

The rain poured down relentlessly, drenching the once beautiful battleground of Vah Medoh. Weaving through the barrage of lasers, Revali could almost swear that he could feel the scent of the land below burning as the once helpful guardians tore the land asunder. Bomb Arrows would be completely useless in this weather—his main plan rendered useless by a sick trick from the goddesses, rubbing salt in the wound.

No matter to him. He was the best warrior in the land—the only Champion born without a lottery ticket to grandeur. They would all surely fall or be begging for help, but not *him*. Flying behind the main terminal, he roosted down on the floor to gather himself as he shot at the small flying drones that were seeking him out. The beast was powerful and cruel, but that also meant that it wasn't that smart. The fact that it was shooting relentlessly at the terminal instead of circling around meant that he could perhaps trick it.

*Alright. You can do this. Make your ancestors proud.*

With a menacing screech, Revali launched himself into the air, arrows tightly gripped in his talons. The wind howled around him, matching his determination. He unleashed a barrage of arrows at the blight, each one finding its mark with deadly precision. Windblight Ganon retaliated with a disgusting, ear-busting wail. It shot beams of concentrated light at Revali in an attempt to knock him out of the sky.

Dodging with finesse, Revali danced through the air, gracefully evading the blight's relentless assault. He circled Windblight Ganon, always staying one step ahead even through the pouring water. “You can't handle me, Ganon!” He cackled as he continued dancing around the rain of fire shot at him. *Surely* this wasn't all that The Calamity had to offer. At this rate, he might even go save his companions' sorry hides after he vanquished the blight. “What's the matter?! Were a thousand years not enough time to train your pathetic beasts?!”

Three arrows shot out of the Great Eagle bow, all piercing on the creature's eye. With it stunned, Revali didn't let down on the assault. Pulling out three thunder arrows from his quiver, he prepared to release another volley of arrows. “Eat *this!*” He released his electric shots, but then, he saw the blight—still holding its face in agony—raise his arm up at the same time. It was as if time had slowed down. A large surge of light emanated from the beast's cannon.

Disaster struck.

The cannon fire had crashed against the thunder arrows, both colliding into a massive, yellow explosion. With the arrows covered in water, the electric blast was massive. Revali couldn't even scream before a thousand volts coursed through his body and stopped his flight. Reeling in mid-air, he spiraled towards the battleground, his wings weakened by the electric explosion. He crashed into the ground with a sickening thud, dirt and debris flying all around him.

*Dammit... Dammit!* Twitching and coughing, the Rito warrior slowly opened his eyes. His quiver and bow landing a meter away from him, discarded and slightly burned from the shock. *Can't... see anything! My weapon... I NEED MY WEAPON!* He crawled towards them, attempting to ignore the sound of his own choked sobs. *I'm a warrior... I won't let anything like a STUPID beast be the end of me! I have so many things I needed to do...*

The large shadow of the blight cast over him. It looked at him menacingly, the only sound being the electric hum of his cannon. It was as if it had gained sentience just to look down on him, mocking him by being the victor of their clash.

Revali could hear his heart beating rapidly, echoing throughout his ears. He couldn't help but laugh—a cackle filled with nothing but contempt. He was hoisted by his own petard—probably the most pathetic way he could've gone out.

Closing his eyes, Revali awaited his fate. He wouldn't grovel to a mindless beast. He was going to die with his pride intact. No help—no pity—no shame. He was a Rito warrior, and he would keep that title to the bitter end. “Do your worst.

A piercing pain spread through his body. Revali felt a sharp, slimy blade go through his skin before retreating. A harrowing wail passed through his beak as he clenched his arm, trying to stop any bleeding from happening. “AGH! Aagh, mghh...” He clenched his eyes shut, gritting his teeth as he tried to suppress the urge to continue screaming out in pain. Revali gripped his wounded arm, trying to prevent the bleeding as he felt his plumage turn squelchy and crimson. He barely left the wound open, yet he felt so much blood underneath. “You won't get... any pleading from me!”

The blight cocked its head, the fluttery mane attached to its malformed head flopping with the wind. It glared at him again, Revali expecting to get his entire being incinerated by the beast's cannon. Instead, it used its clawed hand to suddenly lunge at his neck.

The air left him as the creature held him up high in the air. He desperately slammed his talons against the beast's fleshy chest—all to no avail. Each time he slammed his clawed feet, a loud, *wet* squelch was made. The goop that the beast was composed of smeared across his body—hot and thick, clinging to his body. He would've yelled out in disgust, but instead, all he could sputter was a choked-out squawk.

*N-no! No, stop!*

Revali was ready to keep kicking until his lungs gave out, but then, the blight began to hover toward the inside of Vah Medoh. Amidst his confusion and increasingly declining oxygen, the Rito couldn't decipher what the beast wanted. His mind just screamed that he needed to run, and the internal screaming only made his inability to do so sting all the harder. It hurt infinitely more than the feeling of his lungs begging for air. He was being played with—he could tell. He had toyed with many Moblins and Bokoblins before putting an arrow through their head, and now, he was destined for that agonizing walk toward the horizon.

As they ventured deep into the Divine Beast, the blight stopped near a large stone block. It arched his arm back, Revali's feathers rustling as he let out a dry, quiet attempt at a scream. The world turned and turned as Winblight hurled its arm forward. Revali *smashed* against the structure. The Rito cried out in agony, every inch of his body *burning* with pain. The blight let go of him, but he could barely keep himself up—let alone walk. He instinctively reached for the bow that was no longer on him, his body functioning on survival instinct alone.

“S-stop. Stop.” He mumbled, head twitching. “Don't...”

The blight cared not for his pleas. From the beast's cannon, four laser reticles honed over Revali's limbs. The Rito clumsily tried to dodge, but he managed to shift to the side before the blight fired at him at the last second. Revali winced, bracing for impact. He was expecting to feel the sensation of blazing, fervid pain of his skin being burnt down to nothingness. Instead, he was met with... nothing

For a second, Revali thought that he had been incinerated instantly—a quick death after the blight got tired of playing with its prey. He was about to be joyful that at least his suffering had stopped, but as the flow of adrenaline began to stall, the horrible ache around his spine began to surface again. He was alive.

*What did that ugly thing do then?*

Opening his eyes, he realized that the creature *had* shot something out. Rings of semi-solid malice had wrapped themselves around his wrists and ankles, binding him to the stone block. Immediately, Revali tried breaking free, but despite their goop-like nature, they felt stronger than steel. The Rito had been left completely bound, limbs sprawled out in all directions. It seemed that the blight had just started to play with him, and he dreaded what it would do next.

Raising its arm up once again, the blight contorted its slender, claw-like fingers. In unison with the rings of malice, a strange red glow began to encompass the monstrous digits. Almost like a perversion of the image of a maestro guiding its orchestra, Windblight began to direct one of the goop rings to spread across Revali's right wing. It was almost like hot, thick mud spreading across his body—absolutely revolting.

The Rito gagged as he jerked his arm, trying to push the malice off him. “W-what is this?! Don't you dare stain me with your disgusting slime!” The empty threats were just that—completely hollow tantrums that only soiled his already wounded pride. “GET THAT OFF FROM ME!”

The corrosive substance crept into his wound. Revali let out an ear-bursting wail, the malice entering his body through the gash on his wing. The slime was warm when it inched outside his body, but now, it felt *boiling* as it traveled through his bloodstream. It slid around his insides like a giant leech crawling inside his arm. He could *feel* it writhing, fragmenting, and spreading its influence through his system. “G-guh... What is this doing to me?! No, no! GET IT OUT!”

A potent wave of nausea hit him. His head tilted downwards, beak opening on its own. His mouth was dry, his throat feeling like the texture of sandpaper. The entire upper half of his felt like it had been engulfed in fire. In a matter of seconds, his plumage had been stained with *buckets* worth of sweat. He squirmed as the feeling of sticky, drenched feathers got even worse. “Water, water... need... water...” His tongue lolled out of his mouth, drool dribbled onto the floor below. Revali instinctively looked down, only to see that a tent had sprouted from underneath his kilt—a wet, sticky smear on the garment from the tip of his leaking shaft.

Revali's mind stopped for a second. With the suffocating heat inside his body, his brain had slowed to a crawl trying to fight off the infectious malice. He couldn't process *what* he was seeing—he could only understand the simmering soup of mixed feelings inside his chest. He wanted to hurl and touch himself at the same time. To be aroused while his Kingdom was on the verge of collapse—a pathetic, incorrigible sight. He would've screamed out in anger were it not for the fact that as his member throbbed, his body begged him to just let it fester. The flesh and the mind battled for control in a tug of war as the malice forced blood to keep rushing down to his shaft.

“No, gugh... No, please. I-I don't need this...” He struggled against the malice's hold, trying desperately to think of distressing, disturbing things to make the tent that had just formed die down. As soon as he let the wicked magic coursing through his body win, he knew that it would be over. He couldn't let the malice control him— couldn't let it use his own body against him. But the more he fought, the more the malice seemed to crawl under his skin, burrowing deeper and deeper into his being. He could feel the heat radiating off of his body as if he was being burned alive from the inside, the sweat trickling down his plumage now that his feathers physically couldn't absorb any more perspiration. He was panting, gasping for breath, his chest heaving with each labored intake of air as more and more blood rushed downward, pleasure beginning to leak out below in the form of a murky, semi-transparent dark liquid dripping directly from his throbbing tip. And all the while, the malice continued to tighten its grip, constricting around him like a boa slowly squeezing the life out of its victims.

The pleasure was too potent—too viscous. Even his defiant thoughts began to turn foggy as the pleasure seeped into every crevasse of his body like a virus. The disgusting malice slithering through his insides was making it its home, forcing him to acclimate and love it. It massaged down on his muscles, tenderly stroking them and making him relaxed against his will. The sensory overload was so mind-shattering that his mind began to spiral, his thoughts no longer coherent as the malice began to take over. His body was slowly no longer his own, every movement spasming like a puppet on strings.

As Revali's mind spiraled out of control, he felt a sudden jolt of pain and pleasure rip through his body, bringing him back to reality. Looking down, he saw that the malice had spread further, its tendrils now coiling tightly around his engorged member; the thick, slimy substance pulsating with otherworldly energy. The substance fed off of his lust and desire,

wanting more and more. He tried to pull away, but the malice only tightened its hold, its grip unyielding.

The agony was intense, but so was the bliss that followed. For a moment, he lost himself in the sensation, his body trembling with ecstasy.

Suddenly, Windblight bent down, looking directly at Revali. It didn't spare any second in fanfare, immediately beginning to gaze directly into his eyes with its single blue one. Rings of light began to circle around the beast's iris, different hues of blues appearing and disappearing in a slow, followable pattern. The light show was accompanied by a low hum—a lullaby for the Rito's racing mind. While nothing much of note beyond uncontrollable lust was going up there in the Rito's mind, the champion still needed to be pacified before proceeding with the plan.

With the avian's mind so weakened, it had no trouble drawing him in. His drowsy, half-closed eyes immediately followed the light like moths drawn to a flame. The spasms ceased immediately, Revali's body relaxing even further as any kind of resistance was tempered and stopped. By now, it was impossible to resist. Methodically, the blight tilted his head side to side, and Revali followed. One second, the light was dark blue—the next, it was cyan—another second; this time, a plain sky blue. The differences were minute enough to not snap him out yet noticeable enough that he couldn't help but follow them directly. Revali moaned softly, confused but unable to pull away. Everything the wicked beast was offering him was like a taste of heaven itself. He hated it—no. He *loathed* how much he loved every second of his imprisonment. The colors were beautiful—unbefitting of a monster so hideous. They were *so* pretty to look at it.

Then, the beast leaned closer. It put its hand to its mask, slowly lifting it up... until—

*Ping*

“AAAAAH!” Revali screamed, lungs immediately turning dry. The wail was shrill and panicked, pure desperation dripping from his cry for help.

He wasn't on Vah Medoh anymore. No. He was in the middle of an empty field, the sound of screaming and crackling fire filling the air as Ganon's minions ravaged the land. His entire body was still marred with sweat and malice, a deeper sense of disgust even more potent than

before the malice seeped into his body, but he barely had any time to think about that. As soon as he stood up—seeing the guardians and monsters destroy the land he once called home—a terrifying, dreadful sense of pure horror befell him.

“WHAT IS GOING ON?!” He screamed, glancing around wildly for an enemy to attack. “WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!” He tried to call for help, but the only thing he heard in response was the crackling of the land around him being destroyed by the hand of Ganon’s forces “HELP!” He began to move on his own, body moving as if it was on autopilot. Revali knew he needed to be somewhere. He didn’t know where, but somewhere out there, a place—not Vah Medoh—not Rito Village—Not Hyrule castle—simply *somewhere*—was calling out to him. He needed to be there or he would die.

His shaft still throbbed, every clumsy step only making the hunger inside him grow bigger. He knew that right now would be the worst time to succumb to his desires, but everything was a frantic mirage of panic and fear that he could only work with what his base instincts allowed him to. He scurried off to a nearby rock, ducking behind as he tried to quickly relieve himself. He slowly wrapped his wings around his cock, but as soon as he tried to pump, a horrifying burning sensation passed through his dick. “GAGH!” He wailed, more malice pumping from his leaking penis. “W-WHAT THE HELL?!”

**“*You are not complete yet.*”** A voice deep inside his head echoed, removed from the chaos around him.

“N-not... complete yet?” Twitching from the seemingly mental and not physical burn, Revali found a strange sense of comfort inside the voice’s words. “M-me? Not complete yet?”

**“*Yes. Not complete.*”** The voice said again. **“*You need to be complete. For this power... for this dishonorable vessel, you were blessed with... you need to be complete.*”**

Revali shook his head, trying to calm himself down. He knew he was in danger—he knew he was in way over his head. He needed to be back in Vah Medoh... or Rito Village... or Hyrule Castle. He needed to be somewhere, and quickly. Before the wave of malice consumed him, he needed to—

“You have to be complete.” The voice hissed, snapping Revali back to reality.

Yes. He needed to be... in the place that he knew he should be. There was something out there calling to him. Amidst the cacophony of lasers being shot and monsters screeching their battle cries, it was as if a whisper was slowly guiding him toward his destination. Revali had never felt any lower, but it was his only choice. Groveling under the control of the voice was the path he had to follow.

He still twitched from the burn, body convulsing as the urge to touch himself grew stronger and stronger. Malice continued to leak from his cock, almost drawing him in through sheer sickening curiosity. There was something horribly wrong with him at the moment, but his adrenaline-filled mind would not let him dwell on anything. He needed to move forward at all costs, ignoring every thought or thing out there. For some reason, despite passing near monsters and even guardians, they all refused to attack him. They acknowledged his presence with a head tilt, but otherwise, refused to interact with him. Too afraid of making them attack, he simply continued forward.

Flashes of blue light filled his vision every once in a while, almost as if reality was glitching right in front of his eyes. Not just that, but every time that the flashes of light filled his vision, he would find himself having walked entire miles in the blink of an eye—and with exhaustion to boot. The sound of mechanical whirring began to join the whispers, growing louder the closer he got to his goal.

Then, another flash—one more intense than the last. Those same rings of light suddenly began filling his view, alternating as he screamed out in pain, whispers and machines coming to life in the background—*louder and louder...* until suddenly, it all stopped. There was no more of the blue flashes of light, no whispers, no machines; nothing.

He found himself in front of a large building. It was made out of stone with carvings imprinted onto the wall, the symbols oddly familiar to what he had seen in Shiekah ruins before. Those recognizable constellation patterns had been corrupted with a red, eery light in place of the comforting blue hue their technology had.

He gulped in pain and anticipation, fear and anxiety filling him up to the point that he could barely think. His feet had stopped, and he was frozen in place, too terrified to walk through the massive doors in front of him. He knew where he needed to be. He had to do this to save Hyrule... but his body refused to go through with it. His feet refused to move, and he almost fell in defeat. That was until—



***“YOU’RE INCOMPLETE.”***

Cold, dark walls surrounded him. The only source of light was the ominous red hue emitting from the corrupted constellations. Random scraps of Sheikah technology were thrown around, yet they pulsed with malice—the lights turning on and off, the motion causing a strange sound that sounded just like the whispers out in the field. He immediately tried to turn tail, but dark tendrils of goopy, beating malice covered the door with a disgustingly large eye glaring at him, unblinking and menacing as veins showed on its black sclera. Without a bow and arrow to shoot the beating core that was the eye, Revali was completely trapped. The thought of trying to fight with his bare wings crossed him, but the fatal sense of dread that forced him to scream out in agony just a few minutes passed through his body.

*Not a chance.* He thought. “W-what do I... do...?” He asked the voice, beak quivering as his dependence on the voice reached an all-time high. He felt no stronger than a helpless chick begging for its caretaker, and the exhaustion seeping through his body was so strong that he couldn’t even bring himself to detest his weakness, pride lacking.

***“Grab the helmet on the blacksmith station. To your left.”***

Turning to where the voice told him to, there it was. A helmet whose top went up farther above the wearer’s head. The visor extended past where one’s eyes would be, a giant eye-shaped glowing piece of glass in the center just like the one belonging to the blight. Constellation patterns surrounded the eye, yet unlike the smooth design of how the Shiekah constructed the stars, the lines were sharp and jagged, almost like veins. The dots meant to represent the stars were covered in a grimy combination of rust and malice. Not only that, but every few seconds, the azure light would glitch into the same red, corrosive color that the entire room was bathed in. Out of all the devices around him, it produced the loudest hum—comparable to the ear-bursting sound of a Guardian’s engine. It was intimidating yet alluring, like a trap that made its intent so clear yet carrying bait that was impossible to resist.

Still rattled and helpless, Rito slid the helmet atop his head. Surprisingly, it fit around his head perfectly. Most armor across Hyrule didn’t fit his species thanks to their distinct facial structure, but the ancient helmet fit like a glove. The blue eye-shaped visor turned on, allowing Revali to see through it. The process was automatic—as if the helmet itself detected a user. He never really liked the Sheikah tech for their almost omnipresent way of detecting

him—Even Vah Medoh often sent chills down his spine. The droning, deep hum was even more piercing now that it was being blasted directly to his ears. “...Okay, what do I do now?”

His question was effortlessly answered when suddenly, a pair of metallic straps emerged from inside the helmet... and the hum turned *ear-shattering*. “G-GHAAAGH!” Revali cried out in pain, directionless running around the room like a headless chicken as he tried to take the helmet off to no avail. The straps went under his head, connecting right below his chin and sealing his head inside the helmet. “STOP! STOP! GET THIS OFF ME!” He could barely pull the helmet a few inches above his head before it slammed back into place. “AGH!”

As he screamed, some of the random scraps began to rise up into the air, a red miasma accompanying them as they all floated toward Revali.

The Rito could see them all slowly approaching him, yet the pain from the high-pitched noise immobilized him. His body acted on its own, trying to pry the headpiece off even if he knew the futility of his predicament. “STAY AWAY!” He begged, trying to kick away the floating pieces, but they swiftly dodged his clumsy attempts at self-defense. “I SWEAR IT!”

***“YOU ARE INCOMPLETE.”***

“G-GAGH!” The screech from inside his head made him lose his balance once again, jerking to the side and back slouching. Adrenaline running high, Revali buckled his legs and tried to stand straight, raising his arm up against his face to prevent any incoming attack. “Get away!” He yelled as he assumed a defensive stance, but it mattered not. Two triangular pieces soared above him before crashing down on his shoulders with a thundering impact. He was sent to the floor, his entire body rippling with pain. His mind was screaming at him to move, but his will wouldn’t amount to anything with the paralyzing agony of the fall. The pain only got worse as two pieces that he now recognized as shoulder pads *clamped* around their designated areas. Weakly, he tried to pry them off with his wings, but he couldn’t even manage to get them to budge. “S-shit... Shit... I can’t...”

***“LET YOURSELF BE COMPLETED.”***

Revali grunted as the back of his torso was encased in a shell of old, hard metal. “W-what do you mean? No, I’m... incomplete? But these things... aren’t... me!” The pieces of armor were cold and hard to the touch. The contrast between the silky smooth material of his chest

plate and kilt was painfully infuriating. He felt his body be compressed mercilessly, and Revali knew that he had to do something about it. He mustered all he could, clenching his teeth... only for his body to suddenly not respond. He was still conscious, yet it was as if only his mind worked—his body limp like a remote-controlled toy lying discarded on the ground with its batteries taken out. “What the hell...?” He whispered, incredulous and terrified at the realization that the voice had taken the *iota* of control he had without even warning him—a vicious, evil rug pull that only now was he processing. “...What... is this? My body—”

***“IS INCOMPLETE.”***

Revali was suddenly forced on his back, tossed with the decency afforded to a sack of flour by the very same miasma carrying the other pieces of Sheikah plating. Even when seen through the giant blue lens of the helmet, the word was still caked in the horrible red hue that reeked of malice; rotten and vile. The Rito couldn't help but grimace not as a display of will, but as a symptom of horrified panic that had begun to nest itself in his mind. He braced himself for the other half of the Sheikah chestplate to join the one that had attached itself to his back, expecting the same sterile, frigid feeling of metal against his skin. “D-do your... mgh... worst...?” He struggled to spit out insults, a horrible swirling feeling across his body—some kind of mental sickness dampening his thoughts. “...On whatever you plan on doing... to m-mMGH!”

Revali swallowed his words, an electrifyingly intense feeling rushing downwards the second that the chest plate made contact with his body. A mechanism inside sprung to life, mercilessly twisting his nipples and forcing a rush of pleasure to travel through his body. As if a switch was flipped, the uncomfortable feeling that had been resting inside him *exploded* into an avalanche of stimuli that made every inch of his body uncomfortably sensitive. Revali could barely think as the arousal flowed through him, an intense fog making parts of his brain fight in a sultry tug of war between pleasure and control.

His body writhed uncontrollably, a small whimper escaping his lips as the armor continued to work its way up his body. His body betrayed him, his shaft *immediately* springing forward and beginning to spurt load after load of malice-ridden semen. It splattered across his wings and body, the sticky substance only making the addicting sensation of his nipples being teased even harder to resist. He kept falling lower and lower, with nothing but his own mind

to shield his ego from his degradation. He was nothing but a thrall under the beck and call of something that toyed with his bare instincts—arousal deluding him to the same level of helplessness as an animal in heat.

The metal pieces began to enclose his arms and legs, the straps tightening around his limbs, restricting his movements even further. Revali's eyes widened as he felt armor press against his body. He was already preparing himself for the worst, and yet, what met him still managed to catch him thoroughly off guard. The limb pieces were wet and slimy on the inside, almost as if they were organic. The texture was like fresh meat—it even sounded like it as it *squelched* against the pressure of being forced to fit around his body. Horrified and unwilling to ask, the avian could only sit still as he felt what he assumed to be some sort of tendrils or tongues spring from the fleshy inside and begin to rub against his body. It only made it harder to try and maintain composure, a little million tiny appendages caressing and tending his body, all of them wet and leaving a trail of slimy liquid against his feathers. It was like being forced to endure the most heavenly, relaxing massage in the world. His body became putty against the blissful assault, every second making him arch his head back up in frustration and lust. “G-guh...” He drily gasped, sight fading in and out. “P-plhuease... no more...”

The constellation patterns around the armor began to glow with an intense crimson hue as the intensity of the tentacles' caressing increased. Revali began to thrash even more intensely, a stream of goop coming out of his cock almost *nonstop*. “G-gah, Gmh!”

Trapped in an eternal loop of climaxes that left him wanting more and more, his balls churned as they were forced to produce more of the corrupted seed. Each shot was like a bomb exploding in Revali's head. “Fuck, fuck! Stop, s-so good! N-no, don't make me feel good! No!” Despite what his words said, the tone of his voice told a completely different story. He was whining and moaning in an almost effeminate way, thrusting his pelvis up into the air like the mindless animal they wanted to make him be. “Mgggh, FUCK!”

Finally, a crotch plate slowly glided towards his groin. He knew what was coming, but it still made him wail out in pure mania. With a wet *pop*, the pieces snapped around his waist and legs, his dick buried inside the plating.

He wasn't allowed a moment to breathe before the tendrils inside the armor began to move faster, pushing deeper into Revali's body. Slithering like a snake heading towards its victim,

one of them extended outwards and crawled up his ass, the liquid inside serving as a lubricant. Simultaneously, another one began to wrap around his dick and began stroking it. Revali could only muster a half-hearted moan, lungs barely able to keep up as his body was converted into a glorified toy for the malice to play with. He felt the released seed stick to his chest, the goop mixing with the sticky liquid from the tendrils.

The groans emanating from Revali grew louder as his pleasure intensified, and soon that discordant noise was the only thing he could hear.

Then, something clicked. The lens of the helmet turned opaque, blinding him completely with nothing to stare at but a pale red light. It glowed intensely, causing Revali to squint, but he couldn't close his eyes. No matter how hard he tried, a part of him knew that it was... his destiny to stare at the light. Clad in guardian armor and glued together with malice, the Rito had nothing left but to gaze into the blinding light in front of him and bask in its warmth.

It began to change tones, just like the blight's. Immediately, Revali followed, his brain absorbing the hidden whispers in the light like a sponge—already primed from whatever the blight did to him earlier. It was so easy for him to follow along with the light. The colors were a beautiful kaleidoscope of pleasant brain waves, eroding all panic and adrenaline from his mind. The longer he stared, the more he found himself engulfed by the red glow. It crawled around his thoughts, infecting them with its forced pacification. It was like a vacuum, sucking out any resistance he had and replacing it with a droning, empty sense of blankness. He felt like a puppet being directed on what to do, a being only meant to dance at the rhythm of someone else's orders, unable to escape the grasp of the light that seemed to control every aspect of his body and mind. It was a confusing, almost ethereal experience to have something else swimming against his brain, almost like a completely different person. The voice was one thing, but that felt like someone speaking to him. The light felt like an alluring call from inside his own mind; a gentle, comforting lullaby from his own brain that he didn't think possible.

It didn't matter if he tried shifting his gaze, the light seemed to be everywhere, filling his vision. It was all he could see or think about; anything else that once filled his thoughts slowly corroded by the new presence in his mind. He was just someone to look at the light. His identity, what he was doing, why he was here; it all was secondary. He could think about that once he got out of there. He could escape eventually, so there was no harm in indulging a

little in such pretty lights. He stared into its depth, allowing its waves of power to wash over him.

The commands were whispered from the helmet to his ear, but they were all so fast and overlaid on top of even more that he couldn't process them. They were probably something towards his well-being if the gentle, alluring sense left on his mind was anything to go by. He let them embed themselves deeper into his mind, entangling around his sense of self. He could feel the echoes of memories morphing and shifting, a mental flow being disrupted and molded onto something else.

***“YOU WILL BE COMPLETE SOON.”***

“Complete...” That word sounded beautiful. Just hearing it made Revali throb. “I wanna be... complete...” His eyes drooped, mumbling back in a flat tone.

He stood there transfixed, his mind filled with the calming glow of the helmet. The thought of being complete—utterly taken care of—seemed so peaceful, a strange sense of... fulfillment that had alluded him his entire life filled him like a warm embrace. He curved his beak with a droopy, wavy smile at the feeling as he absorbed the light's teachings.

***“Obedience is good. Obedience to power is the only way forward. To be powerful is to shed the you before. Become complete. Become one with power. Power will make every decision for you, forever freed of responsibility.”***

“P-power... good...”

***“Be relieved from worry and care, from decisions and choices. Be free from the pressures of expectations. Become unburdened.”***

“Please...” He begged desperately. It all sounded so good. He wanted it so badly, to be completely empty but full at the same time. He nodded slowly in agreement, allowing himself to be washed away by this new thought process.

***“Become complete, Rito warrior. To follow the path of power is to receive the utmost of pleasures a mortal can imagine. Only through willing servitude can you achieve true liberation.”***

The helmet's voice filled his ears once again, reminding him of the value of obedience. The longer he stayed under its influence, the more these thoughts seemed like the truth instead of just an attractive idea.

He no longer feared nor resisted what was happening; in fact, he welcomed it with open arms as if his old life had become a distant memory already. Revali knew now that yielding was power and nothing else mattered other than being free from all worries and obligations—to simply follow orders without question or resistance until told otherwise would bring nothing but blissful peace for eternity. A permanent trance that he would always be under in exchange for true liberation.

His movements became robotic; thrashing replaced with immobility that brought a sense of calm that only intensified as the voice inside the armor convinced him further that he should obey them without question or consequence. He remained completely still, not paralyzed but by choice. There were no orders, so he had no reason to move. He was a good drone to the voice of power. Good drones followed orders because that was the path to power. That was the only drive inside his otherwise blank mind. At the moment, his job was to remain still and wait for further instructions.

It wasn't about right or wrong anymore; it was about following orders without hesitation or remorse. He was a good drone.

***“You are complete.”***

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Teba knew that there was something wrong. Seeing the Divine Beast move on its own to catch him during his landing was like something taken out of a dream. A giant machine moving so fast... how could that even happen? Something was intent in keeping him aboard the giant apparatus—something *evil*. His chest rose up and down as he tried to regain his strength, clenching his broken wing. Link told him to stay back on the entrance—an order that he had no choice but to follow in his wounded state.

“When is he going to come back—?”

A loud, crackling sound rippled through Vah Medoh. Teba jerked his head around, gripping his bow and readying an arrow. "Who's there?!" He yelled, his panicked question echoing

back to him. "I'm armed!" He had to hold his bow with one of his talons, just like how his kin would when they were flying. Grounding himself like a sitting duck, Teba swallowed.

A pale blue light began to fade in from the darkness. It crawled towards him slowly, and at the first sight of it, he didn't hesitate. He fired a rain of arrows towards what he assumed to be a guardian sentry, a burst of loud mechanical KLANGs resounding all at once, followed by the sound of his arrows hitting the ground with a quiet *clank* sound.

The pale blue light exited from the darkness, revealing a figure that Teba had never seen before. For a moment he was in awe of what he saw—a giant metallic monster with wings smeared with malice. Its face was entirely obscured by a large helmet, and its body seemed to be covered in an armor plating. A loud *chunk* followed each one of his steps, stomping down on the Divine Beast's flooring as he slowly approached him. Despite moving like the rest of the guardians—methodically and robotically—it was clearly made out of flesh and blood. There was no question about it; it was a Rito. It was holding a bow made of Sheikah tech, the constellations humming ominously. What appeared to be a mix of drool and malice leaked out of his mouth, splattering on the floor.

“W-who are you...? No, *what* are you?”

The malice Rito remained still for a second, tilting his head almost as if it was considering something. Its body movements constantly switched from life-like and mechanical, like two different parts of an organism were constantly switching. Its messy, wet braids swayed alongside his head.

Teba thought that he had somehow pacified the beast for a second, but the malice Rito buckled its leg. With a piercing, beastly roar, it lunged at him. Teba tried to shoot again, but he couldn't even get an arrow ready before the malice Rito threw itself at him, putting him to the ground. “G-gah!” He shuddered as those slimy, malice-covered wings were placed atop his face, the tips *forcing* his eyes open. He was confused, expecting to have something gruesome done to him. “Stop this right now!” Teba screamed. “I swear that you won't get away with this! YOU—”

But his words abruptly stopped once an array of lights hit his head. First blue, then dark blue, then cyan. The cycle repeated, and in the blink of an eye, colors were all that he could see. All he could think about. All he knew.