

CORRUPT COLLAB

MAY 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“MonHun? Oh! That’s that really popular game where you hunt big monsters with friends, right?” Silica was scrolling through the current event list for ALFheim Online when one stuck out in particular. It wasn’t often VRMMO games did collaborations with regular games these days, since it was difficult to import the assets.

“Let’s see... defeat Kulve Taroth to receive a unique title, weapon, and armor set. The entry level isn’t too high myself, I might be able to solo it...” Which was handy since everyone else seemed to be busy that day. At the very least, she thought, she could check it out.

The trip to the assigned quest area wasn’t a long one, but the area was perilous. It was on the edge of an active volcano, and through the wonders of VRMMO that scorching heat could be felt as maximum intensity. She was there, and the time was correct for the instance to start, but... **“Huh? Why isn’t it starting?”** Technically the boss should just appear when scheduled, but it didn’t. There also weren’t other players waiting for such a big event?

Had she gotten the time wrong?

When she opened her in-game menu though, she noticed she had a notification on her titles screen. **“Mother of All Dragons’? When did I get this? Is this the unique title for this quest?”** There wasn’t really an answer, but she wasn’t really allowed much of an opportunity to find one before tragedy struck. Her fairy wings suddenly

turned off in tandem with her UI freezing, and she suddenly fell from the sky right into the center of where the monster was meant to spawn. **“WAAAAAAAAAH!”**

Even though she landed on solid rock though, it didn't really hurt? Her HP didn't drop either, but that was impossible. Was this area glitched somehow? Silica was stunned though, she couldn't move. Which posed a problem as she could feel the ground beneath her beginning to rumble. A volcanic reaction? Here? Even with the pain inhibitors this was going to hurt...

On cue, fire gushed out from the ground beneath her as a fissure cracked open. Had anyone been watching they might have seen the girl consumed by a pillar of flame that ultimately began to wrap around in a twenty foot sphere -- a cocoon. But no one was there to see it. After all, Silica had arrived *ten minutes early*.

The Cait Sith had shoved her eyes closed expecting to suffer an in game death, but the fire didn't even burn her. She felt like she was being raised off the ground, and that was enough to finally force her eyes open, allowing her to take in the fact that she was trapped in a large sphere of fire. It was almost like an egg, and she was stuck on the inside.

Silica could stand on the fire like it was a solid platform, but gaining stability did not ease her concern. Had she glitched into the boss spawner somehow? Her UI wasn't working either, so she couldn't log out. **“How do I get out of here?”** Glove clutched to her chest, she couldn't really see an exit, but...

I'M NOT READY TO LEAVE YET

“...!?” It wasn't a thought. An instinct. It had bubbled up from the depths of Silica's soul and petrified her where she stood. It was an overwhelming feeling that didn't even *feel* human. It was much more carnal than anything she'd ever felt in her life. **“A-Ah? A-A-A-A...”** But then the maiden's voice began to quiver. Something was there. No, it was inside of her. Slowly. It was burning. It was growing. It was beginning to consume her from the inside. The burning had begun to hurt, and her tiny form began to spasm.

“AAAAAAAAAH!” Reaching a breaking point, she could not help but let out a terrified scream. It was a bellow accompanied by its own woes, for with her mouth wide it was easy to bear witness to the most unsettling of sights. Be it her front teeth, her canines, or even her molars, every single tooth in her mouth was suddenly sharpened to blade-like points. They looked strong enough to ravage even the toughest of meals. Her

jaw cracked painfully to better accommodate them, and the gap allowed saliva to drip between her teeth and down her chin as she struggled to find away to close her mouth once more.

Eventually the girl managed, but not without an elongated and rough tongue flopping around inside. “**Wh-Wh-Wh-- AWWWWGH!**” Her best attempt to question what was going on was foiled, as human language could not be properly conveyed with her mouth the way it was now. She brought her hand to her chin, trying to feel what was going on. The jagged teeth were a problem, but... *her hands?*

They were... *black*. It didn't even look like skin, honestly, but like hardened leather. Scales? On closer inspection it was likely the latter. On the back of her fingers were golden flakes that looked harder than the rest, and she'd noticed just in time to watch her nails grow longer and longer. Triple the length, almost four times, and nothing about their coloring was normal. It would be wrong to say they were painted gold -- there were completely composed of golden steel.

Still incapable of proper articulation, what bubbled up from the back of Silica's through was essentially a surprised growl as she looked up her arm. She could see the black scales continuing up the length of either arm, made all the more apparent thanks to the fact her UI had unequipped all of her gear for some reason. But being naked, it felt kind of...

I AM FREE

Instinct told her that to be naked was better. She was not bound, and being unbound gave her room to grow. Like the golden, gemstone scales that erupted on the backs of her arms. Despite being quite large they weren't heavy, or perhaps the Cait Sith herself had become stronger, but it was something that occurred with her legs as well.

Feet were black and scaly with the same golden crusting and sharpened claws, and as the scales rose up her legs some golden chunks danced around her knees and thighs. It was fortunate for her shame that a huge cluster erupted to cover her private parts, but they weren't inaccessible by any means.

And shame?

WHAT WAS THAT?

A monster had no need for such a thing. Silica's human sensibilities were fading fast, growls and snarls becoming more common. She'd

stopped reaching for human words because something was becoming more and more apparent to her -- the only language understood universally was *power*.

Her little nipples shimmered gold as black scales seized her tiny breasts, but as quickly as they the darkened they were obscured by their own set of large, golden scales. Each one of these golden pieces was absolutely indestructible, and no weapon in ALO would have the means to shatter them. The regular scales were weaker, but they were definitely extremely touch.

Silica coughed, and from the cough heat gargled up from a newly formed pouch beside her lungs. It was small now, but still enough to shoot a flame that shocked her. Her vision temporarily blurred from the heat, but when it clarified her sclera had turned pitch black and her irises a gold not unlike the many scales across her body, pupils reptilian with horizontal slants. Her face blackened and grew scaly in kind, with gold marking extending from her hairline to both above and under her new, monstrous eyes.

But that hairline? It receded. She did not go bald but as hair shrink closer to her skull it turned softer like downy feathers, coloration a regal copper would come to match--

“GRAAAAWLRRAAAAAA!!!”

Despite the fact that her body was still so small, the roar that bellowed echoed loudly throughout the cocoon. With the amount of pain that was beginning to focus at four points around her skull she could not keep quiet, and from these point four separate horns burst forward, curving to point forward from both the sides and top of her head. They shimmered like the gem scales her body was no composed of, and they'd completely obliterated the Cait Sith ears that typically erupted from her head.

The girl fell limply onto her hands and knees. She was still the size of a young girl, with the figure of a young girl, but her features all spoke to a monstrous identity. She felt incredibly powerful, so much that she couldn't help but spit a second flame from between her sharp fangs and charcoal lips, but something instinctively urged for *more*.

MORE! MORE! GROW! GROW! NEED! CONSUME!

Urges becoming even more simplistic than they had been, tears streamed down Silica's cheeks as the overwhelming process was finally taking an emotional toll. It was like a little piece of her had remained in

control, but the hungers and lusts of what she was becoming took the reigns from her. She tried to think of her friends for comfort, thinking Kirito or Asuna might save her, but the thought only brought her to salivate wildly so that it fell down her chin wildly. She was hungry. Hunger... *Grow...*

“NN... NOOO... GRAAAAAAAAH!”

The cocoon was far too big for how small Silica was. It seemed designed to contain something much, much bigger.

And her draconic body was ready to oblige. The heat in the cocoon grew so sweltering that even the girl could feel it biting at her scales, but instead of burning her it was more like the heat was assimilating with her. Heat turned to pressure, which brought arms and legs to ripple as they burst with muscle. No, it wasn't just muscle. They were growing *longer and longer*, her torso and head inflating in kind to keep up with their burgeoning girth in tandem. It was a consistent growth, tiny form becoming bigger and bigger as she so quickly even reached just half of the container's size.

The beast let out another roar, this time one so loud it could be heard through ALFheim's entire setting, letting players know that the boss instance would soon begin.

She was getting larger, sure, but even if the tiny monster Silica just got really big, she'd still be really big in a cute sort of way. So that needed to be corrected -- no, her body demanded change. Cocoon, egg, whatever. Trapped within was a dragon girl yearning for growth, and growth she would find.

Still on her hands and knees, claws dug into the flame cocoon as she reached maximum size, but her body quivered as maturity settled in. A mature monster would want to feed, but it would also want to mate, and Silica was being conformed into a body best suited for a creature with the title 'Mother of the Dragons'. Scaly skin of her bosom suddenly dropped, golden nipples erect beneath shimmering protective scales that swung from side to side as tits more befitting of a mammal than a reptile hung heavy and needy. There was no cup size for a beast of her size, but comparable to if she were a normal human they certainly exceeded even an F-cup.

And her loins? Her pussy ached, a desire to breed and lay eggs instinctual thoughts that continued to outweigh what remained of her humanity. Of course Silica had no desires to have sex nor to lay eggs, but her own desires didn't really matter anymore!

MATE . MATE . FEED . HUNGER . HUNT . NEST .

This was the simplistic nature of her mind now. It jumped around, her mind reacting to what her body needed without a single question. A low growl hummed as she spat flames, this time with enough fire to burn down a small village if she so chose.

The horns atop the dragon woman's head finally ground against the cocoon's roof, little room left to contain her as her bottom half evened out into a maturity that suggested a need to reproduce. Scaly black ass cheeks swelled to become the size of a large building each, the scent she was giving off little more than fire and ash. They were plump and seemed soft, but cutting them would be no easy task. To complete her transformation into the Kulve Taroth Queen, a gold-plated dragon's tail soon emerged from above her ass, smacking her cheeks and resting against plump thighs that were steaming as her sexual juices dripped onto them only to be turned to gas by how hot her body had become.

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

ESCAPE . FEED . MATE .

Silica's jaw practically unhinged itself as she let out another roar and revealed rows upon rows of razor sharp teeth. The simplistic dragon thoughts were so loud now that even her intellect had been drowned out. There was no longer a conscious recognition of what was happening around her now, too much was happening. There was too much carnal desire. The young human girl was still in there, but it would take the dragon calming for her to realize. Even if she did... what could she do? This was no longer a vessel guided by humanity.

Her wretched teeth tore into the side of the flame cocoon, the strength of her bite making quick work before fire gargled up from her throat and singed an exit. The dragon queen's gigantic claws broke what was left, and her twenty five foot body fell to the ground as the night sky spread out high above her. A mantle made of glorious, protective gold flowed from the plumes of her head, keeping much of her voluptuous body hidden.

Free. She was *free*. The familiar landscape seemed to stimulate Silica's control for but a moment, but it was wrestled away the second a magic spell struck her in the side of the head. What? Off in the distance there were ALO players. A lot of them. Tens? Hundreds?

THREAT. PREY. KILL. EAT.

Sideways eyelids flickered across her amber irises, instinct stronger than ever as the need to protect herself was evident.

“GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

Another bellowed roar. Heat burned in the sac that produced her flame, the Queen aiming it at the party of attacking mortals that dared attack her nesting grounds. Seconds from release, however, she saw the people in the forefront. Kirito. Asuna. Leafa. Sinon. Lisbeth. Were they trying to clear this collaboration quest?

It hit her. Why she was here. What had happened. She was... the Kulve Taroth? How did this...? Maybe she could reason with them some--

But she was struck by another wind spell, interrupting this sudden moment of clarity. Instead of friends, the party quickly approaching made her massive stomach rumble. Saliva dripped from her mouth and fell to the volcano side beneath her as she could no longer see them as friends, but snacks. Except for the one dressed in black. He seemed to strike her baser mating instincts and made her reptilian taint quiver.

But no, she had to find a mate her size.

Flames built again, and this time they razed the land of ALO.

Several days passed following the implementation of the Kulve Taroth instance, and it had caused several implications. It seemed the boss could not be defeated, not could it be deleted from the game data. Regardless of how hurt it was, it would just retreat into its nest and then return the next day completely healed. But that wasn't all. Any avatars killed by it lingers, and the beast seemed to consume them without fail even if the players had respawned and were safe.

But this had led to the developers enlisting parties to try and whittle down the beast in an attempt to destroy it. Over and over again, Kirito's group threw themselves at the Queen to kill her, but ever time they were defeated and their deceased avatars consumed.

It was a heavy project, particularly considering their IRL circumstances. Something had happened with the equipment their friend Ayano Keiko aka Silica the day the monster had been implemented. She was still alive, but if her connection with ALO was severed she might die. It was like the SAO incident, except there was no trace of her avatar or account in game either.

Little did they know that they were throwing themselves at their friend again and again. Every time, that friend instinctively killed them and consumed their bodies. Ayano had no control of her body, but at times, when feasting, tears fell from the monster's eyes as what little humanity that remained came to the surface.

But this chapter wasn't over. Not only were there other traps in ALO just waiting to claim additional victims...

A month later, strange black scales had begun to spread across Ayano's IRL body.