

FRIEREN

CHANGING RACES

CH7: SIMPLY ANGELIC

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It wasn't until Serie was away in her chambers that Sense was finally able to breathe a quiet sigh of relief.

The mage didn't take any issue with the more professional side of her career. Using her magic to fight demons was sometimes *necessary*, but she didn't mind that the elf that ruled the lands and kept magic under lock and key preferred to keep her in the capital alongside her for protection. If anything, she felt more inconvenienced by the fact that multiple First-Class Mages had all gathered in the same place.

She was used to it to a point. She *had* proctored the First-Class Mage Exam four times in a row by this point, and those events were far busier than this. But Sense preferred her space, and she didn't like having to accommodate the more *colorful* personalities of the other mages. Fern was one thing – that group was surprisingly reasonable despite having the elf that had defeated the Demon King amongst their ranks.

That said, Ubel was an *interesting* one, she knew that from firsthand experience, while Methode caused problems of an entirely different sort. She was unusually handsy with Serie, and she often had to pull the woman away with her hair. It was to avoid that very issue that Serie had forced Sense to go along with a plan where she ushered her out of meeting room before Methode could even think to ask for some head-patting or hugging time.

And once Serie had been secured, it was just a matter of guarding her room. She was taking the first shift, and in five hours another mage would swap with her. She wasn't allowed to go far because of this, but she was fine with the chair outside the elf's room. She had snacks packed into her dress, she wasn't especially tired, and she was carrying a book to read. Besides, the nearby paneless window view overlooking the city at night was beautiful. She could gaze upon it so long as—



Screaming. The mage heard the sound of people screaming outside before she felt a spell's influence ripple through her body. There was likely a delay because she'd been up high, meaning the caster was on the ground, and she could pinpoint that caster's general location based on the direction the spell had bled in from. "...**Serie!?**" She commanded her hair to open the door into Serie's chambers, but it didn't work? "...**What?**" It took her a moment to identify the cause.

Her mana pool had emptied dramatically.

The woman's cheeks flushed red, and for a brief moment she wondered if she was coming over feverish. It didn't *feel* like illness, and she didn't really feel *sick*. The only weakness she felt was within her mana, which was now so meager that she couldn't cast the magic she was accustomed to. If anything, she could have possibly casted *holy* spells as it was, but Sense hardly knew any magic associated with the church like that.

Considering her post, the woman had naturally thought to go check on Serie using her hands and feet, but even *that* felt awkward. Her limbs felt heavy, and her clothes felt tight. But it wasn't really all that *mysterious* when she took even a moment to examine herself and consider the circumstance. "**I'm... growing!?**" That was the only explanation that made any sense, and it was extremely obvious.

Sense, despite being a woman pushing thirty, hadn't been particularly *tall*. She had stopped growing around 4'11", and as a result she didn't have a very 'mature' appearance in general. But her limbs and torso were *clearly* lengthening, and because of that she was thankful that the gown she typically wore was very baggy. She wasn't the type of person that appreciated showing off more than she had to.

"**What was that spell!?**" She must have been at least 5'4" by this point, and the growth had yet to show signs of slowing down. Not only had the skirt of her dress been lifted off her ankles and was closer to her knees, but her forearms were sticking out of her sleeves. But it wasn't *just* affecting her vertical sizing, either. Her fingers and feet stretched until

they were longer yet narrower, and while her hips and shoulders ended up broadening? It was the hips that ended up doing so by a much wider margin, nearly doubling in width as if they were *expecting* something beyond her finalized 5'6" height.

Sense didn't need to wait long to see what that expectation *was*. She had tried to take another step despite the clothing malfunction, because checking on Serie was her prerogative... even though there was a voice in the back of her head that felt increasingly disinterested in that work. But her footing was too heavy and her body weight too uneven. The woman ended up curling her back instead so that she could look behind and see— **“My ass!? Oh my...”**

Was her *voice* different? It was certainly lighter, but those didn't sound like words this mage would say, either. There was a reason for that, but only one thing could be addressed at a time. She was much too fixated on the shape of her dress behind her with how far *out* it had grown. Her ass could be the only culprit as she had so plainly pointed out, and fat had been gathering within her cheeks to see them burgeon and swell until they were a bountiful heart shape. Of course, the excess had painted her thighs with a similar thickness, granting her silhouette the lower half of an hourglass.

“This... Well, it isn't unpleasant. Aside from my undergarments digging up in there!” Sense recognized that it was strange that she felt so *joyous* about it all, even as she dug her fingers into try and pull her panties free. But that was simply how she *felt*, and she couldn't change that, as a smile crept upon lips that were *twice* as plump as they had been before. And that tied into why her voice had changed.

Her face had been changing as well. It somehow looking more mature and yet more youthful at the same time. Her lips were part of this, but her nose was longer and her cheeks were a tad rounder. The youthfulness was communicated more within her eyes, which had become wide and light blue in color. While there was that more mystifying maturity to her, she was actually *slightly* younger than she had been, around *twenty-three* rather than close to thirty.

“Mm... Things are quite strange, but this feels like God's will, does it not?” It was a question Sense pondered as her long, brown hair came awash with a sparkling silver that shortened it as well. As she could no longer use hair magic, she hadn't needed it to be *that* long anyways. It shortened until it ended at the base of her back, and the silver spread into her brows and pubes that were eventually shaved away until she was nice and smooth to boot.

But what was all of this talk of *God*? She hadn't been that devout, but her thoughts felt more akin to those of a deeply religious individual... despite her choice of verbiage and excitement when it came to her increasingly curvaceous form. While she had yet to realize it, her repertoire of Holy spells now counted among the tens. She could hardly be counted on to focus on that, though.

At least not when her dress was growing even *tighter* around her chest. The lower half of her body had already formed half of an hourglass, and yet the upper half had yet to flourish in the same way until that moment. Nonetheless, the time had come, and the folds of her dress tightened around the mass that was accumulating there. Her B-cups had always been big enough for her, it wasn't like she had breast envy or anything like that. **"Hm... I like these..."**

And yet, when her lengthened fingers sunk into her new *G-cups* through the fabric, she couldn't fathom ever wanting them to be smaller. They, too, were a gift that God had given her.

She soon took her hands off of them, but found those enlarged breasts more accessible for *future* endeavors. Her dress tightened and paled into a skimpy, white gown that only reached the center of her thighs in the front and back, leaving her legs effectively bare to the point that you could tell she *wasn't* wearing any panties. The dress barely covered her own nipples and was supported by thin, white straps. Jewelry hung from her neck and wrists, while blue flowers rested in her hair.

There was even a silver cross in her bangs, which felt... unusual. If she had become so religious, then it felt blasphemous for her to be dressed so skimpily according to mortal religious sensibilities. But that was the thing. She *wasn't* a mortal, and deep down she had already recognized that. After all, she couldn't bring herself to care about the screams outside anymore. Not when she was something *greater*.

Sense didn't even think anything of it as a great weight built upon her largely bare back, just beneath her shoulders. A pair of large, white-feathered wings stretched free. Humans didn't have wings, so they were of course the wings of a holy being. An *angel*. But being holy did not necessarily mean being kind or generous. It only meant that they were devout. And the lion did not concern itself with the affairs of its lunch – so to speak. Angels didn't actually *eat* mortals.

The white, feathered wings behind the tall and beautiful woman stretched themselves even though the one who possessed them didn't necessarily command them to. **"An angel? Well... I do suppose there are worse fates."** If such a thing was possible, couldn't she have ended up in the form of a *demon*? That would have been *terrible*.

Even though her transformation had been dramatic, the angel didn't feel particularly interested in trying to undo it. In fact, her temperament was quite *pleasant...* in a way that was a little selfish.



“So, my new name is Rienne? It’s a pretty name.” *Rienne* remarked

to herself as she approached the windowsill, gazing down at the chaos below as she pulled herself up to stand on them. The struggles of mortals weren't struggles she could bring herself to worry about. Why would they when she was a denizen of the heavens? **“I’m sorry, children of God. It isn’t my place to intervene in your affairs!”** She apologized to no one in particular. It wasn't like they could *hear* her.

Once she stood on the ledge, she tucked in her wings before dropping *off* towards the ground without a care for the fact that her radiant white dress did not include undergarments around her pelvis. Why would it bother her when she wasn't going to give anyone a peek? After all, she only fell three stories before her wings opened and she climbed again, flying with a golden light dancing around her. **“Farewell for now! May we meet again in the future!”**

Who *was* she talking to? Where was she even going to *go*?