Recently, Princess Zelda had found herself with a bit of a jealous streak. Smut.

Notes

this is so shameless. i'm so sorry. i couldn't get my jealous zelda headcanon out of my head so i wrote this.

HARD M RATING

See the end of the work for more notes.

Recently, Princess Zelda had found herself with a bit of a jealous streak.

After the final battle with Calamity Ganon, Link and Zelda had fallen into each others arms almost immediately, picking up where they had left off one hundred years prior. Each and every night had found Link between her thighs, quiet whispers of love and affection like prayers between them. They’d moved into Link’s house in Hateno, finding the quiet village peaceful and home-y and, most importantly, theirs. Link loved her, and Zelda was happy and in love.
However, it had taken about three days of traveling with him for Zelda to realize that she was not alone in her love for the chosen Hero.

*Everyone* seemed to want a piece of him. And she really did mean *everyone*. Just this week, she had watched as several stable maids, that stupid bug-loving traveling salesman, a few merchants, a couple of Gerudo ladies, and even the Crown Prince of the Zoras himself propositioned her hero. The random quests and lingering looks sent his way seemed innocent enough on the surface, but Zelda was not stupid. She knew what they were thinking, what they were after - after all, she thought and wanted the same things they did.

But they did not have the privileges with him that she did. They were not allowed to touch him and kiss him, not allowed to feel his arms wrapped around them at night. They would never know the way he gasps when he pushes into her for the first time, or the sound of the low growls that leave his mouth when he’s close. They’d never see the love and trust in his eyes as he slowly makes love to her.

He is the only man she has ever been with, and she feels most fortunate to know that she is his only as well. Because of this and her never-ending faith in the man who came back to her after a hundred years, Zelda was usually able to handle the brief flirtations and longing looks towards her boyfriend and keep her jealousy under control in a healthy and calm manner, despite still being a nineteen year old girl.

Today, however, was not one of those calm days. Zelda had had *enough* today.

They’d arrived in Kakariko last night, Impa and Paya graciously allowing them to spend the night before Link and Zelda did some research on the shrines on the top of the hill. Link, exhausted from a combination of the long ride from Hateno and his rigorous training earlier that day, had retired early upstairs and Zelda was left alone to her devices as he snored on the bed to her left. Bored, she’d been flipping through some of Paya’s books when she noticed an open journal on the desk.

Now, Zelda was usually a little bit more respectful of peoples’ privacy (she did once live under the scrutiny of the castle, after all) but her curiosity got the best of her in that moment. Paya was such a quiet and respectful girl, surely this had to do some of the ancient Sheikah resear- oh.

“…. Master Link.....very picture of the hero I always imagined ...... blond sideburns flow like a golden waterfall over his dignified, pointy ears....... my heart won't stop beating a mile a minute....”
She slammed the diary shut, eyes flying wide and simmering anger moving through her.

Zelda saw red.

Zelda went to bed grumpily and woke up the next morning with tense shoulders, her hero snoring lazily beside her. She shoved him awake none-too-gently, tossing him his Champion’s tunic and pants, mumbling about how they needed to be up early for some reason she did not put much thought into. They’d planned on visiting the shrines on the top of the hill that day, and 7:30 am was as good of a time as any she supposed.

Try as she might, Zelda couldn’t stop thinking of what she’d read in Paya’s diary. It was her own damn fault for being nosy, sure, but that didn’t make the words any less difficult to bear. White-hot rage boiled in her stomach, anger coursing through her veins.

Link, pulling the Champion’s tunic over his head, asked Zelda if they could stop at the Great Fairy fountain to upgrade some new armor he’d bought the other day.

Zelda half-assedly agreed, willing to do anything to leave the stupid house and that stupid journal.

Zelda had never really realized how handsy the Great Faeries could be.

She watched, unhappily, as the fairy blew Link a (completely unnecessary and wholly inappropriate) kiss while working her magic. Zelda’s nostrils flared as she watched Link bashfully rub the back of his neck and blush, anger and possessiveness rolling through her body in a wave. It took everything in her to not whip him around forcefully and kiss him hard as she looked the fairy in the goddess-be-damned eye so she would comprehend fully that Link is hers and hers alone.

Zelda could not wait for today to be over.

As the fairy finished her enhancements, Zelda grabbed Link’s hand and roughly pulled him down towards the village, grunting some half-hearted goodbye as she stomped down the hill towards the shrine.
She may or may not have purposely stepped on a particularly lovely stem of blue nightshade.  

Zelda, try as she might, couldn’t shake this bout of possessiveness.  

Her traitorous mind kept conjuring horrific images of Link in bed with Paya or Link with the Great Fairy or with any of anyone they’d met on their extensive travels and it did nothing but make her want to claim him as hers. She wanted to mark his body, bring him to the brink of ecstasy, only to take him back down. She wanted him to be under her control, her control alone, letting her control the pleasure she could give his body.  

If Link was surprised by her irritable demeanor, he didn’t say anything when they were in the shrine or on the duration of their ride home.  

Zelda hadn’t spoken a full sentence on the half day ride from Kakariko to the Hateno, and as they pulled up to their house, she was still seething in anger from both the stupid diary and the stupid fairy.  

They walked into the house wordlessly, and Link turned to her carefully as the door closed behind them.  

“Zelda, is something the ma-“ and the rest of his sentence as Zelda’s lips smashed onto his, rough and bruising. Link startled for a moment before leaning into her.  

She pulled him roughly down to the floor and the two of them crumpled together right in front of the front door, Zelda straddling Link’s hips. She grabbed his hair, pulling his head back so she could suck on the spot he likes under his right ear.  

They stayed there, making out viciously right on the doormat, until Zelda could feel his hardened cock brushing between her thighs. Glancing up between kisses, she noticed some leftover rope lying on the table and a candle and match set. An idea sprung up in her head.  

“Scoot over towards the table,” she commanded. He did as he was bid, a curious look on his face as
Zelda got up on her knees and grabbed some things off of the table.

“Lie down, and let me know if you’re ever uncomfortable.” Zelda went to work on tying Link’s hands to a foot of the dining room table, the hero lying flat on his back. She tugged at the knots she created and deeming them suitable for her purposes, lit the candle.

Zelda leaned down and captured his lips again.

Slowly, Zelda began kissing down Link’s body, pushing his Champion’s tunic up around his chest, giving her just enough room to kiss and suck his nipples. Surprisingly, they were two of the most sensitive points of his body, and with his hands tied over his head, he had no choice but to feel her lavish them with attention. He shivered under her gentle touch, closing his eyes and letting his head fall back.

He was taken by surprise when her mouth was replaced by something a lot hotter - she had dipped her fingers in the warm candle wax and was spreading it over his chest. Link hissed through his teeth and pushed his hips up to her. Zelda smiled wickedly, leaning down to whisper in his eye.

“How about that, darling?” she asked as she spread more of the wax around his chest, delighting the shivers and gasps he gave her.

Link could only moan.

She went to work next on his trousers, pushing them and his boxers off his legs. Unfortunately, she had forgotten to have him take his shirt off before she had tied his hands over his head, but it was a happy accident, really, as it had always been a bit of a fantasy of hers to fuck him in only his Champion’s tunic. He was then naked from the waist down, tunic bunched up, his chest covered in wax, and his cock was harder than steel.

Zelda couldn’t help but to kiss him in this moment, before leaning down and growling in his ear.

“You are mine. And you would do well to not forget it.” He nodded in response.

Zelda stood up then, his eyes following her every move, and began to undress slowly, teasing. She undid her blouse one button at a time, slowing moving her hips in a slow rhythm. She unclasped her bra slowly, letting it float to the floor. She turned around as she removed her pants and panties,
letting him look over the curve of her ass and the apex of his thighs as she undressed before him. If she knew him well, and she did, she would know that he was itching to touch her like this.

Indeed, when she looked back at him, he was practically salivating at the sight of her, his poor cock turning almost purple in its neglect.

She sauntered over to him slowly, dropping to her knees and leaning over his hips. She gave him a few short pumps before leaning down.

She took a few long laps at his cock, before looking him dead in the eyes as she wrapped her mouth around the head, sinking her head down as far as she could go.

“This cock is mine and mine alone. Do you understand that?” she asked as his legs started to tense up and growls began to leave his mouth. He could only nod at her, his eyes rolling back in his head, so close to release, so close to-

And her mouth was gone from his cock. He had been so close! His eyes jumped back to hers. What?!

Smirking, Zelda shuffled on her knees so her hips were directly over his face.

“You know what else is mine, Link? Your orgasms. You will not come until I say to,” she lowered herself over his mouth. “Now, why don’t you treat me like the princess that I am?”

His mouth came up eagerly to suckle at her clit, lick inside of her, and nibble at her soaked folds. Zelda grabbed his hair to steady herself as her hips in a desperate grind over his face.

He took her clit in his mouth and ran his tongue over it in quick circles - and that was all it took to get her screaming and shaking over him. She was so worked up and so, so, so wet that it didn’t take much at all for him to bring her to bliss. If he had to guess, he’d say that she just wanted to take the edge off real quick so she could get back to the business of torturing him.

She shuddered for a minute before slowly moving herself off of his face.

She leaned back over his hips and rubbed herself against the underside of his shaft, letting her soaking heat glide effortlessly over him. Link pulled at his restraints, desperate for any more friction.
He moved his hips slightly up and into her. Big mistake.

A forceful hit came to the inside of his thigh, dangerously close to some delicate areas. Her other hand drug its nails across his chest leaving angry red trails in their wake.

“Did I say you could move?” She looked at him suspiciously.

“No ma’am,” Wide-eyed, he shook his head. His hips stilled, against instinct. “Sorry, ma’am.”

This seemed to please her. “Good.”

She began grinding herself into him again, this time leaning down to suck viciously at his neck. He knew she was leaving hickies, and in this moment, he couldn’t have cared less. It felt so good. He’ll find a top to cover them. He let her have this.

“You’re mine. These marks will tell anyone who dares come close that you are mine.”

She then leaned back up, and turned around on top of him, settling her hips over his cock. Slowly, she led him inside of her, and the position she had chosen gave him the most delicious view of her ass and his cock sliding into her wet cunt.

“Watch me, love. Watch what I am doing to you.”

As she leant forward towards his feet, he could see everything - the clear juices running down her thighs, his cock pushing into her tight heat, her nether lips wrapped around him as she led him in and out of her body. It was glorious. He had half a mind to grab the Sheikah slate and take a picture of the heavenly sight before him. He could not take his eyes away from where they were joined.

He wanted nothing more than to grip her ass, to run his fingers along where they were connected just to feel, nothing more than to push up into her.

But he didn’t dare move, couldn’t imagine doing anything that would remove the incredible view before him. She turned her head around, caught his eye, and winked. She was really going to be the death of him.
Her hips sped up, and he was powerless to do anything but watch him go in and out of her in explicit detail. He heard her moans get louder and louder, her breath get more shallower.

He was powerless to her movements and so very in love.

Finally, her body tensed with a squeak and she had half a mind to tell him to come with her.

“Come for me, Link.”

And who was he to deny her? He finished with a groan, finally letting his hips snap helplessly into her as he came, filling her with hard and rough strokes.

He fell limp against the hardwood floors, finally noticing how uncomfortable they are. His breath was shallow, quick short pants as he tried to regain a normal heart rate.

Zelda untied the ropes around his wrists, and then laid down next to him with her head on his shoulder, grinning stupidly. She kissed him once on his panting mouth.

An arm laid across his sweaty forehead, Link looked over glassy-eyed at his girlfriend, finally able to breathe again.

“Goddesses, Zelda. Marry me?”

- 

End Notes

as this is my first fic, please feel free to critique any/everything!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!