His footsteps thundered like war drums. Emanuel Rodriegou. The champion of the Oympics 16 years in a row. Sweat falling of his bronze skin like rain. The man that had won every medal there is for running. His bright orange headband held up his long beatiful blonde hair. Running faster than every car on the road, his eyes laid solely on his opponent. A man on a large jet-black motorcycle. Covered in black leather and a helmet, with green glowing eyes shining inside the visor. Arnold Schoemaker. Banned from F1 for being too fast; known for lapping his opponents several times over. A man that had never lost a single race.

His motor roaring like a lion as he kept on building speed. The only thing on his mind: «Faster. I need to go faster!» Both going at around 160 km/h. Weaving through traffic like needles through thread. For a while Emanuel kept pace, his breathing rythmic, his heartrrate at a steady 50 bpm. But this wouldn't last forever. Because in his head while running, he understood something horrible: «Right now Arnold passed to the opposite crossing in around 1.16 second, and I did it in 2.18 second. Based on my calculations, he is going merely a few meters faster than I am, but that means the gap will continue if I don't get faster. I need to get rid of my shoes»

Thinking this like it was an obvious solution. He braced and then tore through his shoes like they were water. His beatiful bronze feet utterly destroyed the concrete road, with each step booming even louder than before. His speed increased drastically, but it was not enough. Arnold was still ahead. He needed to go faster. His beatiful toes tore into the ground and hoisted him forward, barely accelerating his speed, but it was enough for him to take the lead.

One meter.

Arnold could see Emanuel slowly moving past him.

Three meters.

But even as Arnold got left farther and farther behind.

Five meters.

He smiled.

Seven meters.

They had reached the highway.

Arnold now gained environmental advantage. He pressed his gas harder, the 300-bpm songs – played at two times speed – booming out of his sound system as the engine screamed with it. Like an omen of death, its roar resounded to warn anyone who dared stand in his way. Arnold's speed had now doubled to 240 km/h

He smiled as he saw Emmanuel's figure getting smaller behind him, but the smile vanished quickly, as ahead, to his horror, was a traffic jam. It went across the large hangwire bridge that crossed to the other side of the ocean, around one kilometer across. Arnold couldn't stop, even if he wanted to, but he never intended to either. He had already concocted a plan in his mind for getting through this conundrum, so he did as any sane person would. He drove of the cliff and onto the wavy ocean. His majestic motorcycle roaring as he revved the gas while in the air.

Still behind him by about 500 meters. Emmanuel thought to himself «Curses! Now it seems I need to use one of my trump cards. I had intended to use it later, but it seems to be true that a strategy never survives contact with the enemy. He truly is a madman»

He continued towards the large traffic jam, which spanned the entire bridge. Pure dread and terror dawned upon him as he steeled himself for what he was about to do.

Meanwhile, Arnold – who had driven off the cliff – had begun his daring maneuver. To him, a person that had won several speedboat competitions blindfolded, the ocean was as much a road as any other road. So he drove on it. With his mastery of sailing and ocean navigation, it looked like he controlled the waves to move to his will as he drove farther and farther ahead on the ocean. But in his wake, the ocean seemed to be slowly going still. Like the energy of the waves dissapated. Arnold had used his powers to transfer all energy of the waves into a larger wave that now stood before him like a ramp.

In that time, Emanuel had finished his preparation, and was now facing the traffic jam. «I heard sometime ago from a good friend, that emotions like anger and fear gives you adrenaline and makes you stronger. So in the preparation time for this race, I have racked up a collection of 200 horrible exes that make me feel rage and fear when I think about them.»

As he forced all of the most awful and diabolically evil memories to resurface in his mind, his face began to become red as hot iron, plumes of smoke coming out of his ears. He looked like a steam locomotive as he ran. A steam locomotive now going at around double the speed of what Arnold was driving at. Emanuel had reached 480 km/h. His heartbeat was now at an erratic 150 bpm. A train fueled by fear and hatred, but most of all a desire for victory, one he was determined to achieve no matter the cost. In a drug-like state from adrenaline, he exclaimed in murderous joy: «This is it! The Charge of the berserker!». He laughed crazily as he threw all cars in his way to the side. Some of them hit the railing, some even fell through the railing, landing in the water like orbital missiles. It was pandemonium. A cacophony of iron and screams tearing through the skies as an omen of doom thundered forward with no remorse, never looking at the carnage in his wake. This might have seemed to many like a reckless waste of lives of all that fell in the ocean, but in reality it was a callous calculation of who had been pushed to where. For those that fell in the water were all aimed at Arnold.

Like missiles aimed at his head, Arnold needed to fully concentrate his efforts of reaching the wave before it dissipated. Several cars almost hit their mark and threw him a bit off course. He began to slide on the water as he got closer to the ramp-like wave. The cars smashing down into the oceans again and again. As he made it to the ramp, it started coming undone as several more cars were thrown onto it. As he neared the top, barely gracing one of the cars – maiming his left arm – he slid of the wave sideways, and into the air.

As he flew off it, he transfered all the energy of the wave and the car that graced him, back into himself, causing him to fly through the air like an arrow. With only centimeters to spare he made it back onto the road. He barely had time while in the air to reposition his motorcycle. As his wheel barely made contact with the ground, he transferred all the kinetic energy he had accumulated from the waves, the cars, and his previous speed before he flew off the wave, into his bike again. He

laughed as he gained immense speed after hitting the road. The burn marks melted the concrete in a straight line for about 1 kilometer. He had reached 600 km/h. Emanuel had reached the same speed. So they were in the same position as before. They didn't speak a word to the other, but both knew what the other was thinking, and they both could feel the determination of their opponent permiating the air arround them. Even as deep in the zone as they were. But Emanuel continued to pick up speed, adrenaline fueling his calamitous charge. Soon he had reached Arnold and tore past him yet again. The vaccum being filled in Emannuel's path almost throwing Arnold of his bike.

Arnold clicked his mouth in annoyance. Seemed like he needed to pull out his secret technique. Reluctantly he lifted himself up from the seat, keeping a firm position that still optimized aerodynamics. He smiled with sadistic glee as he yelled «Blackpowder Octopi Expulsion!» and fired out everything he had in him. His flatulence resounded for many miles as it was unleashed upon the world. It was dark and grainy, black as a thunderstorm; It was gunpowder. Proppeling him at an immense speed.

Not only was it an attack that would hinder his opponent, as the cloud of dark smoke would blind and maybe even poison them. It was not even from the immense acceleration he achieved. No, it was because of Emmanuel's special power. His supernatural ability to go at immense speed, as long as he breathed in a strict tempo. The Blackpowder Octopi Expulsion was a natural anathema to that very power. Emanuel would either breath in and experience all the debuffs of this weapon, or he would lose his speed as he stopped breathing. «Genius truly! I am truly a genius!» He laughed a he ripped past Emanuel.

But he could never expect what happened behind him. He was in utter shock as he looked in his rear-view mirror. Emmanuel had put on black sunglasses! Because the sunglasses where black, obviously the smoke would no longer affect him, as he wouldn't even be able to see it. Arnold reprimanded himself.

«I-...I-...Idiot! I truly am an idiot! How could I have been so stupid to overlook that! No matter...I cannot lose now.»

He had broken the sound barrier, and his speed created such a vacuum that all the vehicles surrounding his path slammed into each other. He still had a huge lead, which Emanuel could never hope to catch up on if he continued on the same path, or else he would lose. That was when Emanuel thought to himself «If Arnold's power requires him to be using a vehicle, then it means he can only follow the whims of the road. But I have no such restriction if I keep breathing at this set tempo. I know! I must go to the mountains!» He smiled as he made a sharp turn off the road, breaking through the guardrailing, and running towards the mountain. At first he followed a trail, which soon turned into a thicker forest. His rhytmic breathing continued as he dodged and weaved through the trees. He deemed the speed loss from this a necessary sacrifice for his true goal: Cutting off Arnold.

He reached the top of the mountain and continued running. A few seconds passed as he ran on the air before he decided to jump. He was like a peregrine falcon in the air, soaring majesticaly towards the vast empty grasslands below the mountain. The shockwave hitting the empty hills was immense as he hit the ground running, leaving a large crater behind him as he continued his sprint. The road was still far away. Around him, the scenery soon changed from a grassy roadside and into farmland.

As he had respect for farmers, he chose to run through another guardrail and onto the road. Emanuel had now buildt up his speed to 800 km/h, leaving afterimages in his wake, meanwhile Arnold had just reached 800 km/h as well.

Soon they would reach the end of this road at an outlook. They would reach it in maybe 10 minutes. The end of the road did not mean the end of their race. In this competition there was no real finish line. The finish line simply was one of them giving up. And he couldn't let himself do that.

As they got closer to the end of the road, Arnold's eyes sparkled with both dread and glee. Emanuel could probably run on water, without expending much energy. But for Arnold, continuously controlling the energy of the waves so that he could drive on it at a fast enough speed to keep the lead. That would be damn near impossible. Especially as he had never driven a race on the open ocean, and therefore to him it would not be like a road.

That were the major flaws and differences of their powers. Arnold was much faster on the road and gained many benefits, like being able to steal energy from objects that let him accelerate to disgustingly high numbers. But it was only temporary boosts, like nitro in videogames. Emmanuel had the consistency of speed in exchange of tight timing and a maximum speed of around 1000 km/h on land and 800 km/h on water. But now it seemed that Arnold would hit a dead end as they got close to the end of the road. But, he had a demonically genius idea, so what once was a dead end had now become his golden ticket.

As they raced towards the roads end, Arnold finished his plotting. In about half a second he planned the following inside his head. "A few meters before I reach the end, I will jump and flip myself upside down, beginning to fall, but fall upwards, also called a jump. Then, in a torpedo motion, turn around and around. This will make me as fast as a ballistic missile, and I'll be able to travel on the air. Emmanuel cannot feasibly catch up with that! Even running on water he can only keep a maximum of 800 km/h!" They soon reached the end of the road. Arnold's engine roared with power, like a ferocious lion claiming victory. And he roared in unity «Intercontinental Ballistic Arnold Missile!». He flipped upside down as he jumped, the sound of his heavy motorcycle screaming a song of pain and triumph as he began to spin.

Using this devilish trick, he managed to reach 1200 km/h after around 15 seconds, only accelerating faster and faster as he flew across the skies. Arnold thought to himself "That fool Emmanuel will never be able to catch up to this, now he will be forced to admit defeat!" He smiled ear to ear, imagining to himself his closing victory, It was then that he looked into his rear view mirror, and for the first time in a race – No, In his life – fear settled in his heart "How!?" He exclaimed as he looked behind him.

After being left behind by the dark smog of death from Arnod's secret technique. Emmanuel prepared a new secret weapon. Inspired by Arnold's Blackpowder Octopi Expulsion – which had been graciously demonstrated to him – Emmanuel ate what ammounted to around 6.8 kilogram of corn from the farmlands, giving his respect to the farmers in the proccess. This let him increase his speed at the exact moment Arnold employed his "Intercontinental Ballistic Arnold Missile"; Letting him accelerate to 1200 km/s for a singular second.

He had landed on Arnold, and ran on the spinning missile man like a deadly treadmill. But the flaw of this DIY missile created by Arnold was its acceleration. It was this acceleration that let Emanuel be able to keep up in the most deadly cardio workout created by man – even worse than a poorly

paced assult air bike interval session – aswell as accelerate beyond his maximum speed.

"No matter!" Arnold thought to himself "When we reach land it will be over, because I will gain enviromental advantage as we land on a highway again! Because of the flat terrain, he will not stand a chance! The speed boost I gain from highways is so significant, he will not be able to keep up! I will easily pass 2000 km/h and show him!"

But to Arnold's utter horror. Emanuel spoke to him. «I know what you are thinking. You think you will win when we reach mainland again. But you have already lost this race» Arnold replied, practically screaming through his helmet as the wind screamed past them. «How?! I have not lost yet, you can't do anything to change the tide of this battle! How can you speak of me having lost when you are incapable of defeating me! You are truly an idiot!»

«That's where you're wrong Arnold! You have fallen into my trap, and now like a mouse you are helpless. Right now we have crossed several timezones in the span of all the hours we have been racing. It is about this moment you will be hit by my most secret and strongest attack. Jetlag!"

A maniacal laughter let out of Arnold as he replied "Then you cannot win either! We will both be affected and tie, and then we both lose!» But to Arnold's dismay, a smile crept up the beatiful face of Emanuel, as he exclaimed with joy. «It seems like the true fool here is you Arnold! I cannot gain jetlag, as I have been sleeping! Sleepwalking to be exact! So my body has been in constant movement all this time while I got myself sleep so not to be affected by the jetlag!"

Horror dawned on Arnold's face «No! Curse you Emanuel! This is cheating! I will...» He never finished the sentence. His body – fallen victim to jetlag – let go of the bike and flew into the ocean, hitting it with such speed and might that it created a pillar of water in the backdrop of Emanuel landing on the ground, having jumped of Arnold in the nick of time. He then finished his monologue «Everything is fair in a race Arnold, for the determined, no tool is too low, and no strategy to cowardly. For people like us, a fight can be won and lost in a single moment, it only takes a single mistake for it all to crumble down like a sandcastle in rain."

Emmanuel landed on ground and stopped running as he reached his finish line. He looked behind him at the now setting sun. He had proven himself against the now second fastest person in the world. He was the supreme victor. Emmanuel "Mqueen" Roudriegou had won the race