

SWORD ART ONLINE: CROSSOVER CONSUMPTION

CHAPTER 5: KISS OF DEATH

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Lisbeth was feeling pretty content that day. A few hours prior, she had participated in one of ALfheim Online's new collaboration quests, and now? She snuggled up with her one and only beloved. No, not a person. Her hammer, of course! As one of the greatest blacksmiths in all of ALfheim, she always had commissions coming out of the wazoo. It didn't really matter how much work she had to do though, because she loved doing it! If she could find a job she loved this much in the real world, then she could absolutely remain happy for the rest of her life.

“Actually, I never *did* check what drops I got, huh?” Wiping the simulated sweat from her brow, the fairy raised her gaze to the ceiling after thinking back on her day. She'd only just barely managed to fit in running the collab instance before rushing back to her workshop, and now that she had finished up for the day? Well, there was no time like the present!

As she'd been blacksmithing, Lisbeth wasn't dressed in her usual armor. Instead she was wearing a simple, red tanktop and a pair of tight, matching shorts. Unequipping the thick gloves that were used to protect her hands after bringing up her HUD, she eventually navigated over to her inventory page. **“Now where is it...? Where is it...?”** Honestly, she had so much clutter in her inventory from her smithing that she had to sort it several times before she found what she was looking for. **“Aha!”**

“That's kind of a weird name. 'o2 Headband'? Is it the second headband in a series or something?” The collaboration stuff had

honestly been a huge mess. There wasn't much communication between the developers and the player base regarding what all of these items were call backs too. Well, she could easily check online later. What mattered wasn't where the accessory had come from. What actually mattered was how good it looked.

Giving it a tap, she wandered over to the tiny wall-mounted mirror in her workshop. She could feel the weight of it settle upon her skull in the meantime, but she didn't get a good look until she caught her reflection. **"Hmm... It's kind of plain? I'm not sure if it'd work well with my normal hairstyle."** Lisbeth was expecting *more* somehow, but it was just a thin, silver headband with two downward points beneath a pair of triangular gaps. **"Actually, is something supposed to go in there? Maybe it connects to another piece of ge—"**

ERROR! ERROR! ERROR!

Lisbeth's HUD popped back up again mid-sentence, this time flashing an indicator that something was amiss. It wasn't unusual for newly implemented items to cause errors, but... Watching all of the gear become stripped from her body, both in the mirror and in her inventory? That wasn't typical at all. Particularly not when she was stripped down to the point that she could see her bare breasts and pussy. **"WHAT THE!?"**

Honestly? She was super glad she had no more appointments that day. ALO was a sfw game, no naughty bits were supposed to show! She couldn't get over just how accurate her breasts were in appearance compared to those she had in the real world, though. Was it just a guess? *Very* skeezy game design, if so.

"Never seen this glitch before... Kinda *creepy*." Lisbeth wasn't sure how to feel, really. Should she call someone over to help her then? Silica had seen her naked before (*long story, kind of*), so if anyone... But even after trying to ring her through ALfheim's communications, she got no response. **"Weird... I wonder if she's busy?"** Her status was set to online. Could it be she was having the same problem? If so, maybe moving around would be difficult. No one wanted to just show up somewhere *naked*. Lisbeth was turning red in the cheeks just *thinking* about it.

'I wonder how cute her face would be if I walked in on her nude though? I'm sure it'd be delicious'. The thought struck Lisbeth suddenly, so suddenly that she wasn't sure where it had come from, or *why*. **"I've never thought about Silica that way? Sure, I like to tease her sometimes, but not like *that!*"** She didn't normally think about

Silica that way either. She thought of her as a friend, not... not as a *woman!*

Holding her cheeks from embarrassment, Lisbeth could hardly be faulted for what was happening behind the scenes. Though the error had made sure that the victims had hardly noticed anything was happening thus far anyways. 'Behind the scenes' in this case? It was a more direct reference to her head of hair since it *was* technically *behind* her.

The color of Lisbeth's avatar's hair had always been a bright pink, and in that sense, it would hardly change much at all. But the style? Her typical, messy hairdo that reached out in every direction? Well, *that* was certainly under attack. All of the wayward strands fell in line, the overall fluffiness of its construction both straightening and flattening against her head. At first, this appeared to be the full breadth of it, but before long, like a head of snakes, all of that pink began to slither and wriggle, reaching far down her back and tickling the cheeks of her ample buttocks.

“Why do I feel so... *mmm...* I feel surprisingly good?” It was hard for her to put a finger on it. Maybe not literally, for her fingers had begun to explore her naked body friskily, nails poking into her tender flesh as they grew slightly longer with a dark red polish painted upon them. Those fingers themselves somehow appeared more delicate, and yet? Her grip had become stronger than that of any avatar in ALO could possibly possess.

Lisbeth certainly wasn't someone that was sexually minded, but it was hard to see her as anything but as she continued to fondle herself. Although, it appeared that a curse followed everywhere she fondled. After massaging her breasts for a few moments, their shapes and sizes saw signs of reduction. The fat that composed them lessened, and before long they'd lost a full cup size, maybe two. At the very least, they still remained surprisingly perky?

Impulse provoked her into kneading her ass as well, fingers delicately groping and stroking her freckled, rear end. But those freckles faded away, leaving her posterior completely pale and free of any notable blemish. What's more, they collapsed in kind, much as her breasts had. It wasn't as substantial as a loss, but she groaned in disappointment as she found herself squeezing less and less.

This phenomenon, likewise, had bled into her thighs, and their weightiness drifted away along with the gait of her hips. All in all, her figure was one that was still rather *seductive*, but something about it all struck the mind as 'she's become a little younger'. Fourteen? Fifteen?

Well, it wasn't that much younger than what Lisbeth was actually, but what really sold a more mature look was her mannerisms.

Lisbeth wasn't even enacting them purposely. But the sway of her arms, the sauntering of her steps, all of her motions appeared intentionally eye-catching. Even now, she was cupping her breasts curiously, somehow far less ashamed of her naked form than she had been moments before. In fact, this boldness appeared to be better reflected in a more mischievous gaze, one communicated with narrowed, green eyes. **"Hm... This is... a workshop? My workshop? But why would I have one of those?"** Even as she continued to cup her chest, those eyes looked from side to side. Lisbeth *Two* was contemplating her surroundings. How had she ended up here? Why did her memories come off as so contradictory? Shouldn't she be... *beside him*?

Although, as they looked around? A permanent paint of crimson lined her lower eyelids; the first touch of change that saw more than just her eyes reshaped upon her facial features. The structure of her nose accepted a sharper point, and 'sharpness' just seemed to be a general theme. Where her face had once been soft and round, now it was sleek. No longer was it plain, but instead naturally, indescribably beautiful.

The cost? Not a single cell upon the girl's body resembled Lisbeth now. She finally cast her hands from her body, and in doing so signalled an end to her nudity, as an entire outfit ended up equipped to her character model. A red uniform jacket with a series of black buttons and an orange tie, skin tight, black leggings, white boots, and...

"Ow!?" Then came the piece de resistance, for those gaps that she had previously noted in the silver headband? They had served a purpose after all. Tiny, crimson nubs had shaped within them, erupting from beneath the skin of her scalp painfully (*although without blood*). Those nubs pushed harder and harder, curving upwards within the headband until a pair of red horns, only several inches long a piece, protruded delicately. *Zero Two* did not see them as unusual, however. **"Weird, they don't usually ache like that..."**

The girl looked around once more, now more confused than ever. **"Hiro? Is Hiro here?"** She really wanted to see him, that boy. A boy whose face and name she'd only just remembered, and yet she felt as if she knew him more intimately than anyone she'd ever met. *Zero Two* felt like, if she could find him here – wherever *here* was – she would be okay. *But without him?*

She could only fear the worst. She didn't want to be alone. Not again.