ROYAL NEIGHSAYERS

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE

To say that Princess Zelda was worried would have been an understatement.

As the princess of Hyrule she just felt so *useless*. The Calamity was on the horizon, and it was her destiny to unlock the powers of the Light to help drive Calamity Ganon back. It was a destiny she *loathed* on the merit that it wasn't one she had chosen for herself of course, but more than that? She loathed it now because it seemed that those powers were rejecting her. Was it the will of the Goddess Hylia herself calling her unworthy?

Was it because she had pushed away from the prophecies in the past? She had done everything in her power to prepare for the Calamity outside of this. She'd unearthed the Guardians and Divine Beasts from ages long past hoping that they could be of use in driving back the darkness. But her confidence was shallow. If prophecy spoke of the Light being a necessity, then what if Hyrule fell because of her inability to receive that blessing?

"***Link?***" It was insecurity about these things that had kept her awake so late at night. Zelda was questing with Link to try and activate those dormant abilities of hers. It was a long and arduous journey, and moving from civilization to civilization across Hyrule took more than a day or two even *by* horseback, so it was only natural that they would have had to set up camps here and there. Naturally they had *separate* tents.

But Zelda had heard her knight trot off on horseback in the dead of night. Had she not been restless from her anxiety she might not have

noticed whatsoever. Link had a bad habit of doing this – he'd scout ahead before the morning light came to make sure their path was secure. The princess appreciated this of course, but she wished he would care a little about his own health too. It wouldn't be long before he burned himself out doing that, but then again? She wasn't exactly one to talk with how little sleep she had been getting as of late.

Zelda groaned and pushed herself out of her sleeping back, then choosing to crawl over to the Sheikah Slate that was propped up in the corner of her tent. "**I'll have some harsh words for *him* when he gets back.**" Whether it was out of care, spite, or a mix of both, the seventeen year old girl had no resolved to stay up until he returned. Not that she could really sleep anyways.

The princess figured that she would just fiddle with the Sheikah Slate in the meantime. She had unlocked a new app earlier that day and still hadn't figure out how it worked, and so she was tapping away at it while groaning to herself. "**Still, I wish he would take me with him. I'm tired of being treated like a delicate princess, I'm sure I could be of use if I was at his side! …Huh?**"

Whether it had been her incessant tapping upon the screen or the desires she expressed with her voice, something prompted the Slate in her hand to begin to glow. Before she could properly *react* to this, however? Her tent was soon unoccupied save for the Sheikah Slate itself.

"***…Ouch!***" Had she just been *teleported*? Zelda didn't quite *need* to ask herself that. The answer was obvious seeing as how she was now sitting in the dirt beneath the moonlight, the camp Link had set up nowhere in her line of vision. She would have been able to see the campfire if it was nearby, or at the very least what remained of it. Instead? She was definitely on the side of one Hyrule's main roads, the starry sky and moon the only thing illuminating her surroundings. She was still only wearing her blue nightgown as well, which made things all the more concerning.

It took her a moment, but she stood. "**Wait, isn't this a hitching station?**" Hyrule's roads had a number of hitching stations spread across them so that travelers could leave their horses and go exploring the fields. Not only did this seem to be one of

them, but there was familiar barding draped over one of the posts. "**Is this not Epona's? Is Link here? But why would he take it off of her?**"

Epona was the name of Link's present horse. She was a good girl and her knight took the horse *everywhere*. And so she couldn't imagine why he might have removed her barding from her? Was he not scouting ahead? Because that would certainly have been more detrimental. Perhaps he had just wanted to give a horse a chance to stretch her legs without the weight of manmade accessories? All of her theories were off the mark. She had desired for Link to take her with him, to be useful, and well…

There was only one way for *that* to come to fruition in the moment.

"***Link!?***" Not yet aware of the horrors she had inadvertently set upon herself, the princess called out for her knight. In her eyes, if Epona's barding was present than both the boy and the horse must have been nearby. *One* of these two things was far nearer than she initially realized, in fact. That realization would be one slow coming, however, but Zelda *would* eventually get there.

It began with an unsettling feeling in her tummy of all places. She'd had a light dinner, so why was it that she felt so *bloated* all of a sudden? Was she just gassy? Uncouth of an idea as it was, that was certainly what it had felt like… at least until she had looked down at her own belly. "***AH!?***" If Link truly *had* been nearby then he certainly would have heard the princess' shriek. But she believed it had been a cry made for a good reason. After all? Her stomach was pushing out several inches, which was *very* noticeable seeing as she was only wearing her nightgown in the moment.

Slender fingers reached down to caress that lump that had formed in her tummy. She nearly looked halfway pregnant! Yet as fingers traced the hard bulge – a product of her stomach swelling to a greater size within her body, fingers soon grazed something far more sensitive just beneath the bump. Her pelvis felt swollen and fleshy through her gown? It was *all* sensitive seeing as her skin had been stretched, but what her fingers had felt and gripped was a small nub. Almost like… "**A nipple!?**"

An indecent phrase for the princess of Hyrule to shout, naturally, but both hands pressed down into the swelling mass beneath her bulging gut. Her nightgown was thin enough that she could make out the texture. It felt *leathery*, almost? Like what was bulging from her pelvis was one, two, three, four… "**I-Is that an *udder*?**" Certainly not one that was as pronounced as a cow's, but the shape and feel… Being

something of a tomboy, Zelda played a lot with horses when she was younger. It felt like a *horse*'s udder, small but obvious against her Hylian woman's body. The four teats pushed out against the cloth, their shapes plain enough.

Zelda soon realized she was having difficulty even pressing into the udder or her tummy, as the feeling of touch was growing fainter midst not only her fingertips but her feet as well. Hands felt heavier and heavier, and she yanked them up before her face to see just *why* that was. "**WAH!?**" Her shock only grew more at the sight of her fingers swelling and *merging* into each other, the look of her skin hardening *and* darkening in the process. It didn't *hurt*, but it felt odd… at least as long as she still had feeling there.

It was clear what was happening to her hands, and as she quickly realized by her imbalance, her *feet* as well. If she factored the udder in, it became clear. Her hands and feet were becoming a horse's hooves. They were swollen, hard, and hefty. "**This can't be happening! I'm turning into an animal!?**" As much as she didn't want to believe it, she could not deny what she was seeing with her very own eyes nor feeling with her very own body.

"**N-No! Stay upright!**" Zelda had begun to have difficulties remaining on her own two feet, not that this was a surprising development. Her feet were a horse's hooved now, and her torso was heavier than she was used to. Hind hooves clacked precariously against the dirt road beneath her as she used all of her power to maintain that balance. But the continued changes would make it harder and harder for her to do so with time.

RIIIIIIIP!

Even though it added to her balancing woes the princess' head shot around to look over her shoulder at the source of a tearing sound behind her. She had felt pressure at the base of her spine prior to it sounding, and it was clear *why*. A tail had erupted from her tailbone above her tight ass, long and coarse silver hairs extending from the bone to give her a horse's tail that appeared to have a mind of its own, flicking back and forth. "**Goddess Hylia, I have a tail…!**"

On the bright side it had *seemingly* helped with her lack of balance for a short moment, at least until the bloating sensation returned with the vengeance. "***Urp!?***" It wasn't *just* his tummy that was growing bigger now, but the weight that was piling on wasn't exactly *fat* either. All of the muscles in Zelda's body had tensed up and begun to bulge, quickly testing the integrity of her sleeping gown all the while.

Her chest broadened, breasts absorbed into rippling muscle as nipples faded into obscurity. After all, the teats nestled upon her pelvis served their purpose now. She lurched forward as hips and shoulders alike were pushed forward, bones popping and realigning with time. Muscle rippled notably in her limbs, arms and legs growing excessively broad at least compared to their humanoid forms. Before long it looked as if she could have lifted the heaviest of weights if not for her hooves.

And in a way she would be. Except her own, swelling body would serve as that weight.

"***N-NOOOO!***" All the princess could do was cry out as her body inevitably fell forward, front hooves landing in the dirt just like her hind ones already were. Her body mass *had* almost quadrupled, with rippling flesh tearing through her gown so that cloth fell to the ground in tatters. She was naked, but there wasn't really anything erotic about it – not with her body looking more like an animal's than a human's.

This was something that wasn't helped by a change in the coloration upon Zelda's skin. Not that her skin was changing color itself, but something had begun to grow *off* of it. An auburn brown fur, very short in length but thick in density, had begun to spread across most of her body. It wrapped around her broad equine chest and down rippling legs (of which the hind ones had become much thicker about inversed knees), though what grew above her hooves was a silver fur that was shaggier.

Her arms and legs soon grew longer, lifting her height to that of a fully grown horse. In the rear this meant that the cheeks of her ass were spread, and ultimately this would have made her swollen asshole and enlarged, equine vagina all the more visible if not for the fact that her tail was there to flick and pests away. Another gurgling in her massive tummy reminded Zelda of the fact that horses had different dietary needs… and expended their waste in a much cruder fashion. Fortunately none of that would come… for now.

"**No! I don't want to be a horse!**" With much of her body the spitting image of a healthy mare by this point, all the princess had to deny her fate was her words, and even then? The fur crept up a lengthening, broadening neck that pushed her head both farther from her body and higher in the air, muscles of this neck thickening in the process.

It was only a matter of time before she felt a yank in her jaw that stole away her ability to speak in a human tongue. "***BRR!?***" All she could really do was make strange sounds as her face was pulled forward, vision distorting as eyes slowly slid to the sides of a face that rapidly

resembled a horse's muzzle. Fur spread across these facial features, nostrils flaring as her nose turned black and merged with the front of this snout. Her teeth ground away into flatter, wider shapes that were perfect for chewing vegetation while her long grew long and floppy. "***NEEEEEIGH!***"

Try as she might to speak words, whinnies and neighs were all that she could choke out from her foreign feeling mouth. Her blue eyes were black and beady now, golden locks of hair turning in a short, silver mane that ran all of the way down her neck. While her pointed ears had shot up into furred, equine counterparts. But despite how *different* her body was now, what she was most panicked by once her transformation finished was her own *mind*.

Thinking… I need to… but… hungry…? Eat… sleep… No!

Rather than logic, instincts had a stronger pull on her actions now.

Alarmed, the *horse* shook her head and trotted around in a confused huff. On some level Zelda was aware of her predicament. She wasn't supposed to be an *animal* and yet she was in no position to deny that this was *exactly* what had happened to her, all things considered. Her big, meaty body was stuck on hooved feet and her thoughts were depressingly *simple* – it was only a matter of time before she eventually lost the ability to hold onto her human identity.

But as long as she used that little bit of brain power that wasn't guided by pure instinct – such as her desire to munch on the grass of the nearby field to fill her substantially sized stomach – then she felt like she could at least hold onto the memory that she was Zelda. And maybe, *somehow*, she could convince Link of this as well. At least that had been the idea up until she had heard *it*.

The sound of someone whistling off in the distance.

“**BRRR… BRRR… *NEIIIIIIGH*!**” The moment the horse heard that whistling, something just *clicked* deep down – much to the princess’ dismay, for it became increasingly difficult to hold onto her perceived sense of self. Something instinctually told her to run towards the sound of the whistle, the animal herself not realizing that the barding that had been hung up at the hitching station was now wrapped around her.

She ran and ran and ran through the dark field, her hefty body carried by the strength of her equine legs. Until she eventually saw the source of the whistle. A Hylian boy dressed in blue. Link! It was Link! She had to communicate to him what had happened to her! Somehow she had to get him to understand that despite being a horse, she was actually Hyrule’s princess! Yet as she stopped before him and he took her reigns, petting her nose with his free hand, he uttered a name. “**Good girl, *Epona*.**”

That name broke whatever will the princess had remaining. She hadn’t realized that she looked identical to Link’s horse, but hearing her referred to by that name made sense. A little *too much* sense, evidently, because as soon as she had heard that name she could not recall the name she was supposed to go by. “***BRRR?***” What came across as just a regular horse noise was the sound she made out of confusion. Was there something important that she was forgetting, perhaps? But that couldn’t be true, could it? Her thoughts were too simple for that.

Epona was just a horse at the end of the day.