

OCTOPOP

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Three days. Was it enough time? No, it was *never* enough time. Asking a boy to save the world over that duration was pretty unreasonable, and that was even when you considered that the boy in question was Hyrule's fabled Hero of Time himself. But like back then, back in Hyrule, he had a special tool. His ocarina, which allowed him to travel backwards to the three days' beginning and repeat. *Again and again.* It was mind numbing. *Again and again* he solved the same puzzles. Again and again he fought the same enemies.

Like the octorok in front of him at that very moment. Strange, octopus-like enemies that inhabited the rivers and fired off dangerous pellets from their mouths. Link never really understood what those pellets were nor where the octoroks produced or stored them in their bodies, but at the same time some questions really didn't need answers. He kind of assumed the truth was a lot grosser than he was assuming anyways. They were probably just rocks, right?

The battle continued on as it always did. Shield up, deflect, and with any luck the monster's own projectile would be used against it. There was no reason to adorn one of the many unique masks he'd picked up on his travels thus far for an enemy this simple. And of course the first strike worked, 'rock' thrown right back in the octopus' ugly mug. One more and it'd be dead, and for some reason they never bothered to withdraw after having their first shot reflected. Oh well, their loss.

The octorok swelled up and Link braced himself, Deku Shield held straight outward to protect himself while keeping it just low enough to aim. And then the monster released, but it wasn't what the boy had been expecting. There was no giant rock or whatever it was, but rather a constant stream of a lime green fluid that splattered all over his clothes and blew the hat off his head. Before it was finished he was practically covered head to toe, what had been blocked by the shield still covered as

it had fallen from his head. “Eugh!”, was the only sound the boy could muster as he dropped his painted shield and blade to wipe the goop from his eyes and nose. Just making that noise had allowed a little of it to slip into his mouth, and it *really* wasn't a great taste to say the least.

After clearing his vision Link noticed the octorok had already fled, a peculiar behavior considering they were usually so bullheaded that they stayed to fight until they die. But it still wasn't as weird as this goop that was all over him, and naturally he walked towards the river to wash it all off.

At least that was his intent, but a foot short of the water he stopped. It wasn't a conscious decision to halt, but more like an internal alarm going off. *Instinct?* But he'd never felt something so strong before. It was like... 'if you touch the water you'll be in danger'. Which made no logical sense of course, not when Hylians required water to live. Not to mention: how was he going to get this green goop off his body?

That was an issue that was already in the process of solving itself, not that Link had clued into the fact yet. The green had begun to fade not because it was disappearing, but because it was being absorbed into his body. Soaking through his clothes, being drawn in by his skin. The octorok tribe had tapped into a truly dangerous power, something pulled from another world. The ink reshaped their foes and turned them into something that could be 'splatted'. At least that was the verbiage of that world.

And for Link? He was now in the *reformation* stage.

The impulse he was having to avoid the water was a correct one, for it was the very nature of his form that shifted first. A Hylian his whole life, the fundamental changes swept through in a manner he didn't even notice at first short of a peculiar tingling through his body. All at once he felt his eye level sink not because he'd shrunk, but because the very bones in his body had melted away simultaneously and his body's shape had begun to collapse. Before he shrunk too much, however, new biology set in and he found himself sitting at his usual height, largely confused by what had just happened.

As a Hylian blood ran through his veins, but the early stages were eliminating the need for such a thing altogether. Without bones inside his body it was quickly feeling up with the same green liquid that had seeped into his body, though Link personally couldn't tell the difference even as his vision blurred momentarily. Baby blues dulled as an empty green took their place, the boy's pupils swirling pink before serving a design akin to an infinity symbol horizontally across both eyes.

Link wasn't really sure what was happening, honestly. He was just a kid, not suited for dealing with things he didn't understand. When push came to shove he could usually solve all of his problems with his sword and shield -- which reminded him he needed to pick those up. If he wasn't in any danger, he figured, he should just make his way to the nearest town and see if there were any doctors that could look at him.

Or at least confirm whether or not there had been any other sightings of octoroks behaving strangely.

Oddly designed eyes glanced over at his weapons dropped against the grass before he made his way over to the closest one: his sword. It was a small blade, one fit for a boy his size but... where had the green liquid gone? Much like what had splattered his own body with, he wasn't sure where it had disappeared to. He was sure his sword had been covered just as *he* had. Another mystery to ask about in the nearest town.

Reaching down to pick his blade up, Link paused. Not because anything was off about his blade, it was just... *his hand*. He was *one hundred percent* sure the green had all but disappeared, and yet the tips of his fingers had begun to glow that very same green. That wasn't all, either. His fingers looked larger, thicker, like they'd been stung by bees and he was having an allergic reaction or something of that nature. What's more: the coloring of his skin beneath the green seemed to be darkening uncharacteristically. An infection? Had that green stuff been poisonous?

His body was now 90% *'that green stuff'*, not that he had any awareness just yet. And the darkening of his skin? It was because his skin wasn't really skin anymore. It was becoming something more akin to a membrane that held everything inside of him. Maybe it didn't make much sense, but that was the biology of the creature he was becoming.

Grasping for a thought to distract him from this madness, his mind eventually wandered to music. Surely he played plenty on his ocarina, but the beat that his mind eventually defaulted to was unlike anything he'd ever actually heard in his life. What would ease this stirring in his heart? To sing? To dance? To take his motorcycle out-- *wait*.

Link's body felt clammy and clammy as things continued, common sense ideas like *'I should find help'* out the window as panic set in. He knew the risks of his travels, of course, but dying because of an allergic reaction to octorok goop wasn't the way he'd assumed he was going to go. Darkness crept from his fingers and into his palms, their designs softening but widening as they became more suitably sized for the thicker and longer fingers he now possessed. "**Aaaah aaaah!?**" Link was, of course, a boy of few words but that didn't stop him from making noises of panic as he shook oddly designed digits in the air.

Unbeknownst to him the same phenomenon had claimed his feet as well. Toes felt uncomfortably cramped in his little boots as they wiggled and swelled, glowing green illuminating the darkness of their contained even as flats grew longer and forced dark-skinned heels out of their rightful places. Clumsily, Link tripped over the edge of his own footwear and fell next to his blade, quickly picking himself back up with bare feet against the grass. *Glowing*, bare feet.

As he sat upright though a sudden weight caught his attention. Octoling hands crept up to touch his hair, but felt it didn't quite feel right. Or like hair at all. Strands had begun to fuse together into a single mass, to the touch feeling both rubbery and jiggly as they darkened on top and lightened on the bottom. The very same lime that had taken the hero's fingers and toes lit up at the tips of his 'hair', which had grown significantly longer at the back and side and had formed several bodies that erupted from his skull. What was even more confusing is that these rubbery appendages were incredibly sensitive, so much that even the breeze tickled him as suction cups formed on the top. What remained of his hair were three, rubbery tentacle whose bottoms pointed towards the sky. Needless to say the hat that had blown off his head earlier would under no circumstance slide over top of them.

Link almost tripped over himself as he ignored internal warnings to avoid the water and crouched by the riverside so he could see what had happened. What greeted him wasn't his usual reflection, but what looked like a midway point between the usual and the bizarre. Inhuman eyes, what appeared to be a pair of octopus tentacles atop his head, and the same dark skin tone that had slipped through his fingers and was now past his elbows had begun to creep down his forehead from the tentacles, the shape of his own skull widening painlessly in the process.

He couldn't deny that the skin that turned darker ultimately looked softer and had an almost supernatural glisten to it, and as it crept under his brows they too reformed as they darkened and curved the opposite direction. "*Iwoow!*" Link voiced his shock, but while his mind processed what he'd just said as a language the language it *actually* was wasn't something he'd ever heard before. He just knew it *made sense*. What's more, his voice's pitch had shot up several octaves and his vocal chords, clearly not functioning as they normally did, reverberated in such a way that any noises he made with his mouth almost sounded naturally autotuned, vibrating mechanically despite speaking with his own voice.

As the brown slid past his lips they inflated, seemingly sultry and inviting at a glance as if decorated by a natural gloss. They rounded off Link's head, which now looked peculiar upon his shorter body even as his ears became smaller and a little more rounded. Within his mouth, canines became more jagged and sharp, the general layout of his teeth painlessly shifting to accommodate them properly. Link knew this was all wrong, and fear was building in the back of his mind. That fear bred anxiety, and almost naturally to counter that anxiety came a *song*. From where? He didn't know. He just started to hum with his strange voice, riding to a standing position once more just in time for the most dramatic of the changes to begin.

He began to feel more confident even as the initial shame of feeling so exposed had set in. These clothes? He was rocking them. His body? Also rocking. It was the kind of confidence a perform would sport on stage, even if social anxiety was still a worm digging at the back of his mind.

Green tunic began to lift away from his waist as the darkness slipped beneath his neckline and began to work at his body proper. He was growing noticeably taller in

part because of a lengthening torso and in part because the brown had tickled his legs as well, arms too becoming slightly longer to accommodate. It wasn't long before his tunic was resting just above his hips, crudely designed underwear the only thing keeping his bits where they belonged.

Yet the transformation wasn't limited to his body itself. The perimeter of the green tunic began to darken to black, a leathery sheen spread across its surface as it shrunk and left his stomach completely exposed. Near the top a collar popped up, and the neckline ran so low that you could just barely make out the budding formation of a pair of breasts where his nipples were.

Why did octolings need breasts? We just don't know. But that didn't stop them from growing. Practically mosquito bites at first, they quickly burgeoned outward into a pair of B-cups that were hugged gently by the leather top. A short ways down his stomach arched with femininity, navel dipping inward even as a piercing clipped through with the same green that decorated the rest of his body.

As for his legs? The same fate. His pale complexion had been painted over with brown in its entirety, and *'fat'* began to embrace his legs as thighs thickened and softened. The gait of his hips popped outward and masculine pronouns quickly became obsolete as what passed for feminine genitals on an octoling took shape beneath boxers.

Boxers that lightened and took on a sheen as fabric became lacier and rippled horizontally, hugging *her* new hips properly. Link (?) was confused. Nothing about *her* body felt right. She was too tall. Or was she? And her skin? That was ~~wrong~~ right? Rather, where was she? Gaze cast back at the river, the visage of someone familiar looked back at her. That was her own reflection of course, nothing was amiss. Well...

Infinity eyes glanced back at where the sword and shield had been before. Fingers reached down not long after to pick up a pair of headphones that she promptly slid over her rounded ears and a large zipper buckle accessory that she clipped to the front of her top. Between those and her stylish boots and lime green leggings sitting where a boy's boots had once been resting.

Marina let out a sigh, voice reverberating with the same strange echoing quality it had earlier. She was lost, wasn't she? In a way it almost reminded her of the day she'd first come to Inkopolis. Lost, afraid, but things weren't all that bad. She was stronger than she used to be.

Almost a week had passed since Marina had 'arrived' in Termina. There has been some sort of monster known as Majora's Mask? But it seemed like she'd been some sort of chosen one and kicked it's butt -- which was kind of cool to her since it was like something out of a video game! She'd settled in Clock Town after those hellish three days where she'd been practicing for her first live performance. It seemed

most people in this kingdom had never heard her type of music before and after being so inspired by music before she couldn't let that pass.

She'd get home someday. In fact, she was confident her precious Pearly would find her sooner or later. But until such a time came... she'd just have to make the best of it.