# Whiskey the Dancer

Whiskey snorted. Not that that was actually his name, but it didn’t do to use your real name in a joint like this. Inwardly he groaned, rubbing his long, heavy snout, the burly draft horse glancing at the clock. This...this is what a degree in English Literature got you.

“You’re on in fifteen, Whiskey!” A shrill female voice called from outside the dressing room. “Remember what I told you, if you look bored, the audience will be bored!”

Whiskey nickered in return, before putting his face in his hands, leaning up against the makeup counter. He could see it all, the handsome white stripe down his face, the deep brown of his coat, the shaggy, un-braided and wild mane, and the white and feathered ‘gloves’ of his hands. All shiny and well groomed…

...and all entirely naked.

It wasn’t just the lack of clothes, Whiskey had been naked plenty of times in front of people. Showering, locker rooms, with the occasional mare (and that awkward weekend with his college roommate) but this was different.

He’d never been a stripper.

There were cheers, hoots, and catcalls outside as another of the dancers ended his set, their volume increasing dramatically as Ratfink opened and closed the door, wearing naught but a bush hat and boots.

Whiskey had heard the kangaroo rat was more from the suburbs of LA rather than the Australian outback.

“Oi, ya hear them out there? Mad house I tell ya, got some crazy tips.” The lanky tan rodent puffed, tossing his hat onto a nearby rack and plopped himself in a chair, scratching at his exposed balls with quite a lot of ease. “Now come on, I know that expression Newbie. It’s not so bad! This is just a side job until you get whatever job you’re really hoping for.”

“Mmmph.” Whiskey said noncommittally.”

“Now, don’t tell me you’re nervous! Not with that monster you have hanging out your chaps. The girls out there will love ya!”

Whiskey groaned, putting his face further in his hands. “It’s not that. I mean, yes, the money’s good, but I’m…” The horse snorted, finally standing up. He was certainly fitting the name ‘draft stallion,’ given his near seven foot height, broad shoulders, and hooves like dinner plates.

Not to mention that girthy sheath and even more massive, dark leathery nuts tucked up underneath!

“I’m puny!”

The kangaroo rat looked flabbergasted. “Come again?”

“I’m out of proportion compared to the other stallions!”

The rat was all frowns, tail twitching as he leaned forward. “I don’t know, you look pretty large to me! Though, if that’s how you feel, I know the perfect person you should see. Ol’ Harry, the costume maker. Tell him your problems and I’m sure he’ll figure something out!”

Old Harry turned out to be a raccoon, gray muzzled and wrinkled whiskers, who peered over thick glasses as the big horse squeezed into his tiny office. “Oh yes, the new act! How do the chaps fit my boy?”

Whiskey grimaced, rubbing at the leather. “A bit tight, though you said they would stretch. I’m just not sure about my appearance.”

The raccoon quickly turned on his swivel stool, away from some intricate looking device. It looked part jock strap, part medieval torture device. “Hrrm, what has you concerned?”

The horse rubbed the back of his head, before rubbing at his balls absentmindedly. “Weeeeell, I just seem out of proportion. The straps all have everything on display, but my balls just look odd and out there, and the leather’s pinching the root quite a bit. They’re half numb in fact!”

Harry frowned even further, peering down his nose at those straps criss-crossing around the equine’s equipment. “Hrm...yes...you are much larger than I expected.”

“Is there anything you can do? I mean, I’m on in ten minutes!”

Warm hands reached, then cupped Whiskey’s big, leathery horse nuts, hefting them appreciatively with small claws dimpling their fuzzy skin covering. “Weeeell, there is in fact, and it will solve all the problems. Going to have to change your ticket a bit, your show name, but it should work. Yeeees, it will! And we might draw in a more diverse crowd as well!”

The big draft stallion nickered in relief, his wild tail slowing in its nervous swatting. “Well that’s great! Do I need to put on different pants, or maybe just go without the harness?”

“Oh no, the harness stays! You’re a farm-working horse after all, the audience will love that! Just...yeeeeees.” He rolled those testicles around, feeling each bump, each vein, softly stroking and squeezing the hanging package, before releasing them to quietly slap back against the big stallion’s thighs, causing him to wince! “Yus! Easy fix! You just stand there…” He fiddled with a nearby tackle box full of needles and thread and small tools, palming a few before turning back. “Now I need you to stand perfectly still.”

Whiskey did as he was told, big arms crossing over his chest. He tried not to think how many minutes were left before his act. Huff, those occasional pinches were certainly making it easy to forget! “Hey now, careful down there!”

“Sorry, sorry! Bit of a rush job. You don’t worry, it’ll be done soon.” The raccoon had a bit more threat, sturdy string actually, and was weaving it around those huge horse nuts into a nice, cozy bow. Two of them in fact, one above the other, each firm tug making the huge stallion snort and shift on his hooves. “You must stand still!”

“Yes yes, just hurry it up and do what you need. I don’t get paid if I miss my time!” The horse snorted, peering down, but all he could see was Harry’s head.

The raccoon noddled, his ears flicking forward in concentration. “Then no time to lose!” It took a steady hand of course, with such a time limit. The horse was staring up at the clock, tapping out the seconds on one set of fingers, grumbling at the delay.

“For pete’s sake, cut those cords and let’s be done!”

Harry squeaked at the command, glasses falling away! “Oh...yes! Right away!” And he quickly got his leather sheers in place! WIth a quick SNICK SNICK, squinting blearily at the big shape before him, he heard the heavy thunk of leather hitting the floor. “There you are my boy! You might not look like ‘Whiskey the Prime Stud’ but they’ll figure out a new name for you when you get up there.”

Whiskey snorted. “Alright, alright, I’ll work something out.” He winced. He never thought he’d have jumped so much from that alteration, but at least he no longer felt those straps digging into his balls! He quickly trotted out to the floor just in time.

Harry frowned, peering down at the floor. Hrrrm, that didn’t look like leather straps. He reached down and hefted a big, warm leather bag, rolling the weighty pouch over in his trim claws. He squinted, then sighed and tossed it on the workstation. “I can’t see anything without my glasses," he grumbled.

He did hear the announcer, and the hushed gasps on stage as ‘Whiskey the farm gelding’ was introduced! Well that’s a silly stage name!