

ALICIZED

BIWEEKLY STORY 18

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“Did you really think we’d let you dispose of her so easily?”

“Who’s there!?” Both Kirito’s voice and eyes were pointed skyward in response to an omnipotent voice that bellowed down at him from seemingly above the tower. He’d sacrificed so much to come here, to defeat Quinella and free the world of Fluctlights from her clutches. Alice had sustained heavy injuries, both Eugene and Cardinal had been felled, all to reach these heights. Yet this voice was another? Another foe determined to stand in his way? He was only a few feet from the terminal that had appeared when the Administrator had been felled, so close to finding a potential way out of here, and yet...

“My identity isn’t important, Kazuhito Kirigaya.” The voice was clear on that point, its nature distorted by a filter so that the boy couldn’t identify it. But this was clearly someone on the outside if it was throwing around his real name. **“We’ve invested a lot of time in Quinella, did you think we wouldn’t have a contingency plan?”** That was a menacing enough statement on its own. Was there a backup kept somewhere? That woman had been a terror to all of the Underworld, trapping them in a hopeless ending all for the sake of her own selfish whims.

One arm missing from his body from the final duel with the witch in question, Kirito struggled to stand upright as he moved closer and closer to the terminal. The voice had picked that very moment to speak up, and so the boy could only wonder if it had been a diversion tactic to prevent him from approaching the pedestal. The voice, however, continued. **“You can ignore me if you’d like, but that won’t change anything. Fluctlights are merely data after all.”**

Kirito bit his lip. Of course someone on the outside would think that. Fluctlights, artificial beings created within the game world of the Underworld, could learn and grow just like real people. But to someone who hadn't lived among them to understand just how *real* they were? They were no better than lifeless lab rats.

But it was an attempt to provoke him; he was sure of that. If the terminal had a direct line to the outside then it would surely put a damper on the plans of those working in the shadows. The device was only an arm's reach away, and so he reached. And, successfully, he grabbed it... with his *right hand*.

There shouldn't have been a right hand. It had been cut clean off by Quinella's hand. Her long, slender hand, with long and manicured fingernails.

"GYAAAAAAAH!?" Kirito screamed because he realized. That description matched the arm that had grabbed the pedestal, one extending from *his own body*. He could feel its strength as his own, and yet he had no control over it. The limb clung to the device for dear life regardless of how he pulled his torso away, regardless of how he squirmed. A loud cracking noise suddenly filled the uppermost chamber of the tower as manicured fingers dug deep into the terminal and, in one powerful motion, tore a chunk out of it. **"WHAT THE HELL!?"**

The disembodied voice was beside itself in laughter. **"As I was saying, Kazuhito Kirigaya, Fluctlights are merely data. Data can be modified, including yours. Our plans don't work without an Administrator, so you'll have to do."**

Data can be modified? Could Fluctlights actually be manipulated that way? But looking at his own right hand, which had fallen down to his side after making short work of the terminal, there was glaring proof right in front of him. But why stop with just giving him Quinella's arm? Clearly they'd intended on much more.

The woman's arm looked far too mismatched against the rest of Kirito's body, from its elegant design to the paler tone of skin which stood contradictory to the subtle tan that kissed the rest of his flesh. With the terminal destroyed he had nowhere else to turn his attention but himself, the optimism he'd felt quickly succeeding to unbridled despair.

His skin felt as if it was alight with pins and needles, through torn clothing the reason becoming evident. Natural tan lightened, nay, paled as numbness spread across the full length of himself, unique tone bled out by the coloring of his right arm. The progression and intensity of the numbness grew more prominent, and before long he could do little more than fall onto his back upon the floor, muscles not responding whatsoever.

Brown eyes wide, they could only stare blankly at the ceiling high above. Had it all been for nothing in the end? The years of training, the loss of life, all to be undone in the final moments? As much as Kirito wanted to push himself off of the floor and find another way, there was no response from his own body. He could only imagine

that he'd now be forced to struggle for the amusement of those watching as his Fluctlight was corrupted to resemble the Administrator's own. **"I'm sorry... Eugene... Cardinal..."** They'd given their lives to see Quinella toppled, they'd staked their hopes on Kirito's power in the final moments, and yet... and yet he would become the very thing they'd sought to destroy.

While all was numb there was a single exception. The Administrator's arm that protruded from his right shoulder. Perhaps it was because it was the only part of his body at present that was true to the form it was reshaping into, but either way it did not change that Kirito found he had no real control over it. It was as if a second mind was guiding its actions as it rubbed against his stomach and eventually for the button on his pants.

Lips parted to question the hand's actions and yet no words came out. He felt like one might feel after having numbing agent administered for a dental surgery, nothing moving the way he wanted it to. In the meantime however feeling began to return to his left arm.

Return to feeling wasn't brought by chance but because his arm truly was returning to form, or at least the form desired by his corrupted Fluctlight. The fingers on his right hand began to wriggle and crack as if possessed, lengths thinning as nails grew both longer and sharper. Any cuts or bruises accumulated in the preceding battles melted away into the milky white of the hand's new skin tone, and the phenomenon continued up his arm to free it of hair. From all of his training Kirito had gained an impressive set of muscles for a young man of his age and size, yet despite feeling to swell with a new found strength their curvature only lessened.

Yet Kirito found that this hand, too, was beyond the control of his conscience. While the right hand had managed to unbutton his pants, it hadn't held the strength to start pulling them off alone. With the strength of another it was a little more doable, and without the boy sitting upward they were able to wiggle both the pants and his boxers a little ways down his thighs, at least enough for his dick to wriggle out and flop over. Kirito could only fear for what reason they'd freed the snake, and yet exposing himself also seemed to push some sort of twisted comfort into the forefront of his mind.

The right hand took a dominant stance on the issue and began to caress the young man's dick without his permission -- or was it really against his permission when it was technically *his* hand? He could feel very little in his pelvic region thanks to the numbness that dominated, but touching something as sensitive as his cock was enough to get a reaction regardless. His torso squiggled uncomfortably as the left hand joined in to caress his balls, red rushing to his face.

But because he couldn't lift his head he couldn't see what his hands were actually doing. They weren't stroking him off, easy as it was to assume that from the dulled pleasure he felt. He didn't truly understand until he felt one of his own finger *go inside* him. A tucking sensation followed as balls were pushed inside, inner walls of

this new hole kneaded until flaps formed over top. A strange and uncomfortable warmth flowed inward soon after, feeling returning to his lower body as he managed to arch his back from the bliss of fingers digging inside of him.

Or, well, *her*. Even Kirito couldn't deny that this was the sensation of fingers plunging into a pussy even if she'd never experienced it before. She had, of course, had sex with Asuna in the past.

Asuna... Would she ever see her again? It was possible, and if it was she could only hope she'd remember... *to kill her*. "**No...!**" Overall Kirito was finding it easier to animate her body now and that allowed her to choke out a word of defiance as she lifted her chest as high as she could without her hands behind her to push her up, so that she could get a better look at her body.

More than anything she couldn't allow herself to succumb to a point that she might harm Asuna!

Both hands begun to slide down her thighs, the juices from her newly formed vagina trailing after her fingers as her upper body was pulled upwards along with them. They rubbed the skin between her legs, a glossy sheen spreading naturally across their surfaces as hairs were shed. Subtly at first, but quickly becoming more prominent, fingertips began to dig into their flesh not because more pressure was applied, but because the flesh around them was becoming more and more substantial.

Kirito hadn't noticed that her hips had grown wider to create a significant gap between her legs, but said gap was quickly finding itself full from thickening thighs that dug into the pants where they rested halfway down, eventually peeking over the edge like fleshy muffin tops until her hands wriggled beneath to pull the pants down to her knees. Each thigh was soft and supple, skin as the same flawless alabaster as her hands; and it continued.

Now upright as hands tugged pants over her feet, knees upright as the chest of her shirt was pressed against them, her posture on the cold tiling of the tower floor shifted uncomfortable a moment as the arc of her seat saw no choice but to shift. Her ass had been typical of a boy warrior, firm with muscle but otherwise void of any real definition, yet the cushion she sat upon burgeoned with fat and became both softer and more pronounced, the excess fat pressed into the floor muffin-ing around the base of her ass as she sat.

Womanly fingers grasped her feet one by one, pulling one to her lap before attending to another. Hands massaged the bottom of each foot, seemingly ridding them of callouses and breathing new life into soles that were used to running and training. Toes wriggled in her grasp, their sizes collapsing and growing longer nails as she cupped each individually within her grasp.

And yet Kirito sat perplexed. For a moment, just a moment, she'd allowed herself to get caught up in the process. While her hands had been moving of their own will thus far, she couldn't deny that for a passing time their will had overlapped with her own. Did that mean her mind was going? Would she lose who she'd been all of these years? All of her memories of...

She felt a smirk dance across a pair of lips that felt both fuller and softer, tongue soon tasting both the upper and lower lip as fingers moved to the zipper on her jacket. Memories? Who had need of things like those? All she needed was herself. She just needed power.

The power to protect.

No. A cackle escaped her lips at this thought. Such a naive mentality was not suitable for one of her standing. But muddled memories stopped her from plunging all of the way in to this new mentality just yet.

Jacket unzipped, it was shed onto the ground behind as only a black undershirt remained. Her nipples stood erect beneath it plain as day, definition only becoming more so as they began to rise like tents. Not want to waste this opportunity she hooked her thumbs beneath the shirt's bottom and pulled it up and past budding breasts, eventually tossing it over her head. As if her shirt was a filter, it brought her short raven hair to expand at an instantaneous rate, and black locks spilled down to her back along with her shirt.

Dealing with clothing no longer an issue, the feeling of power emerged once more. Being naked was the ideal, wasn't her? Kirito had never thought of the Administrator's form as perfect, but now that her wore her skin how could she think of it as anything but? All that was left were the mounds upon her chest and she would have nothing to worry about.

No opinions to challenge her. Like who was the most beautiful? Asuna? The name had a certain longing to it, but the emotion was abandoned. Whomever that was they were surely a miserable wretch.

The woman that would soon ascend to rank of the Underworld's new Administrator teased her own breasts, fat filling the sacks upon her chest at an incredible rate as drool began to dribble down her chin. A single bead fell from the bottom and was caught around the nipple of the tit below, one that had swollen in tandem with the other to just a little larger than a D-cup. She tweaked her own nipples with one hand, the other sliding across a thin and toned tummy and through an emerging bush of lilac strands above her pussy before submerging themselves within.

Feminine gasps ran throughout the tower's top as hips buckled upward and downward rhythmically, the woman unaware of how soft shades of lilac travelled towards her scalp from the tips of her hair with every thrust inward. Sticky fingers eventually slithered out as her other hand fell to her side, completely spend from

masturbation. Bright purple eyes stared at the ceiling. The Administrator felt like she'd seen this exact same view very recently with no shortage of anxiety in her heart. Or rather she knew she had. Kirito's identity had not been lost, it had been reborn. Priorities, memories, feelings, they were all sorted to better serve her new form.

Quinella grinned sadistically as she managed to bring herself back to her feet, a glance shot to the corner of the room where the blonde-haired Alice laid. One foot after the other she eventually reached the Integrity Knight in question and knelt down beside her, raising the girl's head to rest upon her lap. **"You poor soul, all lost in the final hour."** Her tone was sympathetic and yet a wicked smile still played upon her features. **"It would be a shame to just turn you back into the mindless Integrity Knight you were, but hm..."** She had to make use of this one somehow. Ah! Even after killing Cardinal she wasn't satisfied, so maybe...

"Fluctlight modification, was it? I wonder if I used it, if turning you into a replica of her would be possible. Then I could torture you forever and ever, or at least until the gods up there grew tired."

"Yes, I like the sound of that."