

OFF TO THE RACES

AUGUST 2025 BIG STORY

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Ren Amamiya was *bored*.

Honestly? It wasn't really surprising in the least. He was in the middle of his second period, which on that rainy Tuesday morning just so happened to be his *math* class. Even your most studious of students would probably agree that math wasn't a particularly exciting subject, and he would certainly agree with that assessment. But if it felt that way for a normal student, then for a boy who spent his evenings exploring what were essentially dungeons and fighting what were essentially monsters, something as boring as math felt all the more mundane.

He wasn't really paying attention to the lesson and, looking around? It was clear that he wasn't the only one. As the teacher had his back turned to the class to write on the chalkboard, several of his classmates had their own phones out and were clearly doing whatever. Scrolling media, playing games; the most obvious of the group being his fellow Phantom Thief, *Ann*. She was tapping away on her phone, and he could probably guess *what* she was doing.

Futaba had gotten her hooked on a game. *Umamusume*. Ren knew *of* it and had in fact downloaded it onto his phone, even though he hadn't played it yet. He knew it was like a roguelite and involved cute girls based on horses, but he didn't really know more than that. But since the teacher seemed intent on *not* asking them to put their phones away and he had nothing else to do? He tapped on the game icon on his phone.

Doing so was a mistake that he could *not* have predicted.



“...!?” Ren wasn’t an overly verbal person, so the shock that he felt was far more evident on his voice than anywhere else as he suddenly sank in what should have been a firm desk chair. He looked around, confused, because his surroundings were not what he had just been staring at. His classroom, his classmates; they were all *gone*. Instead? He was sitting on a small bed across from another, in an average-sized room furnished like what he could only assume was a *dormitory*.

He stood up and rubbed at his eyes. “**...Am I in the Metaverse?**” He could usually look to the Metaverse app on his phone to confirm as much if his surroundings felt unusual, but the idea of checking to see made him realize that his phone was *gone*. It wasn’t in the hand where he’d been holding it, nor was it in either of his pockets. “**...How?**” Considering he didn’t know of any other way for one’s surroundings to change so suddenly, the Metaverse was the only explanation he could think of.

Even if it was wrong.

Either way, he was in the room of someone else without permission, and based on the décor? It was pretty *feminine*, so he could only assume it was a room meant for two girls to live in. The best course of action would just be to *leave*. But before he could even consider if leaving through the door or through the *window* would be safer (because if he got caught, someone would definitely get the wrong idea), he became acutely aware that something was *awry*.

“**Hm?**” It almost worked to Ren’s benefit that he wasn’t the type of guy who was overly vocal, because a normal person might have *screamed* at what was occurring. In his mind, there was no moment where he believed what was happening to him wasn’t *actually* happening to him. The small dorm room didn’t seem all that small, and in fact kept seeming a little more spacious from his perspective as he *shrunk*. “**How?**”

It hadn’t been an instantaneous affair, and it wasn’t something that merely plagued him vertically either. Whether it was his shoulders slimming, his hands and fit becoming narrower and daintier as his fingernails grew slightly, or even of all things... his waistline slimming? It all seemed to be designed to give him a body that was *much* more compact. He looked around. He felt unsteady, but when he hesitantly

reached out to grab something the breadth of what was happening to his hands struck him. Why did they appear so *girlish*?

“It’s kind of hard to move...” That was perhaps the most obvious takeaway he could make. It was a struggle to keep his daintier hands from being swallowed by a pair of sleeves that were now several sizes too long as his height had bottomed out at mere 4’7”. One step was all it took for his tinier feet to slip out of his shoes, and his jacket almost reached his knees above bunched up pant legs.

Wasn’t he struggling a little *too much*, though? The usual Joker would try once and give up, but he was wriggling about like he just *couldn’t* stay still. **“This is kinda stif... stifl... stuffy!”** ‘Stifling’ wasn’t a difficult word, so why didn’t it come to him? And considering how quickly he’d noticed everything else, why did the ring of his voice not strike him? It had shot up so that it was *very* high. Very... *cute*? And it carried *far* more energy than was typical of his usual personality.

A changing voice actually came with a changing *face*, and it likewise appeared to coincide with his Adam’s apple smoothing away. The fact that he was a teenager remained consistent, though the overall outcome *did* leave him appearing a few years younger, but... That was hardly the most striking difference. Not as his facial features became generally *fuller*? His lips puffed up into a small pout, his nostrils flared, and his eyes expanded until they were big and bright; traits then enhanced once a dark purple settled into his irises... with soft pink cherry blossom petal imprints enhanced within.

Ren still looked like a teenager, but he looked like a *girl*. A fact that definitely wasn’t helped by his short and shaggy black hair growing longer, straighter, and *pinker*. Lengths framed his face on the sides, while in the rear this bubble-gum pink ultimately reached the center of his back. His thinned eyebrows were painted in the same color, bringing together a visage that was just overall... *very cute*. **“Huh? I wonder what was bugging me before?”**

The way *she* was talking and acting enhanced that, the girl herself evidently unaware of what had happened between her legs as her sex shifted from male to female. There wasn’t even all that much fanfare beyond that, really. Her chest did puff up slightly as a pair of A-cup breasts sprouted where nothing had been before, and her thighs and buttocks perked up a little, but really? What was more impressive were the firm *abs* she gained under those oversized clothes. Was a girl of her age *supposed* to be that shredded?

It probably wasn’t a normal occurrence... for a normal *human* girl of that age, but while she continued to subconsciously fiddle with her

outfit, which had begun to *shrink*, her humanity became a little more questionable. The first sign came via what poked out of a hole in his pants as the material lightened and fanned out into a pleated, white skirt. It was a long, pink *tail* with fine equine furs that flicked about, evidently coinciding with the pink triangles that sprung up from out of the top of her head after her original ears had traveled northward. Horse ears that were soon wrapped in dark pink coverings.

By the time they began to flick on top of her head, her outfit had transformed into a short-sleeved school uniform with which thigh highs, brown loafers, and a white, blue, and violet top with a big purple bow fastened by a *horseshoe* clip.

“Okay! Time to head down to the track for some *training*~!” The very small and very pink *Haru Urara* pumped one of her small hands up into the air as she jumped in place. For a brief second, she internally reminded herself to be quiet because she’d been scolded for her volume several times in the past, but then she remembered that her roommate, King Halo, had already gone ahead. She could be as loud as she wanted! **“Hum... I’m not going to be late, am I? I don’t think I slept in!?”**



If she had been bored before, the girl definitely didn’t seem to be bored *now*. Aside from her covered ears twitching and her tail swishing, the horse girl just couldn’t seem to sit still! Within the confines of the game, Haru Urara was the perfect beginner’s horse girl that could beat the career through brute force. Which made it the perfect form for a brand-new player! **“I’m not gonna the next big race, so I gotta make sure I’m in tiptop shape!”** And so, she ran out the door.

Not even aware that she had once been a boy transformed by a strange *virus*.

One that had been sent to every player on his contact’s list.

“Huh!?” Ann was much more audibly surprised when her surroundings *changed* completely. She’d been just playing Umamusume alone in the middle of class, but now she was sitting on a bench? On a bench in what appeared to be a girl’s changing room, or at least she *hoped* it was for girls! **“How did I end up here!? This isn’t the changing room at**

the school, is it?” It *wasn't*, and she quickly realized when she noticed a plaque hanging above the only exit.



Though, she couldn't really believe her eyes. **“T-Tracen Academy!?”** That was the name of the school in Umamusume! She definitely knew *that* much with how often she had been playing recently. But that couldn't be possible, right? It wasn't like she had just been sucked up into the game! **“Wait. Could this be a Palace? Was one of our classmates *also* playing the game and it took shape...?”**

She wasn't wearing her Panther costume though, so maybe that wasn't the case even if it *felt* the most probable.

Ann couldn't have possibly known that her body was about to fall victim to the very same powers that had claimed her friend. Powers that saw the Phantom Thieves that had appeared there as outsiders that should be *assimilated* into its story. And because she wasn't immediately hit with something that was quite as apparent as her body shrinking like her friend was? Her own assimilation process went quite a long way before there was even a *chance* that she might realize.

To begin with? The appearance of the girl's eyes began to differ before anything else. They didn't lose their blue hues, but the vibrancy of that blue did fade until their shades were icier. This was hardly as extreme of a change as what happened to their *shapes*, however. As part of a broader change to the girl's face, they became rounder, yet narrower in the corners as the Japanese in her mixed bloodline became more pronounced.

“I should probably figure out where I am... Or I could stick around!?” *Guehehe!?”* Ann was visibly more taken aback by that strange laugh that had left her lips than she'd been by the sound of her voice being lighter than she remembered. Her voice's sound was much easier to play off as a trick of her ears than a laugh, though. **“Nothing was even funny...”** Why *would* she stay in the changing room? She wasn't a student of Tracen!

Eh? Yes, I am!

She shook her head to dismiss that strangely defiant thought without thinking about its source. It had already been mentioned that the

changes to her eyes had been a part of something bigger when it came to her face, and that face gradually appeared... *younger*? She didn't de-age in any significant way, it was more like she just *looked* younger, with her cheeks growing fuller and her lips thinner. She didn't have that same narrowness to her jaw's design that she'd had since birth either. She looked like an entirely different person!

...Which was furthered by the sight of her *hair*. Platinum blonde strands adopted a brand-new color: a strawberry pink that seeped towards the tips from her roots. Her bangs remained swept to the right, but on the whole her hair became much *straighter*, and so those bangs didn't appear as puffy, just like the hair in her twintails. Not only did its color invoke the mental image of strawberries though. It smelled like them too!

“But this is the real Tracen, right? Could I see some real Umas live and in person? That'd be great...” Ann hunched over slightly and snickered. She had gotten *really* into the game, yes, but this behavior was a little *more* eccentric than she would have ever allowed herself to act. Still, her mind was flowing with thoughts of Umas. *So cute, so pretty, so strong!* And as those thoughts bombarded her? She *physically* became closer and closer to being one of those ‘Umas’ that she admired.

That was most obvious in her level of *fitness*. Her abs and legs strengthened, though it was much more visible in the former area than the latter – even as the process led to her figure suffering some *losses* in the meantime. Such as? The girl's breasts and butt were robbed of some of their weight, with her B-cup bosom flattening to *A-cups*, and her ass retaining a slight bubbling that was hardly as pronounced. **“I can't help but feel like something's weird though? Was I always this tall!?”**

As it turned out? Ann *did* realize that she had been transforming! ...Somewhat. It was already too late, and her mind had already become far too assimilated into her new life, so the problem she ended up finding was that she was a little too tall? Her original height wasn't matching up to new memories of how tall she *should* be, and so she didn't exactly complain much once that height sharply *dropped* and she ended up being 4'8” tall instead.

“Or maybe I've been staying up too late reading yuri fics...? My height's totally normal...” Since when did she read *those*? *Since forever, duh?* Of course! How could anyone ask such a stupid question? At the very least, she didn't need to worry about her clothes being too big for long. Her clothing shrunk and mended down until it had become the exact same uniform that Haru Urara was wearing, with the only

difference being a big, red bow on top of her head (with a white to the left) between a pair of repurposed, pink, emerging horse ears. Of course, a pink tail slipped out from the new hole in the back of the skirt not long afterwards!

“Guehehe! If I just wait out here, it’s only a matter of time before other Umas show up!”

Considering Ann’s sudden and intense obsession with the game, perhaps it was a fitting outcome that she had become *Agnes Digital*, a horse girl otaku that was more than a little obsessed with her peers. She would respect their boundaries, but she was always excited to see them up close in personal regardless of if they were running or otherwise going about their lives.



And if they were mingling together? Well! That was even *better*! She was the type of otaku that liked to ‘himejoshi the heck out’, which was a slang-riddled way of saying that she was a bonafide girl lover that also loved shipping other horse girls together if provided the opportunity. **“If I recall correctly, Super Creek and Oguri Cap like to come here on Tuesdays! Hehe... Maybe I’ll get to see them today!”** Surely, she didn’t have any nefarious motives!

It wasn’t like she *liked* watching Super Creek baby other horse girls, and she *certainly* didn’t hope it could happen to *her* someday!



Futaba had been at home as she always was, making her the farthest removed member of the Phantom Thieves from what had happened to Ren and Ann. But the virus that Joker had unknowingly spread didn’t care about distance at all. She’d just been tapping away on her account as normal when she suddenly... *wasn’t*. Her phone was gone; she wasn’t even sitting in her room! **“A-A cafeteria?”**

The seat that she was sitting on squeaked as she pushed herself up in a panic. Even if she had *recognized* where she was (and she did vaguely feel like she had seen it somewhere before), the girl would have freaked out considering she was on the road to recovery from being a shut-in. The only solace available to her was that the cafeteria was *empty*...

which in of itself was kind of strange, wasn't it? **"It's morning, isn't it? Shouldn't there at least be staff here...?"** She had a bad feeling.

But it wouldn't really be *all* bad.

FLICK! FLICK! FLICK!

"Huh? Is there a fly buzzing around my butt, or what?" The girl had been *trying* to figure out what was happening *behind* her. Something kept swatting the back of her shorts, so her first instinct had been to assume that there was some kind of insect at her rear. She managed to reach a hand back *just* as something hairy brushed against the back of her exposed thigh, though. **"H-Hey!?"** It tickled, but there was nothing amusing about what her fingers ended up *grabbing onto*.

Futaba went dead quiet. She'd grabbed something coarse but furry. Something that, as she pulled it around her waist, she could feel it tugging on her tailbone. **"Don't tell me I have a— TAIL!?"** She pulled on the long, brown extension, thick with a fur that wasn't soft enough to belong to a dog or cat. No, the conclusion to draw was obvious to her when she had *just* been playing the game. **"...Is this an Umamusume's tail?"**

It definitely *looked* like a long horse's tail, though the chestnut brown of the fur confused her. Uma's tails were generally the same color as their hair, and her hair wasn't brown dyed *or* undyed? Her thoughts couldn't ponder that question for very long though, at least not before her ears began to twitch? **"Wait... If I have a tail, then...?"** The girl left the tail to flick back behind her again so that her hands could reach the sides of her head. She managed to grip her ears, their touch velvety, their shapes more cone-like, and their positions... about halfway up her head?

"These are definitely horse ears, but what color are they?" They had to be orange like her hair, right? They *weren't*. They were entirely covered by *brown* fur, just like her tail. And it was beginning to bleed into the hair of her head, erasing not only the orange dye but biological black that it had been used to paint over. Futaba herself, though? She didn't *immediately* notice that because her attention was drawn elsewhere. Where Ren and Ann had *shrunk* over the course of their own assimilation processes...

She did the opposite in *every* meaningful way.

Her new ears twitching *was* a little distracting, but nothing could have been *as* distracting as the weight that slowly pulled her spine forward as her violet eyes grew wide at the sight of her tank top... *stretching*?

“...*Oh my?*” At that very moment, her glasses slipped off the bridge of her nose and she spoke with a calm, big sisterly voice. ...But more on all of that in a second, since there was a *lot* going on with her body’s... front.

Futaba was something of a pervert, so she didn’t even hesitate when it came to grabbing the front of her chest as she watched her breasts *balloon*. She’d never been more thankful that she wasn’t wearing a bra under her tank top, else it would have been *seriously* digging into her shoulders as her breasts *ballooned* into a pair of massive *E-cups*, pulling the front of her shirt forward so that she had quite the view of her cleavage. “*My breasts are so...? Oh. Why am I speaking like this?*”

She’d been so excited, only to become riled up instead. The truth of the matter was that as the brown had seeped into the rest of her hair? Her face’s shape had begun to change in kind. Her glasses had slipped off because her nose’s shape had thinned, but she didn’t even *need* them anymore thanks to her eyesight correcting while the colors of them shifted from purple to blue, and their shapes narrowed to make the girl look more mature. In fact, she did look more like she was a girl in her *late* teens now.

One with brown hair that was slightly longer *and* thicker, not that she had noticed.

The mental dissonance caused by the assimilation process was going stronger. She was now wondering why she was fondling herself, and her questions eventually gravitated towards what she was *wearing*. “*This isn’t my uniform? It hardly even fits...*” This was a comment that she wasn’t *only* leveraging towards her upper body. She’d noticed her shorts were fitting a touch too snugly too – and that could only be explained by her ass and thighs thickening several inches. It didn’t sound like much on paper, but it did push her hips wider beneath a set of now *very* defined abs – for she was an Umamusume herself.

She didn’t need to worry about her attire for very much longer. It all began to loosen as the familiar colors of the Tracen Academy school uniform bled into the material, and yet? That uniform almost seemed to be *too* big, at least in terms of length. It was an easy enough fix though, with the young woman’s height casually lengthening her limbs and torso so that she was 5’6”. The uniform fit *very* snugly then! As did the blue-ribbon ornament on her right ear, bound to a braid with a tinge of white in it. Her long hair was even tied into a thick ponytail!

“Oh my, it isn’t like Oguri Cap to be late showing up to the cafeteria~!” Everyone’s big sis, *Super Creek*, didn’t so much as bat an eyelash when an overwhelming silence was replaced with the hustle and bustle of her fellow students talking and eating in the cafeteria. They had just *appeared* all of a sudden to paint the scene as if nothing was strange at all. And seemingly it had *worked*, because the mature horse girl didn’t question it in any capacity.



Instead? She was left wondering where the horse girl she had been waiting for was. She was close to the gluttonous Oguri Cap, and on Tuesdays she always made a point to have lunch with her before going to the track to run before afternoon classes. But she was nowhere to be seen! Her big sisterly instincts were about to go into overdrive with worry!

But fortunately, it didn’t come to that, as a familiar pair of silver ears could be seen bouncing up and down beyond the crowd. “Oh! **There she is~!**” Oguri Cap was nice because she let her dote on her. She could feed her, help her clean up... Did that make her selfish? Maybe a little, and maybe a little *weird* too, but it was fine! There were plenty of weird horse girls at Tracen Academy!

Two of her old friends had become some as well!