

BOTW: WITHOUT BLESSINGS

CHAPTER 1: WET AND WILD

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The descent down from the peak of Mount Lanaryu had been a depressing one for the party consisting of Hyrule's Princess and Champions. It had been the last hope remaining that the young Zelda might awaken her powers so that she might be of help in abating the Calamity that was to come, and it had ended in yet *another* failure. The group was quiet, with some of the travelers opting to try and reassure the princess with kind words.

And that had all culminated just beneath the gate that led into Lanaryu's domain. The Champions had all rallied to improve Zelda's mood when something truly, deeply *unfortunate* had transpired. The sky itself burned red, and darkness enshrouded the kingdom before their very eyes. Panic naturally ensued among them. There was now an urgent need for those piloting the Divine Beasts to return to them, and for the princess and her knight to support the forces wherever they could. But would it be enough?

None of them would ever know for sure.

Because before *any* of them could set off, a magic circle appeared on the soil and stone beneath them, erupting in a glorious blue glow that tugged upon their bodies. "*LIINK!*" It was the princess' cry that stood out among the confusion, as her fingers were ripped away from his in a moment of fate's defiance. Of course, none of them knew that this was a departure from how these events were *supposed* to go.



Where was he? The question plagued the Hylian boy's mind before any other as the sound of water crashing against a shoreline filled his ears. The air was salty and cool, although the sky above still burned red – rendering it impossible to identify what time of day it was. “...!?” After a bit of looking around, Link identified his surroundings as the coast just west of Akkala based on the landmarks. He had been terribly displaced from the others, but fortunately his Sheikah Slate *did* have a warp function.

...Which would have come in handy, except for the fact that his Sheikah slate wasn't on his person. *Nothing* was, in fact! “!?!?!?” Still wordless, he threw about his hands and tried covering his exposed loins. He'd been teleported without even his *underwear*? What about the Master Sword? It wasn't with him either! If Calamity Ganon's forces were to attack him at that very moment, he would have been utterly powerless.

Fortunately for him, Calamity Ganon's forces would never attack an *ally*.

Link himself couldn't really tell *why* he felt this way, but the glow of the red sky above seemed to make his body tingle. Was it just because of the cool ocean air? Perhaps, he thought, he was overthinking things? But unfortunately he *wasn't*, and there were some perceivable effects of its influence upon his flesh – remaking it in a form that would be wholly unfamiliar, yet wholly accepted by him by the end.

The sign that was present thus far was made exceptionally obvious by his naked form. His nipples had naturally gotten hard because of the air, but upon closer inspection they seemed to appear *fuller* than they typically did. Thicker and harder, they actually *were* swelling outward in all directions, eventually seeing their sizes similar to a rupee – if they were round, that is. They certainly didn't seem ideal for a boy's body, yet...

Beneath these engorged nips, mass began to accumulated. As it built to greater and greater heights, perhaps it was inevitable that the skin would stretch around flesh that jiggled sensitively as it pushed forward with more and more vigor. “*Hya!?*” Link wasn’t even ignorant to these growths, hands reaching down immediately to grope what had so invasively bulged out from an otherwise flat chest. Breasts. Ones that grew to generous D-cups and felt *incredibly* nice to touch, at that.

Link was left bewildered. Not only because *of* the breasts, but because he felt so aroused. This normally *would* have resulted in a stiffy between the young man’s legs, but instead? His *little Link* seemed to be... littler than normal. Because he had a woman’s breasts, he naturally would develop the lower genitalia to match. His cock and balls shrunk into obscurity, the skin that was leftover folding into *her* loins to forge a pussy, its lips, and contributed to the overall rearrangement of her inner sexual organs.

“...?” The woman seemed to be very committed to her desire not to speak, because even after effectively become a woman, she didn’t at all utter a word. It was a little hard to focus on that while she continued to grope herself though, and the areas she *could* grope had begun to multiply. There was a thickness that beset her thighs for one, upper legs growing juicy and tender as a result.

But what was *really* gropable were the cheeks of her rear, which swelled larger and more ample without any real delay. As they grew, her hips widened to best accommodate their mass, and a pleasant side effect of this was that her thighs were pulled away so that a pleasant gap was left between them. Before long her ass was rotund in its peach shape, and one of her hands had reached down to give it a squeeze.

A squeeze with a hand that didn’t quite look as it should have. Fingers were daintier, nails longer, all as effeminate as her body was becoming overall. The slenderness wasn’t reserved exclusively for her hands, though. It travelled up her arms, rendering them soft and muscleless, and as it was over her tummy? Link retained a firm six-pack, but the sides of her tummy pinched in to give her a much womanlier shape.

While she’d been having so much fun playing with herself, something deep down suddenly prompted her to move towards the water of the nearby seashore. Was it an instinct? A calling? She didn’t think much of the cause. But she wasn’t thinking much by this juncture anyways. The closer she came to the water though, the more effeminate her face became. Raised cheeks, plump lips, narrow eyes, thin brows. As a side effect, she even looked a little older. Five or so years older, in fact.

“*Mmm?*” The woman was one step away from dipping her toes in the water when her head of dirty blonde hair exploded into an ample mass that spilled over her bare shoulders and down her naked back. It was long and silky, and the moment her foot dipped into the water? It exploded again, but this time with a purply blue color that didn’t match the rest of her look. *That* quickly changed.

Link’s eyes glittered with a gold as opposed to their regular blue, and continue to be guided by her instincts, she began to wade farther out into the sea. The blue of her eyes returned, but it arose on her *skin*, blurring out the pink and rendering it a blue that was largely pale in nature. A darker blue, on the other hand, began to weave around her forearms, down the sides of her hips and thighs, and around everything below her knees.

This blue most certainly wasn’t regular flesh, however. Glistening both above and beneath the water, this skin became segmented into layered scales that appeared to belong better on a fish than a Hylian. As these scales coated her toes, feet were absorbed into singular masses that grew pairs of fins upon them – guaranteeing that it would be far too difficult for her to walk on land any longer. That said, they were *great* for swimming.

Horns of navy blue erupted in a set of four from beneath her hairline, and as she licked her blue lips with raw desire, she involuntarily showed off that her teeth had become rows of razor sharp fangs. Markings soon appeared across areas of skin that were not covered by scales, black decals left on her thighs, pelvis, under her breasts, and even a heart-shaped marking on her left cheek. This wasn’t the *only* place a heart was forged though, for one of scales pointed down directly at her pussy.

The ocean’s water at Link’s shoulders, she felt more at home in the salty brew than she had on the shore just moments ago. A life on the landed felt distant and unnecessary. *Only prey lurked there*. But there was still one final adjustment that was meant to be made to her. The growth of an additional appendage; a tail with a thick, scaled base that curved out into four fins behind her.

Now fully submerged into the salty waves of the ocean by choice, the *Nereid* felt her scales body regain its moisture, and with it? Her energy. Now that she was moist, she felt strangely *aroused*. Calm, but an itchy welled up from within that was incessantly horny – no doubt as a side effect of the transformation she had just endured. She yearned and desired, hoping for a man to come by the shore so that she might drag him down to the depths to violate.

But there was another lingering instinct as well. Something more... menacing. The red sky burning above spoke to her. For she was a monster under the control of Calamity Ganon. Its energy was quick to stir her into a frenzy, eyes glowing red as malice seeped out of her skin and scale. Before long, her desire to prey upon men was multiplied tenfold, and she began to swim rapidly up and down the shoreline in pursuit of any living being worth sinking her claws and teeth into. Or them into her pussy, whatever she felt like. Nonetheless, she would become a beachside terror for the next one hundred years, if not longer.

