

Umamusume. They are born to run.

They inherit otherworldly names, and are inspired by dreams most dramatic and wonderful. Now they run ever forward.

That, is their destiny.

No one knows how the races that lie in their future will end.

Even so, they continue to run, aiming only toward the goal in front of them.

But with tools of speed, comes tools of warfare.

Armored Umamusume, a sub-species of pure coincidence, or perhaps by some grand design. Able to integrate with weapons in a way no other can.

The tip to a spear. Soldiers, mercenaries, murderers. Many stories, many names.

One thing for certain, they were born to fight, rather than race.

And so, while their racing counterparts anticipate glory, Armored Umamusume anticipate fire and ash. But never ones that consume a whole country.

Chapter 1 - Beginning of two Foal's growth

Tracen Academy, Tokyo, Japan

One of the few locations where Armored and normal Umamusume learn, study and grow together within the world, due to most educational institutes being unable to support both due either not having the right budget, right resources, right facilities, or a mix of the three.

And currently where the scene is set, on the young Armored Umamusume known as Special Week, just outside of Tracen Academy, currently catching her breath while holding a duffle bag, having sprinted all the way from a weapon store due to being late.

“Hahh.. Hah.. M-Made it..” She whimpers to herself, walking through the gate on slightly shaky legs, hands tightening slightly around her weaponry bag’s handle to keep herself

grounded when the world spins for a few moments.

“Heyyyy, Spe! You got the kit? We can’t have ya falling behind on the first day of training!” Gold Ship, who was leaning against a nearby lamp post, calls out, already kitted up herself, though less consistent than most others due to being both a Gold and Mejiro, so having to represent both Balam and Arquebus

You see, while some students at Tracen are still normal Umamusume, others you are used to are Armored Umamusume. Such as Special Week and Gold Ship.

“Y-Yeah, I have.”

“Alright! Now if you need a little bit of the Golshi magic for the Turner, just lemme know.”

“Will do..”

And with that, the two walk together to the training arena the rest of Team Spica are. Yes, arena, not track.

“McQueeeen~ Guess whose back.” Gold Ship, who managed to sneak up on the Mejiro, croons before promptly shoving some ice down the back of McQueen’s training uniform.

“You-” McQueen chokes, starting to run after Gold Ship, who promptly attempts to lose her, while leaving Ryo Nishizaki to handle the rest of the team.

“... Alright, leaving those two to handle that, listen up everyone!” He calls out, finishing with jotting some things down on his clip board before turning to the room. “You all know what’s happening soon. The Sapporo Tataki*, so we’ll need to brush up on your skills.”

*Much like training facilities, only a few race courses also have the capabilities to also support Armored Umamusume combat

Letting his Trainees talk among themselves for a few moments, he continues speaking.

“And so we’ll be running a mini-tournament. While we wait for McQueen and Gold Ship, Spe and Suzuka, you’re up first.”

And so the two Armored Umamusume gear up. While Special Week has only some basic gear, she won’t give up against Suzuka.

A few rooms away, the sound of already on-going combat fills another Arena.

The rhythmic staccato fire of a DF-MG-02 CHANG-CHEN machine gun, loaded with non-lethal rounds, and the sharp cracks of a EL-PW-00 VIENTO needle gun, alongside the roar of explosions and buzzing of Pulse weapons. Mihono Bourbon and Rice Shower, with a few onlookers discussing the two Armored Umamusume fighting.

“It’s still uncanny how Mihono-san fights, don’t you think?..” One student muses to her friend

“Mhm.. But then again, Rice-chan is keeping up with her. Isn’t that worse?” Another replies

“Not really. In the heat of combat, one’s body is capable of anything. Such as a Soul Expansion*, remember?”

*A strange reaction initially active during a life-or-death situation in an Armored Umamusume’s body where their body gets invigorated while letting out a burst of power that affects the local area based off of what the user’s soul is truly like. Similar to a Core Expansion in AC6, but less consistent

“True. I suppose it’s not too abnormal for Rice-chan to keep up with her with that in mind..”

A crash comes from the arena, snapping the two back to full presence. Rice Shower had been thrown onto the ground by Mihono Bourbon, now with the muzzle of the taller Armored Umamusume’s chang-chen in her shorter friend’s face.

“Combat results.. Victory. My apologies if I was rough, Rice-chan.” Mihono says, putting the chang-chen into a holster before helping Rice Shower onto her feet.

“N-No, Mihono-san. I should’ve..” Rice starts, though she freezes when Mihono makes her shorter friend face her

“You did fine, Rice-chan. You lasted longer than last time by 3 minutes and 22 seconds.” Mihono states, making the few students still hanging around after the combat drill was finished bristle at the accuracy. But Rice Shower doesn’t think anything of it as she nods at Mihono’s words.

But Special Week hasn’t been as lucky, due to having been completely walloped by Suzuka in the first two minutes, the now-bruised Armored Umamusume rubbing her sore shoulder with one hand while the other is sipping on some water.

“Nhh... C-Carrot nuggets..” Special Week curses while continuing to rub her shoulder

The Star Scorned Lover's, never quite shining bright
The Star Scorned Lover's, never quite close enough
The Star Scorned Lover's, never quite there to being together
But here, among these starless skies?
Their time is infinite, even if they're not where they need to be

Rice Shower should've refused the mission. She knows she should have, but that
CEPC* Commander was adamant that she needed to intercept Mihono.

*Coral Exploitation Prevention Coalition

So that leads to now, with Rice Shower and Mihono Bourbon standing on top of a hill,
Coral Debris crushing under foot.