

FRIEREN

CHANGING RACES

CH5: ELVEN WHIMSY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Land had only gotten out from his meeting with Serie and the others shortly before things in the city began to go sideways.

Throughout the meeting, he had been as quiet as he usually was. The young man kept to himself and would have sent a clone of himself in his place if Serie hadn't asked him to attend personally. Not only did he hate to show himself in public, not only for social reasons but to protect himself, but if he had been allowed to remain at the inn then he could have kept a closer eye on Ubel. Who, he assumed, had already figured out he wasn't there and was probably skipping down the street without a care in the world.

The meeting itself had been *uneventful*. Land didn't really understand the purpose of it, because it had only been to reiterate plans that he had already been in the know about. Maybe your *average* mage would have benefited from a meeting like that, but not him. That was why he had been in such a rush to leave when it finally concluded, and he found himself out on the city streets.

With the moon already in the sky, it was still surprising just how active the streets were at such an hour. It was the sort of environment that only true safety could allow, because these people did not fear a sudden monster or demon attack in any way. Not that he really *cared*; he wasn't the kind of guy to get sentimental about stuff like that in the first place. He just wanted to get back to his room so that he could hole himself up until the morning.



The inn that Ubel and himself had been checked into wasn't too far from the location the meeting had been held at, and so before he knew it he was almost there. The traffic had thinned out because that inn was off the path from the local bars and entertainment, and before long? He found himself walking without company. There was no one else on the street *with* him, and that suited him just fine.

At least until several things happened in tandem. The screaming of people in the distance came first, creating a chilling atmosphere that only worsened when Land realized the cause. “...**A spell?**” A powerful one that had come from outside of the city's barrier, and one that was clearly interacting with not only his mana pool, but his entire body. It was strange though. While the other mages had seen their mana deplete, in his case?

It began to *grow*.

“**That's... unnatural.**” That was certainly *one* way to put it. One's mana pool *could* grow with time if you trained enough, but it absolutely shouldn't have fluxed that much that quickly, not even by a fraction of the rate that it was. “...**Can a human even have a pool this high?**” He was aware that the First-Class Mage in Frieren's group, Fern, *might* have. But she was always suppressing her mana level so that people couldn't get a read on it. He didn't know if it was comparable to how deep his own pool had become all of a sudden, but his own might have been *larger*.

But this swell of power hadn't been without consequence. In a way, he was correct that a normal human couldn't possess that much mana. So, it wasn't exactly an issue if he *wasn't* a human, right? The proof of this was actually the very first physical change he experienced, but he didn't really *notice* it so much. It was the cartilage of his ears, stretching into points of about four inches in length. They were clearly the ears of an *elf*, which would explain his whole mana situation.

“...**What the—?**” Land didn't notice his ears, but he *did* notice that something was off almost immediately. His glasses weren't just for show, and his vision was blurry without them, or at least it *should* have been. But he'd spoken up because his vision was becoming blurry *with* his glasses on, the issue only relieving itself when he *took them off*? Had his vision been *corrected*?

It had, but there was visual ‘side effects’ to this correction as well. A pale green ended up settling into his irises, which then expanded in size to take up more of his eyeballs than they had previously. You’d think this might have made the young man’s eyes look *strange*, but his eyelids ended up widening to make that gaze appear bigger anyways. Bigger and more *effeminate*, as his eyelashes found themselves lengthening.

Land squinted down at the glasses in his hand, still ignorant about what had physically changed about his eyes. But it was about to become difficult *to* ignore, because more than just his eyes had begun to change upon his face. His nose shortened and nostrils thinned while the overall shape of his face became leaner. The only aspect of it that *grew* was his lips, and they swelled into a sensual pout that, when paired with everything else, gave him the face of a beautiful older woman in her *thirties*.

He couldn’t quite ignore this because— “**Everyone else is panicking, so~!?**” The next he spoke, just after his Adam’s apple had smoothed away, he ended up speaking with a lighter and unintentionally more playful voice. “**Oh dear!? ...Why am I even speaking like this!?**” He didn’t sound like himself at *all*, and he certainly sounded like a woman. The shock of this realization led to him fumbling his glasses and they dropped onto the floor, but when he bent over to pick them up?

Something else distracted him. His *hair*... it was dangling past his eyes as he leaned forward growing longer and even paling so that it was a lighter shade of blond. “**Oh!?**” The surprise led to him abandoning his glasses and shooting up, allowing hair that now reached past his butt to lift and settle, bangs now long yet parted in the center so that they curved around his eyes and against his cheeks.

“**Am I becoming a woman...?**” Land had *attempted* to put that possibility aside despite the sound of his voice, but the length and sheen of his hair made it a little more difficult to do that. And if there had been *any* further room for doubt, well... The pressure that had begun to build upon the man’s chest eviscerated any remaining doubt. His sharpened chin was pointed downward almost instantly. “**...Oh!**”

He could feel his nipples growing erect first, and they *definitely* felt puffier than they should have been even though they’d hardened. It wasn’t hard to tell what was happening from that point on, and he could plainly see the front of his shirt pushing forward as the buttons began to strain. His hands hovered in front of what was clearly a developing pair of breasts, and they didn’t appear to be *small*. The top two buttons popped *off*, in fact, allowing cream-colored cleavage to spill at as the weight of the *F-cups* that had developed forced him to correct his posture.

“...I suppose that answers that question!” Since when had he become so energetic and talkative? It didn’t really *sound* like Land, but he’d also become flippant enough that he didn’t really care? Like, so what if he had boobs? Did it really matter? He wouldn’t have cared if he’d developed a snatched waistline either! ...Which he absolutely had moments later, in tandem with his hips flaring out several inches. This was clearly in preparation, because while the top half of his body was clearly a woman’s, they work on the lower half had just begun.

She hardly even reacted as the dick that dangled between her legs shortened into nothing so that a slit could open in its place. Land hadn’t been the type of person to care about that sort of thing anyways, so whatever existed between his legs wasn’t of great concern. She likewise didn’t react much to her thighs thickening and her ass growing fatter, it all burgeoning out so that she had a model hourglass figure. Big breasts, wide hips and a big butt... it was the ideal.

And it was left on full display after the spell altered her attire! **“Oh! Well, this is fancier, I quite like it!”** Her mouth was left agape with a curious awe as she examined what her attire had become. It was a skimpy affair, with a bikini top that offered almost *no* coverage of her breasts despite the white cloth below it covering her tummy and leading into a translucent, green skirt overtop white lace panties. She was wearing sandals underneath white thigh highs with vines and pink flowers wrapped around them, and there were detached sleeves of green and pink. A *huge*, witchy hat rested atop her head, with a pink top and a green brim, decorated with vines, flowers, leaves, and *peaches*.

The whole ensemble smelled strongly of peach, in fact.

With a pool of mana that was now roughly *twenty* times what it had been before, the scantily clad *Elven witch* found herself humming with whimsical delight. **“Well now~! What an interesting spell! A demon must have cast that, but if their intention was to weaken any resistance, I suppose they must have messed up by making me an**



elf!” It was strange in a way. *Meorise* could still recall her life as Land vividly, but she could also recall living for *thousands* of years. That life as a man was just a small drop in a bucket of recollection.

And she made a good point. What was the plan of the one who had cast that spell? Causing chaos within the city would not undo the barrier, so they still wouldn’t be able to get in. In fact, with her new power, *Meorise* could likely *reinforce* it if she wanted to. But she hadn’t decided *if* she wanted to just yet. After all... **“I’m due for some sleep! Maybe we’ll deal with the fallout after I’ve gotten some rest, hm?”** Those words were uttered before she continued her trip back to the inn.

Meorise didn’t pay much mind to the woman behind the counter and how she was clearly an elf herself now. A very buxom *dancer* that didn’t seem to be suited to her new job. If anything, she was more surprised to find a *fairy* fluttering around with her ass out, seemingly soliciting sex. She couldn’t have fathomed that said fairy was *Ubel*, but then again she didn’t really think that *Ubel*’s problems were her own anymore.

The sight did give her *some* pause, though. **“Maybe I should try and help before I go to bed after all...?”** She couldn’t change anyone back, but she might be able to restore their lost personalities with a spell she once knew. Then again, if no one was in any immediate danger... **“Nah! I’ll deal with that once I’ve woken up!”**

...Never mind.