

CLINGY GIRLFRIEND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Rice Shower wasn't really sure *what* she was doing.

She felt like she was being a little *shady*? Well, maybe that wasn't all *that* bizarre of a feeling for this horse girl of all people to have. She was known by many of her rivals for her strong desire to get as much intelligence about her opponents before a race as she possibly could, and that often involved following them in secret. Basically? It was *stalking*. But Rice Shower herself didn't really see it that way, so long as she picked her moments carefully! ...She was just deluding herself, though.

“Maybe... I could have just given this to her in person?” The girl was dressed up in her racing gear and had found herself hiding away within the changing room that was just outside of the field of racetracks that Tracen Academy offered to its students for daily training. Classes had already ended for the day, and the girl was planning on running laps in her racing wear to make sure everything was okay for her race the next day. She'd changed in her dorm, but this was a pitstop.

It only felt a little shady because Rice Shower had made it *feel* that way. She ended up tiptoeing through the halls to avoid anyone seeing her, and had even peeked into the changing room to make sure no one was there before slipping in. It was all in the service of *one thing*, though! ...Surprising her girlfriend! But therein was the reason that she had seen it fit to be sneaky in the first place.

Rice Shower had only *officially* been dating her girlfriend, Mihono Bourbon, for a few weeks now. Because their relationship was so new? They hadn't really publicized it too much, and Rice Shower hadn't even

told her closest friends just yet. She was going to tell them when they'd hit the one-month mark! ...She was naïve to think that those friends hadn't *already* figured it out and just hadn't brought it up, though. They were just too nice to take away the 'surprise factor' behind finally hearing it from the Uma's mouth.



“She should still be training for another hour or so...” The horse girl glanced up at the clock above the door she had just walked through before scurrying over to the rows of lockers. She couldn't have known when someone else might come through the door and catch her doing what she planned on doing, and if they did? The cat of their relationship would *definitely* be out of the bag. Mihono Bourbon had gone ahead of her to train, so her stuff should have been in... **“Aha!”**

The two of them had met up in the changing room so many times in the past that Shower knew the locker that Bourbon tended to use. It was the one nearest to the back wall, and Rice Shower even knew her lock's combination! As she fiddled *with* the lock? She was reminded as to why she hadn't wanted someone to catch her. It *definitely* looked suspicious that she was breaking into a locker that wasn't her own, even if she *was* doing it for a good reason!

And that good reason came in the form of a small box she conjured from the bag she had placed on the bench behind her while working the lock. Mihono Bourbon had been having a spot of bad luck when it came to her races lately, and Shower had been looking for a way to help her. It wasn't like she could coach her girlfriend when the two of them were equally skilled racers, but she *had* found something that could help boost her spirits: a good luck charm!

Contrary to how small the box was, any normal human would have had a hard time picking it up and putting it in Bourbon's locker with the ease that Shower had done so. Umamusume were just naturally *much* stronger than normal humans, so if the box contained, say, a small statue that weighed 200lbs, then that was still a weight that the girl could handle with one hand. **“I hope this wish-granting good luck charm helps her!”** She'd written a note to go along with it too, but... **“Wh-Where did I put the note!?”** Had she left it on her desk!?

While searching through her bag in case the note was simply hiding in the corner or something like that. In the meantime, though? The statue, which was of a horse girl holding up a four-leaf clover, had begun to glow within the box in the locker. Shower hadn't expected it to *actually* grant wishes, but now that it had effectively been 'given' to someone? Its powers homed in on what Mihono Bourbon's greatest desire was at that specific moment as she ran around the track outside.

And it was something very mundane... which would tragically translate into a fate that was incredibly bizarre for Rice Shower.

Not that she could realize what she had just set into motion, mind you. She only became acutely aware of the fact that... “**...H-Huh?**” Well, her racing outfit felt a little *tight* around her chest, prompting her attention downwards to see— “**EH!?**” Well, she was seeing *more* of that chest than she typically expected to see. The horse girl wasn't naïve nor deluded, she recognized that not only was she small, but she was effectively *flat* with only a pair of A-cups resting upon her chest. And yet, while that *should* have been the case...

It *wasn't*. Not anymore, at least. The girl had cried out because she could see something that she hadn't been able to see before: *cleavage*. The neckline of her gown hadn't just been stretched to show off some of her bosom, but it *continued* to stretch further to show off weight that *shouldn't* have been there in the first place. “**M-My chest is...!?**” She didn't even want to *finish* that sentence because it felt like such a lewd thing to say, but her breasts were *definitely* growing.

Had she not been an umamusume, meaning her strength was well beyond the pale of an ordinary human's, she might have struggled with the accumulation of weight that left her staring down and gawking as her cleavage deepened further and further. There came a moment where they had grown so much that it almost seemed like her nipples were going to escape *from* the dress, but it managed to hold on just as they finally settled at what seemed to be a pair of big and perky *C-cups*. Not for nothing, but their perky shapes seemed *familiar* somehow.

“**H-H-How could this happen!?**” Once the process stopped, Rice Shower began to tug up on her dress to cover as much as she could. It didn't make sense! Maybe she was dreaming? She *wanted* to believe that because it was the only explanation that made even the slightest semblance of sense, but... “**W-Wait...?**” Why did her panties feel tighter all of a sudden too? She found trying to examine her own rear end to be a little more difficult, but by turning her back enough she was finally able to watch... the back of her skirt lift.

No, it wasn't *just* that. Her knees ended up buckling too, namely because her hips had been thrust several inches *wider* all of a sudden. They didn't really have a *chance*, to be fair. After all, the cheeks of her ass had nearly *doubled* in size in just a few seconds, forcing the cloth of her panties up into the depths of this deepened crack and gifting her an unpleasant wedgie. "**A-And my butt!?**" The *feeling* of it all aside, she could only imagine how her body *looked* when she was so short.

Rice Shower was only 4'9" after all, so to have such a big butt and chest must have looked rather ill-fitting. Her dress's fit probably didn't help much, but even *if* she'd worried about that? It got *worse*. It was a little more difficult for her to notice, namely because she was still so distracted by her bigger bosom and buttocks, but also because her dress *already* didn't fit properly anymore. Either way? Her figure ultimately seemed a little *less* ridiculous once her height jumped about four inches, shooting her up to 5'1" instead. Her skirt rested higher on her hips, and her leggings had slipped down to her knees.

It was odd, though. Why had her ass swollen but not her thighs?

"**UWAH!?**" The girl had continued to tug at her dress but soon found herself totally incapable of doing so once the sight of her own bare nipples came into view. The air conditioning in the changing room spread goosebumps across skin that was now *entirely* bare, because the girl was standing *naked*. One arm was wrapped across her chest, while a hand reached down to cover her pelvis. "**Wh-Where did my clothes go!?**" Could things *get* any stranger!?

Yes. They already *were*, in fact. The horse girl was understandably in a strange head space with everything that was happening, and now she was blushing furiously from her sudden bout of nudity. She wasn't really in the best place to really home in on the oddity that was her *nipples smoothing away* until they no longer existed, especially since her arm was covering them. But these also weren't the only aspects of her body that were seemingly 'erased' in one sense or another.

Her crotch filled in so that her pelvis was as smooth as the pelvis of a Barbie doll, and the same phenomenon was extended to the crack of her ass in kind. It was like both of her cheeks were glued together, creating conditions where nothing could access the depths of her rump... assuming there *were* depths to it in the first place. This had all gone unnoticed... until a ticklish sensation caused her to giggle and look down. "**Heeheehee... AH!?**"

It was a far less amusing when she looked down to see her *skin indenting* in a pair of straight lines that ran from her collarbone down across either of her breasts and, presumably, all the way down to her

pelvis (though her larger boobs made it a little harder for her to see for sure). It prompted her to remove her arm from her chest, which in turn revealed to her what was *missing*. “**W-Wait...**” Her nipples were gone? That was only a small part of it, but... “**I—!?**” Rice Shower demonstrated that she had more to say, but in the end?

She wasn't able to say it.

Her eyes quivered from confusion, but those eyes felt *dry* – a feeling that was shared with the inside of her mouth as a chemically flavor surfaced against a tongue that she could no longer find the power to move. It wasn't even *just* her tongue, however. The only strength she could muster was the strength to keep standing, she was just rendered completely still otherwise, with her chin still pointed down so that she could see her breasts.

And while she could no longer vocalize any of her concern, she was *still* concerned! She was probably *more* concerned than ever, because aside from her newfound immobility? She was left staring at skin that appeared *strange*. Her breasts looked... paler? Like a silvery white. Not just that, but its texture looked off; softer, maybe? It was a sight that was actually spreading around almost her torso's entirety, preserving the indentation of her bellybutton while a V-shaped cutout down her cleavage wasn't colored at all. It wrapped around her back, featureless crotch, and crackless ass, but... the colors of her arms, legs, or even her hips didn't change at all.

What's happening to me? Everything is going... dark? Rice Shower couldn't speak but she *could* still think. Something that was a very important point to make once her vision began to fade. She couldn't see. She couldn't taste. She couldn't hear. But she could still *feel*. Her body suddenly felt weightless. Hollow. Because what she *couldn't* see was that any part of her body, head included, that *hadn't* changed color, slowly *disappeared*. It all became translucent almost as if she was becoming a *ghost*, and that might have been the case if not for the fact that her silvery white torso remained opaque. Her heartbeat ceased and... her hollowed out, weightless body *fell* onto the floor.

Once she touched the ground in a pile, her senses reactivated tenfold. She could hear the air conditioning, she could taste the floor she was laying on, and she could *see* through every *literal* fiber of her new being. It was jarring and she couldn't make sense of it all. It took her a few minutes to even process that the white fabric that she could see laying on top of her... and that she was somehow laying on top of simultaneously, was *her own body*.

I-I don't understand! What just happened to me!? It's like I'm... I'm clothes! Rice Shower couldn't utter these words aloud, but she *did* still possess the capacity for conscious thought somehow... something that seemed all the stranger considering she was *right*. The grey *leotard* laying on the floor of the changing room *was* her body, her 'brain' just hadn't been able to make sense of what she was exactly with here sight extended to peering through every fiber of her 'body'.



The leotard sat there, completely still, until the sound of footsteps shook the floor. *Huh!? Is someone there? Help me, I—? B-Bourbon!?* Shower certainly hadn't been *wrong*. Once she'd managed to focus her sight, she could see a familiar figure looming over her in her tracksuit. It was her girlfriend? Was she saved? Wordlessly at first, Bourbon bent over to pick the 'girl' up. Shower practically *screamed* subconsciously at the feeling that struck her when her fibers were touched. It felt so... *good!*

“Hm? Here I'd just been wishing I could find a new leotard before tomorrow's race, and one fell out of my locker? I didn't realize I had a spare...” It made some degree of sense how Bourbon had come to this conclusion. Her locker *was* open, with the leotard laying on the floor in front. It really looked like she had just forgotten to lock it, and the article of clothing had come falling out. **“...Maybe I should make sure it fits first, though.”**

Wait, WHAT!? Bourbon obviously had no idea that the leotard she was holding had an identity, much less that it *could* have one in the first place. So, she was a leotard? Now that she was being strung out by her girlfriend's fingertips, it was a little easier to make out her own shape. No arms or legs, just a torso. But this tidbit of knowledge didn't necessarily bring her any *relief*, and certainly not when she was put down on the bench and the young woman began to *strip* out of her tracksuit. *W-Wait, stop! Our relationship hasn't gotten that far yet!*

It wasn't like Bourbon could *hear* her. She'd just been worried about her girlfriend unknowingly revealing her naked body to her without them getting closer first... but it seemed to be too little, too late as she was given an upshot of her girlfriend's loins and ass depending on which way she was facing. Even her C-cup boobs... Well, that explained why her *own* had grown, she supposed. It had been so that she'd *fit*.

Mihono Bourbon didn't say anything – because she was alone, so why would she? – as she grabbed the leotard and stretched its top. That alone was enough to make Rice Shower *lose it*, but then one of her girlfriend's slender legs passed through a leg hole, then the other, and then... There was a *tug* as her lower half was pulled up to meet Bourbon's lower half. You didn't wear undergarments under a leotard, so her body was pressed up against her girlfriend's loins *and* wedged in to be pinched between the cheeks of her ass. It was *very* intimate. *Huwahawha!?*

It didn't help things that it felt so *good*. Rice Shower felt like she was in *heaven*, and the more of her body that pressed up against Bourbon's warm flesh, the more intense this felt. She dug into the girl's bellybutton and wrapped tightly around her tits. She could feel Bourbon's heartbeat... as well as even the slightest jiggle of her breasts. One arm went through a hole, then the other, and with a *snap*? She was clinging to her girlfriend *perfectly*.

And Rice Shower herself was no longer capable of expressing any thoughts. She was too caught up in the ecstasy of *being* worn. Of hugging her girlfriend more intimately than anyone ever possibly could hope to. Her loins, her boobs; she was so close to all of it, almost like those curves were her own as well. **"It fits. Maybe I should do a quick run first."** But it was hardly that amazing to *Bourbon*. Shower's sense of reason *would* return when Bourbon inevitably took her off, but...

She was about to get *very* sweaty before that. Hopefully Bourbon would wash her...