

BECOMING HUNTED I.

BIWEEKLY STORY #147

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The S-class mage, Fern, held her staff close to her chest.

Her present circumstances were both unforeseen and unfavorable, for she had fallen victim to a trap of sorts. It had all begun earlier that evening when Frieren and company had stopped in a small village in the north to rest for the night. Thing had been odd ever since they first arrived. The people there weren't acting... *normally*. It was as if they had been placed into a trance by someone or *something*. **“Fern. Stark. Let's not stay here tonight.”**

That had been the elf's wisdom at the time, and so they had set out to make some distance *away* from the village before setting up camp. **“It's likely the work of demons.”** That had been Frieren's assessment at the time, and so, rather than sleep, they had decided to *investigate*. Working as a group would draw too much attention, so throughout the night they would visit the village one at a time to look for clues.

It had been Fern's turn first. Frieren dinged the demons involved as low ranking enough that they probably wouldn't be real threats to *any* of them so long as they kept their guards up, and that was *exactly* what the mage was doing as she moved through the village backstreets with her eyes peeled for any clues of note. She was glad the full moon was so bright, if anything.

The moonlit village was quiet, but it was around midnight so that was to be expected. There were no weapons strewn about, nor any signs of a struggle. **“I wonder if this might actually be the work of a monster instead?”** Fern's mind wandered back to that plant monster that put an entire village to sleep. Could this have been a similar

phenomenon? But she also couldn't imagine her Master's analysis being incorrect.



While she had hoped that her 'shift' would continue without incident, that unfortunately didn't remain the case. "**DEMON!**" A villager had run into her path about ten feet away. He had a panicked, exasperated expression that didn't match how *out of it* everyone had been earlier in the day. He was yelling it in *her* direction too, which caused her to look over her shoulder. She was expecting to see a demon there.

Was he accusing *her*? "**I'm not a demon. I'm an S-class mage with—**"

"THERE'S A DEMON!"

Before Fern could even finish that thought, another person had yelled it at her through the window on her left. It was *wrong*, but it was also *strange*. The environment had changed. The air felt extremely *thick* and *oppressive*, practically stealing away any of the energy that the mage had to argue. It felt stifling at first, but she gradually adjusted to its presence. Though only because her body had begun to *absorb* some of that energy. "**DEMON! DEMON! DEMON!**"

"WOULD YOU ALL SHUT UP!?"

The accusations were soon hurled at her from all over, with more and more people appearing to chime in. It didn't occur to the woman that they might still be being manipulated as she soon lashed with a *very* rude and antagonistic scream. Her eyes went wide as the realization set in that something was wrong, and she ran away with her staff in tow until she was hidden within a back alley. "**What's... wrong with me?**"

Fern's heartrate sped up significantly and she soon found herself clutching her chest. "**Tch...**" Rather than pained, she sounded utterly *annoyed* at this newfound discomfort, clicking her tongue irately even as her body began to exhibit some troubling physical changes. With her heartrate increased so significantly, you might expect her body to heat up and the color of her skin to redden a little bit. But what became true was actually the *opposite*.

The woman gradually became colder and colder, and the color of her skin? It lost *any* signs of being healthy, instead turning pale until it was a shade that went well beyond sickly. It had a purplish blue undertone

that almost resembled rigor mortis as if to suggest that she was *dead*. And just like that? The beating of heart slowed. Indefinitely. It just up and *stopped* beating. “**Wh-What...?**” Fern could notice this of course. There was no heartbeat, and while she continued to breathe out of habit? She became aware with horror that she didn’t *need* to. Her ice cold body was simply *alive*, even though it technically *wasn’t*.

Though the loss of color that had affected her skin hadn’t *only* affected it, either. The dark purple of Fern’s hair, whether it was in her brows, pubes, or atop her scalp, ended up lightening significantly until it was a pale purple that bordered silver in a sense. Much like her skin, there was something clearly *worn* about it in the sense that a corpse’s hair might have appeared similarly. But it also thinned and lengthened well past her butt in the back, while on the sides it was shortened to just past her chin.

“**I’m changing...**” The mage found herself to be too short on energy to do anything *about* this. Her chest pain had waned without a beating heart to fuel it and so she had let go of her chest. Yet she didn’t *need* to be touching it to recognize that something was wrong with not just the breast she had been holding, but *both* of them. The front of her dress was flattening against her chest where weight had once been. Her tits were shriveling up before her very eyes, and yet their sickly skin still tightened beneath miniaturized nipples all the way down to the *extremely* flat *A-cups* they became.

She brought a shaky hand to press against where her rack had once been just to confirm that nothing was there. Fern had never cared about looking sexy before, but now? She was overwhelmed with negativity at the prospect of being *flat*. “**It’s no big deal... I’ll just stuff... Who care if I never grow again!? Tch...**” *Making her tits look bigger* surely wasn’t the problem she *should* have been fixating on, right? Surely how *high* her voice had becoming might have been worth considering? But it was what was annoying her in the end.

There was a similar amount of care for her rump when it finally occurred to the woman that her panties were slipping off her hips. “**Shit!?**” Just as had been the case with her breasts, her ass and thighs had been in the process of diminishing too. Her hips were narrower and her ass retained a bubbled shape, but that bubble was only *because* her hips had narrowed. If they hadn’t, her ass might have seemed flat with how much weight had been lost. At least she could tell that her hips were still rather shapely.

“**Tst!? Ow!?**” As her frustrations built, she ended up biting down on her lower lip. But she was met with surprise as her teeth *easily* pierced the skin, drawing blood. She licked it away with a smaller tongue, not

thinking about *why* she'd drawn blood in the first place. But it was because her canine teeth had been enhanced into *incredibly* sharp fangs. She should have also thought nothing of the taste of her own blood, and yet...

I wish it was warm.

This thought ended up occupying her mind to a near *obsessive* degree. *I may not produce warm blood, but what of the humans chasing me? To sink my teeth into one... Oh my! That would be wrong! But they'd deserve it for how they've treated me!* Fern continued to lick her lips. Lips that had already healed, and lips that were becoming a little *thinner* as she did so. In fact, the shape of her face as a whole became smaller and cuter, presenting her with a much more youthful appeal that clashed with the menace contained within eyes that had begun to shine a dark crimson.

The *girl* – for she now looked like she must be around *twelve* or *thirteen* – fumbled about in the darkness on unsteady feet. “**Am I getting smaller now? That's still annoying. But I suppose it feels right.**” The darkness didn't seem to be all that dark now, namely because her new eyes were able to see easily in the shadows. But she was *very* correct about her stature. Not only did her vertical height slide downwards, but her hands, feet, and head all shrunk in kind.

Ultimately, by the time she bottomed out at a mere 4'7"? Her smaller curves actually felt quite sizable upon her shrunken form. Well, her butt and thighs did. Her A-cup chest had a little help from her... clothes? Her dress and cloak had been much too big for her smaller body, so the curse that had been changing her got to work on those clothes as well. Everything was repurposed into a dark purple evening dress with an *extremely* bulbous skirt puffed out by wires. It was layered with white frills, while the long-sleeved torso had dark pink frills and puffy shoulders. A purple and pink bow even appeared to tie her hair into a ponytail, affixed to a matching bonnet.

“**Hmph. Well, if they're going to call me a demon, I suppose I should show them just how demonic I am, shouldn't I?**” The girl had been *disgusted* by her own corrupted thoughts and feelings before, but now she found joy in *embracing* them, even though she had not lost sight of who she *used* to be. *Shalltear Bloodfallen* just didn't see it as an issue now that her morals had been realigned with those of the demons she had been hunting.



The *help* that her tits received was a pair of fake, gelatin pads that had been slipped into the brassiere of this new outfit.

She didn't have time to care about what had just befallen her any longer. The sound of footsteps running towards the alleyway she had been hiding within brought a smirk to her lips, allowing her vampiric fangs to peek through. "**Closer... Closer...**" Just as the man turned the corner, the girl *lunged* at him, digging her claws into him so deeply that she punctured his skin, and her fangs into his neck so that she took a chunk of his flesh. Blood splattered everywhere, including all over Shalltear's face as the man's screams filled the air. But only briefly.

He died seconds later, and the vampire tossed his corpse into a nearby building with enough force that it crashed through it. The tiny *demon* licked her lips. If she'd had any reservations left about killing before, the taste of blood had forced them away. But before she could make a victim of *another* villager? "**Hm?**" A beam of magic zipped through the air, *obliterating* her left arm before she could react.

There was someone on the horizon. A silver haired elf just floating there. She was expressionless, but anger could be *felt*.

"What did you do with Fern?"

TO BE CONTINUED....