

# PRINCESSES BE HOOFIN' IT

## JULY REQUEST STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



**“So you’ll be on your way again?”** Against the advice of the guards, Princess Zelda had sneaked out to send the hero, Link, on his way. He was heading out to seek another sage, placing his life in peril for the sake of her kingdom once again. She only wished there was more she could do for him, as Sheik and as herself, but she feared such a thing wasn’t to be. To travel at his side like Link’s trusty steed Epona... It wasn’t as if she was envious of a horse as much as she was envious of its position.

Link, quiet as he was, merely nodded. But he reached for his Ocarina of Time, likely intent on playing a song she knew too well. Zelda’s Lullaby. It was a tune passed down through the generations, from one princess to the next, just as the name of ‘Zelda’ was. Her childhood friend had taken to playing it whenever he was to leave her side, something of a sweet farewell that only the two could share. It was touching and spoke plenty about his sincerity.

He truly was a good man, and perhaps that purity stirred feelings of a sort within her. Not that, with Hyrule as it was now, she could possibly pursue any feelings of affection, but it was refreshing to comprehend that when faced with such a bleak destiny she had not lost the capacity to feel such joyous emotions. She merely wished the visitations weren’t so fleeting, but that too was a side effect of circumstance.

The young man brought the ocarina to his lips and began to play. Zelda braced herself for a familiar tune, and that was what she received. However it wasn’t quite the familiar song she expected. She’d heard this melody sung by the ocarina time and time again. It was the song he played for his mount, Epona. Epona’s Song, as it was aptly named. She could only wonder if it was intentional or not – perhaps he was summoning his horse so that he might mount before he played her lullaby?

There was something very moving about Epona's song however. It spoke of the horse's freedom. How she could graze the plains, flee from her troubles, express her love to whomever she wanted. Wasn't there something majestic about an existence like that? Compared to being a princess imprisoned by fate...

She was snapped away from her fantasy as she became aware that something was awry. The song played once more. And again. And again. But Link? He had ceased any movement. Even the cloud in the sky had frozen in place, but why? Was this the effect of something's magic? Had she been foolish to reveal her face outside, despite how private the location they'd chosen had been?

An ill wind blew, though she could not identify the source. Calling to Link bore no fruit, and hope drained away when the mark of the Triforce of Wisdom faded from her hand. She had fallen into a trap, but what evil was causing it?

Even so, Epona's Song did not stop playing. As if on some cursed loop. It was being drilled into the princess' mind, filling it up with a melody she could no longer escape. That melody would, ultimately, see her desires fulfilled in the most twisted of ways; for she would become Link's new mount.

Once she was sufficiently lulled by the melody the transformation would begin. She had no choice but to succumb for there was no longer any escape. Zelda could only allow herself to be washed away by the change that was to come.

At first it was simple and unseen. Staring just beneath her waist hair began to suddenly take form. Not blonde hair like what rested atop her head, but fine, white strands that once multiplied instead began to more accurately resemble a light layer of fur. It traveled down her body from there, seizing her thighs, shrinking and dyeing her pubic hairs, cupping her ass, and stopping just short of her ankles.

The stopping point was telling for what was to come, but again the princess wasn't able to properly observe what was even happening. She could feel something was awry with her skin of course, what with how warm it was and how her undergarments seemed to have difficult resting upon her pelvis, but with her skirt so long it was too difficult to get a look.

And then the heels of her royal shoes suddenly snapped in tandem, heels falling flat against the dirt path below her. Not because anything had happened to her feet just yet, but due to an increase in bulk. Legs suddenly swelled with muscle, tights tearing immediately as their feminine shape was lost in transition. There was merely bulk to be had, free of any softness as her leg bones became more pronounced and, quite honestly, *less human* in shape. The tops of her legs where her thighs had been were far too thin vertically, muscle rippling with each step, and where her knees were bone pinched inward and created a more equestrian shape.

Leg shape taken care of, it was finally time for her feet. They didn't shrink, no, nothing of the sort, instead like her legs they began to bulk up. Ankles swelled as the connection to her feet became thicker and less defined, almost appearing to be a single mass for a moment as flesh reached out to touch her toes. In doing so however she lost the ability to wiggle them, surely because they'd become one with the greater body of her foot. Unable to withstand this new design, the princess was forced to kick what remained of her shoes free. They flew much farther than she expected which was a testament to her newfound strength. What was most startling about it all, however, was both the sound and feeling when she rested each foot against the ground.

They clacked. She almost felt like she was pressing her own bone against the earth. **"Oh my, do I have...?"** Raising one into the air, she could see it. A hoof. Or what would soon be a hoof. The coloring still resembled normal human skin, but at the base where it had begun to harden with thick keratin they shone a brilliant, glossy black. **"This can't be... They look like a horse..."** Had her blessings been stripped away for this? Had her envy towards Epona been so perversely misrepresented? She couldn't think of any other reason this might be happening, and she had no means to combat it. She could only... No, she could barely even think, not as long as Epona's song played.

In a way the rhythm almost aroused her. It was like a song just for her, a melody born of Link's love for his mount. Her pussy quivered, but with a sudden and profound intensity that caught her attention. Not merely from the intensity, but the *placement*. It felt too large and too high up, almost like it had traveled *up* her body. Zelda wasn't wrong about this either, as her hands quickly found. Pressing fingers against where her butt cheeks should be she found no such thing, and instead was met with additional bulk that only seemed to be growing more abundant. Panties ripped, but not before flossing an exposed asshole near the peak of where her butt had once been, along with the large gaping equestrian pussy right beneath it.

**"No, no, no. This cannot be happening! I haven't completed my role...!"** Gripping her behind even as it continued to swell backward and test the strength of her new forelegs she screamed out in protest, but at the same time the details of her concerns became more and more vague. Things like her duty became jumbled, confusing. Was it to be the princess? Was it to be Link's trusted mount and companion?

Her skirt tore at the sides as the back was pushed upward to accommodate the sheer size of the growth at her rear. While her ass and pussy continued to move farther back, it became clear her physiology in its entirety was being altered. She felt hunger, but not from her human tummy. *No*, it radiated from the middle of the growth. Strange as it was, her arousal grew even more intense from it all.

The moment she thought she might not be able to keep her new lower body upright was the moment a second pair of legs quickly took shape, baring the same white fur that had decorated the rest of her before ashen hooves touched on the ground

behind her. As if it was completely natural, one stomped against the path to stabilize her footing. It all moved like she'd had four legs her entire life, which took her off guard in a way as well.

It was clear what the growth was now. The body of a horse. She could only image how much of a freak she must have appeared to be, more-so as a white tail fluttered out above her asshole to keep the flies away from her exposed orifices. Continuing with sexual characteristics, four nipples began to poke out of her undercarriage, flesh beneath them swelling and swaying as a set of black, leathery teats dangled beneath her with vigor.

It would have been a fair assumption of Zelda to assume she was becoming an honest to goodness horse, but that wasn't what was in the stars for her. She would spend out her days as a centaress, the only one of her kind. But with such paltry sexual characteristics, at least on her Hylian part, she could hardly seduce a Hylian mate... and she had just the one in mind.

The bottom of her dress already trashed, attention was drawn to the top as the heat of arousal grew stronger. Her pussy dripped with yearning, and yet with her new body she didn't have the reach nor tools to see to her own pleasure. The swishing of her tail only served to tease her more, so much that she bit her lip. "**Ahn... Link...**"

Yet it was her breasts that seemed to burn the most. The elegant brassiere she bore felt ever tighter as her heart rate increased. With each thump of her chest came a... well, *thump* of her chest. The flesh beneath her nipples began to swell bit by bit, shape rounding as sweat began to dance across their surfaces. Before long, the sound of her dress ripping in the front filled a silence otherwise occupied by Epona's Song and naked tit bounced into sight.

She couldn't help but fondle herself as the fat slipped between the gaps of her fingers, abundance surely tripling and bouncing with every clack of a hoof. Eventually she managed to kneel on all four, but found no satisfaction for the frustration behind her. "**Link... Link... Link!**" The princess shone with the glow of sweat and the crimson of lust, but in the end, even as ears grew longer and a single horn grew from her forehead, she eventually tuckered herself out without cumming.

---

The centaur's eyes fluttered opened sometime later to the sound of a familiar tune, her body completely nude. It looked to be dusk now, and Link seemed to be saying his farewells to a woman in the distance. A woman with flowing, brown hair. The princess of this fair kingdom, ~~Epona~~ Zelda. She bore no admiration for that woman, one whom clearly longed for Link but could not stay at his side like she could.

Steadily, hooves brought her upright and she trotted over to Link once he seemed to be done with his goodbyes. The princess wandered off, leaving the two of them alone. "**Are you ready, Link?**", she asked, lowering her back so that he could adorn

her with her saddle. Link nodded and patted her on the side. Jumping up, he wrapped one hand around her breast and brought the ocarina to his lips.

A familiar song was played. *Epona's Song*. Her song. A song of freedom meant for her, a song of love from Link. That was how she perceived it and he'd never bothered to correct her. For the continued survival of her race ~~Zelda~~ Epona would, one day, take his seed. She would make Link hers. Oh, how she quivered for him...

But until then she would serve as his trusty steed. Surely in the end she would see her value.