let fate be undone

by Crios (DreamyRequiem)

Summary

Link was desperate in those final moments--desperate to make sure everyone survived. Even if he had to pull off something crazy and possibly impossible.

Or maybe just improbable. Who knew, with sheikah tech?

Notes

un beta'd

me, loudly; nintendo give me an option to save the champions!!!
nintendo: no

See the end of the work for more notes.
Mipha gasped out as she felt the blight's spear pierce her side. Her blood splattered the metal of her dear Ruta, and she despaired at the silence. The world around was silent as a grave, the blight she fought silent, Ruta silent. The silence shook her more than anything else.

If it screamed, or yelled, or even made any indication of pain, she wouldn't feel like this. But even if she stabbed it through its shoulder, it did naught but twitch and throw her off, like she was an irritating fly. She wanted to cry at her own weakness.

How was she supposed to help Link, Princess Zelda, and the other champions if she couldn't even beat this thing and take back Ruta, who was hers?

Weakling, the blight seemed to say as he slapped her away, coward, weakling, garbage--It tugged at her own fears, that her only useful abilities were her healing magic.

She screamed at it.

The blight chittered, like an old bell, and she recoiled, her trident held high. If she was going to die here, then at least she was going to die fighting. That was the least she could do for her friends, family, and people.

This thing may beat her, but she'll at least weaken it. Hopefully, that will be enough for when Link and Princess Zelda came back...Because they would come back. She had faith in them both.

Something pulled against her waist as she blocked one of the spear lashes. She almost thought she had been injured again--but no, there was nothing there. Mipha pushed the blight away from her and backed away to catch her breath.

And then the pull jerked and she felt--no, knew--that she was going to live. As it pulled her away, the blight lashed out. The darkness that dripped from the spear like oil splashed across her and the blue glow around her. She closed her eyes and exhaled as the darkness burned her scales.

Mipha slipped away, her mind fading into the cool waters of the Zora Domain as she drifted along the lines between---something. She'd remember, she knew she would.

Revali would be a liar if he said he didn't, for whatever reason, trust Link and the Princess. It was a grudging trust with Link, though he was willing to give the Princess his full trust.

Perhaps that trust alone was why he believed in the promise Link gave him and the other Champions before the link to the Slate went silent.

Granted, Revali also trusted it because he would admit, with annoyance, that he could use some help with this blight. Whatever it was, it seemed to have emulated his own abilities with the bow and that burned the Rito: How dare it copy him? At least the others had come about their own skills with hard work.

He was going show this thing that he shouldn't have messed with a champion.

Notching an arrow, Revali narrowed his eyes and picked a weak(?) point on the blight. Rapid fire would be a good idea--or at least he hoped it would be. There was always the chance it'd dodge. Revali would have to risk it, to take the blight down.
Rapid firing into the blight's side, he hardly noticed the stinky oily darkness spatter his feathers. It's only after the blight staggered back did he noticed the sticky darkness on his feathers, which now felt grimmy to his skin beneath them. Revali made a face and clicked his beak in annoyance. After he beat this thing, he needed a much deserved bath.

That train of thought was cut off as an arrow whizzed past his head and another thunked into his shoulder. He snarled in pain, his blood sputtering out as he pulled the arrow free. There was no way he'd be able to draw, with that in his arm!

Now, more than ever, did he realize the danger he was in. If this thing beat him and took Medoh, then his village and home would be in danger. And how could he finished his Goddess Given duty if he couldn't even beat this thing? The true Calamity would be far more terrifying than this little weakling!

Dashing forward, he kicked off the wall and fired a fist full of arrows into the blight's back. He wasn't going to lose: When Link and the Princess got here, they'd see he'd saved Medoh on his own and then they'd go save the others--!

His body twitched as the familiar sensation of teleportation washed over him. He flinched, feeling it try to pull him away and he wondered: Who was teleporting him? Medoh in a last free attempt outside of the blight's control or something else?

If it was Link, he was going to chew the Hylian out...!

And then the blue washed over him and his thoughts were lost to him as he seemed to roll around through the system forever. Maybe he'd remember--but until then, he was stuck in a void of blue and sparking shadows-and-red.

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To the Hylians, or really any other race, the heat and fire would be too much. But for Daruk, a goron? The fires of Death Mountain were nothing to him! Besides, he was so used to them, they wouldn't have bothered him even if he wasn't a goron.

That didn't stop this blight from trying to burn him and cleave him in two at the same time.

He'll give it this: It was a pretty formidable foe, if only because it seemed to be faster than him. Which was annoying because how was he supposed to hit it if it just kept moving out his way?

Grumbling to himself and wiping the black goop off his face, Daruk spun with his blade. It was a pale mockery of the spinning attack Link had shown him during one of their joint training sessions, but if it meant Daruk could use his girth to his advantage? So be it.

The blight just seemed to get angry at his spin, barely dodging out of his reach. Darn! At least that attack had actually seemed to work, as opposed to his earlier wide and wild swings.

Daruk tried once more, before he spun his blade around again, to make Rudania move. Up, down, sideways--any way to get an advantage on the blight would've been nice. But Rudania refused to move at his command and he clenched his hand on his blade.

For one long moment, he swore he was going to die. Too slow to keep up and even with his Protection ability he wouldn't last forever. Not even long enough for the others to arrive and save his bacon--never mind the fact they probably wouldn't be able to reach him in the first place.

He grinned, big and hard. If he was going to die, then at least he was going to die fighting and smiling.
Hefting his blade, Daruk spun his blade around, trying to get faster and faster as he aimed to cleave the blight in twine. It shrieked as the wind picked up from his swinging spin and Daruk grinned: At least something seemed to be bothering the beast.

Now here's the thing: He expected many things to happen in the next few seconds. The first of those, was to die at the blight's vicious claws. The second and third was to lament never getting to see his family and friends again. Fourth; to lose Rudania to this monster, and be forever locked in futile combat from beyond the grave with it.

But none of those things happened. Instead, the floating feeling of teleportation washed over him, jerking him up and rolling him into a closed off system of silent shrines and towers.

Everything will end well, he hoped as his mind faded into the silence.

Urbosa spat out the sand Naboris was funneling though itself. Normally, she'd be fine with this--she'd just cover her face and continue her trek towards the castle. But no, the Divine Beast was walking away from the castle, refusing to answer her calls.

She needed to get back--Zelda needed her and Naboris to help defeat the Calamity! How the hells was she supposed to do that if she was being dragged away like this?

Cursing, she dodged an attack aimed at her throat. It didn't help that between the sand and the in vain attempts to get Naboris to go back, she also had to deal with this piece of what she could only assume to be the Calamity.

It shivered and quivered, lightning roiled off it and Urbosa rolled out of the way of its strikes. Was this how the others felt when she suddenly used her lightning? Of course, she was always aiming it at their foes when she did use it.

Rolling her shoulders, Urbosa bared her teeth in a savage grin at the blight. That stuff didn't matter right now--what did matter was beating this thing and getting control of Naboris again. Once she did that, she could continue onwards to the castle and do her job as the Gerudo Champion.

Urbosa would protect Zelda and reclaim the Gerudo's pride in one fell swoop.

Here's the thing: Because of the wind and sand, Urbosa never heard Link and Zelda's message--the promise to come for them after they had retreated to safety from the Calamity and its forces. She had no idea that they had already failed.

But that's fine. No matter what, she would not fall, even if she didn't hear the message. Her resolve would carry her through and so she fought. It was hard trying to get far enough way that she felt she had the chance to snap her fingers, a chance to rain lightning down on her foe. It may not do much damage, she knew, but it slowed it down.

Grinning to herself after one such attack, she slashed up its arm as she dived towards it. It shrieked and oily dark blood splattered across Urbosa's arms as she landed in the sand coating the floor. She made a face as she felt the grains bite into the soles of her feet. Urbosa probably shouldn't've left her shoes down by the terminal--by now they'd have been pulled away by the wind.

Oh well.

Urbosa dodged another lightning strike and spun around to catch the blight's arm as it grew closer. She stepped on the spot the lightning hit and she flinched as glass dug into her feet. Damn, what, that lightning shouldn't have been that hot--!
She barely managed to block the blow that came for her. It lifted her off her feet and she felt herself get dragged down the length of Naboris' body before landing with a sharp crunch on one of the platforms scattered within. Urbosa winced as she felt her ankle shift under her weight, the pain spiking up: She'd broken her ankle with that fall.

Damn, damn, damn! She refused to be killed by this thing here. Putting her weight on the wall she held up her shield to catch the next blow. Except...something cool flitted over her and she felt the sand part around her.

Teleportation.

She hadn't activated it so how could she be moving? The only ones with a sheikah slate right now were Zelda and Link--and they shouldn't have been able to remote teleport someone else. How was this happening--?

Urbosa's thoughts washed away, like the sea washed away sand grains on the beach. Gone, as she fell into the deep blue silence of the teleportation system, just as all the other Champions had.

Somewhere, far away from any of the Champions, a knight furiously tapped away at a slate. Next to him, a girl in a muddy dress was shaking, her hands clenched on her lap. They only had this moment of rest: From here, they would be running and running until they made it to Kakariko Town.

The knight only hoped that his attempts to get the Champions to safety went through and he'd see them soon enough.

Except...he won't. Not soon, anyway, because he's running into the darkness with the girl again and they're fighting alone and then he's dead on the ground, in the blood and mud. The girl saved them both and she ushered him to a shrine, praying to Hylia that she will heal the knight's wounds.

Of course she would, just as she had helped set the shrines all those millenia ago, before even the Hylians had stepped out onto the land once more. A chance, if the worst ever came. After all, why else would the Shrine of Resurrection be created?

But the girl--the Princess, the Carrier of Hylia's blood--left alone to the castle. Her magic broiled beneath her skin and she raised her hands, the golden light she had used against the guardian surging forth and around herself and the castle: It would protect her as she protected the world from the Calamity.

She just had to wait for Link to come home and defeat it, so she could see her last friend once more.

(The Princess and the Knight didn’t know: Their dearest Champions friends still lived, just outside their reach.

For now.)
When she came to, Mipha was splayed out on the front platform of a shrine. She saw its blue glow, as if reflecting the softer blue of the sky and thought Huh, I'm alive.

She barely moved before her side burned like the fires of Death Mountain. Mipha cringed before looking down at the wound under her blue Champion's sash. Not much of the blood had gotten on the item but also he wound seemed to have sealed. Not enough to be truly healed, but enough that she was no longer bleeding out from it. Nodding to herself, she placed a hand over her side and tried to heal herself.

Mipha had very little talent in healing herself: Her magic seemed entirely geared to healing others but she could at least repair the worst of the damage so she could move again. As she healed herself, she peered into the shadows of the Shrine entrance, searching for her trident.

It was nowhere to be seen.

Disheartened, Mipha sighed and got to her feet, noting that the pain in her side had lessened with her healing. Good as she couldn't be weakened--not when she didn't have her trident and didn't know where she even was. Which...brought up a good question she needed to answer. Where was she?

Almost hoping for a sign post, Mipha peered around her. Besides the glowing shrine behind her, there was nothing in this dead end canyon. Strange, that a shrine would be put here. Regardless, she was certain she might figure out where she was if she just got out of this canyon.

She weighed her options and eventually decided on just trekking down the path away from the shrine. If that didn't lead her out, she'd have to climb--and she'd rather have at least one more healing session before trying that.

It took about a hour before she got out into some plains, the path overgrown from lack of use. It was a pain on her scaled feet, but Mipha would rest in a river or lake when she found one. Well, after she healed her side again, so that it wouldn't reopen while she rested.

There was no one in sight for as far as she could see. Unfortunate: Mipha was hoping to find someone she could talk to about where she was and how to get back to the Zora Domain.

Mipha shook her head and continued on foot. At least the paths on the plains were far more well-traveled than the one earlier--her feet wouldn't suffer from walking these ones. As she walked she eventually saw a building head--stables, it seemed, for horses if the smell drifting to her on the wind was any indication.

Hopefully they also had some sort of hotel for her to stay in for the night--and also directions to Zora Domain. To Home.

The sun began to set as she made her way to the outskirts of the stables. There seemed to be some
sort of celebration going on and she frowned. What could they be celebrating? Some sort of birthday or perhaps a holiday? She wasn't well versed in Hylian traditions—at least, no more than Link had been when he lived with the Zora.

As she approached the final steps, a couple of the Hylians celebrating looked up at her. Mipha tried to smile, embarrassed for absolutely no reason at all. The woman of the duo waved her over, grinning. "Hey there, Zora! We don't see many of you around these parts—Come join the celebrations!"

She finally pulled off a true smile as she joined the Hylian woman. "May I ask what we're celebrating...? I'm afraid I've been traveling for quite some time."

"Well, the defeat of Calamity Ganon, of course!" The woman laughed. "We just got a Shiekah messenger passing through earlier—she told us that the Princess and the chosen hero defeated it!"

Mipha felt her heart thud heavily in her chest and her smile falter. They beat...the Calamity? Without their help, huh? It left a bitter taste in her mouth at the realization that maybe the princess and Link had never needed them after all. But this woman didn't deserve any sort of sullen response.

Besides. The defeat of the Calamity was worthy of celebration.

"I'm glad to learn that the Calamity has finally been defeated," Mipha said out loud. She wondered if they had truly defeated it for good—or just sealed it away once more.

The woman laughed and the celebrations continued. Mipha halfheartedly participated, feeling heart ache that she had been rather useless, in the end. The celebrations as a whole did cheer her up—it was just the mere fact of why they were celebrating that bothered her.

Eventually, as the moon reached the highest point in the sky, the celebrations wind down to a close and everyone went to bed. When Mipha tried to pay with what few rupees she had on her, the stable owner waved her by telling her that it was a day of miracles—he could live with one night of free beds.

Mipha smiled and thanked him before picking out a bed. She was only glad that no one had noticed her healing injury.

The next morning, Mipha barely noticed the spear slice. Thanks to her multiple healing sessions, it had mostly healed to a thin line, leaving it to be a surface injury. Mipha decided to leave it be from there: Sometimes, things needed to heal naturally. Now that it was at this stage there no need to not let it heal naturally.

She also took the time to greet the stable owner and pay for some supplies with the last of her rupees—along with directions to the Zora Domain. When asked why she didn't know she just said, "Lizalfos."

That seemed to make the stable owner wince with sympathy and stop questioning her.

With everything taken care of—and still aching a little emotionally from the reveal the night before—Mipha set out after waving goodbye to the few people she recognized from the celebrations. Her trek out to the river wouldn't take too long, though the stable owner said she may run into left over monsters. Without a weapon, she may have some difficulties handling them but...Well, Zora are naturally stronger than Hylians.

Even without a weapon, she wouldn't have troubles.
Sighing to herself, Mipha watched the clouds go by as she walked. There weren't many, telling that there would not be any rain that day. Too bad, as she felt the mud would feel nicer on her feet than the hard stone and dirt she was walking on now. Ah well, soon enough she'll be back in the water like she had hoped since she woke up from that strange teleport.

Once she reached the river, Mipha sat down and dug into the food supplies she had brought. The food would carry her for the next few hours, until she reached the domain and could get some real food. And also see her father and little brother...She hoped Sidon was alright, after whatever had happened with Ruta. Perhaps it was silly, but she also worried for her divine beast.

Mipha still had no clues as to what had happened with Ruta, when that blight had attacked her. It seemed strange to her still that Ruta refused to answer her calls. As if Ruta was far away and Mipha had been shouting to her beast through a small tube...

She stifled a laugh at her own analogy: It sounded like something Link and their friends would come up with back before Link had gone to the Knight academy proper. Silly little comments and sayings that, to anyone but them, would make no sense. For some reason, she hoped that hadn't changed.

Which was odd, because why would it have changed? It had been only a few days, she'd guess, since she was teleported from Vah Ruta.

Shaking that train of thought away, she tied the cloth she had carried the supplies in around a tree, as if to mark where she'd been. With that in mind, she descended into the water and began swimming upstream toward where she knew her home was. Where her family waited for her.

Mipha had to be careful along the way as lizalfos and bokobolins had made camps along the riversides. As much as she knew she could probably take them, she still didn't want to start a fight when she could avoid it. A fight took time and she wanted to get home as soon as she possibly could.

Diving deeper into the river, she skimmed along the bottom of the river, her movements kicking the dirt and mud of the river up. Mipha was glad it was behind her: She knew that the mud kicked up from the bottom of rivers and lakes never felt good against a Zora's gills.

But keeping down low helped her avoid the fights and make good time to get to the Zora Domain. She thought about what to say--Did they know that the calamity had been taken care of? Did they know she had failed? Mipha frowned to herself as she swam around the fish in the river.

Eventually she reached the lake that led to the Zora Domain and paused to let her head above the water. She could see some of her people standing near the river that lead to the Domain's reservoirs--and above them, standing at the crest of the surrounding mountains, was her Ruta. The trunk was raised, as if pointing to something--but nothing came from it.

Mipha felt a thrill of fear in her chest but dispelled it: She could let herself be afraid later, when she knew more. Right now she decided to swim closer to the two other Zora, calling out, "Hello! I'm afraid I ended up a little far from home...?"

One of the two, a dark green Zora, frowned at her, confused. "What do you mean, too far from home...?" He seemed to be about her own age and she wondered why she had never seen him before.

"A teleportation gone wrong?" She offered, confused herself. Why did it seem like he had no idea who she was...?
The pale blue zora next to him had her mouth hanging open, however, as she surveyed her. She clasped a hand over her mouth as if to stop herself from sobbing and Mipha stared at her: What was with that sort of reaction...

She slid into the water and floated closer to Mipha, her stare drilling metaphorical holes into Mipha’s forehead. "Lady Mipha?" She finally asked, her voice filled with wonder. "Is that really, truly you?"

"Yes...? Of course it's me. Whoever else should I be?" Mipha wondered, her usually politeness faltering at what she saw as a strange question.

The other Zora wiped away tears and said shakily, "My name is Shaula, Lady Mipha. I--I knew of you, before we lost Vah Ruta, all those years ago. I was only a child then, about Lord Sidon's age--"

"What do you mean, years ago?" Mipha felt like her heart was going to stop any minute out of fear. She cannot be saying what she thought she was saying. Even a botched teleport wouldn't have done that, of all things.

Shaula shook her head. "Lady Mipha...we thought we lost you, 100 years ago. We thought you were done all this time."

100 years.

The words echoed in her head and she just stared because--that can't be right. Botched teleports--! She sucked in a breath as she felt her own eyes sting with tears. "Where is my father? And Sidon?"

"I'll take you to him." Shaula promised. "Reet, I'll be taking Lady Mipha back to the Palace. I think--I think we have some celebrations to have. I'll send someone down to replace me, okay?"

Mipha didn't agree but--She nodded at Shaula as they left behind the dark green Zora.

It felt like everything had changed.

Chapter End Notes

OCs ahoy! Shaula and Reet aren't super important--just some quick NPC Zora I made up for the scene.

idk how often i'll update this! Mostly because this is sort of a 'when the inspiration hits' type of story for me.

also i feel that for all that Mipha still has her family, I think it would hit her the hardest (except for maybe Revali?) to have lost so much time with them.
It seemed like nothing had changed at all.

To anyone besides a Gerudo, that would seem strange. The desert was constantly shifting, changing before one's own eyes. How can nothing have changed if it was always changing? But see, that is exactly why nothing had changed. Because it was always changing and to Urbosa the eternal change and shifting of the sands was a constant.

What actually threw her off was that the oasis town a few miles from her home had gotten larger in the time between her passing out in the sands of Naboris and waking up at the sheikah mountain shrine. It had once been a sole building, half collapsed in the sands.

Now, that single building had been rebuilt and trees grew all around the tiny oasis. Strange, strange, strange--Considering, also, that no one, not even her fellow Gerudo, recognized her...

Something was up.

Urbosa tapped her chin before grinning: Well! This was just a mystery she'd have to figure out herself by checking out the Gerudo Town! Nodding to herself, she fiddled with her small bag of rupees to pay for some food and water--mostly water and waved off the concerned questions regarding her injuries.

She'd be fine--injuries healed. Death didn't and she had escaped that, for now. Urbosa walked into the desert with the supplies she had bought and the sword she had woken up with. Said sword might not be her treasured scimitar but it was better than nothing at all.

The trek from the oasis to the Gerudo Town was a familiar one, if lonely. She'd always had someone else with her--whether that to be with her fellow Gerudo, or one of the Champions, or even Zelda.

Zelda...Urbosa hoped the girl was safe. After everything the princess had been through, she deserved some safety and peace. Granted, that was assuming that she and Link had been able to defeat Calamity Ganon. If they had been able to...then what was the point of the champions?

Urbosa sighed. She's think about that later, after she had found out where they were. Urbosa had to check up on her home first and then she could head to Castle Town, where the duo surely were. Or at least, hopefully were.

Shaking the sand from her make shift shoes, she made the final approach towards the town gates. The two guards greeted her warmly, as any gerudo did for another. Urbosa gave them a thumbs up before disappearing into town.

No one said a word to her, beyond the occasional stare at her light blue, stained champion's sash. It
was odd as she had gotten used to the praise and cheers from her fellow gerudo, when they were feeling excited. And there was definitely that type of feel to the air.

It had something to do with Calamity Ganon's defeat, she knew that for sure. After all, she had arrived in the Oasis the day after the celebrations had ended. Which was just too bad—if she had arrived the day of, she could’ve had some fun. Gerudo celebrations were some of the best—Only Zora celebrations ever seemed to match it.

She stifled a laugh at the sudden memory of Mipha and how crazy she would get during parties. Link had always seemed well aware of it while everyone else just looked on in shock.

It's always the quiet ones.

Urbosa stopped at the end of the street with a sigh. She was thinking about the others again: Somehow, the other four had wormed their ways close to her heart. Even that childish Revali had gotten close to her, contrary to her original belief.

Well, she supposed she wouldn't stop thinking about them until she knew they were as alright as Zelda and Link seemed to be. The best way to do that would likely be to head up to the palace, where the Gerudo Chieftain resided. If anyone knew anything it'd be them—her, or perhaps even him.

Nodding to herself, she made her way to the palace. The guards at the entrance glanced at each other and then Urbosa as she approached. They seemed ready to bare the way, but Urbosa raised a hand. "Now now, girls, I just need to talk to our lovely Chieftain for a bit."

"E-even if you just need to talk to Lady Riju, we can't let you pass!" The young of the two declared, flushed in embarrassment. The other nodded seriously in agreement.

Hm, if they weren't going to let her through...what should she do? As she was thinking of possible ways to convince the loyal guards to let her through, another guard passed through and stopped to gape open mouthed at Urbosa. She raised an eyebrow at the new onlooker and the two guards startled when they noticed her arrival. "Lady Buliara!"

"Lady Buliara?" The younger guard asked warily. "Are you alright...?"

"L-Lady Urbosa?!" Buliara finally yelped, no longer gaping at Urbosa. The two guards froze in shock. "You...Lady Urbosa, how are you here...?"

Urbosa raised an eyebrow as Buliara's yelp gained attention. The non Gerudo vai were confused while the gerudo—her people—stared in shock at Urbosa. Hm...Urbosa wondered at the shock. Why would they be shocked? Unless...oh dear. If they thought she was dead, then perhaps it would explain the shock.

She wondered what Naboris could've done to cause them to believe her dead. Shaking her head, she put her hand on her hip and smirked. "I walked. Now, if you don't mind, I do need to speak with our lover lady Riju." Riju...that wasn't the name of her successor, the last she checked. It had been...What was it again?

Before she could think of the name or even why she had forgotten it, Buliara was suddenly ushering her into the palace. She still seemed to be somewhat in shock. The guards drifting in the halls of the palace, occasionally giving them glances as Buliara pushed her onward. Just before they entered the audience hall, there was a tapestry hanging on the far wall.
A tapestry of her.

Urbosa blinked and then almost stumbled into the audience hall as Buliara pushed her forward again and stepped around her to head up the throne. So she was this Lady Riju's personal guard, hm? Or at least one of them. There was always two, after all.

Buliara disappeared onto the audience hall's balcony and Urbosa waited at the foot of the steps. A hushed discussion echoed down towards her followed by rapid footsteps. A young vai appeared from behind the throne and Urbosa wondered who she was.

"Announcing," Buliara said, her voice booming in the hall, "Lady Riju, Chieftain of the Gerudo!"

What.

This chief was still a child, yet given such heavy responsibility? Why would they force it onto a child and not someone with more experience? Even just a regent… Urbosa frowned: Someone so young shouldn't have such responsibility on their shoulders. Just look at Zelda...

Riju sat in the throne at the top of the stairs and stared intently down at Urbosa before finally speaking. "You are truly Lady Urbosa? Our Lady champion?" Our former chief was left unsaid between them.

"That is the name I use and carry with pride." Urbosa replied, giving a short bow to Riju. "May I ask why you seemed so surprised by this, Lady Riju?"

They stared at each other for a few long moments before Riju sighed, laying her hands on her lap as she turned her gaze towards the sky. "Are you sure you wish to know, Lady Urbosa? You might not like the answer we will give you."

Urbosa pursed her lips before nodding. "There's nothing that can shock me more than finding out that my efforts as a champions were quite useless, Lady Riju. Hit me with it."

Riju's lips twitched into a small smile before growing serious. Buliara's arms were crossed behind her back and she was just as serious as the gerudo chief. Urbosa watched them both glance at each other and Buliara nod at the young Riju.

She sighed. "Lady Urbosa. Your first clash with the Calamity--Was a hundred years ago."

There was a small celebration with the reveal of Urbosa's survival. The foreigners were confused by the second day of celebration but no one complained. After all, no one partied like the Gerudo partied.

Urbosa found herself spinning around with a couple of her fellow gerudo, dancing like she had never danced before. It was strange, how happy everyone was. She should feel welcomed with this happiness, with this joy radiating around them. But somehow...she felt lonely.

Perhaps what she needed was to ensure Zelda's safety. According to what Riju had explained in the audience hall, Link was alive and had freed the Divine Beasts with the blight that had attacked her. It was easy to come to the realization that the others had been attacked as she was. Urbosa could only hope that Link had been able to keep Zelda safe, while she had been in between.

And only hope that the others had been as lucky as she.

Yet...her waiting and hoping had never been her way of doing things. She needed to do something
and she couldn't do anything as a chieftain any longer. That power was no longer hers to command—but she could still do something.

Urbosa asked Riju if there were any Shiekah left in town. Unfortunately, the shiekah who had brought the message regarding the defeat of the Calamity had been a voe—which meant he was not allowed into the gerudo city. An intermediary had brought the message through from the oasis.

"That makes things more difficult." She admitted to the younger gerudo. "I was hoping to find out what may have happened to Zelda from him."

Riju eyed her almost knowingly before sighing with a nod. "Then I suppose you'll be heading to Kakariko, then?" Urbosa shot her a sharp surprised look. Riju sniffed. "I might be a child, but I can tell that you care for her, Link, and the other champions. Without your title as chief, you have almost nothing here."

She frowned. "You're my people, is that not enough?"

"No, no, that is a good enough reason!" Riju laughed. "But some need more, and I think that's you. In the morning, I'll provide you with supplies and a sand seal to make your way back to the plains of Hyrule, hm?"

Urbosa bowed her head to the girl—to the chief. Privately, she was relieved, glad that Riju was practically ordering her to go and find Zelda and the others. Now she would feel not lingering guilt over leaving her home.

The celebrations slowed to a stop in the early morning, as the sun began to rise. Urbosa had gone to rest earlier with the knowledge she would be leaving the next day so when she woke and walked the streets to see the many passed out gerudo and foreigners. She chuckled at the sight before moving to where the rental sand seals had once been stored.

Good thing she had gone to sleep, huh?

Lucky for her they were still there and Riju waited for her there, with Buliara standing there with a wrapped up package and pack. Riju smiled at her, the motion crinkling the skin around her eyes. "Hello, Lady Urbosa. We have your supplies, sand seal, and another gift for you."

"Oh? And what is that?" Urbosa asked as she looked at the clothed long package clasped in Buliara's arms.

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Riju's smile seemed to brighten. "Link found them, in Vah Naboris. It was after he defeated the Blight there and freed the Divine Beast from the Calamity's control." She waved her hand to Buliara. She handed over the package to Urbosa and the confused champion took it. When she pulled the cloth back, she couldn't help but grin wide and hard. "Well, well!" Urbosa chuckled. "My sword and shield...Good to see they're in one piece. I had been worried, when I couldn't find them when I woke."

"They must've been left behind, when you escaped," Riju said, "Link returned them as he believed we had more of right to them than he—and you have a better right to them than we do. So take them, and protect yourself on your trip."

Urbosa threw her head back with a sharp laugh. "Alright! I shall. Now, Riju...from one chief to another? Do keep yourself happy. There is nothing worse than an unhappy chief, understand?"

Riju smiled again, hard, and nodded. Buliara bowed as Urbosa took the supply pack and she made
her way to the sand seal. It had been so long since she had rode one and Goddesses knew she would be rusty. Ah well, she'd have to catch and tame a horse once she got into Hyrule proper.

That was going to be *fun*.

Chapter End Notes

Note: Urbosa is upset about Riju being chief because she's a kid and shouldn't have this responsibility yet. Not because she thinks she'd e a bad leader. okay?

also revali is prolly next and I Have Feelings about him which is weird because he's e least favorite???, what the nuts
Revali was not having fun.

Of course, waking up on the steps of a sheikah shrine with a clotting shoulder wound wasn’t fun for anyone. But for Revali it’s even worse: He can’t even fly, to his divine beast to finish the fight or back home. What was he supposed to do?

The obvious answer was just to walk but Revali despised that with a puff. In the end he decided to wrap up his injury with some makeshift bandages weaved together from cleaned tree bark. It wasn’t the best solution, but he sure as hell wasn’t going to shred his clothes just to bandage a half healed injury.

Which was just another factor into how he wasn’t having any fun—how in the name of the goddesses was his injury already healed? Well, mostly healed. It definitely wasn’t fresh like it had been just seconds before he had ripped it out and been teleported.

Revali eventually dropped it, for now, until he could find out more from the other champions. Because obviously, if they were champions, his supposed equals, then they should’ve survived as well, right?

Right.

Shaking his head, Revali continued on the path that led to the bridge to his home. Along the way he spotted shattered remains of guardians—and his own divine beast hovering over the village and its valley. He paused as he heard the sound of music echoing along the path. Frowning, Revali jogged forward and slowed to a stop and narrowed his eyes.

...A Rito Musician? One who was probably the most colorful Rito Revali had ever seen, and he grew up in Rito Village. He made a face and slowly approached. Even if he didn't want to talk to them, he still needed to figure out what was going on.

"Hey!" He cupped his hands around his beak. "What're you doing out here?"

What? He didn't say he was going to be polite about it.

The musician jolted. "Huh?" The colorful rito turned to Revali, tilting his head. "Oh, hello! I didn't notice you. And to answer your question—I'm a traveler! I assume you're the same?"

Revali looked away as he crossed his arms. He winced as the motion pulled on his injury. "Maybe I am," He said, trying to hide the pain in his voice.

"Are you...alright?" The musician asked, lowering the accordion. "If you need better wrappings, I
have some?"

He shook his head sharply. No way! If he was going to get any wrappings and such, he was going to get in under his own power, not from charity. The musician didn't seem too happy about his response but sighed.

"Well...Are you headed to Rito Village?" He asked awkwardly.

Revali sighed. "Yes." He regretted approaching this musician because Goddess knew he wasn't going to leave Revali alone now, damn it.

The musician shifted with some worry before finally saying: "Well then! I hope things go well in the village for you and--well, if we meet again fellow traveler, I will introduce myself then."

The older rito stowed away his accordion and then kicked off from the cliff side, disappearing into the sky, in the opposite direction of the village.

Rolling his eyes, he began heading down the path to the village. It was more well-worn than he remembered, but he supposed that was just because he tended to fly everywhere. Different perspectives can change everything.

But perhaps the most jarring change to the landscape was his Divine Beast perched above the village, as if it was ready to leap into the sky. Revali did know one thing though: He sure as hell hadn't put it there before he was teleported against his will.

He clenched his hands and stormed down the path, his feathers puffed up with his anger. For some reason, Revali could swear he could hear Daruk's teasing: 'Like an angry canary.'

The two guards at the bridge paused as he approached, eyeing them bother warily. "Who are you?"

The older of the two guards demanded, his own graying feathers puffed up defensively. Revali felt his already puffed up feathers stand on end, like the feathers were quite literally going to fall out.

"Revali," He said, voice sharp. "Now can you move?"

The younger guard jolted. "Like--Like the Champion?"

Oh Goddesses, save him, Revali scoffed loudly. "Yes, exactly like the Champion--Who else do you think I am?"

The guards stared blankly at him. For a moment, Revali felt his fiercely controlled anxiety surge forward, as if it wanted to remind him that he just wasn't good enough to be a Champion. Which was foolish! Of course he was--why else would Vah Medoh have chosen him as Champion?

Straightening, he stomped forward, slipping past the guards. They just continued to stare at him as he turned his back to them. It was only as he hit the halfway mark of the bridge that either of the guards said anything to him.

"You're supposed to be dead!" The younger's voice echoed through the valley. "You're supposed to have died one hundred years ago!"

One hundred years.

That was...too much. Too many years, days, months; All ones that he had somehow missed.

At first, he had been prepared to scoff and laugh at the accusation. Sure, maybe he could accept the
possibility of people thinking he was dead—but him dying one hundred years ago? That seemed insane and impossible to him.

But walking through the village and not seeing anyone he knew—None of his siblings, older or young; his aunts and uncles—none of them were in sight, as if they had vanished into mist, as if they had never existed to begin with.

He supposed the final nail in the coffin was when his youngest sibling, only a couple years old, appeared before. Except...She wasn't a couple years old anymore. No, she was ancient and wizen, as if she had seen the world fall, rise, and fall again.

Revali wanted to run away, but his damaged shoulder would never let him kick himself up and head out of the village. He compromised and found a small area out of the way of the village traffic. It...wasn't one of his old haunts so he hoped no one would find him.

Too bad for him, the local nestlings seemed to have spotted him. Or followed him, somehow.

The first of the nestlings to bother him was a bright purple nestling, her wide blue eyes tracking his movements. "Hi!" She smiled shyly. "Um...we were wondering..."

"Are you really Auntie Maldia's big brother?" A dark blue nestling asked, his voice cracking. "Aren't you too young to be her brother?"

"Nu uh!" A green nestling puffed, waving a hand in his face. "Didn't you hear? Papa said he got stuck somewhere so he didn't get older and stuff!"

Revali stifled a groan: This was why he hated hanging around his younger siblings. Nestlings were so loud, irritating, and didn't ever take a hint. Which he was all but radiating right now, Goddess damn it all.

Well, at least he could just let them argue amongst themselves. They'd exhaust themselves out before he ever had to intervene.

His guess was right, as the group of kids bickered until they were all yawning and still very quietly bickering. Revali scowled because he wanted to go back to the Inn room he'd rented (because he's not relying on his baby sister, no way!).

To his vague horror, his ancient baby sister stepped out of the shadows of the path back to the village. Well, now he was never escaping back to his hotel room, even as he stood up on reaction.

(...well, not unless he reminds her he had already rented it and paid for it. She won't make him stay in her place if he's already paid for another room, right?)

Maldia smiled down on the kids. "I think," She said with a small smile, "You nestlings need to head home. It's getting late, you know."

They groaned as one but didn't complain as they scuttled off, their heads bowed to Maldia's request. It was more like a command, Revali thought, but he probably shouldn't bring it up.

To his immense relief, Maldia didn't say anything to him, instead taking a seat on the cliff. She seemed just as interested in the distant setting sun as Revali had been only minutes ago. Revali squinted at her with a frown, as if trying to figure out her game.

After a couple minutes he finally decided that she didn't have anything to say so he returned to his spot sitting near the cliff's edge. He sat there as the sky turned purple, red, orange, like a fiery show
of magic and light. The only thing comparably, to him, was that one magic show that he had attended in Hyrule's Castle Town.

Zelda had been so annoyed back then. Something about science and magic, and them not being that different.

Not that he would know.

Revali finally sighed. "What do you want, Maldia?"

She hummed for a moment as if thinking about it. "Well, I suppose it depends on you. What do you want, Revali?"

What was that supposed to mean? He frowned at her, hiding his cringe as he crossed his arms again. "Right now? I want to be alone." Later...that seemed like a good time to figure out how the hell all of this happened in the first place.

Maldia laughed. "You're just as ornery as Vela used to say, after we thought you died."

Vela: Their older sister, the closest to his age sibling. She had always been calm and gentle with him when he had been growing up, despite his rage and anger. Or his anxiety and fear, depending on how he was feeling that day.

(It would be a lie to say he didn't wish he'd been a better nestling, if only for Vela. Never for anyone else.)

"I'm not ornery," He said instead.

Maldia giggled--giggled, she's what, 102? Who giggled when they were that old?--and leaned back. "If you say so, dear. But I think Vela would be happy, to see you're still alive."

Revali looked away, huffing. He wouldn't disagree because Vela had always been oh so stubborn, the only one of his siblings to insist on trying to stay close with him. Well, until he became Champion. He was...very popular with his siblings after that.

Silence settled over them like a comfortable scarf. It was rare, he thought, that he felt comfortable in silence. People always tried to force him to talk and Goddess knew he didn't like talking all the time. And the sun set in their silence.

Eventually, Revali stood up, gently patting at his shoulder. "I'm going to be my hotel room." He declared. Maldia hummed in acknowledgement but didn't get up: Her intention to stay there was clear.

He shrugged and grumbled as he felt the painful pull at his wound. Stupid thing: He can't wait until the damn thing was healed. Yawning, Revali swept down the path way back into the village. Most of the other rito had returned to their homes to rest and enjoy time with their families.

Revali huffed and stopped in front of the Inn. He didn't know why, but he felt...anxious about going in. Rito were always all about family and staying together as a family. It made Revali feel out of place, if only because he never cared as much about his siblings and extended family as the rest of the rito seemed to care for theirs.

Perhaps that was why he had been so relieved to be Champion, to leave his home and perhaps not
feel out of place for once.

To not feel shamed by his many siblings about his lack of affection for his family. But how can he?
Most of them ignored him and his existence--only finally acknowledging him after becoming Champion. How silly, right?

How silly, that his nestling siblings and Vela were the only ones he had liked--the former because they hardly bothered him but also at least seemed to like him and the latter because he knew Vela liked him. His other siblings had always seemed insincere.

At least his parents had never tried to pander to him.

Well, shaking those thoughts away was for the best. Heading into the Inn, he ignored the rito at the desk, who had looked up at him with concern and curiosity. Nope, he was not dealing with their curiosity--He didn't want to have to deal with that whatever it would be right now.

What he wanted to do was unpack the first aid kits he had picked up earlier and clean up his injury and the makeshift bandage under his Champion sash.

It was painful, pull it off and disinfecting it in his room. It was for the best, he knew, but it still hurt like hell. But in the end it was for the best, because he could already feel it being soothed by the cool ointment he had rubbed in between his feathers. Combined with the just tight bandages--yeah, it'd heal fine.

The morning after his bandaging, he was confronted again by Maldia. She held out a small box before she said, "Look, I don't think you should stay here in Rito Village. This place was never good for you, Vela said. So I...please take this with you, when you leave."

Revali stared at the box before taking it from her hand. He opened it, slowly at first. Inside was...

"Why did Vela have this?" He demanded.

Inside were the 'crown' feathers of their family, meant to be worn by the head of the family. It was an old tradition, one that most in the rito didn't attend to anymore. If only because it was considered far too hard to do when you had massive families--which was very common in the age that he grew up in.

Now though...

"Why me?"

Maldia grinned down at him. "Technically, you're the oldest man still in our family--technically labeling you as our 'head', even if the others don't acknowledge it."

He scowled. "The others?"

"Your nieces and nephews--though I can assure you that our brothers and sisters didn't have nearly as many children as our mother and father did." Maldia paused. "...This was the last thing Vela asked of me. She refused to believe you had died, so I agreed to hold onto this on her deathbed."

Revali stared down at the soft blues and greens of the crown feathers. Vela had made her promise, huh? Groaning, Revali pulled the feathers out and expertly weaved them against his own feathers. "There," he said, "Happy now?"

To his surprise, she leaned forward and hugged him tightly. "Thank you, dear brother." Maldia whispered to him before she pulled back, still beaming at him.
He puffed and looked away, not really knowing how to respond to that. He was used to the scolding and teasing tones of the other Champions (even if they did sometimes agree or encourage him) to really. *Feel* the gratitude Maldia was radiating.

...Goddess, he really needed to go find them didn't he?

"Go to Kakariko," Maldia said suddenly. "That place--the Shiekah will surely know what happened to you--and if the other Champions suffered the same way."

Revali sniffed. "I planned on it. And I..." He stopped and shook his head, his gaze resting on Vah Medoh. "You know what. Never mind. I'll head out now."

Maldia didn't disagree, dropping a pack in his hands. They had a short argument over it ("I don't want charity!" "You can pay me back later, so it's not charity.") before he grumblingly agreed to taking the pack and set off.

He never noticed the Shiekah Messenger rushing up the steps to the main square, joy and excitement rolling off of them in waves. Revali didn't have time to notice. After all...

This was going to be a long trip.

Chapter End Notes

headcanon that revali had a large family and felt. out of place among them save for the youngest sibs and immediate older sister.

also that he has major anxiety and his over confidence is him trying to compensate for that.

idk if it was clear, but the shiekah messenger hadn't made it to the rito village before revali left, meaning that they didn't yet know that calamity ganon had been defeated. That revelation is going to be oh so fun to write.

End Notes

revali is weirdly fun to write even if....he is my least fav champion.

anyway i wanted more champions survive to canon/post canon for botw so!! here i am writing some i will do it myself if i have to.

honestly the explanation i have for the story is prolly way out there and might not make a lot of sense but it's just an excuse to have the champions survive so i don't rly care.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://www.fanfiction.net) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!