

FRIEREN

CHANGING RACES

CH1: LOW LEVEL

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It had been some time now since Frieren's party had arrived at the capital on an important mission.

As a matter of fact, it was something of a *setback* when it came to their journey. Apparently, there were legitimate fears that forces were planning on assassinating Serie and would go to great lengths to do so, and so a taskforce had been summoned consisting solely of First-Class Mages. This wasn't a title that *Frieren* possessed thanks to Serie's insistence that she never carry it, but it *was* a title that her student, Fern, possessed. And Fern had no right to refuse a summons like that.

In a way, Frieren and Stark coming with her was effectively a 'bonus' – and surely one that the one's that had organized this team had likely been counting on. Among those involved, there was also Land, Ubel, Methode, and Sense; meaning that they certainly weren't wanting on manpower. Any enemy, human *or* demon, that would target Serie under that level of protection was likely insane.

At least if they attacked *directly*.

“Hm. Fern and Stark are still out?” Frieren had been sitting upon her bed at the inn room they had been rented by the government while she pondered this question aloud. The sun had long since set, and she could see the full moon out in the sky through the nearby window. It was rare for them to be given such lavished shelter but not only were the

inns in the capital just built different, but because of the importance of the operation, everyone involved had been given the best of the best.



Well, what Fern and Stark did on their own time wasn't really her business. They hadn't gone out together anyways, so she didn't think they were *together* or anything. In all likelihood, Fern had been summoned for a strategy meeting considering her First-Class Mage rank, whereas Stark was likely wandering around the city. It was fine so long as nothing went wrong in the meantime.

Frieren, on the other hand, had *already* changed into her nightgown and was considering going to bed early. Her hair would likely be a bigger mess than normal without Fern to help her tend to it before sleep, but in the end that was *her* fault for being out so late, right? **“Well... I suppose I should blow out the candles and— *Hm?*”** Not even *seconds* after she had stood from the best to snuff out the lights, she *felt* something.

It was something that every mage in the city likely would have been able to feel, but likely not the normal people that had no control over the little mana in their bodies. **“A spell...? And one *that* immense?”** Unseen to the naked eye, it had *rippled* through the city like an invisible tidal wave. The elf could immediately tell that her mana levels were fluctuating as a result, but *why*? **“This is a demon's magic, but it shouldn't be able to...”**

An overwhelming pressure took the woman down to one knee. Or, at least, that was how it had *felt* to her. But after taking a second to reorient herself it hadn't been anything like a 'pressure' at all. Her pool of mana had effectively *caved in*, her level dropping to an amount far below even Fern's in a matter of seconds. The loss of magical strength had given her body an unreasonable amount of feedback and sapped her strength. **“...*How!?*”** Even though the feeling had past, she felt *weak*, and a growing numbness in her legs brought her down to *both* knees.

Frieren was absolutely flummoxed by this development. There wasn't any magic *she* knew of that should have been able to impact one's mana pool, and especially one that was as deep as an *elf's* pool. But that was where the answer to the question of 'what was happening to her?' could be found, and it could vaguely be seen in the woman's *ears*. They *were* exactly as you would expect an elf's ears to be. Long and pointy, with the slightest upwards turn to their tips.

But why was their shape relevant? Well... It was more a matter of why their *original* shape had been relevant, because that wasn't exactly *how* they appeared any longer. Those seven-inch-long points shortened so that their tips were closer to the sides of her head, and instead of pointing slightly up, they were ultimately tilted slightly downwards. They were maybe 1/3 their original size by the time the shrinking stopped, but they also *weren't* human ears. They were still pointed.

“Think... Think... Some *shitty human* could have...?” The elf's own reasoning gave her pause. Her first impulse hadn't even *been* to accuse a human of being behind it, and she'd never uttered that adjective before in her life. It was crude, rude, and suggested a disdain towards humanity that Frieren didn't – or *shouldn't* – possess. She briefly froze up, unaware of the fact that her silver hair was darkening to an ashen pink in the meantime, creeping in length past her butt while some of her bangs fell between her eyes. **“Why would I say that?”**

There must have been a plausible explanation beyond it 'just being a spell'. Some piece of magic-related knowledge in her head *should* have given her a clue. But the 'elf' came to a horrifying realization. It wasn't just her mana pool that had shrunk. **“Why can't I *remember!*?”** Anything!? She couldn't remember *anything* specific about how magic worked, nor how to use any spells that weren't just *Zoltraak*. Even then, with her pool weakened as it was, she wouldn't have been very adept at it.

It was a realization that was made all the more jarring by how Frieren *reacted* to it. Her personality was normally very *reserved* and *calm*. Even when she was legitimately angry or excited, she didn't express herself that way. But she was both *flustered* and fuming, and her face and voice were outwardly showing it. Her face was doing it with more than her *expression*, too. **“*This isn't good!*”** Her voice's pitch climbed, and as it did? Her eyes began to glow crimson, and her pupils stretched into vertical slits. The woman's lips swelled into a more pronounced pout that allowed sharpened fangs to peek through while *smirking*.

But *why* was she smirking? She'd *just* said it wasn't good. **“Ugh! If I could sink my fangs into a human, I-I'd...!? N-No, why would I do that? I'm not a *demon!*”** That threat of harm towards a human was enough to get the woman to pause again. She *said* she wasn't a demon, but that thought about eating a human hadn't been a one off. It was like an *impulse*. One that intensified as the color of her skin darkened from pink to a more ashen shade. **“I'm not a demon... I'm not! B-But if I was, it'd be better than being a stingy elf!”**

It was like she had two 'selves' fighting for control. Her original self, that treasured life and loathed demons, and one that was pushing her

towards enjoying a demon's actions. She might have had a better chance of fighting it if she could stay focused, but her body's unfolding transformation was making that increasingly difficult to do. She felt *hot*. It was *arousal* – something she had never properly experienced before because she was effectively asexual after living so long without much sexual interest in anything – but she immediately noted it for what it was, albeit... cruder. “**And now I'm horny!?**” Even demons could fuck!

The spreading warmth led to a tightness that focused on her chest and undergarments. She didn't consider or care about how lewd it seemed when both of her hands came down on her *chest* just as it began to expand. “**My tits are getting bigger!**” And while she didn't mince words, she *was* correct. The fabric of her chest was *straining*, held back only by cloth and not a bra. They'd only been A-cups before after all, so she hadn't *really* needed one.

Frieren had always been morbidly curious about what it would be like to have a bigger pair. She had been envious when little Fern had surpassed her in that area, but now? Her own were swelling to a rivaled size. Her dress was too durable to tear, but the weight pooled within her bosom, and they continued to strain the fabric, lifting the dress slightly and feeling suffocated as they grew into full, perky *F-cups*. She'd actually *surpassed* Fern in that area, but the way she was dressed made it hard to tell.

Just as it seemed like her tits had finished, both hands traveled *behind* her to grab her butt through her skirt. “**And my ass, huh?**” The woman didn't sound distraught by this anymore, even if she was deep down. She was a little *elated*. She *liked* the sensation of her cheeks bloating, jiggling and tearing through her tights under her skirt. A similar feeling plumped ashen thighs so that their flesh poked through her leggings, and their combined efforts resulted in her hips pushing wider. Despite the various ways that she had ‘grown’, though, she didn't really grow any *taller*.

The arousal calmed, but the moment it did? She began to think about Fern, and Stark, and how *edible* they were. Had her arousal taken her mind off the whole ‘eating humans’ thing? “**Ngh! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!**” Demons were *usually* calm and composed, but she kept lashing out like a brat. Frieren had only ever seen low-ranking, unstable demons acting that way – which aligned with her low mana pool, admittedly.

She was still resting on her knees, and her body was so warped that she barely even noticed a forked, black tail snaking up from under her skirt. But she *did* notice the heft of the curved, black horns that curled out of her head's sides. Both of her hands, now decorated with sharp, black

nails, reached up to grasp them. **“These horns feel nice and smooth though, hehe...”** That was *hardly* the point, and she ended up forgetting about it anyways. Her attention fell back down on her tight clothes. They were changing now.

Were they becoming *looser*? *No*. In ways they became tighter, but visually it was as if her dress was melting into a pool of black that eventually shrunk away into a translucent, black leotard with frilled, opaque cups and trim. A leather collar was forged around her neck, with matching belts around her wrists like bracelets. Black thigh highs matched her leotard, and she had thick, leather boots around her feet.

There were two thin slits near the base of her back on the leotard, too. At first they seemed *pointless*, but that was before blackened bone pushed through them and swelled into a pair of bat-like wings. Like her tail, most demons didn’t have wings. But these features were another telltale sign of a demon that was... disposable. One too weak to be much of a risk to anyone.

“Hehehe! Even if someone catches me like this, I can just kill ‘em, right! N-No! No killing! I’m not... I’m not really a demon!” Where an elf had once stood proudly, a dark-skinned demon woman dressed in a black, translucent leotard was hunched over on the floor with her legs spread. *Frieren* was still in there, trying to keep her on track, but there was a part of her that was *Eliora* – a demon that cared nothing about human life nor their emotions. In fact, she was already confirming to herself what she had assumed as a fact already.



With her mind tainted by a demon’s blood, she didn’t care at *all* about humans or their *feelings*. Those were just a tool to manipulate them, right? Otherwise, they were effectively *cattle*. Just beasts to hunt and be preyed upon! **“N-No... I can’t...”** She licked her lips hungrily even despite her words. Fighting her own impulses made *Eliora* *anxious*. She was tapping her own horns, running her fingers through her own hair, and even playing with her own *tits* to keep her mind off of things.

...Incidentally, getting herself aroused was the only thing that could actually *distract* her from doing something much more *criminal*. She didn’t even have the grounds *to* start killing people, because she had acknowledged her mana level was *low*. Even in terms of demons, she

was practically fodder! “I... I just need to keep myself busy until those *tasty* humans come back! I-I mean... Fern and Stark!” They weren’t tasty!

Well, she wouldn’t know that unless she *tried*, would she?