

# MIXING BIOWEAPONS

## COMMISSION STORY

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Darkness.

Ashley Graham had become all too familiar with it recently. Whether she was blindfolded, knocked unconscious, or locked away somewhere without light. The moment she had been kidnapped and transported *wherever* this was from the United States, it felt like she had been in a perpetual state of darkness. She still didn't know what these people wanted with her or why, but at first? She had assumed that it was only a hostage situation.

The initial days had actually been spent in some degree of *comfort*. Sure, she had been blindfolded here and there, but the amenities had been modern and short of being locked in places like hotels, she hadn't been *that* restricted. Not that she had thought of those days as 'good', but compared to her current circumstances they had certainly been better. She recalled a European hotel where she enjoyed a fancy, *foreign wine*. Something she hadn't really thought much of at the time.

**“Ugh. Let me out!”** Especially compared to where she was *now*, those hotel rooms had been night and day comparatively. She hadn't been conscious when she'd been brought to this place in particular, and for some reason her neck had *really* hurt when she had woken up. It didn't take a genius to tell *why*. There was a swollen mark on her neck. Either something had bitten her, or she had been *injected* with something. Considering the state of where she had found herself, she had chosen to believe the former.

Her banging against the door that held her did little to help her situation. Ashley had been trying to get someone's attention ever since

she had woken up to no avail. Either no one else was in the building beyond the dark, windowless, musty room that she had awoken in, or they were pointedly ignoring her. Considering she was the daughter of the president, she wasn't really sure *which* was worse! More than anything she wanted to curl up and cry, but she wasn't that type of girl. She didn't know *what* to do in a situation like this, but Ashley was a fighter.

*THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...*

Intermittently, the sound of her body crashing into the door along with her screams could be heard. Ashley wasn't going to give up. She *couldn't* give up. Because whoever had taken her hostage? If they threw her in a place like this, then they most certainly *didn't* have her best intentions in mind. “**ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?! WHAT IF I WAS DYING IN HERE!?!**” The lack of *any* attention to her whatsoever was pissing her off more than anything. If she was supposed to be a hostage then they should have cared more about her condition, right!?

*THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...*



The young woman's body swayed back and forth. Her heart had been beating quickly for a while now, but it was getting *worse*. “**Maybe I should rest for a second...?**” It *was* a good idea. She was worked up, anxious, and physically tired from throwing herself at the door. But even after steadying herself against a nearby wall for a few moment, the beating of her heart didn't seem to slow or normalize. In fact it felt like it was still getting *worse*.

Ashley was missing some crucial context about her situation though. Whether voluntarily or by force, her body now housed two things that no normal body should have. The first was obvious: the 'bite mark' on her neck was no bite mark whatsoever. It was a mark left from an injection, from when the Las Plagas parasite was forced into her body by her captors. It wasn't all that long prior to her waking up in this church storage room that she'd received this injection, and so it *should* have still been dormant.

But its presence inside the girl's body had prompted an unexpected interaction with something *else* in her body. The Cadou mold, a bioweapon of sorts from a completely different part of Europe. It had not been injected into her, and in fact it would have remained

dormant and died off in a few more days if given the chance. Because it had come into her body through that *wine* she had consumed back in one of the hotels.

*Sanguis Virginis* had been its name, and the bottle had been tainted. Not so much that it would have been dangerous under regular circumstances, but *now*? Two corruptive, transformative parasites existed within Ashley's body, their presence provoking and escalating the effects of the other. "**Why do I feel... so hot...!?**" While the woman herself had no context, that didn't change the fact that she would still be subjected to the effects. For better or for worse.

It wasn't *just* heat that she felt, as Ashley soon came to realize. The throbbing sensation had been spreading throughout the entirety of her body, and that throbbing carried a one dull, but soon excruciating level of *pain* with it. "**Hah... Hah... HAAAAAH!?**" It inevitably built up to the point that the young woman released a terrible sounding scream, one that almost echoed with a different voice overlapping her own.

The swirl of feelings that washed over her was difficult to comprehend. Was she in pain? Euphoria? Was she hot? Was she cold? It was like a sensory overload of the likes that no person would hopefully ever have to endure... and yet Ashley was being forced to endure it. Her breathing hastened between screams, her face buried in her face while her canine teeth grew sharper and sharper – not that she noticed.

And not that this was the primary physical change that she should have been concerned with even if she *had* noticed.

The veins that ran through the girl's body had become *clearly* visible, with their color darkening towards a sickly, perhaps corpse-like *black*. It was an indicator of the two forces that were doing battle within her flesh, tainting both blood and soul alike. But on the other hand, part of the reason those veins were so visible was because of the color of her skin itself.

To say that it was paling as her body was wracked with pain would have been an understatement, or at the very least *misleading*. Because while the healthy pink color of Ashley's skin did pale away, it wasn't like it was turning *white*. Perhaps because of the darkened color of her veins and the blood that was running through them, her youthful skin inherited a very unnatural *grey*. It wasn't the sort of color that any healthy, living human's skin might have – but these were adjectives that both described what she was becoming and *didn't* at the exact same time.

**"AM I DYIIIIING!?"** From the corrupted's perspective it felt like her heart was about to pound out of her chest. Her body was aflame, and

even now? The palette of her body's color continued to change. In this case it was her *hair*, which darkened to black and likewise appeared a touch longer? Nothing significant, but it did fall slightly past her shoulders. All of the hair across her body, including her pubes, took on this black. While her eyes?

Contrasting the otherwise monochrome aesthetic of her skin and hair now, they had begun to glow a supernatural *gold*.

**“GRRR!?”** She finally tore hands away from her face and stood up straight *despite* the pain, or almost more like her brain was becoming *accustomed* to it? Nonetheless, with her face exposed it plainly showed that her facial structure wasn't what it had been before she had shielded those features. In fact, she hardly looked like Ashley at *all*. Her face was wider, black lips full and glossy. A larger nose with flared nostrils stood in the center, directly between two narrowed eyes that sat above bigger cheeks. It all made Ashley appear far too *mature*, and a slight sag and a number of lines that spoke more of an advanced age suggested that she wasn't destined to retain the youth the rest of her flesh still embodied.

Ashley, without a mirror, could not notice this though, and since it was so dark in the room she thought any glimpses of greyed skin were just tricks of the light itself. **“...Hm?”** Sounded with an uncharacteristic, mature purr, it wasn't until she'd cast her hands aside that she had thought to examine her circumstances more closely, the pain becoming more and more of an afterthought. And only because, well... Her hand had gotten stuck? **“How in the world?”**

Difficult to see as it was, she couldn't quite make it out at first. She had casted her hands to the sides in a fit of rage, and now it felt like her right hand was stuck on something? But from what she could see her hand was just stuck in the air? She sensibly tried to move it with more force, and her hand *did*, but... With a crash, the worn down dresser behind it went flying, its weight pulling her hand along with it. It took her by surprise!

Only once she squinted and pulled her hand back did she realize. Extending from each of her fingertips was a long, sharp claw about four feet in length. They were black, which made them difficult to see. **“Did I do that?”** Claws aside, what kind of strength was needed to pull over such a big dresser effortlessly? Was she becoming stronger? This was something that should have *terrified* her, but what played upon aged lips was a confident smirk instead. *She liked the idea of becoming powerful.*

**“But this small body isn't an appropriate container for great power, now is it?”** She could feel it. *Something* building within. She

could sense the mold growing within her, and her flesh would not be able to contain its excess as is. And so, like a weed in a well-watered garden? The woman's body began to swell in every facet imaginable. "***Hmhmhm!***"

The fabric of her clothing clung desperately to her flesh once the process began. It was given no choice but to dig into her while her frame grew both *up* and *out*. In terms of height alone, inch upon inch stretched her limbs and spine. Ashley rapidly passed the six foot mark, and she discarded her jacket while the blouse underneath was lifted up with raised shoulders. Her tummy was soon exposed as a result, but that trimmed gut of hers did not retain its youthful tightness. Instead? Grey skin burgeoned, a fatty lip jiggling to attention as it hung slightly over her pelvis. It was not a slight gut born of dietary habits, but one that came natural to a woman in her forties.

Her body expanded horizontally in the same vein as it did vertically, mostly filling out her frame so that it wasn't too lengthy while depositing the shapeliness needed to maintain the growing image of a woman in her 40s. Her hips swung wider, yet with a strength so intense that it snapped the waistlines of her skirt and panties alike. The former fell to the ground while the latter remained pinked between increasingly tight tights and the flesh beneath.

"**Good, good!**" It still hurt like hell, but Ashley seemed to be enjoying herself more than anything now. The discomfort she felt was fleeting, greyed skin expanding around her thighs and ass to prompt hips to widen even further, ass cheeks jiggling with a slightly sagged heft that befit a woman of her age in tightness, but well surpassed a woman of her age in volume. Her height had passed seven feet now, and one cheek of her ass was larger than two of her old heads might have been prior to the start of her transformation. Her thighs were just as thick, making good use of widened hips. They'd exploded out of her tights, tatters still clinging to aged, grey skin in some places.

Ashley could feel it now. The agony she'd been feeling was subduing. She surpassed eight feet in height now, and by this point in time very little of her old outfit had remained fastened to her body. Ashley's orange sweater had been lifted so that most of her torso was exposed now, and shoulders that were broadened both with body shape and because of the fact she was growing so *massive* the seams were already fraying around her shoulders. It was only a matter of time before she exploded out of them. "***Here they come...!***"

The *they* she was seemingly anticipating while casting clawed hands to the side in a very *extra* moment of triumph certainly weren't discreet, and the neckline of her sweater tore down the center no sooner than



she'd said it. The cause of this further malfunction was a sudden and abundant swell of mass that saw veiny breasts erupt through the remnant of her clothes, snapped bra falling to the ground beneath her. Full if not a little loose *H-cups* bounced free, dark grey nipples erect upon their *eighteen pound combined mass*. It was fortunate her now almost *ten foot tall* body was so strong, else it wouldn't have been able to accommodate the tits her clawed hands now playfully sunk into briefly.

*“There we go.”*

By the time her height had reached its fullness, she'd been given no choice but to lean her back forward. She was much too big for this room. She was much too big for *most* rooms. It was a little annoying, but her annoyance was only helped by a craving. She wished to *smoke*.

The pain *had* finally passed, but the large woman ducking down within the confines of the storage room had long since stopped noticing the discomfort regardless. A little bit of pain was nothing for this new body of hers, and despite the obvious shift in persona on top of appearance, she still very much considered it to be a 'new' body. **“Mm... A most curious development, but certainly not one I can't work with.”** She gave her lips a sensual lick, gaze pointed plainly at the singular door to the room.

*Alcina Dimitrescu*. That was the name that came to mind when she thought of herself. This meant very little to Ashley's old memories contextually, which still persisted in full, but it felt easy for her to accept this as a new identity. **“A shame about my clothes, but I can certainly tell... This body is much stronger.”** Standing at 9'6", that was surely obvious. Her naked, pasty-colored body was massive, and that wasn't only in terms of stature. Her curves were abundant and enticing, and if there was such a thing as an 'ultimate MILF' then she would have fit the bill quite handily.



Of course she didn't really understand *why* this had happened to her, but it didn't seem to bother Alcina very much – perhaps because of how much more mature she had become even in personality. It was easier to be reasonably when you felt so much more *experienced*. She crept towards the exit, her hefty steps forcing the floorboards to creak loudly while she continued to lean forward. Before? Throwing all of the weight of her small body at the door had amounted to nothing, probably because of the nature of the lock that bound it. But now?

***CRASH!***

One swipe of a big, clawed hand was enough to send the door, as well as a huge chunk of the door around it, flying into the open space on the other side. Dimitrescu crouched further to step through, but once she was on the other side? The ceiling was higher and so she could stand up straight, her big tits and fat ass jiggling as she finally managed to stretch. ***“Finally free. But so this is where I was. A church, hm?”*** Probably not the *best* place for a big, naked woman to be standing in. But they were the ones who had kidnapped *her* and presumably done this to her, right? They could take that up with God themselves.

***“And who are you there, cowering in the corner?”*** Standing on the church's second floor, she wasn't alone. There was a man hiding behind some boxes near nearby stained glass windows that overlooked a graveyard. He wasn't cowering but rather trying to hide his presence. Alcina's playful nature sought to toy with him by leveling that accusation.

It was Leon S. Kennedy. He had finally mentioned to infiltrate the church for the sake of rescuing the president's daughter, only for the door to the room he believed she had been being kept in to be destroyed, and for this naked, giant woman to step out. This felt on par for the course with how things were going on this mission, honestly. She smirked at him. ***“Are you drinking in the sight of my beautiful body, boy? I'm sure you'd like a taste.”*** Not that Alcina was attracted to him at all. A woman would have been better.

Leon's response was prompt.

***“No way, bro.”***