

EAT CROW

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Link had drawn too far from the princess again. With Calamity Ganon defeated and peace restored to Hyrule, there was plenty they still had to commit to finishing in the near future. Re-establish a working relationship with the different races, help rebuild Hyrule Castle and the town that one thrived around it - and these were just two of many! But it turned out that the princess had a very distracting habit.

Whenever she saw ruins, she just *had* to explore them.

She likewise had an issue with traveling at her knight's side. More often than not she would run off on her own without speaking a word, which in turn led to situations like there where Link was left searching for her. These ruins were particularly dark and had a design unlike anything they'd ever seen before... which surely had led to the princess' decision to leave Link behind.

Even if he called her, she didn't reply. It wasn't annoying, and Zelda was endearing for reasons like these, but considering his position it certainly made Link anxious to not have eyes on her in a space where he couldn't keep track of her.

In his hunt to find the princess Link eventually stumbled into a dead end. Dead, but there was a prize to be found. A wooden chest covered in dust (*indicative of the fact that it hadn't been opened in tens or even hundreds of years*) that was ripe for the picking. A quick kick knocked the latch loose and engaged the mechanism that popped it open. The bow was quick to dive in, wonder what treasures he might find within.

But all he found was a strap of cloth.

It was an eyepatch, and a rather tacky one at that. He certainly couldn't fathom how it had survived all of this time without being eaten by moths. Although an even bigger brain teaser was found in attempting to decipher why someone had seen an eyepatch as something worth storing in a treasure chest in the first place. Was it out of sentimental value? Clearly whomever it belonged to, it hadn't meant enough for them to return to claim it.

A sound at the end of the hallway Link was standing in momentarily pulled his gaze away from the patch in his hands, but when he dismissed the source as a mere mouse and turned his eyes back to where the eyepatch *should* have been... *it was gone*. "...?" A man of many words as always, he questioned its disappearance quietly to himself.

Before he realized his vision had been obscured of course.

"...**Hah?**" Fingers reached up to graze his left eye, only to find fingertips dipping against thick silk. It was the eyepatch. How had it gotten over his eye, and so *quickly* at that? Naturally his next move was to remove it, but for some reason he couldn't slide his fingers under the gap to pull it off. Why!?

YOU CANNOT REMOVE THE PRINZESSIN'S GARB! ALLOW ITS POWER TO FLOW WITHIN YOU!

A voice boomed, and not externally. It was clear immediately to Link that he was hearing this voice echo within his own head. Mind control? Some sort of telepathic link? He wasn't sure, although he didn't really know what a *Prinzessin* was either. The voice had spoken as if he was wearing a full outfit, but that wasn't--

"**HAH!?**" A very Link-like sound erupted from the back of his throat as he was suddenly struck by a bolt of lightning that had erupted from the ground beneath him. He was engulfed by its light, but much to the Hylian's surprise it didn't actually hurt. In fact, once the bolt had passed he'd assumed himself unharmed, and *he* was. However looking down? "**!?**" His attire had completely changed.

That wasn't to say he'd been stripped nude, but rather his Champion's Tunic and associated garb had been taken, and an outfit that didn't fit properly at all had been forced on him in its place. A sleeveless, black lace dress and collar with a matching tailcoat, a shoulder length black glove on one arm while the other bore a black and purple sleeve. A transparent stocking on one leg with a thigh high black sock on the

other added to the asymmetrical design of this ensemble, along with the elaborate black boots that sported bat wing decals.

It absolutely was not an outfit designed for a boy of his size. The bottom of the dress, without two stockings, was more like a leotard than anything. He could feel the material sliding between his cheeks behind him, and in the front his *Link Mini* was bulging out while compressed against his rightmost inner thigh. A pair of ribbons had also appeared in his hair to tie small stubs of length into budding ponytails, but it didn't amount to much with how little hair he had.

“What is this? What am I wearing!?” The knight was suddenly feeling... chatty? Much more-so than he normally was at least. He pulled at the costume to the best of his ability but the material didn't seem to budge, even though it was clear that he was so much taller and muscular than the cloth was fitted for that one wrong movement could tear it. Or at least... it should have teared.

**WITH THE PRINZESSIN'S DRESS UPON
YOU, YOU SHALL BE BLESSED BY THE
POWER OF THE IMMERNACHTREICH!
EMBRACE THIS POWER, AND BECOME
MINE VESSEL IN THIS LAND!**

“Me? Merely the vessel of the Prinzessin der Verurteilung? Impossible!” Link was blurting out a whole series of words he'd never heard before nor did he even really understand what he was saying. Something had merely welled up from within him to protest the words of this disembodied voice. A strange and perhaps misguided pride. **“I am the *Prinzessin* herself! I shall not be a mere vessel!”** But he snapped out of it after a short moment. **“*Huh?* What am I saying!?”** His voice had even momentarily cracked into a girlish pitch before bouncing back to normal.

Link's body was beginning to change now that the seeds had taken root. His broader stature was gradually collapsing, allowing the fit of the Prinzessin's coveted dress to better accommodate his features while there was less and less of him to wrap around. Muscle mass diminished, leaving naught but smooth and sensitive skin across much slender arms and legs which additionally shortened in length to make him more compact. It was evidently seen in a chest that collapsed both in from the sides and declined in sprawling strength, while the curves of his tummy found an architecture with subtle inward inclines on the sides.

Although he wasn't *merely* shrinking. It was evident enough in the boy's face that he was becoming a little *younger* as well. On the whole there was just more of a youthful appeal to his face, from chubbier cheeks to more petite and delicate points of interest like his lips and nose. Even the right eye, the only one not hidden by an eyepatch, looked much rounder and was better presenting the burst of energy Link felt. Before long that eye shone a shimmering emerald, a departure from its usual blue. Of course the eye *beneath* the eyepatch matched as well.

“Finally! This is a form much more befitting of the Prinzessin der Verurteilung!” The Hylian spoke out with feigned confidence once more, this time his voice a perfect match for the squeaky girl's voice he'd experienced during the prior voice crack. It seemed as his body had gotten smaller, his voice had gotten higher. **“But it has yet to be complete! Where is my proud figure? And what is dangling between mine legs!?”** He just couldn't stop himself, the words ran free on their own.

It was terrifying because the more he babbled the *less* it felt like an outburst. Before long the things he was saying were perfectly in line with his own thoughts.

The *thing* dangling between his legs was quite promptly addressed after *she* had wondered about it. Cock and balls accepted extinction quite quickly, excess material curling up inside the feminine equivalent while her internal organs shifted in kind. This left the front of the leotard-like dress completely flat, and was the gateway for a series of changes that were introduced in the wake of the girl's newly found femininity.

There was no longer any concern of a wedgie for one. As she'd shrunk it had become less and less of an issue, but the shape of her rear was bolstered to properly fit the dress' cut. Rounder, firmer, but not exactly of a tremendously notable size - it was a rear indicative of her apparent, younger age of fourteen or fifteen. Her hips had slightly swung out, and thighs earned more enticing definition as well, but on the whole? It was all more suggestive of the kind of body she might have once she grew *older*.

Similar sentiments could be shared with her chest. At *first* the dress had rested completely flat against it, for there was nothing to support the slight cuppage in the top's design, but flesh did bud at a cup size that was hardly noticeable before long. It provided a gentle arch that suggested she would someday grow; but today just *wasn't* that day. Yet this was the *proud figure* Link had spoken of, for in her heart of hearts she now believed this body to be *ideal*.

She pursed her lips; lips that now shone with gloss and looked significantly more pronounced than they had before. Her features had become more petite when she'd regressed in age but now? They'd all skewered towards the feminine. From long, beautiful eyelashes to a round button nose, she fit into the part of young girl quite magnificently. All that was left, really...

Was her hair.

“I require my glorious mane of course! To overcome the omens that steer this world astray, Her Majesty must be in her truest form!” Translation: she wanted her true hair back. And the power of the eyepatch would provide. Lightning crackled around her not from the environment but from her own Electro powers born from the Vision tied behind her dress, and it danced through her hair and in part became one with it, seeing the length grow out and lighten significantly. It still remained blonde, but a much softer shade that fell down her back and filled out the two ponytails pitched up by the ribbons nicely.

Link was born anew. The lightning subsided, and she stood proudly with her chest puffed out and a hand resting on her hip defiantly. There was one little problem however. **“I know I am the Prinzessen, but what of mine name? Link? How crude! It must be something else...”** She rejected her old identity, fictional illusions not accepting a name that was so plain and uninspired. While she spoke of being royalty she was actually not a princess, but these delusions of grandeur made up her new chuunibyouto persona. **“Amy? No... No! That is still too plain!”**

“Mein Fräulein Fischl, is something amiss?”

“UWAH!?” The girl was startled by another voice, one that emanated from a raven born of Electro power that had suddenly chosen to apparate beside her. She recognized this bird! He was Oz, her night raven companion. Little did she know that just moments ago Oz had *actually* been Princess Zelda, but she had been affected by the eyepatch as an unintended victim elsewhere in the ruins. She quickly regained her composure. **“Ah! You're correct, Oz! Mine name is Fischl! Of course, how could I forget?”**

Oz truly wondered how she *could* forget.

In fact, where even *were* they?