

WONDER MOM

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Mmng... When’s it my turn, already!?”

“Relax, El! It won’t be *that* long!”

It was a Sunday afternoon, which meant that the girls of Tracen Academy did *not* have school that day. In a way, that made it somewhat humorous that despite it all, El Condor Pasa was sitting there in her school uniform, completely off of the school’s grounds. Because their homework was done and they weren’t planning on doing training until the evening, El had headed into the city along with her best friend, Grass Wonder, as well as Special Week. They were all rivals in a sense, but they *were* also friends.

The afternoon had been a pretty standard one for a group of teenaged girls. They’d left the dorms shortly after ten in the morning before grabbing boba from a nearby truck and then heading out for lunch at El Condor Pasa’s favorite Mexican place. Toss in a little bowling and some quality time at the arcade, and you had a *pretty* full afternoon. But they hadn’t stopped there! They still had time to cram in a trip to the karaoke booth!

Well, *after* what they were in the process of doing. The trio had visited a *fortune teller* of all things. It had been Special Week’s idea after being inspired by Matikane Fukukitaru back at the school. That horse girl was *always* offering fortunes with her crystal ball, but apparently Special Week had been curious about how those fortunes measured up against someone who told them professional.

It had just so happened that there was a fortune teller in the building right beside the arcade, so that was where they had gone! But it was only one visitor at a time, and it felt like Special Week had been in there *forever* now. It wouldn't have bothered a normal person, but El? She was the type of girl that *always* liked to be on the move. She was always doing *something* and really didn't like sitting still. At least Grass Wonder was there to help keep her calm!

“Sorry I took so long! She was *really* thorough!” Much to El's delight, Special Week stepped out of the room only a minute or two after she'd complained. **“And she specifically asked that El go next? ...But I'm pretty sure I didn't mention her name? Oh well! She must be *that* good!”** That was probably a *naïve* way of looking at it, but it was very *Special Week* to do so.

El Condor Pasa excitedly ran inside and sat down in the dimly lit room before a table, where a crystal ball sat in front of an old lady that was shrouded in a cloak. She could only really see the woman's lips move. **“Hello, *Grass Wonder*. Hehehe...”** Well, *that* was creepy. Not to mention *not* her name? Special Week had said that she'd asked for *her* by name, right? Did she forget which one she had called? She *was* a little scatterbrained, so she supposed that wasn't impossible.

“Oh, my name isn't—!?” El didn't finish her sentence, though. The old lady spoke over her, and her lips froze as if she had been paralyzed, forcing her to listen to what the woman was saying. Except... she *couldn't hear* what she was saying? Her lips were moving, but was she actually making any noise? It was more like a vague whispering that was ominous in a way. Until all of a sudden, *everything* changed.



“Eh!?” The next time that the girl was able to move her lips, they were used to express her shock. She *wasn't* sitting in the dimly lit fortune teller's room any longer. She was sitting on a comfortable couch in a very *normal* living room? **“Where... the heck am I!?”** Based on the architecture, it felt like she was in a modern Japanese home. One that was comfortable and warm based on the décor, but there was something about the clock and television... They looked a little more *futuristic* than she was used to?

Then again, she wasn't all *that* tech savvy. It was possible these things existed, and she just hadn't seen them before. **“Did the fortune teller do this!? Is it related to what she said? ...But I couldn't make any of it out!”** It was strange, though. The room carried a fragrance to it that was vaguely familiar. It reminded her of the scent of her best friend, Grass Wonder. Or at least the scent she carried whenever she returned to Tracen after visiting her family.

The fact that she could draw that connection probably spoke a little to just *how* close the two were. Probably a little closer than 'best friends', or at least it might turn out that in the future. There really wasn't any way to know for sure... *right?* But that was neither here nor there. The girl was eager to *leave* so she could figure out where she was! Grass and Spe-chan would probably be worried sick if it turned out that she was missing! **“I'm so confused though! This isn't like when we played that VR game, but...”** It *did* feel a little bit like she was in a different world altogether.

She wasn't, of course. But that didn't mean she was in the exact same *time*.

Something odd was *already* happening that El Pasa Condor couldn't have even thought to consider checking for. Her hair, and by extension her *fur*, were all changing. Their dark browns were softening, lightening to a gentler shade of brown that was closer to *chestnut* instead. It was a familiar shade, namely because El saw it every day within the hair and fur of someone *very* close to her. But all things considered? This color change wasn't especially noticeable. Just like her changing *eye* color wasn't noticeable as their bright blues shifted until they were slightly more *turquoise* instead.

“Ooookay. I should try and figure out how to get back to the others, right? I guess I can't just *wrestle* my wait out of this one... Oh! Maybe that fortune teller lady is testing me? Maybe she wants me to figure out where this place is!? Hehe... The answer is obvious! *It's the home I share with El.*” El could be scatterbrained, and she wasn't always the sharpest tool in the shed, but even she recognized that she had just said something *strange*. **“Eh? But I'm El! ...And I share a dorm room with Grass?”**

Maybe whatever was going on had made her *really* disoriented or something? That was a possibility, right? But could being a little disoriented lead to one's hair and eye colors changing? Of course not. And even though the horse girl hadn't noticed *that* much, her circumstances were actually becoming direr in that regard. One look at her face suggested that her assertion that 'she was El' wasn't going to hold true for much longer, for example.

There were many adjectives that could properly describe what El's face normally looked like. Cute, goofy, and even *oblivious*. These terms described her personality too, and one's facial characteristics could take after their personality. That was what made what was happening to her own face all the more bizarre. Her lips thinned and her nose's tip turned slightly up as it shortened. This was just half of a phenomenon that saw the girl's face lengthen and thin, including the shapes of her own eyes. It made her look far more *delicate* and *petite*. But more than that? It made her look like *Grass Wonder*.

“Something is really... H-Huh? My voice sounds so very strange, and I'm speaking in an odd manner... I-I mean I'm speaking weird!” Hearing herself speak... she immediately drew the correct conclusion. It wasn't just the sound of her voice that was similar, but the refined *way* she was speaking. **“I sound like me – I mean Grass! Why... did I make that mistake?”** She had *meant* to say Grass the first time, but had ended up saying 'me' like she'd been trying to refer to herself.

Evidently, whatever was happening to her body was affecting her *mind*. But that didn't mean that her body's transformation had closed with a simple hair and eye color change beyond her facial shift. Her lighter brown hair was growing *and* straightening now, reaching down to touch the coarser hairs upon her tail while her bangs parted in the center. *That*, however, was unusually inconsistent with the idea that she was 'becoming Grass Wonder'. Grass's hair *did* have a small space in the center of her bangs, but this one was significantly wider.

This wasn't a one-off mistake, either. If El Condor Pasa was transforming into Grass Wonder, then she probably *should* have shrunk considering Grass was four inches shorter than her. But that *didn't* happen. The *opposite* did. **“H-Hey! Wait a moment, what's happening!?”** Despite her best attempts to speak how she normally did, she couldn't bring herself to do it. She liked to litter Spanish in sometimes, but... she couldn't immediately think of anything. *At least nothing that I don't hear El say on the regular.*

But I'm El! The fact that she had to keep reminding herself of that was *probably* not a good sign, but it was also hard to focus on her *identity* when she'd been shocked by something *completely* different in the first place. Her height had just *shot up*. Not gradually, either. It was as if she had suddenly been lifted up and placed onto a three inch pedestal, but her feet hadn't been lifted up at all. She'd grown to 5'7", which made her skirt look too short and lifted her top up to show off her navel. Things *also* felt a little tight around her sleeves and skirt.

“I’m so... tall? Or was I shorter before? ...Was I?” No, she was *certain* that she had been shorter before. Funnily enough, though? For all her height had shot up and her fingers and feet had lengthened, the horse ears atop her head had shortened slightly – because Grass’s ears were shorter than El’s. El didn’t really know how to make sense of things, but did she *have* to? Something was wrong with her *memories*. She could remember things about ‘El’ clearly, but the perspective was a foreign one. And the memories of her childhood... she’d grown up in the house she’d found foreign before? No, didn’t her memories extend *too* far?

“How... How old am I?”

She was *supposed* to be a girl in her mid-teens, a horse girl in her prime. What she hadn’t noticed was that, as she’d grown taller, she’d begun to appear explicitly *not* that young. While her face maintained its longer and thinner shape, *age* had crept in, thickening her lips and sharpening her gaze beneath thinned brows. The beginnings of Crow’s feet and other age-related blemishes became clear as well. **“I couldn’t be *that* old, could I?”** But weren’t her memories telling her that? That she was physically around *forty*?

But El had a long laundry list of memories of... *doing adult things*, for the lack of a better word. *Dirty* things were included, but things like retiring, getting a job, and *mothering*? **“Am I a mom? But how could I forget my little girl?”** Wait, no, *that’s wrong!* Deep down, there seemed to still be a part of her resisting. It was just doing a *very* bad job of doing it. It didn’t help that while she was beginning to look the part, she didn’t *quite* have the body of a forty-year-old woman yet. At least when it came to *her* figure.

Not for long, however. The Tracen skirt she was wearing, and by extension the panties she was wearing underneath, both begun to *dig* into her skin. It was a problem that was largely caused by her *hips* at first. The issue was their *width* specifically, or at least how that width had extended out to the sides. They’d swollen, bone and all, and that swell paved the way for her ass and thighs to bloat with very little resistance since her skirt had already been lifted up. Her ass’s heart shape was notable, but there was something about all that weight. It was *loose*, because it didn’t have the same perkiness that a young woman’s skin would.

“Mm... How strange. Things feel *wrong* but also, *right*? I can’t make much sense of it now...” That was by design. There could have been people nearby that might have heard her if she’d freaked out. There were plenty of reasons for this among what was happening to her body, the least of which was what was now happening to her *chest*. Her

ass had expanded, so why not her bosom, too? Well, it was a *little* more than that. All of the muscle she'd honed as a racehorse girl had softened from head to toe – very suggestive of the possibility that she'd given up on running altogether at some point in pursuit of a quieter life.

And while that was *true*, a lot of that fat had gone into her *breasts*. It was possible that Grass Wonder was a late bloomer when it had come to her bosom. No, that *had* to be the case, because El's C-cups *ballooned* even though they'd already been larger than Grass's. "**Mph!?**" The growth *did* stagger her, namely because the back strap of her bra had snapped all of a sudden. It hadn't really had a *choice*? Not when her breasts had ballooned to *G-cups*, hanging loosely thanks to her age. "**I really *did* grow a lot in my late teens, didn't I?**"

Fortunately, as her mind finally began to settle, the burden that her clothes was under – because she was a forty-year-old woman wearing a teenager's school uniform – was finally alleviated. Her attire *completely* transformed, becoming a cream-colored set of lacey underwear beneath a tan skirt that sat high on her hips and reached past her knees, along with a white blouse and blue sweater. Her feet were bare, because she was within her own home, and blue ornament appeared wrapped around her right ear. The ornament that had *once* belonged to her best friend.

Even her wrestling mask was gone, not that it fit properly anymore. But it *had* been moved elsewhere in the house.

"Oh my! It's been such a long time since I reminisced about my school days." Cupping one of her cheeks with the hand on the same side, *Grass Wonder* cooed like an old woman as she recounted that day, she had gone to the fortune teller with everyone. She wasn't really *that* old. She was only *forty* physically after all. But for an Umamusume? That meant she was probably *much* older when it came to actual years. That was why the technology was so drastically different, because El had been fired off into a *very* distant future.

On some very subconscious level, the woman *understood* what had happened to her... *sort of*. She kept recalling memories of things she had experienced, but from El's point of view? It was like she had experienced them herself! ...Because she had, of course. The horse woman just couldn't put two and two together properly, so she ended up concocting a totally backwards explanation. "**It**



must be because El and I are so close! After all, we've been married for twenty years now!"

Well, that explained what their relationship would become in the future, at least.

Not only were they a married couple, but they had adopted a horse girl daughter that was finally in her first year at Tracen. **"Speaking of! El should be back soon, shouldn't she? I wonder what she'd say if I reminded her of those days? Hehe... I bet she'd get really excited and say something like 'we can relive those days whenever you want!'. And then she'd probably make a move on me to prove that while we may be older, we still have just as much vitality as when we were younger."** That is to say that the two would probably *fuck*.

Their racing days were behind them, but she had found a great deal of comfort in El's love. Thinking of it that way gave her a tinge of a strange feeling in that particular moment, just because there was a small part of her that felt like she was talking about receiving love from *herself* – not that she could process that properly. It was easy enough to shrug off as she moved to the kitchen of the family home she had inherited from her parents. That also explained why the smell had reminded El of Grass at first.

"I'll make her something tasty for dinner, and maybe after we can..." What? El Condor Pasa wasn't the only one of the two that still had her sex drive intact! They weren't *that* old yet!