

ISEKAI CROSS 2

BIWEEKLY STORY 22

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The sound of a monster crying out in pain was the very last noise it made before it's body grew alight with gold and its model shattered into what seemed like a million pieces. While exploring Aincrad on his own, Kirito was lucky to have come across such a rare monster. It had been a pink dragon of all things, and dragons were typically known for their rare drops.

This encounter seemed to be no different, though what dropped from the lizard wasn't exactly expected. It had been a glamour item. "**A stocking?**" White and pink striped, and not a complete pair. It looked like an item you'd normally find a young girl wearing. It didn't seem to provide any status benefits either. "Hm..." He weighed just leaving it there, but an idea struck him. He could give it as a gift to Yui? Even if she couldn't aware it she'd probably appreciate it, and so he stuffed it into his inventory anyways before returning to the cabin that he shared with both Asuna and their 'daughter'.

When the Black Swordsman returned to their lodgings however, neither his girlfriend nor their AI child were around. The logical assumption of course was that she'd taken Yui out to the lake, and he didn't doubt that they were fine in the least. It just left him with a loss regarding what to do in the meantime. Though he was tired. A little more tired than he would have liked -- so he laid down across the couch. Eyes grew heavier and heavier, mind drifting towards slumber proper...

But they snapped open again thanks to a loud, high pitched sound. His status menu, somehow, had opened on its own and had been scrolled to the equipment screen. A glitch? He couldn't imagine it had been anything but. Both examining the menu while laying down and the cool air on relatively bare legs quickly brought about the

discovery that it had equipped the pink and white legging he'd received from the dragon drop; needless to say it looked rather peculiar when he sat upright. A girlish accessory on his right leg, barely fitting to just above his knees. And yet his boxers were all that remained just north since the legging replaced his pants.

What was the point of this item exactly? Sword Art Online was a game world meant to allow one to live their fantasies of course, but this almost seemed like a perverted beta item. Most of the cosmetic gear wasn't designed to be so cute, nor would it replace an entire pair of pants to be adorned. After all socks were a thing. "**I wonder if it's bugged.**" It was a logical conclusion, and as he voiced it to himself his finger went to work on his status menu. Removing the legging should have been as easy as dragging his pants back over the slot the accessory was on, but every time he tried the pants just jumped back into his inventory.

A problem with the servers? If that was the case, it would be dangerous for everyone trapped within SAO. If the servers crashed then that would inevitably mean all of the minds trapped within the game would be corrupted if not completely deleted, which would surely essentially mean death to the hundreds trapped within.

But maybe he was getting a little overzealous with his concerns? It was very possible that this one piece of clothing was glitched, but likewise Kirito didn't really want to walk around in boxer shorts and a legging for the rest of his stay in SAO.

"**Huh?**" Static suddenly overtook his status screen, everything from his name to his parameters completely distorted. Of course this was a glitch he'd never seen before, but after just a moment of distortion it seemed to return to normal. Or... *kind of*. Maybe 'normal' was the wrong word. The screen was readable, but nothing on it was right.

To begin with his name didn't read 'Kirito'. It read 'Milim'. Which not only wasn't his name but it sounded like a girl's name. And his parameters? All of the physical ones had jumped to outlandish values, numbers that could only be found on the monsters that populated Sword Art Online. All the values except for one. INT. Intelligence. It was only... 5? He'd never seen a number that low, though thankfully intelligence didn't really speak to the player's own smarts but how much they'd learned of the game.

Statistically speaking there would be no way for the game to properly quantify... er... what was he thinking about again? It was almost like all of the technical jargon he'd learned through his studies and through being an SAO beta tester had been knocked out of him. "**Even the menu...?**" Kirito was left staring dumbfounded at his status screen as panic set in at the realization that he couldn't remember what any of it meant.

His body began to burn next, the feeling a little different than being inflicted with the burn status condition that many of the fire wielding monsters could inflict. As opposed to feeling like his skin was on fire it was more like his insides were. It was

sharp and painful, and enough to force him to slam his eyes shut and keel back over on the couch. "**Asuna...!**" At the very least he could remember Asuna and Yui. If he was being affected by whatever this way, his first fear was that his girlfriend might be affected as well. She would be, but it wouldn't be to quite the scale Kirito was at the very least.

His teeth clenched together as the pain grew more intense, canines began to poke out from between his lips as they grew sharper, the overall shape of the boy's jaw otherwise narrowing. Shrinking, narrowing, it was a rapid trend that overtook his form in its entirety. It wasn't like muscles were suggestive of strength in a VRMMO like Sword Art Online, so he wasn't really 'built' or anything like that, but the muscles all across his body flattened into the fat around them, quickly giving him an androgynous frame beneath his usual, black swordsman attire.

Muscles aside, Kirito's very frame began to lessen as he curled up into the fetal position on his side. He wanted to look, to try and figure out what was going on, but the pain reverberated not only through his body but through his head as well. It was becoming harder and harder to think, and likewise it almost felt like important things were slipping through the cracks in the meantime. Information, memories, things he needed to treasure, and yet...

"**Asu-na-san...**" Desperately clinging to what he could, a subtle change in his memories of Asuna slipped by. He tossed a respectful honorific as he spoke her name aloud once more, almost like he was giving respect to someone older than him.

His body? It was very quickly beginning to suggest that this was true. The shrinkage was most easily seen in the swordsman's lower body, which was largely bare thanks to his pants being replaced by the cursed legging in the first place. The length of each leg was evidently shorter, their broadness reduced to the point that the legging (*which had barely passed his knee before*) rested just above his thigh. A thigh which, not to go unnoticed, seemed unusually plump for its length and for the sex of the human it belonged to. A youthful roundness settled in not only the right but the left, though the flesh was most noticeable in the right with the hem of the accessory digging into his skin.

Plaid boxer shorts showed signs of darkening as the rest of Kirito's equipment page filled in with clothing and armor that didn't even exist in his inventory. What was left of their color was an extremely dark gray, but what was most shocking about them was how the shorts part of the boxers had pulled inward. Before they were done his thighs were both wholly exposed, cloth tied around either hip to essentially remain a pair of black panties that revealed the bulge in the front of the man's pelvis... briefly. It quickly dissipated, ushering in a pronounced behind that could not fully be contained by the underwear in the process.

The sleeves of the *girl's* jacket soon hardened as they withdrew to accommodate the much shorter length of Kirito's arms. They became thicker, turning into

gauntlets that remained attached to the jacket while also allowing her tiny hands to breathe. Said hands were speckled with dirt, tiny digits unwashed much like the bare feet that wriggled behind her as she still bunched up in pain.

"Yui-chan..." She murmured her 'daughter's' name next as memories were corrupted. Kirito could still remember her but... like a daughter? They always played together, and Miss Asuna looked after the both of them...!? **"No... That's not how it is...!"** But it soon would be and no one would be the wiser.

The stitching of both Kirito's jacket and undershirt un-threaded at the bottom hems, unraveling like a gift as the bottom of her tummy was exposed and more and more was likewise shown. The soft skin of a young girl was on full display as navel was left on full display, girlish arc to the sides of her stomach accented by a height that was likely only two thirds of what she'd once been as the chest above began to harden. The front of the jacket looked to quickly resemble a thin piece of armor plating as the color brightened, but in reality had merely become a thin stretch of white cloth that just barely shielded a budding chest beneath. Her nipples had become puffy, fat implying that something might grow there someday, but they didn't grow much more than that.

All in all, with her panties on full display along with most of her torso, it wasn't a very fitting costume for a girl of 'Milim's' apparent age.

The pain began to subside and the girl finally found the energy to open her eyes once more. Longer lashes danced as bright blues had clearly replaced usual gray, rounded cheeks twitching as glossy lips wriggled in response to a thought of 'this doesn't feel right'. Dirty fingers dug into the couch as she lifted herself up, head bobbing groggily from side to side as black hair pulled out into two long ponytails, each unkempt and bright pink to finish off her childish visage.

She was confused. Everything felt foreign, but it felt right. She felt like she was forgetting something important, and yet she was easily distracted by every sight and sound in the small cabin. It was an absence of attention that Kirito certainly had never suffered from, but *Milim*? That was her bread and butter. She wasn't bright at all.

"Who... am I? Milim... Milim Nava... AH! Hehehe! I'm Demon Lord Milim of course!" The child jumped up proudly, fang sticking out from a toothy smile as she rested hands on her bare hips. She came from a faraway land... or something! But she was an enemy AI in Sword Art Online. Thanks to Asuna-san and Yui-chan she'd kind of gone rogue, but that was okay right? After all, Asuna gave her lots of yummy food and Yui was always playing with her!

But where were they? This was their house, and the cavern Milim lived in wasn't too far from here. Oh well! She'd just scare Yui when they got back. Maximum punishment!

...and like a true klutz, on her way to find a good hiding place she tripped over her own ankle, eating wooden flooring in the process. "**Uu...**"

Meanwhile in the real world something truly unusual occurred. The room that should have housed the Sword Art Online victim, Kirigaya Kazuto, vanished completely. Not only that, the doctors would forget he had ever stayed. His family had forgotten he'd ever been alive at all.

There was only Milim Nava now.