

# SWORD ART ONLINE: CROSSOVER CONSUMPTION

## CHAPTER 1+2: NOT TO BE SHORT

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**“Ah, regardless of how much the Underworld has changed, at least this tower remains eternal.”** Ever since the Underworld had been salvaged in the wake of the Ocean Turtle’s near-demise, Alice had opted to visit with intended frequency. So much time had passed there since she was transferred to the real world, and yet she could not imagine staying away forever. It was her home regardless of how it looked.

On this occasion, Kirito had come with her. **“Hm. Strange. The items from ALO’s crossover event transferred with us.”** He had been flipping through his inventory off to the side, confused about why the ‘Hat of Astrology’ he had earned in the new string of crossover collaborations in ALO was in her inventory here. **“Alice? Is the chest armor you received in *your* inventory?”**

Alice tilted her head to the side. She was still learning all of the lingo, but brought up her inventory, nonetheless. She’d had plenty of fun in ALO and had even earned a limited time item in one of the strange things Kirito called a ‘*collaboration instance*’. **“You mean the ‘SUGOI DEKAI’ shirt, correct? Yes, it is in my inventory here. Is that a problem?”**

Kirito sighed. What an item to earn, too. Just what kind of collabs did ALfheim Online have lined up that it gave out items like that? **“No, I suppose it’s not a problem on its own. Maybe its just a glitch with the coding.”** At the very least it was worth checking out once they logged out, but there wasn’t any *real* danger.

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Kirito had headed down the tower, leaving Alice alone upon the grassy hills that she had once fought him as an enemy while serving as an Integrity Knight. It was here that her sister had slumbered, waiting for her to arrive so that she could be reincarnated into the real world – but Alice remained because she was attached. This had been her favorite place back then, so she was happy to find that it had not changed in the slightest.

The lady knight had been planning on just enjoying a relaxing afternoon while Kirito dealt with his business, but before long? That peace was ruined.

### *ERROR. ERROR. ERROR.*

Red text had begun to flash across her eyes, disorienting her. It reminded the girl of when her eye had exploded (*fortunately that wasn't the case here*), but no sooner than the error had faded did she find things a bit... *breezy*. “...**Hm?**” A single glance down was enough to not only give her a clue but explain it outright. She was wearing that gaudy ‘*SUGOI DEKAI*’ shirt, and *absolutely nothing else*. “**E-Eh!? How could this be!?**” Her pussy and the golden pubes above were completely exposed, the shirt unusually oversized.

“***K-K-Kirito!?***” She called, although no one responded. How was she supposed to react to this? She couldn't even equip anything else! But then again, if Kirito came back, he'd end up seeing her... naughty bits! *That* was a fate worth than death! “**What am I supposed to do here?**”

As she pondered her available options, however, whatever was glitching ultimately began to wreak havoc upon her physical form. The golden hairs not only atop her hair, but likewise those upon her crotch and vaguely across her body were finding themselves dyed an unusual tone. From the moment of birth – both when she was born and then reborn as an Integrity Knight – she had possessed locks of gold. But now? A steely silver was settling in its place, bringing with it a dreary and mundane color that was so terribly different from what it had once been.

Even more alarming? The length was regressing, crawling up towards Alice's shoulders at a steady pace that left naught in its wake. Even once it had reached those shoulders did it continue to rise, ultimately leaving a once grand, lengthy, beautiful head of golden hair in a short, silver bob that seemed far too plain. And Alice herself? She'd hardly taken notice. In fact, she was feeling unusual. Unusually...

### *Optimistic? Energetic?*

It was a mix of both, really. Even though in her situation, finding a hiding place and standing still until help arrived might have been the more ideal, she couldn't stop herself from moving around. She should hide, it would be less embarrassing – but where would the *fun* in that be? **“I'm feeling very strange!”** How was she to describe this feeling, really? Alice knew that she was a very uptight person considering her upbringing, but this sensation was so *bubbly* and *freeing*.

As she contemplated how she felt, the knight's legs had begun to wobble as they began to find problems balancing efficiently. Something had gone off-kilter with her mind's ability to process her height, like she was somehow taller than she could recall being? Even though that height of hers hadn't changed quite yet. In fact, much of her body just felt strange. Why was she so muscular? She could feel how strong she was, and it just didn't *feel* right.

But, finally, her body began to correct all of that caused confusion. Her height? It dwindled hastily, wrists crunching in towards her shoulders while ankles grew closer to her hips – weight redistributed appropriately in a way that didn't appear particularly uncanny. The height loss was fairly substantial though, for she even ducked beneath the five foot mark, though just barely.

Then, in regard to her ample, knightly muscles? Well, those might as well have just not existed in the first place! All of the definition in her body practically melted away, leaving things soft and smooth; perhaps a little *too* soft and smooth, for those muscles had turned to fat that just hung there, at least...

At least until it begun to move, sliding through her body as if following a track that redistributed the excess here, there, and everywhere. **“Woah!? H-Hey! TH-THAT TICKLES!”** Out of nowhere, Alice sounded like she was having a great time. Her body language was hyperactive as she hugged herself, the biggest grin upon her face. Even that grin was changing though, for lips became more accentuated, which was one of the changed occurring to a face that looked less Western with each and every passing second, making way for facial features that were far more traditional Japanese.

In a way, she didn't dislike that. Because she was so keen on Kirito, who was Japanese, that wasn't really a bad thing. Even though her eyes narrowed, they were still bright and perhaps even more expressive than they had been before, though their color remained fairly consistent. **“Huh? Why'd I think I wasn't Japanese just now? That's**

**weird.**” Actually, now that she was addressing things that confused her... where was she? Why was she only wearing a shirt? It was fortunate that her new, prominent personality hardly had any shame about her body. The shirt, big as it was, at least covered her crotch, but...

That protection was on borrowed time. A great deal of the fat that had been born from her old muscles had flowed to grant her a bulging caboose and supple thighs, but only the bare minimum had really flowed there. The majority of it? Well, it was filling out the front of that shirt, lifting it from her crotch and exposing silver pubes below.

Alice had never honestly thought much about her bust size. As a knight it just wasn't really something to concern herself with. And now? Well, she still wasn't really thinking about it, but for a *completely* different reason. If anything, she saw her tits as a means of teasing (*but to tease whom, exactly?*) and as they rose like fresh muffins in an oven, nipples pleasantly erect and teasing the underside of her shirt without a bra, it was clear enough just how readily they could be used as teasing tools. Forget about even wearing a bra, for what jiggled upon her chest were a pair of bouncing J-cups that betrayed the impression her shorter stature gave off.

**“Where am I? Do they have choco mint ice cream!?”** Quite evidently there *wasn't* an ice cream booth around. Just a hill in a giant room. It was pretty, but it wasn't fun or exciting; the two things that could hold her attention properly. **“Am I forgetting something? Hmhm...”** Even the simple gesture of crossing her arms beneath her breasts saw them ripple under the shirt, each step of her foot shooting similar jiggles through her supple ass and thighs. Short and stacked: nothing wrong with that!

Surely someone on the internet would complain about her looking too young, though. *Bustiness aside.*

The rest of her costume, thankfully, reconstructed itself. A jean skirt, black tights, brown shoes, and a pair of panties beneath it all. But a bra? Nope! One of those didn't show up!

**“Oh! My name!”** It was just one of the things she'd forgotten, and yet the young woman ended up assuming it was the only thing. Was she stupid, or just deceptively ignorant? It was hard to say. **“That iiis... Ali— No, I'm Japanese! Hana Uzaki! Of course my name is Hana!”** Had she come here with someone? On second thought, that also felt right. Maybe she should find them!?

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Meanwhile, Kirito had been heading down the tower to where he was supposed to meet Ronie and Tiese's descendants. Apparently, they had some sort of mission for him that could be taken care of over the course of an afternoon, so who was he to say no? Unfortunately, he hadn't gotten extremely far before a set of error messages plagued him, just as they had Alice. He was also met with a similar breeziness, though in his case he was completely naked from the eyes down.

The only thing he was wearing? A big, purple, and blue hat with golden stars embedded in it. It looked very much like a stereotypical witch's hat, though apparently it had something to do with astrology. **"...I knew something was strange here."** Kirito remained oddly composed even with his dick dangling free, but he also knew this tower was basically abandoned and he had asked the people of RATH not to track them during this session – though maybe he *should* have.

He brought up his menu and, of course, everything but the hat had been unequipped. The issue? He couldn't seem to unequip it, much less re-equip anything else. **"Maybe I should find Alice and log out?"** If something similar had happened to her, though, it would undoubtedly be an awkward encounter. Though he wouldn't consider that until he tried his menu once more, and this time? He was forced to pause before he'd even tapped the 'screen'. **"What's... going on here?"**

His index finger had been extended, but it did not appear how it should have. The finger itself was too small, with the nail atop it too long. No, it wasn't just the one finger. It was all of them, on *both* hands. **"These hands, they look like they belong to a *girl*-!?"** A sharp crack of his voice only added to his woes, the sound squeaked out through lips that looked all the plumper in the meanwhile.

Plumper lips and wider eyes – eyes that absolutely did *not* belong to a Japanese boy, to boot. For all Alice had fawned over the fact she had become Japanese, albeit brief in itself before forgetting her old life, it appeared that Kirito's appeal was growing far more Western by comparison, facial structure more typical of a Caucasian youth than anything.

But was it characteristic of them to have such fuzzy eyebrows? The eyes themselves had rounded, sure, but shortly after they'd grown and their colors had ignited a bright blue, the hair had just poured onto the boy's thin eyebrows, making them look rather bushy by comparison. It wasn't necessarily a *bad* thing and in fact was rather cute. They certainly added some depth to his expressions, particularly with his brow furrowed as it was now.

Kirito reached up to try and remove the unusually large hat with his fairer digits, but as expected it would *not* budge. “**I need to get this thing off, it’s obviously the cause of... this.**” Glancing down, he could see further change taking place. On the whole his frame was evidently becoming more petite, with the muscles he’d fostered during his time in the Underworld slimming. No, it wasn’t just that he was slimming in places. In others? He’d begun to swell.

Pectoral muscles gave way for the softened flesh left in their wake to protrude, nipples atop these spaces swollen to the point that they almost looked like they had perhaps been stung by bees at the time. But there was no pain associated with this feeling, instead a sensitivity that was set off by as little as the tower’s cool air. But the mass beneath these swollen nips was far more important; it just didn’t amount to too much in the end. Kirito was practically speechless to find breasts growing across his chest either way, so size didn’t exactly matter. B-cups as they were, they were still a pair of growths that didn’t belong upon a boy’s chest.

“**So I’m really becoming a girl? *Using astrology I certainly could have predicted this would— Huh!?***” He really wasn’t sure where that outburst had come from. It had both felt like and sounded like a completely person when he’d uttered it all, leaving him disoriented enough to not realize that, raising a hand to his bare shoulder, he’d flicked away a long stretch of dark hair.

In fact, his mane had cascaded splendidly in size, the black richening but never straying from its original tone while it was wrapped into a pair of side-bound ponytails decorated by star-shaped ornaments at the ends. It was certainly a hairstyle befitting of a young woman and was a far better match for the hat than his usual, short cut.

Instead of noting that hair, he’d instead continued to focus on his changing flesh. Something of a jiggle prompted him to reach behind him with a single hand, long nails cupping a flesh ass that was filling with even greater mass even as he held it. The flesh poked out from between spread fingers, ultimately too excessive to press against within causing an indentation against the butt cheek. It was clear that his rear was in a completely different ballpark from his chest, all the more sense made once hips parted dramatically.

“**I’ve got a big butt too!?**” Alarmed as Kirito was when he squeaked, however, a part of him felt a little... unconcerned? His curves were less important *than his brain, and he was a genius of astrology! One didn’t earn a title as illustrious as hers by not being a genius.* “**Eep!?**” And no, the changing use of pronouns was not a typo. She let out a squeak because her dick and balls had promptly leaped inside of her, the tip of

that dick smacking the side of her swelling thigh in the process. It had all felt so strange! Arousing, but only briefly so, as her pussy properly formed in its place. Perhaps it was a tad excessive that her pubes had been shaved into the shape of a star, though.

*There was such a thing as being too committed to one's craft.*

**“Wh-Why am I naked!? I didn't sell my clothes for equipment, did I!?”** Now properly becoming assimilated into her new personality and memories, she was quick to cover her breasts and crotch once the realization she was naked finally set in from this new standpoint. Kirito's relative calm had all but diminished, just as her waistline had to give her a tight but not muscular tummy.

She didn't have to worry about nudity for long though, for the comfort of *'familiar'* clothes soon greeted her. A black body stocking and purple leotard, all lavishly done up in star designs, was what headlined it all. Paired with golden, star earrings, and golden heels, her ensemble truly did look far richer than the girl actually was. But then again, most than anything she was simply *confused*. **“How did I wind up in this location? As the Astrologist Mona Megistus, there's no reason I should ever be somewhere I do not understand!”** She could read the waters of fate, after all!

It was just a shame she couldn't read the fact that someone had snuck up on her.

**“MONA-CHAAAAAAN! CUTE AS EEEEEER!”**

**“UWAH!? MISS UZAKI!?”**

The two entered a free-fall after Hana glomped Mona from behind, and in the process, Mona was twirled over. Ultimately, Uzaki's tits ended up landing directly onto Mona's face. And Mona?

*She was too gay for this.*