

DARK TERRI-TORN

BIWEEKLY STORY 28

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“So RATH saw it fit to attempt to interfere with our plans anyways, hm? Well, it’s no matter.” The ruler of the Dark Territory, the Dark Lord Vector mused aloud from his throne which was situated before the battlefield between his people and the human order that lived on the opposite side of the canyon between them. In actuality he was no dark lord, merely a human that had entered the Underworld with an admin account for his own nefarious purposes. He was willing to do whatever it took to accomplish his goals.

But could he say the same about the woman in front of him?

A girl. A teenager. She had seen it fit to log in with an admin account of her own, only for the god of darkness to pluck her from the sky. Her real name was Asuna Yuuki, but within MMOs she was merely Asuna. In this unique case, though, the avatar she occupied was that of the Goddess Stacia. Asuna had come to the Underworld for one reason and one reason only: to save her boyfriend Kirito, whom had been trapped in this virtual yet lifelike realm. **“You won’t get away with this! Everyone is working in the real world to make sure you’re taken down!”**

Asuna had been forced onto her knees, wrists and ankles bound by chains that seemingly sealed the administrative abilities of her unique account. It was problematic and she wasn’t sure what to do if she couldn’t log out. Everything this body felt, it felt like it was her own IRL body, so if this man was to torture or otherwise inflict harm against her... But she needed to find Kirito!

“Is that so? Well, I suppose I’ll be ready for them then. But as for you... What was that woman’s name? D.I.L.? I suppose I could give her a new pet. A wonder what kind of effect it will have on you in the real world if I manipulate your Fluctlight here. Hm...” This was a dangerous line of thought. Did he really have to ability to

meddle with Fluctlights? They were what functioned as the souls of every person that occupied the Underworld, and having dove into this avatar Asuna now possessed an artificial one as well. The man raised his fingers, and...

SNAP

A reverberation ran through the air, a power Asuna could not properly perceive erupting from his fingertips and burrowing into her current Fluctlight. The fact that something was wrong with her physically became immediately apparent because her body suddenly grew immensely warm. Not hot, not like she was on fire. It was actually a pleasant warmth, one she knew from her nights alone with Kirito. But that made her all the more concerned. She could actually feel it beneath her dress -- the heat was most prominently focused around her loins, and she could already feel a dampness set in as she dripped into her panties.

"What... What did you do?" She was aroused, and not just subtly. Her body was growing weak, and it was getting harder to keep the drool within her lips. In a matter of moments Asuna's expression had contorted into one of needy desperation, cheeks dyed a blush that she may never live without again. Oh god, wasn't he trying to force her to court him!? **"No! I won't! I have a boyfriend, I won't let you have your wear with *mmme!*"** It had been so hard to choke out that refusal, and her tongue probed out to lick her lips even as she finished it.

But Vector did not space her so much as an acknowledgment that he'd heard her. He merely observed with interest.

The flame of need begun to burn brighter as something went awry with Asuna's senses. She could tell there was a full army scattered about the premises already, but now she felt as if she could sense them more intimately. The musky smell of their dicks and pussies, filthy and needy alike. She could practically pinpoint exactly how many there were nearby, and their presence only made her more depraved. Her eyes, usually chestnut brown, began to shine a full pink that complimented her cheeks, and a fluffier pink began to likewise settle into her bright orange hair. Much of this hair saw itself rapidly unwinding, shortening, until it was cut into a short bob with the tips the same orange she was accustomed to. When all was said and done this would be only clue to the monster's old identity.

Still resting on her knees, Asuna's thighs rubbed together in an attempt to stimulate herself, pussy aching to have something inserted even as a weight suddenly saw her body lurching forward. **"Whaahn!?"** She'd meant to question what was happening, but instead reached a climax that had her entire body toppling over as far as it could with the chains holding her in place.

But why had she been knocked forward in the first place? Her breasts. The armor plating in the front of her battle dress had been knocked clean off and clanged against the carriage floor beneath her, because the flesh beneath them had exploded and was digging into what remained of the garment's neckline. The

physical changed that had afflicted her head had naturally gone unnoticed without a reflective surface to compare them to, but with her chin buried in her neck and pink eyes pointed at her chest she could see just how gratuitous her breasts had become. **"My titties...! My... uh... boobies!?"** The woman struggled. Why couldn't she spout out a less childish term? Her bosom? Her breasts? But instead her ability to speak had seemingly deteriorated and simplified.

The breasts continued to grow, practically tripled in size by the time the dress's fabric tore while keeping them firmly contained. Cleavage was deep within, and nipples stood erect with ache. She wanted to touch them. She *needed* to touch them, and so correcting her posture she wiggled her bound hands to her huge tits and began to fondle them, which did no good for her situation downtown in the end. Even though she'd already released she wanted more. The scent of all the genitals in the area fueled her. Kirito? She yearned for him more than any, but right now anyone would do. She just needed to scratch this itch.

"W-Wait! My hands!? No, just let me grope my titties...!" A needy whine lent Vector the ability to notice that the more extreme physical changes were settling in. As much as he'd enjoyed watching a girl's tits explode like that, and as much as he enjoyed watching her ego break, he was much more interested in to what level altering a Fluctlight could alter a human body. After all, couldn't he make a much more powerful army that way?

Asuna was left pawing at her breasts, what remained of her fingers ultimately finishing the tear that ran down the dress' front and allowing each G-cup tit to spill out and bounce around as she continued to paw at them. Her fingers? They'd been stretching. Growing longer and longer as a soft, pink tuft of feathering spread across not only them but the entire length of either arm. She was very quickly looking more bird than human as her arm span doubled, strangely shaped but hollow bones all but obscured by light pink feathers that fanned out into hot pink near the bottom. She had a fully fledged pair of wings now in the place of any arms or hands, allowing the chains that had bound her wrists to just slide off the joints that allowed her to fold them inward.

She could no longer touch herself, and any attempts to do so resulted in wings flapping against her breasts in a very unsatisfying manner. **"No... Nonono! Asuna doesn't want to be a bird! Asuna is a person!"** The woman's voice had become astoundingly higher pitched, and as her wit continued to regress so to had unusual speech habits begun to develop. She was referring to herself in third person now.

It was here that Vector thought to finally speak up, knowing it was far too late for this 'goddess' to refute any of the transformation. Not that she looked like a goddess anymore. She looked like a needy little monster that was squirting herself just thinking of a good fuck, and that became clearer as he noted her thighs growing plumped beneath the lip of the skirt that she had stopped caring to cover. **"Asuna? A human? No, you're neither of those things. You're just a monster. A jubjub. You belong to D.I.L.'s group of monsters... Ah, what did she name you?"** He tried

to think of a suitable name for her, but didn't have much. She looked a little like cotton candy, he supposed. **"Cotton. Your name is Cotton."**

At this new information, the bird's eyes glazed over a moment as she attempted to process it. **"I'm just a jubjub named Cotton...?"** It was like she'd shut down so that her mind could reboot, but the transformation did not halt just because of her mental difficulties. The boots she was wearing pointed into the ground behind her because she was still resting on her knees despite all of the tossing and turning she'd done, a pair of black claws promptly erupted from either shoe as the flesh of each foot hardened and narrowed into a pair of bird's feet that ultimately bled into shiny, hairless legs. The part where bird feet met human skin looked a little *odd*, but thankfully a set of bright pink feathers emerged over top of these two places to disguise them.

Noting the bird still struggling with her identity but sensing her Fluctlight thoroughly corrupted, another snap of Vector's fingers saw the goddess garments the girl had adorned erased, her nudity brief before bows fastened themselves atop her head and around her neck, and a single pink garment was left to merely cover the nipples of her rosy breasts and flutter down beneath them so that they barely touched the bright pink panties below that had already become soiled by the jubjub's need. **"You seem to be distressed, Cotton? Allow me to have D.I.L. pick you up. I'm sure she'll give you the pick of any steed you'd like."**

This proposition snapped the distorted harpy from her stupor. **"Huh!? Really really!? Cotton wants a big, thick cock in her pussy ASAP you know!?"** She was so bubbly and excited about getting fucked. What a far cry from the woman she'd once been. But this had been an interesting experiment, one he'd see to make good use of in the future. **"Cotton wants a man dressed all in black!"** Her wings flapped triumphantly, like she'd just remembered something good. She had, but she couldn't place a name to the image of this man. Not anymore. So she'd probably end up being contently fucked by any man dressed in black, just so long as he satisfied her!

But before that, he had to seal the permissions on this girl's Fluctlight. So that she may never escape this world. She would live the rest of her life as a horny monster in the Underworld...

Provided the Underworld was around all that much longer to begin with.