

ZENLESS ZONE ZERO: THE CURSED TAPES

CH2: SPOOKY SIMILARITIES

BY CHALDEACHANGE



A long day of school followed by a long shift at Victoria Housekeeping.

Ellen Joe was *exhausted*.

It was around 10pm at night when the shark Thiren finally managed to slip into the room of her bedroom and collapse onto the shark-shaped pillow of her bed. She'd been *prepared* to just pass out then and there, but it eventually occurred to her that it was *probably* a bad idea to get eight hours worth of sleep dressed in her maid uniform. "***Ugh...***" That didn't mean she had to *like* it, though! Even though she *was* actually rolling off of the bed.

Her headband came off first, then the leggings and dress. It didn't take long at all before the eighteen year old was standing there in *only* a set of lacy, black lingerie (with a shark-shaped clasp). The teen took a moment to stretch before heading over to her dresser, but something ended up catching her eye before she could open it up. "**Huh? Did I order something?**"

When she was out all day, her mom tended to leave any mail for her on her dresser. There was a sealed package with the Random Play logo on the shipping label. Curiosity ended up getting the better of the shark, so she *naturally* opened it. She could only arch an eyebrow at what was inside. "**A tape? Did Random Play start doing mail rentals? Nah, Belle would *hate* that.**" Being friends with both of the owners, she couldn't imagine that they'd introduce such a system.



So, was it a gift then? “***The Haunting of Azur Lane?* Wait, I remember reading about this one, I think.**” It was a movie made decades ago that riffed on an old mobile game once it entered public domain. Despite using that game’s name in the title, it was a horror flick that used its characters depicted as horror monsters. They didn’t go as far as to use their *names*, but the inspiration was definitely there.

With the cool air now tickling her skin, Ellen ended up feeling a little more awake than she had before.

“**Well, if I have something to watch...**” She was a little curious. Apparently, this movie was *extremely* hard to find. So, still in her underwear, she moved over to her old CRT television and pushed the tape into the VCR. She’d just turn it off after watching a little bit if it didn’t hook her immediately.

The issue was that there was nothing *to* watch. “**Weird. Is the tape busted? Maybe I need to rewind it?**” The screen was only showing static. Didn’t Random Play have a rewind machine? It was a little... *Huh?* She should have been reaching to hit the rewind button, right? But her eyes were just locked onto the static, like she had been hypnotized. “***Mmn...* HUH!?**” Only to be shocked *out* of that trance by contradictory feelings within.

She felt surprisingly *warm* around her loins and chest but was struck by a chilling cold *everywhere* else. Almost as if her blood was draining from her body, leaving her without a means of spreading warmth. But this wasn’t *quite* the case? It had yet to stoop, but the beating of the girl’s heart had begun to *slow*. The blood wasn’t being pumped through her body as quickly, and as a direct result of that? She was cooling off. But there was also a *visual* side effect to this too.

Her skin had paled to the point that she seemed to be sickly.

“**I feel kind of... *Mmn...***” That said, it wasn’t even *just* Ellen’s heart that was slowing. Her words were beginning to slip from her lips in a manner that was almost *slurred*, and that was the *second* time she’d made that strange noise. It sounded like the kind of noise women made in the bedroom but almost... *wrong*. There was something unsettling

about it, but she couldn't quite place her finger on it. All she could *really* do was try and hold back any further instances of that noise leaving her lips. But it was easier said than done.

For the most part? The Thiren stood there with a relatively blank expression, sometimes turning back to stare at the television before forcing herself away again. Her body, in the meantime, felt heavier as it continued to cool – and it largely started with her *head*. Which was odd. There *were* ways in which her face ultimately *looked* heavier. Such as? Her lips. They pushed forward with a little jiggle, becoming fuller and more mature, some would even say *kissable*. Her nose arched larger too, and her cheekbones lifted to give her paled face a *longer* feel. Even the shapes of her red eyes became sharper, all in all eventually making her look like a different woman altogether.

A *Japanese* woman. One that seemed to be in a little older, like she was in her twenties. And one with the *darkest* of bags under her eyes. Ellen must have subconsciously realized that her lips had grown fuller, because she couldn't stop herself from giving them a little probe and lick. Whether or not she believed they had actually changed, she *liked* them. “**Wh-Wh-What's—?**” Though her voice had grown choppy. There was a creepy jitter to it that had her stuttering, and she'd become unable to speak more than a single word at a time with a voice that sounded deeper and held a sensual purring sound to it.

In actuality, though, most of the ‘weight’ that had built upon the woman's head was her *hair*. Aside from the red underlayer which darkened to the same black as the rest of her mane it didn't undergo much in the way of a color change. But the black ended up *lengthening* significantly. Her messy bob pushed out into a silky mess of long, weaving locks that reached down as far as her tail. An ahoge sprouted from her head's top, but her bangs lengthened to cover her eyes. The rightmost crimson iris peered out from within.

There was something *ghostly* about all of this when you factored in her paled skin.

“**H-H-H-Heavy...**” Ellen groaned. She didn't dare try to make a move now, as it was becoming too tiresome to her to even stand upright. While *she* hadn't recognized it, her heart had completely *stopped*. Blood wasn't being moved through her veins, and her muscles were stiffening as rigor mortis set in to an extend. Yet, while she was technically ‘dead’? She was still very much *animated*. She just didn't have the strength to hold herself up the same way a human did.

And it wasn't even surprising that she was having these difficulties. Her body's weight was building exponentially, but only in places that made it

difficult for her lingerie to stay fitted. She was slouching forward because of her *tits*, which were already pushing the cups of her bra to full capacity. Sickly pale flesh, oddly warm despite how cold the rest of her body was, was pushing past the wire and material that dug into them. They'd clearly jumped up *three* cup sizes already, and they didn't even stop there.

SNAP!

If they *had* stopped there then the back clasp of her shark bra wouldn't have snapped right off like it had, leaving the straps that hugged her shoulders to slide off her arms while those tits burgeoned to sizes that surpassed even her *head*. Her now dark gray nipples had thickened in kind, though the purple veins that led from them served as a reminder that her body was no longer technically 'alive'. "*Mmn...!?*" The best she could do was clear her throat after making that sound as she *fell*, her upper body pulled down until she was standing at an *unnatural* 90 degree angle. Something had *snapped*, and yet she felt no pain.

This impossible posture for a human body had only been made (temporarily) possible because of the woman's *lower* body. Her tits hadn't been the only thing growing at that time, though it seemed to have come at a cost. Little by little, her thick shark tail had been retracting into her body. But rather than the weight that tail possessed disappearing?

It instead fed into the surrounding area, seeing her ass and thighs alike jiggle with such mass that her panties came to wedgie *and* cameltoe her heated pussy in the front. The cheeks of her ass jiggled and bounced erratically as the last nub of her tail disappeared into the base of her spine, and by that point that ass was just as huge as her tits. She ended up with a *ridiculous* side silhouette as a result. And while she *had* lost her tail? Ellen's shark teeth remained.

Surely because the *monster* she had become needed some fangs.

More bones and joints in the woman's body cracked as the upwards position of her legs that her fat ass had allowed her to maintain finally gave way. She collapsed onto all fours suddenly and her huge tits slapped against the flooring with a groan. Ellen didn't think anything of them. But she wasn't really thinking of *anything* at all anymore. Her mind was so slow, and the only thing that seemed to guide her was instinct. Instinct based on a need. Fill her loins, wrap her mouth around a cock, and bring that victim *back* with her.

It was a 'role' that required new attire, and she was gifted it. As she'd fallen? A skimpy, red kimono had fallen across her body, concealing a plethora of bandages that wrapped around her arms and fingers. A red bow tied her neck a little *too* tightly to the point that there was bruising around it, and a demon's mask rested to the side of her face. But despite all this she wasn't given *any* underwear. What she'd been wearing had actually been *taken* from her instead, meaning that her tits and ass were on full display depending on her movements.

"Mmn..." She *had* managed to push back at it at first, but now? The moaning sounds that bubbled up from within in the place of actual words. Distorted and wet sounding, these noises as the *creature* crawled across the floor on all fours only added to her eeriness. She had very much become one of the monsters from within the movie she'd put into the VHS player. The television was now rolling the credits. **"Mmmmmn..."**



Ellen wasn't *in* there. In fact, there was hardly a thought in the empty head of this *television ghost*. The character had been a play on the Sadako movies of old, which was why she had such sickly skin and long, black hair. But there were differences, of course. Inspired by an Azur Lane character, her huge ass swayed in the air while she crawled, and her huge tits dragged across the carpet.

Instinct guided her. She yearned for physical affection. The kind that would lead to the inevitable death of the one she doted on. But that victim was not *here*. It took a bit of work, but she managed to lift herself up to the television's level and... crawl into it. With a bit of work, since her tits kept getting caught on the bottom. **"MMMMMN!"** One final moan was heard before the screen flickered off and the ghost went silent.

Waiting within the VHS until the next time someone watched it. That was when she'd strike.