The sound of the wounded Rito being carried off to the Yiga infirmary echoed across the cavernous walls. Sooga tapped his feet incessantly. The new bouts of recruits had brought nothing but disappointment. They had done well enough when it came to manning the duplex bows and perfecting the use of talismans, but that was just a simple matter of basic training and enough time. Even a farmer converted through Ganon’s will could be converted into standard foot soldiers, after all—such a feat wasn’t impressive by any means.

No, what they were in dire need of were Blademasters. Rippling mountains of muscle that could wield the excess windcleavers that were collecting dust in the armory. Unfortunately, their magic general made a critical mistake when deciding to target the Rito for their mass conversion initiative. They were the least magically adept civilization in Hyrule and were ripe for recruitment, but their bodies were practically handcrafted to be swift marksmen and nothing more. Even their weapons were thin and lightweight—only to be used as a last resort when cornered.

“Which Rito Soldier was this one?” The general asked, leaning against the pillar as the crackling flames of the torches were the only thing that prevented a suffocating silence from forming.

“This was the ninth one. Expectantly, their arms got injured after a few swings from the wind cleaver. There are a few lacerations and snapped tendons from the recoil.” The Rito Soldier—the one that used to be known as Harth—explained, his voice flat yet not commanding. “Do you wish for me to bring the tenth?”

"No." He towered over the converted, black-winged soldier. He was already not exactly thrilled at the prospect of bringing outsiders—nondevout individuals who lack the fire for power and Ganon’s teachings—into their ranks. Numbers were important, yes—he was no fool—but there was still a lack of *strength* that Sooga loathed. “They’re all too weak. We should probably spare the rest of the Rito soldiers from any further injuries. We need more bodies to throw at the royal guard. They’ve become quite the nuisance after Princess Zelda returned from holding Lord Ganon back…”

“As you wish, General Sooga. However, there is a suggestion in regards to the Blademaster situation, if you wish to hear it.” Harth explained, clasping his wings together as a feeling of giddiness broke through the robotic demeanor that the mask induced out of combat. “Take it as a personal opinion rather than full-on tactical advice.”

The mask’s potency was beyond understanding, so if Hearth was recalling such specific memories, the mask must've weakened or the information that was at the tip of Hearth's tongue was incredibly valuable to the Yiga. The sudden break of the teachings instilled by the mask piqued Sooga’s interest. “Go on…” He commanded, crossing his arms and tilting his head.

“Well, I’ve noticed that most of our new recruits cannot wield the windcleavers because of their build. However, there is one man in the village that has the physique to match the other Blademasters.”

“Why didn’t you reveal that information before?” Sooga asked, interested yet indignant about the time lost trying to make the twigs they had for soldiers work as Blademasters.

“Well, I know that the opinion of a mere foot soldier is useless compared to the brilliance of true devout followers of Ganon such as yourself, General Sooga," Hearth replied—now wholly robotically in approach, like an actor reading off a script. “If you’d like, feel free to disregard my words. I am under you in terms of station, after all—“

“Halt.” The Yiga general declared. “Tell me about that Rito… He might be useful. A Blademaster that can wield the windcleaver in the sky would be useful to our efforts.”

“Of course… he has gained a much brawnier physique than the rest of our kin. He made a hobby of carrying boxes of heavy metal equipment to and fro in the village. He sometimes leaves for travel, but after we began converting people into followers of Lord Ganon, he has moved back in permanently to take care of his wife and children.”

“Then we shall make arrangements for his capture at once. Ready the troops and the tranquilizer arrows posthaste.”

“Yes, General Sooga.”

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Kass’ groggy disposition slowly withered away as he woke from slumber. Every inch of his body ached in pure agony—every crevice of musculature uncomfortably wrapped by something tight encompassing his frame. Whatever was adorning his body wasn’t his usual kilt and leather chest plate. The suffocating layer around his body was stretched taut around his frame—barely able to encompass him in his entirety. Kass was about to test how far he could push whatever he was dressed in, but a horrible realization set in.

He was bound. The sound of a clanking chain and a horrible, high-pitched squeak of rubber assaulted his ears in unison with the dread that began blooming inside him like a corrosive substance spreading through him from his chest to his throat. “W-what the… How did I…” He yanked his arm again. Nothing. He yanked again. Still nothing. He then thrashed his arms like a convulsing, dying animal as the reality of his situation began to become clearer and clearer. “LET ME GO, PLEASE!” His screams echoed through the cavern, almost as if the rock formation was mocking him by relaying his words back. “I-I have a wife and children. If it’s rupees you want, I can get them! Just… don’t hurt me.”

Nothing. The only sound to comfort him was the sound of people moving through what he assumed to be a massive cave system. How far away was he from the surface? Could his screams even reach anyone other than his captors? "I-I swear that I'm not lying! Please, I can give you anything that you would want!” As the chains that sprawled out his limbs continued to rattle against his struggle, he finally dared to look down at what exactly was covering his body.

He felt his lungs suddenly be emptied of air as he saw that distinctive red and black rubber hugging his body like a carnivorous plant clamping around its victim. The Yiga outfit that all the soldiers wore was now tightly adhered to his skin, every edge and curve of his body accentuated by the unforgiving and imprisoning material. The coolness of the rubber against his flesh sent shivers down his spine, while at the same time, the material paradoxically left him sweating buckets with how it left no space for his body to breathe. The suit was practically molded itself perfectly to his form—a fact that left a horrible set of questions in Kass’ mind. “D-did they undress me… and… measure…”

He swallowed drily. Was he about to be made into a slave? All the comments his family and friends had made about how he would make a great warrior with the body he had made his blood run cold. Surely the Yiga hadn’t thought the same, right? No, they couldn’t have. This was just all a big mistake. A pacifist like himself surely wouldn’t be a good warrior…

He frantically scanned his surroundings, hoping for a glimpse of freedom amidst the darkness that engulfed him, but all he could see were towering rock formations lit by torches. “W-what in the world did I do to deserve this… I was just going to gather some wheat and then…” Creeping, all-consuming darkness—just like the one that enveloped this cave.

The distant sound of footsteps echoed through the walls, growing louder with each passing moment. Kass strained his ears, desperate for any clue about his captors and their intentions, but the only thing he could parse from the distant sounds that accompanied the footsteps was amused, deep, and *rumbling* laughter—probably directed at his expense if he had to guess. Fear tightened its grip around him as he imagined what they would do to him. The thought of those horrible sickles brushing against his skin made him shudder…

Finally, he saw the pair that he assumed to be his captors. A large man who carried an intimidating, almost oppressive aura and a general foot soldier who seemed skittish and anxious from the way he stood—clammy, twitching hands and tapping feet.

“Here he is, General Sooga, but are you sure about him being a candidate for a Blademaster? He was so easy to capture—“

“Silence.” The towering warrior said to the foot soldier—his anticipation and ire clear even through his inexpressive mask. “Leave me with the prisoner. You can make yourself useful by preparing a windcleaver.”

“Yes, Master Sooga!” The foot soldier scurried off with his tail between his legs, leaving Kass alone with the large man.

"W-what are you planning to do with me?" The bard asked meekly, whatever smidge of defiance that could be there squandered by his acknowledgment of the man's authority and power over him. "I swear; I-I haven't done anything to deserve this! I won't tell a soul if you let me go. I swear it on the goddess' name!"

“Do not utter your false deity’s name in front of me, Rito.” Sooga’s steps were deafening—each approach a thundering reminder of his victim’s helplessness. “And the only thing we want from you is servitude. Whatever paltry amount of rupees you could give us is useless to us.”

“I haven’t fought once in my life! Please, I would be no use to you!” Kass pleaded, turning his head away from the haunting sight of that unmoving, unblinking eye painted on the mask—feeling as if the symbol was peering directly into his soul. “I-I just desire to go home. I’ll hold no grudge nor will I tell anyone! I’ll just say that I was kidnapped by random burglars. No one will know about this!”

“Spare me your pleads. I suggest that you instead brace yourself for our conversion process.” Sooga practically hissed, instead admiring the physique unfortunately attached to the quivering coward in front of him. “Such a waste… playing music and hauling supplies? Men like you should be warriors. You should be ashamed…” His twitching hand reached for the Rito's left pectoral—tightly packed in the Yiga suit. He squeezed firmly against the hard mound of mass, admiring the man's physique through his disgust for his demure behavior.

Kass winced as Sooga's hand clamped down on his chest, feeling the pressure against his flesh. His heart raced, a mix of fear and repulsion coursing through his veins.

The Yiga warrior's touch lingered for a moment longer than necessary, his fingers tracing a path down Kass' sculpted abs before moving onto his sculpted arms. The afterglow of the touch felt violating, his dignity stripped away on top of his freedom. He shuddered at the burning feeling that was left behind, whining as he shifted in place.

Sooga's grip tightened, his fingers digging into the flesh of Kass’ broad shoulders as he leaned in close, his hot breath grazing the bard's ear. "We will mold you into something far greater than the pathetic minstrel you once were." He growled, already unrelenting and impatient. “A *true* man instead of whatever you used to be.”

Kass swallowed hard, trying to remain quiet so as to not upset the man further. He could feel the heat radiating off the warrior's body. Sooga was as furious as he was fascinated, and such a combination was *dangerous*.

As Sooga's grip tightened—moving from his shoulders to his sides—Kass felt a surge of adrenaline shoot through his veins. Kass couldn't deny the electric surge that shot through him at Sooga's touch, as much as he wanted to. It ignited a fire within him, awakening feelings he hadn't even known existed. As much as he despised the Yiga Clan and their methods, there was something undeniably alluring about Sooga's dominance and power. It reminded him of the commanding tone Teba would adopt when giving out orders

He bit his bottom lip, fighting against the conflicting emotions swirling inside him. The touch that had felt so violating now tingled with an unfamiliar sensation of arousal. It frightened him as much as it confounded him.

“I’m sure that you’ll come to agree with me in the future, birdboy," Sooga said in a sultry whisper. He relished in the sharp inhale his victim took as his hand slid down his waist, tracing the lines of his hipbones beneath the fabric of the tight Yiga suit.

Kass trembled under Sooga's touch, resistance trying to worm itself to the forefront of his mind but failing. The conflicting emotions swirled with each touch, the line between fear and desire blurring in his mind. He couldn't deny the allure of Sooga's dominance, even as his rational self screamed for him to resist.

“But I suppose that what you think isn’t of much importance. You’ll be the perfect soldier with *this*.” Sooga retreated one of his hands to fetch something that had remained out of Kass’ sight from his back strap. In his hand was a mask just like the one that every Yiga soldier had strapped to their face. An ominous red glow emanated from it, immediately making his victim dizzy. "This, my dear songbird, will make you *truly* powerful," he whispered, his voice dripping with sadistic delight. "With this mask, you will become one of us. A loyal servant of Ganon."

Sooga's voice was a seductive whisper in Kass's ear, coaxing him further into the abyss. "With this mask, you will be unstoppable," he murmured, his fingers trailing teasingly across Kass's cheek. "No longer will you be a mere bard, singing songs of heroes. You will become a part of something far larger—far *better*.”

“W-what are you… talking abohooou…” His words slurred as the mask slowly approached him. His body turned limp, the chain’s creaking ceasing as every part of Kass’ body was drawn towards the mask and the intoxicating, malicious allure. “Mmhaaaaouskhe…” His mind warred with itself, torn between the loyalty he held for his people and the tantalizing allure of power.

“Truly pathetic. At least your comrades had the decency to resist. You should be glad that you found me.” The general’s large, mannish hand continued wandering downward, finally reaching Kass’ crotch and the sight of his package basically bursting through the suit. The tight fit highlighted every curve and bulge of his throbbing shaft—the large hunk of meat pulsating with arousal. “And to get aroused *so* quickly. Most people usually succumb to their carnal senses only after they get the mask on.”

“I-I cauuunhte… control…” Kass panted, moaning in ecstasy and confusion. All of his senses were warbled—where reality started and desire stopped impossible to tell. “P-pluhease…”

Sooga hushed, gripping the Rito’s cock as the mask was slowly strapped around his face. “Have pleasant dreams. They will be the last ones you’ll ever have.”

As the mask slowly obfuscated his vision, it was as if the entire world had been engulfed in pure white.

*W-what? What… is going on…?*

Even closing his eyes couldn't spare him from the blinding light. Everything around stopped existing in the blink of an eye; the chains—the suit—the dungeon—Sooga's scalding touch. It was all gone, replaced with an empty void. He couldn't even feel himself—the sensation only comparable to what he assumed astral projecting to feel like.

He was nothing more than an adrift consciousness—his thoughts the only thing to accompany him. Free of the barrage of tension, adrenaline, and arousal that the Yiga were drowning in him, the last few minutes kept replaying in his head. For as horrible as he wanted to describe the events as, the guilt wouldn't let him neglect that a sick part of him was enjoying being manhandled by such a strong man. He already dared to admit that he had found the village chief quite the catch before he settled with his sweet Amali, but never did he ever consider how strong of an impression a stronger man could leave on him. If he could place his hands over his material form, he’d certainly do it to hide the void from witnessing his shame.

*No, no. Oh gods, what have I done? Why did it feel so good… How can I live with myself like this? This is… no, oh nonono.* He panicked over how the desire for Sooga’s touch lingered. The addicting, incandescent feeling of those rubber-clad gloves stroking his own rubber-clad body. *So strong, so powerful… nothing like her touch, or even the touch of a male Rito… Gods, no! Stop thinking about such things! It’s not good! Not… good at all…*

The guilt and shame washed over him like a tidal wave, threatening to consume his very being. *Why did it feel so good?* He whispered into the void, his voice echoing back to him with no answer. He couldn't understand how such a deplorable act could elicit such pleasure.

“Kass!”

The bard screamed at the sound of someone calling his name. The vast whiteness around him ebbed and morphed, suddenly snapping into place as it revealed itself to be… Rito Village—as if he had never left. Well, the left wasn't the correct term. *Kidnapped* would be more accurate to say.

As Kass looked around, he noticed the village was eerily quiet. The familiar bustling sounds of the Rito going about their daily activities were absent. It was as if time stood still in Rito Village, frozen in a moment of unease. Even the windmills that filled the outskirts of their home were completely still.

He cautiously made his way through the village, his heart pounding in his chest. The weight of his guilt and shame still clung to him, dragging him down like an anchor. He couldn't shake the memory of Sooga's touch, the forbidden pleasure that had awakened a side of him he never knew existed and never wanted to find out about in the first place. “Gods, gods… I have to… forget that it ever happened…”

As he passed by their home, he saw her standing inside--her back turned away from him as she stood frozen, staring into the distance. Only now did he realize that the vast, lush meadow that had surrounded the Tabantha region was now hidden by a thick fog. How *long* was he gone for? “A-Amali…” He meekly called out, his voice awash with both relief and shame, only for the guilt to grow stronger once he got no response—his wife unmoving still. “Amali, my love. I’m home.”

The words felt so fake in his mouth. Every moment was spent thinking about the immoral act of having Sooga tenderly feel him up and showering him with backhanded compliments. *How disgusting of me…* “Amal—“

“Kass, didn’t you hear me the first time?”

The bard turned his head, gasping as he finally saw the person who called him. Harth—who had disappeared just a few weeks ago—stood on the wooden spiral stairs. He lugged behind him a large crate, clearly winded from having to carry it with his slender frame.

“Y-you! Did you also get rescued as well?” Kass asked, panicked. He turned back to his wife, only to see that she had disappeared. “Wait, where did you go?! Amali?! Ama—“

“Kass, you can talk to her later. Finish your damn chores first, you big lug.” Harth teased. “Come on, help me carry this box.”

“A-ah, I suppose?” Everything still felt incredibly disorienting, but he didn’t want to inconvenience people after having made them worried sick with his disappearance. With Harth stepping aside, Kass saw that the box was filled not with arrows or bows but instead large, gleaming blades. “W-what in the world…”

“KASS!”

"I'm going, I'm going…" He didn't dare question why they were stocking up on such heavy blades. The sight of the weapons alone was intimidating—a chill running through his spine, but it was the kind of fear that felt familiar, like the kind of situation that one would dread in its inevitability. The sight of such horrible weapons struck him to his core, but he didn't understand *why*.

As he dragged the box to Revali’s Landing, Kass couldn't tear his eyes away from the glinting metal, his unease growing with each passing second. "Harth, do you have any idea why we're collecting these blades?" Kass finally mustered the courage to ask, his voice trembling slightly.

“What? What’s with the sudden question? This is one of your daily chores, remember?” He said as he slowly approached the bard, incredulous at his inquiry.

“D-daily chores? Whatever do you—“ His question was silenced when the black-feathered Rito continued approaching—refusing to stop until they were millimeters apart from each other. “H-Harth? What are you…”

Kass's heart began to race, his breath catching in his throat. He tried to step back, but Harth's grip tightened around him, preventing any escape. Panic surged through his veins, his mind unable to process the sudden shift in their interaction. What had started as a simple task now took a disturbing turn. "H-Harth, what are you doing? We’re in public…" Kass managed to stammer, his voice trembling with uncertainty and confusion. His body tensed, unsure if he even wanted to fight against the unexpected advances

Harth's lips curled into a sinister smile as he pressed himself closer to Kass, their bodies flush against each other. He leaned in, his warm breath tickling the bard's ear. "You have been the strongest warrior out of us Rito," he whispered huskily. "Your might—your prowess—your ability in the field. What a *man* you are.”

“M-my might? What do you—“

“I can’t believe you did that!”

The ground beneath his feet shook violently, startling him out of his reverie. He suddenly found himself standing in a snowy forest, surrounded by tall trees and silence. A large creature lay dead at his feet, its body riddled with deep gashes from sharp blades. As he looked down at the scene, Kass noticed that his left wing was tightly clutching one of the blades. He quickly realized that Harth, who had been with him just moments ago, was now nowhere to be seen.

“Are you okay?! That was amazing! You’re the most **powerful** warrior the village has ever seen!”

The word from the unknown yet *familiar* voice sent tremors down Kass’ body. An involuntary moan left his lips as he closed his eyes, trying to make sense of the situation. The voice was unmistakably someone he knew, but it felt distorted, fragmented, as if coming from a distant memory. Kass breathed, his voice barely a whisper. Conflicting emotions tugged at his heart—fear—uncertainty—but also a deep-rooted longing was tugged at by someone calling him powerful.

“You’re the most **powerful** warrior the village has ever seen!" The phrase repeated itself as if it were a Purah Pad recording being played on a loop. *“You’re the most* ***powerful*** *warrior the village has ever seen!”*

The phrase was like an arousing mantra—his cock arching up at the thought of being lauded. The sudden, new thoughts were slithering in his brain like a parasite. The intrusive clung to his mind like a vice. The image of himself standing amidst the fallen creature, blood staining his hands and body as people lauded him for his strength, sent a surge of desire coursing through his veins.

He glanced around the snowy forest, searching for any sign of the mysterious voice that had called him powerful. The trees stood tall like silent guardians, their branches heavy with snow. The cold air whispered through the barren branches, causing goosebumps to rise on Kass' exposed skin.

“Kass, what’s the matter? I thought that a Blademaster like yourself would be celebrating…” Finally, the voice became clear—managing to have gotten behind the bard in mere seconds.

“C-chief Teba?” Kass barely managed to ask, his lips dry and throat sore.

The chief was clad in the same tight Yiga outfit—his frame equally revealed by the skintight red latex and buckles. The sight of the chief in that outfit sent a jolt of desire through him, mixing with the confusion and fear already swirling inside him. His mind raced to make sense of the situation. He was supposed to be their fearless leader, the one who commanded respect and had always been a symbol of authority. Yet here he stood, clad in the attire of their sworn enemies, his body adorned with provocative leather straps.

The attire that he was also *wearing*.

“Chief? I’m no chief.” The white-feathered Rito stained plainly—clutching not the Great Eagle Bow but instead a duplex bow usually reserved for mere Yiga foot soldiers. “Kass, even the **most powerful** out of all of us, *you*, isn’t even the chief.”

“M-Me?” But, was he? He was… a pacifist. He had never fought in his life.

“Yeah, I mean, you alone slain that beast under the master’s order. He’s surely going to be able to have that giant feast he wanted.”

“Master?”

“Are you okay, Kass? Don’t tell me that you forgot why we were out here. Your *master*.”

“My *master*…”

Another blink. He was on a stage on the entrance of the village. His accordion had been painted over with red and black. In front of him was a seemingly endlessly stretching crowd—all of them Rito clad in the Yiga outfit. Their faces were all obscured by the mask, an unreadable expression shared by them all.

The crowd before him was silent, their masked faces turning toward him with anticipation. Kass couldn't shake the feeling that something was terribly wrong. He tried to remember how he had reached this point, but his memories were hazy, fragmented like shattered glass. His mind grasped at fragments, trying to fit them together.

The high-pitched screech of a lone hawk pierced through the thick, smoky air. The sky was ablaze with a deep crimson hue as if it had been stained with blood. The scent of burning wood and sulfur filled the atmosphere. It felt like the world was holding its breath, waiting for something ominous to happen under the eerie glow of the blood moon.

“**Sing.**” The crowd demanded in unison.

As if he were a puppet with a hand inside him, his mouth opened on its own as he began to play the accordion. His fingers pressed against the keys as he began to utter a chant that felt welcoming yet foreign at the same time. “We are the Rito. We follow. We soar the skies.”

The crowd followed in unison. “**We hunt for our enemies. We destroy all obstacles. We follow—“**

“Master Kohga.”

He blinked again.

Suddenly, dozens from the crowd were now on the stage and pressing against him—hands reaching for him as if he were a deity. Some were kissing his chest, others crying with joy as they ushered in him powerful he was. He felt both unnerved and strangely euphoric at the unexpected adoration. He knew that no one from their village would ever act like this. They were all under the same affliction, but he couldn’t find the words to reject it. Their fervor and desperation were palpable—all directed towards him. The weight of their adoration bore down on him, threatening to suffocate him. He tried to resist, to pull away, but their hands clung to him like talons, their grip unyielding.

"Please, Master Kohga," a voice pleaded from the throng, breaking through the chaos. Kass turned his head and found himself staring into the eyes of a green-feathered Rito that the bard recognized as the shopkeeper from Tarry Town. His face was ridden with ecstasy, his mask askew. "We need your guidance. There are still others that still haven’t seen the light…”

As he lay on the stage, surrounded by a swarm of masked Rito, their adoring words merged into a hypnotic chorus. His body tingled as they caressed him through his latex suit, sending waves of pleasure coursing through him. He struggled to speak, but could only moan in ecstasy as one of them stroked his erection with finesse. A red light from above danced across their glossy masks, adding to the surreal and overwhelming experience. “I can’t stop… I can’t stop…” The pleasure was something that he couldn’t describe with words. Such arousal was something that he never thought possible before. He could barely even think about her; her face—her voice—who was she even? She wasn’t under the Yiga’s command. Only the Yiga could receive pleasure.

**“We are all good soldiers.”**

“We are all good soldiers…” Kass repeated, moaning pathetically as the adoration slowly brought him near his limit. Kass couldn't think straight. Not with the Rito's skilled strokes bringing him closer and closer to the edge. The pleasure consumed him entirely, eradicating any rational thought or resistance he had left. His body arched off the stage as waves of intense pleasure washed over him.

The Yiga had redefined pleasure for him, introducing him to an ecstasy he had never known—a pleasure so intense that he was willing to throw his life away to never be away from such feelings.

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Sooga's eyes lit up in delight as the bard writhed and trembled in the throes of orgasm. The hypnotic trance had taken him to the edge, his cock pulsing as he released load after load onto the shiny red latex, leaving it stained with his seed. The sight of the bard—once so innocent and naïve—now reduced to a quivering mess of pleasure, fueled Sooga's sadistic desires.

"Such dedication," Sooga murmured, his voice low and gravelly. "You have proven your loyalty, Kass. The Yiga Clan is pleased with your service."

Kass, still lost in the aftermath of his climax, could only manage a weak nod. His mind was foggy, clouded by the intoxicating mix of pleasure and obedience instilled in him by the Yiga Clan. Any semblance of resistance he had left was replaced with blind devotion to their cause.

Sooga approached him slowly, his footsteps echoing through the dimly lit chamber. He freed the Rito from his restraints, having to catch him as he almost fell to the ground. “Who are you?” He asked the bard, wanting to confirm if his plan had worked.

“I am… a Blademaster.” Kass suddenly straightened his posture robotically. “I require a blade.”

Sooga chuckled, unsheathing one of his own windcleavers and gifting it to the newly appointed Yiga Blademaster. “My treat, rookie.”