

I IN IMP

FIRST PERSON STORY

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This story is not based on true events. Please don't hunt me down, Nintendo.

There probably wasn't a single person who gamed even a little bit that didn't know The Legend of Zelda: Tears of the Kingdom had just come out.

Whether it was because they had been anticipating the game's release for a long time, or because they had seen a number of 'Link making things with penises' or Korok torture porn clips, most people on social media had at least *seen* things from it. It had become something of a worldwide phenomenon despite the doomposters that had so *desperately* wanted the game to fail because of the graphics, or a Nintendo hate boner, or whatever. There was no denying Tears of the Kingdom had become an overwhelming success.

And yet *I still had not gotten my hands on it!* Everyone was playing it, it felt like, *except* for me, and not even from a want of trying. I had preordered the game on Amazon and let me tell you it was definitely the last time that I would be doing *that*. Because the game's release weekend had come and gone, and my copy *still* hadn't arrived at my door due to delays. Of course, I could have just bought it on the eShop or ordered it from another store, but my budget was a little tight at that point in time.

“Ugh... What about Yuzu?” My impatience eventually reached a boiling point, and so I turned somewhere that Papa Nintendo would have certainly frowned upon. *Emulation*. I just wanted to *try* the game, and I *had* purchased a copy, right? So what would the harm have been in the end? Short of the time I'd need to spend setting it all up, of course.

And knowing my computer, it was definitely a ‘it may work, or it may not’ sort of situation.

Against all odds and with a few hours of tinkering though, it seemed I had managed to get the emulator up and running and what seemed like a legitimate ROM downloaded. Of course, my baser instincts told me not to trust anything I could only download before navigating five ad sites first, but I was desperate! And it wasn’t like Nintendo was going to hunt me down, hopefully.

Finally, at last, I was going to get to play Tears of the Kingdom! That would have made all of the effort worth it, and my eyes lit up as the loading screen appeared to conclude. “**Fuck!**” Only for my expression to immediately become downcast as the title screen reared its ugly head. Because it *wasn’t* Tears of the Kingdom. It was Twilight Princess somehow? “**That doesn’t even make any sense! How is a Switch Emulator running this!?**”

I had a point, and I *knew* it! Twilight Princess had never been given a Switch release and was still isolated to older consoles that Nintendo had long since abandoned. There was no way a ROM for that game should have worked on Yuzu, a Nintendo Switch emulator. It was certainly a wonder to behold but I also didn’t want to replay Twilight Princess. So in a huff I hit ALT+F4 to close the emulator so that I could look for a new copy of the game.

Except that didn’t work? Yuzu was still up, and the game was still running. “**Okay then, what if I hit the X...?**” Worst case I could force it to close – it wasn’t like this development worried me at all. But once I clicked that X I *did* find a reason or two to worry. “**Ow!?**” Because a spark of electricity had leaped from my mouse to the finger that I had clicked with, and now I felt all *tingly*.

That was probably *not* a normal computer thing.

If that much wasn’t already clear, the fact that they tingling almost felt more *violent* made the message clear. “**The hell!?**” It felt like pins and needles were being pushed into my body. From just a little shock? It didn’t make sense! But the sensation eventually went away in tandem with my computer suddenly turning off on its own. “**Shit, it didn’t fry my motherboard, did it?**”

I put one hand on my desk to support me while I pushed the power button on my raised computer tower repeatedly. It wasn’t turning on regardless of how hard I tried. But the repeated actions soon made me aware of the fact that I had bigger problems. Well, technically they were *smaller* problems? Big problems that amounted to small... The analogy

didn't matter! All I knew was that my head was getting closer to my desk, and it was getting increasingly harder to reach my desktop tower without leaning more towards it.

I pulled myself up straight. "**Huh?**" It wasn't just that. My clothes felt larger, too baggy. And looking down? The reason why was staring me directly in the face. I was thinner. Like a *lot* thinner, with no excess weight on my body whatsoever. But that didn't explain why my reach had lessened, that was made clear by my eye level. "**I'm shrinking!?**" Well, technically not? I'd *already* shrunk, and now stood at only 5'5" after almost being six feet tall before.

One hand patted my body over while the other held up my trackpants. "**Thin, too... How is this possible?**" I'd only been zapped by my computer! That couldn't have led to dramatic weight and *height* loss of all things. Though even as I felt out my body with disbelief, it was presently still changing in minor areas. The hands in question struggled a little to do what they were doing because those hands were becoming smaller and daintier still, chewed nails growing out a touch. Similar changes happened to my feet, and when it came to my complexion? My skin looked a lot smoother and clearer.

The complexion of my face was included in this, but there was something *else* to it. My face's design almost seemed to melt a touch, cheeks softening and eyes growing brighter with lengthened lashes. My nose? It shrunk a touch while my lips swelled to be slightly more ample. And ultimately? This left me looking not like a man, but like a woman that might as well have been my sister. It didn't help that my dark hair lengthened past my shoulders in tandem with my facial changes.

But really, I didn't notice any of these things. Having pushed away from my desk, I was staring down in shock at *something else*.

"**No... way.**" It was technically a *pair* of somethings else? And did my voice sound higher? But my hands quivered as they hovered over them – hovered over my *chest*. Having been a bit overweight a few minutes ago, I was used to there being some weight to my chest. But this? This wasn't *that* kind of weight. My nipples were pushing against the underside of my shirt, and they seemed to be *several* coin sizes larger than what I was used to.

Those nipples were *part* of what I was gawking at, but that wasn't really the full picture. After all, they were only pushing so far ahead because my chest beneath them had been swelling. Inch by inch my skin was stretched forward, orbs taking shape in the form of perky *breasts* that were about C-cups once they had fully grown in. And almost like they'd

been made by shaving weight off of my body in the process, the arches of my waist dipped in further, more effeminately. **“I have breasts!?”**

A hearty squeeze of both mounds confirmed that they were *very* real and *very* sensitive as the shudder my body responded with suggested. Though with both hands on this tits, my pants should have slid down, right? So fixated on the growth of my chest, I hadn't realized that my lower half had been filling out at the same time. Pants remained up because my hips had been pushed several inches wider in gait, with my ass pushing out more substantially behind me with accentuated curvature, thighs thicker and skin tauter from binding the thicker flesh within.

Through and through, I was now visibly a woman. And... **“Ngh!? O-Oh no!”** Oh so briefly I almost wondered if I had been brought to cum from squeezing my breasts. My dick had gotten hard, and there had been some sort of release, but nothing had *actually* come out. Rather, that feeling of release coincided with my dick getting softer. Getting smaller. Collapsing *into* my body while a pussy took shape to put the final nail into the coffin of my masculinity. My hands confirmed what I'd already confirmed.

“Oi pap!? Bay sei mi respimid!?” I blurted out my shock about my changed sex. *‘No way!? I'm actually a woman!’* was what I had said, but the sounds my mouth had made lingered a moment. That *wasn't* English. Was that even a real language? It had just sounded like random syllables. **“Ninya remsirnina!?”** I tried speaking again, asking *‘What happened!?’*, but the same thing happened. It almost sounded like the unusual chatter you might find in a video game in place of proper voice acting?

It was *technically* a language though.

Hidden by my clothes, a strange light began to shine on my body. Lines that wrapped around my right thigh, left shin, left arm, and even on my ears. These lines glowed with a light blue and were clearly supernatural, not that my change of sex and the strange language I couldn't stop speaking didn't already make that clear. Though for the sake of convenience, what I was saying will be translated into English from this point on!

My body felt weird again. **“It's not over!?”** I hadn't noticed the lines, nor the fact that my dark hair had not only lightened in color to a bright orange but had lengthened a few inches more and almost had a more straw-like texture to it. Nor was it possible for me to notice that the colors of my irises had changed to a bright crimson, sclera shifting to an

inhuman yellow in kind. More and more these changes didn't seem *human*.

Whether it was my canine teeth growing sharper or my nose seeming a touch more bestial in design, it only worsened as I struggled with how *wrong* everything felt. Not even my ears, consumed by lines of light, were spares as they not only lengthened but also darkened in color towards a very dark blue. They would have almost appeared elven if not for their choppy, disheveled undersides.

The strange feeling brought about the feeling of pins and needles against my skin, but this time I instinctively raised a hand to see if I could visualize anything. I *could*. The skin on my hands and arms was darkening to a dark blue not unlike my ears. "*Uh...?*" It certainly wasn't a normal, human skin color. But it also wasn't consistent across my body. It covered my arms from my hands all of the way down to the undersides of my breasts like the dark blue was cupping them, and also painted much of my left leg, the inside of my right leg, and my face around my right eye and cheek while some streaked above my nose to make it look like I had bangs.

When it came to the *rest* of my skin? Most of my torso and right leg, as well as the lower half and left side of my face? My skin changed into a much paler blue. This included my lips and pussy. As for my nipples, well... Their pushing up against my shirt was less of a problem, for they seemed to shrink and *disappear*, leaving my breasts smooth. Though my pussy would be obscured sooner rather than later as well.

"**What is— *Wha!?***" I'd had the right of mind to lift my shirt and get a good look to see how the rest of my skin looked, but before I could reach down for my shirt's base, I was forced to reconfirm my posture because it was very... *off*. Looking around, was the room getting bigger again? "**Am I getting *smaller!?***" Wasn't 5'5" short enough? Apparently not! But this time it was much, *much* more dramatic.

It also wasn't very *consistent*. With this shrinkage, different parts of my body shrank at different rates and into different sizes. Proportionally I remained *humanoid*, but as shortened arms flailed about, and I had problems remaining upright on teeny, tiny feet? My head was soon swallowed by my shirt. My *entire body* was swallowed by my shirt. "**Mmph!? MMPH!?**"

There was no other choice but to push against my clothing in the darkness while I shrank further. My hands were hardly big enough to grip a basic screwdriver now, so even feeling about felt *off*. My arms and legs were short but *also* stubby, with thighs seemingly more pronounced despite my miniaturized form. This went double for my ass, which jutted

out quite dramatically behind me as if to make up for the fact that my nipple-less breasts had were little more than mounds atop a compact but still shapely torso now.

“Hah!?” I finally found the neck hole of my shirt and pushed my head out of it while gasping for cooler air. But that head? It seemed a little *big* for my body – a body that was naked since it was so thin that my neck hole just slid right off of it. I looked down and rubbed at my right eye not with my hand, but with... My hair in the shape of a hand? **“WAH!?”** It took me by surprise, but I didn’t get to properly express my surprise before my chin was pushed down and my vision obscured on the left side.

There was something *heavy* on my head. It seemed my tiny hands could lift it, but... **“Wait, isn’t this... Am I!?”** The large, stone headpiece that wrapped around my big head was left alone, one hand squishing against my compact breasts while another squeezed my pronounced bum behind me. I knew this body. I could see those familiar, flowing lines on my right thigh. But it couldn’t be. That was impossible!

But it became harder to deny as my body, without my intending to, began to lift off the ground. I was just *floating* several inches on the ground as a third hand forged from my hair curiously squeezed one of my chubby thighs. **“I’m floating... And I look like... an imp...”** Not to mention my voice, the language I was using, and this mysterious hair. It was all like a character in the game that ROM had booted up. It was just like *Midna* in her imp form!

It seemed that my reduced height wasn’t really *that* much of a mystery now that I could just levitate at will, but that didn’t exactly make me feel better. **“I can’t believe I’m Midna! This is impossible, but...”** It clearly *wasn’t* impossible because it had happened to me. Even the words I was speaking weren’t actually in English, but in the jumbled language that the Twilight Princess used in her game of origin. Not that I looked anything like a princess seeing as I was *in the form of an imp*.

Not only was a video game character somehow, but I didn’t look human at all. I had magic powers for crying out loud! How was I going to explain it to my friends and family? *Could I?* Because thus far I couldn’t seem to force any English out of my little mouth. Nor could I even really seem to *read* it. **“Hehehe! But maybe this isn’t so bad! I bet I could just disappear, and no one would notice!”**

There had been signs of it throughout my transformation, but Midna’s personality was very much present in me too. I could repress it sometimes, but it felt like my control over the fact was gradually

lessening. Maybe that wasn't quite the right way to put it though. It was more like our personalities were *fusing*?

At the very least I was beginning to better grasp my new abilities. I could hide in shadows on top of levitating, not to mention my hair... Well, that was a weird one. A giant hair hand *could* be handy. But that was besides the point!

“I... need to get some help before this gets worse!”

And yet I was floating in the air on my back with a smug expression like it was the most natural thing in the world.



To be continued... Maybe?