

A Matter of Pride

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/19238953) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/19238953>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild , The Legend of Zelda & Related Fandoms
Relationship:	Mipha & Revali (Legend of Zelda)
Characters:	Mipha (Legend of Zelda) , Revali (Legend of Zelda) , Prince Sidon
Additional Tags:	Pre-Calamity Ganon , Zora's Domain , Baby Sidon - Freeform , Mipha wants to help , Revali Being Revali , Fluff , Mipha didn't realize it would be this difficult , One Shot , Sidon really wants to meet the Champions , pushing Revali outside his mental comfort zone , the Divine Beasts are strange characters , Hair Braiding
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-06-16 Words: 3,698 Chapters: 1/1

A Matter of Pride

by [HebrewJournals](#)

Summary

Mipha understands that each Champion has their own unique temperament's, it is how each one is able to board and accompany their Divine Beasts. However, while the Champions are tasked to use their fighting skills as a team, one seems fixed on going it alone. While she struggles in finding a way to convince her prideful fellow Champion to rely on his companions for support, the center of her predicament nearly falls into her lap. Revali, quite soaked and rather miffed, appears in the Domain without explanation. As Mipha takes on the harsh task of simply talking to the high strung Rito, she slowly finds that there is a reason for his mannerism. She also comes to realize that his fellow Champions are not the only ones he's refusing help from...

Notes

OK FIRST FIC, HERE WE GO! So, this is just a little idea that's been floating around my head for a while. I enjoyed it so I finally got up the courage to go ahead and post it here. Anyway, I wanted to give a little insight to Revali's personality just because I always find that there is a lot to people who usually restrict their emotions. I know that they usually have a reason behind the mask and who better to start cracking it than our favorite Zora princess, hmm? I kinda put two polar opposites in this story to work out how things would be handled between them. Well, I enjoyed writing the story. I hope you enjoy reading it. (Sorry for the funky formatting, I'm still figuring everything out hehe)
Characters aren't mine....no matter how much I want them to be...

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Mipha nearly couldn't keep the snort of laughter from crossing her lips as the drenched ball of feathers stood stiffly in front of her.

Zora's Domain was never truly considered a dry place, considering its location, but aside from the lakes that supplied her home with a steady stream of water the thunderstorms could be colossal. Mipha often enjoyed spending days like this aboard Vah Ruta. Despite the Divine Beast's rather boisterous, motherly attitude, its demeanor calmed greatly when rain pelted its mechanical surface. It was times like these that Mipha and Ruta could simply sit and enjoy what they swore to protect.

Nonetheless, the Zora was glad that she had decided to observe the Divine Beast from the East Reservoir Dock when a dark shadow sped through the sky just inside of her peripheral vision. When her eyes instinctively locked onto the figure, she had tilted her head slightly in confusion. The Rito Champion was not expected.

Now Revali shivered visibly as the water undoubtedly soaked through his thick coat of feathers and into his body. They took shelter under the small room that the builders of Zora's Domain had gifted her in order to stay close to Ruta should she feel it. She was still trying to repay them for that.

Refocusing her attention, Mipha studied the dark feathered Rito intently. His sodden appearance was rather alarming for her. She had very rarely seen the bird-like creatures around the Domain, much less been able to get a close look at them. Her recent trip to Castle town for the Champion's inauguration had been an eventful one. *So many races in one place...*

Shaking her head again to clear her thoughts she resumed her study. As she had addressed before, his appearance was rather startling. She had met Revali before, of course, but she wasn't even sure she was staring at the same person. His soaked feathers laid flat to his body, revealing just how gaunt and muscular he really was. His braids were bedraggled and some were missing the ribbon that was spun through them.

Yet what surprised her the most was the utter *exasperation* on the Rito Champion's face. The Zora Princess blinked in surprise, then squinted as if her eyes were lying to her. The few and only expressions she had seen Revali allow himself to show were ones of cocky arrogance and smug self-satisfaction. To see a true expression of weariness....well she never thought she would. Not from him.

And that was when her eyes flicked to his shoulder. She hadn't noticed it when he was flying, he was too quick for that, but she was noticing it now. In mere seconds she had closed the distance between them, pulling him down by his scarf until he was crouching to match her height. Of course he began to squawk and pull away with protest, but her grip was that of steel.

"What in the Goddesses name's are you doing?!"

She ignored his thrashing, glaring him down until he pouted silently. She turned her focus back to the disturbed feathers on his shoulder. The rain had washed any blood that poured from the long gash down his shoulder, making it less visible but visible none the less. *An arrow made this?*

“Champion Revali, what did you do to yourself?”

He scoffed and turned his gaze out of the room, instead focusing on the Zora’s Divine companion.

“I took care of that Lynel, since you so obviously were unable to yourself.”

Once again he did a poor job of hiding the exhaustion in his voice, but she ignored the comment all the same. She tore her eyes away, which had focused on his face to express her shock, and settled them on his shoulder. She took a deep breath and rested her hands softly on the wound. As predicted, the Rito flinched as her fingers touched the open gash, squirming under her hands.

“Hey-”

“Hold still, please.” She didn’t take her eyes off her hands, keeping them concentrated, but she allowed him to make the decision. Slowly, he relaxed under her touch. With this gesture she allowed the warm healing energy to flow from her chest and out to her fingers. As she felt the wound begin to close she relaxed a bit, releasing the breath she didn’t realize she had been holding. The prideful Champion watched with wide eyes, gazing intently at the hands on his shoulder.

When she was sure the slash was completely closed she removed her hands and allowed him to stand. As he returned to full height he rolled his shoulder with caution. She could tell that he barely believed the good condition it had returned to.

However, once he realized the Zora princess was watching him with a soft smile he rolled his eyes and turned his gaze back out to the reservoir. He reached for his braids with both wings, most likely meaning to take them out to fix, but he quickly brought the previously injured one back down with a hiss. She frowned.

“Forgive me,” she offered, “I am afraid I cannot relieve you of some soreness. Your muscles are adjusting to the quick healing process.” He glanced at her, disappointed he could not tidy himself up a bit. As she watched him rub the shoulder gingerly she debated just how much generosity Revali would accept from her before he flew off all together. Pouring rain or no.

Finally, she got up the urge to offer her help.

“I could-” She broke off as his emerald gaze quickly snapped back to her. Taking a breath, she continued her sentence. “I do know how to braid, it would be my pleasure to assist you.” She carefully took one of the folded blankets from a corner of the room and held it out to him. Most Zora slept in the water or on the water mattresses alone, however, without the mountains surrounding the reservoir as they did the domain it could get quite chilly. The blankets came in handy more often than not.

"I don't need your help. I can do it myself." His voice was brisk but his eyes betrayed him, gazing longingly at the dry fuzziness of the blanket.

"Of course you can," she responded, "but I'd like to." He seemed to be contemplating her offer, squinting slightly as if she meant to trick him. "Please," she added.

After a moment of suspicious eye contact, he took the blanket cautiously. She smiled encouragingly as he wrapped it around his shoulders, careful not to move the sore one. She moved to pick up another one and set it on the crystal blue ground as a cushion to sit on. The Zora knelt down on the comfy surface and patted the remaining space in front of her, gesturing for him to sit. He still hesitated, but finally sat cross legged. He remained as stiff as when he had stood.

Carefully, she reached up to his braids and began to pluck the emerald beads from the ends of the messy strands which had been holding them together. Had she not been so close she would have missed the tiny flinch that followed this action. She moved her hands gently through his hair, undoing the Rito styled braids and combing through the knots that had developed. As she worked she glanced back at his now healed shoulder.

"On behalf of all the Zora in the Domain, I thank you, Revai. It was brave and kind of you to take on such a task that was not your own." *If not somewhat foolish as you went alone.* She kept that last comment to herself. The Zora wanted to get to know this Champion, not for him to fly off in a raging fit. Ahead she could hear him snort.

"I did it simply because you Zora are too weak to handle some lightning on your own."

She sighed deeply. This would not be an easy conversation. *Well, she thought, at least use his self confident words to your advantage.*

"It is not always a sign of weakness to ask for help, Master Revali. The Zora cannot control their vulnerability to Electric attacks, so yes, we must ask for help." She hesitated for a moment. "There is no shame in asking for help, Revali. I hope you understand that..."

There was a scoff but no real words countered hers. With a sigh she reached up and took out the last braid, leaving his dark hair to hang flat against his back. It was long. Longer than she would have guessed. She set the last jade ring to the side along with the tan ribbons that were woven into them.

"Please hurry, would you? I wouldn't like to be here all day," Revali chided. Mipha was usually a calm and tentative person, not one to jump to conclusions or anger, but this small conversation was taxing. Still, she kept herself in check. There was something about this fellow champion that intrigued her. As one would have guessed, he was not showing his true colors. Mipha wanted to know why. So, in time, she would speak her mind. For now, she would 'roll with the punches' as her brother often quoted with a gleaming smile. She could be sly when she wanted to be. And this slyness was far from harmful intention.

Smiling to herself she reached up to start a new braid. As she separated some of the strands into three equal groups, she made the split second decision to put her own twist on things, consequences be damned.

As she intertwined the ribbon through the braid she caught sight of Revali's gaze. He seemed to be lost in thought, staring straight at Vah Ruta's rather relaxed frame as it sat in the reservoir, trunk pointed up to catch the rain.

"The Divine Beasts truly are a sight to behold, aren't they?" she thought out loud.

Her fellow Champion hummed in response.

"It is a shame they do not all hold the capability to fly. But I suppose not everyone can carry the attributes of the Rito"

"But each does hold a unique trait," she stated calmly. "The Champion Daruk's can withstand blazing heat as well as the activity of the mountain. Urbosa's creates lightning all on its own. I would love to see it." She laughed softly. "As long as I was at a safe distance of course."

"And yours?" At this point there wasn't much snideness to his tone, just a mild curiosity, much to Mipha's surprise. She continued on quickly, not wanting to lose the Rito's focus.

"Well, Vah Ruta is closely connected to water, as all Zora are. She controls the weather here. However, this is not one of her storms. There is no water being spouted from her trunk." Mipha untangled one of her hands to point over Revali's shoulder, indicating towards the Divine Beast's nose-like appendage. "Though I assure you, her storms can be fierce."

He nodded in response and a few moments of silence followed their conversation. The quiet allowed her to focus as she slipped the emerald colored ring over the end of the braid. As she started another Revali spoke up again.

"I recognize my own Divine Beast as a hawk. From what I've spotted at Death Mountain, the goron's is a lizard. Yours, however...what is it?" She looked up from her work and back over to Vah Ruta.

"I believe she is something called an 'Elephant.' I've heard of them before, they reside in a far away land but I'm not sure where exactly. I believe I remember reading somewhere that they are considered wise and knowledgeable creatures. Perhaps they did reside in Hyrule long ago."

"And Urbosa's?" he urged. The Zora Princess tilted her head slightly. That one she was not so sure about.

"I...I'm not certain. I believe that the princess described Vah Naboris as a...Carmel? Camel? Camen? Something like that. You would have to ask Urbosa to be certain."

He huffed with what she was sure was supposed to be annoyance but rather sounded like disappointment.

Another prolonged lull in their conversation gave her a moment to turn her attention to the conditions outside the small shelter. The rain still showed no signs of letting up and she could tell by the rapidly darkening grey clouds that it was getting late. Perhaps she could convince Revali to stay here for the night. She was sure he could handle himself but she would sleep

better if she knew he wouldn't be doing anything reckless, especially with his sore wing. She decided to start that conversation later...

"If I may ask, how you have connected with your Divine Beast? I know that Daruk was having a few struggles in controlling Vah Rudania."

"Fine. I was able to connect to Vah Medoh immediately. It is now under my direct control and obeys my every command." His voice dripped with self satisfaction but she didn't acknowledge it. She was fighting with herself, wanting to ask something that seemed impossibly stupid and stupidly impossible. Still, she willed herself to ask.

"Does...does Vah Medoh...does it speak to you?" Instantly the Rito Champion stiffened, obviously discomforted by the thought. She quickly tried to explain herself. "Well, not exactly *speak* but-"

"I know..." His voice was so soft she was surprised she caught it in her frantic state to clarify. She blinked. Now...that tone unnerved her. Dark and rigid. What she didn't understand was why. While Vah Ruta had never *spoken* to her, the moment she had boarded the Divine Beast she had...*felt her*. A presence flows through her Divine companion. A spirit. And through it she could feel it's will, it's thoughts, it's personality. But it had never been unkind. It was a friend in a very trying time. Was Vah Medoh different?

"...You sound as if it has antagonized you," she stated carefully. The avian didn't answer but his feathers were bristling slightly, seemingly slipping past his controlled attitude. *Maybe Vah Medoh has a similar attitude to Revali*. As she pictured that in her mind she could see how those two would butt heads. But...then the Divine Beast would not obey his commands... "Revali?" she urged. He took a deep breath.

"It..." he hesitated, clearly not enjoying putting his thoughts into words, "it puts me on edge." Well, she could see that plain as day.

"May I ask why?" She watched as the Rito raised a feathery hand slightly and balled it into a fist, as if trying to grab something. He opened his beak but released no words. His eyes narrowed before finally saying, "No."

She tilted her head at his seemingly subconscious action. What had gotten him this uptight?

And then it clicked. Her hands stopped their intricate patterns as her realization came full fold.

Control. He hated lacking control. That was why his emotions were always in check. It was why he made sure everyone knew where he stood and what he thought, truthful or otherwise. It was why he acted alone in most situations, loathing to ask for help. It was why, when he found himself in situations that did not agree with him, he would find the nearest get away. And that was why he was unsettled now.

Each Divine Beast has thoughts and personalities of their own. So, ideally, should they disagree with their pilots they would be able to make their own decisions. *But the champions and the Divine Beasts are meant to work hand in hand*. If Revali refused to hand Vah Medoh

it's half of the reigns the consequences could be dire. They needed to work together. Neither one can handle it alone, despite the Rito Champion's confident words.

"Revali, you must remember that not four, not six, but ten of us are in this as a team. You cannot carry this weight on your own," she cautioned.

"Please. The rest of you aren't much to rely on. Do remember that I took care of that little problem of yours on the mountain." Despite his cool words she found herself smiling softly and shaking her head. She slipped the last bead over her final braid and placed her hands back in her lap, studying her handiwork.

"Sometimes, you don't need much, Champion. Since you will never let me live this down, I know you will not trust me in combat. However, I hope that in time you will count on me to speak to." He snorted and opened his beak to retort but was cut off. "Especially since reading you is like reading those hylia children stories to Sidon every night." Of course, that was completely untrue, but he didn't need to know that. And judging by his reaction, he didn't. From behind his plumage the Zora princess watched as his eyes widened in shock. If he was stiff before, now he was *rigid*.

He rose to his feet quickly, obviously angry and flustered. His mouth dangled open as he tried to come up with some sort of remark but none came. He tossed his head in fury, causing the strange braids to lay on his shoulder. Which actually might have saved her attempts at an actual conversation with the avian. When he noticed their intricate design he stopped in his tracks.

"They are Fishtail braids," Mipha explained, "they are often a Zoras sign of appreciation and friendship towards a companion of another race." She stood from the blanket and folded it again, laying it back on the bed. She smiled as she remembered how Link had beamed the first time she found his hair long enough to braid. Returning to the moment she shifted her gaze back to the archer. She honestly expected him to be even more outraged, or even to be gone, disappearing into the late hour's darkness. Her heart fluttered when she saw a ghost of a smile crossed his face. Sadly, it was just that. A ghost. *Baby steps, Mipha* .

While he studied the braids she stepped up to him, laying a scaled hand on his wing. With it, the near invisible smile disappeared, but he didn't pull away. She pulled off her best Vah Ruta impression, firm but caring. She needed to look up to meet his cool green eyes but she made sure that her height did not make her expression any less meaningful.

"Know this, Champion Revali, despite all that you say and do, you will always be a friend in my eyes. All I can ask is that perhaps you give me that same chance. I don't wish to hurt or offend you, and neither do the others. Quite the opposite, in fact. Please understand, should you need it, want it, or otherwise, we will be there for you." She smiled whole-heartedly. "You may not now, maybe never, but we are there nonetheless." His blank expression had not changed but her hand told her that he was shaking slightly.

She let her hand slide off his wing and took a step back. His eyes followed her but she could tell he was deep in thought. Mipha nearly jumped as she remembered it was raining outside. By this point the only light came from the luminous structure they had taken shelter under.

“And one more thing, I would feel much better if you stayed the night here. You could use this room if you don’t want the attention of the village. I realize that a Champion visiting might bring you unwanted attention.” She glanced to the bed and then back to him. He had finally dropped the blank expression that must have been a job to hold. If he wasn’t exhausted earlier, he was now. He stood with his eyes closed with a rather lax stature. Somehow, though, he showed the smallest bit of defiance at her words. “I will not push you, please do what you feel best. But should you stay, feel free to make yourself at home.” The Zora gestured to the blankets and fruit laying on one of the counters of the room.

With that she gave him one last comforting smile and left the shelter to allow him to think. With how battered he looked she felt she owed him some solitude. Vah Ruta bellowed a goodbye to her pilot as she made her way to the reservoir's steps to return home. She walked in a haze, thoughts spiraling in her head. Though the Zora hated putting that mental strain on him, especially after a battle, she felt it was necessary for him to know. Hopefully their next conversation would not be so taxing. For either of them.

Sidon had nearly bitten her head off when he found out that another Champion had been there without his knowing. His cheeks were puffy with tears and his little hands balled into fists and he refused to breath until Mipha had finally given in, promising that, if Revali had stayed, she would introduce him.

So, as they made the climb back to the reservoir the next morning, Sidon bounced with excitement. When her Divine companion was finally in sight, it gave another roar. Sidon waved cheerily at it and began to skip when he suddenly stopped dead. A gust of wind tore through the air, nearly knocking them both off their feet. As it cleared, she just caught a glimpse of the dark feathered avian shooting skyward and disappearing into the morning mist.

Sidon’s expression went from one to astonishment to childish disappointment in mere seconds. As Mipha tried to explain that he was probably homesick, which was something that usually worked on Sidon, she couldn't help but smile with a mix of accomplishment and delight. Despite everything, he had stayed. He had taken her offer, and he had stayed. She had asked, and he had obliged. Of course he would never admit it in the future, but it didn’t matter. All she could hope was that this was the start of a friendship. One she had looked forward to since she had first laid eyes on him.

End Notes

Well? How was it? Did you kinda wanna punch Revali? Did you want to encourage him with Mipha's same words? Did you want to help Mipha explain? That usually tells me I am doing my job, so let me know! Other than that I am always up for some constructive criticism. It helps me a lot so don't be shy! (But do be gentle please. I realize not everyone sees these characters the same way but I'd rather avoid someone screaming how wrong I am.) Anyway, as my drawing skills improve I hope to draw this scene in the future. It probably wont be any time soon but I can dream haha. Well a HUGE thanks to all that took the time to read this! Peace out my fine brotatochips!

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