

# BOTW: WITHOUT BLESSINGS

## CHAPTER 7: HIPPIITY AND HOPPITY

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Had she been given the chance to do so, Purah would have *loved* to examine the huge, teleportation glyph that she had been caught up in along with the others. Such was the nature of the Sheikah researcher and inventor, always looking to understand the misunderstood, and then trying to apply that acquired knowledge to her own endeavors. She knew of the possibility of teleportation through the Sheikah Slate, of course. But she hadn't been aware of the fact that there were other methods of accomplishing it like that.

**“What a shame...”** Rather than be alarmed by her sudden displacement, Purah instead was lamenting over this lost piece of knowledge. Who knew if she would ever get to experience something like that again, much less observe the means? If she had known, then she would have opened up her senses so that she had more data! But the opportunity had passed, and now she was nowhere near the source.

Come to think of it, where *was* she? So enamored by the means, it had taken her almost two full minutes to actually consider the consequences of being teleported in the first place. Was this on one of the mountainsides? Admittedly, she was usually so cooped up in her lab she didn't *actually* have a very good sense of direction when it came to Hyrule's layout. All she could really tell was that she was up high on some cliffs, and that meant she had to find a way *down*.

Which was tragic, really. **“I don't suppose Impa is around...? IMPA!?”** Purah was no adventurer and she didn't have the knowhow to

navigate down so easily. If Impa had been there to guide her, it most certainly would have gone much smoother. Unfortunately for her, however? That didn't really appear to be the case. She was all by her lonesome, which naturally begged the question of where the others had gone.



Considering the sky above still burned red, evidently they hadn't been sent somewhere beneficial to their goal. Which was, naturally, *bad*. The end of Hyrule as they knew it would most certainly put a damper on her many planned inventions for the future. **"I suppose I need to get back with some manner of haste, but what would be the quickest way down?"** She had to consider her safety, too. She'd be no good if she fell all of the way down to the mountain's base and died.

And yet, over time she would slowly become less interested in leaving.

She set her gaze back on the crimsoned view before her. *This might make for an interesting song, if anything.* That thought hung there for a full ten seconds before Purah realized there was anything wrong with it. **"Hm? A song? Perhaps I need to set aside more time for sleep!"** Not that she would have much of an opportunity to do that seeing as the world was ending, but it was easy enough for her to push away that strange idea. She'd *never* had any interest in music.

And so why was her chin bobbing to a rhythm she'd created in her head, then? At least in this case, Purah hadn't really realized what she was doing – and most certainly wouldn't have identified it as strange even if she had. But it was merely a show of what the red sky was doing to her mentally, all while physically her body began to show some rather exceptionally strange developments.

One look at her eyes was enough to prove that something was very, *very* amiss. Not only had they grown several times larger, making her head look smaller by comparison, but her pupils had taken on a pink while expanding horizontally into rounded ends. Even then, the red of her irises had washed away into a dull green that did not give off the impression that she was of Sheikah descent. Which was going to be a big trend, really.

**"What was I doing again? Oh, *right*~! Finding a way down!"** The inventor practically hummed this to herself after a sudden moment

of skepticism gave her pause. She'd been snapped out of it thanks to a sudden popping feeling in her jaw – one that had come about because the matter of her eyes seeming much too big for her head was quickly being seen too. Her head swelled so that it was much wider and even vertically bigger, ultimately given her a very uneven distribution compared to the races of Hyrule.

But not for a race from another world, perhaps.

Shaking her head, even the weight felt strange. “**You’ve got to be squidding me...**” Huh? What had she just said? It must have been nothing, right? Unsure of what had been perplexing her, she simply clicked her tongue against her teeth. That that were strange in how the front one was so sharp while the rest were so dull all of a sudden.

A beauty mark had appeared beneath the left side of Purah’s lips, not that she had taken notice. Yet from this beauty mark a dark brown color was quick to spread, bleeding into the stretched skin of her face and even into the rest of her body. Before long her yellowish skin hue had been erased, and in its place? A dark brown that certainly wasn’t racially correct for a Sheikah. What’s more, this skin sported a strange, almost rubbery sheen that didn’t look quite right.

“**Did I want... to go down?**” The woman, her voice now communicating a rather melodic sound that *also* didn’t sound much like the Hylian tongue, seemed more confused than ever about what her immediate plans were supposed to be. This transpired as her outfit changed, rendering her in a white crop top, washed-out green jeans, and a pair of trendy white shoes... that were several sized too big for her. There was also a heavy necklace dangling from her neck, and a white bandana tied over her hair.

Naturally this should have alarmed Purah, but she was really already too far gone. Not even the weight of some futuristic headphones over her ears pulled her out of it. At least in the areas where this new outfit didn’t, well, *fit*, at least? Adjustments would be made. Just not to her clothes.

The oversized nature of her shoes, for example? It was actually the sizes of her feet that swelled to meet the tips of the container. And yet as her toes grew? Their nails were drawn back into her body while their tips began to glow a luminescent green. The same was actually true of, and was much more obvious with, her hands. Both palms swelled *several times* their original size, while her fingers thickened similarly. The green tips replaced her fingernails, and with her hands bigger? It actually took away from how distractingly big her head had become. It almost made it all look more... *normal*.

“**Woah!?**” Even the woman’s cry was blurted out in a different language as a sudden drop in height took her by surprise. It was mostly noted in her legs, which became miniature compared to their original sizes, but at least her washed out jeans fit better? Her tummy likewise pinched in, although she squeaked with sudden discomfort as a green piercing made its way into her navel out of nowhere.

Now, if anything looked out of sorts upon the young woman’s body now? It was most definitely her white and red hair. Even her eyelashes sought to get out of there, colors darkening to a dark green and the hair itself fusing into... Well, they almost looked like rubber stick-ons, but they were very much apart of her face just as her lashes were now flat and excessively thick.

If there was any doubt that Purah was no longer of a traditionally ‘human’ race like Hylians, Sheikahs, or Gerudos, well... Her hair was what ultimately solidified it as fact. Because the hair began to clump and fuse together, much of it lengthening into three separate parts as the same rubbery texture that had darkened her skin saw the colors of these three parts change. Dark brown on the tops, green near the tips, and cream not only on the undersides but the *suction cups* that emerged on their tops as well. When all was said and done, it didn’t look as if she had hair, but instead a trio of octopi tentacles.

She was better likened to a Zora than a Sheikah, but even then there was no such thing as an octopus Zora. She had become something that was more beautiful and humanoid Octorok. She had become an *Octoling*. One whose mind kept wandering back to music regardless of how red the sky burned.

“**Mhm! This view is very inspirational. Let me jot down some notes...**” Holding a modern notepad, the young *Marina Ida* gazed out on a kingdom dyed in crimson, although it did make the octoling somewhat uncomfortable. She was supposed to be thankful to this *Calamity Ganon* individual for bringing her into this realm, and yet Marina was *not* pleased with her circumstances. Mindlessly obeying a power greater than herself? It reminded her of a past better off forgotten.



That was why she had escaped... sort of. She wanted to pursue a career in *music*, which was why she had run out into the mountains in search of some

inspiration. Maybe through the power of song she could quell some of the impulses of the other monsters its power created? Marina just knew she couldn't fight Calamity Ganon herself, and she couldn't stand to follow it.