

MILFS OF THE WILD: PRINCESS

DECEMBER 2020 REQUEST STORY

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“Where did it go? This is bad...”

The Princess of Hyrule, Zelda, was exploring the forest near Kakariko Village that evening for she had misplaced something of great importance. She wasn't even sure *how* she'd misplaced it! She and Link had been traveling to the village to meet up with Impa and the Champions after returning to their own homes for a brief respite in preparation for Calamity Ganon's return all day. Once they had brought their things to the inn, however? The princess had realized her Sheikah Slate was missing.

It was, perhaps, the most important thing in her belongings. She couldn't berate herself enough losing it – and in fact couldn't even remember putting it down. She last remembered having it in the forest for sure, looking through the research photos she had taken to study later. She kind of felt like she'd still had it in town too, but...

Regardless, she and Link had split off from one another after reaching the forest entrance. The device hadn't been on the path between town and the woods, which meant it had to be inside somewhere. Provided some personal or animal hadn't picked it up, which would have been the *worst-case* scenario.

“Oh, there it is!” Fortunately, she'd found it, and among a sea of her favorite flowers! The Silent Princess was a rare breed that only grew around places with vast magical power, which begged the question:

what was here that had caused them to bloom in such a high number? Legend had it that a Great Fairy lived in this forest. Could that legend be true?

Despite her natural curiosity, solving it wasn't exactly at the forefront of her mind. Zelda was just overcome with relief that she had found the Sheikah Slate, and in one piece at that! The only strange thing about it was that she'd found it *powered on*. It was supposed to turn off after five minutes of inactivity and she'd been away from it for hours – but it was possible that there had been some sort of glitch, she supposed.

About to head back to the forest entry to find Link and return to the inn, she'd paused once she caught sight of what was actually open on the Sheikah Slate. It wasn't an app she'd ever seen before. In fact, not a single function in the machine turned the screen pink like that. There were a bunch of words scrawled across it in a language she didn't recognize.

That language? It wasn't of this world, but from another. And the words? They were a profile. A dating profile. Set up for woman over the age of forty. The title was clear as day, but as Zelda was, she couldn't read it.

MILF MATCH

“What are these words?” Ignorant to the possibility there might be any risk, she tapped away at the screen. Until she accidentally hit the word *'accept'*, confirming the profile as accurate. And so, the screen's pink began to glow a blinding amount, forcing Zelda to drop the slate once more and stumble backwards. Jolts of pink energy jumped from the screen, striking Zelda's body in the process as she cried out with surprise. **“Ah! What in Hyrule's name is happening!?”**

She felt... odd. *Warm*, even.

Not one overtly familiar with sexual need or impulse, for despite being at that age she was more invested in her work and role as Hyrule's princess and chosen than anything, she of course was oblivious to what this warmth really meant for the time being. But she had just been struck by something that was essentially a curse, born from the Great Fairy that lived in this place interacting with the Sheikah Slate. It was a curse that called upon the tastes of another world. A taste for *MILFs*.

The light of the screen's glow had finally waned, and the princess merely stood there stunned for a moment – oblivious to the fate that had just been forced upon her, one that was stripping her of her noble blood and Hylian descent as she gawked down at the dropped device. Her pointed

ears were *rounding*, ears that defined her heritage bending into things that didn't conventionally match a single race in Hyrule; although that *was* the point.

This manifested in many ways, each causing the princess to look less and less like one of her own people, let alone one of royal blood. Round ears? They were only the beginning. The golden braid across the top of Zelda's head had begun to unravel little by little and the hairclip fell as a result, while the quality of the hair it all supported showed signs of *deterioration*.

Ends frayed and split, as the accumulation of roughly twenty-five years of additional age stained and worn them down to a point where some of their color had grayed out – though only temporarily. Black began to replace the faded, golden blonde. Beginning at her roots, its vibrancy had still dulled, but only for a moment. Color returned richer than ever, yet also even more inauthentic for that color had been produced largely by a dye product that *shouldn't* have existed in this kingdom.

“Huh? My hair? Why does it look so— *Mmm...*” Zelda herself had taken notice of her hair, but before she could question it further her body had been wracked with a fairly prevalent and pleasurable feeling that brought the girl to sensually bite her lower lip and purr, all while rubbing her thighs together in need of something she didn't quite understand. The caveat? There felt to be more of that lip to bite in the first place. It was plumper than it should have been, both it and its upper counterpart both swollen and cracked, while the rest of her face was shifting to better match the implied age and ethnicity her hair had suggested.

Her eyes, always *very* round and *very* bright blue, had lost their luster. Irises were stained a more conventional brown and ended up looking closer to the eyes of a Sheikah with how much more pointed the corners had begun. But age was just as prevalent of a factor as anything regarding what was happening, and from the corners of those eyes a subtle pair of crow's feet had indented themselves upon her skin. With the wear of her skin quality – one that had actually spread not only across her face, but her entire body – it gave off the impression that she was a woman in her *forties*, not the teen her figure still suggested.

But in the face of **Milf Match's** true purpose, youthfulness was temporary.

The princess' thighs pressed together as she let loose yet another mature sounding moan, her head struggling to keep up with all of the strange feelings she was enduring. She was hungry, but not for food. It was like an appetite, but for something far more carnal. The more her legs

rubbed together? The more she craved it. And... Oh! Never mind. She was also growing a regular appetite, and the reason would soon make itself apparent.

Accompanying a gargling of the girl's stomach was a feeling of bloating. She had eaten bad food and mushrooms in the past (*for research, of course!*) and they'd definitely made her feel unwell, but was this feeling really the same thing? It wasn't really a sickly feeling, and it wasn't quite like she was overly full? Zelda just felt like there should have been *more* to her body.

And *more* arrived.

It began in her gut. The flesh of her belly had begun to poke up and against the inside of her shirt, the formation of a muffin top all but inevitable as flesh popped over the hem of her pants. "**Oh... Mm!**" Her fingers rubbed against the exposed skin, eventually poking into it. For a brief second, she had been alarmed by this weight, but accepted it just as quickly. "**Nothing wrong with a little weight...!**" Many young men were into that kind of thing, and she **could really go for a young man right about now**— *Uh*. "**E-Eh!? Where did that thought come from!?**" Voice even momentarily shrunk back down from its sensual depths as she tried to correct this unusual line of thinking.

Whatever internal struggle she was on the cusp of though, the weight pouring into her once fragile shape showed no signs of stopping. It became fairly evident in her cheeks that Zelda was growing pudgier – if her belly wasn't proof enough. And that belly continued to swell, gut ultimately evening out a little bit simply because the girl – *woman?* – had gained a few inches of height on the side. Her ill-fitted shirt was tugged up even higher as a result, and so the belly that stuck out several inches past her waistline reflected the light of the setting sun.

The level of discomfort within the princess' pants was growing unbearable due to a combination of factors. Her hips were widening well past maturity, the waistband of the skin-tight pants stretched well past capacity so that the button in the front popped off to allow room for breathing. "**Oh!?**" That room, however, was just as quickly stolen away as fat began to settle into her lower half.

Her rear bled large, cheeks stretching the back of her pants past the point of properly fitting, and so the waistline ended up sliding down her cheeks and leaving ample ass cleavage exposed in the forest. It was... roughly a half-moon, with the pants covering the lower halves of her cheeks. Her thighs? They certainly weren't of any help, not as they expanded and expanded, leather pantlegs strained to the point of collapse. Tiny tears began to surface across those thighs, allowing the

chubby flesh to poke through at points. Like with the back, the front had no choice but to peel downwards a little, revealing her panties cameltoeing the hell out of a swollen, aged pussy and a bush of dark blue pubic hair poking out of the side.

The cool air of the woods teased her genitals, offering some degree of relief to a heat that had been plaguing Zelda since the transformation had begun. Her blue panties being flossed between her lips certainly didn't help things, and a hand decorated with fake, acrylic nails end up sliding past her belly and between thighs (*which were as broad as her belly – each*) to pull her underwear down so it was more comfortable. The issue? It was also stuck deep within the crack of her huge, sagging ass, and by the time she'd given it a few tugs... **“Oh! OH! Come to okaa-san!”** It just ended up feeling way too *good*.

Zelda's mind was going. The forest was appearing less familiar, and her memories had been jarred. Her youth felt like a passing fancy, and in its place more modern memories of being a single, Japanese mother, of fooling around with plenty of young men on **MILF MATCH**, were things that came to mind instead. Before long she would believe herself to have been – what was the word her daughter had used? *Isekei'd*? Yes! She would end up believing herself to be 'isekai'd' into this strange, fantasy world. But that did not mean her sexual appetite and tasted would change at all.

With one cracked hand probing her pussy lips, fluids dripping down onto illy fit panties and leather pants alike, another began to massage one of her breasts. **“Since when were these so... mm... tiny!? What happened to my big, milky jugs!?”** There was a saying where she now thought she came from: *ask and you shall receive*. And receive the woman would. Her body heaved forward as it took all her strength to remain upright while fingering, bosom filling out with abundance and forcing her top to split open so that pale, fatty flesh could pour out in all of its radiance. Her nipples were firm and as large as a rupie in every direction, the woman herself incapable of preventing herself from tweaking one.

Eventually her mass became too much to masturbate while standing, and so her ass clapped against the grassy floor like thunder – sending a wave rippling through her fleshy abode. Her tits had grown to be absolutely massive, each one bigger than her head in a way that suggested they would have been huge enough even with her hefty form, but that weight of hers just made them seem even more dynamite. She rolled over the Silent Princess flowers nearby, eventually collapsing in a spent position as her forty-five-year-old body laid there, content.

Or, well, content enough.

Because all it took was her noticing an eighteen-year-old boy dressed in blue, watching her from the shadows, to give her drive going again. **“Ara, ara! Hello there, little boy. Would you like to play with okaa-san? I’m not sure how I ended up here, but it isn’t so bad with a cutie like you around.”** His ears were pointed? How odd! He must have been some kind of elf!

Despite the woman’s invitation however, she didn’t sit up, much less stand. This gave Link all the opportunity he needed to make a break for it. Because he’d seen it all. *He knew that woman had been Zelda.*

And so he had to find some help.