

"I feel like my confused hair is being sorted out."

"We say we remove clouds from our heads. Shall we talk about why our handsome Oppa came to see me?"

"I'm a doctor. I feel guilty because I'm a doctor who can't treat infectious diseases. Please let me have the ability to cure the Black Death."

"I'm embarrassed because I've never had such an altruistic wish. Usually, someone came to me asking me to be rich, to be strong, or to get revenge. And usually, they paid the price. Those who received the price made bad rumors, and now the witch's image has become a heresy. I believe in God, too. It's just that the method is different."

"I see."

"By the way, Catholicism claims that only they are right, and they are full of donation business. I'm not interested in people's lives and pain. "It needs to change a little bit.

"I agree with that part."

"Hmm... This is not important. You're asking for a way to cure people's diseases, right?"

"That's right."

"One way..." I'm sorry. I don't think there's a way to solve this. Just go back."

"Didn't you say you have one earlier?"

"You can't because you need too much."

"Please tell me, witch!"

"Just the fact that you've already visited here can put your life in danger because you're witch-hunted as a pagan. I can't ask you for a greater price!"

"I'm fine with anything as long as I can save people."

The witch looks at Rajare. A little reckless vigor seems to surround his body. The witch is worried that he will blame himself later. At that moment, the witch looks at Rajare's eyes. Rajare has a firm academic sense of his choice.

"Okay, I'll tell you how."

"Thank you, thank you."

"There's nothing to be grateful for, as much as the joy of gaining ability, there will be as much pain to endure."

The witch enters the room and comes out with the leather of the mouse.

"Isn't this mouse leather?"

"It's a mouse leather that ordinary people know is dirty. However, contrary to people's perception, rats can handle diseases and poison freely."

"Do I have to cover it up right away?"

Rajare, who has a short temper, immediately tries to cover up the mouse skin.

"You're in a hurry, too. "Listen to me for a second."

The witch uses magic to force Rajare to sit down.

"The moment you put this leather on, you become a transformer."

"Transformation people?"

"They're people who can transform their bodies. Most of them died because they were driven to paganism, but some of them continue. You'll turn into a mouse."

"That's right."

"Then you will be able to save patients from the Black Death, but there will be a lot of prices."

Rajare listens to the witch's explanation while keeping silent.

"Being a transformer means being a demon." Demon means pagan in your society, right? If people know you're dem, you won't be able to live with people."

"And, you can't die because you're old. You'll live forever unless you get a big trauma. The ties you cherished eventually leave you, so you have to live with loneliness for the rest of your life."

"And once you wear this, you can't go back to being a human being. Now, I'll leave it up to you."

Rajare dresses without thinking for a second. The witch smiles when she finds out that his will is too firm.

"Good."

The appearance of Rajare in armor begins to change. Dark circles appear under his eyes, and his impression begins to crumple severely. Thick veins suddenly pop out of his cheeks. If he swells even a little more, his face will burst. His head rose sharply like static electricity rising. His ears also begin to change into a little diamond shape. A shaggy beard begins to cover his chin and beard. Mane is starting to sprout all over the body. His face was changed first. First of all, the shape of the beast is a mouse, but the head itself looks more like a bear. So his head looks round overall. His black

eyebrows have been counted white, and his eyes have become smaller than before, but you can see twice the distance before. The scar on his face remained the same. No one knows why Rajare has a scar on his face. The shape of the ear looks more like a bear than a mouse. He has even teeth, but especially four sharp fangs resemble the shape of a mouse. There is a tremendously thick mane on his neck to protect him from the cold. His nose feels black and pointed as a mouse. His upper stone cannot withstand his huge body and is torn apart into pieces of cloth. Witches are also embarrassed because they don't know if the leather's performance that turns them into transformers will be this much.

"Oh, Rajare, you look like a beast.

"What?"

"Oh, it's a compliment!"

Rajare roars violently, unable to overcome his enthusiasm.

The roar also seems to be closer to a bear than a mouse.

His body has also undergone many changes. Rajare, who has now turned into a rat male, is 230 cm (7 feet 5 inches) tall and weighs 320 kg (705 pounds). When the general public stands in front of Rajare, the view is covered and nothing can be seen. Whenever Rajare walks one step at a time, the ground rings. Rajare has become a huge beast.

His body shape is also noticeable. Rajare's body as a human being was a sleek model body. However, now the muscles have covered his body. First of all, his shoulder muscles have swelled up and his neck and shoulders are connected by forming a huge triangle. One of his chest muscles is as big as a basketball. The witch becomes curious and hits Rajare's chest once. It is so hard that no needle goes in.

"Wow, your muscles are really strong."

In the meantime, the witch tickles the nipples that are black but rising small with her fingers. Rajare roars because he can't stand the tickle.

"Okay, calm down".

There is an incredibly deep canyon inside his chest muscles. His chest consists of 8 packs of full abs. The size of an abdominal muscle is as large as a brick. And next to his abs, the lat muscle and various muscles that support his abs make a large inverted triangle. The back muscles also have huge muscles delicately forming one peak. The most notable part is his arm. Each arm muscle is swollen enormously, and huge blood vessels are swollen as if they were angry. It can also be observed that black blood circulates hard in his blood vessels. His palm is also huge enough to

hold three fists of ordinary people. Due to the nature of mice that move in many places, thigh muscles are also huge. His pants have already been torn, and even his underwear is likely to rip off his huge thighs at any moment. His tail rises above the pants, and once he swings his tail, a cool wind blows. It is hard enough to use the tail as a whip. His feet are reduced to four toes like mice's feet and are longer than human feet, which is advantageous for jumping and leaping far away.

"Do I have to live like this for the rest of my life?"

"No, you can turn into a human being when the sun is up. However, if you want, you can continue to look like this beast. Maybe later this will make you feel more comfortable."

"Then in the winter..."

"You'll maintain this more than you do human."

"And the cool thing is, I'm not tired at all. "What happened?"

"Demon has far exceeded human limits. No matter how extreme the situation is, we are never tired. However, if you rest, you can maintain a better condition."

"I see. Thank you for letting me know."

"Now, you're going a long way, aren't you?" I'll give you a present."

The witch throws away the bag Rajare brought and gives a new pocket.

"This is a magic pocket. You can put an infinite number of things you want in here. Even if you spill this pocket, it will remember you and follow you. You can stick it in your bag during the day and in your chin at night and follow it."

"Thank you so much, witch!"

"If it's the fate we can see, we'll meet again. You can go that way at the exit. "Stay healthy until then."

Rajare, who came to her senses, finds the witch and her house missing in an instant.

"Is this a dream?"

Rajare thought, but it's not a dream when he sees himself turning into a beast. Rajare decides to move to his dormitory before sunrise. The road of the black forest, which was so far and rough earlier, is too light for his body, which turned into a beast. After walking out of the black forest in five minutes, Rajare runs to his dormitory.

"Was my body this light?"

Even Rajare, who had good stamina, is a tiring distance, but he doesn't get tired at all. As if a motor is attached to a pedal, Rajare runs fast.

"My body's physical abilities have been greatly strengthened."

Rajare, who left the black forest at 3 a.m., arrives at the dormitory at 4 a.m. Fortunately, all the lanterns were turned off, so he was not caught.

"It's time to say bye to this city tomorrow."

Rajare lies down remembering his three years in the capital. Because the bed is already too small for you, you lie on the floor and spend time quietly.

"It's a long and rough road, but let's walk!"

Rajare packs up quietly cheering for himself. He takes clothes to wear as a human being, some medical books, letters written by his mother to him, and money. Jang takes the mask he gave him. In particular, I think he will never throw away letters and masks because they are relics of the people he loved.

"No matter how many magic spaces there are, we don't know what's going to happen, so let's just pack what we need!"

This is because Rajare thought that. However, as the witch said, the magic pocket always returns to Rajare's body and sticks together when the distance from him is more than 100m away.

"As expected, a witch is an amazing person."

While Rajare was packing his luggage to return home, the dawn broke out, and Rajare returned to his original form of the human form.

"When the sun rises, the human form is the basic." If you want to turn into a beast form."

Again, as Rajare becomes enormous, it turns into a beast. First of all, Rajare changes back to a human form because he has to leave the city. He walked about two days back to his hometown of Blancbourg.

"Mother, father."

He already knows he won't see them again, but Rajare calls their names for no reason. Upon entering the house, only empty rooms are waiting for Rajare, the owner of the house. In the house where the owner was read, only dust was rolling around. Food that has not been eaten and left in the kitchen is possible. Perhaps it was because Rajare was coming soon, but the underground meat storage had Filemignon, Rajare's favorite. He recalls the times he was with his parents and two