

MAVRA

SHOWING OFF FOR REAL

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The track was where Nara thrived, it was what she'd devoted her life to. Feeling the nubby texture under her fingers, and the soft tropical breeze blowing through the stadium gave her a thrill. Her body was ready for this, every muscle honed to perfection through decades of training that often left her collapsed on the ground.

Getting in touch with the familiar surface of the field wasn't just to get her head in the necessary mindset. It also reminded her of everything she went through to get here. To this moment. She recalled memories of what she endured, not just the exercises but everything that changed her.

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A decade of steroid usage that had helped her build more muscle than she should have even with her genetics. Combined with the last few years of genetic enhancement that caused her muscles to grow denser and stronger than humanly possible, every nerve and fiber of her being in a constant state of readiness for motion.

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The track uniform she was in, matching her hair, an amethyst shade of purple that shone in the sun against her tanned skin.



Thick veins pulsed and throbbed beneath her paper-thin skin, displaying a roadmap of vascularity running through her body, a body that shouldn't really exist. She'd honed it to a state of leanness and definition usually seen on Bodybuilders, all packed onto a frame no larger than a big Bikini competitor.



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As her feet strained against the starting blocks, she looked to her right where one of her competitors crouched in her own blocks.

"You girls ready for this?" Nara's voice rang out cheerily, the Vegas/SoCal accent resonating loudly in the stillness of the muggy Hawaiian morning. There was excitement in her voice, even if this was just a training session between the three athletes, between three friends. A bit of mischief flashed in Nara's sapphire eyes.



Athena, the slim Hellenic woman whose body looked like it had been forged by her very namesake, was speed incarnated, the sleek lines of her muscles practically twitching with pent-up energy. Her rich emerald gaze almost bored Nara, she smirked and spoke with her bravado.

"Ready, I'm already finished." The Greek woman grinned at her own joke and lowered her head, tensing her legs against the starting blocks, an audible creak coming from the metal planted in the sturdy running track.

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Rei was next in line on her left, the raven haired Japanese woman had her short locks slicked back this morning. Her stygian eyes facing forward for this, giving only the barest of nods in response. She spoke up after a moment in accented English. "Race now, beach later." This was Rei's first time to Hawaii, so she wanted to make the most of it, and although she wasn't the sort to ever admit it, she enjoyed the looks her Olympic quality frame garnered.

That was as good as Nara was going to get for the pre-race chatter, confirming they were all ready to go. Looking at the trigger beside Rei, Nara gave the signal to the supervisor to start the countdown. They'd all agreed on a 5 second count in advance so that everything would be precisely even. This was purely skill against skill for this race. Even Nara's chemical Advantages wouldn't help her here.

5...

Athena and Rei were both as if not more enhanced than Nara. Both women were younger than her by five or six years. Nara, only twenty five, wasn't old, but the two younger women had the advantages of youth, and relatively more years of genetic enhancements pumped into their bodies. Both were marvels of human potential and pharmaceuticals.

4...

There was no time to think about how evenly matched the pair were with her. Nara focused on her breathing and heart rate, sucking in as much air as her expanded lung capacity could hold, forcing it into her body, trying to make sure her muscles had enough oxygen for the anaerobic sprint she was about to do, her massive heart quickly speeding up.

3...

Nara's heart, that massive muscular hydraulic pump in her chest, thundered in her ears. Her heart rate went from a 'resting' 20 bpm to a spiking nearly 170 bpm in less than a second, forcing richly oxygenated blood through her veins and muscles, preparing them for exertion. The network of visible veins under her skin writhed and danced from the increased blood flow.

2...

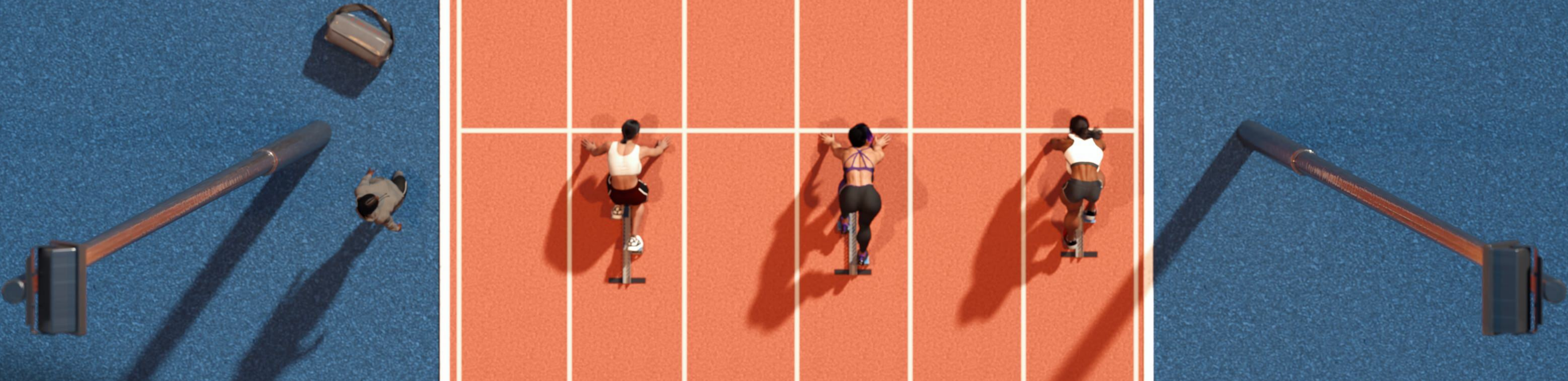
Her muscles tensed sharply against the starting blocks. Now that her blood was racing through her body and her heart was thundering in her chest, she reached her 'forced peak' heart rate of 185 bpm and it stayed there as she finished hyperventilating to oxygenate herself. One active thought in her mind, one word escaping her lips. "Speed."

1...

Her leg muscles stood out taut as she settled into her final starting position, waiting for the sound of the gunshot that would start off this race between the trio of friends. This race would be measured to the thousandth of a decimal place. Nara was ready, her feet pressed so hard against the starting blocks that the metal was creaking, her firm top stretched tightly against her chest. Nara let out the excess breath, and...

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BANNG!





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Three more bangs in simultaneity, the three sets of starting blocks wrenching and shearing off as the three enhanced athletes leapt to begin their 100 meter sprint. Their superhuman muscles flung them forward as all three of them practically flew down the tracks, leaving the carnage of the starting blocks behind.

Running was what all three women were made to do, so it came easy, and each had the same mentality about this: have fun and beat your own time. This was their life and how they made their living and fame.

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Running. That was also why this race was private and recorded only for each other and their coaching staff. For the last few decades it had been an open secret that Olympic-level athletes had been doping and juicing, but no one in the general public knew the extent of it.. This race was to show their true potential to each other, how hard they'd actually trained.



So as Nara focused on her own run, she knew the only thing that she had to prove was how much fun she could have with the others. With each of her long, practically leaping strides, her cleats dug into track, her inhumanly muscled legs propelling her forward. Muscles strained against tendon, tendon straining against bone, Nara straining against herself.

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Sweat barely had a chance to bead against her brow as her feet blasted against the track, and her heart thundered against her chest at over 200 bpm. Her body could take this though, she'd trained and been enhanced specifically for this. While the 100m wasn't her event, it was Athena's, all women had agreed to test themselves against the full variety of Athletics events in which any of them competed.



So it was Athena's back that Nara was seeing, the lean Hellenic woman barely a few centimeters ahead of Nara throughout the entire race. She was as swift as her namesake, as an arrow in flight. Athena pulled ahead in the last few meters, widening that gap to almost a full two meters.

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The exhilaration of the race felt like it would last forever, but it had barely been a few seconds when the horn sounded as the three women crossed the finish line at almost exactly the same time, with Athena passing it slightly before Nara and Rei. As Nara looked over to the clock displaying their times, a sleek amethyst brow raised even as she gasped for breath, hungry for air to replenish her depleted body and strained muscles.



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The final standings...

LN	NAME	PL	TIME
1			
2	REI		***
3			
4	NARA		***
5			
6	ATHENA		***

LN	NAME	PL	TIME
1			
2	REI	3	7.068
3			
4	NARA	2	7.067
5			
6	ATHENA	1	6.987



The backheld breath burst out all three of them as they saw the results on the screen. From the distance they heard as the audience of few observers came to life with them, but their attention was glued to the numbers in front of them.



With a shuddering breath and a wide smile, Nara looked to her pair of friends, even as she wiped sweat from her brow. “And that was a hell of a lot of fun to end the race with. Showers then beach as Rei wants, yes? Let’s make the most of our time before we head back and train for the ‘Show’, yes?” Even through the exhaustion of the race there was still that good natured cheer in Nara’s voice. From the looks on the faces of the other two, both seemed to agree.



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THE END