

The Final Lap

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*I posted this on [FanFiction.net](http://FanFiction.net "http://FanFiction.net") and thought I'd try and post it here too! :D
Yes, this is just a oneshot I wrote when I was bored one night. Please read and enjoy the explosions. :P*

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1. The Final Lap

People stood up in the grandstands of the Deathdrome, craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the racers as they zoomed by, ready to enter the second and final lap.

The smell of burning rubber stained the air and skid marks littered the track.

The smoke from previous vehicle crashes drifted into the crowd causing many to cough, but this was all a part of the excitement of racing.

This is where it got serious. This is where it was do or die. Kill or be killed. WIN OR LOSE.

First to be seen rounding the corner was the newbie, Jak, closely followed by some of Combat Racing's best-known drivers, Razer and UR-86.

The rest of the drivers weren't too far behind, but just didn't seem to be able to get past each other. They seemed to be fighting a major battle in that back section, just for a chance to move up a placing and have a shot at that all-important gold medal.

As Jak crossed the start/finish line and drove onward to the next lap, a cheer ripped through the crowd. The young man had gathered a fair share of supporters.

Jak could barely hear the roar of the crowd over the rumble of the engine, but he smiled smugly. The first lap was his. The second lap was going to be a cakewalk.

Or so he thought.

Daxter stood on the sidelines in the pits, wondering if Jak was going to make a stop.

He had simply refused to take up his usual position on the rear of the car after the last, particularly nasty race. His tail was still wrapped in bandages, but he jumped up and down, cheering and making so much noise you could hardly believe all that sound was coming from one small fuzzy Ottsel.

Jak sped by the pits; confident he was going to be able to make it through the second lap easily. He didn't need new tires, or fuel or damage repair. He was fine. Besides, if he took a pit stop he would lose his oh-so-precious lead, yet he needn't have worried.

He lost it anyway.

Razer sped past Jak, blue eco spewing from his thrusters, cackling like he'd had way too much to drink, though his sharp movements and crystal concentration told otherwise.

Jak growled to himself as he spied a small light on his dashboard that signaled that his weapons were non-existent. He had no turbo power, not even a damn red eco weapon! He needed eco and fast.

YOU WANT SOME DARK JAK!? He screamed out the window, feeling his anger pulse inside him.

Horns ripped through his scalp and his fingers grew long black talons that dug into the steering wheel. His blue eyes turned as black as night and his skin turned so pale anyone could have mistaken him for a ghost. A shockwave of dark eco erupted from his racer and spread out,

exploding a few of the lesser drivers who had gotten too close.

Talk about road rage&

Razer's car swiveled and swerved. He lost his traction and went into a spin, ejecting himself from his car just before it crashed into a wall exploding into a fiery inferno.

The crowd cheered. They loved a good crash and this one was a beauty!

With Razer out of the race, Jak took the lead again. A small feeling of relief washed over him and purged his body of the darkness. He regained a sense of calmness as his normal self returned and drove smoothly around the next corner.

To his delight, around that corner was the glow of yellow eco weapons. He grinned, knowing that if anyone passed him, at least he'd be able to put up a fight.

A small clicking noise sounded as he picked up the weapon. Oh no.

It was a Super Nova.

Jak was going to have to waste his weapon! If there was no one past him in the next ten seconds the Super Nova would backfire and he would end up being knocked out of the race for good!

He sighed as he looked in the rear vision mirror. He had such a lead that no one was going to pass him in the next ten seconds, well, six seconds now.

Jak growled to himself as he slammed down the button to release his almighty, yet useless, weapon.

Click. Nothing.

"Oh no!!!" Jak started to get frantic. He was going to be blown sky high! His incredible lead, that dark eco blast&it all meant nothing! He would lose unless he could think of something and QUICK!

With a mere second left a plan formulated in Jak's mind. It was crazy, and if you'll forgive the cliché, so crazy it just might work!

Jak thumped the eject button and he was sprung out of his racing car a moment before the super nova backfired.

The noise in Jak's ears was amazing. It was like the roar of a million engines, the whine of a trillion metal heads, but he didn't have time to think about the sound. For his plan to work he needed to time it perfectly.

Around ten metres in the air, Jak made his transformation. Tentacle-like angel wings sprouted from his back, and he glowed a brilliant blue that lit up brighter than any of the crashes Combat Racing had ever seen. Jak could almost imagine the shocked look on every single member of the crowd's faces as they viewed the most incredible comeback move ever attempted.

Jak swished his hands and brought them together, whilst still suspended in the air. Racers rushing by below him slowed dramatically. Everything became slow motion as the flash freeze

move he'd just performed took hold.

He floated down and hit the ground skilfully springing back up and sprinting to the nearest car, which was now going so slowly Jak could have outrun it. He was glad it was this slow. He needed it to be.

Jak thrust the passenger-side door open and dived in, shoving the poor driver out the window in a slow motion crash through broken glass. The window shattered and pieces of glass scattered everywhere. One rather large one lodged itself in Jak's cheek, but he would have to worry about that later.

Everything suddenly snapped out of the flash freeze and everything regained its speed and momentum.

It must have been absolutely baffling for the crowd; to them it would have seemed like all that had happened in less than a second.

Jak, normal again, turned the wheel aggressively, pulling the car into a tight power slide around a corner. A substantial amount of blue eco filled his turbo meter. Jak grinned broadly as he gunned the engine.

With the accelerator pushed right down to the floor and his thrusters shooting out blue eco he sped through the pack, until before he knew it he was level with UR-86, the only remaining racer who posed Jak any immediate threat or challenge.

His thrusters spluttered as Jak's blue eco tank ran dry. He swerved round a corner with UR-86 beside him, and found himself rushing across the home stretch.

This was it. UR-86 vs. Jak in a full out, full on dash for the finish line. Team Mizo vs. Team Krew. Robot vs. Man. Metal and oil vs. Flesh and blood.

With no turbos and no weapons both racers were evenly matched. Neither pulled in front of the other until just at the finish line. One racer pulled mere millimetres in front of the other and won the gold by a millisecond.

A roaring cheer erupted from the crowd.

Jak had won.