

today.

"It's probably because you don't have any age."

"I think children's talking skills are not as good as our generation, Waldur".

Blasko's warm words warmly touch Waldur's heart.

"And what you're showing on the ring is all acting, right?" I know you're kind and warm."

Waldur can't help but be surprised by the fans who have observed his inner self or the back of the stage. In a way, Blasko doesn't know why Waldur himself, like a puppet used for entertainment, is so caring. Waldur feels great gratitude to Blasko. Waldur's personality was the calmest of all professional wrestlers, although he acted as if he were a tyrant on the ring. Of course, there was no professional wrestler who could follow Waldur's fighting skills and power. So Waldur was acting as a policeman who stopped and restrained rough colleagues backstage.

"Hey, calm down, there's nothing good about getting excited."

Waldur used his power only then if his opponent did not calm down even if he persuaded him with words. He often fainted or injured his excited opponent even though he used light force on his opponent. In particular, his ultimate policeman skills were amateur wrestling skills. Most of his professional wrestling colleagues, who were caught in the back while lifting their opponents and folding them in half, fainted.

"How come they can't last a minute if I use this skill?"

It was Waldur, scratching his head without thinking about his power.

"Don't mess around in front of Waldur".

"Yes, if you want to be a player for a long time, you have to be careful of what you do in front of Waldur!"

Thanks to Waldur, it was noticeable that the frequency of bench-clearing or fighting in professional wrestling scenes decreased significantly. In addition, Waldur tried hard to greet adults first or approach fans. For Blasko, Waldur was a dark knight on the ring and a polite and warm-hearted angel under the ring. To Waldur, who looked depressed on the ring today, Blasko was grateful to deliver warm words. Waldur was able to clear up his confused mind thanks to Blasko.

"Can we talk more, Waldur?"

"Of course, I think it's still time." First, the locker room is empty, so let's continue the conversation a little bit more."

Fortunately, there was no one in the locker room. Sitting in a chair, Blasko and Waldur decide to continue the conversation.

"What does Blasko do for a living?"

"I'm a cadet at the Naval Academy."

"How did you become a cadet?"

"I had a precious grandfather. He loved me every time he saw me, hugged me, and said good things to me. But he died for his country during the operation. I also wanted to continue my grandfather's spirit, so I entered the Naval Academy."

"That's a cool reason." Your grandfather in heaven will be happy, too."

"Blasko, do you have any questions for me?"

"Hmm... How did Waldur end up doing professional wrestling?"

"I was interested in the job of wrestler because I had such an excellent physical and perfect impression. People around me also actively recommended it. Before professional wrestling, I played amateur wrestling and martial arts.

"Waldur, how was your amateur wrestling life?"

"I flew around in amateur wrestling when I was in high school. "I've won two consecutive national championships, and I've also won the world championships."

"As expected, the best wrestler can see that sprout from an early age, right didn't you become an amateur player?"

"The national team asked me to come. Amateur wrestling can cause real people to die while playing. In addition, I had to participate in the Olympics, but it was too much pressure to carry the wheel. The burden was greater than preference."

"What about martial arts?"

"My personality doesn't like to beat my opponent for real, so I refused and went to professional wrestling. There's some script here."

"You're a villain now, but you're still recognized for your abilities."

"In a way, that's right."

"No matter what role you play, I learn a lot from Waldur's hard work."

Waldur's two cheeks heat up shyly.

"Waldur, have you ever worked out other than martial arts in high school?"

"Rugby. I still play it sometimes."

"I love rugby, too!" What was your role?"

"I'm Line Man."

"What do you mean, when you look at your body, it's a role that suits you."

"Honestly, I remember that the rugby ball lightly hugged me even if I didn't move much." Once I threw myself, many players would fall out like scarecrows."

"You would have done a good job as a real rugby player."

"Rugby is fun, but I don't think I'm interested in it." It was a boring event than amateur wrestling. Then, what role is Blasko playing?

"I'm currently a quarterback in the football team of the Naval Academy."

"Quarterback, it's a very important role." First of all, you have to pierce all the defenders, so you have to be athletic. You have to memorize the game well because you have to remember it all. I also thought you were an unusual quarterback.

"I'm just like a member of the national team."

"Ai, I know that the Navy Academy team will later become part of the Navy rugby team and play American football. Well, the naval academy team often wins the American football professional team."

"We'll have to practice hard so that we can be like that."

Waldur's huge muscles in Blasko's eyes, which were talking about, were enough to distract him.

"Do you have any questions"?

"Oh, excuse me. Can I touch your muscles?"

"Do as you please, what's so difficult about that?"

"Of course, I'll be careful when I touch it."

Blasko slowly touches Waldur's muscles.

From Waldur's vast shoulders, it passes through the forearms, chest, abs, and legs one by one. Waldur's huge coke also bothers Blasko, but we'll move on for now. Blasko himself was famous for being in good shape at the Naval Academy. However, Waldur's body was at a different level. It feels

like a stone was carved on a bone and glued with glue. Blasko first knew that human muscles could be this hard.

"Wow, that's amazing." I think it's the muscles themselves."

"I'm shy to hear that."

"Do you have any secrets?"

"My body aches now if I don't exercise for a day. You have to do something, running at full speed in the neighborhood or blowing a hook on a hard tree in front of the house. I think you can get used to exercising like breathing and do a lot of muscle exercises."

"What's the representative one?"

"There's weight training. Blasko, how much weight do you weigh now?"

"I'm holding about 60kg."

"That's not enough. You should be able to do weight training similar to your weight."

Waldur teaches Blasko his fitness tips.

"That's a great tip." Thank you. I'll try it."

"Blasko, let me show you some wrestling skills".

"I love it."

It was Blasko, who had a rare opportunity in life to take wrestling lessons from his idol.

"First of all, let's start with the gorilla press. You can just think of gorilla press as its name is. It's a technique that lifts and throws like lifting weights over your head."

Blasko himself weighs more than 100 kilograms (220 pounds) and was worried if Waldur would be able to hear him. However, such concerns were tilted. Without giving him time to resist, Waldur lifted Blasko his head. To Waldur, Blasko seemed as light as a feather. On the other hand, Blasko feels scared when he floats 2m (6.9 feet) high.

"I'll do it until I throw it."

Suddenly, Blasko's body falls quickly to the ground. He feels like his body will be sucked into the ground. Fortunately, Waldur quickly grabs his body and lifts it just before Blasko gets stuck in the ground.

"How do professional wrestlers fight against this power?"

"That's why I'm a pro, right? Next time, I'll try a bear hug. I'll slowly give you strength, so try it. If you can't stand it, I surrender! You can tell me that. Okay, let's get started."

Waldur grabs Blasko's spine and begins to tighten like an ant hell using his huge arm. Blasko uses his power to get out as much as possible. In particular, he tries to counterattack by taking advantage of the fact that his arm is out. However, in front of Waldur's enormous power, he feels helpless "hitting a rock with an egg." Gradually, Blasko's strength begins to fall out. If Waldur puts a little strength, his body will become powder and crumble.

"Submit!"

"Already! You're only 30% of your strength."

"This is only 30% of your strength?" "I can't tell how strong you are with my strength."

"But you endured a lot. Most people ask me to relax because they feel suffocated just by taking a posture."

These were meant to be by God. There were too many common denominators for their interests and tastes. They also liked each other's warm personalities. The two quickly became close through wrestling and talking. It's already been three hours since the two of them talked. They were too desperate for the time to flow.

"Oh, I have to take the bus back to school in 20 minutes. "I should get going."

"It's too bad that I have to lock the backstage now."

"When are you coming out?"

"I can only go out on weekends. I think I'll go out on Saturday to watch the game next time."

The two felt a strong liking for each other. Their feelings for each other were more than friends. Blasko fell in love with Waldur. Waldur's rough appearance and delicate and pure personality, contrary to his huge body, melted his heart. And Blasko also wanted to caress Waldur's huge body. On the contrary, Waldur liked Blasko's sturdy and agile body. Also, Blasko's heart, which had been frozen in Blasko's warm heart, which had taken Waldur himself out of the dark abyss, began to beat hard again. Also, I thought that Blasko could support Waldur's huge body.

"Hey, why don't we exchange numbers?"

"We don't have much age difference anyway, so let's call each other comfortably, Blasko."

"I was waiting for your words, Waldur. Let's go out..."

"Okay. Let's meet again next weekend, Blasko."