

SARA MORGANSON AND THE SUMO CHAMPIONS OF MARS

Mars—The Red Planet, First of the Colonized Sol Worlds, The World of Inspiration

Current population as of 3330 AD/ACE: 5 billion

Though first colonized in the late 2400s by budding domed bases and cities, advancements in terraforming technologies soon allowed the planet a more livable astrosphere and geography. Over the next century throughout the 2500s, the two largest (and at the time only) cities were the dual capitals Burroughs and Bradbury...

...Today, though the red deserts of Mars still exist as a multiple of parks controlled and protected primarily by the Martian Planetary PreHistorical Preservation Society (see article MPPS for further details) as well as the Planetary Mars Federal Government (see PMFG), its modern aerography now consists of many large orange-red forests, lakes, rivers, oceans, other standard terra features to make the planet feel more in touch with Mother Earth (citation needed).

.... Though a fully civilized planet by any definition, the sources of its base architecture and culture, of the many early then science fictional works of the 20th century, have gone in and out of style throughout the native Martian population through the generations. As of the 3300s, the cyclical trend of the works of the likes of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Ray Bradbury have come back into popularity on Mars, the most recent being the planetary sumo wrestle couple and champions, Tora Dor-Ray and Carter Dor-Ray, when they achieved their Double Sumo Championship match in 3327...

Also see

Olympus Mons Planetary Park

The City of Helium (Mars city theme park)

GALACTCIAPIDEA: The Intergalactic Encyclopedia

Sara Morganson craned her neck upward with all of her six feet of height at the imposing gates of the Martian manor while her friend Endora Radcliff looked ahead with an even gaze. Behind the gold gilded gates stood the towering golden domed ancient designed architecture that they had journeyed from Earth to Mars to visit. Behind the manor 141.6 million miles away, the distant sun of the Martian horizon continued its slow descent into nighttime turning the former butterscotch colored sky a soft alien blue. Up in the ever blue horizon, the faraway but distinct images of Phobos and Deimos were slowly rising into the approaching night horizon.

Despite her 425 pounds of fat and muscle and the warmth of the rust colored heat emitting moss under the soles of her feet, Sara found herself shivering involuntarily as she rubbed her dark brown hands together. For the first time in her very young life, her mawashi's leotard 'winter' leotard form with its long thick sleeves and puffy black cushioning was not enough to keep her warm.

"T-They weren't kidding about the cold, were they?" Even now experiencing it firsthand for the first time Sara, who had grown up in the temperature controlled vast interconnected hallways of the asteroid cluster that was New North Virginia (Douglass Commonwealth Colony she mentally corrected, still

getting used to the recently changed name she had recently learned about from an update from her mawashi), frowned at the thought that people actually lived out in the open with such wild weather. Artificial simulation could only ready the body so much, it seemed.

Endora smiled, the temperature was dropping so much that her breath was visible as she breathed. Despite this, being over a thousand pounds of thick fat and muscle blend, she seemed unfazed by the dropping temperature despite being only in her bright red mawashi loincloth and matching colored bra.

“Looks like it. So, you want to do the honors or should I?”

Behind the two sumos the distant metropolis of Beryllium hummed with a bright glow against the forests and vast open fields surrounding it. Sara’s bottom heavy body and Endora’s towering mass of thick, solid fatness had an almost angelic glow against the burning torch of civilization and slow setting of the Martian twilight.

“I’ll do it.”

Waddling forward, her edges of vast black backside bouncing against each shifting leg, Sara pressed the button on the audio system.

“Um... Excuse me? I’m Sara Morgan. I’m a sumo from the space colony New North VA, I mean, Douglass Commonwealth Colony, I recently became their champion and was wondering if a Tora Dor-Ray or Carter Dor-Ray were home? I was told at the check in station in Beryllium that they lived here.”

There was, for the moment, just silence.

“What makes you think they’ll just let a strange in?” Endora asked Sara. “Not sure how they did things back on your space colony, but on Earth people tend to be more careful about strangers coming up to their door.”

“Sumo wrestlers always treat other sumos well. Their heya is ours and our heya is theirs. There deyho is our deyho. Least, that’s how it worked back home at any rate.”

“Ah.” Being still new to the sumo lifestyle, Endora didn’t care to admit that she had no idea what a ‘heya’ was. So she didn’t.

Suddenly there was an electronic beep deep within as the gilded gates swung silently open.

“See?” Sara said, chuckling with a bit of unease as she waddled forward.

After their last disastrous attempt to get in touch with the Terrain Virginia sumo champion the young black girl was a tad nervous. Not that she expected to get involved in another kidnapping so soon, but the idea of meeting another sumo champion from one of planets of the Nova Nona League (formerly the Outer Octant Order before Pluto’s vote for permanent planet-hood status in the late 3000s) was enough to put the space born sumo in a state of mild anxiety.

As they waddled their way closer towards the mansion, both sumo women took notice of the massive brass-like statues that lay in the center courtyard leading up to manor. One was of a male sumo, the other his female partner; both no doubt the title holding ‘Colossal Couple’ of Mars themselves, Tora and Carter

“Their almost as big as you,” Sara commented in disbelief.

“Eh, as statues maybe.” The fat that was Endora’s shoulders rolled and kneaded into a shrug. “You know how much those sculptures exaggerate things.”

“Yeah, you’re right I guess.” Sara smiled uneasily. Though she was no stranger to larger than average sumos (with the upper 300 pounds being considered average) the idea of facing off against sumos that were near Endora’s girth with the actual skill to back it up (for a sumo so large Endora’s actual sumo was surprisingly primitive in Sara’s estimation) unnerved the Douglass Commonwealth Colony sumo more than she liked.

“Sara?”

“Yeah?” Sara asked as she and Endora waddled closer still towards the manor.

“You need to take a deep breath, and chill girl. Think you can do that?”

Sara stopped and did just that, counting to ten in English, Latin, and Japanese as her big brown body swelled with each mighty breath. Eventually, her breathing slowed and her slight tremble in her tree trunk thick thighs ceased.

“Feeling better?” Endora asked.

Sara nodded. “I am, actually. Thanks Endora.”

The 1200 pound Italian American sumo girl grinned. “No prob, it’s what I do.”

Finally, they at last had reached the towering double gilded doors of gold and silver.

Stepping forward and taking a definitive gulp of courage, Sara knocked on the door, her dark brown knuckles reverberating deeply from within the mansion.

A moment later, the doors dilated and in front of the two space traveling sumos was a Mech- an artificial being clad in a humble leather harness with a centuries old looking laser pistol in one strap and a long thin blade at its hip.

“Salutations, Sara Morganson, champion of Douglass Commonwealth Colony. What is it you wish of the master and mistress?”

The outdated, servant-like appearance of the Mech made both gargantuan sized girls more than a tad uncomfortable.

“I-if your... masters are home, I was curious if they would be open for a match. If they aren’t busy or anything.”

“I will check and see. Please, follow me.”

Following the Mech’s lead, both Sara and Endora lumbered inside the manor where they were given two broad, sturdy, well-padded benches to sit down upon. Despite being made with a sumo’s girth in mind, Endora’s bench still creaked slightly from her over one thousand pound mass.

“Sure is a fancy place,” Endora commented as her bright green eyes darted around taking all the finery around them in. “These two must make a lot of money sumo wrestling to afford this much gold and silver, assuming it’s not all artificially created.”

Sara shrugged as she adjusted her vast black butt, snuggling it in deeper into the pillows underneath. “Mars isn’t like New North- Space! New. Colombia. Sumo isn’t the dominate lifestyle here. But I think in some ways that might be why they make as much as they do to afford living like this, sumo is more like a traditional sport with a men’s and women’s league from what I read after some online research. It’s popular but not quite at the level of Brad-ball-“

Endora raised an eyebrow at that.

“Long story. Think of the ball with baskets but taking advantage of Mar’s lower gravity and the teams are inter-gendered. It’s complicated.”

“Sounds like it.” Endora said, while wondering if her younger sister (though no less equally massive and tall) Greta would ever be up for a place like this if the two of them got into the pro sumo game.

Thankfully, after a few more Mars moments of silences, the Mech returned.

“Lady Tora and Lord Carter will see you now, Miss Sara.”

With a twist of the massive muscles in her backside, Sara happily sprang back up to her feet. Now as her heart beat rapidly it was less of fear and more of excitement that only came with testing one’s mantle against another sumo wrestler.

“You mind if I come and watch?” Endora asked the Mech. “Not that I don’t trust you guys or anything. Just want to make sure my friend here is safe.”

“But of course you may,” The Mech said with a slight bow. “Would you like some help getting up.”

“Naw, I got this.” Despite her almost giant-like size and mountainous mass, Endora Radcliffe had no issue lifting her entire frame onto her double tree trunk sized thighs and equally large bare feet. To a non sumo such an act would have been surprising, but the Mech took it in silent stride as it lead the two female sumos towards its owner.

“Introducing Lord Carter; Strongest Male Sumo of Two Worlds, half of the Colossal Couple sumo wrestling duo, voted Super-Sized Big Handsome Sumo for the 5th year in a row *by Mars Sumotori Magazine.*”

“Alright, Ed, that’s enough. We’ll be here all night if you list off all of my titles.”

The black haired, wide hipped sumotori grinned as the Mech, Ed, took its leave.

“Forgive Ed, he came with the place. We tried upgrading him to something less... cliché and outdated, but it refused. Regardless you,”

He shifted his massive 900 pound frame in Sara’s direction. “Are Sara Morganson, correct? Champion of thespace colony formerly known as New North Virginia?” he asked, gray eyes flashing.

Sara could only nod, taken back by the man's flabulous figure. Clad in a humble mawashi-harness similar to the one his servant Mech wore (with a sword and laser pistol that looked more like toys than actual weapons on his massive frame), Carter's almost planetary sized stomach rested over the front of his mawashi like a whale casting a shadow. Thickly muscled legs and loins supported his upper bulk as his thickly firm butt cheeks inflated backward with such girth as to threaten to swallow the back of his mawashi completely not unlike Sara's own butt did with hers. Though not quite Endora's level, Carter's own breasts were easily the size of a person's head that rested on a large but solidly firm stomach. Tanned skin stretched across thickly collides sinews that made up his arms and neck with a powerful looking double chin resting atop a confident face.

Large male sumos were nothing new to Sara, naturally. But large to Sara meant somewhere in the range of 500 to 600 pounds depending on the height. Carter Dor-Ray blew those standards into space dust by his mere existence. 900 pounds on what appeared to be 7 feet of height was mind boggling even for a sumo born and sumo raised woman of Sara's background. Whatever else could have been said about the statues outside, they were not exaggerations, if anything, they had failed to truly do Carter (and probably Tora for that matter)'s figure proper justice.

Even the usually ever relaxed and confident Endora could help but stare with equal shock and visible awe despite being a few hundred pounds heavier if not a little taller too.

Carter chuckled at their expressions good humor. "You know you aren't the first to be taken back by my mountain sized self. Still, I'd appreciate it if you two could at least blink a little, my wife and I find the stares just a tad creepy after a while no matter how unintended their nature."

"Huh." Sara blinked her brown eyes then shook her head hard. "S-Sorry about that. Its' just they didn't make sumos like you back home is all."

Once more Carter chuckled. "They very rarely ever do. One of the advantages of living on a lower gravity." He said with a playful wink. "Before we begin, champion Sara, you don't mind if I ask your friend a few questions do you. Nothing secretive or anything like that I assure you."

"Sure, I guess." Sara turned to Endora. "That good with you?"

Endora shrugged. "Sure. Why not?" She turned her bulk towards Carter, their combined near one ton of mass touching one another. "What did you have in mind?"

"Where are you from, if it's not too personal?"

"Earth gal born and raised. But I'm not as arrogant as the stereotypes make us out to be." Endora winked.

"Fair enough. I wasn't aware Earth had such an impressive sumo program. A woman of your size even with modern science and humanity being as strong as it is would have a great difficulty carrying that weight around on a planet with Earth's gravity. I should know, I've had a few matches planetside."

"What can I say? My sis and I are gifted gals when it comes to carrying our big bulks around. There anything else you want to ask?"

Though her tone remained friendly, Sara couldn't help but notice the edge in Endora's voice, having known her long enough to finally start picking up on it. It was the sort of edge that only came up when her past as a sumo came up.

"No, no. That's all. I was simply curious about your background. Most earth sumo's don't have your level of girth, you see."

"I've seen." Endora said with a grin of her own. "Like I said; we our mass damn well."

"I'm sure you do." Carter said, nodding in agreement. He then turned his attention to Sara.

"Terribly sorry to ignore you like that, champion."

"N-No, no problem at all, really." Sara smiled weakly. "And it's just Sara by the by."

"Fair enough, Just Sara." Carter's jovial demeanor suddenly switched swiftly to a more somber expression. "Normally I'd offer you the choice between facing the strongest female sumo of Mars or the strongest male sumo of Mars, but I'm afraid as my wife is otherwise occupied, you will have to settle for my masculine magnificence instead."

"Please," Sara said, bowing deeply. "The honor is all mine. Just facing against a sumo of your caliber is more than enough for me."

"Simple but noble, I like it!" With a thunderous clap of his massive hands the room around the three sumos began to shift and change. Walls moved backwards, the ceiling rose upward, and the middle of the floor rose up to the size of a proper sumo ring. All of this was done as silent as the Martian night that had fallen outside the manor.

Carter crouched down and his moons now rested eye level to Sara's head. He slapped his stomach with an echoing whack. "Come and show me what the sumos of Douglass Commonwealth Colony are made of!"

As her brown eyes smoldered with a fiery determination, Sara wordlessly lifted a massively dark brown thigh into the air before stomping the ground with all four hundred and twenty-five of her mass. Endora (who was now sitting on a bench that had materialized when the room was shifting) and Carter's bodies both shook and jiggled from the effort.

Taking her own crouch stance, Sara stared up at the towering masculine figure that was Carter Ray-Dor with blazing brown eyes. Gone were the worries, the fears, and the anxiety of Sara Morganson the person. In their place was Sara Morganson, sumo champion of Douglass Commonwealth Colony.

Seconds passed and sweat from both Sara and Carter's brow began to form in anticipation.

Five seconds. Carter's breathing was even and collected as he stared down the much smaller sumo before him.

Eight seconds. Sara's gaze remained unwavering as she mentally braced herself for the inevitable clash of fat and muscle in her near future.

Ten seconds.

Sara shot forward like a dark brown blur and shoved forward deep into Carter's stomach with all of her strength and physical might. Muscles and veins visibly bulging from her arms Sara grasped onto the side of Carter's mawashi belt with one hand while reaching upward and pushing up against his armpit with the other.

Carter's form leaned back slightly but the 900 pound sumo shifted his weight and his feet were soon clenched firmly into the ground.

"Did you think you could really lift me with just your strength alone, little one?" Carter grunted with clenched teeth.

"Had. To. Try!" Sara grunted back as she quickly moved her other arm down onto Carter's belt and pivoted on the heels of her feet, swing and pulling with every ounce of strength that she had within her.

With all of her muscles screaming in a chorus of pain, Sara swung Carter's body to the side. Nowhere near to the distance that she wanted, but enough for her purposes.

Twisting her body into a 360 degree turn Sara let go of Carter's mawashi and slammed her vast backside into the Martian man's own side. The sheer force of such a blow, combined with being shifted slightly thanks to the momentum in that same moment, forced Carter to bend at the knees as he regained his balance. Since neither of his hands were touching and his feet were still firmly on the ground, the match was still on as Carter reached out and lifted Sara up by the armpits.

Swinging her around with far more easy then she had him, Carter tossed Sara forwards flinging her towards the edge of the ring where she landed with an unceremonious flop gut first to the ground, which shook their surroundings upon impact.

"You-"

Carter breathed. "Put up a very good fight, champion Sara. With an extra hundred or two of muscle to that butt of yours you could very well have knocked me off my feet. But even if we were the same height and weight-" Carter towered over Sara's even six feet by an extra foot. "-I still would have most likely come out on top, I have after all been wrestling for far longer." He winked with an impish smile.

Sara quickly scrambled to her feet and bowed deeply out of respect. "Thank you very much for your words, champion Carter." Sara said in her politest tone. Though she was naturally somewhat disappointed by her loss she had braced for such an outcome given the difference in their girths.

"If it not asking too much, could we have another match? With modern rules?"

Carter grinned. "I like your attitude, sumo of Douglass Commonwealth Colony. I accept!"

Endora, meanwhile, pulled out of her mawashi's storage space what in a normal person's hands would have been an extra-large bag of popcorn. In her hands and her soon to be stomach, it was an extra small bag. "Good thing I bought this snack earlier." Endora thought aloud as she munched happily on while Sara and Carter prepared for their next battle of sumo strength and wills.

Hours later when the moons of Phobos and Deimos had risen farther up as the stars of Mars twinkled in the night sky, Sara and Endora were happily enjoying a meal hosted at Carter's insistence.

“Thank you for letting us stay and eat,” Sara said, shoveling a piece of Mars steak into her maw as she mopped up her remaining mound of mashed potatoes and thick orange-red gravy with her pieces of meat.

“Ditto,” Endora said, resting two plates on her vast solidifying stomach, both of which were on the third helping of chicken and waffles.

“Please,” Carter said, blushing lightly. “The honor is all mine. My wife Tora and I so rarely get serious sumo challengers to our home, only in the tournaments alas. And since the night has fallen, could I interest you two in staying the night? Traveling back to Beryllium at night is not any easy task, even for a native like me.”

“Well, if it’s not too much trouble.” Sara said, her own dark brown face heating up as she spoke. “I mean, more trouble than we’ve been already, that is.”

“I’m down.” Endora said, belching loudly before continuing. “Radcliffe family rule number 546: Never pass up a free place to sleep. Unless it’s a prison or a drug den or something bad like that.”

Sara glanced to Endora, confused. “When did your family have 546 life rules?”

“Since now when I made em up!” Endora grinned.

The Next Morning

“Did you two sleep well?” Carter asked the two female sumo as the two helped themselves to a standard sumo worthy breakfast.

Sara nodded, her mouth full of panfulls- a cross between the pancake and the waffle- which she swallowed down in a mighty gulp. “Sure did. How about you, Endora?”

The Mount of Mass that was Endora shrugged with a slightly grouchy expression. Endora Radcliffe was many things but a morning person wasn’t one of them.

“One sec,” She grunted as she reached for the coffee pot to her right. A moment later, she chugged the pot empty in a few large quick gulps. One belch and smack of the lips later and a small smile graced her lips.

“Much better!” Endora said, her mood visibly brightened. “Yeah, I slept alright I guess.”

“Did you now?” Carter raised a black eyebrow. “Because Ed says otherwise.”

Endora’s green eyes narrowed into a cold stare as her broad shoulders tensed. “You ordered your little robot to watch us?”

Carter shrugged. “He does it of his own accord. Tried ordering him not to but I’m afraid the past few centuries haven’t been good for Ed’s paranoia.”

“Really now?” Endora said, scowling.

“What’d Ed see?” Sara asked as she shot Endora a worried glance, hoping the larger female would keep her temper under control.

“It’s more what he heard than what he saw. Your friend Endora apparently kept repeating the phrase ‘Black Palm’.

Endora’s face blanched with a suddenness that made Sara blink with slight surprise.

“I-I can explain that-“ Endora stammered.

“Don’t bother my dear, I’ve done my research into the two of you just this morning. I know your history.”

Endora let out a long, deep sigh. She hadn’t wanted Sara to learn about her and Greta’s past this soon into their travels, but if Carter already knew about their past connection to the Black Palm, there was no point in-

“Naturally, imagine my surprise when the champion of the recently renamed Douglass Commonwealth Colony helped bust open an Earth side operation of the Black Palm.”

Now it was Endora’s turn to blink with a blank expression on her face.

“What?”

“You’re little misadventure on Earth, it made the headlines.” Carter frowned slightly in thought. “Well, it was on the front page of all the news-sites at any rate. Most of them, anyways.”

Sara’s dark brown cheeks heated up once more as she glanced down at her plate. “I just did what anyone else would have done, helping Menwi and trying to save her sister from kidnapers I mean. I’m just disappointed we weren’t able to reunite them in the end.”

“Regardless,” Carter said, leaning his 900 bulk forward towards the two female sumos. “I have a proposition for the two of you: How would you like to help take out another of the Black Palm’s operations?”

“You met us just yesterday.” Endora pointed out as she leaned her bulk back into her chair, causing the Carter made furniture to creak slightly in recoil. “What makes you even think we’re worthy?”

“We wrestled.” Sara and Carter said as if it was the most obvious thing in the galaxy.

Endora blushed. “Oh. That. Right.”

“My wife and I have been investigating the actions of the Black Palm,” Carter explained. “Normally a criminal organization would fall under the jurisdiction of the federal government. But given the comparatively small size of their operations on Mars and their niche sumo based focus-“

Once more Endora’s posture stiffened out of reflex.

“The officer that would have normally been in charge of something like this put my wife and I on the case. Figured who better to take down a sumo criminal organization than the two strongest sumos of Mars?”

“But where do we come in?” Sara asked.

Carter grinned, his gray eyes sparkling in the distant glow of the still rising Mars dawn. "For ages now my wife and I have been looking for allies. We know of the rough location of their main base of operations but even as strong as we are going in and taking on an entire criminal organization with just the two of us would be dangerous even for sumo's of our strength and skill."

"And you think we're good enough to help you and your Mrs. take on these Black Palm guys?" Much as Endora didn't want to admit it, she didn't relish the idea of going up against even more Black Palm goons. The more she and Sara encountered those jokers the more worried she was Sara would learn the truth. Granted, Endora did have plans to sit Sara down and actually explain her and Greta's origins as sumos. It was just... hard to find the words or the right time to explain it all.

Carter nodded. "I've wrestled against the both of you last night. You're both more than strong and skilled enough to help back up Tora and I in battle. So what do you say?"

Sara glanced to Endora. "I'm in if you are."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. I mean, I don't want to make fighting the minions of the Black Palm a reoccurring thing wherever we do," No matter how nice it is to crush skinnies with my Morganson butt, Sara thought. "But Carter's given us food and shared his beds with us. It wouldn't be very honorable if we sumos didn't stick together."

Endora chuckled, her tone dry and almost world-weary in a way that made Sara tilt her own head in confusion. "No," Endora said as she rose her frame up like a skyscraper rocketing towards the stratospheres, bushing the crumbs and remains of food off of her red bra and bare drum tight stomach. "I don't suppose it wouldn't."

She looked to Carter and grinned widely. "Let's show these sumo wannabes what real Rikishi are capable of!"

Hours later, the distant sun of mars beat down, its heat and warmth magnified by the series of satellites that constantly monitored the planet and gave it its livable conditions along with the hundreds of generations spread across the planet's moss covered surface.

"Wow!" Sara's brown eyes were wide with a wonder filled stare as the Luxtor, the personal craft that fellow sumo wrestler Menwi had given them back on earth, soared above the rust colored surface below.

Carter chuckled at the space colony born sumo's reaction. "My wife has often said that the best way to see the planet is through personal craft. We've even gone on many a date up in our own shared craft, the Mars."

"Speaking of," Endora said waddling beside Carter's own 900 pound figure, their combined mass that of a new born baby elephant. "Where is she?"

"Tora agreed to meet us a standard mile or so from the base as she kept an eye on it from a distance. Watching for guards and that sort of thing."

"Ah." Endora's fat filled face bobbed in thought as she shifted her 1000 plus pound bulk back to the chair.

"Your wife must be very lucky if you two go on dates in the sky like this." Sara commented, turning her attention away from one of the Luxor's port windows and back to Carter's massively magnificent figure.

"We get out when we can." Carter replied, sighing lightly. "Unfortunately our positions as Mar's most beautifully and handsomely massive mawashi wearers and sumo couple champions have left us far busier than we were in our younger years."

"Oh." Sara frowned and gave Carter an apologetic look. "Didn't think about that."

Carter grinned. "Do not worry yourself champion of Douglass Commonwealth Colony, my wife and I would have it no other way."

Sara smiled back. "Good to hear."

Suddenly, the Luxor dipped low and slow as it began banking downward for a sudden landing. A moment later after a jolt of sudden halting movement throughout the room sumo constructed craft the three sumotori knew they had landed.

"Speaking of my wife," Carter said as he picked his nearly half a ton bulk off of the ground, having fallen on his bare mountainous shelf of a backside during the landing. He dusted the him of his mawashi.

"It is time you two met the most bountiful and beautiful woman of Mars."

"This them?" Tora Ray-Dor, female champion sumo of Mars and the most beautiful pulse sized female on the planet asked as she saw her husband waddle forward with two off world female sumos by his side.

Had Tora been the type of snap judgments and one to jump to conclusions she would have made accusations of her husbands unfaithfulness. But the bond between Carter and Tora was as strong as pure as any couple's in the Galaxy and Tora herself was far too rational and laser focused to even entertain such an absurd thought in the first place. Carter, for his part, had called his wife the night before and explained who Sara and Endora were ahead of time not wanting to needlessly test his wife's trust or possible jealousy any more than any married person wanted to in life.

Tora Ray-Dor stood an impressive 800 pounds of spherical shaped fat and solidness. Less than her husbands' 900 and yet Tora somehow seemed to tower over even Radcliffe's mountainous mold of mass in terms of the atmosphere that radiated from her ball shaped body. As her saffron skin gleamed with sweat Tora absentmindedly adjusted the hem of her synthetic silk mawashi, the multitudes of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires encrusted on the silken material jangling as the glimmered brightly against the rising Martian morning sun morning light. Her mammoth maternal sized breasts were contained in a harness like bra that too gleamed with the colored light of many gems.

Carter motioned from Sara and Endora to Tora. "May I introduce Douglass Commonwealth Colony's most recent champion and her companion, Sara Morganson and Endora Radcliffe."

Tora looked the two over before nodding in approval. "My husband is not one for making snap decisions." She explained. "But I trust his judgment thoroughly and though I would prefer it be local Mars raised sumotori to help us exterminate the criminal degenerates that lie before us I have a feeling deep within my mawshi about the two of you."

Endora let out a snort of giggles but quickly corrected herself when she saw no one else was laughing.

“Are you sure that these guys are members of the Black Palm?” Sara asked Tora.

Tora nodded and her third chin made a fleeting appearance before vanishing back into her ocean of neck fat.

“Carter and I have been given much data and gathered more of our own. As far as we can tell all signs point to this being the Mars branch of the Black Palm’s base of operations.”

“Random question,” Endora said, speaking up. “But where are we exactly?”

“We are in the desert of Thoris.” Carter replied, fat face dark with a grimace. “A place mostly outside the jurisdiction of the Planetary Mars Federal Government due to its vastness and sandy nature. One of the dozen or so deserts on the planet that are patrolled by members of the Reserves.”

“And now,” added Thora. “By we sumos!”

It was some time later when the sweat drenched quartet of sumo wrestlers come across a lone lump of a rock many yards away from its stony brethren.

“Goin’ assume this is the location of the Martian Black Palm outpost.” Endora turned to both Carter and Tora with a raised eyebrow.

“Indeed.” Intoned Carter. “Now let us show this Black Palm raiders what happens when they cross a quartet of sumotori!”

“Careful, husband.” Tora held her husband’s large thickly muscled arm with her own ham sized but pedicured hands. “First I must show you three where the entrance is and we had best do so quietly.”

“What about security?” Sara asked with a frown. “Don’t places like these normally have that sort of thing?”

“Normally, yes.” Tora admitted. “But these Black Palm are... different. I have scanned this entrance multiple times and have found no trace of any sort of camera or recording or early warning devices of any sort. Not even the ancient trick of the string wired trap.”

“Which probably means that their security is strongest on the inside.” Carter muttered with a frown.

“Fine by us.” Endora said with a grin. “Sara and I don’t mind busting some heads, right Sar?”

Sara beamed upward at her towering friend and gave a thumbs up. “You bet!”

A few moments later four massive figures stealthily crouch-waddled towards the artificially constructed rock in the middle of nowhere. A few moments later, Tora opened the hatch on the hidden part of the structure and a metal door way appeared before them.

“Going to be a tight squeeze.” Sara frowned, already mentally cringing at trying to fit her massively wide black backside in such a small (by sumo standards door).

“Remember.” Tora said as she and Carter crouched down and began summon all of their internal power and sumo strength. “This is the enemy base. If we widen a few doorways with our bulk it is non of our concern.”

“Oh. That works.” Sara then took a stance similar to Tora and Carter, her eyebrows furled in deep concentration.

Endora took a similar stance, mimicking the others more than anything once.

“Oh three, we hit this door with all of our might!” Carter grinned.

“One...” said Tora.

“Two...” said Sara and Endora.

“Three!”

Four might flat palms struck the metal door with enough force to knock an elephant into its herd like a bowling ball to a collection of pins.

There was a painfully loud ring as a massive half sphere crater appeared on the door from sheer force of impact.

“Once more, this time with feeling before they have time to react!” Tora roared.

Once more Four might flat palms struck the metal door in unison and this time the metal door caved and fell inward like a tossed up sheet of tinfoil then a door meant to hide the entrance to the branch of a solar system spanning criminal organization.

“Now, let’s bust some heads!” Endora cracked her thick bull-like neck from side to side and grinned.

The doorway was standardized in width which meant that naturally the four sumo wrestlers had to enter in slowly and carefully in single file fashion. After Endora had wedged her bulk through (and the doorway itself was far rounded then in had been minutes ago) the three began to make their way down the short flight of stairs deep into the underground base.

The four waddled single file as Tora lead the charge while Sara and Endora both got a bountiful view of Carter’s backside as he marched in second place with his wife’s own mawashi clad behind in full view as well.

As the four made their way down the hallway, their bare feet and dense weights echoed hollowly throughout the cold stainless steel-like floor and hallway.

“First no security on the surface and now nothing here, too.” Sara muttered after a few minutes as both sides of her butt uncomfortably scrapped along the walls. Sara grimaced while the husband and wife duo’s larger and taller forms scrapped by without notice.

“I’m not an expert on these sort of things,” Endora said in a low but causal voice. “But don’t alarms normally go off at this point?”

“Indeed.” Tora said, nodding grim faced. “Which means we are no doubt waddling into a trap.”

“Then at least it is a trap we know is coming!” Carter smiled ruefully as his gray eyes winked against his multi chinned face.

Suddenly, the narrow (by sumo standards) hallway ended and gave way to another doorway, this one a pair of sliding double doors that just so happened to be built wide enough.

Tora stopped and glanced back to the others.

“We have no idea what lies behind these doors. Ready yourselves both physical and mentally for a possible ambush.”

Sara, Endora, and Carter all nodded silently.

With a nod of her own and a stoically confident expression carved into her face, Tora of Mars pressed the device next to the door and a low beep was heard, confirming the door’s unlocked nature.

Both sides slide open and the four sumotori peered inside.

Before them lay what could only be described as a bare, well lit room with a door to the otherside.

Hands on her mawashi helm covered hips, Tora confidently waddled in as her eyes darted about as she searched from anything out of the ordinary.

As far as she and the sensors of her smartmawashi could tell, there was nothing here.

Glancing back, she motioned to the others to come forward and Carter, Sara, and Endora did.

“So,” Endora said as the four stood in the center of the room, which was more than spacious enough for the four of them to have impromptu matches with rings of the proper dimensions with room still left over. “Now what?”

It was at that point that the door they had entered in suddenly slide shut, trapping the four in the large room.

“Now,” A fifth voice burst forth from the ether. “I make my grand entrance my simple little offworlder.”

“Little?” Endora scoffed then frowned. “What are you blind or something lady? I’m the biggest sumo here!”

“I’m lost,” Sara admitted as she felt her dark brown cheeks start to burn. “Have we been captured or something?”

“Not yet,” Carter said with a cross gaze. “That is if a certain would be stalker would hurry up and reveal herself!”

Elsewhere, the woman’s voice scoffed. Though neither Sara or Endora could see her, they could almost hear her eyes rolling as she spoke.

“Honestly, Carterkins, must you always ruin my big reveals?”

“When they involve your constant interference with mine wife, then I am sad to say that such is my duty as Strongest Male Sumo of Two Worlds.”

“Oh please!” Suddenly a massive female sumotori frame began to materialize in front of the group.

The stranger to Sara and Endora had ever bit the sumo figure that they, Tora, and Carter had. Though she appeared to be around Sara’s weight range of around 400 pounds the stranger’s figure was near both her and Carter’s.

The woman’s russet skin was covered in a simple black mawashi and harness for her womanly and mighty chest, breasts so big that they put Sara’s chest to comparative shame (who, though a bottom heavy sumo, was hardly lacking in sumo worthy cleavage of her own). The woman’s brown eyes were narrowed into a nasty, dirty glare aimed at Tora while her blond hair was cropped back in a short, tight bun ready for battle. Warrior worthy Battleball sized broad as spaceship shoulders gave way to massively muscular arms whose mighty thews glistened in the bright lighting of the room. A firm six pack rested on her respectable orb shaped gut as it rested on the front of her mawashi. Finally were her legs that, while by no means twigs, appeared as such compared to Sara’s more bottom dense figure and her own muscular arms.

“I am Ylla.” The woman said, bowing stiffly to Sara and Endora. “That’s Y-ll-ah, leader of the Mars Outpost of the Black Mawashi.”

“I’m-” Sara took an awkward step forward, not completely sure if she should bother to introduce herself to a criminal leader of a space spanning organization when Ylla raised a hand and stopped her.

“I know who you are, Sara Morganson, current Champion of New Columbia.”

“You do?” Sara blinked her brown eyes with a blank expression. “How?”

“Please, you don’t think after the stunts you and Enorme pulled on Earth that our boss wouldn’t take notice of someone of your background?”

“My background?” It took Sara a moment before realization hit her like an unprepared initial charge for a match. “Oh, you mean the African fertility goddess stuff? That’s just one of my mom’s crazy theories, I don’t think my family’s actually descended from deities.”

Ylla smirked. “For the record, I agree. But my boss is a tad... off about such things but no matter. She’s the one paying to keep the lights on in our bases and gives out our salaries. Speaking of,”

Ylla looked past Sara toward Endora. “If you want, the boss is still willing to forgive your disobedience, Enorme-”

“Call me that again and I’ll show you just how little I am once I’ve body slammed you through a wall!” Endora gave a short but mighty stomp as the entire room shook and everyone’s bodies quavered madly in reaction. When Endora lifted her foot, the metal floor was embedded with her bare footprint.

Sara stared at her traveling companion in stunned silence, having never really seen her lose her temper into that moment.

“Not even if we promised to leave your sister Grassa alone.”

“Her name,” Endora said coldly. “Is Greta. And the answer to your stupid offer is a big fat N.O.”

“Alright,” Ylla said, sighing. “I’ll let the boss know you aren’t interested then.”

“You talk as if you’re walking free after today, Ylla.” Tora said with a terse scowl. “I must admit, I never in a thousand years would have thought that you’d have been so desperate as to join a pack of space based criminal cravens as the Black Palm. But this? This is slow even for you.”

“Oh do get off your high space horse,” Ylla rolled her eyes. “You don’t think I’d let you, a former creation of the boss like Enorme over there, your husband, and an off world champion just watzl in if I didn’t have a plan to beat you?”

“You? Beat Moi?” Tora chuckled her usually husky yet feminine laugh. “I have always been your better as a sumo, Ylla. Both in girth and skill. To say that you will beat me, let alone the four of us, is utter absurdity.”

“Let’s see how absurd you find it, Tora of Zodanga when you allies are ripped to pieces! Soombars, attack!”

Just then the door behind Ylla slide open and three lumbering, multi armed and multi eyed monstrosities came lumbering in on their front arms, claw-like appendages raking the metal floor as they left deep three pronged slashing marks in their wake.

“W-What Space are those things?” Sara felt her eyes bulge from her sockets as she stared fear bound by the quickly approaching creatures as their razor sharp fanged mouths snarled with blood lust.

“Weren’t you paying attention?” Endora took an uneasy stance as she felt a bead of sweat trickle down the side of her face. “Their called Soombars. Whatever the hell those are.”

“Creatures made centuries ago to spice up the martian landscape.” Tora said as she bent her knees into a low yet powerful crouch. “Usually nothing a few shots from a lasgun can’t handle but being sumos such weapons wouldn’t be sporting. After all,” Tora smirked. “Lasguns can jam and our bodies have no such pathetic.”

“Yeah!” Sara and Endora roared.

“Besides,” Carter said as he took his own stance. “We out number them four to three.”

“Excuse me?” Ylla’s voice rose in pitch as she glared at Carter. “Have you forgotten I exist?”

“Hardly,” Carter grunted, turning his gaze to Ylla. “I just plan to best you so quickly that it won’t make any difference.”

With that he charge forward like a herd of earthen elephants, a palm pulled down low for a swift but strong strike.

At the last moment, Ylla weaved and side stepped the blow, instead latching into Carter’s arm with a powerful under arm grip that the larger sumo found impossible to break. The moment Ylla’s fingers wrapped their digit-like coils around Carter’s arm the two began to glow with a troubling aura.

“Tora-” Carter had just managed to shout his wife’s name when both he and Ylla vanished from the room by way of personal teleportation.

“What happened to Carter?” Sara asked, panic seeping into both her voice and expression full tilt now.

"Ylla, that coward!" Tora cursed a Martian vow under her breath. "She must have had a teleportation app install on her mawashi. T'would explain how she arrived so suddenly."

"Yeah, well," Endora's granny smith green eyes gleamed with worry as the creatures neared their massive frames by only a few more spare feet. "I think we currently got problems of our own, Tora."

Elsewhere in the Black Palm Mars Base

"-Be careful!" Carter scowled and cursed himself for falling for such an obvious ploy. It was the mark of an amateur not a champion of his stature, to fall for such trickery.

He turned to Ylla and broke her grip on his arm with a violent tug.

"Take me back, now."

Ylla began to chuckle. "No, I don't think I will. After today that overstuffed windbag Tora will be the farthest thing on your mind."

Carter smirked. "And how will you do that? Break my mind until none remains of the man whom you fell obsessively in love with in the first place? Brainwash me until I am naught but a shell of my former glory?"

Now Ylla smirked. "Hardly, Carterkins. We're going to wrestle, and I'm going to win and when I do you'll be my loyal husband over that bombastic broad Tora."

"Oh?" Carter raised an eyebrow as he examined Ylla with a discerning gaze. "And how will you do that? While my wife may be the more skilled of the two of us, I have not worn the Champion Mawashi Belts of both Neptune and Mars together at the same time for a reason."

"True. Though you are no Tora I could never beat you before becoming a member of the Black Palm. Tell me, Carterkins, do you know why I joined them?"

"Becuase you are obsessed with having me and hate my wife with a passion."

"Very true," Ylla beamed. "But that's not the entire reason. Most of it, yes. But not the entire reason. See, the leader of the black palm has an... obsession you might say, with sumo wrestlers. One that makes my love of yours look like a mere school days crush of minor attraction by comparison."

"By the ancestors of sumo..." Any mocking mirth had suddenly left Carter much like the color in his face had as the implications fully sank in. "Surely you're-"

"Exaggerating? I wish I was but its true. The boss's plans are quite ambitious for such a relatively small-ish criminal organization. She has plans to turn everyone in the known Galaxy, human and Mech, child and adult, into a sumo with the figure to match."

"Then your leader is mad." Carter spat. "Galactic civilization could never stand up to such a ridge specialization."

"Agreed. Practicality wise it leaves much to be desired. However," Ylla raised a thick muscular lone index finger. "In her goal to have a 'sumofication' formula for lack of a better term, my dear boss went and created a very special chemical."

Carter's face became silent with visible confusion.

"Its called IJ-2 and it does wonder for one's figure sumo wrestling wise. After all, just ask Enor, I mean, Endora."

"What do you mean?" Carter glared at Ylla, waiting for the second mawashi to drop as the old saying went.

"Why, Carter, I'm surprised you haven't put the pieces together? You didn't think Endora was born that freakishly huge and massive did you? Even modern science would allow a baby like that to survive past its few days of birth with that much fat on it without some sort of surgery. No, Endora was gifted that amazing body by the boss herself, just like I was mine."

"Oh? And what body is that?"

"The body I will show you soon as the IJ-2 takes effect."

"And what makes you think I'll just let you take such a vial?"

Ylla let out a cold, cruel, mocking peal of laughter. "Oh Carterkins, its not in a vial. It's in my bloodstream."

Carter's face now blanched completely. "What?" His voice was barely beyond that of a horse wisper.

"You didn't really think I'd go through all that talkity talk if there was a chance I'd let you interrupt my big moment, did you? I took the chemical the moment you and you little friends busted down my door. Which, incidentally, I'm going to make you fix when this is all over with."

"Then where is your body?" Carter asked, hoping against all hope that Ylla was merely bluffing at this point.

Ylla grinned like a shark. "I just need to say one little word and then out comes Ylla the Super Duper Sumo of Doom!"

"And what word is that?"

Ylla's grin, much like her soon to be body, morphed into something else. A smirk.

"Giordano."

Back in the Room

Tora was the first to meet one of the savage Soombars head on as she stormed forward in a burst of speed that left the room quaking madly in its wake. Head down and knees bent in a crouching feet sliding dash Tora lashed out and wrapped her large digits around the gaping jaw of the middle Soombar as her other arm reached under the beasts bell before lifting it up high with all of her mighty lifting strength.

As the remaining two Soombars charged past Tora towards Endora and Sara, Tora held onto her Soombar as the creature's many limbs, arms and razor sharp claws, raked Tora's bare saffron hued flesh, cooper colored blood gushing from her now trembling limbs as Tora braced her legs apart for a stronger foundation.

“HUURRRRAAHHHH!” Using all of her strength Tora threw the Soombar down on its back where the creature let out a terrible wail of pain as its spine shattered upon impact.

Sara, ever the sumo, stood her ground and waited for her Soombar to come to her, arms spread in a wide catching motion as her knees lowered her bottom heavy frame into a statue worthy crouch of her own.

Endora, though her eyes remained ever trembling with fear, remained standing. A nervous quick smile flashing across her face.

“Bring it on.” She whispered as her Soombra reached her first by a few seconds more, leaping forward with a three prong lashing that slashed across her massive stomach that left three ruler thick gash marks in their wake while the other multipurpose limbs wrapped themselves around Endora’s tree trunk thick thigh while around bound her good arm with a strength that would have made a constrictor hiss with pride. Sweat ran down in rivers from her black haired brow and Endora grimaced as her heart pounded madly.

A few seconds after Endora was attacked Sara soon met with the last of the Soombra as it lunged towards her. Slamming her mawashi covered stomach into the beast’s own gut as it soared towards her the champion of Douglass Commonwealth Colony grappled with the creature as she held the creature’s jaw off with one hand while wrapping her free arm around a nearby limb in a tight lock.

Tora meanwhile raised her leg up high and stomped down on the Soombra with all of her might. Bones of some sort snapped like twigs within and the creature thrashed around as it flung its powerfully limbs like fleshy flails, one colliding with Tora’s own stomach causing the Martian female sumo to stagger back a few steps as a pain aching bruise began to form around front of the stomach area near her mawashi’s hem.

Endora meanwhile was having no more luck with her Soombra as the creature’s limbs tightened their squeeze even further. Though they had sunk into the mass that came with Endora’s 1200 pound frame, even a body as densely thick as hers eventually had to give way to the constricting control of the Soombra’s mighty limbs.

Tears swelled in Sara’s brown eyes as her vision began to blur and the creature continued lashing at her bare brown back skin with thunderous cracks from its freed limbs as the jaws lunged towards her head, held back only by her thick, quavering arm strength. Sara felt bile rise to her throat as the hot, damp, molding scent of the Soombra’s putrid breath breathed on her but the long running Morganson descendant swallowed it down.

Fear had iced the marrow of her bones. Not her normal fears like those of small, creepy crawling insects but the universal fear that existed in everyone, Man or Mech even in the year 3333. The fear of Death hung above all three female sumo wrestlers like a dark shroud, a shadowy figure’s whose standard rope was mockingly wrapped about its waist and between its pearl white bony thighs like a mawashi.

Tora Ray-Dor’s eyes blazed with a smoldering rage as she felt the blood gush from her arms, which were becoming increasingly weak with each passing moment. With a sudden quickness she caught an incoming pulling it with all of her 800 pounds of sumo strength as the appendage was torn clean from the Soombar’s socket, causing the beast to scream again.

Tora leaped towards the creature where she landed atop the vulnerable stomach of the paralyzed creature in a tight cannon ball form. The wind and life were knocked out of the Soombra as the ribs around its body were shattered on impact. The Soombra twitched its last few spasms of life before its remaining limbs lay lifeless on the ground.

Endora's face began to turn a deep blue, then a ghastly purple as her vision began to fade in and out and her breathing became increasingly scarce. Finally, in an act of desperation she summoned the last of her strength and threw her arms outward with all of her might. The second Soombra's limbs held, but only for a few seconds before Endora's thick and tensely fat arms exploded outward. Before the creature could let out even a whimper Endora balled her hand into a tight fist and began whaling on the skull of the Martian life form.

The first punch stunned the Soombra. The second knocked it out. The third caved the frontal bone of its misshaped skull bone with a sickening crunch.

Endora, bright green eyes still burning at being reminded of her past by Ylla, threw her hand back for another punch in spite of the throbbing shoots of pain in spite of her naturally thick hands when she felt a hand stop her.

Whipping her head in the direction of the body, Endora's anger and rage and blood lust dropped when she saw Tora's somber expression.

"It's dead." Tora replied simply.

Endora glanced down at the Soombra, whose metaphorical gray matter (which was more of a light blueish hue in reality sake) visibly seeped from its broken skull and torn skin.

"Oh." Her face became the same color as her fire red mawashi. "Hadn't noticed." She glanced up to Sara's direction.

"How are you?"

Letting out a strained cry as much fueled by adrenaline as it was by fear, Sara finally lifted her Soombra off of its feet with some cumbersome challenges before tossing it over her head where it landed behind her on its jaw, which shattered on impact.

Pawing the ground like a bull, Sara rushed butt first to the remaining Soombra. The Soombra struggled to scramble back to its upright position before Sara's butt collided into its front and the two went soaring into a nearby wall.

There was a loud ear hurting crunch of metal and Sara stuck out of an indented butt shaped hole in the wall, her feet a few feet above the ground.

Sara twisted her hips and grunted. Behind her she found feel the warmth of life of the Soombra flood out with the clammy coldness of death in its place. Sara did her best to repress the urge to retch on the spot as she glanced to the others with a sickly grimace.

"Um, guys? I think I'm a bit... stuck here. Little help?"

After Sara had been tugged free from her compromising position (the black sumo's dark face had turned a deep if faint shade of crimson), Tora reached into the front of her mawashi belt and pulled out a first

aid kit. Opening it up Tora swipped passed the holographic interface before deciding on her choice. A few minutes later half a dozen or so bundles white stripes had materialized from the kit itself.

“Put these on your injuries.” Tora tossed two bundles to both Sara and Endora.

“Thanks,” Sara said, happy to have the bandages. Unlike the bandages of older times, these were modern bandages infused with healing nanoites that would quickly seal up and repair any broken skin. Though cutting injuries weren’t common in a sumo centered place like back home, scrapes and cuts still happened regardless and Sara was hardly unfamiliar with the comforting warm, healing touch of the Med-Bands.

A short time later after they had finished healing, Sara, Endora, and Tora stomped their way through the base of the Martian Black Palm Outpost. A few Black Palm grunts had tried to stomp them, in the same sense of a picket fence stopping three rampaging monster trucks in terms of effectiveness, but the trio brushed past them with nary a notice with quick powerful shoves of indifference.

Finally, they came across a doorway at the end of the hallway and after pausing to sync up their legs together, the three charged forward and the extra larger double wide sliding doors came crashing inward.

“Ylla!” Tora roared, her saffron skin flushing an intensely dark orange hue of rage. “We end this here and now, you and me!”

The room was pitch black and Sara made a motion to her mawashi hem to activate the flashlight feature of the smartmawashi when a sudden lone spot light flashed on.

“I actually wanted to try my new body against Enorme, if it’s all the same to you, Tora.”

Sara, Endora, and Tora all stared with stunned silence. Finally, Tora found the strength to ask what the three of them were all thinking.

“What in the names of Burroughs and Bradbury happened to you?”

Ylla now stood before them, a solid 1500 pounds of thickening fat and tense thews that bulged from her now countless layers of protective battle blubber. Her almost comic thick lips smiled, nearly buried under what seemed like endless layers of fat.

Sara felt a sudden sickness rock her stomach. This woman, this Ylla had become some sort of sick, twisted corruption of a sumo wrestler. Sumos were fat of course, but even the largest individuals back home still resembled humanity in terms of body structure. Space, even Endora still looked like (an incredibly mythically massive and densely thick) human being. But Ylla, Ylla now seemed like some sort of cruel corruption of Douglass Commonwealth Colony’s entire way of life. Of the sumo lifestyle everywhere. Sara would have been disgusted had she not been unable to look away out of morbid curiosity.

Endora scowled as her hands balled into tight, trembling fists. It took every ounce of her self control to keep herself from ramming her fist down Ylla’s throat. Memories of darker times, Black Palm times, floated in her mind’s eye before the eldest Radcliffe mentally squashed them back down where they belonged.

“You used it, didn’t you?” Endora asked Ylla in a tone so cold even a born and raised Pultoian would have shivered at its harshness.

“Let’s just say I finally even my odds against a long hated rival.” Ylla replied before settling her sights onto Tora. “How does it feel to be the smaller sumo for a change, eh Tora? Doesn’t feel very good does it?”

Tora then closed her eyes and a light smile graced itself on her lips. “You have become my superior in weight, that much is true . But tell me, Ylla, do you think you now have the skill to beat me in battle as a real sumotori?”

“Hohoho,” A deep yet womanly chortle rumbled forth from Ylla’s throat. “We’ll just have to ask your husband, won’t we? Oh Carterkins-”

Ylla’s singsong command gave way to another spotlight that ignited next to her with a resounding click and an intense flare that the three female sumos needed a moment to adjust to.

When their eyes had, they all gaped once more at the figure standing stoically besides Ylla.

“Carter?” Tora’s confidence had fled from her as her face and all three of its chins lost their saffron shine to a faint, rusty pallor. Her voice, now barely above a whisper, said, “What are you doing next to that sorry excuse of a sumo wrestler?”

Carter said nothing, his gray eyes now glaring at the trio with a somber humor where once a larger (even by sumo standards) than life zeal lay.

“I bested your husband in combat and he recognized that as his superior sumotori I would make a far better wife than you.” A gloating grin made its way across Ylla’s blobish face. had her neck not be buried under countless layers her original chin would have risen in mocking arrogance.

“In other words,” Tora seethed. “You brainwashed him!”

Ylla shrugged. “You say Phobos and I say Deimo.”

She then snapped two grossly thick digits together, fingers that made Endora’s own hands look slender and graceful by comparison. “Carterkins, handle your Ex-wife while I take on the two outsiders.”

Carter nodded, his two chins bobbing ominously. “Yes, honey.”

“Sara?” Endora gritted her teeth in a clenched jaw as her vast, thick shoulders began to tense up for battle.

“Yeah?”

“I want you to stay back as support for this fight if that’s okay with you. Got a personal score to settle with this behemoth sized bitch.”

Sara’s brown eyes widened before she nodded. “I understand, I’ll keep my distance where I can then.”

Endora grinned and her granny smith green eyes blazed with tense anger. “Good.”

She cracked her own thick knuckles together as she stared Ylla down.

"I'm going to beat that stuff right out of you." Endora said, cracking her neck from side to side. "Or at least all that blubber. Turn you into a rail thin twig of a wrestler. How'd you like that?"

Ylla chuckled. "All of my magnificent rolls and I are just trembling in fear! Oh, wait, no they aren't." Ylla raised a massively lump ridden thigh and stomped the ground with enough force that her foot punched a large hole in the ground for her foot and thigh to travel in. Bringing her leg up Ylla didn't flinch in the slightest from the scrapes and slashes of torn metal that caught against her rising thigh.

"If you're trying to trash talk me, little one, then you'll have to do a better job than that!"

Carter and Tora meanwhile stared one another down with unflinching stoic gazes.

Sara glared at Ylla on principle while Endora's entire frame tensed for the coming battle.

A micro pin could have dropped and it had been a rapid drum solo by the silent tension in the massive room just then.

"For the Black Palm!" Ylla cried before storming her way towards Endora, arms by her side as her massive hands were spread ready to strike.

"For my husband," Tora whispered to herself as she and Carter slammed their mawashi clad stomachs together in a dense collision of flesh that echoed throughout the room.

"For my sister," Endora thought as she raised her left hand to near her fat covered jaw and began bouncing lightly (as light as someone who weighs 1200 pounds can bounce) on her feet as her right hand was held stiff in a jabbing pose.

"For sumo." Sara's voice died on the field of battle as she took her crouching stance and began shifting and sliding on the soles of her darkened feet, eyes never leaving Endora or Ylla as the two began to clash.

Endora made the first swing, a swift right hook aimed straight for Ylla's large, misshaped head. The blow landed with a resounding smack and for a brief moment Endora smirked in victory. Then she noticed the sick smile that was nearly buried under a hundred pounds of face fat.

"Is that the best you got, Enorme? I expected more from you." Ylla rumbled in disappointment as she lunged an arm forward with her hand spread open. The resounding strike hit Endora's stomach hard and loud and the eldest Radcliffe sister felt the wind rush from her lungs. Endora stumbled back for the first time in what felt like an eternity since the day she and Greta had- No matter, Endora thought, shaking her head as she focused sharpened up. I have a fight to win dammit!

Sara meanwhile kept her distance in the back of the room, eyes zeroed in on the plight of her friend's fight. Though normally she had been in the literal thick of battle by now common sense and caution held the 425 pound sumo young woman back. Sara knew she could still help turn the tide of battle, Ylla had completely ignored her for the most part since the fight had started, but she knew she would have to wait for the right moment to make her move and turn the battle's tide in their favor. All she could do now, though, was wait.

Ylla had never been one for waiting, not when she had made herself Tora's rival for Carter's love and not now when battle was in the air and sweat poured from everyone's skin like a bath sauna. As such her strikes were slow but their reeling force on Enorme more than made up for the slowness.

Each strike hit with enough strength to leave powerful hand prints on Endora's bare skin, enough to bypass whatever natural defense the red mawashi clad sumo's thickness usually offered her. Enough to genuinely hurt. Endora had been as densely fat as she was long enough to have almost forgotten what it was like to feel proper pain. In a way, that density had made her too over confident for her own good as each wind knocking palm strike from Ylla left the Italian descended Endora too stunned to fight back. In the farthest part of her mind, she distantly hoped whatever Greta was doing, she was having better luck than she was right now.

Meanwhile, the clash between husband and wife had started out on near equal ground before Carter's superior weight had slowly started to give him the advantage. In spite of her own solid 800 pounds of mass Tora of Mars found the soles of her feet as her own thickly thew and richly fat arms began to quaver from her mind controlled significant other's pressure.

Carter bellowed a sneering laugh as he shoved his stomach forward with renewed strength and continued to apply his overarm pressure.

"You a weak, Tora!" He roared. "How such a pathetic excuse for a sumo could ever rival my dear Ylla's mountainous mass for all these years baffles me."

With sweat pouring from her brow and her face flushed in pain, Tora still found the energy to speak back as she planted her feet firmly in the ground with the sturdiness that only a sumo or a towering tree could accomplish.

"You are not in your right mind, husband, so I will forgive that remark." Tora said between long, labored breaths. "But I know deep down the true Carter Ray, the man and sumo whom I fell in love with all those years ago, still beats proudly under those mighty male breasts of yours."

Carter laughed in her face as he tried to shove forward once more, only for Tora's own massive thighs and powerful loins to keep herself rooted where she was on the metal floor.

"As if I would ever marry a sumo woman as weak as yourself." Carter sneered. "I would only marry one who is my equal in strength, if not greater. Though," Carter chuckled. "That rare specimen of woman is my beloved Ylla of course."

Tora snored and shook her head in a mighty motion as droplets of sweat flew wildly.

"I had forgotten this side of you, Carter Ray, from all those years ago. I had forgotten how stubborn and pigheaded you could be." Now it was Tora's turn to chuckle. "Yes, I had forgotten how you used to be; so proud of your strength as a sumotori. But you forget something, Carter Ray of Mars--"

With a sudden surge of strength the thews on Tora's arms exploded in size against the fat thickness of the limbs as the female champion of the Red Planet broke her husband's grasp. She swung her hands together in front his face and the reverberating clap was like a rumble of thunder to his ears, amplified by his proximity. Dazed in the mind Carter staggered back with a befuddled expression. With his guard down, Tora reached out with her long, large arms and gripped the side of his mawashi with a tight grip as she rested her other hand under his armpit.

Then, with her legs braced apart Tora heaved with all of her 800 pounds of sumo strength and lifted the 900 pound Carter Ray off of his feet.

“THAT I AM MAR’S STRONGEST FEMALE SUMO: TORA THE TACTICAL TECHNICIAN!”

Though her muscles screamed in a chorus of throbbing pain Tora tossed her husband head over shoulder as she bellowed out a wordless cry of exhilaration. With a dull, dense room shaking quake Carter left an imprint of his own vast buttocks in his landing’s wake.

As his world spun around him like a top, Carter could vaguely make out Tora’s spherical shape slowly waddle towards him.

“Now, Carter Ray of Mars.” She said with a confident, broad smile. “Do you remember who you are and who I am?”

Elsewhere, Carter’s landing had finally broken the one sided battle between Ylla and Endora as the ground trembled beneath them. In the far back of the room even Sara was nearly knocked from her sumo stance, such was the force of the shaking that rumbled throughout the room.

That landing and shaking instantly made Ylla break her focus on Endora (who’s body by this point was littered with black and blue bruises across her stomach, arms, neck, and chest).

“Carter!” Ylla’s voice was a sharp, horrid screech. “What did you do to him you-”

WHAM!

Endora’s low, stomach aimed punch would have shattered the ribs on a normal opponent but much like before Ylla’s countless layers of fat cushioned the blow with a muffled ‘wump’ sound.

Ylla simply continued on as if she hadn’t been punched in the slightest.

“When I get my hand on you Tora Dor I’ll-”

This time Endora changed tactics and delivered the strongest upper she had delivered up to that point straight to Ylla’s multiple chinned jaw.

The resulting punch made Ylla pause, less from the pain of the blow and more the fact that she bit her tongue mid sentence causing the 1500 pound Black Palm member to scream bloody murder. Or bloody something, at any rate.

“You!” Ylla’s burning glaze was now set upon Endora. “I will crush you like the failure you-”

Endora slammed a short straight punch right into Ylla’s face, figuring that was the place with the least amount of fat that she could hit with any success.

The blow landing hard and true and blood began to seep slightly from Ylla’s nose. Ylla opened her mouth to scream or throw another insult about only for Endora to deliver another upper, this time with her other arm while she began landing jab after jab to the side of Ylla’s head.

Aiming for what she hoped was the woman’s ear Endora remained silent as sweat began to flood down from her black brow onto her vision. One hand kept hammering away at the side of Ylla’s head while the other went for a series of jabs and hooks to the other side of Ylla’s head.

Though Endora’s own face was hardly fat free, the difference between Ylla and herself was now evident. Ylla had become a blob of a person under the IJ-2’s influence while Endora (along with her sister Greta)

still maintain her human shape. Endora had muscle while Ylla was more fat the female, more mass than person. Now clarity flashed through Endora Radcliffe's mind as she continued her relentless blows no matter how tired her arms were starting to get.

Ylla had mass, certainly. But that was all she had. Being unused to fighting foes larger than her own 1200 pounds (to say nothing of all the dense coating protective layers of lard on Ylla's frame) Endora had been at a temporary loss. But now all of her anger of memories past, of Giordano's unsettling almost sex crazed gaze, of feeling so helpless- Point being, now Endora knew what to do.

After what felt like hours of hammering away at Ylla's face and leaving the fat lump ridden mold a swollen black and blue mess with the trace streams of blood from nose and nearly hidden mouth, Endora finally lowered her hands before reaching down to where she thought Ylla's mawashi was located.

After a few moments of shifting through layer after layer of lard filled flesh Endora grinned when she felt the familiar sensation of cloth in both of her hands.

"Sara, think fast!"

Endora lifted Ylla off both of her feet with some difficulty, using every ounce of her 1200 pounds of power to do so as she tossed Ylla in the direction of the Douglass Commonwealth Colony champion.

Sara grinned before turning her backside to the fast approaching mass of Ylla and threw herself butt first towards the Mars Black Palm outpost leader. Naturally, having witnessed the fight beforehand Sara did the only sensible thing a sumo about to collide with a foe half a tone heavier than her could do. She aimed for the head.

With a soft 'wump' sound both of her butt cheeks landed on Ylla's swollen (yet somehow still conscious) cranium. Sara's two cheeks side as much of Ylla's head between them as they could, which wasn't much even without the swollen nature about them and the impact of the mid air collision made Ylla land with a crunch of metal beneath her frame while Sara planted her backside firmer still on her head.

"Is that the best you got?" Ylla's muffled voice traveled weakly through her bruised mass of fat that was her face and against Sara's own Morganson dense cheeks died a quick faint death.

Suddenly, Sara's stomach rumbled and a small light cloud of dark gray gas escaped from the sumo champ's backside.

"Sorry about that." Sara said with a slight blush.

Ylla meanwhile happily embraced the wonderful and unrated world of unconsciousness.

As Ylla drifted from a conscious blob of lard to an unconscious one, Tora stared down at her husband.

"Do you remember who you are?" Tora asked him, resting her hands atop her massive bra bound breasts, waiting for his answer.

Carter's confused gaze continued.

"I remember Ylla and you, always wrestling and want to prove yourselves as sumo worthy of my stature."

“And who eventually won that battle?”

Carter was quite as he searched his soul. His mind said Ylla was the victor. But his heart said-

“You did, Tora.”

Tora let out an exhausted and weary sigh. “It’s about time you came back to your senses, husband.”

She helped Carter back to his feet with a mighty tug of power.

“In my defense, Ylla pulled out a number of professional wrestling techniques on me.”

Tora rolled her eyes. “I told you we should have entered that mixed martial arts couples tournament last month.”

Carter smiled ruefully. “You are right, as usual.”

Tora smiled back. “I usually am.”

Then the two collided in a passionate and powerful kiss. Male breasts squished against their female counterparts, gut crashed against gut, and mawashi pressed against mawashi.

“Aww.” Sara said as she walked over to Endora. “That’s so romantic!”

“Yeah,” Endora said chuckling. “It is if you’re into that sappy sort of stuff.” She then looked back at the still unconscious, stuck in a short hole in the ground Ylla.

“Any idea what we should do with her?”

“I’m sure Tora and Carter know what to do,” Sara said. “But I think it’d be best to give them a chance to catch up after their big fight, wouldn’t you say.” She winked.

Hours Later, outside the entrance of the Mars Black Palm Headquarters

“Looks like that’s the last of em,” Robert Rossum grunted as the Beryllium Police Department officer slammed the door on the hover-car that held the entire manpower of the Black Palm’s Mars Division. The long faced Mech turned stiffly toward Tora, Carter, Endora, and Sara.

He nodded to Carter. “Thanks again for takin’ care of this for us. Helped save the department a lot of trouble in the long term. Not sure if lasguns would even faze Blobbett up there-”

His fedora clad metal head glanced up at the crane carried figure that was Ylla, still unconscious after all this time.

“So thanks for that, Mars civil duty and all that.”

“Please, officer Rossum, it was our honor.” Carter bowed slightly as his massive stomach grazed the dusty desert ground.

“Yeah, Yeah.” Rossum muttered, not bothering to look at all in Carter’s direction. “Just glad this Black Palm nonsense is over with. Now the department can start worrying about the other, more important black market dealers out there.”

“Actually, copper guy.” Endora spoke up.

Rossum glared at her with as sour expression as his red cased metal features would allow.

“Since this is my last day on the force before retirement, I’ll let that one slide.” Rossum replied coldly.
“Now, you were saying?”

Endora blinked, taking a moment to realize that she had accidentally insulted the Mech male.

“Um, what I meant to say is that this probably isn’t the last of these Black Palm guys. On Mars maybe but if their operations back on Earth were anything to go by these guys stretch wide.”

Rossum glanced to Endora and Sara. “What’d you two say yer names were again?”

They repeated them to him and Rossum smiled cynically.

“Thought as much. Heard about you two after your little adventure on Earth. Regardless, your probably right tubbo. These Black Palm jokers are spread wide, even for an organization of their size its impressive. Wouldn’t be surprised if there were other, smaller bases on both Mars and Earth that we still don’t know about. I’ll send the word out to the other Sol Pds about you two so if you run into any more of them while you’re out doing... whatever the hell it is sumos do in their spare time, you won’t get bogged down in paperwork.”

Rossum chuckled. “Not that I give a damn after today, mind. Though, I’ll get someone to look into it.”

He glanced towards Carter and Tora. “You two don’t mind keep doing this pro bono for civic duty and all that?”

“Of course not, office.” Tora said with a broad smile. “It would be our pleasure to crush the remaining forces of the Black Palm on Mars.”

“Yeah, well, good luck I guess.” Rossum muttered. “Now if you wrestling fatsos don’t mind, I got a retirement party to go to.”

“If you don’t mind my asking, Office.” Carter called to him as Rossum was about to enter his own police issued hover car. “What is it you plan to do?”

“Gonna make a go of it as a private deceiver.” Rossum yelled back over the roar of the hover engines before taking off.

When the last of the BPD had left, Tora turned to Sara and smiled.

“It was an honor to battle along side you, champion of Douglass Commonwealth Colony.” Tora bowed deep and low.

“Please, the honor was ours.” Sara bowed back in a similar manner.

“Either way, my husband and I wish you, Sara Morganson, in your journey of self improvement.”

“Indeed!” Boomed Carter with a grin of his own. “After all, you still have yet to challenge my wife to a proper match and still owe me rematch!”

Sara smiled and the three sumos slammed the fronts of their mawashi hems together in unison. Endora, passively, simply chuckled.

"I don't think I'll ever quite get the 'born n' bread' sumo mindset." She said to herself.

Much later, when Sara and Endora had made their way back to the *Luxor* and the ship had risen off to fly back to Beryllium Sara turned to Endora.

Endora sat near the port window as she stared blankly at an empty containers of IJ-2 that she had insisted they take back them that Rossum had allowed with some indifference. Her face was deeply etched in thought, frown somber before glancing up and down wistfully at her body.

"You okay?" Sara asked. "You sort of lost control today and well, I'm worried."

Endora glanced up and smiled so wide Sara could tell the larger woman was faking.

"I'm fine, really." Endora said. "I just don't like being reminded of the past like that Ylla jerk did. Sides, this tank is something Greta's been wanting to get her thick fingers on for ages now."

"This have something to do with the Black Palm, Enorme?" Sara asked.

Endora winced. "Don't... call me that. Please. As a friend, just don't."

"I'm not that native." Sara said casually. "I think I can put most of the pieces of what happened to you and Greta together for myself. But, if you'd rather talk about it, get it off your mawashi-"

"Sorry, kid. Not quite there just yet. It's... not something I like thinking about when I can, let alone talking about."

"Even the whole 'Enorme' name?"

Endora gave a firm nod. "Even that. It's not you, its just... complicated. But I'll tell you one day, promise. Travel buddies?"

Sara smiled and held back her disappointment as best she could. If Endora wasn't ready to talk about her life as a Black Palm member, then there was no point in rushing her about it.

"Travel buddies."

As the two sat in silence Endora thought to herself: Is this just going to be what we keep doing with every planet in Sol that we visit? Land, meet the local sumo champion, and break up whatever junk the local Black Palm compound has going on? Seems so... formulaic. But if we keep doing what we're doing, we could run into her. You know, maybe following a formula wouldn't be too bad after all. After all, if it gets me and Greta revenge sooner, who am I to complain?

Soon the *Luxor* left the Mars atmosphere, rocketing the two traveling sumo companions to wherever their next destination lay.