

Looking around at the ruins, Zelda held her torch ahead while she looked around for anything relating to this mysterious civilization that helped form Hyrule. Yet this cave was leading towards a different set of information. Reading the walls, there were only depictions of Hylians, no Zonai.

“Huh, is that a Queen with another lady?” Purah walked up from behind, goggles rotating and scanning as she inspected the wall for any clues to what it might be about.

“I believe so.” Zelda traced her hands over the carvings. “Perhaps a female champion? Or a captain of the guards? Wait no, a scholar, you can see that there are glasses over her eyes.”

Walking forward in the low torch light, Zelda stopped at the mass of rocks that covered the path. “Purah.”

Hearing the ruler call out to her, Purah did what she was brought along to do. “You heard her, Blinky, do your thing.” Taking out a tablet, the faux-guardian rumbled forward, the machine was smaller than its inspiration, roughly the size of a Great Dane. Digging out stone in an attempt to clear a path, the cave groaned and earth shifted from the tons of rock being moved out of the way.

“Um, Zelda, we might not want to keep going, the ruins don’t seem particularly stable.” Purah stopped her robot and looked towards her Queen.

“... This may not be Zonai history, but it is Hylian nonetheless. We should go forward and recover our lost ancestry.” The blonde looked over the rocks and came up with an idea. “We aren’t able to entirely clear the passage without a cave-in occurring, but what if we used Blinky to hold up the ceiling while we hurry and take records.”

Thinking about it in detail, the scientist responded. “Yeah, that could work.” Instructing her toy to do so, a passageway through the rocks was made while the guardi-bot stretched out its mechanical tentacles to hold the ceiling-- and all the tons and tons of earth above it-- from crashing back down.

Bending down to walk past the stiff mechanical arms, the two walked deeper into the ruins. Leaving her creation, Purah gave it a pat on the head and said “good job”.

Following Zelda, the scientist wrinkled her brow and took her goggles off her head to get a clear view of what was on the wall. “Is that Blinky?”

They had only walked forward ten seconds and found drawn on the wall, a guardian holding up a colossal rock. “And that next one over, that’s--”

“An earthquake.” Zelda cut her off as the ground shifted and shuddered. Just like how the next mosaic showed off. The ground ripping apart and shifting, and at the bottom of the image was a mound of rubble, the guardian’s tentacles poking out of the stone.

Just as the stone portrayed, reality was only a half second behind. The two women nearly fell over from the violent shaking alone, then dust and rocks fell from the ceiling. Trying to cover her face and neck Zelda still wasn't ready for when a big chunk fell against her back and dropped her to the floor, her torch rolling along the floor. Running over to her Queen, Purah shielded her, bracing her body above her friend and ruler to keep anything else from falling on her. When the genius perfected her anti-aging formula, never in the world did she expect to be using her youthful body as a human shield.

When the shaking finally stopped, the two coughed and teared up from the upheaval of dust and dirt. Having fallen on her side, Zelda turned her head up to see Purah. She wanted to say something, a "thank you", maybe an "are you alright", but she couldn't get anything out as she looked up at her friend. Purah's hair had been undone, the hair sticks that kept it nice and neat having been knocked out from the quake which resulted in her long white hair falling down and pooling around Zelda. The red glasses she wore had barely managed to stay on, no longer safely affixed to her face, but dangling down low on the bridge of her nose. For some reason, looking at her like that made her red eyes seem enchanting. A tear stinging at the corner of her eye from the dusty air, the concern she held while staring down at her. Zelda didn't remember to breathe until Purah's hand touched her shoulder.

"You okay?" She brushed Zelda's hair back, fixing the disheveled look that came across her Queen.

Feeling her face grow red, the holder of the Wisdom of the Goddess Hylia spoke. "Pretty."

"What?"

"Purah! I said your name!" She all but screamed at realizing what she said. "I can't believe you'd go and protect me like this."

"Don't mention it, it's what anyone would do for their leader. Now then, let me check your back, that rock fell down hard." Purah brushed off her own discomfort to lean over Zelda's body and look at where she was hit. "Okay Zelda, I'm gonna need you to take off your top."

"WHAT?!" At that request, Zelda's brain came back on and her face somehow turned an even darker shade of crimson.

Purah sat herself down on the floor and gently pulled Zelda up with her, staying level headed at her friend's outburst. Living with Robbie for the last hundred years made it really easy to do so. "I need to get a better look, I think you have a cut, but I can't tell with all the dirt."

"I, uh, I see, very well then." Turning her back to her friend, Zelda took note of how their door stopper was now buried beneath all the rubble with a few stray tentacles still poking out of the dirt to try and make her mind move on. Everything about how they might escape, what the ruins

knew if it foretold these events, and her own sore back were all things that needed to be dealt with, but she didn't know how.

So lost in her own head, Zelda didn't think about how much time she was taking before Purah just grabbed at her clothes and did it herself. Pulling Zelda's blue shirt over her head in one fast and fluid motion.

Hurriedly covering her chest, Zelda looked over her shoulder to Purah. It was a strange moment when the two locked eyes, the torch's yellow light casting over them. Zelda's emotions, her racing heart, Purah's protectiveness, her calming aura. It was a moment of silent serenity. Only when Purah reached out and touched Zelda did they return to their predicament.

"You're beauti-, um, your back is mostly fine, that debris might have knocked you down with a long cut, but it's shallow too. When we get back to camp there should be ingredients for some healing elixir. For the meantime..." trying to think of how to cover up the injury to prevent it from growing worse, Purah took off her lab coat. "I'll tie this as a bandage."

Reaching forward to do so, Purah found Zelda still keeping her chest covered. "Zelda, I need to wrap this around you to--"

"I know." Zelda groaned out. "I just-- let me build up to it. I've not... I've never... exposed myself like this before." Seeing Purah nod in understanding, Zelda took a breath. She shouldn't be feeling so absolutely petrified. The rest of the camp knew exactly where they were, so they'd likely be excavated by Gorons by the morning. She wasn't scared of how these ancient walls portrayed their future, if anything it was exhilarating. Yet in just a few moments, she found Purah to be leaving her heart throbbing.

Moving her arms up, Zelda looked back to Purah and nodded.

Wrapping her long thin coat around Zelda's torso, Purah had to do so diagonally to properly cover up the wound. To try and cover the blushing blonde's breasts, she stretched open the sleeves and tied up all ends of the coat at her back.

"Okay, I've done what I can right now." Gently leaving a hand on her back, Purah lightly trailed a path on the exposed skin beside the makeshift bandage. Zelda for her part didn't actually feel much of any pain, likely from the shock of the situation, but she certainly didn't expect to clamp a hand down on her mouth as she gasped.

"Oh! I'm sorry, did I hurt you?" Purah shuffled over to Zelda's front with a look of worry across her face.

Zelda meanwhile felt like she was going to die of embarrassment at nearly moaning from Purah's gentle touch. Not trusting herself to say a word, Zelda just shook her head no to try and ease Purah.

"Well, that's good." Purah laid back on one arm, only now fixing up her glasses and tucking back her own mess of hair. Finally taking a breath to fix herself up now that Zelda was okay. "I'm happy that you're alright. I don't know how I'd deal with something bad happening to you."

Burying her face into her hands, the Queen was screaming internally at such casually said emotional words.

"I already had to deal with a hundred years of you being gone, I don't want you leaving me anytime soon. Got that?" Purah smiled from ear to ear and set a hand against her shoulder.

Her heart pounding in her ears, mouth dry, head floating, Zelda decided to take a page from Link's book and just go for it.

Dropping her hands from her face, the blonde grabbed at the scientist's top and pulled her close. Eyes shut tight and face burning as she gave the white haired woman a kiss. It wasn't all that great, she had no experience and sort of just pressed their faces against each other, but Zelda wasn't just going to let this all happen around her without finally taking matters into her own hand.

When she pulled back, for once she wasn't the only one caught unprepared. While she panted and felt her head spinning from finally acting, Purah was left speechless with red dusting her mature features. It took a moment for someone to break the silence. "Wow, Queeny..."

Zelda didn't know how to take it, her body feeling on pins and needles.

"So then, you gonna give me some royal order, or am I gonna make the next move?" She shifted to be on her hands and knees while a devious smile crossed her face.

"Huh?"

"What? Do you want a scientist to 'experiment' with or don't you?" Purah's more helpful and calm demeanor was left to the wayside as a switch was flipped and she was filled with the insanity that came alongside her genius.

"Y-you want m-" Zelda was going to say "more", but another, far more experienced kiss graced her lips.

Pulling back to speak, Purah's voice was heavy. "Oh, I want *everything*. If you're willing to give it, Zelda."

Steam blasting off her face, the woman who held back Calamity Ganon's power for a century was falling to pieces at her sapphic discovery. Nodding her head, she felt Purah's gloved hands

gently rest themselves on her arms before everything started. A small reassurance to help calm her friend.

Pressing their lips together, Purah showed Zelda just how much more there was than pressing lips. Sharing those feelings and emotions could be done through many ways. The sweet rubbing of a thumb against her shoulder, holding the other closer, focusing and losing yourself in the connection being formed, not even getting into how well that tongue moved, it was divine.

Zelda was left with her mouth open and a kiss drunk expression slapped over her face. "Well, looks like you're not quite so innocent, little Miss Divine Light."

Her eyes breaking out of the haze, Zelda realized what Purah meant as she only now took notice of her hands groping her friend's chest. She tried to sputter out some apology, but Purah grabbed her hands and didn't let them be pulled away.

"You don't have to go on and worry about what the noble and fancy thing to do is." Purah's red eyes felt like they burrowed into her soul. "What do you want to happen right now? Not as some Goddess' hand or ruler of a nation. Just as Zelda."

Their lips were so close that their breaths intermingled. "I want... I want to keep going... if you'd please." Saying those words made her feel free.

"Of course." Purah closed the gap, but this time Zelda was the one who pushed things forward. Grabbing one of the hands on her shoulders, she placed it against her ass constrained in a pair of pants that started to grow hotter and feel tighter. Then she laced her fingers with Purah's before she pushed the white haired woman to lay against the floor, holding hands above their heads. And finally, she used her free hand to undo Purah's vest in an attempt to reach her breasts without any coverings.

*'Why does she have to be wearing so many layers?'* Thinking to herself, Zelda eventually managed to make her way to the red bodysuit. Knowing that it'd be impossible to take that off without breaking their kiss, Zelda chose to just grab at the sides and bundle it between those two big pale peaks.

While Zelda dealt with her top, Purah worked down below. Beyond digging her fingers against her Queen's thick and heavy ass --with the occasional slap-- she had shifted and moved their legs. Her ruler seemed to understand where she was going, even if just instinctually, and the two began grinding and pressing against each other more fervently.

Groping and grinding their friend was not how either woman expected this day to play out when they woke up this morning, but both were more than happy with this outcome. Feeling the other's soft curves, sharing this experience together, everything was beyond words.

While she knew she couldn't take off the coat covering her injury, Zelda was able to pull and fold the sleeves to be out of the way enough that her own breasts could come out. After pinching and pulling and touching and holding Purah's, it was only right for her to share and let both sets press together, their rubbing nipples sending shocks of pleasure every time they touched.

With more than enough foreplay out of the way, Zelda groaned in annoyance as she was forced to break their kiss. Both women were left panting for breath, but neither had to speak as they both knew exactly what to do.

Zelda had to pick herself up and shimmy off the pants and panties that had been soaked through with arousal while Purah just gave up on trying to slide off the elastic fabric that covered her body and decided to simply rip up an opening, revealing how she wore no underwear beneath her outfit.

Standing above Purah, Zelda gulped at the sight, her white hair pooling beneath her and her glasses now lopsided, both things disrupted far worse from their make-out than the earthquake. Her heaving chest leaving her huge tits to shake and move, the red spandex that pooled between them somehow made her even more alluring. And seeing her taut stomach against the skin-tight material leading all the way down to a white bush above her dripping cunt. Zelda didn't even realize she was drooling until she heard it drip to the floor.

Wiping her mouth and pulling herself back together, she knew exactly what to do next.

Setting her wide ass down on her partner's face, Zelda's body tingled at feeling Purah's hot breaths against her core. Exhilarated to find out what she'd feel when they actually started to touch it.

Leaning down, Zelda's head swam from the intoxicating smell of Purah's sex. She couldn't stop herself even if she wanted to as she dove her head down and ate out her friend. Though perhaps "girlfriend" was a better thing to call her after all they've done.

Not being a pillow princess, Purah got to work herself. Both women dug their hands deeply into the doughy ass of the other, their endless curves spilling from the other's fingers which only enticed them more.

Electricity ran through their bodies and left both moaning out whenever they pulled back, their lewd and sordid sounds echoing throughout the ruins that they'd entirely forgotten about.

Zelda tried to keep up, but Purah certainly had the experience of one-hundred years behind her. Every move she made with that devious tongue of hers touched and explored spots Zelda hadn't ever touched, the younger of the two centenarians turning to putty from those expert touches.

Zelda on the other hand was doing her best, exploring and delving her tongue in a crude mimicry of how Purah did so. However, with her mind so shattered to parts, she could barely do that for long before she just gave up on proper form and technique and acted like an animal. Burying her face between her girlfriend's thighs and feeling Purah lock them around her head.

Grinding their hips against the other's head, both women couldn't think of anything beyond their new lover and the pleasure they were giving and getting. The addictive tastes on their tongues, the melodious moans and squeals, they were turning to nothing more than sluts for the other's touch.

Zelda couldn't take the overflow of sensations and stimulation any longer as she finally came, her hips thrusting in uneven jerks and her body floating on cloud nine. But with her head still being crushed between Purah's thighs, the royal didn't stop eating out her partner. Lacking in any skill, Zelda attempted to make up for that by being ferocious and unending. Touching and licking and nibbling on anything she could reach.

It may not have been the best showing Purah had experienced, but the fact that Zelda was the one doing it made everything all the sweeter to the long waiting scientist. She had always noticed how cute and sweet Zelda was all that time ago before the calamity, but she didn't have any hopes of reaching her, and yet here she was. Feeling her mind go blank, Purah's sharp cry sounded throughout the cave and left her reeling from pleasure.

While their orgasms did wind down, the two were happy as they languidly drank the other's essence. Finally releasing Zelda's head from the perfectly plump prison it was once in, she still didn't roll to the side until more time passed. Both women drenched in sweat and the dumbest, happiest smiles on their faces.

"Hey, Zelda?" Purah tried to look down to see Zelda, but her own breasts were too big to look past.

"Yes Purah?" She was looking over at the other side of the ruins to where the torch rolled over and saw an image of the Queen and Scholar both laying down on the same bed. Marking of other features barely visible and unintelligible from the low light and distance.

"Should we get up and figure out what those walls are about?"

"Probably."

...

"You're too tired to get too, aren't you?" Purah let out a weak chuckle from how exhausted that made her.

"I can't feel my legs." Zelda laughed out as a response.

The two women just laughed at their situation and enjoyed the relief that washed over them. They'd get up and look deeper inside soon enough, but that'd happen later, for right now, they'd just stay close, holding the other's hand while enjoying being simply beside their new love.