

# BOTW: WITHOUT BLESSINGS

## CHAPTER 6: IMPERTINENTLY IMPISH

BY CHALDEACHANGE



While Impa had not been traveling directly with the princess and her Champions when Calamity Ganon had first appeared, that did not mean that the ninja had not been close at hand. She had been escorting Purah not far behind them, the scientist having wanted to study some energy readings on the mountain in the case that Zelda had been able to properly resonate with her powers. That had unfortunately *not* happened, and the pair of Sheikah could only fathom how low the group's morale had been soon after.

But still, they kept their distance. Zelda had told Purah not to come in the first place, since she had wanted her to work on tuning up the Divine Beasts. Which *hadn't* happened, obviously. As the sky had turned red, however? Purah had wondered if maybe she had just done as she had been told.

Before the two of them could react, the magic circle had appeared beneath the entire field that the two groups were traversing. And the next they knew they had been separated, just as everyone else had. But for Impa? She did not find herself in any location that she recognized. In fact, all she could see was darkness at first.

**“How...? Where...? The princess!?”** It was cold and dark, and she might have been in mortal danger. Yet Impa was plainly more concerned about Zelda than she was worried about her own safety. Fortunately for her, it was important as a ninja to always carry a kit in case of emergencies. And she knew that there was a small torch and

match set within that kit. It took a bit of fumbling amount in the dark to pull it off, but she *did* eventually find herself with a source of light.



**“This is obviously a cave, but *where?*”** Impa hadn’t the foggiest idea as to which part of Hyrule she was in, much less how deep underground she might be. Depending on the answers to these questions, it would likely determine if she lived or died. What if there was only a single exit but it had been caved in? Nonetheless, unless there was water or food down there, she was on a pretty strict time limit.

For the most part the cave’s interior appeared rather standard. But there was *something* that stood out.

Something that looked like a gate off in the distance, with grooves carved into its edges. While it didn’t seem like much at first? As she drew nearer, these grooves began to glow with a bright, otherworldly green. **“*Erm...?*”** Which seemed to resonate with her body somehow.

Impa would be changed, but not by Calamity Ganon’s will.

That isn’t to say that its will wasn’t at least *trying*. It was through the power to corrupt that Impa’s own transformation would begin, and yet an influence pouring in from another location, from the *gate*, mingled with that energy and made it its own. That energy that came from a place that was both different from and similar to this world. The power of the Twilight.

The victim in question was far too preoccupied with seeking a way to pay much mind to why her body felt strange or how that might be affecting her, but such was the nature of the energy that had corrupted all of her comrades in the meantime. Whether the change was subtle or profound, there were limits to how much she might notice – and in the former cases she wouldn’t even notice at all.

Such as the case of what occurred with the woman’s hair, for starters. A vibrant color that was most certainly *not* traditional of her people began to shine midst muddied silver. A color that burned with a brilliance not quite like that of the Gerudo, but with a shade that bore more similarity

to it than that of the Sheikah lineage. It was a bright and shimmering orange that, somehow, almost appeared to be supernatural. It swept fully through her locks from roots to tips, and yet it wasn't limited to her color alone, either.

Much of that hair? It was *chopped off*. Everything below her neck, in fact, severed by an invisible force before being cast into the depths of the cave. The hair that remained appeared choppy in its color, almost tomboyish even as it formed, somehow, into a ponytail without any bindings. But it almost appeared to *move*, not to a breeze, but as if it was being controlled.

**“Another dead end. Where is an exit?”** All the meanwhile, the ninja had been traveling through the dimly lit darkness in search of a potential escape route. The sudden lightness of a head without all of that hair was not noted, nor did she really note that, well, her need for a light source was gradually lessening. From her perspective it almost seemed as if someone had illuminated the cavern slowly, but from someone else's perspective? It would have *remained* dark.

That was because the change wasn't with the environment, but with the woman's eyes. It could actually be seen not in her irises, because if anything they just changed to a slightly brighter shade of red. Rather it was her *sclera* that seemed the most different, with whites turning to a yellow that added to the somewhat eerie and supernatural appearance she was developing. It was something demonstrated just as easily by ears that had lengthened and... did they look a little *fuzzy*?

They did, and it wasn't *just* her ears that looked this way. From head to toe, a soft fuzz had spread from her skin with a coloration that resembled her usual skin tone *at first*. That said, this consistency was doomed to remain, for this fuzz began to darken into varying shades – most of which was hidden beneath her clothes. Overall, however, there were *two* primary colors.

A very dark, almost navy blue was one of the two. It covered her arms and bled in to cover everything but the innermost points of her breasts, while also coloring her ears and the sides of her face (*while leaving her mouth and nose to take on the other color*). It was also this navy blue that wrapped around her rear end, left leg, and the bottom of her right – while also creeping up her left torso. Everything else, like her lower face, neck, and bellybutton? The blue was much, much paler. With the colors changed, the tufts of fur that poked out from her cheeks and her shoulder blades stood out all the more.

Or at least they would without clothes.

**“Another dead end... Is it just me or are things a little clearer in here, however?”** It seemed that Impa had at least noticed that her vision had improved, even if she *did* miss how her sense of smell had done the same. The cause? Her nose had become just the slightest bit damp and upturned, almost like a warm-blooded animal’s. That wasn’t *quite* the case, however. It left her face looking almost... *impish*. Especially because her eyes of red and yellow appeared much bigger than they had before.

In terms of things getting *bigger*, mind you, her eyes would be among the only things to do just that. Because no sooner than the woman started off to investigate the next corner of the cavern did her movements begin to grow quite *labored*. She didn’t think much of it, but it felt like her clothes were almost bigger. Heavier. If it felt that way to her, it was because it was *true*. Her body had begun to shrink, dropping towards the cavern floor at an alarming pace. Yet rather than remain encumbered by this loss of stature, something subconsciously realized a solution.

*Why am I walking when I can float?*

As if that thought alone was enough to make it so, her body began to hover. But with a center of gravity that made Impa’s shrinkage all the more obvious. Since she was just *floating* there, the fact that her arms and legs were shrinking meant that it looked as if they were being swallowed up by her clothes. Because there was nothing about her shrinking that preserved her original figure. In fact, arms and legs both became stubby and her torso turned flatter. Yet, a pleasant arching of said torso left her body with sway that looked far more gratuitous for a body that was now around three feet tall.

**“Mm. Much better.”** She spoke with a voice that was much higher, as a sharpened fang poked out from thinned lips upon a face that was much rounder and almost childlike. She was *no* child though, and that showed in her inhuman figure. She had been deformed into some sort of creature. A dwarf. No, an *imp*. Before long, Impa’s pale blue belly developed a notable bulge, just in time for whatever clothes had managed to cling onto her tiny form to fall to the ground, freeing her.

Now bare short of her fur, it was clear what kind of toll had been paid. Her breasts were little more than subtle hills across a tiny chest, nipples absolutely not present at all. But at least there was some comparative meat to her lower half, with stubby thighs thick and her butt perky. Not that it really mattered, because few would be wooed over the ass of an imp. ~~Or maybe you would be surprised?~~

While she continued to float in silence, a “**Hey!?**” did escape the imp’s mouth as her left eye was suddenly covered. No, it wasn’t just her eye, but something hard and heavy had covered her whole head. A stone headpiece of sorts, and one that matched the designs on the gate nearby. While its weight *had* been momentarily disoriented (*and in the confusion, her hair had somehow misshapen itself into a hand*), she suddenly felt a great deal of clarity thanks to its presence.

**“Well that was unpleasant. Being summoned like that. And ugh, in *this* form?”** The small imp that stumbled across the cave floor was not a pawn of Calamity Ganon’s. In fact, she still possessed Impa’s will and memories, albeit with another’s sprinkled in as well. Almost like two souls had merged, becoming a singular individual in one container. She was both Impa and the Twilight Princess, *Midna*.



The latter form and personality had responded to Impa’s feelings of fear, and Midna had sensed that Hyrule was (yet again) in danger. That was what had provoked her to answer the ninja’s call, but she required a suitable host. That was why Impa had transformed, but it was also why they were bound into the form of an imp. Impa just hadn’t been compatible enough.

But Midna was quick to shrug it off. **“Oh well. We’ll have to make do with this. So let us see what is going on, and what I can do about it.”**