

# THE JOURNEY CONTINUES

BIWEEKLY STORY #130

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It was always bittersweet having to say “goodbye”. No matter how hard you try, partings will always leave a mighty big hole in your heart.

If this didn’t sound overly dramatic then it was only because I hadn’t added context to this “goodbye” I was thinking about. I hadn’t left the side of a family member or lover. It wasn’t like any *person* had been taken from me; something that would have justified a reaction with such a passionate reaction. But in this case in particular? I was lamenting over an *anime* ending.

So was any of this warranted? No. I’ll be the first to admit that it wasn’t. **“What am I going to do *now*? I guess I could see how much of the manga the anime covered and read on from there...”** But what if a season 2 was announced and I was caught up on the manga? Would a second season lose its luster for me then? These were all questions I was asking myself about *Frieren: Beyond Journey’s End*.

The anime featuring an elven woman who helped save the world from the Demon King along with the hero’s party, only to outlive them and into the next generation, was one that had taken the anime scene by storm. It may not have always had flashy battles and exciting turns, and was instead a cozier series a lot of the time; but it still resonated with the audience on a fundamental level in all of the right ways.

And me? I had been caught up in all of the *Frieren Fever* early on. It was only natural that the end of the show would leave me with a bittersweet feeling. The finale had been *perfect* while simultaneously ending on a note that suggested that there *would* be more to come in the future. Just not *now*. Even so, that in itself just left me conflicted about what to do

about the hole in my heart. **“Whatever, it’s late. I’ll just go to bed and think on it.”** Putting off decisions *was* one of my special skills.

And so I had gone to bed without incident.

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Only to wake up *to* an incident. **“H-Huh!? Wha—? Where am I!?”** I shot up awake in an unfamiliar (and creaky) wooden bed with a single, itchy sheet on top of me. I was in a room with wooden walls and a sole window. A window through which the light of what seemed to be the late morning sun filtered through. Getting out of the bed reminded me of a complication that my own sleeping habits had put me into. I was only wearing my *boxers* since I slept relatively naked, and it didn’t exactly seem like any of my other belongings had made the jump with me.

As I stumbled about the unfamiliar room I caught signs of another likelihood. I hadn’t been sleeping in the room alone, or at the very least someone else had been staying in the room before I had arrived. There was another bed right beside mine that wasn’t entirely made. One with a traveling bag beside it. Somehow this all felt strangely *familiar*. **“It’s like a scene out of a fantasy game. Am I still sleeping somehow, but...?”** I looked down at myself. If I was dreaming I couldn’t fathom dreaming of waking up in a fantasy world in the exact same underwear that I had gone to bed in.

*WHO WOULD!?*

I inhaled sharply. **“I guess the ‘hows?’ and ‘whys?’ don’t matter as much as the ‘what nows?’, huh?”** I had to focus on what came next. If it was a dream? Then I’d wake up eventually. But until then I needed to figure out what to do with myself and evaluate any potential risks. Right now? There was a big one. Namely that I was essentially naked in a room that was seemingly shared with someone else. If that person came back then what would I do? **“I need to find something to wear first and foremost.”**

If only I had realized just how much I was at risk at that point though. My presence in this place wasn’t welcomed, at least not *as I was*. And that was why some unusual changes to my *color scheme* had begun to occur. Namely when it came to my short hair. Their original colors all but *disappeared*, seemingly sapped away by a silver coloring that replaced them. But this silver wasn’t the sort of silver you received from old age. It was *different*. Meanwhile? A dull green replaced the coloring of my eyes too.

Not that these were things I could really notice as I began to seek out an answer for my clothing woes. Not that there seemed to be one. There was a suitcase beside 'my' bed, but all of the clothing inside was, well... *too small*. **"I'm way too big to fit in any of this. And I also think it all belongs to a woman?"** Had I actually *unfolded* some of it I probably would have realized just *whose* clothes they actually were and immediately tipped me off as to what was happening.

Strangely, however? It seemed that my words had carried some kind of *weight*. Well, in the sense that it affected *my* weight. A discomforting gurgling feeling in my body enticed my gaze to fall down upon my bulging gut. I had originally assumed I'd be looking away from it seconds later, but instead my eyes lingered. Something looked *different*. Not just with my gut but with my man boobs. They didn't look like they were as *abundant* as they had been.

In fact? My stomach was retracting the fastest. **"Uh... Huh!?! Wait, am I going crazy here?"** Which felt like a strange question to ask considering I'd already had to grapple with suddenly waking up in an unfamiliar location. I grabbed the rolls of my tummy with my hands, or at the very least whatever of those rolls remained, but they slipped out of my grasp to tighten against my torso. A torso that was also oddly *bald*. Where had all of my body hair gone?

**"Hey!?"** I managed to just *barely* catch boxers that slipped from a slimmed waist. Not only was my stomach flat but my chest was as well. Excess mass from my arms and legs had bled away too, ultimately rendering me as the thinnest possible version of myself without being *unhealthily* thin. **"This has to be a dream, right?"** I'd wanted to lose weight for so long, and to lose it all at once without a surgery? Well that *had* to be impossible.

This weight loss made matters worse though. I had to hold my boxers up, and I was definitely still too tall to fit into any of the clothing in *my* suitcase beside me. It also hadn't struck me that a great deal of change had swept over my facial features while I'd thinned. Naturally my cheeks had become thinner, but there was more than that. I looked *younger*. Visually? Probably around twenty. But there was something increasingly and inherently *effeminate* about my facial features.

My lips had puffed up into a subtle pout for one. Not dramatically so, but the extra weight was recognizable – or at least would have been had you shown someone a before and after shot of my face. But then again you would have noticed *other* differences first. My nose was a lot smaller now, and my eyes? Bigger and brighter than ever, with lashes that were a touch more luscious than a man's eyelashes generally had any business being. My face was also more angular.

It was beautiful. Far more youthful than my face *had* been, but beautiful, nonetheless. The femininity of it all was slowly be rounded out by my silver hair. Only a few inches long initially, it was creeping out bit by bit in length. My bangs were parting to the sides so it hadn't really crossed my mind that it was even longer in the first place, but in the back it was *already* tickling my shoulders.

**“If only I had a *spell* to solve my clothing problem. Mm? A *spell*? Wait. Something’s wrong with my voice.”** Was it *just* an issue with my voice? Sure, it sounded more like a woman’s voice than a man’s compared to how I had sounded before, but it was more than that. It was *how* I was speaking. **“Why does it feel so hard to *emote*?”** Whether it was expressing surprise or even happiness, an even monotony persisted in how I spoke. Almost like... **“*Oh.*”**

I was getting closer to the truth but was pushed away to think of different things once another sensation plagued me. It felt similar to when I had lose weight and, in a sense, I supposed that I *was* losing weight this time too. But that weight was from my bones as they lessened in length. My height was dropping. My limbs were shortened along with my torso, my head shrinking in kind so that it didn't look too big for my body. **“That seemed... *dramatic.*”** And when all was said and done I couldn't be much taller than five feet in height.

My boxers dropped from my hips now. Because *I* had made the decision to let them go. The idea of being seen naked didn't really bother me as much now, and besides: I *knew* that the clothing in *my* suitcase would fit this body in just a moment. I was *supposed* to be this short. I was *supposed* to be this thin. I was *supposed* to be *female*. And I made a confusing expression when that was realized. My cock and balls folded *into* my loins. A pussy beneath a shaved, woman's pelvis in shape. I showed it no curiosity nor concern, not even as silver hair tickled past my shoulder blades now.

*All is as it should be.*

**“Well I suppose this works out.”** I bent over to shuffle through the suitcase once more with daintier hands. While I did so? My ass was naturally raised into the air. This made it all the easier to watch as it *swelled*. Not significantly mind you, but additional padding was added to my rump so that it bubbled out into an effeminate perkiness. Those cheeks jiggled in the moment above my pussy, but so too did my thighs beneath it as they gained a little more mass to them in kind. I pulled out of the suitcase a pair of white panties and black tights. Both garments were slid up my legs and snapped into place before I went down for seconds. **“Now where is it...?”**

Weight gathered once more when I leaned forward but this time it *wasn't* gathering around my lower body. I had clearly come to accept my changed body as 'correct' and was no longer questioning it. And so of course I didn't question the small breasts that formed upon my chest. At best they were B-cups and that might have been a generous reading. But their size didn't matter to me. It just meant I didn't need to wear a bra.

**"There."** Buried under everything else was a white gown with golden trim and a black and white striped top. It took me a minute to lift it over my head and put it on. It took even longer to tie my silver hair into twintails so that it wasn't in the way. All I was missing were my boots which were easy enough to slide onto my small feet so that I could go out. But what time *was* it anyways?

Time for my ears to steadily creep into long, pointed, *elvish* shapes apparently!

**"...Mm? I must have overslept again."** I murmured almost like it *wasn't* an extremely common occurrence for me to do so. I had no doubt in my mind that Fern was already doing her shopping in town and Stark was likely on the outskirts training. **"Fern is going to give me an earful, isn't she?"** Delivered with the same monotony as everything else I said, I made a funny face and my ears pinned vaguely downward before popping up again when my expression returned to normal. All completely normal things to say and do as *Frieren the Slayer*. The elf that had traveled with Himmel the Hero. The elf that was raising Heiter's daughter.

That was undeniably *me*.

And as for why we were staying at an inn in a small town. Well, now that Fern had her license and we had put the capital behind us, we were heading north as had always been the plan. But the trip would still be a long and dangerous one... Perhaps not as long to *me*, but I'd recently come to accept that Fern and Stark's understanding of time's passage was probably more important than my own.

I peered at the unmade bed behind me, making a mental note to *maybe* fix it when I returned later that day. But if everyone else was busy? Then after a *very* late breakfast I would get to work of my own. **"I wonder what kinds of grimoires the book shops in this town have..."** I



mused to myself as I opened and stepped through the door. But my face ran into something. A pair of very soft *somethings*. Hidden below a head of purple hair. “**F-Fern...**”

**“I thought you were going to help collect supplies for when we leave tomorrow, Miss Frieren?”**

**“R-Right... I didn’t forget.”**

It seemed that, once again, our journey would be continuing sooner than I wished it to...