

ZENLESS ZONE ZERO: THE CURSED TAPES

CH1: BOP TO THE JOCK

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Hmm... When did we order *these*? Was Wise ordering things for himself again?”

Belle, one of the two sibling owners of the video store ‘Random Play’, had been prepared for a *pretty* busy day. The other owner, her brother Wise, was away for the week on business elsewhere in New Eridu, and so she’d been left to all of the administrative aspects of running the shop all by her lonesome. She was already a few days in, and it *was* going well. She was lucky that they’d hired some part timers over the past few months to help with the counter.

It was now Tuesday, and that meant that she had more administrative work to do than any other day. New movie releases always took place on Tuesdays in New Eridu, and so they always received several boxes of tapes to put up for rental. It wasn’t like they only had one copy of every movie, so it involved laboriously sorting through usually tens of boxes and putting the contents where they needed to go.

But she’d stopped when she’d gotten to the final box. **“None of these are new releases, but I’ve also never heard of any of them?”** She wondered if there must have been a mix-up of some kind. There were used, open tapes inside with covers and titles she had never seen before even as a movie buff. ‘American Fry: College Days’, ‘The Well’, and a number of others. **“I guess I could check the web to see if anyone has heard of them, but...”**



Why did she have a bad feeling about this? It worsened after doing a quick search online and not finding listings or even discussion board discussions about these titles. **“Maybe they’re fake then? The tapes could be blank.”** There are reasons that could be the case. They could be homemade for one, or they could be props for something else. If that was the case they’d have no value to *her*, but maybe someone had lost them?

Seeing no other choice, she ended up slipping the first one she could grab into her VCR. **“American Fry: College Days. Based on the title and cover, it looks like your run of the mill frat comedy...”** Which wasn’t really Belle’s *vibe*. The humor tended to revolve around sex, drinking, drugs, and so on, and was aimed at a less mature audience. Well, it wasn’t like she needed to watch the *entire* thing.

The young woman pressed PLAY and headed back towards her couch but ended up stopping halfway. **“Huh? Maybe the tapes really are borked.”** Because it was all just *static*. No image, *nothing*. Well maybe not *nothing*. Static was usually black and white, right? Not *pink* and *blue*. **“That’s definitely weird, though.”** And oddly enough she couldn’t seem to look away for some reason.

Belle herself didn’t realize as much, but she’d been caught up in a *trance*. The tapes she had received were *cursed*, and as the first person to try and watch one of them? It was only natural that *she’d* be the first one to end up cursed by them. The signs of this curse were already making themselves known, but at the time? At least while the store owner still had her wits about her, it was a very *confusing* realization. Namely because it was affecting her *body weight*.

“EHH!?” She managed to pull her attention away from the television in the end, but only because a surge of wait directly below her chin had given her *no* choice but to crane her head downwards. She was privy to the sight of something that *should* have been an impossibility: the absolute *eruption* of her own two tits, their weight burgeoning so much that the strap of her bra snapped within moments and the base of her shirt was hoisted out of the tucked in position of her skirt.

The young woman had plenty of questions about this, such as—**“HOW!?”** That was *certainly* one of them. Without the strength to support them, her torso was being lurching forward as they *continued* to grow to the point where her shirt was lifted so high that you could see her tummy. **“I can’t even hold these things up! But they’re so**

good for giving tit jobs when I'm fucked up! ...Eh?" What was that line that had been mixed in there? It sounded like something someone *extremely* horny might say.

And she *was* beginning to feel a little aroused, come to think of it. How could she not? Her tits had grown *larger* than her head, with nipples all the bigger too. Plump and sensitive, they were rubbing against the cloth of an undersized shirt, and her hands had even began to grope at them with disbelief. They certainly *felt* real. But she was also dealing with sensitivity in other areas, because it wasn't *only* her tits that had been growing.

Despite how far *forward* she was now leaning, the woman seemingly *hadn't* realized that her skirt was struggling *just* as much as her shirt was. Her hips had been forced wider, which had already inched the skirt up. But it was what surrounded these hips that was doing most of the lifting. Take her *thighs*, for example. At first, they seemed a *little* plusher, only for them to burgeon *well* beyond that as the lace thigh high on her left leg dug *into* a weight that *tripled*. This was shared with her ass in due time, lifting up the skirt's back as it swelled into a heart shape. "*Urk!? My fat ass!?*" And gave her one *hell* of a wedgie in the process.

Belle was still having difficulties standing, but they were gradually relieved. Not that she *appeared* to be as concerned with her figure as she had been before, mind you. "*Leaning forward like this with my ass in the air... If someone walked in on me right now, who knows what they'd think? Haha! I'd probably let them, too!*" To utter such inappropriate words definitely *wasn't* like her. But she also didn't seem to even realize she was doing it?

Inch by inch, the woman reclaimed her posture. She was standing up straight before long, because her body had *strengthened*? The muscles that supported her overly abundant curves tightened, but it wasn't *just* them. All of the muscles in her body were hardening, steeling the abs in her bare tummy and adding definition to her arms and legs. She looked as if she worked out and did so *frequently*.

But by the time she managed to stand up straight? It was clear she'd undergone a related change too. She didn't stand at the same *height* she had before. She stood a few inches taller. Belle looked down at herself, but immediately had most of her vision blocked by how huge her tits were. That *wasn't* what struck her. "*What's up with these dorky ass clothes?*" What? Was she in *band club*?

The last of the physical changes swept, of course, over the woman's *face*. While she was already a young adult, her perceived age didn't really change, *but...* they did change in a way that seemingly altered her

identity. Her lips swelled *several* times larger, and her facial structure grew wider and softer. Green eyes shone with blue instead, while makeup saw these changed features prettied up further. Oddly enough? Her brows thinned but lightened to *pink*, although that very same color seeped into and lengthened her bob to a cute chin-length style in the end.

“Huh? Was I imagining wearing something *totally* not hot?”

The woman could have sworn she'd just been wearing something *extremely* dorky? But that didn't seem to be the case now. She was wearing her 'usual' getup of super skimpy, blue, jean shorts over her hot pink thong (with straps clearly grappling her hips). Her chest was covered only by a pink spaghetti strap exercise top that showed off the great depth of her cleavage *and* the bare sides of her tits, while a puffy pink aviator jacket hung off her shoulders. Bringing this sporty look together was a black choker, blue and pink hairclips, and a pair of big, pink and white running shoes.

It was all *totally* her style. Like something someone in that movie would have worn!

“Well, *that* was a good movie, but I should probably finish my shift so that I can head up to the gym!” The end credits for American Fry: College Days were now rolling on the screen where static had once been present, leaving the busty, pink-haired jock to bounce up and down on her heels. *Cindy Hodgkins* remembered watching the whole movie – a job that had been left to her by her boss, Wise! Or, at least, that was how *she* remembered it!

Cindy was a college student and a *big* exercise buff. She needed to make a little money on the side, and so she was working at Random Play in the mornings. Wise had *wanted* her to work evenings too, but she couldn't do *that*. **“That party last night was *wild* though! I'm glad I got to watch a movie to help shake off that hangover.”** And the ache between her legs. How many dudes had she banged?

She was also a party girl just like one of those ones you'd find in a movie like the one she had just watched. She spent her nights getting plastered and doing dumb shit, often fucking dudes until she passed out. Alcohol,



drugs; she never stopped during parties. Which was part of the reason she worked out so much, to keep her busty body in shape regardless!

“I’m glad there’s no dress code here. That way I can show off the girls a little. It’s good for business!”

And her boss seemed to like ‘em! Could she get him to come to a college party? She wondered.