

“What do you think about the new hopefuls that came in last month, Master Mewtwo?”

The Musharana let out a shudder as his body settled, making itself a bit more comfortable in the expansive seating area the teahouse had made ready for himself and his fellow Sumo Master. Mewtwo sipped at his own tea while quietly testing its quality in the meantime, listening to the Musharana's rumbling gut and the oncoming maelstrom further down.

“There's something lacking Tochinoshin. It isn't girth – that's a function of time. However-
nnggh.. Bwurphhbb-”

Tea was the ideal followup to a meal, it helped settle the nerves and the belly alike and that was crucial for proper cultivation of the physique they required. Mindset in particular was key, Tochinoshin lifted his tea to his lips via simple telekinesis and a great deal of discipline. One *needed* that kind of discipline to maintain concentration while at the peak of Sumo. Toshinoshin shared a glance across the sprawling expanse of his own bulk to the Mewtwo next to him. Both of their bodies were vaguely defined gelatinous hillsides of blubber long past any hope of moving on their own, but-

“They lack *focus*. If any of our new students were to- *HwurPHHBB-*”

A slow breath followed as Mewtwo centered himself and poured a bit more tea, but the delay lasted a bit longer as Toshinoshin watched the staff of the tea house approach the Sumo Master's front. The pair both had *massive* chests, one did not achieve their level of mastery without such. Such things required tending to from time to time, and the staff of the tea house was ready for that. Mewtwo weathered the intense stimulation from the smaller pokemon climbing him like a feature of the landscape to begin the multi-person process of milking his moobs with more composure than Toshinoshin did, but that was why he was the Master.

At least this time his tea cup didn't waver and he didn't spell anything, that much made the Musharana feel accomplished. It wasn't quite the total control his peer was showing off though. The Mewtwo's tea set didn't so much as quiver when the milking started.

“Were to attempt a proper midday tea ritual there would be shattered porcelain and jade as far as they e- *Urphhb-* eye can see.”

Toshinoshin nodded, or at least he gestured like one as much as his gargantuan form allowed him to. It still got the point across, between subtle body language and maybe a little telepathic contact since their bellies were pressing against one another they understood one another perfectly. Which would've made all the talking irrelevant save that it would be rude to the non psychic-types.

“Oh come n- *HWURPHHB*- now.. there's *some* hope for them. That grumpig, at least-”

The only response to that was a non-committal grunt. The mewtwo wasn't quite so hopeful as his partner was, but both of them were getting a little too relaxed to keep their thoughts on anything other than the midday tea ceremony. At least, too much so to do any real talking about it. That link from their enormous, sweaty bodies touching still provided something to work with. Toshinoshin let himself sink into the experience. Tea on his lips, hands on his moobs relieving pressure one way, his catastrophic ass letting it out another.

It would work out like it always did. Some of the students would wash out early. Some of them would eat themselves into useless immobility and fail to learn the psychic talent to have their minds take over for their bodies, leaving them beached and helpless. Others..? Well, that grumpig -did- have potential.. Maybe it would be tea for three someday.