

PROTECTOR OF THE TOMB

BIWEEKLY STORY #57

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Were Impa here, she certainly would have told the young princess that this was a bad idea. The reasoning? Well, she'd certainly open by saying that not bringing Impa in the first place *was* the bad idea. But these ruins, peculiar as they were, had been deemed safe as could be by the investigation party the Sheikah had sent in prior. Not only was it monster free, but it was structurally sound – and reports had come in that there were rooms within this underground labyrinth that would astound even the most seasoned of researchers.

So Zelda, of course, had been extremely enthusiastic about this adventure. When was the last time she'd been afforded the opportunity to go adventuring on her own? If Impa didn't always insist on following her, there was also the matter of the knight her father had assigned to her. Link meant well, she reckoned, but he was far too stuffy when it came to following orders. A girl just wanted to stretch her arms and inhale some ruin dust alone sometimes, you know?

“This is amazing! To think that a room like this could be so well preserved! Why, even the stuffed animals look as good as new...” After hours of wandering by her lonesome within the ruins, she had come across what she could only imagine had been a child's living quarters. There was a large, worn bed in the center, but what caught her attention most of all was the number of patchwork dolls scattered throughout the room. Plenty were upon the bed, but a worn dresser and even the carpet below had all been decorated with little beasts fashioned out of purples and blues, held together by rudimentary stitchwork.

She claimed the toys looked ‘good as new’, but it was plain as day that they had likely been stitched together by a child, or at least someone that wasn’t experienced in handicrafts. Not that Zelda could *judge*, for while her mother had been something of an expert in such matters, the daughter was more of a technological fiend than the arts and crafts type.

Everything within the room felt as if it were as it should be short of the stuffed animal chaos, but there *was* an object of note that did not belong where she’d found it. The room was largely dusty, and what stood out because of that fact was the one thing in the room that *wasn’t*: a long, **dark purple** ribbon resting on the bed. **“Why does this ribbon look brand new?”** Curious, the ribbon looked back at the floor. The ground was so dusty that her steps had left footprints, but they were also the only pair. No one had come in before her to put this ribbon down.

Against her better judgment, she reached down to grab the ribbon so that she could best examine it. Yet, the moment it did? **“Yah!?”** She cried out as said ribbon basically came to life, crawling up and around her arm like a snake before wriggling around her neck where it tied itself neatly. The princess has feared that it was going to choke it, but no sooner than it had tied itself did it go limp once more.

This should have allowed her to remove it, but the moment she raised her hands to do so? She found she couldn’t grip the ribbon properly. **“Hm? Why is the texture so slippery?”** Rather, did her fingers not feel a little *bloated*? She’d been stung by bees and had allergic reactions to plants before, and those were the situations she could liken the feeling to.

The appearance, however? *Not quite*. **“H-Huh!?”** The princess shrieked the moment she caught sight of her hands, for while her fingers had bloated as she’d expected, they didn’t look quite... *right*. In terms of coloration, near the tips they were a lighter purple than that of the ribbon. There tips were almost grotesque, for she could see her fingernails peeling off of them as the grew bigger and bigger, the phenomenon moving down each finger and seeing those sections blue, before her palms inflated as well. As opposed to tearing away, she was forced to watch as her fingerless gloves were seemingly absorbed *by* her body.

She held those hands out in front of her in shock, watching them take on a mass that didn’t feel all that hefty, tips curling into what appeared to be claws – claws that, for all intents and purposes, looked to be a part of their fingertips in the first place. What was most shocking about these hands as the continued to grow, was that as the color of her skin changed it looked less and less like skin and more and more like the soft

material the other stuffed toys in the room were made of. On the sides of these fingers, it was even possible to make out stitching.

Her hands grew colder and colder, and yet she could still feel them. Zelda could still move them as well, and by flexing the engorged digits she could make sense of just how soft it all was. It didn't feel like blood was flowing through them, or that they were even made out of flesh, and once a tear formed in the side of one of the fingers it became evident why that was.

A *purple cotton* was what bulged out of the tear. Not blood. But *soft, fluffy cotton*.

“A-Am I becoming some sort of toy!?” The changes continued up the princess' arms, blue sleeves absorbed as skin and flesh was converted into patchwork plush of purple and blue that was far bulkier than it should have been took on even further new mass. In places it looked as if her arms were mismatched, with patches of one color only held in place against another with large, dark purple staples that surfaced. It was all relatively painless though, and the princess hardly felt anything at all.

What she did feel, was panic. How could she not? Before her eyes, her arms and hands had transformed into a pair of monstrously large stuffed animal paws, purple cotton leaking out of here and there without diminishing their softness. Rather, every so often Zelda found herself wondering just how soft her own embrace had become, but that voice was far quieter than what escaped her mouth. **“This cannot be happening... This cannot be happening...”**

But it was, and as she stumbled in place it became clear that it was far more dire than just giving her big, plush paws. She fumbled in her posture because it was like her boots had just been ripped from her body, leaving her bare feet to press against the cold floor of the bedroom (*although in reality her body had absorbed her boots, as appeared to be the trend*).

It wasn't long before her feet swelled next, but as her ankles soon bloated with cotton and took on the patchwork blue as well, it became evident her feet would be far narrower when compared to the girth of her legs. Her toes didn't exactly reach the same heights as her fingers either, and in fact her second and fourth toes on each foot were sucked inward until they were one with the plush feet. The three toes that remained on either foot darkened and, in a first for this transformation, hardened until each was a prickly purple, a trio of claws that would allow her to mount herself better upon the ground.

“My legs too!? They so... so... *fluffy*...” As Zelda did her best to parse together what was happening, her form wobbling two and fro thanks to her legs, which were now largely plush and cuddly, her mind began to take issues with staying on topic. She couldn't stop thinking about how fluffy her arms and legs looked, how the cotton that seeped out of rips here and there looked extremely comfortably. But, not for her. A man. What if she swaddled a man with her fluffy goodness? *Would they take her sexually?* **“H-H- What am I thinking!? I do not wish for...”**

Her cheeks had taken on a crimson burn as her mind wandered towards thoughts of sex. She had never experienced it personally, but thanks to the maids that worked at Hyrule Castle she knew *of* it. That flustered blush stood out with even more prominence than normal however, for the color of her skin had paled dramatically – so much that, given a few moments, her blush appeared *purple* instead. Not to be outdone, a pair of purple markings soon found themselves darkening beneath the base of either eye, while the princess' eyes themselves? They lost their bright luster and took on a dull purple as well.

Atop her head, Zelda's hairstyle remained consistent, but the color? It did not fare as well. Mimicking a similar color scheme to the parts of her body that had turned to plush, at first her blonde strands paler before taking on varying blue and purple hues that swept throughout their entirety, decorated with a plush headpiece, horns included, that was fashioned from her hairpin. It almost resembled a horned hat, but any attempt to remove it would have been in vain. After all, it was just as much a part of her body as anything else was.

“*Soft... Plush... Wanna hug...* N-No! This is wrong! I need to escape! I need to... *hug...*” Words bled from her mouth impulsively, speaking to a change that could not be visibly seen. Her mental state had been deteriorating and her thoughts simplifying. As she looked more and more monstrous, so too did her brain turn to instinct over logic. And that instinct continued to whisper thoughts of hugging and sex into her mind.

These thoughts were so distracting that she hardly noticed that the remnants of her clothing had been absorbed into her flesh, leaving her stark naked within the confined of the room. Her plush limbs looked even larger now that her lacking figure had been put on display, but this bare skin had not gone unaffected this far either. From Zelda's bare shoulders down to her hips, her skin darkened to a gray that almost looked undead. It certainly didn't look human, and the black nipples she sported certainly didn't help.

Slowly, however, a white fabric began to etch itself against her breasts, concealing her nipples and forming a ruffled fringe that held a gothic lolita appeal. The rest of her torso, on the other hand, quickly found itself encapsulated in a skin tight, purple leotard that was so tight you could make out the indentation of her bellybutton as well as the cameltoe of her pussy. The latter? It seemed more... abundant than it should have.

“Mm.... Hug... Find... Fuck...?” Her lips plumper than they'd been before, a bead of drool escaped their corner as her will to resist was overpowered with even greater tenacity. The voice that protested this new, sexual appetite was little more than a whisper now, and the transformation caused by the ribbon around the young woman's neck responded in kind.

She was not yet soft enough, but she would be. The pressure within her breasts was reassuring of this fact. They began to bloat, growing ever plumper beneath the white blouse top (*which expanded to remain accommodating while not growing loose either*) and pushing out in every direction. It was not flesh that supplemented their size though, but a substance that had become a key part of her new existence. Purple stuffing, soft as could be, saw those tits escalate until each breast was almost *double* the size of her head.

“Hee... soft...” Her big, plush paws cupped her plush titties, getting a feel for how sensitive they were, and subconsciously become surprised at their lack of weight. They functioned like real tits at the end of the day, but in terms of comfort they might have been akin to pillows. It was replicated in her ass and thighs as well, for both areas blossomed in a similar fashion.

But her thighs? Other than her face, this was the only area that carried a paleness that might easily have been mistaken for human – albeit a very *sickly* one. They still had a fleshy glow to them as they bulged, stitching binding them to her plush legs just a little further down, while her ass became just as soft and gratuitous as her breasts had. Okay, maybe not *as* gratuitous, but there was certainly a springiness to them.

One staple pinched into her inner thigh, while another clipped vertically beneath her left eye. Otherwise, purple cotton bled from where her thighs met her hips, and where her shoulders met her arms. There truly wasn't a single drop of blood running throughout the *Bogey*'s body now, her flesh merely a vessel for comfort and sex. "*Purpose... What...? Sex...? Name...? No name... Not important... Man... Fuck...?*" Even as her mind ran through the hoops, she could not find any other information of import – and her Hylian ears rounding beneath her hair brought about the final CLICK, leaving her little more than a Bogey monster that made this bedroom her home.

*"No... Not home...
Guardian.... Any
close... Prey...
Fuck... Protect..."*

Slowly, the monster moved into the corner of the room and allowed her plush bottom to fall onto the cold ground, where she remained idle. Slumber would take her, at least until she reawakened the next there was an intruder. And when they came, man or woman, she would hug and fuck them until she'd squeezed every iota of their sexual energy out of them.

Men would become her husbands.
Women would be turned into different monster girls entirely.
And Impa was due to check up on her any hour now.

