

CINDERELLA STORY

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



> **It's really good! I binge-watched it all!**

> **I've seen about half of it?**

> **I wish I had the time...**

Kay, Axel, and Joseph (in that order) had been on the topic of anime and had been discussing Umamusume: Cinderella Gray. It was a series that had hit the market at just the right time, with the anime adaptation of the manga debuting very shortly before the mobile game opened its global servers. It had taken the internet somewhat by storm and had ended up winning a ton of awards.

It had come up in conversation because Kay had recently finished catching up with the series. From its character dynamics to its over-the-top sports anime set pieces, it had totally won him over and he'd been eager to gush about it. Especially since he knew that both Axel and Joseph also played the game. But as it turned out, neither of them had watched as much as he had, and in Joseph's case he hadn't watched any at all!

But there were other ways for them to at *least* experience the *characters*.

“...Huh?” Kay all of a sudden shot up from his sitting position. He'd *been* sitting at his desk so that he could more easily talk to his friends on Discord, when all of a sudden that desk had *disappeared*, and he found himself sitting on a *bench*? One outdoors at dusk, overlooking an entire

racetrack. The view was *familiar*, and it was even more familiar when he turned to look behind him and noticed a school building. A *very* familiar school building, because it was— “**Tracen!?**”

Tracen Academy, the main school that all of the Umamusume in both the game and its anime adaptations attended. The man had been so surprised that his body language had tensed up, and he had stumbled back a step. He had a *million* questions in that moment, and both how and why made the top of that list. But it hadn't struck him that maybe this was the result of his own doing. Or, well, his own *wishing*. Because when he'd realized the other two hadn't completely seen it...

He had subconsciously wished that they could ‘*experience it for themselves*’.

It hadn't even occurred to Kay *that* he'd made that wish, and there was no way of knowing what had granted it. But even if that was the cause, why would he have been caught up in it? Was it because he was the wish maker? Ultimately, without any context these weren't questions that he could even ask. He was still stuck on the more basic: “**H-How!?**” Which was still reasonable enough.

What wasn't really all *that* reasonable was what had begun to happen to his body ‘under the hood’, so to speak. This ‘hood’ wasn't exactly literal, although it *was* referring to his clothing – most prominently his shirt. The man wasn't really overweight or anything like that, but he also hadn't been *thin* either. Her belly and limbs were a little soft... or they *had* been, at least. But that little excess was disposed of, allowing his skin to tighten before it was once again stretched by *muscle* that firmed out until he had an *eight pack* on his belly, with his slim limbs just as muscular.

But because Kay hadn't been *looking* for signs of his body changing, this didn't quite register beyond the realization that he felt pretty *energetic* all of a sudden. His fitter form certainly played into it, but it wasn't the *only* aspect. A man of his age wouldn't typically have that much energy even if he *was* fit, and he had so much energy now that he was rocking back and forth on his feet idly. “**What should do now, though? I can't just sit here!**” What would he do if someone if someone walked by and asked him what he was doing?

There was even more energy to his *voice*, but it hadn't clicked to him that there was anything different since it still technically *sounded* like him. If that voice demonstrated anything, it was that he almost sounded... *younger*? Which actually *did* show in his face. It was as if the years had just peeled *off* of him, sending him flying back through his twenties and even the tail end of his teens. He couldn't have been any

older than *eighteen* by the time his face stopped smoothing, giving him a slightly more babyface... as he'd had at that age.

“If someone catches me, they’re gonna be like...” Kay didn’t even finish that thought, because while he hadn’t caught onto his voice’s pep, he *did* hear a combination of a voice crack and a strange *accent*? It gave him natural pause, but he wasn’t even able to properly dwell on it before he was struck with the uncanny sensation that he was *dropping*. **“EEP!?”** The sound that he made certainly wasn’t *masculine* in that moment, though!

While it was his eye level that dropped instead of his entire body onto the floor like he’d been afraid of in that moment. Kay, like Joseph and Axel, was a pretty tall guy! He was close to six feet in height, but he ended up dropping *well* below even the five foot mark, with his hands, feet, and head becoming even smaller still. The bottoms of his feet became *very* calloused, and the glasses on the bridge of his nose slipped off and fell onto the grass in front of him. **“Crud!?”**

Kay had *expected* his vision to go blurry without his glasses on the bridge of his nose, but... **“Wait! I can see fine? Why’d I even hafta wear ‘em in the first place?”** What had once clearly been a voice crack had now become a consistent sound to his voice. It was squeakier now and, by the time his height bottomed out at a meager 4’7”, it sounded like a *teenaged girl’s* voice, but his youthful face showed signs that it wasn’t just a matter of *sounding* like one.

At his new height, his shorts and boxers had slipped off his waist, but his shirt was basically a *dress* that reached the middle of his thighs instead. He tugged at it, seemingly not thinking about the vague tingling and tugs that struck his face, seeing it round in shape, his lips puff up into a pout, and his nose shrink into a button shape beneath eyes that not only narrowed until they were reminiscent of the eyes of a Japanese youth, but adopted a sky blue between their fluttering lashes.

“H-Heya!?” *She* yipped again, this time because if a pull between her legs that could only signal the end of her masculinity. What remained became part of the slit that opened at her pelvis’s base. The dark pubes above it shortened and spread down, but they also adopted a grayish silver that spread into the short hair atop her head, too. Well, *before* they began to spill down the back her head into a long, thick *mane*. And there couldn’t have been a more appropriate word than ‘mane’ to describe it.

While she definitely hadn’t been a girl before, Kay could now *remember* being raised one. A girl that love to run. She couldn’t have been what she was if she’d been a boy, which was... **“Wha!? I’m an Umamusume!?”**

But didn't that make sense? She *was* on the Tracen Academy grounds, and normal human girls didn't normally go there! As this realization arose, her body took its final, albeit meager steps into femininity. Her hard and muscular chest softened *very* slightly into a pair of perky *A-cups* that were hardly noticeable, while her hips were wedged out just a tad so that a touch of fat could give her butt a bubble and her thighs a bit of femininity.

And then, as she'd already surmised... she inherited an Umamusume's natural traits beyond her inhuman leg strength. The long, coarse, and silver tail that lifted the back of her shirt was one of these traits as it dangled down past her knees before flicking from side to side, while her ears traveled up her head's sides and pulled into furred, silver triangles that began to twitch here and there. They should have felt *foreign*, but they felt pretty natural to her.

She had an idea of the Umamusume she was becoming, even, because she'd taken in so many of her memories. But before she could be *completely* certain, she first had to adopt her *attire*. In a flash, the oversized shirt she was wearing was replaced with a pair of white pants that left her shins bare above blue and red running shoes. Blue and red were dominant colors in her overall outfit, such as in the belts around her waist. Her toned belly was left bare, but she wore a blue crop top with a white lightning bolt on the front, beneath a largely blue, open jacket with red around the ends of the sleeves and the base. Red covers hid her eyes, and a red and blue bandana with two long tails was pinned to her head.

Yeah, she was definitely *that* Uma!

“Y’know, maybe this isn’t so bad? I’m kinda super short, but...” With her fingers rubbing up against her well-defined abs, *Tamamo Cross* couldn't really complain about the state of her body otherwise. She was *definitely* Tamamo, but she also kind of *wasn't*? Kay was still in there; else she wouldn't have been acting like something was different. It just felt like that past identity was a thread that she *really* had to hold onto else she might forget. **“Not sure why I’m in my racing outfit though...”**

She didn't have any races lined up, and it was already getting dark. Maybe she'd *been* in a race earlier in the day? But it was



usually her habit to just get changed after? “**Maybe it’s just a side effect of the...**” She waved her hand to wordlessly finish her sentence, alluding to her transformation. “**Ah well! Guess I’ll be headin’ back to my dorm for now!**” She threw her hands behind her head and began to head off.

“Wonder if Oguri Cap’s back already? Maybe I should talk t’her about this...? Shame I couldn’t beat her today, but next time for sure!”

As she began to get lost in thoughts of her rivalry, however, that hold she had on her old identity began to *slip*.

Joseph found himself in a very similar situation to Kay. He’d been sitting down at home one minute, and the next he was sitting... *in front of a plate of curry?* More specifically, he was sitting at a table in a dimly lit cafeteria. It was vacant aside from him, but there was a *huge* pile of plates stacked in front of him that had been cleaned off. ‘*Surely not by a single person*’, he had foolishly thought.

That was hardly his main concern in the moment anyways, because that was absolutely *not* where he was supposed to be, especially when the nearby connected halls seemed to suggest that he was in a high school? Considering he was an *adult man*, if anyone found himself trespassing on school grounds... “**I’d definitely get in trouble!**” And that was only one of the many issues with his present circumstances.

But he wasn’t *actually* in any risk of getting into trouble, however.

The location that Joseph had appeared in – or at least the state of his surroundings – was probably the biggest tell as to what sort of fate awaited him. Those empty plates hadn’t been collected from nearby tables and had in fact been consumed by a singular girl at the table he’d appeared before. But there wasn’t a girl there? Well... Considering what had happened to Kay...

He had no reason to suspect that anything like that was happening initially, though. Not even as his body’s hair was erased and the skin underneath it gradually became paler than its original, olive hue. Its new pinkish shade was reflected in different parts of his body in different ways, like making his nipples and lips a darker pink than the rest. Either way? The was the beginning of the end for the man he had originally been.

Joseph wasn’t exactly bothered by those changes to his skin... largely because he hadn’t noticed. Even though he *should* have been much

more concerned about his general circumstances? His attention kept falling back on the unfinished plate of curry, which he now realized had a whole uncooked carrot sticking out of it. **“Is this really the biggest issue right now? Pretty sure I’d get in even *more* trouble if I just randomly started eating food that doesn’t belong to me...”**

In the meantime, it became quite clear that his skin wasn’t the *only* aspect of his appearance that was due for a color change. Short, black strands of hair atop his head paled to a lighter silver than Tamamo’s, dyeing even his eyebrows and pubes to boot. The hair atop his head, which was kept short on purpose, gradually began to inch longer. The process was slow at first, but eventually it tickled his neck, which made him aware of it.

His eyes went wide in that moment, making it clear that the colors of those eyes were paling to an icy blue. **“Wh-What!?”** Joseph had initially been fearful that there was a bug or something crawling on the back of his neck, and he wasn’t at *all* prepared for the length of silver hair that he ended up grabbing and pulling over his shoulder. He went speechless for a moment, watching it grow despite the light tug he could feel on his own scalp from his handling of it. But as he stared? His (now) blue eyes changed in *shape*, lids narrowing until they were more almost-like. More *Japanese*.

At some point, Joseph’s hair stopped growing. But it was already *much* longer than he was accustomed to, reaching down past his ass at the sides while dipping in at the center. His bang, incidentally, did the *opposite*. **“Why is my hair so... A-And my voice!?”** It sounded higher *and* drier all of a sudden. He could express panic still, but overall, he sounded much more *subdued*. Grabbing at his throat in a panic, he didn’t even notice that his Adam’s apple had smoothed away.

He clearly sounded more like a girl, but it hadn’t struck him just how much he was beginning to *look* like one beyond the length of his hair. His face had been softening ever since his eyes had changed shape, with its overall structure growing narrow yet gentler, with rounder cheeks, fuller lips, and a smaller nose. His eyes already made him look Japanese, but now he looked like a Japanese *girl*. One that was younger, likely around *eighteen*.

“I don’t understand why...?” Now that he was in the loop, Joseph was really alarmed, honest! If you were wondering why there might have been *some* skepticism towards his amount of care, though, all you really had to do was look at where his blue eyes were pointed. He was staring *directly* at the curry again, and his tummy even rumbled... incidentally as part of his waistline slowly pinching in, as were his shoulders.

In fact, his steely blue gaze *remained* fixed on the curry, not wavering even though his eye level had begun to dip and he could feel his clothing getting baggier and baggier on him. “**Am I shrinking? Um...**” But was that as important as the insatiable hunger that was beginning to build within his belly? It was almost like a switch had been flipped in his brain that had completely overwritten what *should* have been his priorities. Nonetheless, his level of attention didn’t change *what* was happening.

Joseph’s almost six feet of height unraveled rapidly, dropping down to the 5’5” range over a matter of fifteen seconds. His shorts might have slipped off if not for his hips widening a tad in the process, exchanging that width with narrowed shoulders. “**That’s not right... I shouldn’t be so hungry... I mean short!**” Was he really *that* hungry!? He’d eaten a big meal like an hour before he’d been teleported!

By this point, you could probably assume where things were going. And *she* couldn’t even find it in herself to sound surprised when her genitals folded into her new slit. This was in part helped by the *memories* that were beginning to overwhelm her. Memories of struggling with glass legs, of overcoming them with the help of her mother... But there was no sign of any such damage *now*. In fact, not just her legs, but her entire body as a whole, became *incredibly* muscular with callouses forming on the bottoms of shrunken feet.

“**I’m a girl... But I feel like I always have been? But I know I haven’t...**” The girl worked through her thoughts with her gaze *still* trained on the curry. It was getting harder and harder to resist reaching out for it. It looked so tasty, and her mouth had begun to water... Even though she probably would have been better off focusing on things like her chest, which gradually became heavier and forced the front of her shirt outwards until she sported a pair of perky *C-cups* upon her more muscular pectoral muscles.

Fat saw Joseph’s build grow all the more feminine elsewhere too, of course. It predominantly targeted her lower body other beyond her breasts, such as in a firm buttock that bubbled out to fill out his pants, while her thighs softened *just* enough to take the hardened and muscular edge off of them. “**Umamusume...?**” One word came to mind when memories of grooming his own ears and tail surfaced, and of course those memories became true to life, with her ears warping and her own tail growing in a fashion similar to Tamamo’s. A dark grey ahoge even sprouted from between her ears, forming a patch in the center of her head framed with white.

The girl’s entire outfit changed in an instant, replaced with a fancy racing outfit that resembled a school uniform in a sense. It consisted of

a blue, pleated skirt with a yellow line across its bottom trim over panties and black tights that fed right into white boots with fluffy tops. A belt secured that skirt below her exposed belly button, and right above that bellybutton she wore a white shirt underneath an equally white jacket with yellow diamonds embedded in the sides and blue cuffs. A large, yellow star held a red scarf in place beneath a blue sailor's collar, and a yellow diamond headband wrapped across her bangs beneath a blue ring around the base of her right horse ear.

Throughout the back half of her transformation, *Oguri Cap* had been trying her best to actually focus on it and not the untouched plate of carrot curry that was still sitting on the nearby table. It became a little hard to focus when she soon remembered eating all of the other dishes, however, and those memories seemed to affect her body one final time. The base of her shirt was lifted when her belly *cartoonishly* bulged into a round ball, her bellybutton now shaped like an X. “**Oh...**”



She looked full. *Very* full. But she could still *eat*. The issue was that she felt like doing so would be a mistake. Thoughts of food kept pulling her attention away from that thread reminding her that she was Joseph, and if she gave in... “**I don't want to forget my old folks and everything. Plus, the others could be in a similar situation. Stay focused...**” The issue with that plan was that she was *Oguri Cap*, and the only thing *Oguri Cap* loved more than racing was *food*. All it took was one more tummy rumble for her to finally cave.

She wasn't going to forget *yet*, but that carrot curry marked the beginning of the end.

“**Ah!?**” While talking to Kay and Joseph, I'd been using my phone to type while sitting on my bed. But out of *nowhere* my butt sank into a far more *comfortable* bed and my phone suddenly disappeared. I had to throw my hands back behind me to catch myself and immediately pushed myself back up into a standing position so that I could look around in a panic. I was in a small room with two beds in the opposite corners of the room. “**Is this a dorm!?**” And one that's layout felt a little familiar somehow, even if the decorations didn't.

I couldn't even begin to comprehend what had happened, but I must have been in serious trouble, right? Not only was it a dorm room but based on the furniture and decorations I could only assume the room belonged to a couple of *girls*. Going through the door to leave would be very suspicious if I was caught, but the room was on the first floor... Maybe if I escaped through the window? It *was* dark out. **“That’ll look way more suspicious if someone sees me, though...”**

So then, what if there was nothing suspicious about me being in that room in the first place?

Unsure of what to do, I'd fallen back on an anxious habit of pacing back and forth in an attempt to clear my head. The fact that my body was changing ended up becoming apparent to me much sooner than the other two *because* of this though, as I ended up accidentally stumbling mid-pace, only managing to barely catch myself on a nearby desk with my eyes wide in confusion. I didn't even realize – no, I *couldn't* have even realized – that those eyes had adopted an ocean blue.

“What even...?” As I corrected myself, I tried to figure out why I had even fallen in the first place. Put it had been my pant legs, which were dangling past my ankles even though they *shouldn't* have. Then again? By the time I managed to stand up straight, my pants *and* my boxers had slipped right off before I could even consider reacting. **“Wait... Wait!”** Even though I *was* a man in my thirties, I still suffered from the odd voice crack here and there.

I was much more concerned by the realization I had come to. That not only was I over a head smaller, having dropped from nearly six feet tall to 5'6" instead, but I was *thin*. I'd *been* fat just a moment ago, so it was no surprise that my pants had dropped and my long-sleeved shirt was now acting like a dress. Unfortunately, the sleeves had swallowed my hands, hiding that my fingers were now narrow and dainty, with manicured fingers upon their tips.

“How is this... A-Ah? Oh dear, was it not just a voice crack?” I felt my voice change mid-sentence and redirected my attention towards it, but it came paired with a sudden and dramatic pivot in *how* I spoke, leading me down a path where all of the words that came to mind were more *proper* and *caring*. It sounded like the voice of a young *woman*, but unbeknownst to me that voice was reflective of what was going on with my *face*.

It had begun to lean both into the feminine *and* the more youthful. My once round features rounded again, but this time in a manner that was more careful and healthy. My skin became soft and free of blemish, and

my lips swelled with glossy delight. My nose? It shrunk shorter, though my nostrils did flare ever so slightly... all below a pair of blued eyes that narrowed as their lashes grew, giving them a Japanese slant like the other two. It made me look like a young *Japanese* woman that was likely around the age of *nineteen*.

The sensation of something tickling the base of my neck had me spin around with much less effort than I'd expected. It wasn't just a matter of my body being thinner that made it easier, but my body had strengthened. My shirt hid that my abs, pecs, and legs were all much more muscular, but there was still a leanness to them. "**Is that my hair?**" I wasn't even sure *why* I had asked, because some of it spilled over the front of my shoulder. Long and thick, it lightened to a chestnut brown as it reached past my butt, with bangs swept to the left.

"**There's so much of it, and it's so pretty...**" I did subconsciously wonder why *that* was what I had chosen to say, but my memories were... changing... and that was influencing my personality and perception. I had plenty of memories of my hands working to groom that hair so that it *did* look pretty. "**But aren't these the memories of a... girl!?**" I couldn't fathom them belonging a man, but I was given confirmation by the end of my sentence.

After all, there had been a *tug* between my legs, and I could only assume that the *emptiness* that followed was the emptiness of a newly remade *woman*.

Whatever force was changing me, now that my sex had changed, it accelerated the growth of the elements that one would expect a woman to have. My knees buckled, leading to me staggering slightly, all because my hips had swung wider without any warning by at *least* four inches. My shirt was working well as a dress, but its base was pulled *up* my thighs... by those thighs themselves.

To be fair, it was a mixture of my thighs *and* my ass. With nothing between my legs except a shortened bush of chestnut and a pair of pussy lips, there was no reason for my thighs to not grow into *abundance*. They burgeoned keenly, matching my narrowed waist in girth and even rubbing up against each other without much effort, while all the while my ass bloated out into a heart shape behind me. "**That's certainly... a lot!**"

It led me to lament that being that *heavy* did pose some challenges when it came to racing. Of course, I'd learned to run in a specific way to... "**Run? Racing? Like an... Umamusume? O-Oh!?**" That was what my memories seemed to reflect, but I was pulled away from them by another stumble of my body, this time *forward*. I had craned my

neck back to stare at my ass but corrected my view back to the front because I felt so *top heavy*.

My thick lips rested vaguely agape as my blue eyes fixated on the front of my shirt, or what was *under* that shirt, at least. In a short amount of time, my flat and muscular chest had burgeoned with a perky swell that amounted to a pair of *F-cup* tits with nipples as big as my eyes. They had lifted the front of my shirt up so that my pussy was *almost* showing, but it ended up pulled even higher because of the appearance of my Umamusume features.

A beautiful yet coarse chestnut tail was moving the shirt around behind me, and I could just as soon feel a pair of horse ears atop my head twitching about. They were feelings that should have been *strange*, but they felt *wholly* natural. I couldn't even find it in myself to be embarrassed by my coochie being out... not that it had really mattered for long. The next time I looked down, I was wearing *my* racing gear.

I couldn't help but mumble “**That's better!**” to myself when I found my body clad in a short, white dress with a blue, frontless outer gown hanging from past my shoulders. I wore thigh high boots of dark blue with elegant cutouts on the fronts of my thighs, there was a matching bag hanging across my hip, and a dark blue scarf around my neck. My hair had been pulled into one long, thick braid behind me by a blue ribbon, and some of my bangs had been dyed white and tied into a small braid while mixed with the brown across my forehead. This guided attention to the small, blue bow ornament beneath my right ear. I even had blue cuffs around my wrists that were... adorable!

“**Oh my...**” There was a lot of maternal energy in the sound of my voice as I cupped my hand against of my cheeks. It had been clear enough that I'd been becoming *Super Creek* early on, but now that my memories were largely her own... I had some complicated feelings on the matter. Call it a woman's intuition, but I felt like if I forgot about who I had been for even a second, then that memory would be lost for good. Not that I would have any complaints about being a strong, sexy, and maternal Umamusume.

If there was any benefit to be had, I understood that I wasn't alone in this



situation. Oguri Cap and Tamamo Cross were both in the same situation, weren't they? I don't know *how* I knew that, but— **KNOCK KNOCK!** A loud knocking on my door predated it flying open so that Tama-chan and Oguri-chan (with quite the bulging potbelly) could storm in. **“Creek!? Do you remember anythin' weird!?”** It was Tama-chan that spoke up.

I knew what she was talking about, of course, but seeing Tama-chan when she was so small, and cute, and adorable... It *awakened* something in me. A desire to smother her with affection! **“Hm? Not really, but if you're so upset come over here so I can give you a big hug, Tama-chan~!”** I wasn't joking. I felt like there had been something, but... what? Oh well, Tama-chan was here and cuddles would help me feel better!

Realizing something was off, Tamamo turned to Oguri instead. **“What about you!? Ya said you could remember another life or something, right?”** But Oguri, who must have *still* been thinking of food, just shook her head with a blank expression on her face. **“What do ya mean!? Ya just told me that you did!”** This led to *me* making an offer.

“Maybe you're not sleeping as well as you should be, Tama-chan? Come here and take a nap on my lap~! How could you even remember another life?” I even sat down on my bed and patted my thighs, which jiggled, to try and entice her. It didn't seem to help, much to *my* dismay.

“You two are losin' it! 'Cause I definitely... I... Uh? Wait, yer kinda right... That'd be dumb, wouldn't it?”

“Mhm!” Thanks for weighing in, Oguri Cap.