

A SWORD STORY

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It was ideal that they all make the best of their situation. That was the mentality that most of those trapped within Sword Art Online had settled with now that leaving looked like a fruitless endeavor to most. Someone had to clear the tower for everyone trapped within to be freed, but it was a process that would take time. Surely, there were those that held onto hope that they would someday be freed, but there were also those that had settled in and wished to stay, more than anything.

To those ends, they were willing to do whatever was necessary to make sure that escaping from Sword Art Online would become a fruitless endeavor. Killing other players, setting traps – and with time, these extremists moved focus to those actively attempting to clear the game. And considering their rising stardom, there was certainly a duo that stood out more as a pair of talented fighters among this group.

Which put them at risk.

Kirito had returned home from the cabin he'd purchased alongside Asuna that day. He had business in the floor they were currently exploring, whereas his girlfriend had been *forced* into taking a day off. Making progress was important, but at the end of the day their mental and physical health needed to be considered as well. Asuna would work herself to death if she weren't forced to rest now and again, so she'd done so on Kirito's adamant request.

When the boy arrived in the living room, however? “**Asuna!?**” He was shocked to find her passed out, clad entirely in her armor. Why had she gotten dressed? Had she been planning on going out anyways? Had

there been an attack!? Worst case scenarios swirled through his head as he ran to her side, and he immediately crouched down to tend to her. She was still breathing – a good sign. Her HP seemed to be full too, so then...? Clearly this wasn't merely a nap, she wasn't the type to just lay down on the floor like this.

Kneeling down, he pressed his hands against her side to give her a shake. “**Asuna! Hey, Asuna!**” Still no response from the ginger-haired maiden, but something ultimately *did* strike him as odd. As of the moment he had started to shake her, his visuals had begun to glitch a little. It wasn't anything substantial, but there was a bit of fragmentation and tearing here and there. Still worth a little worry. Likewise, something felt a little strange with his body – or the avatar that functioned as his body, anyways.

The swordsman managed to get her up and onto the couch using his raw strength – not indicative at all of how strong he was in real life – before he began to feel strange. Woozy, almost. It was strange, because it didn't feel like a natural fatigue, but at the same time any status effect other than tiredness required the use of a technique to be inflicted. Perhaps he was just more exhausted than he'd assumed?

If only he could catch a glance of his hair to realize that it was a little more substantial than that. A colored undertone had found its way into his locks, panting them with a much more vivid brush than his usual, black style allowed. For it was an undeniable purple that ended up bringing each hair, including those of his eyebrows, into its mould. It wasn't simply a matter of color though, and a great deal of both length and volume alike ended up applied. Rather than falling behind Kirito and tickling his neck though (*and in kind, alerting him of the issue*), purple locks instead fanned out with a subtle curl, while bangs parted in the dead center to reveal his forehead before curling out towards either side.

It almost seemed like the parted bangs served no purpose, but something had been exposed upon his forehead as a result of it. Had it appeared first, only hidden by Kirito's once centered bangs? There was a tiny jewel there, darkly colored. Most Japanese players might not have known what this was, but to anyone fluent in other cultures, it definitely resembled a Bindi dot typically associated with some South Asian cultures. The item didn't show up upon Kirito's inventory, not that he was looking, and from it something had begun to seep into his skin.

Or perhaps it was more appropriate to say that it was altering the skin altogether. Flowing out in all directions from this Bindi dot was a darker, browner skin tone that better matched the culture it was more associated with. Within a matter of moments his entire face had

changed to this more melanin rich tone, but along with it there were some less than subtle changes applied to his facial structure, indicating that it was more than a mere melanin hike.

Were it merely a change in race, however, the changes that occurred likely shouldn't have been so drastic when it came to his implied sex. The swordsman's cheeks bloated in slight, their new roundness contributing to an effeminate softness that carried into darkened lips, which took on a natural pout as a side effect of the fresh mass they'd been given. His nose flattened in slight as it shrunk, but it was made to look all the smaller due to his eyes.

And *boy*, was there a *big* change regarding his eyes. Kirito's eyelashes extended, curled, and seemingly multiplied; for there was just more eye to cover when things were said and done. Forget growing a little bigger, or the fact that they shone with what was now a bright turquoise, they expanded dramatically until they were roughly *seventy-five percent* bigger than they had been before, their Japanese nature erased entire in favor of a more South Asian roundness. All in all, his face not only looked Indian, but it better suited an Indian girl that was perhaps just a little younger than himself.

Kirito was forced to gulp as the darker skin tone traveled downwards, and in doing so erased his Adam's apple from existence. The moment it seeped beneath his jacket; however, a surprising chill drew his attention down to his body. It was like he'd just been stripped somehow? No... **"Where did my clothes go!? And what's up with my ski—my voice!?"** A number of realizations struck him at the same time, as he hadn't been drawn to anything unusual until that moment.

The source of the chill was obvious: all of the clothing from his waist up had been peeled off, as whatever was affecting him likewise saw to it that his transformation could be applied seamlessly. This allowed the young man to see the darker skin spread across his shoulders, chest, and arms in a wave of splotchiness that filled in with consistency as its influence grew, but he'd also been struck by the heightened pitch of his voice. It sounded like a *girl's*.

But, as he found once the discoloration had seeped as far as his belly button, there was a little more contributing to that feminine awe than a mere shift in pitch, which could be explained medically... *maybe*. He was forced to watch the muscles of his avatar's body deteriorate, leaving arms and chest incredibly soft; but on the sides of his waist, their shapes also curved inwards before flaring out in slight just before his waist. Androgyny could have been assumed at this point, but there was a tell that suggested to the contrary. That contrary, unfortunately, just didn't speak of being a man.

Well, not unless the advent of breasts forming upon his bosom could be interpreted less fundamentally. But they were *very* much real, and as darker nipples stood erect and rose to meet the enthusiasm of the flesh below, so too did tits settle into a hefty pair of B-cups that stood out against Kirito's diminishing frame. "**Are these... Are these boobs?**" His eyes flickered between Asuna and his own chest, wondering if it would be indecent to check more intimately.

Although, by the time he resolved to reach up and touch them, the melanin rich tone was just finishing in its consumption of his fingers, and in real time he watched them shrink, take on a dainty design, and gain elongated fingertips. Much like his arms and torso, they looked *fragile* somehow.

Despite the fact that a draft below indicated that he'd now been robbed of all of his lower garb as well, Kirito, being the horny teen he was deep down, still managed to give his right tit a quick honk. It was pleasurable in nature but disturbing to think about, because he had breasts, but something even *more* pleasurable forced his body to real forward, lips quivering to hold in a gasp of need.

The changes, after bringing the width of his hips just the slightest bit wider, had tackled his ass and crotch simultaneously. A once firm booty was brought to bubbly to double the size it had once been, roundness just the slightest bit jiggly as its weight was likewise reflected in his thighs. But it was the crotch that had brought a mixture of pleasure and panic, for as he was just barely able to see past his chest, he could make out the regression of his dick until he was firmly a *she*.

"**N-No! Don't... Don't do that...**" Her mannerisms were becoming meeker, and even though Kirito had been as bold as to fondle herself just moment before, she now had reservations about reaching down to double check her newly gifted femininity. It didn't help that her memories seemed... *inconsistent*. The girl had been so sure of her identity before, but as her feet collapsed in size under the darker skin, finalizing her physical transition, her mental state was stuttering in an attempt to match the shell that contained it.

ROSE BRIDE.

Among everything else swirling around inside of her, this stood out most of all. It was extremely important. It was tied to her identity. Her identity as... What was it? It felt as if it were on the tip of her tiny tongue, and yet she could not finalize the assertion.

Taking advantage of this stutter, the chill her body felt from the cool cabin air was promptly covered up. A crimson dress took shape, a matching, sleeveless jacket finding its way atop it with golden shoulder tassels. The jacket had a white lining with layered, white buttons and a turquoise gem planted upon its breast, a blue flourish applied in frills to its base. Then, atop her head, a spikey golden tiara weaved among her hair, while matching earrings dangled from her lobes and a pair of decorative, yet extremely round glasses settled on the bridge of her nose.



Not even thinking it strange, *Anthy Himemiya*'s attention was soon fixated upon the young woman asleep on the nearby couch. **“You are... You’re my prince.”** Her tone was still soft and meek, but on this point, she seemed very certain. This person was important to her and her duty. The sword housed within her was destined for this woman alone. This... *Asuna*.

“Mmn? Kirito...? Is that...?” Asuna eventually awoke on the couch, but of course it was too late. Kirito wasn't there, merely a girl she did not recognize rummaging around in the kitchen. **“U-Uhm, who are you!?”** She sprung up to her feet. Who was that? Why had she been sleeping?

These comments alarmed the girl, who was quick to clamor to Asuna's side. **“A-Asuna-sama! You’re finally awake!”** She appeared harmless enough, but Asuna was taken aback as the girl not only took her hand, but clingily rubbed up and into the ginger's personal bubble. **“You’re finally awake, my prince!”**

Her... *prince*? Was this some kind of joke? Where was Kirito, then!? She wasn't finding any answers, and instead she was just forming new questions. The girl then threw herself at Asuna, and the questions grew even more – for a light shone, originating from the maiden herself. She looked as if she were about to fall, and so Asuna steadied her back with her right hand.

But her left? All of a sudden it was guided to Anthy's bosom without intent on her own part, and it reached *inside* of the girl – panicking Asuna significantly. Something was grabbed by her fingers, and with a lurching feeling, the dark-skinned girl still in her hands, she yanked a rapier free of the maiden before the light faded.

Of course, this didn't help with her confusion.

“Wh-Wh-What's happening!?”