

ZENLESS ZONE ZERO: THE CURSED TAPES

CH5: ALIEN FORMS

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Had there *always* been an elf staying at the Cunning Hares' base of operations?

For some reason, Nicole Demara felt like that wasn't the case. When she returned from her little shopping endeavor? She had been *surprised* to find the elven woman in the kitchen... for but a moment. **"It must be because she was found so recently. It hasn't been long enough for the reality of it all to sink in..."** *That* must have been it, right? She could clearly remember them finding that elf and bringing her back, and they were still trying to figure out what to do about her. Should they take her to public safety?

Come to think of it, she'd had a similar experience while stopping by Random Play. She had been pretty certain it was supposed to be someone else's shift at the video store, but there had been some college kid she didn't know instead. She was some newbie who had pushed a free rental off on her. But who was *supposed* to be working there? She couldn't really recall! So, she *must* have been wrong, right?

After saying hello to her guest of vague origin, Nicole moved upstairs to the room that she had been using with her purse in tow. **"Well, not like I have anything else to do, right? Might as well check out that videotape!"** She certainly wasn't one to allow a gift to go unutilized, and she hadn't even checked what the tape *was*. She slipped it out of her purse and looked at the label on its spine. **"Sexy Ladies From Outer Space? Sounds... risqué."**



Not *simply* risqué. It wasn't *porn*, was it? Did Random Play even *have* a porn section? No, that couldn't have been the case! But if it had a naked lady... or several... in it then she absolutely wouldn't complain! After checking to make sure the tape had been rewound properly, she slipped it into her VCR and jumped onto her pink-dressed bedding. Unfortunately, she found herself getting up once more immediately.

“Huh? Something wrong with the tape? Is it damaged? Did I get scammed!? I am *not* paying to repair I didn't even ask for in the first place!” As Nicole saw it, the tape *must* have been faulty. Because it was displaying nothing but noisy static that overwhelmed both her sight *and* sense of sound. She could have looked away, except... she couldn't?

For about thirty seconds, her gaze remained trained on the television screen.

That was all the time that was needed for the curse to take root in the leader of the Cunning Hares, just as it had the others. In fact, her memories of *being* a Cunning Hare were beginning to dissipate, replaced instead with memories of coming from a place far more *foreign* than New Eridu City. In a way? That began to become apparent on her *face*, but not quite in the same way that her memories were suggesting... because those memories were not of this *planet*.

Nonetheless, the woman's facial profile was changing to reflect a different racial profile that *could* be found on this world. From *Japan* specifically. Her eyes were perhaps the most obvious victims of this, what with how their rounder eyelids pinched in within their corners to give them a far more Asian slant comparatively. But it gradually trended across her facial features as a whole. Her lips swelled and her cheeks rounded, yet in the end a striking beauty was preserved upon a vaguely longer face. While she remained a beautiful woman.

This *seemingly* Japanese woman did *not* look like Nicole Demara.

And her appearance only *continued* to depart from what should have been familiar. Not only did her green eyes lose their tinge of yellow, draining instead to a shade of pure blue, but a change of color affected her head of pink hair as well. It almost seemed like the yellow had

drained from her eyes only to be exported to her *mane* instead. Eyebrows, pubes, and *especially* the hair atop her head; the emergence of a yellowish blonde was plain in all of these areas. It swept through her locks quickly, while also seeing to it that her hair grew a little longer *and* thinner. Bangs framed her face neatly, while a layer of hair above them was raised almost into *vent-like* shapes.

“I... Why was I staring for so long?” This had *all* taken place in the thirty seconds between Nicole staring at the television and then eventually finding the strength to pull her attention away from the static, and that was seemingly enough time for her *voice* to change as well. It was deeper and more mature, but it didn’t hit her vaguely rounder ears oddly at all. From the woman’s perspective? Her voice had always sounded so deep.

It felt a little like her brain had just been released from some kind of fog. Things briefly felt *foreign* in a way that she couldn’t really seem to place, because she was doomed *not* to notice what was happening to her body outright. Ultimately? Her 5’5” height wouldn’t be affected at all by the transformation she was undergoing. But her *figure* was a different story altogether. It was about to become more impressive.

And it was already *plenty* impressive all on its own.

The woman gasped. **“What in the world!?”** She had suddenly been plagued by a sensation akin to as if she had just breathed in overly sharply. It had been forced upon her because her waistline had suddenly been *pushed* inwards from the sides, while her hips swung *out* several inches instead. The sides of her shorts stretched to accommodate this growth, but just *barely*.

In the end? It seemed that this extra width had been a *necessary* addition. Necessary because weight *surged* in the surrounding area. Her shorts ultimately *dug* sharply into her hips as her already abundant thighs and ass swelled further. It might not have been *as* noticeable in her thighs, but the shape of her ass *really* swelled out behind her. It pushed over the waistband of the shorts, with the lower garment getting stuck in the center of her cheeks.

The blonde ultimately ended up picking at the *gratuitous* wedgie that she’d accrued without thinking about *where* that wedgie had come from. Nor about why her top was becoming *similarly* tight all of a sudden. The mole of her inner left thigh was wiped away mysteriously, but that was more or less the *least* noticeable thing about what was going on with her bosom. The truth of the matter was that her *already* huge tits were growing *even* huger.

“Oof!” From Nicole’s perspective, she couldn’t fathom why she had been pulled forward so suddenly. She corrected her posture, not even thinking to look down to see how her cleavage had deepened or how that beauty mark had disappeared. They must have gained *two* cup sizes already, and the base of her shirt was lifted so that you could clearly see her underboob. It wasn’t like Nicole at *all* to wear a bra, after all.

What this ultimately resulted in was a pair of *I-cup* tits that didn’t just rival her beautiful, Japanese face in size. They surpassed the size of her head ever so slightly. But even then? The read that she was Japanese was incorrect. This *Sekirei* might have appeared like a Japanese woman, but Sekirei were aliens from beyond the stars. Beings that didn’t hold a place in *this* world.

Her clothes certainly didn’t fit her fuller figure any longer, so it was fortunate that the curse’s final act was to grant her something more appropriate. A white dress that exposed all of her cleavage and upper breasts, and her lack of a bra could be observed in how her plump nipples could be seen pushing against the material. She now had a long sleeve, dark purple coat with tails, though it did not cover her front. This coat was made of leather, with the interior a darkish red shade. But she also had matching red boots overtop dark purple thigh highs.

“Hmm... We have a Sekirei amongst our ranks – myself – and also an elf. This is quite the assortment of unusual individuals that we are gathering here.” Tsukiumi wasted no time when it came to turning off the television to rid herself of the annoying sound of the movie’s credits rolling. She couldn’t recall anything *about* the film, merely that there was an alien that reminded her of her the Sekirei and their duties from beyond the sky. **“Could that girl have given me this tape on purpose? No, there’s no way she could have known.”**

The blonde hadn’t revealed her true nature to *anyone* as of yet. As far as the man who invited her into his organization, Billy, was concerned, she was just a beautiful tsundere woman from across the seas that didn’t have a place to stay in New Eridu City. And she planned on keeping it that way for the time being. **“I suppose we’ll need a plan of action. How many aliens can we keep under one roof before the government gets suspicious?”**

And she couldn’t count on Billy nor Nekomata for an intelligent solution, *that* much was obvious.

