

THE ZORA BRIDE

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



It had taken Link some time, but he had finally managed to put it all together.

The Zora Armor that Princess Mipha had supposedly handcrafted for him per Zora tradition had been scattered about Zora's Domain in a trio of pieces, and it had taken some work to gather them all. Giving him the ability to move effortlessly through the water and even climb waterfalls like a Zora might, it went without saying that this set would be an invaluable asset on his journey to defeat Calamity Ganon and save Princess Zelda.

Of the three pieces, King Dorephan had given Link the first. And the second? By a stroke of luck he had found it near the ruins of Toto Lake while simply adventuring out that way for unrelated reasons. But the third? Another Zora of Zora's Domain, Laflat, had it in her possession for *some* reason. She had requested a rather lofty prize in exchange for the Zora Graves. A photo of the lynel that lived on the nearby mountain had been request.

And Link? The mad lad had gone and done it. Admittedly it wasn't *that* terrifying of a task, seeing as he had encountered that lynel previously while gathering its shock arrows, and before long he had returned to her with the photo in hand to pick up the greaves in question.

With the trio of armor pieces now in his possession, the young hero returned to the inn of Zora's Domain to settle down for the evening. Hyrule's situation was a dire one, but the young Hylian knew that he needed to consider his own health as well. If he wasn't in an appropriate

fighting shape, then he could very well be killed by an enemy that was better rested than himself, if not something stupid like a trap.



The night came and went, and after cleaning up in the morning our silent protagonist set out his gear for the day's adventure. Considering he had now completed the Zora Armor it was only natural that he would want to test it out. With all three pieces gathered he could only imagine just how much better his swimming ability would become, and there were plenty of bodies of water nearby that he could now explore.

And so, before long he was clad head to toe in the armor that Princess Mipha had painstakingly made for him by hand. It was certainly a nice feeling to not have to mix and match his Zora Armor pieces with *other* gear for once, and honestly? It was shocking that Mipha had crafted this set to perfectly match up with his proportions. Not that he could remember even if he tried with his current amnesia, but had she asked his past self what the fit of his clothes were?

Or had she been so dedicated that she had done it all by eye alone?

After making a few minor adjustments to the fit of it, Link had been ready to roll out and hit the nearest lake. Only to immediately stop himself thanks to the sensation of the cool, morning air tickling his junk again. "...?" Well that wasn't right. Even the Zora Armor covered his crotch! As he looked down to confirm as much however, he found something *very* shocking. All of the Zora Armor pieces he'd collected? They were gone. He was standing there naked, and even after skimming the room he could not see them laying about.

Had all of his hard work been for nothing? No... Armor didn't just instantaneously disappear like that! There had to be a reason for its disappearance. Some kind of trap... But Mipha wasn't the kind of soul to install a trap like that in an armor she had made for him, was she? Of course not.

But there was always the chance that some force had tampered with her creation in the one-hundred year that had followed.

Without the armor to keep him warm though, Link was quick to turn his attention back to the rest of his clothing. It was around the time that the inn's cleaning staff came in to clean the room, and he wasn't about to risk having them walk in to him being completely *nude*. But much to his surprise? Not only were his things not on the bed where he had put them, but replacing them were a series of jewelry pieces, including a silver neck clasp, necklace, and what appeared to be the silver waistbands that many of the Zoras here wore.

"...?" Mute as ever, even if the boy *had* been a talker, he wouldn't have had the words for everything that had transpired over the past minute or so. Disappearing armor and clothes, Zora jewelry in their place, tufts of his dark blonde hair falling against his bare body and the floor... *Wait.*

More and more of it fell, prompting a concerned "**HAAAH!?**" from the boy as it happened. It didn't take long for his hand to run across his head, hoping that this was a prank of some sort, and yet? The movement simply dislodged the rest of his hair, and it fell to the ground where the breeze would inevitably push it under some nearby furniture. His hands? They were left rubbing an entirely *bald* head.

It was strange though. Naturally, he had never felt his own bald head before, but he'd expected it to be a little *firmer*? Instead, the feel of it was soft, and almost rubbery, and while it was true that the top of his head *did* feel that way, some of the blamed rested with the feel of his fingers and, largely, the entirety of his body.

After all, all of his flesh and skin had taken on this very same texture, and it was visually present in just how shiny Link's skin had become beyond his notice. While extremely soft, however, on closer inspection it was apparent that its smoothness was born from something else. Tiny, almost miniscule grooves separated his skin into tiny little flakes. Nay, into *scales*. Like those of the Zora whose armor he had adorned. Not even nipples persisted, every unnecessary feature having melted away into the scales.

Their colors soon altered, the boy himself still too distracted by his bald head to notice as a ruby red not only covered it, but ran down the tops of his arms and hands, the side and back of his torso, and his feet, shins, and the backs of his legs? Everything else? They turned a creamy white – including his face and the undersides of his torso, arms, and legs.

For all intents and purposes, the pattern of it all strongly resembled that of the red-scaled Zoras in Zora's Domain. "**Hm?**" It was more of a grunt that left his lips once he pulled his hands down, and yet it somehow felt more expressive than Link typically was even so. The reason he had done so in the first place? The white color of his wrists had startled him, albeit not as much as the crimson fingers that were put into view with hands drawn down. "**Huh!?**"

They weren't simply covered in glistening, red scales, no. His fingernails grew and blackened before his very eyes, shaping into dark claws as a yellowish webbing ran between his digits. The very same phenomenon afflicted his feet, actually, albeit with one altercation. His pinky toes? They no longer existed, having been sucked up into his feet.

From this point on, things started to get really *fishy* in the most literal sense. For one, gills opened up on the sides of his chest, leaving Link to gasp momentarily as he became accustomed to using them. Then there was the matter of various fins that began to engorge themselves and peel away from his torso in layers, such as those upon his hips and shoulders.

There were layers to these fins, blue and orange mingling between them and the rest of his body proper. The most prominent of them was the pair that eventually stretched out from the boy's elbows, hanging almost two feet out behind him and appearing to be surprisingly sharp. They seemed to hang even closer to the floor of the inn room after a moment longer, for only his legs seemed to shorten so that they were stubbier by contrast.

"I'm turning into a Zora!?" He didn't even consider the significance of the fact that he spoke, an open mouth showing off the razor sharp shapes that the teeth within had taken. In the meantime, his nostrils flared, and the ruby scales crept down into the whites of his face to encompass his forehead and nose just like the top of his head. The end result?

His forehead and nose both swelled forward, their rubbery masses protruding past the rest of his face while trios of orange dots replaced eyebrows that had long been lost with the rest of his hair. Even the boy's eyes took on a strange color, blues shining gold while his black irises turned into vertical slits. With so much happening it hadn't quite struck him that a *second* pair of eyelids, transparent, were blinking horizontally. They would make it easier for him to see underwater.

It wasn't only the front of his face that swelled though. Upon the sides, a pair of squishy fins fanned down to his shoulders as if to resemble hair, while in the back? Well, the change to the back of his head was *very* dramatic. "**Woah...**" Link had no choice but to tilt his head back in

response to the tugging sensation that followed, a new appendage formed from his head's back that reached as far as his butt before splitting into two crimson fins. It resembled the tail of an aquatic mammal, perhaps? And its underbelly was white, just as the rest of his underside.

Link blinked with both sets of eyelids and moved his body about to the best of his ability. **“This is impossible. Did I really become a Zora? Was it because I put on that armor?”** The boy felt surprisingly chatty, and while it was something worth noting it certainly paled in comparison to everything else that had happened. **“Wait! Where did my little guy go!?”**

For a brief moment he thought his dick was gone, but taking a moment he realized that he could feel it. It had coiled within a scaled flap across his groin, which must have been how Zoras concealed their genitals naturally. **“Huh... Wait? WAAAAIT!”** Because of that awareness though, he sensed so very quickly that something was awry within that flap. Clawed fingers patted his groin in desperation, having felt a strange pull within his pelvis. But by the time he had stumbled upon it? It was already too late.

Link had become a *female* Zora, at least as far as genitalia were concerned. **“Oh no!”** After peeling the flap away, a free finger had accidentally plunger itself into the moistness of her pussy before quickly withdrawing. Were the sound of her voice any indication, her vocal chords had taken a rather notable hit as well.

When it came to the differences between male and female Zoras, there weren't a lot of them. They were pretty uniform in terms of physical characteristics, but *some* minor alterations did accompany the woman's sudden change in sex. While not excessively so, scales did stretch around thighs that grew a little plumper, and her rear end did ultimately become a little perkier.

And, despite not being mammals in the least, female Zoras did possess something akin to breasts. Certainly not ones with nipples, but either side of her bosom became more ample, swelling into a pair of sensitive and squishy orbs that would still feel good to have squeezed. If anything they were more of a sexual aid for when their people copulated.

The general arch of Link's waistline deepened and smoothed, and while she no longer possessed a bellybutton, thin lines down the center of her torso *did* indicate where her belly was. They became more obvious because the woman's spine had suddenly lengthened along with her arms, making her upper half out to be several inches taller than it had been before. Which, too, was a Zora trait.

That sudden growth spurt wasn't without cause though. The ruby-scaled beauty was aging, and it could be seen slightly in how her facial features became more mature, and the teeth within even sharper. While at best she was now comparable to a young adult Hylian, with her figure it was likely that she was well over *one-hundred* years old, potentially pushing two-hundred.

“Is this truly reality? I’ve... I’ve become a Zora woman!” And one of an entirely different *temperament* from Link’s typical self, it seemed. From head to toe she resembled the fish-like race, and considering the concealed flap over her groin and the subtle bumps upon her chest, the question of her sex was utterly undeniable. But while she appeared and acted in an entirely different manner from the young Hylian hero, her psyche and memories were at least intact.



That meant the red-scaled Zora at least continued to *recognize* herself as Link. But that didn't mean her condition was something that she would be able to simply explain away to others. In fact, as if to dash her hopes entirely, something prompted her to attempt stating her name. **“But I am still *Lalu!* ...?”** *Lalu?* Who was *Lalu*? It certainly sounded like the type of name of Zora woman might have, and yet it was not *her* name.

“I am *Lalu!* I meant to say *Lalu!* Hm... I cannot say my *fake name?* No, I mean my *fake name!?* How am I supposed to explain that *I have always been a Zora woman!?* No!” Try as she might, something was at work in her brain that was preventing her from stating anything that might make others aware that she was not a Zora woman from birth. This made her anxious, and in a very feminine manner she held a stubby fist up to her left breast.

There was simply more to it as well. Her memories as Link persisted, and yet she could instinctively remember having a routine. She... worked at this inn? **“No... I’m supposed to... *save Hyrule!*”** *Lalu* knew that this was true, and yet she couldn't imagine doing such a thing. She was just a simple Zora woman, working at an inn and... she was betrothed!?

As if on cue, another Zora woman with ruby scales entered the inn room. **“*Lalu!?* Are you almost done? I thought we could iron**

out some of our wedding details. Oh, why did you take off your jewelry?” Before Lalu could even think of responding, the stranger pulled her into her arms, and they shared a passionate kiss that somehow felt *right*. Suddenly this woman was no stranger, she was *Tona*, her fiancée? Ugh, how Lalu’s head throbbed. No small part of her just wanted to go along with this.

Was she cursed to be a Zora’s bride?