

ZENLESS ZONE ZERO: THE CURSED TAPES

CH4: JUST FANTASY

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“Random Play was pretty busy today.”

Anby, member of the Cunning Hares, wasn't speaking to anyone in particular. She had a habit of murmuring this and that to herself at times, often unintentionally because she could be something of a scatterbrain socially. It was early evening, and she had returned to the base that the Agents who gathered around Nicole Demara used. Early enough that no one *else* seemed to be back from their own daily routines just yet.

“Billy is likely at the arcade, Nicole is likely shopping, and Nekomata is probably napping.” The four of them had lived together long enough now that the swordswoman could basically map out where they likely were at any given moment. Even Anby herself was a woman of habit. She had just returned from her daily trip to Random Play – and that trip had been a little more *eventful* than normal.

It had been busy. *Very* busy. There were a lot of college students there, and they seemed to know the store's new hire. A pink haired woman that had her chest hanging a little *too* out there. Were all of those customers just there to *drool* over her? She couldn't have been sure; she just picked a movie and took off before the crowd triggered her anxiety.

Since the Cunning Hares didn't have work for the evening, she brought the bag with her movie rental up to her room and began to set up her TV by turning it and the VCR on. There was nothing like watching a good

movie to unwind after a busy day in *her* opinion! Unfortunately, she was met with mixed feelings when she took the tape out of her bag and realized— **“This isn’t the tape I picked.”** What she’d chosen was a sci-fi thriller, but she’d ended up with a generic fantasy flick instead. The movie was literally *named* ‘Fantasy World’.



In all likelihood, it had been a genuine mix-up on the part of that new part timer. She’d been pretty swamped at the counter, so it was likely an issue of handing the wrong bag to the wrong person. It was too much of a hassle for her to head all of the way back to Random Play at this point. **“Maybe I’ll just give this movie a shot.”** It had been a free rental anyways. If she explained what happened to Wise or Belle, they’d probably give her another freebie. Fantasy wasn’t really her genre, but she was open to having her mind changed.

Unfortunately... all she got from the tape was static. A buzzing concoction of black and white, and yet it completely stole her attention away for a short time.

Anby had pulled unknowingly into a trance just like the others had. It was a necessary step to lay the foundation for what was to come, and the static was *already* affecting her mental faculties to prevent any panic while simultaneously implanting *ideas* regarding her new identity. The earliest change she experienced was actually a *strange* one considering the transformations that had afflicted the others.

Because from behind her silver hair? Her *ears* actually peaked out. It was just that they didn’t reflect their usual shapes. They *couldn’t* if they were sticking out. Instead, the cartilage was thinning, shaping out into sharp *points* as they pulled back several inches. These ears, which looked more like an *elf’s* than anything, were not impossible to see on normal people in New Eridu City. But they *were* uncommon enough. Especially since elves themselves didn’t exist.

“Huh? No... I need to...” Something deep down tried to stir Anby from the trance that she had been stuck in. She could tell on some level that something felt *off*, and eventually she did manage to pull her attention away from the TV. As had been with the case with the others, however? It was already too late. Her body’s transformation had only *just* begun, but it was also already hastening.

The colors of varied aspects of her body were already being altered. The mix of green and red that gave the young woman such a unique eye color was dulling, paving way for a steely blue that had a vaguely green undertone instead. Her change in eye color wasn't *nearly* as obvious as what was happening to her *hair*, but the woman being transformed by the curse was equally ignorant to both sets of change.

Nonetheless, the sigh of silver locks lightening to *gold* instead was certainly a striking sight. One that was made all the more striking due to their *length*, or at least what was *becoming* of that length. Her short bob loosened, and silkier strands spilled all the way down past her skirt, with golden bangs swept on the left while covering the right side of her forehead. It was actually all rather *pretty*.

Of course, this wasn't in reference to *only* her hair. "**How strange! Why can't I remember...?**" What she had been doing? There was that, but had her voice always been so soft? It hadn't, but drawing that conclusion was essentially impossible. All Anby could do was get hung up on the sound of her own voice for a brief moment while her face conformed to what was now an irreversibly altered DNA pattern.

Her recolored eyes were growing larger and more expressive for one, and the lashes upon them grew several inches longer. The Cunning Hares agent typically had a tomboyish look to her, but she was looking cuter and arguably more attractive by the second. This could be seen in her swelling lips, narrowed jawline, and skin that had been robbed of any and all unwanted blemishes. Her newfound beauty was almost *otherworldly*.

But she wasn't just becoming *beautiful*. She was becoming *smoking hot* too. It hadn't occurred to Anby that her waistline had *already* narrowed, and her hips had been forced outwards several inches to compensate. This had already lifted the sides of her skirt, but it was lifted higher from *all* sides as the *skin* beneath it was lifted. Or perhaps it would have been better to say that this skin had been *stretched*?

Not by choice, mind you. The form the curse had adapted from the movie tape was one of a *very* curvy individual, and the woman was now receiving that curviness in spaces. Her skin was pulled tautly around thighs that thickened to the point that each one was thicker than her own narrowed waist, with the skin developing a pleasant sheen from just how much tension this skin was under.

They touched between her legs, while *behind* those legs? Well, the woman had begun to move about the room. Each step she took raised one of her ass cheeks and then dropped it again, and each time this

happened? The dropping cheek jiggled with more weight than it had before. Little by little, her ass cheeks inflated into a bubbled heart shape, and she found herself *wiggling* it beneath her lifted skirt because of the wedgie her panties were causing. **“How strange! Why do my clothes feel so tight?”**

Anby was inquiring about *more* than just her underwear. She wasn't wearing the green and black armor over her white shirt because she *was* home, but that made it all the easier for the *swell* that began to bloat beneath it to take shape. She didn't wear a bra, and so her *tits* grew unhindered. In what felt like one single motion they *doubled* in size, lifting and dropping the base of her shirt as they jiggled. But then they doubled *again*, now rivaling her *head* in size with perky nipples practically peeking out from the base of a shirt that hadn't meant to cover her entire torso in the first place.

It was strange. Who *was* she again? She fought *monsters*, right? Like *dragons*, and *orcs*, and *goblins*? Somehow that didn't sound right to her. Probably because she had been fighting *Ethereals* and not fantasy creatures. But she couldn't even fathom being an Agent anymore. **“I don't even know what those big ball things in the sky are!”** But the knowledge she had lost wasn't *gone*, it had merely been *replaced*. Give her a staff, and she could destroy monsters with her mighty spells!

Like a mage?

Exactly like a mage. The television screen flickered, and movie credits began to roll where static had been before. It was at this time that the curse left the woman with its final 'gift': an outfitting befitting of her new identity. Revealing, green mage's garb with detached sleeves and brown, leather gloves. Her thick thighs and much of her tits were exposed by a short skirt and a halter top of white and gold that only *really* covered her nipples before clipping onto her collar bone. She gained a large, green witch's hat and golden footwear. It all had a *very* 'fantasy' appearance to it. Befitting of an elven mage.

“Oh dear. How do you turn this device off again?” The golden haired, elven mage was staring awkwardly at the television and VCR as if she had never



seen one before. Which wasn't true, but it also wasn't *that* far off the mark. *Eirlys* was not from New Eridu City. She wasn't even from this *world*. She hailed from a fantasy realm adjacent to this one, where elves, monsters, and magic were all abundant. But she had accidentally fallen through a portal that had landed her in *this* world.

Eirlys has been found by Billy of the Cunning Hares and brought back to their base for the time being. A mechanical man was certainly a *shocking* sight, but there was *plenty* in this world that she couldn't really comprehend. As she could recall, she had been trying to work what she had been called was a 'television'? But she didn't understand what the various knobs and buttons *did*. She'd likely have to ask for help again.

The elf's huge tits pressed up against the TV screen as she reached behind it. "**I believe if I pull this— *Aha!***" A trick that Billy had showed her was to pull the rope attached to it out of the wall. That managed to do the trick! But what was she supposed to do now? She'd been told not to practice her magic indoors, but she also wasn't allowed to go out until they figured out what to do about her.

"This world is soooooo boriiaiiiiing!"