

SWORD ART ONLINE: MONSTERIZATION

CH2: A STIFFY



Everything had happened so fast. Shino's arrival in the Underworld using an administrator goddess account, her reunion with Asuna after the obliteration of a small army. But there had been more than that. An asteroid that had rained down from the sky, landing not too far from the already existing crater that had served as their battlefield. Sinon had not been afforded the same spectacle as Leafa, whom had bore witness to the lights that had rained down in its wake.

No, because the meteor's impact had been so close to where they were fighting that the ground had collapsed, effectively separating everyone in the army as they fell. Sinon, torn from Asuna so shortly after their reunion, had been no exception.

It probably hadn't been that long after the earth had been torn that the blue-haired maiden stirred. Having been struck with a rock on the way down, a momentary lapse of consciousness had ultimately come to plague her as her body had hit the ground. Sinon was left dizzy and disoriented, eyes skyward as fallen earth and rock lay scattered around her with her only chance to even see the sky a small hole that had been left from the collapse. Everything else had piled around her, not another warm body to be seen nearby.

An array of colored lights looked to be off high in the sky, but Shino wasn't aware that a pale purple-colored orb had bound with her when she'd fallen. In fact, it was the only reason she'd survived the fall in the first place. Although the definition of 'survived' would soon find itself challenged to be sure.

Laying there stunned, the heaving of her chest growing gentler and gentler, she was not yet accustomed to the Underworld's measure of health. Everything, from inanimate objects to people, was assigned a durability level that deteriorated as they took damage. Falling into the crevice that had opened up? Shino had sustained quite a bit to the point that her durability was critical. She could hardly muster the energy to remain conscious let alone move, the absence of pain deterrents she'd expected of VR absent for a body that was essentially real as real could be.

Was she bleeding anywhere? She couldn't tell. Couldn't find the energy to even move her head to check. If she died in this world she'd just be returned to the real one (*or that was how it was supposed to be*), but to think she'd been no use in the end? That was pretty on par for the course.

Durability, ultimately, dipped completely to zero. Her heartbeat stopped, consciousness began to fade. For all intents and purposes she should have died, she should have been ejected from the Underworld. But her spirit lingered. The *body* lingered, as opposed to scattering into energy particles as all did when destroyed.

Instead, her durability began to flux from zero. The issue was, it didn't move upward like it was healing. It began to dip under zero, a negative number applied and growing more substantial as time passed. Sinon, who'd lost consciousness after 'dying', suddenly found her vision returning as the red sky above filled her gaze once more. She could not see as much, but as light returned to her eyes, so did a new light. A glow. An icy blue that was a light all its own, indicating her humanity had been robbed.

She coughed as a lifetime of habit forced her lungs to heave, to breathe, and slowly but surely Sinon did rise. The pain that had plagued her after falling seemed naught but a thing of the past, and after sitting up and looking down at her body she found there wasn't a single scratch on her body. It was pristine, unkempt. All aside from the fact that... was her body's pigmentation off? She'd never had the richest of color, her skin usually paler than most. But... in places it looked to take a blue or purple pigment, almost like a corpse.

"Did I... die? I did, didn't I?" Of course she'd never actually died before, but it was easy to assume from that experience that it had been the case. She wasn't even taking note of how long it had taken her to remember this despite the death just happening: almost like her ability to process information was showing signs of deterioration from the shock of dying... and un-dying.

But the pale-blue grew richer with time. What felt like seconds to Sinon gradually became longer and longer in reality, the girl merely sitting there and staring off into space as skin became ice cold. Eventually she had a realization, and fingers clenched against the breast that shielded her heart. **"Cold... My heart isn't... beating?"** The *BADUMP, BADUMP, BADUMP* of her heart... I was completely absent. Did that mean she was still dead? What was she supposed to do?

Yet by the time she'd even had these thoughts the night sky had rolled in above, the eerie silence the only thing keeping the re-animated corpse company as she slowly, extremely slowly, came to terms with what had transpired. She felt hungry, she recognized. Overwhelmingly hungry. But not for food, for something else... The more idle she stood, the hungrier she felt, until...

Warmth. Sinon had been robbed of her sense for a time, and the moment she finally stirred mentally again the warm taste of iron had filled her mouth. She was standing, not in the pit she'd fallen into but what looked like a cavern that had been connected to it. Laying on the ground in front of her was a deer-like animal, dead, it's neck torn open. That was when she realized it. The warmth that ran down her throat and inspired a source of heat in her otherwise freezing cold stomach? It was this creature's blood.

Sinon wanted to gag. What had she done? Why? Was it the hunger? If she was undead, *then...*? Did she feed on the living? Thanks to the blood though it seemed things had changed. Her ability to think and process had returned to relative normalcy, and she was standing now. Her hands were raised in front of her, at first because she thought she'd wanted to check them, however... extended forward, she found she could no longer drop her arms to her sides. They were *stiff*, frozen in place with wrists pointed down. Despite how they felt to be locked in place, she became aware of something. They seemed a little longer? And subconsciously she felt as if they were inherently stronger than they had been before.

Tasting blood had inspired the next round of changes to occur. Nauseated as she had been by the taste before, she couldn't help but crouch before the fallen beast as the scent of its life force began to smell almost tantalizing. She wanted to bite it again, and allowing her to do so was a set of pronounced fangs that shone from beneath bloodstained lips. She could not see, but those lips looked more pronounced as well, and her blue hair had likewise lost its colorful luster. Ashen grays had stolen its vibrancy, but in the place of color she'd gained a lot of length. "*I... I don't... I...*" While her intellect seemed to remain in tact, it seemed forcing her body to speak was far too difficult with how stiff her tongue was. She could crane open her mouth to show off her fangs and bite if needed, but movement of her tongue was slow and sloppy.

The only light in this cavern was the dull glow of her icy blue eyes, and so she couldn't see the breadth of just how discolored the skin on her hands had become. It was an icy blue now, but what did stand out to her was her fingertips. Or, rather, her *fingernails*. She'd caught the tail end of them peeking forward, a dull purple glow emanating from their surface as if they carried a particular power. They did in this case. They carried a toxin, one that could turn other women into whatever she was becoming if slashed... though Sinon herself did not have any awareness of this just yet.

Aside from lengthened hair and the perpetual state of undeath that plagued her, she still largely resembled the Sinon she'd always been short of how her mouth and front of her body was stained with blood. Try as she might to resist, instinct won out over will and her fangs sunk into the beast to taste warm blood once more. It was gross but oddly satisfying, yet still not as satisfying as something else would be. It was like the beast was craving something different from blood, but she could not put a word to that desire just yet.

Her own blood did not pump for she had no heartbeat, but a building warmth throughout her body inspired movement once more. Her arms were still bound forward in place, but she felt as if she needed to move around a little. The young woman stood, but found she could no longer move her legs to take conventional steps. They too had stiffened, but she found herself able to crouch and... jump. She hopped instinctually, and hopped again, and again, moving away from the animal and in pursuit of the thing she desired but could not identify. *'What am I doing? Where am I going? But I really want... it...'* Just because her mouth could not properly move did not mean she'd lost her ability to think. It was just that instinct far outweighed logic.

It also outweighed curiosity and concern, both of which registered as she felt and heard her pants tear after her latest hop. She just moved forward without expressed concern, not even looking down to see how her hips had erupted from the sides of the already torn goddess' dress she'd arrived in the underworld in. Pale blue skin would glisten, its design soft and welcoming even as the color suggested its surface cold. Her legs had become incredibly powerful, just as her stiff arms had, but more than muscle there was an elaborate softness to the thighs that poked out from beneath torn cloth. They were supple and would be inviting to any man or woman that might be enticed by them.

Sinon's senses somehow sharper than she'd ever found them to be, a musky scent caught her attention not too far in the distance. Her glowing eyes allowed her the ability to see in the dark of the cavern system she was navigating, and before long she'd hopped to the scent's source. It was a man, undoubtedly one of the soldiers that had fallen with her after the asteroid had crashed. He was unconscious, but alive, his warm body firm and tempting -- the undead was overcome with a powerful desire just looking at him. Despite not typically having any real interest in others sexual, it could only be seen as lust that overtook her. Lust and *hunger*.

She fumbled before his unconscious body, tugging at his pants with clawed fingers upon unbendable arms. It was difficult but with some perseverance she succeeded, his dick flopping out and free. Her eyes immediately began to glow more, pussy aching and thankfully exposed thanks to how her swollen lower body had torn at skirt and undergarments.

"Want..." Fixated on the man's cock, Sinon wiggled her ass in the air as fat saw its size swell to much lewder proportions, before she lowered her cold pussy against his penis. And rose. And dropped. And rose. And dropped. It still resembled hopping as

she did so. It wasn't particularly comfortable, but considering the stiffness of her body she had little choice otherwise. As his dick ground against the walls of her cold pussy it grew more erect, and the girl more satisfied. Seeking to make her body more inviting, the front of her dress eventually burst as breasts saw sudden expanse. Double? No, they'd essentially tripled in size, and dark purple nipples that were roughly the size of a bottle cap each flopped around as she bounced.

Sinon had difficulty speaking, but that did not stop the moans and cries of satisfaction that echoed throughout the cavern as she took the man's warm body as her own. As she grew closer and closer to climaxing, she felt closer and closer to being *alive* again. The stiffness in her arms and legs was abated, at least temporarily, and before long her movements looked much more natural.

Head filled with nothing but the desire to copulate, recollections of the journey that had brought her here faded as knowledge of her own body and existence took its place. Cold breaths became long and feverish as she moved in to kiss this unconscious stranger, not a single care left for his origins nor the act she was currently committing.

But the man did eventually stir thanks to her kiss, and eyes wide he pushed the monster woman off of him. Sinon fell backwards onto her plump ass, cold body quivering from the impact as the man scrambled to his feet and fumbled with re-buckling his pants. "**JIANGSHI!**" He called the term with horror, before reaching for a bag at his side.

Jiangshi? That word... it was familiar to Sinon. Had a human called her that before? Was she *not*... human...? Not... anymore, right? She'd died... a very long time ago? Recently? No... it *was* long ago. Distracted by the realization that 'jiangshi' was the word humans used for her, the man had taken the opportunity to scrawl something on a piece of paper and shove it on her head. No, not just a piece of paper. A talisman. A way to reign in animated corpses, particularly banshee. The words inscribed on the talisman could alter a Jiangshi's behaviors, and the second it was pinned to Sinon's forehead she felt her mind empty further.

She couldn't grasp a name anymore. Did she have one? No, she was just a Jiangshi. Names were irrelevant. The scraps of the goddess' attire she'd adorn, shredded by her now-voluptuous body, evaporated and left her buck naked up until a Chinese-style dress took shape in its place. It hugged her curves, leaving much of her breasts and enticing thighs on display. Hair, long and black, was likewise braided and tied, talisman now bound to headgear.

"**What... did...?**" The Jiangshi was at a loss as she rose to her feet, the looseness she'd received from fucking this man losing its luster as stiffness began to beset her limbs once more. "**Ma...ster...? I'm just...**" She suddenly recognized this man as her master. Her owner. The one that she was to serve and protect, but also... "**I'm just... your slutty little Jianshi, Master. Fuck me. Again. Again. Again and again and again.**" She jutted out her ass and gave it a little wiggle.

It seemed, on the talisman, he'd written '*MY NEEDY LITTLE SLUT*'.