

SWORD ART ONLINE: CROSSOVER CONSUMPTION

CHAPTER 6: TOUCH OF DEATH

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The ALO servers had suddenly been plunged into chaos, much to the ignorance of much of the player base.

They couldn't be blamed, really. Whatever was happening, it had rendered the admins incapable of doing much of *anything* to prevent it. They couldn't send out any memos, and no one could log out – chat features seemed to be down as well, meaning if you weren't already with someone, you didn't have a point of reference for what was transpiring.

“What on—?” Calm as ever, Agil was left among those confused when things descended into chaos, for he was not one of the players immediately affected. Stepping out of a back alley that led to the shop he worked in within the confines of the game, he immediately stepped back *into* the shadows the moment everything unfolding hit his eyes. In fact, he retreated all of the way back to his closed store, locking the door all the while.

What had he seen, exactly? A number of players, men and women, stripped naked. Well... perhaps that wasn't *entirely* true, for each seemed to have one item equipped. Items he hadn't seen before. **“Were those from the collaboration event...?”**, or so he wondered. Considering his in-game profession, there wasn't a lot of gear he didn't recognize.

If his suspicions were accurate as well, he had a piece in his own inventory. The *'Poisonous Headband'*, or something to that extent. He hadn't tried it on because it had a poison demerit for some reason or

another. Why anyone would subject their HP to *that*, he hadn't had the foggiest clue at the time.

Before the older, burly man could ponder the breadth of what was happening however, an astounding number of error messages crept across his screen, and one by one every equipment slot on his avatar was stripped away, stripping him in the process. All but the head accessory, for that *poisonous headband was adorned*.

“***Ngh!?***” Cold and naked, he fell to a single knee immediately as poison wracked his body. No, it wasn't *just* the poison. Poison wasn't a status ailment that fatigued the body like this, so it had to be something *more*. Head down, he could see his naked body as well. As was the case with the others, genitals should not have been able to get rendered in this game, yet there was a convincing mock up of Agil's *meat* to be seen.

Impossibility or no, this was just the beginning of what should have been deemed impossible by ALO's systems, for curiously, accompanying the pain, chills, and weakness that wracked his body, there was also something else. An *itch*. One that he certainly didn't have the energy to scratch as it swept across his vessel.

It came with notable modifiers – that is, modifications to his *body* and not to his stats, but at a glance the initial wave didn't seem all that substantial. Piece by piece, it appeared as if the hairs of his body were peeling away. The scruff upon his arms and legs, the rife plumage that typically decorated his chest; it all became naught, including the patch of hair upon his chin.

The only place left unscathed by this effect? The bush of hair above his dick, for even that which decorated his scrotum had been made short work of. While this hair remained, however, it did not remain untouched. For it shortened until it was little more than a light fuzz. A light fuzz that had, surprisingly, brightened to a rich, *purple* color. “**What happened to my hair...?**” The question seemed like a common sense one, but that was because, well, what else was he to say to this? Agil couldn't really move, and with each passing moment the effects of the poison nipped more intensely.

Almost more *intimately*, as if it were weaving among his flesh and even bone.

But that *itchiness*? It hadn't disappeared just yet. Rather, if the man had possessed the strength to scratch anything, he absolutely would have gone to town scratching his scalp. He couldn't see the cause, but where hair had disappeared elsewhere, they had begun to *emerge* atop his head. Not in the black that the rest of his hair had been however, but the

same *purple* that his pubes had turned. They began as little more than a light fuzz, but within moments crawled out like a seemingly infinite number of hairy serpents, not once curling nor growing abundantly long, but still framing his face and dancing loosely behind his back several inches. With bangs now dangling down in front, the longer, middle portions obscured Agil's vision.

“My avatar is being modified...?” He managed to state his assumption aloud between uncomfortable grunts. Incidentally, the pain caused by the poison appeared to be letting up, but only as the tone of his skin darkened. He was a man whose tone was already quite dark, but this was darker *still*. Instead of a dark brown, the coloration was more ashen by nature, wisping across his flesh like a dye and bringing that color towards a dark gray. Even iota of the man's body clad in this color not only rid itself of the poison's demerits, but somehow felt more powerful. Almost like his body was being rebuilt fundamentally.

Its appearance did not support the swelling strength, though.

For, practically all at once, the mass of Agil's body began to seep away. Strong arms bled free of their built muscle, an undeniable scrawniness claiming them until they appeared as thin as a pair of twigs. Not only did they grow thinner, but *shorter* as well. They'd practically halved in length, as did the man's fingers – they became petite, with well manicured nails that spoke to a femininity he did not (*yet*) possess. Although, his diminishing flesh was making a strong argument as to why that would eventually be his fate.

After all, it wasn't a phenomenon isolated to his arms and hands alone, and it likewise bled into his legs, torso, and even the man's head. Speaking plainly, there wasn't a huge inconsistency between what happened to his legs and what had happened to his arms. Muscles washed away, leaving thin limbs that were still *incredibly* powerful despite how they appeared. This was a side effect of his changing physiology, in the sense that he was becoming something that was much more than human. Toes wriggled and cracked while they collapsed in size, heels likewise softening as feet became shadows of their formal selves. They almost appeared as if they wouldn't be able to support Agil's broader torso.

...So it was fortunate that this wasn't quite the case, not any longer. His shoulders? They'd collapsed inwards, quickly regressing to match the smaller shapes of his limbs while vast pectoral muscles deflated like balloons losing their air. **“What is happening... to... *me!*? My voice as well...?”** It was softer, more feminine. Like someone younger than Agil was supposed to be. Or someone of the opposite sex. Before

everything was said and done though, *both* of these things would have become true.

Though, attention was still drawn to his torso for the time being. It was hard to not notice just how effeminate his visage was becoming, as hips collapsed but still remained plenty abundant when compared to the rest of his new, shrunken frame; or as ashen skin was pinched inwards at his waistline, presenting him with the beginnings of an hourglass that would never find itself full. Sand would still appear, but...

Strength returned, Agil managed to find his footing again. **“What’s wrong with me? I look like a young man... or a girl...”** Words turned to a whisper, confidence all but faded as he certainly sounded the part of the latter. While he couldn’t see his face, it was something that was reflected in it as well. Rounder cheeks, wider, more uniquely shaped eyes stained a darker purple than his hair... Lips that were both engorged but petite at the same time, appearing rather enticing. If not for the shrunken dick that dangled between his legs, he could have been mistaken for a— **“...No!”**

...Never mind.

Limber legs squirmed, the meat between Agil’s legs wriggling back inside of them while the flesh around this new hole thickened to indicate that it was now concealing something deep within. A pussy nestled neatly beneath *her* purple pubes, fully functional and serving as an instigator for everything that followed. Androgyny was completely removed from the menu, genitals aside, for her frame ultimately found its curvature.

Agil’s wider hips served as the perfect mount for the fat that bled in and saw her ass cheeks prosper, each bunch bulging wide as beads of sweat looped both around the crevice and into the depth of a round but perky buttocks, as ashen as the rest of her flesh, but infinitely more tender. This boon wiggled both downward and inward, seeing the ample gap left between her legs by her disappeared meat filled in by ripe thighs – though not so ripe that the gap was filled entirely.

And further north? Her nipples poked to attention, their darkened color on display with thanks to just how engorged they had become. They were as large as a pair of quarters, but even then, it was the mass beneath them that stole the show. Well, figuratively speaking, for what built was not as significant as what had become of her buns. Instead, it was a small but firm pair of breasts that blossomed, hardly notable in size but still enough to entice anyone that might wish to lay with her if need be. At *best*, they were a pair of B-cups.

“No... What am I...!?” Her voice still soft, the young woman struggled to comprehend why she’d thought of such a thing. It was true that the poison was a part of her body, and that anyone that touched her would die, so it had become the most important aspect of her assassin’s arsenal... No! That wasn’t... How could that be true? She wasn’t even a... girl? But she was, there was no deny the truth of that matter.

One needed to only look down at her body, as a black bodysuit that still displayed much of her ashen flesh came to cover only the bare essentials. That was the body of a beautiful, young woman. “Right... I’m... I’m a Hassan. Serenity...” The name hit her name both wrong and right at the same time, adding even more to her confusion. But the right outweighed the wrong, and she bought into it without any further questions. Part of her just wanted to accept it. She needed to accept it.

But where was she? This did not look like anywhere she’d ever been summoned before. A shop of some sort...? It seemed she had plenty of questions that needed to be answered. At the very least, she could sense her Master’s presence somewhere in this world. She had to find her. Someone that could touch her...

Hopefully, in the real world, no one touched Serenity’s body before she took off the headset. Because that property had transferred over *there* as well.