

# THE GREAT HYRUIINS

## COMMISSION STORY

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The Great Hyruins...

**“Who the hell even named this place? Is that supposed to be some kind of pun?”**, moaned a woman with long, brown hair and feline ears and tail of a matching color. A Miqu’te woman, not at all a rarity upon the continent of Eorzea. Nor was the woman who was trailing alongside her with white horns, scales, and a matching reptilian tail – complete with a head of blonde hair. She was a little shorter than the Miqu’te.

And she giggled, mostly to herself. **“The person who discovered it, I... believe? Apparently they translated something and seems to believe this is from an ancient land named ‘Hyrule’. But... there’s no records of such a land existing on Hydaelyn.”** The two were a pair of adventures from middling origins, friends that had met one another over the course of their travels with the Miqu’te, S’aiya, being a thief and the Au Ra, Dreah, being a Dragoon. **“Thus Hyrule + Ruins? I agree that it’s not a great name...”**

The two had been in the same town when a new discovery had been announced. Uncharted ruins just rife for exploring, and yet while scholars feared to enter on their own... there were no recorded dangers within? Perhaps that was why the two had gone in without their armor. Though it *had* been suspicious to the two of them that for such a big discovery they had yet to bump into any other adventurers or individuals investigating the ruin depths.

S'aiya grumbled to herself at the explanation. She wasn’t usually one for puns, but at least she was tossing something of interest to herself up and

down in her hands. A pair of expensive looking earrings that she had found in one of the rooms at the depths of the ruins. Since it was only a preliminary investigation of the structure's layout, they couldn't exactly take anything large with them. But that hadn't stopped them from taking some smaller trinkets. Even Dreah had found a pair of odd, crimson eyeglasses that were now housed within her skirt pocket.

**“Well, let's just rest up for tonight and bring in more gear tomorrow? Maybe we should wear armor after all...? Something about this place leaves me feeling a little unnerved.”** Dreah had felt like they were being watched the entire time they had been down there. Which meant *something* had been watching them if her feeling was correct. She awaited some reassurance from her traveling companion as they stepped through the entrance to the ruins.

But there was no response.



**“Wh-Wh...?”** The Raen Au Ra struggled to articulate even her shock, for what awaited her on the other side of the ruins' entrance was *not* the camp that she knew she had set up with S'aiya. Looking around? S'aiya wasn't even at her side! She naturally spun around with the expectation of seeing the door she had exited through, wholly intent on stepping back through it in hopes of being reunited with her friend. Yet the door wasn't there. Well, there was *a* door, but it looked like it went into a home or... a workshop?

Her glasses had nearly fallen off her nose from surprise! ...*Wait*. Dreah reached up to grab what was sitting on her nose, pulling them down to look at them. **“These are the eyeglasses I took?”** But they had been in her pocket just a moment ago? Big, round rims with what almost resembled eyelashes on the tops – it took her another moment to realize that she had to squint to see them. Her vision had never been poor, but now that she had taken the glasses off it *was*? How had her vision suddenly gotten *worse*?

Then again, there was plenty happening to her that didn't make much sense here. Perhaps her vision growing poor wasn't exactly the most pressing of her concerns considering she had seemingly ended up in an unfamiliar land? But it *had* to have been related, right? **“I need to find a way to get back, but...”** Any attempt to get herself back on track was immediately undone by a trio of sounds and an unfamiliar lightness to her body.

**THUD...! THUD! THUD!**

**“E-Eh!?”** She had felt something bounce off both of her shoulders and land behind her *just* before thudding sounds had been heard, and what she found laying on the ground gave her shocked pause. **“No way...!”** Her stomach churned from the sight of them. Laying on the ground... was her horns *and* her tail, severed cleanly from her body along with fragments of her scales that had fallen from her body. **“B-But how can I hear!?”**

That was very much a valid question, and one that hands reached up to the sides of her head to explore. Rather than there just being *holes* where her horns had been like she had expected (because Au Ra heard things through their horns) there was instead a pair of pointed, fleshy ears. Like the ears of an Elezen? No, they were much shorter than that – perhaps closer to the ears of a Lalafell?

While attempting to process the loss of her Raen features, mind you, more prominent changes had begun to seep into her form in ways that painted her in different colors altogether. Her gaze reflected a deep crimson now for one, but the pigmentation of Dreah’s skin was darkening until it was a light tan that was closer to S’aiya’s skin coloration. **“My body is changing... Why!? I mean this is... *fascinating!*”**

No? Why had she blurted that out so gleefully? It was alarming, it was scary, *it was a once in a lifetime experience!* Conflicting thoughts and emotions were swirling about in her head as even the color of her blonde hair changed (regardless of where that hair was on her body). A sleek silver recouped this blonde, but more was done to it than a change of color. Hair lengthened dramatically from its bob, spilling most of the way down her back while curling backwards to suggest it was usually bound up instead of hanging loose, whereas her bangs thickened and were swept to the right as locks on the side curved to frame her face without passing her chin.

The Dragoon shook her head from side to side, silver locks bouncing about as she did so. The goal? To try and shake off these unusual thoughts about what she was going through. Her body was *transforming!* That was something to be panicked about, and since Dreah was an anxious person she *should* have been panicked. Yet she felt *excited!* Not even a subtle two inch dip in her height could change that!

An almost delighted gasp escaped the woman’s lips at the sensation of her brassiere growing tighter. Crimson eyes fell down to peer at that which had pushed forward, breasts having clearly swelled an additional

size, maybe even *two*, making her top-worn smallclothes feel incredibly strained against a back that was now, tragically, not as muscular as it had once been. In fact, Dreah was notably less fit than she had been at the transformations beginning. She wasn't *chubby* or even anything close, but she wasn't *athletic*. Her larger breasts were vaguely a side effect of that.

As was a fuller rear. The cheeks of her ass pushed the back of her short, white skirt up higher – but much like her breasts it wasn't an effort done with any excess. Her buns were just a little rounder, a touch jigglier, and ultimately fuller. What wasn't ultimately stored in her ass bled down into her unfit thighs, seeing them bloat several inches wider in tandem. And with both areas thicker than they had been before? The woman's hips were nudged a couple of inches wider to accommodate in kind.

Dreah clicked her tongue; a habit that was *not* her own, but belonging to the woman she was becoming. **“Should I write how I feel down? No... I can remember it all, of course!”** She felt oddly *sure* of herself. Confident in her own intellect, something that was out of place for a woman that made her living as a warrior, though it certainly suited her more considering the glasses she had just pushed back up onto her nose so that she could see. Even the idea of writing down notes wasn't something that Dreah would have thought of. It was something someone *much* more meticulous might do.

It couldn't go unnoticed that her voice was different now either. It had a peppier, more hyperactive feel to it by this point, but it was also a little *higher*. It was conveyed through a mouth that even appeared different itself, lips a touch plumper than they had once been with a white gloss spread across them. Her nose had lengthened in slight too, but upon a face that was narrowing at the sides it was her *eyes* that stuck out the most. They were certainly *larger*, her crimson eyes taking up more of her face than they had before. Racially? She looked significantly different and inarguably she didn't resemble her old self at all now.

In a 'blink and you'd miss it' moment, her outfit was changed. The woman's long and silver hair was pulled up into a complicated bun while a pair of strange goggles rested atop her head. Red tights were wrapped around her legs, and a cream colored tunic dressed her torso with a matching, puffy-sleeved jacket thrown over her shoulders. Gloves hid her fingers and raised sandals propped her up. She was dressed like a member of the race she had become.

A proud *Sheikah* researcher.

One who was *still* excited about what had just befallen her.

**“I don’t... quite understand, but isn’t this an exciting development? One worth its salt in investigation, surely!”** The pep with which *Purah* spoke was due to a mixture of new memories with old, although the new ones were quickly *erasing* those of the past. She could still vaguely recall her transformation. It had been so *exhilarating*, so unlike anything she had ever experienced before! Perhaps she could replicate it? Perhaps with a means of changing one’s body?



Clapping her hands with an almost perverse glee, the bespectacled Sheikah woman swung the door to her workshop. **“It’s certainly nice to have some inspiration!”** But since she could recall being transformed, shouldn’t she have been *concerned* about that? Evidently *not*. Perhaps it was because her old memories were getting more distant, but she liked this new life much better. So distant in fact, that... **“Now what had that inspiration been?”** Something about transforming? Where had that idea come from again?

**“But I wanted to tinker with a way to make myself younger, right?”**

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**“Dreah? What the hell...?”** S’aiya had found herself in a similar situation to the Au Ra, and while she was in the same *world* as her traveling companion now? It wasn’t the same *time*. The artifacts they had found were cursed not to leave the Hyrule Ruins, and those that tried to remove them would be flung into the world they hailed from, forced to fulfill a replacement role depending on what was taken.

This was Hyrule, but 1000 years earlier than when Dreah had appeared.

It was also a different *location*. She was standing in the middle of a lush, green forest that looked unlike anything she had ever seen in Eorzea. Could plant life *be* this vivid? **“I don’t get it. How did this...?”** The Miqo’té turned her head quickly once, twice, three times, before reaching fingers up to grab at something she could feel dangling from the points of her cat ears. **“Wait, are these those earrings?”** She couldn’t pull them down to *see* them, but they *felt* like them in terms of shape in weight. *But she hadn’t put them on?*

*They were a gift from my dear husband though, why would I not wear them?*

The Miqu’te woman was *immediately* taken off guard by this thought, one that had crossed her mind so suddenly and was exceptionally out of character. **“The hell? I’d never have a husband...”** She was very much *gay* and had been so her whole life. The idea of being with a man made her nauseous, much less *marrying* one. And yet these thoughts of a husband made her feel very *warm* inside. **“Something is not right here!”**

This was made even more obvious to her but a moment later as she watched the trees around her grow slightly taller... Which wasn’t *actually* what was happening, of course. To the contrary... **“Oh my, did I just get shorter? ...Sound a little more alarmed!”** Her reaction to the realization that she had just lost two inches of height was initially met with a more subdued and almost oddly *polite* reaction. Certainly not in character for S’aiya, and most definitely not so considering the circumstances.

But it wasn’t *just* height that the woman had lost. Even for a Miqu’te woman her figure was much more *ample* than most owed to a curse she had encountered earlier in her life. Not only was the curse in the process of being *undone*, but it perhaps took things a little too far. It was already evident in her tight, dark blue pants seeing as they were, well, not *as* tight as they had been moments ago. Her bubble butt had been deflating, growing more compact while still retaining its womanly tightness; her thighs were largely left unchanged though, as whoever she was becoming they were *very much* a thigh girl.

S’aiya’s spaghetti strap top soon showed slack as the huge breasts that filled them began the process of deflating like balloons slowly being drained of the air that filled them. Her top usually left her toned tummy fully exposed, but the cloth slipped further and further down without the ridiculous sizing of her tits to keep them lifted. Those breasts compacted all of the way down to perky B-cups complete with comparatively smaller nipples, and my that point her entire belly was hidden by the white cloth.

**“Perhaps that’s for the best, as a royal I shouldn’t be showing...”** *Too much skin?* That was not something the woman had ever concerned herself with in the past, and she certainly *wasn’t* a royal. She had grown up on the streets! But why did what she was saying *feel* so true? Why was she having such a hard time acting out in the brash way that she typically did? **“I... But it’s proper to be polite...? Why would I not be?”** The answer that left her lips did not appease S’aiya’s old persona.

But her new ‘self’ was becoming more dominant as her body changed further. The tan of her skin became a bit darker and grayer in tone as opposed to the copper shading that it had possessed prior, and while her jacket and pants hid them for the most part, white tattoos began to surface across her arms, legs, and chest. They spoke of *her kingdom* and *her role*, and while most remained concealed a series of teardrop-shaped spots appeared beneath her eyes.

Which drew attention to those eyes themselves. They came awash with a greenish blue, shapes narrowing to reflect a very passive and arguably nurturing resting expression. This was part of a wider series of changes to her face that saw everything earn a gentler arch, which a more pronounced nose and fuller lips that gave her what felt almost like a *maternal* aura. S’aiya’s eyebrows became bushier, but also lightened towards a platinum blonde.

This blonde traversed into the rich, brown hair atop her head next. Her locks were *already* wavy, but they soon came across as significantly *more* so as it all grew out longer and longer, ultimately knocking off her hat to expose the cat ears atop her head. Before long her hair reached down past her ass and fanned out voluminously behind her in its new coloration. While her forehead was left completely exposed, twisting blonde hair framed her face.

Strangely, the fur on S’aiya’s ears didn’t become blonde like her hair had. **“Strange... Did everything just grow quieter?”** The woman curiously tilted her head to the side, it not striking her that the weight of her earrings was felt slightly farther down the sides of her head than it had before. The truth of the matter was that her ears were slipping in position, sliding down to where ears were typically found on other races. But their fur was also shedding, revealing brown cartilage beneath that pulled into thin, eight-inch long ears that looked like those of an Elezen.

Or as they were called in this world, a *Hylvian*.

Just had been the case with Purah, her clothing all changed instantaneously – though her *tail* appeared to disappear along with what she had been wearing to boot. A long and flowing dress with Zonai imagery replaced what had been worn, shoulders and arms completely bare to show off her tattoos and the fact that finger and toenails were painted white. She pointedly wasn’t wearing footwear, but an elaborate headdress was centered across her bare forehead with a tear-shaped gem dangling from her neck. She looked *very* important.

**“Oh dear, this is quite the conundrum, isn’t it?”** *Queen Sonia* spoke in a delicate and refined manner befitting of her post – a far cry from the gruff and broody way that S’aiya had spoken. But as the first queen of the Kingdom of Hyrule it was to be expected of her, was it not? Much like Purah 1000 years in the future, at the time her transformation was completed she still had a vague sense of what had just happened. But likewise, she didn’t feel any strong desire to return to who she had once been.



Not only was she the queen, but she held a real and fond love for her husband, Rauru. Even now, tanned cheeks were tickled pink at the thought of him. Surely when she returned from this stroll in the forest he would greet her, likely with flowers and a kiss. He was such a sweetheart! **“I suppose I should get going, actually... The sun will not remain high forever.”** It was a bit of a walk back to the cottage they were currently staying at in secret.

With threats to the kingdom ever present, they had to take whatever moments of peace that they realistically could.

Especially with Ganondorf about.