

MILFS OF THE WILD II.

BIWEEKLY STORY #60

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Impa was perplexed.

The sun had already gone down, and Link had recently run back, panicked about something having happened to the princess in the forest. Being the loyal servant to Princess Zelda that she was, she had barreled full force into the forest without giving it even a second thought. And unfortunately that meant she had leaped into action without even stopping to listen to Link's tale. Had she, she certainly would have heard the truly relevant information...

That Zelda had been transformed into a sexy, mature woman and had run off into the forest after trying to mount the poor knight suddenly. And that the Sheikah Slate, which had been left behind, had somehow been the cause. She was merely determined to reach Zelda's side before any real harm befell her, and so she'd foolishly lunged into the forest near the village without even the most basic of facts.

It didn't take the ninja long to realize that she didn't have a lead about the princess' whereabouts, and so she stopped upon a high tree branch to weigh her options. She knew Link and the princess had gone back into the forest shortly after they realized they had lost the Sheikah Slate, and based on how long before Link had returned it must not have been too far in. **"So perhaps they were around... there!?"**

She caught sight of it, a dim blue light hidden among the flowers. It was easy to identify with only the light of the moon filtering through the trees, and she was quick to jump towards it, landing nearby in a roll as a ninja did. **"The Sheikah Slate!"** Fingers were quick to scoop it up, unaware of the danger associated with doing so. In Impa's mind it was a

much needed lead, and from here she might be able to discern the princess' location.

The issue? A certain app that had been installed on the Sheikah Slate was still active in its entirety, the words MILF MATCH in a language she didn't recognize still flashing upon the screen. And the moment Impa swiped the screen on the slate to try and rid herself of this useless screen? She was zapped by pink static electricity, much to her dismay. "**Ow!?**"

"Whaith whath- WHATH!?" The Sheikah was almost certain she'd been shocked against her hand, so why did her lips suddenly feel so *heavy*? The feeling was almost as if she'd been stung by a bee, or perhaps poisoned, but prodding her lips with her tongue, she found them to be practically triple the size they should have been under normal circumstance. **"Howth did thith... How... did... this... happen!?"** It took her a moment, but by taking things slow she was finally able to enunciate properly.

Fingers were raised to gloss over them, but after tracing their surfaces for just a moment, something else gave Impa pause. **"Wait... My fingernails?"** Considering her profession, it was important to keep her nails trimmed. The pain of having a long nail accidentally torn out during combat was far too distracting to risk, and so she kept hers trimmed down completely. But now? They jutted out several inches past her fingertip and were perfectly cut – there was simply nothing natural about them.

Not to mention the smell of smoke that danced from her fingers now. Where had it come from? It was off-putting. Off-putting, *and...* it stirred something within her. A *craving*. She didn't know for *what*, however, and that just made her *agitated*.

Impa threw her hand down and pulled the second one forward after dropping the Sheikah Slate again. They both looked the same! Her nails were long, and the hands themselves appeared just a little larger, with fingers looking exceptionally boney. They almost appeared as if they'd age, better resembling those of a woman older than herself. But that *couldn't* be, could it?

"Did that shock... Did the Sheikah Slate do *somethin'* – something!" Woah, what was that? She'd blurted out a word with an accent, and one she'd never heard before. That didn't make sense! But realistically? Not a lot of this made any sense at all. Bodies didn't just *change*, it was impossible!

As if to mock that assumption of hers, the Sheikah's pointed ears had been shrinking in the meanwhile, tips rounding as they better matched

those of the MILF that had been born in this forest only an hour prior. Not only that, but the marking upon her forehead that was so typical of her people was fading away, leaving paler skin in its place that was paler than even her regular complexion. *But not for long.* With the marking gone, this paleness spread entirely through her face, and inevitably across her entire body.

Yet, the skin that had its color altered? Even disregarding the melanin shift, something about it didn't seem *right*. Her skin loosened, and apparent wear could be seen particularly upon her face, where pores opened and scarring from acne could be seen surfacing. It all created the impression that she was much older than her frame suggested, with nostrils flaring wide and her eyes appearing much rounder; while retaining their color, at least.

But what didn't retain its color was Impa's hair. **"Whoa... What's happenin'? Why do I feel all woozy?"** The accent returned, but there was a noticeable shift in the girl's choice of words as well. She'd never considered herself to be an intellectual by any stretch of the imagination, but she somehow sounded *dumber*. Not that she'd taken much note of it, not as she propped herself up against a nearby tree. Her mind was swimming, forcing a change in how she interpreted and accepted reality.

So it was the perfect opportunity for her locks to shift, a chestnut brown overcoming the silver that represented her pride as a Sheikah. Before long, her long head of hair had been completely dyed this far more mundane color, but the hairs themselves began to sport wear of their own. The brown almost looked a little washed out, suggesting spots had grayed and had been redyed to look proper – and even then, the excess was chopped off at the base of her neck, fluttering into the night breeze.

The girl's head, in the meantime, was still swimming. And yet drool began to drip from the corner of her swollen lips as her thoughts, or at least those she could process, began to slide into the unsavory. Arousal took root, and yet it would be indecent to entertain it here. But where even was *here*? It was the forest outside of... of... *where*?

Her boney fingers twitched with need, pointed towards her chest. It certainly wasn't large, but it wasn't anything to scoff at either. **"Huh? Why's it not... Where're they at?"** Voice deeper and full-country now, she was confused for some reason. Her fingers were twitching because they were expecting to latch onto her tits at that distance, but there just wasn't anything there.

In response to this though, or perhaps it was simply *time*, an immense pressure began to build beneath her bosom. It was accompanied by a

ravaging heat, one so distracting that little else mattered once the flame had been lit. But with these feelings came complications, for as her nipples swelled it was clear that everything beneath intended on swelling as well... but her clothing was tight. It had already felt a little more restrictive with her skin loosening up initially, but not?

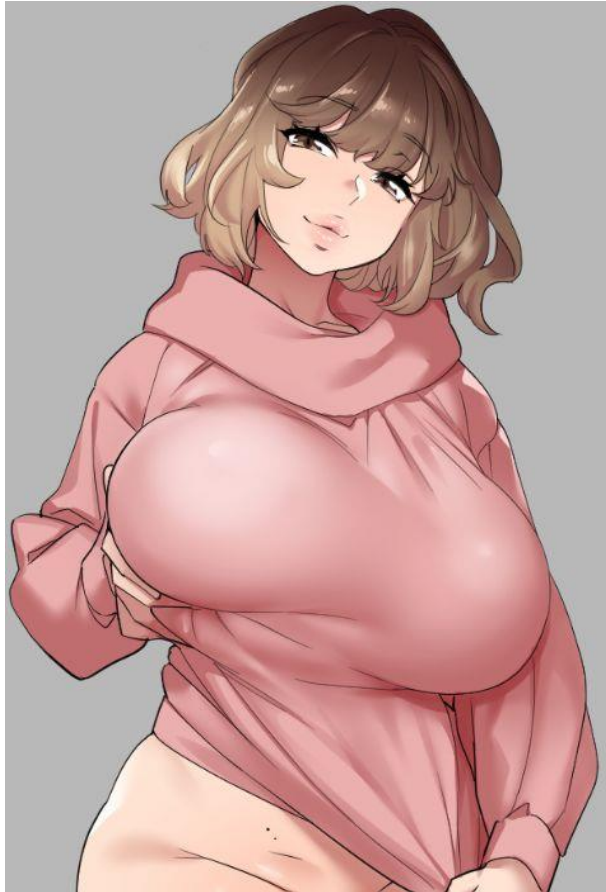
“Wh-!?” Impa practically wheezed as her top tensed around her breasts, which had begun to jiggle to life with a fattiness that was completely natural but was evidently influenced by age just as much as it was original sizing. It didn’t take long for it to tease the flaps of her robe, but it was the skin-tight leotard beneath that gave the most resistance... at least, until it began to tear. The tension was too great, and so the ripping began where it turtlenecked and split downwards, eventually diverting into multiple directions around her breasts, at which point both milky mommas finally bounced free in all of their pale, engorged glory. **“AHN!?”**

Unable to help herself, fingers immediately dug into her fleshy tits. They were only DD-cups at *this* point, but as she kneaded them between her hands they swelled with even greater vigor, slapping against her tummy as they jiggled around – and that slapping sent ripples through her belly as well, for all of the muscle on her body was melting into fat, giving her a frame that was much fuller and more sensual aesthetically. It disheveled the rest of her torso’s costume, so much that she better looked the part of a Caucasian mom cosplaying a Sheikah from the waist up.

Fs? Gs? Each breast was larger than her head by the time the growth stopped, and she could hardly hold herself up even with the tree’s help, considering the energy it took to stand mixed with the weakness born from entertaining her own arousal. Her breaths heaved as if she were out of shape, and looking at how flabby her belly and arms were now? *It made sense.*

Yet, Impa was not free yet – and she wasn’t even sure if that name was *right*. **‘Don’t sound like somethin’ a country gal like lil ol’ me’d be callin’ herself’**. The back of her pants tearing pulled her away from this musing though, and she squeaked out an **“OH!?”** as her ass exploded, big and ripe to better suit her enormous rack. Pants didn’t fall even as they were blown out in the back though, for even more fat found its way into her thighs. You’d struggle to wrap even an entire arm around one of them, and they’d certainly jiggle as she walked. A side effect of this was that their size had yanked her pants and underwear down, so you could make out her once trimmed, silver bush turning unruly and brown, not unlike the hair atop her head.

“Why’m I all dressed like this? I look like my nerdy kid...” She had a daughter – *she had a daughter?* – that was into this weird Japanese crap. Always trying on weird costumes, listening to strange music. As a mother, she never really understood it, but it seemed to make her happy at least. But these colorful clothes kind of reminded her of the costumes she made.



Not for long! Thinking she’d be better naked, she tore off what remained until she was in her birthday suit, wriggling bushy eyebrows and revealing a series of moles atop her belly, which was slightly chubby by design. More than being clothed... **“Mama needs to be touched!”**

Impa, now a thirty-five year old woman named *Sally*, moaned with need as she fondled her gratuitously large breasts. **“My, I s’pose I shouldn’t be touchin’ myself way out here. Where am I, anywho? This the outskirts of town?”** She was right in a sense, but it wasn’t the town she was thinking of. Her memories told her of a small American town, she didn’t know what a Hyrule was, much less Kakariko Village.

But as much as she berated herself for propping herself up against a tree like a wild animal and beginning to masturbate, she could not help herself. She would have preferred the company of a cute, young man or woman, but her fingers would have to do for the time being.

Or so she’d thought, but her eyes went wide at the sound of footsteps approaching. **“Hello there, dear. Ara ara, do you need a hand? I can’t get off myself, so perhaps we can find some kind of mutual understanding?”** It was difficult to make the speaker out at first, but it was a woman about ten years older than Sally was. She was strikingly Japanese, and her curves absolutely fantastic. The American didn’t resist even a smidge at the big and beautiful woman began to straddle her.

**“Guess yer right. I can figure out where I am lat—OH!
OOOOOH!”**

They would end up passing out in one another’s arms, not stirring until the next morning when they’d move towards the village. And from that point on?

Things would only get worse.