

Breath of the MILF Princess

Many long days and sleepless nights spent in her room had left Princess Zelda more than a little weary. Her stressed out disposition came from the uncertainty of knowing when or how Calamity Ganon would return. Pouring over her books and researching as much as she could about the guardians left her perpetually on the verge of collapse. Her father, the king, was making matters worse by going against most of her suggestions for preparing for the inevitable disaster that would befall Hyrule. Worried that if the pattern continued that she would pass out, Link managed to convince the princess to take a much needed break and leave the castle for a day off.

The sun shining down on Zelda's long, golden blonde hair did wonders in breathing life back into her green eyes. Walking through the streets of Castle Town, the relaxation she felt for her momentary reprieve could be seen in the way she tapped her brown boots against the stone pavement. Her elated state of emotion was seen by all the townsfolk she met, each one waving at her as they took notice of her bright blue tunic.

The princess was able to feel this relaxed due to the watchful eye of Link. Even if he had suggested the outing as a way to ease Zelda's nerves, he still had a job to do. The blue tunic around his torso marked him as her personal knight. At a moment's notice he would be able draw his sword and shield to defend her from any dangers. Despite this, he still found time to let the wind blow through his short, dirty blonde hair as he gazed upon the princess's moment of peace.

"There's so many places I want to see in so little time," Zelda said, holding her hand to her chest as she tried to decide where to go next.

Stepping up beside her, Link reminded Zelda that they weren't in any kind of rush.

“I know, but I still don’t want to be away from my research for too long,” Zelda replied. “We’ll look at one more store and then head back to the castle. Let’s see, how about...”

As Zelda let her gaze drift across the scenery, it eventually fell upon a sign she spotted hanging up in an alley. Curious about who would set up a shop in such a place, she wandered down the narrow passageway. More than a little cautious, Link followed her closely as she stopped before the sign.

“Oko’s Curios,” Zelda spoke out loud as she read the sign. “This could be interesting.”

Stepping inside of the shop, Zelda’s eyes went wide at the vast array of random antiques and items strewn about. Barely able to even walk amongst the piles of junk, it was a marvel that she managed to maneuver her way towards the front desk. Leaving Link behind to try and navigate the same treacherous path between a pair of statues, Zelda reached out to tap the bell on the counter.

The princess jolted back as a man in a black cloak rose up from behind the desk. Pulling back his hood, the black and white eye tattooed across the shop keep’s forehead was at odds with his wide smile. Glancing back over to ensure Link was nearby, Zelda cleared her throat in an attempt to remain calm.

“Hello there,” the shop keep said. “My name is Oko. I’d ask for your name, but you should know how famous you are among these parts.”

“While my reputation can be quite a burden sometimes, I won’t deny that it has certain perks,” Zelda answered, trying to keep up the light conversation. “I’ve never seen a store quite as unique as this.”

“Thank you,” Oko replied with a bow. “I just set this place up a few days ago.”

“It’s amazing that you were able to obtain such a wide variety of antiques.”

“Oh, they’re not just antiques. They’re magical devices.”

Zelda gave a second stare at Oko’s unwavering smile. “I beg your pardon?”

“They’re magical devices,” Oko repeated with the same genuine tone. “They’re part of a collection I’ve made during my travels through various kingdoms. Each and every one of them do something strange and different. To be honest, I can’t even recall what each piece does.”

“Isn’t that a little dangerous?”

Oko paused, scratching at his head in thought. “Maybe, but I guess that’s half the appeal of these things. You never quite know what you’re going to get. That being said, I would be wary about touching any of my wares. If you see something you like, let me know and I’ll handle it. Don’t want you accidentally getting cursed or anything like that.”

“No, I think I’ll just stick to window shopping,” Zelda said, turning her attention back to the door.

As the princess started to make her way back to Link, something out the corner of her eye demanded her attention. Turning towards the source of a glittering green, she beheld a group of emeralds set inside of a golden necklace locked behind a glass cabinet. The exquisite craftsmanship was obvious even to her, necessitating that she wander towards it just for a chance to get a closer look.

So engrossed with the beautiful jewelry, Zelda unfortunately was unable to stop herself from tripping over a rug and falling forward. Scrambling for something to catch her fall, her arm shot out and grabbed a pot. There were only a few moments that she got to glimpse at the strange runes covering the exterior before it came crashing to the ground alongside her.

Though the princess landed with only a few scuffs on her outfit, the pot wasn’t so fortunate. Climbing back to her feet, Zelda turned around to look at the shattered remains of the

antique. Glancing between the broken pot and the still smiling Oko, she hurried to pull her wallet out from her pocket.

“I am so terribly sorry,” Zelda said as she rummaged around for a suitable amount of rupees to pay for the damages. “I’ll gladly compensate you for whatever-“

Zelda let out a gasp and dropped her wallet as something began to rise up from the pot’s remains. A glowing entity made of blue light swirled about into the air until it pointed something resembling a head towards the princess. For just a moment, Zelda swore she saw the vision of a plump, middle aged woman smiling at her. Before Link could have a chance to stop it, the light flew straight into the princess’s body and disappeared.

Kneeling on the ground amongst the broken pot shards, Zelda looked at her own trembling hands. A voice that wasn’t her own began to echo through her head. Though she tried to fight at first, the stranger’s words became like honey as they gradually seeped into her mind. As her fear was replaced with righteous anger, the princess shaped her face into a frown before turning towards Oko and showing off the streak of grey in her blonde hair.

“Well, that’s unfortunate,” Oko commented, looking only slightly concerned at the destruction of his merchandise. “No telling what that blue thing was, but I’m sure I can figure it out with enough research. Unfortunately, you will need to pay for the pot. Don’t worry, I’ll sell it to you at a generous discount of-“

The cheerful Oko’s attitude faltered as Zelda stomped towards him. Slamming her open palms on the counter, she tilted up her head to glare at him. Carefully making his way through the store to avoid breaking anything else, Link managed to get close enough to notice the blazing fury in her eyes that was a far cry from her usual self.

“You dare to ask me for money?” Zelda said, pointing her finger squarely at the shop keep’s chest.

“Well, yes,” Oko replied. “You did break the pot.”

“Because of the poor management of YOUR store,” Zelda countered, raising up her nose. “If it wasn’t for your slap dash approach to how you arrange your wares, I wouldn’t have tripped like that. You’re lucky that it was only the pot that was damaged. Could you imagine the ramifications of what would happen if the princess of Hyrule broke a bone because of your negligence?”

“But I-“

“SILENCE!” Zelda shouted, shutting down any attempt for Oko to defend himself. “The only thing you can do now is hope you have something worthwhile to make up for this travesty.”

Flourishing her hair as she turned around, Zelda locked her eyes on the necklace from before. Showing not a hint of worry, she proceeded to march through the store to make a beeline towards the cabinet. She cast aside a number of different objects in her path, with more than a few shattering as they hit the ground. Too stunned by the drastic change in Zelda’s behavior, Oko merely stood there as she forced open the cabinet’s doors to procure the necklace for herself.

“Yes, this will do nicely,” Zelda said, admiring the gems as she hung the necklace from her neck. “That should be enough to make up for your poorly handled organization. Come, Link. We’re getting out of this death trap before my life is endangered again.”

Link watched as Zelda smashed through more of Oko’s collection in order to get to the entrance via the fastest possible route. Looking back at the still stunned shop keep, Link considered staying behind to help with the cleanup. The sound of Zelda clearing her voice got

him to turn his attention back towards her to see the expectant look on her face. Reminded that his main duty was to protect her, he gave a nervous wave towards Oko before following Zelda out onto the streets.

“About time you caught up,” Zelda commented as Link ran up to her. “I must say that shop keep really put a hamper on today’s activities. I need something to take my mind off of his incompetence. Perhaps a nice meal will do the trick. Hurry along, your princess desires nourishment.”

Trying to keep pace with Zelda, Link was keen to notice the drastic changes to the way Zelda walked and acted. The leisurely pace she had taken on their way into town had been replaced with a refined march that made it seem like she was determined to reach her destination as quickly as possible. Link also noticed that the princess no longer waved and smiled at the various citizens she passed. Instead, she raised up her nose at them and glared at anyone that dared to look at her funny. Pondering what exactly the blue light had done to her, Link wound up nearly running into her as they finally reached the center area of a group of food stalls.

“We have arrived,” Zelda said, staking claim at a wide table in the middle of an eating area. “Link, make yourself useful and get me some food from each of the vendors. Oh and do remember to remind them who they’re serving. I’m expecting exceptional service.”

Link lingered for a moment, trying to think of the best way to broach the topic of what was going on with the princess.

“Well, what are you standing around for?” Zelda asked after being forced to watch Link stand still for two seconds. “Go and get your princess her food. Do you want me to starve under your care?”

Pushed along by Zelda's words and rumbling stomach, Link set to work gathering food from each stall. The multiple training sessions Link had been through proved him more than capable of carrying one large haul of meals after another towards Zelda's table. Each drop off came with another order to acquire even more food. On the fifth trip back to the table, Link hazarded to momentarily stop to check on the princess.

Though it had only been an hour, Zelda had already begun to tear through the various pieces of food. This ravenous eating began to bulge out her formerly flat mid-section into a sizable potbelly that filled up more and more of her lap as she continued to eat. Despite the way she gobbled up the food like a greedy pig, only a few crumbs managed to escape her lips to tumble down second chin that had begun to develop underneath her original one. These minor stains on her tunic became the least of her problems as a surge of weight being layered onto her chest made her engorging breasts form a gradually widening tear in the center of the fabric.

Creaks began to echo from beneath Zelda's body, telling the tale of the chair's struggle to hold up her widening rear. Upon a tear stretching across the seat of her black pants to reveal her pudgy ass cheeks, she finally saw fit to stop eating. Getting up from her seat, the princess dabbed at her face with a napkin as she looked over her body. The hundred or so extra pounds that had been packed onto her in such a short amount of time should have been enough to clue her in that something was wrong. Instead, she decided to direct her anger elsewhere.

"Such cheap material," Zelda said, sliding her chubby finger across her exposed cleavage. "What are we even paying those tailors for back at the castle anyway if this is the best they can do? Guess we'll just have to find a seamstress in town to get me something more fitting."

As Zelda attempted to walk away, she was stopped by someone tapping on her shoulder. Flaring her nostrils, she looked behind to see one of the stall workers standing there with a nervous look on his face. Swiveling her body about, the force of her gut swinging into the man let her belly button rip through her tunic to be left exposed. Her various wardrobe malfunctions did nothing to take away from the angry look on her face as she loomed over the man sprawled out on the ground.

“You dare to touch me, the princess of Hyrule?” Zelda asked, prompting the worker to scramble to his feet.

“I-I do apologize, your highness,” the worker replied. “There was just the matter of the bill for all of that food.”

“You call that food?” Zelda asked back. “All I could taste was backwater and rot with each bite. I would hardly call that being worth even a single rupee.”

“But then why did you eat all of it?”

In return for his question, Zelda replied by sending him falling to the ground with another belly bump. “Don’t try to be smart with me. You’re lucky I’m feeling kind today, otherwise I’d spread word of your horrible food and even worse attitude throughout the kingdom. However, my kindness comes at a price.”

“Yes, please. Anything you want,” the worker pleaded, finally getting Zelda to show off a smile as she listed her demands.

A short while later, Link’s arms were burdened with several sacks worth of takeout food. Any attempts to question the exact reason Zelda needed so much were silenced by her orders to shut up and do what she said. Forced to move through the streets with his arms weighed down by the various meals, Link pushed himself to keep pace with the princess to avoid getting left

behind. Daring to rest for even a second would earn him a scolding that further tore apart Zelda's outfit in the process. Thankfully for both him and the remains of her clothing, she eventually settled on a dress shop that seemed to fit her interests.

"Good day princess," the young woman at the counter said as Zelda entered her shop. "While I'm more than happy to provide any dresses to the royal family, I must ask that your servant leave the bags outside. We don't allow food in here."

Stomping up to the counter, Zelda slammed her heaving chest onto the wood as she held a finger up to the seamstress's face. "First of all, Link is my personal body guard." Reveling in the woman's shivering body, the princess raised up another finger. "And second, I require constant nourishment to ensure I have the energy to perform my daily tasks. Do I make myself clear?"

"Y-yes your highness," the woman replied, shimmying her way out from behind the counter. "Right this way, I'll show you our finest wares."

"That's more like it. Link, come this way. And hand me a box of fried Cucco. I feel like I'm about to faint from starvation."

Zelda's demanding presence required every staff member of the dress shop to answer her needs. Back and forth the employees ran through the building to gather up different dresses to appease the princess. Most of the garments were dismissed with either a wave of Zelda's hand or were too small to fit her hefty figure. Though they did manage to find a few dresses that were both satisfactory and form fitting, the problem was that Zelda's opinions and waistline was constantly changing.

In-between each change of clothes, Zelda would call Link over to hand feed her one of the ill-gotten meals. What she called snacks increased in quantity with each demand, nearly

doubling the amount of food she had eaten back at the stalls. This had the expected effect of further distorting her visage with extra layers of fat but did not alarm her. All the worrying was left to the various employees trying to keep her clothed and Link who could only watch as his princess strayed further from her old self.

Link got yet another long look at Zelda's doubled over stomach as it ripped straight through a ruby red gown. Though one of the women tried to hold back the princess's heaving chest with a corset, the restraining fabric lasted for only a few moments before being ripped asunder. No longer bound by the material, Zelda's breasts gave up a portion of their shapeliness in an effort to resemble two sacks of sagging meat that rested upon her belly. Heeding the call of Zelda's cries through her mouthfuls of food, the workers rushed to find something to cover up the princess's plump, darkened nipples.

Though the staff did manage to find a sparkling, pink dress that barely went past the princess's belly and partially obscured her blubbery arms, the skirt could only reach so far. As the very edge of the hem crept to just below the underside of Zelda's thick ass cheeks, the fabric was torn asunder. The impact of the garment popping off her body left Zelda's flab to jiggle unhindered. Tired of feeling the ripples spread all the way through her rows of chins and plump cheeks, she put a momentary stop to the shaking with a heavy stomp of her bulky leg. The impact helped to settle down some of her flab but brought Link's attention to the way her behemoth backside sagged under its own weight. It finally dawned on him how similar her body was beginning to resemble that of a middle aged woman. Specifically, one that had been pampered ever since the day she was born.

"Stop fooling around and find me something to wear!" Zelda shouted, bits of meat flying out her mouth from her latest meal.

“But that was our largest size,” the exasperated seamstress said. “We’ve never had to clothe someone so big before.”

The woman regretted her words the moment Zelda locked eyes with her. Petrified with fear, the poor seamstress could only stand there as the princess waddled her way towards her. Putting her drooping tits to good use, Zelda swung them about like a pair of flails to knock the woman to the ground. Still reeling from the surprise attack, there was little the woman could do as Zelda hovered her gigantic rear over her body. Though she attempted to beg for mercy, the woman didn’t even get a word out before the princess came crashing down to use her as a makeshift throne.

“That’ll teach you to insult royalty,” Zelda said, wobbling her rear back and forth as she reveled in the woman’s muffled screams. “Now unless anyone else wants to take a turn as my cushion, fetch me a garment fit for my luxurious body.”

Motivated by the threat of Zelda’s hundreds of pounds of thick fat, the rest of the staff rushed to meet her demands. Pulling out tape measures, they began to record every measurement of the princess’s body. Moving far faster than they thought possible, they got what they needed and ran off to begin the arduous process of creating Zelda’s new dress as quickly as possible.

“Link!” Zelda called out, hurrying him up with a snap of her sausage-like fingers, “come here. Feed me some of those sweets until those peasants return with my attire.”

Kneeling beside the princess, Link did as she commanded and began to slowly pop small candies into her mouth. The sweets seemed to do the trick of momentarily sating her rage. No longer burdened with her constant orders, Link hazarded to ask her if she was feeling alright.

“I would be better if everyone in this town wasn’t so incompetent,” Zelda said before eagerly swallowing up a mouthful of candies. “First that shop filled with junk, then the swill that

those people at the market were trying to sell, and now I have to deal with such shoddy seamstresses.” Sating her rage with another serving of sweets, she turned her gaze towards Link with a look of genuine caring that was reminiscent of her normal demeanor. “I’m so grateful that at least you seem to be doing your job right. Thank you, Link.”

The smile that formed on Zelda’s pudgy face was enough to momentarily sate Link’s fears. Still anxious about how much further her body would degrade, he nonetheless kept feeding her until the workers returned with her new dress. Upon spotting her prize being carried over to her, the princess finally saw fit to stand up to release the poor woman from her fleshy prison.

Though it took some effort, the workers managed to put together a dress consisting of deep purples that were accented with a white skirt and gold trimmings. Carefully putting the garment on Zelda’s body, it came as a relief to both the seamstresses and Link that her body’s drastic weight gain had seemingly hit its limit. Still wary that the fabric would rip apart at a moment’s notice, the women stepped back and watched as Zelda looked over her reflection in a full length mirror.

“Yes, this will be satisfactory,” Zelda said, causing the employees to let out breaths of relief. “But it still feels like there’s something missing.”

“M-maybe, some makeup and a bit of hair styling would complete the look,” stuttered out the woman who had spent the better part of an hour getting to know Zelda’s rear end. “I-I think there’s a salon around the corner that’ll have just what you need.”

“Very well. Link come along. Let’s try to get there before things get too crowded.”

“Excuse me, but what about our payment?”

As the words left the seamstress’s lips, she already regretted it. Turning around on her recently fitted high heels, Zelda stared daggers at the woman that would dare to ask her for

payment. Stomping towards the girl with malicious intent, her approach was stopped as Link stepped in front of her. Rather than try to forcefully push her back, Link merely shot her a look of pleading that told her everything he was trying to say. Eventually, her brow un-furrowed as she let out a sigh.

“Very well,” Zelda said. “Link, hand me my wallet.” Upon receiving the pouch full of rupees, the princess begrudgingly pulled out the needed amount to pay for the materials of the dress and slammed them on the counter. “Make sure you learn how to behave next time I come in. Am I understood?”

“Yes, your highness!” the seamstresses called out, not daring to reach for the rupees until Link and Zelda exited the shop.

Though their next destination was only a few minutes away, Link and Zelda’s progress became hindered by her own vanity. No doubt noticing the way people stared at her, the princess was a little too eager to test out the seams of her new dress as she flaunted her body about. At first Link thought the stares were just a side effect of wondering how much longer until her curves broke free. However, it soon became apparent that more than a few of the people they passed were actually enamored by Zelda’s larger figure. Link himself started to feel a strange thumping in his chest as he watched her aged up curves get shown off, nearly making him walk straight into the door of the salon. Thankfully for him, his near collision was stopped by Zelda pulling him back by the collar of this tunic.

“No, no, no,” Zelda said, waving her hand at Link as if she were trying to train a puppy. “Your princess must go first. However, you can open the door for me.”

Nodding in agreement, Link pushed open the door and stepped aside. Patting Link on the head for his obedience, Zelda began to stroll inside. Though there was a momentary pause to

squeeze her thick love handles through the entryway, a hard push was enough to get her into the salon.

“Hello there, your highness,” the salon worker said, the woman greeting the princess with a wide smile.

“I require your assistance in making me look suitably regal,” Zelda replied, taking her seat in front of a mirror to the sound of a loud creak from the overburdened chair “Don’t disappoint me.”

“Right away,” the woman replied, trying to maintain her upbeat personality as she approached Zelda.

Though Zelda had initially asked the girl to do what she felt was right, that didn’t last very long. Not even before the first brush was pressed against her cheek, the princess was quick to point out which type of blush she wanted adorning her face. Learning quickly to remain quiet and listen to Zelda’s demands, the woman obediently followed along with the princess’s will. The woman’s dedication to meeting the haughty ruler’s orders left Link to be the only one to notice the various changes that further modified Zelda’s body.

A shade of dark eye shadow partially took attention away from the crow’s feet that appeared on the sides of Zelda’s eyes. Heavy application of a tube of red lipstick plumped up her sizable lips and left them in a near constant state of pouting that once more filled Link with a strange series of urges. These desires were pushed to the side as he watched the woman style the princess’s hair. Following Zelda’s orders to the letter, the woman combined her golden strands into a single, puffy bun that was nearly as big as her head. As the last few touches were put on the princess’s locks, Link finally took notice of the various streaks of grey that had become more numerous over the course of the day. When the hairdresser was finished with her work, it

appeared as if a fluffy orb of gold and silver had taken the place of Zelda's once luxurious locks. The look might have seemed off to Link, but it was enough to get the princess to put a pleased smile on her face.

“Finally, someone in this town that knows how to do a good job,” Zelda commented as she admired her appearance. “Then again, it doesn't hurt to get a second opinion from someone that matters.” Turning away from her reflection, Zelda waddled her way over to Link. “Well, what do you think of my new look? Don't be afraid. You've more than earned a chance to be honest with me.”

The moment Link had been waiting for had come. This was his chance to voice his various concerns about Zelda's drastic changes. Not only about her appearance, but as well as her behavior towards him and the rest of the town's citizens. Given the opportunity to voice his concerns, it should have been easy to bring up the princess's modifications and how they should return to the curio shop to reverse the effects. However, that's not what came out.

The strange desires from before came back stronger than before as Link looked over the princess's body. Lingering his gaze over her pudgy body's curves, he couldn't help admitting to himself that her appearance was breathtaking. Upon bringing his head up to look over the expectant look on Zelda's face, what came out of Link's mouth were a string of compliments that only further elevated her opinion of her own superiority.

Pleased with what she heard, Zelda turned back towards the beautician. “It appears you've done well,” she said, dropping a handful of rupees into the woman's hand. “Keep up the good work. I might have need of you again.”

“Yes, your highness,” the woman replied, giving a deep bow as Zelda and Link took their leave.

“I must thank you again for suggesting this outing, Link,” Zelda said as they strolled down the street on their return trip to the castle. “It’s really given me a different perspective. Specifically, how pitiful this kingdom is being run. I say it’s about high time for some changes around here. Starting with how the supposed king uses his power.”

Concerned with what the princess meant, Link nonetheless followed by her side as she made her way towards the castle.

It had taken quite a bit of time, but Oko had finally done it. Having acquired the knowledge that he needed, the shop keep had come to the castle to meet with Zelda. After going through various guard inspections and numerous lines, he eventually made his way to the throne room. Waiting for him there was the ruler of Hyrule, Queen Zelda.

“Who are you and why do you wish to take up my precious time?” Zelda asked, her plump fingers waving towards Oko to show off her collection of rings and the pink dress adorning her hefty figure.

“Hello there, Princess-I mean, Queen Zelda,” Oko said, prostrating himself before the throne. “I’ve come here today with an answer to your burning question.”

“I don’t recall asking you anything,” Zelda said, flipping about her strands of gold and silver hair as she loomed over Oko. “I can’t even remember when I had the indignity of meeting someone like you.”

“It was a few months ago, back at my shop,” he was quick to answer, the queen’s short patience well known throughout the kingdom. “It was when you broke that pot with the blue light.”

Zelda flared her nostrils as she stared daggers at Oko. “Excuse me?”

“Er, I meant to say that I accidentally put it in your way and it broke.”

Having received an appropriate answer, Zelda sat back down in her throne. “Proceed.”

“Well I managed to do the research needed and I think I found out what came out of the pot.”

Reaching into his pocket, Oko pulled out a scroll and unfurled it. “That pot came from a kingdom many years and miles removed from Hyrule. It once belonged to a tyrannical queen who ruled with an iron fist. Though she may have passed, some say that she used the last bit of her magic to transfer some of her essence into her belongings.”

Rolling the scroll back up, Oko hazarded to look into Zelda’s eyes. “That must be what came out of the pot and entered your body. The queen has gone about modifying your appearance to fit her...’unique’ tastes. Have no fear though, a simple exorcism ritual should take care of it.”

“And why would I do that?” Zelda plainly asked.

“Well, because she’s controlling your body,” Oko answered.

“I am aware of her intentions,” Zelda said, snapping her fingers to prompt Link to feed her a handful of sweets. “Though she was determined to take control at first, she and I have come to an agreement to share this body for the good of the kingdom.”

“What do you mean?”

Holding up a hand, Zelda finished swallowing a mouthful of chocolates before speaking again. “The former queen, Kara-In, has been quite the asset in giving me what I want. Aside from providing the courage needed to stand up to my father, she has been invaluable in giving me the conviction needed to go forward with my plans to better defend this kingdom. No longer

are people questioning my methods, they only obey. Because of that, we might actually stand a chance against Calamity Ganon.”

“Are you sure about this?” Oko asked. “Especially with what she’s done to your body?”

Once more Zelda’s eyes burned with fury. Just as she began to stand up to punish Oko, she was stopped by a gentle touch of Link’s hand. Seeing the pleading look on his face, she let out a deep sigh and sat back down.

“It’s a shame that you can’t see what true beauty looks like,” Zelda began as she gestured for Link to continue feeding her, “but I suppose there’s nothing to gain lecturing people on their bad tastes. That being said, you can make up for your insult by providing me with a suitable gift from your collection.” Reaching towards her thick neck, she jingled the necklace of emeralds partially hidden by her chins. “You can start by finding me a matching set of bangles to go with this. That is unless you would prefer to have a stint being my living cushion for a day.

“I’ll, um, get to work finding something to fit your radiance right away, my queen,” Oko said, bowing towards her before making a sprint towards the door.

“Was that my final appointment for the day?” Zelda asked, receiving a nod from Link in return. “Good, then I shall retire to my quarters for now.”

Getting up from her throne, Zelda began to waddle towards her bedroom. “Link, would you mind helping your queen unwind after a stressful work day?” she asked, the smug grin on her face making it clear to him what she meant.

Nodding his head, Link returned with a grin of his own as he hastened to meet her pace. After all, it was duty as her bodyguard to keep her safe. However, it was his duty as her lover to ensure that her needs were taken care of to ensure that her reign as the queen of Hyrule was a long and prosperous one.