

We met in College 8 years ago. We spent a few passionate months together until our careers made us drift apart.

He became a professional fighter, always traveling in every corners of the world to meet his next opponent or his trainer. He became famous for being one of the first animal to enter the famous Tekken tournament.

I became a private detective. Being a Lycanthropanda has its quirks when in need of defense but stealth is even more vital since my condition gets always easily noticeable. Being forced to move away and lose your customers is always a pain.

We still meet from time to time to catch up lost time but it ain't what it used to be. The passion isn't there anymore. Only the phantom feeling of it, like the last hug your dad gives you before passing away. A precious heating souvenir.

I entered the gym, pushing both doors at once. What first hit me is the smell. The strong smell of dirty sweat and leather hitting leather. It burned my lungs like my first cig. I shook my head and started looking for him. The gym was almost empty. I could only see six boxers. Two of them were using the sand bag, one was shadow boxing, another was hitting the punchbag and the three other were either pumping iron and weights or using the jumping ropes. The ring was empty and the office above it all was also empty. He was nowhere to be seen.

I almost thought I missed him until I saw his massive royal massive panda frame emerge from behind the ring and heading toward the showers. He was sweating profusely. He took his boxing training gloves off as he walked away and his red boxing shorts seemed to squeeze his drooling bubble butt with each step. He hadn't changed... I sighed and followed him.

I entered the lockers and saw him nowhere. The doors slammed behind me. I turned around, startled, and saw him with his hand on the doors, locking them. He greeted me with his most welcoming smile and went to sit on the bench. He wiped the sweat on his forehead with a towel. His arms were as big as and seemed heavier than tree trunks .

-How did you spot me? I asked, taking my attention away from his arms.

-Force of the habit. The Mishimas are a bunch of slimey bastards.

He then bent down, started removing his red shorts.. His legs, he could kick back an elephant with those!... and laid down the shorts on the bench. He was now wearing a only jockstrap that could barely contain his huge pack. He then wiped off the sweat from his neck and beefy torso with a towel. I could barely take my eyes off him and he knew it.

-But you already know that, don't you?...

I snapped away from his legs and ignored his question.

-... Where are the finals this time? I asked.

-Here in Lyon.

-The world's best graft surgeons... he's going to get a biological upgrade?

-Heihachi isn't getting younger.

He sat back on the bench and opened his legs. I only got a glimpse before forced myself to look him in the eyes. We watched each other silently for a few minutes. He hadn't changed much. He had become thicker and looked stronger. There was also a few wrinkles on his face as well as some battle scars scattered on his body but he was the same. Good old panda...

-I missed you. He said.

-I know...

We looked at each other again for a few minutes. Memories of our past encounters coming back to us, shielding us from what was outside those locked doors. A small warmth engulfed me, the warmth of a past happy moment. As the souvenir came, there also was a hint of sadness. I knew it was going to be short like the last time. I dropped my head, trying not to think about it, and cut the eye contact.

He suddenly stood up and looked down at me from all his height, with a knowing smile on his face. I watched him walk to the showers, waving his butt, stop at the door step and dropped his jockstrap. He glanced at me from over his shoulder and lifted his tail, giving me a flash of what it hode. I gulped noisily. He stayed like this for a while then entered the shower without saying anything. The shower soon started. I stayed there a moment, listening to it. I then sighed, undressed myself, leaving my trenchcoat, hat and costume on the bench near his boxing shorts and entered the showers...