



Meowkazawa sighed. He entered the condo he shared with Yumi— and the rest of her party of misfits. Garbage littered the living room, dining room, and kitchen. He only was gone for a week, and none of the adults in the house failed to keep up their promise of holding down the fort. Grease-stained paper plates were bountiful. Dejected pizza boxes from multiple franchises accompanied them for “variety”; oh, the red of Pizza hot, the American colors of Dominos, and the classic Italian green and red (perfect for Christmas holidays). Red solo cups that would haunt even the most diehard country singer’s dream filled every square centimeter of table space. Discarded bottles of hard liquor made Meowkazawa the most worried. Yumi never was a drinker until she returned to America and started hanging out with Jack.

God damn, that dinsoaur-mask-wearing-son-of-a-bitch.

Meowkazawa fought valiantly against his desire to turn in for the night. He knew he deserved a catnap after that long flight across the Pacific. He knew he wouldn’t. His return to Japan wasn’t pleasurable at all. His wife refused him the right to visit their kids— if they were his! As if he was the one that cheated! All that money was squandered on a plane ticket. At least, he dropped in on Yumi’s father. That motivated Meowkazawa to double down on his efforts to stop the pure, naive, and sometimes outright stupid Yumi from being completely corrupted by American culture. How much farther did Japan have to submit to American cultural superiority? They kowtowed to them decades ago. Couldn’t they leave this one, sweet little girl alone? He was salty.

He tried to convince Yumi to abandon her dreams of conquering professional wrestling.

Queendom was the pinnacle of women wrestling in Meowkazawa's opinion. The more technically-talented female competitors in the world competed against each other. But it wasn't Supreme Championship Wrestling, where the top women often dominated. Including men much much bigger than them. She wanted to climb onto that mechanical bull, not believing it could ever fling her off. Yet it had. EMERGE happened. While she spent most of her time in that small company, which rested in SCW's shadow for almost all her tenure there, she did excel. She tripped at the biggest moment when she was unable to conquer that promotion. And those bright stars struggled when they finally moved up to the big leagues, that if SCW even signed them.

Ever since Under Attack, they hadn't used her. Now Shaun Cruze left. He expected Yumi to show some signs of depression, but nothing. Except for the partying. They partied. They drank up their budget. Luckily, Yumi trusted him with the finances, so he had siphoned enough of her payday to pay for rent, and groceries, then reserve some for travel. He noted the clock. It was mid-afternoon, and she still was in bed. She's a professional athlete! She needed to spend time down at the gym. She needed to study tape. Not binge on doordash delivery and downing whatever the night's choice drink was!

Finally, passing his breaking point. Meowkazawa knocked on the princess's door, which opened due to not being latched. There laying with her bare ass up in the air and blowing bubbles in a puddle of her own drool, was Yumi. Next to her was Jack. Fucking Jack! Jack seemed to notice him. His eyes widened, showing the whites. Perhaps Jack saw the fierce rage burning in Meowkazawa's eyes because he lunged from the bed. He snatched his dinosaur mask, strapped it on, and scurried out of the room. Meowkazawa didn't know why the sight made his blood boil. He figured they were intimate. Jealousy? Protectiveness? Some sort of cross between the sick feeling of his wife's betrayal and that haunting sense of his daughter being in danger. Having that effect made any good man turn berserk.

He didn't care if Jack stood a foot taller. He didn't care. He weighed a hundred pounds heavier. Meowkazawa stepped in Jack's path of retreat, lowered his shoulder, and lifted Jack. He swung Jack out of the room and through a nearby side table. The table imploded underneath both men's weights with a crack louder than a gunshot. Meowkazawa growled as he stood, peeking in, and still, Yumi slept. Meowkazawa tiptoed and closed the door because he didn't want to wake her for what came next.

"Shit, that hurt!" Jack cried.

"Shh, she's sleeping!"

"Shit, that hurt," Jack repeated, much softer.

"Better. Now get up. I'm not finished with you yet."

“Old man, I’m going to kick your ass—” Jack spat. He fought to his feet, and came at Meowkazawa. This time a straight but slow execution made Meowkazawa believe he was in the Matrix. He Keanua Reeved around the punch before kneeing Jack in the gut. He spun around and lifted him with all his might, his face flushed with the shade of a bright cherry. Meowkazawa dropped Jack onto the coffee table, this time with a german suplex. Solo cups fired in every direction. The impact created another crash that echoed in the condo. Enough air pressure knocked open Yumi’s bedroom door, which slowly drifted. Meowkazawa looked in to see Yumi still slept while Jack cried out in sharp pain.

“Shit, that really hurt this time!”

“Shhh, she’s sleeping.”

“Shit, that really hurt this time,” Jack repeated, much softer.

“Good. That’s what you deserve. Get up and take your beating like a man.”

“Old man, I think you broke my rib, perhaps burst my spleen— yeah, right, I’m not going down that easily!” Jack spat. He slowed to a crouching position until he lunged forward, but again Meowkazawa foretold the attack far too early. He spun around Jack’s attempt at the spear, knowing full well now that Jack had never really fought in a day of life. Seeing his failure, Jack crumbled down onto the floor, sticking one hand up while holding his side. He waved the white flag.

Jack conceded in a whisper, “Shit, this really hurt. I don’t know what I did to you man, I’m sorry. Please stop.”

“Good, stay down. I’m going to lecture you on your wrongful ways. Let me catch that door first—”

She was standing at the door with a toss blanket draped around her torso, barely covering the important bits. She puffed her cheeks out in anger, showing an unusual redness. Jack backed slowly away from the confrontation between the manager and the wrestler. She glanced back at the timid dinosaur-pretending-young-man and back at the cat-mask-wearing-middle-aged-man. Meowkazawa felt the heat radiate off her body. An explosion was about to occur.

“Look Yumi, I can explain—” Meowkazawa started.

“He hit me! He hit me repeatedly!” Jack cried.

“EEEEEEEXXXXPLLOSSSION!” Yumi unleashed her battle cry before flying upwards, connecting with a knee underneath the jaw. The hit sent Meowkazawa flying back into Jack. For a moment, Meowkazawa gained forbidden sight that tingled his dirty old man senses. But now, he spluttered in a daze on Jack’s lap. Jack draped an arm over Meowkazawa.

“Do it again!” Jack called out.

“Bad Beezle!” Yumi turned her attention.

“What did I do—?”

“You rawr. Don’t speak. And you want to gang up on Meowkazawa. Both of you are bad! Bad-bad-bad-bad-bad men!”

“He started—”

“YUYO has NEVER— EVER— seen Meowkazawa act like a brute, dear YUYOSHI. He must have had good reason.”

“I caught him peeking in your bedroom while you were buck naked— and— and— he went ballistic. I was only trying to defend your honor! My sweet magnificent’s princess’s honor and virtue!” Jack scrambled for words. Meowkazawa had never heard the man speak so much in one sitting, especially before Yumi. He typically responded with his usual ‘rawr’. Nervous. That was right, Meowkazawa sensed his trembling. The man was super nervous and blathered about as a result.

“I’m sorry, Yumi. I checked on you and saw you two were in bed. And you were in an indecent position— I don’t know, I was enraged. I know it’s your right to choose to do whatever you want with whomever and whatever, but there’s something about him!” Meowkazawa rolled over to Jack, taking a seat beside him. He speculated that Yumi would attack if he went to stand.

“Beezlebubble and me? Doing— doing— doing that stuff together?” Yumi instantly blushed.

“You’re both young. You’re both chock full of hormones.”

“He’s— he’s— My YUYOSHI! Gross! And YUYO’s a princess and all that!”

“Princesses also have needs to be met.”

“Gross! Stop, Meowkazawa! Stop! No sex talk from you!” Yumi seemed to be ready to implode now. A bright scarlet flush shaded her cheeks. She seemed frozen in time, almost in a daze. She was indeed embarrassed. Maybe he had been wrong about her chastity, or lack thereof.

“But why was he sleeping with you? While you were naked!”

“YUYO trusts him! He’s my friend! My gay friend!”

“He’s gay?” Meowkazawa looked over at Jack. He knew that wasn’t true. They spoke a few times, trying to establish a mutual understanding. He wasn’t saying anything. He looked down, shaking even more.

“Why else would he wear that mask? He’s into that thing.”

“Heterosexual men wear masks too! We have kinks!”

“Stop! Tell him, my YUYOSHI!”

“I can’t lie anymore. Yumi- YUYO! I- I’m not gay,” Jack revealed. He pushed his index fingers in together. He shied away from looking towards her. Ashamed of misleading, a little too late for that. Yumi’s jaw dropped, and she stood frozen. Somehow the intensity of the red grew even greater. Meowkazawa watched her stunned mind make calculations. Every time she let her guard down, every time she exposed herself to Jack. “But, Yumi. I love you. I do anything to stay by your side. Wear this mask all day. Cuddle next to you—”

“Stop! Stop! Stop! No more talking. I’m- YUYO is angry with you. Both of you!”

“Hey, what did I do? I think my actions have been justified.”

“You’re a pervert, too, Meowkazawa. Both of you are baka! HENTAI baka!” Yumi yelled. She clutched the blanket even closer to her body, realizing that from their view, she was exposed. Not that Meowkazawa noticed or anything. Jack was too filled with shame to look in her direction. She snorted and swung shut the door. She repeated her insults in the room, hurling at both men.

“BAKA!”

“This is your fault,” Jack uttered.

“HENTAI!”

“My fault? You conned her long enough! I only had the best intentions!” Meowkazawa responded.

“BAKA!”

“She wouldn’t be so upset at us if you only played it cool.”

“HENTAI!”

“Do I have to hit you again? Because I really want to hit you again. Punks like you are why the world’s going to shit.”

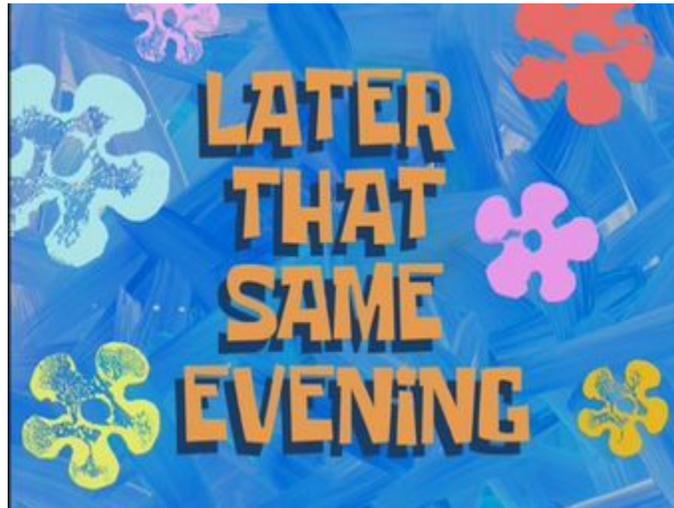
“BAKA!”

“Old men like you, sticking their nose into places they don’t—”

“Both of you! We head to the land of the Home Depot, now!” Yumi shouted from her doorway. She used the time in the bedroom to dress and dress indeed. She wore her most modest clothes, a very long skirt that fell to her ankles. A black sweat covered her arms. She didn’t want to show any skin now to either man, who she deemed perverted beyond repair. Yumi might now consider all men to be perverts, which Meowkazawa wouldn’t argue with. He might know how to conduct himself; however, he had dirty thoughts and the browser history to back them up.

“What do we need from there?” Meowkazawa asked.

“No talking back! We go now!”



“How long exactly will we have to do this?” Jack asked.

“Plus, given our budget, was it wise to spend money on this?” Meowkazawa followed up.

“Punishment time means no talking! Silence! YUYO demands it!” Yumi responded. She dusted her hands, seeming proud of her handy work. They stood on the back patio for everyone in their area to see. Both men held steel buckets of water at their sides. San Deigo was decent this time of year, so Meowkazawa didn’t mind; however, the question became how long Yumi would make them stand outside like this. He only had to do this once in his schooling, the only time he was late to class. He hoped that he now had greater endurance. Jack had no chance.

“Good night,” Yumi said.

“Wait!” Both men called out.

CLICK! The patio doors clicked with a lock. Meowkazawa sighed, wondering how more dysfunctional can this crew become. They resorted to lies and acts of violence. Immoral behavior all around, and now they were corrupting his pure heart. He truly was a gentleman. That was why his wife, err ex-wife, fell in love with him. She saw the sweetness in his heart and the candidness of his soul. He was an honest man, but these days, he almost felt like he was living a lie. No— he mustn't fall into such nonsensical thinking. He was still noble. He slipped for a moment, but he won't be a brute again. He will go back to being a gentleman here on out—

“You know this sucks. And this is all your fault—” Meowkazawa swung his bucket and nailed Jack in his dick.

— starting now.

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