

# Chapter 1



It was a particularly hot and dry summer at Amy's Daycare. There had been a terrible drought for the past few seasons, and Amy herself had been reluctant to take yet another fire-type in. It was the middle of summer, and the grass was yellow-brown already - an unruly ember from that Braixen might have had the place ablaze in no time at all.

As it turned out, though, there was another Braixen, one who she had watched for a long time, that was raised by the same breeders as this new one. He was well-behaved, and Amy had been looking after him - without incident - for fairly long stretches of time since before the drought was upon them. The Fennekin from those breeders were known to be particularly intelligent, and they had a strong grasp on their psychic powers from an early age. That made them a bit more responsible than the usual not-fully-evolved Pokemon she saw, at least, and she figured they might even keep one another in check.

So, with cash in hand for the effort, Amy brought Asha - a proud little Braixen who didn't fight much, but tended to win when she did - to the pens out back, and left her there to socialize. There was a whole spectrum of Pokemon out there - fire, grass, water, and almost all the other types all had some representation - but it didn't take long for Asha to sense a familiar mind about.

Bailey, the Braixen who'd been at Amy's place longer than nearly all the other Pokemon, was sitting beneath a struggling tree, but perked up at Asha's arrival. "Hey!" He hopped up to his feet at once, and walked over to meet her. He waved, and she saw him and giggled.

"Haven't seen you since before we could walk on two legs," Asha said, smiling.

"It's been a while, yeah," Bailey said, dusting off his fur. Though it had been years, the familiarity between the two was still strong. Neither knew which exact Delphox at the ranch they had been raised on had been their birth mothers - raising the Fennekin there was a communal effort between all the Delphox and the humans, anyhow - but the two might as well have been siblings for the bond they shared, anyhow. "How's your trainer been treating you?"

"Ugh, ask me another time. I'm still not happy about being left here. Well, I mean, I wasn't - but seeing you here is a nice surprise!"

Bailey, who had been left alone more times than she obviously had, chuckled. "It's not so bad here, anyways. You still like spicy Pokepuffs, right? Amy gives some out from time to time."

"Hmm. I suppose it's been a while since I've had one of those. But still, don't you all get bored just sitting around here all day? I mean, I can't imagine you're allowed to do much battling, with

the plants out here dead as they are. All the water-types in that pitiful pond don't even seem like they'd put up much of a challenge for us, at this point."

"Hey, some of them here still like to play rough." Bailey grinned. "Not so much with me. One, they don't want the place to burn down. Two, I haven't gotten any worse at messing with minds."

Asha rolled her eyes. "Ugh. Lucky you. I can throw some fire around, but I barely remember any of the psychic moves we used to play around with. Too many dark types about to focus on that stuff." She side-eyed a Pawniard, who was, in turn, side-eyeing her - and looked away as soon as she noticed him.

"No, lucky you," Bailey said. "You've got me here to train you!"

Asha giggled. "You train me? Sorry, I seem to remember a certain little Fennekin that I never failed to hypnotize. I think I made you give me every spicy Pokepuff you got for a year! And I guess we'll see soon if it still works, huh?"

Bailey knew it was true, and he wasn't particularly happy that that was how she remembered him. Asha had always had the upper hand on him, when it came to a playful clash of their psychic abilities. He'd never once been able to put her under, and he wasn't quite sure that she had ever once failed to do it to him. "Spicy was never my favorite flavor, anyways, so perhaps." Calm as ever, he shrugged the memory aside. "Suit yourself, though. If you ever decide you want to shake off the rust, I'm here to help."

Still thinking of the blank-faced Fennekin she'd made of him so many times before, Asha grinned. "I think I will shake off the rust, actually." She saw Bailey's tail and ears twitch back. "Not on you! Not on my first day here. That'd just be rude."

Bailey relaxed, a bit. "On who, then?"

"I dunno. Who's up for a fight, around here?"

"You're sure that's how you want to introduce yourself to everyone else here?"

Asha floofed her tail up proudly. "Of course! I hardly ever lose, you know. I'm sure half of the Pokemon here are out of practice, and were never as good as us besides."

"Well, then." Bailey thought for a moment. Which of his friends would be able to give her a good fight without tempting her to throw out a fireball? "Well..." The Sneasel he knew was always up for a fight, but she might taunt Asha into doing something regrettable. Besides, trying to wrestle a Sneasel with psychic powers wasn't an easy task, he knew. "How about... Ooh, I know! If you're sure you still remember how to hypnotize, there's an Inkay over in the pond who I know would love to square off with you."

Asha wrung her hands. "An... Inkay? Aren't those a bit rare, this far south?"

Bailey gestured to the wide field around them in the pen. "Plenty of rare ones to meet, here! But this one's only been here for a few days. Keeps telling me he's better at hypnosis than I am, but he's not seemed too interested in proving it to me just yet. C'mon, it'll be an experience! If you win, you'll be able to say you hypnotized some Malamar's spawn."

"You know me too well," Asha said, giggling as she pulled her wand out. "I like my bragging rights. Sounds like he's all talk, anyways."

"We'll see! Let's go see if he's over by the pond."

The Inkay was indeed floating on his back in the shallow water. *Just a few weeks*, he was thinking. Then, he'd be back at the ocean. He sighed, wishing his trainer's work didn't have them traveling inland so often.

The couple of Braixen walking to his part of the pond was, at least, a little interesting. Most of the other Pokemon gave him a pretty wide berth when he floated around. Those who didn't of their own accord, he'd convinced. He liked to play when he was feeling playful, but otherwise, he liked his personal space.

The sight of the new Braixen kicked that playful impulse into overdrive, though. There weren't too many cute girls around the pen, and none of the ones there seemed to have eyes for him. Smarter for them, he knew, but it was a bit disappointing. This one, though, she was looking right at him! The fiery pride and challenge in her eye didn't do a thing to deter him.

The Inkay dipped under the surface of the water a burst up in front of the two with a splash. "Bailey!", he said, with a bubbly, burbling voice. "One of those girlfriends you keep bragging about come to visit?"

Asha glanced at Bailey, who laughed. "Inky, if I were going to lie and brag, I'd do it to one who can't read my mind."

"Ah! That's it. I was getting it mixed up with a dream I caught you having." Inky flipped himself over so he was hovering upside-down in front of them, cackling through his small beak.

"Now, that's just rude, if it's true," Bailey retorted.

"Or perhaps it was another camper... Lot of dreams about Braixen around here, wouldn't you believe it!" Inky bobbed a couple times, then swooped his way right side up. "Well, if she's not a girlfriend, who is she?"

“More of a sister, really. Inky, this is Asha. Asha, Inky!”

Asha was leaning on her wand, its other end dug into the pond’s shore between her paws. “Bailey tells me you have a big beak. Think you’re better than us at messing with minds, huh?”

The Inkay did a twirl, his little tentacles swirling beneath him. “Sure do! I think the humans have a few pages on how good we are at it. Don’t recall hearing the same about you guys.”

“You were right, Bailey! He sure does talk.” Asha turned back to Inky. “Well, I’m looking to keep sharp while my trainer’s out on his errands. Want to try to match your encyclopedia pages up against what my talents?”

Inky gestured at the grass behind the two Braixen. “I think everyone here is well aware that a fiery fight with you is not gonna go well for any of us! And you’re simply not going to be able to do anything to me with most of your psychic moves. That wouldn’t be much fun. I’m no sadist, after all.”

“Just hypnosis,” Asha said. “Bailey doesn’t think I’m as good at it as he knows I used to be. I just want to show off a bit.”

“On *me*?” Inky cackled. “A bit all-or-nothing, don’t you think?”

“What can I say? I like to show off,” she said, turning her nose up at him a bit. “Besides, Bailey picked you.”

“Oh, really?” Inky flipped in the air and bobbed in front of Bailey. “Well, I appreciate you picking me, of all of us here, to have my day livened up!”

Bailey smiled up at him. “I just think she’s less likely to throw a fireball at you than anyone else.”

“But don’t count it out,” Asha added, “if you play dirty.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I only throw sucker punches if I don’t know I can win. Now, Bailey, unless you’re looking to lose a challenge too, I suggest you stand a safe distance away!”

“Yeah,” Asha added. “You and I both know how easy you are!”

Bailey bowed. “I’ll be happy to referee. I don’t think Asha’s any more fond of swimming than I am, so how about she stands in the grass, and Inky, you hang out above the water. You get her in the water, you win. She gets you onto the grass, you lose. Sound fair?”

“Wait, hold on,” Asha interrupted, “swimming was never part of the deal!”

Inky bounced in the air and flipped upside down again. "The water is..." He swooped down and stuck his head into the mud at the bottom of the pond. By the shore, it didn't even make it all the way up to his beak. "Not so deep."

"Eugh. Fine. But no deeper than that!"

"You plan on losing, then?" Inky righted himself and floated up, splashing dirt around.

"Hmph!" Asha turned and walked a few paces from the edge of the murky water. Bailey took ten steps backwards, and Inky, confident as ever, floated very near the edge of the pond. If his willpower faltered at all, Bailey noted, he'd lose almost immediately.

"Alright," Bailey said. "On my mark!" Asha raised her wand vertically in front of her nose, and Inky flipped upside down. "Ready..." the faintest purple tint surrounded Asha's stick. "Go!"

Asha struck forward with her wand, and a burst of purple rings sprang forth from its tip, beaming straight towards the Inkay. Through them, though, Asha could see lights - strange, strange lights.

The rings of her psychic energy struck Inky, and he seemed surprised. He started up a shout, but it was quickly silenced. As though suddenly almost too heavy to float, Inky started to sink towards the water, bobbing up a few inches for every foot he fell, but clearly having a hard time doing even that much.

At first, Bailey thought Asha had served him an ace - her move had landed, and it seemed to be working. But, after a moment, Bailey saw her trembling. She stood there with her arm still raised, wand pointed at where the Inkay had been floating - but its tip didn't follow him as he sank towards the pond. Her eyes, however, did.

The insides of Asha's head were exploding and ringing with bliss. Every time the colors still shimmering out of Inky's body popped and multiplied into another rainbow, it sent her synapses spasming. She couldn't look away. She knew she should, but her neck, her eyelids, her pupils - none of it would respond to her.

The rings stopped spraying from her wand, and eventually Inky shook himself awake and struggled his way back up to his normal height - but a few feet to the side of where her wand was pointed. "My, my," he groaned. "You do hit hard! But your guard..." He stifled a yawn, still fighting off the echoes of her entrancing energy. "your guard was down," he finished after a moment. "Left paw forward, now."

Trembling harder than ever, Asha's left knee bent slightly, as her body struggled against her mind. "N... No," she whined, and with all her might she wrenched her arm free of its position and torped her wand towards the Inkay...

But he moved, swooping down and left, right back out of the way. It felt like she was moving through thick honey, and that only her eyes could keep up. "Come clooooooser," the Inkay crooned, and Asha made a pitiable noise as she felt her body melt. Strong as her mind was, the popping colors were blinding her to her own thoughts.

Knowing she shouldn't go forward but unsure how to stop herself from doing so, she groaned and sank to her knees, her wand pressing into the mud on the water's shore. She was on the shore - had she stumbled a few steps forward, without even realizing it? Inky had followed her down, and he was closer to her face than before. Her mind was going blank.

"Go on! Crawl." She panted with exertion, trying with all her might to fight it, but still her hand moved forward. "Gooooood." She whimpered, and her other hand dragged its way through the mud. She hated how good it felt.

"When you reach the water, you'll lose. You'll be hypnotized. When you reach the water, I'll win. I'll have hypnotized you." It took her a moment to understand why Inky said that. She hadn't realized that she'd wanted to be hypnotized. And just as that thought pierced the haze of color, her left hand splashed into the water, and then her mind went white.

Bailey was grinning, watching it happen. Though he'd never done it himself, he'd seen some of the others at the ranch win out over Asha as a Fennekin. It was as satisfying this time as it had been then to feel a bit of second-hand revenge, but the sight of her entranced was something he was pretty desensitized too. Similarly, Inky had made this happen to plenty of Pokemon plenty of times.

The other Pokemon around the pond, on the other hand, were getting curious. Inky and other hypnotists that came through - and even Bailey - did a bit of "convincing" now and again, but it wasn't usually much more than a flash of overwhelming psychic energy. This was turning into a whole display with the new Braixen.

He said something Bailey couldn't hear, and Asha crawled the rest of the way into the water, then took a kneeling position with her eyes closed. The water was only halfway up her thighs, in that position, but it was more than Bailey knew she'd be comfortable with normally. Inky plopped himself down on top of her head, tentacles draped around her ears. "So, ref? What's your call?" Inky stroked her brow with a tentacle.

Bailey laughed, walking over to the other two and looking down at Asha. "Well, i think if you wake her up in the water, we're going to be risking the no-fire rule."

Inky chittered. "She wouldn't do that. Not when I make her feel so nice! Don't you feel nice, Asha?"

Asha, so deep she was nearly snoring, nodded slightly, jiggling the squid on her head.

"I'm not *too* impressed, you know," Bailey said, watching her breathe softly. "You're not the first to do this to her."

"Nope! But, while I'm rooting around in her deeper memories, I can't help but notice that she was the first to do it to you."

Bailey frowned, not too happy about this. If he could see that, that meant he was probably treating himself to a show of Bailey's less-than-proud moments at her paws. "Sure," he said slowly, trying to stay nonchalant.

"I don't suppose you would have been *wanting* to see her lose when you picked me for her huh?"

"I mean, a bit," Bailey admitted. "But not the way you're thinking. She just thinks she's the best, whether or not she practices. This'll be a good wake-up call for her."

"Funny choice of term," Inky teased, playing with the sleeping Braixen's ears. "Asha, stand up and walk me to the shore!" Asha's eyes fluttered open, but they were unfocused. Not even glancing at Bailey, she stood, and she splashed her way out of the water, fur dripping from hip to paw. "So, seeing your sister like this doesn't do anything else for you, huh?"

Bailey blinked, suddenly uncomfortable. "I... I don't really take your meaning."

"C'mon. You have way too much fun getting your way around here with those psychic powers. Wanna know a secret about Asha?"

Bailey shook his head. "I think you might just be projecting, and I think *you're* the one having too much fun, here. I don't need to hear her thoughts. How about you get out of her head and get on with the gloating?"

Inky cackled again. "Oh, but... Well, if you insist. But, first... Asha, you call me 'sir' from now on. Now, wake up!"

Bailey didn't have time to scold Inky for that before Inky gave her a wet, tentacled slap on the forehead. The life returned to Asha's eyes. She blinked once, and her pupils contracted for the first time in a few minutes. "Wuh? I'm..." She looked down at the wand in her head and then, as if suddenly noticing a spider on her fur, reached up with a panicked swat at the Inkay on her head. "Guh! What's on my head?"

Inky popped off of her scalp and flipped upside down. "Ah, you're awake!"

Asha held out her wand and shook it at him. "Yes, sir, and..." The shaking stopped. "Wait, 'sir?'"

"Yes, ma'am!" Inky did another flip upright. "Gonna hit me with a fireball for that, now?"

Asha snarled, and for a moment, Bailey thought she might... But her wand went down. "No, sir," she growled. "I should! But no, sss-" She tries to fight saying it, but her resistance snaps. "Sir."

Inky's beak clicked. "Excellent! I wasn't much looking forward to it. But that was fun! You nearly had me, even." Swirling about, he dipped down into the water to wet his tentacles. "I had fun. Didn't you? Let's do it again, sometime."

With a frustrated grunt, Asha turned away from the Inkay. She stormed away, and Bailey followed her, waving to Inky. Inky raised a tentacle, cackling to himself.



## Chapter 2



When they were out of his earshot, Asha, burning with all kinds of emotions, turned to Bailey. “We,” she growled, “are going to practice.” Bailey laughed. “Seriously. If I can’t set him on fire, I’m going to find a way to do something else to him.”

“That’s the spirit,” Bailey said, grinning. He didn’t mention that Inky had been in her memories. He didn’t know whether or not she knew that had happened, but if she didn’t, he didn’t want to be the bearer of that news.

Asha wasn’t going to waste any time before getting on with it - the grass crunched beneath their paws as they walked to a less-occupied section of the pen to train. Bailey shooed away the little group of Dunsparce that were around, and Asha sat in the shadow of a large red boulder.

“Stupid Inkay,” she grunts, picking up a pebble and throwing it out into the grass. Her cheeks still burned red. “So, uh... What was it you were thinking we should do?”

Bailey was standing facing toward the pond, still, fidgeting with his wand. “Well, I was thinking that I’d try...” He paused. “Oh, damn it.”

Asha looked where Bailey was looking, and noticed that someone had followed them when they left the pond. A grinning Gabite was watching them. It was a Gabite Bailey knew, and one he was not particularly fond of. Dragons in general tended towards arrogance, and this one was no exception with his narcissism. “Bailey!” He walked closer. “Heard you had a sister come by!”

“Right,” Bailey sighed, knowing that this would need to be dealt with before they could get on with any practice. “Asha, this is Theo,” he said, not hiding the disdain in his voice.

“Ah,” she said, looking at the Gabite. “We’re in the middle of something.”

“Oh, perfect. It’s such a boring day,” Theo said. His voice was lower than most of the other not-fully-evolved Pokemon there. “You don’t mind if I join in - do you?”

“Afraid so,” Asha said. “We’re working on psychic stuff, and if you can’t even read my bad mood right now, I don’t think you’re going to be much use.”

The Gabite did not stop grinning, nor did he turn to leave. “Seems like ‘psychic stuff’ is what got you in a bad mood, isn’t it? How about a good *real* fight, instead?”

Asha remained seated, though she could tell Bailey was tense around this guy. "I suppose you wouldn't mind a wildfire, then," she said.

"You angry little vixen can't even control your own fires?" Theo chuckled and walked towards Asha. "Maybe some breeding will take your mind off things instead, huh?"

"I think I'll pass," Asha said coolly. Casual acts of breeding at places like these weren't uncommon, of course. Little as Bailey liked it, Theo did usually send some eggs back with the trainers of various other Pokemon around the pen. But Asha was having none of it. "You'll have better luck getting yourself into this boulder behind me."

In an instant there was a loud crack, and the Gabite was standing over Asha. One of his claws was buried in the rock over her head. "I don't *need* luck."

Bailey stepped in closer. "I think," he said, "you should go back to the pond."

"Right," Theo said, withdrawing his claw, scraping it against the dry rock. "I suppose you want her to yourself. Don't worry; I'm sure she'll be here long enough to make two eggs, right?"

Asha tried to roll away, but Theo's arm caught her shoulder and sent her falling onto her side. Bailey had his wand raised, waiting to see their next moves. If it came down to it, he'd do what he needed to to keep him off of her, and he'd have to hope that the wind didn't take the embers.

"Maybe you just need some convincing," Theo said. "I think Amy has a flashlight in the shed. If I shine that in your eyes, will you get on your knees for me, too?"

That of all things must have struck a nerve with Asha, and as the Gabite laughed, she moved. She rolled backwards into a crouch, raised her wand, and its tip exploded with psychic beams aimed at Theo.

He was fast. He ducked in beneath her wand and caught her with a tackle, scooping her up and tossing her a couple meters back. "So you *don't* like the sound of that?", Theo roared, still laughing.

Asha growled, and her wand glowed red. "If you open your mouth one more time, you're gonna find out what fire tastes like."

"Ah-ah. Bailey, remind your sister about the rules, here."

The Gabite was fast. Bailey knew that it was going to be hard to hit him with anything - fire or psychic. While he was distracted with Asha, though, Bailey leaped and scrambled up on top of the boulder. "How about I remind you of your manners," he said, bringing a spout of flame out of the tip of his wand.

If Theo jumped on top of the rock, Bailey was done for. But he was banking on the dragon being too much a show-off to do the easy thing. The dragon turned to him and roared, charging. When he was halfway to the rock, Bailey jumped forward off of it and over Theo, and a moment later the boulder exploded behind him.

Bailey landed on Theo's back between his shoulders, catching himself with an arm around his neck. A chunk of rock whizzed by as he stuck his wand against the back of Theo's head and let off a blast of stunning psychic energy that had been charging since he'd climbed upwards.

Theo's eyes flashed black as they rolled up into his skull. Then they closed, and then he swayed and fell, taking Bailey down with him. Bailey jumped away before Theo could fall on him, and they both landed on the grass in a cloud of dust. Bailey rolled away, Theo stayed limp.

Asha was still kneeling, covering her face to keep the rocks from hitting it, as Bailey got up and put his knee on Theo's chest. Bailey raised his wand again, and rings of his hypnotic energy hit the unconscious Gabite. Theo's limbs jerk once, but otherwise, there's no sign of change about him.

"Leave us, Theo," Bailey orders, coughing from the dust in the air. "Go back to where you came from, and forget this. You want nothing from us." He pressed a footpaw to Theo's hip, rolling him over. "Now, wake and get out of here!"

Groaning, Theo pushed himself to his feet, and after regaining his balance, he stumbled away without a second glance back towards the Braixen. Asha had gotten to her feet again, and was watching him go. "Thanks," she said.

Bailey rubbed his knee, sore from having been landed on. "Hate that guy," he mumbled, after Theo had left their earshot anyhow.

"Why didn't you do more to him? If I'd gotten *him*, he would've been doing a lot more for me than giving me his desserts. Don't you think we should teach him a real lesson?"

Bailey sat in the dry brown grass, taking a deep breath. "I don't know," he said. "You're probably right. We should've done more. I just wanted him gone."

"I get that." Asha watched Theo disappear into the distance. "You've gotten better at doing that," she notes.

"Probably so. I think I'm just better with a wand than my eyes."

Asha touched her bruised side, wincing. "Alright. Do me, then." She stuffed her wand into her tail. "That'll be my practice. I mean, you can clearly do it, now. So if I can resist you, that'll be a good first step to getting back to where I was!"

Bailey, still holding his wand, shrugged. "That's about what I was going to suggest, anyways. What should the game be, this time?"

"Well," she said, "that Inkay made me get on my knees, right? Let's see if you can make me do the same."

"Sounds... Reasonable." If she wasn't going to acknowledge the implications of such a position, he certainly didn't want to bring them up. "How long do you need to prepare?"

Asha wasn't sure. "Give me a minute. I'll calm my mind, and then you can go."

"Alright, then. Your minute starts... Now." Counting off the seconds in his head, Bailey watched Asha close her eyes, take a deep breath and clench her fists, and generally prepare herself for his assault. And when the minute came and her eyes opened, there wasn't a hint of weakness in them.

Bailey's wand was pointed at her only a moment later, and with a flourish, five hypnotic rings flowed out from it towards Asha. They were a few feet apart, and the rings were slow, but Asha stood her ground as they approached. Bailey's aim was true, and those five rings pinged against her forehead one by one.

They were only a few moments apart, but to Asha, whose mind was as calm as it had ever been, the time between their strikes felt longer. The first hit, and almost immediately, her eyelids drooped halfway. The second ring hit, and they wanted to close all the way, but Asha gritted her teeth and forced them open, waking herself.

The third hit, and she was dizzy. The whole field of grass spun around her as the fourth hit, pressing down on her eyelids all over again. The fifth strike was enough to make her mouth drop open, and her eyelids sagged even further than before. She stumbled a step to the left, then to the right, her arms heavy down at her sides. Bailey watched her sway, struggling to keep herself upright. Another flick of his wrist, and three more rings came from his wand to strike Asha. As he did, he said, "Kneel."

The rings landed on their mark, and Asha's eyes fell totally shut. Every muscle in her body felt like warm honey as she slid down towards the ground, landing on her knees in the grass. Her mind was totally blank, totally empty of any thoughts but those her brother gave her to think.

Bailey put his wand away, then afforded himself a smug grin. "Asha," he said. "Wake up."

She blinked, and she returned to her senses down on the ground. "Guh," she grunted, breathing heavily. She put her hands on the ground, staying on all fours. "... I still couldn't," she said. "Even after trying so hard!"

Bailey sat cross-legged in front of her. "It was only your second try," he said. "I know it's frustrating, but if you want to get back at Inky..."

"I know," she said. She took another deep breath, then looked up at him. "We'll try again, then."

"That's the spirit." Still sitting, Bailey held his wand up in front of his face. "I'll take this one slower," he said, and the tip of his wand glowed with a pinkish-purple shimmer. "Try to resist."

Asha nodded, her eyes on the wand. She was ready for it to shoot another volley at her, but no rings came from it. Instead, it just shimmered harder than before, glowing so hard that it obscured Bailey's face. "Ready," she said, growing frustrated waiting.

"Good," Bailey said. "Stay vigilant. Be ready to catch yourself when you begin to fall." His words felt, to Asha, like they carried a certain weight to them. This was important - important that she be ready. It was important that she watched his wand. She remained on all fours, watching, waiting.

"When it comes," Bailey said, "it will feel irresistible. You will feel it in your eyes, and then your mind." The look on Asha's face was already vacant, but he kept talking. "Once your eyes start to close, your mind will start to open, and you will have to fight to keep me out. But I am here, just outside, and you will want so badly to let me in. Because you already want to let me in, you will then fall. So you must keep your eyes open. It will be hard to do so. Fight to do so."

Neither of the Braixen had moved a muscle, but Asha felt like she'd floated away. Her eyes were glued to Bailey's wand, and she couldn't for the life of her puzzle out why that was. Bailey droned on some more about how it was going to be hard to fight, how it would be a struggle that would feel unwinnable, and she tried to keep herself ready for that moment when it came. She imagined how heavy her eyes would feel, and she struggled to keep them open, knowing that - when the time came to resist - she would need them open, because if they closed, her mind would be open. She needed her eyes open, because she wanted to let Bailey in, and if she closed them he would... He would...

"Asha," Bailey said, watching her tremble with effort through the glow of his own wand. Her tongue had fallen out of her open mouth, looking silly as he surely had as a Fennekin. "Sleep." At once, her arms gave out and she collapsed into the grass, her legs sliding and splaying out behind her. Bailey afforded himself another self-satisfied, toothy smile. He was beginning to understand why Asha had put him under so many times. The feeling of having someone so close like that, just carelessly listening and obedient, was somehow unlike having the other Pokemon at the daycare in the same way.

But still, he thought back to what the Inkay had said. She had a secret, and though he had resolved at first to let her keep it, he managed to convince himself that it was something he needed to know. Perhaps, he reasoned, it was the key to her success in this endeavor. "Asha. Earlier, with Inky. He was in your mind. In this state now, can you feel where he went?"

Asha's voice, as she laid on the ground, was small, barely more than a little mumble. "Yes."

"He said he found a secret, Asha. Tell me what that was."

Asha's brow furrowed. "I..." Her hands and paws and tail twitched, like she was running from something in a dream. "I..." She was able to hold it back a few seconds longer, but no longer. "I love this," she sighed.

"You... This? What do you mean?"

"This," she whispered. "Being... Hypnotized. Hypnotizing. You. Doing it to you, and when I... This."

Bailey blinked, afraid he understood all too well. She was his sister - or something close enough to it, if not a true sister, he thought. If she meant what she said in the way he thought she meant it - in the way he understood her - he regretted that breach of her privacy immensely.

"It's okay, Asha. That's... Okay," he said, his heart pounding. "Just... Just forget all the stress about that. Don't worry about it. Forget... Forget I asked."

"Okay," she sighed, relaxing all over again. Hearing that - that word, said in that airy way - brought relief along with all sorts of other feelings to Bailey.

He sped through the rest of his plan. "F-from now on, Asha, when you need to, you will be able to calm your mind, raise your defenses against the psychic energies trying to get in. You will be able to become much more resistant and forget, uhm, push aside any... Thoughts you may have," he said carefully, "that might tempt you to fall again. Now, feeling powerful, Asha, wake up."

Asha blinked awake slower, that time. "I..." She struggled to remember what had happened. "Hey... You tricked me," she said, yawning.

"It wasn't a trick," he said, starting to calm down. "I needed to take you even deeper under, to help you, and it was either something like that or hitting you with enough Psychic power to knock you out until next week."

“Why?”, she asked, pushing herself up off the ground. She was starting to wake up, and she was growing curious. “What did you need to do to me?” Once up, she sat cross-legged in front of him.

“Let’s say I gave you a bit of a confidence boost. I don’t think you’ll fail again. Are you ready for one more try?”

Asha took a deep breath. All of a sudden, her gaze was more fierce than ever. “Yes. Yes!” She smiled. “I don’t know what you did to me, but all of a sudden... Yes; I’m ready.”

“Good. I won’t hold back!” Bailey flashed his wand forward, and as close as they were sitting, it was mere inches from her head. Rings flashed forward, and not just five, this time, ten and then twenty, and more after that came from it. Bailey began to breathe heavily from exertion.

Asha’s head was flooded - and yet, beneath the waves of psychic energy rocking her skull, she was swimming. It was no easy task, but the challenge only steeled her resolve, and she pictured herself swimming upwards towards the surface, upwards until she saw sunlight streaming down upwards until...

She burst free, and she deftly waved a hand up to smack Bailey’s wand aside as the light came back to her eyes. His stick spun out of his hand and bounced on the ground with a clunk. “I think,” she said, grinning, “whatever you did, you trained me well.”

Bailey felt a bit foggy himself, after all the work, and he patted the grass beside his wand for a moment, trying to grab it. He succeeded after calming down a bit. “I think so,” he said. “I’m pretty sure I could’ve knocked out a Dragonite with that much.”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Asha said with a wink. “But I think a certain Inkay is going to be in for a surprise, this time around.”



## Chapter 3



The two Braixen wasted no time in making their way back to the pond, after that. The Dunsparce returned to their spot, riled up by the loss of their favorite rock to hang out on, but Bailey and Asha were long gone before they had a chance to complain about it.

Their trip back was not as uneventful as they'd have liked, however. On the way to the water, they came across another pair of Pokemon beneath one of the few still-lively trees. An Ivysaur had a Riolu wrapped up in her vines, and the Riolu was struggling to get free. "Oh, man," Asha said, motioning towards the entwined Pokemon. "That doesn't look so good."

"Oh, great," Bailey groaned. "She's here again?" He pulled out his wand. "Hey, Eliza! Let him go."

Despite the Riolu's struggling against her, Eliza's voice was soft, slow, and calm. "Oh? Bailey," she said, turning towards him and Asha, "and some new competition, it seems."

"Lemme go, Eliza" the Riolu whined, kicking at her vines with his paws.

"But you're such a good luck charm, it seems," Eliza said. She twisted two vines tightly across his mouth and hugged him tighter against herself. "I just have to thank you, somehow. Later, of course. I think Bailey and I need to play a bit first, though."

"I thought Amy told your trainer to work on your manners, Eliza," Bailey said, crossing his arms.

"My trainer," Eliza said, squeezing the Riolu, "has been very pleased with the results of my manners, thus far."

"Great." It was an annoyingly-common practice for trainers, who didn't wish to pay good breeders, to leave their female Pokemon at daycares with the sole intention of getting some eggs out of it. Some Pokemon, like Eliza, took their part of the job too seriously for Bailey's liking. "Having trouble finding anyone who wants you around, I take it?"

"Manners indeed, Bailey." Carrying the Riolu on her back, just in front of her bulb, she walked towards the Braixen. "And aren't you going to introduce me to..."

"I'm Asha. He's my brother." She tapped her wand with her finger, impatient and ready to move on from this. "You don't seem half as gentle as you sound."

"I can be very gentle, Asha. I don't suppose you'd care to find that out with your brother, would you?" The Riolu on her back, obviously trapped and tired, had mostly given up struggling against the vines.

"Neither of us want *that*," Asha said with a huff. "How about I show you just how..."

Eliza didn't give her a chance to finish. In one smooth motion, she flung the Riolu off her back and right at Bailey, and she leaped towards Asha as she did. Bailey shouted and tried to raise his wand, but the Riolu caught him in the chest and knocked him backward, taking the wind out of him as they fell.

Asha, too, tried to react, but however gentle Eliza might have said she was, she was faster and capable of a ruthless offense. Her vines slapped Asha's shoulders across her chest, and they sent her, too, down to the ground. Bailey had only just managed to push the Riolu off himself by the time Eliza had rolled her way on top of Asha. "How what, miss Asha?"

Asha opened her mouth to retort, struggling to get the Ivysaur off her chest, but the bulb on Eliza's back blossomed and released a cloud of hazy blue powder. Asha gasped, and she got her lungs filled with sleep powder for it. For all the training she and Bailey had done, she couldn't convince herself to say awake. It simply wasn't possible - as soon as the powder entered her system, her system began to shut down on her.

She weakly pushed at Eliza's face with her hand as her eyes drifted shut. Even that failed her soon, though - her hand grew heavy, and it fell away from Eliza and down into the grass beside herself. It had all happened so fast. Bailey had only just managed to get to his feet, and already, his sister was down for the count. The Riolu was quick to scamper, fleeing the scene at once.

How Eliza got to him so quickly, he could never remember. "Come on now, Bailey," she purred, circling him. Already, the air around him smelled something like lotus petals - an intoxicating scent from her bulb. Bailey tried to track her with his wand, but she looked ready to dodge everything he might throw at her. "I wasn't so bad last time, was I?"

Bailey gripped his stick tighter. "I don't want this, Eliza. You're horrible."

She just chuckled, and the bulb on her back pulsed. "And you're a horrible liar."

"No, I really..."

"If you didn't," she interrupted, "you wouldn't have just stood there, breathing this in until your mouth was hanging open." Bailey furrowed his brow and shut his jaw. "I should have let you start drooling, first."

"But... But, I don't..."

His protests were meek. Eliza had him - again. Cool as he acted, she knew he wanted her. That overpoweringly sweet scent in the air was just a little twist on his arm to break his pride. Not that it would have lasted much longer, anyhow. "Stop stammering, Bailey. Your prick's hard, and it looks silly." He looked down, and the dumb surprise on his face got a giggle from Eliza. She snapped a vine around his wrist and tugged, taking a step towards the tree. "Come, boy," she said softly. "Your sister won't even have to know."

Bailey felt his stomach churning. Last time... Last time had been *the* last time, he'd told himself. Was she right, though? Had he already decided, when he'd let the sweet scent in? He could still fight, he knew he could, but... She was there, and insistent, and eager. Eager - visions of those looks on her face, the way she'd looked last time, the way he'd *made* her look then, came back to him. Had it been so wrong? He followed.

Smiling, Eliza took him to the base of the tree's trunk, and, facing it, she raised her hindquarters. "Hold on to the tree for balance if you need it," she said, grinning as the loopy Braixen stumbled into position behind her, stood over her. She could feel his warmth even before he entered her, and when he did enter her, it was even better than she remembered. The heat was almost enough to make her wince, but it was that delicious sort of discomfort that only served to focus her mind on the pleasure more.

And her mind was certainly the focused one, between the two of them. Bailey was more drunk on the scent than he realized, but it was a lusty drunkenness, and his hips were eager enough to move all the same. Eliza's joyous shouts even sounded muffled to him as he rutted her. Nothing was in his mind but how wet she was. Wet, and eager.

Her desire spurred him forward, and he fucked her so hard for it that the bulb on her back twirled open a bit. Just the slight opening unleashed a visible cloud of pink, lotus-smelling stuff, and it might as well have been piped straight into Bailey's skull. "O-oh my," Eliza stammered, struggling to find room to speak over the steady *pap-pap-pap* of his cock sliding into her, of his fur meeting her wetness. "S-sorry, Bailey, are you... Oh, dear."

The rhythm of his humping was broken, and he was drooling into her flower. He slid out of her, and was lucky that her vines caught him before he fell. "Oh, fuck," Eliza huffed softly. "I suppose we can make it work, anyhow." With her vines, she managed to guide him so that he was sitting with his back against the trunk. He started to idly stroke himself, and a vine smacked his hand away. "Mine, boy. Hold still; sit up straight."

Eliza stood before him and hopped up so that her legs pressed into the tree over his shoulders. She hadn't really ridden anyone before - she found that sufficient goading, with perhaps some scented assistance, were usually enough to get a satisfactory fuck out of most anyone from the bottom. In this case, though, she was way too horny to bother chasing down another partner to finish up with, so she'd have to make do. Pressing his cock with a vine to hold it still, she

lowered herself down onto him, and her satisfied sigh alone sang a thousand praises about how a Braixen's cock must feel.

As she took over, raising her thick rear up and dropping herself back down onto him again and again, half-formed thoughts swam around his head. That word hung there incessantly - *eager* - but it was devoid of meaning to him, then, even with Eliza's hot breaths and soft, needy exclamations into his fur. The image that came to his mind was his sister, sleeping - not as she was then, but as she had been before, when he had put her under.

The air was clearing, though, as Eliza focused more on the effort of bringing their climax about. The half-formed thoughts connected, and he stirred beneath her. His wand - he'd dropped his wand. When? He needed it. He needed it to make her stop. She needed to stop, because if she didn't...

Eliza lowered herself back down onto him, not seeming to notice the small light in his eyes, and as her wetness enveloped him that image of his sister came back to mind. He had two thoughts in his head - that image, and that he needed to stop Eliza - as his paw desperately searched for the stick he'd dropped.

Rather than a stick, however, he found a root - and with the root, the whole tree. In his delirious state, any notions of what the wand did for him were lost. It was wood - and the tree, close enough to dead as it was, worked all the same. In fact, what power it had lent itself to the psychic blast that shot up through its trunks and out its limbs - out all of its limbs and branches and into Eliza. He, and thus the tree, had one short, simple burst of a command to deliver her.

*Sleep.*

Eliza tried to fight it. She couldn't piece together what had happened, but she could feel the overwhelming force of the command wash over her like a wave of warm water. "Nngh, no," she whined, her feet slipping on the tree as she tried to ride him faster. "I need this, I need it, I need... Just a little... Nnnnguh..." Her eyelids drooped, and the frantic pace she'd adopted faltered as the order grew its own roots inside her.

The orgasm she'd felt building she now felt die away, but her despair was dulled by the fact that she was fighting off sleep. She was blinking more for every breath she made, and for a moment of equilibrium, she was equal parts sleepy, horny, and bewildered. "How? Don't wanna sleep," she mumbled. "Need to... Cum, 'n..." Eliza yawned into Bailey's shoulder, a final moment of fleeting resistance as 'sleepy' overpowered everything else in her head. "Don't," she muttered, but if she said anything else, her voice was too small for even Bailey to hear.

And, by the time she was out, Bailey was listening. He was still not entirely in his right mind, but the spark was there. The spark lit the fuse of the desire and anger Eliza had stuffed him to the brim with, and he reached up to grab her hips with both hands. She was heavy, but he managed

to lift her butt enough to raise his own hips - and then, before even he could say what overtook him, he was rutting her again, harder than before, swelling inside her and twitching, thrusting...

"Fuckin'... Slut," Bailey growled, mind gone half-formed in this half-awake state. Eliza bounced limply in his hands against him, and did nothing but smack her lips a little in response. "Sleepy fucking s-"

Eliza interrupted him with a flutter of her eyelids and a mumbled, soft little "Sleepy..." Somehow, that was what pushed Bailey over the edge, and he came hard enough into her to snap himself back to his senses. Of course, he was in no position to pull himself out just then, anyhow - he had Eliza huffed tight against him, and he had pushed himself as deep inside her as he could go to unleash his load.

When he could pull out, he lifted Eliza up and rolled her off him to the side. She landed heavily on the ground, soring, sex dripping with his seed down her thigh. Wanting nothing more than to get away - he couldn't handle her flower opening again - he left her there, returning to Asha to wake her.



## Chapter 4



She was still sleeping on her back in the sun just as deep and peacefully as before. The sleep powder had hit her hard, and she snored gently with her tongue hanging out the side of her mouth. Bailey was in no mood to linger on the sight, though. A few shakes of her shoulder weren't enough to make her stir, so he pushed harder, rolling her all the way over onto her belly.

A moment later, she was wiping grass of her lips and struggling to get herself up. "Wuh-Bailey?" She almost made it out of the dirt, but her limbs felt heavy and loose, and they let her drop back to the ground. "What happened? Smells like... Weird flowers... Weird..."

Her voice was getting quiet and trailing off, so Bailey pushed her shoulder again. "Hey, stay awake," he said. "C'mon, take some deep breaths. I took care of the Ivysaur." He certainly had, and he didn't mean to take Asha close enough to where she laid to see the evidence of that. "Get up, and let's get going."

She took his hand and he pulled her up to her feet. "Wow," she said, wiping her lips, "That grass sure felt nice. What's she do to me?"

"Just sleep powder," Bailey said simply, not wanting to dwell on the details too long. "Ready to get back to what we were doing?"

"Yeah," Asha said, dusting herself off. "I'll wake up more on the way." She sniffed the air. "Is that you?"

"She tackled me, too. Weird flower."

"Ah."

There were no further distractions on the way back to the Inkay in the pond. When they arrived, Bailey was tempted to bathe himself, but they were greeted by a little floating squid before he got a chance. "Back again!" Inky chittered. "Round 2, I take it? So soon?"

Asha responded. "Well, it seems like everyone else around here wants to pick fights, anyhow. So why not? Plus, we've been training, sir!" Asha winced, having forgotten that part of her earlier defeat.

"Ooh! Excellent," the Inkay cackled. "Say, why don't I put the odds back in your favor? If you've been working so hard at it, and all. I'll take you both on, this time!"

Bailey and Asha looked at one another. Bailey was wary, but Asha was too bold for that. "You could barely even handle me alone, sir! You're going down."

"Maybe I've been training too! You don't know." He looked from Asha to Bailey. "If you can't *both* take me on, though, I'm gonna *have* to do something funny to mess with ya."

Bailey frowned. Asha was undeterred. "You'll not get the chance! What's the game, this time? Ssss..." She tried to stifle it, but ultimately failed. "Sir?"

Inky twirled in the air, thinking. "Well, I suppose you wouldn't want to play 'first one to kiss the other loses,' and with Bailey involved anyhow..."

Bailey took over, saving his sister the embarrassment of calling him 'sir' again. "Let's make it easy. First one to make the other side admit they're hypnotized wins."

"Oh, boring. But alright!" The Inkay was surprisingly cheerful, for what seemed to be such a lopsided engagement. "You two take all the time you need to get ready, and we can start on your mark!"

Bailey and Asha both took a while to calm their minds, standing with their eyes closed. Inky just watched them, holding back laughter. He had a trick up his sleeve, of course. His little beak didn't reveal too much with a grin, but the mischievous look in his eyes might have. He egged them on - "Ugh, are you two ready yet?"

Both Bailey and Asha were happy enough to annoy the Inkay with the delay, so they let him stew - so they thought - while they pushed themselves to new heights. When they both felt powerful and impenetrable, they opened their eyes and looked at the Inkay with total confidence.

"Finally! Count us down."

Bailey and Asha raised their wands, and Bailey counted with a clear and steady voice. "Three... Two... One, now!"

At that, Inky flipped himself upside down and shined with the light of what looked like a billion tiny stars. Asha's eyes went wide. It hadn't looked like this before! Last time, she'd lost, but she'd at least been able to struggle through the dizzying hypnosis. Now, barely a second into his assault, and she couldn't even feel the ground beneath her paws. If his lights were the stars, she might as well have been floating in the vast emptiness between them.

Bailey was not faring much better - he had the same stupefied look on his face that his sister did, their jaws gone slack as they stared. If their wands were shooting any psychic energy at all at the Inkay, it didn't show - the Inkay bobbed in the air, still upside down. "You two don't know

much about Inkay, do you?" Neither managed to say anything in response, though Asha did shake her head slowly as the wand fell out of Bailey's limp fingers.

The Inkay's trick, of course, is that it has ways of turning everything upside down. The higher the Braixen raised their psychic potential, the lower they fell when he turned himself over. Now, they were practically powerless as a result. There was no long resistance to speak of from them, and Asha's wand soon joined Bailey's on the ground.

"You two hypnotized, yet?" Inky drifted closer to the Braixen.

"Yes," came Bailey's soft-spoken reply.

"Yes, sir."

The Inkay giggled and flipped himself over again, still glimmering with entrancing light. "Good, good! Now, Asha, listen closely..."

Bailey couldn't hear what Inky said to his sister. As the Inkay floated out of his sight and towards her, the world around him faded out. With nothing left to focus on, his eyes drifted shut, and he slept where he stood in a deep, deep trance.