

The nerve of that princess! To dare and posture the son of a famous knight as her protector instead of someone who worked hard for their position. Was nepotism and a sword really all it took to win the favor of blue blood?

If so, Revali was *furious* he'd ever trusted the crown to give him the acknowledgment he deserved. The village seemed to like him well enough, but they only gave empty praise as if he was a mere celebrity—entertainment in their otherwise pathetically dull lives. (Once, he'd been practicing his Gale, when he realized the village was gathering to watch. He'd proudly looped and struck targets that would be impossible for any *lesser* Rito, piercing both eyes of a Moblin dummy. Then, with a flourish, he'd hit the dummy with a bomb arrow, causing the head to fly up into the crowd.

One of the chicklets started crying as the severed head, pierced with arrows, rolled to his feet. They stood aghast and a few started booing. Booing! And then he realized, one of the Rito was dragging a cart with... *popcorn*. They were booing and clapping him as if he were a mere performer!

Was shooting targets with bomb arrows all that he was? Of course, he wasn't, but the dullards around him would never understand that! No one could ever grasp the kind of honorable warrior he was.

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That was the case until now. The wind soared intensely across the village landing, the champion standing mute.

“Champion Revali? Did I say something wrong?”

Even after having the Rito repeat himself, he still stood stupefied at the thought that *someone* finally understood him. It didn't seem real, he kept thinking that it was too good to be true... but the proof of his skills objectively being worthy of recognition was finally staring him in the face.

He shook his head. “No!” He yelped, trying to retain his composure. He felt such intense giddiness for the first time in ages

“Apologies, I was simply... taken aback by your praise. Sadly, it's not often that people recognize true genius... even those that should! You're the first one that has acknowledged the fact.” His eyes focused on the smaller Rito, taking him in more.

“Indeed. None of my friends agreed with me when I said you should've been the one chosen by the Master Sword. You're far greater than Link!” Rito's eyes seemed to glow with sheer admiration. But, of course, how else should one stand in the presence of greatness?

“Yes!” Revali cheered. “You're absolutely right, uh—”

“Oh, I didn’t even introduce myself. My name’s Katsu.” The orange-winged Rito explained before handing Revali a basket filled with a strange fruit that he had never seen before. “I got so excited to meet you that I even forgot what I came here for in the first place. I hope this helps with beating that weird Hylian…”

Revali cocked his head, looking at the oblong-esque yellow fruits, all bunched together like grapes attached to a stem. “What are these? I’ve never seen them before.”

“These are mighty bananas! I went on an expedition in the Gerudo Desert with my friends recently, and I brought a *ton*! I’ve actually begun to grow them to make sure that I can give you more!” The words were practically *flying* out of Katsu’s mouth, the overexcited rant growing faster with each word. “If you cook them into a dish, I’ve heard they can make you stronger. I-If you eat tons, not even that dumb sword can match your might!”

“Really? No wonder those Gerudo women are so fierce, then… they must be consuming these daily.”

Revali felt somewhat uneasy about the prospect. He prided himself in having rubbed shoulders with the most powerful warriors of Hyrule—no magic genes, blessings, or nepotism needed. However, in the end, wasn’t he clipping his wings? Everyone was playing dirty… so perhaps it was about time he did too. “You’re growing them?”

“Yes! I want to support you as best as I can, Champion Revali! I know that some people like Link better, and some even dislike you… but not me!” Katsu joyfully proclaimed, wings puffing up from the excitement. “I have some fried bananas with me if you want to give them a try now.” From his satchel, he pulled out the meal in question. Stored inside a bowl made out of straw were two bananas—crunchy, golden, sprinkled with sugar and slightly dripping grease.

A sweet aroma drifted upwards in the form of smoke, Revali's cheeks lightened in glee as he took in the scent. So heavenly!

“Of course! Excellent idea, Katsu.” He said, grabbing the crispy delight. Bits of brown sugar spilled out of his beak as he resumed speaking, “Efficiency’s something I can appreciate.”

The combination of the crunchy outer shell and the tender, sweet insides made the Rito moan out in melodious euphoria, head arched back before he greedily licked the crumbs off his wings. “By the goddess, this is amazing! How did I not know about these? People would *kill* to eat them!”

“You really think so?” Katsu asked, hope written in his eyes. Revali was too involved in his meal to notice the tiny smirk. “I can cook more dishes for you. Frying them is pretty basic all things considered. The Gerudo taught me all sorts of recipes!”

“Well, you are in *incredible* luck, Katsu.” He swiped his feather across Katsu’s shoulder, drawing him closer. “You will assist me with those recipes of yours, and I’ll make sure that your name goes down in Hyrulian history. How does that sound?”

Katsu hopped from foot to foot. “Wonderful! I-I can go start preparing something right now, actually.”

“Very good, Katsu. You go do that while I continue training. Make sure that it’s as sweet as these fried...”

“Bananas.”

“Yeah, bananas. Now, chop chop. I’m sure that you’re very eager to display your culinary skills! I’ll be here when you’re done.”

“Of course! I-I wouldn’t mind doing this daily, you know? Like I said, I want that runt Link beaten by someone like you!” His voice drew upward to a chirp.

Revali couldn’t suppress the curved smile across his beak. “*Very* good. I’ll be waiting for you every day after training.”

“It’s a deal, then!”

“Indeed it is...” Revali hummed, finally vindicated.

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The wooden planks of Rito Village’s floor creaked out in agony as loud, thundering steps smashed against them. A rhythm of constant *thump thump thump* filled the humble town as everyone looked in awe at their champion strutting down towards the flight landing. Whispers and strange looks were exchanged between the Rito behind the champion’s back, concern and discord sewn between the villagers as they found themselves unsure of what to do.

Of course, to Revali, nothing was wrong. Happily chugging down his fifth banana shake of the day, the Rito’s Adam’s apple bobbed constantly as the thick, sugar-high yellow sludge went down his throat. He could feel strength *surging* through his body each time he swallowed.

Over the past few weeks, Katsu had made good on his promise to meet on the flight landing to grant him a delicious banana dessert. From sweet bread made with mashed fruit used in the dough to banana soufflé, Revali was happily delighting in the avalanche of desserts offered to him. With how delicious they were, he simply couldn’t resist asking for more than one per day. Katsu obliged to grant him as many banana-flavored desserts as he wanted, and his body certainly reflected it.

The excess of Mighty Bananas had caused his body to bulk up at a far more rapid rate than what raw hard work could ever give him. For years, he thought that retaining a slender frame like the rest of the village's archers was the key to being a warrior, but looking at himself now, he couldn't have been more wrong.

He was at the *prime* of his life and had a body to match that rise to power.

His slender, bony legs and talons were thick, meaty cylinders to support his new hulking frame. Atop his weighty legs was a large sphere for a gut that was as tight as a drum.

Some *neanderthal* dared to call him fat the other day—having the gall to imply that his stomach was a product of gluttony rather than strength-building. Of course, one belly bump with his taut midsection sent the buffoon crashing to the floor and keeping him shut.

One look at his arms was more than enough to see that he was no fatso. The almost noodle-like appendages—shameful that he ever thought they were enough, really—were now thick, almost log-esque bundles of muscles that were hard as a rock. He had gotten so powerful that his Great Eagle Bow broke one day after he gently pulled on its string. His keen sense of loss at such a faithful companion being broken, overshadowed by a sense of accomplishment. He'd broken his bow just as he'd broken with his past self. Fashioning the new bow had taken days. He'd had to fly high into the mountains to locate the appropriate trees. Ordinarily, a Great Eagle Bow was made from staves that were seasoned for months before they could be used. As the wood dried it became easier to draw, stronger as it was soaked with oils and rolled endlessly beside the fire. But Revali found that was no longer necessary. He even backed a normal Rito staff with a freshly cut Mountain Yew for extra reinforcement.

As a challenge, he'd offered any Rito in the village a pile Mighty Bananas, an Opal, Tabantha wheat, and butter—leftovers from Katsu's tribute—to any Rito that could so much as draw the bow. Many had tried, but to his amusement, they could hardly even budge the string.

Even now, Revali couldn't resist the temptation to flex his arms whenever he began to think about his strength, the tough, defined layer of musculature *rippling* with pressure as veins popped up from underneath his plumage. His shoulders were like perfectly spherical boulders to support his thick neck, equally tensing up as he flexed.

“Mister Revali!”

His tail feathers shot upwards in excitement as Katsu's jolly, high-pitched voice reached him. Even before the orange-feathered Rito arrived at the landing, Revali could already smell the scent of his third banana meal of the day before Katsu was there, shuddering in excitement as he turned around. “Kats—” His stomach *slammed* against Katsu, and the younger Rito was sent tumbling back, holding onto the straw bowl as if his life depended on it. “Oh, dammit!”

Revali felt himself turn beet red with embarrassment, stomach wobbling slightly from the impact.

“Mgh... Ow...” Katsu whined. “I-I’m okay, Master Revali. Sometimes I forget how... *large* you are.” His tone was one of utter praise, looking at the Rito’s midsection with an awestruck expression on his face. “I think it’s an honor that I got knocked down by your stomach. It’s a symbol of nourishment!”

“R-really? How so?”

“Well, some people say that if they rub your stomach, you’ll get better luck on your next hunting session!”

“Ah, uh... I see!” Revali coughed, gathering his breath. “Yes! Of course, people would come to believe that. Adrift in a sea of malnourished, weak fools, someone like me would inevitably come to be seen as a symbol thanks to my strong build.”

Wings on his hips, Revali thrust his hips forward, shoving his stomach in front of Katsu’s face. “You are *obviously* free to rub it. My most devoted follower is first in line to be blessed for upcoming hunting.”

"Woah..." Katsu couldn't resist, jumping to trace his hands around his idol's stomach. "I've never seen anyone be so powerful! You're probably the strongest warrior in all of Hyrule..." He slowly made his way forward, tracing his hands around the edges of Revali's belly, amazed by its sheer size. His feathered palms pushed against the taut orb, amazed at the feel, hard like a weighted blanket. "M-Master Revali... are you ever going to stop growing?" Katsu asked in an almost reverent whisper.

Revali gave a low snort as he flexed his arms, proud of the hard ridges and edges that accompanied them.

“No, I don't think so! I'm only getting *bigger* and *stronger* each day, thanks to you, after all.” He said, emphasizing each word.

Katsu let out a small gasp in amazement, admiring every inch of his idol's body. The sight of Revali's musculature appeared to leave him completely mesmerized, looking up into Revali's eyes with admiration, he reached forward to give the bird a gentle pat on his stomach.

“You...you truly are amazing, Master Revali! Truly incredible! Anyone would be lucky to have you on their side!” Katsu declared proudly before finally taking a step back to admire the view once more.

Revali laughed heartily at Katsu's compliments, though there was no denying the pink tinge on his face from the other Rito's enthusiasm.

“Thank you, thank you. Now, I think that we’ve wasted enough time. Don’t you have a banana pie to give me?” He said, licking his beak and tracing circles across his midsection. “Your champion is *starving*.”

“Oh, of course! So sorry...” Katsu apologized, still jittery from having touched his idol’s stomach. “A banana pie, coming right up!”

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How dare she.

How *dare* she.

“An intervention? Absolutely ridiculous.” Revali hissed under his breath, balling his wings up into fists. “The thought that there could be something wrong with me... Impossible! I’m BETTER than I could’ve ever been!” Grass crunched underneath his titanic weight.

He couldn’t see it thanks to his bulbous stomach obscuring the view of his feet, but he was sure that he was leaving the imprint on his angry stomps deep into the earth. They must’ve been walking for hours. *Good*. He wanted nothing more than to be as far away from the conniving backstabbers that had gotten his hopes up for *months*, only to spit in his face “That harlot... and that stupid knight of hers...”

He could still hardly believe it. To have not just the other champions but his *own village* turn against him with such lies as ‘his behavior being out of control’ and ‘his eating habits teetering into dangerous territory’, and even more nonsense.

His fury kept boiling at the thought of her manipulating everyone around him to believe that he was some sort of threat to them. The only other person he had was...

“Mister Revali? Are you sure you’re—”

“I said that I was *fine*, Katsu. I told you to stop asking, already.” Revali didn’t mean to snap at the younger Rito—not after he was the only one who stood by him after everyone betrayed him. He just couldn’t help it. The indignant fire inside his chest burned too intensely for him to be able to extinguish it.

"Apologies... Would some glazed meat make you feel better? I have some in my basket."

Revali furrowed his brow, stopping for a moment. "...Please. I'm starving."

“Here you go, Champion Revali.”

Revali angrily grabbed the roasted Hinox leg out of Katsu’s hands, begging to tear it apart with his beak like a vicious predator. Katsu looked slightly apprehensive as his master simply destroyed what had once been a weighty appendage thicker than his own torso..His stomach gurgled intensely, demanding more and more. Revali’s beak and tongue made quick work of the Hinox leg. Loud, wet slurps left the Rito’s mouth as he ate without any care in the world—spite fueling every ferocious bite. It didn’t take long for nothing to be left but the bone that Revali quickly threw behind him before his stomach gurgled.

“Oh, here it comes.” The pressure surged up from his gut up to his mouth, an ear-breaking belch breaking through his mouth. “Mgh... Oof, had that in for a while.”

“Amazing display of your nourishment, Champion Revali,” Katsu said after he was sure that his idol wouldn’t belch again.

“What are we going to do now?”

“We are going to continue hunting. I know that there’s a Hinox den nearby.” Revali explained bitterly.

“I can tell. We’ve already run into four. There’s never too many Hinoxes nearby unless there’s a nest.”

“Wasn’t Link going to take care of it, though? Why are we doing his work for hi—”

“That is *why* we’re doing this. Do those idiots think that I’m not a good enough warrior? PAH! I’ll show them that I’m superior.”

“Are you sure, Master Revali? I mean, there has to be at least ten Hinox in a nest. How are you going to—

“Oh, don’t worry about that,” Revali said. “You’ll fight with me, right? You have that bow and arrow of yours.”

Katsu nervously looked to the side. “My... my bow? I’m not sure... I haven’t been in a fight my entire life. I’ve only done archery training in the flying range.”

“Oh, then you won’t be much help if you’re a coward. I’ll take you back to the village with the rest of the traitors, then.” Revali stated coldly.

“No, no. That’s not what I meant!” Katsu hastily added. “I just meant that I’m a little afraid! I’ll still fight with you, it’s just...”

“That’s not a problem,” Revali explained, causing Katsu to raise his eyebrow in anticipation. “Stay hidden and shoot at them while I keep them busy. Understand?”

“I... If you say so, Champion Revali.” Katsu said in a low tone, head cocked downwards.

“That’s what I like to hear. Someone who can tell that I’m *right*. I’m not reckless or endangering anyone, and my size is nothing but an *asset*.”

Revali and Katsu soon reached the Hinox den. It was full of disgusting monsters, twitching in their sleep. The pair could hear loud snores coming from within the cave entrance, and the smell of putrid flesh lingered heavily in the air.

“This is perfect. We can take them all out while they sleep.” Revali said with a smug smile.

He drew his bow and readied a bomb arrow, motioning for Katsu to do the same. Even his reinforced bow had broken a long time ago, requiring him to brandish a Lynel Bow instead. Every other bow in Hyrule would break under the pressure from his lugging, heavy arms in a matter of seconds. “Now be a good boy and stay back, alright?”

“Y-yes, sir...”

Revali let go of the string. A massive explosion engulfed the den, the screams of the monsters and the crackling of flames filled the air.

“Time to strike!” A *torrent* of wind coursed underneath his wings. The feathers across his body ruffled from the intense wind current, a tornado forming around his hulking frame.

“That brat thinks that I can’t fight with my current body? I’ll show her...” Revali bent down before *shooting* up into the air, a blast of air exploding underneath him.

Rocks flew into the air—tree roots rose from the ground—patches of grass were eviscerated—and Katsu was sent tumbling on his back from the force of his Gale.

Revali charged at one of the Hinoxes with his gut, feeling the impact vibrate through his body as it crashed into the monster’s face. “HAH!” The beast was sent crashing to the ground on its back, and quickly flapping his wings—more gusts of wind bursting downward—he rose up into the air before he launched himself down to the monster.

He slammed his large feathery rump against its face, knocking it out almost immediately under the avalanche of avian blubber. “Come on, that’s all?! PATHETIC!” He shouted, intoxicated with the thrill of the one-sided battle.

Revali then grasped onto the Hinox’s horns and used them as leverage to hoist himself up into the air with another Gale, directing himself towards another Hinox.

The beast roared as it tried to intercept his flight, but Revali managed to swing his girthy arm to send the second Hinox tumbling.

“You’re all so weak! I bet that Link still would’ve had trouble with you, though...” He quickly heard two other Hinoxes approach him, chuckling to himself as he readied himself for more combat.

He soared around the pair, circling their massive bodies and forming a circle of wind that held them prisoner. The confused monsters tried to break free, sprinting outwards only to be sent back by the ring of air around them, slamming into each other and falling on their back.

While they moaned out in pain, Revali took his chance to slam one of his meaty legs directly against their eye, making them screech out in pain. Both were dealt with rather quickly, squirming on their backs and crying. Revali swiped the dust off his feathers, spitting at one of the monsters. “And they said I was rusty, hmph!”

But before he could celebrate, one of the Hinox suddenly rushed behind him, his shadow engulfing him. It raised its feet to stomp him, debris and dirt falling from it. Revali quickly acted, putting his hands up to catch it. Every ounce of muscle in his body turned hard as metal, veins appearing across his arms as he put in his all to stop it, steadily driving the Hinox's leg back.

“T-think that getting the drop on me is going to be enough to take me out?! Think aga—” Revali felt his mouth go slack. His words stuck in his throat.

Something was wrong.

A tiny pinch. He looked down at his leg, a prickly feeling surging from the afflicted area. Sticking into his flesh was a small, red dart with a symbol that he recognized immediately.

The... Yiga...

That was the last thought that passed through his brain before he fell deep into a slumber, his body crashing as the Hinox suddenly let off the pressure, instead holding him between his fat, grimy fingers as it carried him away.

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A droning, endless hum slowly woke Revali from his sleep.

He felt like he was adrift, gently rocked by the gentle feeling of being carried by ocean waves. Despite being conscious, he felt like only his mind was truly active. He couldn't feel his own body, every sensation passing through him almost ethereal if not metaphysical in nature.

Was he dead? He certainly hoped not. Going out in such a pathetic way would defile his honor and legacy, and the last thing he wanted was to let Princess Zelda think that she was right about him.

“You were beaten in combat. You were defeated because you lack power, O Champion Of The Rito.”

That was right. Even after months of bulking, I'm still not strong enough. He thought bitterly. Was the goddess playing some sort of sick joke on him? Or was his constant binging not enough? It didn't make sense, but Revali was done trying to rationalize the world around him. It played unfairly, and he had spent a long time playing by the rules like a tool in return.

“Do you want power?”

“Yes.” He responded with no hesitation.

Even when trapped inside his own mind, the bitter taste of defeat was so intense that he had no hope left—anger and righteous fury left in its place. Whoever or whatever was speaking to him didn't matter, only what they could offer to him.

“I want to become stronger. No matter what... I want to show those fools that they chose wrong. That a stupid sword isn't the most important thing in the world, but might alone!”

“Then you shall open your eyes now.”

Revali sat up, gasping drily as he felt the sweat run down the entirety of his body alongside a strange texture pressing against his wings.

Instead of the Hinox den filled to the brim with animal carcasses and rotting fruit, he was stuck inside a room with rock walls and a sand floor. Wooden booths lit by crimson paper lanterns stocked with weapons and bananas were laid around the room against the walls.

A supply room, perhaps? He thought.

In the very center of the room—and right in front of him—was a small stone pillar with the sigil of the Yiga floating inches above it. The inverted eye of the Sheikah, filled with Malice. The circular mirage of light inscribed with symbols around its circumference ebbed and shifted slightly, almost as if it was struggling to keep its form.

“So they kidnapped me... They at least seem to know that I'm the biggest threat to them.” Revali smiled. Recognition—even from an enemy—was the highest pleasure he could imagine. “Doesn't matter too much, those fools weren't even crafty enough to chain me. Truly, they're just buffoons. Their strength comes from Ganon...”

Looking down, Revali's eyes widened in shock as he realized that the pressure against his body came from the clothes adorning his rotund frame. Instead of his kilt and chestplate, he was covered head to toe in red and gray leather adorned with metal belts. The outfit was taut against his stomach, made to be almost skintight. It squeaked when he moved, the sound as annoying as it was fascinating. He tried turning his head to see how his rump looked stuffed inside the suit, but the supple amount of fat around his back prevented him from turning too much.

“Mgh, dammit...” Still, he probably didn't need to check. He *always* looked perfect, after all—no matter the outfit.

“Touch, the sigil, O Great Champion of the Rito. I will grant you the strength you seek.”

“Your strength?” Revali felt the pure Malice talking to him. The presence as black and repulsive as the black ichor that followed it. All his life, he'd prepared for the fight with Ganon. But to be finally confronted now, like this?

After so much training, fighting, and proving himself, he was still downcast. What use was all that struggle? If the ones above would never grant him what he wanted, then maybe he should start thinking about seeking help from below.

“What can you offer to me?”

“You will find out when you take it.”

“Alright, I’ll bite.” He shoved his hand through the sigil, and immediately, the wooden booths began to shake. The bananas rose into the air, tainted by a red glow as they levitated toward him. At least ten bunches slowly glided in his direction, their size at least twice as large as the ones that Katsu grew. *Wait, Katsu...* Was the other Rito fine? He’d need to check once he got out of here. “So, planning to give me further strength? I didn’t know that Ganon was so unimaginative. If I wanted that, I could simply make myself a buffet.”

“Foolish child, cease your chattering tongue. Observe what my powers can do.”

Another sigil materialized on top of his gut. Before he could process what it was for, his stomach seized up and contorted violently, tying itself into knots.

“G-guh!”

He doubled over in pain as taut rumbles like thunder rolled through his belly, a monstrous hunger clawing at his insides with a savage intensity that made him stagger back. He felt like he would die if he didn’t swallow something soon. Wrapping his hands around his stomach, he slowly lifted his bulbous midsection, vibrations passing through his gut like a strong current across a lake.

“W-what the?!”

“Not so cocky now, are we?”

Before Revali could trash-talk the voice, one of the walls began to shift. A slight indent began to make itself clear to him, a rectangular block slowly being drawn backward by the same red magic that held up the banana bunches. From the newly formed entrance, a Rito clad in the same Yiga outfit walked—a recognizable bow in hand.

“Good evening, Master Revali.”

The voice made it immediately clear who the masked individual was. Katsu bowed gracefully as if he was part of a curtain call, welcoming the champion with poise unlike most of the other Yiga clansmen Revali had ran into before.

“So you were a part of the Yiga, huh?” Revali would’ve bitten back at Katsu for lying to him, but he couldn’t talk back with his current situation in mind. They were both weak, it seemed. “Is that why you were so drawn to me? That you thought I was worthy of power?”

"Indeed." He responded. His voice was deeper... different than Revali remembered. "A champion would make much better use of Lord Ganon's power compared to the rest. Most are architects and farmers turned soldiers, you see." He walked slowly around the large Champion. "You, on the other hand... well only the goddess could know what you're capable of, and I'm sure she's afraid that we'll know very soon..." Katsu's cheery disposition was gone. Every word was tainted by venomous, spiteful glee.

"The nerve of you to kidnap me... You're a disgrace! Poison is only used by weaklings, you know?!" He exclaimed.

But Katsu ignored him, continuing. "So, please sit back. I'll treat you to our integration. Lord Ganon will be very happy to have you."

"Hmpmh! You better treat me—" Revali was suddenly forced onto his butt, chains of light wrapping around his wrists and binding him with his limbs sprawled out.

"W-what in the world?!"

"This is just to make sure that you don't resist. I'm sure you won't mind very soon." Katsu's hands glowed red as the bananas around Revali began to be transmuted into a large array of banana desserts, their size enough to feed a whole family each.

Revali's distended stomach rumbled at the sight, the sheer amount of food threatening to make him lose his mind. Was Katsu really intending for him to eat it all? He was a big eater, but never to this degree

"Now!" Cried out the Rito, his winged palms lifting to the sky.

Katsu took a step back from Revali as the room began to tremble. Snacks from around the room lifted into the air; pies floated alongside cakes as banana candies slipped out of their bags

"Mpmh!" he grunted, caught off guard by the sudden influx of food. He tried turning his head or closing his beak, but it was no use; Revali was completely powerless against Katsu's ability, the food changing course and the miasma *forcing* his mouth open. The snacks quickly vanished, sliding down his throat with ease. Not even a stray crumb remained as they were devoured within moments. His eyes rolled in his head as he was forcefully engorged. His beak couldn't move fast enough to take it all down, at last, he was forced to just open his gullet. His all-consuming belly didn't protest at all.

In fact, Revali was still ravenous. He felt the pangs of hunger in his stomach, even as it swelled taunt like a drum. As each mouthful of food touched his beak, he felt himself bloat and stretch with every swallow. He watched in shock as with each bite, more mass accumulated on his body, seemingly transformed directly into more of... *HIM*.

"With this, you'll grow far faster. Wonderful, is it not?"

Revali couldn't speak, his eyes widening at the spectacle. The room seemed to shrink as Katsu no longer peered down at him, gloatingly, but now at eye level even as he still lay down. His head now larger than a Lynel's. And yet still he hungered. The sight of his massive body made him hunger more.

He wanted more - more food, more food that could sate his hunger and stomach. He felt the need to eat everything around him, and he was powerless to stop. Wasn't sure he wanted to. He wanted more of this new lifestyle. Wanted more power. Wanted more...

Him.

He could kill anyone and anything that crossed his path. He didn't care about anything else but his own hunger and insatiable desire to be large.

The touch of feathered fingertips made him gasp as they gently caressed his monstrous scalp. "Satisfied?" Asked Katsu mirthfully.

"Never..." he burred, his gut rumbled as if to emphasize.

"Good. You'll be a fine addition to our cause."

"Mm, mmm!" He moaned with gusto, the sugary desserts piling more and more lard onto his body. His protruding stomach skimmed his knees, which were barely visible under the weight of his abdomen. His arms appeared to have swollen three times their original size, and his legs seemed to have grown in circumference as well to the point that they resembled the trunk of a massive oak instead of a normal tree.

"I'm sure that Lord Ganon will appreciate your efforts, Master Revali."

Katsu's words began to fade away as Revali felt a thrashing fire erupting in his gut, his frame corrupted by gluttony to a point that he didn't think possible; a hulking monstrosity, its body wobbling with each stage of growth. He was many times larger than even the greatest Rito. His weight was stupendous, more akin to a Hinox now than any lesser creature.

From the sound of Katsu's moans, it was a beautiful sight to those of the Yiga—something more akin to a beast than a bird. His stomach jiggled as he stood, flabby and to such a size that it was a wonder that the suit hadn't split at the seams.

"Good boy..." Katsu cooed. "I'm sure that Master Kohga will be more than happy to have a new pet."

Revali couldn't help but moan, drowning in a sea of sugar and pleasure—desiring anything but to be saved. "Master," he echoed dimly. His mind focused on the thought of pleasing his Master. Of proving himself once and for all to those who had doubted him... by destroying them. Perhaps, once they were all at his feet, Ganon would feed him from his own beautiful hands. The thought of that Knight sliding down his gullet as he struggled and screamed sent a thrill through him that made his tail feathers shudder like a sail in a stiff gale.

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Revali beamed at himself in the mirror. His muscles and gut flared powerfully, growing with every moment. The reflection showed a different angle of his massive form, switching between poses to gawk at his own wonderful vision. The serene blue of his Champion's tunic was now stretched tauntingly below his waist, nothing more than a mocking loin-cloth to the mighty creature.

Master Kohga himself presided over the ceremony of ascension. Beaming with pride, he handed the great prize to his honored Rito servant.

Katsu gently handled the huge mask. There was no provision for sight. It was painted with the glowing eye of the Yiga. Their greatest artifact was hand-made and blessed by the power of the great Lord himself. The one wearing it would no longer have to rely on his own puny vision but could see with the Beast's guiding eye.

His sight dimmed and his breath came short as power prickled through his body, as Katsu slid the mask down over his beak. It locked around his head easily, the buckles disappearing. But his vision returned. He could see more than he ever had before. Springing into the air, the gale washes the vast chamber with heat and noise akin to a hurricane. His beak twisted as he released a monstrous battle cry. He was a thunderbird. He was a blight of the wind... he was..... "I'm the greatest warrior Hyrule has ever seen!"

He slammed to earth, driving a deep divot into the ground, like a meteor. Master Kohga hopped gleefully from foot to foot.

Katsu simply smiled and nodded. "Of course, Great Master Revali! Now, we must show all of Hyrule how wrong they were."

Revali's face twisted beneath the mask. "Starting with that village..." His voice drew out menacingly, filling the chamber. His body now positively radiated Blight. Katsu resisted the urge to lean against him and just let it soak into him, the Master's favor.

"Yes. But first, aren't you forgetting what he'd discussed."

"Oh, I didn't forget, Katsu. How could I?"

His blind eyes found his target, even from deep beneath the mountains and Karusa Valley. Far to the north, it hung in the skies.

"Vah Medoh! I will return to you soon!" His belly rumbled like the thunder that would soon ring over the Hebra mountains.