

The chairmouse of the Rescue Aid Society has called in all the delegates for a brief meeting. None of them were sure why. Especially Bernard and his wife, Bianca. They've been married for two years at this point. They, along with the other delegates, took their seats and eagerly waited for the meeting to start.

Soon enough, it did. The chairmouse took position at his lectern. "Thank you. Thank you all for coming," he began. "Fortunately, there are no children who need rescuing at the moment. However, I do have very important news to share with all of you." Then, the chairmouse's face became solemn. "As you know, we haven't had a representative for Japan since the passing of Mr. Kato."

Everyone else in the meeting hall grew solemn too. Mr. Kato was a compassionate, elderly mouse. Though he wasn't very talkative or outgoing like some of the other members, he was remembered by many for being very friendly and wise. He worked for the Rescue Aid Society, practically up until his death, which was a great loss for the organization.

After a moment of silence for Mr. Kato, the chairmouse continued. "So, I am glad to announce his successor. Someone he'd be proud of. Our newest delegate." He then clapped his hands together. "The new Japanese representative. I'd like you all to meet, Mr. Benjiro!"

Benjiro stepped out into the light, revealing himself. He was a tall, muscular mouse with a built gut. He was wearing a Hawaiian shirt, khaki shorts, and sunglasses. The top buttons of his shirt were undone, revealing his hairy chest. Many of the female representatives stared at him with their jaws hanging. They all found him attractive, even after seeing him for only a few seconds. Even Bianca was staring at him in secret desire; but after Bernard nudged her with his elbow, she seemed to snap out of it.

Benjiro took position next to the lectern and bowed to everyone. "Konichiwa. It is a great honor to be part of this wonderful organization." Just then, Bianca turned towards her husband. "He's quite a mouse, isn't he?" She said to him. Which didn't seem to make him happy. "However, I prefer you!" Bernard let out a relieved sigh as Bianca kissed his cheek.

The chairmouse began speaking again. "Mr. Benjiro has just arrived here in New York this morning, courtesy of Albatross Air. So, he is eagerly in search of housing. Would anyone be willing to share their living space with him, for the time being?" Immediately, all the female mice raised their hands. They all wanted Benjiro to be their roommate, and maybe something a little more than that. Even Bianca had her hand raised. Bernard tried to pull her hand down. "C'mon, Bernard. Poor Benjiro needs a place to sleep. Be a dear." Bernard rolled his eyes and raised his hand too.

“Let’s see. Let’s see...” The chairmouse spoke to himself, scanning all the raised hands. His attention was caught on Bernard and Bianca. “Oh. You two would like to have Benjiro move in?”

“Yes.” They both spoke in unison. “Very well, then.” The chairmouse stepped back to the lectern, addressing all the delegates. “I believe it would be most appropriate for Benjiro to move in with Mr. Bernard and Bianca.” Everyone but Bernard applauded, the mouse putting his head down. What would this mean for him and Bianca?

After the meeting was over, the chairmouse invited them to personally introduce themselves to Benjiro. Upon doing so, he gave Bernard a simple bow while he gave Bianca a handshake and a sly smirk. Bernard already didn’t like where this was going. After Benjiro grabbed his two briefcases, the three of them adjourned.

They scurried along the sidewalk of New York City, being careful not to be seen or stepped on by any humans. Bernard could overhear Bianca and Benjiro talking behind him. “Did anyone ever tell you how beautiful you are?”

“Well, yes actually.” The female chuckled.

“Seriously, you have natural beauty. Which is not common.” Bernard turned back at them, as a reminder that he was listening. He could see Bianca blushing from Benjiro’s flirtatious comments.

Soon enough, they arrived home. Which was just a wall cavity in between apartments. It didn’t seem like much, but it was good enough for mice. Upon settling in, Bernard decided on his own to help Benjiro unpack.

Bernard opened one of Benjiro’s briefcases. Inside was a kimono and other pieces of traditional Japanese clothing; one of which Bernard couldn’t immediately identify. It was a long, folded-up piece of cloth. He picked it up, examining it. “Is this some type of scarf? Does it get cold in Japan?” He asked Benjiro. “Bernard-san, that is a mawashi.”

“A what?” The younger male raised a brow at the term.

“You see, I often practice Sumo wrestling; and that is what I wear while doing so; as it is the traditional garb of a Sumo wrestler.” Bernard dropped it in disgust. Realizing that he was just holding something that would count as underwear and was probably already worn.

“It is okay.” Benjiro reassured his companion. “There is nothing to be repulsed about. Sumo is a respected sport in Japan. I happen to be quite skilled at it.” He then placed his hand on Bernard’s shoulder. “You seem like a good opponent, with your body. Would you like to practice with me someday? I would hate for my skills to dull.”

“Umm....yeah. Maybe someday.” Bernard responded slowly, feeling a little uneasy at the strength he felt from the Japanese mouse’s hand and the idea of wrestling him in any way.

After they unpacked, it was time for dinner. Tonight, it was Bernard and Bianca’s favorite: Pea soup! It was strange for them to have an extra seat at the table, but then knew they’d get used to it. While enjoying their soup, Benjiro told them all about his life in Japan, as well as being a sumo wrestler. All of which Bianca found fascinating. Afterward, it was time to go to bed.

The next morning, Bernard awoke cuddled next to Bianca, as usual. “Ready to start the day, you two?” A voice came from behind him. What he saw as he glanced over his shoulder made his eyes widen. It was Benjiro wearing an undone kimono, revealing his hairy chest and muscle-gut as well as his fundoshi which was (fortunately) covering his nether region. Bernard immediately shielded Bianca’s eyes, who was just waking up. “Benjiro, *please* cover yourself up in front of my wife!”

“What? It’s just my body. Nothing neither of you-” The Japanese mouse tried to assure.

“Benjiro, *please*!” Bernard pleaded desperately.

“You should be happy I’m-”

“Benjiro! *PLEASE!!!*” With that, Benjiro walked away; tying his kimono up. Bernard thought he could hear him mumbling about Americans being prude, but maybe he imagined it. “What happened?” A sleepy Bianca asked from next to him. “Nothing. None of your concern.” Bernard said before kissing her on the nose.

Unfortunately for Bernard, as the weeks passed, Benjiro's comments and gestures towards Bianca didn't seem to slow down. Worse still, she didn't seem to mind it. He even caught him walking around with his kimono undone a few times again! Of course, Benjiro would practice Sumo, sparring in the living room with a large piece of wood he found. Bernard *did not* want Bianca to see him only wearing his mawashi. So, he would try to get her out of the room whenever he practiced.

However, Bernard would secretly spy on the Japanese mouse. He watched Benjiro do his exercises and spar with the piece of wood or whatever he could find. Sumo was a lot more intense than he realized. It wasn't just fat guys wrestling like he had heard from hearsay. There was skill and strength involved, especially a lot of muscle.

This was when Bernard got a good, but very ambitious idea. He remembered how Benjiro offered him to be his opponent for practice. What if he managed to master Sumo and managed to defeat him in a match? Bernard knew he was strong and manly when he had to be. This could be his chance to show that to Bianca. And if his plan worked out, she'd lose whatever interest she had in Benjiro! Bernard knew it wouldn't be easy, but he had to take a chance.

Later, Bernard approached Benjiro. Telling him how he observed him practice, and how he'd like to partake in the sport himself. "That is wonderful, Bernard-san. Let us waste no time and get started, shall we?" He brought Bernard to his little practice area which he had set up in his time here. It was complete with a makeshift Dohyo in the living room. "First, before we practice, we must put on our mawashis.". The two of them stripped down til they were both completely naked. Bernard felt a bit uneasy, but Benjiro encouraged him to feel comfortable with his body. He then presented a second mawashi for use. "A spare for when I had a sparring partner. I want you to have it. I assure you that it is clean and unworn." The American mouse felt no lie from the Japanese mouse's words or tone.

Then, they helped each other put their mawashis on. Once finished, they stood in front of each other, examining themselves. This was the first time Bernard saw Benjiro in all his glory; all his body hair, all his muscles, everything. He even noticed for the first time that he had a tattoo of a dagger stabbing a heart on his shoulder. It was just dawning on him now how tough and strong Benjiro seemed. Was this such a good idea after all?

Bernard drew his attention down to his mawashi, the one Benjiro had given him. The firm cotton belt felt so soothing against his crotch and in between his buttocks. He even let his hand gently slide across it, letting out a contented sigh. It felt like a nice, snug cotton blanket to wear. Benjiro reached out and tugged it to make sure it was on securely.

“You look better in a mawashi, I have to say.” Benjiro spoke. “I can see you becoming quite a formidable opponent in time.” The compliment made Bernard blush slightly, much to even his own surprise.

Then, it was time to start practicing. They started with exercises, beginning with the basics. Mostly Shiko stomps (AKA the ‘Sumo stomp’). Then, it was on to learning moves and techniques such as Tsuppari (AKA the ‘Sump hand strike’). All of which Bernard seemed to learn quickly. Once he was ready, it was time for their first spar.

Bernard excitedly called Bianca over, rescinding what he thought about her seeing Benjiro in a mawashi. He wanted there to be an audience for his first Sumo spar. Bianca would see how skilled and manly he has become. And maybe, *just maybe*, she can see him beat Bejiro on his very first try.

Both Benjiro and Bernard got into position on the Dohyo. Bianca blushed and giggled upon seeing them in their mawashis. They did their Shiko stomps and crouched down on all fours, ready to start. Bernard gave Bianca a wink before drawing his attention to his opponent. They both stared each other down, muscles tensed. When the time was right, they lunged forward at each other.

They met in the center of the Dohyo, immediately striking each other with open palms. Benjiro was already surprised to see how quickly his opponent learned. Their hands moved like lightning. Simultaneously trying to knock the other one away, while keeping the other’s hands away from their mawashi.

Bernard swiped both Benjiro’s hands away and caught him in a bear hug. His face was pressed against Benjiro’s sweaty, hairy chest. He could feel his breath on his forehead. Quickly, Bernard grabbed his mawashi with one hand and his shoulder with the other and thrust him sideways. He almost fell out of the Dohyo, but he caught himself and came running back for Bernard.

Benjiro firmly grabbed onto Bernard’s shoulders and shoved him! He stumbled backward, trying to save himself; but it was no use. Bernard landed on his back, ending the match. Benjiro was victorious.

Benjiro pulled Bernard to his feet and dusted him off. “It is okay. It was your first time. You also did quite well for your first time, actually. Much better than most other first-timers.”. While this was a reassurance to Bernard, he was still unhappy about Bianca seeing him lose.

She went up to congratulate her husband for doing so well. And to not let it bring him down. But he could tell she still liked Benjiro. He could see her observing him. Craving him. He *was* much more attractive than Bernard.

Benjiro took notice and flexed his muscles, showing off his tattoo. “Benjiro, of course, I notice you. You did very well too, handsome.” Bernard couldn’t believe what he was hearing. She realized what she said out loud, and turned to Bernard and apologized. “As I’ve said, Benjiro is quite a mouse. Yet nothing I say means anything. I still love you and you know it.”

Bernard then grabs Bianca’s hand and storms away. Leaving Benjiro standing where he was. He regretted raising his hand. He should’ve never let him live with them. Unless there were big changes, Bernard was going to end up hating Benjiro.

To be continued...