

# FRIEREN

## CHANGING RACES

FINAL CH: THIS BITES

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Serie felt like she had been lucky to escape with her life.

Not from anything *actually* dangerous, of course. She was the magical ruler of the continent, and of course she held that post because of her *intellect* on top of her strength as a magic. Then again, you didn't need to be as intellectually competent as Serie was to recognize the potential threat to her peace and quiet that Methode posed. If the elf had been allowed to have things *her* way, she would have just had Sense brief Methode later. But Sense had *insisted* it would be easier if everyone in the direct security detail was present.

Well, that had just been an excuse to not invite Frieren's group. Sense had let her get away with *that* much.

“**Phew...**” With the door closer behind her and Sense out in the hall, Serie breathed a sigh of relief. If Methode *had* managed to get her hands on her, she'd probably be brushing the mess out of her hair for the next five minutes after all of the unnecessary head pats. The room she was using as a bedchamber wasn't her *usual* bedroom, but it had been made homely enough after moving some of her things over.

It made sense from a tactical point of view to not have the woman who was the subject of a potential assassination attempt sleeping in her usual bedroom. Of course, anyone would have a brain could figure out where she was staying otherwise, but there were reasons they had chosen the building that they had. It was closer to the center of the city

while being as far away from the most populated areas as possible, which simultaneously being in the best place for barriers and detecting magic to be set up.

Realistically, no one should have been able to pass through the barrier in either direction without Serie noticing.



Because of this, maybe she was a little *too* lax. But she'd added a protective barrier around her room particularly that was meant to go as far as filtering out spells. That was why she arched a brow when it struck her. For a mage of her power, it might as well have been a needle in a haystack. If she hadn't trained herself to notice even the slightest fluctuation in her own power, she might not have noticed it at all. But she could feel it.

**“A spell? For interrupting one's mana?”** Serie raised an eyebrow, and she was able to immediately triangulate its source. The caster was on the outskirts of the city, hiding in a small cave. Demon, *obviously*, but that was peculiar. According to reports, the assassins out to end her life weren't related to the demons at all. A coincidence? She couldn't be certain, but she could tell from the ruckus outside that it was targeting everyone equally. But what was the spell's purpose? She believed she would remain unaffected because of her barrier, but...

She was wrong.

Her guard was down because of her own cockiness, and because she hadn't been given any immediate reasons to believe that she was in any danger. A droplet of a spell being filtered through her barrier shouldn't have invited any repercussions, and yet there were *already* signs that this wasn't the case – she was just willfully ignorant to them. To be fair, unlike the others her own mana pool didn't so much as flicker, or perhaps her power was so great that if it did, it was hardly recognizable. She had also mischaracterized the spell in the first place, thinking it was just meant to weaken one's mana.

But as the fates of the others had already shown, that wasn't necessarily the case. A piercing red had already developed within the woman's eyes, and the lengths of her long elvish points rapidly diminished in length until, while still pointed, they only stuck out an inch or two past her hair. **“I should prepare a counterspell just in case, and I know just the thing.”** Because she was so cautious, Serie had naturally sought to protect herself further before investigating what was going on outside of her barrier, and yet...

“...” She stood there quietly for a moment, hesitating. She couldn’t remember the spell she had been thinking of? It *had* been a holy spell specifically, but why... could she not remember any of the holy magic she had studied? In a way it was more than that, and it played into the fact that the short canine teeth within her mouth were both lengthening *and* sharpening until they were more akin to *fangs* not unlike you’d find on a predator species. **“Why *the hell* can’t I remember?”**

As she did her best to process this with coarser language than normal, the golden sheen of the woman’s hair began to fade. The length of her long hair hardly changed, and if it appeared to? It was only because it began to become curlier past her shoulders. The blonde paled away to a pinkish white as her bangs lengthened and curled over her left eye, and the tips of this thicker, wavier mane were dyed *hot* pink. **“Pfft!?”** The ‘elf’ tried to blow away those bangs for a moment, evidently finding them out of place subconsciously, but ended up *stopping* until it clicked.

**“Wait... What the hell~?”** Serie’s (now) crimson eyes blinked, longer lashes dancing around shapes that widened to become more expressive. What was going on with her hair? Why was she speaking in such an uncharacteristically carefree manner? **“Is that spell actually affecting me!?”** And then there was the matter of her voice, which was clearly a little bit higher than it had been before even without her casual inflections.

It was already pretty obvious that yes, she *was* being affected, but as if to deliver a death knell to any doubt that could have possibly remained, the woman soon staggered forward courtesy of a great deal of weight that amassed upon her *figure* of all things. **“Hm~?”** At first she had thought it was *just* her chest, because her B-cup bosom ended up inflating vigorously, pulling down the front of her top’s neckline while lifting the already loose waist to show off a tummy that was becoming vaguely softer. It wasn’t long before that top barely covered her new *G-cup* tits at all, while her belly had the slight paunch of a woman that was on the softer side while still being ‘thin’.

But it hadn’t *just* been her breasts, as she ended up stumbling backwards moments later to help present her with a more ‘even’ sense of balance. The sides of her shorts ended up splitting while her hips swung a number of inches wider, but the damage to her clothing likewise didn’t come from the girth of those hips alone. If the sides hadn’t already torn, then her ass would have *definitely* torn through the back as it bloated into a seductive heart shape, with her thighs falling in line by doubling in weight.

**“This bod is pretty nice though...”** If anything, maybe she was a little too *short*? She had begun to idly lick at her lips too, though. Not because she was feeling aroused, but because she was feeling *hungry*. The thought of sinking her teeth into *something warm* was beginning to distract her, and she was finding less and less wrong with her transformation – particularly with her mana pool still largely unchanged.

Serie’s internalized concerns about her height were promptly addressed either way. She sprung up quickly, shooting from around 4’10” all the way to 5’5” in a matter of seconds in a process that was relatively unhindered by clothing that no longer fit her anyways. But, due to that change in height, those clothes *did* reshape to better fit her, while accentuating the *sexiness* of it all, and leaving her feeling all the more empowered in her new form.

It was an outfit that was almost entirely black, with gloves that reached past her elbows and a sleeveless, skin-tight top that preserved the shapeliness of her massive tits while leaving her tummy bare. Black leather cups hugged her nipples like a bikini overtop that layer but didn’t really cover much else. All while her black *pants* were translucent enough that you could not only see her thighs freely, but the panties decorated with pressed, white flowers within. All it took was a step of either foot to lift her up onto new, black heels as well.

**“Hmm~! Well now. This... This isn’t so bad!”** Whether or not a *vampire* was a ‘demon’ or not was a fair question, but *Seraphine* knew the answer. Yes, she had become a subspecies of demon, but she wasn’t something so lowly as what Frieren had become. **“It seems I’m better off than most, actually.”** She could sense *every* presence in the city other than her own. There was only *one* other demon, and she could only assume that was Frieren because she had been the only other elf in the city at the time.



If anything, the vampire found it *amusing* that her lesser had become even *worse* off.

What a shame to be reduced to a low-ranking demon when Serie herself largely retained her strength as mage. Her intentions and desires had simply become *corrupted*. Her care for the people of the city had largely been out of obligation before, but now she didn’t feel much of anything. She was a demon that’s sole intention was to *survive*, so anyone walking the streets below might as well have been a light snack for her.

Seraphine had to wonder what she'd do *next* though. There were a number of issues among the city's transformed folk. **"A dragon, an elf, an angel... Hm. And I suppose I don't know the intentions of the demon who cast this spell in the first place?"** Her best guess was that it had been to sew chaos and weaken the human capital, and that had more or less succeeded. She couldn't fault it. But that meant her best plan of action was to grab her new underling from the inn and escape to rendezvous, so that would be *the* plan.

With that in mind, she went to walk out the door when— *THUNK!*

**"Oh... right. The barrier."**

And of all the spells she recalled, she didn't remember the one she could use to allow demons passage through it!