

ACING IT

FIRST PERSON STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



> I mean, I don' t really see the appeal...

Honestly, it was usually a bad idea to go onto *Reddit* of all sites. I generally thought it was a pretty good resource when I was attempting to solve a niche problem. If something in my home was malfunctioning, then going to Reddit to find people having a similar issue and solving it was usually more reliable than checking Google in an era where AI had effectively ruined search engines and the internet as a whole. That was usually *fine*, and people on subs where that kind of thing was common were usually helpful.

The issues came up more when you visited *fandom* related Reddit subs. There would always be relatively normal discussions happening there, of course, but much like on Twitter there'd always be people that were downright unhinged as well. That morning, I had made the mistake of going on the Umamusume board and had tuned into a 'favorite Umamusume' thread, where all of my problems had begun.

I'd simply replied to the thread with my answer, only to find someone trying to argue with me over my choice. 'OguriCapLovr4Ever' seemed to take an issue with the fact that my favorite wasn't Oguri Cap for *some* reason. It wasn't like I was the only one in the thread giving an answer that wasn't Oguri Cap, and it wasn't an 'Oguri Cap appreciation thread'. I'd shot several retorts back to them, even though it probably would have been better to block them and move on in retrospect. Their responses to me had been growing increasingly nonsensical, even though I had kept a level head.

> I bet I know a way to make you appreciate her more!

“What does... that... mean...?” It was difficult not to trail off when, all of a sudden, the world that surrounded me as I knew it became distorted and reformed in the time that it had taken me to finish that question. I stood up from my desk in panicked confusion, only for a *new* desk and chair to take the place of the ones I was accustomed to... along with everything else in my room, and the room itself. For all intents and purposes, it seemed that I had suddenly found myself in— **“Is this a dorm room?”**

That was one fear. It was small, had two beds, two desks... It reminded me of my college dorms back in the day, back when I shared a room with someone else. But there was a more concerning aspect. All of the decorations looked rather... *girly*. As did the violet laptop on the desk in front of me that was surrounded by... *Oguri Cap plushies*? **“Uh?”** My first thought was naturally that I was experiencing some sort of delusion fueled fever dream. That maybe I’d fallen into a coma while using Reddit and my last conversation had led to this happening.

Unfortunately, that wasn’t the case. And it also wasn’t going to stop with a simple change of scenery, either.

“Urp!?” The whole situation had naturally made me anxious, and sometimes my stomach did *not* respond well to my anxiety. I’d briefly thought that I was going to be sick because of it, but *then* I thought I was somehow *very* sick due when it occurred to me that my shirt seemed very... *loose*. **“H-Huh?”** It definitely *shouldn’t* have been loose. Not at *all*. I was a heavier set guy and was used to filling out my shirts. I should have been able to see my stomach bulging out in front of me!

But it *wasn’t*. I was *thin* all of a sudden, and my shirt was practically hanging off of me like a giant sack. **“H-How!?”** Between that and suddenly being teleported, the only possibilities I could think of were that I was dreaming, someone had cast a magic spell on me, or I’d been abducted by aliens, and they were testing their *weird* technology on me. None of which felt like *rational* explanations, but was there even anything rational that *could* explain it?

Matters in that regard were worsening, and they were worsening *fast*. I’d hardly been able to grapple with the sudden weight loss, and my pants had *already* begun to slip from my narrowed waist, but I quickly found myself plummeting *downward* – and that finally forced my pants *and* my boxers to slip right off. **“Whoa!?”** I was obviously *shrinking*, but it happened so quickly that I had been afraid I was falling in the back of my mind and held out my hands to grab onto something that wasn’t there.

I had *been* almost six feet tall, but in a matter of moments I'd dropped all the way down to 5'6"; which wasn't a *bad* height or anything, but it was definitely below average for a man of my age. But that was assuming I was *still* the same age, right? **"Why did I get smaller? That's totally... Uh...?"** Since when did I use 'totally' like that? No! That wasn't even the main issue! What was up with my voice? It sounded significantly *younger*, almost like... **"I sound like a girl!?"**

Both its more youthful tone and its feminine ring actually made a little more sense than I realized, however. As I'd shrunk, the years had clearly been peeled off of my complexion and my body as a whole. I'd briefly looked more like myself but if I'd been around the age of *seventeen* or so, but what was brief about it *wasn't* the age. It only briefly looked like 'myself', or at least the 'self' that I was aware of thus far.

My nose wrinkled as it shrunk into a smaller, thinner button shape above a pair of lips that puffed out in fullness but narrowed in width. My face's structure overall caved so that it became smaller, daintier, and *prettier*, until there was no denying that I looked like a *maiden*. A *Japanese* maiden, as it turned out, because the corners of my eyes looked like they were pinching in courtesy of narrowed eyelids, somewhat hiding that the colors of my eyes had dulled to brown.

Lengthened eyelashes added to just how *girly* looked, but so did my *hair*. Short, dark strands lightened to a shade of reddish pink that then grew and grew. It curled passively in the back as it reached towards the center of my back, and there was even a springiness to the bangs that framed my face. They looked like they had been repeatedly styled to maintain that shape, but in the moment, I wasn't really *thinking* about my hair. *My hair was always cute anyways!*

"I'm not becoming, like, a girl, am I!? But if I became a girl like my fav, Oguri Cap, then...!?" What was I even *saying*? I was trying to correct my speech and speak with the same seriousness and maturity I did before, but everything I said came out so *casual* and *vapid* sounding. And since when was Oguri Cap my 'fav'? *Duh? Since forever! Or well, since she beat me that one time!* Those... weren't my memories, were they? They felt *familiar*. I'd seen them unfold from a viewer's perspective, but they hadn't *happened* to me!

If I'd been able to focus on my memories, then maybe I could have kept them straight for a little while longer. Unfortunately, I let out an almost moan-like squeak in response to a feeling between my legs. Like something had been *yanked into me*? But what the heck could it have been? It wasn't like something *should* have been there! I was a *girl*, after all! **"That was weird."**

Whether that was true or not, my body was quick to adapt to that new sex of mine. I was *already* petite enough to pass as a girl, but my silhouette was altered in ways that stole away any perceivable remaining masculinity. It began with my hips flaring out several inches, which forced my knees to buckle uncomfortably until I adjusted how I stood. My shoulders ended up narrowing, which led to my shirt slipping over to one side, and my waistline narrowed even more so that there was a subtler hourglass shape to my body.

“Hm... Am I forgetting something important? I kind of feel like I’m have a dumb blonde moment... not that I’m blonde!” It *was* kind of a ‘dumb blonde moment’ in that only a stereotypical dumb blonde would fail to notice that their own chest was *inflating*. I’d *been* a man before, so naturally I hadn’t *had* breasts. But since I was a girl, it was obviously time for that the change. The oversized shirt that was holding on to my smaller, slenderer body for dear life found itself with a little more to grab onto as a pair of A-cup mounds formed on my chest, but then rapidly burgeoned with a bounce all the way to *D-cups* where their youthfulness stopped them from sagging at all.

It wasn’t like these breasts were big enough to lift my shirt *too* high. With everything I’d lost, it covered all the way down past my thighs. But it *was* lifted to the center of my thighs when my tits grew in and then lifted to their peaks when not only my butt, but those thighs themselves bloated with softer flesh. It all gave me a perky, peach-shaped rump and a pair of legs that were squishy, but also had a fair bit of muscle hidden underneath... almost like I was active with my legs, like a runner? But the lack of strength elsewhere in my body elsewhere suggested I wasn’t all that serious about it.

In a flash, that shirt disappeared along with the clothing that had pooled around my feet. **“*Huh!?*”** I looked down, expecting to see myself *naked* or something, but I was wearing my regular uniform? My slightly too big, white uniform top underneath the beige sweater that I wore off my shoulders... My pleated white skirt with that green, horizontal stripe... White thigh highs, brown shoes? Even my hair was pulled into one side curl, and I was *obviously* wearing trendy, black lingerie underneath! **“*I dunno what I was expecting...*”**

There *was* something ‘strange’ about this outfit, though. I hadn’t questioned it, but there was a hole in the back of the skirt that seemed like it lacked a purpose. I wasn’t really thinking about that. I was looking over at *my* collection of Oguri Cap plushies on *my* desk. ***They were so cute! The best, even!*** I stepped closer to them, completely unaware that something had begun to swish about behind me more and more the closer I drew to the table.

It didn't feel *unnatural* to me, and if anything, it was basically *expected*? As an *Umamusume* there was no way that I wouldn't have a *tail*, right? And a tail was *certainly* what I was growing. Its coarser hair was the same color as the hair upon my head, and it had the same curly shape as its hair grew until it reached just past my knees in length. In a similar vein, my human ears were warmed with a pinkish red fur as they move up on my head, lengthened, and curved into a pair of *horse ears* that flicked from time to time.

“Oh! How could I *not* be on board with Cap!? You're totes the cutest and coolest ever!” I was *totally* still in my right mind... kinda! I hadn't forgotten being a smelly older dude or anything like that, but I felt young, free, and I could *def* see the appeal of Oguri Cap! Maybe that's what that poster had been thinking at the time when they had me turned into *Norn Ace*? Nah, that was *definitely* what they'd been thinking, right? I didn't even hesitate to grab one if *my* many Cap plushies, snuggling her into my sizable bust.



My horse girl ears twitched and my tail swished; things that had felt *super* weird to me at first, but now it felt... comfy? In fact, my memories had all been tidied up so that while I *did* remember my past life, being Norn Ace came just as easy to me! I knew my class schedule, how to dress myself to be all fashionable, all my logins for my numerous Oguri Cap fan accounts online... Y'know? The important stuff! It was a shame I couldn't be as good of a runner as Cap or even March, but not every Umamusume was destined for stardom and all that.

“Wait!” While smothering my plush, something else came to mind. One of my new memories was reminding me of something that must have been super, super important! **“OGURI CAP IS RUNNING IN LIKE 5 MINUTES, ISN'T SHE!?”** In a panic, I scooped up a few more plushies from my desk and ran to the TV that I was supposed to share with my roommate. I hadn't gotten a new one since Oguri went to Tracen, but I wasn't gonna complain! I plopped down and arranged the toys around me before finding the right channel.

“She really is the best!”