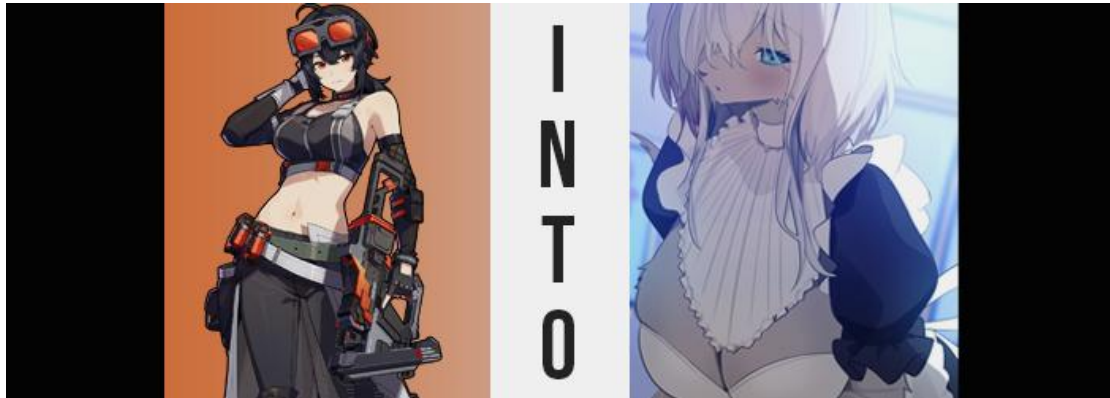


ZENLESS ZONE ZERO: THE CURSED TAPES

FINAL CH: AWOO!

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Grace Howard had a bad habit.

It was one that was afforded to her by the upper management of Belobog Heavy Industries (aka Koleda let her get away with it), but the mechanic didn't work *conventional* hours within the company. She practically *lived* in her workshop despite having an apartment of her own in the city proper, and even then, it was hard to say just when she was planning on working on any given day. Sometimes she stayed up all night and slept all day, while others she woke up at the crack of dawn. Of course, she had to factor in trips to the Hollow as an Agent, too. While Koleda tolerated all this because she was a mechanics genius, not *everyone* in the company did.

"YAAAAAAAWN!" Although today was one of those days where Grace hadn't exactly gotten up at a particularly 'normal' hour. Ben was away and Koleda had taken his duties upon herself. It was already 3pm, and she would have slept in until 5 if she hadn't wanted to make sure that Koleda hadn't had any problems with the administrative work. It was weird though, why did that name feel strangely *foreign*? And she couldn't really picture what the girl looked like clearly? Ah well! It must have been a side effect of just waking up!

She had slipped into the main office, grabbed her mail from her basket, and quickly moved back to her workshop. She was experimenting with a new AI chip for her *latest creations* and had made a big breakthrough the night before. And it was one she wanted to capitalize on *after*

making sure there was nothing important in her mail. There were certainly a lot of *bills*. Koleda wasn't supposed to put those in her basket.



There was something else that didn't belong, too. A videotape. It was clearly addressed to her from Random Play, but she couldn't remember ordering anything. Did those kids even *do* mail delivery for rentals? “**An interesting title if anything. ‘Thiren Manor’.**” It was either a murder mystery movie or... *smut*. Those were the only two things that came to mind hearing a title like that. A lot of Thiren-based pornos included ‘Thiren’ in the name for marketing's sake.

“**Hm...**” Grace glanced over at the VCR / television combo in her messy workshop. There were loose machine parts sitting on top of the device as always; she didn't use it very much. But she still had to have her ‘morning’ coffee before she started work, which meant she had time to kill. She started the coffee machine on her desk and then slipped over to the VCR slot on the bottom of her TV, pushing the tape in.

Only to immediately be held captive by the hissing static that it showed.

Had the woman *not* been in a trance then she probably would have *immediately* reacted to a strange, prickly and *itchy* sensation that was washing over her skin. It was a widespread phenomenon that affected everything except her scalp, but it was the most intense around her right hand at first. Because something was *sprouting* from the follicles all around her palms and fingers. A silvery grey hair. No, not ‘hair’ as in the type of hair that would normally grow from a human's body.

Fur. It was thicker than human hair and *softer* to the touch. It wrapped around fingers that were thickening, this hair growing longer and longer until it was rather *shaggy*. It covered Grace's fingers almost *entirely*, and her fingernails thinned and hardened into black *claws* that hooked into her fingertips instead. But on her palms? *Black* skin emerged as a plush paw pad, with an added bead under each fingertip.

It looked like someone's twisted middle ground between a human hand and a canine's *paw*. But in a world where Thirens, a people with animal traits, already existed? It wasn't really that odd. It was just that Grace *wasn't* supposed to possess traits like those. Whether or not she was *supposed* to... that didn't change that she was inheriting them more and more.

The silver fur *ripped* up her arm from the transformed hand and spread into the woman's torso like a series of exceptionally fluffy weeds. It wrapped around her breasts in a way that hid her nipples and jumped down the opposing arm. Once it reached her opposite hand, that hand turned into a paw that was identical to the first. "**Hot...**" Even though she was more or less still being brainwashed, the mechanic could at least sense how *warm* this coat of fur was. She was lucky that she didn't dress particularly heavily in the first place.

The fur traveled across her belly and hid her bellybutton in a manor similar to how it concealed her nipples. Her hips and thighs were left furrier, much like her forearms, and her messy pubes just became one with this fur. It was an understandable side effect, but the furrier she became? The most she smelled vaguely of 'dog'. Once it reached her feet, they underwent a transformation *similar* to her hands. But these paws were longer, with her toes bigger and her claws sharper. They were closer in shape to *actual* paws, while her hands seemed more human in their design.

"**Hm?**" Grace blinked for the first time since the tape had started spinning, which was a good sign that she was finally snapping out of her trance. Though, it *had* happened a little prematurely because of a vague discomfort in her *jaw*. The fur had spread into her face, but her face was subjected to the same 'beastialization' process as her hands and feet had been. Her nose flattened into a wet, black triangle while her mouth was pulled into a snout, and true to the name her *canine* teeth sharpened into a set of strong dog's teeth. Her face now looked to be 50% dog and 50% 'human'. Pretty, yet beastly. Though this beauty was complimented by eyes that now glistened with a bright blue.

Of course, if she really *had* transformed into a dog Thiren, then she was actually missing a couple of *traits*. Traits that finally grew in seconds before she finally regained full autonomy over her body again. Two of these things were her *ears*, which lifted on the sides of her head and grew, and grew, and grew some more while the same silver hair covered their drooping forms. These ears, now canine in their design, fell as far down as her shoulders.

The third and final canine trait erupted from just above the belt of her pants. A long, fluffy tail protruded from the base of her spine. It ended up being about five feet in length and swished from side to side. It was the sensation of her tail instinctually wagging that finally made her ask her first coherent question in a while. "**What in the world was I doing again?**" There was a newfound grace to how she spoke that betrayed her overly casual and somewhat *manic* 'normal' personality.

Considering how much the woman had already changed – to the point where she was *already* no longer recognizable aside from the dark color of her hair – it was hard to believe that there was anything else that could be done. But there *was*. Her transformation hadn't finished yet, and the strands of white that lightened amidst her head of black were suggestive of this. One by one they all lightened *and* lengthened, giving her a shaggy, white hairstyle that matched with the shaggier look of the breed of dog her race was clearly based off of.

But there was also a physical change that was a little more... *notable* in terms of scale. “**Oh my!**” Grace could *feel* it, too. The uncanny sensation that her furry *chest* was getting heavier and heavier within the restrictive hold of her sleeveless, black crop top. Grace *already* had an impressive bust size – they were a *more* than generous pair of *F-cups*. But the weight they gained in that moment made them absolutely *exceptional*. They more than *doubled* in size, with fur-covered flesh pushing over the neckline of her top. They had to be J or even *K-cups*, and they looked like they were about to *explode* out of her attire.

Fortunately for her, her clothing changed to fit these tits rather than risking a *cloth explosion* of any kind. Her entire outfit was change, with her pants and top stretching to form a singular, Victorian maid outfit with her cleavage nearly completely bare (fur aside). It had puffy black sleeves and a frilly, white collar. The typical maid headdress was tucked in *front* of her dog ears, while her paw-like feet had been crammed into specially designed heels.

Clarity returned to her, finally.

“Is... Is this really the space I need to clean? ...By myself?” *Adelaide Day* looked around the messy workshop with an expression of dread plastered upon her canine face. It wasn't difficult to assume *why* she was there. The addition of the maid uniform at end of her transformation into an impossibly busty *dog Thiren* confirmed the new career that had been wired into her brain. Memories of the contract she had been sent slowly came to mind. **“The previous owner left the company, so now Belobog wishes for me to clean all of this up?”**

She shuddered at the thought of how much grease and oil was going to end up on her beautiful coat of gray fur. **“Well, at least the job after this will be more my speed...”**



There was a cat Thiren in the Outer Ring who had requested the *complete* package. Because as a member of Thiren Manor Housekeeping, well... The Thiren maids employed there weren't *simply* maids. Adelaide hadn't been brought aboard the company initially for her cleaning skills, though they did help.

The employees were both maids *and* talented sex workers.

And so? The stock of cursed tapes that had been received by Random Play finally dried up. With their curses used, those tapes returned to being just regular old videotapes. Yet, where had they come from? Who had produced them? And would more come into circulation with New Eridu City? These were all questions without answers, but in all likelihood, there would be answers *someday*.