

NEW LIFE AS AN ELF'S APPRENTICE

BIWEEKLY STORY #125

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What was the biggest anime of the season?

It wasn't a question that I asked myself all that frequently these days. I didn't have the time I had when I was younger to binge watch an entire show at a time. That didn't mean I *never* did so, but I had to pick my battles in that regard. When did I have the free time to do so? Was there anything good enough *to* make me want to binge watch it? As things turned out, the stars had aligned and I had settled on something *with* time to watch.

While it was still ongoing and now in its second cour, *Frieren: Beyond Journey's End* had been fairly popular in Twitter's (and it was definitely called Twitter and *not* X) anime spaces for the past four months. A moving tale about an elf who had served in the hero's party for a ten year journey to defeat the Demon King, left to outlive all of her companions. It was a tale of grappling with time and the things it could take from you, but also the joys that time allows as big or small as they may be.

I was instantly hooked. I'd seen clips and memes online, but I hadn't expected the show to be as emotionally gripping as it was. The characters were compelling and their relationships meaningful. In a sea of nonstop isekai fantasy anime it was also refreshing to see a fantasy series that was just *normal* fantasy take off with such popularity as well. Maybe there was hope for anime to move away from that trend after all.

Of course, that still remained to be seen.

Putting the fate of the anime industry aside, I managed to get caught up on the anime in just a matter of a few days and was hungry for more. So naturally I turned my attention to the manga, or at least whatever I could find of it online. Fortunately for me it was accessible enough, but the site it was hosted on was a minefield of ads. “**Not even my adblocker can keep up, huh?**” It was even giving me popups? How depressing.

I was closing them as quickly as they appeared, nor looking at *what* they said. But one eventually read ‘*LOOKING TO BECOME AN ELF’S APPRENTICE? THEN CLOSE THIS WINDOW!*’ in plain text with no images. Even if I *had* bothered to read it I would have undoubtedly laughed it off as a joke. In part for being so topical considering the manga I was trying to read because one of the main characters was Frieren’s apprentice, and in part because that *wasn’t* how ads were supposed to work.

“**...Huh?**” Yet the moment I had closed the window *everything* changed. My ass fell from its spot raised on a chair and fell onto a cool patch of soil beneath a big tree. I was *outside*? I sat on the ground blinking repeatedly with my mind struggling to process what had just happened. I was alone but there were camping supplies strewn about. Someone *had* been there, or might have been nearby. I was still trying to figure out how I’d just *teleported* though. Were there even any forests near where I lived?

Not the type to just sit idle and whose nervous habits led to a need to move around, I ultimately pushed myself up off the ground and began to pace around. “**I don’t see signs of civilization in any direction. This has to be a forest?**” The more I observed things however, the more familiar they felt. For *some* reason. I had yet to find the answer as to why that was, but it wasn’t because of any memories *I* held. But because of the memories of *another*.

Seeing no other option I got to work *investigating* my surroundings. Something that was unfortunately very uncomfortable because I only had socks on and the ground was dirty and cold. Approaching a smoldering fire, the scent of the smoke filled my nostrils. But it also made me oddly *hungry*? My tummy rumbled... maybe a little *too* much. But there was a good reason for that rumbling even if it didn’t make any sense for the cause to be happening.

But I was getting *thinner*. I certainly wasn’t the thinnest guy in any sense of the word. I had a gut, man boobs, the whole shebang. But all of

that extra weight was *dissipating*, leaving me thin and without any excess weight whatsoever. I wasn't ignorant to it either. All it took was one step and a slip of my pants for me to— **“Wh-Whoa!?”** I had reflexively reached down to grab those pants, but had been a second too late and so I was standing at a camp in the middle of the forest. *Pantsless*.

“What...? I’m starting to think this must be some kind of weird dream.” And dream or not I wasn't about to walk around with my dick in plain view, so I *naturally* intended on reaching down to lift those pants up. Or so that had been my intention, but instead I found myself on the cusp of falling over. My body's weight distribution felt *very off*. But that was to be expected, right? I had just lost a ton of weight all at once. My brain probably just hadn't caught up.

And yet there was *another* reason for this. My weight was *still* changing and not because I was thinning any further. My *bones* actually had begun to weigh less... because there was less bone to speak of. Not in the sense that I was *losing bones*, but many of the bones I did have already were *shrinking*. This led to the sight and sensation of my almost six foot stature diminishing. I was getting *smaller*.

I blinked several times at first, uncertain of whether or now what I was seeing and feeling with my own body was even accurate. But dressed only in my shirt, it slowly but surely became a *dress* upon a figure that slipped all of the way down to around 5'4". **“I... What?”** I had *definitely* wanted to scream about this because it was so *weird*, but while I did question things? My response came out rather *dry*. Where was the energy I needed to express my shock? I didn't feel much like being too expressive at all, honestly.

Truthfully, my loss of stature had come with an *unrealized side effect* too. It wouldn't have been obvious to me – at least not without a mirror – but my face looked de-aged. Like I was younger, around the age of *eighteen* or so compared to the state of adulthood I had achieved. My body was actually a little more energetic as a result, but a changed personality set the terms that I wouldn't *act* all that energetic. Other than simply appearing like a teenager though... had I looked that *feminine* when I was younger?

The answer was obviously *no*, and those feminine features were being warped to the point that my appearance departed farther away from how I had once appeared. Maybe it wasn't all that shocking because, beneath my oversized shirt, my hips had flared wider and my waist had narrowed in tandem with my shoulders. But structurally, as my face rounded, lips swelled, and eyes widened with full lashes, it became clearer and clearer that I resembled a *maiden*. A maiden with purple

eyes that... seemed rather vacant in their resting expression. But that reflected how I felt.

“I don’t understand. Is there a magic for...? Magic? Why would I believe magic would...? My voice? What’s wrong with my voice?” It prompted me to raise a hand to rub my neck, but even doing that alerted me to a newfound change. My fingers were small and slender with long nails. I habit of biting mine, but for some reason I now saw that habit with a great deal of disgust. I sounded like a girl and, making matters worse, it sounded *familiar*? The voice of voice actress *Jill Harris*.

The fingers that had been rubbing my neck calmly moved upward to play with my bangs next. I had caught them drooping down into my vision, their color a dark purple in a hime-style bang cut. But how was that possible? My hair was very short and very normally colored. But it was growing? I could feel the weight of it growing, it tickling my neck, and it spilling down to my neck’s center. I grabbed some of the hair from the side to examine the purple color. **“Ah.”** And it finally triggered a realization on my part.

But I scarcely believed it.

“Is my body changing into hers?” Somehow I felt like saying the name aloud would be accepting it. But I was still *too* calm. It clearly wasn’t *solely* my body changing, even though a weight accumulating upon my chest and drawing my attention down to look wanted to remind me that it was continuing to occur. **“Breasts.”** It just sounded like I was acknowledging the obvious. The shapes of my nipples were pushing against the blue cloth of my tee looking larger than ever. I carefully reached up a hand to squeeze and cup what was swelling gingerly. Breasts *were* developing and they were sizable. C-cups? No, probably *Ds*. *It’s always difficult to buy new robes like this.*

Was it? It seemed to have been. I was recalling a memory that shouldn’t have belonged. But there were a lot of things like that. My knowledge was *different*. I had never believed in magic much less studied it, but I’d regressed to scanning my own brain for a spell that could transform someone into another person. *Mistress Frieren doesn’t have any spells like that.* And I assumed they’d be quite dangerous if they existed.

Whether it was through a spell or not, quietly observing my changes still felt *surreal*. It didn’t hurt nor did it feel particularly sensual – even though my body resembled a teenaged girl’s more and more. My hips had jolted a little wider now and my thighs were swelling plumper. But these were changes that were difficult to observe with my breasts now protruding as they did. The fact that my posture had crumbled into a

forward slouch probably didn't help much either, though. At the very least it was easier for me to witness my ass pushing up the back of my pants by arching my back and peering over my shoulder.

And I certainly couldn't ignore the feeling of my genitals finally caving, pulling into a new pussy beneath a small bush of purple pubes. "**Eugh...**" It had certainly felt *strange*, and my smaller feet had wriggled in now oversized socks as it had occurred. Did any part of me resemble my old body now? Probably not. But before I could examine things in any greater detail to double check? My shirt and the clothing beneath erupted into a bright light. For a single second I could see my bare tits while looking down, but another second later it was obscured by a white dress beneath an open, black cloak. I had boots on my feet too, and even moving a little made me aware of the bra and panties I was wearing on the lowest level.

These clothes both felt awkward to wear and completely natural at the exact same time.

"**Fern...**" I repeated *my* name to myself, flexing the finger of my right hand slowly. I was in a very *unusual* place mentally. I looked like, acted like, and even identified *as* Frieren's apprentice in the anime, *Fern*. In terms of memories, however? It was perplexing. I could recall my previous life vividly – all except for my old name as if whatever had changed me wanted to prevent me from using or dwelling on it. But Fern's memories existed simultaneously.

Of being orphaned and being taken in by Heiter and then Frieren. The old me had never wielded magic in my life because magic just didn't exist in the world I came from, but now I felt beyond confident in my casting prowess. I could remember tirelessly training so that I could show Heiter my talent before he passed, and the lessons that Lady Frieren had taught me. In terms of balance my life as Fern felt far more *real* to me.



While my old one felt more like a dream.

Which begged the question. "**What should I do?**" Not many people were given the chance to essentially be reincarnated, much less as an eighteen year old girl who was also a powerful mage. I could muster much more than a dull expression as I looked around, but the sound of my voice being called eventually perked me up. In came running a silver-haired elf to the camp I had woken up in. Frieren, my Master.

“Fern. Stark went ahead to survey. Are you alright helping me pack up the camp?” Clearly she had no idea that I wasn’t the *real* Fern. Was that because for all intents and purposes I now *was*? This did feel familiar to me. Normal. Correct. This was how things were supposed to be, right? Master would probably never realize. And so I quietly nodded to her like I knew I would *always* do in this situation. But thinking of Stark...

What a weird thumping in my chest that was.