

Bernard didn't want to be with Benjiro anymore. Most of the time he just ignored him, and he encouraged Bianca to do the same. Of course, she didn't like this at all. Her husband was isolating their roommate. They should be friends. She felt sorry for the Japanese mouse. All he wanted was to be friendly and enjoy his new life in America.

The next morning, Bernard woke up to find Bianca was nowhere to be seen. She was right next to him when they fell asleep. Where was she? Bernard, obviously nervous, began searching for her. "Bianca? Bianca? Where are you?" The mouse called out. No answer. Just then, he heard her voice coming from the other room. Benjiro's room.

Bernard stormed over in that direction. Had his fear become a reality? His heart pounded and his fists clenched. If Benjiro was doing anything to Bianca, he was going to pay for it. He burst into the room to see something that made him stop in his tracks. It was Bianca sitting on a cushion, with Benjiro standing in front of her. His kimono was undone. And he was letting Bianca touch his chest and gut. He seemed to be enjoying his chesthair flow beneath her hand.

Her back was turned towards Bernard, so she didn't see him enter the room, but Benjiro did. Bernard saw his face go from enjoyment to shock, and then to a nervous smile. Bianca took notice of this and turned around. Gasping at the sight of her angry husband.

"Bianca...leave!" Bernard ordered in an austere tone. His wife did as she was told. Running out of the room, covering her face. Once she was gone, Bernard rolled up his sleeves and marched in Benjiro's direction.

"I told you to stay away from her!" Bernard roared as he reeled back his fist, before letting it ram towards Benjiro's face. With cat-like reflexes, he caught the enraged mouse's clenched hand with his. Bernard winced in pain the hand was squeezed as if it were caught in a progressively tightening vice. It even caused him to fall to his knees.

Benjiro spoke, and in his usual calming voice. "Please, Bernard-san. I do not want to hurt you. Yet I am afraid I might do so accidentally, to defend myself." He let go of Bernard's fist and helped him back up to his feet. "Now, please tell me why you are angry in a civilized manner. Please be honest with me here, and no lies."

Bernard's lip began to quiver, his eyes welled with tears. "I...I don't want to lose Bianca. I feel I almost did once before. And I.....I....." Benjiro placed a hand on his shoulder. This time, he was gentle. No grip. Just a reminder to the mouse that it was okay. Bernard was now able to finish his sentence through sniffs. "I...I feel like it's happening again!". The mouse now burst into hiccupping tears.

Benjiro embraced Bernard with a firm and comforting hug. Lending his shoulder for the mouse to cry into. He gave the mouse's back a few gentle pats. "It is alright. It is alright. I am sorry." Bernard pulled his face off the soaked shoulder and looked up at him. "Want to talk about it? Just take a seat if you want to."

The two of them sat on the cushion together. Benjiro had his arm around Bernard. The mouse explained to him how he doesn't feel that he satisfies Bianca's needs, and how his fear of losing her to another man had plagued him for a long time. Benjiro mused with his hand on his chin. "You know, if you are afraid of that, I can teach you how to be a better lover." He pulled the mouse in for a secret. "If it was not obvious already, I know a thing or two about women. And I can be helpful if you want me to be." They both stood up, facing each other. "Okay, as long as you leave Bianca for me from now on. Deal?" Bernard reached out, offering a handshake to Benjiro. He accepts it, giving it a solid shake. "Deal."

Bernard found Bianca in the bedroom, who was sitting on the edge of the bed and weeping. "Oh Bernard, I'm so sorry. Please-". Bernard sat next to her. "It's okay. I'm sorry too, for reacting the way I did." Once Bianca felt better, Bernard was ready to put Benjiro's teachings to good use.

"Why would you want anyone else but me?" Bernard said, reminding Bianca of the wedding rings on each's fingers. He then carefully pulled his wife forward. "Remember. We are one." He pressed his lips against Bianca's. He let his tongue slide into her mouth, caressing her tongue. He then gave the lower lip a gentle bite, right before pulling back. Bianca stared at him for a few seconds, pleasantly surprised.

"Where...where did you learn that?" A handsome smirk grew on Bernard's face. "Let's just say I taught myself." The mouse then pulled off his shirt, causing Bianca to blush. Sensing that Bernard was in the mood, she placed her hands on Bernard's chest. Fondling it in a circular motion. "What else did you teach yourself?" She asked. Staring directly into her eyes, he spoke again. "I'll show you."

Bernard then wrapped his arms around his wife, laying her down on the bed. He got on top of her; starting by nibbling her neck, cheek, and nose. "Bernard. You sly dog." She giggled as she wrapped her legs around his waist. Bernard subtly glanced to the side. Peeking from around the corner was Benjiro, who gave him a thumbs up. It appears that he taught the mouse well. He sensibly left the two lovers to be by themselves.

A few hours later; Bianca, Bernard, and Benjiro were all sitting on the cushion together. All was right now. Bernard and Bianca have learned to fulfill each other's desires. Not to mention Bernard and Benjiro were no longer rivals. They have finally accepted each other as good friends. Which made Bianca very happy.

Just then, they heard an unusual trumpeting sound, along with a buzz. "Listen, I don't think we should be barging in like this." Spoke a familiar voice. The three of them turned around to see who was in their home. Benjiro didn't know them, but Bernard and Bianca did.

It was two of their old friends, Evinrude and Jake. "Sorry about coming in unannounced," Jake spoke in his thick Australian accent. "It was all bug-boy's idea." He gave the dragonfly a gentle nudge with his elbow.

Bernard and Bianca introduced them to their roommate. Jake spoke again. "We heard all about him and decided to give you guys a visit. Since we happened to be in the area." The hopping mouse looked around. "You know, New York is quite a place. Very different from the Outback. While there aren't any Dingos, there are plenty of grabby children and zipping tires."

Benjiro taught Jake and Evinrude about who he was and his life in Japan. Of course, he explained to them about Sumo wrestling and how it was pivotal to his life. This wound up catching Jake's interest. "Benjy, any chance you have a spare loincloth?" He said before getting into a squatting position. "I'd like to tussle with you!"

"Mawashi, and yes. I happen to have another spare." Benjiro eagerly found a spare mawashi and helped Jake put it on. He enjoyed the feeling of it on his body. Especially around his crotch, the cotton material was massaging all the right places. He struck a few poses. "Say, this feels real nice! Hope you don't mind me bringing this home with me! I can totally rock this look!"

Then, both Jake and Benjiro met in the center of the Dohyo. Both were now mawashi-clad and ready to wrestle. Bernard, Bianca, and Evinrude excitedly watched from the side. Both opponents performed their shiko stomps, before getting on all fours. Evinrude trumpeted, beginning the match.

Jake rammed into Benjiro, causing him to *almost* lose his balance. He wasn't used to wrestling with opponents with such powerful legs. Yet Benjiro was able to adapt most quickly.

He wrapped his arms around Jake and used his might to push him back. Jake struck his opponent in the chest, trying to get him off.

Soon enough, the hopping mouse broke free. He leapt forward, directly at Benjiro! The mouse took this to his advantage. He stepped out of the way just in time to grab Jake's mawashi and throw him aside. Landing outside the Dohyo, Jake had lost the match.

Afterward, Bernard chose to have a match with Jake. Jake won this time, due to Bernard's inexperience; but that didn't bother him. He was having fun, putting his acquired Sumo skills to the test once again.

After a few hours, it was time for Jake and Evinrude to return home, respectively. "It was pleasant meeting you, Benjiro! I've gotta plan visits to the States more often! Hope you come to visit the Down-Under sometime too!" Bernard and Bianca were happy to hear that they might see their old friends again more often. Hopefully starting soon.

That night, before bed, Bernard went up to Benjiro, wanting to speak with him in private. "What is wrong, Bernard-san?" The mouse was visibly sad. "I've gotta let you know something. When I was young...I lost my dad." A tear ran down his face. "And....I never really had a father figure. Someone to look up to...until now." Bernard began to cry again. He hugged Benjiro, crying into his shoulder, this time knowing he could. The Japanese mouse lovingly squeezed him. He was thrilled to hear his change of heart. "It is alright...my son."

Bernard removed his face from Benjiro's shoulder upon hearing this. "Yes, you can be my 'surrogate' son, if you want." Bernard took a step back. "Really?" He asked with a smile on his face. "Yes. Of course, Bernard-san." The mouse gave his adoptive father another hug.

"Think of all the things I can teach you." Benjiro began. "I can teach you how to *really* master Sumo! Maybe even Kendo too! Of course, I must teach you how to build muscle, as well as how to gut-gong!" Bernard raised his eyebrow. "Gut-gong? What's that?" Just then, Benjiro bumped Bernard off balance with his gut. Causing him to land on his butt, laughing. "*That* is a gut-gong! Once we master it, we can be crushing our enemies between our muscled guts!" The both of them laughed.

Bianca was overhearing this conversation. Tears were almost brought to her eyes. Knowing that they have finally put aside their differences, forgiven each other, and are now getting along so well. She now felt that her household was truly at peace.

Bernard and Benjiro gave each other one last hug, before wishing each other goodnight. Bernard snuggled up with Bianca in bed, now with a newfound affection for each other. All thanks to their good friend, Benjiro. Deep down, they were hoping he'd become a permanent member of their household. A family member.

The End