

# SWORD ART ONLINE: MONSTERIZATION

## CH4: TOY STORY



The giant rock plummeting into the earth had scattered most that were warring on the battlefield nearby, but none more-so than Asuna, the one occupying the administrator account for the goddess Stacia. She'd been seen as an invaluable asset for the humans of the light from the very moment she'd arrived in the Underworld and split the ground in two, and so much of their strategies going forward hinged on her safety.

Yet far as she could tell now, Asuna was as far away from the battlefield as she could possibly be. She could vaguely recall being touched by a pale light after saving herself from falling into the chasm created by the stone's fall... but that was when the scenery had changed anyways. No longer was she on the battlefield with the sky burning red, but within what looked to be a child's room.

It was a worn room. One made with crude furniture and archaic toys from the perspective of a young woman that came from the modern, outside world. What stood out more than anything was an elaborate and large doll house nestled in the room's corner. It looked like it had been crafted with care and almost looked... lived in? That was just the impression she got due to how it was open to expose that the sheets on the tiny bed were unmade.

Honestly it stirred her OCD to see them unmade, but that OCD felt a little more personal than it should have.

**"How did I end up here? Some sort of teleportation magic?"** It was the most logical explanation all things considered. Based on the fact that she was still garbed in Stacia's dress she was still within the Underworld, and honestly she didn't have

full comprehension of how magic worked in this world yet. Teleportation was very possible, but why? Was someone pulling her to safety? Was it a trap? Either way her mind wandered to think about Kirito a moment. Still in a vegetative state, he'd been nearby the crash site just as she'd been. Was he okay? She hoped to the gods that he was. She hoped to the gods that she could squeeze his sexual energy from his body one last--

*WHOA?*

Asuna had felt lust for Kirito before, sure. They'd made love more than a few times. But never had she felt such an intense and violent yearning for him like she had at that moment. Her loins burned and cheeks were dyed crimson but what she thought to be longing, even though that wasn't *quite* right. As much as her loins, cheeks, and breasts seem to ache and burn to a distracting level of intensity, the rest of her body was beginning to feel incredibly cold like the blood flow had begun to lessen there in response.

The burning and the freezing weren't mutually exclusive occurrences, but it also didn't have anything to do with her blood flow either; not typically speaking. Perhaps technically, in a sense of it all, it did. Because in all the places where it was growing cold there was no longer any blood left to flow in the first place. Had it evaporated? It was more like it just no longer continued to be, the biology of Asuna's body no longer having a use for blood to exist as a living being.

"**Kirito... kun...?**" She hadn't meant it to, but his name leaked out with a pant as she fell against the children's bed next to the dollhouse. Guided by impulse she reached a hand towards the bottom of her skirt, to see if she could bring some kind of satisfaction in the absence of a man, but she *stopped*. The halt was due to mental and physical realizations alike. The mental one being that she felt as if touching herself wouldn't bring her the relief she needed, like she needed to be fucked by a man to scratch this itch. The physical? Her bare hand (gauntlets discarded in the earlier collapse) passing through her vision brought to light something very strange about her hand's design.

A number of somethings. The locations of her joints looked to be deepening, to the point that they almost looked like dark abrasions splitting each finger into three segments. It reached a point that some began to clip beneath her skin all together, ultimately resembling the joints of a doll. It wasn't just one finger but all of them, and a new sense of panic as Asuna brought up her second hand revealed much of the same phenomenon applying to that one as well. "**Wh-What!? What is happening!?**"

Because diving into the Underworld with the machine she had provided an authentic living experience, when she flexed these new, artificial looking fingers she could feel the joints within grinding against one another with a renewed intensity. The skin of her fingers was still soft, but nothing about them looked right for a living person. "**A-Ah... Ahhh...**" Asuna's mind, in the meantime, seemed to be going

through stages of shock. A shock that was only worsened when her wrists went limp momentarily and the deep, ball-joint sockets became apparent there as well on a much larger scale.

One hand moved to rub the other, her sense of touch still present despite the inanimate design of her digits. She could feel that her skin was velvety soft, though pressing down on it did not yield the same feeling as pressing down on normal flesh. It felt hollow, fragile, because there were no bones in these fingers anymore. They were light, but her arms in general were beginning to feel much the same as the cold became more prominent along them.

Skin of her forearms was obscured by Stacia's dress but it became smooth and completely hairless, taking on the same texture as her fingers as more prominent changes afflicted her elbows. They lost their mass and biological shapes and before long ball joints were left to squeak as she moved arms back and forth. It felt unusually stiff, and as much as she felt an urge to experiment with their new design that urge was just one of many urges she was grappling with.

The urge to check what was happening. The urge to cry out in panic. The urge to find Kirito and have him stick it to her. The final urge was the most concerning because the more of her that took on a doll design, the less concerned she became about the one fucking her having to be Kirito. She was beginning to feel like any man would do, like she did not have one she treasured as dearly as Kirito.

*Instead there was a building urge to be treasured herself. To be someone's belonging.*

Feet kicked into the air, their weight almost light as a feather as she could see her toes within the cutout of the thin, thigh high boots she had adorned. Much like her fingers her toes were no longer flesh and blood, but carried the same disjointed designs as her arms and hands. Knees creaked as they bent, the fact that they now had a bulbous design for easy movement apparent even through the material of her leggings as hips and shoulders began to carve out and hollow next, balls firming in place of bone so that she would still have free rotations of her arms and legs -- she might even be able to bend them *more* now.

**"My chest too? No..."** Doll fingers patted at her bosom as she lay back against the bed. As much as she'd known playing with herself wouldn't have given any quarter to her building lust, it had at least been something on the table to do in a worst case. But that chest hardened as her heartbeat began to wane, breasts not changing in size but firming in a way that wasn't completely hard, but suggested the soft and velvety surface was merely padded by more of the material that composed her skin.

Nipples and navel alike were wiped away as any biological traits seemed to be naught but decorations. The overall design of her body resembled a mannequin that had been pieced together, gaps for joints and where various other parts of her body connected abundant. There was only one piece of biology that remained. Her pussy,

warm and aching despite the cold and hollow casing that existed around it otherwise.

**"Am I a doll? What am I supposed to do? I was supposed to save the Underworld... save Kirito, so..."** Could they not see that something had happened to her on the outside? Could they not pull her out to end this nightmare? The corruption was beginning to bleed into her mind and soul, a childish yet devilish urge building in the back of her head like an evil cackle. But of course Asuna didn't know it. That the changes to her body had been reflected on the outside as well. Much as a panda woman and jiangshi occupied the dive devices of Suguha and Shino, so too did a doll-jointed Asuna now occupy her own.

One final wave of panic pushed the woman to stand again, her light body swaying to and fro as she attempted to grapple with its new and unfamiliar design. Unfamiliar as it was though, she seemed to quickly come to terms with how she needed to move the joints and distribute her weight... much like she'd lived in that form her whole life.

But then she fell. Or... it was like she was falling. Inertia claimed her senses as her point of view began to barrel downwards not because she had tripped, but because... **"I'm SHRINKING!?"** As she bellowed from the surprise of her reduction, there was an echoing quality surfacing in her voice. It sound like several voices mechanically overlain with one another. It was a sweet sound but also a creepy one, one that better matched the visage of a living mannequin.

Mannequin... As she shrunk down to approximately two feet it became clear that this wasn't her destined form, but rather a doll. The shrinkage hadn't been consistent with the length of her limbs or torso at all, and resting in a pile of clothes that was Stacia's own was a now-naked doll with short arms and legs, a barely notable bosom, and a head that seemed somewhat large for how small the rest of her form was. **"Aaa! The world is so... big... I'm so... tiny winy..."** The echoing voice was more like a squeak now, her verbiage losing any maturity as mental age rolled back to something more childish... although bearing the lust of a monster girl.

Tiny pussy still throbbed as Asuna stood disoriented, eyes shaking from side to side as she fumbled to free herself from the human-sized dress. But those eyes began to glow red as they began to feel stiff and cold. Her eyeballs hardened into little more than painted glass meant to simulate a human's eyes, lashes flickering while attached to extremely fake-looking eyelids. While her lips were still soft and warm, the inside of her mouth and tongue had become cold and dry. She could still speak, but through what means she did not know. Cracks ran down from her eyes to her chin, making it obvious at a glance that her face was not one of a human but of something that should have been an object.

**"Kirito... kun? Who's... Hihihihihhi..."** That depraved giggle that had been bubbling up in the back of her mind since the chance began was finally freed, the naked doll dancing around as her ginger hair bled free of color and a pale violet was left in its

wake. Some strands curled while it lengthened overall, but none of that hair looked real. It wasn't real. Nothing about Asuna's current body was *real*. **"I did an oopsie woopsie!"** Doll joints clapped together as knowledge of dark magic poured into the doll's simple mind. Her yearning for dick aside, she knew she had to play the role of a good doll to get a man -- any man -- to lower his guard around her. And so in response to the magic, the pile of clothing beneath her began to swirl, deconstruct, and then reconstruct into an elaborate gothic lolita design of purple and white with a heart motif.

**"Asu... Nopie!"** She'd gone to speak her name, but another one came to mind and corrected her. **"Annie is bored! Annie wants to play! Annie needs a man!"** But she looked over to the doll house. Her home! Or what she now considered to be her home. She had to make that bed first! But after... Maybe she should go out into the human village and find a man since it was so late? She probably wouldn't be seen in this world of depravity. After all, monster girls ran amok pretty commonly in the Underworld!

At least they did *now*.

**"Annie wonders if she can find a man all dressed in black! HUUUUUH? Why...  
Annie wonders?"**