

PRINCESS ON SWITCH 2

BIWEEKLY STORY #161

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A few days had passed since Hyrule had finally been saved now, and the princess of the kingdom was *finally* out and about again after what *felt* like a very long dream. She *had* slept for almost three full days, but that wasn't the dream she was thinking of. It had been the 100 full years of time that she had spent keeping Calamity Ganon's true strength at bay, so that one day Link would be able to return and save what remained.

That day had eventually come, but she still lamented all that victory had cost her people. One hundred years of suffering at the hands of Calamity Ganon's minion and the corrupted Guardians... How many lived had been lost? And that wasn't even considering the lives of those in her life she had cherished once upon a time. The darkness may have fallen, but there was a *lot* of work to do when it came to rebuilding the kingdom. Both buildings *and* the relationships between separated people.

“Oh, right... Link brought me back to his home...?” Shortly after she had stopped using her powers, the princess had collapsed from weakness. Link had brought her back to a home he'd bought on the back of his horse, and honestly? She wasn't sure *how* long she had been asleep. She could just tell Link wasn't around. He must have gone outside for *some* reason?

This worked in her favor. It gave her time to change into her favorite outfit from one hundred years ago without worrying about him taking a peek, and then? He'd propped up a number of interesting artifacts in his home that she had been curious. **“What is this? Some manner of modern Sheikah Slate?”** Among these things was a pristine looking tablet. It was thin with a big screen. There were small sticks on either side, and buttons... And wow! A C button! Surely that was useful!

Were the sides *detachable*? Zelda's curiosity had gotten the better of her, so she reached out to touch it, but—

ZAP!



“Erm... What just happened? Where am I? Is this that modern Sheikah Slate’s teleportation ability?” That was the only conclusion she could draw considering her surroundings were now *completely* different. But did it have to deliver an electric shock in the process!? It had been *very* alarming at the time. But the teleportation had been so *seamless*. It was like she had been in Link’s home one second, and another the next.

Not that she could make sense of *where* she was. It was a small room with a foggy mirror, a door, and behind her... a stall? Within which was a *toilet*. Hyrule may have been a medieval kingdom, but they had still developed plumbing! Still, this one was *very* white. What sort of stone had it been made with? If it was a bathroom, then it probably wasn’t cleaned very often. There was no odor, but there was a little grime. **“Well... I suppose if you were only taking a *quick stop on a long drive*, this would...?”**

Drive? She meant to say, ‘horseback ride’, right?

In fact, ‘drive’ was a word she’d only ever heard used with Sheikah technology. You piloted a Guardian Beast, but ‘drive’ was another word used in the scripts detailing their use. She’d also heard *Link* use it, referring to an ancient Sheikah device he had found when exploring Hyrule. Something he called a ‘bike’? It really *was* strange, though. She’d never seen that bike, nor had Link described it to her. But she could picture a two wheeled vehicle *perfectly*. It felt like a completely normal thing to think of.

Well, it *was* strange, but only from an outsider’s perspective. Zelda herself didn’t seem to realize that this was odd, and she *wouldn’t*. Because wherever this world was? She didn’t *belong* there. This was a problem for the world, and so it was seeking to fix the problem not by removing the princess, but instead by making it so that it was as if she

had always belonged there in the first place. At the very least she would retain her title of 'princess' though!

Well, there were actually a *few* physical features that would remain consistent between the princess she had been and the princess she would be become. The fact that her hair was *blonde* was one of those things, but even then, it didn't remain *unchanged*, either. **"Hm... I suppose I should see what exists outside of this bathroom, shouldn't I?"** Not that Zelda was any the wiser to the fact that her appearance *was* at risk.

As she contemplated what should have been a logical course of action, the *shade* of blonde that her hair typically possessed *brightened*. It didn't begin exclusively at the roots or tips; it was more like each individual strand was illuminated into a brighter, yellowish blonde – before the *length* and *style* of her hair changed in kind. It actually shortened a few inches, but what was more apparent was the *volume*. It thickened in layers in the back, while her bangs puffed up *significantly* into what was almost an M-shape with a tuft pointed between her eyes and one trailing off to either side.

Of course, her pubes took on the same color. And they thickened too!

Just *below* her bangs? The girl's eyebrows brightened with the same shade of blonde, but they also *thinned* quite significantly. Zelda's big, beautiful, and bushy brows became a thing of the past... Just in time to get pushed higher as the *shapes* of her eyes began to *expand*. **"Hm?"** There was an almost airier and *brighter* quality to her voice as she looked around suddenly. Something felt *wrong*, but she was having a hard time telling it was because her face was *tingling*.

The princess' blue eyes not only grew in *size*, but their shapes became a little *too* round. Their blues brightened to a shade that was much closer to the same bright blue of a clear sky in the middle of the day, and as her lashes lengthened? Two things became clear. One: these eyes looked as if they belonged to a *woman*, not a girl. Two: these eyes were far too large for her face.

That second point led to a very unusual sight. The sight of the girl's head swelling *upward*, almost as if someone had gripped the upper half from the sides and was tugging with all of their might – and like her head was as malleable as putty. Not only did it rise, but the upper sides became wider horizontally as well. Her hair conformed to her changing head shape, which positioned her larger eyes higher so that they didn't look as out of place.

While the stationary *lower* half of her face changed in different ways. The shape of her jaw became a little wider, but also rounder in shape. Zelda opened her mouth for *just* a second, and in that time her lips not only pinkened, but basically *tripled* in their swell so that she had a full and glossy pout between a nose that bore flared nostrils and a longer bridge. Not only did he not look a *thing* like ‘Princess Zelda of Hyrule’; she appeared to be a woman in her *late twenties* as opposed to her teens.

“It really is unsettling in this room though...” For all that was happening to her, the princess’s fixation with how dirty the bathroom was *certainly* came across as *unusual*. It kept her from leaving that private space as the assimilation process targeted the rest of her body, and that was surely intention. Even as she gave the bathroom another look over? Her waistline sucked in with an intensity that made her gasp for a brief second. This led to her hips seeming wider than ever, but to be honest?

Zelda had always bore an impressive gait.

She didn’t always wear tight pants *ignorant* to that fact. It had been intentional! Her butt and thighs were already plenty impressive, and to those ends... they didn’t *grow*. In fact, the opposite was true. While her rump remained bubbled and perky, it narrowed a touch at the sides to better align with how thin her waist was, and that led to her thighs losing a touch of their weight as well. This just increased the gap between her thighs that had an appeal all of its own. There was something to be said about a thigh gap paired with tight clothes that was alluring in its own right.

Farther up? Her breasts didn’t thin, but they didn’t necessarily *swell* with much substance either. They *did* grow, though. Zelda’s bosom was a pretty average B-cup sizing, yet her top tightened around her tits as they pushed forward into a heftier set of *C-cups*. It was just that her shoulders slimmed a little in kind, and like her cheeks? Her breasts narrowed too, somehow making the additional weight seem even *larger* and *perkier*.

The princess looked down at her clothes. They felt too tight in some places, and too loose in others. But what occurred to her wasn’t that her body had changed. **“Oh? When did I put this on? Blue is more Rosalina’s color...”** It was an observation that she made as the base of her top slowly slipped away from the waistline of her pants, revealing her tummy. And while the ankles of her pant legs were lifted to show off the skin of her shins. She’d been *growing*, shooting her up to 5’8”. She had only grown two or three inches, but it just made her body’s shape seem even stranger.

Well, it *would* have seemed strange if she was still in *Hyrule*, at least.

With her physical transformation complete? There was a bright flash of light that provoked an “**EPP!?**” from the woman’s lips. When she recovered? She was dressed *completely* differently. In a pair of loose, blue jean shorts fastened to her waist by a tanned belt, a white top, hot pink biker jacket, and pink boots. There was an urban taste to it all, including the pink kneepads and fingerless, leather gloves. Even her thick, blonde hair was tied into an almost tomboyish ponytail... or it would have seemed that was if not for the bright pink bow. Teal pearl earrings likewise hung from her lobes.

And she forgot that she had any complaints about her outfit in the first place.

“**Oh dear. I wonder if I should let them know how dirty it is in here...?**” While Zelda had been able to ignore the filth in the bedroom, *Princess Peach* of the Mushroom Kingdom certainly couldn’t. Coming from a modern era, much less her own clean kingdom, the bathroom within the side of the road pitstop was a little too haggard for her own tastes. She had only made the stop in the first place because she was hungry, and on the desert road ahead there weren’t any additional stops until she reached the city.

Well, considering the rest stop *was* so far out in the middle of nowhere, the princess supposed she could let it slide. It was likely difficult to get good help at such an isolated location. “**As long as the food is good, it’ll be okay!**” While the mirror was foggy – and why *was* it foggy? – Peach wiped it off with some paper towel to check her makeup. She had a long night riding her bike ahead!

Especially if she wanted to make it to the city in time for the opening of the World Tour!

