

An expression of panic adorned Zelda's face as she rushed down the stairs of her castle as fast as was humanly possible. Her heart thumped right through her chest, sweat pouring down her bulky form. It was unbelievable- Today was such an important day and she'd been caught completely off guard!!! The surprise had been so shocking, poor Zelda hadn't been given enough time to get herself ready! As far as she knew, she looked as radiant and beautiful as ever. Zelda's face was plenty cute, her two green eyes sparkling whilst her cute, pointed Hylian ears poked out from either side. Her hair was also quite pretty, a short blonde bob with a detailed braid at the top.

Of course, the rest of Zelda's body was just as pristine too. Her wide, broad shoulders gave way to two large arms that bulged to the brim with muscle. A set of flat, rigid pecs decorated the top of her torso, with an incredibly built and defined six pack on her belly. For clothes, all she wore was a green loincloth with an intricate design to cover the hefty cock nestled within her loins, leaving the rest of her muscled figure to be gazed upon. Though some gloves, thigh highs and pumps made sure to accentuate her muscled, feminine figure. In truth, Zelda looked as radiant as ever. It was just the anxiety running inside that made her feel a bit insecure.

As Zelda reached the foyer of her castle, the reason for her stress became blatantly clear. Standing invitingly in the middle of the foyer was another Zelda, her smile just as shimmering as her bright, blonde hair. Just like Zelda herself, this Zelda wore little more than a pink loincloth with a red triforme printed on it. Though unlike Zelda, the bulge of her cock on the loincloth was plenty visible. This Zelda's physique was much thicker and rounder. A huge belly sprouted out of her midsection, with plenty of hair to cover the rest of her body. Instead of pecs, her chest was inflated with a combination of muscle and fat that made them look like saggy manbreasts. It was the epitome of what a Zelda should look like.

This was the Zelda from the Kingdom of the Past, or Past Zelda as she was often referred to. The two of them had convened in order to have Zelda show her around the castle, a common visitation that occurred between kingdoms. However, that *bitch* had decided to arrive several hours before the agreed time, catching poor Zelda by surprise and putting her on the backhand. Not that Zelda was going to let it get to her. No, Zelda wasn't going to play into her hand like that... Taking a deep breath and putting on a fake smile, Zelda composed herself before approaching her fellow princess.

"Ah! Goddess- If it isn't Wild Zelda!!" Past Zelda screamed happily the moment she caught sight of the other Zelda, her voice as sickeningly sweet as a mouthful of honey.

Zelda winced through her smile as she heard that. *Wild Zelda*, princess of the Kingdom of the *Wild*. This was the nickname she had received from all of the other Zeldas of the other kingdoms. It seems like just because her kingdom had been abandoned for a couple of decades, 'left to the wild' so to speak, Zelda and her kingdom had been granted this totally humiliating nickname. Zelda hated the little name with every fiber of her being. It made it sound like Zelda and her people were nothing more than a bunch of savages, outliers in the perfect lineage of Hyrulian royalty. She'd desperately tried to convince the other princesses and kingdoms to change it, especially now that they'd overcome yet another cataclysmic event. But to no avail, nobody seemed interested in changing their perception of the Kingdom of the Wild, least of all the dreaded Past Zelda.

"Past Zelda!" Wild Zelda spoke in a bright, earnest tone, trying her best not to break the cheery façade she had on. "It is such a pleasure to welcome you to my castle today!"

“Oh nonsense!” Past Zelda waved her off, exuding an air of royalty and humbleness. “The pleasure is entirely mine!”

While Wild Zelda smiled warmly, she couldn't help but feel the quiver of jealousy tingle at Past Zelda's presence. Not only was she incredibly attractive, her fat hairy stomach really accentuating her feminine figure, but she was also one of the oldest and most respected princesses of all the Kingdoms. Plus, her nickname was soooo much better... 'Past Zelda'... It had this air of prestige that was totally enviable.

“So, how have you been?” Past Zelda continued her innocent chitchat. Suddenly, her eyes became sharp, and she looked up and down Wild Zelda's body as if she was a vulture. It sent a cold shiver down Zelda's spine. “Hmmm... Have you put on a little bit of weight...?”

A surge of panic burst within Wild Zelda, causing her to jolt in place. Sharply turning her gaze down towards her own body, she desperately started patting herself to see if she had indeed put on some of that undesired thickness. Her fingers traced through her six pack, investigating every nook and cranny. She took firm hold of her firm, squarish pecs, sliding her hand down her rugged figure. But there was no extra fat to be found, only the thick, firm slabs of muscle her body had always possessed. It wasn't until Zelda looked back up to Past Zelda that she realized what had happened.

Instead of her previous tender expression, Past Zelda now bore the widest shit-eating grin Zelda had ever seen, smugness absolutely oozing from her every pore. An enormous blush appeared on Zelda's face. That bitch!!! She'd tricked her! Made her look insecure even though she knew Zelda looked exactly the same as usual. It was the same exact type of passive-aggressive trickery that made Zelda HATE these diplomatic visits.

“A-A-Anyways!!!” Zelda did her best to ignore the subject. “W-Why don't we get this visit started?”

“I would love nothing more!” Past Zelda agreed earnestly, once more putting that fake expression of friendliness that Wild Zelda detested. “I've honestly grown tired of staying in this dusty, dilapidated foyer of yours. I know your castle has been taken over before, but you should really try to restore it from its destroyed state. I know an amazing interior decorator if you need one~”

Wild Zelda grumbled quietly to herself, clenching her fists as hard as she could. But she said nothing. She knew this was a fight she could not win. Instead, the princess had come up with the perfect plan to get the respect she so desperately desired. If she couldn't talk her way into being recognized, she'd just have to show the other princesses how amazing Zelda and her kingdom truly were! With all of the amazing and unique qualities of her land, there was no way her scheme would go wrong!

With an inspired step, Wild Zelda led her princess companion into a room full of the most advanced and futuristic Sheikah technologies the world had ever produced. There was a little bit of everything. Plasmatic sword, magnetic bombs, even fully functioning robots. Zelda explained each and every one of them in copious detail, showing off all of the deep, technical knowledge she'd received from Purah. And yet... Throughout it all, Past Zelda retained an expression of boredom and disinterest that sharply dug into Wild Zelda's core. As each second passed, Zelda was becoming less and less confident with this plan.

“Oh wow, this is really amazing...” Past Zelda finally spoke up, igniting even the slightest tinge of hope within Wild Zelda's heart. “You have all these futuristic technologies and your kingdom was taken over by Ganon TWICE!”

Only for Zelda's hope to come crashing down like a crumbling building. It was blatantly obvious for anyone who had eyes that Wild Zelda's plan was not going well. In fact, it was being the exact opposite of successful, a very resounding and pervading FAILURE! If Zelda wanted to recover from this, she had to come up with something big, something impressive, something that would leave her kingdom in a good light no matter what. Maybe she should show Past Zelda the new Master Sword, or one of those Guardians in action, or even the Sheikah plate-

"Wild Zelda...? Look, as cool as all of these... Things are..." Before Zelda could come up with anything, Past Zelda spoke up in a curt manner. "Don't you think they're a bit... Boyish...? As princesses, it's not really appropriate for us to deal with these sorts of things, now is it?"

Of course!! Wild Zelda cursed under her breath. She couldn't believe she'd made such a terrible blunder!!! Everyone knew that one of the most important aspects for any Zelda was the sanctity of their femininity. Half of the Zeldas had never even held a weapon before, more than content to play the role of damsel in distress while their Links save the kingdom.

Past Zelda herself was probably the epitome of what it meant to be a feminine Zelda. What, with that severely pudgy beer belly and those gruff angular arms that made her look so dainty. Or the way her entire body was covered in thick amounts of hair, while that fat cock of hers bulged through her loincloth. Gods, what Wild Zelda wouldn't have given to have a body as feminine and sexy as that... And it wasn't just her looks that were feminine either, her entire personality and demeanor was as prissy and girly as one could get. It honestly made sense why Zelda's plan had ended up in absolute failure.

"Y-Yeah! Y-You're totally right!" Wild Zelda stuttered awkwardly, quickly trying to come up with some other way to impress her fellow princess. Feminine... Girly... What would be a good place to take Past Zelda to that would work... "Gardens!! L-Let's go to the castle's gardens! I'm sure you'll love all of the lovely flora our gardeners have been working on~"

Quickly grabbing onto Past Zelda's arm with her own burly hands, Wild Zelda pulled the other princess along as fast as she could, a desperate attempt to salvage all as much of this situation as possible. Her body carried them forth fueled with sheer despair, thick, muscular steps moving them so fast the two arrived at the gardens in just a matter of seconds.

As the grey, medieval environment of the castle gave way to the much brighter, gentler appeal of nature, Wild Zelda felt her nerves being eased ever so slightly. The castle's gardens were nothing incredible, certainly not as cutting edge as the kingdom's Sheikah technology. Nevertheless, the fauna of Zelda's kingdom was nonetheless quite unique and diverse, featuring several plants that weren't found in any of the Kingdoms. Not to mention they'd just restored one of those Goddess statues to their pre-calamity conditions, so there was plenty of beauty to appreciate.

"Are these your gardens...?" Past Zelda suddenly asked, eyes shifting around the place in what seemed to be genuine interest.

Wild Zelda was just about to burst aloud with pompous confirmation, but before a single word came out of her mouth, Past Zelda interrupted her again.

"Goddess I hope not!" Past Zelda chuckled to herself. "It feels like we're in the middle of some savage jungle!"

Instantly, Wild Zelda's heart was torn apart. Her face was devoid of any sort of joy, now fully broken in by Past Zelda's taunting. This was the last thing she had, the only plan she'd come up with to finally earn some respect. If this failed then...

"You know, Time Zelda has a beautiful set of gardens~" Noticing Wild Zelda's hurt, Past Zelda decided to dig further and further, a sadistic smile appearing on her face. "It has an incredible set of bush mazes, and it's so big it's packed to the brim with guards!"

"Hnnngggrrrrhhh!!! Alright, that's it!!!!" Eventually, all of the anger and frustration that had built up within Wild Zelda reached its boiling point, and the girl finally snapped at her companion with all of those pent up feelings. "I am SICK and TIRED of the way you all keep treating me like this! I'm just as much of a princess Zelda as the rest of you, you know?! My kingdom is entitled to respect as much as any of the other ones!"

This sudden outburst seemed to surprise Past Zelda, who had not been expecting the younger princess to stand up for herself. Nevertheless, Past Zelda stayed resolute. She proudly stepped towards Wild Zelda, as if she was challenging her to a confrontation.

"Heh~ That's quite the haughty thing to say. Especially considering you're the youngest amongst us." Past Zelda responded with an overwhelming smug expression. "Do you *really* think you're on the same level as the rest of us Zeldas~?"

"I do!" Wild Zelda stepped forward unafraid. For as big as Past Zelda's mantits or fat belly might have been, Zelda was also confident in her own muscular form. "And I'll do anything to prove it!"

"Hmmm... Anything, you say~?" Past Zelda hummed to herself, that devilish smirk of hers growing wider and wider. "Very well then, in that case... Let us invoke the ancient ritual of Sword Polishing in order to finally settle this~"

A cute little gasp escaped from Wild Zelda's mouth. The ritual of Sword Polishing... It was a traditional ceremony in which two Zeldas would measure each other's 'holy blades' in order to settle any differences. For the Zeldas, who each possessed girthy, masculine member, the ritual was of upmost holiness and importance. It was a way to show how much they each cared for their large physiques. That being said, the ritual was also quite intimate and passionate in nature, which is why it did not occur much these days. Wild Zelda could scarcely believe Past Zelda would even suggest it.

"What are you waiting for, little princess?" Sensing Wild Zelda's hesitation, Past Zelda pressed her advantage. "Shall we commence our duel, or are you too scared~?"

It was true that Wild Zelda felt a bit unsure about the whole scenario. Exposing herself in front of such a feminine and sexy Zelda was already quite difficult and embarrassing to do. Not to mention how terrible the consequences would be if she failed. Surely, rumors about her being a quickshot or small would spread through all the Zeldas. Nevertheless, this was the one opportunity she had to prove herself, so she wasn't about to give that up.

"Fine!" Wild Zelda snapped back with a humph, turning away from Past Zelda's smug expression. "But only to show you how good of a Zelda I am!"

Facing each other with determination, each princess stood proudly while they began to slowly pull down their royal loincloths. Wild Zelda's cheeks grew piping red at the sight of Past Zelda's incredibly member. Even while soft, the massive penis was almost as thick as a log of wood, its foreskin pulled all the way back long before reaching full erection. Its bulbous head glimmered with a deep red color, its length colored a dirty brownish that was slightly darker than Zelda herself. As the penis slowly became erect, it only grew larger and fatter, a hog so massive even Zelda's large hands and broad fingers couldn't wrap around it whole. Plus, the way her fat balls heaved down wards with a girthy sag was undoubtedly impressive. Truly, there was no better example of a royal Zelda dick than hers.

Wild Zelda's own penis, by comparison, seemed much more pathetic and daintier. Though her balls were about average in size, her shaft barely measured a couple of inches. The little member quivered with embarrassment, copious amounts of foreskin obscuring its head.

"Pffftt~" Past Zelda laughed to herself upon witnessing such a shameful display. "Come on now, Zelda. Even a pitiful princess such as yourself can do better than that."

Wild Zelda shuddered at her companion's words. Though her reputation was on the line, Zelda was finding it quite hard to get an erection in front of Past Zelda. There was, of course, the fear and pressure that came from participating in this duel. But more than anything, Wild Zelda simply didn't want to admit that she found the other princess incredibly arousing. Her feelings of disdain towards Past Zelda were real, but so was her desire to gaze upon Past Zelda's thick and muscled form. She knew that falling victim to Past Zelda's lusciousness would only inflate that devilish woman's ego, but her body refused to listen to her. Even those mean, demeaning words that harmed Wild Zelda's heart only served to make her heart thump with desire.

As Past Zelda's judgmental gaze bore into Wild Zelda, all the princess could do was moan and give into her desires. Little by little, the once miniscule penis started to grow larger and larger. Its shaft thickened considerably, thick pulsating veins surging around its length. The thickness too increased, expanding out until it was as thick as the handle of a real sword. Even its head grew quite larger, snaking its way through the copious amounts of foreskin to have its tip barely pop out into the open air. When Wild Zelda's cock finally reached its full erection, the head of her penis tapped against Past Zelda's cockhead, as if the two had exchanged a cute kiss. Though unimpressive at first, Zelda's cock was considerably massive. It wasn't as thick as Past Zelda's, but it more than made up with sheer presence and length.

"Oh my~" Past Zelda cooed with a luscious expression, her own cock throbbing from Wild Zelda's dick-peck. "It looks like this Zelda has quite the potent 'sword' after all~"

"Hnffff-" Wild Zelda looked away, not willing to indulge in her opponent's pleasure. Nonetheless, it was pretty clear from her expression that she was quite enjoying herself as well. "I-I g-g-guess y-you're not that bad yourself~"

However, Past Zelda was far from done with playing with Wild Zelda. Girthy cock still throbbing with lust, Past Zelda began to gyrate her hips back and forth, rubbing her heated cock against Wild Zelda's own pulsating penis. The unexpected Wild Zelda let out an unwitting yelp of pleasure, her whole body tingling with a deep sensation of lust. Every little one of the other Zelda's rubbings were making her cock throb harder and harder. It was the perfect heat and shape to light up Wild Zelda's desire, its delicious warmth melting her inhibitions to her core.

“W-W-W-What are y-you doooing~?!?!” Wild Zelda whimpered in a panic voice, though she could not move her cock away from a single second.

“This~? Hnggghh~” Past Zelda groaned commandingly, her hips moving faster and faster as she dominated her partner further. “This is only normal for any Sword Polishing ritual. A princess such as yourself should be able to withstand such pleasure, no~?”

As much as Wild Zelda felt like she was going to succumb to her lust, she knew Past Zelda was completely right. The Sword Polishing ritual wasn’t merely about comparing length, it was also important to test the endurance of each princess. Whoever succumbed to their earthly desires or chickened out first would be crowned the loser, which meant that Zelda simply had to hold on against the pleasure. Biting onto her lip, Wild Zelda steeled herself as much as she could. Her body remained still, cock standing at attention while Past Zelda’s penis lovingly rubbed itself along its length.

Unfortunately, even someone as determined as Wild Zelda couldn’t help but fall victim to the overwhelming amount of testosterone that coursed through her body whole. Though she resisted as much as she could, eventually her body began to thrust against Past Zelda’s cock too. Little by little her common sense was eroded, replaced with a throbbing desire that centralized entirely on her needy penis.

In just a matter of seconds, the duo of princesses were greedily thrusting against each other without any semblance of restraint. Their bodies moved entirely on instinct, cocks coating themselves and each other in copious amounts of precum. For a few seconds, there was no sort of rivalry or hatred between the two. Instead, they shared a deep passionate connection. Their bodies felt perfect together, as if they’d been made for each other. The way their cocks reacted as they continued to rub was utterly magnificent. In this moment, there was nothing more around them other than their muscular bodies, throbbing cocks, and a pervading lust that kept growing and growing until-

*SPUUURTTT~~*

Crying out in unison, the pair of Zeldas gave out a pair girlish moans as their fat dicks started unloading spurt after spurt of ejaculate all over the courtyard floor. Past Zelda’s cum was incredibly sticky and thick, coming out in heavy bursts that sprayed in every direction as it pulsated the tip of her partner’s penis. Wild Zelda’s cum on the other hand was a bit more normal, with a continues flurry of hot white jizz that sprayed forth from her urethra totally unashamed. As different as their cocks and bodies might have been, in the end the two Zeldas were united in heart and desires.

“Haah~ Haaah~” Past Zelda gasped happily, tongue lolling out of her mouth whilst her face reveled with a thoroughly satisfied expression. “It seems... Our little duel... Ended in a tie~ I guess we’ll just have to try it again, huh~?”

Wild Zelda merely panted in response, her mind too overwhelmed by the pleasures of penile orgasm to play Past Zelda’s game. She really hated dealing with Past Zelda. But perhaps another Sword Polishing ritual didn’t sound so bad...~

