

OTHERWORLDLY BEACHES

BIG STORY #18

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“What are you looking at, your highness?”

It had only been a few weeks now since Calamity Ganon had been defeated and Hyrule was just in the beginning stages of its recovery efforts. There was plenty of damage to be undone that would take years, in some cases tens or more for their kingdom to completely heal from. But at the moment, in these earliest days, the princess of Hyrule and her knight had opted to take a short rest of a few weeks.

That was why they had come back to Kakariko Village for the time being, and why they were staying at Impa’s place along with the Sheikah and Paya. It was a comfortable place, but more than anything it was *safe*. After all of the fighting Link had been subjected to as of late Zelda wanted nothing more than to give him some sort of peaceful rest before they set out to continue their work. She wanted to meet with the new Champions and check on *all* of Hyrule’s people before they committed to any task in particular.

Now late at night a few days after their stay had begun, Paya was looking over the princess’ shoulder at the Sheikah Slate with curiosity. The two of them were sharing a room while Link had his own for *obvious* reasons and so it was only natural that Paya would gravitate to the princess’ side with the light glowing from the tablet. **“It’s nothing too concerning... At least I don’t believe so. But the Sheikah Slate has been popping up with images of a beach I’ve never seen before. I was hoping I might figure out the case.”**

In terms of potential problems it didn’t seem to be that high on her list of priorities, but now that she’d had a moment to sit down Zelda had tried

tinkering with it. What if she held her finger on one of the pictures for a moment? Would that give a deletion message? No... Instead it began to glow a bright, blinding light. One that quickly filled the sleeping quarters.

“LINK!”



“Eh!?” The hot sun beamed down on Link’s face; sand felt between his toes as an ocean’s waves crashed nearby. He’d heard Princess Zelda scream out for help and had run to her room, but upon opening the door there had been a bright light and a *pull*. For a time it had almost felt as if he was falling, only for his feet to wind up planted early on this beach. The hero of Hyrule found himself in even *more* shock after looking down at himself. **“EEEEEEH!?”**

Gone was the tunic he had planned on going to bed wearing. In its place? A brown bikini top that’s cups hung loosely across his bare chest, along with a matching bikini bottom and translucent, beige skirt that wrapped around the back, showing off the fronts of his legs. He had seen wear like this before. Hylians tended to wear it when going swimming, though maybe not in quite such an elaborate form. But it was typically worn by women, right?

So why was *he* wearing it?

To be fair he could have easily taken it off, but that would have put him in a precarious position. There was a building of some sort on the distant side of the beach which meant there were probably other people nearby. He couldn’t strut up wearing nothing. But maybe, he thought, he could at least lose the bikini top? Before he could remove it though, a rather *bizarre* feeling caused a distraction.

Considering he was wearing a swimsuit designed for a woman, Link’s dick hadn’t exactly been sitting comfortably in the bikini bottom. Thankfully the skirt *hid* it, but the feeling of the silky smooth material against his junk had stimulated a boner that was bulging forth. But the feeling of his ‘Little Link’ trying to escape the confines that held it quickly dissipated with a sharp but painless *tug* that prompted even the boy who hardly ever spoke to comment. **“...What?”**

Well, it was more like *she* was the *girl* who never spoke now. A hand pressed against the front of her pelvis to find no bulge whatsoever, but instead a crevice could be felt a short ways down. Link had always been a little androgynous looking (as the Gerudo would have attested), but she'd always had masculine equipment. Now not only did she have the feminine counterpart, but the overall build of her body had subtly altered to suit it. Such as? Her toned chest puffing out into a pair of B-cup breasts that still didn't fill the bikini top, or her butt and thighs growing a little fuller.

Like she'd just been turned into a female version of herself.

“How is this...?” The girl wasn't even *thinking* about the fact that she had become a little chattier all of a sudden. She was too perplexed by her changed sex, and yet she was ignorant to the fact that she was changing further simultaneously. The layer of muscle that had given Link her strength was practically melting away, with her arms, legs, and torso besieged instead by the softness of someone unaccustomed to wielding heavy melee weapons and bows.

She soon grew a little taller, too. Even when she had been a teenaged boy, Link had been shorter than his peers, and so springing up to almost 5'7" had been a fairly substantial jump. Because she was wearing a two-part swimsuit it didn't exactly disturb her clothing, but she did wobble unsteadily for a moment before looking inquisitive about what had just befallen her. **“How strange...”** It wasn't that she hadn't noticed so much that she had, and her brain had immediately convinced her it was okay.

Just like the soft, feminine hum her voice now bore. It accompanied a smoothed away Adam's apple and some notable structural changes to her face that not only stole away her identity as 'Link' but likewise left her looking older when paired with her new height. That face was now round and soft by design, with full cheeks and plumper lips. Her nose was small, but her blue eyes seemed bigger and rounder, with those blues a little steelier in color than they had been before. She looked much more like a young adult than a teen, sitting around the age of 22 or 23.

Link shook her head as if to clear a daze, her hair bouncing about much more vicariously than it had prior. **“I feel as if I'm forgetting something important.”** Was she meant to be at the beach? It didn't really matter all that much when her hair was the focus, dirty blonde locks growing out abundantly and falling over the front of her leftmost shoulder while a black bow tied them into place. Her hair was fuller and softer, and the color had lightened in kind. The woman's locks were beautiful in their volume as they fell down as far as her left hip.

From this point on it was simply a matter of filling out her bikini properly – something that was clearly observed in the region of her chest. The small breasts she had gained when her sex had been altered bloated, promptly sizing themselves to fit comfortably in the cups of her bikini top. They held that same softness that the rest of her body did, but their weight *did* leave her feeling a touch top heavy. At least until her ass and thighs grew into the bikini bottom, giving her the balance that was severely needed.

Not that any of this registered with her exactly. As far as the woman was aware this was how her body had *always* been. And that included the roundness that stole away the Hylian points of her ears. She was wholly no longer a resident of Hyrule, and she certainly didn't believe herself to be. She couldn't even *remember* a kingdom by that name, much less having served as the knight of its princess, or having become a hero of any real note.

“What a lovely day!” The young woman chimed as she picked up *her* sunhat that had appeared upon a nearby rock in the midst of her transformation. *Mercedes von Martritz* felt blessed to have been able to go down to the beach along with her peers as part of Askr's efforts to improve morale. It wasn't like she would have had the opportunity to visit such a lovely locale back in Fodlan. Their beaches weren't tropical, but thanks to Askr's gate she could travel to even the beaches of other worlds.



There wasn't a single doubt in her mind that this was where she was *supposed* to be. Mercedes dusted the sand off her hat and put it on her head, adjusting her thick side ponytail shortly after. Apparently there was an ice cream bar a little ways down the road, and two of the others had gone ahead. **“I should go catch up! It would be a shame to spend my day at the beach alone!”**

Wouldn't it?



“P-Princess Zelda?” Paya was *confused*. Just moments before she had been sitting on her bed with Princess Zelda when a sudden flash of light had engulfed them. It had felt like she had been *sucked in* to something, but her sitting posture had never changed. Even when the light had faded she was *still* sitting, but this time on a bench in a very compact room. She felt like she had seen something like it before. **“Is this a changing room?”** The Kakariko hot springs had rooms like these to strip and change into your towel in. And in fact? A hot pink towel was hanging on the backside of the door.

Was she *at* the hot springs? No, those stalls weren’t painted. The wood of this room was white. **“Where... am I?”** In terms of changing though, she quickly realized her bedwear was gone. **“Wh-Wha!?”** Instead she was wearing a pink, red, and black frilled bikini top with cups that were *far* too big for her average sized chest, and a matching bikini bottom sat loosely on her hips.

“Wh-Why am I wearing this!?”

Paya was the type of woman who was *extremely* shy, and she certainly wouldn’t have willfully shown off her body like it was currently being displayed. What’s more, the swimsuit was *far* too big where it counted. You could totally see her breasts naked beneath the cups of the top! She crossed an arm across her chest in the end, pushing the cups against her breasts so that they were properly concealed. Was there anything else for her to wear in the changing booth?

“H-Huh?” The Sheikah woman had to quickly scratch that thought because the chest she was pressing against? It was *resisting* the pressure she was applying with her arm. Or maybe it was better to say it was somehow *pushing against it*? Confused and panicked, Paya pull her arm away and stared directly down at her bosom to try and ascertain what the problem was. It was *pretty* obvious why, but she was hesitant to believe her own eyes.

Her breasts looked *bigger*. **“Eep!?”** She *really* didn’t know how to process what she was looking at. They were just slightly so at first, but as the seconds ticked by she could see and feel them getting larger. They jiggled beneath the bikini top as their heft prompted her posture to lean forward, her back ill-equipped to accommodate a bosom that had already *doubled* its original size. Nipples swelled too, and they were *first*

to push into the bikini cups while taut skin ultimately fit neatly into the rest of them.

“MY TITS ARE HUGE!” Shaky fingers reached up to grab her own bosom through her clothing as she blurted out a phrase that was very much *unlike* Paya. She would *never* have chosen the word ‘tits’ to describe her breasts, and she’d almost sounded excited about it? Why did she feel so *proud* of those G-cups!? At the very least she had grown used to their weight, if only because *all* of the muscles in her body had tensed up and swelled into *much* stronger versions of themselves. She was buff but still misleadingly soft.

On the other hand it wasn’t even *just* her tits that had grown huge. They were what she had noticed, but at the same time her ass and thighs had grown out in kind. There was no longer any slack in the red bikini bottom thanks to cheeks that bubbled with a delightful bounce, stretching several additional inches out behind her. Paired with plusher thighs that rubbed together passively, her hips had been prompted to widen several inches just so it wouldn’t be uncomfortable for her when she walked.

As amazed as she had been by the breasts she was still grabbing though? **“Huh? Why was I so excited about my tits? I mean they’re definitely hot, but I’m always hot!”** This wasn’t the kind of commentary you would expect for Paya at all, but it spoke to how her mind was being rewired. Her hesitation, her anxiety, her stutter – it was all gone. She felt *good* because she *looked* good.

And she had begun to look even *better*. Her silver hair lengthened and fluffed up, an extraordinary amount of care ultimately shown in its style as it was pulled up into two twin tails and the color shifted towards a bubblegum pink that was also represented in pubes now shaved into a heart shape. When it came to the hair atop her head, she tucked a strand of pink behind ears that were now shorter and rounder.

Paya’s complexion became healthier as well, though the Sheikah marking upon her face faded away. Her face structurally softened with thinned cheeks and abundantly puffy lips. The same pink from her hair then aroused itself in her eyes, and that was readily put on display due to a sudden drop in her height that brought her down to a mere 5’.

Rather than care about it, she instead slipped her fingers beneath her bikini bottom. It was fitting rather uncomfortably! Not because it didn’t fit though.

The sound of a latex strap slapping against her hip rang out after *Hilda Valentine Goneril* finally finished adjusting her bikini. **“There we go! Now I’m as cute as I can possibly be! Not to mention just as sexy!”** The young woman smirked to herself and licked her lips as she slid sandals onto her delicate feet. Not that her muscular body spoke much of delicacy – though huge breasts certainly added a *softness* to her overall aesthetic.



Paya’s lack of confidence was nowhere to be seen in this new persona of hers. Hilda was a confident and self-absorbed, albeit lazy individual. But she *really* didn’t care! Flipping her twin tails over her shoulders, she prepared to leave the changing room with her pink towel in tow. **“This is the perfect opportunity! I don’t get a lot of opportunities to show her my body!”** It seemed that she held the intention of wooing someone.

But who could that person be?



“What? A beach? How did I end up here?”

Princess Zelda was naturally just as confused as Link and Paya, but she immediately noted something important. **“Is this the beach the Sheikah Slate kept showing me?”** There was a building nearby and a row of what looked to be changing rooms, but aside from herself? There didn’t really appear to be anyone else *on* the beach... Perhaps a woman far down in the distance? It was hard to tell.

Zelda took a single step before she realized her clothes were different. **“Hm? Why am I wearing this?”** She too was dressed in a swimsuit that didn’t quite fit her. A teal bikini with a skirt that was much shorter in the back than the front. The top was much too big and so her small breasts were visible depending on the angle you looked at them, while the bottoms were hardly snug at all. “This is beachwear, isn’t it? Why in the world did the Sheikah Slate bring me here dressed like this?”

And what had happened to Paya?

It was a fair question, but one that had been interrupted by a sudden yawn. Zelda didn't think much of it because it was a natural thing to feel, but she felt very *tired*. Exceptionally so, to the point where dark circles had clearly imprinted themselves beneath her eyes. Eyes that had lost their bright blues and had instead taken on a plain brown. But it wasn't like that blue had been completely lost. It had simply *moved*.

“I-I’m supposed to be...?” An involuntary stutter accompanied the growing uncertainty that swelled midst the princess' mind. She didn't even note the feeling of her head getting lighter – a product of the length of her hair unraveling so that it reached only just past her shoulders. The braid atop her head remained, albeit in a thinner form, but the *color* of her hair? Well, that was where the blue returned. It was a more pastel shade, but her golden locks were entirely replaced by this color. This included bushy eyebrows that thinned; something that was part of her otherwise changing face.

Zelda's nose shrunk and as if to make up for that loss her lips bloated fuller. Her eyes *already* appeared overly fatigued thanks to the dark circles, and yet that sleepiness was only enhanced by a droopier shape to her brown eyes across a face that was shorter in vertical length. Needless to say she didn't look much like the infamous Princess Zelda any longer. She might have been *prettier* in fact, though the signs of wear surely took away from that appeal.

She continued to feel confused, and feeling confused just made her feel *bad*. **“Of course I’m out of it... No good as always...”** Hyrule's princess had certainly been down on herself when she couldn't activate Hylia's blessings, but this level of self-depreciation was far too sudden and *extra*. But this self-loathing grew stronger and stronger. She was staring at the floor and sighing rather than addressing the very real changes to her body. But then again... she was accepting them just as quickly as they were happening.

Legs wobbled as the girl's height dipped to 5'3” which in turn made the skirt wrapped around her hips seem even longer. Her hips grew wider, but surprisingly? Zelda's ass didn't grow at all. In fact, because she'd always had a very pronounced derriere it might have been strange to see it *shrink*, with cheeks becoming more compact in exchange for plusher thighs. Those plush thighs were oddly *strong* though. The legs of a woman who often traveled on the back of a horse or pegasus.

Contrary to what had befallen her ass, the girl's *breasts* grew at least. Maybe this wasn't all that surprising to hear seeing as the princess' chest had never been as much of a selling point as her rear had been, but given a few moments? That reality had flipped. Tits jiggled several times as added mass worked to fill up the cups of the blue bikini top and they

ultimately succeeded. Her boobs weren't as big as Mercedes' or Hilda's, but they were still respectably large for a young woman of eighteen.

In the end, it was only a shortening and rounding of her ears that remained.

“Oh, I'm so useless... I've already lost sight of Hilda...” Contrasting the low confidence Paya, who had become the extremely confident Hilda... Zelda had in many ways taken Paya's place in that regard. While she was undeniably beautiful and curvy, the little confidence she'd had in herself had all but drained away. Bags under her eyes spoke to how fatigued she was, and under the hot sun she was uncertain that she should have even come to the beach in the first place.

But arms wrapped around her from behind suddenly and she felt the weight of a large pair of breasts push into her back. **“Why are you being so hard on yourself, Marianne!? You're gorgeous! You should have way more confidence in yourself!”** *Marianne von Edmund* had thought to struggle at first, but upon hearing Hilda's voice she immediately calmed down and blushed. Hilda was just *like this*, so she didn't really mind even if she didn't like being touched by people normally.



Hilda had let go and taken Marianne's hand to spin her to face her. The pink-haired woman was beaming. It was *cute* and made Marianne blush harder. **“But... Why did you want me to come to the beach with you...? Surely there was someone better suited than someone like me...”** Even with the reassurance she had been given she still had doubts. But Hilda squeezed her hands.

“Don't be like that! Mercedes came too, didn't she? But I wanted to hang out with you! Besides... Aren't you going to tell me how cute I am!?” Evidently she'd had different priorities because the woman she'd wanted to woo was Marianne herself. It took the blue haired girl a moment to say anything, but she *did* eventually squeak it out.

“Y-Yeah... Very cute...”