

AGE OF SHEIKAH

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Look, Link. Doesn’t this look like a tiny Guardian? How strange.” While exploring the ruins deep beneath Hyrule Castle after Calamity Ganon had been defeated, Princess Zelda and her dearest knight Link had stumbled upon a room of what appeared to be ancient treasures. Chests of rupees lined the walls, and a complete armory of ancient weapons was housed in the back, but of course the young princess ended up fixated on the least astounding thing in the room.

But then again, what was interesting was always in the eyes of the beholder.

Zelda held an inquisitive mind, so there was nothing strange about her being attracted to something she didn’t understand. Even if... **“It’s strange, I almost feel as if I’ve seen this before, but I cannot remember from where.”** Was it just because it resembled a Guardian? No, what she felt was not familiarity, but a nostalgia buried deep within the depths of her soul itself.

As always, her knight watched on wordlessly. Link wasn’t *incapable* of speaking but he usually kept his words to a minimum. The princess had learned to live with it, but she really did wish he shared her enthusiasm at time like this. All it took was a glance over her shoulder to confirm what she had suspected: the boy had his hand on the hilt of his blade once Zelda had picked up the pocket sized guardian in both of her palms.

She didn’t exactly blame him. Not after the Calamity, and certainly not after everything he had been through after his one-hundred year slumber. **“Relax, Link. It isn’t even active. It’s not going to--”**

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!

Evidently, she had spoken too soon, for within her grasp the tiny machine had begun to whir to life. Blue light filled the tiny screen in its center and the sound of the Sheikah Slate at Zelda's hip could be heard going off, before a light shone beneath the two Hylians. "**What!?**" That light only lingered for a brief moment, and a simple glance down revealed it was no common glow. It was a portal of blue, spiraling around and around. The azure was the very same that was seen in most Sheikah tech. But Zelda didn't have time to marvel, and Link certainly didn't have time to react.

Because the portal swallowed them up like lunch.

"**AAAAH-- OOF!?**" For the longest time it had felt like they were free falling, as if they had been aboard a paraglider that had suddenly gained a hole in its sail. At least until ground opened up beneath them and the pair slammed against the ground. Unluckily, Zelda's entire weight had come down on the tiny Guardian and had bashed in its shell after cushioning the princess from a rock, but alas...

Link immediately jumped to his feet and ran to Zelda's side before helping her up. "**Kakariko Village?**" He finally spoke in pursuit of confirmation, blue eyes taking in their surroundings. It looked like they were right in front of what he knew to be Impa's place. He was certain that *was* where they were. It appeared to be the dead of night with nothing to keep them company but the crickets.

"**Yeah... But isn't it a little different? Some of the statues aren't present, and even the steps leading up to Impa's...**" They looked new; not like how they had appeared when they'd visited in the wake of Calamity Ganon's defeat. ...They looked more like how she remembered them from one-hundred years ago. But how could that be?

As much as she would have appreciated an opportunity to investigate more, she ended up knocked to the ground for a second time in that ten-minute gap. "**Link!?**" Her knight had leaped at her, smothering her like he was using his own body as a shield. And that was exactly what he was doing. A bright, silver light had begun to leak from the tiny, damaged Guardian. Zelda realized in that moment that she had forgotten about it, but it didn't matter. It was too late.

It exploded.

Silver light basked the surrounding area in its glow, including the two Hylians. Link bore the brunt of the blast, but Zelda could feel she had also been subjected to some of its power, for every part of one's body that they light touched tingled with an indescribable warmth. "**Link...?**" Shocked, her knight's name was all she could muster to finally say before her consciousness was lost.

The knight himself wasn't so lucky. He had endured the brunt of the damage, but his iron will allowed him to remain conscious. Once he pushed himself off the girl and noticed she wasn't awake any longer, he gingerly helped her towards the stairs, where he propped her up before looking back at where the Guardian had exploded.

Truthfully, Link *had* felt it too. A feeling of nostalgia, that he had seen that tiny machine somewhere in the past. But his memory was even less reliable than Zelda's considering the side-effects of his cryostasis. He wasn't the sort to dwell on things he didn't quite understand anyways, so he ultimately went ahead and shrugged it off.

He held out his hand before turning it over to examine his palm. Despite taking the brunt of the blast, it appeared he hadn't taken any apparent damage. His clothing was still intact as well, but there was something eating at him. The best way to describe it? It was akin to brain worms. Like something had taken root in his mind and was jumbling things around. Suddenly, he felt like a stranger in his own body, and that feeling only grew more internally vocal once he noticed her fingertips of all things.

They didn't look right.

The shape of the fingers themselves was immediately noted to be *strange*. They seemed to be slightly shorter and yet slightly smaller as well, the skin a gentler pale than he was accustomed to. But even setting that aside there were his fingernails. He kept them short so that they did not interfere with his swordplay, but before the boy's very eyes they lengthened several inches past the tips of his flesh. Link flexed these fingers again, and once the finger pads touched smaller, rounder palms, he had to note an additional phenomenon: his callouses were all but absent.

"**What...?**", he asked himself, but was compelled to prevent his mouth from saying anything unnecessary like '*What is this strange phenomenon? How exciting!*'. Instead he had merely *thought* these phrases, their pep and curiosity starkly contrasting the typical disinterest Link was vastly known for. It made his posture fidget nervously, another unwanted side effect.

Although his fidgeting did *not* do much to deter the transformation that was spreading unevenly throughout his body. The cause was, of course, the explosion from the tiny Guardian. Energy had been expelled from its shell when it detonated, and that energy carried fail safes meant to preserve the flow of time were it to be taken out of the picture. That meant that those it traveled with, if from another time, would be refitted for the era they had been transported into.

The effects of this fail safe could be readily observed in the young man's hair. Streaks of white-silver had begun to seep into a mane of blonde, hair itself lengthening but being tugged into a styling atypical of himself – or even a *boy* for that matter. More and more of it turned silver as it swirled atop his head like a soft-serve ice cream cone, inevitably taking a peak that was about five inches from the center of his scalp while the sides covered even his pointed ears. Although not *all* of it turned the same color. Attention turned to his bangs, where instead of silver they had become a rusty *red* while likewise being swept to the right.

Hair of this length and style was certainly heavier than he was accustomed to, and so it went without saying that Link would take notice of it. His manicured fingers (*although they were shocking enough on their own*) reached up to pad his hairdo, but... he didn't feel any shock, nor did he find it tasteless. More than upsetting, it was *exciting*.

“What kind of phenomenon could be causing this? It had to be something that Guardian did, correct? Was it the light? It *must have been the light!*” All that speculation he had been trying to suppress came bursting forth, the dam containing it broken. Even Link's voice had been irreparably altered, pitch high and littered with a mischievous tone that he could feel resonating with his own ego.

Fingers that had seemed so strange to him only moments before promptly got to work, fanning over Link's own body in search of further modifications that he had yet to notice. Hands pinched and poked his own cheeks, noting the fact that they felt softer. Another finger skimmed his lips, and they certainly felt fuller. They appeared this way too, and his rapidly changing voice seemed less and less like that of a Hylian boy and took on the sharper features of those within the Sheikah tribe. And certainly not a *man*.

Eyelashes fluttered like an energetic butterfly, eyes themselves appearing shapelier in part thanks to the dark red mascara that shimmered under the moon's dim light. Had he been able to check, Link might have recognized his own reflection now. Eyes themselves were that *very same red*, a red oh so typical of the Sheikah that it was becoming difficult to doubt that he could be *anything* but.

Well, speaking of *butts*...

The back of Link's tanned pants was filling out along with the crudely put together boxers he wore in between them and his birthday suit. Cheeks pressed outwards to the back, their shapes rounding into a tantalizing peach design with a deep crevice for an ass crack. Flesh bubbled up over the waistline and presented itself bare to the world, while hips that swung wider to accommodate them. Fingers found their growth a little too late, and shortly after sliding a finger between her own cheeks out of curiosity's sake for a crude moment, both hands reached farther down.

They pressed through the legs of his pants and into the flesh of his thighs, noting one thing in particular. "**Indeed! They're getting thicker as well, and as they collapse on my groin...**" Another hand was promptly moved to grasp his dick, just in time to feel it slither back inside of *her* new slit. It was for the best since her thighs really were growing to an astounding size. So much that some of the tanned fabric had shown signs of tearing, no promise of a thigh gap fulfilled as they touched up against the opposing leg. "**...That happens!**"

A mind, once simple, was quickly filling up with technological knowledge Link could never have possibly grasped in the past. Most notably, once she saw the Sheikah Slate at the fallen Zelda's side, she was reminded of all the complicated programming that had gone in that little gem. But it wasn't just the Slate. Guardians, weapons, if it involved technological engineering then she could now fully grasp it, and what she didn't know she was *thirsty* to find out.

Collapsed shoulders, in the meantime, had loosened the fit of her Champion's Tunic. Her memories were jumbled to the point that she couldn't recall why she was receiving it. '*I work closely with the princess' unit, but I'm not Champion! Is this on loan? Did someone slide it on me while I was asleep?*' Hands gave the top a little tug to straighten it out, but then moved to her chest. She could feel it. She could feel *them*.

Breasts of course! They certainly did not end up gratuitous, but her fingers sunk into some swelling fat that were accompanied by a pleasant sensation that was borderline arousing (*perhaps it would have crossed that border were she not savoring the incident as a data gathering point*). Their size piled high, yet only relevant to how flat she had been in the first place. In fact, a B-cup might have been a generous assessment, but they still pulled her shirt up from her tummy which incidentally showed off the feminine curve of her waistline.

And then? She didn't feel like she didn't belong in her body anymore. In fact, she felt better than ever! Her name? Her name was... No, it wasn't Link! That was the hero who had been selected to be the princess' knight! Her name was—

“Purah...? You finally undid the curse that you placed upon yourself?”

Ah, yes! *Purah!* That was her name! Wait... **“Oh, princess! Nice to see you awake! Even though I can't remember why you fell unconscious in the first place.”** Come to think of it, she couldn't remember *much* from the past twenty-four hours. How had she ended up in Kakariko Village? **“I don't know what you mean by curse though, I've always been *this* beautiful!”**

Zelda herself felt disoriented. She had passed out and woken up again so that was to be expected, but it still didn't feel quite *right* even beyond that. Things felt jumbled and out of place, and that wasn't helped by Purah's current appearance. This was how she looked one-hundred years ago; in the present she had regressed her form into that of a child. Not to mention her clothes... **“Erm, very well then. By why are you dressed in Link's attire?”** It certainly didn't fit Purah properly – just look at how the pants had torn!

Although, as she did her best to assail what was wrong with Purah, the princess hadn't thought to look inward to see what was wrong with *herself*. Strands of silver, not unlike Purah's Sheikah coloring, were already beginning to establish themselves not only atop her head, but above her loins as well. In fact, all her body hair would reflect this coloring as well, any notion of being a natural blonde completely torn from her very existence. Its length was hardly affected as Zelda's hair was already so long, but there were noticeable changes to its feel and volume. It grew much fluffier to the touch and appeared to be thicker, which ultimately imperiled the braid she tied atop her head until it unraveled entirely.

“Dunno, can you tell me why you're wearing the princess' travel clothing, Impa? It certainly seems like you are enacting the greater sin here! What if a royal guard found you? I didn't know you were so saucy.” Purah's response stunned the princess, whose lower lip quivered as she struggled to find an appropriate reply. Just what did she mean by *that*?

Zelda cleared her throat, intent on correcting Purah's mocking clearly and concisely. Yet when she went to speak? All her confidence just dwindled away into a nervous stutter. **“I-I-I'm not Impa, I'm Princess Zelda! A-Aren't I?”** Why did she sound so doubtful of

herself? It wasn't like she was *actually* Impa as Purah had accused her of being.

Her form was singing a much different tune, however. Her muscles were strengthening in real time, going from a paltry set belonging to a princess whose greatest exercise was the occasional bout of field work to those of a trained warrior. Not one that swung around heavy weapons, but one that worked from the shadows, one that was quick, one that would use whatever tricks necessary to win. Like a true *Sheikah ninja*. In fact, all these talents were swimming around in her head and could be executed without practice, not dulling her intellect but robbing her of all the scientific knowledge she had come to cherish over the years.

“The princess!?” Purah chortled at what she considered to be an outlandish claim. **“Oh, I know what this is! It’s that roleplay thing, isn’t it? Do ninjas use it in infiltration missions? I figured you’d need a more convincing disguise than that!”** She slapped her own thigh out of amusement.

This only made Zelda angrier. Not, surprisingly, because she was still being misidentified, but because she didn't like to hear the Sheikah arts being besmirched like this. **“That’s... That’s not true! If I needed to disguise myself I could... I...”** Her voice softer, her uncertainty in how to proceed with this conversation was laid all the plainer. It was conveyed by a face that looked like less of the princess she had convinced herself she was, and more like the girl Purah was accusing her of being.

From the smaller nose to the plumper lips, and the overall impression that she'd grown a few years older over the course of their conversation, there were two key facial areas that stood out. The first were her eyes, which took on the exact same red as Purah's down to the very pigmentation. The second? Dark lines that spread across her face. They looked like face paint at first, but anyone with knowledge of these markings would know that they were, in fact, pieces of a tattoo that could not be removed under any circumstances. Black outlines weaved around a crimson, vertical oval in the middle to replicate the design of an eye.

The Sheikah emblem.

Purah snorted again. **“Could you? As the princess? With breasts and a rear like that? You’re clearly bigger than her! Just don’t tell her I said that.”** She didn't want to get thrown in prison for insulting the princess. Zelda wasn't the type, but her father? *He* might.

Almost as if Purah's comments spurned their change, the points of interest she had just made mention of began to fit the observations the researcher had *supposedly* made. The cups of Zelda's bra tightened while the size of the breasts beneath fluctuated with the beating of her heart and blew *up* in size in the long term. They didn't grow substantially, but a single cup size made all the difference in the princess' tight fit shirt. Breasts pulled the bottom of her top upwards a bit but were otherwise just largely uncomfortable.

Her ass received a similar benefit. Nothing to write home about, but there wasn't *no* nothing there either. Cheeks became plumper and strained the fit of a pair of brown pants that *already* showed off the curves of her rear. Her undergarments were wedged both slightly between these cheeks and the lips of her pussy, but otherwise she didn't suffer much of significance. This ass did look more phenomenal than before though, aided greatly by how muscular it was *beneath* the fat.

“I'm... I'm not dressed like the princess for that reason. I'm her retainer, s-so...” Was she Zelda's retainer? That didn't quite sound right, and it didn't really help justify her line of thinking her. It was more like a bunch of information had been dumped into her head mid-thought. **“Why... Why am I dressed like the princess? I'm supposed to be delivering the Sheikah Slate to Zelda near Hyrule Castle, aren't I?”** It was all making sense now! Those were the orders given to her!

The orders given to Impa.

It was fortunate that Purah had such a close working relationship with the rest of her tribe (*even if many found her overbearing*), for a change of clothes had been available to her within the home at the top of the stairs. Impa's home, of course, although her family were still the ones in charge of the estate. The two ended up getting changed and slept off the rest of the night, and once they woke up the next day any notion that anything strange had happened the night before had all but been erased.

But these begged some questions. How had the history of Hyrule been altered? Had it even been altered in the first place, or was what happened to Link and Zelda already a part of some fantastical time travel and transformation loop?

If not the latter, then what of the original Purah and Impa? Had they been removed from history's stage? No, they hadn't been removed, but they had been given lesser roles in the play. But that was a story to be told *another* time.

Finally, what of the future? What would happen to the world where Link and Zelda disappeared? Would new heroes rise in their places? With Calamity Ganon defeated, would there even be any need for heroes? But no, people would certainly notice the disappearance of that duo. They were meant to usher in a new era of peace and prosperity for Hyrule after all. The future would be salvaged, but once again, that was a story to be told *another* time.

For now, there was only the present, and in the present there was a Calamity to be deterred. Would the heroes be victorious, or would they fall? History had a plan, and they were all merely pawns on its board.

But was there a way to flip this board?