

Sara's Sumo Showdown

I always get nervous before a match, ever since I was a little sumo. Sweaty hands, heavy breathing, flashes of the worst case scenario, the works. Combine my shaking hands with trying to adjust and retie the last knot on my mawashi belt by myself and you have a very uneasy 20-something sumo wrestler. Curse you shaking, sweaty hands of mine!

After adjusting my mawashi, I look down at my hands again and frown.

Their even worse than they were on the shuttle ride over. Why the tournament is always held in the center asteroid cluster is beyond me. At least if it was in Sector 03 I'd get a nice look out at the stars and nearby planets. The center cluster's locker room doesn't even have ports. Just mirrors. The wrestler that designed this room must have been very vain.

Glancing up to one of those mirrors, I make sure my bun of black curly hair is tight, before checking back to my belt one final time to make sure that it's as tight as can be. I always check at least twice before a match. Ever since I lost by losing my mawashi in a school match when I was a teenager.. my face flushes at the memory. I adjust my bra, the only other article of

clothing I usually wear in addition to my mawashi. Both are my favorite color: Deep space black.

Taking a moment to inhale a deep breath, I close my eyes and try to clear my mind of all thoughts and worries and fears. Sadly, the dull drumming of my heart has other thoughts on the matter. Still, nerves or no nerves, all that matters is the match.

I exhale and open; my brown eyes being blinded for a moment by the dull off white flickering glow of the room's lighting.

How does the old saying go again? We can go faster than light but we can't keep our own lights from flickering? Think that's how it goes, or close enough at any rate.

Whatever. I have a match to take part in and, if the spirits of sumo are with me, hopefully win.

I start to walk slowly out of the locker room, each dark brown thigh brushing up against each other with every movement as my bare feet pad against the sleek metal floor. With each step comes the comforting swing of my hips, my bottom shaking side to side, left to right.

It sounds silly to still find the rhythmic swing of your body comforting before a match at my age, but I guess I'm just still a kid at heart.

With each quavering step forward I feel my courage swell and my heart beat finally slow down. The sides of my bare butt brushes briefly against the dilating doorway, and I grimace. Memories of my mother's grumblings come floating back like lost space debris.

"Figures. Leave it to the state of North Virginia to use the "all around" body type as their building template for everything as oppose to us bottom heavy wrestlers."

Not for the first time since arriving in the center cluster arena, I wish either my parents or even Barbra could make it to the tournament today to show their support in person. You'd think a sumo based space colony would make the first day of their big tournament a local holiday, but you'd be thinking with basic logic and reason. Something the Board has been lacking in for over a century, if my father's complaints are to be believed.

As I make my way down the hallway, this one thankfully wide enough for a wrestler of my width, I glance at the shimmering, faint blue holographic images of wrestlers before me. Most of them I ignore; you go through enough history classes in school and they all the name and ethnicities start to blur together after a while.

All save for one, just a few feet away from the open ended exit where I can hear the roar of the audience that causes me to stop. On the front of her mawashi belt is her name: Barbara Morganson. Former NNVA Champion: 3325 to 3330AD.

What the holo-statute doesn't say is that she was also the first of the Morgansons' to become the champion of New North Virginia. I just hope my mediocre skills are good enough to keep the family tradition going.

Much like most of the previous statues, she has a somber expression etched on her face, hands on her vast hips, rear end flaring out from behind said hips. Thighs as thick as space rocks. Have to admit, the statue does a good job of capturing our family's African ancestral features if nothing else. Mother likes to joke that we are the distant descendants of an African fertility goddess; hence our impressive bottom heavy figures.

I never have the heart to tell her that it's probably just good genes and our family's dedication to the lifestyle.

With one final shake of my head, I clear my thoughts and walk into the arena. The dull roar of the audience hits me like a spaceship taking off from the shuttle bay. My arms remain low and I try to keep my breathing calm and try to not let the glare of the lighting bother my eyes. I hastily waddle onto the

circular ring. (I don't have a specific suggestion here, but this sentence before is a little awkward.) I don't even really hear the crowd at this point. All that matters now is the ring and clashing in it sumo la sumo.

Whether it's the traditional 15 feet of diameter or the modern 20, a sumo ring or dohyo is something all 20, 000 citizens, from the largest to the smallest, the shortest to the tallest, the fattest to the thinnest, and the poorest to the wealthiest, all have in common.

Whatever our jobs might be, be they primary or secondary, we all are sumo wrestlers at heart. It is as natural to us as walking and breathing. The same way swimming and diving are to aquanauts on worlds and systems dedicated to the soggy sports of life.

As I wait for my opponent to appear from the opposing entrance, I glance out to the crowd. Large, cheering figures chatter and snack amongst themselves. Apparently attendance has dropped from when my sister participated. I can still remember the cheering and shouting and smiling afterwards. But now, even with how thick the average NN Virginian is, I can't help but notice the empty spaces in the stands.

But it makes sense, in a way. All the local news articles go on and on about how the current generation just sees themselves as sumo wrestlers as oppose to Sumo Wrestlers.

Some blame us become desensitized to the lifestyle of sumo, others the fact that the state doesn't have the budget to allow all 20,000 members to dedicate themselves full time to our lifestyle. Instead, plenty of our population are dedicated to things like 'careers needed to keep a collection of interconnected asteroid clusters going as a functioning society with the rest of the Galaxy'.

I'm the type of resident that sees her sumohood as a big part of her identity, as opposed to others that just see it as a part of a larger whole, not that there is anything wrong with that, Space knows there are plenty of 'Hobbiars' who are better than me even with my dedication to the Lifestyle. Still, even I know a society of nothing but sumo wrestlers would be asking for trouble.

I have to admit though, if it would let Barbara, Mom, Dad, and the rest of my siblings be able to take the time to see me wrestle in person, it would do a lot to boost my confidence.

Finally, I feel the ground shake slightly under my feet as my entire body, from my big dark tan bottom to my gut to my contained breasts, all jiggle in anticipation and reaction.

"It's about time," I mutter, wondering what's taken my opponent this long to get here.

I soon get my answer. She's carried in by servants on an ancient design wise carriage thing as she sits on a tight but comfortable looking throne. I really wish I had paid more attention in history; at least then I'd know what the damn thing is called.

It looks like something out of ancient times. As in, before electricity or America existing, ancient. I think it's... Greek or something like that?

Regardless, the servants (some flesh and blood, others artificial) lower my opponent to the floor. Rising with a grace and dexterity that's above that of the average sumo, she flaunts her way down to the ring.

She has black hair with gold trimmings, a mole in between her first and second chin, light blue eyeliner and she dresses... really flashy I guess? I'm a born and bred sumo wrestler, I barely like wearing the optional leotard over my mawashi, let alone anything as fancy as an apron mawashi.

But this tannish girl walks and dresses it's like she thinks she's some sort of Sumo Royalty. Not that NNV has any sort of monarchy. Her body is clad in a white silk apron style mawashi and bra littered with strange little picture symbol thingies-hieroglyphics I think their called.

Between her swaggering waddle, her flamboyant entrance, and the fact that she kept me waiting, I take an instant dislike to the girl. I glare at her as best I can with my inexperience with giving people dirty looks, but she ignores me as she takes her position from across from me.

"From the East we have Menwi Meskhenet, Duchess of the Dohyo."

I roll my eyes as this Menwi girl starts to give the crowd air kisses, a number of them roaring with cheers in response, before finally turning her attention back to me.

She gives me a coy smile, as if to say 'Do you really think you can beat *me*?'

"And from the West, the younger sister of one of our previous champions, we have Sara Susan Morganson!"

I give the audience a small wave before turning my eyes to the front of my mawashi and gut. This might sound silly for a sumo wrestler to say, but I've never been good with dealing with big

crowds of people. I guess I'm just not a very theatrical wrestler by nature.

Still, I get a few cheers anyways, which helps strengthen my resolve, even if only by a little.

The announcer then reads off her stats.

First bit of bad news: Menwi is taller than my 6 feet by a whole three inches.

Second bit: She's heavier than I am; 480 pounds (I can see her muscles bulging from her biceps and legs as she crouches down into a starting position) compared to my slightly-above average 425 (the average adult weight in NNV is around 380).

And to round us off, bad new point number three: She's also been off the colony in the past, having won a number of small time tournaments back on the Sol System that I had never heard of before today.

I can feel my nerves start back up again as my lungs begin laboring heavy breaths.

I can do this. I just need to keep calm, pay attention to Menwi's movements, and take the offensive. All I can do is meet her head on with all my strength as a sumotori and hope for the

best. After that, the outcome is in the hands of the spirits of sumo wrestlers past.

A man, dressed in the elaborate colorfully patterned robe of the *gyōji*-referee walks into the ring clenching the handle a gunbai-war fan in his silver metal hand. Raising a dull bronze arm he points to both of us.

I rise my right leg up to the side of my head before stomping the ground hard. Menwi does the same and then we both do so again with our left.

With our Shiko-stomp ceremony completed, the *gyōji*-referee gives us the go head to start the match.

With the soles of my feet slapping the clay flooring of the stage, I charge at Menwi with my arms held out in a bear hug like pose.

Menwi steps back slightly and tries to protect herself by raising her arms, but I manage to wrap my arms on the sides of her mawashi belt. Much as I hate to admit it, that synthetic skill material does feel nice to the touch.

I shove forward as my arm muscles and veins visibly bulge from the effort. Menwi, however, managed to keep herself stable and begins fighting back.

Lashing out, she hits me with a one-two palm strike combo to the stomach. Thankfully, I have enough gut fat to deflect most of the impact from those blows, but the force still makes me loosen my grip on her belt.

Seizing the moment, Menwi lurches her stomach directly into me like an asteroid and for a moment I feel the wind knocked clean out of my lungs as a stagger back, my hands now mawashi-less.

Before I have time to react, Menwi charges at me with a speed that causes the whole stage to shake (a very common event when two or more sumos clash).

Whack!

Wham!

Smack!

Two palm blows to my right and one on my throat force me to fall down with a thunderous crash. Thankfully, my big brown bottom-like most bottom heavy wrestlers- manages to cushion most my fall.

With a twist and jiggle of my backside, I repel myself back up to my feet. I frown slightly. I'm already down by one. Two more falls, or getting pushed out of the ring naturally, and I'm finished.

But no time to worry about that!

Menwi is already back on the offensive, rushing at me with her hands at her hips (mine, I should add, are wider despite our weight difference), the flat of her palms wide and open.

I sidestep an incoming palm strike aimed for my face and once more reach for her mawashi. Snatching the side of it with both of my hands, I center my feet like a mountain and twist.

With beads of sweat breaking out on my arms, I turn and toss Menwi in a 180 degree twist which sends her flying to the ground on her stomach.

Sadly, I wasn't strong enough to fling her out of the ring (What? You think it's easy grabbing and throwing you fellow 300+ pound wrestler around? As if!), but I can take us being tied for infractions.

Menwi is a little slower to get off the ground than I was with my butt and when she does, she takes a few seconds to brush her apron-mawashi and bra off for dust.

Much to my annoyance she smiles at me all cat and coy-like.

"I must admit, you aren't quite as pitiful as I thought you were going to be."

"Gee, thanks."

By now both of us are circling like sharks (No, space sharks aren't a thing, what would a space shark even look like?), looking for any opening to go for a mawashi grab.

Finally, we both bite the plasma bullet and make a grab for it at the same time. With our vast breasts and bellies smashing up against each other, Menwi continues, whispering in my ear as both our arms surge and sweat in unison.

"You must realize, dear, that I am clearly the best choice for becoming champion, yes? Have you ever even left the colony before?"

"That. Is. None of your business!" I snarl, face reddening from effort and anger.

"I'll take that as a no." Have to give her credit, it takes a lot of skill for a sumo to carry on a conversation like this when both of them are locked up tight against each other like this.

"Well I have, I've even visited the Mother World. My family has wealth and influence that stretches back thousands of years, as far back as Ancient Egypt's 18th Dynasty."

"Yeah, well the women of the Morgansons' are descended from an ancient African fertility goddess lost to history!"

I might not personally believe in mom's theory, but right now I'm racking my mind trying to come up with a good comeback as well as paying attention to the actual match. Non-sumos think that the lifestyle and sport is just a bunch of eating and shoving, but there's a psychological aspect to it too.

Menwi raises her nose with a sniff. "Is that so? And if you do win this tournament and become the champion? Then what? Are you willing to represent our colony on the Mother World? Show the sumos of the Sol System just what we wrestlers of the NNV are capable of?"

I hesitate for a moment and my body freezes up., That moment is all Menwi needs to use an underarm twisting belt twist that lifts me off my feet and spins me 1800 degrees before throwing me like a 400 pound sack as I sail face first into the ground.

I hesitate for a moment and my body freezes up. That moment is all Menwi needs hoist me up. Widening her stance, she turns on her right foot and tosses me face first onto the ground.

Groaning and ignoring my new scrapes and cuts on my stomach and chin, I slowly pick myself back off the ground.

I think back to when I was younger, when Barbara had come home after a year abroad from her stint as New North's Champion and Representative. I remember her describing the green forests and

blue oceans of Earth, the vast redness of Mars, the humid but beautiful swamps of Venus. The amazing aquatic scope of Neptune's oceans.

And I remember the many different wrestlers and non-wrestlers she had met along the way and how one day I wanted to become champion and represent New North just like my big sister.

True, the thought of leaving the colony and my family for the first time to go to an actual planet did scare me now that I thought about it. But, I wasn't about to let this arrogant snob of a sumo represent my home either if I had a say in it!

Armed with renewed vigor, I bellow out a meaningless cry as I charge at Menwi and tackle her in a low position, knocking her clean off of her feet as the two of us go tumbling down.

Thankfully, because I land on top of her rather than the ground, I'm still at my two infractions while miss 'Dohyo Duchess' is now up to two.

That tackle of mine also moved us to closer towards the rings edge. It's any sumos match at this point, and I am determined that it will be mine.

Menwi glares at me. I can tell she's pissed. Good. An angry sumo is one that makes mistakes (My anger was that 'righteous' type of anger. It was!).

"You really are a determined little thing, aren't you?"

"I'm a sumo, determination and my mawashi are pretty much all I got."

Menwi somehow manages to make a pout look belligerent as we start to circle each other for a second time.

After a first, then second temporary grapple, we separate, both of us backing up. She then gives me another one of those cat-like smirks.

"You know, besides having the proper credentials for being the champion- having an extensive intergalactic history, looking far better in a gold mawashi than you ever would- I could make it worth you wild if you allow me to take my proper place as New North's champion."

I stare at her before scrunching my face in confusion.

"Oh please, dear. I know my history of prior champions. Your sister was a mediocre wrestler who just happened to compete in years when there were wrestlers even worse than I. Why, if I had been old enough, I could have easily taken her place."

"Is that so?" I say through clenched teeth. My hands are shaking now, not from anger or nerves or stress or strain. No. They're shaking with rage. Pure and simple

I'll admit, my family isn't wealthy like Menwi's seem to be. We aren't space dust poor mind you, (Yes, even small colonies like ours have at least a small sliver of the population with below income needs), but the Morgansons' never quite made a big name for themselves wrestling wise or other. A few minor awards here, a few well known unofficial (at least in the bottom heavy community) only tournaments there. But we're middle of the pack, pure and simple.

I'll admit, my family doesn't have the notoriety Menwi's seem to. The Morgansons' never quite made a big name for themselves wrestling wise or other, and a not so big name means not so big paychecks. A few minor awards here, a few well known unofficial (at least in the bottom heavy community) tournaments there. But we're middle of the pack, pure and simple.

But the fact that this twig of a sumotori had the gall to offer to bribe me did two things to me: 1. It pushed my righteous furry into fully on 'seething red' rage. And 2. It told me that deep down, Menwi didn't think she could beat me. Why else offer to bribe your foe mid match? Though much as I hate to admit it, I've heard rumors about that sort of thing being more common than it should in the colony and elsewhere the galaxy.

"What? Is the precious princess afraid of throwing down like a proper sumo?" I shoot back, causing Menwi's left eye to begin to twitch.

"How about we settle finish this as true sumos and let the spirits of our ancestors pass judgment on who's really worth here?"

Menwi growls. "So be it, cur!"

As we both bellow in unison, we collide once more, pushing, slapping, and shoving as our feet continually shift about like the ring is on fire.

Bruises start to swell on both of our chests, shoulders, necks, and faces but still we fight on.

Menwi throws her head back for a moment before throwing it forward full force.

I see stars as I feel my forehead start to bleed. Before she can do anything, I return the favor and smash the forehead of my skull against hers.

Although the blood is flowing a little more on my end, I manage to stagger her as she takes a step back.

I seize the moment and whip my behind around to face her. My possibly deity blessed ass crashed into Menwi with all the force my thick thighs can muster.

I turn my head back and break out into a wide grin as Menwi gasps for air, the wind knocked clean from her lungs, followed by the dull thud of 480 pounds crashing to the ground.

Menwi lays outside the ring, moaning as the world no doubt spins around her.

It takes all my self-control from bouncing on my butt yoga-ball style in victory right then and there like I'm five again.

I turn the crowd and once more stomp the ground with both my legs. I've done it! I've won my first match and I'm that much closer to following in Barbara's footsteps!

Dosukoi!

The Second Showdown

People always talk about how sweet victory is, but for a sumo wrestler like myself with her first ever tournament victory

under her mawashi, and being another ground shaking step closer to the title of champion, I don't really see the comparison.

Don't get me wrong, my whole body is still shaking like fudge flavored Jello from my victory yesterday but that's more energy than sweetness, isn't it?

Having won my first match in the NNVA tournament the day before, I was tempted back in my temporary room, to call my parents and my big sister Barbara on my smart-mawashi to celebrate but decided against it. I could celebrate with them in person after I had won the whole tournament.

It took nearly all of my self-control to check my bun-styled hair, the tightness of my mawashi belt, and a quick adjustment to my matching black bra over thoroughly without getting distracted. Now, on the day of the second match, with my excitement flaring deep within me, I was determined to seize victory win no matter how bigger or stronger or more skilled the opponent... So long as it wasn't all 20,000 members of the populace. Even we sumos can't out fight that many people, least of all our own kind.

Still, after sending that arrogant, cowardly snob Menwi Meskhenet out of the ring after a tiring, hard hitting match, I was ready to take on whatever else the colony of New North Virginia had to throw at me!

With more controlled breathing than I had yesterday, I make my way towards the arena once more. One victory down, another (with any luck) to go.

I step into the glaring light of the room, squinting once again like I did yesterday. Some Sumo really needs to do something about that light intensity issue at some point.

Regardless, with a more self-assured waddle, I made my way onto the Dohyo. Apparently I'm a few minutes early as my opponent isn't here yet.

With nothing better to do, I stay standing, daring to not sully even the outside of the sacred ring with my bare brown behemoth of a butt. Looking up past the stands I see the banner/flag of the Sol System.

Mother Earth is in her usual center location, followed by Mars, Venus, and all the rest with Pluto in the farthest location represent both its actual location in Sol as well as its position as the last of the Originals to be properly terraformed and settled (Of course I know the Sun is the actual Sol's center, the flag is just a metaphor after all).

I guess I just didn't notice it last time due to my nerves and preoccupied mind.. I've never been to any of the planets of Sol before, or even left any of the inter-connected asteroids to visit our nearby moon. I'll admit, the idea of leaving home on my own for the first time does send my mawashi in a terrible

twist at the thought, but if I become the champion, it's something I'll have to get used to if I'm to show the Sol System just what the wrestlers of NNVA are made of!

Thankfully, when my opponent does appear, they have a much less needlessly fancy and flashy entrance as 'Mini' Menwi had the day before.

Instead, my opponent does a strange, Thinie version of a waddle. I think it's called 'walking' or something. Thinie's are what NNVA sumo's call wrestlers with a thinner than the 380 pound average body build. Sumos with fat evenly distributed through their bodies are All-Rounders, and we bottom heavy types are VatAs, or Vast Asses for short (think it was original supposed to be an insult now that I think about it).

It's actually a bit more complicated than that, obviously. I didn't even touch on some of the other categories or the complex percentages of fat and muscle distribution that goes into deciding what category a sumo belongs in, among other factors. Regardless, Menwi was an All-Round, my current foe is a Thinie, and I'm a VatAs. Only the spirits of my sumo ancestors know who my third and final opponent will be tomorrow...

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Anyways, my Thinnie opponent comes into the ring with a casual stride, his silver mawashi shining brightly against his dull bronze leotard.

Me? I'm a mawashi and bra girl born and raised. Partly because of the oldness of my mawashi model (basic clothes like a bra and belt and maybe some simple pants, dresses, or shirts sure.

Anything more is beyond it). Besides, anything with arm covering sleeves or thigh chafing legs or butt constraining cloth, makes me break out in a rash. Well, I get the feeling that it would if I ever wore something more... restricting in nature (which as champ, I might have to do, now that I think about it).

The leotard goes well with his short cropped hair of a similar (but not quite the same) shade. He gives me a friendly wave and a warm smile and I recoil a bit. I can see the thinness of the poor guy's arm. No thickness or meat on him at all. Granted, he's a Mech-American, but that's still no reason he couldn't have slapped a couple of extra sheets of metal on him to give him some proper sumo substance, is it?

Cringing slightly, I wave back and give him a strained smile. Thankfully, he (I'm pretty sure 'he' is a he) doesn't seem to notice my awkward (and looking back, kinda rude) behavior.

"From the West we have the victory and sumo superior of Menwi Meskhenet; Sara 'The Ass-alanche' Morganson!"

I open my mouth to object to the unnecessary ring name but hold it in. I can complain to the local government about their dumb ring name requirement later ('and if you don't have one, the

state will provide.' Thanks state. Thanks a lot). Right now, the match is what matters, not some silly naming issue.

"And from the East, representing the Thinnies we have Calvin R. Bailey!"

Calvin gives a friendly, genuine wave to the crowd as the encore of metal and plastic limbs intensifies.

Going by gut feeling alone (and if there's one thing a sumo trusts next to her butt, it's her gut), I do get a better impression of this guy than that Menwi girl. At the very least, he gets some bonus tassels in my mawashi for not having a pointlessly bombastic entrance unlike other wrestlers I have mentioned before.

Once more the referee comes out in his fancy robes and once more my foe and I do our ritual stomps. Naturally, since I weight more (poor guy only comes up to a mere 300 pounds) my stomp has a lot more 'umph' to it.

A bent down into a low crouch, the sides of my butt jutting out proudly past my hips slightly as I stare at this Calvin R.

Bailey with my 'sumo' expression (think the term on Earth is 'Poker face', though why'd you want to poke someone in the face is beyond me).

Calvin stares back, equally expressionless as he squats down. I let out an involuntary shiver down my spine which makes my butt quake slightly in turn. No real stomach or breasts on him to

speaking of, it's just... creepy. I don't doubt he isn't a good wrestler, otherwise he wouldn't have won his match yesterday after mine, I just think the idea of a 'thin' sumo as a weird contradiction in the way the world works that just... weirds me out for lack of a better word.

Still, my personal issues or not, he's a sumo and I'll treat him like any other! It's Dosukoi time!

We're given the go ahead and I rush forward, ground quaking as I rush at him like a herd of elephants, arms low and ready to grab him by the belt and fling his sorry lightweight form clean out of the ring.

I get within arm's reach, stretch my limbs low, open my hands wide and ready and-

Fwoomp!

I stagger back, dazed and I blink, wondering just what the heck hit me. The next thing I know, Calvin crashes into me with a big round thing and I find myself falling back and crashing butt first. Dribbling on my behind like a ball, I take a moment to collect myself.

Looking him back over, I see that he now has a belly, perfectly spherical in roundness and larger than my own decently sized

stomach. His newly ballooned belly is large, large enough that it stretches against his mawashi belt and leotard tightly.

Unfortunately for me, the belt is stretched so tight and the belly juts out so much that it'll make reaching down and grabbing the sides almost impossible now.

With once final, stronger bounce on my butt, I rebound myself back on my feet, slapping my stomach hard to show that him that his little trick doesn't impress me in the least.

Mechs are still a gray area as far as the rules of sumo, local or otherwise are concerned. Naturally, being inorganic in nature not a lot of artificial based beings want to get into the sport or lifestyle on their own, let alone be remade to be able to actually grapple with the rest of us. That isn't to say that Mech sumos aren't a thing, they are, it's just that, well, they're a minority at least as far as NNVA is concerned.

Point is, underhanded as the move might be, it's still technically legal. A gong sounds and we both look in the direction of the ref, who points to Calvin with his fan and then nods, before doing the same to me.

Good news, I'm not docked an infraction for Calvin's little stunt. Bad news? The belly is legal. Oh goodie. Well, I won't

let some sorry stomach pumped with air in place of fat get the better me.

This time I adopt a different approach, as he and I reposition ourselves for the unofficial round two of our match, I motion for him to come at me.

Spreading my legs wide I dig the soles of my feet deep into the ground and raise my arms up to between my breasts and waist.

Calvin rushes me and slams me once more with his blimp-like belly. I smile as the rest of him falls into his stomach, before he's rebounded against my own body which has held fast all the while.

Dashing to him mid-stagger, I throw both my arms forward in a double palm strike which hands home right on his stomach.

The resulting force is enough to knock him back on his own metal ass as he crashes down without the soft jiggle of a meaty ass like mine to save him.

Credit where it's due though, Calvin's back up on his feet an instant later and comes at me again, this time delivering me a hardy palm strike right below my breasts that sends me reeling back a few steps.

His hands then become a blur of motion and he continues hammering me with strike after strike, my stomach and chest becoming redder and bruised with each passing blow before I finally counter with a sudden left to the side of his face.

At the same time, Calvin reflexively shoots his right at mine and before we know it, both of our respective palms are embedded on each other's faces (though I had to bend over and reach a bit to get passed that gasbag gut of his).

Seizing the moment and his mawashi, I pull down hard and sent Calvin toppling down to the floor where he bounces once, then twice a foot further afterwards. Wiping the small stream of blood from my jaw, I glance back at the referee to see that he's given Calvin an infraction. Two more and the match is mine, assuming I don't knock him clean out of the ring that is.

Moments later, Calvin's back on his feet and we both fixed our gazes onto each other before I dash forward again, lashing an arm out towards him when I get within reach; palm flesh meets cold metal shoulder blade in a blow dents metal and forces Calvin a step backwards.

Calvin returns the favor to the center of my stomach and I let out a grunt as the air rushes out of my lungs.

Inhaling deep, I snap my left arm forward while shoving forth the right for a palm strike.

Another dent appears, this time on his left cheek. A second strike, to the right shoulder, knocks him off balance. But before I press forward, Calvin rushes me with a surprising burst of speed that smashes his oversized blimp of a stomach into my front, knocking me down with a pained grunt.

Jumping back up a few seconds later, I charge at him again, only for Calvin to side step me at the last moment. You wouldn't think a Mech with a balloon belly would be nimble or agile, but if you think that, you clearly have never actually wrestled one before.

Now Calvin's speed had picked up and he was nimbly weaving in and out of attacking and retreating. My teeth clench tightly as I'm struck on my spleen, causing me to stumble downward into my second infraction. Annoyingly, when I get back up, balloon boy is already out of reach before I can return the favor.

This went on for a number of blows and my breaths were starting to become increasingly labored with each clash. Although I was proud of my size a part of me wished I could match him at the moment. Guess he wanted to see how good I was before he went all out.

By the fourth or fifth time he comes back in for another round (my mind's starting to get a bit fuzzy on the details from all the palm strikes I've taken by this point), I raise my guard up and try to counter him. Much to my surprise however, he doesn't go for a palm blow of any sort.

Instead, long arms reaching out, he snatches the sides of my mawashi and starts to push me back instead.

Thinking fast, I dig my heels in hard into the clay and throw both arms forward for another double palm strike to his shoulders.

Calvin thankfully loosens his grip on my belt and I whirl around in a 180 degree turn, wheeling on my tip toes as my vast ass smashes into his left side.

I hear him bounce off of the ground with his gut and I glance up to the refe to see if that counts as an infraction or not.

Thankfully, it does and I turn to face Calvin once last time.

Naturally, he's back up and this time rushing at me.

Instinctively, I spin around just as he comes within range and feel my left butt side crash into his right side with a reverberating smacking noise. I hear him staggering on his feet and before he can regain his balance, I lift my butt up with all of my lower muscle strength and without warning I drop my ass down with the force of a speeding space shuttle and feel his cool metal back send ripples on both of my butt cheeks.

His belly holds, before the full force of my 425 pounds of fat and muscle cause it to pop with a resounding BANG!

I let out a small grunt as my new butt pillow and I thud softly to the hard clay floor.

I look up at the referee and beam when I see him give me the sign of victory for the match. With a small squeal of glee, I rebound off of Calvin butt first, hopping back onto my feet as

pride swells deep within my heart. Another victory, another step closer to me being the second Morganson to achieve the title of NNVA Champion!

I turn back to Calvin, who has already gotten up to his feet, brushing the dust and dirt off of his dented body. I cringe slightly at the shredded, exploded remains of his stomach.

"Sorry about your making your belly go boom." I said, meaning every word. Now that I had wrestled him, I had gotten over my issue with him being a Thiney. Now all I had to do was wrestle every Thiney sumo in the Galaxy and I'd be all set.

Much to my relief and surprise, he smiles. "Don't be, Sara Morganson. If I had to lose my balloon belly, I'm glad it was to a sumo of your caliber. Besides, I should have tried to at least roll out of the way before you sat on me. Though, with a butt that big--"

His eyes shift to the sides of my butt that extend past my hips by a few inches.

"Please," I say, smiling coyly. "If you think my butt is big, you should see my big sister and my mother, they have butts that stick out nearly a foot on both sides!" I shake the right side of my butt and it jiggles back and forth in agreement.

Calvin's eyes widened upon hearing that, whether out of respect or something else, I can't quite tell with that elusive metallic expression of his.

As we waddle/walk off of the Dohyo, Calvin turns to me.

"Still, I wish you luck in the final match. Although..."

"Although what?" I ask, tilting my head.

"Tell me, did you see my match yesterday?"

"Truthfully, I was so excited about winning that I didn't even think about it." I flush so deep that it shows up on even my dark brown face.

"Did you check your emails on your mawashi, then?"

"Huh? No, but what does that have to do with anything?"

"Nothing, just that I think the referee gave you the benefit of the doubt about not checking your emails after not counting you physically present at or having watch my match online. Though, even if you had, the tournament officials generally always send an email out about things like my balloon belly, so the opponent isn't completely taken by surprise. In the future, I'd suggest taking a look at your emails before the match. Just some friendly advice." He finishes with a wink.

Now I can feel the heat of my face starting to burn my ears.

"Thanks, R. Bailey! I'll keep that in mind in the future."

"No problem, Sara. I hope to face you again someday."

We both bow before finally go our separate ways. I figure, it couldn't hurt to check my emails and do a little online research of who my next and last opponent is going to be.

But whoever they are, I'm not afraid. If I lose, then I lose. There's always next year. But if not, then lookout Golden Mawashi and NNVA Champion title, because soon a Morganson going to don you once again!

The Third Showdown

THE KAPPA SYSTEM- Settled in the late 22nd century, after the near end of the population's demographics, by the space fairing citizens of Japan, the many medium sized moons were colonized and terraformed in a matter of decades, after which the settlers then did their best to adapt to their newly created environments as new settlers from both the Home nation and elsewhere came in; all while keeping the traditions and culture of Japan alive (source cited?)...

Centuries later the Kappa system, having Westernized to varying extents then even the mid-20th and 21 centuries thanks to its frequent outside contact of sumos of other cultures, had long since made sumo a sport and lifestyle practiced among both genders in near equal amounts, local variations and customs

aside. The sumo wrestlers of Kappa tend to prefer either Traditional sumo or Neo-Traditional (which involves falls and ringouts as oppose to the more stringent rules of the Traditional format - see the Traditional sumo article for more detail.) as well as...

GALACTCIAPIDEA: The Intergalactic Encyclopedia

I close the black background white text holo-online-window of the article and return my smartmawashi back to normal. I can never read those Galacticiapidea articles for very long without either getting a headache or falling asleep. I swear those things are denser than the asteroids that make up the NNVA colony on purpose.

Still, from what I've read about my next and last opponent of the tournament Chiyo Taka-yasu- Fuji was born and raised here, but spent a lot of time on a family sumo heya back in the Kappa system. I remember my schooling enough to know that only sumo families that have been doing sumo for around a thousand years or so have Fuji as a part of their last name, starting with the tradition of sumo family's adopting ring names as actual last names sometime around the early 23rd century or whatever.

It's funny, I've wrestled with and am casual friends with Korean and Chinese sumos of both genders (bottom heavies, naturally) but I've never actually wrestled against a Japanese one before.

Funny how that is, considering my life/culture wouldn't exist without them laying the first 2000 or so years of groundwork out of 3000 or so, give or take a few centuries.

So my next match coming up shortly should be an interesting one. I did manage to see Chiyo wrestle yesterday, and she was damn good. I can feel my breath start up again and the doubts beginning to creep back up deep within the butt wedge of my mawashi, but I dismiss them all with a shake of my tush.

Speaking of butts, Chiyo has a pretty good sized one on her from what I say the other day. Not as wide as mine, but certainly not lacking in roundness or firmness in battle. I bet her opponent still has the imprints from the final pin yesterday. (No, I've never met or heard of her until yesterday, not every bottom heavy sumo knows each other, even out of a fraction of the 20,000 some sumos on the colony.)

I inhale deep, stomach, butt, and breasts swelling with air like a big dark brown balloon, then exhale and deflate back to my usual pounded 425 self. Giving myself a double cheek slap with both my hands to sharpen my attention, I shake my head one last time to make sure my bun-styled hair is nice and tight. After that, I make a final check to make sure my mawashi is tight as possible (even auto-knots sometimes screw up). With my usual pre-match preparations out of the way, I waddle out of my

temporary room for the final time of the tournament (win or lose, I won't be using it after today and it's not like I brought anything with me but my bra and mawashi).

For a third time, I enter from the 'West' side of the ring and step onto the ring. Same flag of Sol from yesterday, only today I notice a holo-ad featuring a large bellied Japanese sumo with blue eyeliner under her eyes. Under the holo-sumo is the words: Eat at Fukiko!

I'm not sure if the exclamation point is a part of the name of the restaurant, or just the ad. I've heard of them in passing, damn good grub from what I've heard down the mawashi strands with large enough proportions to turn even a non sumo into at least a kid-sumo worthy weight (so around 200 to 250 pounds then).

I mentally squish the thoughts of food out of my head with my butt (No, not my actual butt silly, I don't have mental powers after all) and return my focus to the match ahead. Thankfully, I don't have long to wait.

Chiyo Taka-yasu- Fuji comes onto the ring with a slow, hip swinging and swishing waddle. Unlike my Morganson backside, I can't see her's over her decently wide hips. At a guess, she's little shorter than my 6'0 probably weighs a bit less than my 425 pounds. The announcer soon proves me right.

"Welcome every-sumo to the final match of the New North Virginia Tournament! To the East weighing an impressive 400 pounds at 5 feet and 8 inches, we have the tall mount Fiji of a thousand generations herself, Fujinoyama or the Female Fuji herself: Chiyo!"

The crowd roars in approval, though I notice Chiyo shoots the speaker box where the announcer is a cold glare and mouths something. Judging from her annoyed hands on her hips and the pervious mentioned stuff, I'm assuming she's saying something along the lines of "That's NOT what my ring name translates to, fool!"

"And to the West," The announcer continues, "weighting a mighty 425 pounds at six feet in height is Sara 'The Ass-alanche' Morganson!"

I nod to the crowd as I get my biggest cheer yet before returning my attention to Chiyo. Like a born and bread wrestler, she's already crouched down and taken her spot in the ring. An instant later, I've done the same myself, butt comfortably sticking out on both sides of my hips as always (small side note, but that's another childish thing I've found soothing about my body. When you grow up with a wide butt, you get used to butt-handles sticking out and being there for you) as I place my knuckles firmly on the ground.

Getting an up close and personal look at Chiyo I see that her butt too sticks out. Not at the sides like mine, but I can see the cheeks of her ass peak out over her head like the mountain her family takes their last name from. Not that mine doesn't jut out too behind my head too, it's just in terms of height, Chiyo's my posterior superior in that regard. Still, my mother's always side that width beats height when it comes to a battle of buttocks. I'm not sure how true that is in reality, but I'll take all the homespun wisdom I can get for this match.

Figuring it couldn't hurt any, I offer up a quick mental pray to my sumo ancestors and include the African fertility goddess we may or may not be descendent from (I'm a sumo who lives in the 34th century in space with faster than life travel and a self-cleaning, self-expanding loincloth that's bigger on the inside storage wise and can hook me up to the Outternet if I so desire, while I've never seen magic or mental power for that matter, I'd be pretty arrogant of me to completely dismiss them both out of hand just because I've never seen them myself. Besides, it would explain why we Morgansons' always had wider/fatter asses compared to other African/American bottom heavy sumos.)

The referee, adopting different colored but equally elaborate robes from yesterday (he's changed his colors from white with dark silver, to dark gray to white, to dark blue with red in

case you're curious), motions for us to do our stomps, and we do.

Our stomps shake the ground with near identical force, unlike my match with the Mech-sumo Calvin from yesterday and the tension builds as we wait for the go ahead.

The reff let out a shout, and we both shoot forward like beams from a ray gun, colliding with the sort of solid, thick smack that only two sumos get when clashing in the ring. Immediately, Chiyo latches onto the sides of my mawashi and shoves forward with a force of strength that causes her muscle to bulge and surge visibly on both of her arms. I'll give her that much, she might be small than me, but as the old saying goes: It's not the size of the sumo, but the size of the fight in the sumo, that matters. And by my ancestors, did Chiyo have fight in her.

Before I know it, I've been shoved back to the near edge of the ring. But I didn't come this far to lose by railroading (yes, I know what a railroad is. Just because I've grown up on a colony of asteroids doesn't mean I'm that native, okay? What do you mean you think I am that native?!).

Digging my heels in with all of my lower body weight, I lurch forward and grab Chiyo's own mawashi and pull to the side, bringing all of our 700 or whatever weight down onto the ground as we crash in unison, bodies shaking a quivering like brown and

pale jellotian afterwards (What? You think it's easy doing math when you sumoing? As if!).

Naturally, because we both hit the ground together, the referee gives both of us infraction points. That suits me fine, as we both hastily get back up to the soles of our feet, brush ourselves off, and return back to the match in a matter of moments.

After reposition ourselves a bit away from the ring, closure to the center, Chiyo lunges forward for my mawashi, but this time I'm ready for her. At the same time she grabs my mawashi, my fingers dig deep into her plain white mawashi (something both she and I have in common in addition to our bottom heavy bods is a taste in simple, plain, mawashis and bras).

Thus begins our 'sumo stalemate' as it's commonly known. Beads of sweat soon break out on our strained arms, flushed faces, and ever shifting legs, but still we hold on.

"Tell me, Sara-chan," Chiyo pauses between pants as her grip continues to hold. "How long has your family been in the Lifestyle?"

I don't let her question distract me. "About 700, 800 years or so."

The first Morganson sumos came to NNVA around the 25th or 26th centuries, math is NOT my strong point when I'm wrestling, alright? Whatever century was the 2500s, that's when we first came to become sumos full time. There's been a bit of mix racing here and there, not that I care that much about that sort of thing, but by and large we Morganson's are a good 80, 85% black ancestry wise (though I never got why we weren't called dark or milk chocolate, that's way more accurate than black. Maybe it refers to our hair? Could be, I'll ask Barbara next time I call her when we land).

My brow furls, partly out of confusion for her question, and partly out of stress from keeping our cross mawashi grip as long as we have.

"Why do you care, anyways?"

"Oh I don't." She says with a haughty grunt. Never seen a sumo make a sweat filled grunt with snootiness before. If I wasn't getting annoyed with her, I'd actually be a bit impressed, to be honest.

"It's just that my family has a much longer history of sumo. Over a thousand years if we go by Neo-Traditional standards to include us female sumotori. But even if we did have the same number of years, my bloodline would still be stronger. Do you know why?"

I somehow manage to successfully role my eyes. "I'm terrible at math, so tell me."

"Simple: Because I have an extra 2000 years of pure male traditional sumo flowing through my veins. We Japanese invited the sport until you lousy gijin scum appropriated it. Face facts: We Japanese have at least a good 2000 years over you Africanus barbarians. While your people were throwing spears for fun, we Japanese were creating culture and art to last for thousands of years!"

I'll admit, outside of some of mon's weird New Age rituals to get us in touch with our 'stereotypicalness selves' and our 'African/American ancestors', my being 'black' as it were is a very distant part of my identity. I have about as much in touch with one of my African ancestors (or African/American ancestors for that matter) as a Neo-Scottish or Neo-Irelander does with the UK before it broke part in the 20th or 21st or whatever centuries.

And yet... Maybe it's that same African Fertility goddess that mom always goes on about (though I think she plays it up like she does her made up 'ancestor rituals' to get Barb and I to connect with our heritage more) that makes my blood start to boil.

"I really don't see what any of that has to do with anything." I say, keeping my tone calm and controlled between clenched teeth.

I can tell we're both about to drop our guard soon, honestly, I'm amazed our dual-mawashi grip has lasted this long.

"Oh? I'm not surprised you puny little gijin brain can't process my words. Allow me to simply my point, then: You will NEVER be half the sumo I am, spear thrower. You simply an inferior little black making play at being a sumotori."

At that point, something inside me completely snaps. Now, the worse way to get deep within a sumo's mawashi, as the old saying goes, is to say that they aren't sumo enough. If you're a Thinnie, I can only imagine it has to do with your size or shape or height. If your bottom heavy, sometimes All arounders will insult you, and vice versa with bottom heavies.

But race, that's a rare button to press. I've never dealt with it until today, NNVA being as mixed race wise as it is it would just be silly if, say, a Korean female said something like that to a Chinese male in complete seriousness.

Maybe that's why I reacted the way I did. Granted, I don't really get angry or pissed that often. Frustrated, annoyed? Sure. But what I felt at that moment was pure, white hot anger. A part of me wanted to smother this arrogant sumo snob with my ass and show her what centuries of Morganson genre and training can do on a full bean diet (if you're a non sumo and you're not used to that sort of thing, then it's NOT pretty).

Another part want to repeatedly crush her beneath my butt until I squish that so called 'Japanese superiority' out of her like a toothpaste tube (And for whatever reason snap my fingers in a zig zag matter while yelling at her in a loud, bombastic voice).

Instead of doing those things, I get enough control of my 'angry blackness' (mom's words, not mine) and I let out a deep, brassy battle cry. Stomach surging forward, I break completely through her guard and begin wailing on her with palm strike after palm strike.

Three rapid blows to her stomach, one to the right shoulder, another to the middle her of her left arm, and one right above the heart right between her breasts.

Chiyo stumbles back a number of steps as she nearly doubles over to catch her breath. But I don't give her the chance. Body still quivering with anger, I spin around and smash my ass into her left side like I had with Calvin the other day. She does down the like a 400 pound bowling pin.

"Still think I'm not sumo enough ya bitch, do ya?!" My spittle sprays onto her body as my heart pules madly. To prove my point, I crouch down slightly and rise my leg high before doing a Shiko-stomp. "I'm as much of a sumo as you'll ever be, so show me some respect!"

It takes a few moments before I finally get myself under control. It's until that moment that I realize the entire crowd as gone completely silent. A few fellow black sumos, thinnies from the look of them, let out woops and cheers of pride.

Naturally, attacking Chiyo like that in pure anger costed me another infraction, though the referee also gave one to Chiyo for my butt knocking her down like it did, which is something I guess.

My whole face heats up from forehead to chin, and ear to ear. Somehow I can tell I've turned beat red, which when you have dark skin like mine is NOT something that happens very often. Looking back at it, I'm honestly disturbed how badly I lost it during that match. If that's what the Cubed Ice (whoever that was, Mom just like's quoting black figures when she isn't doing the whole 'spiritual sumo' thing) meant by 'embracing yo stereotypes' then I'm not sure I want to.

Although, looking at the completely stunned expression of Chiyo as she slowly got back up to her feet just then, I'd be lying if I didn't feel damn good about myself just then, even if only a little bit... Okay, a big bit, then. Later, mom called that bit during the match 'unleashing your Sassy side'. 'Sassy Sara' seems like a good a name as any for that darker side of me, and I'll think I'll keep it, though hopefully I won't ever have to

let her out again for a very long time (preferably the next 150 years or so of my life).

Now that's she's ready and I've had my chance to calm down and return to my usual sunny sumo self, I expect that its Miss High and Mighty's turn to play the anger card. Throw a sumo temper tantrum about her superiority, my besting her like that, all that jazz.

"Kamidamn, girl. I guess it's true what they say about the anger of a black sumo. Last time I make that mistake."

I stare at her as my jaw drops. Her entire demeanor; tone, speech, body posture, all of it's completely changed as she gives the referee the signal for a temporary timeout. Sumo matches being as intense as they are, it's not used that often as a matter of pride between wrestlers, but when it is the referee respects it, like he does now.

Chiyo brushes dust off of herself, ignoring the massive reddened butt imprint on her left side, and all the bruises that are coloring her body from before.

She cracks her neck from side to side and adjust her mawashi in the back, sending causal ripples over her ass like a series of waves.

"Seriously though, that was a hell of a move you pulled on me. Haven't had the wind completely knocked out of me like that in ages! Think you might have wedged my mawashi even further into my butt crack, not that I'm complaining." She finishes with a wink.

"Whu- But- I- You. What?!"

"Ah, bit confused are you?" Chiyo asks, tilting her head in concern. "That's to be expected. See, that whole 'Arrogant Superior Japanese Sumo purity' act is just that, an act."

"What?" My mind reels as Chiyo continues talking quickly.

"See, I do that while rigmarole routine to get a rise out of wrestlers like you, non-Japanese wrestlers that is, to see how dedicated you are to the Lifestyle and sport that is sumo."

"Why?" My voice is barely above a horse whisper, but Chiyo apparently hears me anyways.

"Honestly? It's for my family back home in the Kappa system. Sure, we Japanese have loosened up a lot compared to the 20th or 21st centuries, I wouldn't be wearing my smartmawashi if we hadn't, but some of them still buy into the whole 'only we Japanese can be true sumo, gijin are mere dabblers of our sport at best.'" She says that bit in a thick, over the top accent

that hadn't been a thing (if it ever was) in over a thousand years.

"So I put on the 'Arrogant Japanese sumo' mask to make a point. Sometimes, though, it doesn't always work. Like my match yesterday. Total disappointment, but you girl, you're a different story entirely!"

"Then all that stuff about me not being half the sumo you are... was a lie."

"Catch on quick don'tcha?" Chiyo winks at me.

"For your family back in the Kappa system..."

"You going to keep repeating all that exposition stuff I just said? Cuz I think the *gyōji* and everyone else want us to get back to the match, sweetie."

"S-Sure!" We both crouch down and wait for our minds to sync up.

"Sorry about whacking you like that." I mumble.

"With a butt that vast? Don't be! Got to make use of what you got, right sumotrai sister?"

I nod, silently.

We collide once more, this time with a lot less single arm straining as we push, shove, slap, whack, smack, and push each other's stomachs, arms, legs, and faces madly.

With each reverberating blow, our arms became heavily and more lead like, new beads of sweat would burst forth from our faces, and our wheezes became increasingly labored for fresh air.

By this point, we're both sweat factories and we're both clearly wearing down. That long double grapple took a lot out of us and even the energy of battle can take a sumo so far before their stamina starts to wear out. We might be stronger than the average non sumo being, but even we have our limits and Chiyo and I were at our breaking points.

"H-Hey Sara?" Chiyo's eyes are starting to drop to half eyelids as she speaks.

"Yeah?" At this point I take her weak palm blow to my stomach and don't feel a thing. Granted, my return blow to her left side has about the same effect.

"Don't know about you, but this sumo's about at her limits."

"I'm about done myself." I admit. "But I'm not going to give up. I came here of my own will to obtain the Golden Mawashi and represent New North, and by my ancestors, I'm going to do just that."

Chiyo lets out a weak, wobbly laugh. "You got the fighting spirit of a sumo in ya. Truth be told, you'd probably be the better rep considering the demographics of the colony. Sides,

family training and obligations and all that. But that doesn't mean that I'm just going to give you that kawai as hell belt either. Although, since we're both as exhausted as we are, want to spice things up a bit?"

I save my energy and leave my brow unraised. "What did you have in mind?" Truthfully I don't think either of us have the energy to push each other out of the ring, or toss the other to the ground. I'm going to need a long dip in a Med-bath when this is over.

We both walk back a bit and turn around so our butts are facing each other, then we launch ourselves forward and see which is better: My height or your width."

"Won't my larger weight give me the advantage?" I ask.

"Please, it's not like you're a hundred pounds on me. We're near enough in weight that something like that won't matter that much. Sides, I don't think I can shove ya out to be honest, let alone throw your black ass down to the ground for a final point."

"Yeah," I say, shakily. "I was thinking the same about that jumbo Japanese backside of yours myself." I wink at her and we both let out giggles that quickly cease due to the sharp pain in our lungs.

"Either way, let's do it! My butt vs yours!"

Chiyo gives a quick time out and explains our plan to the referee, who listens intently before ultimately giving us the okay to go ahead with our crazy plan. Truthfully, I think he and the others were just getting a touch restless at the end there and just wanted a new Champion already.

We waddle wearily to opposite ends of the ring, and face each other butt to butt.

The referee start his count down.

"Three!"

Come what may, I have no regrets. I've come farther than I ever thought I would from my first match, plus so long as 'mini' Menwi isn't the champion, I can live with Chiyo as champ for a year. So long as this wasn't some elaborate ruse to befriend me and let me drop my guard...

"Two!"

Damnit! How native can I be? Oh well, too late now. Sumo ancestors, African fertility goddess who may or may not be something my mom made up for spiritual reasons, if any of you are out there, I could use the extra moral support (what? You don't ask your sumo ancestors for extra strength or courage or

stuff like that, only sort of weak willed wrestler would do something dishonorable like that).

"One!"

As we both bellow forth unintelligible battle cries Chiyo and I launch ourselves butt first at each other. I sail through the air and for a brief instant, I feel my wider ass smother most of Chiyo's behind save for the parts that peer and touch over mine. Then, an instant later, we butt-repel each other and go sailing I hand hard on the clay, bounce, then slide a bit on my stomach and breasts. Yup, I think as I start to black out. Going to really need that Med-Bath.

I'm not out for long, thankfully. I slowly open my dazed eyes and see that my nose is just within the edge of the ring. Checking my limbs, my arms and legs are still by my side and behind me respectfully, which means I'm still in the ring!

But what about-

"-After a long and intensive match, sumotori of New North Virginia, we finally have your new champion for the year 3333AD, Sara 'The Ass-alanche' Morganson!"

I smile weakly. It's funny, I had planned on butt bouncing all the way to the ceiling and landing a Morganson butt imprint into the Dohyo before they replaced it for the next tournament next

year in celebration of my victory. But honestly? My everything hurts too much to lift my sumo-self off of the ground.

Thankfully, Chiyo comes to help me out. Picking my mawashi by the back, she pulls hard as it stretches like a rubber band before I finally start to lift off the ground.

"Thanks," I say when I'm back on my feet and Chiyo lets go of my mawashi, snapping back deep within my butt rubber band-like. Shaking my tush to adjust it, I cringe as tears start to swell up in my eyes from the sudden shock of pain.

"You look like a sumo in need of a trip to the Med-bath."

"Ya think?" I say as playfully as my voice can muster. I'd have winked then, but that would have just been even more pain on top of everything else.

"But first, I think there's a change of mawashi color involved."

Slowly, my entire body shaking and quivering with shocks of pain I lumber forward toward the referee.

Standing before him, I bow deeply as best as I can give my current condition.

"I am ready."

"Sara Susan Morganson. You have proved you worth in the ring against many of your fellow sumotori. It is the honor of the New

North Virginia sumo colony to award you the title of our champion and, should you chose to accept it, the chance to go forth to Sol and show the sumos of the Mother World and the other Originals just what the sumos of NNVA are made of. We beseech to you this mawashi of gold, a symbol of your status to all you come across. May your sumo ancestors watch over you for the next year as you uphold our honor as a sumo community and as your own personal honor as a sumotori."

"Thank you, sira." I say in ancient garbled Japanese.

"I will do all in my power to show the sumos of Sol just what we are made of, and do so with the utmost honor."

Saying nothing, but cracking a faint smile, the referee makes a few adjustments on his war fan/tablet.

A bright gold light surrounds my mawashi and warms my butt and nether regions before solidifying over my black mawashi.

I smile and give the crowd one final, proper Shiko as the crowd cheers for their new champ. Then, with no final speeches to give (that can be saved for interviews in the future) Chiyo and I painfully, wearily, waddle our tired, battered, exhausted bodies off to the nearest medical spa for a long, deserved dip in the med-springs or baths.

As we walk off and the roar of the crowd fades from my hearing, I can't help but start to cry as tears run down both sides of my face.

Mother, Father, Barbara, I've done it. I've become the second of our family to become the champion, and brought the Morganson clan that much more honor to its name!

Dosukoi!

000000000000000000

"So, did you really think Dosukoi like that when you were walking off and resting off?"

I glare at the massive sumo before her, as her emerald green eyes shine with coyness.

"You know," I say, huffing as I adjust my seat to properly wedge my ass into just the right amount of comforting pressure.

"You've been interrupting me all throughout my stories."

The woman shrugs, her the red pins in her black hair bobbing up and down.

"It's just say that my sister and I are still kinda new to this whole sumo thing. Still haven't got the smartwashi thing figured out, to be honest."

I try not to stare at her, instead looking to the side of her rounded, double chinned face to the zooming blue blur that is hyper jumping on the Space shuttle Terminus. Destination earth.

"Well, don't feel too bad, I took me about a month to finally get the hang of my golden mawashi, though I brought my black one just in case." I had decided to keep my bra the same color as before, I'm a sumo and not a very fashion conscious one at that I must admit.

The woman, who's even bigger than Barbra's 7 feet of height and who probably weighs in at the 700 to 800 range (Meaning that yes, her butt is technically bigger than mine despite her being an All-Rounder), let out a deep, hardy laugh that causes her whole body to shake like an Earthbounce filled with water instead of air.

"That so? What did you do for the month before taking this shuttle to Earth?"

"You know, I've told you a lot about myself, but I don't think you've even told me your name." I say. "I mean, if I have to wrestle you for it, I'm gamed, but I just got comfy..."

The massive sumo smiles. "Fair enough, Sara. Truth be told, I don't want to go into the details too much on how my younger

sister Greta and I got into this whole thing. It's still a bit sensitive with us."

I'll admit, my curiosity is peaked, but I remain silent. If she doesn't want to talk about it then I won't push her.

"Regardless, I can certainly give you my name." she holds out her hand. "Endora's the name. Endora Radcliff at your service,"

"Nice to meet you, Endora!" I take her hand and we both give a firm, short shake. "As for what I did in the month before deciding to get on this shuttle, I guess it all started with this invite to Fukiko!'s headquarters, as my first act as the new champion you see..."

Fin