

# BOTW: WITHOUT BLESSINGS

## CHAPTER 4: SINFUL AND SUAVE

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**“This development is certainly a troubling one...”**

The princess of the Zora, Mipha, was certainly not where she *needed* to be now that Calamity Ganon had reawakened. She was meant to return to her domain so that she could board her Divine Beast, but instead? Yes, she was undoubtedly within the library of Hyrule Castle. It was a room in the depths of the structure, and so there were no windows to reveal the state of affairs outside. Not that she couldn't imagine just *how* dire things were becoming.

Whatever had spirited them away, it was evident to the princess that the intention had been to separate the Champions and render them incapable of reaching their Beasts in time. What's more, the Zora was shocked to find she was completely naked – without even her spear at her side. Not that 'naked' really meant much to her people. It was more like all of the accessories had been taken from her fish-like body.

**“I need to hurry out of here!”** That went without saying, of course. The trek from the capital of the continent back to Zora's Domain was a long one without some manner of teleportation, but Mipha was certain she could speed up the process by swimming through any bodies of water she might find along the way. It surely would have been much simpler for Revali, whom had his wings to fall back on in a worst case. Comparatively, the other members of the Champions would surely have a difficult time if they had been transported far away from their own lands.



So as someone who had the ability to move a little more quickly than the others, Mipha felt she had an obligation to put her all into getting there. All of Hyrule's people were important of course, but she also felt responsible for protecting her own people as well. If anything befell her father or little brother because she hadn't been there, she would absolutely have been beside herself.

The issue was that the castle was large, as was the library. On her short Zora feet she didn't feel like she had made very much progress in reaching the library's exit. But even stranger? Was there really no one else down here? Zelda had once told her that in times of emergency the library would be used as a shelter. Surely this was an emergency, so...?

Despite being so pressed for time though, Mipha's steps slowly grew shallow. *Why would I leave the library when there are so many interesting things to read? "H-Hm?"* There were certainly a number of books in this place in the upwards of the thousands, but now wasn't the time to think much about reading one, was it? Something deep down disagreed.

*Isn't now the perfect time?*

What a strange thought. Mipha immediately pushed back against it. Under what circumstance would *now* be a good time to read? Only a monster could think such a thing. Which, honestly? Was not all that far from the truth. Not to say that the Zora people were monsters despite their inhuman appearances, but the truth of the matter was that windowless or no, the red light of the red sky could still influence the Champion even housed within a space so cut off from it. And it was already beginning to yield results that the princess herself was oblivious to.

Such as the emergence of some unusual growths from her body. Short of their nails, Zora weren't a race known for having much in the way of tough exteriors. And while that should have remained the case for the dear princess, from the sides of her skull what appeared to be *horns* ultimately emerged. Not red nor cream like the rest of her body, but a

pitch black that almost appeared to be quite menacing considering the circumstances.

**“I... Why would I read now? I must get back to *fucki*— Erm, no, I need to get back to the Divine Beast!”** What had she been on the verge of saying there? Mipha didn't typically have a horny bone in her body, and yet she had been on the cusp of saying something dangerous. Sure, Link was *handsome and sexy*, but never had she considered wanting to have her way with him! ...So why was the idea now so prevalent along with her desire to peruse the library's inventory?

In terms of 'things growing from her body that shouldn't have been there', there was something other than her horns. Something that was just as black as they were, but seemed to be emerging from above her small but perky rear end. What it culminated in was a rope-like appendage that flicked back and forth behind her. With its tip shaped like an arrow, it gave off the impression of a tail belonging to some kind of *demon*, just planted onto a Zora for *some* reason.

While, trying as she might, Mipha could not motivate herself to leave the library. Every attempt she made was quickly thwarted by her mind being set to wander back to lustful impulses and literary desires. The stronger they grew, it seemed to have an influence on the woman's golden eyes. For they not only eventually turned to a crimson shade, but once black pupils turned white and found themselves reshaped into hearts.

Yet this wasn't even the only place that hearts appeared upon her body. Well, maybe they didn't quite appear *on* her body, but as the hornier Mipha grew, the more they multiplied. A series of tiny, red hearts that floated around her head in a very supernatural way. They didn't seem to be tangible at all, but rather visual manifestations of her lust. *That* was just how twisted the woman's mind was becoming. And so it was only fitting that her body would follow suit, no?

**“Oh, I'm so... *mm...*”** The Zora, feeling quite stimulated, bit her lower lip just as her flesh and bone began to morph. It started in a manner that seemed to seek giving her a build that was more fitting for a Hylian than a Zora, with stubby legs that were typical of her people stretching taller. Her torso also broadened slightly, and before long she was standing at around 5'3" with much more realistic proportions. This was applied just as readily to her hands and feet, with fingers and toes swelling to better suit her new stature as well as the correct number of digits.

Just as quickly, it seemed that the scales that decorated her body appeared to smooth away. The thin gaps between each of them filled in,

leaving her flesh with a very consistent look and feel that was much closer to Hylian skin than the scaly look of a Zora. To these ends, her fins and webbing ultimately regressed as well, and the fins across her chest filled in so that she was breathing through both her mouth and the tiny holes that counted as her nostril.

When it came to how she felt. Horny, of course, but... **“So warm... Heeheehee...”** She really *did* feel like she was overheating, and blush hitting her face revealed a pinkish color that appeared to be painting her skin regardless of whether it had been red or cream in the past. Before long she had a consistent, flesh skin color that was prevalent everywhere except the fin atop her head. But even then? That didn't exactly look *right*.

It almost appeared as if the fin was *falling apart*. A ghostly white swept through the full length of everything that rested on her head's peak, and that predated the sight of its shape suddenly coming undone. It all unfurled into a body of soft, fluffy white that ultimately rested upon her shoulders in a woolen, messy style that almost resembled a sheep. It made the hearts floating around her head stand out more obviously.

For how extravagantly her body had changed though, Mipha herself wore a smile that was both increasingly depraved and increasingly human in appearance. Pinked lips had grown big and plump, and the forward pushing part of her head had flattened to give her a proper forehead complete with white brows to match her hair. With a nose extending from the center, rounded ears emerging from the sides of her head, and her eyes growing big and expressive, her depravity had grown even plainer.

Fingers twitching at her side, it was clear that the woman was contemplating touching herself, if not outright masturbating. This impulse wasn't helped by the fact that her figure, finally, flourished. **“Mmn...!”** Hips swung wide uncomfortably in a way that triggered a new, masochistic side in her, while everything adjoined to them was quick to swell soon after.

That is to say her thighs and ass promptly exploded with succulent abundance. Her pink skin, covered in goosebumps from how aroused she was, bloated thick with notable jiggles and bouncing. Her pussy, which had been unveiled once the flap covering it had been removed, quivered with need at the phenomenon while white hair cut in a heart shape emerged just above it. With her waistline pinched in, the gait of her lower segment made her look quite plainly like some sort of pornstar.

And that was before you factored in a chest that was quick to explode, but not without first developing a set of nipples. Zora did not have them typically, and so rings of a pink that were darker than her skin now was emerged from the tips of the small chest before anything else. Before long, nipples themselves emerged from the centers, and they seemed to be deceptively big for a chest of her natural size.

Though what counted as her natural size was soon up for debate. It didn't take long for her bosom to swell to a size that was suitable for the girth of her nipples, the weight that blossomed pushing her posture forward before she corrected it with a grope and a moan. Tits grew bombastically big, swelling to around F-cups before ultimately stopping. And, well, she did look every part the pornstar now. From nurturing hips to an excessive bust to thick, o-shaped lips – all of the pieces had fallen together.

Although one final change did take place. It simply clad the *demon* in a fashionable, black suit with a crimson turtleneck underneath. She looked dressed to impress. Or at least have a fucktastic business meeting.

With a functional and fashionable suit now adorning her voluptuous body, the demon *Modeus* adjust her skirt and jacket before turning her attention back to the nearby bookshelf. **“I wonder if there are any l-lewd books here?”** For a mind that had constantly been turning out obscene thoughts and ideals since her transformation had become, what her mind was now defining as ‘lewd’ was actually a romance story. Any romance story, really. With hand holding and innocent kisses... It was way too lewd!



Chalk this strange interpretation up to her nature as a demon. Everything that we deemed immoral was moral in her eyes, and vice versa.

And now thanks to the great Calamity Ganon, she was free to pursue her interests as she desired in this world. She wasn't shackled to Lucifer and her goals, and instead she could pursue 'love' in every form imaginable.

And so her hunt for an 'indecent' story ended, despite the end of the world transpiring outdoors. Not that it really mattered to her, because she was a part of this 'new' world order. One where she could fuck as much as she wanted, with whomever she wanted. What if there were some monsters with *huge* cocks? The thought made the hearts around

her head flutter wildly and drool pool in the corners of her lips. She wiped that away though.

**“N-No! I’ll fuck later. I want to find a book...”**