

SWORD ART ONLINE:

MONSTERIZATION

CH3: TRIMMING DOWN



Bercouli's gruff voice echoed throughout the caverns of an unidentified, underground library shortly after he'd stirred from the shock of his sudden plummet into the ground. Traveling with his army's main forces, much like Sinon he'd been separated from his troops after a gigantic rock had fallen from the sky and collided with the ground below. From the site of impact a plethora of colored sparkles had ultimately rained down but had seemed harmless, though one of purple coloration had touched the knight during his deep descent.

"Well this is a problem, now isn't it?" One hand dipped into his sash as the other dangled at the side, the man was really no worse for wear from his fall. He was a man of legend, a potent warrior that had slain dragons and defended the human order tirelessly as an integrity knight. A simple fall and consequent near-burial by rubble wouldn't be enough to stop him at the end of the day. There wasn't even a scratch upon his body!

In fact he was more distracted by his surroundings. He'd certainly fallen deep and was concerned about the rest of his troops, not to mention the fate of Alice after she was abducted, but the only route was the route ahead. That route, it seemed, was a library of sorts. Shelves upon shelves of books lined the walls, space dimly lit by torches. If there was light then that meant someone was living here, yes? Or at the very least they were living nearby.

He'd come across them eventually, and yet not before the purple light that had touched the man and violated him to the point that he was no longer distinguishable from his usual appearance. That was, because, he'd be the one to live here. The beginnings were already beginning to seep in as the man's rich colors

began to fade much like his old age was finally beginning to catch up with him. Call it fortune or misfortune, but the Pontifex making Bercouli an Integrity Knight had stopped his aging and allowed him to live a much longer life than a normal human... not that he'd known this to be true until very recently.

This was only relevant because of how he was beginning to look though. Blue hairs were coming across silver, and his skin that bore a naturally tanned coloration was dyed white like the blood was being drained very slowly from his body. That wasn't exactly the case though. The blood was still there, but it was cooling as his heartbeat became more and more unsteady. From his point of view this manifested as a chill that grew increasingly prominent, body rattling to the point that he thought he'd seen his breath manifest like an icy gasp in front of him.

But then he flat-lined. His heartbeat stopped and his entire body toppled over, crashing into a pile of books numb of pain for he presently had no consciousness. For all intents and purpose it would have been appropriate to call him deceased. But death wasn't the end. Not anymore. Not while the Underworld was being restructured so menacingly.

His Fluctlight, corrupted, did not 'reboot' right away. In fact it was almost an hour before his boney fingers twitched and his body gasped for air that he wasn't aware he didn't need to function anymore. Some habits were difficult to break, like something you'd been doing from the moment you were born. He'd been sitting for so long that everything felt stiff and unpleasant, and it took a moment to unweave himself from the book pile that had softened his fall. "**Just what the hell... happened...?**" Standing on his feet once more it quickly became apparent that something was amiss. Seeing a pasty white hand in the corner of his eye quickly drew his attention to not only them but the bare skin his robe left revealed.

Eventually a hand grazed the left side of his chest, searching for something in particular. His heartbeat. "**Did I die? No, then my body would have disappeared. This is something else.**" Was it a trap set by the forces that had opposed them? Could the giant flying rock have been an agent of their design? That would certainly make some degree of sense, but trapping the army beneath the rocks and putting them in a state of undeath hardly seemed like a beneficial plan for anyone.

Fingers scratched his bare chest idly as he was lost in thought, a motion he was accustomed to doing being the lax kind of man Bercouli was. But the more he scratched, he found, the more he found himself to be scratching an actual itch. Not only that but the spot he was itching was beginning to feel increasingly tender. He was a calm and collected guy, this weird condition of his wouldn't send him into a panic. His body could be dead, his blood cold, but as long as he retained his will he would not falter no matter--

He was scratching a breast. "**Whoa there! These things belong on little ladies, not on me!**" As opposed to merely scratching, it was his fingers grabbing his chest that had snapped him out of steeling his resolution to progress. Eyes were fixated on the

pale flesh between his fingers. The hard muscles he'd decorated with years of battles had softened and pushed outward, roundness challenged by his grip as he likewise observed the size of his nipples -- for it wasn't just the one side of his chest that had swelled, but both. Without appropriate blood flow those nipples were a dark purple that contrasted the pale violet of his undead skin. Touching this soft and supple flesh, which looked so bizarre against his broad chest, stirred some arousal in him and he could feel his dick tent the robe in the front, but he was surely in no condition to do anything about it. **"What!? No... It's spreading!?"**

He certainly didn't have time as that broad chest of his began to deteriorate next. It was something of a unilateral change as his body began to compress inward. Legs and arms became shorter, and at the same time the bulging muscles that blessed them were sucked away like water being drained from a sponge. Shoulders cracked inward, the process not free of pain as the energy required to compress him spread a warmth throughout his otherwise cold body. Despite the pain of it all, the warmth only amplified the knight's arousal, but as his body shrunk so did his stiffy. With everything collapsing in on itself, the blue robe he wore began to dangle and eventually slid open, revealing his form entirely to an audience of no one. Unless you counted the books.

His garment open, it was a easier to watch his form regress inward as his battle scarred form became trim and lean. Fat emerged were muscle waned which ultimately gave the man's body a soft glow to it, with a peculiar marking finding itself tattooed on his left thigh in purple paint as legs narrowed but were parted by a widening of his hips. A prominent thigh gap was left which allowed his dick to flail and slither inwards on full display, pubes dyed white as they were left unruly and nestled above pussy lips that seemed to ooze with new. But that was just the extent *her* arousal had grown. She'd been doing her best to resist, but her breaths had deteriorated into wanting gasps as she looked younger and younger, white hair shaggier and shaggier.

No longer did those breasts look out of place upon her frame. They weren't especially large, but they did stand out on a body that couldn't be much older than eighteen as she swayed back and forth thanks to a combination of the pain and need she was feeling. Her face, once hard and chiseled like one would expect of a warrior so decorated as Bercouli Synthesis One, had become soft and plump. Her facial hair had fallen free, her jaw soft with lips that could hardly remain shut now that hot breaths bubbled out thanks to the overwhelming nature of it all. **"I... can't... succumb..."** Her voice was high and sweet, but also seemed to lack expression otherwise. It was almost deadpan.

Despite stating she couldn't succumb, it took all of her energy to resist bringing a hand back to her chest and another down to her loins. Both pale armaments were held in front of her, shaking with discomfort as they longer to reach for places that she feared would seal her fate. Her warrior's spirit had been compromised so readily, her free will sapped away. Was this what the enemy had planned? If so, what had happened to the others? What was the point of it all?

But no, this wasn't the work of the invaders from the outside. It was, but not the same ones that wanted Alice and had sent in thousands of American players from the outside world. The agenda here was different.

Strangely enough, through the haze of lust she was enduring Bercouli felt a peculiar clarity. An intellect she hadn't possessed before, one geared towards magic and sciences that she'd never once studied. Knowledge of necromancy stood at the forefront, giving her access the knowledge of things like what she needed to do to survive. Well... '*survive*' in the sense that all undead did. She could use plenty of magic to do various things, but all she could think of now was how she wanted to use it to modify a ma -- or herself -- to deliver an ultimate pleasure. **"I don't want... No... I do...? A man...?"**

Her body began to move on its own, magic cast across her robe to see it shift into an open cloak that left her taut, naked body on full display from the front. She sauntered over to a bookshelf and retrieved a specific book, which opened a passageway in the wall nearby. Slowly she traversed it, a pungent scent growing more and more predominant as her pussy was stirred and leaked further. It was the scent of a man. Many men. All of them soldiers that she had led above, trapped in cages for magic experimentation.

When she saw all these men lined up - these people, these batteries, these sexual conquests - what remained of Bercouli internally just *snapped*. *Beria*. That would be her new name, and this underground library her workshop. She wandered needily over to the closest cage, the man within retreating to the back of the cage out of fear of his undead captor without knowing she was once his commanding officer. A pale purple light erupted from her fingers and struck him... A purple light that shone like the one that possessed her wide but tired eyes.

And howls of pleasure of both man and Lich both rung through the dark.