

BECOMING UMAZING

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Okay, so how does a school just *appear* out of nowhere?”

“I... I think that’s why we were hired to investigate, S’aiya.”

It had been a little while since Dreah and S’aiya had last taken up a quest from the Adventurer’s Guild together. It just hadn’t been in the stars what with how busy the Au Ra and Migo’té had been. They were based out of different cities after all, and they also had connections outside of each other. It wasn’t all that often that they were even in the same nation at the same time without making plans beforehand.

Even in this instance? It had just been a coincidence that they had been in Kugane at the same time when that quest had been made available. They’d been chatting over dinner after reuniting when they’d been approached, likely because they had a bit of a history with the Guild in that region. As it turned out, there had been a very *unusual* development that had happened just overnight.

Floating on top of the ocean just a few clicks east of Kugane, a structure that looked like a *school* had appeared – hoisted upon a floating platform that must have been bolted to the seabed below somehow since that strip of the sea had a relatively high floor. But the people were apprehensive. Why would a school appear *there* of all places? It didn’t help that the architecture was seemingly foreign, and there were rumors of the platform being so large that there was an entire yard with a big racetrack on it?

And so, they had been searching for a small investigation party. It was a job typically reserved for mapping out newly discovered dungeons or

routes; while making sure they were safe for travel. In this case, their job was more or less the same, but with the added caveat that it could have potentially been a structure from *another world*. **“I wish they’d dropped us off closer to the building, but I guess we can start out here.”**

A boat had dropped the two adventurers off at the rear of the floating platform, well behind the racetrack that was surrounded by natural grass. They had no choice but to move *inwards* towards the school building, but they couldn’t ignore the track either. **“M-Maybe you go around one way, and I’ll go around the other? In case we see anything?”** That had been Drea’s suggestion, and it was the one that they had ended up going with in the end.



The Au Ra lamented that plan not long after, though. The two had started at about roughly the midway point, around where the starting line was. It had taken her an almost *five-minute* walk to reach her outer corner, and S’aiya was so far off in the opposing direction that she was little more than a vaguely shaped silhouette off in the distance. They hadn’t been able to hear each other, even while yelling, for roughly a minute by that point.

“Oh! But maybe this wasn’t in vein after all!” She *had* been looking around for any items of note, but aside from blades of grass and grains of dirt, nothing had stood out about the track. Until *now*. Sitting on the side of the track was a small, pink crown? Drea didn’t waste any time in picking it up, but the moment she touched it? She noticed something seemed *odd*. **“Why... is it so quiet?”** They’d been floating in the middle of the ocean, so the sound of waves crashing had served as the white noise around her. But with the crown in her hands?

...There was no ocean at her back anymore. There were *buildings*? And unfamiliar ones at that.

“H-Huh?” That realization made the young woman understandably *nervous*. What’s more? When she turned her attention back to the crown in question, her anxiety only *grew*. **“W-Wait, where did it go!?”** It wasn’t in her hands and was, in fact, *resting on top of her head* despite her not putting it there. You might assume that she would simply notice that weight there, but in the end? She seemingly didn’t register it – at least not as something that *shouldn’t* have been there. **“Um...”**

Drea had moments of strength, but she was largely sheepish and uncertain a lot of the time. She thought about chasing S’aiya down to see

if she was experiencing a similar phenomenon, but... Where *was* she!? Her silhouette was completely gone as well!? That said, she was so understandably distracted by the change in her surroundings that she hadn't thought to try and examine *herself*.

A single glance at the woman's *hair* would have brought attention to a vivid orange that had dyed its tips, working its way towards her roots. But that task almost seemed to be a little more *difficult* than you might expect, namely because her short, chin-length bob, well... It didn't quite *lengthen* unless you considered the bangs that ended up hanging between her eyes. It was more like this hair grew a little thicker *and* messier, making it more difficult for the new color to spread.

It even painted her eyebrows... before moving down to dye something that *wasn't* hair at all. "...**What was I looking for again?**" Dreah had *no* idea that her *eyes* had adopted an orange color as she blinked, even while she found herself contemplating her own actions. Her surroundings were still unfamiliar, right? *Hm!? Is this not Tracen!?* "...**T-Tracen?**" She'd never heard that name before in her life, so how had it come to mind? ...And in such an enthusiastic tone at that.

Evidently, whatever was happening to her was happening from the top *down*. Her face's structure was shifting now that the colors of her eyes had been altered, but more than their colors were affected. They actually became a little *larger*, making her orange irises all the more apparent. But that was probably a little more subtle than how her nose shortened or her lips thinned in slight. Even the scales on her face turned to dust. The Au Ra had only been in her early twenties, but these changes made her look all the more youthful. Like she was around *seventeen* or so?

Not that she looked a thing *like* 'Dreah' anymore.

"**Would a *fine establishment* like this be called Tracen?**" For a moment there had been a weird *glitch*. Not only had the girl's voice sounded different, but she had spoken with a little more enthusiasm as well. She also didn't know enough about the school to call it a 'fine establishment' in the first place. She did think on the sound of this voice, but in the process? She missed the forest for the trees in a sense. There was a somewhat loud cracking noise that was sounding directly over her ears.

Wait... her *what*? Au Ra didn't have ears, at least not in a traditional sense. Their horns were hollow – or at least they were *supposed* to be hollow – and acted as a sort of audio receptor. What she was hearing was those white horns *cracking*, and as pieces fell away? A pair of bright orange *triangles* flicked out to push the remnants away. They were long

and furry, and once freed they slipped higher on her head where they twitched.

The crown's effects continued to work its way through the rest of her body, but for the most part it wouldn't be anything *nearly* as dramatic as what had happened to her from the neck up. Her shoulders broadened a couple of inches, and her height was seemingly lifted only half an inch to bring her up to 5'1". The changes were largely focused on her *figure* though, and not even that really changed too much. The size of her breasts might have been reduced a single cup size, and yet her waistline broadened a little bit as weight was lost above it.

More and more of her scales were disintegrated as she looked around. "**Ha ha ha!?**" A laugh welled up from deep within, but admittedly she wasn't sure about *what* had humored her so much. Was it her hips widening? It surely couldn't have been that. What about how the weight of her butt filled in slightly to make use of that space? She hadn't even noticed, just like she hadn't noticed her thighs bloating ever so slightly. She was already *too* far gone. Maybe she had been from the start.

But in a change that was perhaps as notable as what had happened across her face and atop her head, the movements of her reptilian tail became *strange*. Snow white scales had begun to flake off, and bright orange hairs peeked through these parted segments and pushed away more that loosened. Her tail began to *flick* back and forth, which would have been impossible before with how thick and stiff its bones were. But those bones were thinner and more flexible now, and the orange hair? It reached down until it was just above her ankles.

None of this had really affected Dreah's outfit much, if it all. The changes to her build had been minor, and it wasn't like the tail she had grown was *new*. Nonetheless, this didn't stop her clothing from undergoing a process of recreation. Within moments it had been replaced with a white and purple seifuku – one with a pleated skirt that rested high on her hips, and a short-sleeved top with a purple bow clipped in place with a golden horseshoe. Brown loafers covered feet surrounded by white thigh highs, and other than the pink crown on her head? There were now two green ear tags in her right horse ear, with two yellow in the left.

"**Ha ha ha! The star of the play has been reborn!**" With her hands on her hips, *T.M. Opera O* loudly declared something so silly without any of the other umamusume that were near the track even stopping to look at her. But since when had there even *been* other



people at the track? **“Hark! Did my excellence summon an audience? It’s to be expected!”** That definitely wasn’t what had happened at *all*. Much like how the ocean had disappeared, the setting had adapted to her next existence.

Both as an umamusume, and a student that attended the Japan-based Tracen Academy.

From the quirky horse girl’s perspective, however, nothing had *really* changed. She had actually come out to the school’s racetrack in her uniform in search of a friend while following a lead. Another student had seen her stumbling around the racetrack a little earlier, and she was *resolved* to find her. After all, they had decided to go on a partner run together. **“Where aaaaare you, my fair Dotoooooo!?”** Well, in a way she was *technically* there.

She had just yet to properly manifest...?



S’aiya hadn’t bothered looking over her shoulder at Dreah once they’d grown too far apart. There didn’t seem to be the threat of any monsters attacking them, and on such a wide and open field they would have seen any threats coming from twenty yalms away in the first place. But much like Dreah’s experience, her own quest had been *uneventful*. **“Maybe we should have just cut through the track and skipped all this.”** That wouldn’t have been very thorough, though. Dreah probably would have complained that they hadn’t done a proper job.

The Miko’tē thief, on the other hand, was much more open when it came cutting corners. She felt like she had a good sense of what was and wasn’t a big waste of time, and she hardly ever got in trouble for skimping where she could. But she behaved for Dreah’s sake. Just as she thought she really *wouldn’t* find *anything*, there it was. **“...A ribbon?”** A small, blue one just laying in the grass. She was quick to fish it out, but her cat ears twitched.

Where had the sound of the ocean gone? No, not just the *sound*. The scent of saltwater was gone too.

“Uh...” Unlike Dreah, S’aiya wasn’t really the type to panic. She’d been through a number of *very* unusual situations in the past, and some of them had involved curses that affected her body’s appearance. Maybe it was for that reason that she caught on quick, even though it hadn’t

occurred to her that the ribbon had ended up disappearing, only to reappear around the base of her right cat ear under her hat.

On the other hand, she might have just had an easier time noticing because the earliest changes were probably the most *severe*. She didn't slowly change from the top down like her friend was at that very same moment. In fact... "**E-EEP!?**" The woman let out an uncharacteristically *pathetic* whimper as her eye level suddenly *dropped*. She'd had a somewhat above-average height of 5'7" for a miko'te woman, but now? The base of her crop top had slipped down to cover more of her belly. She couldn't have been any taller than 5'5".

"I just shrank... and *wh*-what was with that *n*-noise?" And the *stutter*? She just couldn't *stop* herself for some reason. S'aiya was trying to present herself with her usual confidence, but it was hard. She didn't really *feel* confident. She felt skittish, almost more like her *Dreah*. But just because she was thinking these mental changes over, that didn't mean that her transformation hadn't slowed down. It hadn't started *and* ended with a little bit of height loss.

Her crop top was actually yanked up a little higher again, but not because she'd regained any of that height that she'd lost prior. It was actually her *chest*, which honestly had already been an impressively large size thanks to a past curse. Even so, the balls that were contained within her top bloated into *melons*, expanding several sizes large and forcing her posture to lean forward slightly passively. She didn't really correct it because it was partially a product of a self-esteem that was rapidly dropping.

"W-Wait...? Shrank? I couldn't just sh-shrink..." The things that she had *just* said sounded strange to her, and yet the higher pitch of her own voice didn't? That sheepishness appeared to be much more firmly rooted in her ego now, and its potency seemed to come with a side effect that softened her expression. Its serious resting expression melted away into something much more *uncertain*, as her lips thinned, her nose shrank, and her eyes were slanted until they were pointedly *Japanese*. A light, pinkish purple even eventually replaced their original blues...

Leaving her with a face that was *dramatically* different from the one she'd had just seconds ago. A paling complexion made it easier to see that the whisker-like markings on the side were disappearing too. Racially, she looked much more similar to Dreah and the girl she had become, but simultaneously? She also looked as *young* as the girl Dreah had become, even though S'aiya *had* been pushing thirty.

Where her breasts had grown larger, her ass and thighs actually *lost* weight within her pants so that they were a touch looser. She didn't

really notice that, though. She was too lost in new thoughts, in new *memories*, as she lost sight of the serious thief she had once been and was familiarized with the sheepish, skittish girl she was becoming instead. The orangey brown of her hair *lost* that orange pigmentation, becoming a chestnut brown that was replicated in the fur of her ears *and* her tail. The only exception to this color change as the hair on top of her head didn't quite *grow*, but curled in and puffed out, was a stripe of pinkish white that ran down the center of her bangs, likewise coloring an ahoge that sprouted from its highest point.

All that was really preserved of her old form were her cat ears and tail, but even those traits had been fleeting. Their changes just weren't *as* dramatic as what had happened to Drea, namely because they were already somewhat similar. When it came to her ears, it was just a matter of them thinning and lengthening (though this did finally push her hat off her head), whereas the fur on her tail became longer and coarser as it began to flick more like the tail of a *horse*.

She was even granted the same uniform that T.M. Opera O was wearing, just fitted for her, uh... *much* heftier bosom.

The girl's horse ears twitched as she looked around anxiously. "**W- Was the track this crowded before?**" *Meisho Doto* was almost *certain* that she had been the only person nearby even just a minute ago. She remembered being surprisingly *calm*, which was a pretty big tell considering the vague social anxiety that she suffered from. But all of those people couldn't have just shown up suddenly without her noticing, right? Of course, this was easily explained by the world changing around her.

Now that she had adapted to her new life and all.

Doto was a buxom, albeit clumsy horse girl without much confidence. She looked to T.M. Opera O for inspiration, but over time the girls had likewise become closer friends, rivals, *and* confidantes. They made a funny pair, because for all of Doto's difficulties dealing with strangers, she was able to handle Opera O's quirky personality with ease. And *speaking of*. "**O-Oh!?**" Her horse ears flicked again, this time picking up a familiar voice farther down the track? Because she wasn't in gym clothes she didn't run *along* the track, but she did run across the grassy exterior until she found her. "**O-Opera-san? Why were you... calling... AH!?**"



She had completely forgotten until that moment! She had promised Opera that they would go on a partner run together. “**I was about to point it out, but it seems you’ve remembered on your own! Ha ha ha!**” Well, *that* was embarrassing! How could she possibly recover from forgetting such a big promise!? Then again, it was hard to describe but... Doto *had* considered that things felt very *off* somehow. In a way that she just couldn’t place.

But that didn’t matter! She had to make things right! “**I-I’m sorry, Opera-san! Do you want to go now? We’ll need to get changed first...**” Since students weren’t allowed to run on the track in their school uniforms for safety reasons. Opera simply laughed at her apology, not because she found it humorous but because that was just the type of girl she was.

“Very well, my dear Doto! Let us be off!”