bleep] who did this to him will be strung up by his [bleep] for what he did to my boy.”

His mother merely bit into a handkerchief, too distraught to say anything. “We also managed to get an interview with his friends, who were with him during the night he disappeared” a voice-over said as the scene swapped over to Dorian’s old friends Jayden and Pretty Boy.

Before they could say a word the screen flicked off, as commanded by Jameson as he lowered the remote. “It’s disgusting” Jameson said darkly, very disdainful of murder cases.

“Young, too. It’s always the worst loss when they’re young” Pat commented grimly.

“Yeah” Jameson agreed absently, biting his lip in thought as he wanted a change in direction. “When’s the last time we heard from Henry?” he questioned suddenly.

Pat’s eyes gently rolled about in their sockets as he too wondered that. It had certainly been a while, ever since they hadn’t seen him after that one night. “Not since we tried to take him out after his week of sulking after Kurt dumped him. He went to that one club. The Chubby Chaser I think it was” Pat recollected, on account of having the better memory of the two.

“Oh yeah, that was a couple weeks ago now” Jameson muttered as he thought it over. “Maybe Harold’s heard from him. He’s got that little network of his. Maybe he’s heard from Henry” Jameson remarked in a bored tone as he got up, Pat’s head automatically moving out of the way as he did so.

Snatching his smartphone from the table, Jameson tapped off a quick message to Harold.

February, Xth of 201X, 6:37:06

Herd from Henry recently?

The reply didn’t take long.

Been spndng all his time @ chubby chaser

Y?

Shrug

Your no help

Luv u 2 <3

Jameson rolled his eyes as he placed his phone down on the table. He rubbed his chin as he started to get a little concern. Henry might enjoy clubbing, but to spend so much of his time in one particular place? That was a red flag if he ever saw one; and if the past was any indication, there were going to be a fair few more. This was going to have to be nipped in the bud before that particularly ugly flower blooms. “Hey Pat?” he declared loudly.

“Mmm?” came the reply.

“You got the energy to go out tonight?” Jameson inquired.

“It’s Monday hun. Early night. And we can’t drink” Pat replied from the couch.

“We won’t be long, or drinking. Harold says Henry’s been spending all his time at that one club. The... the uhh-”

“Chubby Chaser?” Pat offered.

Jameson snapped his fingers loudly. “Yeah, that’s the one. I think Henry might be stuck in a club spiral, again” Jameson theorized.

The couch springs creaked loudly as Pat managed to heft himself up far enough to look over the couch. “Dinner first, then we go” he said seriously, before collapsing back onto the couch.

“You and your bloody stomach” Jameson chided as he smiled at his mate. He was joking, of course. He was hungry too, and you can’t stage an intervention on an empty stomach.

After dinner, and some more expedient texting, the duo had gotten themselves dressed up moderately nicely for their little journey. Jameson had gone with a button-up shirt with some tacky looking stylized artsy-farsty drawing on it, with a pair of black pants and flip-flops. Pat wore another shirt that was stressed to breaking point as he managed to stretch it over his front. He *used* to have button-up shirts, but they were all sacrificed when Jameson insisted that Pat should role-play as the Hulk. As Jameson had explained in quite an unnecessary amount of detail it was a necessary sacrifice to keep their love life fresh. Everyone else just reckoned it was a chance to destroy some hideous clothing.

As Jameson was locking up their apartment, he paused when the two of them looked down the hallway. Shambling towards them was one of their neighbours. His name was Darcy Ridgewell, and he was a funny sort, if by funny you mean completely nuts. An ironic statement, considering he was a Squirrel. Dressed haphazardly in a messy shirt and shorts, he was mumbling, always mumbling. He was always shifty eyed too, as if he was looking out for some unknown assassin. He apparently had schizophrenia, or some kind of mental condition. It showed, really it did, especially as he drifted past the gays. “[Indistinct mumbling] The Green Death is here. The Green Death is here. [indistinct mumbling]” he mumbled as he teetered passed the two to his apartment at the end of the hall.

They always went silent when he was around. Largely out of the fear that he’d start screaming if he realized there were other people around him. Jameson just shook his head at the poor soul, though Pat would always give him a sympathetic look. “I swear every day he get worse” Jameson remarked as they were now free to walk down the hall.

“Someone should really help him out” Pat said empathetically as they plodded down the stairs.

“Sorry, but I’m not letting you sacrifice yourself to him. Remember what happened to the new tenant who went around introducing himself to everyone on the floor? I’ve never seen anyone run that fast ever. He needs psychiatric help that’s for sure, but how exactly do you go about doing that?” Jameson questioned as they rounded the landing to the next set of stairs.

“Something needs to be done” Pat said as he dug his fat paws into his pockets. “It’s not healthy for him to keep holing himself up in his apartment.”

“Maybe he likes it in there. He doesn’t seem the sort who likes, people” Jameson noted as they reached the next landing for the next set of stairs.

They could have easily taken the elevator, but they needed to waste some time anyways. “So, who did you text anyways?” Pat questioned curiously.

“Sam. He’s always up for clubbing. He seemed hesitant though, when I actually spoke to him. Which was weird, since he’s always up for some action. I had heard he had had a pretty rough time a little while ago” Jameson commented as they finally made it to the bottom floor.

As they opened the door, the two found Sam standing by the front door, his arms folded protectively as he was wearing a Reindeer patterned turtleneck sweater. Jameson snorted loudly when he saw it, though Pat was respectful enough to not notice it. “What the hell are you wearing?” Jameson giggled as they walked over to him.

Sam snorted loudly as he folded his arms even more tightly. “I was... cold” he answered dryly, a subtle seething in his voice.

“Bullshit. You’d wear short shorts in Alaska” Jameson jeered with a cocky grin.

"I felt a chill, that's all" Sam insisted defensively.

"Bullshit. You're hiding something. Another hickey huh? Must be an ugly one if you're going so far as to hide it, considering you usually wear them as badges of honour. Show me" Jameson requested.

Sam snorted loudly again, his cheeks going bright red as he deliberately avoided staring Jameson in the eye. "I didn't go to great lengths in covering myself up just to parade myself around you know?" he rebuked, still on the defensive.

"Show me. Or I'll have Pat hold you down so I can check you myself" the Weasel threatened.

Sam stifled a worried gasp as he saw the knowing smile on Pat's face. While not a deviant himself, Sam knew the Badger would totally do that if Jameson asked him too. Pouting in annoyance, he had no choice as he looked around cautiously for anyone. Seeing themselves alone, he sighed in defeat as he pulled down the neck revealing a nasty set of bright red bite marks in his neck. Jameson scoffed loudly in shock, while Pat only placed a paw to his mouth. "Holy fuck Sam!" Jameson cried, getting in nice and close for a better look, feeling the actual indents in the Horse's neck. "What the fuck? Were you mauled by a Wolverine or something?" he said in utter shock and amazement.

"I fucking wish. It was this hot Lizard guy. I met him a few weeks ago. He was pretty aggressive and grumpy, which should have been my first warning sign. The second one was when he beat up a gang without a single fucking scratch on him. Like, seriously. It was like, six guys, and he kicked their asses without breaking a sweat" Sam reported.

Jameson scoffed loudly again as Sam covered his battle wounds up. "A whole gang? Knowing the people you take to bed I'd believe that. How many had you had that night Sam?" he smirked, still amazed over that bite.

"Too many" Sam groaned in annoyance. "He was a fucking nightmare. The cunt almost suffocated me by biting my neck hard enough to leave those marks. And if that wasn't bad enough..." he trailed off, rolling back his sleeves to reveal the bright red claw marks in his wrists.

Jameson laughed in amazement as he held Sam's arm, inspecting the damage up nice and close. "I sure hope he kissed you goodnight at least" he jeered.

Sam wrenched his arm away angrily, rubbing the wounds with a sad look on his face. "He wasn't that kind. He knocked me unconscious as he climaxed. Felt like he set my insides on fire too, and- Yes, he had a fat cock, but it wasn't just my ass that burned" Sam snapped as Jameson started to smirk again. "When I came too he was gone. Nothing had been taken, and my house was locked up. My keys were where I had left them the night before. I had no idea how the hell he got out" Sam sighed as he rolled his sleeves back down.

Jameson tutted loudly. "You really know how to pick em Sam. It must be pretty freaking hard with school back in session" he remarked with a slight grin.

"Ugh, tell me about it. I've had to wear long jackets and a neck brace for a pretend neck injury just to get by with my students. The staff already know about the bite, but I had told them I had gotten attacked during the holidays. Torvin ate it up at least" Sam sighed.

"Torvin?" Jameson questioned.

"New vice-head. One of the many new recruits, actually. Over the holidays the school had hired four new staff members. Torvin Winters, he's the new vice-head. Howard Sheen, a new janitor. Edward Grant, new drama teacher. And Eleanor Terrene, the new counsellor. Apparently all those roles had been vacated over the holidays, and they all just appeared within the same week to fill those positions. It was strangely convenient" Sam remarked with a mildly concerned look.

"Kinda. Though, Terrene? That's a weird last name, though we can discuss your day job later. We gotta deal with Henry right now" Jameson explained as they left through the front door for the residential carpark.

"Yeah, you told me. Spending all his time at that club, the, what was it?" Sam tried to recall.

"Chubby Chaser" Jameson and Pat said together.

“Right. I’ve heard of it, but never been there. I was actually going to question Harold about it that one night, but a cute little hottie came mincing by and I had completely forgotten about it. It’s weird though. It kinda sounds like a club for fat people. And Henry’s always been... weird, around larger people. No offence Pat” Sam said.

“None taken. He was always pretty cool with me” Pat noted as they made it to Jameson’s car.

I would explain what kind of car it was, but I really don’t know cars. Just know it’s capable of containing Pat. “I suppose it was because of your diabetes, he knew you can’t help it. Still, it wasn’t as bad as when he had that row with umm, what’s his face, Randy, I think it was” Sam commented as he climbed into the backseat.

“Yeah, that was pretty ugly actually. He was never quite the same after that, now that I think about it” Jameson added.

“He was in the wrong though” Pat put-in as he climbed into the passenger’s seat.

“Oh, I know that. It’s just, it was an ugly time. And, I’m pretty sure he’s past that anyways” Jameson replied as he started the car up. Although, he had his doubts.

The drive had been mercifully short, and they had managed to get a carpark quite close to the club. But then, it *was* a Monday evening, so it’s not as if many people go to clubs on a Monday. They all stood outside the club, staring at the neon sign. “You know, I am *really* getting a weird vibe from this place” Sam remarked.

“How so?” Jameson questioned.

“It’s hard to explain. But, I almost feel like this is the greatest place in the universe” Sam said as his eyes narrowed in introspection.

Jameson smirked as they went for the front door. “Who knows, you might be right” he grinned as he pushed the front door open.

The music was blaring loudly, and the lights were dimmed nicely. These were things the trio had been expecting. What they hadn't been expecting was a jiggly, overweight Dalmatian in a golden speedo with a bowtie on his crotch to greet them with a pleasant bow. "Welcome to the Chubby Chaser, are you looking for a table" he inquired politely.

Jameson was stone-faced in the face of their voluptuous host. Sam however, was eagerly looking past him. He was looking like a kid waiting to be turned loose inside in a candy store. The best he could do to contain was to not jump up and down in excitement. "Umm, no, that's fine. We're actually meeting up with a friend, actually" Jameson said stiffly.

"Oh?" the Dalmatian smiled, tilting his head and wagging his tail excitedly. "If you give me a name I might know him" he offered pleasantly.

"Ahhh, Henry Miller?" Jameson hazarded.

"Oh, he's at the bar, same as usual" the Dalmatian explained, pointing them over to where the bar quite obviously was.

"Thanks" Jameson thanked awkwardly as he tried to keep some distance from their host as Pat followed him, looking kinda bored.

Sam however, stayed behind. "What's your name?" he questioned.

"Dippin' Dots, cuz everyone just wants to eat me up" Dots declared with an energetic little spin and pose. "And if you pay up front, you get too" he added with a knowing wink.

"When do you get off?" Sam asked bluntly.

Dots smiled as he gave him a coy wink. "Around eleven, if you're game enough for **all of this**" he purred, gripping at his sides and jiggling.

"You kidding, I love chocolate and vanilla pudding" Sam replied seductively.

“SAM!” Jameson called sharply.

The Pony sighed in frustration, and he waved a short goodbye to his new friend. “By the way,” Dots called out as Sam left, “love the turtleneck” he added with a thumb up.

“Love the speedo!” Sam called back as he caught up with Jameson and Pat, who were now a short way from the bar.

Ahead Henry was happily chatting away to a hunky shirtless Wolf who was tending the bar. The trio couldn’t make out the conversation, but it didn’t matter much as Henry caught sight of them in his peripherals. He swivelled around on the chair, and was quite surprised to see his friends coming up to him. “Ah! H-hey guys, what are you doing here?” he questioned, rather glad, but mostly surprised to see them.

“That’s what I was about to ask you” Jameson retorted, taking another quick scan around the club, pausing for a few seconds each to check-out the, err... staff. “I thought you weren’t a fan of larger people?” he questioned callously.

Henry took a quick swig of his drink, before addressing the Weasel. “Well, I guess you could call me a changed man Jameson. It’s not an issue anymore” he answered happily.

“Not so much as you might think, if you’ve been coming here religiously” Jameson pointed out.

Henry’s eyes fluttered nervously as he looked to the bartender for support. The Wolf merely shrugged in response to that. “Well, I have been a little busy, yeah. Work and all. But I don’t think I have a problem” he said, not really sure as to what was going on.

“You wouldn’t. Which is why we’ve come. You’re stuck in a club spiral again Henry, we’re here to get you out” Jameson explained flatly.

Henry's eyes fluttered wildly as he had to do a double-take on that. "I'm in a what? What? No! No, I'm not. I've been coming here to support a friend who works here" he explained sternly.

"Oh" Jameson oh'd, giving a sudden look at the bartender.

"Not him" Henry sighed with an eye roll. "One of the performers you dope. Although, that reminds me: Everyone, this is Jason. He's the bartender of this fine establishment" Henry explained, raising a pleasant toast to the Wolf who gave a courteous bow.

"Hi" Jameson greeted plainly.

"Nice to meet you" Pat said with a friendly smile.

"We've met" Sam answered in a bored tone as he looked around for other potentials to take home with him.

Henry gave Sam a very quizzical stare, looking him up and down carefully, before flipping over to Jason, then back to Sam, and finally on Jason again. "You have?" he questioned the Wolf.

"Everybody gets one" Jason intoned solemnly, a hand over his chest.

"Everybody gets one" the rest repeated just as solemnly, hands on their chests.

After a short moment of silence, they were back to normal as Jameson folded his arms. "So, you're **not** in a depressed shame spiral?" he questioned, just trying to be sure.

"I'm not in a depressed shame spiral" Henry confirmed.

"You know," Jason commented suddenly, giving Pat a good look, "you'd be a fine fit for a performer" he remarked.

"I would?" Pat rumbled incredulously.

"Oh yeah. We don't have any muscle-gut performers, and there has been some talk about trying to recruit one. It's not easy getting one, as it can be a difficult shape to keep a hold of and to also *want* to perform on stage" Jason explained.

Jameson glared at the Wolf as he went to Pat's side and clung to his arm tightly, giving the bartender a dark and jealous look. "Nobody gets to see my baby dance except me" he declared childishly.

Jason gave Jameson a strange look, and Pat just shrugged. The Weasel hath spoken he seemed to suggest. The Wolf just shrugged such clinginess off. "It was just a thought. Didn't realize you two were an item" he apologized.

"What didn't tip you off?" Jameson demanded.

"Well, would you have wanted me to stereotype you? Short and skinny with tall and large? It's a bit of a faux pas to suggest that out loud" Jason explained slyly.

Jameson opened his mouth to protest, but shut it quickly as he knew the Wolf was pretty much right. "Damn straight" was all he could manage.

"You're pretty big though, despite the gut. You lift?" Jason questioned the Badger.

"Not anymore" Pat answered.

"Still in great shape though. I actually had you pegged as a bodybuilder with a roid gut" Jason commented sincerely.

"Nah, he never touched the stuff" Henry said as he took a quick swig. "He's a personal trainer Jason. He *used* to lift, but he can't keep that up anymore due to his diabetes."

Jason's ears drooped as he gave the Badger a wide-eyed sympathetic look. "My condolences" he said sincerely.

"Don't think it as bad. If I didn't have them, I never would've met Mr. Grumpy Face here" Pat said with a content smile as Jameson hung off his arm like a purse.

"How?" Jason questioned duplicitously, not really sure how that diabetes = boyfriend, at least, how it worked without a pity co-factor.

"Gather round everyone," Henry declared loudly, "as Jameson will now explain to you all a tale as old as time."

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times" Sam chimed in merrily.

Jason snorted loudly as the Weasel took a deep breath. "Bout nine years ago Pat used to be a heavy-class bodybuilder. He was so tough he could've acted like the wall of a house. He went into many competitions, and had actually won a few as well. However, Humpty Dumpty here had an addiction to high-sugar energy drinks. He would down six to a dozen of them every day. That nasty habit of his came to bite him in the ass during his last performance, didn't they Pat?" Jameson asked.

The Badger said nothing, his smile said it all. "In that last performance of his he was feeling pretty down, but he still went on anyways. He collapsed on-stage and had to be rushed to the hospital. A few days and some blood tests later he was diagnosed with type two diabetes due to his addiction and some bad genetics. His career was over, but, at least he got something out of it" Jameson continued with a misplaced smile on his face.

"Jameson had gone into the hospital because of appendicitis, and had to have it removed. His bed was right next to mine, and we got talking. I found him kinda cute, in a needy and whiny sort of way" Pat explained as Jameson gripped his arm tighter. "We ended up talking about relationships. Jameson was out of the closet himself, and, well, I hadn't been with a guy before. But, my grandma had taught me I should love everyone; so, I thought to myself, why not? We've been together ever since" Pat concluded, still with his content little smile.

Henry and Sam applauded half-heartedly as Jason dried his tearless eyes with a napkin. "Charming, it's Disney worthy" he said so insincerely he actually sounded serious.

“Beauty and the Beast got nothing on them” Sam added smarmily.

“Fine talk coming from the singles” Jameson taunted, and the others went very quiet all of a sudden.

“So... yeah. Henry, who’s your performer friend then?” Sam questioned as a change of subject, somehow being the first one to remember that point.

“You guys wanna meet him?” Henry suggested with a smug grin.

They shrugged, which might as well have been a yes. “I’ll go get him” Jason volunteered as he left out the staff door.

“So, you and a pole-dancer” Jameson remarked.

“Yeah?” Henry questioned.

“An overweight, pole-dancer” Jameson added.

“What’s your point?” Henry queried.

“Well, I just want to know if I could hire him to cure Pat’s diabetes, since he’s clearly a miracle worker if he can cure you of your fat phobia” Jameson marvelled sarcastically.

The Hare just belched loudly as he placed his empty glass on the counter. He stared his friend directly in the eye as he gave a bored little shrug. “People change Jameson” he said airily.

“Bullshit. I know you Henry. You change as easily as an iceberg in the Antarctic. He must be pretty amazing if you can go so far as to call him a friend” Jameson remarked.

"Yeah, he is" Henry said through a slight grin as Jason returned.

"Eclipse will be out shortly" he reported.

"Thanks" Henry said.

"Anytime" Jason replied, giving him a thumbs up.

"Eclipse?" Jameson scoffed loudly.

"Yeah, Solar Eclipse. His ass is so big it blots out the sun" Jason said poetically.

Henry snickered loudly, knowing full well what it is that ass could eclipse. "Yeah, the entire population of the bar revolves around it" he joined in, trying not to crack up laughing as the backstage door swung it.

It appeared that, in Jason's dictionary the word "shortly" actually meant "right away" as an enormous Panther had burst out of that door. He thumped over to the bar as his shiny red speedo sparkled in the mood lighting. Sam and Jameson gasped loudly as the huge bastard filled their view as he stood behind Henry. Where...? How...? They could not piece together how the two got close enough, and, frankly, they were of the belief that he *was* a miracle worker. Pat however, seemed deep in thought as he tried to put his finger on something that was just out of his reach. Henry, of course, was eating up their shock with a soup spoon as the Panther placed his enormous paws on Henry's shoulders. "Everyone, this is-"

"Brandy" Pat interjected suddenly.

Henry was so taken aback he literally went backwards, pressing himself into Brandy's bulging gut. "You recognize me Pat?" Brandy gasped, rather touched by that.

"You're bigger around the middle, but it's definitely you" Pat confirmed.

Brandy chuckled mirthfully, happy that someone at least remembered him. "You even got my name right" he added happily.

"Henry always said Randy, but when I met you I definitely heard Brandy. And, well, far be it for me to think you don't know your own name" Pat said with a knowing smile.

"At least *someone* got it right" Brandy commented, looking down at the embarrassed face of Henry as his hands gripped his shoulders tightly.

"Holy... holy shit" Jameson gasped, now able to speak again. "Brandy, you got fucking huge!"

Brandy purred loudly as he moved away from Henry to give the Weasel a good view. His arms curved around his head as he flexed for all of them, his arm muscles bulging as his pecs tightened like slabs of stone. "You like?" he questioned seductively.

"Down boy" Pat muttered, bonking Jameson lightly on the head as he predicted the Weasel's perverted mental image.

Brandy chuckled loudly as he sat on the chair behind Henry. Well, I say sat, it was more like his ass was trying to eat the seat. "So, when did you two meet up again?" Sam questioned suspiciously.

"It was that night I walked out on you guys. I was in a pretty bad spot, and, I came here on Harold's fucking terrible information. Famous drink, yeah fucking right. And after someone decided to screw around me..." Henry explained, shooting Jason a dark look, "well, turns out Brandy worked here, and-"

"I was still pissed off at him" Brandy completed that sentence.

"Yeah, he hatched a whole revenge scheme to get back at me" Henry continued.

"I helped" Jason added proudly.

“Yes, Jason told Brandy I was here. He seduced me once with his act, and then a second time backstage. He invited me around to his place for a little fun, and then after having it, he decided to crush my heart flat with his size fifteen” Henry said with no trace of emotion.

The entire group looked to Brandy, who had a guilty look on his mug. “I was still mad at him, and I relished the chance to get back at him for hurting me. Turns out, I hadn’t even wanted that, funnily enough” Brandy said uncomfortably. “But, it was something we both needed, as it turns out. I got my feelings off my chest, and Henry got to get his feelings off his. The rest is history as we managed to reconcile a few days later.”

“And I’ve been coming here whenever I can to support Brandy whenever he’s on stage” Henry concluded with a cheerful smile.

“This sounds almost impossible to have actually happened. I am ninety percent sure you’re bullshitting us” Jameson declared sceptically.

Henry and Brandy shrugged. “Believe what you want. It happened, and now, it’s history” Henry answered with a twinkle in his eye as he stared into Brandy’s.

“So, does that mean you two got back together?” Pat inquired.

The two opened their mouths, but, they couldn’t really find the words to answer that. They simply gave each other an upset look before Henry sighed sadly. “No, we... we decided it would be best if we didn’t. We buried the hatchet, but, old wounds were torn open again. It’s for the best if we don’t put our hearts on the line again” he explained, quite visibly saddened by that fact.

“I... I see” Jameson stammered, actually quite amazed at how mature the two were being. “Well, if that’s all, then we should go” he decided, releasing Pat’s arm.

“What, already? But I wanna explore this wonderland” Sam protested childishly.

“Why not come round on the weekend? I’ll put on a good show for you all” Brandy offered.

"It's a date" Sam replied as the trio left the bar, and the Hare with his dancer.

Once they were gone the Panther's arms wrapped themselves around Henry's waist, and he could feel his friend nibble on his ears. "I thought you were going to tell them we're still fucking each other" Brandy whispered.

Henry chuckled as he gently stroked the left side of Brandy's face. "They didn't need to know. It makes things more tragic sounding if we're forcing each other to *just* be friends. That way they won't bother us about it" Henry smirked.

"You're welcome about that idea by the way" Jason remarked loudly.

"Yes, thank you Jason. You know Henry, it's shocking really. I could have sworn you were going to brag to them about doing the ten-tonne panther every night" Brandy purred. "It's almost as if you're becoming an adult, Henry Miller."

"I know. Scary, isn't it?" Henry grinned slyly. "And it's not every night, it's at least every two nights" he added indignantly.