

Colossal Combatants

Cho of the Yoshida clan competes in an underground fighting tournament to save a friend after being kidnapped for servitude. But her opponent is a boxer by nature, not a sumo wrestler, can Cho overcome both her opponent, her bought ref, and the low life mob of an audience to save her friend?

Cho of the Yoshida clan had been in the city for about a week, the planet Tyrann a day more than that, and had entered the Tyranni system approximately a fortnight ago. And yet even after all that time, she still had no further leads on the whereabouts of her recently missing longtime friend and business partner, Makino Fukiko. Staring out into the city from her rented hotel room Cho's rounded face was etched with a deep pout of annoyance.

The 5'6 tall sumotori was clad in her normal attire: a humble traditional white mawashi and a stripe of cloth wrapped around her chest multiple times in a similar mimicry manner for breast support. Her usually tied back black hair was down currently and her usual blue eyeliner on her eyes was missing.

One week... and still nothing. Cho thought sourly as she resisted the urge to sumo stomp the ground in frustration, were she not worried that she'd punch a hole through it in the process.

The hotel she had rented from was at was cheap and small and the same went for her room. Not helping matters was her large jutting belly and 370 pound figure that did nothing to help the compact living quarter's feel any roomier. It was, as the accident saying went, a Spartan affair. It had all the basic amenities of civilization but the civilization of this planet had never taken a sumo's size or girth into account as Cho had quickly learned on her first night in.

The bed creaked and groaned whenever she sat on it. The bathroom (that Cho had to suck her gut in just to be able to use) would have been small for a non-sumo personage let alone a being of Cho's stature. A basic compuision had been crammed in the corner of the room where it gathered more bright blue static and dust than any channels worth Cho's time. Granted, the interface for the device was busted, naturally, even if she did want to use it. Thankfully, the smartmawashi functions of her loincloth was able give her online access and thus much needed research and data gathering options.

A person in Cho's situation might have cried or at the very least let out a long sigh of disappointment. But Cho was of the Planet Nohin, located in the Kappa quadrant. And like Japanese people had collectively and culturally done for thousands of years, she endured. Cho resisted the urge to plop her mawashi wedged bare thick buttocks down on the bed, weight be damned. She was tempted, sorely tempted. But Cho resisted and endured like a proper sumotori should.

Cho looked out at the sky again. It had been a thick gray cloudy mess all week. It was funny, though mankind had taken to the stars even after thousands of years of technological advancement the weather was still beyond his domain. From her rectangular slit of a window Cho saw the entirety of the city. Above her hotel room many thousands of floors towered towards the sky itself and half as many gave way to the eventual ground floor of hordes of people and Mech alike mingled en-mass.

A few two dozen or so floors below Cho's apartment where as thousands of hover-buses, taxis, trucks, and cars that weaved and hovered along about their own business with the sort of politeness that was

standard of such machines since the start of the 20th century. Naturally, the blare of their digital horns was enough to grate on Cho's nerves after only the second day.

After a week of living in the city Cho still hadn't gotten used to the unruly din of their constant hovering. Whatever else could be said of her home world of Nohin, Her cities were at least clean efficient things well planned and made for human habit and more importantly, sumo livability.

Turning her ahead away from the window Cho turned her head to the small dresser where she had placed her makeup kit. Despairing now will do neither myself nor Fukiko-chan any good. Cho's expression was a solemn one as she took her makeup kit with her and made her way to the door.

Next stop: the Cross Way.

On the Cross Way countless buildings towering up like two perpendicular looming mountain ranges, blocking off the sun's natural light, though there was always the dazzling dim glow of millions of advertisements, street signs, smartclothes web browsers, hover vehicles to give the denizens of the city viewable lighting.

Above Cho some hundreds of stories high was her apartment and thousands of stories above that was the mythical top of these towering artificial mountains where the distant sun of the Tyranni system crowned the room peaks or so the whispers of the locals said.

Despite the lack of sun and wearing only a loincloth and bra about her, Cho Yoshida felt no chill as she waddled forth into the thick ocean of people. Her bare mawashi clad gut acted as a plow for the 26 year old sumotori as she made her way through the crowd.

Though she was the only sumo on the Cross Way, possibly even the entire planet, the crowd paid Cho little mind outside of a few forgivable stares of astonishment and less forgivable whistles from both males and females passersby. As she made her way across the bridge to the other side of the city, one of many that cropped up every dozen or so floors to allow its denizens to cross, one massive shipping hover container drifted a few dozen or so floors above and Cho cringed slightly at the noise the natives otherwise completely ignored.

Cities, Cho thought with annoyance, were not meant to be vertical in nature. Or at least not this vertical.

When she had crossed the bridge to the other side of the city Cho took a sharp left, her gut now plowing through a fresh crowd of Leftsiders (locals to who lived on the left side of the city) as oppose to the Rightsiders it had been cleaving through some standard 20 minutes ago, and entered a random bar.

The rectangular view-window to the place pulsed with the glow of neon reds, blues, whites, pinks, greens, and all other variety of shades while the patrons inside ate, drank, and chatted as bar patrons had done since the beginning of human civilization. Cho entered as she always did: Gut first with the rest of her following after a step or two after.

The door dilated behind her, closing the bar back off to the rest of the city and Cho took in her surroundings. A few patrons stared at her, some out of shock or surprise, others out of a visible appreciation for her body and clothing choices. A random female somewhere in the dark dingy back wolf whistled.

Cho ignored them all as she slowly and gracefully waddled her way up to the bar and planted her plump bare buttocks down on a bar stool. The stool dipped under her weight as the servo motors keeping it floating whined in effort. A few more catcalls came Cho's way and she continued to block them out.

"Sake?" The bartender grunted.

"I'll have information if that's on tap, actually." Cho replied, her blue eyeliner covered gaze not leaving the bartender as she spoke.

"Heard about you, you're name Chori?"

"Cho."

"Right, right. Cho. Sorry about that. Word on the on both the Right and Left sides is that some big bellied Japanese chick is lookin' for someone. Gonna assume that's you on account of female big bellied Japanese girls like yerself don't come to Tyrann very often."

Cho nodded. "You are correct. Do you know anything that could help me in my search?"

"Might." The bartender sniffed, her sagging jowls twitching in the process. "Info don't come cheap though. Physical credits only. None of that digital transfer crap."

Cho bowed her head. "Of course." She reached into the front of her mawashi and accessed its pocket storage space, pulling out a small yet hefty sack of credits a moment later.

"Is this enough?" She passed the bag across the counter top to the bartender. She weighted the heft of the sack and grinned.

"This should do, I think." The bartender pocketed the sack in her back pocket where her own subspace of storage was located. "The place you're looking for is called the Underground-"

"I know its name." Cho said briskly. "I learned it on my first day here. What I want is directions on how to get there."

"Ah. That changes things. Directions don't come-"

There was a dull thud as Cho quickly plucked out another sack of credits, this one slightly larger than the last.

"Directions. Now." Though Cho was usually calm and collected the pressure to find Fukiko and the general depressing atmosphere of the city had worn that stoicism just slightly thinner than usual.

"Of course, lady sumotori." The bartender bowed in a manner Cho could tell was meant to mock her customs, but her face remained still as stone as the bartender explained the directions."

When she had finished, Cho thanked her and slide off of her stool, shaking the ground in a small tremor as the soles of her feet hit the gunmetal gray floor of the bar.

Cho had only waddled a few steps back to the exit when the bartender called out: "If you're thinking of getting your friend back through force ye'll need some sort of disguise. New competitors ain't allowed to use their real identities ya see."

Cho turned around and bowed deep, her head dipping into her bound breasts which in turn rested atop of her firm yet slightly soft gut.

“Thank you very much, I will keep that in mind.”

When Cho had left the bar a moment later, the bar tender summoned up her phone from her bartender’s jacket and punched in a number.

“She’s heading your way,” the bartender said to an unlisted number across the line. “Just thought you ought to know. Yeah, she looks strong. Fat as hell but there’s a sturdiness about her you don’t want to underestimate. Have her face off against Brawlia. She should knock that big bellied bitch for a loop.”

A few scant hours later, Cho Yoshida was dressed up by her usual standards. Whereas before she had splayed most of her body save for her white mawashi and bra, she was now clothed in a synthetic-silk kimono, pure white with a graceful cerulean blue flower patterns that matched the equal grace of her waddle as she made her way through the Ground Floor. Her mighty gut was contained by a dark crimson red sash across that strained and stressed itself her stomach’s surface area.

On her face was an expressionless ebony white mask that covered her face completely but did nothing to hinder her sight as she made her way through the dark underbelly of the city. The Ground Floor was called such because it was as close the people of the city could get to the planet’s surface before the machinery got in the way.

Despite her surrounding having somehow become even more claustrophobic with even narrower pathways and tighter compacted buildings Cho remained unphased by the harsh cramped environment no matter how many times she had to suck her stomach in order to barely squeeze herself forward.

After much wandering and waddling about, with a few detours added in to keep whatever possible stalkers she might have gained since coming here, Cho finally stopped. The entrance before her was down a flight of stairs, the entrance way unseen by an all-encompassing darkness.

Steeling herself, Cho kept her arms sleeves connected as she rested them atop her cement thick gut and took her plunge down the stairwell.

A door knock later and a singular red orb of an eye poked out from a slit in the black painted door.

“You are here to compete or view?” The voice was scratchy and artificial.

“The first one.” Cho’s voice was neutral as she spoke, matching the neutral expression of her mask.

The door slit closed and an instant later the door opened to the place simply known as the Arena.

Cho waddled in gracefully and took in her surroundings.

The crowd of patrons were mostly gathered to the bars at both side of the entrance. The lighting was a mostly consistent army of light bulb that flickered randomly casting even more shadows across an already unsavory room. The smell of booze, sweat, and the faint hints of blood hit Cho’s nostrils even with the mask’s filtration system in place. The crowds on both sides of the chatted among themselves, through the eye slits in her mask Cho counted at least half a dozen low level pickpockets, three possible muggers, a few of what she could only assume were local small time crime bosses, a dozen or so prostitutes of both genders, and someone who might have been an undercover cop.

The crowd to the right ignored Cho as she waddled forth towards the bar, asking where she could sign up for a fight.

“Head to the center where the ring is.” The bartender replied as he cleaned a glass with a rag. “You should find the promoter there.”

Cho nodded and wordlessly took her leave. She hoped that Fukiko was here, so that her time wasted fighting was not for naught.

A few minutes later, she finished giving her height, weight, and alias when Cho (under the name Akimoto) asked. “I have heard on the upper levels that this place offers up human servants. Is this true?”

“Sure is.” The promoter grunted. “You lookin’ for one of yer own to keep you company at night?”

“Something like that.”

“Hope you like em thin then.” The promoter chuckled as they leered at Cho’s visibly protruding stomach.

Once more Cho nodded and took her leave. Though it was no confirmation that the person offered for tonight’s barbaric festivities was Fukiko specifically, it did match with the information that Cho had gathered that she was somewhere on Tyrann, whose Asian population was almost nonexistent, and what little there was chose to live on the upper levels in luxury. Worse case, even if this mysterious person was not her friend, she could at least save an innocent from a life of indentured servitude.

Thus Cho of the Yoshida clan waddled down the scum surfaced hallway, hall-light flickering with each slightly shaking step forward, and entered what would temporarily be her changing room. The moment she locked the door behind her she searched the room as thoroughly as she could with her gut only slightly hindering her in the small and cramped room that made her apartment back above look like a luxury line cruiser in dimensions. Thankfully Cho was glad that there were no traces of bugs, electronic or otherwise.

For the first time in what felt like a day she wearily landed her rear end onto the chair, a metal thing that groaned partly from her weight and its rusted nature, and sighed.

Fukiko-chan, she thought. Wherever you are, I can only hope to persuade the powers of the universe to keep you safe and well in the meantime.

And with that, Cho did as she always did when she had to wait for more than an hour’s time. She mediated.

“Oi, Akimoto or whatever name yer goin’ by. It’s fightin time so get your fat arse out here!”

Cho opened her eyes, which were still graced with the same coat of blue eyeliner (now smudged slightly from the mask) and reached to the dresser table to secure her mask back on.

A moment later, the door swung inward and Akimoto stared blankly at the bouncer.

“Thank you for letting me know. I hope I give your audience a good match.”

The bouncer snorted. “Not bloody likely fatso, yer diaper clad arse is fighting Brawlia the planetary pugilist tonight.”

“She’s a strong fighter then I take it?” The promoter had mentioned her opponent before and Cho had done a quick search online but had found out nothing due to the nonexistent planet wide wifi connection on Tyrann this far below the city.

“No, she’s a weakling we just call planetary pugilist to mock her.” The bouncer replied in a clipped, dry tone. “Of course she’s strong. Why the hell do you think she has a name like that in the first place? Cuz she’s bloody earned it from one underground fighting arena all across good ole Tyrann that’s how!”

“I see. Regardless of the difference in our fighting styles, I’m sure our match will be a good one.”

The bouncer snorted and looked at her with a skeptic gaze. “Whatever you say, fatty.”

A small twitch, however unseen and slight, appeared on Cho’s mask covered face. She brushed past the bouncer and made her way down the hallway towards the ring where she would soon clash for control of a life of a fellow human being. The thought sickened Cho but it was an act that needed to be done regardless. So she continued to endure as she made her entrance.

Two spotlights flashed on Cho as she stepped out of the hallway. The crowd of spectators to both sides of her jeered and laughed in a roaring din of noise as the announcer listed off her stats.

Cho waddled forward with brisk haste as she neared the entrance of the fighting ring that had given this hive of villainy its name: The Arena. The Arena had concrete flooring and was designed not unlike a regular wrestling or boxing ring with one slight difference; barb wire acted as the ropes of the ring itself.

Though Cho’s heart had quickened and sweat began to flow forth from her pores in small amounts, her determination and will remained strong. Cho knew so long as she fought with all of her strength and spirit that victory tonight would be hers.

Cho reached to the back of her kimono and untied the back sash as she proceeded to take her robe off, handing it to one of the staff workers for safe keeping as she fought. Her disrobing instantly got a cheer of hoots and hollers from both men and women alike along with a number of catcalls, whistles, and comments that Cho swore were inviting her back for something indecent to do with her mawashi.

Now clad only in a light sky blue mawashi with swirly cloud like engravings on the hem, front, and back and a matching bra for her breasts that was not the multi bound strap of cloth she normally wore, Akimoto slowly entered into the barb-wireless ring.

Across from her on the opposite end of the ring approached a broad shouldered bathrobe clad figure. Large pink boxing gloves stained red and black covered the figure’s hands and as she approached, Cho saw that she stood a good number of inches- nearly a foot or so- above herself.

“The woman warrior who needs no introduction,” The promoters’ voice blared over the crackling static of the PA system. “weight 300 pounds of pure protein and power, six feet and three inches of towering titian like height, I give you the Mistress of Mayhem, the planetary pugilist herself, ladies, gents and everything in between give it up for Tryaan’s own Brawlia!”

Brawlia threw her brown bordering on black bathrobe into the crowd and grinned wolfishly at Cho. Though a Lucha style mask covered the boxer’s head Cho could nevertheless see the blood lust in her blazing blue eyes and the stocks of thick black hair that stuck out in places where her mask had been damaged from prior fights.

Brawlia pumped a bicep at Cho and the female sumotori was thankful for the blank expression of her mask. Though mostly calm and stoic Cho's experience was primarily against other sumo wrestlers like herself. But this was, as she had learned from the promoter, a boxing match of five rounds, each three minutes each. This was unlike any fight Cho Yoshida had ever been in throughout her 26 years of life. Sumo matches were for the most part traditionally short affairs. Modern matches were slightly longer but even modern sumo lacked the multi round system that boxing had.

I do this for you, Fukiko-chan. Cho thought as she raised a leg up high into the air. No matter what, I do this for you.

With all 370 of her weight behind it Cho's sandal clad foot shook the stage, cracking the pavement that made up the Arena's floor with a spider web of large fissures.

The crowd's silence was deafening. Even Brawlia couldn't help but stare at Cho's display of strength. Then, Brawlia's savage grin returned as she leaped up to the stage. The moment her booted feet landed on the ground rows of barb wired 'rope' shot forth from the four poles that made up the ring, entrapping both female fighters within.

"This will be a series of five rounds, three minutes each." The promoter explained. "The prize: an off world beauty from the Kappa quadrant: One miss Fukiko Makino!"

A spotlight appeared in the distance behind the crowd and Cho could make out the standing figure of her longtime friend and business partner. It took all of Cho's self-control to prevent herself from rushing to her rescue to save her friend but held it together. First, she had a fight to win.

"Fighters, approach!" announced the referee.

Cho and Brawlia did so.

"You think a fat ass like you is gonna beat the Queen of the Ring?" Brawlia asked with a sneer. "Bitch get some big girl pants on and get into a real martial art before you even think about-"

A swift and sudden palm strike to Brawlia's washboard hard abs cut the female boxer off as she let out a sudden gasp of breath and staggered back.

"The bell rang while you were talking." Cho said calmly. "And seeing as how I am at a severe disadvantage, I took an easy shot."

Brawlia simply grinned when she regained her senses. "Good, got some muscle in those thick things you call arms! I like it!" Brawlia shifted her right foot forward and did the same with her hand.

Under her mask, Cho frowned heavily. On top of everything else, her opponent was left handed? Wonderful.

Brawlia shuffled forward and let out a quick jab aimed low at Cho's head. Cho remained unflinching as she planted her feet further into the ground, knocking her sandals off of her feet before doing so. Much to Brawlia's annoyance her jab hit nothing but air. Even with her advantage in height and reach the female boxer was unable to get a good shot at the female sumo's head, her damn gut was too damn big for her to close the distance.

Brawlia rolled back another punch and landed in straight into Cho's gut. Cho grunted as her stomach swelled with pinkness from the punch but her thighs and feet remained unmoved.

"I will make two promises to you tonight, Brawlia." Cho said in a voice just barely loud enough for the two of them to hear. "One is that I will defeat you as a modern sumo even though the rules allow a more liberal take in my fighting tonight. The second is that none of your blows will make me move from my spot: only I will decide when and where my body shall move."

Brawlia let out a sharp, barking laugh. "Arrogant little thing, ain'tcha? Alright, fair is fair. You take me down like a sumo and I'll punch that damn gut of yours black and blue like a true boxer!"

Now Brawlia fought defensively. With her left pink and red stained gloved fist raised up near her chin while the right fist tested the waters with an occasional jab or low right hook aimed at Cho's sides. Cho's hips bucked and gyrated as she weaved out of the incoming blows, occasionally slapping the incoming glove away.

The audience, despite their dark and dank nature, remained silent as the match continued on. Under her mask Cho's lips twitched in a slight frown. She had half expected the barbarous creations to be raising up yells of protest at such an otherwise slow match. The fact that they remained as quiet as they were even with Brawlia's more calculated fighting style worried the sumotori.

Suddenly, Brawlia shot her right fist forward into a straight punch as she reeled in her left glove back to her face. Cho reflexively crouched and felt the air rush above her head as the punch passed harmlessly where her head had been less than a second ago.

Seeing her chance Cho shot back upright and reached up high with her thick arms, latching onto Brawlia's still outstretched arm with a vice-lock grip. Shifting her feet into a single slide Cho yanked with all of her strength, lifting Brawlia off of her feet and sending the boxing flying clean over her bare shoulders.

Brawlia fell to the stone ring with a hard resounding smack that made the entire arena vibrate. With her body shaken from spine to skull Brawlia lay temporarily dazed as the count began.

Cho meanwhile had turned around to keep her mask covered face locked onto her fallen opponent as she glanced down at the fallen giantess of a gladiatrix.

The count got to 8 when Brawlia's eyes shot open and she jumped back onto her feet in a single motion. "Damn," the boxer muttered under her breath as she cracked the vein bulging sinews of her neck and looked Cho over with renewed respect. "You throw hard for a fatso!"

"I am a sumo." Cho stated simply. "We have both stoutness and strength by our nature. You will not beat me tonight."

Much to Cho's mild surprise, Brawlia chuckled. "Maybe not, Akimoto. Maybe not."

Sudden, the bell rang with a sudden harshness that snapped both combatants out of their short conversation.

The fight round was over and both Brawlia and Cho-as-Akimoto returned to their respective corners of the ring.

“How’s it going, fatso?”

Cho blinked under her mask, slightly taken aback by the bouncer’s sudden reappearance.

“You have come to help me?”

“Eh.” The bouncer shrugged. “More management is paying me extra to assist your big bellied self in between rounds like an actual boxing match. They don’t have anything like that in sumo, do they?”

Cho shook her head stiffly.

The bouncer chuckled.

“What do you recommend I do?”

“Surrender, lose that gut of yours, pack some ab muscles like Brawlia, and come back in about ten years or so.”

Cho’s masked face remain silent as she continued looking at her reluctant second, who glanced away and began muttering low gruff space curses.

“Whataya want me to say? She’s taller than ya, has more pure muscle then ya, and old she’s got a longer reach than ya. Face it fastso, Brawlia has you out punched six ways to light speed.”

“Perhaps in terms of punches,” Cho’s head bobbed in acknowledgment. “But sumo is so much more than mere punches. I will find a way to win in the coming rounds.”

The bouncer snorted as he folded his muscular arms across his swollen pecs poking out from his black sleeveless shirt. “I somehow doubt that. Brawlia was only going easy on you that first round, fatty. Getting a feel for the distance between you and her. Next round? She knocks your masked block clean off.”

Cho said nothing and a few moments later the ref signaled for the two fighters to enter the ring for the second round.

The bell rang and once more Brawlia was on the offense while Cho as Akimoto remained firm, her feet planted like the firm roots of strong, and centuries old trees.

Brawlia threw a straight jab, fast and strong, towards Cho’s masked face. Once more Cho ducked with a quick and sudden crouch and only noticed at that last moment the shift in her opponent’s stance and the incoming fist from below.

Cho’s mask took only a fraction of the upper’s power as the belly heavy sumotori stood back up with a slightly dazed look under her identity concealer. Cho felt a trickle of blood flow down from the corner of her mouth. A sumo, by their very nature, did not deal much space truck in punches and Cho was no exception. As a result it took her a few more moments to regain her senses than she would have taken otherwise.

Brawlia, however, was not a fighter to wait as she immediately stormed forward and began throwing forth blow after blow to Cho’s upper body and mask covered face. The mask held, Cho had made sure to

buy a sturdy one before heading to the bowls of Tyrann, but it did nothing to soften or shield her face, from Brawlia's thunderous bruise punches.

But no matter how many jabs or hooks Brawlia smashed into Cho, the sumotori remained standing. Finally, after nearly two and a half minutes of pure hand to hand combative carnage, Cho made her move.

Tensing her entire body Cho shot out a palm strike to Brawlia's bare six pack ab hard stomach. The resulting strike hit true and Brawlia's eyes bulged as she felt the wind rush from her lungs. Cho, now almost a map of pugilist swelling bruises, followed up with a furious flurry of palm blow. Each resulting strike hit with enough force to make Brawlia take an unwilling step back. By the fifth palm strike the two contestants had moved close to the ring's edge, the barbed wire looking more dangerous and real as the two closed in.

Brawalia regained her senses and shot out a strong straight left with as much force as she could muster while Cho did likewise with her follow up palm. Cho's palm clashed against Brawlia's pink and blood stained boxing glove with a dull resounding smack that echoed throughout the ring.

That moment was all Cho needed. Digging her thick strong fingers into Brawlia's out held glove the sumotori rushed forward and slammed her stomach into Brawalia's with as much force as she could manage.

The smack of fat against flesh resounded throughout the ring and Brawalia, to her credit, remained upright for a moment before doubling over at the waist and toppling, crashing to the floor on her bare knees.

The bell clanged madly and that singled the shortened end of the round. Once more Cho and Brawalia returned to their respective corners, Brawalia leaning on the shoulder of someone whom Cho could only assume was her second.

"That, you, how, I-" The bouncer's flabbergasted expression almost made up for the verbal abuse he had thrown Cho's way earlier. Almost that is.

Cho silently wiped the blood from under his mask with her knuckles. "As I said, I am a sumotori and I will win this fight. So, bouncer-san? Now do you have any advice worth giving me that I have proved myself in your ring?"

The bouncer nodded, facial expressions still stunned by Cho's sudden burst of sumo skills.

"You could use that gut of yours like a battering ram again." He suggested with a limp shrug. "Not so soon after the last attempt, mind you. But that gut of yours could act as a good defensive and offensive weapon in the ring."

Behind her now dented mask Cho's eyes gleamed. She almost rolled them but held off against the act out of politeness. "Any other advice?"

"Sumo got much in the way of kicks?"

"Not traditionally, but modern sumo has allowed lower leg sweeps and kicks to the legs and shins to become more popular in the past thousand years or so."

The bouncer nodded, rubbing the scruff of his beard in thought. "Try that next round then. Not saying you'll be the first foe that tried to catch Brawlia off guard with kicks before, but a few well timed unexpected blows could tip things in your favor."

Cho gave a short nod and bowed stiffly. "Thank you very much for your advice, bouncer-san." She said with genuine merit.

The bouncer simply shifted his eyes down to his shoes and muttered something unintelligible. Cho noticed the slight redden of his ears but said nothing as the bell signaled for the third round to commence once more.

Cho and Brawlia made their way back to the center of the ring while the crowd truly began to stir with life. A mix of homegrown and off world curses filled the air as the crowd of scum and spectators were evenly split. Half rooted for Brawlia to pulverize the fat ball of lard into oblivion while the other half cheered for the mysterious sumotori Akimoto. Most who had bet on her had done so as a lark with an only small handful having done so for the sheer difference of variety. Now those that had originally bet on Cho were crying out for her to win, for their own pocket's sake if nothing else.

Cho ignored all of them, her gaze and focus having zeroed in on the only being that mattered in the Galaxy at that moment in time: Brawlia. There were only two rounds left to obtain a decisive victory over her and win Fukiko's freedom back.

Brawlia lifted her left glove in front of her face as she shifted her right foot forward and sticking her right glove out. Cho simply raised her own leg up high and stomped the ring, shaking it beneath their feet.

Brawlia grinned at the sumotori's display of strength and cracked her neck muscles before snorting like a bull.

For a third time the bell rang and for a third time boxer and sumo went at each other.

Cho closed the gap with a slightly faster burst of speed on her end; her gut rammed Brawlia's stomach and groin area with battering ram-like force while Cho latched onto Brawlia's sprawled left arm with a fierce tight grip.

Brawlia wasted no time in delivering a powering straight right to Cho's face. Cho felt her head snap back in recoil and blood start to run from a slightly busted up nose. Though her vision was a dazed blur the sumotori could still make out the fissures of light that were coming from the further cracks in her mask. Somehow Cho knew that her mask had only one more hit left in it before shattering completely and reacted as she delivered a low swift kick to Brawlia's bare knee.

The female boxer let out a pained grunt but reeled her off hand back for another straight mauler aiming for Cho's masked face. Cho's dominate leg swept swiftly as she hooked her foot over the back of Brawlia's ankle and pulled forward while at the same time shrugging forward with her stomach and all of her 370 pounds of mass.

Before Brawlia realized what was happening she was already falling on the back of the balls of her feet, leaning backward at an angle as Tyrann gravity took care of the rest. The entire ring trembled as a collective 670 pounds collided in unison. Brawlia was pinned by Cho's gigantic gut as the veins throbbed on her arms in an attempt to lift the sumotori off of her.

The announcer began the count.

By three Cho was actively trying to keep both of her hands down. By five Brawlia was actively fighting back. By 8, the boxer finally shoved the sumo wrestler off of her and shot back up to her feet. Cho, flipped over on her gut, slowly rose back up and brushed herself off.

“Not bad,” Brawlia rumbled through labored breaths. “Gotta say, you might be a fatass but yer a fatass that can fight!”

Cho-as-Akimoto gave a silent nod of acknowledgment which made Brawlia chuckle in response.

“Though, I’m still going to win this.”

With that dark omen made Brawlia threw herself once more at Cho, this time being the one to close the distance as she began throwing hooks and jabs with both hands with wild abandon. Cho instinctively began bobbing her head out of pure reflex but realized a fraction of a second too late that those blows were all feints; Brawlia had a different target in mind.

In the time it would have taken Cho to do one proper sumo stomp Brawlia had already sunk her left mauler deep into her gut. Though Cho’s stomach was not completely fat in nature, it was not without a certain amount of softness, enough to allow the boxer’s glove to sink into the wrists of her gloves at any rate.

Blood and bile rose up past Cho’s throat but the sumotori kept her jaw clenched and swallowed the mess back down forcefully. Being within perfect range as she was, Brawlia grinned as she threw back her free arm to begin properly whaling on Cho’s defenseless sides. The incoming right hook aimed for Cho’s ribs and was half way to their destination when Cho shot out her arm at an odd angle; the incoming boxing blow negated as Cho effortlessly glided it away from her body and followed up with a powerful straight palm strike to Brawlia’s face.

Brawlia blinked, unfazed relatively by the blow; a palm strike being nowhere near as devastating as a proper punch as a general rule. Instead with her left glove still sunk into Cho’s gut, Brawlia swung back for a straight forward punch to Cho’s breasts.

Once more like a ship jumping to hyperspace one of Cho’s arms shot out and deflected the blow and followed up with a right-left-right chained combo of palm strikes to Brawlia’s six pack muscle hardened stomach. Brawlia reeled back however slightly and figured it was time to change tactics. She motioned her arm to disengage Cho’s stomach. Dread dawned on the Tyrann native when Cho’s gut refused to let go.

“What the hell did you do to my fist?” Brawlia whispered as a cold sweat broke out on her face and neck.

“I should have warned you,” Cho’s tone was coldly stoic as she spoke. “My stomach is like a black hole: Once something becomes a part of it, it will not let go. In short,”

Cho-as-Akimoto then delivered a flurry of lightening quick palm strikes and side chops to Brawlia’s neck, face, and chest. Half a minute later the onslaught of strikes ceased and for a brief moment Brawlia stood as tall and imposing as ever.

“Is that the best you-” Brawlia’s knees buckled from under her as she fell chin first down at Cho’s stomach. Hefting her stomach up with both of her hands Cho flung her stomach into Brawlia’s jaw and the boxer’s teeth comped shut as blackness and the delayed reaction from Cho’s swift strikes finally caught up to the reigning champ of the Arena.

For a moment, Brawlia’s unconscious body stood up right, supported only by her still stuck gloved hand. Cho squeezed the sides of her fat where the glove was and Brawlia’s fist popped out like a cork, after which the female boxer tumbled backward and landed spine side while face unconsciously staring at the ceiling.

A count to ten later and Cho was declared the winner, much to Cho’s hidden relief under her mask as a sudden wave of pain and exhaustion made her knees tremble and her legs quake. Nevertheless, Cho remained upright as she glanced towards the platform where Fukiko had watched the warriors of womanhood battle it out in its entirety. The glance lasted only a fraction of a second but it was enough for Cho to tell that her childhood friend seemed to be relatively intact physically if nothing else.

“Come forth Miss Akimoto and claim your prize!”

Wordlessly Cho did as instructed and less than half an hour both she and Fukiko were making their way towards the exit of the Arena building when a familiar face stopped them.

“That was a hell of a match Akamoto!”

“Aki-moto.” Cho stressed, her fractured mask still on as she did her best to keep her growing stress and exhaustion under check.

“Right, right.” The bouncer said with a dismissive wave. “Point is you can really fight! Hell, with moves like those you could probably take Brawlia’s place as the champ of this rat hole in a few months-“

The bouncer was cut off as both Cho and Fukiko wordless waddled and walked off respectfully.

The bouncer for a moment was confused, then he scowled. “Some people have no sense respect!” he spat.

Outside of the Arena both Japanese women hastened as much as they could with Fukiko’s rail thin frame supporting Cho’s sumo sized bulk.

“I would have thought you’d have-“

“Shuu.” Cho hissed as her masked face glanced around their surroundings.

Fukiko’s lips clamped shut. She understood; there would be time to talk after they had left this kami forsaken star system and returned home to good old Nohin where she had choice plans to enlist the aid of some proper security forces when this was all said and finished.

The two were almost to the Lifts that would carry them to the surface of Tyrann when a voice stopped them.

“Where the hell do ya think yer goin fatass?!”

Cho and Fukiko froze and turned to face the owner of the voice.

Standing in front of them were three Tyrann native low life criminal elements, each as pissed off looking as the last. The one in the middle cracked his brass knuckles, being a Mech that way.

“The three of us had big money riding on Brawlia bein’ the one to win.” The middle one, the apparent leader of the group, snarled with a low static crackle of volume.

“Until you went and happened!” Added the one to Cho’s left, Fukiko’s right.

“Now,” Added the last member with a lusty grin on her face as she drank Fukiko’s body in like an Oktober system brand keg. “We’re gonna get our money’s worth one way or the-“

A sudden burst of green light tore a basketball sized hole in her torso and the female thug fell face front. Dead before even hitting the slim covered metal ground.

“That,” Brawlia growled, laze-pistol held in her right hand. “Was supposed to take her damn head off mid-sentence.” Gun still pointed at the remaining two thugs, she switched the laser firearm to her left hand. “Now, imagine what I can do when I’m aimmin’ with my good hand?”

The two thugs didn’t need to imagine and scampered off with almost comic haste.

“Thank you,” Cho let out a tense breath. Though she would have naturally fought to her last breath to protect Fukiko, the sumotori knew that with the battle against Brawlia as fresh as it was, the odds of their survival would have been low indeed.

Brawlia nodded stiffly. “S’no problem.” The boxer grunted. “Just wanted to make sure that you and yer girlfriend got off’a this hellhole of a planet in one piece.”

“We are both internally grateful.” Fukiko bowed deep with Cho following a moment after.

“Yeah, yeah.” Even in the artificial glow of the Ground Floor both Cho and Fukiko could make out the faint pink glow on the female boxer’s face. “Just get goin’ okay? Wouldn’t recommend sticking around to see the sights if you catch my meanin’.”

“Before we do, I have to ask: How did you know we were close?” Cho decided that correcting Brawlia of her and Fukiko’s true relationship would be pointless and went along with the ‘girlfriend’ idea for the time being.

Brawlia grinned and winked. “Simple: Only da people with someone close to em on the line fight me with that much guts, and if there’s one thing I learned tonight it’s that sumo wrestlers got a hellava lotta guts!”

“We’ll probably never see each other again.” Cho found herself saying with mild surprise. “So I will thank you now for the excellent match.”

Once more, Cho bowed deep and low as a sign of respect and Brawlia gave a small smile in response.

“Probably won’t.” The boxer agreed with a nod. “But if I fight any more of yer sumo kin I ain’t gonna underestimate them like I did you, got it?”

Under her mask, Cho smiled. “I do.”

With that both sumotori and businesswoman made their ascension to the Cross Way and a few scant hours later they were traveling in Cho's personal spacecraft as they left both the planet Tyrann and Tyranni system as a whole in their spacedust wake.

It was only when they had reached the Kappa system that the two lifelong friends turned to one another.

"Are you okay?" Cho asked softly, her mask finally removed and her face and body now swaddled in body regenerating bandages and cloths. The sumotori had elected to stay in the same light sky blue mawashi and matching bra until they reached their HQ.

"Yes," Fukiko nodded. "I'll need to seek professional help for this ordeal but I think I'll be alright given enough time. What about you?"

"I..." Cho paused as the words became stuck in her throat like a lodged piece of sushi. "I am glad you are back." Cho gave her friend the first genuine smile in a fortnight as she leaned back into her couch-like chair and allowed her healing fat body to finally rest and relax. "And I am very tired and hurt everywhere."

Cho admitted in an absentminded tone a few moments later.

"Well," Fukiko smiled. "I think I know just the thing that will cure your battle wounds and fighting fatigue."

Suddenly a ravenous roar erupted from Cho's spherical blue and blacken mawashi clad stomach.

Cho looked down at it, her blue eyeliner covered eyes staring at it thoughtfully.

"It would seem that my stomach agrees with you."

"Your stomach has always been your wisest organ." Fukiko nodded with a somber expression before bursting out into a fit of giggles.

Though Cho was not the laughing sort by nature, she soon found herself joining in with big belly laughs of her own. As the two Japanese women's laughter echoed throughout the small craft they knew that whatever else would happen that they would face it together.