

# SWORD ART ONLINE: CROSSOVER CONSUMPTION

## CHAPTER 7: THE DAKOTA

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Sinon was *entirely* oblivious regarding the events transpiring in both The Underworld and ALfheim Online at the time, for she'd been helping with an event in Gun Gale Online. The transfer system made it easy to swap over to different games as needed, but in some cases inventory pieces came along during a transition... not that they could *normally* be equipped.

Honestly, she hadn't even noticed that the feathered headpiece she'd earned in one of ALO's collaboration instances had even made the transfer along with her. Sinon was the type of GGO player that stuck to a favorite gear set and wasn't one to switch it out very often, so she hadn't even thought to check her inventory upon arrival.

**“Hm... I should probably log off soon. Leafa and Asuna had something they wanted to talk to me about irl.”** After a few scheduled shooting sessions with some GGO acquaintances, she ended up wandering off to one of the many in-game ‘bars’ to catch her breath before transferring her data back. The bar was run by an NPC, and there weren't any other patrons in the bar... which was likely for the best, considering the events that would transpire from that point forward.

Because GGO operated on similar, yet somewhat different systems to ALO, the sequence of things was a little different when compared to what was happening in the other game. For example? Sinon had not received any error messages, though her ability to logout had been unknowingly dimmed away as she fiddled with her rifle at the bar. The accessory she'd won in her ALO adventure had equipped itself, hanging

to the left of her head while her typical hair pieces had been eviscerated. There were no indicators left to someone that wasn't paying attention. No immediate tells for her to seize upon.

She was left entirely ignorant, even as she checked the clock to see how much time she had. Sinon liked this. Just being able to vibe quietly in GGO at her leisure. She loved ALfheim and its player base, but Gun Gale Online would always be her favorite VRMMO. There was absolutely no contest regarding *that*. In all likelihood, she was planning on waiting until the last possible second to log off, soaking in the game's aesthetic.

Or so had been the potential plan, but *something* interrupted it.

It was like a feeling – a tingling? Something just seemed awry, but unlike past incidents it was not one that immediately stripped her. GGO's coding had gotten in the way of that, at least for the time being. Sinon merely felt... it was a discomfort, as if her own avatar felt a little too restrictive, as if she were expecting more? **“Hm? That's odd. The last time I've felt like this was...”** *Never?* She couldn't really remember feeling this way at any point while in any game, and she'd been subjected to so much by this point – particularly in The Underworld.

But a number of things had begun to bend away from the norm, things that weren't immediately apparent to a girl who had been more fixated on her rifle than herself. The first of these things? Her *hair*, for a palette swap was in Sinon's *immediate* future.

Unless her hair just normally darkened to black, strand by strand, in the middle of a bar? Of course, there were tools within Gun Gale Online to make small aesthetical edits to your avatar, like hair color, but these changes were made in booths and private quarters, not in public. Plus, if one's hair color were changed this way, it was typically something done instantaneously. It was a discoloration that seeped into one's mane as it was currently doing for the sniper.

The discoloration began at both her roots and her tips simultaneously, a bright teal blue immediately overwhelmed by a raven black that was even darker than her natural brown. Merely a shade off from the black of the night sky, it swept through her short cut in its entirety before taking on... *excess*. Sinon liked to keep her hair short, but after a roughly twenty second growth session, one wouldn't have believed as much. Soft, black locks spilled against her back, falling as long as her buns nestled against the barstool where they finally rested. Because none spilled over the *front* of her shoulders however, the girl did *not* take notice.

Instead, a change of color continued to sweep throughout her body – and it wasn't one isolated to her hair alone, even though her pubes did take on the same black and puff up into a fuzzier form than had been prior. It certainly wasn't isolated to that hair at all, not as a tan began to creep across typically pale flesh, all while the girl herself continued to fiddle with her rifle to waste time before logging off.

At the very least this was a change she would notice, but not one that she would immediately pay heed to, for it came on splotchy. The darker color was more of a light bronze and shone like freckles against her typically white flesh. It began with only a few speckles, but before long they were rapidly advancing, seeing them swell and merge, creating a far more consistent, darker skin tone that was wholly natural. It spread from head to toe, including her nipples which browned as a result beneath her clothes.

**“Hm? What’s wrong with my fingers?”** Of course, with all of her attention paid to her sniper rifle atop the bar, it wasn't until her fingers had bronzed beneath her fingerless gloves that she had finally taken notice. Sinon raised her right hand before her eyes – eyes that, ultimately, had been recolored themselves. Once bright blue optics glittered with gold, but more than that? They stretched a little wider as she stared with confusion, and before long they did not resemble the eyes of a Japanese youth.

Such was the trend with that face overall, however. Her features had certainly narrowed, and there was a leanness to be found in each slope that was not typical of a Japanese woman. Rather, the question of race aside? It wouldn't be unusual to question the *age* of these features either. For a girl that was meant to be in her teens, looking at that face as it would likely lead one to believe that she was, at least, in her early twenties. A native American woman in her early twenties, at that.

Sinon turned her hand over, still confused about the color. It was enough to make her stand and look down at herself, finding that all of her exposed skin was the same bronze. **“That’s not right…”** Perhaps she should have been more panicked, and yet there was nothing of the sort. She'd always been a calm person, but somehow, she felt even *calmer*. To begin with if this were just a game glitch then it could be undone, right?

She'd already forgotten her earlier feeling. A feeling that persisted even now. The one that made things feel more restrictive? Well, it ended up cranked to eleven, at least as far as two key areas were concerned. As she stood there, bringing bronzed fingers down to a bronzed thigh through the slit of her costume, an immense, pressured discomfort built

beneath the chest of her clothing. No, perhaps it made more sense to call it what it was: the pressure was born from her chest itself.

Unlike those in the other games, who had been stripped at the transformation's onset, the girl had *not* been as blessed. Instead, she could do little but bring both hands up to squeeze her bosom with corrected posture as a weight grew to accommodate what felt to be a growing intensity, one she started to believe would 'pop' if left untended. "**Wait... my chest!?**" Her voice even cracked there, and once it had that voice was far deeper – better attuned to the maturity her facial features reflected... *and what her bosom would likewise soon reflect.*

For she could both see and feel it, fat filling her once average breasts to bring their sizing to the point that her top could not properly contain them within a matter of moments. The cleavage window of her ensemble looked deeper and deeper as breasts swelled, some of the excess bulging up and over the neckline as it became evident that something was playing with her avatar's settings. "**W-Wait... I can't breathe...!**" Sinon panicked and sensing that panic the game should have ejected her. But it didn't.

Instead, copper breasts continued to swell more, creating the feeling that her lungs were being crushed. Blood rushed to her head, everything began to spin, until she was worried her health might be in actual jeopardy. But relief finally came. Relief that manifested as the stress of her top eased up... because her tits had grown so large that the data that made up the top of her ensemble completely shattered into pixelated particles that scattered around the bar and floor. "**Oh!**" It allowed her tanned, massive F-cups to bounce free, their weight hefty and flopping against the peak of a belly that somehow looked more toned than it had just moments before.

Hands immediately reached to contain these gigantic tits; her dark nipples swollen as the funsacks flopped around. Even with fingers that had lengthened in the meantime, it was more or less impossible to properly contain them, but... This felt right, somehow? Sinon absolutely shouldn't have been accustomed to sporting a rack of this size, but it just felt *correct* at the end of the day.

"**There too...?**" The excessive calm that had kept her more or less measures as her breasts had exploded returned with the vengeance, this time forcing her to keep her cool even as she felt the back of her shorts begin to fill similarly to how her top had. Fortunately there were no lungs to consider there, but within a matter of moments her tanned cheeks had begun to poke up and over the back of the shorts, while *thiccening* thighs saw the legs of the shorts, and the leggings she adorned, clench around them. Before long, much like her top, the

growth completely shattered the data of her shorts, leggings, and even boots, leaving her wide load on full display.

Sinon should have naturally reached to cover it all, and yet now? She was just vibing with this situation. Somehow, she felt as if she shouldn't panic. **Shame was naught but a crack in one's shield, and her shield had to be unyielding. After all, such was the expectation of a Fleet Girl carrying the name of *South Dakota*.**

Wait, *what*? **“Where did that come from? I'm not... I...”** Were those thoughts truly wrong? Somehow there was a chord of truth to them in the back of her mind. Her name, however, was S... S... SSSSS... *South Dakota*? What else could it be, really? Yet, even as she pondered her very identity, her height sprung up several inches and her strong, voluptuous body found itself wrapped up in new clothing data.

Black short shorts, a matching top that revealed both ample cleavage and her navel. White legging boots done up with a Native American pattern near their peaks, a loose, white jacket with another Native American charm in the form of a necklace that hung loosely from her neck. Even the young woman's hairstyle shifted, raven locks quickly spinning into a set of braids decorated with various charms of their own. Whether it was body or clothing, nothing about her screamed 'Sinon'.

It all screamed '*South Dakota*'.

And South Dakota? She was confused as all hell. The last she could recall, she had been at the docks, had she not? Even though that didn't quite sound right either. **“I should ascertain my situation and see if I can find anyone else I recognize...”** Ignoring the sniper rifle on the bar, the Fleet Girl moved towards the bar entrance.

*She had to piece things together on her own.*