

THE FLAMES OF CHANGE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“So you came, Link. I knew you would, it wasn’t as if I didn’t give you competent enough bait.” Grinning ear to ear, Ghirahim floated above a pedestal surrounded by flame. Behind him: the childhood friend of the one who’d answered his summons, Zelda, completely unconscious and trapped within a mobile cage. Link of Skyloft stood atop the stairs that led inward, holy sword brandished with the intent of striking down this foe. Surely it was a trap, Fi had warned him unnecessarily about the fact... and yet there was little he could do but answer. Everything they’d endured, everything they would endure, it would be completely lost if Zelda remained in evil’s clutches.

And if something were ever to happen to her...

From Ghirahim’s point of view this encounter would already be the last between himself and the wannabe hero of green. He’d stumbled upon a certain legend regarding a pair of ancient shrines. The first was contained here within the Fire Temple, the other in a temple across the Skydom. The shrines themselves seemed to house the souls of a set of demons that had laid ruin to the land farther back than any history had been recorded and it was possible to bring them back. If he could accomplish that and then enslave them, his force would be unstoppable. Yet to summon them he required pieces. Hosts to house their souls. The hosts would be re-shapen provided they met the right criteria, and the host for the first of the two demons?

They had to possess an overflowing Courage.

In addition to the proper ingredient, the appropriate summoning circle needed to be drawn upon the floor of the temple shrine as well. Had Link even noticed it, his

nemesis wondered, or had emotion merely gotten the better of him? Caution didn't seem to be Link's strong suit with how he always ran into danger without paying the situation a second thought. It was Fi, the holy sword, that served as his guiding light. Which was why the first obstacle to be dealt with had to be her. Severing Fi from Link's grasp would be like chopping the head off a chicken, he had no doubt the boy would flail around without her.

The moment the boy took his first step upon the summoning circle, it rejected the Sealing Sword outright. Fi's consciousness was flung from the blade that was her body proper as said body thickened and complicated. Shining steel turned to bone that was, somehow, far sharper than its previous form. Hilt became ornate and was yet somehow cruder in design, and the sword itself grew too heavy for Link to shoulder, falling to the ground.

Link was audibly confused, though as a young man who barely spoke he could muster little more than a cry of panic. Fi's new form was shocking, but he quickly had cause to worry for his own safety as well as the ground beneath him began to glow. Eyes shot from the circle on the ground and up at Ghirahim, whom sported a conniving smile in response to the happenings below. All was going according to plan, and he certainly enjoyed Link's expression. Time and time again this boy had beaten back his plans, it was fitting that he'd finally get his come-uppance.

There was a contingency plan too, of course. If things went awry here and Link was left unusable, the second shrine could be utilized. The sacrifice for it had to be an individual of extraordinary passion and Wisdom, and Zelda hadn't been taken merely to bait the hero into coming to this temple. Backup. She was backup.

But he was getting ahead of himself. It would be foolish to write off his current experiment as a failure before anything had even happened, and it seemed like those happenings were beginning to bare fruit.

The boy seemed frozen in place as the summoning circle spat flame into a pillar that couldn't be climbed nor jumped over. At Ghirahim's height he still had a perfect view of what was occurring within, but he cast a glance at the bone blade that had once been Fi. Her consciousness had been snatched away and kept elsewhere for safe keeping, lest he need her for something in the future. What remained might as well have been a plain blade, albeit a powerful one. Oh, how he pitied her.

Hopping back to Link's perspective, uncertainty plagued him as flame sputtered around him. The temperature in the Fire Temple had already been barely tolerable with his usual pants and tunic, but with fire threatening to consume him that heat was only dialed up to twelve. Hot air provoked by the flames took the hat from his head, green fluttering into the fires and being instantaneously eviscerated. Well... It seemed just rolling through the fire wasn't an option.

Despite not touching the flames themselves, however, it seemed the boy wouldn't be spared from their bite. Hands at his sides, his attention was quickly drawn to

their tips as it felt like his nails were being bitten. He quickly drew both sets before his eyes, and was forced to wave them around rapidly as it appeared fire had risen from each of his nails. What's more, it began to spread downward, inviting a sharp and dizzying pain as stimulation from the air only seemed to increase the rate at which his hands were consumed. **"Ah! AHHHH!"** It felt as if his skin was peeling off, as if his fingers were unravelling beneath a heat he could not extinguish. Smack a hand against his pants to try and put out the flame, the sudden sensation of her finger hooking onto the material and tearing a pant leg stood out. Had he really burned down so much that his bone had protruded to such a point?

Body twitched and cringed naturally from all of the pain, but he managed to bring one hand up before his face courageously despite feeling what he would see might make his stomach churn. There, beneath the flames that consumed her hand were... claws? Sharpened nails unfitting of a human. He'd expected so much of his hand to have been eaten by the heat, and yet the flame extinguished just like that without a source of cold. Or rather... had his will turned it off?

Either way, what remained of his hands was grotesque. He most certain had a set of red claws now, each at the tip of one of his fingers and imposing in scale. But that wasn't all. Hands themselves had been dyed crimson much like his claws were black, coloring stopping just past his wrists in an ornate pattern. Were it simply a discoloration perhaps it would have been an easier pill to swallow – his hands *had* been on fire after all. Yet Link couldn't help but think that his hands appeared smaller, the way they rested against the sleeves of his tunic somehow regressed from their usual length.

Link's eyes flickered like flames of their own as his attention shot back up at Ghirahim, irises a shimmering gold while veins popped across his forehead. Pupil took an almost serpentine slit shape as a word gurgled up from his throat. **"You...!"**

"Oh, look how animated you are! What are far cry from your usual quiet and brooding self, hm?" The Sword Spirit merely gaffed in response to the sudden aggression, fully aware Link had no means to touch him at present. The demon said to be housed her was a vengeful one, born of the fires of rage, and it seemed such a scrumptious personality was beginning to replace the boy's own ego. **"If you look at me with such an intense gaze I'm going to blush you know?"**

The boy's teeth suddenly grit together as anger was quickly becoming unquenchable. He knew naught what the man had done to him, but stoic a youth as his was he also lacked the emotional control to stifle a rage that was beginning to bubble over like lava in a volcano. No notice was paid to the fact that teeth sharpened as they ground together, creating a natural overbite that showed off fangs even with his mouth fully closed. **"GHIRAHIM!"**

Tunic, having grown over-sized as his body's girth had shrunken downward, was fairing rather poorly against the heat the flaming pillar all around him. Material burned and frayed, quickly unraveling even as feet caught flame much like his hands

had. However, unlike when his hands had transformed, Link kicked flaming boots off violently towards the man in the air, whom dodged them with ease and laughed.

What the shoe-less state of his feet exposed was that each of them had turned to match his hands. Crimson so hot in color that skin itself looked as if it might burn you tasted the smoldering air around them, tiny toes with black claws hooked on the tips stomping against the circle beneath them as if Link was a child throwing a tantrum.

Lips, cracking from the heat, pursed to better regulate the flow of air as the flames seemed like less and less of an issue to Link and more and more of a boon. Where was his place if not by the fire? His blood already burned as if his veins were filled with lava, and perhaps that wasn't too far from the truth in the end. Red markings not unlike the decorative pieces around Link's wrists suddenly surfaced just about his ankles and a pair painted beneath his golden eyes in a shape that almost resembled a sideways moon. But the most prominent markings took shape in the center of his forehead.

An elaborate tattoo that started between his eyes and curved up to cup a hairline that pulled back, dirty blondes brightening to a richer gold as its mass erupted behind him into flowing locks that almost seemed ill-fitting considering how monstrous and bony his face had begun to look. In the center of the tattoo another formed, this time white with a black center. It almost looked to be an eye, a third glare shot at the Sword Spirit. But of course that wasn't the case, it was merely a tribe marking of the creature he was becoming.

While Link's limbs had shortened and condensed with a loss of height that now dipped under five feet, they incidentally hadn't lost the muscle he'd built over his travels. In fact, both arms and legs had an almost seductive tone to their meat, accented only by a fatty softness that seemed to contain them within defined shoulders and narrow hips. Most of his clothes had burned away now, leaving the boy in his birthday suit. But because of this it was easy to watch the meat on his thighs knead and expand, sporting a pair both beefy and feminine, petite but strong.

With attention drawn to his legs however, it became obvious that something was amiss with his little boy. His dick had seen gradual shrinkage along with the rest of his body, and yet he seemed non-bothered with the fact that it was even out in the open. In fact, the nudity felt almost preferably to swaddling his body in cloth, as if he were a wild beast. The flesh around the base of his dick begun to puff upward as it grew even smaller, balls receding into these flaps before his dick was taken in entirety, leaving a small yet mature pussy in its place. Ass cheeks behind him, never well defined, tightened and jiggled in slight as a new layer of fat gave them feminine sway, at least enough to shake from side to side when she'd eventually begin to walk in her new form.

It was safe to say at this point that the demon being summoned was a *woman*, something that Ghirahim found absolutely hilarious. **"Ahaha! Link? Are you Linkle now!? Look at that, even your chest is getting all puffy! Ahaha!"** He wasn't wrong. The nipples of the new woman had grown swollen from the stimulation of her transformation, and the flesh beneath them bubbled ever so slightly up into a small pair of breasts. A red hand fondled one a moment as their emergence seem to provoke momentary pause, small shapes jiggling a little as they were displaced within Link's grasp.

"So?" The petite woman hissed, tossing her hair around her shoulders as she felt the finishing touches settling in. Namely it was the emergency of two points cradled within the pattern of the crimson tattoo upon her forehead. There had been a pair of circular spaces, one on either side of her head, that had remained oddly vacant. This was soon accounted for as tiny bumps quickly twisted into a pair of horns that broke through her skin, blood dripping down her face and evaporating almost instantaneously from the heat withing the flame spire. The body of the horns was black, but the tips singed to a crimson that was accentuated in the flame. **"Is there a problem with me having a body like this?"**

Very little was left of Link physically, short of pointed ears that rounded right before Ghirahim's eyes. It was difficult to see how much of him was left mentally, of course, but the great evil was sure he could control this gremlin with a bit of suggestion. Mind you, he wasn't given that opportunity. Crimson feet clenched into the burning stone beneath the girl, it eventually shattering as she pushed off with an amazing speed and pressure. She barreled through the spiral of flame, strangely emerging on the other side clad with an elegant, yellow kimono that had such a low cut that her legs were on display. She flew through the air, claw extended, just narrowly missing the man's face on purpose.

Ghirahim, naturally, backed away as she landed at the base of the shrine. **"Kukuku...! Link, right? That was the old name of this body? He's still awake you know, he really wants me to kill you. And I don't have any reason to leave you alive, do I?"** Glancing over her shoulder, the demon looked directly at the cage containing Zelda. **"Well, perhaps there's one. I, Ibaraki-Douji, will spare your life if you make me a promise! We free my kin, Shuten, from the other shrine. Whether I work with you will depend on what she says."** The directed gaze of this 'Ibaraki' didn't go unnoticed. So was that it? Had Link and the demon come to some sort of arrangement?

No, that monster was only thinking of herself, for to summon her ally would be to sacrifice the girl in the cage to the same fate as Link. He clicked his tongue. **"Fine, fine. I suppose you're not giving me much of a choice, are you? We'll go now if that's what you want, just know if you try to stab me in the back..."**

"...We'll deal with that if it happens." Ibaraki smirked to herself as she reached down to grab her bone sword. Link's memories now her own, she had a rough idea of how strong this guy was. Not strong enough to subdue both Shuten *and* herself.

"You'd better have some snacks for me in the meantime, spirit boy."