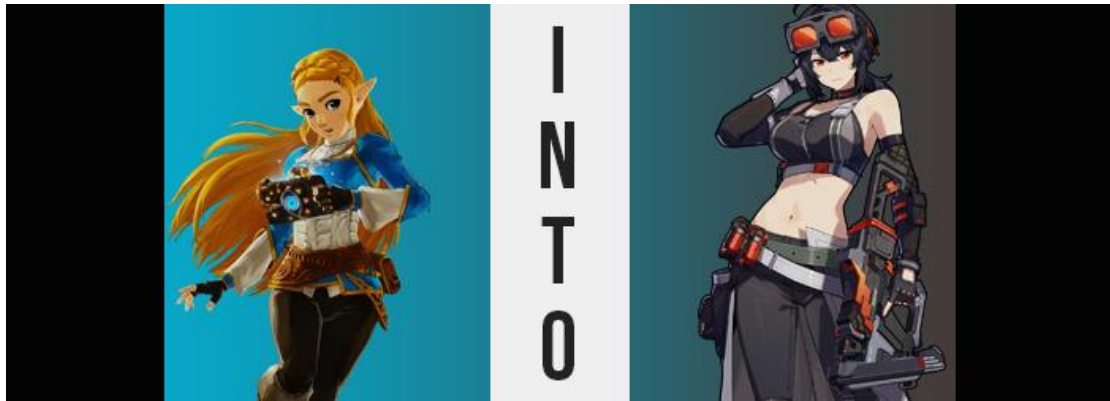


GUARDIAN MECHANIC

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BY CHALDEACHANGE



It was a monumental day for Princess Zelda of the Hyrule Kingdom.

It felt like the entire kingdom was abuzz, and for good reason at that. With the threat of Calamity Ganon looming on the horizon, it was the young princess' task to unlock the power of light that should have been bestowed upon her to help push back that monster's darkness. And yet? She had been met with failure at every possible moment. It didn't matter how much she trained, or how much time and effort was spent researching the perceived workings of the process, it was as if the light didn't desire to respond to her. And this was still early in the campaign.

Early enough that the 'monumental event' that had transpired that day had been the unearthing of the very first *Guardian*. An ancient machine created by the Sheikah that had been constructed with the intention of helping push back the darkness. It was through Zelda's own research that she had discovered them, and now? She finally had proof that they existed after a planned dig found a sample.

For the princess? This was a joyous moment, and one that had been much needed at that. Her compiling failures when it came to her blessing of light had left her feeling dejected, but this opportunity had bestowed her with some much needed hope of her own. **"Thank goodness... It seems all of my efforts have finally amounted to something."** That said, she was skeptical that her own father, the king, would see things the same way.

The Guardian had been unearthed early in the morning, and now it was late at night. Late enough that the only light shining over Hyrule Field was the light from the moon and stars above. Everyone else, including

Link and Purah, had gone to bed in a camp a little ways away from where the Guardian had been found. But Zelda? She had lingered back at the dig site, pacing about the Guardian's feet at the bottom of a fairly sizable hole.



“Why is it you won’t wake up? Am I missing some manner of key?” Therein was the issue. *Finding* a Guardian was one thing, but if she wasn’t able to *activate* it then it might as well have been useless. She needed to access its built-in systems to find other buried Guardians as well, so her plan hinged just as much on it coming to life as it did its existence. She’d initially believed she could activate it with the Sheikah Slate alone. But she’d had no success.

The seventeen year old was both tired and frustrated. **“Just when it looked like I was making progress, there had to be another issue...!”** Self-depreciation and irritation got the best of all of us now and again, and it couldn’t have been clearer that Zelda was going through one such bout. She’d even thrown the Sheikah Slate a ways away – though thankfully with not enough force to cause any damage. But the impact against the dirty ground did appear to cause *something*.

“Eh?” The princess ran over to pick up the slate again after it began emitting a red light through the screen. Had she damaged it? Or had an app that she wasn’t familiar with activated? She wasn’t given much of an answer, namely because the moment she grabbed it she was *electrocuted* and dropped it again. **“Ow!?”** Oh no! Had she really broken it!?

It was fortunate for Zelda that she *hadn’t*. It was still in perfect working order. But a *program* had been activated with the intention of solving her little problem. She just didn’t realize *how* that problem would ultimately be solved. Nonetheless, there were early signs about what was going to happen. One of which being an *odor*. *Sniff, sniff!* There was a sour scent in the air all of a sudden. Sweat? Grease? More like a mix of the two. **“What’s making that smell? Did something in the Guardian break...?”**

Unbeknownst to the princess, the source of this scent was *her own body*. She’d become *very* sweaty all of a sudden, and that sweat was seeping into the cloth of her outfit. Furthermore? Her hands were oily and black smudges appeared up and down her skin *beneath* her clothes. That very same grease that she smelled. **“And since when did it get so stuffy out here?”** A side effect of how sweaty she was, surely.

Making matters all the stranger, Zelda couldn't help but wonder why her clothing felt so *tight* all of a sudden. There was no denying that it became heavier thanks to the sweat was part of this feeling, but it wasn't the *whole* story. After all, no amount of sweat would somehow *lift* her blue top so that the base of her tummy was exposed. Much less *continue* to lift it higher and higher while her arms slowly pushed out of her sleeves, and her pants were lifted to show her ankles.

No, this was all something that could have only been accomplished if her body had been *physically growing*. But it wasn't really *excessive* either. She'd been 5'5" before, but only really grew up to 5'7" instead. This didn't really *feel* like much, but there was the added changes of her fingers growing longer and calloused, and her toes just barely splitting through the toes of her boots too. But the *other* side effect of this could be seen in her face.

Because it wasn't a mere, minor growth spurt. This extra height had been applied to her body as part of a sweeping shift in the girl's *age*. Her complexion looked a little more worn, with sweat and grease now clinging to her *face* as well. She looked like a woman in her mid-twenties. **"Mm? Why do I feel so tired all of a sudden..."** Or so she spoke with a deepened voice. It was only natural your body would feel a little tired after suddenly aging roughly *eight* years.

There was a gradual shift to what was going on in Zelda's *mind* too. She had already unlearned all of her manners and responsibilities as a princess, but as she furrowed a thinning eyebrow, different responsibilities came to mind. Involving technology that *didn't* exist in Hyrule. It was technology unlike anything even the Sheikah had put together. As her mind wandered to thoughts of these things, her blue eyes darkened to a dull crimson between lengthier lashes that fluttered when she blinked.

"Something about this outfit isn't jiving with me anymore~!" The woman looked down at herself, tugging at the blue cloth of her top. It was already too tight across her shoulders, and the material wasn't at all breathable enough for how sweaty *her work* made her. Of course, matters in that regard had only been getting *worse*. The woman's small best *wasn't* so small anymore. Her B-cup breasts swelled larger within the confines of her top, stretching the material until her bellybutton, and the space above it, were essentially *completely* bare. This belly was more toned than it had been before, but it was just as sweaty and greasy as the rest of her.

Her tits must have been double – no, *triple* – their original size. They occupied all of the space of her top with their G-cup perkiness, nipples

almost rivaling her eyes in size at the same time. But, fortunately for her, it was her *clothing's* turn to adjust. The blue of her shirt darkened to blacks and greys as sleeves detached to reveal bare, toned shoulders. The shirt portion was now a black and grey crop top with straps that reached around her back. It was modern and sleek, just like the sleeves that had become fingerless gloves beneath her shoulders. **"Hm? Is something different?"**

Zelda had struggled to put two and two together from the very beginning, but it seemed that now she couldn't even make sense of a very obvious change of clothing. But maybe it shouldn't have been that surprising. The 'foul' smells she'd sniffed before were now accepted as 'part of her work,' and even the bottom lip she was idly nibbling on was *wrong*.

It was too thick and luscious – not to mention indicative of a broader set of changes to her head. Her eyes had already changed a fair bit, but they now narrowed a little beneath thinner, darker eyebrows. Her nose was shapelier, her jawline a little broader... she was still an older woman, but she didn't look an iota like Hyrule's princess. And as if to sell that further? Her long, Hylian ears both shortened *and* rounded, disappearing behind hair that was darkening to black... and being restyled into a messy, greasy, shoulder length do with a small ahoge poking off the top. Behind a pair of orange-lensed, square goggles.

By this point in time there was *no* way that anyone could have mistaken this *stranger* for Princess Zelda. But her transformation surprisingly wasn't *finished*, even though the toes of her boots resealed as they shifted into a pair of black, steel-toed shoes that now fit her feet perfectly. The only garment that remained of her past outfit was her *pants*, and they were waiting for just a little more *girth*.

Girth that forced her already impressively wide hips even wider, all to accommodate a flow of weight now dissimilar to what had seen her breasts swell before. The cheeks of her ass became full and supple, pale cheeks peeking out over the waistband as the darkness of her crack deepened until you could no longer make out where those cheeks met. Tears formed in her pants so that the fleshy skin of her thighs could breathe freely, too.

Yet, any unnecessarily exposed skin was covered up again. Her brown pants mended themselves as the cloth darkened to a dark grey and firmed into synthetic leather instead. Her waistband loosened enough that her pants might slip off, but they were held up by a plurality of belts that ended up wrapped around her hips instead. It was the ensemble of a woman who was accustomed to working in a hot and dirty environment if her exposed midriff and greasy body were concerned.

But it was way more breathable and *much* easier to move around in.

“Putting aside all of that weirdness...” Is that what *Grace Howard* had boiled everything she had experienced over the past few minutes down to? Seemingly so. Admittedly, she couldn’t really remember *what* had gotten her thong in a bunch, and if she couldn’t remember? Then it probably wasn’t important in the first place, right? Rather than her own body, she was fixated on the mechanical lump in the middle of the giant hole. The Guardian. **“Well, aren’t you just the cutest thing in the world!?”**

If things weren’t *already* weird enough, the taller, adult woman practically *flew* at the inactive guardian with her arms held out wide. She embraced it closely, pressing her chest and sweaty body in general up against it, even rubbing it with her cheek like it was a cute little kid that she couldn’t *stop* herself from doting on. For Grace, that might as well have been the case though. There was nothing she loved more than machines.



“You aren’t active though, are you? Poor girl...” She couldn’t hear a motor running. Or *whatever* was supposed to be running, running. Grace *loved* a challenge, however, so she got to work. It was barely sunrise by the time the machine came to life, and the mechanic was greasier, sweatier, and smellier than she’d been before she started. But that was just a side effect of the trade!

There was no way the Hylians weren’t going to be *extremely* confused about this round-eared woman’s presence when they woke up though, working Guardian or not!