

In the empty locker room of a local gym, a woman stood before a tall, body length mirror. She rotated back and forth, clearly examining herself. Her dark, ebony skin shimmered in the light, still glistening with a thin sheen of sweat from her workout. Long, black dreads flowed down from her scalp, framing her beautiful African features.

“They’re a bit tight...” Sighed out from her plush lips, voice husky and soothing. The faintest hint of an accent tinged her words. “Maybe I’ve been working out *too* much...”

Her sharp, brown eyes lowered in her reflection, affixing to the topic at hand. The tiny black and orange running shorts struggled to cover the full swell of her copious dark brown ass. Her wide hips clearly weren’t helping either. The flexing, toned muscle of her long, thick legs also made clear her considerable adipose hid an equally considerable layer of tight musculature. Her involuntary tensing and flexing as she attempted to stretch her shorts into more fabric caused her large ass to wobble and jiggle like jello in the mirror.

Her toned arms ceased their futile mission as she sighed once again, silently accepting her half covered ass’s partial state of dress. She quickly spun around in the mirror one last time. Her hands ran over her toned abs, before moving up to readjust her top. The matching sportsbra seemed to be losing a battle of equal scale, the brave fabric using all of it’s immense power to contain the woman’s heavy bust.

“All good to go...” The fit woman moved back toward her monochrome workout bag rummaging around until she pulled out a little card, her name proudly emblazoned on the front.

Eshe Ayele.

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“Oh! Eshe! I can’t believe I ran into you here!” A familiar, motherly voice caught her almost instantly, as she exited into the gym proper.

Turning to meet the voice, she quickly recognized its owner. “It’s nice to see you Ms. Yi.” Eshe greeted the older Asian woman back with a smile, “I honestly never thought you were the gym type.”

Yi Min-seo, a petite Korean woman sitting in her early 40s. She was currently wearing a tank top and some tight yoga pants. Her cute, round face was framed by a little black bob cut.

“You can just call me Min, sweetie.” A giggle escaped the Korean mother’s lips as she continued, cheek resting in her palm, “And I’m usually not! I came here for yoga since you haven’t been able to make it over with all that training you’ve been up to... Some big competition coming up?”

“Exactly that, yes!” Eshe nodded, “A big sprint is coming up and I’m definitely not planning to lose.”

“I had no idea until my daughter told me, but you’re a pretty well known gold-medalist or some such? A real professional athlete!” The little woman exclaimed with a cute pump of her fists.

Eshe chuckled, a big smile firmly affixed to her face. “I’ve won first place internationally several times, actually.” Eshe’s pride often swelled whenever anyone brought up her accomplishments, something she often tried avoiding herself for that exact reason. “Running’s my passion. It means a lot to me.”

“I always see you jogging around the block every morning, so I can definitely tell!” Min’s eyes snap open as she recalls another topic. “I remember you’re also a model or something?”

A deep blush fades into Eshe’s dark cheeks, as she lets out a small laugh. “I suppose that’s kind of true. I started off mostly modeling for fitness magazines and such, but I developed a little online presence over the years. So it’s something I do ‘part time’ I guess you could say.”

Min was absolutely beaming, “Still in your 20s and already so accomplished... Makes me wish I was a couple of decades younger myself!”

“You’re plenty accomplished yourself Ms. Yi! Don’t sell yourself short.”

A quick bit of shared laughter between the two women and they continued on their conversation, leaving the gym and deciding to walk home together, both having finished what they were there for.

“I often forget, but you’re actually from Africa, aren’t you Eshe? How’s your family?” Min asked, the woman’s nosy nature casually revealing itself.

Eshe was taken off-guard by the sudden shift in topic, poking her well-manicured finger to her chin in a show of thought. “Well, you know my mom, Amani?”

Min nodded in confirmation.

“We moved over to the States when I was rather young, most of the family that I know live here as well. They’re all doing fine.”

“Where are you from exactly?” Min continued, a cute smile on her face as she kept casually prying, “You already know I’m from Korea, hmm?”

Eshe nodded with a laugh, “Yeah, I remember.” A slight pause broke up her thoughts, “I grew up in Kenya before moving here. Though my dad’s Ethiopian, as far as I know. He’s kind of an *adventurer*, if that’s what you’d call it, would pop in occasionally but never stick around.”

“Sounds like he wasn’t around a lot, my little girl lost her father at an early age too...”

“Hmm... I’ve never really minded it.” Eshe responded with a little smile, “He may have never been around much, but he was always nice to be around when he was. And besides, your daughter turned out just fine too, didn’t she?”

After a brief silence, the sounds of passing cars and chirping birds filling the air, the two continued chatting. More small talk than anything. Eshe asked how Min’s daughter, Ryn, was doing. Min talked her ear off in response for several minutes.

Soon enough, Eshe’s apartment building was in sight.

“My cousin’s probably lazing around, she was supposed to come to the gym with me today...” Eshe mused as she fished out her key preemptively. “We usually work out together, but I think I’ve been pushing a little bit too much for her.”

“Shani, yes? Are you two living together right now?” Min asked with a little smile. “She’s friends with my daughter, so I think I heard her mention it...”

“She wanted to move out of her parent’s house.” Eshe promptly answered, “I was happy to help grant her a little feeling of independence.”

Another shared laugh between the two as they stopped in front of the large, fancy building.

“It was great seeing you, Ms. Yi.” Eshe waved as she made her way to the door, “We need to get together for some more yoga lessons sometime!”

“Of course!” Min answered with a wide smile, “Have a great evening, sweetie! And good luck with your upcoming races!”

“I always have good luck, because I always work hard!” Eshe turned around with a grin, throwing up cheeky ‘victory sign’ with her fingers. She quickly disappeared into the building, as her friend continued on toward home, the sun beginning to set in the distance.