

ZENLESS ZONE ZERO: THE CURSED TAPES

CH6: BIG GUNS

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“Hm? Now, how did someone deliver this to *me*?”

Jane Doe had been in the process of removing a blue wig from her head with one hand while she used the other to pick up a video tape from a nearby nightstand with the other. The rat Thiren had been tasked with infiltrating a local group that was smuggling drugs into New Eridu. It was a job that had been exceptionally dangerous, but the agent was more than up to the task. She'd been on the job for a few days now and had *already* made great strides. No one had caught onto the identity she had been using.

Which made the appearance of this tape all the stranger. It had shown up in the hotel room she had been renting, and there was a sticker on it *addressing* it to her from Random Play. Not even her higher ups knew where she stayed during her missions, it was too much of a liability. So, to receive such an obvious indicator that someone not only knew where she was staying, but that Jane was her true identity, was alarming.

At least it *should* have been, but considering who had sent it? **“Hm. Perhaps Phaethon is even cleverer than I thought. This would be dangerous if their skills fell into the wrong hands. But why go through all of this effort just to send me a tape?”** They had never pried into her work life before, so it *was* rather suspicious. Could there have been some kind of code within the tape? Within this... *Gurren Lagann*, was it?

That wasn't the name of any movie *she'd* ever heard before. It certainly had a foreign sounding name!



With no other means of information gathering available to her – for she could not use her personal phone during a mission – she ended up popping the tape into the VCR of the hotel room she had been using. Thankfully it was a rather worn down building, so they were using old tech. VCRs were pretty commonplace in New Eridu City either way, though. **“Let’s see what’s on this thing...”**

It had been rewound, right? Jane was far too meticulous of a person to not check that before inserting the tape. That was why it struck her as strange that what her television displayed... was *nothing*. Nothing but static, at least. It hissed loudly and went on for some time. Was the tape ruined? Could it have been rewound *too* much? Fast forwarding would have answered that question. But she couldn't muster the will to do so, much less pull her gaze away from the television.

The curse's power had *already* been set into motion. It rooted itself in her mind so that whatever happened would simply be accepted. And once that little adjustment to her reasoning was made, the rest of Jane's mind and body would follow suit. Its effects on her physical form could *already* be observed, though it appeared to be targeting the part of her DNA that defined her as a rat Thiren first and foremost.

This was observed in the cartilage of her rat ears. Not only did they shrink towards the sides of her head as they opened and curled into a more standard pair of human ears, but any fur was completely erased until they were just as bald as they were small. What happened to her *tail* was probably more alarming, however. It just *fell off*. It severed itself from the base of her spine and hit the ground with a *THUD*. But its form hardened and twisted there... into a *sniper rifle* of all things. In a blink it was *relocated*, now propped up against a hotel room wall instead.

Jane hadn't noticed the loss of this appendage at all, however. The cursed tape finally freed her mind from its fixation on the screen, but only because it had done enough to her mindscape that there would be no sudden realizations or questions that might shed light on her fate.

The dark colors of her eyes brightening to a golden yellow would have gone unnoticed either way, but there *were* some more dramatic ones that would have caught her attention under normal circumstances.

Changes to her figure would have been counted among them, certainly. At first, it was only a matter of height – but realistically this probably should have been *the* most notable of the changes in this regard. Jane was normally 5’7”, which was fairly tall even for a fully grown woman. Yet her height inched downward in a way that at least alarmed her subconscious. “**Huh!?**” Was something wrong? And if so, why did she sound so *energetic* all of a sudden? Jane was the sort to keep her emotions in check. She *had* to.

She’d felt the drop. That plummet down to 5’3” that had likewise seen her hands, feet, and even her *head* diminish in size. Because of what she was wearing, it didn’t bring about much in the way of clothing malfunction. But there *was* something else. Her face appeared *cuter* somehow? The woman’s cheeks were fuller, rounder, and nestled beneath a golden gaze that felt rounder and brighter than ever. Even her lips seemed to be thinner despite still being rather pronounced.

All in all, she didn’t look much like Jane now. She was a cuter *girl*. One who was still pretty, but also one who couldn’t be called an *adult*.

She looked more like a girl around the age of *fourteen*.

“**Uh... Did something just happen?**” This all felt pretty *mismatched* still, however. She was shorter and younger, yet her body still appeared *far* older otherwise considering that her seductive figure had otherwise remained untouched. But this was only a problem initially, for the fix didn’t take particularly long to go into effect. But in the interim there was a more *subtle* change. The girl’s pale skin tone darkened *slightly*, giving her the vaguest of tans that was the product of melanin levels and *not* from tanning in any way.

This skin tone change wasn’t especially notable compared to what was gradually *lacking* upon her frame, though. That said, Jane’s outfit made it a little difficult to tell just what *was* changing. Take her crop top jacket, for example. Well, it wasn’t exactly functioning *as* a crop top anymore. Since she had shrunk, it already wasn’t exposing her tummy. But that tummy was covered even more proficiently thanks to the diminishing returns just above them – courtesy of her big tits shrinking several sizes.

That said, what remained still felt *much* too big for a fourteen year old girl. Most girls of that age didn’t have *DD-cup* tits, nor did they have the exceptionally wide hips that this girl continued to possess even after they narrowed slightly. Jane’s abundant ass remained ample in its

sensual protrusion, but her shorts clearly didn't fit them tightly anymore. It was simply big for her *new* height, and a similar sentiment could be seen in her thighs. They were still thick, but they weren't *as* thick. **"My head's so groggy. Maybe it's from the traveling?"** Traveling? *Had* she been traveling? If it came to mind, that must have been the case!

Things had begun to make *sense* to the girl formally known as Jane Doe, and yet her transformation wasn't even completely finished *just* yet. Her dark green hair had persisted in its usual style *thus far*, and yet with nothing left to change? It finally succumbed to its ultimate fate. The rest that rested on its bottommost layer had its vibrancy cranked up to eleven, turning a very bright and vivid red in a matter of seconds. But it also didn't *stop* there, and this color bled into *all* of her hair. The bright red grew longer, thicker, and messy, and before long? It was pulled into a long ponytail that was held in place by a pair of golden sticks.

Although, this hairstyle change had been part of a broader costume shift. She now had a skull pin on the left side of her hair, holding back her bangs. Her tights were yanked down into pink thigh highs that slipped into white boots with red flame heels, and that flame design could also be seen on the navy blue bikini top that made no effort to cover her skin. Nor did the matching, navy blue microshorts with a white, studded belt around them. This new outfit was further accessorized with fingerless gloves that reached her shoulders, each wrist decorated with a studded band. A pink, striped scarf wrapped around her neck too.

Jane Doe didn't feel shame about her body. And that might have been the only thing that apparently *hadn't* changed.

"Whew! I'm lucky I managed to score such a nice hotel room!" As what sounded like a Japanese credits song accompanied the scrolling movie credits on the television behind her, *Yoko Littner* had become just another victim of the cursed tapes that didn't understand that anything had even happened to her in the first place. The fourteen year old girl may have been *young*, but the sniper rifle propped up on a nearby wall spoke to just how *dangerous* she could be.



She stomped over to the television and turned it off. **"I don't remember putting a movie on, though. Weird."** Yoko had only

just settled in, right? When would she have had time to do that? Maybe the previous guest had let one on? The girl shrugged and skipped over to her bed, where she fell down onto the down comforter with a big “**AHHHHH!**”. She was a sniper from the Outer Ring. She was used to sleeping in discomfort.

But she had come to the city to be an Agent! Her combat prowess had always been hyped up by her village, and they had pushed her to take the plunge and try to make a living in the city. While young, she also had an unnaturally high tolerance towards the negative effects of the Hollows. She was the perfect fit, really! “**Tomorrow I’m going to need to look for a place to stay...**” Because she didn’t have a lot of money to keep sleeping in hotels.

Fortunately, she’d have a fateful meeting with a mechanic from Belobog Industries.