**Furry Fight Chronicles New Generation:**

**Combagal Training**

The next morning…

Megumi and Akira were asleep in their room. This time Megumi did not have another nightmare like yesterday. Despite this, there were still some questions that were going to bother her again once she had enough time to think. Who was that mysterious lady from her dreams? How could she know someone that she hadn’t met before? Becoming a Combagal was going to put those questions on hold, but it wasn’t going to give her the answers that she needed.

 The door opened slowly and an air horn came out.

PIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

“Aaaaaaahhhh!” Megumi and Akira screeched out at the loud noise

POW!

The two fell out of bed when they heard that loud noise. They groaned in pain from falling off their beds and from the ringing in their ears. As they stood up, they saw that the person responsible was Cookie.

“Wake up!” Cookie ordered. “Up! Up! Up! Wake up, you lazy girls! Your future is waiting for you in the ring! Come on! Come on!”

“Oh… Grandma Cookie?” Megumi blinked before looking at the clock, gasping upon seeing the time at which the squirrel chose to wake them up. “It's 5:30 AM!”

“What’s wrong with you, Grandma Cookie?” Akira complained as she massaged the inside of her ears with her finger claws. “Why’d you wake us up like this and so early in the morning?”

“You are now Combagals,” Cookie declared. “And from now on, you are going to get used to the demands of being a Combagal, such as the training schedule!”

“As far as I know the Combagals train at 7 AM,” Megumi pointed out, having made her research about the Combagal lifestyle many years ago.

“And that's the biggest mistake the current Combagals make,” Cookie declared. “They have to wake up very early before their opponents! So waking up at 7 AM is not gonna cut it.”

“But I saw the documentaries of the legendary Donkizari,” Megumi pointed out her sources to the squirrel. “She stated that she woke up at 7 AM.”

“Don't you correct your grandmother!” Cookie shouted angrily. “Go to the living room now, your mothers are waiting for you!”

“What if you let us sleep for about 5 more minutes?” Akira yawned as she got back into her bed. “Or maybe 10 more minutes?” Akira fell asleep on her bed. Megumi stared at her with envy for falling asleep so quickly, but Cookie was trembling with fury as she lifted the air horn again. Megumi wisely covered up her ears for what was about to happen.

PIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

“Aaaahhh” Akira fell off from her bed again. “Okay, I'm coming!” The vixen went to the living room with Megumi, complaining all the while. “God... I didn't remember that grandma was very strict with training.”

“She only does it so that we can be ready and strong to start our Combagal careers so that we can follow our mothers' legacy as Team Starkiller,” Megumi pointed out.

“Yes, but why so early?” Akira complained with a yawn. “I was having a dream about a sexy girl and a handsome boy and that we were cuddling with each other…”

“Yes, yes, yes!” Megumi interrupted her with a disgusted face. “I already understood your point, Akira! Don't continue!”

“What?” Akira flashed Megumi a mischievous smile. “Don't you have fantasies about Kazuko?”

“What?” Megumi blushed at the accusation. “No! Shut up, you stupid vixen!”

Upon reaching the living room, they saw that their mothers were busy doing something. Muko was trying to set up an Image Projector. Meanwhile, Kalita was in the other room making calculations of the debts and bills that they now had to pay after the pizza incident that Megumi and Akira had with Nina at school. She was wearing her glasses that she used to wear when she went to school.

At first glance, Kalita was up all night long doing calculations and there were 7 empty coffee glasses on the table, indicating that Kalita drank coffee to stay awake all night long. Upon seeing how stressed out Kalita was, Megumi and Akira felt guilty for what happened at school, realizing how many more debts and bills their mothers would have to pay for their actions yesterday.

“Hey, girls!” Muko beamed upon seeing Akira and Megumi before turning to Kalita. “They woke up, Kalita!”

“Yes,” Megumi yawned as she tried to fight off her sleep. “We woke up from our nap,” she noticed the projector that Muko was trying to set up. “Are we going to watch a movie?”

“I thought the same thing,” Muko chuckled before frowning with disappointment. “But Cookie told me that it wasn’t for movies. This is to show you how you can be great Combagals, although I don't know what great Combagals meant if you're already big girls. Anyway, I made popcorn to see it, would you like some?”

“No thanks, Mom,” Megumi frowned a bit.

“Why not?” Muko tilted her head. “You two love popcorn. You even complain about seeing movies without it.”

“It’s just that, my nose’s been tingling since yesterday,” Megumi admitted with a blush. “For some reason, the smell of corn reminds me of Nina's feet.”

“Yes,” Akira made an expression of disgust. “Damn Nina, because of her I can't eat fried foods anymore because they smell and taste like her paws.”

“Well, you get used to it.” Muko shrugged her shoulders. “All Combagals with paw pads have the same smell. You learn to ignore it after you’ve gotten used to some well-placed kicks in the nose.”

Megumi and Akira stared at her in confusion.

“I got plenty of experience,” Muko chuckled, remembering how many times she’d been kicked in the face by barefoot Combagals that had paw pads with the exact same smell.

“You can talk about corn chip paws later,” Kalita interrupted the conversation. “I already made them eggs and bacon. They are at the table.”

 “I’m coming,” Akira ran to the kitchen.

 “You cheater!” Megumi complained as she chased the vixen into the kitchen.

“Don't fight!” Kalita ordered them. “There are eggs and bacon for both of you!” The vixen sighed in frustration at the two young girls. “Damn it! Those girls really manage to give me headaches. Now I understand how the orphanage workers and teachers felt when I was a rebellious brat.”

“How much debt do we have now?” Muko got behind Kalita to check on her calculations.

“You won’t like hearing the results,” Kalita massaged her temples impatiently. “If my fucking boss doesn't raise my salary, I'm going to have to find another shitty job.”

“Yes, me too,” Muko sounded tired. “The store hasn't been doing well lately. And I might get fired too.”

“How can that be?” Kalita asked, trying to not keep his temper from flaring. “Aren’t you the only worker in that store? And don’t you get along well with your boss?”

“Well... yes,” Muko sounded confused. “But lately all the Concatta stores are replacing people with those faceless robots and technological machines. What do they call it? Intelligent Robots? No... Artificial machines? That’s not it. I think they’re called…”

“Artificial Intelligence,” Kalita answered for her. “AI.”

“Yes, that's it!” Muko nodded. “Artificial Intelligence! I remember now. But I don't understand what that means. Do robots make artificial ice cream with brains to make people smarter?”

“Huh?” Kalita stared at Muko as if she’d grown a second head. “No, Muko, what it means is... well... it's... hm... Shit!” Kalita scratched her head as she tried to figure out a simplified way to make Muko understand what AI meant. “It's complicated to explain to you, Muko. All I can tell you is that it's going to screw us all. Like that movie we saw last week. Remember *Attack of the Space Robots?* That’s what I meant.”

“Space robots?!” Muko trembled with fear as she imagined robots destroying every living being to take control of the planet.

“Well, my old Combagals,” Cookie entered into the living room, indirectly saving Kalita from trying to calm Muko down. “It's time to revive the Team Starkiller with the new generation.”

“But you are older than us,” Muko pointed at Cookie, believing that the squirrel intended to fight in the next matches.

“That's not what I meant, you silly rabbit!” Cookie yelled at Muko with the same fury she did many years ago.

“And was it necessary to wake them up at half past 5 in the morning with that air horn?” Kalita questioned her adoptive mother with an annoyed expression. “You'll get us kicked out of the apartment for waking up the neighbors, Mom.”

“It was,” Cookie gave her adoptive mother a cheeky smile. “But it was necessary for the girls to wake up earlier. Hehehe!”

“You never woke us up at that time when we were Combagals,” Kalita pointed out.

“Yeah,” Muko nodded. “I used to wake up earlier than you back when we started training. You were so cute when you slept, Cookie.”

“True,” Cookie blushed at the compliment. “But today's young Combagals are lazier than the old-school Combagals. Thanks to advanced technology, no one takes being a Combagal seriously anymore. And that is something I am not going to allow to happen to my granddaughters.”

“Is that why you brought this old projector?” Muko pointed at the projector that she’d been trying to set up all morning.

“It was my father's,” Cookie got sad as she mentioned her departed father. They had a complicated relationship, but she still missed him. “I kept it since I left home. I never used it, but I was saving it when the time came for my granddaughters to become Combagals.”

“Did you already know that Akira and Megumi were going to be Combagals?” Kalita asked, feeling that Cookie was once again making a bet in a hypothetical scenario like she always did.

“Of course,” Cookie stood up on top of a table. “Even before you two retired, I knew they would take your places! That's why I had everything ready for when that day would arrive!”

“Wow, Cookie!” Muko’s eyes turned into stars. “Not only were you our manager for 20 years, but now you are our daughters' manager. That’s like a legacy right there.”

“Ah, well… about that girls…” Cookie stared at Muko and Kalita with a conflicted expression.

Muko and Kalita look at Cookie with concern at Cookie's sad face.

 “Listen, I can’t be their manager,” Cookie said with a defeated expression.

“Why not?” Kalita asked her mother with concern.

“Look at me!” Cookie pointed at herself. “I'm old now! And I'm already in my last years before-”

“Noooo, Cookie!” Muko hugged Cookie sadly, tears streaming down her face. “I don't want you to die soon!”

 POW!

“I'm not going to die, idiot!” Cookie smacked Muko in the head with the air horn. “I'm in my last years before retiring, and Daikarin is also in her last years before retiring with me. Snuggly and Sleepy will take our place as POP Puppy-Puppy Dance's manager.”

“But then, who is going to be the manager of our daughters then if not you or Daikarin-sensei?”

“Don’t worry, Muko,” Cookie smiled reassuringly at her most loyal Combagal. “I already have the solution. Because now you will be Megumi and Akira's managers!”

PFFFFTTTT!

Akira spat out her coffee upon hearing Cookie’s announcement. Akira and Megumi were too busy eating their breakfast and fighting off sleep to pay attention to the conversation.

“What?” Kalita coughed a bit. “Muko and I are going to be their managers?!”

 “Yes,” Cookie simply nodded, as if she’d answered an easy question.

“Wow!” Muko perked up. “Now I will be my daughter’s manager. Sounds great!”

“No, it's not Muko!” Kalita glared at the rabbit before focusing on Cookie. “Mom, with all due respect, but you are a dwarf idiot!”

“For a squirrel I am tall!” Cookie said her catchphrase before focusing on the main point of the conversation. “Why do you think that? Didn't you say you wanted another job?”

“Yes, but not that one!” Kalita smacked her hand against her head. “We have a lot of debts to pay and now you want to add more debts!”

“Hey, think about it!” Cookie put her fingers on her temples as if pointing at the brain inside of her head. “A manager can earn more money and Combagals can charge even more to appear in commercials and have sponsors. And the matches can earn you more money whether you win or lose, Kalita! Have you forgotten about that?”

“Oh yeah?” Kalita poked Cookie on the chest. “And why aren't we living in a mansion like you say? Managers are not only people who make money just for the sake of it. They are also the ones who pay for accessories, sponsors, brands, and all that shit!” Kalita listed all of the responsibilities that were going to come with the job. “Plus, we hardly made any money in our matches when we were Combagals! We didn’t get paid when we lost and when we barely got anything when we won! Everyone hated us, even global companies didn't want to make merchandise out of us.” Kalita then took some poorly made action figures of herself and Muko to shove in Cookie’s face. “And if they did, it was only to humiliate us by making them of poor quality!”

“Well, I don't know about you, but I did like the pillows of our beaten faces,” Muko puffed her chest proudly. “They caught our good angle even when we were bruised and bleeding.”

“Those weren't pillows,” Kalita glared at Muko. “They were small punching bags!”

“Daughter, I understand your point of view,” Cookie grabbed Kalita’s cheeks with her hands to make her see eye to eye. “It was not easy to be a manager with the few resources I had after what happened in my past. But don't worry, I'm going to teach you how to be a professional manager.”

“Will you be our teacher?” Muko asked, excited to learn something new from the squirrel who became a second mother to her.

“Yes,” Cookie relished on training Muko and Kalita again, even if it was in a different context than their furry fighting days. “And in a few months, you will be swimming in money.”

“It better be,” Kalita crossed her arms. “We’ll be drowning in debt if we don’t.”

“I’d forgotten how pessimistic you are, Kalita,” Cookie deadpanned at her daughter.

“I'm being realistic, Mom,” Kalita tried to calm down as she didn’t want to have another family drama with Cookie after the one that she had with Megumi yesterday. “Not every day you have to be positive like those assholes who say they are going to make things better for everyone or the dopes who believe their bullshit.”

 “Really?” Muko frowned, being one of the people who believed that things would work out if she stayed positive.

“Okay,” Cookie stared at Kalita, understanding the vixen’s skepticism “Maybe you won't be swimming in money, but you will have some money to pay your debts.”

“I'm still not very convinced,” Kalita sighed.

“Come on, Kalita,” Muko begged her partner. “This could be the opportunity to spend more time with our kids. When was the last time you spent time with Akira?”

 “8 years,” Kalita lamented, feeling that she failed Akira as a mother.

“I'll have time to spend time with Megumi,” Muko cheered, delighting in the opportunity to make up for the lost time with her daughter. “And I'll teach my Megumi some of my tricks. And you can teach your Akira some of your attack moves. What do you say?”

Kalita thought about it, knowing that Muko was right. It had been a long while since she spent time with Akira because of work.

“Okay,” Kalita nodded. “I'll do it.”

“Good!” Cookie jumped into Kalita’s arms and gave her a kiss on the cheek for agreeing. “You won’t regret it, daughter.”

“But I have my conditions,” Kalita held Cookie in front of her to establish her terms.

“Conditions?” Cookie frowned with worry.

“First: I don't want Akira to be in provocative photos or wear tiny bikinis or be naked!” Kalita demanded as her maternal instincts were on full display.

“Are you still upset because I forced you to pose naked in the Combagals Calientes photo shoot after we left Botaun?” Cookie was annoyed at Kalita bringing the distant past into an argument. “It was a long time ago!”

“Those bastards made me strip naked and didn't even give me a towel!” Kalita angrily reminded Cookie of that incident. “And I couldn't hold back the urge to hit everyone who looked at me in that room!”

“They also forced me to get naked for the photo shoot,” Muko chimed in with a smile. “But being with you in those naked photos was worth it.”

Muko blushed as she remembered that wonderful day. Kalita focused her attention on Cookie to avoid punching out the rabbit.

“Second: I don't want Akira to be making weird commercials or disgusting products!” Kalita added to her conditions.

“What do you mean by weird commercials and disgusting products?” Muko asked with confusion as she snapped out of her daydream. “I don’t remember any of those.”

“Do you know how many commercials and products Snuggly made?” Kalita glared at Muko.

 “Mmmh,” Muko nodded her head. “Many of them. But what do they have to do with that condition, Kalita?”

“Do you want me to remind you of the products that Snuggly sold?” Kalita’s eye was twitching with frustration. “The glasses of water from her shower and those bones that looked like a blowjob. Not to mention that Snuggly happiness box product…”

“Don't go there, Kalita!” Cookie waved her arms in panic. “I don't want to remember that crappy product!” She turned green for an instant. “Just thinking about it makes me feel like vomiting. Who came up with that?”

“Did you get my point, Muko?” Kalita glared at the rabbit.

“Yes,” Muko held down the urge to vomit. “I didn't want to remember that either.”

 “And third and most important: I don't want Akira to drink alcoholic beverages until she knows how to control herself!” Kalita declared, making Muko and Cookie stare at her with confusion.

“It's weird to hear that coming from you,” Cookie tilted her head in confusion, remembering that Kalita used to drink when she was 17 and probably started when she was younger than that. “But I understand.”

“Akira's safety comes first,” Kalita declared.

“Also for Megumi,” Muko chimed in. “But it doesn't bother me that she is in the photo shoot with another sexy girl. I’d just congratulate her and ask me to introduce that girl to me.”

Cookie and Kalita just look at Muko angrily.

“But she will have a swimsuit,” Muko gave them a nervous smile.

“What matters most to me is that Akira and Megumi have a peaceful life,” Kalita stated. “I want them to be well, without worries, and above all, that they get along as cousins, like a family.”

“Akira, that last bacon was mine!” Megumi’s voice came out from behind them.

“Well, catch me, slowpoke!” Akira ran with a strip of bacon in her mouth.

“Come back here, you cheating fox!” Megumi chased after Akira, trying to recover the bacon that was taken from her.

“Girls!” Kalita put down Muko and chased after them. “Behave!”

“Teenagers,” Muko groaned, feeling that her work was going to be harder than before.

5 minutes later.

Megumi and Akira were on the couch, behind them was Muko with the projector. She was going to be the one in charge of the images when Cookie gives her a signal to change slides. On the other hand, Cookie was standing next to a white screen behind her. Kalita was next to Cookie, but she was standing against the wall with her hands crossed, her left foot against the wall.

“Okay,” Cookie pointed at her granddaughters while she walked from left to right. “Tell me, you two. Why are you here?”

“Well?” Megumi frowned at Cookie asking her a question whose answer she already knew. “It’s because we want to be Combagals.”

 “Yes,” Cookie nodded. “But why do you want to be Combagals?”

“To continue our mothers' legacy!” Akira stood up and raised a fist. “No! To continue the legacy of Team Starkiller.”

“And you think it's easy to say that?” Cookie asked the bunny and the vixen.

“Huh?” Akira and Megumi were taken by surprise by Cookie’s question.

“Being Combagal is not easy!” Cookie crossed her arms and then waved them at the side to gesticulate her disapproval. “You girls are very confident. But once you enter the ring, you will be crushed like bugs.”

 “Bugs?” Muko asked with concern.

“It's a way of saying that they're going to get fucked up,” Kalita explained. “They’re going to be humiliated at their current level.”

 “Oh,” Muko nodded, understanding what Kalita meant since she also had her fair share of defeats due to inexperience.

“It wasn't easy being Combagals!” Cookie pointed at Muko and Kalita before addressing their daughters. “Your mothers were crushed, humiliated, and shamed! But a miracle came.”

“Grandma Cookie,” Megumi raised an eyebrow at the squirrel. “What are you trying to tell us?”

 “Do you know the history of Team Starkiller?” Cookie coughed into her hand.

 “Yeah,” Akira pointed out. “We heard it a thousand times from you and our mom.”

 “AHEM!” Cookie coughed louder while glaring at Muko.

“Oh, was that my signal?” Muko asked sheepishly. “Of course, sorry!”

CLICK!

The first image was posted.

“One billion years ago, when the dinosaurs were the dominant ones on the world,” Cookie pointed at the first image that showed two starts in the night sky. A pair of meteorites, two shooting stars, fell on the planet. Ahem!”

CLICK!

Muko changed to another image. This one featured two dinosaurs, one was an orange T-Rex and a white Compsognathus

“Two dinosaurs that survived the asteroids had those strange stars fall on them,” Cookie pointed at the pair of dinosaurs. “And then...ahem!”

Muko changed to an image of the two dinosaurs transforming into Combagals. Thanks to having a humanoid body, Akira and Megumi could see that they were female. For some reason, they also wore prehistoric versions of their mothers’ costumes. Below them was a prehistoric squirrel who looked way smaller than them.

“They transformed into what would be our ancestors, Team Starkiller from the Stone Age!” Cookie spread her arms to express the magnificence of it all. “Together with their manager, the prehistoric squirrel, they became the most fearsome combatants on Earth, destroying their enemies and winning all the championships!”

“What are you talking about, Mom?!” Kalita glared at Cookie for coming up with that ridiculous presentation. “That never happened! All the books I read about the age of dinosaurs don't say anything about that.”

“They didn’t?” Muko sounded genuinely disappointed. “Aaaww.”

“Don't interrupt me, Kalita!” Cookie comically snapped at the vixen. “I was giving emotion to the story. All Combagals have stories like that. Also, I wanted to give that incredible story to my granddaughters so that they can get excited.”

“We are not 5-year-old children, Grandma Cookie,” Megumi sighed, understanding Cookie’s intentions but finding the method ridiculous. “At first glance, I didn't believe any of that at all.”

“Although I liked the part about the Combagal dinosaurs,” Akira chimed in with a smile. “Even though it's false.”

“Okay,” Cookie angrily sighed. “Ahem.”

The image changed to a photo of Muko and Kalita before they were Combagals.

“Well... Before it was just me and Muko, Kalita at that time was a motorcyclist in her gang, and we didn't get along the first time we met,” Cookie tried to sound professional, but it was clear that their first meeting was going to be hard to describe without losing dignity. “In fact, she was our enemy, especially with Muko. They hated each other.”

“I didn’t hate her,” Muko corrected Cookie. “No, quite the opposite... I loved her at first sight!” She swooned happily. “I still remember the first time we met, it was like a gift from the gods, with that sexy red suit, and even more when I found out that she wasn't wearing-”

“Muko!” Cookie called out to the rabbit. Her and Kalita gave her disgusted faces. And Akira and Megumi looked like they were about to puke.

“You don't need to say everything, Muko,” Kalita coughed to mask her embarrassment. “I didn't hate you either, but it bothered me that you said those things about me and that you humiliated me in front of my band. Although, looking back, that beating I gave you at Cafe Carrot was overkill. Sorry about that.”

“Yes,” Cookie’s eye twitched remembering the debt increasing for the damages that Kalita made. “As if the debts we had before weren’t big enough back then. Ahem.”

The slide changed to a photo of Kalita beating Muko at the Cafe Carrot. It was personally taken from a Spotter article that was made many years ago.

“Like she said, our first encounter was a beating that Muko received,” Cookie summarized the fight to spare Muko’s dignity from that first fight with Kalita. “But we were hoping that our lives would change when Muko became a Combagal. But then...ahem.”

The image changed to show Nyarai during the Masato Match.

“Can we skip that part” Megumi frowned sadly, having seen the video of Nyarai betraying and beating up Muko at her debut. “I know what happened there.”

“But!” Akira protested, wanting to take back the Roda Kira Gang for her mother.

“I said no, Akira!” Kalita yelled at her. “And sit your ass back down.”

“And I already know what happened to my mom at the Roda Kira Gang,” Akira added, knowing how much it hurt Kalita to be expelled by the gang that she created.

“Like I was saying,” Cookie’s eye twitched from the interruption “The three of us were lost, ruined, not knowing what to do, but we knew that the three of us were going to be together as a team. With some help! We became…ahem!”

An image displayed Team Starkiller posing with shooting stars behind them.

“Team Starkiller!” Cookie mimicked her pose in the poster.

 “Wow,” Akira smiled happily.

“We fought for 20 years as Combagals!” Cookie spoke dramatically. “And although we didn't win many matches, we were happy as a family! But,”

 The image changed behind her.

 “It’s time for you two to become the new Team…!”

“Hahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!” Akira and Megumi burst into laughter and pointed at Cookie. To be specific, they pointed at the slide displayed on the screen.

“Huh?” Cookie gave a confused frown before looking back at the screen. The displayed photo showed Cookie on the beach in a bathing suit chasing a small crab because it had a coin that she found on the ground.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!” Cookie shouted in embarrassment as she tried to jump to cover the image with her body. “Muko, you got the wrong photo! Change it now!”

“Sorry, Cookie!” Muko apologized as she tried to check the slides one by one in the projector. “I didn’t check the slides first. The vacation photos got mixed up.”

“Let me see,” Kalita walked to Muko and worked on the projector for a few seconds. The picture of Cookie was replaced with the one that the squirrel wanted her granddaughters to see.

 “Thank you, daughter,” Cookie tried to speak with what little dignity she had left. “Ahem. As I said, you will be the new Generation of Team Starkiller!”

An image of Megumi and Akira being Combagals was shown. It was a picture of Muko and Kalita that had been edited to feature Akira and Megumi. Though it was a fabricated picture, it didn’t stop it from looking cool.

“Wow, cool!” Akira had star eyes upon seeing the picture.

“We look incredible,” Megumi remarked.

“Any questions?” Cookie asked the young women.

“Yes,” Akira raised her arm quickly. “When are we going to enter the ring to kick ass?”

The question made Cookie drop to the ground, clearly disappointed by Akira’s question. In a few seconds, she got up angrily.

“Didn't you hear what I said?!” Cookie shouted at Akira. “It's not easy being a Combagal!”

“Yes Grandma,” Megumi answered on Akira’s behalf to prevent troubles. “I know that being a Combagal is not easy, but what is the first thing you have to do to be a Combagal?”

“First thing is to go to school,” Cookie stated.

“What?” Akira looked dismayed. “To school? Aww.”

“Grandma Cookie,” Megumi frowned awkwardly, not happy to talk about what happened yesterday again. “In case you don't know, we've been expelled for vandalizing the school cafeteria! We had a fight and…things went out of control.”

“I'm not talking about a normal school,” Cookie shook her head. “I’m talking about a fighting school, a special one for you and Akira to train.”

“But I don't want to go to school!” Akira complained. “I was so happy watching karate movies!”

“I don't want to hear excuses or whining!” Cookie pointed at Megumi and then at Akira. “There are many things you have to do first.”

“I already know that you have to go to school for two years,” Megumi rolled her eyes, having studied this before. “But my mom and my aunt Kalita didn't need to go. I always thought that we were going to skip school first and go straight to the ring.”

“You need to show yourself to the world,” Cookie explained, having learned from experience how a straight debut without training or experience led to disaster. “Give a preview of your debut. You need training too. I'm not going to risk your health by making you fight without being ready first.”

“Um... Cookie,” Muko raised her hand awkwardly. “I don't know if at your age you already forget things, but remember that all the schools and gyms in Concatta have prohibited us.”

“Don't worry,” Cookie waved a hand dismissively. “I have the easy solution.”

“Which one?” Kalita raised an eyebrow.

“You see,” Cookie gave them a confident grin. “Back when you guys retired from furry fighting, Daikarin and I opened a fighting school We called it The Star Gym.”

“The Star Gym?” Muko tilted her head.

“Yes,” Cookie nodded. “That's where the POP Puppy-Puppy Dance train.”

“And do we have to go there with that POP Puppy-Puppy or whatever they're called?” Kalita sounded dismayed. “Those kids are a pain in the ass!”

“I know you don't like Snuggly and Sleepy's kids,” Cookie gave Kalita an apologetic glance. “But Sleepy wants to see you. It's been 8 years since you've spoken.”

 “Okay,” Kalita sighed in defeat. “I don't like her oldest daughter. But at least her little sister is not the same as her.”

“Well, it’s because she’s nine months old,” Muko pointed out. “She’s still at that cute baby phase that matches you want to hold her in your arms.”

“Are we seriously going to see those annoying brats?” Akira looked dismayed.

“I'm afraid so, Akira,” Kalita patted her daughter’s shoulder. “It’s a necessary sacrifice.”

“The last time I saw them they were a nightmare,” Megumi frowned, also sharing the vixens’ dislike for Snuggly and Sleepy’s kids. “I don’t understand why Granny Daikarin always brought them on a yearly visit. They’re the worst.”

“Oh, come on, honey!” Muko hugged Megumi from behind. “I'm sure you miss them a lot.”

“I don't miss them,” Megumi answered bluntly.

BUMP!

“Someone’s knocking on the door,” Kalita’s ears perked up as she stood up and went to answer the door. As soon as she opened it, something fell to the floor.

“Wooaah!” Miya and Jack screamed as they fell to the ground.

“Miya?” Akira asked as she stood up. “Jack?”

“Hello!” Miya and Jack greeted Kalita nervously when they saw the older vixen glaring at them.

“What are you two doing here?” Kalita demanded angrily. “Were you spying? This is a family meeting, you brats.”

“No, no, no!” Jack stood up and waved her arms. “We weren't hearing that Akira was going to be a big Combagal. Of course not!”

“Aha,” Kalita raised an eyebrow, noticing that Jack was a bad liar.

 “Sorry about that,” Kazuko arrived at the door.

“K-Kazuko?” Megumi blushed, a gesture that didn’t go unnoticed by Muko.

“I apologize for these fools who were at the door,” Kazuko pulled Miya and Jack by the ears, forcing them to stand up.

Ouch! Ouch! Ouch!” Akira’s friends complained.

“Is she your girlfriend, Megumi?” Muko asked, giving her daughter a cheeky grin.

“What?” Megumi turned red from embarrassment. “No!”

“We're just friends, Mrs. Muko,” Kazuko answered, fighting off the urge to blush. “I wanted to ask if Megumi and Akira can go outside to hang out with us. We were really worried about them after what happened yesterday.”

“I'm sorry, girls,” Kalita sighed, feeling less angry at the trio. “But Megumi and Akira are getting punished.”

“Really?” Jack stared at her with curiosity. “And where are you taking them in such a hurry?” Kazuko pulled her ear harder for trying to pry. “Ouch! Stop pulling on my ear, you bitch!”

“To the military academy of the Concatta rebels,” Kalita put her hands on her hips before glaring at the three. “And if you don't want to go there, you better leave or I'll call your parents!”

“Yes, Mrs. Kalita,” Kazuko nodded respectfully, not showing any fear at the older vixen in contrast to Miya and Jack. “I understand your discomfort. Let's go.”

“Wait!” Megumi stood up. “Let me talk to her!”

“We don't have time to chat, Megumi,” Cookie clarified.

“Just 5 minutes, please!” Megumi begged her mother and grandmother.

“Okay,” Kalita sighed, feeling a bit weak by Megumi’s pleading eyes. “But only 5 minutes.”

“Thank you, aunt!” Megumi hugged Kalita and went after Kazuko. Upon seeing Megumi, Kazuko shoved Miya and Jack, gesturing them to leave so that they could talk alone. “What happened, Kazuko?”

“The boss wants to see us at night,” Kazuko explained.

“Tonight?” Megumi frowned, knowing that it was going to be impossible with her schedule.

“Yes,” Kazuko frowned. “Another important meeting. And this time he doesn’t want us to miss it. He declared it an obligatory meeting.”

“Shit, Kazuko!” Megumi swore with frustration. “I can't tonight! I have to go to train! I'm going to be a Combagal!”

“Yes, Megumi, I heard everything,” Kazuko admitted, feeling a bit guilty for eavesdropping like that. “And I will always support you. Don't worry. I will cover you at the meeting.”

“Thank you, Kazuko,” Megumi smiled at her. “That's why I love you.” Megumi blushed, realizing what she just said. Fortunately, Cookie came to the rescue to save her from the aftermath of that accidental love confession.

“Let's go Megumi!” Cookie called out from afar. “We gotta go now.”

“I have to go,” Megumi turned from Cookie to Kazuko. “I hope to see you soon. Goodbye Kazuko!”

“Good luck, Megumi,” Kazuko smiled as she watched Megumi leave in a hurry.

The girls went to the car and were on their way to the Star gym. Muko was the driver, since Kalita did not sleep all night due to calculating the debts and bills they had to pay. The vixen was in the passenger seat taking a quick nap before getting to the Star Gym. Cookie was sitting with her granddaughters in the back seat

To help Muko reach the gym, Cookie used a phone app that told the rabbit where to go. As she was being guided by the app, Muko took the chance to talk to Cookie.

“Why didn't you ever tell us about taking our girls to school and that Star Gym you built?” Muko asked, feeling curious about her old manager’s plans.

“Me and Daikarin opened Star Gym 5 months after you retired from furry fighting,” Cookie explained. “I wanted it to be a surprise when my granddaughters would start their journey to become Combagals.

“Well, what a surprise!” Muko cheered with a big smile, appreciating holding that surprise for years for the sake of surprising everyone with it. “I already want to see Star Gym!”

 “Girls,” Cookie faced Akira and Megumi. “I need to have a serious talk with both of you.”

Megumi and Akira were confused when they heard Cookie. Most of the conversations that they had with the squirrel was about the glorious future ahead of them, so it was odd to see her this serious.

“What do you want to talk about, Grandma Cookie?” Megumi asked.

The squirrel said nothing as she took out a second phone and started typing something. She then gave them the phone. It showed them the videos that the students recorded when Megumi and Akira were fighting with Nina.

“While I was on tour with Daikarin and the Puppy-Puppy,” Cookie explained as she stared at her granddaughters. “I was watching the videos on the internet about you fighting with Nina.”

“Hehe!” Akira chuckled smugly. “Yes, we were great!”

“You were terrible!” Cookie declared.

There was an awkward silence. Akira and Megumi were shocked by Cookie’s words.

“All of the videos they posted showed me that you fought terribly!” Cookie snatched the phone and showed them the fight from different angles. “Nina humiliated you like she caught a fish out of the water! You didn't master your attacks! She had many opportunities to defeat you!”

“But we almost defeated her in our last fight!” Akira protested, feeling that they did a good job against her.

“You’re just overconfident,” Cookie corrected her. “You should never be too confident about victory because your opponent will snatch it from you when you lower your guard in the middle of the climax! Especially you, Akira!”

“Me?” Akira seemed shocked and offended.

“You call that martial arts?” Cookie scolded the young vixen. “Watching movies and playing video games won't help you at all. They won’t make you an expert!”

“Yes,” Muko chimed in. “I understood that the hard way. Playing video games didn't help me. I had to train how to fight to be good at it.”

“But I have improved my attacks!” Akira pointed out. “I practice every cool karate move and kung fu technique that I saw. I even used them in some brawls before.”

“And what happens when you face a professional karate fighter in a match?” Cookie asked her, ready to give a worst-case scenario. “Those kicks are not enough! You should train more. Or do you want to smell Nina's popcorn-scented paws again?”

“Why do you have to remind me of that smell, Grandma Cookie?” Akira grimaced in disgust as he imagined Nina’s paws on her nose.

“Well if you don't want to smell that again, you'll have to train more!” Cookie stated firmly.

“Please don't make too much noise,” Muko whispered at Cookie. “You're going to wake Kalita up from her nap.”

“Sorry,” Cookie apologized sheepishly. “Sometimes it happens.”

“Too much,”Akira and Megumi whispered at the same time.

“I heard you!” Cookie yelled at them.

*I missed this,* Muko thought with a smile as she drove on the road.

3 hours later…

The girls arrived at the Star Gym. They woke Kalita up from her nap. Upon waking up, the vixen had recovered all the energy in her body. They got out of the van and saw Star Gym.

It looked like something big like a supermarket store. It had a red and purple color everywhere, and there were white and yellow stars. Above the gym were large letters that said "Star Gym" and below was a sign that said "Welcome to Star Gym, where your dream of being a Combagal will become true."

“Don't you think that sign is too cheesy and stupid?” Kalita frowned at her mother squirrel.

“I like it,” Muko cheered, approving of the positive message it had.

“Yes,” Cookie only focused on Muko’s comment. “The idea was Daikarin's. She thought that we needed to be kinder to the students.”

“I’d change it to something cooler, tougher, and meaner,” Akira suggested.

“Mmh,” Kalita smirked at her daughter’s suggestion. “I like it, but it needs to sound tougher with everyone.”

“We'll talk about it later,” Cookie promised, feeling that the message should be there to honor her wife’s desires. “Let's go in now.”

Upon entering the gym, the girls were surprised with the inside. It was very large and with lots of equipment. There were 2 rings, 50 weights, 5 punching bags, and 8 treadmills.

“Do you like it?” Cookie asked them.

“Holy shit!” Akira was delighted. “Everything is amazing!”

“Yes,” Megumi looked excited. “They look great.”

“Will they have showers here?” Muko asked hopefully.

“But you just took a bath at home before you got here, mom,” Megumi pointed out as Muko took a quick bath before giving the presentation to Megumi and Akira.

“I know,” Muko snorted. “But I want to see if there are girls bathing without their clothes on. To have a peek at their sexy bodies.”

POW!

“Behave already, Muko!” Kalita hit Muko on the head.

“I also want to see if there are boys or girls using the showers,” Akira raised her hand, approving of Muko’s idea.

“What?” Kalita glared at her daughter.

POW!

“Don't start with that Akira!” Megumi scolded her cousin as she hit her on the head before Kalita had the chance.

Cookie saw that her granddaughters were almost the opposite of their mothers in their personalities. The shenanigans between the old and new generations made her remember those moments with Muko and Kalita when they were still Combagals.

*Talk about role reversal!* Cookie thought as she watched the scene.

“I see you haven't changed much, Muko” Sleepy’s voice came out from afar, making both generations of rabbits and vixens turn around.

Standing behind the girls was the tag team of Snuggly and Sleepy. Like Muko and Kalita, Snuggly and Sleepy were already older, although they did not have many changes. They looked the same as when they were young Combagals. The few differences that they had were their clothing. Snuggly wore a dark purple business suit, the bows in her ears were also dark purple, and she wore magenta heels. On the other hand, Sleepy was only wearing a black shirt, a short jean-like skirt, and long black shoes with white bows. She was also wearing a baby carrier with her daughter on it.

At only 9 months old, Nappy, was just looking around with curiosity and had a stuffed animal in her left hand. She cooed upon seeing Cookie.

“Snuggly, Sleepy!” Muko hugged the Redoable Dolls and then caressed Nappy’s head, making her laugh. “It’s been so long since we saw each other.”

“Yes,” Snuggly nodded at the rabbit. “We haven't seen each other in 8 years after what happened to you. I hope you’re doing okay.”

“Nice suit, Snuggly,” Muko focused more on Snuggly’s attire rather than talk about the incident, showing that she was more focused on the present than dwelling in the past. “Are you a business agent now or something?”

“No, it's my manager clothes,” Snuggly shook her head with a smile. “We're getting ready to become our daughters' managers, the POP Puppy-Puppy Dance. Cookie and Daikarin told us they're retiring and we have to take their place.”

“We are also going to be our daughters' managers!” Muko cheered, happy that the Redoable Dolls had something in common with her and Kalita. “It's great!”

“Well, I didn't really want to be a manager yet,” Sleepy admitted with a bashful smile. “I have to take care of Nappy, but I also have to watch Dreamy. I don’t want her take something she shouldn't drink or do drugs.”

“There are two of us now, Sleepy,” Kalita nodded, agreeing with Sleepy’s reasons to be a manager despite the sudden turn of events. “I also have to keep a close eye on Akira.”

“But, Mom,” Akira complained. “I'm already of age! I'm 19!”

“Do you know how to control your additions?” Kalita asked her daughter.

“But you had told me that you already drank alcohol and smoked when you were 12,” Akira glared at Kalita, knowing that her mother was someone who drank and smoked from an early age.

“Correction, it was around 15,” Kalita lied, having had her first drink back when she was a kid living in Bulwan Park. “But I was a different person back then. And I don’t want you to be like I used to be back then. Got it?”

“Yes,” Akira sighed, knowing that it was going to be impossible to drink after that speech.

“I don't care,” Megumi shrugged her shoulders. “I don't like alcohol.”

“Oops,” Muko giggled. “We nearly forgot. Say hello to Snuggly and Sleepy, girls!”

“Wow,” Sleepy smiled at the young bunny and vixen. “Megumi and Akira, you've grown a lot since the last time I saw you. By the way, Megumi, congratulations on your birthday yesterday. I'm sorry for what happened at your school.”

“Thank you, Aunt Sleepy,” Megumi smiled at the fennec, happy that she was sympathetic to her about what happened yesterday.

“And Akira,” Sleepy faced the vixen. “You've stopped biting Cookie's squirrel tail, right?”

“Hey!” Cookie exclaimed angrily as she held her tail on her hands and watched as Sleepy and Snuggly giggled. “You don’t have to remind us of that. I still have bite marks on my tail!”

“Hehe, yes,” Akira laughed. “It was a long time ago when I was still a pup.”

“I know,” Sleepy was fighting the urge to laugh louder. “But I still remember those times during visits that Cookie hid from you because you couldn't stop chewing on her squirrel tail.”

“Enough memories!” Cookie yelled as she held her tail tighter than before. “We are here to train the future Team Starkiller! Where is Daikarin?”

“She's in the dance room with Cuddly, Kissy, and Dreamy,” Snuggly pointed at a room at the end of the hall.

“Is there a dance room in the gym?” Muko asked, feeling curious about it.

“Yes,” Sleepy nodded. “That's where our kids practice their dances for a concert. And where our daughters learn some fighting moves for their matches. Come on! Daikarin wants to see her granddaughters again.”

“Yes,” Megumi cheered, happy to see her grandmother again. “Let's go.”

The girls followed the Redoable Dolls into the dance room where Daikarin was. Music was heard inside as soon as they entered. The first thing that they saw was Daikarin applauding as she watched how Cuddly, Kissy and Dreamy were dancing for their next concert.

“That's it!” Daikarin clapped her hands to establish a dancing rhythm. “Keep going! You are doing very well!”

Out of respect, Akira and Megumi waited for the dance number to end. They knew how seriously Daikarin took dancing, so they didn’t interrupt. Once the trio finished their dance, the two future Combagals announced their presence.

“Grandma Daikarin!” Akira and Megumi shouted before Daikarin could ask for an encore.

Daikarin turned around when she heard the voices of her granddaughters. Her expression of surprise turned into one of delight once she saw the grownup kids she helped to raise.

“Ooh, my girls!” Daikarin hugged them. “Look at how much you’ve grown! I missed you so much!”

“We missed you too, grandma!” Megumi smiled at her.

“We’re ready to become Combagals!” Akira informed her.

“Ahem,” a voice interrupted them. A very familiar voice that made Akira and Megumi frown upon recognizing the owner. “Hellooo? Aren't you going to greet us?”

“Oh yes,” Akira frowned, hoping to end this introduction quick. “Hello, Kissy.”

“I’ll leave you girls alone while I catch up with your mothers,” Daikarin told them as she went to see Muko and Kalita. “Do try to behave. I don’t want another silly fight between all of you again.”

Kissy and Cuddly were Snuggly's children while Dreamy was Sleepy's eldest daughter and the older sister of Nappy.

Kissy and Dreamy were just like their mothers in appearance. There were not many changes other than their Combagal outfits. Kissy's outfit was very similar to the one that Snuggly wore, but instead of being vanilla yellow, it was light pink and she had a pink heart painted on her right eye.

Dreamy had a costume similar to Sleepy, but it was light purple rather than black and she also had a purple heart painted on her left eye.

 Cuddly was the only boy and the youngest member of the band at 9 years old. He wasn’t a Combagal like his older sister, but he was part of the POP Puppy-Puppy Dance because he was a good singer. He also wanted to be a male furry fighter when he was older, one who had a rapper motif to differentiate himself from his sister’s idol pop theme. He wore a white cap turned upside down that matched his white suit, pants, and shoes.

The young kid had the annoying habit of talking as if he were rapper, but his lack of skill in rap made him sound like he was stuttering. Both Akira and Megumi were annoyed with that speech habit, and even Kissy herself didn’t like it but put up with it to avoid angering her mother.

“Hello Kissy, Cuddly, and Dreamy,” Megumi faced each of them as she greeted them. “We haven't seen each other in a while.”

“We were on tour throughout Concatta doing concerts and matches,” Kissy sounded casual yet boastful. “And how are you guys at home?”

“Oh well, we were expelled from school because of that barefoot bitch,” Megumi frowned as she remembered Nina. “And now we are going to become Combagals like our mothers were in the past.”

“You must be kidding, right?” Dreamy scoffed.

“It's no joke,” Akira pointed at the two Combagals. “We're going to become Combagals and we'll crush you like Team Starkiller did with your mothers!”

“Yo!” Cuddly got between his sister and Akira. “Do you really think that you can humiliate us as if we were that e-e-easy? Yo!”

“Are you rapping or stuttering like an idiot?” Akira rolled her eyes, annoyed at Cuddly’s poor rapping. Behind him, Kissy looked embarrassed and almost apologetic for her brother’s lack of skill.

“Hey!” Cuddly protested. “I'm not stuttering, babe!”

“Don't call me babe,” Akira poked Cuddly on the nose with her finger. “You're not my type.”

“What my brother meant to say is that you are the laughingstock of all of Concatta,” Kissy pulled back her brother to prevent Akira from smacking him.

“What do you mean?” Megumi glared at Kissy.

“We saw your fight against Nina in the Internet,” Kissy showed her phone displaying their encounter with the cheetah. “And in all of them you were- how to say it without offending? – pathetic.”

 “What do you mean by pathetic?” Akira glared at Kissy.

“Kissy,” Snuggly entered into the conversation. “It's better that you stay quiet, darling.”

“She's right,” Dreamy taunted since Kissy was being scolded by her mother. “The only drama that you added to that fight was flinging cheap food like uncouth brutes. And your attacks were weak and wasteful. I’d say a klutz fights a lot better than you.”

“Dreamy, enough!” Sleepy scolded her oldest daughter.

“So that's what you think of us, huh?” Megumi glared at the two, happy to get that out of the way so that she wouldn’t have to waste time playing nice. “Well, you're going to regret it when we face each other in the ring, Puppy-Puppy Punks!”

 “Eh, girls,” Muko held Megumi by the shoulders, trying to calm her down.

“And why don't we enter the ring now, bunny?” Kissy challenged.

“Yes,” Cuddly danced in place. “My sister is going to leave you at the yo-yo-yo hospital!”

“The ones going to the hospital will be you, bi-bi-bitches!” Akira retaliated, even using Cuddly’s own rapping style to make the taunt.

 “Enough, both of you!” Kalita grabbed Megumi and Akira by their shirts to get them away from Kissy and Dreamy. “Remember that we are here to train, not to fight with them like mindless bitches. No offense.”

“Don't worry,” Sleepy looked at Kalita apologetically before furiously glaring at her daughter for her behavior. “And Dreamy! Don't give examples like that to your sister Nappy! Apologize to Megumi and Akira!”

“You too Kissy and Cuddly,” Snuggly put her hands on her hips.

 “We’re sorry,” they apologized grudgingly.

“You too, Megumi and Akira,” Kalita put her hands on the back of their heads to make them bow to the Redoable Dolls.

 “We're sorry,” Akira and Megumi apologized, making sure to glare at the trio who antagonized them and started this confrontation in the first place.

“I love happy endings,” Daikarin cheered, ignoring the fight that could have taken place. “Well, girls, since you're here, I think it's best to warm up your muscles.”

“Warm up?” Megumi and Akira repeated

“Here,” Daikarin gave Megumi and Akira exercise clothes. “These are your gym clothes, with their correct sizes and measurements. The pink one is yours Akira, and the black one is what Megumi will wear. Now go change.”

“Thank you, Grandma Daikarin!” Akira and Megumi smiled at the cougar before going to the locker room to change.

“Those girls,” Kalita sighed with frustration. “Can't they stop fighting for just 5 minutes?”

“You used to fight with everyone, Kalita,” Sleepy reminded the older vixen. “You couldn't even last 5 minutes.”

 “Yes,” Kalita groaned, feeling that this was divine punishment for her more rebellious years.

“Will they look sexy in those outfits?” Muko asked, earning disapproving glares from everyone but Daikarin. “What? They can’t be Combagals if they don’t get fans.”

 Daikarin laughed at Muko’s comment. She sure missed spending time with her family.

5 minutes later…

The music begun to play and the girls were standing together with the POP Puppy-Puppy Dance for practice. They started to dance as part of the warm-up exercises. Daikarin applauded each dance that the girls did correctly

“That's it, girls!” Daikarin clapped for everyone. “You're doing great! Keep up the good work!”

While the mothers were sitting in chairs watching their daughters training their muscles, Cookie took advantage of the moment to teach Muko and Kalita how to be better managers.

“Well girls,” Cookie stared at Muko and Kalita. “You were Combagals before. And now you will be managers. No, you will be the best managers in history!”

“Yes,” Kalita rolled her eyes as she ignored Cookie’s pep speech. “But that doesn't change our situation.”

 “Calm down, Kalita,” Muko calmed her partner down. “Remember what your psychologist told you. Breathe deeply.”

“Don't even remind me,” Kalita clenched her fist angrily. “That asshole charged me 100 Moni plus 75 more for the beating that I gave him for charging me for that shit.”

“We'll fix that, Kalita,” Cookie promised her daughter, putting both of her tiny hands in Kalita’s left hand. “The important thing now is that you are going to learn about being a manager with one of the best managers in the history of furry fighting.”

“Really?” Muko asked as she looked everywhere to find that expert. “And where is that expert? Is she invisible?”

“It's me, you silly rabbit!” Cookie screeched at her. “I am the expert!”

“We know you were our manager, but you’re an expert?” Kalita poked Cookie on the nose with her finger. “The only thing you excel at is the whining when someone tries to take a coin from you that you found on the floor.”

“That's a thing of the past,” Cookie blushed angrily. “I was dirt poor and needed the money at the time. I'm a new Cookie!”

“Really?” Kalita raised an eyebrow before pointing at the floor behind Cookie. “And that coin on the ground behind you?”

“Mine!” Cookie threw herself on the ground to grab the coin on the floor. “Huh? Where’s the coin?”

Muko and Kalita laughed at Cookie for believing it. Even after her financial situation got better, Cookie was still desperate for money.

“Stop laughing!” Cookie waved her arms angrily “Anyway, the first rule of a manager is to know her Combagal. Find the strength and talent you have not yet achieved.”

“And where was that talent when I beat up Muko in our first fight?” Kalita asked.

“Very sleepy!” Cookie said defensively. “She may not have skill back then, but the fighting spirit was there.”

“And the second time at Monyan?” Kalita raised an eyebrow.

“Still asleep!” Cookie was getting frustrated.

“But I was awake both times,” Muko sounded confused.

“I said your talent was sleeping, Muko!” Cookie felt frustrated at her original Combagal not understanding the metaphor.

“So my talent was sleepwalking?” Muko asked innocently.

Cookie could only grunt at Muko's question.

“And one more thing,” Cookie added. “Don't let them put dangerous things into their bodies, because they can ruin their future.”

“Dangerous things?” Muko tilted her head.

“She means the usual things we’re forbidden from doing, Muko,” Kalita summarize Cookie’s lecture. “She’s talking about drugs, pills, marijuana, strong alcohol, and that shit that famous people swallow for breakfast.”

“Breakfast?” Muko groaned, imagining a drug and alcohol breakfast. “Disgusting.”

“Were Akira and Megumi consuming something?” Cookie asked her former Combagals.

“Not that I know of,” Kalita shook her head. “I always check their rooms in case they have that shit in the house. But no. They’re clean as whistles.”

“Megumi hates those things,” Muko stated. “She doesn’t like drugs or alcohol or any of that stuff. She says they’re dream killers.”

With the exercise done, Megumi and Akira went to their mothers and grandmother.

“Hey, what were you talking about?” Akira asked as she saw the trio talk.

“We are talking about how you’re doing great at training,” Muko told the young girls.

“We kicked ass,” Akira beamed at her. “What do you think, Grandma Cookie.”

“Very good,” Cookie nodded. “But your training is not over. You are going to go train with your mothers separately. Once you are ready, I want you to enter the ring and show me whether or not you are prepared to go to the next level.”

“Yes, grandma,” Megumi nodded at her.

 “Yes,” Akira replied once Megumi removed her hand from her mouth.

“Okay,” Cookie got off from her seat to stand on the floor. “I'll go with Daikarin to an important meeting. We'll be back before nightfall. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye,” both generations of Team Starkiller waved at Cookie as she left the dance room.

 “Come on, Akira,” Kalita declared. “Let's test your strength in the training room.”

“Yes, Mom,” Akira followed her.

“Huh?” Megumi looked around to notice that Muko was absent. “Mom?”

“Okay, Megumi!” Muko appeared behind her daughter, scaring her with a surprise hug. “Are you ready to train with the legendary Muko Bunburger?”

“Yes, Mom,” Megumi panted a bit as she recovered from the surprise scare that Muko gave her.

“No, no, no!” Muko waved a finger at Megumi. “From now on, you will call me Manager Muko!”

“Okay, Manager Muko,” Megumi complied with her mother’s demands. “Aaaahh!”

“No, no, no!” Muko comically hugged Megumi with tears coming out of her eyes. “I changed my mind! Keep calling me, Mom! Please my baby!”

Okay, Mom!” Megumi tried to break the hug. “But please let me go! This is embarrassing!”

“Very good!” Muko broke the hug as if her crying fit didn’t happen. “Wait right here while I prepare the dance room to train.”

With nothing better to do, Megumi sat down and waited for Muko to return. Her Combagal training was going to start very soon. And she was going to give her best.

“Let's start with something easy,” Muko smiled at Megumi once she returned with a bunch of dolls that were the same size as her. “Do you know what rabbits have in common?”

“We’re fluffy?” Megumi guessed.

“Hehehe, no silly,” Muko giggled before pondering a bit. “Well, yes, we are fluffy. But no, that’s not it.” She coughed a bit before giving a serious answer. “What we have in common is that we can jump high. That’s one of the advantages of bunny Combagals. We can jump high to dodge and attack from the air. It’s why we’re the masters of aerial combat.”

“And how do you know that?” Megumi asked, feeling that there were too many types of Combagals that excelled at aerial fights. “From experience?”

“Partly yes,” Muko gave a couple of vertical jumps to prove her point. “And the other part is that I searched for it on the internet about our relatives.”

Muko then showed some pictures on her cell phone about rabbit Combagals. And there were also pictures of some sexy bunnies in bikinis. A few of them were even naked, making drool come out of her mouth.

“Okay,” Megumi turned her head and blushed. “And what's next?”

“Huh? Oh, yes!” Muko put back her phone back in her pocket and wiped the drool from her face. “First we go with jumps to avoid your opponents. Did I tell you how I dodged the guards to see Fenny and Roora in the showers?”

“Yes, Mom,” Megumi rolled her eyes, being familiar with that story. “Like about a thousand times. You even like to mention the ‘autograph’ that Roora gave you when you met her.”

“Those are some good memories,” Muko sighed wistfully as she rubbed the spot where Roora kicked her many years ago. “Now, for this exercise, I want you to practice your jumping abilities so that you can do the Muko Meteor.”

“The Muko Meteor?” Megumi repeated.

“Yes,” Muko nodded as she pointed to some anthropomorphic sandbags. “First, you’re gonna jump above those sandbags to develop your legs. Then we practice the move. Just jump, turn around, clench your muscles, and slam into them with your butt. Try it.”

To prove her point, Muko ran at the sandbags, jumped, turned around, and slammed butt-first into them. The impact of her hip strike was such that all of them were bowled over.

“Victory,” Muko gave her daughter v-signs before standing up the sandbags. “Now you try it.”

Megumi stared at Muko and then at the sandbags. Motivated by Muko’s strength, Megumi yelled as she sprinted at the sandbags, ready to learn her mother’s technique at all costs.

Meanwhile, Akira was hitting a punching bag while Kalita held it. For many minutes, Akira had to hit the bag at full power. As she did, she realized that her punches were not as strong as she expected them to be and that she got tired after a few minutes.

“Come on!” Kalita ordered. “Hit harder with your fists!”

Akira continued hitting the bag harder

“You call that a hit?” Kalita taunted. “Even a kid hits harder than you!”

“I'm using all my strength!” Akira swore, feeling frustrated with her progress. “Damn it!”

“That way, you won't be able to unleash your power with those blows!” Kalita lectured, trying to teach Akira how to tap into her power. “I told you that watching those fake movies wasn't going to do you any good!”

Every word Kalita said to Akira made her angry. The blows got harder and harder until sparks appeared in her hands.

“Grraaaaahhhh!” Akira shouted as lightning came out of her right hand and was released with the strongest punch that she gave so far.

Despite the effort and putting out her full power like her mother advised, the punching bag did not take as much damage as Kalita and Akira would have liked. This discouraged Akira a little.

 “Shit,” Akira sighed, panting in frustration at her inability to do much damage.

“Let's try the kicks,” Kalita held the bag, unwilling to let Akira rest until she was ready for her match with Megumi. Kick the bag.”

“Okay,” Akira stood up and tried to remember her movies to see how to throw a kick. She settled with a side kick. “Aiyah!”

She kicked the back, making a good sound.

“Once again,” Kalita nodded approvingly “But with both feet! Might as well learn the dropkick while we’re at it.”

“Yaaa!” Akira jumped and kicked with both feet. “Yaaa!” She threw another dropkick. And then another. With her arms trained, it was time to train her legs. She just hoped it was going to be enough for her training match.

The kick training lasted a while, making Akira angry. The young vixen ran towards the bag, making a short jump with her two feet in the air. Then, with her right foot, she did a super flying kick that sent some sparks from the bottom of her shoe.

“Yaaahh!” Akira shouted as she delivered her attack.

The bag was thrown, but the blow was not very strong as the bag fell a few meters away from Akira.

“That was good,” Kalita nodded approvingly. “But it was not enough, we are going to continue training until we can do it right.”

“Okay, Mom,” Akira nodded with discouragement, not feeling as excited as she was a while ago.

Kalita saw that Akira was somewhat discouraged by the result of her kick. Relaxing a bit, she went to comfort her.

“Akira,” Kalita got closer to her daughter and hugged her. “Do you know that I love you like a daughter even though you are adopted?”

“Yes,” Akira hugged her back. “And you gave me a chance to have a happy family rather than continue my trauma with my dead folks.”

“If I doubt your training, it's not because I'm a bitch,” Kalita frowned sadly at her. “I want you to have more righteous anger and courage to defend yourself against those who bother you. That way, you can break their idiotic asses without fear. So that you won’t be intimidated by them.” Kalita gently cupped her daughter’s cheeks. “Because one day, Muko, your grandmothers, and I will have to leave this shitty world. And you and Megumi will be alone with no one by your side. That’s why I need you both to be strong, so that you can take care of each other when we’re no longer here.”

“Yes, I understand,” Akira nodded sadly before staring up at Kalita with courage. “I will do my best to be just like you, Mom.”

“I know you will be,” Kalita smiled proudly. Let's continue.”

With their resolve greater than before, Kalita walked away from the punching bags and Akira followed her. There was still much time to be used to prepare for the match. And they weren’t going to waste it.

*I’m going to win,* Akira promised as she followed her mother and resumed her training.

8 hours pass since the training started. It was almost night. Cookie and Daikarin were returning from the meeting. They went to Star Gym to check on the girls.

“Ooh, girls!” Daikarin announced in a singsong voice. “We're back!”

“How did your workouts go?” Cookie asked, trusting that Muko and Kalita would help Megumi and Akira to become the Combagals that they were supposed to be.

They saw that Megumi and Akira were on the ground, very tired from training and were already sweating a lot. On the other hand, Kalita was sitting as she drank coffee. Meanwhile, Muko was giving a towel at Megumi and Akira so that they could catch their breath from so much training.

“I think they are ready to enter the ring,” Kalita declared. “We taught them enough to enter the ring for the time being.”

“Okay,” Cookie poked her granddaughters with her tail to wake them up. “If you think you're ready, I want you two to enter the ring now.”

The two girls groaned and tried to stand up. Muko had to help Megumi and Akira stand up so that they could go to the ring.

“Finally,” Akira smiled once she was inside the ring, leaning in her own corner.

“Who are we going to fight against?” Megumi asked with a mixture of nervousness and excitement at having a true furry fighting match. “Are we fighting the Puppy-Puppy Dance Combagals?”

“No,” Cookie shook her head. “You’ll fight against each other!”

 “Each other?!” Megumi and Akira asked, shocked by this development.

“Combagals in tag teams usually train together,” Cookie stood up on a turnbuckle and walked along the ropes with surprising balance to give a lecture. “Even in the ring, they have to fight each other to improve their individual abilities. Your mothers also did it in their training. It’s one of the rules that there is to know about being team fighters. Now, are you ready for this?

The young vixen and bunny nodded at each other and walked to their opposing corners

“Stay on the corners until the match start!” Cookie advised the young Combagals in training.

Everyone was at the ring, watching Akira and Megumi prepare for their match. As they waited, Kalita called Muko to talk about something.

“Muko,” Kalita hissed at the rabbit, hoping that she’d listen.

“Huh?” Muko looked behind to see Kalita staring at her. “What's wrong?”

“How long are you going to hide it from Megumi?” Kalita asked Muko.

“Hide what?” Muko sounded confused.

“The truth,” Kalita glared at her.

“The truth?” Muko asked, not getting what Kalita meant.

“I’m talking about Megumi not being your biological daughter,” Kalita pointed out. “Sooner or later, she will find out. You have to tell her before it's too late.”

“Oh, about that,” Muko looked nervous. “I don't think about that. I want Megumi to be happy without finding out about that. Her heart would break.”

“Her heart will be more broken if she finds out the truth,” Kalita pointed out. “I told Akira that she is adopted, and she didn't take it badly. She still remembers her parents enough to knows that they were horrible people. And yet, she sees me as her real mother rather than her parents.”

“But, what if Megumi thinks otherwise?” Muko looked afraid to think about it. “What if she hates me for being her fake mother? She’s always been so serious and she takes it badly when Team Starkiller is mentioned. I don’t want to imagine her thinking that she could have avoided all that drama if she were with her real family.”

“Well, she’ll have to get over it,” Kalita pointed out.

“I’m not able to tell her,” Muko’s ears lowered. “I can't.”

“Promise me that tomorrow you will tell her,” Kalita turned Muko around and got her to look into her eyes. “If she doesn't want to accept it, then leave her alone and let her get over it or continue living her bubble of lies. Okay?”

“I promise,” Muko stared at Kalita for a few seconds, then at Megumi, and then back at Kalita again. “But I want you to help me.”

“Always,” Kalita gave Muko a hug to encourage her. “Now come on, I don’t want to miss my girl’s first fight.”

The two went to the ring to watch their daughters fight. Cookie was making the preparations for the match as she got the referee to come.

“Okay, girls,” Cookie pointed to a female wolf with gray and white fur, silver hair, and dressed in blue tank top and blue shorts. “This is our gym referee, Loony. She will be the judge of your fight.”

“She’s hot,” Akira chuckled as she went to the center of the ring.

 Megumi met Akira at the center, not saying a word.

“Come on, Megumi!” Muko cheered. “You can do it!”

“Do your best, Akira!” Kalita raised her fist.

“Ready?” Loony stared at the rabbit and the vixen.

Megumi and Akira looked into each other's eyes, indicating that they were ready to start the match with all their spirit.

“Let's fight!” Loony gave them the signal.

The two ran and clasped hands, trying to dominate the other. Megumi grabbed Akira and threw her to the ropes. Akira bounced back towards Megumi, who was preparing her own attack. The rabbit jumped up and puts her knee towards Akira, but Akira manages to avoid the attack.

“You failed!” Akira taunted as she slid beneath Megumi’s flying knee.

 POW!

Akira punched Megumi in the face as soon as she turned around. She then followed with two more punches the face.

“Come on, Megumi!” Muko shouted with worry at her daughter getting hit. “Avoid them!”

“Grrr!” Megumi growled in frustration as she managed to avoid the third one and retaliated against it.

She grabbed Akira's head and slammed her down on the canvas.

“Did you like that, bitch?” Megumi yelled at her.

“Sure,” Akira smiled through the pain. “Let's see if you like this!” She punched Megumi on the face to make her break the hold so that she could stand up. Then she jumped on Megumi's back and grabbed her from behind.

“Aaaah!” Megumi shouted as Akira grabbed her breasts from behind and caressed them. “What are you doing, you perverted bitch?”

“Muko,” Kalita glared at the bunny with a twitchy eye. “Do you have anything to do with that perverted movement that my daughter is using?”

I may have taught Akira some of my techniques because she was feeling curious about groping her opponents a bit,” Muko gave Kalita a nervous laughter that made her snarl at her. “We didn’t practice on each other. I used my Fenny body pillow as reference.”

Kalita could only growl at Muko, letting the older rabbit know that she was getting punished at some point on the future.

“I had my fun now!” Akira chuckled before frowning. “Now, let's get serious!”

With her right hand, she grabbed Megumi's left hand, pushed her back, and then grabbed her head. She then followed by pushing with her left foot between Megumi’s feet. With the positioning done right, she knocked Megumi into the canvas.

“This won't stay like this,” Megumi glared at the vixen before she got up. She falls again, but she made sure to grab Akira's feet to make her fall alongside her.

“Wooaah!” Akira shouted as she slammed into the canvas

POW!

Megumi followed her attack by picking Akira up by the hair and punching her in the face. Akira tried to subdue the attacks, pushing Megumi to the ropes and kicking her, but Megumi dodges the and grabs her head again. and hits her with a barrage of blows from her right knee.

POW! POW! POW!

“Don't let her humiliate you!” Akira shouted from the stands.

At the first sign of struggle, Megumi threw Akira into the corner

“Come on, honey!” Muko cheered. “Use the Gumi Meteor!”

“Aren't you referring to the Muko Meteor?” Megumi asked with confusion, feeling that she wasn’t ready to name the move after herself.

“Yes,” Muko hopped happily. “But now your attack will be called Gumi Meteor.”

“Nice name,” Cookie congratulated Muko. “But Meg Meteor is also a good name. It has a good alliteration on it.”

“Fine,” Megumi ran at full speed, jumped, twisted her body up so that her backside was facing Akira, and sent her butt into the vixen’s face.

“Oh, shit!” Akira reacted and dodged the attack. Megumi hits her butt on the corner of the ring, making Muko wince in pain. Her buttocks began to hurt and she rubbed herself to relieve some of the pain.

“Damn,” Megumi winced as she kept rubbing her butt. “I knew it was a bad idea to do that attack so soon.”

 “Oohhh, Gumi!” Akira’s voice echoed from above.

Megumi looked up and saw that Akira's right fist was raised in the air. The rabbit dodged the downward punch. Her success lasted a few seconds before Akira's left fist was heading towards her face from an angle that she couldn’t see. Without being able to react in time, she received the blow, making her stagger. And then Akira somersaulted for another falling fist attack that hit Megumi in the face again, knocking her down into the canvas.

 POW!

 Megumi grunted as she tried to stand up.

 “Megumi!” Muko cried out as she realized that her daughter was going to lose.

Akira took advantage of that and got on top of Megumi with a cross body pin.

“1!” Loony started to count. “2!”

“Get off me,” Megumi managed to get Akira off of her with a bridge maneuver and then she got up, ready to get payback.

“Hayaah!” Akira tried to give Megumi another kick, but Megumi grabbed Akira's right leg.

“Now it's my turn to play!” Megumi did a spin with Akira's leg, causing her to fall.

As the two got up, Megumi didn't let Akira hit her one more time. Instead, she slapped Akira's face 6 times and then laid her on the ground with her right foot. She drags her, taking Akira's left foot and put it on her legs before squeezing Akira's foot.

“Are you giving up now?” Megumi asked Akira, confident that she was going to win.

“Let go of my leg!” Akira growled at Megumi. “It hurts!”

“Come on, Akira!” Kalita challenged her daughter. “Don't let yourself get beaten!”

“Good, Gumi!” Muko cheered at her daughter’s comeback.

The fox managed to slip away from Megumi’s hold. The two started hitting each other. Akira used kicks and Megumi used hand strikes. The two hit each other until they were both in the canvas.

“Get up, Akira!” Kalita shouted. “Victory only comes for those who stand up.”

“Megumi!” Muko cheered. “You can do this. You’re a Bunburger. We don’t back down.”

Akira was the first to get up. She saw that Megumi was still on the ground, so she took the opportunity to put her in a headlock like Megumi did to her. She placed her legs on Megumi's neck and squeezed her neck with a Figure Four Necklock.

“Aaggffaaagg!” Megumi choked from Akira’s legs squeezing her neck.

“MEGUMI!” Muko looked distressed.

“Akira,” Kalita lectured sternly. “Don't squeeze it so hard. You'll kill her!”

“Let her go!” Loony ordered.

Realizing that she was exaggerating the hold, Akira spread her legs to release it.

“You dumb bitch!” Megumi glared angrily at the vixen. “You wanted to kill me!”

“Sorry,” Akira apologized, looking genuinely guilty for choking her cousin like that. “I exaggerated a little!”

“I'll show you an exaggeration!” Megumi ran towards her.

Upon seeing that Megumi was about to hit her, Akira dodged her and made her counterattack to avoid a retaliation. She took Megumi’s head from behind and put her right foot at Megumi's feet to make her stumble. With Megumi unbalanced, Akira pulled her to make her fall.

WHAM!

Megumi grunted as she fell on the mat, but she wasn’t going to give up. She stood up for a few seconds, only to feel a strong kick in the back.

 POW!

 “OW!” Megumi cried out as she was knocked down by the kick.

“Let me give you a push!” Akira lifted Megumi to her feet and sent her towards the ropes.

The ropes sent Megumi flying towards Akira. The vixen sidestepped, grabbed Megumi by her head from behind again, lifted her into the air and started kneeing her in the back.

“Shit,” Megumi stomped her feet to anchor herself into the ring again. “I'm going to have a sore back for a week.”

“Better about 3 weeks with this one!” Akira was putting more strength into the knees that she was throwing at Megumi’s back.

The rabbit managed to dodge by doing a somersault, Akira turns to see Megumi, who was ready to get payback. Megumi jumped and put her thighs on Akira's head. She then did a spin and threw her on the ground.

WHAM!

“Get up!” Megumi ordered Akira, who stood up to continue the fight.

Megumi kicked Akira in the stomach, then she gave her a knee to the face, and she finished with a lariat to Akira's face, making her fall again.

“Megumi is using hard strikes rather than skillful techniques,” Kalita observed, noting that Megumi fought differently from her mother.

“She wanted to learn classical strikes before learning my techniques,” Muko explained.

“It's better that they learn more defensive movement and tactics than rudeness for next time,” Cookie pointed out, noticing that they focused too much on offense.

Megumi got on top of Akira and waited for the count. Loony got beside them and started the count right away.

 “1! 2!”

But Akira didn’t give up and pushed Megumi off her. The two separated to fight again, but it was clear that the fight was going to end soon. They were already tired, exchanging angry glares with each other. Both of them had the urge to defeat their foe and reclaim victory, but the one who wanted it the most was Megumi. The rabbit did not want to have a humiliating defeat.

 She imagined that all the seats were full of people, all of them booing and mocking her. Her hands turned into fists, her teeth closed in anger and her eyes were full of rage. She couldn't stand those noises.

“Grrrrrrrraaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh!”

She ran towards Akira with a flaming fist to deliver a final blow, but inadvertently tripped over her feet, making her slip.

“Woaaaaaaaaahhh!” Megumi cried out as she slipped. She managed to stop in time, but feelt something round in her hands. “Huh?” She looked at her hands and noticed that she was grabbing Akira’s breasts.

“Woopsy Daisy,” Muko chuckled.

“This has to be a fucking joke,” Kalita grumbled.

 Cookie and Daikarin said nothing.

“Oh, shit,” Megumi lamented upon seeing Akira stare at her emotionlessly.

“Megumi!” Muko cried out from the stands. “Remember what I told you! Touching boobs will give you Combagal energy! Use that to your advantage!”

“That's easy for you to say, Mom!” Megumi yelled at Muko with an angry and blushing face.

“Hehe,” Akira chuckled from Megumi’s blind spot.

“Huh?” Megumi turned around to see that Akira and had a wicked smile on her face.

“Naughty bunny,” Akira smirked at her. “I knew you had a playful side.”

“No, wait,” Megumi protested. “It was an accident! I wasn't-” Akira’s hands grabbed Megumi by the head, surprising her. “Huh?”

“Why don't you take a closer look?” Akira’s grin got bigger.

“Huh?!” Megumi realized what her cousin meant. “No wait!”

Megumi's face ended up on Akira's breasts. She tried to let go, but Akira won't let her escape that easy. The vixen was enjoying the act of messing with her opponent by making her look like a pervert.

 On the other hand, Muko had her face red because of what she was seeing. Kalita could only put a hand on her face in embarrassment because of what Akira is doing. And Cookie covered her face with both tiny hands upon seeing this unprofessional scene.

“Mmmmmhhmmmmhhmmhmhmh!” Megumi tried to hit Akira, but it had no effect because she had no leverage to throw a proper punch

 “Here comes my final attack,” Akira announced after letting go of Megumi.

As Megumi was recovering from the assault, she felt something leak on top her head, like a water droplet. The water droplet increased in number, turning into rain. She opened her closed eyes to see that she was no longer inside the gym. Instead, she was at a beach with a very strong storm.

*How the hell did I get here?!* Megumi thought, unable to say something out of shock for the surreal scene. *Where is everyone?!*

She saw that lightning was starting to fall from the sky. It was coming right for her. She tried to avoid them, but one of them fell on her.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

She felt like lightning hit her. Then she felt a kick to her face.

While Megumi was trapped in a mental storm, Akira jumped and landed a flying kick on her face. She fell to the canvas with her eyes blank, staring at the ceiling. Akira wasted no time and got in on her with a cross body pin. Loony stood by their side and started the count.

“1! 2! 3!” Loony slapped the canvas with each count. “It's over! Akira wins the fight!”

“Yay, baby! I won! I won! I won!” Akira celebrated by doing a jump kick in the air. “I'm the winner! Haha!”

“Calm down now ‘Champion’ and help me lift your cousin,” Kalita ordered her daughter as she entered the ring and tended to Megumi.

“Did I lose?” Megumi asked groggily as Kalita and Akira helped her to stand up. “I lost my first furry fighting match? Grraaah!” Megumi slammed her hands on the canvas in frustration.

“Hey, Gumi,” Akira stretched her hand out to her cousin. “Shake on it.”

Megumi looked at Akira'shand, feeling her anger vanish upon remembering Akira’s performance against her. She gave the vixen a smile and shook her hand.

“Good match, Gumi,” Akira congratulated her rabbit cousin.

“Yes,” Megumi nodded with a smile. “Good match.”

 The rabbit walked away from her. Once she was away from Akira, her face changed from happiness to a face of stress and sadness.

Although she knew that it is just a training match for them, she also knew that a Combagal losing her debut match would make her a laughingstock. For her, a defeat meant losing hope and the opportunity to change everyone's thinking.

“I'm proud of you, Megumi!” Muko’s cheery voice snapped Megumi out of her depression.

“Mom?” Megumi asked upon seeing her mother very happy and with a big smile. “Aren't you disappointed in me?”

“Disappointed?” Muko sounded offended by the question. “Of course not, silly! Seeing you fight like Combagals makes me feel so proud of you.”

“I don't understand, Mom,” Megumi sounded vulnerable. “I lost my first match as a Combagal.”

“Don’t be dramatic, Megumi,” Muko scolded lightly. “It was a practice match. It’s not as bad as my debut in the Masato Match.”

 “So?” Megumi sounded frustrated. “Even if it was just a training match, I lost anyway! You should be angry or disappointed because I lost a match! You are my manager, aren’t you?”

“Megumi,” Muko hugged her daughter and gave her an encouraging smile. “I don't care if you win or lose. I will always be proud of you. I also lost my first fight against Kalita, and against Nyarai on my debut, and against Kalita again. But I didn't let those losses stop me from becoming a great Combagal. I’m happy because you’re starting your journey. Doesn’t matter if you win or lose, you should be happy, Megumi. You are a Combagal as long as you stand in the ring.”

Hearing that, Megumi hugged Muko.

“I feel happy to have a real mother,” Megumi teared up a bit.

“Yes,” Muko’s ears lowered at that statement. “A real mother.”

“Well, girls!” Cookie used a megaphone to bring Akira and Megumi to her. “Your fight was good, but you still have to improve your attacks. If you fight like this you won't evolve into the Combagals that you are supposed to be.”

“Oh, come on, Grandma!” Akira protested. “I beat Gumi with all my attacks! I think I evolved in this match!”

“That's not evolution!” Cookie angrily waved her megaphone. “It was only your first training! You must train and improve your attacks if you want to be a great fighter! And you must also control your techniques, such as that lock where you chocked Megumi with your legs!”

“Sorry about that,” Akira deflated upon remembering that part of the fight. “I'll try to control that in my next match.”

“And you, Megumi fought well,” Coolie beamed proudly at the rabbit. “But you must also use defensive movement and skills. You can’t just rely on attacks as a Combagal.”

“I promise I'll get better, Grandma Cookie,” Megumi nodded with resolution.

“Okay, girls,” Kalita sighed at the hardest part of the day. “Let's go home. It's getting late and I still have to calculate the fines and bills that we have to pay.”

“Don't worry about that, honey,” Daikarin waved a hand at Kalita. “All bills and fines are paid, so you can focus on being a manager.”

“What?” Kalita was left stunned.

“Yes,” Cookie puffed her chest proudly. “We went to your house and looked at all the bills, fines and stuff that you guys had. It took us the whole day, but we paid them one by one. You are welcome.”

“Wait a second!” Kalita protested, ignoring the huge smile and teary eyes that Muko had beside her. “How did you get into the apartment if it was locked?”

“Well,” Cookie coyly showed her some very familiar keys\*

 “How did you…?” Kalita put her hands in her hand pockets, realizing that her keys were missing and that they were now being held in Cookie’s fingers.

“Let's say I borrowed your keys to get in,” Cookie winked at Kalita, expecting a hug or some words of gratitude from her once she processed the surprise. “We wanted it to be a surprise for everyone. You don't have to-” Her words were cut when Kalita grabbed her tightly and started shaking her. “Aaaaahhh!”

“Damn dwarf squirrel!” Kalita angrily shook Cookie with Muko trying to pry her off. “How can you think of stealing my keys and entering my house! Don't you know that it is illegal to enter a house that is not yours?! I should call the police for trespassing!”

“Is this how you thank your adoptive mother for paying for your paperwork?” Cookie protested while she was being choked. “Well, next time, don’t ask me for favors! And how many times do I have to tell you that I'm not a dwarf? For a squirrel I’m tall! You ungrateful fox!”

“That's great,” Muko smiled happily as she still tried to separate the two. “Now we won't have to worry about fines.”

“And buy some Chinese food to celebrate!” Daikarin added as she easily separate Kalita and Cookie with a strong yet gently tug from her hands.

“Wow, I'm really hungry!” Muko hugged Kalita to celebrate and to prevent her from strangling Cookie again. “Let's go to the car!”

“Sometimes I wonder why they call it Chinese food,” Megumi wondered, remembering that Akira once claimed that Bruce Lee, one of her favorite human actors probably invented it since he was Chinese.

“What does it matter?” Akira asked, too hungry to talk about Bruce Lee. “I want to eat! These workouts are making me hungry.”

“You're right,” Megumi nodded, satisfied with todays’ events. “Let's go home and eat.”

“You’d better not have taken my car keys either,” Kalita threatened Cookie as they walked side by side.

“Of course I didn't take them!” Cookie protested. “My feet are too small to reach the pedals!”

“So you admit that you are a dwarf?” Kalita taunted.

“That's not what I said!” Cookie screeched as the new Team Starkiller finished the day with a happy meal as a family.