

BAECATION

BIWEEKLY STORY #44

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The Super Smash Bros. tournament was something of a blessing and a curse at the same time. Powerful warriors were summoned into it from across time and space and pitted against one another in a no-holds barred competition of epic proportions, but there was seldom much time for a break.

That was why all of the fighters were relieved when they were offered one. A one week stay at a venue of their choice in the background of one of the many locales used for combat stages, complete with free food and board. How could anyone say no, really?

It was a no-brainer for Link and Princess Zelda. While the two of them were both from Hyrule, there was the tiny fact that they were from Hyrule at *different* time periods. The Zelda and Link they knew respectively were different, but that didn't mean they didn't get along. They were good friends, truly.

Great Bay. It was a stage fought within the confines of Hyrule during a time neither of them originated from. Not *only* would it be a fantastic opportunity to learn about one another, but also a time neither of them had lived during. Plus it was waterside, so it was an opportune beach vacation!

“Link, look! Have you ever seen items like these before?”

Several days into their vacation, the princess and the knight had decided to take a leisurely stroll down the beach. The area was perfect (*if you ignored the terrifying moon with a face in the sky; they certainly had been doing so*) and the organizers of the tournament had constructed an

actual resort for them along the water. But when they're woken up that morning? There was four objects just chilling out in the sand on the edge of the water.

Zelda, still in her dress for she only wore her swimsuit when she actually went swimming, had crouched barefooted beside the items. They looked like flowers! Well, kind of. Purple petals decorated the tops, but beneath there were clearly copper handles with red decorations dangling from them.

“Are they weights?” Link was vacationing too. From communicating in *YAHs* and grunts. Without an audience there was no need to keep up that act, and so he could return to acting as the gentle but mysterious young knight he was at heart. He wiggled in beside the princess, crouching down in blue swim trunks and no shirt. He was pretty accustomed to walking around shirtless considering how frequently he'd been in his early adventure after awakening from cryostasis.

The items didn't look very heavy, but he picked a pair up on his own. They were fairly prominently weighted, but they probably weren't weights. They were *actually* percussors, a physician's tool, but neither of them were equipped with such overly specific knowledge. But taking hold of them was a mistake. After just a moment of wielding them in either hand he'd been content with his findings and had intended on setting them back down.

Except he couldn't.

Little miss princess watched the knight with confusion as he started shaking his arms with the items in tow, making confused noises more reminiscent of the Link she knew. **“What's wrong? Can't you let go?”** But Link merely shook his head. In fact not only could he *not* let go, he was beginning to feel a strange energy coursing through his fingers and up his arms from the percussors.

His grip in the end? It actually tightened. Not through his own will (*since he was desperately trying to remove them*), but it was more like the strength he had allocated to grip them in the first place had grown. There was actually physical evidence of this, and Zelda noted that his arms were looking a little more *swole* than they had before. Attractively so in her opinion. **“Um Link? Your arms...”**

“What...!?” Blue eyes immediately shot to the side to see what the princess was referring to, the shock of it immediately forcing him to stand up straight from the crouching position. Muscles didn't just grow that way, there was no insta-buff item. But Zelda casting attention to his

arms had drawn necessary attention away from a more damning space: *his hands*.

Link's hands, typically, were very worn down. Climbing cliffs, swinging weapons, throwing bombs. These were all daily activities that had shown on the quality of the skin there in forms of cuts and callouses. *But no longer*. His skin was rejuvenated, given a healthy and almost eternal glow free of wear or tear. But his grip? It was strengthened thanks to muscles, but there was something else. Each finger had grown a little *longer*, a little bonier, and had become decorated by a nail that ran an inch past each fingertip. For all intents and purposes they looked to be a *woman's* hands.

It was fortunate that he'd stood up when he had, because had he been crouched the next wave of change certainly would have knocked him on his ass. Princess Zelda watched in amazement as Link, whom had roughly been the same height as her this whole time, began to gradually surpass her in total height.

From the boy's perspective it wasn't *painful* but it was certainly *jarring*. How did one best describe the feeling of one's bones lengthening or the sensation of the flesh both thinning around longer bones and then blossoming to keep his proportions constant with his new height? It was simply uncanny. Arms, legs, spine, they all grew considerably and in turn his swim trunks ended up looking significantly shorter cut against a frame that was now 172cm tall.

Both Hylians were taken aback and seemed to have a loss for words. Zelda had even brought fingers to cover her mouth out of sheer shock. "**Link, you...**" Could she even say he'd merely gotten taller? No, at a glance that might have been the extent assumed, but looking at his face? He was older certainly, perhaps now a lanky man in his late twenties. "**You're old.**" Although something was odd. He seemed rather... androgynous? It didn't look like a natural progression of age for his body type.

"**How is this--**" The boy had to cough a moment. Was something wrong with his voice? "**--possible? No, my voice is? How on earth?**" It would have been reasonable to expect his voice to have grown deeper considering his body. It had in a way, but it sounded deep for a *woman* and not for a *man*. Link didn't talk much to begin with so it might have been difficult to tell for most, but Zelda realized an additional problem immediately. He was speaking too properly? Like he was a noble or someone in a position where he had to present like that.

Link was very much *not* that kind of guy.

The cause of all this seemed to be obvious to the both of them. “**Link!? You should put those flowers dOWN!?**” Zelda had risen to her own feet herself and had thought to reach out to help the boy - man? - remove the objects himself, but a sudden weight nearly tossed her to the ground. It was a weight in her own hands, and looking down she found her fingers gripped around the second pair of percussors. “**How!?**” She hadn’t picked them up. *She definitely hadn’t picked them up.* But now they were in her hands and she couldn’t do anything about removing them nor help Link with his own.

“*Oh my!?*” Although based on that noise of shock he was dealing with his own problems. It didn’t take much of a look to understand just what those problems were however. In fact Zelda looked up just in time to see that one of his hips was bulging out dramatically to the side, pulling his trunks tight. But then she was able to witness the second hip pop, bones relocating and the sound of fibers tearing at the hem of the shorts as hips essentially outshone the width of Link’s shoulders.

But that wasn’t all. As if they were soaking up an invisible substance from the air around them, both of the boy’s thighs began to enlarge not with bone, but with a firm yet bouncy fat layer that pushed the integrity of the skin that overlapped them far past what one might have expected it to be able to handle. Pale skin jiggled as the weight settled into place and additionally tears formed in the legs of the shorts, but the weight gain wasn’t finished.

Link could feel his shorts tightening around the burgeoning thighs he was looking down at, but he could also feel them beginning to slip down his ass too. He immediately threw his head over his shoulder (*while ignorant of the odd strand of green hair that was popping up in his ponytail*) to look behind him. And a look behind revealed a very telling thing about, well, *his behind.* Thick thighs like those deserved an ass of equal girth, and cheeks had swollen so much that he could practically look down his own ass crack as it jiggled in response to shorts sliding down and over the peak of the two tiny mountains.

This all made him very confused. He was aroused... *kind of.* But his dick hadn’t answered the call despite how he felt flustered. It was something that was understandable though, because an uncomfortable feeling of something slurping up inside of him ultimately radiated from the groin instead, followed by the area feeling a little puffy. Beneath what was left of Link’s shorts the dick’s tyrannical reign had ended, and in its place a new rule had been established by a pussy.

TL;DR, Link was a woman now biologically.

She would have shoved a hand down to check were *she* not still grasping a percussor in either hand against *her* will. “**Milady... I’ve become a woman.**”

“...” Princess Zelda *really* had no words. She’d merely been caught up in watching a knight of Hyrule earn a fatter ass and thicker thighs than she’d ever possessed (*well if you don’t include that one picture of what her butt outline looks like in her Smash model*), and while watching the curvature of his toned stomach arc inwards to make the gait of Link’s hips look even more skewed towards those of a mature woman, she could only accept the words as true.

But there was much to what was happening to Link that she *hadn’t* noticed, which Zelda *had*. It was mostly in her face, which had drawn longer and had much more of an adult look to its design. Lips were enticingly plump and rosy, cheekbones high and narrow. His lashes had grown long and acted as the curtains to a pair of wide, emerald eyes with a petite nose nestled between them. But her hair stood out much more too. Blondes had been swept away by an emerald green that matched her eyes and had fallen over her ears; ears that looked drawn out far longer than any Hylian the princess had known before emerald locks obscured them.

Were Link truly becoming a woman however she was still missing one key trait, and if the lower half was indicative of anything that key trait was, in all likelihood, going to blow out the knight’s back. *The princess wasn’t wrong to assume as much.*

Much like what had happened in the thigh and ass area, weight began to accumulate rapidly beneath each of Link’s nipples without any real point of origin. Nipples grew erect right before the eyes of both of them, which might not have been so bizarre if not for the fact that their sizes not only doubled but *quadrupled* into a woman’s teats while a pudginess beset the flat flesh beneath.

Through the entire transformation Link’s muscular nature had been retained and even strengthened in places, so tits were built upon strong pectoral muscles and ultimately obscured them in their entirety as building weight subjected the surface to a ripe jiggle that was easy to spot without any means to cover the area. Higher and higher it built and before long she undeniably possessed a pair of average breasts, but that clearly wasn’t enough.

Larger. *Larger still.* Every few moments a new, arousing jiggle echoed across the tits not simple from the changes itself but from each of Link’s breaths. Before long each can alone rivaled the size of the woman’s head, and the rapid beating of her heart was enough to see her left tit dance a

little. But then it stopped, and fortunately her back muscles were adjusted for their weight (*which was around 1.2kg each*).

Standing where a teenaged boy had been was now, indisputably, a mature woman. She wore no top and so her huge honkers were on full display, with her fat ass barely contained by a torn pair of boy's swim trunks. The princess was stunned. "**Link... is that really you?**" But not as stunned as Link was.

Her head was swimming. Her body felt strange. Everything jiggled and she couldn't really remember *much*. Why was she on this beach? Who was this girl? Link? "**No, I'm afraid you must have me confused with another sweetie. I'm Lady Rhea. Could you tell me what it is I'm doing here?**" She actually *hadn't* been certain about that response, but it had come out automatically. Link wasn't actually gone, but what was left of him was just a whisper without any real control.

"Wh... What? Then where is Link? He was standing where you are... holding what you are...?" This woman. This *Rhea*. She had to be Link, right? So distraught with panic she didn't notice that Rhea's swimming trunks were dying white, the tight nylon loosening as shorts retreated to leave her thighs completely bare, in the back material reaching up to properly reign in her ass. It had become a bikini bottom, plain and simple.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIP!

The sound of fabric tearing took both women by surprise for different reasons. The audio was loud, yes, but there had been a transfer of cloth in the process. It was the princess' dress. Suddenly it had torn right beneath her chest and down the center of her back, and as if the wind had stolen it from her it was stolen from her body (*to leave her naked aside from his pink panties from the chest down*) only to cling to Rhea's torso.

Material wriggled around Rhea's body in a way that tickled her, making her laugh as a bikini top to match the bottom cupped ample breasts and left much of her cleavage still on display. It opened up around her navel, but the rest flowed back almost like an elegant dress, and excess material formed a golden headpiece with floral decorations on the top. Rhea looked absolutely dressed for the beach, which begged the question...

"Byleth, dear? Why are you dressed like that? You can't go swimming in something so ill-suited." It took Zelda a moment to realize Rhea had been talking *to her*. She'd been trying her best to

cover up all of the exposed skin from her dress suddenly ripping that she hadn't even realized that cloth had composed the saint's new ensemble.

But what had Lady Rhea just called her? '*Byleth*'? She hadn't spoken to Zelda with any familiarity initially so it was only natural that the girl was confused. She wanted to lash out with more questions about Link or what that name meant, and yet... "**...Hm?**" She emotionally didn't seem to have much of an appetite for much of *anything*. There was a lot Zelda wanted to say but she just couldn't seem to say it. "**Why are you calling me Byleth, Lady Rhea?**" Mid-sentence her tone deepened, a steel blue color sweeping unknowingly through the princess' eyes as she gazed with subdued confusion at the woman she'd taken to referring with respect at some point.

With the percussors in her hands Zelda had become subject to their enchantment, and she was being converted into the person Rhea wanted to see most. Eyes aside, plenty of physical changes were bubbling up in tandem with one another, with the most noticeable being muscle tone.

She was a princess so it wasn't like she was particularly fit. She matched the bare minimum required to run around during Smash Bros. battles, but it wasn't something that was meant to reflect in her figure. But with her stomach exposed? The fact that it was *becoming* reflected was very clearly seen. Muscles tensed up around her belly button, abdominal strength increasing exponentially while indentations made clear the rise of an unearned six pack. Arms and legs rippled as well, strength apparent and in many ways physically appealing as the mass was properly distributed among limbs that began to climb.

Much like Link had, she was getting taller. It wasn't as significant of a boost when compared to Link's slide into Rhea's shoes (*or lack thereof since they were on the beach*) and she'd end up resting about a head shorter than the saint nonetheless, but it tensed the top portion of her dress which remained after losing the lower portion, almost revealing the bottom of her breasts at first.

At first, anyways. While things seemed to be progressing in a similar fashion to Link's transformation, because Zelda was *already* a woman her changes were happening much faster in key areas. Her bosom was treated almost immediately after she'd settled into a height of 164cm, and the upper portions of the dress was forced to move upward as her tiny teen bosom blossomed with vigor atop firmed pectorals. Nipples grew thick and erect, ultimately popping up underneath the lip of the ruined dress while her tits continued to climb and climb, each stopping at a size a little smaller than her own head.

And this was to say nothing of her hips and ass. They were rapidly beset with mature shape as the former popped outwards one by one, making Zelda's posture unsteady and pointing her knees more prominently inward towards one another as all she could muster in response to the discomfort was a displeased groan. The muscle that rippled in her thighs bubbled over with tender mass that gave legs a sensual glow, almost like she'd just waxed them; and her ass?

Again, it didn't rise to any heights that could be likened to Rhea's ginormous behind, but plump cheeks ended up slurping up the back of her panties as the front was pulled so tightly against her pussy that it could be made out despite still being covered.

“...The same thing is happening to me? ...What is?” Zelda's voice desperately called from within to acknowledge all that was happening, but the personality that was intensifying to smother her own was becoming increasingly powerful. It wasn't like she couldn't feel or express anything, but every reaction she had was incredibly subdued compared to how to any *normal* person might act. She'd finally managed to verbally acknowledge she was changing only for her mind to snap back with confusion. Was she changing? In what way? It was getting difficult to process.

A dark blue like that in her eyes swept through her blonde mane. While Link's hair had benefited in length and quality from its transformation into Rhea's head of hair, it was actually *detrimental* to Zelda in these areas. It shortened to fall just past her shoulders as opposed to all of the way down her back for one, but it also lost most of its luster. The mane was ill-kept in comparison to a princess' gorgeous hair, with split ends and an overall disheveled style as if she didn't know how to properly maintain her hair.

Although... she couldn't seem to remember how anymore.

“Shh, it's alright. It will be over soon my dear Byleth.” Rhea had seemed to have finally let go of her percussors and had set them on the ground behind her, the gesture tearing Zelda's attention away from herself for just a moment to unintentionally check out Rhea's big behind. Was she getting turned on? She was having such a hard time reacting to *anything* but a big butt was enough to excite her? Though, incidentally, it felt as if her heart had stopped beating.

It was because the mental aspect of her transformation was a little different. Link had become Rhea on a 1:1 ration, but Zelda's transformation into Byleth was being influenced by Rhea's desires. Not only was she *becoming* Byleth, but she was becoming a Byleth that

yearned for the holy woman both emotionally and physically. Because that's what Rhea wanted more than anything.

So Zelda's anxiety had no choice but to fade as the archbishop wrapped her in her strong arms. Comfort washed over her, more reflected on her expression than anywhere else while arms went limp at her sides. Her face better resembled a woman in her early twenties now, with a mature jawline and eyes that somehow seemed far bigger than they probably should have. More remarkably, the points of her Hylian ears had rounded off and shortened, leaving her with a pair of ears that could only be considered human.

“Something feels wrong. ...Did something just happen to me?”

The percussors finally fell out of Zelda's own hands and onto the sand around them, her old will absent enough now that it posed no real issue. Somehow the idea of hugging someone almost felt foreign, but after a moment of hesitation she managed to return the gesture, her breasts pushing into Rhea's massive honkers. Fingers laced around one another behind the archbishop's back, their longer lengths clacking together with how calloused they'd become from a warrior's lifestyle. And her body overall? It had become plagued by cuts and scars; various battle wounds.

Rhea didn't respond with words at first, instead electing to run fingers through the other's hair as she softly shushed her.

In the meantime, the fabric that remained of Zelda's dress and undergarments began to quickly darken to black and take on a waterproof sheen. The panties that were wedged in her muscle-fed asscrack were freed as material widened, the cameltoe in the front relaxed as it all transitioned into a swimsuit bottom.

Up above, what remained of her dress melted into black nylon and slid downward to wrap around her breasts, containing them within a shiny bikini top with thick straps leading up to a thin choker around her neck while a gold necklace ended up dangling from the choker -- with a matching one appearing around Rhea's own neck. A half-cape ended up dangling from the strap on Zelda's left shoulder, and the ensemble was finalized with the appearance of a red flower on the right side of her head.

“My dear Byleth, are you sure you're alright? You sound a little confused. Perhaps the summer heat is getting to you?”

Rhea finally spoke up when the transformation was finally complete, withdrawing from the hug though still holding the princess professor tenderly by the shoulders.

Zelda's mind couldn't keep up anymore. She'd been resisting answering to the name 'Byleth' the entire time, but after being caressed by Rhea and, after she'd withdrawn, she found herself caring much more about the archbishop than her own identity. The name '*Zelda*' slipped away, and '*Byleth*' became her permanent designation.

Byleth's mouth sat agape as she tried her best to figure out a response to Rhea's question. Was she confused? She didn't really feel confused. Flustered if anything. She couldn't stop looking at how beautiful Rhea was. Sexy, even. Her lips that glistened under the morning sunlight. Her huge breasts that Byleth thought about motorboating. Those ample thighs she'd love to have wrapped around her like a spider trapping her as prey. "**I'm fine.**"

But she couldn't take it anymore. She lurched forward into Rhea's arms once more and stood on her tiptoes so that she could meet the taller woman's lips. Not long after, the two of them spilled onto the warm, morning sand and their moans of pleasure drowned out even the crashes of the waves. Byleth surely had her fill of breasts and thighs that day. Though she hungered again not long after.

This was what Rhea had wanted. This vacation that would never end, along with her precious Byleth. The two of them would spend an eternity here on this beach she did not recognize, making sweet love. Neither of them could really remember their past lives but time and time again insecurities would arise. A feeling that something wasn't right. *That they were wrong.*

But like shells on the beach those worried were always stolen by the tide.

Thanks to their eternal vacation.