

Henry's Special Blend

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Henry Renault had always been a lover of fine food. Though he had grown up a rabbit of modest means, his youth in Brookland had been a wild romp through the culinary kaleidoscope that was the mom-and-pop restaurant scene of the late 80s and early 90s. His father was a supplier of rare and expensive spices, a specialist business which brought Henry into contact with every sort of cuisine, from Italian to Mexican, from French to Greek. As such, it was only natural that he would enter a culinary institute once he came of age, and though his family was still somewhat bitter to find out that he was gay and would not be providing them with grandchildren, they were still happy to teach him French cooking secrets from time to time. Ever since the M.V. Ambrosia had installed satellite internet, he had been swapping recipes with his parents, and in their own way they were proud of his success. How could they not be, considering their son was responsible for a kitchen with two dozen employees, which had to provide fine dining three times a day to over three hundred passengers and crew?

Henry relished the challenge of keeping his menu delicious and diverse, especially in the face of heavy seas and ever-shifting availabilities in terms of ingredients. Though Andrew gave him access to the ship's line of credit in every port-of-call, even the use of satellite phones and international overnight shipping couldn't ensure that Henry could get his hands on what he wanted when he wanted it. Live lobsters were often dead upon delivery, fruit advertised as fresh often ended up being juiced or diced, and of course he never trusted the seafood enough to serve it raw. Even the sushi, which he went to every bit of trouble to present as authentic, had been carefully inspected, tasted and sanitized to prevent infection. Nothing could be worse for the ship's profitability and reputation than hundreds of vacations ruined by upset stomachs!

Tonight, though, everything had gone down perfectly. The four course meal, specially designed to cater to the extensive species and religious restrictions inherent in furry cuisine, had been an overwhelming success. At the beginning of the voyage, many of the guests had complained about the limited availability of foods, and how many of their traditional "comfort foods" were only available in The Appian, a small 24/7 bar-and-grill which served almost nothing but reheated frozen foods. But by day three of the voyage, the vast majority of the guests were looking forward to his feasts, and clamored for a chance to enter his restaurant, The Forum, during the hours it was opening. Several of the more enthusiastic guests had even begun to form a line an hour or so before each meal. Though

their seating was reserved, they were eager to get in and be seated, sometimes going so far as to place their orders as soon as they were seated, for fear that specific entrées and appetizers would not be available if they didn't lock in their orders immediately. It was this kind of enthusiasm that made Henry love his job, and made the long hours and hard work worthwhile.

The meal had been long and complex, surveying the width and breadth of Caribbean cuisine, as well as mixing in what bits of French and Spanish cooking he could manage. He had been lucky with the fruit, a few boxes of perfectly ripe bananas and pineapples had been waiting for him in the last port of call, which helped make up for other shortcomings in his typical fruit salad. Keeping the canines at bay had been easy enough to do with some tender steaks, and the herbivores had been all too eager to dig into the roughage he'd scavenged up. The real topper was the dessert, as always, which had been either a massive, warm brownie or an ice cream sundae heaped with sweets. Either option had gone over amazingly, and he'd gotten more than a few playful licks and quips concerning all of the creamy whipped topping. He didn't want to tell anyone, but sometimes, late at night, he would play with that whipped cream ever so carefully, indulging his mild food fetish in the privacy of his office. Only Andrew knew of these private sessions, and the kindly wolf captain had even gone so far as to indulge the bunny from time to time, gently licking sweets off his shaft before pounding his ass like crazy.

Henry nibbled on an apple as he surveyed the kitchen, which was now cleaned up and locked down for the night. Though the Ambrosia avoided storms whenever possible, naval protocol demanded that every loose pot, plate and kitchen knife be securely stored after cleaning. As such, the small, cramped kitchen was a maze of cages and cabinets, every one of them designed to keep the pots and pans from shifting around and banging into things. The knives were especially well locked down, and placed carefully in locked cabinets, to ensure that some big wave wouldn't result in someone being stabbed. The deck swabs had just finished cleaning every surface to a shimmering gleam, and as he leaned on the counter, he could feel its moisture beneath his paw. In their haste, they had neglected to fully dry some of the counter tops, a potential health risk since bacteria thrived anywhere that was wet. Had the night gone poorly, he would have called Andrew and demanded that someone be sent by to finish the job, but as he was in a good mood, he simply grabbed one of the cleaning rags, popped the apple into his mouth, and began idly wiping up the few wet spots he saw glimmering in the kitchen lights.

Henry was a portly rabbit, his excess weight brought on by the need to constantly try and taste dishes, both his own and others. With no time to exercise, he had little choice but to be fat, and he had grown content with it. Though he often found himself panting and hot in the steamy kitchen, his paunch let his customers and employees know that he could tell the difference between good food and bad, and

that he loved to eat. A thin chef, after all, was suspicious, since clearly he didn't relish the very food he produced. Wilhelm would still take Henry aside for a quick workout from time to time, however, and the occasional aerobics session with that fox Randy ensured he never got too fat. The kitchen was very cramped, after all, and were he to grow too fat, there would be hardly enough room for him to maneuver.

His extra baggage got in the way, however, when he was trying to wipe up the counter tops and examine the stovetops for crumbs. He had to strain and lift up on one leg; his glimmering white fur ruffling beneath the loose-fitting chef's uniform as his dirty apron pressed firmly against the edge of the stove. Though he had to strain to dry a few portions of the stove, he was pleased to see that there was no rust or crumbs or other potentially contaminating particles lying around. Even though there was a big party upstairs, which much of the crew was free to participate in, the cleaning crew had done their job right, if hastily.

"I knew you cared about your food, but I didn't know you went around dressing up as an entrée," said a voice. Henry turned around in surprise, his gaping jaw letting the apple fall to the floor, where it burst into a dozen pieces. "What was with the apple? Trying to feel dinner from dinner's point of view?" The voice came from a large but friendly looking bear, similar in Henry's portliness but otherwise quite different from the rabbit. Like most members of his species, he was decidedly massive, his head and shoulders narrowly clearing the small door frames of the ship. Though his intentions appeared to be benign, the comment about "dinner," and the fact that the creature was a predator while Henry was prey, filled the rabbit with instinctive fear. Though he knew that most predatory species had no interest whatsoever in eating guys like him, something deep inside him made him wary, even when he didn't want to be. He twitched his nose and ears a bit, but began to quickly clean up the apple and get rid of the drying rag so that he could properly introduce himself to the bear.

"I presume you know I'm Chef Henry," said the rabbit as he extended a paw to the bear, who shook it heartily. Henry winced as the big animal squeezed down in the handshake, his grip powerful and firm but not quite painful. Still, there was no doubt that this big bear could take charge if he needed to, and if he wanted to push Henry around, he had the brute force necessary to do so. "But I do have to ask who you are and how you got into my kitchen. We locked up over an hour ago, and you're definitely not one of the crew. You're not intending to help yourself to the larder, are you? Because that's actually in the hull of the ship, we have a dumb waiter for moving ingredients up here."

"I'm not here to take anything except what I am given," said the bear, smiling and shrugging off the accusation. Henry was very protective of his kitchen, and the big bear seemed to understand that his presence would not be welcome until he explained himself. "I'm

Ralph Gunderson. Don't be fooled by the Hawaiian shirt and flip-flops, when I'm not on vacation I'm actually a representative for a major investment firm. Andrew and I got to talking and he suggested that I visit you, even going so far as to use the Captain's key on the galley door to let me in. The fact that I've been heavily investing in M.V. Ambrosia's parent company has nothing to do with that I'm sure."

Henry blushed a bit beneath his fur, suddenly feeling very bashful. Of course no one would get into The Forum unless they had permission from Andrew, there was no way on earth that Gibraltar would permit as much. He was able to spot troublemakers from a mile away, and in the entire time Henry had been employed on the M.V. Ambrosia, he had never seen anything get stolen, and no one had ever gone into a room they weren't supposed to get into. If Ralph was here, someone wanted him to be here, and Henry was supposed to be accommodating. He did his best to smile and recover the situation, and the big bear seemed accepting enough. "Sorry to be so brusque earlier, it's just that I'm not used to visitors, especially so late at night. So...Can I get you anything? I keep a bottle of wine hidden away in a special cabinet, if you'd like some. It's a nice claret, lots of body and it goes down easy."

"Some wine would be nice, and a chair as well." Henry nodded and went off to procure the wine and some glasses, as well as a couple of stools from the back. "After all, I did come here to talk about food. That pasta you served tonight was the best I've had ever since I moved out of my mother's house. And I should know food; I was raised in the back end of a greasy spoon in Newark..."

Several hours of drinking and talking had passed, and it was now well beyond midnight. Though their professional careers had taken separate paths, their childhoods were surprisingly similar, and both filled with delicious food. While their friends had all spend their youth eating fast food and sugary cereal, the both of them had grown up with an abundance of home-cooked meals and exotic dishes. They had grown to love food, and love the diversity of palette and flavor that could be brought about by a fine cook. Although Ralph usually left most of the cooking to professional chefs, a luxury he could afford with his substantial six-figure salary, he had a few choice stories to tell Henry about his attempts in college to cook the meals he'd grown used to at home.

"...So about that time I realized that the grease from the steak had seeped into the gas burner and burst into flames, filling the kitchen with smoke. I tried to put it out with water, but as I'm sure you know, that just spread the fire around. Suffice to say, I never got the security deposit back on that apartment, though I didn't damage the stove bad enough to keep from using it again the next day," said Ralph. Henry did his best to laugh politely, and countered

each of Ralph's stories with one of his own, but the bear was simply a better storyteller, and had more humorous tales to tell. Despite his obvious wealth and power, and the fact that he clearly needed to be in control of the situation, he was friendly and approachable, much to Henry's delight. His position as chef was somewhat lonely in a way, since he was always in charge, and had no time for dating or partying with the crew. Up at five to make breakfast, he usually went straight to bed after the dinner crowd left, often sleeping in a cot he kept in the back of the kitchen area. He had friends, sure, Wilhelm's love of soy sausages and other all-plant concoctions from his home kept him dropping by, and of course Andrew indulged the rabbit's sexual tastes from time to time. Still, there were a lot of nights where he had little to pleasure himself with other than a carrot-shaped dildo and a little bit of butter for lube.

"You're a very friendly person," said Henry. "And it's clear we've got a lot in common. But I'm guessing you didn't drop by here just to talk about food, as fascinating as that is for the both of us..." Henry's somewhat pudgy, but very gentle hands slid across Ralph's, caressing slowly and gently. "So can I assume you're here for more than just a few of my secret recipes?"

"Well, aren't you the impudent little rogue?" said Ralph, taking Henry's hand and then licking around the tip of his claw idly. "I'm honestly surprised you didn't interrupt me when I was going through the part about my assorted attempts to make lasagna without burning it. I've seen how your eyes drift to my powerful arms, and to the considerable bulge in my shorts..." Ralph grinned a bit and leaned back, sticking out his crotch and making sure that the bunny could see how his package pushed firmly against the cloth fabric. Like most bears, his package was substantial, bulging and thrumming with potential and intent. Henry instinctively licked his lips a bit, making Ralph chuckle. "C'mere you..."

Their hands and muzzles moved together, slowly tracing up and down one another's curves. They kissed slowly, their enthusiasm building as their tongues traced back and forth, each one slowly caressing and working around in the other's mouth. They embraced, groaning softly as they felt the warmth of one another's arms and touch. As they came together, their stomach bulges pressed firmly, the heat of their bodies stealing together tightly. As Henry kissed Ralph, he could taste the touch and flavor of the bear's most recent meal. As it was Henry's own cooking, it was far from unpleasant, rather it was a firm mixture of fruit and mint, with just a tiny hint of meat. That flavor made Henry ever so slightly concerned, but the warm embrace of the bear's hands around his rump let him know that Ralph's intentions were every bit benign and loving.

They continued to touch and grope one another for quite some time, drinking on one another's warmth and scent. Already, Henry could feel the rumbling in Ralph's pants, and he slid his hand down to caress the bear through the fabric. His shaft was thick and hard, not too long, but definitely large. He panted as he tried to wrap his

fingers around it, slowly realizing how truly tremendous it was. Ralph grinned a bit, pushing against Henry's hand slightly. "I do hope you're the sort who can be flexible...If not; I suppose we can stick to muzzle and hands..."

"I say we start with muzzle and hands anyway," said Henry, grinning and slipping down in front of the big bear as Ralph leaned back on the counter, sucking his gut in and sticking out his stomach a little. Slowly, Henry undid the drawstring on his pants and then rolled and pulled them down, revealing the bear's substantial cock. While of only average length, it was almost frighteningly thick, sending shudders of anticipation and fear down the bunny's spine. Ralph grinned a bit, reaching down to caress the rabbit between his ears.

"Don't worry, I know how big it is, and I'm used to being gentle. And even if it can't fit, I'm sure we'll have plenty of ways to make things fun." Henry smirked, and grabbed a nearby bottle of balsamic vinegar. Gently and carefully, he applied it to Ralph's substantial girth, making it slick and zesty in his fingers. Ralph groaned a little as Henry began licking up the vinegar, grinning.

"Oh, I do intend on making both you and I a pair of tasty treats," said Henry, grinning as he twirled his tongue around the throbbing tip of Ralph's shaft. The big bear moaned and stiffened, gripping the counter top and taking in huge gulps of air as Henry moved up and down his length in long, satisfied licks. It was delightful, to say the least. The soft, bittersweet vinegar mixed nicely with the salty, musky taste of the bear's dripping shaft, filling Henry's mouth with flavor as he worked it into his maw. Though he had to strain his jaw to fit it in, he relished the challenge and worked the shaft expertly in his mouth, wrapping his lips around his teeth and sucking gently. He brought up his hand and gently rubbed whatever part of the shaft was not in his mouth, then shifted down, working the balls between his fingertips. A lifetime of working with his hands had given him quite the delicate touch, with every slender touch sending shivers up and down his spine. He was clearly impressed at the sort of skill that Henry had to offer, even as he soaked it in as best he could.

"And here I was thinking your fine talents extended only to the realm of cooking," said Ralph, groaning and gently caressing the rabbit's head. "The oil is a nice touch...Your hand feels so slick, yet so firm, and even from up here I can smell the delicate bouquet of salt and oil." He pressed down a bit on the rabbit's head, motioning for him to take in all he could. Henry did so greedily, twisting his muzzle this way and that as he worked it down aggressively, almost catching his big front teeth on the bear's shaft as he did so. He was careful, but could tell that the bear enjoyed a little bit of traction, so he did nip and tuck where he thought best. He licked and twisted, moving his mouth gently but consistently, murring and panting, his little bunny tail stiff with excitement. He couldn't

remember the last time he'd enjoyed himself so much or so thoroughly, but he was pretty sure it involved food.

"Let me try that," said the bear, helping Henry to his feet and then hefting him onto the countertop. Sliding up and down his chest in a series of big sniffs, he undid Henry's apron and took it off of him, hanging it on top of some of the nearby pots and pans. Delicately he undid the chef's uniform, softly caressing the rabbit's soft belly fur. "I hope you don't mind if I select something a bit more appropriate for my species," said Ralph as he moved over to the shelf, grabbing a large squeeze bottle filled with honey. "We all give in to the stereotype at times, do we not?"

"Then you MUST let me make you some of my Turkish honey cake when this is over!" said Henry, groaning as the bear made long, thin lines across the rabbit's chest. The sweet aroma of honey wafted up his nostrils and made him slightly dizzy, the pure sweetener filling his mind as well as his nose. He had always maintained a weakness for the sweet stuff, and having it on his chest excited his lust for the stuff. He reached out and touched it lightly, licking his fingers clean and then dipping down for a second helping. He had often been caught "sampling" the ingredients by stuffing them into his face, much to the chagrin of the lesser chefs under his employ. A few had even gone so far as to draw crude pictures of him wolfing down sweets on one of the bathroom stalls, though he knew all the teasing was in good fun. They did respect him as a leader after all, and the only time they ever talked back was when they were certain he was wrong. And sometimes not even then.

Henry's shaft was the definition of modest. Neither short nor long, thin nor fat, it was the average sort of member that almost any guy would be glad to have, yet feel was somehow inadequate. Surrounded by such handsome and massively endowed guys as Wilhelm and Gibraltar, he had always felt somewhat insecure about his shaft, but he took comfort in the fact that he knew it was extremely sensitive, especially when compared to that of the more promiscuous guys on ship. After all, he didn't have much time to use it, and so each time he did, the impact seemed particularly powerful. Even a quick jerk-off session usually left him too tired to do much more than pant for a few hours, and whenever he had sex, his shaft tingled until morning. As such, he was almost giddy with the pleasure he was set to receive when Ralph began coating his shaft in the thick, goopy honey.

The bear's substantial size, combined with the nature of his species, gave him a substantial and powerful tongue. He licked and lapped aggressively at Henry's crotch, sweetening and then slurping up the flesh with ample helpings of goopy yellow liquid. Henry moaned and grabbed at the edges of the counter, whimpering with delight, his ample girth jiggling above the bear's head. Clearly, Ralph had done this many times before, and the rough texture of his tongue sent shivers up and down Henry's spine. The big bear slowed down only to come up and lick the honey off of the rabbit's chest, the sticky sweetness now hat with the rabbit's body heat. Ralph let off a low,

rumbling growl, which sent shivers of delight through Henry's frame. He could tell that the bear was enjoying this every bit as much as he did, and deep inside he wanted nothing more than to continue the delightful mixture of tastes, flavors and sensations that were assaulting him from all sides.

Ralph slowly shifted from merely caressing the rabbit's shaft with his tongue to genuinely sucking, causing Henry to pre heavily in his mouth. It had been quite some time since he had last enjoyed a blow job, and this one was particularly powerful thanks to the firm experience of the bear's mouth. Clearly, Ralph knew what he was doing, and the way he gently nipped and licked at Henry's shaft sent waves of pleasure rippling up and down the rabbit's body. He moaned and groaned a bit, then leaned back on the counter and spread his legs, giving the bear ample room to maneuver. He could feel Ralph's hot breath lipping and curling through his nether regions, letting the rabbit know that the big bear was keen on exploring down there a little, a fact confirmed by his roving fingers and firm grip.

"Hmm, it smells like your kitchen isn't the only thing you keep immaculately clean," said the big bear, his nose probing gently under the rabbit's tailhole. Henry had once dated a boy in culinary school who loved to give him rimjobs, and had simply gotten into the habit of keeping certain parts of his anatomy spotless, even well after he had the pleasure of enjoying such stimulation regularly. It was one of his more favorite sensations, however, and as Ralph dug in his tongue, Henry knew that he was going to enjoy every moment of it.

The big bear was clearly more of the external sort of licker, eschewing the interior of Henry's firm pucker in favor of the sort of enjoyment he could get by pressing and licking around the outside. Driven on by drips of honey, he pushed and licked and nuzzled the rabbit's tailhole, his hands reaching up to caress and jerk the bunny's package as he worked. Henry's long legs kicked across and over Ralph's shoulders as the bear continued to work on him, and he laid out flat across the countertop, groaning and gripping as his head positively spun with the sensation attacking him from all corners at once. He had gotten so absorbed in planning, scheduling and preparing his meals that he had forgotten how much he loved sex, especially with a large, experienced partner who went for sensation as opposed to force. He had always enjoyed older partners, who were more suited to his portly and somewhat inflexible body, and Ralph was clearly just the sort of lover who best suited his needs.

After some time, licking turned into probing, and soon Henry could feel the big bear's fingers pressing and probing against his tight ring. Though Henry did his best to relax, he knew that taking the bear's substantial girth up his rear would not be easy. He whimpered and gestured towards the fridge. "I have found in past experience that butter is an acceptable substitute for lube, when you warm it up," said Henry. The big bear licked his chops and went into the fridge, pulling out a stick of butter and smearing it across his shaft and the rabbit's tailhole. The cool, natural butter melted

quickly on the hot shaft, and after a little more application of the fatty substance, Ralph felt prepared enough to try pushing it in.

The movement was soft and slow at first, the rabbit struggling to take in the massive girth of the bear. But as it popped in, Henry let loose a powerful sigh of relief, his body overwhelmed by pleasure. He whimpered a bit more and then groaned aloud as Ralph pushed over him, his thick length sliding slowly into the soft, plump rump of the rabbit. Henry reached up and wrapped his arms around Ralph, nibbling and kissing with encouragement as he pushed back against the big bear, his own shaft throbbing with sensation as he felt his rear pressured and pleased. He couldn't remember the last time he felt so thoroughly stuffed, and as Ralph continued to push and pleasure into him, Henry arched his back in supreme arousal and satisfaction.

Their motions were slow but determined, neither one moving fast, and both seeking to pull the most pleasure possible out of their movements. Henry reached down and worked himself furiously at first, but soon Ralph moved in to help as well, timing the motions of his hands with those of his hips, sending wave after wave of pleasure coursing through the rabbit's body. The sensation, combined with the flavors and smells still wafting through his muzzle, sent Henry's head spinning. He knew he would be cumming hard, and soon, and he was positively squealing at the prospect. He grabbed the edge of the countertop as tightly as he could, letting his body relax and release.

There was a blissful moment as he reached the very peak of his arousal, followed by the usual soft numbing as he drifted down into afterglow. As he did so, he felt his ring tighten, the stimulation sending the big bear shooting and jizzing deep inside him. Now spent, he bent over the rabbit, bracing himself and kissing Henry softly on the lips. They embraced, kissing one another gently, their large, warm bodies pressed firmly against one another in the afterglow. Hands rubbed up and down each of them, the touch tingling and soft in the embrace. Even as Ralph pulled out, Henry could feel the big bear's seed hot and sticky deep inside of him. The feeling was thorough and satisfying, and he resolved to try and make more time to enjoy it again soon. It was several minutes before they began to disentangle themselves, going to a nearby stack of paper towels to begin cleaning up themselves.

"So, you never did tell me about those honey cakes," said Ralph, grinning and giving the bunny a firm pinch on the rear as he buttoned up his uniform and put back on his apron. "It is well past midnight; maybe we should wait until morning?"

"Oh, I suppose," said Henry. "But maybe we should instead arrange for you to meet me back here around say, 10 PM, after the staff has left? I'm certain you would much rather enjoy these honey cakes in private." The big bear grinned, and then made his way towards the door.

"It's a dinner date, then," said Ralph. "And be sure to leave some butter out to soften before you start baking..."