



“Are you sure you wouldn’t prefer that I go alone, princess?” Link asked as the princess of Hyrule and her stalwart knight’s footsteps echoed down the broad tunnel that led into the labyrinthine cave system that laid below her kingdom.

“No, this was my idea in the first place, I won’t have you leaving me behind.” Zelda said stubbornly. “With all of the magic I’ve been sensing from this place, it’ll probably be faster with me to guide you.”

“Or get us completely lost, with your sense of direction.” Link couldn’t help but jibe. Joking at the expense of the princess might have been unthinkable a hundred years ago, but his then-amnesia and forgetting of any duty or burden befitting a simple knight had gotten him into some habits he hadn’t decided to break just yet.

“That’s no way to talk to a princess.” Zelda pouted, speeding up and overtaking Link as if that made her look like she was in charge, rather than merely following Link’s instructions and protection when it came to navigating elaborate mazes.

“Slow down, princess.” Link warned, catching up to her side and looking around cautiously for any sign of ambush. “You never know what’ll happen in a place like this. Remember that you don’t have your magic to keep yourself safe anymore.”

“I swear that’s the fifth time you’ve reminded me today, Link.” Zelda sighed. “And just as I thought I’d shown you that I’m not some delicate maiden in need of babysitting. I’ve got your bow if we get into any trouble, don’t I?”

“As long as you get behind me the moment you even think you hear something coming.” Link said quite seriously, having little time for humour when it came to his goal of not letting Zelda get a single scratch on their dangerous journey. Zelda containing Ganon for a hundred years had left her quite exhausted, and Zelda had freely admitted that she had channelled the last of her powers into the light arrows that had allowed the two to put Ganon down once and for all, reducing her down to the level of a mere mortal. There was a chance that they might somehow return in some form, but Zelda had hardly been interested in waiting, instead quickly announcing her worries about the poorly mapped and rarely explored caverns below Hyrule and what threats they might hold and announcing an expedition.

It was just like old times, Zelda thought with a hidden smile, with Link hovering over her shoulder for the slightest sign of danger back during their travels across Hyrule. Of course, she had an entire stable of allies to assure her safety, but the current Link was worth more than all of them put together in her opinion. No offense to the Champions, of course. They were travelling light, expecting to return to the surface within a day or two after surveying the area, and Link had replaced most of his heavy arsenal of weaponry with just the Master Sword, worth more against any evil creatures than the heaviest greatsword. He had bequeathed a sturdy bow and arrow to Zelda, but expected her to hardly have to use it, particularly when she was more used to the slender bows used to train the young princess that hardly demanded any physical

strength of her. Zelda had been under something of an impression that bows were a ladylike weapon as a result of her upbringing and having heard tales of certain previous Zeldas assisting the heroes of their eras with bows, but the more powerful of Link's arsenal required serious muscle just to use.

"Anyway, you worry too much-" Zelda said, but her show of confidence was immediately cut short by a crack, a rumble, and a crumbling of the floor right below her feet, Zelda letting out a girly shriek as the ground collapsed, Link diving in without hesitation as the two tumbled and fell far, far underground...

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"I did say I was sorry, right?" Zelda was bright red with embarrassment as he apologised for the third time, watching Link slide right down the slope the two had fallen down, just curved enough to spare them the worst of gravity, but too slick with moisture to allow even Link to make his way up. Link had been particularly stubborn, clinging to the wall again and again in the hopes of finding some sort of foothold and then using a rope to help Zelda back up, but he never made it more than a few feet up before he came sliding down the way he came.

"No luck." he reported, sounding obviously irritated. Link could climb practically anything in Hyrule, but slippery surfaces were his long-time nemesis. If he couldn't do it, Zelda certainly didn't have a chance.

"No matter, we were here to explore this place to begin with." Zelda declared, deciding to not let it get her down. "We'll just consider this a headstart! How hard could it possibly be to find a way back up?"

An hour later, Link was seriously considering Zelda to keep her royal mouth shut in case she cursed them any more, as every route they had found only led lower and deeper into the caverns, every hopeful upwards path swiftly leading only to dead ends. Thankfully the caverns were dimly lit by luminescent stones and the occasional almost glowing vegetation, their eyes soon adjusting while Zelda confidently declared that the plants they were passing were mostly edible in case of an emergency.

Still, it wasn't all easy going. While the climate inside the caves seemed cool and mild at first, the two soon found themselves tugging at their clothes and panting for breath whenever they had to traverse any difficult terrain, something about the place making it feel exhausting to travel through and their clothes feel irritatingly loose. The two decided that it must have been more humid than it seemed, seeing no other explanation for even Link to be feeling a little worse for wear.

"Can you sense magic coming from any direction, princess?" Link asked, tucking the the waist of his irritatingly loose tunic deeper into his pants. "We could try going the opposite way and hope that leads back to the surface. If nothing else, it'd give us something to work with."

"It's no good." Zelda gasped, wondering if she had used up too much of her energy on the trip to the entrance of the caves. "This whole place is filled from top to bottom with magical energy, every way you turn there's more of it! It's been like that since we fell..."

"We'll do it the old fashioned way then." Link declared, doing his best to look confident. He might have been hopelessly lost, but the more they explored, the more of a mental map he had, and he knew he could always find his way back the way he came. The only problem was that all of the routes backwards were absolutely useless for getting out of here.

"Link... Link! Just... slow down a little!" Zelda huffed and puffed, slowing to a crawl and forcing Link to stop entirely. Zelda leaned against a nearby rock face, expecting Link to chide her for needing a break so soon, only for Link to double over himself, seemingly almost more exhausted than she was.



"A-are you alright, Link?" She asked, wondering why his tunic looked so baggy on him. It was hanging loosely on his shoulders, looking heavily creased as the skirt of it seemed to hang down much lower than usual. His sleeves were slightly rolled up, something Zelda had done herself after she realised that they were hanging down a little too far and getting in the way of her palms. She too had felt that her top was uncomfortably loose, but unlike Link who looked like he needed to tighten his belt again, the way her usually tight shirt was hanging was starting to make her look and almost feel chubby around the midsection. At least her tight pants weren't loose... In fact, they might have been a bit too tight now, probably from all the sweating she was doing that was quite unbecoming of a princess.

"I'm fine." Link said stubbornly, even as his exhaustion showed on him. What was with this place? It wasn't too hot, nor too cold, yet he felt more worn out than he had been while travelling the Gerudo desert. This place felt like bad news, and with the uneasy feeling it gave him he was eager to get out of here as quickly as possible and see if he could convince Zelda that this was a lost cause. It was an unusually timid thought, but Link had already decided that he wouldn't mind never seeing this place again in his life. He went to tighten his belt, only for the next notch to feel uncomfortably tight around the belly. If anything, he wanted to loosen it, which was baffling. Sure, he had made an expansive hearty breakfast for the two of them before entering, but he couldn't have eaten *that* much, could he?

"The sooner we get out of here, the better, right?" Zelda gave an unsteady smile, sipping from a canteen she had brought with her as the two got moving as soon as they had caught their breath. Usually she would have been cautious with water, but there seemed to be plenty of flowing underground streams in their path, feeding the plentiful glowing vegetation. The botanist in her was eager to stop and study the plants, a mixture of familiar Hylian herbs and things she had only read about in books, but Link gave her a certain glare every time she suggested that perhaps this fascinating patch of plants was a good place to make a pit-stop and perhaps fill out her diary. Zelda couldn't keep her eyes off of them, wondering if she could convince him to indulge her if she told him that he could use them to make lunch...

"Stop!" Link hissed, Zelda bumping chest-first into Link's outstretched hand, who grabbed the loose fabric around her chest and dragged her behind a corner. Her indignant response died in her throat as she finally dragged her attention away from the local flora, her eyes widening at what Link had noticed. She could hear the telltale grunts of a nearby patrol of bokoblins, confirming her suspicions that there was enough food down here to support a small ecosystem of animals. Whether they were natives or some unfortunate party that had gotten lost like them, they were hardly welcomed by the two tired adventurers. There were three bokoblins and a moblin, the tall creature hunched over to fit in the caves and carrying a nasty looking wooden club, the others using simple bone weapons to bash in the skulls of their prey.

"No way around them." Link surmised, the group being enough to fill the entire corridor shoulder-to-shoulder, and there were no side paths to detour around them or cracks to hide in. And with how sweaty the two were, it wouldn't be long before their keen sense of smell sniffed them out anyway. But the entire group were coloured blue, a sign that they couldn't be all that

tough. Link had mowed down dozens of these in his adventures across Hyrule, and had grown in strength to the point that even without the Master Sword, only the mottled silver-skinned bokoblins and moblins could hope to pose a threat to him.

“And no cover, too. They’ll see us the moment they come past.” Zelda confirmed. “Time for you to pull your weight, oh protector of mine. I’ll back you up.”

Zelda smiled, Link returning it as she notched an arrow to the string of her bow. Link jumped out before the patrol had time to react, striking one down in an instant. The two others shrieked in panic, the dull-witted creatures barely able to bring their weapons up in time for one of them to block Link’s second swing, the second stumbling backwards and knocking the moblin off-balance, allowing Link to fight one at a time. However, his eyes widened as instead of easily cleaving through the bokoblin’s bone club it instead only made it halfway before stopping, Link assuming he had underestimated how tough it was before the bokoblin swung frantically to dislodge it, nearly throwing Link off his feet as his sword came free. Link immediately took another swing, but although it struck true across the creature’s chest, one attack was surprisingly not enough to kill it, requiring a second stab through to finish the job.

The moblin had by now regained his balance, knocking his partner aside and making a wild swing at Link, who was forced to block it in the cramped space, this time knocking him off his feet instead of merely off-kilter like he had expected. He crashed into the wall, nearly being hit by a poorly aimed arrow by Zelda that had been intended to hit the distracted remaining bokoblin, only for the release of the string to completely throw off her aim.

“Sorry!” Zelda yelped, attracting the attention of the bokoblin and having to scamper for safety. Link recovered and ducked under another swing, stabbing the moblin in the leg and causing it to howl in pain, giving him enough time to tackle the bokoblin from behind. Although he thought he was strong enough to pin it down long enough to stab it, it quickly overpowered him and threw him off again, Link only being saved by a thankfully better placed arrow from Zelda that struck it in the shoulder and allowed him to kick it off, following up with three awkward swings of the Master Sword. What was with these monsters? Link wondered as he gasped for breath. He shouldn’t be having this much trouble with weaklings like them! Was the strength of his blows lacking? No, that was impossible, he wasn’t *that* tired, right? But he did feel strangely heavy, like he was carrying more weight with less strength, particularly around the midsection, which threw off his balance a little.

“Link, you told me this thing was so easy to use a child could draw it!” Zelda grunted as it took all of her strength just to pull back one arrow while aiming properly, loosing it and striking the moblin directly in the eye, the monster howling as it stumbled around, allowing Link to swiftly dart in and prey on it while avoiding its frenzied swings. After half a dozen well-placed blows the moblin finally fell, Link nearly collapsing to his knees as the silent caves were filled with only the sounds of the two’s heavy breathing.

"What... was with those things?" Zelda panted, stowing the bow away as her legs felt weak. "You should have been able to beat them just like that!"

"Something down here must be making them a lot stronger." Link decided, loosening his belt again as his gut seemed to almost be bulging into it, only to find that he was down to his last notch, and if it got any worse he'd be forced to remove it entirely. There was definitely something off about him, but he ignored it for now, not wanting to worry Zelda, who was starting to look a little odd herself. Almost a little... chubby?

Meanwhile, Zelda could no longer ignore the fact that Link was starting to look a little soft. Almost a little... smaller, too, somehow? But the two were still the same height, so that couldn't be it. Although, had the Master Sword he was holding always been that big? Something was definitely wrong with his stomach too, as it was plainly obvious that he had a noticeably soft gut, although maybe it was just his tunic being too loose around the waist. That would explain the almost... *feminine* appearance of Link's chest, which was pushing out his tunic that very much reminded her of breasts, which was something she most certainly didn't want to think about being on Link. Her own pants were feeling uncomfortably tight, not to mention how she felt around the midsection, which remained taut even as the rest hung loose. But she didn't want to make Link panic, so she kept her mouth shut, and the two wandered off to find a safe place to rest in denial.

Link wiped sweat from his forehead as he gasped for breath, the atmosphere of the caves taking a serious toll on him. He wondered if the two of them should take it slower, as exhaustion during a battle could spell their doom if the monsters only got tougher than here. Zelda too was looking at her limit, and so in a small cave with a nearby stream, Link made the call to take an extended break.

"Oh, thank Hylia, my feet are killing me..." Zelda groaned appreciatively as she collapsed onto the rock, finding it less uncomfortable than she thought, her belly pressing against the ground as she laid face down, all dignity forgotten as she found the first position she fell in to be the most comfortable. "I'm just going to rest my eyes for a second, then..."

Zelda trailed off, breathing softly as Link realised she was already out like a light. She must have reached her limit a while ago, but kept going for his sake. Link steadied his breathing, deciding to remain on guard in case anything happened upon them while Zelda slept. It had been at least three or four hours since they arrived, and things had only gotten stranger and stranger. While Zelda slept in her undignified position, Link finally gave in and removed his belt entirely, his tunic hanging loose almost to his knees as the reality became impossible to ignore: somehow, someway, he had gotten fat. He had a large, pooching belly and some rather feminine man-boobs that sagged as well, flabby hips and an embarrassingly big butt that were thankfully hidden by his baggy pants.

He and Zelda were definitely shorter, he realised with great shock as he looked down at Zelda's sleeping form, with much shorter legs than before, while he himself had to acknowledge that the



Master Sword was enormous in his hands. It had to be the magic running through these caves, affecting them, reshaping them into an unknown and decidedly more feeble form. No wonder he had struggled with common bokoblins, which had felt more intimidating than usual once he got up close with them, he was at least a head smaller than when he started! And as for the rest of Zelda...

Link didn't even have to think anything as her tight pants finally gave up the ghost, her big butt splitting the seams and causing him to blush as she was exposed to the world, thankful that the caves were poorly lit as Zelda obviously poorly lit...



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“Well then we need to get out of here as quickly as possible!” Zelda nearly yelled into Link’s face, only just now noticing that his features seemed to be more delicate than before, almost feminine and befitting his new form. Zelda had awoken and soon came to the same realisation as Link, gawking at how chubby and small Link was with a little sleep to clear her head. Link had reminded her that she was affected as he was, a fact Zelda didn’t like being reminded of in the slightest. “Before this place turns us into... whatever we’re becoming!”

“I knew I shouldn’t have let you come.” Link said miserably, the state of Zelda bothering him more than his own.

“No, this is my fault.” Zelda started to calm down, having matured enough over the years to know that getting angry would solve nothing. All it would do is hurt Link, and that was the last thing she wanted to do right now. “I brought us here, it was all my idea in the first place, and now I’ll have to get us out of it.”

“I don’t suppose you’ve noticed anything that could help?” Link said hopefully, Zelda shaking her head.

“The magic in this place’s atmosphere has only gotten thicker.” Zelda said, trying not to sound too despondent. “But I’m sure as soon as we’re out of here I can fix this! Definitely!”

Zelda tried to smile, but her faltering, crooked grin merely made Link feel worse, and she gave up, hiding her strangely pointed teeth from sight.

“Let’s just get moving.” Zelda said, turning as Link noticed that her ears seemed to be a little longer and more crooked than usual. She also looked rather pale, but perhaps that was just the lighting of the cave, which seemed to get brighter and easier to see in the longer they were here...

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“Princess!” Link complained in a decidedly high-pitched voice, looking back at her munching on a juicy red fruit plucked from a nearby tree. Link was carrying a larger version of the same fruit above her head, her loose sleeves falling back to her elbows as her tunic looked like more of a dress, hanging over her flabby frame as what were very clearly full-on breasts pushed out a well-defined shape, a feature that Link was extremely embarrassed by and did his best to not address. Here he was, supposed to be her manly guardian, and he looked more feminine than she did!

“What?” Zelda said sheepishly, taking another bite even in the face of his pout. Her long, crooked ears wiggled in delight at the sweet taste of the fruit, the juice dripping down and staining her shirt. “I was hungry! We haven’t eaten at all since we arrived!”

Zelda certainly looked well fed from where Link was standing, her plush gut bulging outwards onto her plump thighs that were literally bursting her pants at the seams. Not that Link was any better, her own belly big enough that she could no longer see her feet and causing her to jiggle and wobble with every step. She looked utterly unfit for adventure, and certainly felt like it, the two of them needing frequent breaks and struggling with the occasional monster they came across. Zelda could barely fire her bow anymore, and Link preferred sneak attacks and tricks to head-on brawling.

“I *need* those.” Link said indignantly as he tried to focus on the task at hand, a certain puzzle of sorts involving some sort of enormous worm-like creature that, while not hostile, was blocking the passageway they needed to progress through. Link had figured out that he could lure it out into sub-tunnels it had burrowed into with the largest of the juicy fruit, which might be in precious little supply if Zelda didn’t stop soon!

“You only need the big ones, right?” Zelda said shamelessly as she finished the fruit and went looking for another, pausing to wipe the juice from her top with some water from a tiny creek that had led to the flourishing plants in the first place. Being stuck down here for a while might not be that bad if everything tasted this good, really. “It won’t hurt to have one or two of the little ones.”

“You’ve already had four!” Link whined, her stomach growling. “Save some for me!”

“You look like you could stand to go on a diet anyway.” Zelda said selfishly, her spoiled nature coming out as she planted her big butt on a nearby rock.

“Speak for yourself!” Link snapped without meaning to, Zelda looking down and suddenly being acutely aware of how soft she was. She grabbed her muffin top, her hands easily finding enough to take hold of and play around with, Zelda realising that she was just as much of a fatty as the softer, more feminine Link was...



“Link, could you hold on for a second?”

Link was more than happy to grind to halt, having lost track of the time as the two wandered the caves, only getting more and more hopelessly lost as they settled less for a path home and more for anything that might finally lead them upwards. They had stopped a few times to eat, Zelda preferring to look on the bright side of things by saying that at least there was plenty of food and water, and they had even found some large, open caverns that could make good campsites if need be. They passed the occasional animal, primarily small mammals and lizards, and had unfortunately had a few run-ins with more moblins and bokoblins. The bokoblins towered over the diminutive two, but with how broad-hipped and flabby Link was, her small stature was hardly an advantage. Even the weaker red monsters took some serious hacking and slashing to take down, as Link's swings grew slower and clumsier in his feeble arms, barely able to fend off their attacks anymore.

As Zelda had approached four feet in height she had given up entirely on using her bow, which was now oversized to use competently and took her utmost effort just to fire. She instead focused on hiding or directing Link when he was ganged up upon, and the two had decided after their last fight that it would be best to avoid combat as much as possible. They were starting to feel weak and helpless, something the two tried their best to not discuss for fear of destroying the other's spirits, both silently resolving to do their best to help the other out in this desperate time.

“Just give me a second.” Zelda said, falling down onto her jiggly ass and kicking off her boots, which were now so oversized they slid off without any resistance at all. Zelda's feet within were tiny, Link's own having been swimming in his boots for some time.

“Come on, you too.” Zelda motioned with a sharp-looking hand, the two having noticed that their fingers had become pointier and more animalistic, Zelda having discovered by accident that she was able to cause a nasty wound by raking them across a bokoblin who had gotten too close for comfort. It was clear that the two were turning into imps of sorts, a type neither recognised amongst the beings of Hyrule. They wondered if deep down there was some sort of society of unlucky explorers who had ended up like them, unable to return to the surface and the light.

Link followed her instructions and removed them, her bare feet touching the cool stone beneath her, her soles feeling tough enough that she probably wouldn't cut herself just walking around. She was about ready to keep moving, admitting that it wasn't even worth trying to bring her boots with her, when Zelda started pulling her top off, Link blushing and trying to avert his gaze.

“Wh-what're you-”

“Oh, calm down, I'm just getting rid of something that's been annoying me for hours.” Zelda sighed, and when Link turned back she was wearing her shirt again, albeit with a healthy amount of cleavage and her white sleeves gone. Zelda's outfit was a multi-layer affair, and with

the two having shrunk down to be barely three feet tall, anything more than the bare minimum was just getting in the way. She discarded her mostly torn leggings as well, deciding it would be more dignified to act like she had gotten rid of them by choice, and not because her fat legs and huge butt were tearing it to pieces. Zelda was left with what looked more like a blue and white dress with baggy sleeves, and it was almost a good look on its own. She also didn't mind the open air around her chest, the weight of her full outfit having been trapping her heat.

"You're a lot calmer about this than I expected." Link admitted, starting to feel like she was the level-headed one for once. With more skin exposed there was no denying that the imp comparison was on point, as Zelda and Link's own skin was a grey pallor, no hint of the pinkish human flesh that they had entered with.

"Well, while you were napping I've been around for a hundred years." Zelda said with a smile, feeling like she finally had a chance to comfort him. "This certainly isn't even close to the worst thing that's happened to me, and I don't even have to babysit a giant pig! Now hurry up and get those off!"

Zelda leaped in and started disrobing Link herself, enjoying his girly cries of protest as she pulled off his pants, Link whimpering and covering his groin with suspicious intensity.

"Oh come on, there's nobody looking." Zelda giggled, thinking to herself that Link absolutely looked like a girl right now from top to bottom, with shapely breasts even bigger than hers, broad hips, a girly face with soft cheeks and long eyelashes, and a voice that nobody could mistake for a man. In that case, he may as well start acting like one! "There's just the two of us!"

Link refused to uncover, concealing a great secret he wasn't willing to share with Zelda just yet. Zelda eventually sighed and gave in, turning her back. It looked like Link wasn't ready to give up his pants just yet, but followed Zelda's example and kept only the blue other layer of his tunic, which became a thin dress that his nipples were obviously poking through.

"You're gonna trip on those, you know." Zelda refused to give in just yet, pointing at his pants. "In fact-"

"Ssh!" Link's long, impish ears perked up. "More monsters."

The two crept around as four red moblins entered the room they were in, Link and Zelda huddled in a corner where they couldn't be seen, silently deciding that they would simply wait them out rather than try to engage. The usually relatively weak creatures seemed overwhelming, Link slightly unsure that he could fight even them unscathed even if he split them up somehow. For now, it was far too dangerous to let himself get hurt and expose Zelda to any danger.

"Now whatever you do," Link whispered to Zelda, pushing them towards the wall in the hopes that even if she was spotted, Zelda would be left undetected.. "Don't make any-"



There was a loud clatter as Zelda's big hip bumped the wall, dislodging several rocks that fell from above and caused her to let out an involuntary yelp, the two staring at each other in shock for a moment, Zelda trying to splutter out an apology.



“Run!” Link yelled, the two sprinting past the moblins as quickly as possible, which was unfortunately for them quite slow, thanks to their tiny legs and fat bodies. To make matters worse they barely lasted a minute of being chased before they started to run out of energy, their situation being made even worse by the fact that they were forced to stop by a small ledge, easily enough for them to mindlessly scale at their original heights, but at three feet tall, towered over them far above their stubby arms.

“Get on me!” Link decided instantly, holding out his hands. “You can lift me up afterwards! Hurry!”

Zelda didn’t have time to raise any objections, nor did she want to as, terrified and scrambling up Link’s tiny body until she stood on his shoulders, Link groaning under the combination of Zelda’s weight and his own feeble strength as she reached out for the ledge, just a little out of her grasp.

“Just a bit higher! Get closer!” Zelda ordered him, Link’s legs wobbling already as she reached out for the cliff. To make matters worse, Link made the mistake of looking upwards, flushing bright red. Zelda wasn’t wearing the slightest thing underneath!



“Zelda, your... your...!” He stammered, redder than the moblins chasing them.

“What is it!?” Zelda asked, only to nearly fall as Link buckled under her weight.

“You’re... so... heavy...!” Link moaned, using the last of her strength to push Zelda up a little more.

“Watch your mouth!” Zelda barked in embarrassment, her claws just barely able to get a handhold on the cliff’s edge. Zelda grunted as she hauled herself up, Link gasping in relief. She leaned over and reached out her hand, Link hopping a couple of times before managing to reach it, Zelda turning red in the face as she slowly pulled Link up just in time to escape the bokoblins, were too large to fit into the tunnel the two had escaped into.

“I think we’ll be safe here.” Link gasped, the two sitting down and catching their breath. “Did they get you anywhere? Are you alright?”

Zelda opened her mouth weakly, then closed it, and slowly began to sniffle, tears starting to roll down her cheeks.

“Of course I’m not alright!” Zelda sobbed, the stress of their entire situation finally catching up with her as she realised that she and her mighty hero had just ran for their lives and hadn’t even considered fighting back, and if they did, they were almost certainly doomed. “We’re lost, we’ve been turned into these hideous *things*, and who knows what we’ll do if we get caught again! We’re stuck down here forever, I know it! And even if we somehow get back to Hyrule, can we even change back? Nobody’ll believe I was ever a princess like this!”

Zelda tried to fight back tears, and Link curled up next to her, his huge boobs pressing into his knees. She blushed as Zelda leaned on him, wondering how she would react if she knew his big secret, caused by the feminine transformation of his body.

“I’m sure we’ll make it out of here just fine. You’re good at magic and studying, I’m sure we can dig up a way to transform back.” Link tried to reassure her. He couldn’t help but notice that the tips of his fingers and toes were strangely black, but figured it was probably just the dirt. “And even if we can’t change back, Hyrule has all sorts in it. Trust me, nobody’ll care what we look like at all!”

Zelda looked deep into his eyes, full of trust and hope. She wiped her nose and her eyes, climbing back to her feet.

“You’re right, we haven’t even been here for a day, I shouldn’t be complaining!” She sniffed, red-eyed but filled with renewed determination. “I’ll start complaining after another hundred years!”



“Let’s focus on putting some more distance between us and them.” Link said, taking Zelda’s hands and guiding her through the cramped tunnel, for once glad about their tiny stature. They were able to easily navigate an area that even the bokoblins couldn’t fit into, but although being vertically challenged made it easy to fit into low places, they soon found themselves with a new challenge: width. The two were simply too fat to fit through most narrow places, and found themselves squashed against nearly every corridor they passed through, testing the limits of their clothes, bodies, and dignities.

“Just a little more, Zelda!” Link encouraged Zelda, who had gotten her fat gut stuck between the two walls they were sidling through. Link had managed to slide past with only a few tears in his tunic and a missing sleeve, but Zelda seemed firmly stuck, having lacked the foresight to crouch in advance. She had stubbornly refused to acknowledge her bulk, tearing her top nearly to shreds already.

“S-shut up!” She said self-consciously, trying to suck in her gut, and when she grunted and forced herself through, the last of her clothes went with it.



“Not a single word.” Zelda warned, nearly hissing at him as the two emerged into thankfully wider space. They realised they had looped around, and were currently staring down in the cavern they had found the moblins in, the group still waiting below trying to find them. They had simply been so short that the area above hadn’t been in their field of view, not that they could have reached it even if it had.

“What’re you doing?” Zelda whispered as Link wandered over to a large nearby rock, or at least large by his new standards.

“I’m gonna see if I can do something about at least one of them.” Link whispered back, but when he tried to lift the rock, it refused to budge. Link pulled at it again, grunting softly as he used all her strength, but was unable to lift it even a little. He wondered for a moment if it was embedded in the ground, but upon closer inspection he discovered the embarrassing truth: he simply lacked the strength to lift even that.





"Never mind." The now equally embarrassed Link said, waddling off as she massaged her almost strained back.

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"I'm gonna go get some water, I'll be right back." Zelda said as the two rested in what they were confident was a safe cavern, a stream nearby a room over. Link was the more tired of the two with his attempted feat of strength on top of lifting Zelda, and happily accepted the opportunity to rest. He decided that what was left of his tunic was more trouble than it was worth and took it off, leaving him as naked as Zelda. He felt no shame about it, feeling as natural as the earth around them, and had much bigger things to worry about than nudity in private. He looked down at his large, tender breasts with their puffy nipples, having been ever so sensitive every time they brushed against the rocks. So distracted by his own body was he, something he would have lusted after as a man only a day before, that he paid little attention to the fact that the black parts of his hands and feet were spreading, as well as creep slowly down his forehead.

He couldn't help but feel them up, and the tips of his ears started to flush red as touching turned to groping, his face and even breasts starting to flush red as the unfamiliar feeling of female arousal proved too much to resist. Link began to gasp slightly as he openly groped herself, starting to play with herself as one of his hand drifted lower. He knew he shouldn't, not when Zelda was so close, but he couldn't contain himself! His hands finally reached his secret, Link letting out a girly moan of pure pleasure as he fingered himself, and in the process, brought Zelda scurrying back.



“Link? Has something happened- Oh my!”

Zelda blushed, covering her mouth as her own ears turned red at the sight of Link shamelessly playing with himself. Himself was questionable, as Zelda looked closer and saw that-

“It’s gone!” Zelda gasped, covering her eyes before peeking through her fingers. “Link, you’re a-”

“A girl!” Link moaned, unable to stop herself. She was being powered by pure lust, driving out her innermost feelings. “Ever since I turned into this! I’m sorry, I can’t be your knight any more!”

“Who went and decided that?” Zelda declared, starting to drool slightly at the sight of Link’s body and the show she was putting on. “Did you ask me first, hmm?”

“Y-you mean you don’t mind?” Link whimpered, unable to control herself even as Zelda grew closer to her shame. Link stood up, finally able to force herself to pause just for a moment as Zelda grew face to face with her, the two equally red and equally attracted to each other’s fat, tiny forms.

“Of course not. I think you might be even more attractive now.” Zelda giggled, and leaned right in, kissing Link on the lips before she could object. Link hardly did, returning the kiss and moaning as Zelda groped Link’s breasts, teasing her nipples and drawing out the kiss for almost a minute of passionately making out.



“Okay, I think I’ve got it under control now.” Link finally broke away, feeling that the height difference the two had always had even when human felt more apparent when inches were in extremely short supply. However, Zelda simply let out a lecherous grin.

“Who said anything about stopping?” She giggled, clearly hardly thinking anymore as she pushed Link to the ground. She grabbed Link’s breasts, groping them over and over as Link lacked the power to resist in the slightest.

“Who said you were allowed to have bigger boobs than me, huh?” Zelda said, wide-eyed and thinking with nothing other than primal lust. “That’s not fair! Apologise to your princess!”



“Zelda, please!” Link realised that their romantic scene had turned to little more than animalistic lust, and it was taking the last of her self-control to contain it. “You aren’t thinking straight!”

“I said apologise!” Zelda squeezed again, Link mewling like a kitten.

“I’m sorry, your highness!” Link squeaked.

“I can’t hear you!” Zelda drooled, Link’s arms wobbling as she was about to pin him to the ground.

"I said I'm sorry for having bigger boobs than you, your highness!" Link yelled.

"Good!" Zelda responded, not letting up in the slightest. "Now apologise to your princess with your body!"

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"Are you still upset?" Zelda asked awkwardly several hours later after the two had recovered, Link swinging the Master Sword and refusing to face her.

"I'm not upset." Link said calmly, focusing more on trying to get used to using her weapon with her new body. "It was my fault in the first place."

"Okay, good." Zelda sighed in relief. "Because if you're not okay with us doing that again it might be pretty boring down here—"

"Let's just worry about getting to the surface first, okay?" Link turned red again, her already awkward swings getting worse. This wasn't good, Link realised. She could already barely lift the sword, and it hit the ground with a clatter at the end of every slow, ponderous swing.

"Ah!" Link exclaimed as she lost her balance trying to swing the sword one-handed, slapping her breasts and nearly losing her balance while her gut wobbled and made things even worse.





"We're going to have to completely avoid fighting from now on." Link decided, letting the sword fall to the ground with a depressing clunk. "At least until I figure this out."

She looked over at Zelda, noticing that the black patterns that were now dominating the lower halves of her arms and legs were similarly travelling up her, perhaps even more. Zelda's ears had turned fully black and the tips of the patterns brushed against her eyes, while she looked like she was wearing long gloves with how far up her arms they had gone. They seemed harmless, but Link couldn't help but be nervous about them anyway.

The two walked quietly through the never-ending passageways, feeling no closer to home than when they started. Suddenly, Zelda perked up, looking around for something that didn't seem to be there.

"Did you say something?" Zelda asked, Link looking confused.

"No, nothing."

"I could have sworn I heard something whispering..." Zelda said, frowning before deliberately smoothing out her expression. "No, actually, it was probably just the breeze. Rocks make whistling sounds sometimes, right?"

"Probably..." Link's impish ears twitched, trying to find the source of whatever Zelda might have heard. "Well, if you think you hear anything, tell me again."

Zelda nodded, but remained silent. She had heard somebody talk, she was certain, but what was it? It certainly wasn't a voice she recognised...

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"Are you sure you're up for this?" Zelda asked, looking worried as Link climbed up the rocky cliff face, full of easy handholds that had delighted Link as soon as he saw them. It was the first time they seemed to find a path upwards, and although it towered over them, Link wasn't taking no for an answer.

"Of course I am, this is child's play." Link said confidently. "One of the easiest climbs in my life! You'll be able to do it soon once I've routed it out. In fact—"

Link was cut off her breasts smooshed against the rocks, her nipples turning red from the stimulation. Why did they have to be so sensitive?

"What was that?" Zelda called.

"Nothing!" Link said, trying to hide her blush. Her stimulated breasts throbbed and begged her to play with them despite the danger of her situation, and she suppressed a moan as they

continued to rub against the cliff face. She had been able to deal with her big gut getting in the way, but this was a serious threat to her climbing abilities! Link was mortified as she began to feel liquid trickling down the inside of her thighs, her tender pussy rubbing a little too much against some of the rocks. Sometimes, being a girl was just too much!



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The whispers were getting worse, Zelda thought to herself a couple of hours later as the two continued their journey through the caves. Something kept talking to her, promising her that she could make her problems go away soon, that she'd no longer have any reason to worry or fear. That alone was enough to scare her, with Link apparently experiencing no such sensations, even as Zelda felt ancient magic wrap around her body, tempting her, urging her to reach out and take it.

Zelda grit her teeth and refused, blaming it for putting her into a situation where it would be able to tempt her. She wished she had some of her old magic in her, some light to drive out this darkness that was invading her, but instead there was a void that this new power was eager to fill, to claim as a queen for this dank hole. But Zelda stood firm, knowing that as long as Link was here for her, she had nothing to fear, no need for any dark power. Link would keep them safe, no matter how puny she seemed right now. She boasted that to the voice, and it finally seemed to back off, leaving Zelda with blissful silence.

At least, until the lumbering of heavy footsteps could be heard nearby. A little too nearby, Zelda realised. It sounded like moblins, but normally they would be heard from much further away. Unless they had snuck up on them, and were—

“Watch out!” Link yelled, grabbing Zelda and pushing her out of the way of the moblin's swing. She clambered to her feet, looking up in horror at the monster that had managed to get the drop on the two, hiding around a blind spot and only just barely giving itself away. Zelda ran for cover, but was unable to find a way out, several more moblins emerging with wicked grins that promised that there was no escape. Zelda was pushed into a corner as they slowly advanced on Link, knocking the master sword effortlessly out of her unsteady hands. Link's eyes widened as she realised her helplessness, knowing that even if she hadn't dropped it, she lacked the power to fight off these red beasts.

“Just stay behind me, Zelda.” Link said, grabbing a nearby stick that seemed to be a better fit for her pathetic, dainty limbs. Zelda cowered behind her, realising that she was no of no help at all, merely scared and exhausted, unable to bring herself to even run.

“Link, I... I...!” Zelda stammered, unable to see anything above her but the beady eyes of the monsters.

“Don't worry about a thing, Zelda!” Link said fiercely, trying to figure a way out of this even as her legs quivered and shook. This couldn't just be the end, could it? Meanwhile, Zelda was very much convinced it was. She started to panic, hyperventilating as her fat, useless form offered her no form of help or escape. But in this moment, she didn't even care about herself. Link was about to get herself killed for her, and it was all her fault!



Then defend yourself, the dark voice in Zelda's ears told her. Just reach out and take it, it said, as was natural for her. What misdeed was there in protecting the one she loved? It was just, it said, it was only right, only fitting. It would be cowardice to let Link die over her own uncertainty!

Zelda felt an unusual moment of calm, took a deep breath, and then reached out and took it. In an instant the room filled with blinding green light, the moblins yelping as their sensitive eyes were blasted, and Link too was forced to close her eyes. When he opened them, she stared up in shock at each moblin behind held aloft by giant black hands, extended from the shadows. No, they *were* the shadows themselves, drawn up and given physical form. The moblins struggled for a moment then were crushed cruelly, their bones shattered before they were thrown roughly against the walls, then the hands formed giant fists and crushed them again, an unnecessary extra step to make sure they had the last of their lives snuffed out.

Link turned back slowly to see Zelda with her hand outstretched, glowing lines covering her body as her eyes glowed a frightening red.

"I did it!" Zelda said, sounding gleeful despite the show of violence. "I did it, Link, I saved you! It was so easy, too! I don't know why we were scared of those pathetic things!"

"Zelda? What's going on?" Link asked as the inky black patterns spread across her body.

"I saved you, that's what, silly!" Zelda said, seeming to barely notice Link's worried expression. "I don't think we'll be in danger ever again, too! Not now that I've got this power!"

"What power?" Link asked, able to plainly see for herself the extent of this sudden magical ability, but not where it had come from. Zelda's attitude was starting to scare her, as she seemed elated, ecstatic even when she had been terrified just moments earlier.

"Are you blind? You always were a bit slow, Link! Well, I suppose you've never been much of the type for magic. I'm sure I could share it with you, though." Zelda laughed, patting Link on the shoulder. As soon as she did Link's own black patterns grew, spreading down to cover her entire right arm and growing across her body until it formed an elaborate tattoo, covering her entire hip and the underside of her belly.

"Link, look, you're so pretty now! That's a good look for you!" Zelda marvelled, the dark areas covering Link's eyes as her transformation was finally complete. "I'm sure it'd be happy to share itself with you too! This wonderful power of shadow!"

"Zelda, calm down." Link said, falling to her knees, finding herself weak in the legs as Zelda began to rise, floating into the air as tentacles of shadow formed under her. "Something's gotten to you, something that can't possibly be safe. Just listen to me for a moment, okay?"

“Hey, Link, I was thinking...” Zelda said, completely ignoring her. “Now that I think of it, we don’t really have to go back to the surface, do we? Isn’t it quite nice down here? None of that nasty light, and all those annoying people always making demands of us? They don’t really deserve us, anyway. Why don’t we just stay right here, where we have the whole place to ourselves? Sure, there’s a bit of a monster problem, but I can clean that up in no time!”

Zelda had a manic grin on her face, her fangs bared as shadows swirled around her. Perhaps if Link were his normal self he could have stood up to her, but she was merely a fat imp, unable to even wield the master sword. In this underground kingdom, whatever Zelda said from now on, there would be none who could contest her.

“Come on Link!” Zelda laughed again, hardly aware of her surroundings. “It’ll be a new kingdom just for the two of us! We could even make a few subjects for ourselves if you really wanted me to! What do you say, Link?”

Link stared up at the princess of shadows, starting to hear whispers herself, voices telling her to accept the new Zelda as her new princess, or perhaps even queen. As Zelda drew closer in, her arms outstretched and ready to embrace her, she wondered if she had any choice in the matter at all...

