

# THE PUREBRED

## COMMISSION STORY

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Life was full of trials and tribulations.

This was an undeniable fact of life. There was no one who went through life without ever struggling, although it was just as irrefutable that some people would struggle far more than others. Status and luck both played a big part in how one's life developed, and not even umamusume were spared from these struggles. They not only shared in the struggles with other humans, but they *also* had struggles of their own.

For an uma that chose to pursue a life of racing in their prime years, there was nothing more important to them than their *legs*. A horse girl could not continue to run at full strength if she suffered any serious injuries, which made perfect sense. If any damage was *too* severe then if they continued to run, they'd risk being unable to even *walk* ever again. And to make matters worse? There were some umamusume that had it worse than others.

The majority of them were blessed with strong legs. So long as they didn't suffer any unnecessary accidents, then they could run for as many years as they wanted between their prime and the URA. Some of them would hurt themselves *during* this career through normal causes. Accidents could happen to even the strongest of horse girls, and things like overworking oneself only increased the odds of *that* happening.

But then there were the girls that were truly the most unfortunate of all. Horse girls that were born with conditions that made every little thing they did with their legs risky without a level of care and restraint that many would consider to be *meticulous*. Some of them were cursed by weak legs, and other developed conditions over the course of their

racing career. Either way, for a girl that yearned for victory, it could be a hard pill to swallow.

It was no different for Agnes Tachyon.



She had, and had always possessed, a pair of fragile legs. It was a condition that she wanted to overcome more than anything, and to those ends she had been studying at Tracen Academy while dabbling in things that she probably *shouldn't* have been. The last thing she wanted to do was cripple herself, but like most horse girls she also yearned to race. It put her in a position where she had to walk a fine line at her trainer's behest.

But how was it that she was planning on overcome that fatal flaw in her physique? Well, those means that she probably *shouldn't* have utilized were fairly concerning. Tachyon was always *experimenting*, whether those experiments were emotional or tangible, sometimes even by brewing unusual concoctions that could either be applied to one's skin or ingested. She was always on the lookout for someone to be test subjects for her new experiments, but on that fateful day...

Well, what occurred had been something of an accident.

**“Hm... Should I sneak some of this into Café's coffee? No, I don't think she'd like that very much.”** The dorm room that the girl shared with Agnes Digital *reeked*. If that yuri-obsessed girl had been around, she likely would have complained that Tachyon was brewing things in their room again. Well, she was out following the other girls around, no doubt searching for content for... whatever it was she does.

There were several colorful liquids in glass beakers spread out across her desk, with one vial in her hands that glowed in all of the colors of the rainbow. She had yet to place a cork on top of it and *couldn't*. She had to stir the contents until that shade of rainbow turned into a solid, singular color, and was too full for her put that on while leaving enough space to stir it. Did it not make sense to pour it into a different container for the time being?

Yes, but she was *out* of beakers due to a lack of foresight. She didn't keep her supplies in her dorm room for the Digital-related reasons mentioned above.

**“What?”** Tachyon wasn’t a horse girl that was surprised by much, but evidently? Her dorm room suddenly *shaking* appeared to be enough to do it. The beakers on the nearby desk were rattling, but she’d luckily kept them close to the center of the desk. **“An earthquake? Here?”** It was her first time ever experiencing one during her stay at Tracen, but *evidently* it wasn’t impossible. It just put her in a bit of a precarious position when she was holding her brand new experimental brew. **“So long as it remains mild...”**

But it *didn’t* the intensity ramped up for a single second before it slowed down to nothing, but that single moment was enough for Agnes Tachyon to lose her footing and stumble back. **“Crud.”** Despite her best efforts she stumbled back, tilting the vial towards her by mistake so that the rainbow contents *splashed* towards her. Most of it splattered against the front of the young woman’s outfit, but *some* of it? It ended up in her mouth where it was accidentally swallowed.

The umamusume stood there, stunned and concerned for her own well being. Her serums hadn’t killed any of her test subjects *yet*, but its form was unrefined. She couldn’t even begin to assume what the effects of consuming even a drop might be. Ideally it would do *nothing*, and that was probably the most likely outcome. Unfortunately for her, it wasn’t *the* outcome.

For a brief moment, Tachyon almost had *hope* that she might have accidentally solve her own problem. It was hard to quantify, and maybe it was just a placebo, but her legs felt *stronger*? No, not *just* her legs, but her entire body. In a way that strength made her feel small. Almost... foreign? But she also felt *full* and strangely *gassy*. **“...Don’t tell me it just gave me indigestion?”** Well, that wasn’t the *worst* thing that could happen, even if it would have been *inconvenient*.

The young woman’s symptoms only became more numerous. **“My internal temperature is rising. That’s probably not a good sign.”** The internals affected the externals, after all. Her skin became clammy, almost like she was sick. She couldn’t really compare it to a *fever*. Was she feverish? No, that didn’t really feel quite right. Fevers *could* come on suddenly, but... *Actually*, she couldn’t completely write off that it might have been one. Not when one of her own experiments was the cause. **“If anything, this could be good data... Assuming I survive, that is.”**

Tachyon was *joking*. She didn’t play around with anything lethal. At worst, a light sickness was the worst she would have to deal with. And that would *technically* remain true until the very end. At least the part where she wouldn’t *die*.

**“Hm?”** There was finally *something*. A sensation that defied any sense of logic. It prompted her to look down at her *hands* of all things, prompting her to lift them... which proved to be a struggle for the same reason that they had demanded her attention in the first place. They felt strangely *heavy*. **“What is going on here? I should take notes, but...”** As she held them up to examine them, she became increasingly certain that she wouldn’t even be able to.

At first? The moment Tachyon had raised her hands, aside from their weight they had appeared more or less normal. The issue was that her fingers on both hands were balled up, and she couldn’t seem to stretch them apart again. **“Is this a form of paralysis? But why specifically my fingers? I suppose that would explain the weight...”** But she had to re-evaluate that rudimentary analysis as she noticed something *else*.

*Black*. Speckles of *black* had begun to appear against the backdrop of her pale skin. It began with only a few, yet before her very eyes they multiplied and merged together, gradually creating a sheen that almost looked... *hard*? **CLACK, CLACK!** **“Definitely firmer, but why? How?”** She ended up knocking the hands together which caused the clacking sound, but they felt very *numb*. She couldn’t really feel the vibration, as if her hands were *dull*. It certainly didn’t help that their shapes were changing, becoming rounder in the front but flatter both in the back *and* what looked like their ‘undersides’.

**“...Wait. Are these hooves?”** Like on a *cow* or a *donkey*? Perhaps an *ox* or a *bull*? There was an obvious omission among these options, but it wasn’t obvious to Tachyon, nor would it have been obvious to *anyone* in the world she lived in. Because *actual* horses simply just didn’t exist; unamusume completely replaced them and no one had ever seen what an actual horse looked like before. The young woman shuddered a little as she felt the undersides of these hooves get carved out. **“Why is this happening? It’s almost like—”**

**CRACK!**

**“Urk!?”** Tachyon’s arms *had* been extended outwards with her elbow pointed down, but there was a loud crack that accompanied the nauseating feeling of her elbows *inversing*, the sensation seemingly making the bones within them swell – a phenomenon that led to *all* of the bone in her arms growing denser and denser. **“What in the world!?”** Her body fell forward so that the hooves hit the floor with a clack.

Her bad feeling had become a blaring alarm. The moment they hit the ground? The bony arms began to lengthen, and by looking down and to her sides, she could see that her muscles were strengthening beneath skin that was slowly being dusted by a light *fur*. It was largely white across these ‘arms’, and as it sprouted around her torso too? The *bulk* of it was white. But there were brown patches that surfaced across her collarbone, tummy, and even her ass in patches. “**What am I... becoming?**”

Putting her body aside, Agnes Tachyon couldn’t help but note that it was becoming hard to *think*. What had she put in that vial again? *Vial is such a funny word, isn’t it? But I need to... do... something or other. Something good. Good...* Her ability to process things like a human was fading. Things became simpler and simpler, but for now she still retained her ‘humanity’. How long could she hold out? Well, that was a different matter entirely.

Her legs, or what were now her *hind* legs, soon joined her front pair in terms of growth. They stretched longer and longer as the feet they were attached to hardened and flattened into a pair of hooves much like the ones her hands had become, splitting her shoes and socks. Her knees were bent backwards, their forms gaining bulky muscle of their own as a dark brown fur painted their upper halves and her ass was pointed into the air. Her tail soon lengthened too, reaching the backs of her legs as it flicked back and forth behind her.

“**I... Brr...**” She’d wanted to say something, but she couldn’t find the words. No, she wouldn’t have been able to *articulate* them even if she’d been able to think of them. All she knew was that the bloating feeling from before had returned, and it did so with the *vengeance*. But this time? It wasn’t *just* a feeling. The Tracen uniform that the woman was wearing had barely been affected by the growth of her limbs. It *couldn’t* withstand the growth of her torso.

Agnes Tachyon’s neck soon thickened and lengthened, separate from what was happening to her torso. The woman sniffed the air, noting how pungent but familiar a leathery scent courtesy of her own *skin*, which was hardening into a leathery *hide* beneath her sprouting fur. This hide may have been stronger than normal, human skin, but even it was stretched around a torso that had begun to swell as, quite frankly, her stomach was growing to take up more and more of the space within her torso.

It took up so much space, in fact, that her torso had to grow to accommodate it. Her clothes tightened their grip around it was her belly became distended, stealing away her bellybutton as tears began to form in the uniform because of the swelling mass of bone *and* muscle. Her

panties soon ripped as broadened thighs parted to inhuman proportions, likewise, seeing the cheeks of her ass flatten into more muscular bulk that did nothing to disguise a now puckered butt hole and female genitalia that moves directly beneath it.

**“SNORT!”** She didn’t even bother to speak now. She couldn’t remember *how*. She was simply making grunts, groans, and snorts. Her body had to have been at least *four* times larger than it had been before, with her neck now five times as thick as one of her legs. White mane hairs grew down its top as the woman’s *face* distorted, pulled long as her nostrils flared and that nose merged into her growing snout. Her tongue lengthened as, briefly, she groaned from a foul taste and odor that were developing inside.

It looked more and more like the face of a *donkey*, or at least it would have if it hadn’t grown so long. Twelve incisor teeth appeared within the front of this mouth, and immediately behind them the rest of her teeth had been pushed back to leave an empty space. There were twelve molar and twelve premolars that were fashioned from her existing teeth even farther back, just as her long tongue whipped out to lick at her nose with another snort.

The amount of ‘girl’ left in this horse girl, at least referring to her humanity, was already skim to none. Tatters of her uniform had scattered across the floor, with her body effectively naked. It revealed that even her *breasts* had changed. They’d thickened into a pair of black, leathery mammary glands (or *udders*) that had slipped down beneath her hulking, distended stomach. Her body was so massive that aside from the muscles, you could see veins running her and there.

Her eyes were the sole remaining piece of her humanity after her hair had melted into the white mane that stopped just above her forehead, only for them to dull as they bulged slightly out of their sockets in blacker, beadier forms. Nothing about them screamed ‘intelligence’, at least not by *human* standards. But at least she had a cute diamond of white fur between them? ...Not that she could take comfort in that as she was now. She didn’t even know *what* comfort was.

Agnes Tachyon had been a highly intelligent horse girl, but none of that intelligent existed behind the eyes of the *beast* that paced in circles within the meager space allotted within the bedroom. The *horse* snorted and whinnied, utterly confused and startled by its surroundings. Where was it? It was hungry. Was there no food? It had to relieve itself. Anywhere was fine to a horse, so dropping fell from beneath her coarse tail before long.

It wouldn't be long before someone in the dorms *heard* her with how loudly her hooves clacked upon the ground, and if it was Agnes Digital that found her? Surely, she would have loathed the pungent, barnyard odor that had filled that tiny space. "**SNORT!**" But until that moment came? The animal was scared, even though it had a strange feeling that the room she was in was somehow and some way 'home'. It certainly wasn't the sort of environment that an honest to goodness horse could thrive in.



That in itself was a problem, though. Agnes Tachyon had become a horse in a world where horses *didn't* exist. Umamusume completely replaced them throughout history, and so no one had ever seen a real horse *ever*. When someone inevitably came across Tachyon then what would even *become* of her? Would the people of this world understand that she was a horse? These were all reasonable fears.

But of course, being a simple animal, the horse herself had no grasp of this concept. Fortunately, she *would* be treated fine. Some umamusume might even treat her as a *deity*. But again, it wasn't like she would *understand* that in even the slightest.

She was just a plain, stupid horse.