

# ANOTHER FOR THE PILE

BIWEEKLY STORY #49

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Everyone who played ALfheim Online looked forward to the last day of of the month. After all, it was *Gold Day!*

Incidentally the day's name was fairly indicative of the festivities that transpired on this coveted in-game monthly holiday. Dungeons supplied almost triple the amounts of gold on the final day of the month only, allowing players to build the contents of their coin purses by trading the rare metal in for in-game currency. For those looking to make expensive upgrades to their gear, or those looking to purchase in-game housing, the day itself was essentially generosity given game form.

The online user count was always at its peak on days like this, and it was helped by the fact that a new beginner's dungeon had been added. There were plenty looking to explore it even if it was far below their current level. Some would do it for treasure, others would do it so they could take their new player friends inside.

But Leafa? She was doing it for the *clout*. Being one of the fastest fliers in the game, she'd waged a piece of special gear she'd found in a high level dungeon on a contest with another Sylph: whoever can clear the new dungeon the fastest would be crowned the winner. Her competition had already gotten a clear time and it seemed reasonable enough to meet. She also needed to do it quickly because it was Halloween and she had plans with Shino later on.

**“Alright, let's do this!”** Taking her mark at the dungeon entrance, the moment the timer began she blasted into the first corridor at lightning speed made possible only by the wings of a Sylph. The crumbling halls were dimly lit by passing torches, yet around the halfway point she

ended up passing into a room more brilliant and bright than any she'd passed through so far. It was a room so large that it was comparable to a football field in size, the ground covered with pile after pile of *gold*. It made sense for there to be a treasure room of this size. This space would be overrun with newbies before long, and considering it was Gold Day there must have been way more of it than would typically be found here.

She just hadn't expected the gold to also be in the *air* with her.

**"UWAH!?"** Leafa had realized too late. There was a trapdoor above where she was flying that dumped gold into the chamber below, and she'd inadvertently gotten caught in a pour. Gold coins pelted her body and chipped away at her HP, and as she'd turned over to look for a safe zone she'd even been forced to accidentally swallow one.

Taking a *literal* taste of gold had all been for naught, too, because unable to locate a safe spot her body spiraled to the ground, fall painfully broken my perhaps the largest pile of gold in the room. **"Why did that happen!? They're supposed to mark no flying zones to avoid this kind of thing!"** It had totally been marked, actually. Leafa had just been flying so quickly that she hadn't noticed.

The flow of coin from the rooms above finally came to an end, and a defeated Leafa struggled to get her footing on the pile of gold she'd crashed into. **"No way I'm going to pull a higher time now, and god that coin tasted gross!"** Metallic flavoring still clung to her tongue, but the girl hardly noticed the taste getting even stronger with the passing of time.

Her HP had taken a pretty heavy hit as well, and now it was... wait, why was it so *low*? Not the damage taken, but her actual HP cap. It was way too low, not befitting of a character at her level. Instead it was extremely low, on par with a generic mob you might find at a beginner's dungeon like this. **"M-My HP cap is only 100!?"** That was comparable to a low level skeleton or slime. The level 1 HP cap for new players was 500 alone. This had to be a glitch of some sort.

Leafa swiped the air to bring up her HUD, but nothing appeared. Again and again she tried, but she couldn't access her menus at all. **"Seriously what's going on here!? Is there a glitch with the new content?"** If she couldn't log out or teleport from here, she'd have to exit the dungeon manually. Except... *she was sinking*. **"H-Huh!?"** As far as her ankles had been gobbled up by the coin hill beneath her, and while she didn't sink any deeper it kept her from moving or flying away.

*Not that she could summon her wings either.* Propelling herself out of the foothold with the power of flight was Leafa's first idea, but try as she

might she couldn't activate the ability to manifest those Sylph wings. Pair it all with the fact that her flesh and blood was feeling very *cold*, and there was plenty of justification for some very serious concern. The last thing anyone wanted was a big VRMMORPG incident after what happened with Sword Art Online in the past.

**“Let me go!”** Still panicked and defiant, Leafa did her best to try and pull her feet from the anchors that kept them there. But not only was it fruitless, she was also beginning to sink even deeper; or at least that was the impression she'd gotten from her shortening point of view. The level her eyes sat at was definitely in decline, but not because she was physically falling deeper into the coin pile. In fact, the state of her clothing was far more indicative of what was actually happening as they got all scrunched up in key areas.

She was shrinking. Not consistently. Not in the sense where, maybe, she was getting younger or her figure was regressing along with her. It was exclusively a loss of height that saw her arms, legs, and torso shorten, making her clothes baggy in these areas but remaining fit to her proportions otherwise. **“What the-- Do you know how much repairing these clothes costs!?”** Weirdly enough it wasn't concern for her body that had bubbled up so much as a concern for the *value* of any expenses she'd need to pay to refit her gear to these new sizings.

That extra space that had been left in her pants though? It was given a good use. Helpful in the most unlikely of ways, for that space allowed breathing room for the flesh of her thighs when it promptly began to inflate. Still pinned to the coin pile and cold, Leafa's form wobbled from side to side with a bit more of a jiggle to her legs and booty. Those white pants that were typically skin tight, even with the extra slack, were eventually drawn to tear as ample flesh pushed them past their limitations. Rounded and tender, squishy but cold. Those were the qualities her thighs had amassed.

Because it seemed the coldness of her body wasn't a side effect of what was happening. It was a *feature*. The reason for this would become immediately clear to an observer if they saw within the tears in her pants, or even if they saw the cleavage of her fat ass poking up and over the waistline from behind. Her flesh? It didn't really look like flesh anymore below her waist.

It looked metal. Specifically? *Gold*.

The skin shone with the same shimmer as every other gold piece in the treasure room, discoloration having originated in her feet and slowly climbed up the girl's form while remaining largely concealed by her outfit. Even as Leafa stood now, it was difficult to see her legs with her

breasts in the way. And as if to capitalize on the convenience of this? Whatever was happening wanted to make that chest even larger.

**“This is weird! Why do I feel so... so... Haaahn!”** She couldn’t hold back a moan long enough to finish her thought, which had stumbled upon the truth of the situation. Her attention had steadily been drawn to the treasure around her, mind thinking of pretty much everything in turns of value. But nothing in Leafa’s mind held as much value as the need to satisfy a growing hunger in her loins. Not because she’d turned horny (*because she had*) but because that hunger was literal. She felt like a bottom feeder that was so weak it could only persevere by misleading the weak herself.

That moan of ecstasy however? It had a pretty good justification for erupting even if it had thrown her ability to rationalize and resist in disarray. The front of her dress had exploded and not from any pyrotechnics. Her breasts had plumped up vigorously, adding a generous three sizes to each tit that dwarfed even her own head easily. **“My titties are--!?”** Her intellect and vocabulary was deteriorating, shrinking to be better suit for a simplistic, parasitic monster. What had given her pause though was the glittering gold covering that dusted her breasts as they hung loosely out of her dress’ top, nipples and all.

She brought hands to these breasts and squished them. They were cool to the touch but despite seeming metallic were as soft as she’d expected. Even reaching down to grope her own ass and thighs found her body wasn’t rock solid or anything. **“Oh~ So squishy!”**, Leafa couldn’t help but chirp. The simpleness of her mind was on full display, for her anxiety and concern had all but melted away even as the gold from her tits rubbed off onto her fingers and began to spread up her arms.

There was a temporary stiffness in her neck as it, too, turned to living gold, and soon her face was entirely consumed. Enough work was done to strip the girl of any resemblance to her past self, giving her poutier lips, softer cheeks, and an overall more ‘ojou-sama’ look when paired with literal golden locks reshaped into dignified curls. As her ears retained their points but shrunk in length, and her sclera glossed over gold while irises remained a pale yellow, she felt strangely... *at peace*.

Her hunger had been temporarily satiated by her transformation and her body idled. **“Oooh... Heehee, I’m so sleepy!”** She was confused. She didn’t know what she was, but she didn’t know who she was anymore either. Instinct was more dominant than thought, and those instincts only seemed to care about two things: sex and objects of value. If she could find a worthy partner for the first, that partner would become the second.

Her movements slowed, and the sound of coins clanging against the pile around her filled the air once more. Leafa almost wondered if the room above had opened to fill the room again, but with the sound of each coin hitting the pile came a *feeling*. Like that coin was her own body embracing the treasured gold of this room. Those coins *were* her body.

Her physical form was crumbling, piece by piece turning into falsified coin that would be lost among the pile. Her figure diminished and diminished until there was nothing left to hold up her clothes, and that outfit ultimately rested on top of the pile with no Leafa in sight.

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**“It says Leafa is still logged in here, but I can’t imagine that’s right unless something happened...”** About eight hours later Sinon had logged into ALO in search of her friend. Suguha hadn’t shown up to their Halloween girls’ night and her login status said she was still in game; in the new dungeon of all places. The Cait Sith had followed the beacon left by her friend’s account and before long found her in the treasure room.

It only took a short flight to find her gear resting atop a hill of gold coins. **“What? This is where the signal is coming from...”** She landed beside the clothes and had reached down to pick them up, yet movement beneath the attire made Sinon step back. **“A monster!?”** It couldn’t be a player because she was getting combat warnings. The one for monster attacks was different than PVP, so there was no mistake.

Not beneath Leafa’s clothes but beside them, coins began to amass. They clung together as if possessed, before melding together and taking on a smooth, shiny humanoid shape. A short but supple body of gold, a dripping pussy that ached with hunger, a pair of F-cup breasts that bounced as the monster lurched forward. There was no way the devs would have allowed a monster design like this in their game - it looked like it belonged in an H-game.

But once its face and spiral hair had been reconstructed, the treasure monster smiled lustfully. Was it a mimic of some sort? That would make sense, but it didn’t explain where Leafa was! **“Ah!?”** Having the good sense to fly away had proven fruitless, for golden coins had wrapped around her ankles like anchors that barred her from flying. The Creeping Coin monster girl slowly approached and eventually clung to Sinon, rubbing her pussy against the cat girl’s thigh as she pushed her cold breasts against Sinon’s own. Unable to break free, Sinon could do nothing as the mimic locked lips with her.

*And Sinon’s lips and tongue turned a shimmering gold.*

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The developers of ALO ended up sued to the point where they were forced to shut down after that incident. After the SAO incident how could they possibly justify this? A glitch in their game that had transformed two players in monsters in-game had been bad enough, but it had become impossible to salvage their psyches.

Even if it had been possible, there was no longer a body for neither Leafa nor Sinon to return to. Suguha Kirigaya and Shino Asada's bodies had turned into solid gold in the real world, their corrupted minds and souls trapped in the game. As a mercy the ALO servers were left open for their minds only, for it was the only way for Leafa and Sinon to continue living.

*As a pair of Creeping Coin mimics that dwelt in a beginner's dungeon,  
for now and forever.*