

FRIEREN

CHANGING RACES

CH2: FUNNY BUNNY

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“Hm... It’s getting late. I suppose I should return to the inn.”

As Frieren had been noting at roughly the same time, Fern *had* spent her evening wandering around town. The full moon made for a beautiful companion and helped illuminate the streets of the capital city – at least where torchlight didn’t already reach. It was beautiful and, most importantly, *safe*. Under no circumstance would she have been out that late all by her lonesome if they’d still been traveling, and the mage would have even hesitate in a small village.

But the capital? It was guarded. It was perhaps the best guarded city on the entire continent, and Serie would have made sure that there were no gaps in the security. It wouldn’t be easy for demons to slip in, and by the elf’s admission it was ‘essentially impossible’. So, out of curiosity, she had decided to wander around the city at night to see how things *were*.

It wasn’t a matter of ‘sampling the night life’ – although she did sample some food stalls she had been eyeing earlier in the day – because that would have engaged in activities like socializing and drinking alcohol. Fern was much like her master in that she wasn’t the most *social* of individuals, and when it came to alcohol? She had never been drunk before, and she didn’t plan on it. Not only did she not like the taste, but she needed her senses to remain sharp as a First-Class Mage.

She was content just observing from afar. The city streets were mostly illuminated at night, which meant that children enjoyed staying out

(she'd even seen Stark playing with some) and people felt comfortable holding games and playing music on the streetside. She really wished that *every* settlement on the continent could live that safely. But all good things had to come to an end, and sleepiness was beginning to win out over her continued interest.



Fortunately, all she needed to do was cut through a dark alley beside a busy bar and she'd been in front of the inn that they were staying at. It was a long, dimly lit space, but because of the bar it was kept clean and safe. She felt comfortable taking that route, which put her all the more on edge when she felt something *odd* ripple through the city. “**...What was that?**”

A spell of some kind; that much was obvious. But it felt like it had rippled in from *outside* of the city even despite the barrier Serie had in place. Was it a spell for sensing population numbers? Was someone or something *planning* an attack? No. The ‘attack’ had already begun, as the mage was quick to notice the flickering in her mana pool, which was wholly unnatural.

“**It’s affecting me?**” Like her master, Fern was quick to catch on to what was happening. Her mana might have been *fluctuating*, but that would generally imply that when it dropped, it went back up to its original level. That *wasn’t* happening. It might have shot back up after each drop, but the maximum level was still lower than it had been before. That happened every single time, with the ceiling lowering continuously.

It sounded like some degree of panic was happening *beyond* the alley’s exits. Was it *not* just her it was affecting? If so, that was probably *bad*. But the mage couldn’t find the strength to move in either direction to check. No, was it a matter of *strength*? For some reason, the taste of alcohol was slowly filling her mouth, and her first step ended in a disoriented *stumble*. “**H-Huh?**” She’d never *been* drunk before, but didn’t that sort of thing happen *when* you were drunk?

Fern didn’t have enough clues to properly piece together what was *actually* happening. An unusual warmth had begun to spread through her body. Was *that* a symptom of intoxication? With no experience, she couldn’t say for sure, but it sounded possible. What *didn’t* feel like was explainable by the taste of booze on her tongue was the *itchiness* that accompanied the warmth.

The itching came on so suddenly, and the young woman was slightly twitching as hands reached wherever they could to try and treat the

issue through her robes. **“What... is happening to – *HIC* – me!?”** Fern hiccupped, the scent of alcohol escaping her lips as she stumbled once more, forced to catch herself with one hand on the nearby wall. But with that hand almost level with her face when she pushed herself up again? She noticed something... weird.

Her fingers had begun to feel a little swollen, and she realized at the moment that it wasn't a matter of them just 'feeling' that was. Before her very eyes, *all* of the fingers on her dominant right hand were bloating, looking more like small *sausages* as her pinky merged into the finger beside it. From the tips? Her nails thinned and curved into little—**“*Claws!?*”** ...Essentially, but Fern wasn't normally one to let herself sound so *panicked*.

She raised her second hand. Both of them only bore three thickened fingers and a thumb now, with claws painted gold curving slightly over her fingertips. Making matters worse, the itchy feeling grew *much* more intense down her arms and around those hands, and the color of her skin began to appear... *pale purple*? That wasn't at all a *normal* skin tone, not for any race she was aware of.

“Wait... That's not my skin...” As strange as it was to move one four-digit hand over to the other, she had to in order to give her 'skin' a stroke. But doing so pulled the 'skin' back before it fell back into place, and the itchy feeling was waning. **“*It's super kawaii fur, of course! E-Erm...?*”** *What* had she just said? And so excitedly at that. One of those words wasn't even in the common tongue of the continent. What did 'kawaii' mean?

Either way, she'd been correct. That *was* a very short fur that had covered her digits and palms, and considering the itchiness covered her from head to toe, she could only assume fur of the same color had been spreading across the *entirety* of her body. This was more or less true, but the fur on her arms and legs was just a single shade darker than the even paler purple that covered her torso, with longer tufts growing off her shoulders. All in all, it made her robes feel a little *tighter*. But it was *going* to get worse.

“Why do I – *HIC* – have fur!? And I'm starting to feel *WASTED!*?” Her balance was worsening *and* it was getting harder to think straight. She had to return to using one of her hands to keep her balance, and the state of the mage's feet didn't help. Her boots felt a little *too* tight, and within seconds the reason for this revealed itself. The fronts of her boots *split* open, all so that feet that were *twice* their original size could force themselves out. They had taken similar featured to her hands, with clawed nails and only four digits per foot, making them look like a cross between a human and an animal's.

Because Fern wasn't thinking straight, she tried to kick what remained of her boots off. "**C'mon now, don't be such a pain!**" But try as she might, they just wouldn't do as she told. It was funny, because physically? She was actually getting *stronger*, especially in her legs. But the cost was a dwindling mana pool that... actually, she could no longer sense nor feel the need *to* sense. The intoxication clouded her ability to realize as much. Regardless, she could hardly be considered a *mage* anymore. She no longer possessed the talent.

As the fur coated the woman's face, it was distorted into the middle ground between a human's and an animal's in a way where it finally became more apparent *which* animal she was beginning to resemble. Her nose flattened into an upside down, wet, pink triangle upon a face that was pulled into slight *snout* with three whiskers growing out on each side. The fur on the sides of her cheeks was longer than the rest, becoming tufts that hide the fact that those cheeks were actually a little chubbier, while her eyes narrowed in shape and took on a pink coloring. Those weren't the eyes of *anyone* that lived on her continent.

In modern terms, they were eyes more reminiscent of someone of *Japanese* descent.

If the animal wasn't *already* apparent, then the changing of her *ears* made it *extremely* obvious. Violet fur did coat them just as it did the rest of her body, but her ears lengthened *and* traveled up her head's sides until they rested on top, limping forward as a pair of floppy *bunny* ears. She was some sort of *beast woman*, and one whose dark purple hair was lightening to a messier, pale purple that was several shaded darker than her fur.

"Waaaaait! HIC!? I'm so fuzzy and soft! Sugoi!" The more Fern spoke, the more she sounded – and *smelled* – like a drunkard. Her critical thinking and calm demeanor had gone out the window, and she was just rambling like someone without a filter... or regard for appearances. If she *cared* about how she looked, she might have batted more of eye at the feeling of her dress *filling*. The front of it pushed forward with such an intensity that *all* of the buttons that bound it popping off within moments.

Which, in turn, allowed fur-covered, swollen breasts to *spill* out. They'd been respectable enough already, but the woman had never thought much about how big her D-cups were. As big as her master had thought they were at that size, however, they were swelling even *larger*. Doubling in size was enough to ruin her shirt, but they then doubled *again* so that they were roughly *J-cups* that suffered under their own weight. They hung over the front of the gown, sagging slightly from how

huge they were. And they caused her to stumble. “**OOOOOH! And I’m so dekad!**”

She certainly was ‘dekad’ when it came to her breasts, and she used her paw-hands to fondle them playfully now that they were out in the open. But they weren’t the only part of her body that had been growing. Her huge tits were basically obscuring that her lower half had suffered a similar fate, not that it had been easy to tell with her skirt anyways. Her hips had widened a *handful* of inches, and from there her thighs bloated to *quadruple* their original furry girth. They would have made an *excellent* lap pillow, just as an ass that jiggled into *thrice* its initial size behind her would have made a great seat.

Just as a short and fluffy tail extended from her tailbone beneath the dress, her clothing’s burden was relieved, and the spell dressed her in something more *fitting*. A purple, Eastern kimono with a golden obi that wrapped around her waist made up the bulk of it, and it left *very* little to one’s imagination. Her tits were almost *entirely* bare, with it only covering from her nipples and below, whereas her pelvis was exposed to show an aquamarine thong covering her furry loins.

There was no shortage of accessories on the drink bunny, such as the furred choker and bell around her neck, the black and gold diamond bnd around her left thigh, and the gold and aquamarine clip in her hair... right in front of two tufts of white that pulled her hair up into twin tails bound by golden pins. Wooden geta even hoisted her up, but she quickly stumbled out of them to leave them behind. Walking barefoot just felt more *comfortable*.

“**HIC! I’ve gotta tell the elf lady about this! Her name was... Frieren-sama or somethin’!?”**

Even though Fern really *was* in there deep down, trying her best to keep things together and do what needed to be done, she was having a hard time struggling against both the strong feeling of *intoxication* that had seized her, as well as the uncaring personality that had beseeched her demeanor otherwise. As *Hiyoko*, a woman from a tribe of bunny women from an Eastern continent, all she wanted to do was drown herself in booze and, well...



The jiggling of her tits as she

stumbled about, along with the cool night breeze teasing her almost exposed loins under her kimono... It was all making her pretty *horny*. That arousal was just as much a side effect of her body reshaping into its bouncier, furrier form though. At least her goal was clear! She had to approach Frieren and tell her what had happened, and hopefully she could—

While that was what she had *wanted* to do deep down, the buxom purple bunny began to stumble down the alleyway in the opposite direction towards the bar. “**IIII can do that later! HIC! I wanna get absolutely sloshed first!**” Somehow implying she wasn’t *already*. “**Plus, I feel like I’m in heat, and you know what they say about a bunny in heat!**” Man, woman, whoever accepted her advances...

She’d be bringing them back into the alley for a quick ‘session’.