

ZENLESS ZONE ZERO: THE CURSED TAPES

CH7: DESK DUTY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Bills, bills, more bills...”

Life *wasn't* easy for Koleda Belobog. She was only a teenaged girl, but at a young age she had lost her father and ended up becoming the president of her father's company, Belobog Heavy Industries. They were a construction company with a fairly powerful R&D section due to the efforts of engineers like Grace Howard – eccentric as she was. This really wasn't the sort of career that should have been dropped on *anyone* at such a young age.

Despite it all, however, the girl was more than up to the task. There had been times early on where she'd faltered and made mistakes, but more than anything she knew how to *learn* from those mistakes and move forward. That was what ultimately made her so successful despite her young age. She could do things that so many adults *couldn't*: own up to her mistakes. And she legitimately did enjoy doing what she was doing.

For the most part.

“Ugh, why am *I* the one sorting through the mail!?” It was a task Koleda had only picked up that afternoon because she hadn't been given any other choice. She had noticed the company mailbox had been stuffed to its limit and had taken the contents up to her office to do the sorting herself. **“Wait, Ben's on vacation this week... *Right.*”** That explained it. The bear Thiren typically took it upon himself to check their mail so that the others didn't have to.



But maybe on *this* occasion? It wasn't so bad. **"Wait. Not a bill! A videotape though?"** It wasn't in a box nor a case, but it had been included in the mail, nonetheless. There *was* a label on it that conveyed it was from Random Play, the shop run by Phaethon. **"Did they send me a sample tape or something? A freebie?"** It *was* addressed to her, and there was another one addressed to Grace underneath it. She put that in the mail bin Grace would pick up whenever she started work for the day.

Koleda tossed down the rest of the mail and wandered over to the office computer. There wasn't a television inside, but there *was* a VCR hooked up to the monitor so that they could show training tapes to new employees. She had to fumble with it a moment to eject one of those tapes, before putting the one she'd been sent in instead. *True Crime: New Eridu*. That was the title on the spine. Was it a crime movie? A television show? At least she wouldn't have to wait long to see—

Static.

The girl's eyes glazed over as the same curse that plagued the other victims took hold of her own mind and body in a similar fashion. Her mouth hung vaguely agape as the static's effects buried themselves into the depths of her brain. This had a near instantaneous effect on her body, too. It could be observed in her bright and fiery eye. It lost its flame altogether, with the color dulling to a much more normal *brown*. The vision in her right eye was corrected in the process, though with her eyepatch on she couldn't have known this.

But in terms of becoming more *mundane*, her eyes weren't even alone. Aside from the bright colors of her eyes, Koleda's young form had another trait that really stood out as *fiery*. Her hair. It was a long and messy mass of flaming red, and it *should* have remained that way. But as six victims had already demonstrated before her, things wouldn't remain as they should have. It was already encroaching upon the wild color of her hair: the very same brown that had affected her eyes.

This color started at the tips of her hair and moved inward... it was just that the portion of her hair that was dyed would be erased seconds later while the color moved inward. The messy strands were all *shortening*, and this didn't stop into it all reached a chin length. What remained was dyed the same brown and tidied up into a loose bob. Thickened bangs

swung between her eyes, and even her eyebrows darkened and thickened. Any ties that had previously bound her hair had nothing to hold onto and fell right out.

Koleda was close to breaking free of the curse's initial trance, but before she regained her autonomy there was still one more physical change that would set the stage for everything else to come. The girl kept herself in *great* physical shape generally. She was small yet swung a giant hammer around. She was trimmed and toned, visually exhibiting the source of this strength in its entirety. This was all relevant because it went *awry*.

The girl's body was softening. No, not just that. It was *bulging*. The muscle that her figure possessed didn't disappear, but it *was* repurposed into fat that soon padded her form. Her tummy bulged outwards several inches as slight stretchmarks formed, while her arms and legs became heavier too. Her crop top struggled slightly as her chest became a little bit bigger from this extra wait. Not even her *face* was spared, for her cheeks became pointedly chubby.

“Huh? Why do I feel so... *tired*?” It seemed that the girl had finally snapped out of the brainwashing process and raised chubbier fingers up to remove her eyepatch without thinking about why she felt the need to remove it. Not only did this reveal a second brown eye, but also a new mole under that eye's corner, too. Her rounder face was actually shifting in its underlying design – it felt rounder not just due to the added chub, but like it had a rounder design from the onset. Her eyes narrowed and her nose sharpened.

But her lips were the oddest of all. They swelled a little *too* large, almost mismatching with the rest of her face because they seemed suited for someone much older, much more *mature*. At least until the *rest* of her face caught up. Age clearly encroached upon her facial palette, making Koleda appear more like she was in her *thirties* than teens, even though the rest of her body didn't corroborate this. *Yet*. Her face was just teasing what was about to occur.

The cause of the girl's fatigue *was* twofold. She wasn't muscular and was instead chubbier, so it was harder to move as is. But this fatigue also came courtesy of the *age* that her face was already suggestive of. **“I just want to sit down...”** She expressed with a deepened voice, even though she somehow knew she couldn't. *I need to finish up here and get to work*. Even though she was technically *at* work. At least if she still believed herself to be Koleda Belobog.

Her short yet chubby body began to expand *further* in every imaginable way. *Upwards* was a big part of it. Koleda stood at around 4'10”

typically, and she sprung up from there. For a moment it almost seemed like getting taller was helping her chubbier form thin out, as the existing weight was distributed around longer bones while she jumped up to 5'6" instead. The issue with this was that it didn't *stay* that way. Once her height was topped up to the point that it stopped? Her body began to grow *heavier* once more.

And this time her outfit wouldn't be able to accommodate it at all. The height boost had lifted her overly puffy pants so that they only reached her knees, but as she'd grown upwards her hips had swung outwards to really test their waistband. It failed that test as the front button popped off, but it *did* have a lot of help. Both the *woman's* ass and thighs received a significant amount of weight as her body's mass was increased. Her thighs quickly filled the baggy pantlegs and rubbed up against each other between her pelvis, while her ass grew so fat that it stuck out over the waistband in the back.

Koleda's tummy was ultimately a fairly prominent recipient of all this softened weight. It not only lipped *over* her pelvis as her stretchmarks lengthened and deepened, but it also ended up *jiggling* as it extended roughly five inches past it. This ended up pushing her crop top upwards, but the woman was having different problems there anyways. Her breasts were growing not *only* from this weight, but also from her newfound maturity.

Nipples thickened as the mass beneath them surged, lifting the top until her underboob was completely visible. It didn't take them long at all to *spill out* from there, bouncing heavily with nipples bare and the top lift to only cover her collarbone. Each breast rivaled her rounded head in size and shape, and she pawed at this dislodged top clumsily with fingers that were practically sausage shaped, with arms that were pretty flabby.

Fortunately she didn't need to live with the shame of being exposed for very long. Her clothing was readjusted and replaced. Her top became a lace bra that supported her huge tits while a short-sleeved, white button-up top was laid overtop of it, some panties, and a pair of black tights. Over all of *this* was a blue, vest-style dress that reached her thighs. Typical of a woman you might find minding an office, high heels and all. It was just a plain as the rest of her. But she at least gained a fancy nametag over her right breast.



“Bills, bills, more bills...” A familiar line left the lips of the plumper, older woman as she stared at the pile of mail on the nearby desk. *Karole Betty* understood why she was at the Belobog Heavy Industries main office. Despite being a secretary that worked with New Eridu’s police department, and being dressed for the job, she was an old friend of Ben’s. He was out of town for the week and had asked Karole to check the mail at his job on her way to the precinct.

And with all of *that* said and done, she turned off the VCR and monitor. **“Why did someone leave this running? Are they trying to run up the bill?”** If someone had done such a thing at the precinct she worked out, they likely would have had their pay docked. She shuddered at the thought. She barely made ends meet as is, and she had a young daughter she was trying to support on top of herself.

With a hearty sigh, she waddled over to the office exit. She would have to come back the following day and sort the mail again, but at least Ben was giving her some money for this gig. Karole closed the door behind her and made sure to lock it. She didn’t want to be late for her *own* shift. **“I wonder if working here would pay more, though?”** Probably.

Maybe she’d ask Ben about it later?