

LIMBUS RACE TEST

JULY 2026 BIG STORY

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The Mirror Dungeon.

While an enigmatic locale, it was a location of the utmost importance to the operations of Limbus Company, even it had to be accessed via unconventional means. They could only be visited through a unique function that had been installed in Mephistopheles, the man-eating bus that the Sinners and their Manager all lived and traveled upon; allowing them to dive into Mirror Worlds to gather resources and work on their training.

It was often an easy endeavor. For the most part, the worst that the Sinners encountered were some of the extremely powerful opponents that they had fought in their own world as they traveled between the dungeon's floors. But in most cases? Not only were they stronger than when they had first fought them, but the Mirror Dungeons also possessed a unique mechanic that helped make things even simpler.

E.G.O. Gifts. They were special items that could be obtained through chance encounters in the dungeon. Sometimes they received one after making specific choices while encountering an Abnormality, while in others they could simply be purchased or found. These gifts provided the exploration group with unique buffs and powers that, while lost once they returned to the bus, were welcome benefits in the moment.

“Oi, where’s Clockhead?” After defeating the boss of the floor that they were currently on, some sort of rocking horse Abnormality that they had never encountered before, Heathcliff reunited with two of his fellow Sinners, Ishmael and Don Quixote, with one of these E.G.O. Gifts

in hand. “**Never seen this one before. What about you two? Looks like a golden cleat, don’t it?**”

Seeing something shimmering with such gold, Don Quixote let out an endeared gasp, while Ishmael maintained her usual level head. “**Well, we did just fight a horse... thing. I wouldn’t be surprised if it dropped a Gift related to it. No clue what this one does, though.**” It had been *her* first time seeing it as well. But the trio hadn’t expected it to give off such a sudden *flash of light*.

Which led to the trio disappearing from the dungeon entirely.



“**Bloody hell! Where *am* I?**” The next thing Heathcliff realized, not only was he *not* carrying the E.G.O. Gift anymore, but he was in a location that was very pointedly *not* the Mirror Dungeon. Or that was the conclusion he had reasonably *drawn*, anyways. His surroundings didn’t have the same oppressive and dreary aesthetic that he was used to. In fact, it all appeared incredibly *normal*. *Too normal*. “**This some sort of shop?**”

Strangely, a *gift shop* was the closest thing he felt like he could liken it to. It must have been early morning, but he was the only one inside, and there were shelves of... all sorts of things. Lots of plushies of girls with horse ears, branded water bottles with their pictures, and even golden cleat trophies that were *clearly* plastic. “**Am I at some sorta racetrack?**” One that was using girls with

horse features as mascots?

Well, that was *kind of* correct.

“**Hah?**” Heathcliff wasn’t even exactly certain about what he was *hah-ing* at just yet. Call it instinct, but he could tell that there was something *off*, and it wasn’t just his surroundings. It almost felt like the moment he equipped an Identity, but that couldn’t have been it. It was lingering when the sensation usually only lasted for about an instant, and it wasn’t like his clothes were changing or anything like that. He’d usually blank out so that his Mirror World self could take control in that moment, too.

Had he bothered to examine himself any more closely, however, he might have found that there was something strange about his *skin*. His unusually ashy complexion was *paling*, stripped of any melanin so that a light pink shade was left in its place. But that wasn't the *only* thing. His body was covered in scars from head-to-toe, but those scars gradually repaired themselves just as his body hair was shaved away.

It left his pinkened complexion completely clean... and utterly *soft*.

The Sinner himself didn't even notice any of this until he raised a hand to scratch his nose, at which point he let out a "***THE HELL!?***" at a volume that could *not* be considered his 'indoor voice'. Not only were his hands *lightly colored*, but they looked *smaller*, didn't they? He didn't remember his fingers being so thin, his nails so long, and where were the callouses that he'd developed from swinging his bat!? Exploring his arms with his eyes revealed that he was beginning to appear less *bulky* too.

Heathcliff was just as muscular as he was tall, even though the loose fit of his clothing tended to conceal that bulk. But he could see his clothing beginning to grow even looser. No, he could *feel* it. All the strength of his arms was leaving him!? "***What the heck!?***" And what was *that*? "***Heckie!? Frick!? Why can't I freaking cuss!?***" For a man that was chronically foul-mouthed, he was certainly having problems doing so even though the situation called for it.

The fact that only his arms felt weaker had actually been intentional, but the man wasn't really thinking about why that might have been. He ended up far more focused on his *fall* – not a literal one, even though it had felt like that for a moment. "***Hey!?***" His voice cracked when he tried to grab one of the nearby shelves to catch himself, but he was just out of arm's reach even though he *should* have been able to reach easily. Were his arms shorter!?

Yes, because his 5'11" height had rapidly unraveled. His already loose shirt pooled around his belt as his height declined, while his pants became baggy around his ankles and knees. "***EEP!?***" He squeaked cutely as he ultimately tripped out of a pair of shoes that were now too big for more delicate feet, but those feet were perhaps even *more* calloused than before. In fact, as his pants finally fell from his waist as he barreled down to a meager 5'1", his legs were actually *stronger* than ever before.

This extended to his core. His abs remained toned, albeit not *as* toned, but Heathcliff was actually *stronger* everywhere but his arms. Too bad it didn't stop him from being so *clumsy*, which was now something he was beginning to feel like was a recurring problem for him. ...Even though it

hadn't been at all. Then *whose* memories were those? Now dressed only in an oversized dress shirt, he looked around confused. “**Clumsy me! Wait! My voice... It sounds...**”

Too bright? Too cheery? Those were both descriptors that would have fit the bill, but... “**As adorable as always, right!?**” As a man that prided himself in his masculinity, this felt like a *very* strange conclusion for him to arrive at – particularly while sending absolutely *gleeful* about it. But this voice *was* cuter. It sounded like it belonged to a girl. Not a *woman*, but a *girl*. And that didn't even look to be all that far off the mark.

Because it wasn't a mismatch for his face at all. The Sinner couldn't have possibly noticed that as those *ten* inches had been shaved off his height, that his face had gradually appeared all the more youthful in the process. He'd ended up looking like a baby-faced *fifteen-year-old*, but also a little *too* baby-faced. Heathcliff looked more *androgynous* than he had historically appeared at that age, not to mention he was *way* shorter.

But his face *continued* to change. His features rounded and softened, with thin lips growing puffier and his nose becoming small and button-shaped. This made him appear increasingly feminine, but as it enlarged his eyes and lengthened his lashes as well? The *shapes* of those eyes revealed something else. They narrowed, becoming almond-shaped thanks to his eyelids. And, now monolid, they were clearly the eyes of a *Japanese* girl. “**HM!?**”

And so, a *girl* she became. She might have jumped on her bare feet all of a sudden because of it: a sharp tug between her legs that hadn't *hurt*, but it had certainly felt *weird*. It was her masculinity being stolen from her, which probably would have been more alarming if she could even remember being male in the first place. She *couldn't*. She remembered always being a girl. In fact, if she *hadn't* been a girl then she couldn't be a *racer*, right?

Heathcliff didn't give *that* the thought she probably should have. Instead, she felt *confused*. “**What was I...?**” She couldn't really remember the past few minutes very clearly for some reason. Was it related to her head feeling kind of heavy? It *was*, but she clearly wasn't processing why it was heavier in the first place. Her short, dark, and messy hair had lightened to a chestnut brown that fluffed and grew just past his shoulder, though it all hung over the *front*. His bangs were swept over his right eye, but a white highlight was dyed into them.

The girl shook her head to try and clear it, but that just moved this hair around. It didn't really help, and in fact she just felt more confused

when she looked down to find herself wearing a dirty, oversized, white button-up shirt. *Beneath* that shirt, though? Her figure was changing. Her waistline thinned at the sides while her hips became slightly more defined, all while weight gathered beneath her nipples and saw them expand into a pair of perky *B-cup* breasts. They matched with the bubbled butt and slightly rounded thighs she developed lower down, but naturally? From her perspective, that was normal.

“**Hm...**” She was forgetting something *important*, wasn’t she? The girl could piece together that much. But while she pondered it? The ears on the sides of her head soon *slid* up the sides of her scalp until they were on top of her head, cartilage stretched into two points that were covered in a *fur* that was the same color as her hair. They were the ears of a *horse*? And they matched the brushy tail that had begun to lift the back of her shirt.

Thankfully, her attire was addressed before anything undesirable was revealed. In a flash, that shirt bloomed into an entirely different form, opening up into a white dress with a frilled skirt underneath a red corset with blue trimmings that hung *over* her skirt. A pouch hung around her waist on a tan belt, while brown boots rose up to her knees. Puffy sleeves were only attached to her dress across the armpit, leaving her shoulders exposed. Finally, she had two red clips in the left side of her hair, while a blue cap with a black beak sat lopsided between her ears. Of course, she was now wearing the correct, albeit plain, underwear too! And two red ribbons flowed behind her, connected to a brown half-coat that hung around her neck.

Matikanetannhauser, or just *Mambo* for short, rocked back and forth on her heels as she examined the merch on the gift shop shelf. “**Okay! I gotta be quick...**” The Umamusume had come to Nakayama Racetrack for, well, a *race*, and considering she was dressed in her signature racewear. In fact, she had a race in *ten minutes*, but in a typically Mambo fashion she had ended up distracted. She’d seen the gift shop on the way in, and she was looking for something for her roommate back at Tracen Academy, Matikanefukukitaru.



Considering *that* was what the horse girl was focused on, it sort of went without saying that she didn’t have the foggiest recollection that she had just been a tall and somewhat violent British man from another world. She’d settled into her new life as if it was the most natural thing in the world. “**She**

wanted Kita and Dia plushies, right...? Why does she even want merch of my rivals!?” Which reminded her, after staring for a few minutes...

“ACK! I NEED TO GET TO THE TRACK!”



“Uh... Don’t think this is the next floor, right?” Even when faced with an exceptionally unusual circumstance, Ishmael maintained her usual cool and decided to attempt to analyze what had happened. Had Faust or Yi Sang been with her, figuring it out might have been easier. She didn’t have the same knowledge regarding the Mirror Dungeon or E.G.O. gifts that they did to plausibly figure it out. All she could really figure out on her own was that it wasn’t the Mirror Dungeon.

She was in some kind of *locker room*? Well, there *were* a number of lockers and benches, with the former all *locked* of course. Was it for a gym class? Some kind of sporting event? There was the faint scent of sweat mixed with perfume, so if anything, it was probably women only. It also seemed like it was *underground*, since there weren’t any windows. **“Well, there has to be a place like this somewhere in The City, right?”**

Ishmael wasn’t exactly *in* The City anymore, however.

“I guess figuring out *where* I am comes first...” That meant leaving the locker room, right? Even as Ishmael considered this, her body had already begun to change. The numerous freckles across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose were fading, leaving the skin of her face *pristine*. But this became true of *all* of her skin shortly. Not just freckles, but her many scars, moles, and active wounds were repaired until her skin was completely flawless.

When it came to the woman’s *face*, however? There was a little more to it than that. It began in the Caucasian woman’s eyes, making appear significantly *less* Caucasian as their shapes narrowed thanks to eyelids that pinched in at the corners. They ultimately appeared more *Japanese* just like Heathcliff’s had as their colors darkened to red and this change of racial background spread throughout the rest of her facial features. Her lips thickened slightly for example, but they also *flattened* and

widened between cheeks that were softer in appearance. Her nose became shorter, but her nostrils widened as well.

Until she undeniably looked like a *Japanese girl*. Not a *woman*, but someone younger than that, even if the rest of her body had yet to catch up. That was the face of someone that couldn't be any older than *seventeen* – cute, but it felt somewhat off with her expression as blank as Ishmael's face typically was. **“Or maybe I should...? Huh?”** She raised a brow while fighting what appeared to be a slight smile tugging on her lips. Her voice was higher and more youthful than normal, wasn't it?

She *had* felt something similar to when an ID was activated when she'd first arrived, but she hadn't really thought too much about it because nothing had come of it. So, she hadn't drawn the line that connected that to her body changing, at least when she hadn't even noticed it *was* changing beyond the sound of her voice. The long, sunset-colored mane of hers that the women prided herself in was shifting to the color of the *night* instead. Beginning at the tips, black traveled up its length and into its roots, at which point it straightened, thinned, and everything past her chin was cut off. Bangs, swept to the left, found a segment bleached white, while an ahoge peeked up from the dead center of her head's top.

Ishmael was smiling now. **“My voice sounds the same as always, right!? Maybe I'm freaking myself over nothing because of the race...?”** Race? Was she racing? Since when? The very idea sounded both wrong and right at the same time. **“Hm...”** And the thought served as a somewhat competent distraction as her vertical reach began to dip and her Limbus Company uniform suit began to feel baggier and baggier on her body.

She was shrinking, of course. She'd been pretty tall for a woman of her age at 5'8", but then she'd gone ahead and dipped down four inches until she was only 5'4" instead. This was enough for her sleeves to swallow her hands, and for her pants to become baggy around ankles and feet that no longer fit properly within her shoes. She looked more and more like a teenaged girl wearing clothing designed for an adult.

And *under* those clothes? That impression only worsened. Take her *bosom*, for example. Ishmael's breasts were actually bigger than they looked at C-cups, her suit just made them *look* smaller. But they had definitely shrunk to *B-cups* underneath while the skin around them softened. Her arms lost all of their muscle, but her core and legs remained toned even if her thighs found the softness of added fat and her butt bubbled slightly.

“Yeah! The race is just weighing on me, that’s all!” The girl no longer remembered being an adult, nor human. She was an *Umamusume*, right? Which ultimately manifested in the shifting and growth of her ears into a pair of tall, black fur-covered ones that twitched here and there, along with a black tail that lifted the back of her suit jacket. Fortunately, the ill fit of her attire was replaced soon after.

She was left dressed in a racing outfit of her own, consisting of a kimono-style dress that was mostly gold with black and white accents. Flared festival sleeves left her shoulders and armpits bare, while a jacket lined with red hung from her shoulders. Black and red thigh highs slipped down into raised, red Japanese-style sandals, while intertwined red and white rope hung from her back to match an ornament on her right ear.

Contrasting Ishmael’s calm and collected personality, *Kitasan Black* couldn’t keep herself still. She had practically done a lap around the locker room of the Nakayama Racetrack in the short moment since her transformation had completed, and she looked like she was psyching herself up? **“Okay! Gotta get pumped for my race with Dia-chan!”** These days, she didn’t get to race with her best friend, Satono Diamond, all that often. She didn’t care which one of them won, but she had to give it her best! They were just as much rivals as they were friends, after all!



Her horse tail swished behind her as she did yet another lap. Her mind was going a mile a minute, but she wore a bright, happy smile the entire time even though she *was* a little bit nervous. **“OKAY!”** She stopped and shouted suddenly, before pivoting to face the door. **“Let’s do this! I’m gonna give Dia-chan a race that she’ll never forget!”** Little did she know that, from her friend’s perspective, all of those memories were unforgettable to her.

Because those two totally needed to redefine their relationship.

“Why doth mine feet tread upon a hallowed racetrack!?” Of the three, Don Quixote was perhaps the most uppity in regard to her sudden displacement. She was actually wiser than she let on deep down, but no amount of experience in the world could properly explain to her why she had been displaced so suddenly. She had never seen a bright blue sky within the Mirror Dungeons, and there had certainly never been a venue like the one she was standing on.



In fact, she was standing on what resembled one of the racetracks used for horse racing. There were empty stands off to her left, while she was standing just outside of what looked like a starting gate. **“Might these be too meager and slight for noble steeds?”** They didn’t appear to be deep enough to house a horse. Maybe a person? But there was no way a person could run a track *that* long. It was truly a mystery, but one that she would have an answer to soon.

She would become someone capable of running it,
after all.

“Hm!?” Don Quixote *did* feel it. The feeling that resembled an Identity being equipped but didn’t quite amount to that in the end. That didn’t mean she wasn’t allowed to remain ignorant to the fact that something *was* wrong, though. Because her *bra* and the button-up uniform shirt she was wearing had begun to feel *tighter*. **“What curious misfortunes doth assail my being!?”**

The short woman wasn’t couth enough to *not* grab her own chest, and did so despite the clothes to find that her breasts were a little *larger* than she remembered? Not *just* larger, but naturally perkier as well, as if her youth had returned to them. But they weren’t so large that they had done any more than tighten her undergarments. The same could be said of her *panties*, too.

They were wedged slightly into the crack of an ass that had become a little larger, which in turn had forced her hips to widen and tighten her pants as well. Her thighs bloated similarly, thought their strength was preserved despite appearing softer to the touch. If anything, it was just her *arms* that felt a little weaker. **“Why hath mine bosom grown so grand!? And my butt too!”** Wait, what was that? Why had that second sentence sounded so *normal*? Being ‘normal’ wasn’t really Don Quixote’s thing. Even then, didn’t saying ‘butt’ feel too indecent?

She had to speak more *ladylike*!

“I mean... my rear end...!” The woman felt more content with *that* phrasing, seemingly indifferent to the fact that her voice now sounded softer to match the emphasis on carrying herself in a more refined manner. It was becoming increasingly obvious that there wouldn’t be an excessive change in her build and in fact? Her height remained the same

5'2" that it had always been. This didn't mean that her *age* would escape those changes, however.

Don Quixote didn't just sound more 'proper'. She undoubtedly sounded *younger*, and that was reflected in her facial features before long. She'd always *looked* younger than she was, but this went beyond that as her eyes both grew in size yet narrowed until they were as *Japanese* as the other two, and her lips thinned and nose shrank. Her face simultaneously stretched a little *longer*, but all that did was remove any resemblance to the woman she had been while her age finally settled on the same *seventeen* as Kitanan Black.

They were, after all, childhood friends!

“Why was I talking so strangely? Am I that worried about the race?” Much like that childhood friend, she began to blame the oddities on a supposed anxiety about her race as a horse girl. This led to her own ears changing even as her blonde hair lengthened and changed in color to a chestnut brown. As those strands fanned out and fell past her ass behind her, her ears moved and lengthened until they were a pair of horse ears with the same far color on top of her head. Her bangs were parted at the sides, while those that hung between her eyes had a white diamond dyed into them. True to her *soon-to-be* namesake!

Just as a horse tail of the same color peeked out from under her belt, she was re-robed in a racing outfit of her own. An ornate, green and white dress made up the bulk of it, with intentionally long sleeves that hung past her hands that were lined with gold and white frills. Gold accents were found all over the dress. The upper half of the dress was more like a cropped jacket that exposed a white frilled shirt underneath, and a big black belt wrapped around her waist. She also had black thigh highs worn into white racing boots, while across her right ear an ornament of gold with green ruffles sat proudly.

Whatever had been bothering her before, *Satono Diamond* could no longer focus on it. Not with the crowd in the stands roaring as the Umamusume that were participating in the race had begun to arrive on the track and were gathering behind the starting gate. Calm and refined, she couldn't have been any more different from the Sinner she had been up until moments ago. **“Is Kita-chan still back in the locker room? Hm...”**

She watched the exit the led to the locker



room with one of her oversized sleeves hiding her mouth. Dia had really been looking forward to their race, and she knew Kita had been as well. There was no way she'd miss it, but time was running out. Then again, wasn't Mambo supposed to be in this race as well? But it was more in-character for *that* girl to be late.

Fortunately, she was able to breathe a sigh of relief when she was Kita run up the stairs. “**Are you okay, Kita-chan?**” Dia asked as Kita briefly ran into her arms. Which was a very “just friends” thing to do, if you wanted to be terribly sarcastic. She'd been meaning to bring it up with her, actually, whether they wanted to be *more* than that. But right before a race probably wasn't the best time.

“**Yeah!**” Kita exclaimed before snuggling into Dia's chest. But when she broke away and looked around, there was something she was *uncertain* of instead. “**Uh... Isn't Mambo-chan supposed to be here too? We have to go to our gates soon, right?**” It was only then that they heard a voice right on cue.

“**I'M COMIIING!**”