

# LEAFAMAS

BIWEEKLY STORY #54

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**“I guess it’s Christmas already, huh?”**

**“Yeah, but it isn’t in the real world.”**

The passage of time in the Underworld was among the hardest of things to get used to, particularly since the couple was now trapped for what would be over one hundred years for the two of them. Even though the months following freeing Alice from this realm had been plenty, surely it had only been seconds or even minutes in the world Kirito and Asuna had come from, which made it all the more jarring. But this was the choice the two of them had made. Kirito had been willing to endure this to protect Alice and Asuna, and Asuna had stayed behind so that Kirito would never have to be alone again.

Everything after that had gone by like a flash. The two had built a lakeside log cabin to stay at as they contemplated their next steps, one reminiscent of the one they had lived in during their time in Sword Art Online. What they wanted to do, what Kirito had wanted to do, was make sure that this world had a future... no matter what.

Once the holidays had come, however? There was time for a short rest. Just spending Christmas Eve in one another’s company was enough – or so they had told themselves, but it was difficult not to reminisce. **“Suguha would always run around on Christmas Day. We didn’t really celebrate it, but she liked the idea of it, so she bought everyone’s presents. It just kind of became a thing to reciprocate.”** Kirito ended up musing with a smile, his attention fixed on the pine tree they had cut down and decorated.

It had been surprisingly difficult to find a star, and in turn they'd elected to use a rare monster drop with some interesting flavor text about granting wishes. The two of them had never stopped to think that flavor text might come to fruition, largely because they had tried to make wishes to no avail. But what they hadn't known? That effect would only work on December 25<sup>th</sup>.

**“I wish Leafa were here. I miss her, too.”** Asuna eventually replied with a smile, looking at Kirito. The next hundred years would be terribly hard. They needed to make sure they didn't forget the things they had left behind and would inevitably be returning to.

Kirito smiled back. **“Yeah, I wish she were here as well.”** Up above, the star had begun to glow dully as it received these wishes. It could not create people from nothing, but there was a workaround.

*It could create people from memories and other people.*

As the pair cuddling by the fire beneath the decorated Christmas tree sat in a content silence as they reminisced, something miraculous happened. Or, rather, a whole *slew* of somethings. All of them would have been apparent to an observer, but as the two of them were both caught up in their own memories there was a brief respite where the introductory effects of their wishes managed to take root unhindered.

The first of which? Both Kirito and Asuna's ears had begun to lengthen, peeking out from behind their hair and looking more and more elvish as time wore on. They weren't ears belonging to an elf though, had they a mirror in front of them the two would have *immediately* recognized these ears as akin to those of the fairy avatars within ALfheim Online.

That wasn't all that was familiar, though, not as the eyes of both parties seemingly brightened. Both Kirito and Asuna had darker, plainer eye colors normally. Kirito's a bluish gray, and Asuna's a chestnut brown. But with time the both of them came to possess eyes of a shimmering emerald, familiar not because they belonged to a specific in-game race (*though one could certainly gain an avatar with this color*), but because they had belonged to a certain person. The very same person the two had wished were in the cabin with them.

*Or, well, at least her ALfheim avatar.*

There was nothing to hide now, and so the last of the preliminary changes bled into both parties, and this was certainly the most blatant of the trio. After all, golden blonde hair was not a common Japanese color, particularly not with a vibrancy you could only find on a video game avatar. It possessed both of their manes, seeing the lengths turn awry in

different ways depending on the one affected. For Kirito, whose hair was passively short, it was inevitable that the blonde locks would cascade past his shoulders and down his back. And Asuna? Her Stacia avatar had extremely long hair, and so it shortened in slight to around her rear. In both cases? This hair was pulled into a long, flowing, tomboyish ponytail.

**“At least the weather has been... nice...?”** Thinking to break the silence that had lingered for just a little too long, Asuna had turned to Kirito to make small talk. Once she’d looked at him, though? The unusuality of all that had happened was laid completely bare to both of them, for Kirito had also turned to his girlfriend once she had spoken. **“Is this some kind of joke? Where did you get that Leafa wig and those fake ears? Contacts as well? Kirito-kun, that isn’t funny!”** Well, no one could blame her for thinking it was a joke at first.

Kirito, on the other hand, certainly didn’t. **“My hair?”** He glanced upwards, noticing his bangs in the process before drawing his attention back down to Asuna, noting her own similarities to Leafa head-wise. **“No! The same thing has happened to you, too!”** This prompted the both of them to touch their hair, their ears, their *everything*.

They both stood, perplexed, but it was Asuna that eventually worked up the courage to continue the conversation. **“Are you sure this isn’t a prank, onii-chan?”** Unfortunately, doing so had only added to their woes when she referred to her own boyfriend as if he were her older brother – just like how Suguha referred to Kazuto typically.

**“Did... you just refer to me as onii-chan, Asuna-san?”** Kirito ended up bewildered in his own right, for he ultimately referred to his own girlfriend not as he usually did, but with the polite honorifics of a little sister speaking to her – *his* – brother’s girlfriend. **“Something is really wrong here.”** Astute as he was, the young man thought back to the moments leading up to their realization that something was amiss. “We both wished that Leafa was here, and then... the star!?” Leave it to Kirito to figure it out, both of them shining their emerald eyes upon the star decorating the tree.

Unfortunately, it was too little, too later.

Both of their bodies had already begun to shrink, with Kirito’s changes far more drastic than Asuna’s as his face rounded and eyes became wide. Suguha’s Leafa avatar bore absolutely no resemblance to her irl self, but even then, there wouldn’t have been any reason for Kirito’s face to resemble hers for they weren’t blood related. The way things softened in some places and swelled in others, from those round cheeks to those big lips, his reflection might as well have been Leafa’s own. Even Asuna had

earned Leafa's facial features, but the changes hadn't been as substantial since she was *already* a girl.

The two had been clad in comfortable cabin wear, but even then, their clothes began to shift in design. They were plagued with festive cheer, a side effect of the wish-granting star that sought to answer Christmas wishes in the most festive possible way, though it was evident that even though both parties were transforming towards the same outcome, their garb wouldn't be *quite* the same – nor would it properly fit in the beginning.

In Kirito's case, his shirt became a red crop top and his pants a matching, red skirt. Both pieces invoked a traditional Santa appeal even if his midriff and thighs were both completely exposed. Because he was not yet a girl and his frame *was* still a little too broad, the skirt in particular didn't appear to sit comfortably in the least, but that dissonance was finding itself solved with haste. The boy's hips ultimately popped wider with his waistline suckling in, presenting him with a more feminine gait that was only enhanced further as added weight supplemented its shape.

The result? A pair of pleasantly plump thighs and a bubbling rear, all wrapped around a pelvis that Kirito quickly and painfully realized no longer housed a dick. **"I have a slit!"**, she inevitably squeaked, taking Asuna by surprise not only because of the declaration, but because Kirito's voice likewise sounded identical to Suguha's.

**"I-I'm sorry, onii-chan? Are you saying you don't have a dick anymore?"** She felt filthy even asking, though the awkwardness was somewhat cushioned by the realization that her own voice had fared no better. Even her lower half was a match for Kirito's own now, and if she'd peeled away her clothes, she would have found matching, golden pubes beneath her underwear. It was also strange to even call Kirito 'onii-chan' now, since it was akin to speaking to her own reflection and her mind wasn't sure how to process it.

At the very least it didn't seem like they had gained any of Leafa's memories, nor were their own jumbled. They were just forced to act like Leafa might and make decisions as Leafa might. Which was a curse in its own right, really.

Unlike Kirito's costume, there was an abundance of green in Asuna's ensemble as it twisted and reshaped. Her skirt had reshaped into a red one with a festive trim, yes, and her own midriff was likewise left exposed by how short her top became, but that top was as green as the Christmas tree itself. Detached, green sleeves with white wool cuffs and ribbons scattered about her appearance differentiated her garb further,

and while the cups of her top grew, they had done so at just the right moment.

**“My chest...”** There was no point in sugar-coating it. She could both feel and see her breasts expanding with a simple glance downwards, rounded flesh expanding to meet her recollections of Leafa’s – and Sugu’s – astounding bust. She’d always been roughly twice the size of Asuna’s own, but now they were one in the same. Looking bashfully over at Kirito revealed that her twin, too, was tumbling forward with these massive weights upon her chest where none had been prior.

*And so their changes were complete.*

Kirito clicked her tongue. **“Um... how am I supposed to refer to you? How am I supposed to refer to myself? I can still call myself Kirito, right? But it feels weird to use onii-chan’s name...”** After examining both herself and Asuna thoroughly, she found herself at a loss. The star had really transformed the both of them into Leafa? If so, could they change back? She could recall the flavor text saying it would only grant one wish per person, per year, so would they have to wait another year? **“We might be able to reverse this, but I dunno. Even though this isn’t my body, it really feels like it is. I’m... comfy, I guess?”** This was something conveyed by how calm Kirito was, and how casually she was speaking.

**“I kinda get what you mean. But we’re technically the same person, right? So we can’t be, uh... Well! There’s a thing called selfcest, but I don’t think we should be involved with each other romantically if we’re both Leafa, right? That’d be pretty self-obsessed... almost creepily so.”** That said, saying it aloud? Asuna wasn’t sure how long they could avoid it. She had stayed in this world to be with Kirito – how long could either of them truly resist? Could they last an *entire* year?

Unfortunately, there had been a side effect that neither were aware of. In the real world? Their bodies, hooked up to the Underworld, had become complete, carbon copies of Suguha. Even if they could regain their true forms here, the second they were brought back to reality?

*Well, Merry Christmas!*