

Like Like Likes Little Link (by Ignatious)

Original Link: <http://games.adult-fanfiction.org/story.php?no=600087003>

Disclaimer: I do not own The Legend of Zelda, nor any of its characters, nor do I make any money off of this story.

A/N- I consider this to be the best thing that I have ever written, so feel free to tell me so in your review. I guess you should probably mention any spelling or grammar mistakes that you see too. It might be a while before another chapter goes up, but I wrote about 3/5 of this in two or three days, so I might be hit by inspiration again and start writing like crazy. And just in case I wasn't clear, you should really review this thing.

Link was wandering around at the bottom of the well in Kakariko Village. More specifically he was slowly sliding one foot in front of the other, keeping all of his weight on the back foot until he was certain that his next step would be on solid ground. All he had to do was find the Eye of Truth, so that he could get out of this horrible dungeon and save Hyrule. Princess Zelda would surely be happy with him for saving her kingdom, happy enough to do anything for him, and she had probably matured into a real beauty by now. Well, by seven years in the future. As he was trying to figure out the proper phrasing, and, more importantly, how Zelda would thank him, a giant glowing green skull came out of nowhere and tried to fly straight through Link.

Link forgot about all of the pitfalls of the dungeon for a moment and leapt to the side to get out of the green bubble's way. Luckily, Link landed on solid ground. He breathed a sigh of relief as he hugged the wall his back had landed against for a moment before continuing his slow journey through the dungeon. As he was hugging the wall, Link realized that it wasn't really a wall. It was actually a crisscrossing of iron bars. He was in the process of turning around when he felt something warm and slimy oozing through the bars, and before he knew it, he was entirely covered in the warmth and sticky wetness of the... something.

Link was totally blind and afraid to breathe in for the chance that the thing was poisonous. He reached over his shoulder to grab his sword. It was hard for him to move through the thick substance surrounding him. Link wasn't even sure how it had managed to pass through the bars with how solid it felt around him. He had just reached the hilt of his sword, and his face had just started to turn blue from lack of oxygen, when he felt the suction start.

It started off weak, barely noticeable, but it quickly became stronger. Soon he was pressed firmly against the bars, being pulled toward the things center, he supposed. And shortly it became more than mere firmness, he thought that he might become bruised from the experience. It only became worse after that, until he thought that it might actually succeed in

pulling him through the bars. Just when he thought that he couldn't take any more, that he was going to die, the thing spat him out.

Link stayed face down on the floor for a few minutes, gasping for air around the juices that coated his face, entire body, and had even begun dripping on the floor. When he finally got his wind back, Link stood up and turned around to face the monster that had nearly killed him. He actually felt relieved when he saw that it was just a like like. He had killed several of them in his earlier adventures rather easily. Easily enough that he had never experienced their attack before, and never again, he hoped, as he drew his sword and shield. Well, he tried to draw his sword and shield, but he only came up with a slick sword dripping with fluids.

Link stared at the like like's stomach and decided that it had to die. He liked his wooden shield, and he supposed that it should work just as well if he got it out of the like like. And so he walked cautiously up to the iron barrier, leaving droplets of like like juice behind him. He thought about how to kill it. He could use Din's Fire, but that would burn his shield too. He could probably just stab it through the bars; they looked far enough apart to let him get his sword through. He stared at the like like as he made his way forward, making sure that it was going to stay on its side of the bars, and as soon as he was near enough, he stretched out his sword and, making sure that he had it lined up with a gap in the iron, his arm shot forward, intent on severing the monsters connection to life with one blow. He got his sword smoothly through the bars and into the like like's mouth. Link retracted his arm as fast as he could, and he nearly got his sword back before the like like started sucking.

Link tried to pull his sword back, but the like like's suction grew too fast and Link had to make a choice between losing his sword and losing his sword, arm, and possibly his entire body. Link refused to give up his sword, however, and held on as tight as he could. Unfortunately, his sword and his hand were still slick with juices and he was only able to hold on long enough for the like like to again seep through the bars and cover his arm, making escape impossible. The second Link felt his sword leave his hand, he pulled back with all of his strength; no longer having to worry about pulling his own sword out of his hand. He put his right hand on a bar that the like like wasn't touching, and used the additional leverage to pull his left arm slowly but surely, inch by inch, out of the like like's mouth.

Link was sure that he was safe, that he could get out of this forsaken place, that he could just get another shield, and maybe find another sword in a cave somewhere. The like like had different plans. It consumed links other arm, and flexed itself in such a way that Link's arms were pulled through the bars until his body was flat against the partition. He quickly drew in a deep breath, remembering how hard it had been to hold his breath the last time. The like like again swallowed him whole, and pulled him hard against the bars. He thought he heard his ribs creak, followed by a tearing sound, and suddenly the warmth of the like like all around him, the sticky slickness of its fluid coating him from head to toe. Not soaking through his tunic to get to him, but coating him directly.

Link guessed that it was going to spit him out now that it had eaten everything that he owned, everything in every pouch, every bombchu and every deku stick. Link wasn't even sure if he could go on to the other temples without the fairy bow or the longshot. Hyrule might be lost because of a single monster. Link didn't even notice when the thing released him, he just let himself hang by his arms watching the liquid drip from his nose and hair down to the floor. It took him a while to even remember to breathe again.

It wasn't long before the like like extended itself again. Link watched as it reached out, not to his arms or stretching open its mouth to engulf Link's entire body. It was reaching out to his waist. Link couldn't get himself to care. Navi had been sleeping in his hat, now, she was inside that monster. She was going to die. Why should he live, if she didn't get that chance? He could have ended it after the first attack if he hadn't been so worried his damned deku shield! If he had only, "Aaaaaaaahhhh," Link screamed as the like like started to suck on his boy sized prick.

His scream of surprise soon turned into moans of pleasure as the suction soon pulled his waist flush with the iron grill as his penis was sucked through a slot. The warmth of like like felt amazing, it was like his dick was melting inside the monster's mouth. This time instead of just sucking harder and harder, it fluctuated between sucking hard and relaxing. Shortly Link began pulling his hips back, trying to escape, and he was able to pull his little dick out an inch or two, almost the whole way. It only lasted a moment before the suction started up again, and Link's waist slammed into the iron grate with a crash that echoed through the dungeon, and his penis slid through like like's inexplicably tight hole with a pleasure that echoed through the boy's body, and jolted his brain like nothing had before. It took all of his willpower to turn a lustful scream of purest bliss into a mere moan.

Link continued to pull his hips back, still intent on escaping. This time he got all the way to the foreskin covered head before being sucked in. The entrance to the like like was tight enough to cause little Link's foreskin to be pulled into the world for the first time in his life. It was almost more than Link could bear; having his cock buried in the like like was one thing, but to add to it having his cock head unprotected from the sheer pleasure that this monster embodied, it was almost more than he could take.

All thoughts of escape, of items lost, of friends betrayed were soon lost. All thoughts in Link's mind were focused upon his cock and the like like and, most importantly, on the pleasure that they both filled him with. His hips started to thrust without any conscious thought by Link. He only pulled his hips back when the like like released its suction, and he thrust them forward the second he felt it start back up again. In the seconds between suction and release, Link would gyrate his pelvis, and grind against the bars, trying to wring out just a little bit more pleasure in between the ecstasy of thrusting into the creature. Link's entire front side soon began to bruise from banging so hard against the cold iron, but his pleasure only seemed to intensify that much more by the contrast between the pain of his abdomen and hips, and the excruciating pleasure that radiated throughout his body from his penis.

After a few more thrusts, he could no longer tell the difference between the two, and so instead of grinding his pelvis to try to get more pleasure out of his penis, he ground his bruises against the bars in the most painful way that he could. He dragged them up and down over the edges of the bar, and moaned as he shivered in delightful agony. He pinched them in the corners created by the crossing of horizontal and vertical bars, as he gasped in agonizing delight. He even began to rub his arms, still hanging through two gaps in the bars, across the iron, pressing down with all of his weight as he tried to bruise and cut his arms on the unforgiving iron. It didn't take long for the dark beginnings of bruises to start appearing, and for a warm liquid to start running down his arms from scrapes and cuts that he had given himself. He let out a loud high pitched moan of glee at the new source of enjoyment he had found.

He soon found that his groans were insufficient to properly convey the pleasure that his monster was giving him. He needed the like like to know how much joy it was giving Link, how much he loved it. Link tried to think about how he could communicate the mind blowing pleasure that surrounded his entire body, how to get the like like to understand how Link felt about it, and his groans began to rise in pitch. Higher and higher, until it became hard to hear them as the moans of a little boy, until they started to sound almost girlish.

The like like seemed to appreciate Link's new found voice, for it stopped just sucking and releasing. As it was sucking him, when it had him pinned against the iron grate, its mouth started to pulsate, squirming around Link's cock, bring him to greater and greater planes of pleasure. The like like's mouth would constantly peel back Link's foreskin, stimulating his sensitive head, and then drag it back over. It was made even more pleasurable from sheer randomness of it; sometimes it never let his foreskin return to its place after being dragged off by the insertion, merely massaging the head until Link thought the pleasure would drive him insane, other times it would constantly drag his foreskin across his cock head from the second he started his in thrust until it let up its suction again.

Link loved it. He could let the like like pleasure his penis, while he focused on his new found erogenous zones. Since he didn't have to worry about pleasuring his boy-cock, he could use all of his grinding energies on the purpling bruises on his arms, legs, waist, and by that time, even his chest. A small part of him knew that this was wrong. That he shouldn't be getting gratification out of such horrendous looking blotches, that he should be doing his best to protect them, and let them heal. That small part was drowned out after the wave of bliss that followed his battered fore side slamming into the bars again, and was completely forgotten when he leaned his head over and lapped up some blood that was dripping down the metal bars from his left arm. He let out another girlish moan, and the like like sped up.

He didn't know what to do. The like like wasn't even stopping its suction anymore. It only let up enough for Link to pull his cock back before going back to full strength and pounding him back against the grate. The pain and the pleasure were too much for Link to handle; the like like had started to continually massage Link's penis, even while he was thrusting, even when only the tip

of his cock was inside the like like. Link just couldn't take it anymore, he tried to shout in pleasure, but what came out was a girlish shriek.

And with that, Link's pleasure reached a tipping point. It approached heights that Link thought impossible as he felt something start to shoot out of his throbbing cock. At this point the like like stopped releasing Link, instead it merely increased the suction higher and higher, keeping Link pinned against the iron bars. Thankfully, it kept using its muscles to milk him; squeezing from the base of his tiny penis up to the tip, and another wave starting when the first was halfway to the top.

Just when Link thought that it might stop, that his agonizing bliss might finally start to end, he felt a tube like thing extend out the lower reaches of the like like and onto his hyper-sensitized cock head. Link jerked back at first, but he was only able to move back a fraction of an inch before the almost painful suction of the like like pulled him back into the iron bars, and his cock right back to the tube. The slight movement reminded Link of the sort of bliss that the like like gave him. Surely it wouldn't hurt him after making him feel so good, right? So Link licked his lips and even pushed a little against the iron separating him from the like like's main body.

The tube dragged across Link's cock head a little more, causing Link to let out more high pitched moans of pleasure. Soon, it lined up with his urethra and plunged forward, eliciting a hiss from Link. It pushed down to the base of Link's cock, and then pulled back until it almost exited him. This was it! This was what Link could do to thank his manster! He could let it fuck him; let it feel the same gratification that he had. Link let out his girliest moan yet, trying to let the like like know how badly Link wanted it to penetrate him over and over.

The second that Link let out that moan, the like like simultaneously penetrated Link's tiny cock completely, and stopped all suction. Again, a fleeting voice returned to Link's mind, telling him that he could escape, get away from this dungeon. Link slowly pulled his cock out of the like like's hole, and immediately slammed his hips back inside, impaling the like like's dick inside his urethra. The like like slowly drew back, freeing Link completely except for the cock in his pee hole. Link nearly cried out in loss before he remembered that it was no longer about him. He had had his fun already. Now it was about the beautiful creature on the other side of the bars.

With that in mind, Link slowly eased his arms out of the iron grate, wincing a little as he felt the pain outside of a lust daze, and lowered them down to what he now saw was more of a tentacle than anything else. He grabbed hold of it with his left hand and kept it fully inserted as he pulled his cock out of the grate, letting out a small gasp as his bruises parted with the by now warm iron. But he couldn't pay attention to his slight discomfort now; he had to fuck himself with the tentacle sticking out of his cock.

At first he slowly moved his hips, making sure that the like like's phallus wouldn't move around with his cock. It didn't, and soon he had a nice rhythm built up. When he looked down at it, it looked almost like his foreskin was slowly eating the like like's appendage, and then

regurgitating it. As he looked at it, however, he realized that only a relatively small proportion of the phallus was inside of him. He felt kind of bad for it; after all, it had taken in his entire member, while there was still a good foot of tentacle left unattended. Link decided to take some of the rest into his hands, and stroke it off while the tip, at least, was able to experience his hole.

The tentacle began to pulse a little bit and writhe in his grasp. It looked so happy to be fucking Link. After a few minutes letting Link do all the work, the like like started the thrust. Link kept up his own movement as well, but he timed himself to the like like, to his lover. When the like like drew back, Link moved both his hips and his fists away, and when his love thrust back in, he thrust forward, squeezing his fists tight around the phallus, and occasionally letting out a soft moan. Link hadn't realized that getting fucked could feel as good as being fucked, but he definitely felt a rising pleasure, a slightly different kind of pleasure, but he could tell that could get just as intense, if not more so.

The like like was slowly building up speed, and as it did, it began to penetrate Link more deeply. It was difficult to tell at first, but as his lover grew faster, Link could distinctly feel it going deeper, passing the base of cock, and exploring depths that he hadn't know existed. The like like's cock was wriggling stronger than ever, even inside of Link's own cock. When Link looked at his penis, he could see it bending around, following his love's directions, just as it should, as he should, and every now and then he could even see it bulge slightly as the tentacle pulsed inside of him. Link's girly moans quickly became more frequent as he learned to draw more pleasure from being penetrated.

Link's knees were soon trembling to such a degree that he wasn't sure if they would support him much longer. Link decided that he would have to release the grip his hands had on the cock so that he could support himself on the mesh iron wall. He moved the two steps back to wall and took hold of a horizontal bar, his hands separated by three vertical bars. He had tried to stay away from the wall, for fear that he might be tempted again to darken his already bruised body more in the throes of passion, so once he was holding on to the iron mesh, he made sure that none of his wounds would hit the bars and send him into a spiral of self-masochation.

He still humped the phallus penetrating him, but he tried to keep his bruised hips away from the iron. Link's moans grew into whimpers as he remembered how gloriously painful grinding his injuries into the cold metal had felt. Only the remembrance of regretting the lasting pain only a few minutes ago was able to keep him away. His knees continued to shake, and as the pleasure of his dick being reamed continued to grow, it became apparent that his hands wouldn't be able to support himself much longer. The only suitable position that he could think of was the one that the like like had originally put him in.

Link shifted his hands and fed them through the iron grate again, letting out loud moan every time his already bruised and bloody arms scraped against the bars. It felt right to him to be back where his master had put him. Link felt a wave of pleasure assault him as it finally sank in: the like like wasn't a monster, or his lover, it was his master. Link would do anything to please it; he

would have killed Navi himself if it wanted him to. Link started thrusting faster and faster. No, his master started thrusting faster and faster, Link only kept up to his master's pace.

Soon he was again thrusting himself through the bars, only with more fervor knowing that this wasn't about his pleasure, but about his masters. His master let him feel ecstasy, and Link was eternally grateful for that. After two or three thrusts, his master moved his tentacle, and Link's dick with it, forcing Link to thrust with a different angle of attack. He didn't slow down a bit, knowing that whatever his master was doing was for his benefit, and he found out what that benefit was as soon as his master's phallus bottomed out inside him. He had thrust up to the iron grate in such a way that his balls slapped against a horizontal bar. Hard.

He was drawing up breath to let out a scream to dwarf anything that he had uttered before, when he realized that his master hadn't stopped fucking his urethra. He didn't want his master to have to pleasure himself, and so, even as he screamed out in agony, he drew back his hips for another forward thrust. It took him time to push past the pain and get back to speed. Tears began to roll down his face, giving himself a few bruises was one thing, but the pain in his balls started to overpower his pleasure, not the other way around. The only thing that kept him going was the certain knowledge that this was what his master wanted, that it must give his master some pleasure.

With that in mind, Link's pain slowly receded; if he was making his master feel good, then he must feel good himself. He kept telling himself that, focusing on his master's pleasure, on the throbbing tentacle that continued to reach deeper and deeper inside of him with each thrust. The pulses along the tentacle began to grow more intense, visibly expanding his cock in a show of how good he was making his master feel. Link's screams of pain slowly faded back into sexual moans. It didn't take long for Link to start feeling glee at the thought of smashing his balls against the iron again to show his master that he loved him, and to give his master whatever pleasure he got from Link bashing his balls into the bars.

Link's master continued to thrust faster and faster, and enter Link deeper and deeper until Link thought that he must have at least a foot inside of him. Link gasped as he felt a particularly large pulse travel along his master's phallus; it bulged his little prick out to nearly twice its normal size, and Link could feel it as it stretched out his insides all the way to the end of his master's cock. The pulses continued to grow in frequency and a little bit in size as link continued to slide his master's cock in and out of his piss hole.

Link thought that his master must be close to cumming, and pride welled deep in his heart as he thought back to how much greater the thrill of cumming was to anything else that he had ever experienced, to how much pleasure he must be giving his master in making him cum. A smile formed on Link's face. The thought of his master in such ecstasy made Link a little light headed, and he was glad that his arms were hanging through the bars, supporting almost all of his weight, because he wasn't sure that his legs could have held him up at that point.

Link was slamming into the bars faster than he thought possible, busting his nuts with every thrust. He moaned again as his master's cock started to grow, not just pulsing any more, but staying large, and it started to stiffen up as well. His master had to bend over as the tentacle lost its flexibility, and became firm. Link's insides were moved around as the once winding path that the cock had taken through him was forced into a straight line. The cock inside of Link continued to grow and grow, and just when Link thought that his boy prick might rip, it stopped. Link was stretched thin around the invading cock and he let out tiny whimper.

That seemed to trigger it to send out one final pulse slowly down. Link licked his lips in anticipation as he saw what must be his master's cum slowly moving down the cock, doubling it's already too large for a urethra size. When the bulge reached the tip of Link's penis, he drew back a little bit, waiting for it to advance another inch or two before he slammed his hips forward one last time, impaling himself on the bulge. Well, the first quarter of the bulge anyway. Link had to wait, panting, as his master slowly pushed it the rest of the way inside him, even slower now that it had Link's high strung tightness to contend with.

After the bulge was completely inside him, Link tried to start fucking himself again, but he couldn't move his hips an inch, and he had to make with reaching down with his left hand and squeezing his balls as his right held on to the bars to keep him from being pushed back by his master's cock. This went on for a while, and Link occasionally switched from abusing his balls to his bruises and back again, but eventually the bulge reached the tip of his master's cock, deep inside of Link. Link was rocking back and forth in anticipation, or at least trying to; he only really succeeded in moving his head and chest.

Link could feel his master's cock start to twitch, and then he felt a wave of heat rush out of the cock inside of him, coating the newly straightened tunnel it had made in an almost burning warmth. The cock's twitches grew harder and harder as more and more fluid shot out, eventually lifting Link off his feet in their power. When Link felt his new tunnel filled to the brim, when he was sure that the cum was going to start leaking down through his penis, Link started to cum again himself, the new sensation of being filled to the brim proving too much for him.

This orgasm started out like his first, with pure ecstasy near blinding in its intensity, but almost immediately after it started, Link felt something shoot else shoot out of his master's cock, but this time it didn't come from the tip, but from the circumference at the base of Link's dick. It felt like spikes had grown from, and shot out of the cock, piercing Link's skin and anchoring themselves there. When his master's, and to a lesser degree his own, cum reached that point it was turned back, forcing his new tunnel to expand in order to accommodate all of it. And there was a lot of cum. The building pressure grew more and more painful, until Link felt a rip inside of him, and the cum flooded into a new space. It seemed to him that it might be making something inside of him. He passed out as another orgasm blew through his body and another bulge began to make its way towards his penis.

Link awoke some time later with a strange feeling in his gut; it felt a little bit like he was bloated, and almost like his insides were wrong somehow. His master's cock was still inside his own penis, and it still felt like there was a round razorblade imbedded into the base of his penis. Somehow all of the cum had gotten out of him though; his insides felt weird, but it was different from the feeling of cum filling him up. His master seemed to sense his stirring, because as Link began to move, so did the like like. Link's master again lowered his top part towards Link, and again seemed to phase through the iron bars.

Link's penis was again engulfed by his master, and he soon felt a pleasant suction on his cock. His master's tentacle began to retract at the same time, tugging unpleasantly on him as the suction increased. Link was pulled tight against the bars and his master kept pulling harder and harder; the pain that Link felt was too exquisite to describe. Link then began to pull his hips back, increasing the pressure on his cock, both inside from the tentacle, and outside from the suction. Link reached over with his mouth and bit onto his shoulder, salty from sweat, to stifle the noises that were bubbling up inside of him.

The pressure kept aggrandizing until finally, with a sickening tear, Link's cock vanished into his master. "Hooough," Link yelled as his crotch pulled back from the iron bars. It was the first manly sound that he had made for hours, and it felt somehow wrong coming out of his mouth, as if his right to manliness had been slowly disappearing since he had met his master, and now that he had lost his penis, all rights were gone. Link decided that he was going to have to look to assess the damages. He looked down and shuddered at what he saw. He knew that his cock would be gone, but he had expected there to just be a bloody mess in its stead. In reality there was some blood, but not nearly enough and where Link had thought there might be some small holes, there were instead two holes, one small, the other larger, but still not huge. His balls were still attached; they looked funny with no cock above them.

Link again took his arms out of the holes in the iron wall to reach down and touch the holes where his penis once was. Pleasure shot through him when he touched the upper, smaller hole, but when he touched the lower one, his knees instantly gave out, and he fell down into his master's waiting maw. This time Link was swallowed whole, but he didn't struggle, or even try to hold his breath; Link simply basked in the sensation of being covered in his master's slimy juices, even sticking his tongue out and sampling some. It tasted delightful.

Slowly, Link's thoughts began to slow down, and he breathed out all of his air and replaced it with the slimy liquid that was the only other occupant of his master's mouth. H felt a tingling sensation spread out from his lungs and stomach, and finally something clamping onto his groin, right over his two new holes.

A/N: I started writing this right after finishing the first chapter, but just finished it now. It's short because I forgot exactly where I was going with it. I still know where the story as a whole is

going, though. Chapter 3 should be up by the end of the year. Also let me know about any typos because I hate reading what I've writ.

Chapter 2: Redead Shuffle

Link awoke in dark chamber, the musty scent and cool moistness of the stone floor telling him that he was still somewhere in the bottom of the well. Link tried to stand up, but his arms couldn't be persuaded to move from his sides, and his legs wouldn't so much as twitch. He wasn't tired, though. In fact he felt better than he ever had before, as if he could beat that long eared jogger in a race. No, it wasn't tiredness that had paralyzed him, it was the all too familiar fear he felt when a redead looked at him. He didn't even have to see the thing looking at him; the gaze was palpable and even worse when he couldn't see the monster that inspired the horror in him.

Link felt a cold hand on his back. On his bare back. Link suddenly realized that he was completely naked. He tried to remember why, and could almost recall a reason; feel the ghost of a sensation of being fully enclosed... somewhere, but then the feeling was gone. It was replaced by shivers radiating out from the death cold hand on his back. Link tried to get his limbs to move again, but aside from a few shivers, he was as unsuccessful as before. The hand started to move to the side, closer to Link's front side.

When it reached the place where Link's flesh met the cool floor, it lifted him enough to slip its thumb and forefinger under him. There was hardly any contrast between the floor and the fingers. If anything, the redead was slightly colder. Link tried to cry out as the redead's fingers reached his nipple, but was still unable to move even his vocal cords. The feeling sent a shock of pleasure through his system, and he had no idea why. His nipples hadn't felt like that when he had touched them, and he couldn't imagine that a redead's hand would feel better than his own.

The redead started to pinch its fingers together, and a shockwave of bliss radiated out from his chest, and washed his body of his fear of the redead just enough for him to let out a small squeak of pleasure. Link had never squeaked before in his life, and certainly never in such a high pitch; his voice might be high as a child, but what came out of his throat wasn't even gender neutral; there was no way it could have come from anything but a girl. As Link was still in shock, the redead stopped fondling him, and flipped him over.

Link shivered as his moist front side was exposed to the chilling air currents of the room. His head lolled to the side, but he wasn't sure if his eyes were open; he thought they were, but his vision was completely black, and since he had no muscle control, he couldn't just blink to find out. As Link was pondering this, he felt a sensation all together new to him; the redead had moved its hand down to where Link's penis usually was. Instead of feeling cold fingers on his cock, however, Link felt them on something he had never felt before. It had never been there before, he was certain.

Link was a boy; a vagina had no business being on his body. He had no real reason to think that it was a vagina, but the redead's finger was cooling off his insides, and his butt was finger free. He knew it was wrong for him, a boy, to not have a penis, to have a girl's vagina instead. He knew it was wrong, but it felt like his body was finally right. His mind knew that he should have a penis, but his body felt complete without it.

Link shook himself, he was sure that he managed to twitch a little bit at least, out of his trance and was suddenly hit by how good it felt to have the redead's finger in his snatch. The redead's movements were clumsy, and its finger was sucking away the heat in Link's pussy, but despite that a growing pleasure was radiating out from his crotch. His pussy was actually warmer now that the redead was finger fucking him. He could feel the heat being sucked into its cold finger, but Link was heating up so fast that soon the redead's finger felt warm.

Link reached down to help the redead out, only mildly surprised that he could move, but just as his fingers reached his burning snatch, another hand appeared out of the perfect blackness of the room and grabbed Link's hand. It pulled his hand up above his head as more hands emerged from the nothingness surrounding Link and grabbed the rest of his limbs. In the end Link was again restrained by the redead, but by their hands instead of their eyes. He wasn't even sure of how many there were; it could have been three or five, and those were just the ones touching him. For all he knew there could be dozens in the room with him, just waiting to have their way with him, to thrust their fingers in and out of his soaking pussy.

Link let out a lust filled moan and started to thrust his hips up against the redead's hand. The finger was only going in maybe an inch, but Link needed to be filled completely. The redead wouldn't move even the smallest fraction of an inch deeper, however much Link bucked against the hands restraining him; it just kept thrusting in and out the exact same distance at the exact same speed. It was driving Link mad. There was just enough stimulation to keep him wanting more, but more never came. His pussy was leaking like a miniature waterfall, trying to convince the invader that it could handle more. Link was left writhing on the ground letting out little whimpers as he shook his hips around enticingly.

The redead kept this up until Link was covered in sweat and panting harder than he had during any fight he had ever been in. Then, finally, Link felt a different stimulus. A hand reached out from the void and pinched down on Link's nipple. The rough texture of the hand coupled with Link's already nearly explosive excitement caused Link to cum hard and spasm in the redead's hands. The orgasm almost literally blew his mind as the dead black of the room turned to a pure white as every sense in his body registered bliss.

The redead didn't let it end there, however; Link's orgasm fazed them no more than his early bucking had. The one at his snatch continued his methodical ministrations as the hand at his nipple continued to pinch and tease him. With the orgasm having cleared his mind, Link suddenly realized that what happening to him wasn't normal. It was his job to kill monsters like these, not be pleased by them. Even as that thought crossed his mind, he vaguely recalled

something. That it was his duty to obey his master, and that his master must want him here experiencing this pleasure. That didn't make any sense; he was his own master, no one told him what to do except maybe Zelda.

All rational thoughts were soon washed away again as the redead brought his body back to its earlier excitement. Yet another hand had begun to pleasure him, this one at his left nipple. Soon they had him writhing around again, hoping that they would bring him to another orgasm just as mind-blowing as the last.

They continued to work on him, slowly increasing his excitement and building up the heat within him again. Their cold hands mechanically worked on his body, pinching his puffy nipples until he wanted to scream. More and more hands came out of the darkness and were illuminated only by his sense of touch as they caressed his body, more and more of them feeling him all over, some touching him in blatantly sexual spots, some just petting his hair. They all moved at slow, fixed rates. Link loved it.

The redead finger-fucking Link didn't let up for an instant as more and more hands touched Link all over. It continued its steady pace even when hands began to slide up and down Link's thigh. His whole body was being embraced by redead hands. Despite their chill, he was quickly warming up, hotter and hotter. A finger made its way into his lolled open mouth, and he licked it as it started thrusting in and out. His excitement built further; he instinctually closed his mouth and started sucking on the finger banging his mouth. He was closing in on his previous ecstasy, all he needed was one final push and he would be over the edge.

But that push never came. He kept waiting for it, he waited for what might have been hours on the edge of bliss. He tried to push against the finger in his pussy again, but to no avail; the finger moved with his hips as though they had never moved at all. He wiggled his chest around, hoping to force the ones fondling his chest to pinch his nipples harder, but it was as though they knew how he was going to move better than Link himself. The only thing that he could do was moan around the finger that was face-fucking him and hope for the redead to pity him enough to let him cum. Or was it let her cum? He definitely had lady parts, which the redead kept violating; it was strange to keep thinking of himself as a boy. Himself.

Soon after she had that revelation, all of the redead took their hands off and out of Link, and left her panting on the floor, too tired from the constant stimulus to even move her now free hands down to her crotch and relieve herself. While she was lying there, she had a nagging feeling that she was forgetting something really important, but she couldn't put her finger on it. Before she could think on it for too much longer, she heard the sound of a door opening and was blinded by a brilliant light right in front of her.