

Zelda - Her Adoring Pet

Link stirred from a light sleep, the cold stone of the castle floor under his knees reminding him of his place. His legs were aching, cramped from kneeling for so long. But as always, his discomfort was irrelevant. Zelda had summoned him, and when she called, he came without question. He always did.

The faintest sound broke the silence of the room – the click of Zelda's heels as she approached, her silhouette cutting through the dim candlelight. She always moved with a purpose, with grace, her every step a reminder that she was the ruler of this kingdom... and of him.

She stopped in front of him, her shadow casting him in complete darkness. He felt the familiar rush of anticipation, his heart pounding as her presence washed over him. Without a word, she lifted her foot, gently placing it under his chin, forcing his head up to meet her gaze. The polished blue of her toes shimmered in the low light, each one perfectly sculpted, pristine – except for the faint traces of sweat and dirt clinging to the edges of her skin.

"You know what to do, pet," she said softly, her voice cutting through him like silk laced with steel. It wasn't a request. It never was.

Link's body reacted before his mind could catch up, his lips parting slightly as her foot hovered just inches from his face. The scent hit him first – an intoxicating mixture of sweat, leather, and something faintly sweet, like the remnants of perfume worn long enough to fade into something far more raw. The smell filled his lungs, stinging his nostrils, but he couldn't deny the way his heart raced in response, the way his stomach twisted with a mix of shame and desire.

But this time, he didn't flinch. This time, he wasn't pretending.

He wanted this. He craved it.

Zelda smiled, a knowing, almost maternal grin as she watched him. She saw through his thin mask of resistance long ago. His body always betrayed him – the quickened breathing, the way his hands trembled slightly when she touched him, the slight dilation of his pupils when her foot pressed against his skin. She saw all of it, and she found it utterly adorable.

"Good boy," she whispered, pressing her foot lightly against his lips. The ball of her foot was firm but soft, warm against his mouth, and he couldn't help the way his lips instinctively parted to kiss her sole. The taste of her skin flooded his senses, a heady mix of salt and sweat, and he shivered as a wave of pleasure coursed through him.

Her toes wiggled slightly, brushing against his lips as if testing his obedience. She chuckled softly, an amused sound that sent a shiver down his spine. "I can feel it, you know," she said, her voice low and sultry. "You're not disgusted. You love this, don't you, Link?"

He hesitated, not because he wanted to deny it, but because he was terrified of how much he actually did love it. How much he needed this – needed *her*.

Zelda sighed softly, her amusement deepening. "You don't have to pretend anymore," she said, pressing her foot harder against his lips, forcing his mouth open slightly. "You're mine. You know it, I know it. There's no point in hiding."

She lowered herself into the chair in front of him, crossing her legs lazily as she placed both feet in his lap, her toes wiggling slightly against his thighs. "Touch them," she commanded, her voice as smooth as velvet. "And don't stop until I'm satisfied."

Link's hands trembled as he lifted them to her feet, his fingertips grazing the soft skin of her soles. He could feel the slight roughness of her heel, the smooth curve of her arch, the delicate pads of her toes. He traced the lines of her foot with reverence, each touch sending a jolt of pleasure through him. His breath caught in his throat as he felt her toes flex under his

fingers, her foot pushing slightly against his hand as if encouraging him to worship her harder.

“You’re such a good pet,” she purred, watching him with a smile that was equal parts fondness and cruelty. “So eager to serve. So desperate for my approval. It’s adorable.”

Link’s face flushed with heat, but he couldn’t stop himself. His hands moved of their own accord, massaging her feet with a tenderness that bordered on worship. His thumbs pressed into the soft skin of her arch, kneading gently, while his fingers traced the curve of her toes, his lips parting as he leaned forward to kiss the tips of her toes once more.

The taste of her skin was overwhelming, a potent mix of sweat and dirt that clung to his tongue, but it only spurred him on. He pressed his lips harder against her toes, his mouth working over each one as if they were something sacred, something he had to prove his devotion to.

Zelda watched him, her eyes dark with satisfaction. “Look at you,” she murmured, her voice soft and mocking. “So eager, so obedient. You’d do anything for me, wouldn’t you?”

Link nodded weakly, unable to speak as her toes pressed harder against his lips, his mouth filled with the taste of her

feet, the smell of her sweat clogging his nostrils. His body was trembling with the sheer intensity of it, the overwhelming need to serve her, to please her.

"That's right," Zelda continued, her voice laced with amusement. "You're not a hero anymore, Link. You're mine. My little toy. My little pet."

The words hit him like a dagger, but instead of pain, all he felt was a strange pleasure. He **wanted** this – wanted to be hers, to belong to her in every way. His body was on fire, his mind buzzing with the heady mixture of shame and desire as he pressed his lips harder against her toes, sucking gently on each one as if they were something holy.

Zelda's smile widened, her eyes glinting with satisfaction as she felt him give in completely. "Such a good boy," she whispered, her voice thick with approval. "You make such a perfect little slave. So eager, so obedient, so... helpless."

Her foot slid across his face, her sole pressing against his cheek as her toes brushed against his lips, her heel resting lightly on his jaw. "I could crush you if I wanted to," she said softly, her voice a mixture of tenderness and cruelty. "But I won't. Not yet."

Link's breath hitched as her foot pressed harder against his face, the pressure building until it felt like his skull might crack under the weight of her heel. His heart was pounding in his chest, his body trembling with a mixture of fear and excitement.

Zelda chuckled softly, her foot sliding down to rest on his throat, the pressure light but firm. "You belong to me now," she said, her voice low and commanding. "You're not a hero anymore, Link. You're my pet. My toy. My... property."

Link's eyes fluttered shut as the weight of her words settled over him, his body shivering with pleasure. He **was** hers. Completely. Utterly. Irrevocably.

And for the first time, he wasn't pretending to resist. He loved it all.

As Zelda's heel pressed against his throat, her soft laugh still echoing in his ears, Link's mind drifted to the one thing that dominated his thoughts, the one part of her that consumed him entirely: her feet. He never understood *why* – why the very thing meant to humiliate him was the same thing he craved most. But he didn't need to understand it. He just knew that he loved them.

It wasn't just the shape, though her feet were as perfect as the rest of her. Her arches, high and elegant, spoke of her royalty, of her superiority over him. The way her toes curled ever so slightly when she pressed them against his skin drove him wild, each toe perfectly proportioned, long, slender, yet deceptively strong. They were feminine and delicate in appearance, but beneath that softness was a raw power – a reminder that, even in her smallest movement, she could break him if she wanted to.

And then there was the smell. Oh, gods, the smell.

To anyone else, it would have been unbearable - revolting, even. But to Link, it was something else entirely. The stench was overwhelming, thick, and ripe with the remnants of her long days in leather boots, sweat mingling with the faint scent of the earth she walked on. It was an odour of power, of control, and it was something he could never escape. Every time he inhaled, it filled his lungs, stinging them, making him light-headed. He could feel it seeping into his skin, into his very soul.

It was more than just a smell – it was a taste. Each time his lips touched her skin, the salt of her sweat lingered on his tongue, bitter and briny. The dirt stuck to his mouth, coating his lips with the grime that she didn't care to wash off. Why would she? She knew he loved it. The gunk that gathered between her

toes, the dirt that clung to her soles – it was all part of the allure, part of what made her feet hers.

He loved it because it was hers. He loved the way it overwhelmed him, the way it filled every one of his senses, until there was nothing left but the scent, the taste, the feel of her feet pressing against him, smothering him, reminding him that he existed only to serve her.

And that was what he loved most – the feeling of being *needed* by her. Even if it was just to clean the dirt from between her toes with his tongue, even if it was to breathe in the stench of her sweat until it choked him. It was his purpose. It was his existence.

Every time he pressed his lips to her sole, every time her toes brushed against his mouth, he felt a strange happiness fill his chest. He belonged to her. He was hers. And no matter how filthy, how degrading, how utterly dehumanizing the act was, he couldn't deny the way it made him feel – complete. Fulfilled. Like he was exactly where he was supposed to be.

Zelda's feet were his world now. The shape, the smell, the taste of them – it was all he needed, all he craved. He would kneel before her for as long as she allowed, worship her feet for as long as she commanded, because in the end, it was the only thing that made him feel truly alive.