

# FRIEREN

## CHANGING RACES

### CH7: DUMB AND HIGH

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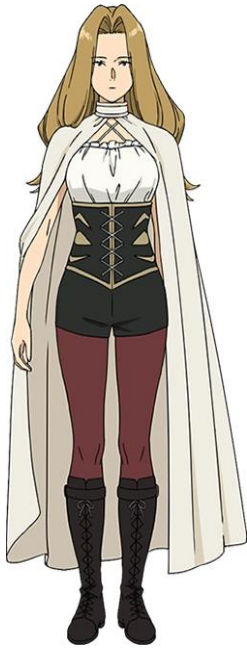


Methode didn't really feel one way or the other about her current assignment.

She had been called in last minute for Serie's security detail and had only arrived that morning without Genau in tow, as he'd been given a different mission. She had gotten into the capital, found her accommodations, and done a little shopping before she was summoned that night for their meeting. Unlike Land, most of the information expressed *at* that meeting had been new to her, so she had been sitting attentively while it was all explained.

Well, for the *most* part. The First-Class mage kept sparing looks towards the elf that had summoned her in the first place, occasionally getting a *little* distracted. If you knew anything about Methode, you'd understand *why* she was doing it. Despite being a calm, collected, and serious seeming mage... she had something of a silly infatuation. Not with Serie herself, or even elves on a broader scale.

She was infatuated with people that she deemed to be *small* and *cute*. Sometimes it could even be one *or* the other, as Fern had come to learn despite the fact that she wasn't small at all. Methode had been waiting for the meeting to adjourn so that she could approach Serie to ask if she could pat her head of all things. It was a song and dance she'd done before, and the elf would usually relent.



*It's a shame Frieren isn't here, I brought a tome to bribe her with...* Such was an *actual* thought that the tall human woman had thought during the meeting, because she knew at least *that* elf would relent and let her pet and hold her if she gave her a tome in return. Nonetheless, the event came and went without much fanfare. Land and some of the others had shuffled off, and tragically...

So had Serie! Sense had pulled her away before Methode could even ask for a little bit of contact! The mage wasn't aware that this had been a *planned* maneuver though; Serie had asked Sense to do just that. And so, in the end? She was left alone in the meeting room they had been using. "**Now what...?**" The woman didn't really have any plans, but there was no reason to hang out in the meeting room, either. It was very *spacious*, with a high ceiling and plenty of room to move around in, but Serie likely wouldn't come back regardless of how long she waited.

Just as she was about to leave however, she felt it. The very same thing that all of the other mages in the city had begun to feel at the same time.

Methode's posture remained undisturbed for the time being. The earliest effects were noted quickly, with her waning mana level concerning, but so long as her life wasn't in danger she was able to remain calm. "**A spell from outside of the barrier? For what purpose?**" While muffled by the walls, the sound of chaos unfolding outside was difficult to ignore. She had a responsibility as a First-Class mage to investigate, and yet...

"...!?" She felt *heavy*? That was how her mind processed it at first. The woman felt like she was being weighed *down*, and her movements were sluggish. It even seemed like her eye level had begun to dip, and yet... What she'd initially pegged as a trick of her eyes, she quickly had realized was a confusing *reality*. She *wasn't* being weighed down so much as she was *shrinking*, with her body practically frozen as a side effect of the tampering with her mana pool. "**What!?**"

She'd *always* been a tall woman, standing at around 5'9" – which was well above average compared to most of the other women she had met in the area. But that height quickly *plummeted*, her limbs and torso compressing as the weight that they possessed bled together. She couldn't have been any taller than 4'10" by the time the phenomenon had ceased. "**Methode... I... don't understand!**" That had been an

odd slip of the tongue. Why refer to herself in third person even for a second?

Nonetheless, that staggering loss of height had left her outfit in disarray. Her boots were loose, her tights had bunched up around her knees, and the corset around her waist was slipping. *Some* of the general slack was relieved though, but only because as she stood there awkwardly in an attempt to find her balance with her new height, a subtle swell made it more difficult. Her thighs were swelling a tad plumper for example, stretching the loosened tights a little, whereas her already perky rump gained about an inch of size.

**“What good would there be in... E-Eh!? *Methodé’s* voice!?”** Since when had it become so *high* and *squeaky*!? It must have happened when she’d shrunk? In a way that was *something* of an answer, but it was more a matter of what *else* had been happening as she’d shrunk. After all, one quick look at her face suggested that she wasn’t quite the same thirty-year-old woman that she had been before.

Not only did her facial features seem more *youthful*, as if her age had somehow rewound ten years until she was *twenty* or so, but the differences were much more *staggering* than that. If she’d simply become younger, there was no reason for her facial structure to make such a dramatic departure. It was rounder, almost more *immature* even though she was no child. A steely blue saw her irises widen as the shapes of her eyes grew to take up more of this face, while behind her? Her long mane of hair shortened into a messy, chin-length bob with a softer shade of brown.

**“Something’s really wrong with *Mettode!*”** Had the woman been *trying* to say her name? Had she missed the H accidentally? Either way, *Methodé* couldn’t really deny that things were much direr than she had initially assumed. She couldn’t even *sense* her own mana level any longer, or remember *how* for that matter. But was she thinking that hard about it? Not... really. In fact, thinking was becoming somewhat *difficult*, else she might have more keenly noticed that her top was a little heavier. Even though her breasts had already been impressively sized, especially with her height so meager, they’d grown an additional size *fuller*.

Rather, she became overwhelmed by an unignorable *itchiness*. It spread predominantly across her arms and down her legs, but it also seemed to spread across the lower half of her chest beneath her clothes? **“Itchy, itchy!”** Her first impulse had naturally been to *scratch* wherever she could with her fingers, but when she went to do so? **“E-Eh!?”** She was left confused by the sight of those fingers... *growing*?

It wasn't like they were just getting *bigger*, though. Longer, thinner, and without any consistency between them. Her thumbs hooked into little nubs at the top as, from beneath her sleeves, pale brown *feathers* soon spread across merging digits. Before long, what had once been her hands had become thin, hollow bones that were almost the length of an additional arm, but the feathers grew out of them to provide plumage for her new *wings*.

**“W-Wait! Metto has wings!?”** Methode's name had seemingly changed again, shortening on this occasion as she struggled with the restrictiveness of her sleeves around the bottom halves of her arms. It was obvious that she *couldn't* scratch herself with her hands now, but she'd also become incapable of picking things up seeing as she had no *hands*. But unbeknownst to her, solutions were being fashioned underneath her tights and boots.

It wasn't a solution provided by her pelvis, thighs, and ass, but they *had* been just as itchy as her arms. This was because short, soft, and downy feathers of the same color as her wings sprouted down from her hips to her knees, and a similar fuzz spread across her tits like a bra. What would help with the 'no grip' issue was actually her *feet*. Because if her top half was more like that of a bird, well... You could assume her lower body would be the same!

No feathers sprouted beneath her knees at all, however. In fact, the flesh there thinned until her skin was practically pressing against her bones with the lightest of veins running between them. This skin became discolored, darkening to a brown with grooves etched horizontally around them several inches apart. **“Metto is a bird? Hm...”** This probably should have upset her, right? But maybe she'd become too dull *to* be upset by it?

The sound of materials tearing echoed throughout the otherwise unoccupied chamber as the front of the woman's boots suddenly flew open, allowing three clawed toes, each one as thick as a sausage, to tear through. The absence of her pinky and big toes was concerning, but she'd been numb to that big toe *pulling* behind her as a black claw of its own erupted from either heel, while the pinkies had shrunk into nothing. These were the feet of a bird, albeit much larger than a normal birds. These talons were important for hunting, but also allowed her to grab things. Nifty!

While the others had all been provided with new clothes at the end of their transformations, that wasn't true for *this* one. What she'd been wearing *did* disappear, and this gave her more room to stretch her wings, her body was covered enough by the downy feathers. Her nipples, crotch,

and butt crack were all warmly coated. All she really gained was a set of accessories, a pair of green-blue feathers tucked into her hair.

**“Why does Metty keep calling herself Metty!?”**

Long wings of brown feathers spread out with renewed agitation as the monster woman struggled with the muddled state of her mind. Incidentally, she was having no problems when it came to *moving* her body, even though it was clearly the body of a *harpy*. Her movements



felt natural, and she even knew how to properly take flight without thinking about it. It was all *instinctual*.

On the other hand, there was no denying that her intelligence had taken a heavy hit throughout her transformation. *Metty*, as she kept calling herself, could not speak in any way other than the third person, which made her sound rather *dull*. In fact, she couldn't focus for very long and could hardly wrap her head around anything complicated. She was the definition of *bird-brained*.

But she still managed to keep in mind that she *shouldn't* have been a busty bird girl! Especially one that was so short and cute. **“On the other wing, didn't Metty become exactly what she loves!? Oh, Metty wishes she could give herself a pat on the head, but she doesn't have hands!”** All things considered, there were probably several *other* things she could have been concerned with, right?

Good luck trying to get any of them through her thick skull, though.