

# DLC BONUS

BIWEEKLY STORY #184

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**“What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck!?”**

From the sound of her voice, it was probably a foregone conclusion that Grace Ashcroft had seen *better* days. As a CIA analyst she had been sent out to investigate an incident at the inn where her mother had been brutally murdered eight years prior. And there? She had been led around by a psychopath, attacked by a *zombie*, and then knocked unconscious and taken hostage. She'd awoken in a hospital upside down, then chased around by some giant *monster* trying to kill her.

And then just when it looked like she'd been saved by a man name Leon, she'd been separated from him and left trapped in the greater clinic that she had awoken in. Now? Her only way out was a door. A door locked by a mechanism that required what looked to be three crystals, and now she had to run around an infected-infested building looking for them! This was all discounting the mounting number of mysteries, like who was that monster that had chased her, and who was the blind girl locked away off to the side of the front hall!?

**“I'm carrying too much stuff.. I should put some away.”** Grace had already gone through the west wing of the clinic and retrieved one of those crystals, so she had taken a moment for a breather. For some reason, none of the zombies would follow her into the main hall or the safe room linked to where the child was being held, and there was a convenient chest where she could store items there. The night was short, and she only had so many pockets, so she was going to have to leave behind some things that she wasn't sure if she needed.

She sheepishly peeked inside to see how much room she had to work with. She'd checked it when she'd first found the room earlier and nothing had been inside, but she couldn't remember just *how* big the interior was. "**Huh? Wait. Was this in here the first time?**" Grace had been *pretty* sure that the box had been *completely* empty before, but now? There was what looked to be a white dress sitting at the bottom. And taking it out to look at it?



"**...Is this for that monster to wear?**" It was big. *Way* too big. Like it was designed for a woman several heads larger any normal human could hope to stand at. That monster *had* been wearing a tattered dress, but somehow she doubted this would fit her even still. But either way, *who* had put it in the box? She hadn't seen a single uninfected human since she'd arrived, leading her to believe no one was still sane. It was unlikely that a zombie brought it either, because while they did seem to be slightly aware of their past lives, none of them were... effective at their tasks.

Grace shook her head and tossed the dress back into the chest, and yet? She suddenly became aware of a sudden weight around her body. "**H-Huh!?**" Looking down? She was wearing that dress!?! The skirt was pooled around her feet, and the neckline was so low that her otherwise bare breasts were completely bare. "**Wh-What the fuck happened to my clothes!?**" She even looking in the chest again. There was nothing there.

"**I-I-I can't stay dressed like this!?! But...**" If her clothes weren't *there*, then where was she going to get a change of attire? Certainly not in the safe room. She'd have to sneak around the clinic dressed like that in hopes of finding something stashed away or, at absolute worst, she'd have to lift something off a zombie she killed. "**Could this night make any less sense!?**" As it turned out? It *absolutely* could.

The sensation of the oversized dress rubbing against the skin it *did* cover was distracting. She was used to wearing comfy clothes that just rested neatly in place. But as she continued to fidget with the storage chest, she noted that the skin that was making the *most* contact with the gown was beginning to feel strangely *cool*. "**Don't t-tell me I'm having an allergic reaction or something!?**" Because if Grace had to walk around *completely* naked? Well, she might as well have stayed in that room the entire night, hope of escape or not.

Considering the loose fit of everything, the easiest place to check had been her *hands*, and even then that had required pulling up at least once sleeve that reached well past her fingertips. It took the woman a moment of fumbling to accomplish this, but what she found when she managed to glimpse her right hand shocked her. “**Wh-Wh-What!?** **Am I infected? When did it happen!?**” This was a logical conclusion to come to considering the circumstances she found herself in and, well...

The fact that the skin of her hands had shifted to an almost bluish grey.

It was a color you’d expect to see in the skin of a *zombie*, drained of any healthy color and left with... well, that. But it was also more than that. Her fingernails ached dully as they lengthened several inches, while in doing so? They *sharpened* until they were more akin to nails or claws. “**A-A mutation!?**” This was *bad!* Had she really been infected by the t-virus!? Incidentally, she *hadn’t* been. What was changing her was actually something more akin to a *precursor* to that virus. Something much more ancient.

But she didn’t care about any of that! The cold feeling was spreading through her body, which meant that more and more of her skin must have been taking the same distorted discoloration! She had confirmation of this once it crept up her belly and into her *chest*, where before her very eyes she watched her small, yet perky B-cups lose their own pink to take on the same discoloring, with her nipples growing... bluer?

While true, the issue was that it wasn’t *just* their colors that were changing. “**Holy shit. They’re... They’re...**” Grace couldn’t quite bring herself to say it as the temperature of her face cooled and the same grey settled into place, but... Her nipples were *growing*. At first it was *only* her nipples swelling, taking fuller and puffier forms, but within moments she was treated to the uncanny sensation of her bosom feeling... *fuller*? Like weight was being fed into their overall size, but that wasn’t...?

“**U-Uh!?**” It wasn’t *possible*? She had seen reports on virus mutations in the past, but she hadn’t thought it would make a woman more *buxom*. Nonetheless, she couldn’t deny what was happening before her very eyes. The woman hesitated with her shaky hands to grab at the weight that was clearly building upon her chest, breasts rapidly filling the front of a dress that her bosom had once been *far* too small to fill before. They grew and grew, but also *sagged*, stretched skin showing blue veins off around nipples that were soon comparatively sized with her *eyes*.

Adding to Grace's woes, bigger breasts meant that her posture would be challenged. There was some relief in seeing them grow big enough that her nipples finally hooked *under* the dress's neckline to hide them, but they were *bigger* than her head, and that weight was leading to her leaning forward without the muscle strength to carry that burden. "**No, no, no...**" She ended up having to lean forward against the storage crate, but soon found her elbows slipping off the edge even though she wasn't moving?

"**Oh my. Could it be?**" That led the woman to a *realization*, but upon communicating that realization she was flummoxed by the sound of her own voice. Since when was it so *deep* and *sultry*? No, more than that... "**Since when did I speak like this? Hm... it appears I can't even help myself!**" Where had her stutter gone? She sounded strangely *at ease* despite her anxiety, didn't she? But all of that was beside the point of what had initially tipped her off in the first place.

The realization that it hadn't been *just* her breasts that were growing. She'd been sliding against the chest because her body was getting taller, and not even in the sense that she was gaining just a few inches of height. If her tits had swelled to fit perfectly in the cups of the dress, then her arms grew so that her hands reached out of the sleeves, her shoulders broadened so that they filled out the top, and her hips pulled wider until it matched the dress's ample curvature.

But that meant that Grace had grown until she was an astounding 9'6". "**Oho! Tall and strong.**" Rather than continue to contribute to her anxiety, an internal switch was flipped, and she began to look on the *bright* side instead. In a sense, it felt more and more like she was becoming someone she *wanted* to be. But did she want to be someone so *monstrously* large? The woman wasn't *wrong*, though. She could now stand without being burdened by the weight of her tits because her body's musculature had strengthened significantly.

Her height became far more apparent once she finally had the strength to correct her posture and she stood up straight once more. The top of her head was only an inch or two away from the ceiling, and in the process it became more obvious that her hair hadn't come away from her body's color change unscathed. Blonde locks had darkened to a pitch black that curled slightly in the back, even though their lengths hadn't changed month. Contrarily? Her bush of now black pubes had become quite the hairier affair down below.

"**But for what purpose am I undergoing such dramatic changes?**" And Grace certainly sounded like she knew a thing or two about *dramatics* with out she had begun to accentuate different words. She wasn't batting as much of an eyelash to her continued changes

either, such as how weight gathered in her lower body, beneath a tummy that had bulged slightly with *aged* weight.

If you examined the woman's face, you'd understand why 'aged' was a descriptor. It had already been demonstrated somewhat in her sagged breasts, but all of the telltale signs of age seeped into the rest of her body, face included. Dimples deepened and lines were etched into the corners of her eyes as the grey skin of that face sagged ever so slightly. But simultaneously? Those features departed from any resemblance to 'Grace Ashcroft'. Her nostrils widened, for example, and her lips swelled full. Even her eyes, now more worn, dulled in shape in exchange for longer lashes.

She was beautiful still, but it was the beautiful visage of a woman in her *mid-forties* rather than a young woman in her twenties. Even so? She couldn't find it in herself to complain, not when her thighs had burgeoned to *twice* their original girth, and her ass had filled out the back of the dress almost *eight* inches. It had greatly surpassed a heart-shape, that much was certain. Everything felt... comfortable.

**“Oh dear. Now this is quite the conundrum, isn't it? Only given a gown to wear? No underwear? No footwear? No hat?”**

*Alcina Dimitrescu* glanced at the nearby calendar in the safe room. 2026? It was a number of years since her supposed *passing*, but she could make sense of the situation well enough. She wasn't actually *the* Dimitrescu, but instead a contingency plan created by Mother Miranda. At some point before her defeat, she'd imbued the dress she wore now with a *mold* tainted with the mutation of the *real* Alcina Dimitrescu.

That was why, while she did have some key memories of the original's life, as well as her *potent* personality, she still recognized that she *had* been Grace Ashcroft. But all things considered? She wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. She was big, she was powerful; she was exactly what she needed to be to escape the clinic, because she didn't care at *all* for whatever experiments were being conducted. That wasn't really



Dimitrescu's *thing*.

**“I wonder if I could invest in making *wine* here? Perhaps surrounding myself with some *beautiful women* would help?”** The older, giant woman mused to herself before *kicking* the safe room door down with a single swing of her leg. *Those* were the things that Alcina Dimitrescu treasured. But that reminded her! Before she could crouch through the door, she remembered the girl in the cell behind her. **“Hm. Well, I’m in need of *daughters*, aren’t I? She’s a pitiable thing that’s been locked away. I suppose I could raise her as my own.”**

But once she’d retrieved Emily? She would be exiting out the front door.