

AGE OF IRRELEVANCE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Where... am I?”

Impa of the Sheikah clan stirred from her slumber at the break of dawn as she always did, and upon doing so realized her surroundings weren't what they had been when she'd last gone to sleep. She could recall retiring at the Sheikah estate back in Kakariko Town, preparing for her trip to Hyrule Castle the next day with the Sheikah Slate, but now? **“Gerudo Village?”**

After getting up and rubbing her eyes, she was able to piece it all together. Even though she was inside, it was quite warm. The walls and floor? Made from a sandy stone. The air? Filled with the scent of traditional Gerudo cuisine. She had been to this village any number of times in the past both for training and on business, so it wasn't indistinguishable to her. The matter of how she'd ended up there, though? That was concerning. She was in full Sheikah gear and everything.

“Hm... Is this the inn?” Based on the lay of the room, it seemed that way. There was a paper notice hanging from the nearest doorknob, meant to be hung on the outside if she wished to not be disturbed. Which meant that the opposing door? That was likely the bathroom. Impa could tell that her face was all oily and that cleaning up a bit before she went searching for answers might be best, so she slipped inside.

Only to be surprised by what awaited on the other side of the door. It was certainly a bathroom, but a slide of running water ran through the room's center. Impa pondered the reason briefly, but eventually came

upon an answer. If this truly *were* an inn, they'd certainly need accommodations for Zora visitors. Because drying out was a matter of life or death for them, could this have been a basin for them to slip into were they to grow parched? Ever curious, Impa leaned over it to examine the mechanisms. Water was flowing, but not at a high speed. It must have been hooked up to the water supply that ran above the village.

What Impa hadn't been expecting, though, was to trip. Had she actually tripped though? It almost felt more like something had *pushed* her. "**WAH!?**" Either way, she ended up making a splash as her body collided with the cool water. At least it was refreshing in a way! By the time she'd pulled herself out of the basin though? "**Wh-Wh-Where did my clothes go!?**" The Sheikah had been clothed when she'd fallen in, she was sure of it! But now? She was stark naked. Shameful as it was, at least she had the benefit of being alone in the room. But what about *leaving*?

AND JUST WHAT KIND OF WATER HAD CLOTHING-REMOVING PROPERTIES?

Impa was mistaken though, it wasn't actually the fault of the water – although it had certainly been made to appear that way from her perspective, all things considered. Even so, she was quick to pull herself out of the trench and all of the water fell from her body and onto the bathroom floor quickly. Maybe a little *too* quickly? The Sheikah couldn't be expected to notice, but her skin was certainly *glistening*. It wasn't the kind of glisten your body got after becoming squeaky clean, and the shine of it while reflecting the light of the nearby bathroom window ended up seeming a little *too* intense. Like her skin had become a little *too* reflective, somehow?

There was a good reason for this, but it didn't exactly make sense. Not a lick of it from a rational point of view, really. For if one were to examine the woman's body up close, they would see that something about that skin was *off*. From head to toe it had begun to fragment into tiny, raised pieces that were both glossy and smooth. Like flakes, or *scales*. Across the front of her body they remained their usual pale, or perhaps they'd become a little paler somehow? But that color didn't remain consistent elsewhere, most noticeable along her arms and back.

Shimmering as they were, scales in these places began to darken towards a color that wasn't at all typical of Hylians, Sheikah, nor Gerudo – unless any of those races could be *blue*, of course, and they absolutely couldn't. This blue was of a paler, greyer persuasion, but it was still vibrant enough when compared to the white of her body's front to stand out excellently by contrast.

Hands, arms, and the backs of her torso and legs were completely covered by this color, but they also began to encroach upon the upper half of Impa's face as well, seeing the color cast upon her nose and forehead. It appeared that the color blue brought with it ill-tidings however, and anything touched by its color appeared to grow misshapen; at least for a body that was meant to belong to a Sheikah woman.

Looking at her hands from the outset, there was no small problem to be found with her fingers. They became smaller and stubbier, and with the advent of scales came the disappearance of the callouses earned from throwing around kunai. Could scales even become calloused at the end of the day? It appeared not. More shocking, however, was the sharpening of her nails. They became longer and pointier, clear keratin becoming an opaque white in the process. These nails seemed well suited for killing small prey, perhaps a fish or a turtle if need be.

And her feet? They could be seen as a reflection of her hands in a sense. The changes were happening so fast that Impa wasn't afforded much of a chance to take it all in, but as her feet became slimier and unusually distributed in terms of toes, she couldn't help but "*whoa!?*" as she struggled to keep her balance even. Moist webbing spread between fingers and toes, driving the point home that her body was becoming better suited for an aquatic environment, but of course there were other signs suggesting as much as well.

"Is something starting to smell a little fishy?"

Her own body, yes.

The fishy scent of her own body might as well have been the last thing she inhaled with her more humanoid nostrils, for after flaring outwards once they soon collapsed, leaving the front of her face flat with only two miniature holes in her snout for breathing. A nose wasn't actually mandatory any longer, not after two sets of gills opened up just under her bosom, though they were primarily used for breathing underwater.

While Impa became fishier and fishier, her thoughts and memories were bending along with them. The knowledge of how to efficiently swim and hunt, the duties of a *Zora guard*, even though she was a woman first and foremost. Her lips twitched as this new information intertwined and overwhelmed the old, thoughts of Hyrule's princess and her greater mission being made obsolete. Yet, once lips parted briefly it was possible to see how all of her teeth had sharpened into shark-like fangs.

This dissonance between her body and soul was disorienting, and so there were no questions asked internally when she brought blue fingers to her forehead and they grazed thickening hair that was swelling and merging. Individual strands were replaced by greater bodies that were essentially blue fins that flopped over either side of her head (*obscuring disappearing ears*), while a more tail-like fine extended out of her head's back towards the center of her back.

If this tail fell closer to the ground, it was only because Impa was shrinking. Not even consistently, but the lengths of her legs were growing uncharacteristically short, to almost half of their original length. Stubby knees buckled as the excess mass either gathered into her scaly thighs or disappeared outright, which largely left only a single part of her body uncharacteristic for an adult Zora woman.

Her breasts. While covered in white scales, they now appeared far too big for her body. Zora did not nurse their children with milk and so they didn't need nipples either, so it was none too surprising that they would regress into the scaly flesh while paved over by fresh, white scales of their own. With her nips gone, the rest was simple. The mass of her breasts? It lessened, like balloons slowly having the air let out of them until they were extremely tiny. They could fill a pair of hands maybe, but like the pussy that had been concealed by a flap of white scales, they would remain unclothed as Zora tended to be.

“Hm! I feel really good today! That dip almost made the trek through the desert worth it!” The Zora guard did a little twirl, fins opening on her shoulders and additional ones sprouting from her hips as she spun. For what Impa could remember, she was a Zora under the employ of the Zora king. She was typically assigned to guarding the princess, Mipha, but had been sent to Gerudo Town to keep tabs on the actions of Urbosa. It wasn't all bad though, even if the hot, desert air dried out all of her skin. She'd made a really great Gerudo friend!

Nelu wondered what she was up to! Weren't they supposed to have lunch together today?

Unbeknownst to Impa, her sister Purah had been brought to the very same inn and had merely been placed in a different room. It wasn't an inn room in the typical sense, but a spare room belonging to the owner. The reality of the situation was that someone, somewhere had taken their places in this reality, and the world? It needed to repurpose the extras into new roles. *That* was why Impa had become a Zora guard, and it was why Purah was going to suffer a remarkably similar fate.

Although it wouldn't be entirely the same.

Purah had actually awoken naked and confused, but that confusion had paved the way for her more curious nature to take flight. **“OK! How did I get here? Was it through some kind of mysterious power? Why did they take my clothes as well? Was it to have their way with me? This is a Gerudo building is it not? Are they responsible? Couldn’t they not resist a super genius researcher like me!?”** Fortune shone on Purah in the sense that she was a natural genius, because otherwise no one would *ever* take the outlandish things she said seriously.

Speaking of the outlandish though, Purah had already been enraptured by the same force that had transformed her sister, and much like her sister she would remain oblivious to its influence straight through until the very end. Had she possessed the capacity to notice, she was absolutely the type that *would* have noticed straight away.

After all, what kind of fool could ignore dark orange speckles spreading across their skin unless they were being forced to *not* see it, as was the case here? Compared to Purah’s extremely pale complexion, these speckles which were few at first, stood out considerably against her flesh’s palette. In the beginning they stood out as nothing more than freckles, but giving time they spread like measles, swelling in size, and fusing together where possible until they became splotches. They grew and merged, spread, and blended, until her complexion in its entirety was an absolute *bronze*.

It was a phenomenon that spread as far as her pointed ears, and in tainting them with their color, likewise saw the shapes of those ears grow. Purah’s Sheikah ears had always been small enough that she could conceal with her hair at the sides of her head, but before long bronze ears poked out from beneath her mane in all of their glory. Not that her mane had, at all, been spared.

As sporadic as the discoloration of the woman’s flesh had been, so too was there an inconsistency to how the transformation affected her hair. A strand of red here, another there – one after the other they lit up, but with a completely different shade of red than had seized her bangs normally. It was far too orangey and vibrant, so much that even when the strands of these bangs changed, they stood out. The swirling ice cream shape of Purah’s natural hairstyle came unwound as more and more of it changed to an orange red that better suited her natural, tanned skin. It peeled off from the bun and fell loosely to her shoulders, where it would inevitably hang until she styled it up into a bun later. The same color even affected the hair above her groin, leaving bright orange fuzz atop her crotch.

“Hm...” While she’d hardly realized the cause, Purah could not deny that something felt off. She felt... well, perhaps ‘good’ was the right word here. **“I suppose I must have slept well last night.”** Because her memories of going to sleep here had begun to surface, and she was beginning to recognize this room as her own. Was she not the sister of the inn owner? For that was what her memories were telling her. In fact, her memories had been drastically altered over such a short period of time, with her personality becoming collateral. A woman who had been so into the sciences, who had been curious without pause? Well, this new personality was nothing like that. She was serious and quiet, at least typically, but there was a single individual with whom she felt she could talk on and on with forever and ever. But some might have considered their relationship a taboo of sorts, much to their overwhelming dismay.

But that was neither here nor there for the time being.

Even as she spoke aloud of her incorrect skepticism, the model of her face had been changing to better feature the traits of the Gerudo woman she was *so evidently* becoming. Plenty of definition was added to her nose, white grew long and pointed with a flat bridge with a steepened slope. It was far more characteristic of a Gerudo, as was the bright blue color her lips took on, along with the chiseled jawline she was blessed with. Everything about her face screamed ‘strength’, but that was just how the Gerudo were as a people. Even the colors of her irises had turned to a piercing blue, her resting expression one that could only be described as *‘full of disinterest’*.

Well that, or *‘would kick your ass for looking at her the wrong way’*.

“Hya!” Wrapping her hand around her opposing wrist, the woman reached for the ceiling with both of them to stretch – unnoticed by her that the ceiling grew closer and closer as she wiggled from side to side in all of her naked glory. Her spine’s length doubled, limbs matching it as a Gerudo’s natural lankiness saw her almost peak towards the roof proper. Of course, with Impa’s typical squishiness, all this height just made her appear uncannily inconsistent. She was lacking the raw strength of the warrior women tribe, but it wasn’t something that wouldn’t be overlooked in the least.

All of the muscles in the woman’s body appeared to convulse all at once, bronze skin tightening against them as the strength beneath was forcibly peaked through supernatural powers. Longer arms rippled, taller legs clenched, all while her ass and breasts both hardened and doubled in size simultaneously to create a set of unbelievable curves that could entice any man or woman. Just as remarkable was how closely her

waistline pinched in, for her body became naught but a muscular hourglass in shape.

A toned body accustomed to both fighting and living in the desert.

“Hm... What shall I wear for lunch with Nelu today?” It crossed *Noonuri*’s mind suddenly as she glanced at her naked reflection in the mirror, seeing absolutely nothing wrong. She always had been more comfortable sleeping in her birthday suit, and so she didn’t own a single pair of pajamas. It was something her Zora girlfriend had mocked her for during their last overnight date, but Noonuri could only smirk and chuckle at that girl for her strange sense of humor. **“It looks like the day may be another hot one, so perhaps my usual garb?”**

Noonuri was one of the guards that kept watch of Gerudo Town, and she had met Nelu because she was a guard of the Zora. They had hit it off at the bar in town one night, and since the fish was staying for a while they had forged something of a more intimate bond. While it was customary for Gerudo women to find a man to lay with, Noonuri wasn’t as traditional as most. She was fine going on without child if it meant remaining with a woman she loved. After all, adoption was certainly an option for a mixed-race couple – particularly when the Zora were vastly different from Gerudo biologically.

Time went on, and both women fell in love as, perhaps, destined. A few years after their meeting they adopted a Gerudo daughter who had been orphaned in the war with Calamity Ganon, and that daughter would grow up to have a child of her own by the name of ‘Buliara’. Yes, *that* Buliara. The one who would become the head of Riju’s royal guard one hundred years in the future.

Evidently, the timeline had been irreversibly broken. The Link and Zelda of the future had been brought to the past to replace the original Impa and Purah, and the original Impa and Purah had been cast into the roles of these two guards without anyone batting an eyelash. Their pasts and futures had been rewritten to fit into this new timeline, and compared to the roles they’d once been destined to possess? Well... there was nothing more that could really be said about where they fit into the throes of history.

They were, delicately put, *irrelevant*.