

It was one of those nights for Bernard. He was unable to sleep, as he had too much on his mind. He sat up in his bed and looked at Bianca, who was fast asleep. He pulled the blankets off himself, needing to cool off.

Only wearing boxers, the crisp air felt nice on his body and legs. He patted his belly and began rubbing it in circular motions. He sometimes did that to himself when Bianca wasn't able to. It felt nice.

Bernard felt that maybe he just needed to get up and stretch his legs. So, he hopped out of bed and made his way to the other room. He scratched the underside of his belly while doing so. Sometimes it got a little itchy.

He stood in the other room. There was something nice about wandering his home in the quiet hours of the day. It was dark and peaceful. Thinking he was alone, he began rubbing his belly again, this time with both hands.

"Hello?" Bernard nearly jumped out of his fur. It was just Benjiro. A Japanese mouse who had been living with them. He was standing there wearing his kimono, his usual nighttime attire.

"Oh. It's just you." Bernard said, putting his hands behind his back. "Sorry, I've just been having trouble sleeping and just needed to get out and about, you know. What are *you* doing up?" Benjiro shrugged. "More or less the same thing. I have sleepless nights too."

Benjiro just realized what he had caught Bernard doing. "So, you like belly rubs?"

"Um...yeah." Bernard responded, blushing. "They sometimes help me sleep."

"Do you enjoy it when someone else rubs your belly?" Bernard then placed his hands back on his belly at the Japanese mouse's question. "Yes. Yes, I do."

"Believe it or not," Benjiro began. "-I happen to have a special way of making someone sleepy, that involves belly rubs." Bernard was curious as to what this could be.

"How bout I rub your belly....with mine?" Benjiro said as he undid his kimono, presenting his hairy muscle gut and chest. He then completely slipped out of the kimono, letting it fall on the floor. The only thing he was wearing underneath was a fundoshi. "It will feel like a soothing massage." Benjiro jiggled his big, round belly.

Bernard backed up against the wall. "I'm not sure about this. It's kinda-" Benjiro just stood there. Rubbing his gut with both hands. Bernard watched as the hairs on it flowed beneath his hands as they stroked up and down. Benjiro then gave it a gentle smack with both hands, causing it to jiggle again. Now that Bernard got a good look at it, Benjiro's belly did look nice and comfy. He stared back down at his own belly. "Actually, I think that would feel nice." Bernard said before jiggling it at him.

Benjiro approached him, coming so close that their bellies almost touched. Staring down at them, Bernard noticed how much larger Benjiro's was than his. The Japanese mouse then firmly grabbed onto both sides of his gut. "Now, just relax. Many enjoy my belly-to-belly massages. Let me do the work." Once Bernard eased himself, Benjiro gently pressed his belly against his.

He started by rubbing it in circular motions. His firm gut felt nice against Bernard's own soft belly. He let out a comforted sigh at the pleasant feeling. "Enjoying it?" Benjiro asked the younger mouse. He nodded, "Yes." Benjiro continued to do what he was doing, pressing slightly harder. He rotated his position, making sure to massage the sides of Bernard's belly as well as the front.

Bernard was very content at the moment. Bliss was coursing through his body. His roommate, someone who he had learned to look up to, was soothing him. More than that. They were bonding. They have grown to love each other so much that they feel comfortable doing this. Bernard glanced down again. He watched his belly slightly squish as Benjiro rubbed his gut against it.

Benjiro was very content as well. He enjoyed rubbing his belly against others. Bernard's was jigglier and softer than his, which felt nice. Almost stress-relieving. He had done this before with fellow Sumo wrestlers back in Japan. It was meant to symbolize comradery and trustworthiness. Of course, their bellies were muscular and firm like his. At the moment, Benjiro was hoping that Bernard would one day properly bulk up, having a good muscle gut as well. So he could once again enjoy the feeling of a muscular belly against his.

Then, the underside of Bernard's belly began to feel itchy again. Now half-asleep, he lazily began scratching it. "Oh no, Bernard-san. Please allow me to scratch it for you." The Japanese mouse squatted and began rubbing the middle of his belly against the underside of Bernard's. His bristly belly hair scratched Bernard's itches away. The American mouse let out a satisfied moaning sigh as he sank.

Bernard was now sitting on the floor with his back against the wall. Benjiro got down to his knees and continued to massage him, not letting up and making sure the other mouse got it.

This time, he was rubbing his belly against the sleepy mouse's chest. Bernard let out another sigh before looking up at his masseur. "Can you do this to me more often?" He asked in a sleepish and satisfied tone. "Sure, anytime. I always have my belly with me. Soothing you soothes me."

Benjiro then began rubbing his belly against Bernard's cheek. The mouse enjoyed the firm gut pressing his face, as well as the hairs gently scratching him. It was right here when he finally drifted off to sleep.

With care, Benjiro lifted the younger mouse's unconscious body, gently hoisting it over his shoulder. He carefully placed him back in bed, tucking him in. He stared down at Bernard, who was now in a peaceful slumber. Wanting to comfort him further, he tucked himself in as well. He quickly fell asleep next to him.

Bernard gently woke up early the next morning. As usual, the first thing he saw was Bianca's sleepy face. He turned over, surprised to see Benjiro in their bed, who was also asleep. A smile grew on Bernard's face. They have greatly improved their relationship since they first met. Not wanting to wake him, Bernard pulled the blankets off Benjiro's belly and began rubbing it with his hand. He even gave it a few gentle pats, enjoying the sighs that came from the Japanese mouse in response. Maybe someday, Bernard could return Benjiro's kindness by lulling him to sleep in the same way he did. With a nice belly-to-belly massage.