

AGE OF HEROES

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Several days had passed since the disappearances of Princess Zelda and the hero, Link (see: [Age of Sheikah](#)), and the Kingdom of Hyrule had ended up on high alert as a result. The kingdom was large and vast, so big that it would typically take a long time for the disappearances of just two individuals to be taken notice of. Considering the high profile of said disappearances, however, perhaps it was to be expected.

The princess had appointments to keep, after all, and if the kingdom's only surviving member of royalty did not meet one of her commitments, it went without saying that allies would show out in droves to try and find her, whether or not they hailed from the same village or not.

But as time wore on, not even a single clue was discovered that might be of some relevance. At least, until the very least, Paya returned to visit her grandmother late one evening while carrying what looked to be the remnants of a tiny Guardian. **“Grandmother, do you think this might be related to their disappearances?”**

Perhaps it wasn't the time for this, not while the Sheikah hosted the Gerudo Queen in Impa's house as fellow members of the Link and Zelda search party, but the elderly woman looked at the fragments in her granddaughter's hands, nonetheless. **“Oh my. It does look familiar! Where have I seen it before...? Hm...”** Little did either of them know that Impa *was* Princess Zelda, sent 100 years into the past and transformed into Impa, who had since lived a full life up until this point.

But the absence of Zelda and Link alike had left an inconsistency in this era. One that needed to be filled.

In the end, Impa couldn't recall where she had seen the tiny robot but told Paya to hold onto it. Her granddaughter obliged and headed off to her room in a hurry. Not that she was sure how much sleep she'd get, not with half of her room sectioned off for the Gerudo Queen to sleep in.

Halfway up the stairs, however? "**Ow!?**" A dull, blue light had come to life in the Guardian's eye, and it suddenly shocked her, forcing her to drop it! Anxious as Paya was, she ran up into her half of the room without delay, leaving the tiny robot on the stairs where it had fallen. She'd be lucky if no one tripped on it. But her decision to leave it there would cause a much greater complication than someone tripping overtop of it, surely.

Instead of even thinking about it, Paya had simply dove into the cot she used as a bed, body shivering. She assumed this reaction was one caused by her anxiety, but in truth? The little zap she'd gotten from the Guardians scraps had been dealt with intention. To right the wrong left by disappearance of the princess and the hero, but perhaps *not* in a way that was one-hundred percent accurate.

Waiting for the thumping of her heart to steady, Paya kept her face buried in her pillow as she typically did while experiencing an anxiety attack. Thankfully, they were usually short-lived though, and so before long she'd pulled herself up and off her cot so that she could disrobe for bed.

Her Sheikah coat came off first, and soon after she lifted the blue dress underneath it up and over her head, depositing it within a straw basket she always used for her dirty laundry. This left her completely bare from the waist up, and yet? More attention from an audience would surely be fixated on her *hair* than the perky and rather sizable breasts that now hung bare.

For strands of a shimmering gold had found themselves dancing among a head of hair that was so characteristically white as it always was for the Sheikah people. They differing color stood out through the merit of contrast alone, but before long it was as if they were duplicating, overtaking the white altogether until nothing but blonde existed in their place in its entirety.

Not only had the color changed, but the length as well. Paya's hair was fairly long, hanging about a third down her back. Yet, all of a sudden? The golden locks not only appeared to tumble *just past* her shoulders, but they hung loose and over the front of her body as if they were accustomed to resting that way – giving her a vastly different appeal overall.

“Maybe I should go pick that toy up...?” Now that she was thinking about it, it'd definitely be a problem if the Gerudo queen were to trip over it. But at the same time she was too shy to go fetch it while disrobed, as she was now entirely after she'd wiggled her pants down and her pale, bare butt had surfaced. Continuing to think 'once I get my nightgown on', a sudden sleepiness gave her pause. She'd had a fairly relaxed day, so why did she now feel as if she'd been spending the whole time running around?

Even her muscles felt a little sore out of nowhere, but that wasn't none too surprising. Interment spasm had begun to occur all across her body, unsubstantial enough that she hardly took notice, but still representative of the reality that Paya's body was undergoing dramatic change. Her muscles were actually firming up, making her naturally stronger. The Sheikah was a fairly weak woman despite her ninja grandmother and her arms were typically soft with flab. But that flab was gone now, just as it was upon a now toned belly.

Still, the pain was certainly from fatigue. It made her wonder if she'd forgotten exercising, or something?

A wobbliness took hold out of nowhere, and fingers grabbed the nearby table suddenly to keep herself steady. **“Woah!?”** Quick to blame her clumsiness, a look of a more perplexed nature spread across her facial features once she noticed something odd. Had the top of the table always been this close to her face? **“Um...?”** Not only that, but her fingers looked dirty and worn, the tips hard and sore almost as if she'd been tirelessly wielding a weapon of some sort.

At least regarding her point of view versus the table, a realization eventually dawned on her as it drew even closer. **“I-I'm shrinking!?”** Paya quickly cleared her throat not long after, thinking that perhaps she'd misheard her own voice. The pitch sounded a little higher?

Unfortunately, it wasn't simply her height that was sapped away as she bottomed out at a handful of inches shorter than her usual stature. Clearly set on giving her a more compact, but tighter body, it was only natural that her soft and supple curves would ultimately take a hit. This was something immediately noticeable in her bosom.

As previously mentioned, Paya had a relatively ample bust. Their DD sizing looked even more dramatic at her new height, but before long the fat that gave them their size and shape seemed to simply drain away. **“Why do I feel so... YAAAAWN!”** Hands cupping herself as mass continued to slip away, allowing breasts to fit more comfortably in her palms, she couldn't help but yawn. The fatigue and soreness was

growing stronger – *must have been from traveling all of the way from their last camp to Kakariko Village today.*

That *was* what had happened, wasn't it?

Breasts ended up with a perky but respectable B-cup sizing, nipples hard from her touch before she dropped them. *Why am I fondling myself? I'm way too tired to do that...* Thoughts that were unusual considering Paya's normal personality continued to spring up as such.

Her body began to drift back towards the cot, and as it did her posture narrowed. Hips had crunched inward to match narrower shoulders, but as they did? The Sheikah's ass and thighs were drained of their excess fat just as her breasts had been. Despite this, they remained taut and perky. Her butt had a nice shape to it that accentuated her lean muscles, and there was an appealing sheen to the skin upon thighs that still seemed bloated enough that a finger would leave an impression if pushed into them.

That naked butt ended up on the cot. Eyes heavy, without a mirror it would have been impossible for her to see how a bright blue had overtaken her irises. If opened fully they would have seemed incredibly



expressive and curious, playing along with an overall softer facial design with a button nose and rather plainly designed lips that made her look younger than she was at *eighteen*. In fact, as the Sheikah markings upon her face faded into obscurity, what was left was a short-statured Hylian woman that looked more suited for life in a small village than on a grand adventure.

And that was just the backstory she could now recall having. By complete accident, *Linkle* had been selected from her village to become a knight for Princess Zelda, even if she wasn't cut out for it. But that had been 100 years ago, even if she'd been in cryostasis for most of it.

The Hylian girl let out a hearty yawn as she stretched her arms into the air. “**Why'm I so schleepy!?**” Gone was Paya's anxiety and intention to act properly, and in its place was the overly casual personality that permitted her to speak and yawn simultaneously. But of course, *Linkle* could not recall what her old personality had once been like anyways.

From her point of view, she was just crashing at Impa's place after a long day of adventuring! People were always clamoring about her being the hero, and she supposed that she'd bested Calamity Ganon, but at her heart she was still a regular girl from a farmer's village that you could find anywhere! She'd eat her fill when she wanted to, go running around when she wanted to, and of course, conk out completely when she wanted to.

SNOOOOOOOOOOOOOORE!

It seemed the lattermost option had already occurred.

“Has everyone gone to bed already? Ah well, I suppose I took too long in the bath...” The Gerudo Queen, Riju, had departed for the bath long before Paya had returned, and had come back to Impa's estate long after the tenants had retired for the evening. Clad in an airy, green negligee that showed off the undergarments along with her skin beneath, she started up the stairs not long after confirming that Impa was already in her chambers.

This was an official visit as they searched for Link and the princess, of course, but Riju was not so self-important that she expected to be waited on nor receive special treatment. If anything, she felt bad for taking up so much of Impa's granddaughter's room, even if it was divided by a curtain.

“The Sheikah certainly know how to draw a nice bath, though. Is there a special technique they're using? Or maybe because the air is cooler here, it just feels different...?” Riju had a habit of chattering to herself, and that habit was in full force via whisper as she ascended the stairs. She felt very refreshed, so she wanted to ask the locals about it tomorrow. Visits like these were nice once in a while, because she could bring back knowledge to improve her own town.

She stopped halfway up the stairs though, and bent down to pick up the remains of what looked to be... **“Is this a Guardian? It looks well made, but... a toy?”** Had someone dropped it? Assuming this to be the case, she carried it up to her half of the room. Paya was snoring much louder than she expected her to, admittedly. But, then again, that wasn't *actually* Paya on the other side of the curtain.

About to retire herself, Riju went to place the Guardian down on a nearby table – only to get zapped herself with a sharp yelp just inches above it. **“What on-!? It was still active?”** She did her best to hush

herself, not wanting to wake up the room's owner in the space's second half. The Gerudo recoiled in slight, but upon examination found that the 'toy' hadn't reactivated. Perhaps it was nothing after all?

Perhaps she didn't need to worry about waking Paya with the volume she was snoring at regardless. Turning to the bed that was made up for her, a tired sigh escaped Riju's lips, and she started towards it. Eyes growing alert not long after once she realized her strides felt long. Far too long for a girl of her younger age and shorter stature.

She stopped and looked down. “**...Huh? What is...? Perhaps I got dizzy from staying in the bath for too long?**” It wasn't exactly surprising that she was trying to fall back on an unlikely excuse, because what she saw? She couldn't plausibly believe what she was seeing was actually happening.

Not only had she grown taller, but she was growing taller still. She could feel her limbs lengthening now that she'd taken notice, and it was a feeling best described as *unsettlingly uncanny*. Inches continued to accumulate, raising the skirt of her negligee to the peak of her thighs, and ultimately leaving Riju utterly speechless.

“**Geh!?**” But not free of any noise. An uncomfortable groan bellowed out not because of the fact that she had grown taller, but instead because of a discomfort wrought by her undergarments. Consider her body was meant to be on the cusp of her teens, the over-sized green panties she was wearing were comfortable and loose – or were *meant* to be. The fact that she could feel the material in her rear wedging itself into her butt crack suggested that the days of this comfort were gone.

Her head glanced over her shoulder, back craned so she could see her rear past the bulk of her crimson, Gerudo hair. What she could see was indeed her tanned butt cheeks swelling larger, swallowing up her panties in the process until only a thin line of green flossing the crack could be seen at all.

But this inflation of her buns, dramatic as it was, forced further change upon the girl. Hips were unaccustomed to carrying this greater weight, and their swollen width demanded additional space as well. Her hips were forced wider then to accommodate them, and eventually this butt peaked at a swollen size that stretched the waistband almost to its breaking point, with fatty overflow settling in her muscular thighs. Not that they looked all that muscular with the layer of fat over them.

“**I almost look like an older woman...**” Riju kept her voice hushed still, ultimately wary of waking the girl in the room's second half despite the unusual nature of what was happening to her. Her assertion was

only made all the more credible as she felt her brown nipples begin to prod the underside of the green brassiere beneath the translucent negligee that matched the panties that were now wedged between her cheeks and pressed uncomfortably against her crotch.

Discomfort grew once more. **“Ah...!?”** The sound she made on this occasion sounded more akin to a moan than her last, as a building pressure in her bosom prompted the queen to arch her back backwards in slight to accommodate a growing weight. Her chest felt extremely tender and sensitive all of a sudden, and the straps of her bra tightened around the muscles of her back thanks to the cups in the front finding themselves fuller and fuller, until flesh peeked out around its sides like muffin in the oven. Her breasts had grown to what could roughly be considered a heavier set of B-cups, albeit hardly contained by an A-cup bra.

“This can’t be... my accent!?” Riju though that perhaps she’d heard something different in her voice the last she’d gasped, but now she was wholly sure of it. The accent she sported while speaking the language of the Hylians had completely been corrected, and her voice carried a different accent altogether. **“Why can I not... I can’t remember how to speak in my native tongue!?”** Any elation she’d felt regarding her older body had faded now, and she was panicked as not only could she not string a sentence together in her native tongue, but her thoughts also weren’t even being conveyed in that language!

While she was left to fret over this cultural dissonance, her great Gerudo strength soon waned as well. From her neck to her toes, all of the muscle that came so naturally to her people melted away, leaving a soft fat in their place that made her ass and tits look slightly bigger still without muscles rippling beneath them. Just as pressingly, her other Gerudo features were finding themselves even out, making her less and less like one and more and more like a Hylian proper.

Her skin tone was the most obvious victim. The copper that all Gerudo had was from their hundreds and thousands of years living in the desert, and no other race had developed a coloring that was anywhere near reminiscent. And yet Riju’s own began to pale dramatically in seemingly random splotches. At first it appeared as if things would remain inconsistent, and yet before long they grew and connected, leaving one dark flesh extremely pale.

This left her facial features at odds, albeit temporarily. It didn’t take long for the bridge of the new teen’s nose to eventually smooth though, length practically halving and taking on a rounded tip more in line with those on the faces of the Hylian people. On the whole, her entire face just ended up much rounder, with softer cheeks, widened eyes, and

thicker, glossier lips. Speaking of those eyes, they changed slightly in color. Riju's teal brightened to a blue as beautiful as the sky itself.

“Huh? Why would I know the Gerudo language? I haven't had much time to study it...?” Memories had been at odds with one another, but as they straightened themselves out, there weren't exactly what they'd used to be. Why could she remember things that happened one hundred years ago? In her memories she could see the elder Gerudo Champion, Urbosa, looking after her? **“Who... Who am I?”**

The last of her Gerudo heritage was then consumed, golden blonde running through and replaced her fiery crimson like crashing waves washing sand from the shore. All of the red was undone, and the massive braid that dangled behind Riju constantly came undone because the length of it all had shortened in slight. This blonde washed through her eyebrows too, but oddly enough? They thickened, becoming quite pleasantly bushy (*just as her blonde pubes now were*).

The royal could feel the last semblance of her old identity slipping away and mustered all of her strength to yank the curtain that divided the room away. The mentality was that someone must be on the other side that could help her. That could undo what had happened, that could— **“Princess? Whatcha looking at?”**

Instead of the Sheikah she'd expected to see though, the negligee-clad *Princess Zelda* found herself staring back at a girl around her age, with blonde hair that was braided at the sides, and blue eyes. She was wholly unfamiliar, and the part of her that was fundamentally still Riju could honestly say that she had never seen her before in her life.



With her mouth held agape, however? More of Zelda's memories were flowing in, and little by little she could piece together this girl's identity. So much that a familiar name was eventually uttered... and then abandoned. **“Link... le?”** Why had she almost stopped at 'Link'? She didn't know anybody by that name, did she?

The girl in question crawled out of her cot, revealing that she was completely bare (*from her own transformation*). There didn't appear to

be any shame on her part, but then again? Zelda wasn't embarrassed by it either. Almost like she'd seen her naked a number of times in the past. Almost like they were...

“Yes? Is something wrong? I know we didn't have much alone time today! Is that it?” Usually they travelled together, camping out just the two of them when not visiting the villages on official business. When visiting, they were often pulled apart... is what Zelda's memories were telling her, anyways.

Linkle, still unabashedly naked, reached out and took Zelda's hand in her own before pulling her closer. Zelda could make out just how toned the other's body was at this proximity, her skin shining against the light of the moon filtering in through the window. **“That Gerudo negligee looks really good on you. I'm glad you bought it!”** Why was she always so *forward!*?

“Th-Thank you. You don't think it shows off too much?” The princess could recall buying it, but why had she bought such a tight fit? She could feel the panties grinding into her ample buttocks, and her breasts were practically bursting out of the top. Then again, that was probably why Linkle liked it so much.

To those ends, the pulling ended, and the scrappier blonde began to push the princess whose hands she was holding backwards, until the two of them spilled onto the full-sized bed Zelda had been using. A mischievous smile played upon Linkle's lips as well as a desiring blush. **“I think it'd be better if I could see more!”**

Zelda smiled shyly. **“Fine...”** And before long, she could feel Linkle's tiny hands reach around and behind her, pulling the clasp off the brassiere she was wearing beneath it so that she could slide it off. Not long after her breasts were left exposed, Zelda could feel Linkle's body come down upon her more intimately, and a kiss was shared between the two. Was it all that surprising?

After all, they were to be wed come spring.