

An interview with Chevie

**GIRL OF THE MONTH - CHEVIE, THE NEW SENSATION OF RACE TRACKS
CHEETAH'S DOMINANCE IS OVER! WATCH OUT FOR THE **QUICKEST &
STRONGEST** IMPALA YOU HAVE EVER SEEN!
READ THE FULL INTERVIEW IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE!**

It was almost 10 AM and I was sitting on my leather chair, as I was waiting for her, a bit nervous. While I was playing with my pen and re-reading for the tenth time my notes, I hear a door opening up, and a familiar “Wassup?” came up. It was the sweet voice of Chevie, who was right on time for her interview! The young and athletic impala passed the doorframe who felt a bit small with her 6’2 ft in height, a tall size for her species. As for her clothes, it certainly matched with the teenage language. I was struck by this light pink hoodie, oddly shaped but very fashionable, the lower part cut barely under bust level, but with long and ample sleeves that were somewhat failing to hide the visible bulk of her arms; under the hoodie, a sleeveless white crop top, just as short as the unique hoodie, doing absolutely nothing to hide the bricks of muscles sculpted on the belly. For the lower body, Chevie choosed a used microshort in jean that felt hilariously undersized for two reasons. First, I could see the dark thong sticking off the small jean piece, the string lifted as high as possible to be both sexy and provocative. And then, there’s the magnificence of her hips and the dramatic girth of her thighs. Oh boy! Those are thicker-than-waist pillars of pure strength stuffed to the brim with huge yet beautifully shaped muscles, as demonstrated by the quadriceps shaped like teardrop and bulging generously over the knees. And the calves are wide, like balloons of dense muscles sticked to the legs. On her feet, the most fashionable, most colourful running shoes you can think of (those are not coming from the thrift shop, let me tell you). And let’s not forget about the red bandana at the top of her head, enrolled around her cute ears and throning atop her dyed blonde hair. I dig this look pretty much!

“Welcome, Chevie! You’re right in time. Please have a seat!” I said with great enthusiasm in my voice, pointing the chair in front of me, as I watched the buff impala closing the door firmly. She briefly turned around to do so, and the vision of the minishort covering barely half of her titanic, rock-hard glutes is now graved in my mind for ever. What an ass! It was so dense, so large, and without any trace of fat in sight – it was more of two striated bowling ball rather than a butt at this point. She was happily wiggling her cute tail at that moment, taunting me as I was doing my best to not blush. And trust me, that was not easy. And then she was coming near me, her walking stride quite hypnotising as her divine thighs were forced to rub against each other because of

their mighty bulk. Damn! Their size makes me shivers. They were huge, sure, but does their strength match their size? I had no doubt about it. She can rocket at amazing speed with legs like these! No wonder why she's a queen of races! "Ready for the interview or what? I have friends to meet and some workout right after, ya know" she asked me abruptly, as her supremely muscular bottom was crashing onto the seat, way too small to support the vastness of the impala's behind, nor the hamstrings of the thighs that needed twice more space, at least! "I should have thought of ample club chair..." I noted this instantly in my mind as I watch her readjust herself on the tiny chair that really felt undersized. It was not meant to support this much weight, from what I can tell... She then felt more comfortable with it, but the stunning bulk of her legs made it feel like the chair was meant for children.

"Oh, sure Chevie! Don't worry, *I tell her while we shake hands*, this should be quick as you requested. Before we begin, let me remind you this interview will be featured on our fitness magazine as well as on our socials. I'm expecting you to answer the questions precisely. No need to make essays, get straight to the point. You are getting recorded as we speak. Are you ready, Chevie?"

"Sure."

"Okay! First of all, can you introduce yourself to our readers and the people who don't know about you yet?"

"I'm Chevie, 22, and I'm a professional athlete. I'm currently preparing myself for the next Olympics games in athletics and competing in various races, but the shortest ones are my specialty."

"And you have hobbies outside of athletics?"

"Yeah, I spend time with friends and I'm using socials quite often, but as I got sponsors, I have to restraint myself of using them too much. Most of my free time is dedicated to workout or running outside, obviously. When I'm home with all my professional duties done, I like doing a bit of cooking for my family. Healthy meals are my specialty. I'm trying my best to make my little brother eat his vegetables, you know!"

"You have to use socials less often? Why is that?"

"Because I got advices to stop wasting time doing videos of myself or chatting with friends, and use this time for my training instead. Which is sad 'cause I actually like to talk to people and show myself. I need to inspire people. Show them they can be like me. And I mean, why do we have cameras on phones and I can't use them? Total B.S. Anyway, they're like *(she's about to mimic someone with an amusing tone, imitating what I presume is her angry coach)* "Stop showing your butt on the socials

and focus on your training!” (*chuckle*) Then I realised they were right, so I stepped off the gas a bit.”

“Many followers are disappointed you’re less active on socials. What do you want to say to them?”

“I love my fans, all of them. No matter if you are behind your smartphone simply living likes to my posts, the ones looking for advices for getting healthier, or even the ones supporting me on the track field, I love you all. And I mean all of you. I don’t forget you. I’m doing this because it helps me focus on my goals. If I’m doing this, this is only for getting better. Being the best I can be. For my followers, I will prepare something just for you, but please wait a little. After the Olympics, you’ll understand what I mean.”

“Doing some teasing, I see! Now, this question is mostly for those who know too little about you... tell me how you became addict to athletics.”

“Well, I was very young and not much into sports at that time, but one day I was watching athletics at the TV. I had a lot of respects for a certain athlete who was doing its best to keep up with cheetahs who were dominating the discipline back then. For me, he was a hero. He did not win any major competitions but I felt in love with his determination. The message he sent to me was so strong. That day, I knew I wanted to be like him. This is not about the number of medals, but the quest to approach them, you know? And here I am today, thanks to him. I’m the professional athlete I wanted to be as a kid.”

“Did you worked to be a racer because the athlete you were mentioning is also a racer?”

“Yes, precisely. He should have been more of the marathon kind, but it takes a lot of guts to fight cheetahs on their territory. I could be running long races as well, as I have a good stamina, but he really motivated me to specialise in fast races. Besides, I love challenges. It gives more value to my victories. What’s the proverb my dad told me the other day? *In a calm sea, every man is a pilot.* Something like that.”

“Now we know what motivated you to run. How did you proceed at first?”

“Well, I ran, again and again and again. It was not enough. My first results were not really impressive. But luckily, I was healthy, I grew up quick, improving my times at baby step, and then I realised what I was missing.”

“Which is...?”

“Muscles, *she said, pointing at her huge quadriceps*. Muscles means power. You need them. Hit the gym. Keep working out, and grow as your life depends on it.”

“It seems the muscle topic is serious.”

“You bet! Races after races, I realised I needed more power to get quicker. From the moment you get set, to the moment you cross the finish line, all your muscles are working together at 200%, not only your legs. Your physical condition needs to be absolutely top-notch, so I quickly considered working out more intensely over the years. I mean, it’s only a few seconds of efforts, but the better you get, the harder the records are falling down. If you don’t improve on your physical condition, there’s little hope you can beat new records.”

“What are your advices to those wanting to bulk up like you?”

“Be healthy, that’s the first step. Eat of everything at a reasonable quantity. Do small workout from time to time. Run every day and work on your stamina. When you feel more comfortable, burn the useless fat, build your muscles, and double – no, triple the efforts for your legs. There’s no secret, you need the best legs possible to run fast. Just be sure the rest can follow - you need to care about the upper body as well.”

“Now let’s focus on your workout routine. As you can guess, our readers want to know what kind of workout you do for having such muscular legs. What is your routine?”

“There are various leg exercises out there. On the socials I’ve made several tutorials explaining what to do for having legs like mine, so be sure to see them @ChevieImp64. There’s routine that help you build mass, or working on more specific muscles group. For example, if you want to improve your quads, do the following (*she’s counting them with the fingers*): barbell front squats, hack squat, leg press, leg extensions. Of course, adapt the numbers of sets and the weights accordingly to your physique. Never go too big, duh! And don’t be in a hurry, it takes a lot of time to build muscles like mine. It’s months and even years of work! It would be useless to give more details as many of you couldn’t do 10% of what I am capable of. My tutorials should help everyone, even beginners, so once again go check them out!”

“And tell me: what is the secret for your glutes! I bet there’s a ton of girls dreaming of having them as big and muscular as yours!”

“Nuh-uh! (*she’s doing a negative sign with her hand, acting like a naughty teenager, her tone of voice more childish*) Sorry for my bitches but my glute workout is my little secret. I still wanna be the n°1 impala on that regard!”

“Oh, okay then. Moving on! It’s hard to ignore the fact you’re quite tall, especially for your species. Does it help you in races?”

“I don’t consider myself tall when there’s women well over the seven-foot mark and stacked with huge muscles that makes me puny in comparison. I’m just 6’2, that’s not THAT much. Well yeah - perhaps my long legs are helping me having a longer stride? But trust me, I know shorter girls than I that can run just as fast, if not faster.”

“What do you think of your current physique?”

“Very proud of myself so far. I often look at older photos of myself, and I kept getting bigger over the years. Trust me, comparing your current self to your past self is super motivating for your workout. I have this constant need of pushing boundaries again and again! I was so damn happy when the size of my thighs matched and then surpassed my waist size. It just felt so amazing! I made the measurements live on socials back then, and it made me cry of happiness! At my age, I am near the top of my physical condition, but the slope to get there is very steep. I also need to get a good balance regarding my size.”

“Why is that?”

“More muscles equal more strength. But more muscles also equal more weight. And too much weight is not the best for races, because you have to carry more weight during your run. Cheetahs are muscular, sure, but also slim, that helps them getting faster. That’s why I focus so much on the lower body, because like the tires of a car, your legs are what makes you moving. I have the potential to get much bigger overall, but then I’d be less of a racer and more of a powerlifter, which is not I want to be. As a racer, I have to stick with my physique, I’m just focusing more on my legs. I still have room to gain some pounds of muscles here and there, I’m sure of that. It’s an endless quest! So yeah, remember this: you don’t build muscles just to have more muscles. What you want with those muscles is what matter the most. Getting healthier? Impress people? You want to run fast, or lift monstrous weights with them? You need goals, first and foremost.”

“I’m curious about one thing: what is your biggest feat of strength?”

“Possibly the time I was about to crush a bowling ball. It was shortly after the moment my thighs got bigger-than-waist, and someone challenged me to do that. I didn’t crush it entirely because I could have injured myself. There would be many pieces of the ball blasting all over the place, and I care too much about my thighs, so I had to stop before it happened. I’ve cracked it good though! *(She groped her quadriceps as she speak and shake them from left to right! There was so much muscles jiggling, it was jaw-dropping!)* This is more impressive than watermelons, sure, but to all the girls out there

that want to impress people: stick with watermelons. Don't injure yourself! More seriously, my biggest feat of strength is still yet to come, on the track field of course!"

"Is there something in particular that motivates you working out like you do?"

"Yeah, there's a cheetah I know. Forgot her name, sadly... This girl is amazing! Super inspiring regarding the physique, much bulkier than the other cheetahs I know. Bigger upper body than me, but I have better legs, and I'm a bit taller. She's beautiful as well. We raced together one day and I knew from the beginning we were the best rivals. Hope we can race again sometimes."

"Speaking of races, how do you feel when you run at full speed, even for just a hundred meters?"

"It's amazing. For a few seconds, I am in my universe, totally free. I think of nothing but my performance. I just keep pushing. And then I cross the line, making everyone proud: my family, my friends, all the impalas, and all the athletes having the same dream than me."

"And about the Olympics: what are your chances of winning?"

"As I said earlier, I am near the peak of my optimal physical condition, so I honestly think my chances are high. I can beat several cheetahs and I have a much better stamina than any of them. This is their weak point! I really want to shake up the hierarchy, and prove that cheetahs are not alone when it's about speed. Yeah, if I was meaner I'd say I'm going for a hunt!"

"What you mean by that, is that you're hunting them instead of getting hunted, correct?"

"Heck yeah!"

"Let's ask you more personal things. Your favourite muscles are...?"

"Calves."

"Not thighs or glutes?"

"They're just right after, don't worry! (*laugh*) Otherwise, I love abs. (*she's putting one hand on them*) I'd love to make them even thicker, like big bricks of meat so solid it could break the sledge hammer smashing them!"

"Oh wow! But you've got splendid abs already!"

“Haha, I know!”

“Tell me something funny that involve your workout or your muscles.”

“Let me think... *(she's looking away briefly, before looking at me again)* Oh yeah! One day I was on the track field doing some races, and my family was here to support me. I was still exhausted, sweating like shit, water dripping all over me. My little brother spotted me first, yelling my name, ran in my direction with his tiny arms open wide, and right when he tried to hugged me, his head crashed into my abs. So much in fact, it made him cry! I felt nothing from the impact... I hugged him in return, pressing his head more firmly against my wet abs. He was feeling better already, smiling in no time. And so do I – He's so cute!”

“What if you had one superpower of your choice! What would it be?”

“I'd say to run superfast like The Flash, but nah, that would be too obvious! I would go for something nastier... Let's say, being able to grow to giant size!”

“A size-shifter, then! Why?”

“It would be fun to have cheetahs forced to look WAY UP at me, with my giant legs flooding their vision! Yeah, just like that popular video I made one time, when I put my phone on the ground and I was standing tall over it. I looked so huge with this POV! I'm not sure how big I'd love to be but man – imagine if I was the size of, I dunno, like a skyscraper – I'd slap my thighs and there would be an earthquake! Ha!” *(Now I have the image of a giant Chevie looming over me somewhere in my mind... how awesome that would be? Smiling of this though, I regain my focus as I had just one last question.)*

“Your favourite number is the 64. Care to explain why?”

“There is actually a meaning, but I'm not sure you'd understand why, so let's move on.”

“Actually, we're already at the end of the interview! Any last words you want to say to our readers?”

“Never give up. Be proud. And most importantly: keep running!”

“Thank you so much for your time, Chevie! And good luck for your races.”

“Yay, thanks! I won't disappoint you.”

After another hand shake, she left the place and moved on. I really, really wish to see her again. She's so cool!

The end