

Dess had not imagined that running away from his home would be so hard. He sat on the large stump of a tree that had once been three times as wide as him, rolling his last Pokéball in his fingers and reflecting on the poor decisions that had led up to this point of his life. Ever since he'd first touched one of these little red-and-white devices, he'd just *known* that it was his destiny to become a pro. A pro trainer, breeder, ranger - anything. He felt like he was born to throw it. Unfortunately, this gut suspicion was one carefully manufactured by the Poké-industrial complex, and it was more a function of the care that had been put into the engineering of Pokéballs - being made to be thrown, they felt very throwable - and the amazing stories of legendary Pokémon masters he'd heard than any special attention from fate. Fate, it turns out, actually picks people's futures by putting them on a dartboard and throwing a lit match at it.

Regardless, Dess had desire in his heart, youth in his bones, and an urge for adventure. So, he'd stolen a few Pokéballs and meals from the pantry, and he'd taken off. He had only made it a few Routes from home - no further than he'd gone before - before he'd run out of Pokéballs. He'd missed the bits of the stories where you tended to need to be given a Pokémon to start things off for yourself, and had been chucking balls rather uselessly at Weedles and Wормadams who responded to his tosses by putting the sharpest parts of themselves through his clothes and into his skin. Only one Pokémon - a Mankey - had gone in the ball, and it had even wiggled once before the enraged primate was out of the ball, on Dess' head, and pulling on his hair.

Fighting off his would-be team had him tired out, and his parents probably hadn't even noticed that he was gone yet. His parents were not all about him going out on a "Pokémon adventure" at all. They were, in fact, having exactly none of it. Dess' parents owned some Miltanks in a purely utilitarian manner, and they had clearly decided that growing portly on their milk was the one acceptable use for Pokémon. Their choices for him had been "study hard and go to school in the city or be a good boy and keep milkin' the 'mons in the yard." Now, Dess had no special hatred for Miltanks, but grabbing their udders was always a little weird, and learning didn't quite suit the boy, so he'd taken "none of the above" for all he was worth...

And, now, here he was, about to have to go back and explain where all the Pokéballs had gone. He gripped the last one tightly, and stood up. No - he still had one chance. One. He'd wrestle the next Pokémon into submission if he had to - he just didn't want to go back. There was a forest that he was near the edge of. He had been sticking to the clearer patches of grass, but he figured that if that wasn't gonna work, maybe the Pokémon in the forest would be less prepared for him.

Dess was predictably wrong. He made it a pretty long ways into the forest before he saw anything, and by the time he did, he'd made it deep enough that some of them were evolved. A

Marowak had waved its club threateningly at him, causing him to flee in terror, there were Beedrills in the trees, and he could have sworn he'd seen a Haunter following him. Unfortunately, none of them were sticking around long enough for him to get a hand or even a lead on them.

He was about to give up and try to find his way back when he heard some splashing about off to his right. Crouching down and following the sound, he eventually saw a pond between the trees. And, as he got closer, he saw that there was someone there in that pond. They sat on the edge of the water with their legs in it, their gown splayed out around them. Occasionally, they kicked the water, making just the noise that had drawn Dess in. Hoping that they'd have some advice for him, or at least some Pokéballs, Dess drew nearer.

As his eyes adjusted to the light of the clearing, though, it became apparent that neither of those things were in store for him. The first hint was the weird green hair. The long white gown, the long slender arms - he had to search his memory banks, but he eventually convinced himself that he wasn't looking at some inexplicable green person. He was looking at a Gardevoir.

And, the moment he thought the thing's name, it turned to look right at him. Psychic types love doing that sort of thing, of course. Nearly everyone likes to show off some of the time, but they really take it to another level. With an impossible grace, it bounced up to its feet, gown swirling all around its legs. It was as tall as he was, maybe even a little taller, and it seemed to float more than walk towards him. Its legs did move, beneath the gown, but with an unnatural smoothness to their movements. He was so busy trying to figure out that mystery that he didn't notice anything odd about it moving towards him rather than away from him until the Gardevoir was standing right over him where he crouched. And, as he looked up at it, a thought popped up in his head - "*You're lost.*"

It had been his own thought, he was pretty sure, but he didn't quite remember thinking it. Plus, it would have been quite strange to suddenly start referencing himself in the second person. And, moreover, the thought he should have been thinking at that moment definitely was, "*Why is this thing just looking at me like that?*"

The answer came back in a very snappy manner. "*Because you're cute.*" This one he had a hard time reconciling, because it definitely didn't think like a thought of his own. Boys didn't just go around thinking about how cute they were in the presence of a big, powerful psychic. Psychic... Hmm. If Dess were any smarter, he might have stayed at home. But he wasn't, and so here he was, not yet having quite figured out the particulars of what had gotten into his head.

The Gardevoir put a hand to its mouth and pantomimed a giggle. Nature hadn't actually seen fit to give Gardevoir much to giggle with, but they knew when it needed to be done and made do for a show of it with what they had. "*Say your name,*" Dess thought. A fair enough thought, he thought. Odd to introduce himself to a wild creature, but he'd apparently decided it was the best course of action for the situation at hand. "I'm... Dess?"

The Gardevoir appeared to take well to Dess' introduction, because it cheerfully extended a hand down to him. "Gardevoir," it said, in a voice he heard more in his skull than his ears. Dess looked at its hand for a second, then took it and slowly rose from his crouched position.

"Pleased to meet you?" Dess offered. His statements had an upwards inflection because he still wasn't quite sure that this was how you were supposed to deal with Pokémon. But, clearly, it was getting him farther than he'd gotten before, so he stuck with it. The Gardevoir's soft fingers gently wrapped around his. Dess had expected his handshake attempt to be returned, but it seemed that the Gardevoir just wanted to hold hands, because it wasn't letting go. It was just beaming down warmly at Dess, psychic comfort flowing from its hand to his own.

"*Say your name again,*" Dess thought. He was much too in-the-moment to worry about where this train of thought was coming from or headed, so he went with it. "Dess." And then, "*Again.*" This one he questioned. It definitely seemed that the Gardevoir would have gotten the picture by then. He kept silent, for just a second, and then the warm, happy feeling that the Gardevoir was emanating from his hand stopped. Dess didn't like that one bit - it made his hand tingle and feel so empty, even though it was still being held. "*Again.*" His eyebrows got screwed up in thinking - he was definitely close to figuring something out here, he knew, but the whole hand thing was starting to take precedence. "Dess." The feeling returned, and so did Dess' dopey smile.

The next thought - "*Say it over and over. Like a Pokémon. Like me.*" - coupled with the mischievous little gleam in the Gardevoir's eye, put a bit too much strain on his suspension of disbelief, and the whole thing snapped. "Wait a sec!" He shook his head and looked up at the Gardevoir angrily, though he was clearly too reluctant to let go of its hand to do so. "You're in my head, aren't ya?"

The Gardevoir did another of its almost-chuckles, then looked down at him and tilted its head innocently. "Garde?" Its voice didn't just stop this time, though. It echoed around the clearing again and again, gaining volume with each bounce off the trees, until it was overpowering him from every direction at once. It got so bad that he had to withdraw his hand just so he could put both of them over his ears, but it didn't seem to help at all.

Just before it made his knees buckle out from under him, the Gardevoir put its hands on his shoulders and crouched a little, down to eye level with Dess. It put its hands on his shoulders, and the pain fell away instantly. When his wits returned to him, he was suddenly scared. Was that an attack? Was he in danger here, suddenly?

"No," he thought. "*You're safe here. Look at me.*" It took him a second to remember where those thoughts were coming from, and by the time he remembered, he'd already gone through with it. He'd opened his eyes and seen the Gardevoir's own eyes right there in front of him, staring right into him. Perfect, shining rubies for irises, dotted with pupils that contained stars, galaxies, blue shimmering lights deep back behind them that he flew towards like a moth - those eyes met his gaze.

*"Dream."* He was flung back into his own head, into the real world for a moment, and then the world seemed to pulse all around him, like someone had just plopped a smooth rock into the waters of reality. When it resolved itself back into a clear image, he was somewhere else. The dark forest had been replaced by a breezy, sunny meadow. The Gardevoir still stood in front of him, but regardless, there really *was* no danger in this place, Dess knew. A feeling of total security overtook him, and a big, silly smile spread over his face as he looked up to the fluffy clouds.

The Gardevoir took him by the shoulders and started walking Dess along, singing some quivering, wordless tune that was so sweet it seemed to make Dess' ears melt right off his head. His head rocked side to side in its slow rhythm as they stepped towards a shimmering lake. Even without words, it was somehow the most meaningful thing he had ever heard. The meaning he took was that this Gardevoir was perfect, and that he had been made for it. *"Capture me,"* the Gardevoir thought for him. *"Capture me, and be mine forever,"* his sugar-coated thoughts suggested. Dess just nodded lazily.

A hand that wasn't his own reached up to wipe the drool from his chin as they stepped into the shallow water of the lake. *"I can reward you."* Dess' eyes crossed to watch the Gardevoir's finger tap his forehead, and right where it landed it felt like a thousand butterflies were fighting to kiss him. It made him shiver. *"I can reward you,"* the voice in his head repeated, *"because... You're... Weak."* The Gardevoir accentuated each of those last words with more taps, until it felt like his head was surrounded by and filled with loving butterflies. Dess nodded again.

He was led a few steps further on until they were waist deep in the lake's water. Without much need for subtlety at that point, the Gardevoir took Dess' arm by the wrist and guided his hand into its white robe. *"Touch me,"* it said. *"Touch me, and I'll show you what it's like to be bonded with me."*

The wonderful thing about Gardevoirs was that the next second was the first suggestion he'd even gotten about the Gardevoir being male. What his fingers wrapped around, though, left no more question about that. This shook Dess, for a second, but another ripple quelled whatever was roiling around in his head. Both of the Gardevoir's hands wrapped around his hand, keeping it right where it was. *"We'll both feel how good it is for each other. It'll echo, round and round until Feel how hard we are already, just thinking about it?"*

It was true - beneath the water, there was definitely a rise in his soaked pants. But it was already getting hard to tell his own sensations from the Gardevoir's. *"Go ahead,"* a soft thought suggested. He started to rub his hand back and forth, and found that the Gardevoir hadn't lied at all. Every stroke, every brush of his palm against the head of the Gardevoir's cock made him moan. The Gardevoir clearly wished that he was equipped to make those noises, too. He was even having trouble keeping his own thoughts to himself. *"R-really? Even I didn't... It feels so, so..."*

A little sigh from the Gardevoir was masked by Dess' noises and the splashing of the water, and he put his hands on Dess' shoulders. "*Feel it, boy?*" The Gardevoir was starting to hump at Dess' hand, which only made Dess that much louder. "*We c- Yyyou can't hold it, much longer, ha... Huh, boy?*" The Gardevoir pressed his forehead against Dess'. "*And when you burst, we'll be together, Dess! We can do this... We can do this all the time! Whenever I want, Dess, you'll want me, and, and we'll... hhhhha~*"

The water between them was shortly filled with sticky white bubbles bursting from the Gardevoir's tip. Just as he started to cum, Dess too felt the overwhelming sensation of cumming through his pants - one that was just a little painful in a way that he was much too far gone to worry about. His eyes rolled up, and he let out a final squeaky moan before collapsing forward against the Gardevoir. Dess smiled with ecstasy and relief, his eyelids fluttered, and then they shut like lead weights.

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When Dess woke up on the side of the pond, his clothes were still soaked through. He still felt his last Pokéball in his pocket, and there was not another creature in sight. He wasn't sure what all he really remembered. He wasn't even sure that anything had happened. He'd seen something in the lake, and then he'd had a dream - one that was slipping from his memory just as fast as he could grasp at it - and then he'd woke up like this, wet and cold and slightly sore. Something told him, though, that he should check on that Pokéball.

Nervously, he sat up and pulled it out. Fingers shaking, he turned it around in his hand and checked its indicator. It was occupied. A thought floated in - "*It's a Gardevoir.*" Dess smiled. He knew that he didn't need to worry about how it had gotten in there. A Gardevoir was what he'd always wanted.

## II

The boat ride to Goldpoint City wound up being quite enlightening for Dess. Gardevoir had seen to that. Four days stuck in a confined space with a psychic type that had his pants off a few minutes after meeting him will certainly do that to a boy. It had been subtle, then. Sure, Gardevoir could have the boy stand on his head and bark like a dog for a bit, no problem. Could he have hit the boy with a psywave that made him shudder and cum his shorts, then forget he'd even done it and leave him wondering why he was so sticky down there? Sure. It was even easy enough to convince the boy to get on the boat that went back to the city Gardevoir had come from and leave his own homeland behind. He'd even convinced Dess that he should buy an extra ticket for his only Pokemon, so that Gardevoir didn't have to sit in a ball. But, even so, the boy had come to regret it all when he'd come back around to his own senses. Gardevoir wanted something a little more than temporary power. He wanted total, persistent control of the boy. Even while he was away, he wanted to linger on his master's mind, and for him to work so deeply into someone's psyche that he could comfortably call it *his* took time.

Gardevoir had spent the first few days slowly, gently eroding away large chunks of the boy's aura. He had to go slowly to keep it from being so unpleasant that Dess really felt it - just a gentle, constant thrum of his power against the shell of Dess' mental energy while they sat in their room on the ship. In the nights, though, he got to have his fun. It's not generally a good idea to sleep with psychics wandering about unattended - they are *constantly* itching to use Dream Eater, and are quite good at playing around with dreams. Gardevoir didn't even limit himself to the boy - on the very first night, he'd stretched his mind out all across the boat to invade everyone's dreams. He'd had every passenger squirming for him, all at once, all dreaming of the inexplicably-sexy eyes of a Gardevoir. He'd enjoyed making use of his power so much that he'd hardly slept at all himself - he'd spent a decent chunk of the first night stroking his own cock while he watched his sleeping master squirm and whimper and hump at the sheets. Having never had a chance to mess with the minds of so many humans at once before, he decided to try reaching out and feeling all of their arousal at once, just to see what it was like.

That had proved to be something like a mistake, because when he'd come back to, it was morning and his belly was very, very sticky. He'd managed to get clean before Dess had woken up. Fortunately, Dess had wound up in no position to laugh about stickiness himself. And, when Gardevoir gleaned the thoughts of the crew member that brought them breakfast (with a special side of furtive glances, just for Gardevoir) and learned of even *more* stickiness, he felt confident that nobody had made it through the night dry and un-sticky. He'd relished the thought of that so much that he'd been tempted to do it the next night, too, but figured that might draw enough suspicion to get someone to tell Dess to put him back in the ball - or throw him into the sea, if he'd have wound up getting *too* into it. Gardevoir had not liked the thought of that much at all, and he didn't trust himself to keep from whipping his fat white cock out in everyone's dreams, so he'd pulled back and had just focused on keeping his boy squirmy and sweaty and dreaming of

exactly the right things, with the quiet weight of a constant psychic tide bearing down on his brain.

By the last day of the trip, they boy woke up in the morning looking satisfyingly dazed and out-of-it, Gardevoir thought. Dess sat up in his bed slowly, looking like he was still half in a dream. "*Good moooorning~*," Gardevoir thought in that special way, right into the boy's mind. (Describing telepathy to the non-telepathic is a bit of a weird thing - in this case, Dess is sort of being made to think with a secondary mental voice that runs parallel to his, one that is sounds sufficiently smugger than his own that it's recognizable as his Gardevoir's.) "*Dream well, hmm?*" Dess just sort of swayed in response, still not even rubbing the sleep from his eyes. Gardevoir waved a hand in front of the boy's face. "*Yoo hoo, sleepyhead.*" Dess' eyes followed Gardevoir's fingers blankly, but he didn't say anything. *Perfect*. Just what he'd been waiting for, and it had come right on time.

"*Aww, are you having a hard time finding it in you to wake yourself up? That's okay, boy.*" He leaned in and put a gentle kiss on his master's forehead, one that brought a distant sort of smile to the boy's face. "*You can stay asleep, but today's a bit of a big day for us.*" He slowly tousled Dess' hair, rocking his head gently side to side with the rolling of the waves. "*We're going to get to get off the boat today, so if you want to stay asleep, you'll just need to let me do the thinking, okay?*" It was such a sweet-sounding thought that Dess' eyes had closed as he nodded his agreement. "*Ah-ah, different kind of sleeping, sweetie. Eyes-open sleep. You can let your brain sleep, and let me take care of your body while it goes around, okay? You can trust me. Always trust me, okay? Open up those eyes, yes, good boy. Such a good little boy.*" Gardevoir stared hard into Dess' eyes as they dragged themselves open. When his eyes were open enough to see Gardevoir's, there was a little spark of recognition, and Dess' smile grew wider with a sigh. "*Hehe, see? You trust me already, don't you?*"

He gave the boy another kiss, then turned away. Now came a bigger test. Without any special psychic influence behind the command, he told the boy to get up, get dressed, and stand at attention when he was done. Gardevoir watched him slowly and deliberately go around and dress himself, body still not accustomed to operating without his own brain's reasoning. Gardevoir would see to that with time, but for the present, Dess was doing fine enough. When he was fully dressed, he looked around, as though he'd forgotten something, then, after what looked like a miniature "d'oh" moment of realization, he straightened up, standing, staring at a wall with his hands at his sides. Gardevoir watched this go on for a while, squirming where he stood. This was gonna be a fun day. Dess had a lot to learn about being a puppet, and Gardevoir had oh-so-much to teach him.

"*Sleeeeeeepybrain,*" Gardevoir called out to him. "*Standing at attention means you look at me, silly. That's it, good boy, turn around. Theeeere you go. You want to look at me, don't you? Eyes on mine. Gooood boy. Such a pretty boy.*" Dess' face was looking pretty dopey, but only in the most beautiful of ways to his Gardevoir. He was going to need to all but drag the boy around on a leash for the day, though. That would have been perfectly acceptable to Gardevoir,

actually, but probably wouldn't do to go showing him off that way. Not just yet - there were some things they had to get accomplished first. *"Now, you just keep feeling all sleepy, and let me tell you just what we need to get done today..."*

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In Goldpoint, many Pokemon lived without their trainers, as Gardevoir had before he'd left to make his own way across the sea. It was actually the ones with human owners that had it good, though, in the city. The battling community there wasn't really as big as it was where Dess had come from - owned Pokemon were more like pets than soldiers. Being owned was rare, though, and most of them worked in some kind of service industry for humans. The four-armed freaks did construction, but those that looked more fit for holding teacups than steel beams provided the humans with an ample supply of cheap labor for doing the busywork in their restaurants and cleaning homes. Gardevoir had especially hated the times when, working as a waiter for mere beans, he'd had to wait on those perennially-smug owned Pokemon and bring them plates of hot, sweet food that he hardly ever got a taste of.

Well, *he* owned a human now, and it was high time he got that sort of treatment and showed all those other pets how to live. There were a few kinks to sort out first, though, and not just the ones he'd been toying with on the boat. Normally, psychic types were kind of prevented from taking over unsuspecting youngsters because it really wasn't too hard for the parents of the boys and girls to notice them drooling all over their psychic Pokemon's feet, or whatever it was that Pokemon wanted them doing, and piece together that something was up. Gardevoir had an advantage now in that *his* boy's parents were a long ways away and, from what he could tell from poking around in Dess' head, did not care overly much that they didn't have to feed him, so they probably wouldn't come looking.

Unfortunately, his boy of choice was unestablished, not particularly skilled in any one thing, and his clothes all but stank - and that only because he'd had a chance to get his clothes washed on the boat. He didn't look the part of a city boy, yet, and Gardevoir couldn't set him working looking like he did. Once they got that sorted out, Gardevoir would find, or make, a place for him somewhere. Dess was walking beside him, still in a trance that he had not interest in snapping out of. Gardevoir all but had to hold his hand to get him around. That would have looked a bit odd, though, so he just beamed the directions directly into his mind constantly enough to keep him moving. *"C'mon, sleepy one. Left foot, right foot, good boy. That's it; now take a right up here, yes. Hey - eyes open, stand up straight, just like I told you. Good boys can sleep with their eyes wide open, stiff as a board. Good, yes, just ahead, now."*

When they got to the clothing store, Gardevoir had Dess hand over his cash and suggested that he go look like he was looking at clothes himself while Gardevoir did the shopping. Dess wandered off to go blankly stare at something, and Gardevoir just hoped he wound up actually looking at clothes rather than the wall or something. Gardevoir went to the counter, which had a cheery woman standing behind it, smiling at him as he approached. The attention of a store's

employees was an entirely new sensation for him, and he quite liked the smile. He'd done nothing to deserve it, and it wasn't really patronizing. It had the same artificial look that most cashier smiles did, but he didn't mind much. He was getting his first taste of attention, and he was already liking this whole consumerism thing a lot more than he had before he'd left.

He gave her a wave, then he started to look for Dess to pantomime 'I'm picking up some clothes for this boy; where do you keep your men's clothes?' But he stopped short - those sorts of manners were his old life. It was seen as a bit rude for waiters to remind customers that they could read minds by communicating telepathically. Now, though, he was just a harmless pet - he could *communicate* with people, and nobody would care at all! "*Hello, miss,*" he thought at her. "*My boy master, over...*" Gardevoir looked around for Dess. Dess had found some clothes - unfortunately, he appeared to be assessing the contents of a rack of dresses. "*There, heeeee is looking for a gift for someone right now. He sent me to get something for him - he doesn't care much what he wears, if you can't tell,*" he said, winking. "*Could I see what you might have for him?*"

When Gardevoir returned to collect his master, carrying some folded clothes, he was just happy to see that the boy hadn't drooled on the merchandise. "*Heyyyyy there, sleepy. Yoo-hoo; over here, I've got you some nice new clothes to wear!*" Dess looked at the clothes blankly. "*They're very pretty,*" Gardevoir assured him, and that seemed to interest him more, because it brought a smile to his face. Gardevoir looked from him to the dresses he'd been standing by. "*Y'know, speaking of pretty... Why don't you take these to the dressing room?*" He pressed the clothes into Dess' chest and pointed. "*Take them with your own hands, theeeere you go. Now, it's right down that way. Go wait in there and I'll come help you get dressed.*" Eventually, Gardevoir would train him well enough that he didn't need this sort of micromanagement, but he was ready to be patient with the boy for the short term. Dess set off on his short quest, and a short bit later, Gardevoir was following behind him, clutching the pinkest dress he could find on the racks in a size 6 and trying much too hard to look innocent about it all.

With nobody paying them any mind, Gardevoir directed him inside the small room, followed him in with the dress in hand, and shut the tall door behind them. Dess didn't really *need* to try anything on here. Boy clothes were easy. Girl clothes, though - another story. "*Dess, dear, be a good boy and take alllll your clothes off for me.*" *For me.* Gardevoir was going to have to use that phrase a bit more often, he thought, because it made watching his little master strip so much sweeter. "*Good boy. Now, you want to look very pretty for me, don't you? Have you ever worn a dress before?*"

It took some wrangling and many reassurances that it would look very pretty on him to get Dess into it, but Gardevoir managed. Gardevoir sat back on the room's little shelf and admired the product of his craft when it was done. A boy, standing there in a dress that went not very far at all down his creamy thighs - his bulge *nearly* reached below its hem - and thinking nothing of it; he was just standing there gazing blank ahead with something that looked a lot like dumbstruck love in his eyes, waiting for the next instruction from the one he obeyed. Gardevoir's cock came

out of the folds of his own “dress” while he stared at Dess, too enraptured to even notice his own growing erection. A little while later, he looked down at it. Well, it wouldn’t do to be walking out with it like that.

*“Master, dear. You should turn around and lift your skirt up so I can see your ass.”* Dess did just so, not needing anything more than a suggestion to latch onto. *“Excellent.”* It wasn’t taking long at all for Gardevoir to get into this business of bossing someone around. He leaned back and crossed his legs at the knees, his hard cock poking out between them, and he sensed that this would be a perfect time to teach the boy something. *“You have a very pretty ass, master.”* He’d decided that he’d refer to the boy as master - not only for comedic effect, but also to make sure the habit didn’t slip when he needed to pretend that he wasn’t anything but a pet. *“It was made to be fucked.”* Gardevoir sure thought so, and he wanted to be sure that the boy thought so too. It was as round and smooth an ass as he could have hoped to cum inside, something he fully intended to do - in good time. He was certain he could get away with *something* in here, but actually stuffing his cock in Dess would have wound up making more noise than he was prepared to make people forget about.

Fortunately, there were quieter ways to take care of himself. Hell, *he* had hardly even noticed that he’d uncrossed his legs and started jerking off, so he was sure that nobody else would pay it much mind. *“Would you mind dreaming about getting railed in that dress you’re wearing, Dess? Go ahead and rest a hand and your forehead on the wall and picture, oh... A nice big Salamence behind you, sliding its big fat cock up your ass. Ah-ah, sleepy boys don’t make noise - only sleepy mumbles, only for me to hear.”* Gardevoir was quite sure he was following orders - he’d stepped into Dess’ trance dream, watching the Salamence he’d conjured up do its thing from a safe distance. In his imagination, they were on some translucent frosted-glass platform, floating up above a cloudy pink sky. There was nothing there but Dess, a dragon, and a wall for him to get fucked against. And get fucked against it he did - the Salamence had its forelegs pressed up against the surprisingly-sturdy wall over his shoulders, leaning his weight against his mate’s back. Maybe Gardevoir was putting a little more influence into this than he’d meant to, because Dess was getting rammed so hard by the thing that it was lifting him up off his toes.

Gardevoir stepped a stage further into Dess’ mind, closing his eyes and drifting to a place where he could feel what Dess felt. Suddenly, the psychic link between the two was flowing both ways. The feedback loop, again - just like the forest - the link quivered and wobbled and then erupted in a blinding flash. The Salamence, Dess, and Gardevoir came all together, all at once in one moment of perfect bliss up in the dreamy heaven they’d wound up in.

And then, suddenly, the illusion was gone - for Gardevoir, at least. He looked around the room. He appeared to have stood up, at some point, and had drifted over to his master, taking him by the hip with one hand and rubbing his dick with the other. Dess had wound up making less a mess than Gardevoir had - the dress had caught Dess’ cum, and they were lucky that it wasn’t thick enough to drip. The wall was the other casualty, dirtied by Gardevoir’s cock. Whoops. At least the boy had listened earlier - Gardevoir thought back to what he had *really* seen and

heard, and he couldn't remember anything but sleepy mumbles from him. *"Good boy. Such a good listener."* He put his hands on Dess' shoulders and gently pressed down. *"Now, get on your knees and lick my cum up off the wall like an animal, master. We can't be leaving a mess."*

With some clever folding after they were done with it, Gardevoir managed to get the dress into a state where its tag was visible and its stains were not. When he left the dressing room, the clock on the wall told Gardevoir that they hadn't been in there more than a few minutes, and nobody appeared to suspect a thing of them. Dess' tongue hadn't been the most thorough cleaner, but it had done a good enough job to make what had happened less-than-obvious to anyone without a blacklight. Gardevoir directed Dess to the exit and went to pay for the clothes with Dess' money himself. The dress wound up being a fairly costly expense, and they didn't have much left over to go on. That was alright. Gardevoir had someone he thought might appreciate what he'd done to the boy enough to give them a place to stay for the short term. Gardevoir wasn't exactly sure what he wanted to do for the long term just yet, but he knew what he wanted to get out of it. With a pet boy to bargain with, he intended to get all the comforts and attention he could ever want out of their arrangement.

### III

For a few months, Dess alone was sufficient entertainment for Gardevoir. There was so much to do with a broken boy that he didn't need much else. Several times a week, Gardevoir would hypnotize his master and change what would happen when Gardevoir snapped his fingers. One day, it'd force Dess onto his knees and freeze his mouth open, and the next, it'd turn him into a groveling mess - a groveling mess that, apparently, really needed a Gardevoir to sit on its face. Then it'd make him fall, temporarily, madly in love with the first person he saw after hearing it. Then it'd just turn his brain to mush and leave him wondering where the time had gone when he snapped back to reality later on. So much to do with a cute boy so prone to drooling all over himself - Gardevoir had made Dess his own in a new way almost every day. That was when Dess wasn't working, of course.

Dess had managed to land a job working behind the counter at the city's big mall. A little help from Gardevoir had convinced the landlord of a nearby apartment complex that Dess would be able to keep the job and keep paying the rent, so they weren't living off the street. Before long, they'd even managed to furnish the place. They were both happy - Dess' job didn't require much effort from him, and Gardevoir kept his toy-boy so madly in love with him that it was hard to do anything but drift into a nice place whenever they were together. Gardevoir even had to use less and less of his psychic power to keep Dess snugly trapped in his gentle arms. It freed Gardevoir up to spend his days exploring the city as a free Pokémon for the first time. Everyone just smiled at him once they learned he had a trainer, everyone was nice to him, everyone trusted him when he said he was just going on errands for Dess. He had no idea why they trusted him. It wasn't because he was harmless - he'd made the neighbor girl run around the hallway naked on all fours while he watched, one time, just to check that he could actually still do all his usual tricks to everyone else around. He'd even been able to make her forget all about it, afterwards, and smile at him the next morning, unknowing. He supposed that they were just so used to seeing Pokémon serve them that they didn't even register the fact that their servants were often incredibly powerful in their own right.

It was a peaceful city - and, now that he wasn't spending all his energy working to live in it, it was his for the taking. All that was left to do was find out how to take it. He might have been powerful enough to sneak his way into the brains of everyone on the boat over, but that had just been for a short time, while they were sleeping, and even that had left him totally spent. Gardevoir considered banding together other psychic types and leading them in a sneaky rebellion, but there simply weren't that many other Pokémon who knew how to hypnotize around. Plus, he couldn't be totally sure that he was going to be on top if he did things that way. He wanted power, power without question over everyone, the ability to make every face in the city go just as slack-jawed and dopey as Dess' got when Gardevoir used his "good boy" trigger on him. And then he wanted to put his thoughts into them - put something lascivious in the smiles they gave him. What he'd done to Dess had kicked the lid off his crazed desire, and he wouldn't be satisfied until it had bubbled over into the minds of everyone else around him.

For a while, though, he was stumped. Whenever he thought about it, it always came back around to thinking about his psychic power just being too weak. Gardevoir decided to focus on helping his master climb his way up in society. All the time spent together had triggered Gardevoir's instincts to bond with his master, as his kind was practically made to do, and he really did want to see the boy doing well in the world, almost as much as he wanted to fuck the brain out of his head.

Gardevoir channeled his own pent-up ambition into that bond. There was a popular television channel run in the city, and Gardevoir decided that it would be a good place to get Dess into. Dess came around to the idea quickly enough - right around the time Gardevoir mentioned that he'd love to see his master on the screen. Poor boy was conditioned so well that it hardly took a nudge in the right direction from his Pokémon to have him wanting to do something. He just wanted to please his wonderful, loving Pokémon, more than he wanted anything else - *anything* else.

While Dess was working at the mall one morning, Gardevoir strolled into the marble-tiled lobby of the television station's downtown office. Working the reception desk was a human lady with long, curly blonde hair. Gardevoir paused for a second, looking at her, wondering whether it'd be better to drop her into a pliable trance slowly or all at once. Then, his sense of reason caught back up with him. No, no, better to save all that for when he actually knew what it could do for him and his master. He closed his eyes, in a Gardevoir's equivalent of a smile, and waved at her. "Hello, Miss!"

The telepathy had unnerved her for a second, it looked like, but she recovered quick enough. "Hello there!" She sat up straight in her chair and smiled at him. "We don't get too many of you guys coming here by yourselves! Are you here for someone, or..."

*"Yes! You see, my trainer, he expressed some interest in working here, and I was just stopping by to see if there were any positions."*

The girl, clearly not used to being spoken to directly into her skull, blinked and shook her head. "Uhm, sorry, should I just, like, think at you, or..."

Gardevoir peeked into her thoughts. Her brain was even more of a jumbled mess than Dess' had been when he'd first found him - back before he'd given it something to focus on. She was thinking that this was weird, and thinking at people was not part of her job, and that she was just thinking she was bored but that this was worse, and that she wished he'd leave so she could go out for a long lunch because who's coming by the office of a station this early in the morning? - nobody on the schedule, and it wasn't like people were supposed to walk in and ask about jobs, they called or...

He shook his head. “No! Okay, sorry,” she said, sounding a little relieved that she wouldn’t have her thoughts snooped through - totally oblivious, Gardevoir thought. “Uhm, well, what skills does he have? I can give HR his number and have them give him a call if they find something that fits him, if you like.”

A phone call wouldn’t work at all. Not only was he not equipped for much in the way of speech - he couldn’t even get into someone’s head over the phone. Could he? He supposed that he’d never tried, but he couldn’t imagine how it’d work, either. Gardevoir thought about it for a minute - Dess didn’t really have much in the way of marketable skills, but he was pretty good at following orders. *“Well, you see, I think... That he was thinking, you know, of something of a personal assistant sort of position. I don’t know if that’s all he really wants to do, but he wants to get his foot in the door. And I think that’s a bit more of a personal thing than something a resume could convey, hm? So I was hoping that we could maybe schedule a meeting with someone - directly, you know, face-to-face.”*

The woman raised an eyebrow at him. “Well... I’m afraid that’s just not the way things are done, these days. They want a résumé, you know, so the HR team gets to do their job, and there’s usually a bit of a screening process before we actually spend too many company resources on looking at someone - an interview with someone who needs an assistant would be quite expensive, you see?”

Gardevoir frowned. Job hunting the normal way - without subjugating the hiring entity first - was already annoying him. *“Right, but really, who’s going to make the call on hiring someone? Is that whole screening business really necessary for this sort of arrangement?”*

She shook her head again. “Like I said, I just don’t have anything to do with it - it’s the company policy. If he can’t at least follow that, how good of an assistant could he be, anyways? I mean, he couldn’t even be bothered to come himself; he had to send... *You*, his little Pokémon, to come out here and do all the work for him. Now, please, if you won’t cooperate, come back some other time.”

Gardevoir put his fingers on the edge of the desk and leaned in, stretched up as close to eye level as he could get. His eyes burned purple. The woman blinked, and then hers did too. *“How about we discuss this on your lunch break?”*

When she came back to her senses a good hour and a half later, she was fixing her hair in the mirror. She was in the bathroom in the most secluded part of the office she knew, with no memory of having had her face and hands pressed up against the wall. Rather than turning her nose up at Gardevoir’s request, she remembered being impressed with just how responsible his trainer must have been. Rather than getting passed around between a roomful of imaginary Primeapes and Machokes and other ugly, mean Pokémon, she remembered suddenly wanting to just have a salad in a quiet part of the office after he left, and heading to the bathroom to freshen up afterwards. It had taken her an awfully long time to eat a salad, though, and why her

face was so flush and why she felt strangely frustrated was a mystery to her as much as it would have been to anyone else.

Gardevoir, for his part, left with the schedule of one of the producers for the next week - and a space for Dess cleared on it. A small bit of stalking later, Gardevoir found him enjoying a sandwich alone on the patio of a restaurant. It was public, but Gardevoir didn't need to do much - he just informed the man's brain that there was an interview for an assistant position that he was really looking forward to. By the time he finished his sandwich, he was certain that he needed an assistant around the office. Preferably a cute, eager-to-please boy that made him feel all funny when they stood too close.

When Dess came home from work, Gardevoir pretty much jumped him in the doorway. *"Welcome home, master. Strip."* No psychic influence, not yet. Dess had a lesson to learn before his interview.

"S-strip? That's awfully rude." Dess had, at some point, become vaguely aware that he was fucking Gardevoir regularly, though the entirety of Gardevoir's manipulation hadn't really caught up with him. "What's gotten into you?"

Gardevoir reached up to snap his fingers, but realized before he did that he didn't even remember what that would do to Dess. It was either that he felt a smack on the ass or that he went all dumb and took his clothes off. Since the latter was what he was trying to get done without *making* him do it, he held off. Instead, he hit Dess with just enough confusion to make him unpleasantly dizzy. Dess reeled. *"Master, I can get you a very nice job at the TV station, I think, but I need to be sure you're up to the task. Strip. Take your clothes off."*

Dess rubbed at his forehead. "Ahh, hold on, what are you- GAH!" A psyshock from Gardevoir had his hands jumping from his head to his asscheeks. "Alright, alright!" Gardevoir watched with his arms folded as Dess dutifully undressed. "Why're you making me do this, huh?"

*"Because I want to. That's the point. Hold still."* Dess winced a little as Gardevoir leaned in close, but rather than any psychic zap, this time he got a kiss on the lips. A deep kiss. A... *Really*, unnaturally deep kiss, one that left him reeling again, probably short a few IQ points this time. Reeling, dazed, and hard. Very hard.

"Wuhh..." He held his cheek, a stupid smile playing over his lips.

*"Good. That's the feeling of obedience."*

The smile wavered and fell away. "What's that mean, huh? What kinda... Uh... What kinda job is this, anyways?"

*“Assistant. I’ll tell you more if you follow along.”* Gardevoir did his eye-smile thing again, innocently as he could. *“I’ll kiss you like that again, too.”* That was the trick. The kiss wasn’t gonna turn him into a zombie, but it was really hard to turn a draining kiss down.

It seemed to work well enough. “F-fine,” Dess muttered. “What’s next?”

Gardevoir went stern again. *“Call me ‘sir,’ master.”*

Dess rolled his eyes, clearly not remembering all the other things he’d called his Gardevoir of his own accord in the past. “Okay, *sir*. What do you want with me next, *sir*?”

*“I want to kiss you again.”* Before Dess could stumble into his face, Gardevoir stopped him. *“But first, I want you to beg me to kiss you again.”*

“Ugh. Okay, *please* kiss me again, *sir*,” he said. It wasn’t enough for Gardevoir.

*“Smile, now, and ask me again. I’m trying to teach you to have some enthusiasm.”*

Dess bit his lip to get into character. “Oh, *sir!* I’d be ever-so-happy if you’d give me another kiss, *sir!* Won’t you, please?” He was hamming it up. That was good - now to get him stuck in that mode. Gardevoir stepped into him and pressed his mouth against Dess’ lips. The boy squeaked and then groaned, all in delight.

*“See how good it feels to be enthusiastic?”* Dess nodded. *“Now say, ‘Thank you, *sir*.’”*

“Thank you, *sir*,” Dess repeated, looking quite happy again. “Could... Could you do some more? Of, uhm, the kissing? *Sir*?”

Real begging was good - Gardevoir just needed to reinforce that. *“I’ll kiss you when you obey. Lick the floor.”*

Dess grimaced, hesitated, then slowly lowered himself down onto his hands and knees on the carpet. He looked up at Gardevoir all the while as he slowly dragged his tongue over the fibers. “L-like that?”

*“Who are you addressing?”*

“*Sir*,” Dess finished, looking rather unhappy with the hoops he was having to jump through for a kiss.

*“That’s right. Lie on your back.”* Dess did as he was told, and Gardevoir straddled his abdomen. Hands pressing Dess’ shoulders to the ground, he kissed Dess again. The boy looked somehow like he was going to implode. *“Call me *sir* again.”*

“S-sir!”

Gardevoir gave him another short kiss. Dess’ eyes looked unfocused afterwards. Gardevoir thought he was ready to learn. *“I can make eager obedience always feel this good for you, if you want. And you can call me sir again, if you want.”*

Dess slurred the word a little. “Ssssir!”

Another kiss. He felt Dess’ tongue in his mouth. *“Do you want me to sit here and kiss you all night long?”*

“Yesssss, yes sir!”

Gardevoir rewarded him with another. *“That’s because affection from superiors makes you feel this way. You get affection by obeying eagerly. Does that make sense, master?”*

A happy tear was in the boy’s eye as he cried out his agreement. They went back and forth in that way until those happy tears were running down both his cheeks - his body just didn’t know how to handle such a series of intense draining kisses. When Dess started to have trouble pronouncing even the word “sir,” Gardevoir made him lick the carpet some more, then had him lick and worship his slender, white legs. And, eventually, he didn’t even have to kiss the boy to keep him in that state of obedient bliss. Simple, mundane pats on the head were enough to make him shiver, and then just the word “good” was enough.

When Gardevoir decided that they were finished, he laid down next to Dess in their bed. He held the boy in a long, long kiss, until Dess gave out and slipped abruptly into dreamland. Gardevoir was pretty pleased with his work. He probably could have just hypnotized Dess into behaving the right way, but a more genuine desire to serve seemed somehow more useful. Plus, he’d had his fun doing it. And he was pretty sure that as long as he was near enough to make the producer see the *value* in such an eager boy, their interview was going to go well.

## IV

Dess squinted into the large camera's viewfinder with one eye, adjusting its focus. The blurred image cleared to show a Jigglypuff standing on a wood studio-room table, standing up as stiff and rigid as a Jigglypuff could. She had a faraway, uncaring sort of look in her big eyes, and she held the microphone so weakly that it looked like it might fall from her hands at any moment. It was a nice change of pace. She had been much too loud and whiny-sounding ever since they had brought her into the studio - Gardevoir informed him that she was thinking that she was suddenly some sort of diva superstar - and Dess had been glad when Gardevoir had put a stop to it.

Why they were all there in that room, Dess hadn't a clue. Gardevoir had found this Jigglypuff working at a school across town, pacifying children as needed for naptimes, and had brought her to the studio to record her singing. Dess had been surprised to find that Jigglypuff recordings were such well-guarded and expensive things, when this one seemed to be offering up the service easily enough. He had a sneaking suspicion that her enthusiasm to sing for their cameras hadn't been entirely her own, but hadn't had a chance to get the whole story from Gardevoir, yet.

He hardly even needed to hear it all. He knew how persuasive Gardevoir could be. Gardevoir had charmed his own pants off so smoothly that he couldn't even quite remember how it had happened - one day, he'd simply woken up to the morning sunlight with Gardevoir's arm draped over his bare chest, like usual, and he had calmly realized that he'd been letting his Pokémon fuck him for a long time without ever thinking twice about it. Ever since then, he'd been more acutely aware of the ways in which Gardevoir influenced people. It made him somehow proud, in a strange way that he couldn't quite place. He wasn't proud that he had trained Gardevoir so well to be so charming, because he had no right to be. There was just something about being with - attached to - him that made Dess feel warm inside.

*"Is the camera ready, Dess?"* Gardevoir's voice came into his head, as clear and identifiable as if the words had been spoken into his ear.

"Yes sir," he replied, taking his face away from the camera to look at Gardevoir, who was presently sitting in the anchor's desk a few yards away from Jigglypuff. Gardevoir had done all the sound setup while he'd wheeled over the camera. Unfortunately, they didn't have a better room to record audio in - this room was the best one with any equipment that Dess could easily access and keep clear for a while.

*"Very good,"* Gardevoir said, sending a flush of that familiar warmth to Dess' face. *"Alright, on my mark, you press record and cover your ears. Jigglypuff, get ready to start singing. Okay, 3... 2... 1... Go."* Dess pressed the button, the camera beeped, and Dess put his hands over his ears. The gesture, of course, did not keep Gardevoir's voice out. *"Annnd, sing."*

The glassy-eyed Jigglypuff suddenly seemed to perk up, as though she'd just been daydreaming. She dutifully sucked in air, raised the microphone a bit, and began to sing the signature song of her kind. Dess realized too late that he could hear it too well. The muffled song still washed through him and knocked the focus from his eyes. He swayed where he stood, and he forgot for a moment why he'd been woken up from the wonderful sleep he should have been having. With one last bit of clarity, he looked to Gardevoir for help. He found his Pokémon face-down on the table he'd been sitting at, a finger stuck under both of his ear-fins. Dess tried to take a step towards him so that he could shake him awake, but he instead found himself sinking towards the carpet, then down on his hands and knees, and then drifting away into a peach-pink haze on a cloud of thick, clear bubbles that were bigger than he was.

When Gardevoir nudged Dess awake with a foot, he felt like he'd been napping for hours. "Hhhhhwhaa?" Dess groaned, stretching out on the floor. He looked up to see Jigglypuff staring down at him from the table, giggling, and Gardevoir standing over him. "How... How long was I..."

Gardevoir rolled his eyes. *"Long enough, and longer than you needed to. You were supposed to cover your ears."*

Dess pointed an accusing finger up. "Hey, you fell asleep first!"

In reply, Gardevoir nudged the tip of his ear-fin. *"It's a lot harder to cover these. And I still managed to snap myself out of it. You'd have been lying around in here until a custodian ran a broom into you."*

The Jigglypuff interrupted their argument with another laugh, then said something to Gardevoir that Dess could not understand. Gardevoir looked down. *"She says it's a lot more fun to put adult humans to sleep than kids - she thinks it's more of a challenge. Clearly, she doesn't know you very well. Also, you're cute when you sleep."*

Though he wasn't sure whether the last bit was relayed information or not, it still made him flush with embarrassment. He shook his head. "That's... Ehh. Whatever. Did we get it all?"

Jigglypuff nodded happily, and Gardevoir confirmed. *"Yeah, I think we got all the footage I need. Hey, Jigglypuff wants a job at the studio. Mind if I talk to the producer about it?"*

The mention of his boss made Dess squirm. They were at the studio. His boss was "Sir," to Dess, here. Here, his boss could make Dess suck him off under his desk, and make Dess feel like the happiest boy in the world with a simple affirmation that he was doing well. Dess reflexively thanked his boss for letting him choke down his cock and swallow his load or take it on his face. His boss... Dess shook his head to clear it, and tried to willfully ignore the fact that

Gardevoir could read his mind. The smirk his Pokémon had on his face was not helping. “Yeah, uhm, sure! I’m sure he could use someone to help everyone around here relax a bit.”

*“I’m sure. Now c’mon, get up off the ground and get to cleaning up. And Jigglypuff-”* He reached down and snatched her up off the table, holding her face up to his. The glow in his eyes took the cry right out of her mouth even as it started, and she quickly went limp and soft in his hands. *“There are some things you’ll need to know about working here...”*

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Several days had passed, and Dess hadn’t seen anything come of the Jigglypuff thing. She was still around the office, holding scheduled naps in the breakroom for those who wanted to rest, but she couldn’t tell him in very clear terms what Gardevoir meant to do with the recording. Gardevoir just wouldn’t tell, for some reason. Dess had thought it better to stop asking. Things just seemed to work out when he let Gardevoir do the thinking. Gardevoir had gotten him a good job at the studio - even if it was a job that took him under the desk, a lot of the time - and it let him buy himself and Gardevoir all the sweets and nice furniture for their apartment that he could want. Gardevoir spent most of his time at home on that furniture, though he accompanied Dess to the studio some days, for one reason or another.

This was one such day, though Dess hadn’t seen much of Gardevoir since the morning. Dess was sitting at a table in the kitchen, eating lunch at the same time as he usually did, wondering when Gardevoir would join him. The other employees were eating and talking amongst themselves; Dess kept quiet and waited. When a Pokémon did walk in the room, though, it wasn’t Gardevoir, as he’d been hoping. It was Jigglypuff. It was unusual to see her in the kitchen - the diva thing had stuck, and she’d taken to getting assistants like Dess to fetch her things whenever she possibly could. No one could argue with her very well - her method of requesting, lacking all the words humans had, was to pull up a picture of whatever she wanted on a tablet, hold it up, point, and start to get huffy if they stood around too long. It was easier to just get her the tea or whatever than to try and calm her down once she started wailing.

Regardless, there she was, turning a few heads and raising some eyebrows. She stopped, looked around, then closed her eyes and, before Dess could scramble to leave, she began to sing. Dess didn’t even last as long as he had the first time. The lullaby’s tune caught his ears and tugged them downwards, putting his cheek on the table with all the rough carelessness that barely-fought gravity could offer. He wasn’t alone - all around the room, people were sending their bowls of salads gracelessly spilling out over the tables as they slouched and slumped in or out of their seats, cares of their workdays suddenly and irresistibly forgotten. His eyes weren’t the first to close, but every time he forgot why he should be keeping them open, they got a bit heavier, and soon enough he had to give himself up to the dream, just like the rest of them.

The dream was strange. He dreamed that he was looking at a large, perfect sphere of water, floating in blackness, hardly disturbed. Somehow, he knew it to be his own mind, crystal clear

and peaceful. From above, a seed floated down towards the water. He wanted to stop it, for a moment, but he couldn't bring his heavy arms to reach out and catch it. His worry melted away when he saw it plunge into the water with all the beautiful grace of a practiced diver. It burrowed down into the center of the water and hung there in the middle - weightless, waiting. Waiting for... Something. Dess could not say what. But it belonged where it was, that much was obvious. Without willing it, his vision turned upwards, and he saw for a moment the enormous white hand that had dropped it, and far above that, up in the blackness all around him, he saw the faint glint of a purple eye.

Then, he was back on the table where his body was, groggy as the rest of the room as they woke up. Jigglypuff was sitting where she'd been standing, looking dead-tired and breathless. He pieced it together that she must have been singing for longer than she'd have wanted to. A large man, and one of the faster employees to wake, had already stood up and was stomping angrily towards her. With a squeak, she held up a piece of paper in front of herself, like a shield. He took it from her and read it to himself while the rest of the room was straightening up and starting to mumble questions to each other. Dess heard that other people remembered dreaming, but neither he nor they could quite remember what it was they'd dreamed.

"Aye, it's some dumb prank from the producer," the man announced, eliciting grumbled pranks from the rest of the room. "Something about workin' too hard. Tryin' to lighten things up with some sweet dreams, he says. 'Boutta be lightin' something up on the HR line, I think," he said, still mumbling complaints as he walked out of the room. The rest of them just looked confused or saddened by the loss of their spilled lunches, and then dismayed when they looked at the clock. That nap had lasted nearly twenty minutes of the half-hour they got for lunch, and given that it had started nearly twenty minutes into his break, Dess was already a little behind schedule. He shoved his leftovers into the fridge and scrambled off to get back to apologize to his boss for being late.

Later that day, Dess noticed two of the people that had been in the breakroom earlier talking about Gardevoir in the hallway - they were saying his name a lot, just from the little bit Dess heard. Naturally, he stopped to listen. But, strangely, their conversation didn't seem to have any real direction to it. It was just a bunch of strung-together sentences about how they'd seen Gardevoir in this place or that, or how he'd waved at them, or trying to guess how tall he was and debating it down to the inch. The words in their conversation, save for Gardevoir's name, started to grow more and more slurred as they went on and on, repeating the same short sentences over and over until they were just saying the word "Gardevoir" back and forth at each other like zombies.

Dess found the exchange somehow hypnotic - the more they went on, the more something itched at his mind, the impulse to say something and join their conversation-gone-awry, meaningless as it was. The itch grew and grew until it was a palpable tingle, but before he could think of anything to say, something seemed to come over the other two that caused them to straighten up, roll their eyes up for a second, and then relax into a sudden state of obvious

confusion. Dess soon found his face mimicking their own befuddled expressions - he felt like he'd been daydreaming again, but he couldn't remember about what. Had he been saying something? Had they? It was time to go home for the day by then, so he hurried off out of the office before they could catch him staring.

When Dess got home that evening, he saw Gardevoir waiting inside on the couch. He had his legs up on the seat, his head on the armrest, and his eyes were closed. Somehow, Dess knew he wasn't asleep - just thinking. About what, he couldn't say. The seed he'd forgotten about, the one deep down in his mind, from the dream, tingled and shook expectantly. It was like a little itch that he didn't know how to scratch. Dess shook it off. "Well, where'd you get off to, today?"

Gardevoir opened his eyes and gracefully rolled over onto his belly. "*Sorry, I had to run off to see a friend today. Sleep well?*" He winked at Dess.

"Was that your idea, then? My boss remembered telling her to do that, but he didn't remember why."

Gardevoir shrugged lazily. "*Might've been. But hey, forget about that. I'm gonna get a show of my own!*"

Dess blinked. He'd known nothing of this, and he was around the producer all the time. "R-really? Your own show? But... Well, I mean, you could do it, I'm sure, but..."

Gardevoir silenced him with a thought. It was hard to speak with someone else thinking into your head. "*Oh, don't worry. They'll let me do whatever I want on the show! And the best part,*" he said, getting off the couch and walking towards Dess, "*is that my audience is gonna love it. Whatever I do! See, my friend at the studio - Rotom, he says, they keep him stuck up in a machine upstairs - taught me some interesting stuff about computer viruses.*"

Again, Dess blinked. "Alright, you don't know anything about computers, and what's that got to do with a show?" Gardevoir was standing close to him, hands on Dess' hips, and Dess could feel his eyes boring into him. It made Dess feel small, even though he was a good deal taller than Gardevoir.

"*Well, I'll let you in on the secret. See, I could just mess with someone's brain to make them like my show, but that's not easy enough. For one person, it's doable, but it's hard to get the same idea in a lot of people's heads all at once. When they're sleeping, it's a little easier, but I still need to do them all one at a time, carefully, or I'll wake them up or knock them out so hard that there's nothing to mess with. Got it, so far?*"

Dess nodded, somehow understanding Gardevoir's problem more intuitively than he probably should have, though he still wasn't quite sure where this was going. "*Right. So, a computer virus is easy to sneak into a computer because it doesn't start doing anything for a while. But then,*

*when something specific that it's waiting for happens, more complex behaviors can start to take over. With a liiiiittle imagination, I took that concept and made something I could put in people's heads - so long as something was keeping their minds sufficiently still and sleepy - that would do just what I needed to get them watching and loving my show. And I made it something that would get people to talk themselves into a trance. Once they've totally entranced themselves with it, it's triggered, they'll love anything I do. It works, too. I tested it today!"*

Dess rubbed his eyes, as annoyed with his Pokémon as he could bring himself to be. "You're doing all this for some kinda... Weird, psychic ratings scam?"

Gardevoir kissed his chest. "Aw, *it's not a scam if they really do love it, is it? Say, you **were** in the breakroom at noon, right?*" Dess nodded slowly, and Gardevoir looked positively delighted, nearly bouncing with joy. "Ooh, ooh, okay. I mean, with you, it's hardly... But still. Here, try saying my name. *Gardevoir.*"

The itch in Dess' brain roared fiercely, and it burst from his lips almost before he could think it. "Gardevoir," he said. Gardevoir smiled in a way that suggested he had just won some particularly satisfying game.

"*Gardevoir is good.*"

"Gardevoir is good," Dess repeated, then he blinked. It had felt so *good* to say the name. This was a fun game, after all. "You're Gardevoir."

"*Gardevoir,*" Gardevoir affirmed, then, "*Gardevoir likes it when you say his name.*"

"Gardevoir is a good name," Dess admitted. "I like to say Gardevoir."

"*Gar-de-voir.*"

"Garr-deeee-voir," Dess repeated, a bit more slowly. "Gar-deeeee-vooooir." That itch had grown into a full-blown rumbling.

"*Ehehe, you're gonna break soon, aren't you, Dess? If I keep saying Gar-de-voir. Because when you hear Gar-de-voir, you want to say Gar-de-voir. Right, boy? Gar-de-voir.*" Gardevoir's hand slid around Dess' backside and pinched him there.

"Gar-de-voir," he repeated, squeaking out the last bit. His mouth didn't fully close when he finished saying it. After that, they just said it back and forth for a time, with Gardevoir occasionally teasing Dess that his brain was about to pop, that he was already under, that he couldn't stop himself. Dess couldn't deny it, and he couldn't tell how long they stood there, either. Eventually, though, something flashed, and he felt the roots of some warm addiction plant themselves deep in his brain. In that moment of helpless insight, he saw that those roots

weren't alone, that they were just winding themselves around all the things he already felt for Gardevoir, but he couldn't manage to feel anything about it. For a moment he felt like a machine having new behavior installed, unable to do anything but roll his eyes up into his head and stand as rigid as a robot.

When it was done, and his eyes focused, he saw Gardevoir's eyes staring up into his. He nearly fell into them. "*You wanna watch my show, don't you? You wanna watch me do anything I want, there? Play with people on stage like they're my toys? Put them into trance slowly? Make them dance for the camera? Tell them to think of me and cum?*"

"Yes," Dess said, drawing out the word in a voice that was half a moan. The irrational thing in his head told him that he wouldn't just enjoy being with, loving, touching Gardevoir anymore, he'd love just to see his Pokémon do *anything*.

"*That's too bad,*" Gardevoir said, giving Dess' rear a teasing squeeze. "*Because you're gonna be too busy starrin in it.*"

## V

A few days later, there was an inexplicable airwave hijack. A recording of a Jigglypuff singing was played on every television channel and radio station at high volume. Several days after that and still nobody had figured out who was behind it. Eventually, people just gave up. Any time the investigation got close enough to the truth, the investigators quickly found their eyes rolled up into their skulls for a brief moment, and completely unable to bring themselves to pursue the truth any longer afterwards. When they heard the name, they said the name, and when they said the name, the seeds in their mind shivered and cracked, and then their minds blossomed with strange new love.

By the time Gardevoir's show had an air date, the whole city was going half-mad to see it. Gardevoir had told Dess that the plan had worked flawlessly, that he thought he'd reached damn near every mind in the city that mattered, and Dess couldn't deny the buzz. When people had found out they were accepting volunteers - people who thought they could "challenge the mighty master of minds himself" - and that there would be a live audience, the studio had been absolutely swamped with applications and requests to join.

Dess knew that Gardevoir had personally overseen the volunteer recruitment process. He had at least cherry-picked a few other boys he liked the look of. Apparently committed to authenticity even after the scam, he had decided that he wouldn't meet them until they were in front of the camera together. There were no scripts or anything - it would be some sort of live improv show, and that was all anyone else knew. Regardless, everyone was excited.

Gardevoir had told Dess a little about his plans. For the benefit of the microphones, which unfortunately did not have brains to talk to, Dess would be acting as a mouthpiece for Gardevoir. A bit more forcefully, he had "told" Dess to repeat without thinking. Dess had even been able to feel the psychic influence behind the suggestion - but that didn't make it any less powerful. Gardevoir tested Dess, making him say random strings of words to ensure that his mouth could keep up with his brain. When he'd had enough fun making Dess say rhymes and tongue-twisters until his mouth was tired, he'd told Dess that he'd been sufficiently briefed, and had went on to make other preparations.

Later in the evening, they stood on a stage together, facing a small but full audience. Dess and Gardevoir both were dressed in black magician's outfits that had been fitted to their bodies as best as was possible. Dess noted that his seemed too tight and "show-y" in certain areas, but Gardevoir hadn't seemed too concerned. Every fear of his had been quieted by a wave from Gardevoir's mind, and he now faced the audience calm as could be, holding a microphone in his hand. Someone called from off-set - "Recording in 3... 2..."

The red lights on the cameras blinked at them once, and then held them with their stare. Dess' mouth was moving. "Good evening! Welcome to the first episode of our show. This is my

master, Gardevoir” he said, gesturing to Gardevoir beside him, who bowed slightly, “And I am his assistant. I am under his complete hypnotic control, and tonight, he will be showing three *lucky* volunteers why he is the master of minds!” He blushed at what he’d just said, covering his mouth, and the audience applauded unprompted, enthralled already at the mention of Gardevoir’s name. Dess thought that they would need to have a chat about this whole master and complete control business, but Gardevoir pressed him onwards.

“I am but a humble assistant. My master, Gardevoir, is speaking through me, now, for the benefit of you at home. Over the course of the night, my voice may become compromised. Never fear - Gardevoir will remain in total control of the show, and you will get to watch him turn people into puppets for your amusement! For example, when my master snaps, like so-” Gardevoir raised a hand and snapped his fingers, and suddenly everything went gray and blank for Dess.

When he came back to, he was on his hands and knees, sitting like a puppy, the syllable “-vee?” still escaping from his lips. He remembered nothing, but he glanced around and saw that the three volunteers were now sitting in seats that had been arranged on the stage behind them. They all had nervous expressions, but a happy sort of nervousness. They wanted to be there, at least.

Dess stood, straightened up, and dusted off his black pants, face a hard red. “Ahem, excuse me, seems I lost myself for a moment, there. Now, as you see here,” he said, gesturing behind himself, “These three men, Alec, Byron, and Morty, all thought that their wits could stand up to my master’s powers. My master does not think they are even powerful enough to make a show of it, though, so first, they will have to prove that they can resist my *own* hypnotic abilities!”

Dess must have looked as shocked as he felt, because the audience got a laugh out of his face. Gardevoir pulled a coin on a string from his own pocket and handed it to Dess. “*Stand behind the first one, and swing it before his eyes, like a Hypno.*”

Dess went where he’d been told to go, and, holding the string, let the coin dangle in front of the first one, Alec’s, eyes. He was a tan boy of about Dess’ age, with blonde hair, and Dess couldn’t deny that Gardevoir had picked a good choice for the camera, so to speak. “Ahem, alright, now, how does this go...” He started to swing the coin left and right in front of Alec’s face. “Hypnooooo...” Dess found himself saying stupidly. “Hypno, Hypnoooooo...”

Gardevoir seemed to let this go on for a while, giving the crowd an exaggerated, exasperated gesture. When it became clear enough that Alec was not going to fall prey to such a simple assault, Gardevoir snatched the coin from Dess’ hand and snapped his fingers again - but this time, with the other hand. Dess found himself dropping to all fours again, this time aware enough to watch what was happening, but not aware enough to make his body stop acting like a stupid Eevee.

He sat obediently enough next to Gardevoir's ankles as the show's real hypnotist went to work. He put a finger in front of Alec's face and ran it slowly from left to right, and then back again. Alec did a good enough job following it once, but by the second wave, whatever Gardevoir was doing to him had his head rolling about more than it should have. A third wave, and there was a wild look in his half-closed eyes. There was no fourth wave. Instead, Gardevoir tapped the boy square on the forehead, sending him careening back into his seat. Dess barked a semi-triumphant "Vee!" Alec bounced off the back of his chair and landed limply in the lap of the man next to him.

That man, Byron, was bigger than Alec in every way - he might have weighed more than twice what Alec did to a scale. He snorted derision at how poorly the boy whose face had landed in his crotch had done, and was clearly determined to best Gardevoir. Gardevoir snapped again, and Dess sprang up to standing, once again. "*Go whisper into his ear, but make sure the mic picks it all up. Try not to look into my eyes. Actually, whatever, you can do it, it works either way.*"

Dess' body felt wobbly, but he still managed to obey. "For this one, big as he is, we'll both be needed, my master thinks." He slid behind Byron, and leaned in close to his right ear. From that position, he could see Gardevoir staring up at them, eyes glowing. He quickly averted his gaze, and words started to flow quietly from his lips. "Just let yourself relax and imagine you're floating on a big swirly-pretty cloud of cotton candy, now, drifting off to sleepy-lullaby land. You're gonna dream allll your favorite dreams, where you dance with fairies on flowers and wear fiiiine silk dresses and drink tea with the queen while she teaches you manners, little princess. Sleepy, sleepy, sleepy, princess, but there's a pea under your mattress that's just oh-so-bothersome but they take it away and it's gone now, ohhh it feels so good, isn't that right, princess? Yes, drifty, dreamy, little..."

Dess looked at Byron to see what was going on. Rather than insulted anger, he saw childlike wonder there, staring down into Gardevoir's eyes. Gardevoir's eyes, Gardevoir's eyes... "Prin... Cesh," Dess finished, slurring the word as his jaw went slack, staring at Gardevoir just as fixedly as Byron was. Gardevoir reached up and ran a hand from Byron's forehead to his chin. The thick man dropped like a rock into whatever girly dream it was he was having. Gardevoir then closed his own eyes and reached up to tousle Dess' hair, rousing him from his collateral trance. "A-ahem, where was I? Yes, that's right, princess, drift off to dreamland. There's a bunny in your lap, why don't you pet it and sink even deeper, princess?" Byron did just that - taking Alec's head for a bunny, he stroked the smaller boy's hair. Alec didn't seem to mind.

Morty was the last of the three. He was paler than Alec but not much less pretty for it, Dess thought. "And last we have Morty! Morty, do you think you can withstand what these two could not?" Morty looked Gardevoir right in the eyes and nodded confidently. "Ah, so brave! So sure of himself! For that, I think, he deserves a kiss from the master of minds himself!" This time, Dess actually knew where things were going. Before Morty could stammer out a full objection,

Gardevoir had crawled up onto his lap, placing his knees on Morty's thighs, his hands on the man's jaw, and then, finally, his lips on him.

The audience *ooh'd*, and Morty's resistance drained before Dess' eyes. "An extra long kiss," Dess announced, "For an extra strong contender! And, once this kiss is done, my master will even declare him victorious... *If* he can resist begging for another!" This time, he shared Gardevoir's delight, in some strange way. It made him remember when Gardevoir had given him *this* kiss.

When Gardevoir was done with him, Morty fell back into his seat, nearly as limply as Alec had. It looked like the circuitry behind his eyes was already fried. "So, Morty, what will you choose - pride, or a kiss?"

The answer looked like it had to fight its way through Morty's lips, but it came out all the same. "A-a kiss!" Morty exclaimed, his voice cracking. The audience laughed.

"Tut-tut, such a greedy one. How about a kiss with a princess instead, hmm?" Morty shook his head and tried to choke out the objection, that he *needed Gardevoir*, but it did not come in time. Gardevoir circled a finger in front of his eyes, and soon Morty's head was rolling as Alec's had, and then he was out like a light.

Morty slid over to Byron again. "Oh princess, your prince has arrived. He's forsaken all his honor for a kiss from you, my lady, won't you give it to him?" Byron's face puckered up for a kiss in a comic way that neared on grotesque. "Prince Morty," Dess said, grabbing the top of Morty's head and turning him to face the appropriate direction. "Your princess' beautiful lips await." A tear rolled down Byron's cheek as their mouths pressed together in a passionate kiss.

"Well, my master believes that this prince, princess, and their pet rabbit are all just about ready to put on a show for you," Dess said, addressing the audience and cameras, to a bout of applause. "Who's ready for the *real* show to begin?" There were whoops and cheers, and then Gardevoir was beside Dess again, and reaching up to snap his fingers. It was the last thing Dess saw, for a while.

When Dess' brain started processing the world around him, again, it took him a while to take stock of the situation. Things had gotten a bit out of hand while he'd been away, it seemed. The three men were still unconscious, but naked, now, and he was between Morty's legs, licking his cock and very sure that he'd been shouting something like "Vee!" over and over again while he'd been doing so. Morty had a hold of Dess' hair with one hand and a hold of his cock with the other. Dess was suddenly greeted with a hot load of Morty's jizz raining down onto him, that fell over his nose and cheekbone and dripped down onto his black coat and the floor. Dess had lost his pants, at some point, it seemed, and his cock was painfully hard.

*"Lick it up."* The instruction came from nowhere, everywhere. It couldn't be ignored. Dess ran a finger over his face, pulling most of the cum from it and smearing the rest, then put the finger in his mouth and began to drink it down. The unfamiliar taste of the stranger's cum made his mind twist, but his belly felt eager enough for it, still. Soon, he was down on the floor, hands and knees, lapping at what had fallen.

When Dess turned to face the audience again, people were masturbating openly in their seats, and he suspected that they'd be doing the same at home when this airs. *It's okay to masturbate at Gardevoir's shows*, he thought - his own thought - for no reason he could explain. *Everyone loves Gardevoir*. That calmed him down, first, and then he was reminded of his terrible arousal with a surge of need.

They had their fun with the "princess" and his "pet rabbit" for a while longer - at least, longer than Dess remembered spending on Morty. For all he knew, he'd been licking for hours while Gardevoir kept the man on the edge. He couldn't have said. Dess sat Alec back up in his seat and told him and Byron both, "There's a huge Tentacruel, and you're both trapped in its grasp - you can try to wriggle free, but the harder you struggle, the tighter it holds! And now, it's coming for your mouth - it wants to fuck your mouth with its tentacles! Try to hold your lips closed, try, try - it's no good, they're being pried open!" The two men both sat with their mouths and eyes stuck wide open, looking straight ahead at nothing at all with utter terror.

"Wider and wider, mouths open wider and wider, now! Down your throat, in and out, all the way to your belly, oh no, it's cumming! It's cumming into your belly, now, and you're drinking it all down, it's so hard, you're gonna pass out, drinking, drinking, tasting, being filled alllll the way up, and..." Gardevoir his them both with a psychic wave that was obvious even to Dess, and they fell back into trance, Alec's head landing on Byron's shoulder. Both of their cocks were still so hard that they pressed up against their bellies.

Another snap, and all was gray again, and then Dess had both his paws - his hands, his *hands* up on Byron's shoulders. The man was still in a listless trance, but he was being used for support while Gardevoir railed Dess from behind. The audience hooted and cheered and moaned as it all happened. Dess found himself still speaking into the mic that he'd managed to keep a hold of. "Good... Eevee... Boy," he forced out in pitiful squeaks, as Gardevoir pumped him full of cock over and over again.

He wasn't even touching himself when he came. Either Gardevoir's cock or some psychic suggestion did all the work for him. Still bent over Byron, he blew his load onto the man's own cock and belly, moaning something like "good boy!" Gardevoir's seed flooded his own ass, and Dess could feel it running down the insides of his thighs, hot and sticky.

When he was done with Dess, Gardevoir had his assistant stand up and stumble over to Alec. "Alec! M-master, has something very spechial for you," Dess managed breathlessly. He couldn't understand why Gardevoir was moving on so quickly after sex, but he supposed it was for the

cameras. "You're gonna forget everything! You're gonna forget who you are, what you are... You're gonna think you're juuuust a puppet. Annnd, when you forget, it's gonna, gonna make you cum!"

Dess was breathing hard, and Gardevoir allowed him a moment to regain his composure before giving him the next words to say. "Imagine, Alec, that allll your memories are in a bubble. Big, big bubble, floating around your skull. But it's moving down, now, allll the way down to your fat cock, down through your body, collecting everything about who you are along the way. Your cock is twitching because it's so ready to cum and release this big bubble alll over the seat and leave you drooling and mindless like a... Like a puppet." Dess eyed Gardevoir, who was staring intently at Alec's face. "And at the count of one, you will! You'll forget, and you'll cum, and you'll be a good puppet. Five... Four... Three... Building, building... Two... Twitching, waiting, wanting... One! Cum your brains out, Alec!"

The boy came so hard that he actually stamped his feet a little as a spasm shot through his body. He came rope after rope, and Dess got the impression that Gardevoir was not letting him stop for a long time. When he finally had no more to spill, Dess approached him, and held a microphone up to his face. "What's your name?" Dess asked, as he was still recovering.

The boy didn't respond for a long while, then appeared to realize that he was being talked to. He looked at the microphone quizzically, then to Dess. Dess asked a second question - "Do you remember your name?"

Alec looked pained, for a second, then answered. "Nnnuh. No... No name."

"Are you a puppet?"

This time, Alec looked happier to respond. "Yyyes!" He beamed out at the crowd with a dumb, simple smile. Gardevoir took pity on the boy, and sent his fried brain back to sleep with a tap on the head.

Last, Dess - and Gardevoir, he assumed - instructed Byron that from then on, he would be cumming whenever someone called him princess. By that point, Dess was weak, exhausted from Gardevoir railing him, and they didn't make as big a show of him as they might have. Instead, they told him to wake up on the count of three, and had the crowd yell, "Good morning, princess!" when he woke. It all worked well enough, and his angry mask was shattered as soon as it came onto his face. At the crowd's encouragement, the man came, shooting a long, thick load of cum out a couple feet away from himself onto the stage. As what remained of his load bubbled out of his softening cock, Gardevoir put him, too, back to sleep.

With no more willing cocks on stage to amuse himself with, Gardevoir pulled Dess to the front of the stage. "W-well, this has been a very exciting first episode, we think. We thank you for tuning in, and we hope that you've enjoyed watching Gardevoir, master of minds, prove himself to

these three. Come back next week for more, and challenge the master of minds only if you think yourself stronger than them!”

As a send-off, Gardevoir bowed slightly, then snapped one last time. Dess dropped onto his “haunches,” his sticky cock brushing the floor, and let off one last “Vee!” The lights on the cameras went off, and then, for Dess, everything went gray again.