

REWOUND WRONG

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Both the past and future of the Kingdom of Hyrule had been saved.

It certainly wasn't an outcome that had been easily won. Everything had begun in the past when Ganondorf had kidnapped Hyrule's Princess, Zelda, while laying siege to the entire kingdom. It was an incident that had led to the young Link of Kokiri Forest embarking on an epic quest alongside the fairy, Navi. One that spanned not only the entirety of Hyrule's landscape, but also *time* itself.

They had been able to travel seven years into the future through the powers provided to Link by the Ocarina of Time – a future firmly within Ganondorf's grasp. Not only had the boy grown to the same seventeen years of age that he would have naturally been in the time period every time he braved the future, but he had been reunited with familiar faces from the past that had also gotten older as well.

“Link. You’ve done well. But for things to return to the way they *should* be, I believe its time to return you to the past.” The words spoken by the seventeen year old Princess Zelda were gentle, as Hyrule's hero stood in the middle of the Temple of Time's podium. It was at times like these that the boy could appreciate just how beautiful Hyrule's princess truly was. Had he been able to remain in that era, he would have enjoyed spending more time with her.

Of course, there was nothing preventing him from doing that in *his* future. A future that was hopefully much more peaceful than the one he had been tasked with saving. He might have to wait seven more years for his relationship with the princess to reach this point again. But it was fine, he could wait. **“Are you ready?”** The princess sought

affirmation, something the quiet young man answered with a nod. With everything prepared, the princess resonated her power with the Ocarina of Time...

And the familiar traversal of time befell Link.



“...?” It was certainly no secret to Link that something was off the moment he returned to the past. If the Temple of Time’s powers were evoked from the altar, he should have appeared in the past *on* that altar. And yet, his surroundings, while familiar, were not within the Temple of Time. He was standing in the lavish bedroom of Princess Zelda, nestled within the confined of Hyrule Castle where he technically *wasn’t* permitted free entry.

He listened closely to make sure there were no guards outside the door. There didn’t *seem* to be – likely because the princess didn’t appear to be in her quarters either. Had she been summoned to the throne room? Ganandorf’s defeat must have affected the past as well, but such a meeting could have been about almost anything. Mind you, more was awry than just the *location* he was appeared in.

All it took was a single step for Link to raise an eyebrow. Traveling through time was a little disorienting. Despite doing it tens, perhaps hundreds of times over the course of his journey, there was still a fog that set over his mind and body for about sixty seconds after reappearing in a different era. But that was *part* of the issue. The boy raised his hands, both covered with thick leather gloves, in front of him.

Those weren’t the hands of a ten year old boy.

He was *still* seventeen? Based on the state of the princess’ room he was *clearly* seven years in the past, so why hadn’t he returned to the form he had possessed at that same time. Was it just delayed? Or had using Zelda’s power with the Ocarina of Time to return caused some sort of inconsistency? He didn’t have the instrument in his possession any longer to return to see. In fact? “...!?” The boy quickly realized there was *nothing* in his possession.

Link was still wearing his favorite tunic, but the Master Sword? The Hylian Shield? Everything in his inventory? It was all *gone*. Was it another side effect, or another *problem*? At the very least since he *was* within Hyrule Castle within the rescued past, he at least didn't believe there would be any need *for* him to have access to a weapon. Unless, upon finding an unfamiliar seventeen year old boy in the princess' chambers, the guards attacked. ...Which felt likelier than not, now that he was thinking about it.

For now? Escaping was likely his best plan of action. There wasn't anywhere to hide in Zelda's room, and as much as he would have *liked* to wait for her, if she saw him and screamed before she realized who he was, that would probably cause a headache. It would probably be for the best to get away for the time being and then return when she was back. But would the secret route *into* the castle still work for him considering his size as he was now?

“What should I...?” Link began to muse his plan of action aloud. Which, at the moment, seemingly didn't register with him just *what* the issue with that was. He had only spoken a few words, but that was *already* more than he would have said normally. Everything he wanted to 'say', he usually 'said' with grunts and screams. He had a communicative disorder that more or less made it impossible for him to speak normally. So, he *shouldn't* have said anything at all.

Leaving was the obvious answer, but there was something keeping him in place *other* than his desire to avoid the sight of the guards. For a room that he'd only visited several times at *best*, there was something oddly familiar about it all of a sudden. Almost *welcoming*, like he was supposed to be there? Or, maybe, more like it was almost like it was *his* room in the first place. **“But that's not the case... Is it?”** Link monologued *again*.

Was it *really* not the case? Then why did he have vague memories of entering Zelda's bedroom not through the window, but through the door instead? Why was it that he could vividly picture the scenery on the other *side* of that door despite never using that route to enter or exit? There were little inconsistencies like these that kept popping up with the young man's memories, practically freezing him in place so that he *wouldn't* leave. Why *would* he leave the castle so late into the day?

Do I not live here? Why would I leave?

That sentiment, which should have been *incorrect*, only grew stronger, and for the first time since he had returned to the past? Whatever was happening to him was seemingly beginning to have an effect on his *body*. The dull blues of his eyes were brightening, becoming more vivid

as the seconds ticked on. But it was also a little *more* than that too. In a way, even at the age of seventeen there was still something vaguely *androgynous* about. That became much *truer*, namely because the shape of the young man's eyes became rounder and fuller to show off just how much brighter those irises had become.

In the meantime? There was an observable difference in Link's *hair* color too. It was very *substantial*, but the strands of blonde brightened so they weren't of such a dull shade. "**Hm?**" Link might not have even noticed it if that hair hadn't *grown* immediately after, pushing away the long, green cap that he wore atop his head so that it fell onto the ground behind him. He looked over his shoulder before crouching down to pick up the accessory but stopped and cried out- "**HYA!?**" -when a head of long, light blonde hair spilled over his face when he leaned forward.

"**My hair!? Why is it so long?**" He hopped up without grabbing his head, too distracted by the act of pulling these locks, now reaching around the center of his back, out of his face and over his shoulders. And yet? Evidently, while his face had been concealed by these blonde strands, his very identity had been stripped away – beginning with a smoothing of his Adam's apple.

His eyes had already changed in shape, giving them a more *feminine* appearance overall. What happened while Link struggled with his hair was more or less a process of conforming everything else to match. Like, for example, the shape of his nose. It shortened while the tip rounded slightly, all between a pair of cheeks that were softer, but also benefited from vaguely higher cheekbones. His lips swelled into a maidenly pout, too, all together making him look more like a seventeen year old *girl* than a boy.

In fact, he looked like a very *familiar* seventeen year old girl.

Those similarities only grew more abundant as *whatever* had changed his face and hair began to affect more of his body in much more *extreme* ways. Or, well, *her* body? "**Kyah!?**" The cry that left the young woman's lips this time was so shrill, so *normal*, at least for a girl of her perceived age. Her voice had changed along with her genitalia it had seemed, replacing her dick with a woman's folds as a lighter bush of pubes thinned above it. "**My...? Am I a girl?**"

The more that she spoke, the more she eventually realized that the fact that she was speaking, much less *how* she was speaking, was unusual. It was *also* bothering her that her voice sounded a little familiar, but that she couldn't place just *where* she had the voice before. *Yet*. But because Link's sex had changed? Her figure was shifting, conforming to her new sex in ways that involved both gains *and* losses.

The losses weren't *as* extreme, though. A few inches had peeled off her overall height, leading to her hands and feet slimming into daintier forms with longer, manicured nails in the process. In the meantime? The young woman's waist and shoulders had both slimmed a little, and when paired with a subtle parting of her hips? It all gave her silhouette a much womanlier shape.

But that was where the gains came into play as well. If Link truly *was* a girl, then her new body was missing some expected *mass*. Her muscles had actually thinned a little, so it *wasn't* a matter of strength even if she did remain quite firm overall. Rather, the gains came in the form of *fat*, soft mass that was applied to her chest, ass, and thighs in nearly equally measure – all in the service of granting her a maidenly form.

When it came to her chest specifically? A once flat showing, with small, masculine nipples burgeoned forth with swell of jiggling mass that amounted to a pair of *B-cups* within her tunic at best. “*Oh!*” The maiden cried out with surprise as the sensitivity of her puffy nipples rubbing against her clothes took her by surprise. Meanwhile, her while tights became a little tighter as the cheeks of her ass swelled into a pair of perfect, perky bubbles with thighs that took on the excess.

Looking down at herself in that moment, Link *understood* something. “*Am... Am I the princess?*” *That* was who she sounded like. The princess she had met in the future. Her hair color, body shape, and even the way she was speaking all aligned with this conclusion too. She was on the cusp of assuming that the transformation had *ended*, too, because what else could even change? But she was quick to learn the conflicting less. Because she *fell*. “*Again!?*”

The princess' doppelganger wasn't *actually* falling, of course. Her feet were planted firmly on the ground, but her eye level *did* drop very substantially very quickly. This loss of stature came with a number of unusual side effects, like shortening her hair until it only reached her shoulders or compressing her fingers and toes so that they were shorter and chubbier.

“*I'm becoming so much smaller!*” She really *was*. She'd already dipped below the five foot mark and was continuing this downward trend as her body was swallowed by an increasingly huge tunic and tights combination. Her height wasn't alone in its shrinkage, though. The breasts, ass, and thighs that she had *just* developed faded away, leaving only a budding swell that was suggestive of the mass they would once day grow again.

Because Link? She was getting *younger*, regressing to the ten years of age she was *supposed* to have returned to the past already in the form of. It was just that she was now doing so *as* Zelda, in real time. By the time she *stopped* shrinking? She stood at a mere 4'3". "*H-Help?*" And was effectively weighed down by an outfit that was *much* too big for her.

The ten year old girl's blue eyes, now fixated on a child's face, went wide as a golden light consumed what she was wearing next. Was that the power of the Triforce? Of Hylia? She couldn't be certain, but in the end it didn't matter. In an explosion of light, her clothes were replaced with a long, white gown underneath a bright purple top that hung down to her knees with the Hyrulean emblem and Triforce on it. Her blonde hair was hidden within a headwrap too, and golden accessories took the form of a necklace, belt, and armlets.

The dress that the young princess *always* wore.

"*I...*" The girl's head was *understandably* a little mixed up. Despite how she appeared now, *Princess Zelda* had been a seventeen year old boy just moments ago. Now a ten year old girl, the changes to her body alone had likely been enough to make her head spin. But it was more than that. Link's memories were still there. She hadn't forgotten *being* Link nor his journey. But they felt more like... cliffnotes? Like something she knew about but hadn't necessarily *lived*. "*Am I truly the princess?*"



And so, at least at first, the child felt uncertain about her own identity. She *was* the only princess within the castle that she was aware of. There was no 'original'; her own existence fulfilled that role. And she knew *of* Link. But could she *be* Link? She had those memories... but her body, and her memories as her life as a princess disrupted any attempt on her part to accept 'Link' as her identity.

Uncertain of how to proceed, she took a number of small steps towards the window of her room. She could remember traveling there to meet the Hylian boy and his fairy that liked to sneak in. Yet, she could also recall being the one *trying* to sleep in. "*This is all terribly confusing.*" But what had *really* happened? The Zelda of the future had sought to return Link to childhood. Her own blessing had mixed with the Ocarina of Time's power, however, and she had accidentally sent the hero back to her *own* childhood again.

"*...Perhaps I'll just lay down for a spell? Maybe that will clear my head!*"

Fortunately for the people of Hyrule, these kinds of anomalies had a habit of sorting themselves out. After sleeping in her bed for several hours, Princess Zelda awoke to a familiar sound. A small stone had been thrown against the pane of her window. “**Oh! That must be Link!**”, she exclaimed without any semblance of awareness. Taking a nap must have cleared up her doubts. Link’s memories felt far more like a dream now.

But who in the world was this new Link that was visiting? Had fate itself created a doppelganger... or had someone else met the same fate as her?