

SWORD ART ONLINE: CROSSOVER CONSUMPTION

CHAPTER 3: ACCESSORIZED

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Silica was in a really good mood!

Fresh out of a new event instance, she was elated to find she had been the recipient of a special drop that was unique to this event. ALfheim Online had taken up any number of collaboration projects as of late, and she'd been really happy to hear that some of those collaborations were with an old school RPG series she'd grown up with by the name of 'Fire Emblem'. The drops for the instance were random and the drop rate was low though, so she hadn't expected in a million years that she might be rewarded with one.

"A 'Noble's Headband', huh? I wonder which character this is referencing...?" Admittedly, there were so many games with so many characters that it was difficult for Silica to guess, so she thought maybe trying it on would help her understand? To those ends, she had returned to the private cottage she had purchased with Lisbeth – it was essentially their base whenever Kirito and Asuna were offline, since they didn't like using their home without either of them around if it could be helped.

Using a warp, it didn't take extremely long. She was within the cottage in a jiffy, and the Cait Sith fairy bolted to the small mirror that hung in the living room. Fiddling with her inventory in the HUD, she managed to eventually locate the head accessory and equip it, seeing the usual ribbons that held her hair into pigtails disappear in the headband's place (*of course, all of her hair was then left to fall against her shoulders*).

Silica herself really liked it. It was black with a soft, pink lining, and it didn't really go with her usual armor, but? It was something she could make a glamor with, probably! No sooner than she had resolved herself to do just that, though, an error message began to blip across her HUD. **"Huh? What's going on?"** She'd seen this message before only once or twice. It usually happened when there was corrupted data in your inventory? Were that the case, the system would purge the corruption to prevent any harm from befalling the user.

She was extremely worried that it was the headband, but fortunately it wasn't. Instead...

It was literally *everything* else she had been wearing at the time.

"AHH!?" Stripped down to her birthday suit, Silica naturally panicked. This property was private, but what if Lisbeth came in!? Nudity wasn't even supposed to be possible in ALO, because every character had enforced smallclothes over their more intimate places, so why could she see everything!? Flustered, fingers went wild trying to push new clothes onto her body. But they didn't take at all! **"What do I do!?"** Log out? If she logged back in again, it would be in town. If she were still naked then? She might actually *want* to die!

Silica began to steady her breathing. If she panicked, it would just make things worse. She wouldn't be able to act with a level head! She wouldn't— **"Uh...?"** Because her breath and steadied and she was now thinking with a level head, though, she noticed something. The heaving of her chest? Wasn't it a little too pronounced? She knew the size of her breasts well. She knew they were itty bitty, and she'd always wished that they might grow, so even if this was inside a game?

She was somewhat elated to see her A-cups swelling. Was this a side-effect of the error? If so, it wasn't a bad one, but... **"Stop! Too much!"** In a matter of seconds they'd tripled in size, which might not have seemed so bizarre if not for Silica's short stature. No, her height might have been fine as well? But she was just so... *scrawny*.

Their advent showed no signs of halting however, and they blue up to double their already tripled size. Going by cup sizes, were they Ds? Es? Fs? Regardless of the specific sizing, they looked way out of place against her body, and they were super heavy! She couldn't believe how round and perky they were, but her body just wasn't built to accommodate them! **"Ngh! Should I message someone!? This isn't normal at all!"**

It was through a miracle alone that the girl had prevented herself from falling forward, but even then, some credit was left due to the fact the lower facets of her body had begun to shift as well. Her torso had been made into something akin to a see-saw in the end, for it was the cheeks of her bottom that had been besieged by weight next. They swelled and rounded, growing so ample that her hips had no choice but to pop uncomfortably wide if they even had a hope of containing those buns.

They rivaled her tits in scale, and their weight was enough to keep her from falling forward *because* of those breasts. Any excess weight greeted her thighs, making them plumper and feeding the gap between her legs that had been forged by widened hips. “**N-No! Now what!? I look like some kind of NSFW character model!**” Her young face and frail body, paired with these huge breasts and ass? Well, they certainly didn’t match up at all. It was hard to believe ALO’s admins would allow something like this to happen. Had it been because of a hack?

“**Umm, what even is a hack, anyways?**” Without thinking, she’d blurted out a question that invited further questions... from herself. She knew what a hack was! It was a... When people with a computer... *But what even was a computer?* That was a technology she felt as if she’d never heard of before, even though she was in a game. *A game? Like a board game? How do you end up in those?*

Her head was spinning, and as it did? Her face begun to look *strange* to say the least. If her grasp on technology hadn’t been slipping, she might have been able to liken the phenomenon to those processes that could take your picture and predict what you would look like if you were older. Except in this case? While it was making her look older, it wasn’t a representation of ‘Silica: but older’. It was much more like she was becoming a different woman altogether.

This was certainly the most evident around her eyes. After all, Silica’s Japanese heritage was being whittled away at as a most Western eye design came into its place. Even her irises were changed, colors alight with a bright pink that dominated and overcame the reds of old. Her jawline became narrow, her nose a little larger, and her lips absolutely shone with the maturity of an attractive young woman, but what really sold the fact that she was older was her skin. A little more worn, this age was evidently hidden by heavy blush and the like, even if she couldn’t be much older than twenty-four.

Retroactively, this age increase of eight or nine years was ultimately applied to the parts of her body that hadn’t grown like her chest and butt had, but she didn’t really grow taller. It was more like her body was simply *filling out*. Shoulders became broad, and despite remaining narrow by contrast, her waistline ended up thickening as well. As a

result, all of her curves were significantly less cartoony and made more sense to be supported by a frame that was both short and wide.

But the real boon to Silica at this point? It came from her muscles. Arms, legs, and belly alike hardened and swelled, strength seeing the issues she had supporting her new 'assets' fade away and become *completely* natural. When all was said and done, she was both strong and beautiful, her figure one to be envied (*height aside*), but there was still the matter of her hair.

Though that issues tied itself up rather neatly as well. Almost literally. A bright pink ended up flowing through her brown locks in waves, painting them vigorously and seeing them grow as a gentle strawberry fragrance dances from her mane. Following down and past her ass, it turned out the headband had managed to secure them into a single ponytail that split into two portions halfway down, hair fanning out behind her gingerly.

“Where am I? And why am I naked? Is this a prank? Did Lysithea send me flying with her Warp magic again?” More than her body, the woman was confused about her circumstances. Evidently, any trace of Silica's old self had been overwritten by the identity of the one whose headband she'd adorned: one Miss Hilda Valentine Goneril, from the game *Fire Emblem: Three Houses*. At the very least, the accessory's spell sought to rid her anxiety on one of those topics.

New gear was overlain against her body, from a pink, corset-like dress that exposed her significantly ample cleavage, to the fluffy, detached sleeves, to the big, pink gloves, to the heeled, black, thigh-high boots. It was a perfect match for the attire that character wore, right down to the weight of an axe that hooked onto her back. **“I'm seriously not impressed. Is this even Fodlan anymore? Everything looks so strange!”**

Meanwhile, in the real world? Even her real body had undergone the same transformation. With one teeny, tiny exception: her new, curvaceous body had torn right through her clothes. It would certainly be an unusual sight if one of her parents walked in!