

SWORD ART ONLINE: MONSTERIZATION

CH5: (B)ORC



SNORT, SNORT, SNORT!

The boy finally stirred thanks to the raucous snorting of what he could only assume to be a pig, mind quickly trying to piece when he'd fallen either asleep or unconscious and *why*. A peculiar stench hung in the air, he could sense that much even with his eyes kept closed. It was both pungent and unusually enticing -- an unfathomable combination to be sure. When yellow eyes shot open, he was in for a wild surprise.

Orcs, pig men that lived within the confines of the Dark Territory. They were short and chubby, accent only given to this fact as they seemingly danced around the green-haired boy like he was something of a sacrifice, the Dark Territory's red sky still shining crimson high above even though it was surely night time.

The boy, Renly Synthesis Twenty-seven, made a point to make no sudden movements ever as the beasts danced around him. They continued to circle his body, which had been laying limp on the stony ground below. Still, he attempted to rise slowly to get a better view of his surroundings... and what he *did* manage to see was *shocking*.

They were on the cusp of a crater, a large hole in the realm of the Dark Territory that hadn't been present before. Seeing it renewed the boy knight's memories, and a recollection of a rock falling from the sky and piercing the earth suddenly plagued him with worry. What of his fellow Integrity Knights? His superiors? What of the boy in black and the two girls that were at his side?

Though, still wordlessly, he rationalized it might be best to spare some concern for himself for the time being. Particularly since he'd been so clearly stripped down to the rags that he wore beneath his armor, weapon naturally taken from him to keep him disarmed. If it were just one or two pig-nosed foes then it wouldn't have been an impossibility for him to escape, but there looked to be ten to fifteen here... not that any of them had even acknowledge that he was conscious. They just continued their weird dance, that heavy smell hanging in the humid air. It gave him goosebumps and had his body hair stand on end.

But Renly had yet to notice that the source of the pungent odor was his own body, the scent stirring the other orcs into a frenzy of worship when he took a whiff. For he too had been struck with a light born from the falling stone, one black in color that would give him unwanted kinship with the orc folk. Or at least unwanted *for now*.

One of the dancing orcs finally approached the boy, what looked to be a boar's skull in hand as it moved closer to the stripped knight. Renly had thought to try to communicate with it, but with a snort and an oink the creature gently placed the skull atop the boy's head. It was an extremely confusing gesture, one unbeknownst to him that had started to dye his grass-green hair white. Not only that, it grew longer and longer still, soft and cared for qualities fraying as speckles of dirt and plants found themselves distributed through an increasingly hefty mane.

SNORT, SNORT, SNORT, SNORT!

SNORT!

The snorting of the orcs grew more raucous, and Renly was left in surprise as a loud snort of his own suddenly bellowed forth from his lungs. It had been wholly unintentional, a sound he'd never made in his life, yet he stood wide-eyed as he tried to comprehend how that had just happened. Was something wrong with his nose? Pursuing that thought he brought a hand up to touch it and see. There wasn't anything wrong with that nose, but he *did* stop his hand just *short* of touching... because he got a good look at that hand.

It didn't look right. Instead of the obvious Caucasian skin tone he'd been born with, it was like his hand had been dipped in mud and that mud had remained clinging to his flesh. But that wasn't really the case. His hand had darkened -- *both* had darkened, and it wasn't merely a color change. Fingers were thinner, his palms smaller, but with one hand so close to his nose he could tell that they reeked. It was no surprise considering the dirt wedged between long nails, nor the fact that he'd been perspiring profusely ever since he woke up, but they really smelled like he hadn't bathed in weeks.

He almost wanted to gag but there wasn't really time for that either, because his free hand reached back to grab his hair even as the darker skin coloration began to move up his forearms and, still unknown to him, up his legs after dyeing his feet in

filth and seeing his toenails crack and grow. Sitting on his knees, the white tuft of hair had fallen down as far as his ass and could no longer be ignored. Fingers ran through it, occasionally getting caught on debris or grazing an insect. It was filthy, absolutely filthy. But rather than being shocked or scared, what Renly was beginning to feel was *aroused*. Aroused by his own stench, aroused by his own filth, and the orcs around him seemed to pick up the pace of their sweaty dance as if they were able to sense as much.

Posture forcibly shifted on his knees as his lower body dyed dark brown began to fluctuate in both size and design. Muscle mass was enhanced, scrawny legs growing thicker but likewise a little longer and less infantile. But it was the fat that had the most to say about what was happening to his body. It flowed into his thighs and ass in particular, dark skin straining against the contents as a sensual plumpness saw the boy's seat rise and both his thighs and ass burrow into one another as he rested on his knees. It was accompanied by a peculiar internal pressure, one that saw his hips painfully parting and taut flesh squeezing his dick from either leg thanks to just how much his thighs had been bolstered in mass.

It went without saying that the gray shorts he was wearing in the place of his armor did not survive the blistering growth of neither his legs nor his behind, and as his crack poked out from over the top of the shorts the musky and arousing scent grew more prominent. Despite Renly's arousal though his dick did not grow harder. How could it when it was being crushed between two soft and meaty thighs? Well, destiny had other plans and it ultimately grew smaller and smaller, a sloppy womanhood taking shape with dark lips and an unruly showing of white pubes tickling the top.

"What is -- SNORT -- happening to me!? What are you orcs doing!?" Deciding it was no longer time to hold his tongue nor remain passive, the woman finally sprung to her feet and called out her questions, voice deeper and more mature than she remembered while quite clearly being a woman's pitch. But standing had been too bizarre of an experience with a lower body that jut out like porn star and a lack of balance to accommodate the newly added weight, so she ended up falling back onto her soft and cushion-y rear, left stunned by the fall.

Renly felt a lot of things. *Aroused*. Her moist snatch reeked with sexual odor and had begun to leak against the tatters of her shorts' remains. *Confused*. She still couldn't fully grasp what was happening to her. *Strong*. This one was strange. For how tender her lower body looked, the physical strength she'd felt when she'd stood had been top notch, far more power than he'd ever had in them as a human. Renly was typically a coward that didn't like to fight, but an overwhelming courage was beginning to grow, perhaps empowered by this new strength that was now even rampant in dark-skinned arms that looked rounded and soft but definitely had some strength to them.

As the darkened coating spread across her tummy, it too thickened. There was an obvious lip of fat that her tummy poke over her pelvis, but it never grew so large

that it wasn't attractive. Navel deepened in kind, and the curvature of her sides bled into widened hips all the same. The white undershirt was pulled northward as her torso obtained a little more height, but more than that it was pulled up by the emergence of something. *Or a pair of somethings.*

Flesh carved into orbs pressed into the shirt, their surfaces wet from sweat making the flesh beneath the cloth all the more noticeable as pitch black nipples stood erect almost like a pair of animal teats. The nipples themselves were impressively large, but not as impressive alone as they would be once growing tits saw the shirt strained to the max and the neckline ruined by tears thanks to the overwhelming size of her breasts. Flesh tried to poke up over the shredded top, or from underneath the bottom of the shirt that still restricted her space. By the end of their growth, Renly's new instincts and power had seen her tearing not only the remnant of the shirt off her body, but the scrapped shorts as well.

Naked form on full display for the orcs they seemed to begin an approach. They were cautious -- unsure? It gave Renly a bad feeling. Did they want to violate her? No... wasn't that a good thing? To promote the morale of her people by satiating them? All that orc cock...

The thought made her lick her lips, lips that blew up to porn star levels while a breath of rancid breath escaped them in the meanwhile. Her face continued to restructure as skin darkened, giving it a look of maturity that the androgynous Renly had never one possessed in her life as a human.

But when it came to being a human, those memories were fading fast. As if to solidify the fact that she was no longer one of them, a boar's tail poked out from just above her accessible ass and a pair of fuzzy ears were made from her human ones, the duo sliding up onto the top of her head. It had left her temporarily deaf as they transitioned, but when hearing came back it felt like all of her senses had been dialed up to eleven.

She could see more clearly even though it was dark. She could hear the world around her with more clarity. She could smell the musk from every single orc nearby, not to mention the musk of her own that she now knew was driving them wild. A war with the human order? There was no way her tribe would sign up for a battle like that. Renly had retained her intelligence but, laying down on her back she still presented herself to the orc hoard. For morale! Because she was way too horny now to explore this hole in the ground without being satisfied first.

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