The sound of a deep, droning hum snapped Teba awake—followed by the disgusting feeling of his sweat-matted wings rustling as he was dragged across the floor. His first impulse was to scream, but he found his beak completely immobilized by a combination of so much cloth stuffed into his mouth that there was no space left inside and a metal strap tightly secured around his beak to clamp it shut. His cheeks bulged outwards from the thick rag crammed deep into his maw, cringing at the feeling of his tongue involuntarily brushing against the cloth and the dirty aftertaste it left.

He attempted to reach for his beak, but he quickly found that he was completely immobile. He jerked his chest, legs, and arm upwards—all barely budging under the restraint of thick, metal straps. Teba still persisted, clenching his talons and wings in a desperate but futile bid to snap them. Whatever he was being carried on top of creaked and squeaked against his struggle—the surface underneath slightly bending against the pressure coming from him.

“MPMHH! MPHH!” He struggled, saliva slowly trickling past the microscopic gaps between the cloth and the edges of his beak. “MMPHH!”

“Dammit, can you shut up already?!” A gruff, deep voice roared.

He tried cocking his neck upward to look at his kidnappers—finding that just like his arms and legs, a metal strap had been wrapped around his neck. He whined in pain as he felt the strap pushing down against his throat, involuntarily stopping his resistance.

“Did we maybe go too far with the straps? I know that Master Kohga wanted the birdbrains to be secured after that black one almost escaped, but I almost feel bad for the guy.” A slightly squeakier voice muttered.

*Kohga? So I WAS right!*

For weeks, their best huntsmen had gone missing after going out to harvest food and kill monsters. As the chief of the village, it was his duty to find them and bring them back. They would spend hours upon hours looking through both the sky and ground of the Tabantha region to find them—every ounce of their efforts mounting up to no avail. Eventually, they started to look through the outer regions of Hyrule. The Lanayru and Goron regions were not any help, but the Gerudo, on the other hand, gave them the answer on a silver platter. Even just thinking back at the moment when Riju explained the situation so coldly and matter-of-factly made his stomach churn in despair.

*They're held by the Yiga. Our scouts have seen them being dragged into their hideout... However, we've been preparing an assault on their hideout, so we haven't acted or stopped them to not alert them of our plan. This plan has taken months of preparation, so… we cannot help you beyond providing this intel. As the chief of the Gerudo, I must prioritize the safety and prosperity of my people above all.*

*I’m sorry.*

He had let anger blind him. He charged in through the harsh desert winds and succumbed to the weather. Looking back at it, he was surprised that he didn't perish from dehydration. Of course, having the Yiga as his savior was akin to having his wish to live granted through the curl of a monkey's paw. The only silver lining he could muster out of the situation besides his survival was that his brethren were surely alive. *They’re probably intending to use us for slave labor… but with me here, I might be able to make a plan to liberate us.*

The sight of statues with their faces vandalized by the Yiga symbol covering them made Teba squirm. Unknown, banging sounds echoed through the hideout. He couldn’t even begin to imagine the size of their base—nor the inhumane things they did under the cover of shadows. Some of the tales were definitely paranoid rumors—Ganon and their followers weren’t exactly interested in animal sacrifices despite what the gossiping ladies in the village thought, for example—but he still couldn’t stomach the possibility of such unspeakable acts happening around him.

“What do you think the boss wants to do with this one? Do you think he’s got the body for a Blademaster?”

“Are you kidding? He’s just as scrawny as everyone else in that damn village. Did you forget that we gave the first one a wind edge to see how they’d fare and they almost broke their wings after a single swing?”

*…So not just slave labor, but made into conscripted soldiers.* Teba swallowed instinctively—shuddering as his Adam's apple wasn't allowed to bob because of the strap around his neck. He knew that every one of those huntsmen was a stalwart warrior—bound by honor and seeing no greater defeat than bowing down to the enemy. He had seen by himself what some of them would do if it meant that they'd keep their honor—even if it was to their own detriment. The sight of one of them spitting in the face of a Yiga Lieutenant only for them to get a sickle piercing down their flesh was something that he’d never forget—a memory that would’ve surely resulted in an unhealable mental scar if he didn’t manage to get the man to the town’s medic in time.

What *then* did they put those Rito through to assure compliance from them?

The brightly lit hallways began to slowly dim as the two Yiga soldiers carried him deeper into the catacombs of their hideout. Teba remained still, waiting for the perfect opportunity to strike. He could hear the sound of crackling embers near him—probably from a large amount of torches. Ergo, there must've been quite a large amount of Yiga soldiers patrolling near him. *No dice. Guess I’ll have to wait until they move me to a less crowded area…*

“Oh, does Master Kohga finally have a mask ready?!” The cheery Yiga soldier asked, practically beaming.

Teba shuddered as what he assumed to be a stretcher shook from the Yiga clansman’s excitement. *Mask? Those look rather easy to use… What is the celebration for?*

“Hm… Hey, folks." The sterner Yiga called out to the cheery one who Teba assumed to be a third clansman that he hadn't seen. "How about we let the chief of the village see what exactly we do here? We usually isolate them during the conversion process, but wouldn't it be fun if…"

Teba suddenly felt a chill down his spine as the man came into view—towering over him and looking down with movement so deliberate that it was almost robotic. Despite the mask obscuring his features, the Rito chief could tell that the clansman was smiling ear to ear with psychotic glee. It was like a horrible aura was emanating from the mask itself. Malice had a stench to it, and that horrible odor was slathered *all* over that mask. Just being exposed to it with such closeness made bile start to build up in the back of his throat—requiring all willpower to keep it and his disgust down his throat.

“…He saw what we do to his fellow birds?”

*No.* He tried screaming through the gag—righteous fury coming out as nothing but nonsensical muffled groans. "MPHHO! MPHO!" His facial muscles stretched themselves to their limit—the pain from a large amount of cloth stuffed into his mouth worsening as he furiously tried to insult and curse the Yiga clansman above him. He could feel the cheery mook and the one he couldn’t see struggling to hold up the stretcher against his thrashing. The dissonant harmony of all the metal staps clanking as they refused to budge echoed through the cavernous walls of the hideout—almost as if the base itself was mocking him for his futile attempt at defiance.

“Oh, that’s a great idea! We can’t really show off since Master Kohga wants this whole operation private… I miss hearing people squirm!” The cheery Yiga grumbled.

The kidnappers carefully maneuvered the stretcher, lifting it up so it would stand vertically and propping it up against the wall—positioned at an angle so he would be given a clear line of sight to witness whatever sick game they wanted to play with him. He closed his eyes shut—his attempts at resistance no more threatening than a helpless child throwing a tantrum. He continued to scream whatever threats and curses he could think of—the skin underneath his plumage crawling and turning red as his frustration boiled him from the inside. The deafening sound of his own heartbeat bounced inside his head, growing louder and louder the faster it got. He still struggled—refusing to give up. He *couldn’t* give up. No matter how powerless he got, the tension wouldn’t get to him.

“Playing hard to get? No matter.”

That sickly, gruff voice closed in on him. Suddenly, light filled his eyes as he felt his eyes being forced open by the clansman’s fingers. The facial muscles around his eyes burned as he desperately tried to keep them shut, but the clinical precision of the clan member was too much for him—the gentle pressure enough to force him to see while not hurting his eyes directly. His vision started to focus—blurry, colorful blobs slowly forming a clear view.

A view that made him want to wrap his throat against his masked captors.

Harth—stripped of the armor his wife had carefully and caringly crafted for him and instead forced onto the buckle and belts-sporting leather Yiga uniform—was chained to the jail cell’s back wall. His face was obscured completely by a mask tailor-made to fit their kin—the Yiga symbol painted on the white plastic glowing intensely. The ominous red glow poured into the cavern walls, and Teba had to tilt his head away from the sheer intensity of it.

“HAMPH?!” Teba screamed through the gag, eyes wide open as the horror of the situation seeped deeper into his sinking heart.

He convulsed frantically, his frame slamming against the brick wall over and over as he struggled for control. The clinking of chains was incessant—each random jerk of his limbs causing them to jingle and clunk without rhythm. The combination formed dissonant harmony that was like nails on a chalkboard for Teba, not long after accompanied by the sound of the three Yiga members quietly laughing at the black-feathered Rito’s struggle.

Yet in contrast to his erratic movement, Harth was completely silent. It wasn’t a matter of being gagged—he had already proven to himself that one could be incredibly loud even with almost non-existent space. The silence was almost ghostly in nature—not even the sound of his breathing audible through the mask covering his face.

“Wmphh…” Teba’s chest rose up and down rapidly. There was nothing he could do. Whatever they were doing to his friend, it was something that his mind couldn’t even *fathom*—the act of putting on the mask was something far more horrifying than he could've predicted. It was like for each pulse of the mask's glow, Harth was being chipped away at. The black-feathered warrior would've never mindlessly accepted this kind of treatment—the hope that at any moment, Harth would somehow scream in defiance quickly dwindled.

Suddenly, the cackling of one of the clansmen suddenly broke him out of his wallowing. He turned his head towards him and glared—the clan member arching his back and gripping the front of his mask as uncontrollable laughter poured out of his mouth.

“The look on your face is *priceless*! Master Kohga is going to *love* tormenting you, you overgrown pigeon!” The Yiga member cackled. “Now, let’s get you nice and prepped for the ritual! I’m sure you’re going to *love* serving us.”

Teba was moved to another prison cell—the same kinds of shackles that held Harth captive present on the wall of his jail cell as well. His stretcher was laid against the wall as they slowly unbuckled each limb one by one—all three of the clansmen working together to restrain each free limb as they moved them from the stretcher's buckles to the shackles. He still tried to fight, but only being able to move one limb at a time made it so that the most he could do was momentarily inconvenience his captors before they restrained him once again.

The chains holding his shackles clanked against his defiant movements—constantly smacking against each other or the wall. “MPMHH!” He screamed, starting to lose his voice as it turned croaky and unassuming. The sudden change from having his arms and legs bound in such a stiff, inward position to having them sprawled out made the ligaments and muscle tissue ache—pulsating agony as his arms and legs remained affixed to the x-shaped position.

The Yiga members paid no attention to his cries of agony, instead turning their focus onto his armor. They began removing the pieces one by one—the metal clinking harshly each time the chunks of his armor were detached from one another. His tail feathers pushed themselves down to try and preserve his dignity as they moved from his chest plate to his kilt. He tried drawing his pelvis inward to prevent them from unbuckling his hilt, but all they had to do to take it off was simply encroach closer to start undoing the garment.

“Mphh…” Teba groaned as he was left in nothing but his loincloth—vulnerability seeping from every pore. He could sense that whatever respect these clansmen had for him and his tribe was now long gone.

“Aw, he’s shy!” The cheery Yiga cooed, gently tugging on his cheek.

“Now, stay still for us, will ya? It won’t hurt… *too* much.” The Yiga footsoldier’s hand began to glow—a sigil with their insignia forming behind him. It sported a variety of other symbols surrounding the main icon in the form of a circle—each one of them lighting up clockwise as the clansman continued to twirl his fingers. “Let’s get you into something far more fitting...”

Teba's eyes widened as the circle emitted a brilliant light and out of it flew a tailored costume fit for a Yiga footsoldier—all in glossy black and red. Before he could ponder how they got a suit that matched his size, it lunged at him—clamping around his body with a mighty ***whap*** as if it had come alive. The heavy chains jangled noisily as he wrestled against the suit’s constricting hold, wriggling in anguish as it smacked against his exposed skin.

The base leather chest piece stuck to his skin, quickly followed by the red layers on top. The material was cold and smooth against his skin, sticking to him without any assistance from the straps that followed shortly after. They squeezed his waist and crotch as the buckles were tightened, making the rubber underneath squeak loudly. The fastenings around his waist and crotch snugged his dick all the way up against him, his shaft propped up and its outline fully visible through the skintight material. very new line zipped up sent a shiver down his spine as he felt the pressure of the leather increase exponentially—back feathers compressing against his ass cheeks as they clenched under the tight fit. As it finished applying itself to his body, he felt a strong rush of pleasure coursing through him—his shaft stroked by the hugging rubber.

“Mmph!" He clenched his wings in frustration—trying to direct pressure away everywhere instead of downwards. Blood rushed towards his body like boiling water. The trail of drool from his mouth had gone all the way down to his neck, turning the rubber slick. "Mmmpgh…”

“Gosh, no wonder that Master Kohga wanted you little birdies all caged up…” The Yiga clansman’s hand gripped his cock tightly through the rubber, fingers wrapping around his avian shaft as they began to pull.

His cheeks flushed—his cock throbbing in rhythm with his heartbeat as the rubber below in unison with the Yiga foot soldier squeezed his shaft tighter. Both his hands flailed wildly as pleasure poured onto every inch of his body—squeaking against it as his face turned a deep red.

“Mmph…” Teba’s head arched backward, his eyelids closing as he struggled to hold himself together.

“Now, now, little birdie…” the Yiga foot soldier mocked, his fingers flicking against the tip of Teba’s cock. “Don’t forget your manners…”

He let out a muffled cry, feeling his cock being guided by the soldier’s hand. A droplet of precum formed at the tip as it was squeezed tightly. It was a mere dribble in size, yet that drop alone made him ache deep with guilt. They took their time teasing out each droplet of liquid, leaving Teba in an endless cycle of agony.

“Now…” The soldier said, his hand cupping Teba’s face as he forced it forward and towards his palm—a mask already in hand.

The inside of the accessory was overflowing with malice. The stench was unbearable. Now that it stood mere inches away from his face, the malefic aura attached to it was making the world spin. He could feel his thoughts immediately starting to blur and short circuit like a machine short-circuiting every time that it started up. The only thing he could focus on was the tightness of the uniform, how good it felt, and how much he *hated* the arousal pulsing through the tip of his cock.

“…Let’s get you acquainted with our rethori—“

“STOOOOOOP!”

A voice with a commanding yet childish timbre echoed through the dungeon, making all of their heads turn in shock. It was even startling enough to push Teba wholly out of the beginning of… *whatever* the mask did and fully awake.

“Master Kohga? What is the matter?” The Yiga holding the mask asked, clearly disappointed by the interruption and failing to hide it from his master. “We were going to grace yet another lowly Rito with the gift of servitude!”

“I told you I wanted all the runts as foot soldiers! You’re going to turn the *damn leader of the village* into just a simple soldier?!” Kohga gripped his mask, angrily stomping down on the floor as his stomach wobbled with the movement. “Are you out of your minds?!"

"W-well, wouldn't turn the chief of the village into just another Yiga foot soldier be far better? It will be a testament to your glo—“

“Oh, cease your yapping!” Kohga whined, opening the jail cell and quickly strutting through his soldiers—shoving them to the side as if they were weightless. “It clears that you don’t have *taste*! A bunch of savages, the lot of you!”

“What are you planning to do with him then, Master Kohga?” The meek Yiga member asked, voice quaking at the presence of his master.

“Hm… I think it’s about time I tried out the spell that Gerudo woman sold me once.” Kohga said while he gently traced his hand around Teba’s inner high. He chuckled to himself as he felt the avian writhe underneath his touch, the tender muscle causing the rubber to squeak. “Oh, don’t act like that, little birdie. In time, you’ll learn to love being here.”

“Mpmhh phou!” He cursed through the gag, pushing his legs forward to try and kick at Kohga’s chunky legs. The jangling of the chains and Kohga’s continuous cackling only rubbed salt in the wound. A part of him still held onto resistance, but that aspect of his mind was continuously fleeting the more the situation dawned on him. He could still feel his cock throbbing—shameful pleasure pulsating towards the tip as the glossy texture turned wet and sticky.

“Alright, enough dillydalling. Booooys!” Kohga clapped his hands bombastically, his stomach jiggling from the sudden movement. “Get him to my chamber, now!”

“Yes, Master Kohga!” All three of them said in unison.

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Somehow, Teba thought that the Yiga outfit would be a better alternative than what he was being made to wear right now. He couldn’t see Kohga’s eyes behind the mask, but he knew that the old pervert was eying him up as if he were just a piece of meat. The soldier outfit—for its skintight pressure and leaving little to the imagination—at least covered the entirety of his body. Having the harsh, nightly desert winds brush against his exposed navel and back was hellish in comparison—even more when he knew what the purpose of this sick little dress-up game was.

This time, he was bound to a stone altar. Teba of course had tried to fight, but the song and dance of being moved around like a living trophy went the exact same as last time. By now, the fiery defiance that he had ventured into the desert to was now a pathetic ember on the brink of extinguishment.

He had heard that Kass could do a thing like this with no problem, and now that he had gone through it himself, Teba couldn't even begin to imagine how the bard could bear to dress himself in women's garbs just to get into Gerudo Town. The circumstances were different, yes, but the overall result was the same; a shameful display that stripped him down of all his masculinity and confidence.

The veil covered his *finally* ungagged mouth. Not that he could speak—Kohga brandishing a whip at the ready in the case that he decided to speak out. His red, beaten legs pushed against the flowy, semi-translucent purple pants—the myriad of golden accessories and jewels jingling against his meek, weak movements. He was just moving his body to keep himself awake at this rate.

"See? You look much better. A man of your pedigree deserves clothing to match his status." Kohga moved his hand underneath the cyan chest covering of the outfit and gleefully traced his finger over Teba’s right nipple, flicking it and making the Rito wince—the tent on his pants throbbing at the sudden stimulation. “Such perfect white feathers… I don’t think I’ve ever seen a creature so pathetically adorable!”

The backhanded cooing made Teba look away in frustration. His body had been so relentlessly teased—kept between sudden bursts of stimulation and then minutes upon minutes of nothing but waiting for that next burst—that he had to admit defeat. The only thing he could do now was that either someone from the village would break him and the rest of his kin out—which was unlikely—or that the Gerudo would mount their assault soon. All the while, more and more of his brethren would be turned into mindless soldiers for the Yiga.

Avian bodies wrapped in tight, rubber outfits—mindless servitude towards the Yiga clan—thoughts extinguished, the ashes only leaving a limbo of detachment from the self—the only way to move forward being to be commanded and moved like a puppet moved by their strings.

*Disgusting…* He thought, still at the same time, finding him unable to remove himself from the memory of having the mask so close to him and the feeling of his own train of thought beginning to derail because of its presence. *Just wenches and vermin. That’s what they are*. He bit his lip as he felt Kohga move onto the other nipple, involuntarily thrusting into the air from the recoil

"Like that, songbird?" Kohga mocked as he reached his hand down to grind against the crotch of Teba’s pants, rubbing up and down—exposing a shiny and healthy portion of his overspent and needy cock through the waistband—his own dick bulging from beneath the tight suit. He rhythmically squeezed and fondled Teba's shaft, making sure that his movements were as agonizingly slow as possible. "To think that you would’ve ended just like the rest of your silly, brainless. Such a beautiful birdie is not meant for war, but instead to sing praises to me, so that I might bestow you with a higher purpose...” While continuing to tease Teba’s sensitive cock, he moved his other hand down to the avian’s exposed navel. “That of a concubine, used by me and the rest of my elite Yiga for whatever we want.”

Teba felt the same warmth from the mask emanating from Kohga’s hand. The red miasma was crawling on his stomach like “W-what are you…” The Yiga leader's fingers made contact with his skin, an intense *searing* sensation travelling up his body. "G-GAH!" He screamed, hopelessly convulsing as Kohga continued to drown him in the disorienting mix of pleasure, pain, and helplessness. "W-what are you… Fuck…" His cock throbbed as a brand in the shape of the Yiga’s symbol began to form around the traces of Kohga’s digits—painting the insignia as if his body was a white canvas to be defiled. “Mgh, guh…” His hips lifted and crashed onto the stone altar, sweat flying out of his plumage each time he slammed them down. Talons curled and drool cascaded out of his mouth as he felt each inch of his body begin to be consumed by the sygil’s creeping influence.

"Sssh, stay still." Kohga cooed. "Just let yourself be consumed. You'll feel good, I promise."

Teba was about to curse back, but the feeling of Kohga’s palm pressed against his chest was too overwhelming to dismiss. He could feel his mind swimming, his vision becoming cloudy and his body feeling as if it was floating. The pain and pleasure were so intense that it was as if he was on cloud nine—separated from the flesh when it came to anything else other than base desires. His legs quivered incessantly, cock spurting drop after drop of pre like a leaky faucet.

*W-what is this? A curse? No, no… it’s something… worse… or better…?*

Every single feather on his body soaked up sweat, body warming up. Staggered, short breaths came through hard and rapidly—the jewelry attached to his crop top jingling in unison with the sound of his rapid breathing. *This is… not who I am…* The jingling of the Gerudo outfit only made him quiver at the thought of the rest of the Yiga clan looking at him like this. How many people would be watching once Kohga was done with him? The thought was mortifying. How dare they deface a Rito warrior?!

The sigil burned with intense fervor—its all-consuming, arousing aura pushing deeper under his skin. His hips began to move on their own—his body acting against his withering mind. The constant jingling of the jewelry filled his head—drowning out the sound of his own thoughts. Shaking. Shaking. Shaking; his body needed to shake. Why did it want to shake so fiercely? He didn't want this. This wasn't him. It can't be him. So how could it be him? It simply couldn't.

Him and the sigil. What was the difference? Where did one begin and where did the other end? Each sway of his body moved more and more pressure down to his cock. His shaft flopped with the sudden movement, the elated clapping and ovation from Kohga drilling a strange feeling to the front of his head. Sway. Sway. Sway. It attracted attention. It was praise-worthy. The Yiga loved swaying. *I hate them. I hate them. I hate them.* He repeated the mantra in his head. He had to hate them. He couldn’t receive their praise. **No**.

“Can you feel that, songbird? I’m sure that you’ll love dancing for me and everyone else soon.”

Teba shut his eyes. He couldn't look at Master Kohga. He didn't want that pervert's eyes on him. He'd give him all sorts of comments; how attractive his body was—compliment the plumpness of his avian rump—rambling on about all the positions that he'd be put in once he was fully integrated into the Yiga. He didn't want their eyes to lock as all those words flowed out of his mouth. He couldn't bear to imagine himself dominated in such a way. Legs quivering as cocks thrust into him, tearing at whatever little dignity he had. He was nothing more than a sexual object to these people. A songbird to be looked at and played with.

Swish.

Swish.

Swish.

He now tried to open his eyes to give Kohga a dirty look, but his eyes refused to budge. No matter how much he tried to see, his eyelids were unmoving. They wouldn’t cooperate. The swaying got faster, control of his body lessening. He couldn’t be helpless. This could maybe be good. He wouldn’t know if he was being looked at—coveted like the living trophy he was. Thousands of eyes could be gawking at him and he wouldn’t know. He could just bask in the confines of his own mind. Darkness was comforting. Darkness was good. He didn’t need to worry in darkness.

Swish.

Swish.

Swish.

Why was he in darkness? Why was he here? Memories were turning so foggy, impossible to understand wholly. He had to save someone. How many people did he need to save? There were many people he could think about. It was a he—he knew at least that much. Man—or men—trapped inside a tight rubber suit. A skintight embrace hugging one’s cock and squeezing it, each movement causing incessant squeezing and arousal.

*Arousal.*

The word was like an explosion in his head. It was like a holy grail just out of reach. What he was feeling was lust—the starting stages of arousal. He was horny and needy—a pathetic beast driven by bare impulses. He could feel someone’s hands massaging the area around his crotch. Were they Kohga’s? Someone else? It didn’t matter. They were so close. So, *so* close. Even just a slight brush would satisfy him. They knew he wanted it. They knew he was a needy whore. Only a degenerate would be begging for arousal from his kidnappers.

*Disgusting. Disgusting. Disgusting.*

Escape hanged on his mind. How would he even do it? His pride screamed out of him to act like the warrior he was, but all the fight and the memories that inspired that defiance were all scrambled under the influence of Kohga’s magic. He was as helpless as a damsel in distress—dressed like one too. No matter how hard he focused—brows creasing and frowning profusely as he tried to find a way to remember just how he was supposed to fight back against the all-powerful Yiga—nothing but a pounding headache coming from it.

Were all those feelings a distraction? That pounding pleasure and the sudden need for attention… all in the service of incapacitating him. Was removing the brand that made him so helpless possible in the first place? If not, then he was doomed. The thought alone should make him cry out in agony, and despair as he cursed out Kohga for being a lunatic. To transform the leader of a whole community into a sex toy. *Disgusting. Disgusting. Disgusting.* The words echoed in his head. The mantra had to stick. It had to.

After all, he wasn’t feeling the boiling anger from earlier flowing through his veins. The only thing he had left was making his brain cooperate and force that anger onto him. Why wasn’t he angry? Why *couldn’t* he get angry? *Disgusting. Disgusting. Disgusting.* None of this should make him happy. This should make him beyond reviled. This shouldn’t make him want to…

Swish.

Swish.

Swish.

There's only darkness and arousal left. Even his own sense of self was fleeting. He was a Rito in Rito Village, but did any of that matter when it came to the situation at hand? He was just a helpless servant of Master Kohga. Body nor mind could resist the sigil. Not Harth, not the rest of the captive Rito back in the catacombs, not him. *No one can go against Master Kohga.* It wasn't belief. It was a fact. He was living through that fact right now—an example to be made. His mind was malleable—corruptible—manipulable.

The darkness turns overwhelming. What is right? What is he supposed to do? There are just shadows and arousal. He can feel himself thrusting upwards, humping the air like a mindless mutt on heat. The sound of his moans is *deafening*—each one making him weaker. "Please, please!" He screams. "Master Kohga!" There's nothing else for him to do but to…

Swish.

Swish.

Swish.

“Does my songbird want some action?” The old man asks, vice and mockery tainting his words.

“Yes, yes!” He begs. “I need it…” He can hear the ominous hum of the sigil beckoning him to ask for more. “I need your touch! I need it!”

"Alright… Since I am oh-so-humble, I suppose that I can treat my property to some release." Kohga pushed his finger against Teba’s throbbing cock—a shaky, wobbly moan erupting from his beak. As he traced his digit around the dribbling, on the edge shaft, Kohga got closer to Teba’s ear. Breathing hot, steamy air into it, he whispered “Make sure you’re thinking about how to serve your Master and his friends while I help you out, ‘mkay?”

Teba’s mouth hung open as a dry gasp passed through it. The feeling of the Yiga Master expertly tracing his digits around his cock—finally giving him that pleasure he desired so much—made him feel like his mind was being torn asunder with a bombardment of emotions and feelings. The bliss was so intense that he couldn't resist obediently following Kohga’s advice. Thoughts about how he could serve him and the clan filled his brain like a virus. Docility plagued his imagination, nothing but submission. Cocks in and out of him, the Yiga’s cum slathered all across the plumage that Kohga fetishized so intensely. He was sure that the old pervert wanted to ruin it—taint it and mar it with his ownership. “Yes, yes… Master Kohga…” The words flowed out of his mouth like a prayer.

Kohga yanked Teba’s cock by its shaft, the Rito’s supplications and apologies turning into a gasping moan that lingered for a few seconds. The roughness of the act sent a shiver of bliss running down his back.

How could this feel so good? Why was he doing this? Why was he indulging himself? Why couldn’t he resist?

“Does it feel good?” Kohga asked while tugging on Teba’s cock, and that question alone made him realize why he was doing this. Why he was crestfallen. Why everything had gone wrong.

“Yes!” He moaned. “It feels so good!” It was because it felt ***good***. It felt good to serve. It felt good to be pampered. He was a rotten, spoiled embarrassment to the village and his ancestors. His cock ached for the Yiga.

“That’s right…” The old man replied, a vicious smile on his face. “Because no one is better than Master Kohga, right?

“Yes…” Teba breathed. The sigil’s power coursed through his mind, engraving the new role he was supposed to play into his psyche. The concept of fighting demolished and eroded in his brain, and Teba felt his body responding to the pleasure. His hips bucked up and down, fucking himself onto Kohga’s fingers. Kohga barely had to do any effort as Teba desperately moved his cock all on his own. Just those wonderful fingers brushing against his exposed tip was *all* he needed. “No one is better than you, Master Kohga!”

“That’s right… No one in your life matters but the *grrrrrrreat* Master Kohga!” The Yiga leader bombastically said.

“Yes!” Teba screamed out in joy. “Nothing matters, nothing matters!” The chant *Master Kohga* repeated in his mind without end. It was the only thing that he could hold onto. The only thing he could remember. The only thing that gave him purpose. Teba knew he was under Kohga’s control now. He was no longer his own master, but a slave to the Yiga leader’s whims and desires. He was nothing more than a toy, an object of pleasure. Pleasure flooded his mind and body, overriding any sense of self-preservation or pride. All that mattered was the pleasure that Kohga was providing. “N-nothing matters… hah…”

He could feel the tension building up in his cock more and more. It felt so far away yet so close. He didn't want this to end. Never. He could keep going. He knew he could. He bit down on his lip as he tried to keep his composure, wanting himself to be toyed with for a long time. Kohga seemed to have understood his desire—of course, he did. Kohga knew best. Kohga was the best—as he kept stroking and teasing his cock.

He would go from slow strokes that barely grazed the surface of his shaft, to quick tugs that always left him begging for more. The intensity growing with each passing second, Teba could feel himself about to crest over the edge soon. But Kohga wouldn’t let him just yet. *Merciful Master Kohga…* The master surely wanted him to cling onto the pleasure for just a little longer—to have it burnt into his memory for as long as he lived—so he continued torturing Teba with his touch, making sure he was on the very brink of an orgasm until tears started to cascade from the needy Rito.

“Please! I’ll do anything. Just le-he-het me cum…” Teba whined, his voice once firm now sounding whiny and almost bratty in its pitch.

“Alright now, little songbird!” Kohga commanded, his fingers going faster and faster as Teba was pushed into overload. “Show me how much you loved me!”

"M-MASTER KOHGA!" He yelled in absolute pleasure, body pushed to the edge as he finally felt a release. Teba’s cock exploded with its load, the Rito’s brain melting under the heat of submission and finality—his cumming cock releasing the tension that had accumulated in his body as a massive load splurged out the tip. His body shook and trembled as the pleasure rushed through it, coating him in a blanket of warmth, bliss, and seed.

Teba’s world was shifting. His cumming cock fired off another load. This time, as the semen pumped out of him, the pleasure was all-consuming. All he could think about was serving the Yiga clan. Nothing but serving them. Kohga’s hard cock filled his head. He could hear him calling out to him, beckoning for him to serve him. He could serve his cock, his balls, anything…

He could suck on his nipples. He could kiss his feet. Anything.

“Good boy…” Kohga cooed. He knew that he had inscribed himself all over the village leader’s mind and soul. The Rito never forget this moment. He was sure of it, and with it, a lesson.

That no matter what happened, only Master Kohga could give him true pleasure.

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Teba moaned as he felt the Blade master's cock push in and out of his mouth—the soldier’s balls slapping loudly against the base of his beak. From behind, a foot soldier was ramming deep into him. He was way smaller than the Blade master's, but the man made up for it with his tenacity and brutality. The Rito moaned in pleasure each time he felt those slim, athletic legs *push* against his butt—the sound of wet slapping filling the room.

Other Yiga soldiers stood nearby as they waited for their turn with him—stroking themselves while looking at him being mercilessly spit-roasted. Their lust and ardor filled the air, vulgar and demeaning comments thrown his way relentlessly.

Teba throbbed with pleasure. He wanted to serve his Master. He could still feel Kohga’s touch on his body, his lips on his skin. He wanted more. Unfortunately for him, the Master was out on a special assignment in the depths, so he had to settle for the inferior cocks of all the other Yiga. He loved each and every soldier with his very heart—far more than he could love a woman back in the village—but none of them compared to the god amongst men that was Kohga.

Still, Kohga had made his task clear to him: Service every man in the Yiga Clan. All he had to do was keep his mouth open, take cock—and remember to moan. It was difficult for him to remain lucid or conscious as the constant waves of pleasure rippled through his body—now on his fifth and sixth soldiers repeatedly. As he was being ravaged by the two men at once, the Rito couldn’t help but moan in pleasure as he heard the soldiers whispers all sorts of name about him.

“…I’m… close…” The Blademaster whispered, gripping the feathers atop Teba’s head to prevent him from moving his mouth away. Not that it mattered since he would always obediently swallow down every last drop of cum—an order from Kohga as well.

As he opened his mouth to take the second soldier’s cock into his mouth, Teba tasted the man’s precum. Salty and bitter—but still, amazing. He savored the seed of a man far higher than him. He was nothing, they were much more, and Kohga was everything. Simple as that.

“M-mgh, you’re so fucking tight, you slut!” The foot soldier groaned from behind, digging his nails into Teba’s ass cheeks.

The obedient Rito gladly took the man’s load as soon as he felt it shoot out of the tip of his cock into his insides. The warmth from the splurge made his legs shake in pleasure, the suddenness making that he couldn’t quite ready himself for the load bursting forth, but he did his best nonetheless.

This was his new life. This was his old life. This is what he was always been.

A toy. A slut. A possession.

Master Kohga’s Songbird.