

SWORD ART ONLINE: CROSSOVER CONSUMPTION

CHAPTER 4: EXPLOSION!

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Klein couldn't make heads or tails of the item he'd received from the even instance he had just participated in, at least based on the description from the inventory screen. **“The ‘Cape of Explosions’? It sounds cool, but what's it from!?”** The issue with this game-wide crossover event was that they weren't including much in the way of flavor text, and sometimes the instances had absolutely nothing to do with the series the rewards were linked to. Apparently, the developers had gone on record to say: *‘it's more fun if you need to figure it out, right?’*.

If he were a man of culture, however, he might have understood why all of the monsters in that battle had been giant toads.

“Oh well, it's a super rare item and one that boosts magic power by a hell of a lot, so I guess I can't complain.” Beggars couldn't be choosers at the end of the day, and there was nothing wrong with having yet another SSR item under his belt. If anything, he was more miffed that the parameters weren't ideal for his current loadout. He focused his build on swordplay and not so much magic. Something about using the sword being *‘manlier’* than using magic?

Still, didn't mean he couldn't show the item off, right? The people in his guild were all about being flashy. Who had the coolest items? Who had the best looking outfit? Well, it was all a dick measuring contest in the end. But upon returning to his guild? He was surprised to find it empty. **“The hell? It's midday...”** Not even the secretary was around. Had

everyone ended up so caught up in the event that they weren't even *hanging out*?

Maybe it was for the best, because what came next would have put Klein in a very precarious position had there been an audience around. A series of *ERROR* messages took over his field of vision and forced his HUD open. It flipped to his inventory and equipment screen, and piece by piece he could both see, and *feel*, his armor being removed until he was entirely nude in the guild hall. Well, *one* thing had ended up equipped.

The 'Cape of Explosions'.

"...Eh?" What else was he supposed to say, to find his muscles bare and his Klein Jr. propping itself up like that? Had genitals even been coded into ALO!? That seemed like a flagrant misuse of the technology, which meant... a hacker? Was this a hacking attempt? **"If I just log out, then... Oi! Where's the logout button!? I can't even file a report to the admins? Just what the hell is happening here!?"**

He was basically paralyzed. Not by fear, but by confusion on how to proceed. Someone could come galivanting in through the front entrance of the guild at any moment, and if they did? Then what? At best he'd be labeled a pervert, and at worst? Well, he didn't really want to think about that. In the end, there was only really a single answer that he could come up with: **"I need to hide!"**

No one was using the reception desk. It was a bit of a jog, would take him forty seconds or so to reach, but it was probably his best bet. Most of the reception hall was open by design, and it wasn't like VR had workable bathrooms. **"GOOOOO!"** His mind set, he booked it at high speed, arms squared forward to bolster his momentum as the stride of each step was optimized.

There was nothing comfortable about that run. As a man, he might have underestimated the comfort of having his package tucked within his boxers and pants – it wasn't as if he went for jogs in the nude to know this otherwise. The cape fluttering behind him only provided added distraction, for at times it tickled his butt and arms, evidently designed for a much smaller frame.

But the discomfort? It seemed to wane the closer he got to the desk. Or, rather, wasn't the desk farther away than he remembered? Klein's run had begun with great speed, but it was slowly tapering off, and the effort was becoming more taxing as exhaustion uncharacteristically settled in. **"Haa!? Can avatars be out of shape!?"** It was a fair question to ask.

They came in many shapes and sizes, but all had similar capabilities. And even then? His avatar was fit. Or... *it should have been.*

To an observer, the source of Klein's woes would have been obvious. But to Klein himself, who was too embarrassed to look at his own, naked body as he ran? It wasn't quite as evident. But the truth of the matter, regardless of who could or couldn't see, was that he had been *shrinking*. Down, of course; that was what most thought of when they heard about a person shrinking, but there was also the matter of his body's muscle.

Arms that rippled with strength prior turned smooth, raw power regressing to the point that the young man's arms might as well have been noodles by contrast. Legs followed suit, but his torso? Well, it wasn't as simple as his belly becoming as soft as it was void of any discernable definition, true as that was. No, his waistline slowly pinched inward to create the impression that his hips were far more pronounced, and far more *feminine* by inherent design.

But then again, one needn't look any farther than his face to realize this was becoming a trend. His height continued to collapse as he ran, but it wasn't consistent – it wasn't so simple, because he was actually becoming *younger*. The fattiness to his face was growing, cheeks puffing out in slight as eyes appeared brighter and wider than ever before. Though, as previously implied, there was something likewise girlish about them. Lips appeared a little plumper, nose smaller; so much that he hardly looked like himself.

And that was a statement meant generally.

“Haa! Haa! Was it always so far away!?” What had once been a proper run towards the desk had turned into a sloppy mess, Klein's posture broken as feminine fingers flopped around and chubbier legs strained to keep him upright. On the whole, his entire figure was softer now, with that chub to his legs somehow firming to an extent... around his thighs. The definition they provided was reminiscent of a young girl that had just hit puberty, and the cheeks of his ass that wriggled behind him? Well, in the end they weren't much better off with how soft and round they had become.

It was strange because from his perspective, in the beginning, the sway of his junk had been so distracting. And yet, now? He'd completely forgotten about. In no small part because of what his heightened voice seemed to imply, that his masculinity? Its days had been numbered.

His dick had been shrinking along with his body, but even as he'd rounded out at an age that was roughly early teens, it had still clung on for dear life. Tragically though, it seemed it was not an organ longer for

this world, for what remained finally took the deepest plunge straight inside of *her*, as a young woman's genital counterparts took root instead. For a moment she squirmed while running, but that was to be expected all things considered. Painless or not, having your organs rearrange couldn't be a pleasant sensation.

As if to put the cherry – or *cherries* – on top, a subtle plumpness collected beneath the young girl's nipples not long after, seeing weight amass and jiggle until the tiniest pair of A-cups formed with perky delight. It was clear that there was plenty of room for them to grow, but would they? Well, Klein wasn't too concerned with that.

Rather, as she finally slid behind the desk and allowed her round, bare buttocks to press against the cold floor (*with a girlish squeak, of course*), her goals had shifted from her moment of shame to something a little more... out of character. Or maybe it was *in* character for who she was becoming? **“I wonder where I can set off an *EXPLOSION* around here!?”** Despite the fact that Klein was a member of this guild, it had begun to look increasingly unfamiliar. Her memories weren't matching what was happening, and she began to ponder whether or not there were any spacious areas outside for her to fire off a *big one*.

But she couldn't leave. Not *yet* anyways. While her body was a proper match for the one that normally adorned that cape, some minor tweaks were still needed. Her hair, for one. A much more mundane brunette color had begun to sweep through her crimson locks, spikes drooping as it all inevitable flattened and dangled over the sides and back of her head. It hung to her shoulders in the back, and at the sides on the front? Well, it was likely the longest of it all, drooping to the point where the brown covered her nipples.

She could feel it. Something welling up from within. An *impulse*. A *desire*. A *need*. **“I WANT TO FIRE OFF AN *EXPLOSION* SO BADLY! KAZUMAAA, WHERE ARE YOOOOOU!?”** Butt still planted on the floor and her back still against the desk, she threw up her arms like a child while her eyes? They grew alight with a crimson glow, a mysterious power that could only be harnessed by a girl of her talents. A girl of the ***CRIMSON DEMON CLAN!*** But members of the Crimson Demon Clan didn't have pointed ears, did they? So, naturally, her fairy ears rounded out!

So it was only naturally that she would become clad in a raiment befitting of her people! Her nudity was a waning issue as a short, red dress with a gold trim and long sleeves hung as far as the peaks of her thighs, a black thigh high decorated left leg, wrapped bandages decorated her right one, and a pair of orange boots snuggled her daintier feet. Black, fingerless gloves were wrapped around her tiny

hands, and then? The *piece de resistance*? A large, black witch's hat with a pair of red patchwork buttons upon it that looked like eyes.

Forget fantasy fashion, she looked more like a chuunibyou putting her own spin on fantasy.

“Hyup!” Apparently less disturbed by her circumstances than she had been earlier, *Megumin* reached to a wooden staff that had appeared beside her to help stand herself back up again. She let out a comical whistle while looking around the guild hall. ***“Is Kazuma hiding in here? Actually, is this building even being used?”*** A million bad ideas were coming to mind at that moment, and the worst of them?

“I wonder if anyone would be mad if I fired off an explosion here?”