

HERO TO ZERO

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Demon Queen Devonshire paced back and forth before her throne within her formidable castle.

“Such a tiny fleet of heroes has managed to push back my forces *this* much?” Foul news had been delivered to her by her subordinates; the latest in a long string of notifications that her underlings had been slain by the so called ‘heroes’ that sought to rid the seas of her presence. If she continued to receive these reports, then it wouldn’t be much longer before they ended up on the front doorsteps of her abode and then she would be in a terrible position.

She had to dwindle down their forces and quickly, something that was definitely easier said than done when she had to factor in that the numbers of her own people had been dwindling at a rapid pace thanks to the efforts of her foes. **“I’m being placed at a severe strategical disadvantage here... I keep waiting for them to attack me, and then my forces act on the defensive. Perhaps if we used all of our forces in one big offensive operation?”**

“No...” It was a sound plan on paper, but there were too many variables that made it too risky. If for some reason the operation failed, then she would effectively lose the rest of her forces all at once. It also seemed that the heroes had some *weapons* at their disposal that she had been in the dark about. Who knew what else they had up their sleeves? If only she had someone with inside information. **“Inside information...?”** Now *that* gave her an idea.

“I suppose there’s a way to lessen their manpower and increase my own at the same time, isn’t there?”



The group of heroes that stood tall against the Demon Queen were few, but much of their power came from their allies, both potential and literal. Among these were the maids that served them, and the leader of these maids? Her name was *Belfast*. She worked at what was functionally the main headquarters of those looking to bring peace to the land as the head maid and was very meticulous about both her own duties and the duties of those that served under her.

And that day was a day that began very much like it did every day for her under the present status quo. She woke up at four in the morning after going to bed at only midnight the night before. To most this would have been a death sentence of a sleep schedule, but she had adjusted to it long ago. From there? She had bathed, dressed herself, and begun her chores just as she did every day.

“Breakfast... I believe this is enough to feed everyone?” Belfast knew how to cook when the need arose, but among those that assisted the heroes she was not *the* cook. She often collaborated with the kitchen when it came to making sure the meals were nutritious and properly delivered to the dining area. Feeding everyone in the establishment wasn't a job that could be accomplished by just a handful of people alone. It took a small army of cooks and maids!

Once breakfast had been successfully completed and cleaned up after, it had been on to more general cleaning tasks to pass the time until lunch. The head maid often divided the majority of those tasks out between the ones that worked under her, and then would burden herself with whatever was left. It just so happened that most of the work left over had been outdoor work – which were among some of her favorite tasks to complete!

“It's a shame that most of the girls don't like venturing out this close to the gate! It isn't as if there would ever be any demons this close to where the heroes convene!” She mused this to herself

with a light chuckle. Belfast knew that they feared the Demon Queen's forces and she certainly couldn't fault them for that. But if it meant that she could have a quiet morning on a beautiful sunny day sweeping the path? Then she certainly didn't have any complaints about her unfounded paranoia!

But as unfounded as she believed it to be? Once she began her sweeping at the very entrance to the path, she paused at the sight of a person on the other side. Based on the shape of her body she must have been a woman, but she had shrouded herself in a black cloak for some reason. **"Erm... May I help you, miss? Did you have something to report to the heroes?"** Grateful citizens that had been saved by them sometimes stopped by to pay their respects as well.

"No, I'm here to meet with you! Did I just overhear you say that there would never be any demons by the gate?" The woman's voice immediately put Belfast on guard. There was something sinister about it, and if she had known the identity of the woman speaking then it would have made sense. It was the Demon Queen *herself*. And she raised her palm towards the head maid before firing off a blast of purple energy.

It crashed into Belfast's chest before she could even react, and the maid stumbled back a few steps from the impact. There was no pain, but she immediately felt somehow *filthy*. **"Hm! Come find me when your transformation has been completed. I'd love to hear the information you have to share with me. Hehehe!"** And then she *disappeared*.

"Wh-What was that!?" What had she been struck with? Who *was* that? Belfast had a million questions about that strange encounter but no means of receiving any answers now that the one who had effectively assaulted her had disappeared. **"Should I seek aid?"** If she considered all of the unknown variables then that absolutely *should* have been the right call, and yet something deep down? It was *opposed*.

From the heroes? Never!

The woman stumbled back a step, shocked by her very own conscious thoughts. But that stumbling came to an abrupt halt as one foot got *stuck*, and then the next. Had she stepped on something sticky? No, why did her feet – and by extension the lower halves of her legs – feel *cold and wet* as well? She leaned forward to look past her large breasts and, in the end, let out a confused cry that no one was even nearby enough to hear.

There was a puddle of purple *slime* not just *at* her feet, but around it. She might have assumed that a slime of some sort was gnawing at her feet, but Belfast subconsciously recognized the truth as she watched her leggings dissolve as more purple slime bled *through* them from *within*. Meaning that her body was either producing this slime... or *was* the slime. The latter possibility was the one that her mind seemed to cling onto as ‘fact’.

“What did she do to me!?” There was a ferocity to Belfast’s voice that wasn’t usually present. It almost felt like the cry of a *beast* in how carnal it was, but she was in so much (understandable) shock that it was hardly on the list of things she was fretting about. Much of her body had begun to *perspire*, which might have been easily noted as just an anxiety symptom from everything she was going through, but there was a big problem with assuming *that*.

After all, sweat wasn’t normally *dark purple* nor *viscous*. But it was both that color and a little thicker than normal. It didn’t drip down her body at the same speed that normal sweat generally did. **“I’m... Urk!?”** The maid’s stomach felt like it was churning like a washing machine, her insides sloshing around over and over – being mixed about into a bizarre internal cocktail. This was more or less the truth of it, however. Her innards were shifting to become the very same slimy substance that her body was excreting, the internal workings of a human clearly not necessary for *whatever* she was becoming.

If she hadn’t been able to lift her legs before, then it was *absolutely* a fool’s errand now. Everything below her knees had not only turned *into* slime, but it had merged and compiled into a dense, gelatinous pile that she could *feel* and *taste* through, and as it spread up her legs they merged higher and higher, all of the way to her pelvis where purple swept over her genitals and temporarily consumed them as no gap was left between her legs altogether. But her slit was something that she would be able to reproduce whenever she wanted – not just in a location similar to where it had been before.

But on *any* part of her body.

“My... clothes...” No... *what* clothes? Therein lied the problem. The slime her body was excreting had been melting it, swallowing all of the fabric whole. There was hardly any skin upon her person that *wasn’t* composed of purple slime instead of skin now, and that had affected her outfit in different ways. It went without saying that her panties had long since been absorbed, as had her leggings and shoes. But the skirt that jutted out and away from her body *had* been unscathed for a bit.

That was, at least until her torso became entirely slime covered and the upper portion of her maid uniform had been swallowed. Once the last fiber supporting her skirt was finally absorbed? Her skirt fell into the pile of purple slime that made up her lower body and was finally consumed entirely. Belfast's body was *entirely* naked now, and her huge, slime filled breasts didn't even show any traces of nipples now. She almost seemed *entirely* like a slime with a human shape.

But curiously? Her face hadn't accumulated slime like the rest of her body. The woman's skin was still relatively *skin-like*, but that also didn't mean that it had been immune to changes at all. The color of this 'skin', a mere membrane meant to replicate a human's face, darkened to a paler purple than the rest of her body – but this also wasn't the only place where this membrane appeared. It wrapped around her hands as well.

“UUUUUGH!” Belfast cried out again, sounding more like a *monster* than she had before, something that was unsurprising considering her body looked *nothing* like a person's now. Not even her hair was saved from the goop, as strands became wet and merged into a darker purple than the rest of her body. A head of slime that was ultimately molded to *resemble* hair, slicked out to either side atop her head and molded into a long, slimy ponytail behind her that almost looked more like a *tendrill*.

It became harder and harder for her to think coherently, or perhaps it was better to say that her thoughts were getting a little *simpler*. Instincts had begun to guide her more than conscious thought, which made it easier to ignore how her body was beginning to obtain... *clothing*? That wasn't quite correct, however. For a moment it appeared as if her maid uniform was coming back in some form. An apron over her huge breasts, a skirt, a headband, event the puffy sleeves and frills you would come to expect.

But they weren't clothes, merely *imitations*. The slime of her body having hardened and dyed to create the *impression* that she was dressed like a maid in the end. It only made her look eerier however, especially as numerous tendrils of varied length grew from her damp base. ***“This body... too excessive.”*** In a moment that suggested clarity was returning to her, Belfast looked down at herself and bemoaned her *figure* of all things. Fixing this was easy and, through instinct alone, she managed to reduce the size of her own tits down to D-cups.

Her body swayed around suddenly as a nauseating wave of dizziness struck her. ***“Mm...?”*** It was accompanied by a change in the colors of her eyes as they began to glow yellow, sclera darkening to black. A sickeningly sweet smile spread across thinned lips too; a smile that she

couldn't break under any circumstance. But that was unrelated to her dizziness.

It was as if her vision had *doubled*. No. It was *way more* than that. Sixteen? *Twenty*? She was able to see out of a seemingly endless number of eyes that hadn't existed before. A single glance at her made it plain where they had emerged. Yellow spots stood out all over her otherwise dark colored body. They were in her hair, above and below her tits, around where her pussy should have been. They were even bound to her tendrils and the mass of slime at her base.

"Hungry..." She moaned in a manner that was vaguely *sensual*, but it was also *distorted*. Like it was coming from two places at once, and *one* of those voices was much deeper. It was also coming from her feet, or at least where they should have been. Lo and behold? Her hunger had escalated because another mouth had been created. It opened vertically at her base, where a tongue drooped out from between sharp, slimy teeth.

While very much still a *maid* by design, the *many* glowing, yellow eyes hidden across her vaguely gelatinous, dark purple body and the tendrils that wriggled out of it indicated well enough that Belfast was no longer a *person*. She was a monster not unlike the many demons that served Demon Queen Devonshire, and now may as well have been considered one herself. As the mighty *Shoggoth*.

The mouth that lingered where her feet had once been chomped at nothingness as she slithered across the path that Belfast had meant to clean, leaving a trail of filthy slime as she passed the threshold of the gate and into the world beyond. **"Mistress must be found..."** Both mouths spoke in unison, with the one at her feet more gargling and distorted than the crystal clear sound of a woman that spoke from her head.

She was no more than a mere beast beholden to her mistress' commands now, and she could recall being asked to 'meet' with Devonshire now that her



transformation had been completed. Her mental state was *chaotic*. The monster could recall key details about her life, largely related to her service to the heroes. But her previous name? Her personal relationships? None of that information existed any longer. How could a demon have those sorts of things anyways?

This Shoggoth had work to do after she reported to the Demon Queen. With her slime body she could create any tool or organ, and so she could pleasure other members of the army if necessary – even Devonshire herself. She was confident in her ability to ‘please’ and enjoyed doing so. But those were simply side effects of the monster species she had become. They were just part of *being* a Shoggoth, no different from how she was so natural passive and eager to serve. But of course, no normal person would ever *wish* to be served by such a creature regardless of how much she resembled a maid.

That was part of what made her a honeytrap, however. Eventually, a human would take the bait and that was when she could kill. “**But my duty is to mistress first and foremost...**”, she mused as her body began to sink towards the ground. She was dripping into a drain where she would recompose her body. It would allow her to escape the area unnoticed.

And before long? She would be reunited with the Demon Queen.