

[short story] [More Than Just Full](#)

[length] 2580 words / 7 pages

[content] Zelda BotW/TotK, very NSFW, mpreg/nbpreg, Zelda/Link, degradation, monster pregnancy, femdom, stuffing, slight non-con pregnancy, belly sounds

[summary] Link is carrying a monster child. Zelda is very interested and explores a new side within her.

[preview] Link looked back at her, in shock; He wanted to say something, but his body reacted quicker than his brain: He came. He gasped and desperately tried to stay in place, but his knees gave in, threatening to make him fall.

Within a heartbeat, Zelda was next to him, holding him, pressing him onto the floor, stripping his pants off of him with one swift movement.

“Are you climaxing without my permission, knight?” she exhorted him with a knee bending authority in her voice; Exactly in that tone that made him give himself completely to her.

He clinged onto her, desperate to impede the orgasm that took control over him, trying to hand it over to her.

She chuckled, her voice full of lustful obsession and dominance; holding him with one arm, while sliding the other between his legs, where his excitement was pouring out of him.

He just knew that her hand was dripping with his fluids in an instance.



MORE THAN JUST FULL

C: Zelda BotW/TotK, very NSFW, mpreg/nbpreg, Zelda/Link, degradation, monster pregnancy, femdom, stuffing, slight non-con pregnancy, belly sounds

"Don't be shy, Link, I know you're craving another plate," Zelda encouraged him, with an almost purring voice, while watching him with her head cupped by her hands, her arms resting on the table.

He couldn't resist a sharp, audible breath while clutching his middle. It was full of a monstrous spawn and Zelda's debatable cooking, and had seemed to triple in mass over the last week since Zelda was back from her trip.

Link felt a deep, indescribable connection to the princess. One that not only made him respond to her every wish within a heartbeat, but also filled him with pride and bliss while doing so. His interpersonal radar was perfectly tuned to her, so as a result, he was incredibly sensitive to all of her feelings and wishes. And because of that, it didn't remain undetected by him that the little, well hidden gleam in her eyes had grown more urgent with the girth of his middle.

He had already noticed it when she found out about his state a week ago; It wasn't the first time monster seed had found its way into his womb - nobody would talk about this, but these things were almost unavoidable when you were traveling through malice-invested Hyrule. But it was the first time Zelda would witness it. And since she had never gone through the process herself, or seen somebody else do it, her natural curiosity had taken over.

At first it was a thirst for information, data, research, and analytics. But the bigger Link got, the more it changed into a hunger of a different kind. It ... it pleased her. She liked it. Not only on a professional level, but also on a personal one. One that was deeply rooted in her libido, too.

Her touches became more frequent and passionate, she would watch him more often and thoroughly, and even started to cook for him; even though this really wasn't her line of work, and her sense of taste was... unique, to put it kindly. But she had a good sense for structure, healthy components, nutrients, and things that would fill well - and it showed. Once she started cooking for him, the fetus within him grew rapidly, almost violently.

Another pant escaped his mouth when the creature shifted its position roughly, letting him know that it didn't approve of his overeating taking away its space. It moved around so brutally, that it was even audible. Together with the gurgling of his painfully stuffed stomach, his body was creating extremely embarrassing sounds beyond his control.

But the princess didn't mind. On the contrary... her soft, cute gasps every time an especially loud and long internal groan reached her seemed to indicate that she even enjoyed it. A lot.

So... no. He wouldn't have had another plate if he had been alone. But Zelda made him crave another one. Made him want to grow just a little larger for her. He wanted to please her. He wanted to have her explore her studies and feelings with him. He wanted her to smile, to enjoy herself, and maybe... to make her gasp again. The soft blush on her cheeks was his command, and her accelerated breathing through her delicately parted lips his fuel.

So he started to eat again.

Almost immediately, the fetus reacted; It kicked and shifted, pronouncing in sloshing movements, but Link fought through it. Much to his princess' delight. She, too, reacted: This time stronger than ever, with a gentle, surprised moan.

"Oh," she expressed, her eyes glued to his massive, trembling and tightly packed middle, with desire burning within her eyes.

Then, without hesitation, or trying to mask it, she slid down her chair next to Link, laying her hands firmly on his belly.

He stopped, blushing in surprise, but without taking away her eyes from her focus, she simply ordered: "Continue", making him resume his work immediately.

From the corner of his eye, he could see that the fetus was kicking so strongly in fact, that Zelda's hands were pushed outward. It embarrassed him even more than the loud digestion sounds, but the princess was absolutely hypnotized.

"My god... It has grown so big... so strong... I always forget when I look away for the briefest moment," she whispered, more to herself than to Link. "It's amazing. You look like an overripe fruit, almost overdue..."

Link almost choked.

"I never thought... it would happen so quickly. What do you think it is? Can you tell?"

Link shook his head while gulping down another big piece of very sugary and salty bread dunked into gravy, that strangely tasted better than it should.

"I've heard these things happen... I never saw it. And people really can't tell what it'll be, hm...? Maybe... I can guess the shape..."

With that, she clutched his middle even more firmly, seemingly trying to feel the fetus' shape. It created almost unbearable pressure, and the child fought back aggressively, making Link moan loudly.

Zelda looked up to him, the lust-fogged look on her eyes dissolving, much to his regret. "Oh ... excuse me, Link... I forgot myself."

He quickly shook his head.

“Hm? You mean it’s okay...?”

He nodded, his mouth again full of food.

She hesitated. Then she slowly said, “Do... do you like being treated like this...?”

Link hesitated, too. And then, slowly, with closed eyes and an impossibly warm face, he gulped down the monster-growth enhancing nutrients and nodded again.

That made the princess gasp in the most beautiful way he had ever heard. It was as if it had broken off the last piece of the dam that kept her lust in check. It made her finally give up on courtesies and intersocial rules.

She grabbed his middle again, this time even tighter, making him moan louder than before.

“I’ll trust your sincerity in this, Link; I’ll relish this gift you decided to hand to me,” she said, her voice oozing lustful urgency that seemed unstoppable now, “I will treat you how I desire... and how you desire. I will let myself go. I trust you will let me know when I cross lines.”

Link nodded, this time without hesitation or any doubt.

He wanted this - he wanted to please her, in every way she desired.

A shocked, aroused, gentle laugh escaped her mouth. Then, she let her needs and passion roam free. And how! Without wasting more time, she slid her hand between his legs.

Her gesture was so raw and honest that Link reacted towards it with a matching energy, spreading his legs a little further before even noticing it.

She moaned. “Oh ... by the goddesses... You’re dripping wet, I can feel it even through your pants...”

Link choked again, coughed, gulped down the last piece of her dish, then breathed heavily. He had never heard her talk like this, but it excited him.

“Get... get up,” she commanded, her face redder than ever before, her tone so imperious, that it commanded Link’s core directly. He didn’t even think about it, his body just followed her order without question.

Though he did notice how heavy he was, and that the shifting, groaning mass inside of him made it hard for him to stay uptight.

Her eyes now glowed with pure, unmistakable lust as she watched him.

"Gods... how I wish this was my child growing within you..." she mumbled.

Link gasped; He could feel his entrance pulsing, contracting, begging to fulfill her wish. He usually wasn't a person of sexual nature, but just these words almost pushed him over the edge.

"Lift your shirt. Show me your disgraceful middle, full of the very monsters that you fight against."

Link faltered. This must've been one of the most hurtful, degrading things somebody could've ever said to him, but out of his princess's beautiful lips, with this unbearable arousal dripping from her voice, it sounded like an anthem of praise and worship.

He lifted up his shirt - it took a moment because it had been stretched to its limits and had hugged his engorged gut tightly.

Upon the reveal, Zelda moaned again.

"Ah ... you... you look amazing..." she said, with a red face, shifting her seating position with more and more urgency. "So full... I'm proud of you."

Another strong twitch between Link's legs; He noticed that he would come, right there, if he wasn't careful.

"Your belly button... is protruding so much... The child doesn't even move that much anymore, probably because you're so, so full and tight... You look as if you'd be close to bursting."

Link nodded sheepishly. It made her moan even more.

"Do you like it?"

He gasped, looking away with a blushing face.

She smiled.

"I know you do. I can see it in your eyes. You like looking like this... you like being such a pregnant whore for me."

Link looked back at her, in shock; He wanted to say something, but his body reacted quicker than his brain: All of her affection over the last weeks and her words now took their toll. He came. He gasped and desperately tried to stay in place, but his knees gave in, threatening to make him fall.

Within a heartbeat, Zelda was next to him, holding him, pressing him onto the floor, and stripping his pants off of him with one swift movement.

"Are you climaxing without my permission, knight?" she exhorted him with a knee bending authority in her voice; exactly in that tone that made him give himself completely to her.

He clinged onto her, desperate to impede the orgasm that took control over him, trying to hand it over to her.

She chuckled and it sounded full of lustful obsession and dominance. She held him with one arm, while sliding the other between his legs, where his excitement was pouring out of him.

He just knew that her hand was immediately dripping with his fluids.

Without further ado, she dipped her fingers into him, deeply, all the way to the stop. It might've been one, or four fingers, he wasn't able to tell - his entrance took her in without any resistance whatsoever.

His loins cramped up again, trying to relieve the pressure into an even bigger orgasm. He held back with all of his strength, while his legs parted further and his hips rocked against her fingers, entirely without his knowledge.

This made her laugh more excitedly. "Stop coming, Link, I haven't allowed it yet," she urged him.

He clutched her shirt even harder, clinging onto it for dear life. Her wish was his command, but this was an impossible task. His body trembled uncontrollably, and his legs shook while he tried his very best not to climax further.

It was futile.

She was thrusting her fingers hard and relentlessly into him, making him squirt with every insertion, while his overall, overstuffed, and massive state - that she loved so much - pressured him even more into a sexual overstimulation. The kicking within him didn't help, either.

Yet, he still cramped up, trying to suffocate the orgasm as much as possible.

Until finally, finally the princess showed mercy.

"Come," was all she commanded.

Within the blink of an eye, Link let go, and let his body - and by extension, Zelda - take over. The sheer power of his orgasm threw his upper body onto the floor and forced his back into an arch; He screamed his soul out, in a way that he only had done in his most challenging battles before; His legs spread as if he was about to give birth right here and now, right into Zelda's strong and demanding hand.

Zelda was right there with him, kissing his screaming face, holding his tense, trembling, orgasming, overstuffed, pregnant body.

Everything turned into a blur. He noticed only marginally how her fingers left his entrance and slid over his taut middle, spreading his fluids all over it, playing with his belly button in a lustful manner. She said things to him that he didn't understand, seemingly because he forgot how words worked. He didn't even notice how she undressed herself - only when she stood right over him, her feet placed right and left next to his belly, looking down onto him with hunger that hadn't been quenched yet, did his consciousness resurface enough to somewhat interact again.

He looked up. She was absolutely beautiful. And so, so wet.

"I'm not done with you, my dear Link," she said, her voice sounding almost dangerous. It aroused him even more.

With that, she bent her knees and sat down, right onto his protruding middle. With her knees supporting her weight on the floor, but with enough pressure that she could feel all of him between her legs, taking away his breath, angering the evil child, making him gasp and moan.

Now he could not only see how wet she was, but also feel it.

She started to rock her hips gently, sliding her sex over his belly back and forth, slick and without resistance, thanks to his and her own fluids in between their skin.

He could feel the complexion of her womanhood perfectly like this: her soft, puffy outer lips, her warmer, thinner inner lips, her clitoris - even a bit of her actual entrance, every time she slid over his way too sensitive belly button.

He could feel and even hear the pigged out, monstrous intruder kicking against her pressure, but it didn't bother her in the slightest. Instead, she only amplified her movements and weight.

Link moaned and grabbed her soft, silken thighs, while enduring and exposing himself further. He felt like she was using him in the most primal, most pure way there was, and it almost drove him out of his mind. He was made for this; He was made for her. There was not a single doubt within his whole existence about that. And the more he helped her find her true self - whatever it might look like, in every regard, as a princess, as a human, as a woman, as a lover - the more he felt whole.

"By the gods, you... you're so beautiful like this, Link ... I can barely take it..." she moaned, and he could hear the fidelity of her words, "I ... I can't explain it, but it's... it's doing so much with me, Link... Ah...."

He grabbed her legs more passionately. She was so unbelievably beautiful, and her words were notes of a melody, only meant for his ears.

"I... I ... I want to see you like this... more often... do you think that's okay...?"

The tone of her voice shifted. It lost its dominance and went back to her more shy singsang, full of empathy and concern. She seemed so fragile and needy now.

He nodded quickly and reassuringly, because there was no doubt that he would let his womb be filled again with whatever pleased his princess; no, his queen. Whether a monster, a Hylian child, or maybe even, in whatever way, her own descendant. With the thought about the latter almost making him faint.

She sobbed, bent forward, and kissed him passionately, while continuing to grind herself over his belly; And then, eventually, her overwhelming feelings gushed forth into her own climax while he was wrapping his arms around her, showering his body with feelings that he would never want to miss again.