

THE GERUDO'S QUEEN

written by CHALDEACHANGE

- A Princess Zelda into Gerudo RACE CHANGE + AP story.
- NSFW!
- SPOILERS FOR THE END OF BREATH OF THE WILD

Thanks to the efforts of Hylia's chosen, Link, the kingdom of Hyrule was about to enter a new age of prosperity. Calamity Ganon, an evil entity that had placed the kingdom under its control for one hundred years, had been readily defeated after a long and arduous journey. But in the wake of freeing the kingdom there was much work to be done. Not only did homes and buildings need to be rebuilt, but relations between the various peoples that existed across Hyrule.

For the most part things seemed to have held together on that front thanks to how amicable each tribe had become in the wake of Hyrule's fall. They'd all had to support one another in various ways over the course of the past one hundred years, even if they didn't always necessarily see eye to eye. This was something of a relief to the young Princess Zelda, whom had made it her mission to visit each city in Hyrule her first priority after recovering from her time sealing Ganon.

"You needn't lower yourself on my behalf, princess." The voice of a young girl commanded Zelda to rise. Their quest had taken them Gerudo Town, which rested far in the desert to the west of Hyrule Castle. The current acting Chieftain, Riju, had greeted both herself and Link with open arms, and had agreed to an audience on the condition that Link meet with the town's knights, whom had earned a deep respect for him. Or, well, her. He'd gone off in that feminine looking armor again thanks to the Gerudo's rules about men in the town.

Despite the heat in the desert, the princess herself had stubbornly elected not to adorn lighter clothing. The blue shirt and black pants that marked her as the commander of the Champions was not something she would easily part with. She wasn't big on dresses in the first place, they made it hard to explore and research in the field. It might have been cooler to wear one, and Link had not-so-subtly suggested she do so, but pants won out in the end.

As instructed, the princess stood, blonde hair swaying with a breeze that passed through the Chieftain's room. **"I apologize. Link and I simply came to see how the Gerudo were doing following Calamity Ganon's defeat. If there is anything the people of Hyrule can do for you, please do not hesitate to ask."**

"While we thank you for your offer, why not leave such a serious topic for the morning?" Riju smiled as a child might, gesturing to one of her guards. **"Surely you're weary from your travels. We Gerudo have a famous spa in our town, I believe it would be a relaxing experience for you, princess."** Zelda had been liable to reject the invitation, if not for the fact that she was quickly made to realize it was an order. One of the women guarding the room picked the princess up by her collar like a kitten by the scruff of its neck, and before she knew it she was being escorted thanks to the Gerudo's *'hospitality'*.

Riju had meant well, truly. She'd heard plenty of stories about Zelda's stubbornness from Link himself, and his plan was in part his own. To get the next queen of Hyrule to relax a little; that was their goal. But neither of them were, at the time, aware that a piece of evil had remained behind after Calamity Ganon's fall. A seeker that was tasked with ensuring there was a path for the next iteration of Ganon to follow.

It wasn't long before the princess had been stripped and tossed into a luxurious bath. It wasn't like she wasn't used to being treated as such; particularly as a child she'd been under constant supervision of the caretakers assigned to her. They used to take her to her baths, pick out her clothes, all that stuff. In a way, this was how she was being treated, right? Hair tied up in a white towel, she gazed out at the quieting city through a small window that on most tall Gerudo would likely show off her torso to passersby, but with her own short stature only her head peeked over. It was a peculiar design choice to place the edge of such a large bath alongside a window, but supposedly it wasn't typical for

The sun had begun to set, casting a town that was so lively during the day with a quieting darkness. The young girls that had come out to play had begun to return home, and the shops were slowly but surely closing up. They had a room lined up at the inn, but it seemed she wouldn't be able to meet Link there until after her treatment had concluded.

Lost in thought, Zelda has only idly glanced down at her lower legs, the only part of her body she'd allowed to soak in the heat of the bathwater as she'd wanted to grow accustomed to the temperature first. Blue eyes went wide as she noticed something peculiar beyond the ripples of the steaming water. The tone of her skin beneath the water seemed strange. The princess had always been a pale youth, and yet it looked as if her shins, ankles, and toes had spent all day beneath the blistering sun. Thinking it a condition of the water, she lifted a foot into the cool air above the water's surface and wiggled her toes. The color, of course, remained unchanged. Could water have a property like that? Without an obvious dye? It was unlikely, and it made the princess wary of the water itself. She thought to end her bath at that moment and placed her hand against the white tiling to prop herself out, but somehow that hand slipped beneath her weight and she hit the water with a yelp and a loud splash.

Panicked, she pulled herself out of the hot water and laid upon her back over the cold tiles. Her chest heaving from shock, she placed a hand before her eyes. It remained its usual white at first, but as the moments passed she could see its tone darkening until it was a brown that held a rich crimson shade. The phenomenon had spread throughout her body, and from her thighs to her breasts, her entire body looked quite unlike any Hylian she'd ever seen. The coloring certainly resembled a Gerudo.

Relaxation? Was Riju pranking her? To dye the skin of a princess was extraordinarily inappropriate! Tugging the soaked towel from her hair, it only worsened as bright red locks clouded her vision. Even her hair!?

"Excuse me! I'd like to speak to the owner of this establishment!" She'd charged out in only her towel to the reception desk, finding no one present. If not for her facial structure and waif-ish figure, one might have mistaken her as a young Gerudo as her dark skin contrasted against the white of her towel and the blue of her eyes. Were no employees left? But her things had been locked up in the guest room for safekeeping...

"Sav'saaba." The unfamiliar voice of a woman sounded behind Zelda, causing her to spin around with shock. The speaker was a young Gerudo woman with skin coloring akin to her own, red paint decorating the corner of her eyes and blue lipstick applied as she'd seen on many Gerudo. Her brilliant red hair was tied into a pair of twin tails that poofed out at the ends, and while Zelda got the vibe that she might not have been much older than herself, she towered several heads above her. Her attire? A strapless, blue top that hugged a chest of abundance with care, and an accompanying bikini bottom that rested around toned thighs. She was, in a way, somewhat chubbier than the Gerudo she was familiar with, but all of that fat was where it mattered most for a woman: her chest and thighs. She was still, overall, beautifully muscular. **"Princess? You plan on missing your massage? This way."**

"Well no, but! Ah!" Her arm grabbed once more, she was pulled against her own desires into a new room with a massage table centered between row upon row of candles. The scents were exotic, unlike anything Zelda had ever smelled before. If given the opportunity she would have loved to study their origins, but as she found her towel yanked from her and her naked body exposed, from head to breasts to tiny red bush below, she was quickly distracted.

But the Gerudo woman, whom seemed to loathe speaking, seemed to show little shame about the ordeal. **“As I was saying...”** Zelda sat her bare bottom upon the massage table, glancing to the side to look at its size as she spoke. It was clearly designed to accommodate the massive size of a Gerudo woman, she would only rest upon a small portion of it. **“Something in the bathwater altered my skin tone! Does this look like the skin of a-- MMF!”** The Gerudo, seemingly having had enough of the constant chatter, leaned in and planted a firm kiss upon the princess’ lips. Blue residue from her lipstick lingered on the girl’s lips even as the princess pulled away, her cheeks quite pink even against the tan of her new skin.

“Quiet. A massage is for relaxing, no?” Strong hands gently pushed the princess onto her back against the table, Zelda finding nothing left for her to protest about. That kiss... why had it made her feel so strange? The changes to her skin had left her angry, but she felt too calm now. Or was it not the kiss? The candles? Did they have some kind of soothing effect!?

The Gerudo began by applying lotion across the princess’ entire body. She applied it atop her surface and then behind after rolling her over. It had a peculiar scent, the lotion, like a beautiful flower though one she couldn’t recognize. As the applicant dried, her skin felt tighter, stronger. It was a miracle in itself yet had more literal effects. Zelda had closed her eyes to enjoy the treatment she could no longer escape from, so she could not see as her body began to swell.

She wasn’t a fit individual, she knew that. She was a scholar first and foremost, though she had the physical fortitude to traverse Hyrule. Yet in her arms and legs her muscles began to throb pleurably as they pressed up against tanned skin, giving her the bulky yet sexy visage the Gerudo were known for. They lengthened, too, until her feet almost hung over the table’s end. Her stomach became tighter and tighter as muscles strengthened and gave her an impressive set of abs, torso elongated to accommodate longer limbs and increase her overall height. While she’d been two heads shorter than the Gerudo massaging her prior, she was now likely one head *taller*.

Zelda had few physical characteristics she thought were particularly appealing to men, but if she had one she believed was impressive it was her own ass. It was unfortunate that pants always put such an emphasis on it, but the pride was there. That ass began to lose its softness as it became firmer, but also bounced forth in size to retain some of its jiggle. The gait of her hips widened with maturity, thighs thickened with both muscle mass and fat.

While her tits were not usual a point she’d considered sexy, they soon were as brown nipples pressed up against the table she was laying on and her vantage point changed as they pressed harder, their size almost tripled while the excess flesh accumulated around the sides until she’d inevitably roll over. And she was, by the masseuse. As they rolled through the air, decorative barbell piercings appeared in each nipple, a symbol of her status.

As if the woman knew the princess would notice the weight of her breasts struggle against gravity as she was turned, she pressed another kiss against her lips. This time Zelda returned the intimacy, and their tongues met for a moment before the masseuse broke away. **“Your highness, it is almost time for you to find your voe, to waste your lips upon a mere masseuse such as myself, a fellow Gerudo woman, is in poor taste.”** Zelda blinked, confused by this words. Voe? Was she supposed to find a man? There was Link, wasn’t there? A man to have her child? Her memories were fuzzy.

She felt funny...

But she’d become aroused. Amazonian arms wrapped around the neck of the woman as blue nail polish spread across the surface of her nails, tugging the woman back down to meet her gaze an easy task with such strength. As she pulled her back into another kiss, Zelda’s nose elongated and took on a beak-ish shape, the blue upon the Gerudo’s lips filling her own as they thickened in the embrace. No longer did she look to be a girl, but now a woman that was certainly a young adult. Eventually she allowed the woman to escape, a confident smirk upon her own face.

“Nonsense, Lifele.” The name of this masseuse came to her. Lifele. She worked simply in the spa now, but she was a competent warrior that had challenged Calamity Ganon and slain him with the help of her Champions. It had been a proud moment, one worthy of the legacy of the Gerudo. She also held the Triforce of Courage. **“While it is my duty to find a voe to plant a seed, there is no law about two Gerudo maintaining relations otherwise.”** Zelda spoke confidently as she rose from the laying position and stroked Lifele’s cheek. **“But we should go, should we not? Riju has prepared a festival for our journey. You will accompany me, will you not? My partner on my quest to find my voe, a vai worthy of standing at my side.”** She stood as she spoke, walking over to a Gerudo top and sirwal that were folded in the corner before adorning them.

Lifele seemed taken aback, yet she’d always been the silent type. **“Zelesur…”** The name was familiar to the taller Gerudo, the one whom had once been Hyrule’s princess. That was her name. That had always been her name. She had been born to lead the Gerudo, and so she’d trained herself tireless and earned the respect of her people. With Calamity Ganon defeated, it was now time to travel Hyrule to find a man to father her child, a child that would be next in line to lead her people. **“I will. I will accompany you to the ends of this world.”**

It was a curse that had changed her, planted by a Wizzrobe that had passed on as soon as its task had been completed. To create the ideal conditions for a new Gerudo man to later be born. It may not have been in this generation, but one of Zelesur’s ancestors would surely lay the foundation.

Ganondorf would return.

Of course, Zelesur had no recollection of the fact that she was once a Hylian named Zelda, not did she recognize that Lifele had once been her trusted protector, Link. But neither of these things mattered anymore. They were still bound by fate, as they always would be.