

FRIEREN

CHANGING RACES

CH4: SMALL & BRATTY

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“Where did four-eyes even go? I’m boooored.”

Ubel and Land had been housed in a completely different inn than Frieren’s party had been, likely to keep the mission’s forces spread out across the city in case anything happened. Of the two, it was almost humorous that the free-spirited Ubel was the one wandering aimlessly throughout the hallways when her partner in this mission, Land, was the introvert – and didn’t appear to be in his room. She had been hoping to bother him for her own amusement until she got tired, but he wasn’t there!

And she knew that with certainty. After all, she had broken into his room to check!

The reality was that he had been summoned for a meeting with Serie about the security detail for the following day. You would think Ubel would be invited to the very same meeting, but if you knew anything about her then you would likely understand why Serie would elect to *exempt* her from such a meeting as well. She wasn’t the type of gal to just sit there patiently and listen, and the elf simply hadn’t been in the mood to deal with her antics. She’d likely instructed Land to not even *tell* her about it so that she didn’t randomly show up.

And so, she had been left to wander around aimlessly. There was nothing to do in her room aside from read, and she wasn’t really in the mood. She *could* have gone out, but likely because of her nature she had



effectively been asked to remain inside and, if she was to leave, to tell Land where she would be going and for how long. **“But I can’t even do that if he’s not here!”** That was more or less the long and short of it for her, unfortunately. She was strongly considering just disobeying orders, because if he wasn’t even *around* then how would he even know that— **“Ugh. Loser.”**

That had been why she was wandering the halls. She had been checking for surveillance traps that might have tipped him off if she left. There was one by the stairs down to the second floor on top of her previous find of the one by her window, which... when had he even had the time to put that there!? So much for her plan of not getting *caught*. But, for better or worse, she ended up finding something to keep her distracted.

Or perhaps it was better to say that the distraction had found *her*? The sound of people outside yelling, accompanied by a sudden change in the mage’s mana levels both grabbed her attention immediately. **“That... doesn’t seem great.”** It certainly wasn’t, and she didn’t even have the benefit of a mana pool that was as deep as Fern’s. The beginning of her transformation wasn’t staved off for very long at all, and the earliest indicator that it was even happening was confusing at best.

Well, it was only really confusing if you drew the wrong conclusion from it, but it wasn’t something Ubel would have even looked for when she had no idea that her body was changing yet in the first place. It was simply a matter of her *ears* peeking out from behind her green hair, drawn into a pair of medium-length points that, all things considered, would probably lead you to believe that Ubel was destined to become an elf like Frieren or Serie.

That *wasn’t* what was happening to her, but that wouldn’t be obvious until later. Instead? **“Um...?”** Even for a freak like this particular First-Class Mage, she was still outfreaked by what had drawn her attention down towards her chest. She was used to the sight of her own cleavage, because she dressed in a way that did little to hide it. That was why she didn’t stop herself from grabbing at her own breasts with confusion despite technically being in public, because they looked *bigger*.

And they *felt* heavier. **“Why are my *tits* bigger!?”** It could only be because of the spell that had already *halved* her mana pool, and yet she couldn’t imagine why it would give her heavier breasts. They hadn’t even grown *that* significantly; maybe only a single cup size? But when it

came to swelling, that had only really been a small taste of what was to come. The main course, well... That was a little *farther down*.

She'd been so distracted by her breasts because there were in her more immediate line of sight, that she hadn't noticed her lower body had been packing on the pounds too. Because she was wearing a skirt, there wasn't *much* clothing malfunction aside from her skirt lifting up her thighs and then, eventually, teasing the base of her ass as her ass *swelled* and her thighs *burgeoned*.

In the first place, the weight she gained down there wasn't meager. Ubel's build had been averagely sized at best aside from her above average bust, and yet her lower half grew beyond the width of her own waist in *every* meaningful capacity. She wore straps around her thighs, but that straps dug *into* the fattening flesh to the point where the skin around them muffined numerous inches around it. These straps ended up cutting off her circulation as a result, and for a moment? It seemed like she might be in danger. But...

SNAP!

One was too burdened by the heft it hugged and eventually snapped open, while the other followed soon after. By the time that point had been reached, however, each thigh was thicker than her torso, and they rubbed pleasingly against each other even *despite* her hips being forced almost *six inches* wider than her shoulders. The back of her skirt practically flipped up soon after, because her bubbled ass didn't double or even triple in size. It *quadrupled* to match the intensity of her thighs, shredding through her undergarments and finally bringing her attention down there.

“And my ass!?” Ubel's voice *squeaked* as her hands sunk into her cheeks behind her. They were absolutely *massive*, and she couldn't imagine *why*. Confusingly, while she was *naturally* surprised by this, a different thought came to mind that was fueled by memories she shouldn't have possessed. **“Hmph! But as always, they can really draw attention despite my size!”** Not even *she* was sure what she meant with that entirely just yet. Her *size*? And why did she sound so *huffy*?

It hadn't clicked to the woman that the sound of her voice had changed because her *face* had changed. Even though her voice was higher and she was speaking in a more immature way though, she didn't exactly appear *younger*? If anything, her lips swelling plump and her eyes narrowing made her look slightly older, like she was approaching *thirty* or so at a rapid pace. With rounder cheeks and a narrower forehead on top of that, she was already *unmistakable* as the First-Class Mage, Ubel.

She certainly didn't have the magic talent to be a mage of that rank any longer.

The colors of her rounder eyes glowed green, and not even her hair could escape her body's reconstruction as strands of blonde soon surfaced amidst her bangs. Strangely though, this wasn't a *consistent* color. While her bangs did turn from green to blond and lengthen, curving to the left near the center, the *rest* of her head's hair practically inverted to an auburn color that grew slightly longer until it reached her back's center. "**Ugh. Is it done?**"

Becoming uncharacteristically impatient, the woman stomped her foot without even realizing the full extent of her transformation. Then again, much like the others, there was a certain level of *acceptance* that eventually crept into her changing mind. She had believed that she didn't need to worry about any further changes, and yet... "**HEY!?**" Her dress suddenly slipped from her shoulders so that she was basically standing there naked.

But even *that* thought was incorrect. She wasn't standing, and it wasn't like her clothes had just become oddly *huge* all of a sudden. It was the opposite. Her body had shrunk *substantially* very quickly while maintaining her body's proportions, but at the same time it wasn't a matter of her falling closer to the floor *as* she shrunk. If anything, her feet had risen closer to her head. She was just floating there. "**Is this magic!? Wait... Duh. I have wings.**" Or at least she now *remembered* having wings.

The sprouted from her back seconds later – a set of four translucent dragonfly-like wings that kept her afloat even without flapping.

The tiny woman wasn't at all bothered by her nudity, but it was fixed in a flash, nonetheless. The gown that had fallen from her body disappeared, but a tiny, backless, green gown that showed off her sideboob and gave a peak at her ass ended up fitting her perfectly... along with brown-strapped thigh highs and boots, but there were no *undergarments* under her skirt to speak of. Otherwise, her fashion was limited to the red in her hair being tied up into a side bun.

"**Huh!? What!? I'm totally a fairy!**" Well, there was no denying that. Because she had *been* a mage, Ubel had ended up much like Frieren and Fern in that she still had a vague sense of understanding regarding what had happened to her, but simultaneously she couldn't stop herself from identifying as *Bella* the *fairy*. Floating there with fairy wings, she was a fraction of the size she had once been and would only come up to the

knee of a child if she'd been standing on the ground. **“But so, what!? Am I supposed to care!?”**

That *almost* felt in-character for the woman she had once been, but it wasn't quite. The defiance she expressed was accompanied by an immature huff, pout, and even a crossing of her arms across her chest. She was acting like a brat that wasn't accustomed to not getting her own way, and in that sense... denying that she cared about her transformation felt like the most *natural* response to her.



Fairy or not, her body's design was something of a blessing, right? Her boobs were a little bigger and despite her size, she had a *huge* ass and jiggling thighs! They were 'weapons' she had been able to use to seduce people to giving her whatever she wanted, and so she wasn't really *bothered* by her new form. If she had been, then her changed outfit probably would have included *underwear*. **“Hehe! Whatever! I'm gonna go to the front desk and see if I can have some *fun*!”** It was a little hard to copulate when everyone else was so much larger, but she'd make it work.

Because she was also *dumber* though, it hadn't even occurred to her that everyone else was in the exact same situation that she was. If not worse.