

# FRIEREN

## CHANGING RACES

### CH3: TREASURE PROTECTOR

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Stark didn't think much about the fact that he was surrounded by kids.

It was a pretty common experience for the warrior, who was accustomed to spending time with the locals of whichever settlement he ended up at while traveling as a member of Frieren's party. He didn't really see it as a problem, but of the three he was *definitely* the most social of the bunch. It was easier for him to spend time with random strangers, and his more extroverted persona led to him getting along well with kids as well.

**“Okay. I think everyone should start heading home now. The moon is already pretty high.”** But Stark had *definitely* lost track of time. He'd been playing a ball-based game with the kids in the city's park, and before he knew it? It was *already* well past what he assumed would be a reasonable curfew for most kids. It was surprising that none of their parents had come looking for them, but he supposed that the fact that they hadn't was just a testament to how safe everyone thought the capital was.

The locals liked to *talk* about how safe they felt, but being able to spend time after dark walking down illuminated city streets really brought the point home. No one that lived in the capital really seemed to live in fear of anything. From what Frieren and Fern had told him, Serie was a difficult woman to deal with. But it certainly *seemed* like she had the best intentions for the people that chose to live nearby.

Frieren would argue that it was for Serie's *own* protection, however.



Once the kids cleared out, Stark headed off in the opposite direction. He had to cut through the full length of the park to find the path towards the inn he was staying at. There didn't appear to be anyone else there now. It *was* late, so it made sense that the park didn't have very much traffic passing through it. It was nice in a way, and the evening air was cool yet crisp. Still, he stopped to marvel at a marble statue of Serie herself.

**“Looks pretty expensive.”** It probably cost a *lot* of money to make. That, or she just conjured it with magic. Either way... *I suppose I could build a nest here.* **“H-Huh?”** The man wasn't afforded the chance to question why such a terribly unusual thought had crossed his mind, because he immediately went on guard at the sound of what he could only reason to be the townsfolk screaming in a panic beyond the park's outskirts.

He didn't even realize he was about to find *similar* reasons to panic. Because he had no sensitivity to magic to be able to tell that a citywide spell had been cast.

In fact, it wasn't until he felt a sharp *burning* in his chest that Stark finally realized that something might have been amiss. **“GAH!?”** A warrior's hand clutched uncomfortably at his chest's left side, right over his heart, because that was where the burning *seared* the most. What burned in his chest became a more *pleasing* warmth as it spread elsewhere, but it amounted to a pain so brutal he fell to his knee right over his beating heart.

The intense heat had the young man sweating bullets and gasping for breath. It made it difficult for him to think, because his instincts had him focusing on his *heartbeat*. It was erratic, and he was worried he was just going to fall over *dead*. Had that been his fate, however, then what was happening to his *skin* would have been something entirely different. He would have *paled* or turned *blue*, but it was doing the opposite. His skin was *darkening* to a brown that had an orange hue to it.

It wasn't the skin color of any human, elf, or dwarf that lived on the continent.

**“What's going on...!?”** Was this related to all of the screaming that he could hear elsewhere in the city? It was hard for Stark to recognize what was even happening to him, namely because he was dressed from head to toe and too exhausted from the heat and pain to take any action when

it came to undressing – not that he *would* have. *Beneath* his clothes, his skin became all the stranger. Patches of it was *darkening*, raising slightly to a *very* dark red and resembling interlocking *scales*.

These scales didn't cover the man's *entire* body. But they did cover his legs from just above his knees to his feet, his arms from beneath his elbows to his hands, as well as patches across the base of his chest, under his eyes, and around the base of his cock. "**Mmn!?**" It had *only* been the base because the scales appeared to *sever* everything that hung off of his pelvis, eventually leaving his masculinity to fall to the ground, balls and all, with an unpleasant *thump*. "**What...!?**"

Rather than a scream, it was more of a *growl* that escaped Stark's lips. Before *her* very eyes, what had become of her masculinity solidified and lost its shape until it became a small bar of shimmering *gold*. "**Is that...?**" Hadn't it been something *else* a moment ago? But she couldn't seem to recall, just as she had yet to realize that a slit had opened at the base of her pelvis where that bar of gold had once hung to make her a proper woman. Instead, she was captivated by the piece of *treasure* in front of her.

It became all she could think about. *Obsess* about.

The woman reached out a scale-covered hand to grab the bar, but as she did? Their shapes elongated and her nails curled until they were a set of sharp and dangerous black claws. A similar phenomenon *did* occur with her feet, but the scales that spread beneath her ankle were of a more normal brown. Her feet swelled a tad as hooked, black claws jutted out from the tips of her more monstrous toes, piercing through her boots. But she didn't care about any of that. Her fingers curled around the gold bar and she held it close, much like a mother protecting her child.

It was *that* precious to her? "**Mine...**" She hissed in a voice that was equally more feminine and more ferocious. Stark understood the value of money, but she had never obsessed over things like treasure. Money was nice to have, but it wasn't the end all, be all. Her new mentality appeared to be quite different. With something of value in front of her, she'd become obsessed. It had stolen away her interest in her own body, even though matters were worsening now that her sex had changed.

Her heart continued to burn, but she was hardly bothered by it any longer. It felt *natural*, comforting. The sweat her body produced turned to steam almost the moment it was produced because her skin and scales were becoming *that* hot to the touch, but she could only turn the gold bar around in front of a pair of eyes that now shimmered with green, and were inheriting a new intensity as their shapes changed with both lengthened lashes and rounder eyelids.

**“Is there more gold...?”** Those emerald eyes began to dance around the park, her vision *much* sharper than it had been seconds prior. Her face continued to lean into her new sex, taking a softer shape with a smaller nose and fuller lips that concealed the length and sharpness that her fangs had developed. The fangs of a *monster*, even if she *was* pretty. Her hair lengthened at roughly the same time, reaching past her shoulders as the natural red paled to white. Her pubes might have done the same if they hadn't been paved over with dark scales already.

Stark pouted when it occurred to her that the only thing of value in her direct proximity was the nearby statue, but that was still enough to have her imagining what steps she might take next. She managed to stand up again, but found her clothing uncomfortable as she did so. This was because her hips had *swung out*, and this width was preyed upon so that her thighs and ass could burgeon with a woman's plushness. Her ass filled her pants so that they were pulled tight enough to see her crack's impression through the cloth, while the seams of her pants split at the sides so supple, orange flesh could escape.

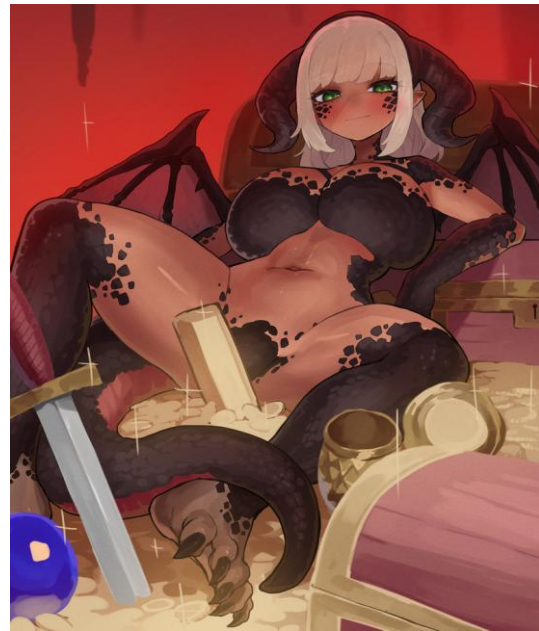
Farther up, the final piece of her womanhood bloomed without delay, stealing the limited space that had remained within the monster's shirt and jacket. It now made sense that her scales had only covered the bottom half of her chest, nipples and all. They worked to actively obscure what might have been erotic, feminine nipples if now for their absence. Because her chest burgeoned and jiggled with compelling mass that eventually sat as a pair of huge, perky *G-cups* above a narrowed, toned tummy.

**“No more gold, but these clothes...”** The monster *literally* hissed at the sight of her own attire. Stark had put those clothes on herself earlier in the day, but now? She saw them as a *blight*. *Everything humans covet besides treasure is disgusting!* And so, she tore the top so that her tits spilled out, while she subconsciously understood how to *increase* her body's extreme temperature... until everything that remained soon caught fire.

Despite the flames, and despite the fact that she was now fully a beautiful woman, her transformation wasn't *quite* complete. Burning cloth *exploded* behind her as scaled appendages erupted from beneath her shoulder blades, expanding out into a pair of dragon-like wings with a wingspan that was equal to her height. At roughly the same time, burning pants hardly resisted the long, scaled tail that erupted from her tailbone and swung back and forth behind her. It restored something she had noticed was missing along with her wings: balance.

Then again, she could no longer imagine having lived without them. Just like she couldn't imagine *not* having the pair of long, curved, black horns that forced themselves out of the sides of her head.

Steam sizzled off of orange skin and black scales as the monstrous woman approached the statue with a smirk upon her face and the gold bar that had once been her cock still held to her breast. **“Right. This will be the perfect place to build a nest.”** For a *dragon woman*, a ‘nest’ was an important place. It was her home, where she would gather and protect her treasures. They would typically be built in caves, but she appreciated the cool air of the park and the absolutely *adorable* and *expensive* looking statue that was already present.



It was strange, though. Frieren and Fern had both managed to at least hold onto their senses of self despite how much their bodies and personalities had changed. *Firasceia*, however, didn't seem to even dwell on it for a singular moment after her previous attire burned away. Was it because of her nature as a dragon? No, it was because she hadn't been a mage. There was an old legend that one's memories were inscribed in their mana, which was why there were so few stories of mages that developed amnesia.

Stark hadn't had much mana at all, and so there was nothing to linger and keep those memories intact. As far as the dragon understood as the drying air crackled around her, she'd always been a great, treasure-hoarding dragon feared by humans. Speaking of... **“The scent of this city is strange, though. It smells like there were hundreds of humans here before, but the wind is carrying all manners of scent.”**

And next to none of them were human.