

UMAPYOI LYGEND

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had been a glorious battle; Lyndis had to admit.

But that didn't change the fact that she had been constantly looking over her own shoulder the entire time. The young plainswoman knew full well that victory across those lands meant very little, not when there was a certainty that a member of your own battle party was almost guaranteed to turn on you at the last moment. It was a machination put into place by the goddess of shadow, Fenris, and all anyone could know for certain was whether they themselves had been corrupted.

In this instance, Lyn was confident of her own purity. She had not been tainted by shadows and had not been planning against the rest of her party in secret. Who could it be, then? The woman *had* her suspicions. Everyone was trying their best not to look guilty, because in the aftermath of a battle they would be given an opportunity to root the traitor out.

Could it have been Kurt? Alberta? They were still both possibilities, but the young woman's intuition was telling her otherwise. The one corrupted by shadows could have just been *very* good at masking their intention. But there *had* been a moment during the battle that had stood out to the green-haired warrior woman, where the robotic Corrin had chosen *not* to deliver the finishing blow to an enemy messenger.

Lyn had axed them from afar with her bow when they attempted to escape, but the fact that the dragon had even hesitated for a second had given Lyndis cause for concern. Had she been trying to let the messenger escape to call for reinforcements? She couldn't think of any

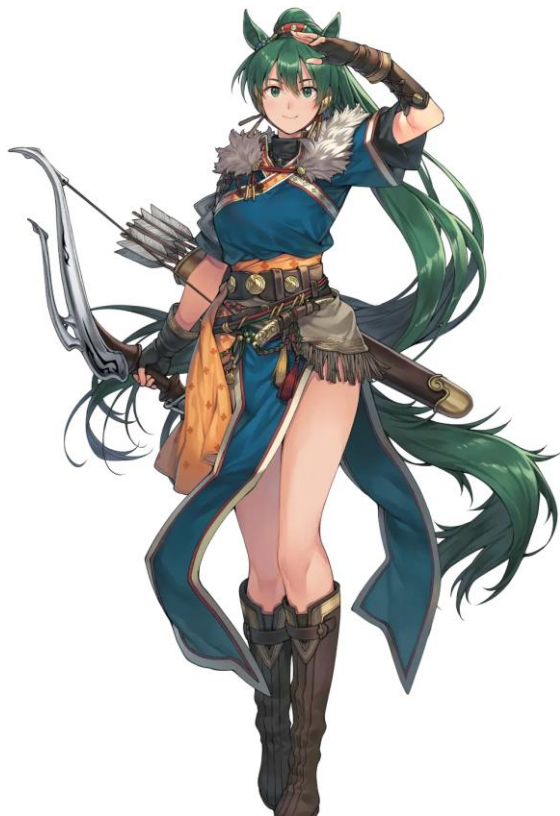
other reason, not when much like Lyn herself, Corrin had no personal ties to the enemies of this realm. So then, it stood to reason that—

“Looking at your face, it seems you’ve caught on...” Lyn spun around with a twitch of her horse ears as a soft voice spoke with an eerie tone directly behind her. She *had* been returning to meet up with the others so that they could figure out who the traitor might be, but as it turned out? The traitor had found her first. Corrin was staring at her with piercing, red eyes from only a foot away, giving her very little time to react. **“Don’t worry, I’m not going to *kill* you, but...”**

The bow wielder reached for her weapon, but she didn’t have enough time to react. Corrin placed her hands on her shoulders and *pushed* her into a portal she hadn’t noticed had opened behind her.

“Goodbye~!”

CLACK, CLACK!



Lyndis managed to stop herself from falling backwards, even though her footsteps echoed throughout hallowed halls. **“What!?”** She watched the portal close right in front of her face, but that didn’t stop her from reaching out to grab the empty space where it had lingered. **“...Where am I? What did she do?”** She supposed she could be thankful that she hadn’t been *killed*, but the situation that she found herself in was barely better. It looked like, after all, she was standing in the hallway of a *school*?

That was just her best guess. It was a little more *modern* than she could wrap her head around, but

the nearby door was open and there *was* an empty classroom on the other side. Wherever she was, she was certainly *much*, much farther away from the battlefield than was preferable. Was she even still on the same continent? Of course, it was actually much worse than that. A

servant of Fenris wouldn't choose *not* to kill her unless they were certain there was *no* chance of their victim getting in the way. And so...

She was no longer even in the same *world*. She'd been spirited away to an *entirely different realm*. "**I need to find a way back...**" That possibility hadn't even crossed Lyn's mind just yet, and it probably *wouldn't* have in the end. It was an answer that she could only really come to by acknowledging that the world that she was stuck in was different in the first place, and if she came to accept that world *as* her reality, then how could anything possibly be wrong?

But that hadn't happened, at least not *yet*. Something *was* a little off with the young woman's body though, even though she hadn't quite noticed it herself. Then again, it would probably have been a little difficult *to* notice if she wasn't actively looking at it. Her *hair*, specifically. It retained its dark green hue, but the pigmentation appeared to shift very subtly. No... that wasn't even really the issue? The underlying color hadn't changed at all, and yet there was now a *sheen* to it that it hadn't possessed before.

This glossiness was accompanied by a floral fragrance that she may have subconsciously noticed, but because everything in the building was foreign to Lyndis, she didn't acknowledge the source as her *own* body. But when it came to her hair? It had been treated by modern shampoos that hadn't existed in the world that she had come from. That hair was healthier now because of these shampoos and conditioners, with the fragrance of flowers wafting from its strands. It even affected the hair above her loins, with her pubes trimmed shorter.

"I need to find a way back... *to the clubroom?* ...Huh? Clubroom? Why would I...?" She had never been in a 'club' in her life, because the circumstances in her own world didn't really give her the time. She'd learned things for the sake of survival, never for leisure. Archery was one of those skills, and it hadn't even occurred to her that the bow she'd been carrying hadn't made the trip to the school *with* her. Her fingertips had also been softening, and while her callouses from years of pulling bowstrings taut remained... they were much smaller than the used to be. Like a girl who used a bow for fun, not for daily survival.

But why would a student need to wield a bow for survival? It was a question that Lyn might have asked herself in the moment if she had thought about it, but instead? She continued to look around the room confusedly. Things that had appeared foreign to her before looked more and more familiar. She could recognize a *tablet* on the desk in the nearby classroom despite no such devices existing in the world she hailed from.

Thinking seriously, Lyn was a little too old to be attending a high school in the first place. She had recently turned eighteen, but depending on the area that was either too old or you were in your final year. The way *she* saw it though, wasn't eighteen a little too high of a number for her? Wasn't she slightly younger than that? **"I... What am I at Tracen for again...?"** She wasn't yet so far gone that she didn't notice something was *off* with what she had just said.

"Wait? How do I know the school's name? I didn't...? But it's written on that banner hanging from the ceiling? But..." That was *also* strange. She felt *pretty* certain that she hadn't been able to read what it had said when she had first arrived, and even then? How *had* she arrived there? Through... a portal? **"Like in a video game...?"** Which was *another* thing she shouldn't have known anything about. **"No, I ran to school, right?"**

Lyndis's voice was largely the same, but it *did* sound a little lighter; slightly *younger*, in fact. It was something that could *finally* be seen visually in her face. Her skin looked more youthful than it had before, and there was a subtle roundness to it that she hadn't seen in her reflection since she had been *fifteen*. Mind you, part of the reason behind that softness came courtesy a rigorous face care routine and the modern products needed to accomplish that. Her eyes *did* look slightly wider, though.

Almost more... *innocent*. Devoid of memories of the horrors of war.

But how could a girl that was gradually believing herself to be a modern day high school student going to have any memories of *war*? It was a peaceful era without any unnecessary strife. One where a horse girl could live out her days without worry! Perhaps it reflected this new reality for her, but product was eventually applied to the fur of her ears and tail as well. Before long, it was all smooth, silky, and when it came to her tail, neatly trimmed.

"I ran to school because I have something to do? I mean... It is pretty early!" Lyn clapped her hands together, clearly oblivious to the fact that her outfit was becoming *slightly* looser. She hadn't been a late bloomer, but when she was initially fifteen, she'd still had some room to grow bigger in most ways. Take her height, for example: about three inches peeled off of her stature overall, and she'd make up those three inches over the next three years that followed.

But it wasn't simply *just* her height, either. It became baggier around her chest because several inches were peeled off of her bust, and you could even see her hips narrow and thighs deflate slightly through the

slits on the sides of her tunic. Not even her butt was spared, but it only deflated *very* slightly. If there was any benefits to be found, it was that Lyn grew physically *stronger* than she'd originally been at that age? Her abs *and* the muscles in her legs hardened, giving her the body of a *trained runner* more than a warrior woman.

The girl gave the hallway one more once-over, and in the time it took to do that? Any clothing malfunction that her losses might have caused came undone... simply because her attire was swapped out with what *must* have been the uniform of the school she was standing in. Her hairstyle remained in place alongside her headband, but she was left in a purple and white uniform with a pleated skirt. There was a golden horseshoe ornament around the front of the bow tied to her chest, she had white thigh highs, and sturdy loafers. Of course, she was dressed in appropriate, modern undergarments as well.

“If I didn’t have archery practice, I wouldn’t even be out of my dorm this early...” The girl’s horse ears flicked as her tail swished behind her – two gestures that weren’t exactly different from how her body had behaved before, although perhaps there was a little more energy behind them? That was hardly surprising considering she *was* technically younger now, which was kind of funny when you considered that she didn’t *need* to be younger to attend the school that’s halls she was now walking down.



Tracen Academy was a school for umamusume, *horse girls*, that aspired to be runners. They could sign up in their early teens and aged so slowly that they could be there for five years, ten, or perhaps even longer. Even so, *Windward Lyndis*, or just *Lyn* for short, was a fifteen-year-old umamusume visiting Tracen Academy as an exchange student from Europe. That was how she remembered things being, anyways.

She still wielded a bow *as a hobby*, but she certainly wasn’t a warrior. She was a young, aspiring racer on the cusp of making her debut the following month. **“I keep playing with the idea of using archery to build my reputation, but... Maybe I can incorporate it into my racing costume once I’ve debuted?”** Because she wouldn’t be able to wear anything other than her gym uniform until that point.

The girl hurried along, her pace increasing in a way that made sense for an umamusume. That was stuff she'd think on more later. There was no point in it until she was officially racing in high profile events! But a girl could dream, right? And she had big dreams! She was definitely going to win the Arima Kinen someday!