

SWORD ART ONLINE:

MONSTERIZATION

CH1: PANDA EXPRESS



"I'm coming, onii-chan!"

This had been Suguha Kirigaya's honest desire when she'd plugged into the Underworld along with Shino that day. Her brother was in danger, an *entire world* was in danger, and she wanted nothing more than to save them from it before things were too late. She'd been given a special administrator account, one of the three goddesses that had supposedly created the Underworld, and yet...

When she materialized in the depths of an unfamiliar forest, she was confused. Why was she adorned in her ALfheim Online avatar? It shouldn't have looked this way, right? She'd been told it might look similar, but from the way she dressed to the pointed Sylph ears, the only thing that seemed strange was the way she perceived the world. It looked... real. VR had certainly taken great strides to allow you to feel while playing, but the humid air of the forest clung to her body and the tall and menacing trees all around her looked completely authentic. There were no colorful graphics or strangely placed PNGs, this was essentially reality. What did strike her as strange was the forest composition, which had flora ranging from those you'd find in jungles, to those you'd find in forests, to even things like *bamboo stalks*.

Which meant the digital people that lived here? Fluct...lights? They were essentially real too, not NPCs like in ALO.

Suguha's desire to dwell a little more on what was happening, however, was interrupted by the sound of something whirring overhead, sky stained crimson by what looked like a falling star. A meteor? Asteroid? She could remember the name for an object that had entered the atmosphere, but how close to the ground it was

had spooked it. Trees were blown by the descent, and for a moment she struggled to keep her own feet planted on the ground. Before the ground itself began to quake, presumably from that object crashing. Just what had she logged into!?

From videos she'd seen in school, the girl almost expected there to be an explosion or at least a shockwave from the collision, and while the latter did occur it wasn't quite what she'd expected. Particles of varying color blew up into the sky and rained down on the Underworld's populace, and Leafa reached out to touch a baby blue one. "**It's pretty...**" But it was dangerous and she had no way of knowing that. Her body absorbed the light upon impact, and it disoriented her entirely in a matter of seconds. "**Wh--!?**" It was like she felt sick and healthy at the exact same time.

Or maybe it was better to say something felt wrong *but* right? Either way, it was necessary for a hand to plant itself into a nearby tree so that she didn't tumble over. She couldn't make sense of this conflicting feeling that had seized her in the wake of touching that strange like, and even as more fell around and on top of her, none of them shone and disappeared against her body like the first one had and merely ricocheted off.

Something weird was happening to her though, and she first took notice because of the tree she resting against. She'd gripped the trunk pretty tightly and had stabilized herself in the wake of everything, of course holding it at a comfortable position that wasn't difficult to maintain nor would threaten her posture. But gradually as she stood to contemplate what was happening, it felt like she was reaching farther down to maintain where her hand was placed. Almost like the ground beneath her was rising.

Or she was growing taller.

Looking down it definitely wasn't the former. Her feet were still planted at the same level they had been previously. But the fact that her hand looked lower and her elbow seemed to be bending weirdly to accommodate this positioning aside, the most obvious proof was in her outfit. Not just how her sleeves looked stretched, but due to an overall discomfort that felt much like she'd put on an outfit that was too small for her. Sleeves were torn from the puffy, green shoulders of her Sylph top, and pants had trouble accommodating what looked to be longer and more muscular legs as material was pulled uncomfortably close to her skin. "**E-Eh!? Why is this body changing!?**" She spoke of her form like it wasn't even her own in part because it wasn't, but little did Suguha know that the changes were affecting her body in the real world in tandem.

It just felt very weird. And very *warm? Extremely* warm. She couldn't really place the cause, but there was likewise a number of things she was having difficulty placing at that moment. Like the fact that her pointed Sylph ears were regressing into smaller, rounder shapes, or that the blonde was draining from her hair to be replaced with a soft and snowy white -- although her style wasn't seemingly threatened by it.

She was, inevitably, forced to remove her hand from the tree once it became too uncomfortable, ultimately stumbling around a bit as she attempted to find balance with a body that was roughly half a foot taller than she was accustomed to even *as* Leafa. Were that the end of her growth, her clothes might have been able to accommodate her new size well enough if not a bit too uncomfortably, but she wasn't fated to keep that costume anyways.

It'd be torn to shreds in key areas soon enough.

Because things began to expand. No longer did she grow upward, but instead began to balloon outward in key areas. The first one of note was her bosom, which was already more than impressive both IRL and on her Leafa avatar. But it wasn't enough, not for the form determined for her by the light orb she'd touched at any rate. Heat and pressure both began to build in the front of her dress, and before long Suguha was left marveling as the flesh of her breasts was found burrowing against the neckline, threatening to spill out like the top of a muffin that had been put in the oven with too much dough. "**MY CHEST!?**" Such an outcry was inevitable, as was the arrival of her hands to try and get a feel for what was happening.

...Except she'd lost sight of her goal the moment she'd groped a single tit and it's sensitivity sang a song of distraction, sending a chill down her spine. It was clear in her facial features that her body could no longer be seen as a teen but rather a young adult, and that was probably for the best considering the tears that began to form around the dress' neckline as it became less and less capable of containing breasts that looked to almost double in size. It became hard to breathe for Sugu, who was accustomed to having fairly large breasts to begin with, but before all was said and done it was her own hands that tore the front of the dress off with a strength she wasn't aware she possessed, swollen tits jumping into the humid air from the motion.

"**Wh-Wh-WHY ARE THEY SO BIG!?**" Looking down, compared to her usual set they were certainly even more abundant. Her fingers burrowed into pillow-y flesh not out of concern or curiosity, but because they ached with a desire to be touched now that they were free. Her nipples stood out in their raucous size as well, the woman giving them a tweak. "**And so soft... and...**" She was easily getting lost in their mass, a mass which was getting stickier as she sweat due to the humid air around her.

Not that she was allowed the time she desired to fondle her bosom before something else stole the attention away. Her pants had been growing tighter and tighter as well, and without even thinking she'd reached down to tear them away with that weird, overpowering strength again. White polyester fell to the ground in pieces as her undergarments were exposed wedging into a gratuitous behind, an ass that was plump with both softness and firm muscle alike. Thighs shone in kind, sweat sticking and dripping across their soft curves and firmly clenched muscles, all in all giving her a built but fluffy appeal.

Suguha's womanhood quivered, but realizing how tall and lewd her body had become had, at least managed to tear herself away from any thoughts of pleasing herself for the moment. "**This is... wrong...**" Her words bore a deeper tone now, and despite the energy she'd had beforehand it seemed her manner of speech was slowing naturally. It was like she didn't have the will to get *as* uppity as she had been prior, in part because despite her concern about her new body, there was something she found strong and appealing about it. She was tall, she was curvy, she was strong. Weren't all of those things good?

As she weighed the pros of her current body, a singly hand was left tending to one of her G-cup tits. Squeezing and tweaking, the woman found herself growing increasingly frustrated as, for some reason, it was growing more and more difficult to move her hands like she wanted to. Almost like... "**My hands now too!?**" Finally thinking to pull it away, it was increasingly obvious why she was having difficulties wiggling her fingers.

Her hands had grown far bulkier by design than they'd ever been. Her palms and wrists had practically merged together as skin had grown tougher and bones had realigned, giving them the beginnings of paw-like designs in the absence of any human detail. This was only further accentuated as the space between her fingers was filled with tufts of black fur that would soon spread like wildfire, taking her hands in their entirety and extending as far as just below her shoulders while making quick work of what remained of the girl's sleeves. The tips of each finger ached as twelve pink pads emerged from beneath the fur (one beneath either finger and one on each palm), and what was once Suguha's fingernails erupted into a pair of long and sharp black claws that looked like they belonged on an animal.

Or a monster.

The same phenomenon consumed her feet, and before long her boots were left to practically explode as swollen legs found themselves without a need for any footwear thanks to the same black fur that had covered her arms. Leafa's pinkie toes seemingly regressed, leaving her with four claws on either powerful foot, fur turning white and thicker just above her thighs where the human skin was left untouched. It went without saying that the remnants of her pants were lost in the growth, some stuck and clinging to fur while others fell to the ground.

"**Why...? Are these...? Oh.**" As much as this felt wrong, as she raised a powerful arm and a powerful leg in tandem she became increasingly sure this was right. She could recall her body moving this way. She could recall her huge tits that men and women alike loved to play with. She could recall a life spent living in this forest as Su, warrior of the Ren Xiongmao monster race.

Paw pads groping her exposed breasts with the ease of someone who knew how her paws worked, she then dwelt on what she couldn't recall. Why had she come to the edge of the forest? Why was she not in her traditional gown but, rather, the scraps of a human's clothing? Why was she so *horny*? But the Ren Xiongmao could be a

simple-minded monster girl species, and the gargling of her stomach brought her now-ashen gaze to a bamboo stalk that rested nearby. Her curvaceous form quickly wobbled over to it, breaking the base with a single twitch of her powerful claws and lazily bringing a leaf to her lips to munch on.

“Haohao! I’ll worry about why I came here later. I’m... really hungry. And really...” Su glanced down at her largely naked body. **“I wonder if any travelers will pass by that could help with *that*.”**

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