

From Hero to Pharoah to Mummy

Cutey Punny had travelled in the desert region to the far south of Numen to investigate the disappearance of a group of archaeologists. When she arrived, she could see a group of tents set up not too far away from a huge hole in the ground surrounded by safety tape. After searching each of the tents to see if any of them were occupied; with no success; the Lopunny carefully walked over to the hole and saw a rope hanging from the edge. Cutey Punny looked down into the pit but saw nothing but darkness. It was obviously very deep. Wasting no time, the heroine climbed down the rope and entered an underground tomb.

"The missing people must have gotten lost down here somewhere," Cutey Punny deduced to herself. "I hope none of them are hurt."

The Lopunny noticed a light source around the corner. She quickly went to investigate and discovered a corridor with lit torches on the walls. Curious, Cutey Punny knelt down and examined the ground and noticed several footprints of different sizes leading down the corridor.

"The group must have gone this way," she thought out loud before running down the corridor.

As she sprinted down the hallway, the heroine could see symbols and pictures engraved into the walls in the corner of her eye. She recognized the hieroglyphs and the pictures were of the Pokemon, Yamask. The Yamask were spread out all over the walls, some of them with diverse positions of their arms. Fascinated by the unique engravings, Cutey slowed her pace and curiously glanced over to the opposite wall to see if they presented anything different. It was practically bare apart from the torches and a small collection of Yamask paintings pointing down the corridor. However, some parts of the wall appeared to have been smoothed out as if they were sanded down, and one portion of the wall in particular looked as if something had been partially erased. Not much of the original engraving was left, but from what little could be seen of the broken outline it almost looked like a...Riolu?

"Maybe this ancient civilisation worshipped Yamask," Cutey Punny pondered, running her paw across the smooth surface of the wall. "The architecture is surprisingly well kept, even after perhaps millions of years. I wonder what ever happened to these scratched out pictures though...it looks like they were erased fairly recently..."

Returning her attention to her mission, Cutey Punny continued her journey down the passage, eventually reaching the end with a huge archway leading into a large room. Her eyes widened in astonishment at the sight she saw. It was a glamorous throne room with a strong Egyptian ambience. There were golden pillars with hieroglyphs written around the bases, with a purple carpet leading up through the middle. The empty royal chair at the back of the room was shaped like a Cofagrigus, with the arm rests resembling the ghostly appendages of the coffin Pokemon.

"This is incredible!" the stunned rabbit exclaimed. "I don't believe something like this was down here all this time!"

Suddenly her ears perked, picking up the sound of numerous approaching footsteps. She turned around and saw a group of Pokemon walking up to her, all dressed in attire commonly associated with archaeologists. There was a Charizard, a Meganium, a Mightyena, a Glaceon and a Braviary. The Pokemon had another thing in common; each

one of the archaeologists was wearing a mask that Yamask normally hold, even the ones with snouts or beak. Their masks were altered to fit their facial features.

“Are you the missing archaeologists?” she inquired, a little spooked by the facial garb.

None of them gave an answer as they surrounded the costumed Lopunny. Even though there were no eye holes in the masks, they seemed to know exactly where she was. Cutey Punny was beginning to feel even more creeped out by the eerie silence and appearance of the Pokemon, moving her paw down to her sabre. The moment she touched the tip of her weapon, the archaeologists took a step forward in mechanical unison.

“I am getting a very bad vibe from these guys,” Cutey Punny commented, taking out her sabre. “Are those Yamask masks they are wearing?” The five lunged forward at her, but she nimbly evaded them by leaping into the air. “I read that whoever dons a Yamask’s mask becomes possessed by the Yamask!”

Cutey Punny performed a back-flip before landing a safe distance away. The masked Pokemon slowly turned to face Cutey Punny and headed towards her at an unhurried pace. The Charizard had his arms out, giving him the classic zombie look. Cutey Punny prepared herself to dodge in case any of them decided to grab her again.

“I don’t want to hurt them,” she thought to herself, keeping a close eye on her opponents. “If they really are possessed, I must find a way to remove those masks without harming them!”

Distracted by the possessed archaeologists and her plan of attack, Cutey Punny did not notice a Yamask float out from behind the throne. It flew over the unsuspecting heroine’s head and placed its mask over her face.

“There will be no more foolishness,” the Ghost-Type spoke, his voice having that spine-tingling drawl to it.

“What the?!” Cutey Punny exclaimed, swiftly grabbing the mask now occupying her cute face. “Get this thing off me!”

As much as she tried to yank the mask off her face, Cutey Punny couldn’t move it even an inch, despite her strength. While she stumbled all over the place trying desperately to remove her unwanted fashion accessory, the archaeologists stood still and watched.

“I have to get this mask off me!” the distressed Lopunny thought to herself. She felt as if another force was trying to take control of her mind.

The valiant female thought with all her mental might and determination, fighting back against the authority of the possessive Yamask. However, she still couldn’t remove the mask. It was like it was glued to her face, or some invincible force was keeping it there. The Yamask was hovering silently next to her, following her every step, not giving up its task of taking over her mind and body.

“N...No...! The force is getting s-stronger!” the heroine fearfully exclaimed in her weakening mind. “I...must...n...not...”

Her willpower dwindled as the Yamask overpowered her. Cutey’s paws stopped trying to pry off the mask and fell limply to her sides. She stood up straight and stiff, her mind and body succumbing to the Ghost-Type’s exceptional possession.

"Oh, what is this? Yet another disrespectful intruder has entered our domain?" an ominous male voice asked.

The possessed Pokemon, including Cutey Punny, dropped to their knees and bowed their heads the second they heard the voice. A Cofagrigus glided in the room and hovered over to the defeated heroine, his multiple arms swaying around like agitated serpents. It inspected the Lopunny with its eerie eyes, remaining quiet. After around a minute or so, the sarcophagus Pokemon chuckled ominously and backed away from Cutey Punny.

"Finally! After countless years of waiting, the Gods above have sent me a suitable queen to rule alongside me!" the Cofagrigus declared, letting out a loud and victorious spine-chilling laugh. "Yes, she is perfect! Only the Gods could have sent such a flawless beauty!"

"Shall I release this one, King Tutan?" Cutey Punny asked the Contagious, her voice shared with the Yamask's with an added distorted tone.

"Yes, my servant! Your king wishes to see the pretty face of his future queen!" King Tutan ordered.

The possessed Lopunny stood up and turned to face the king. The mask levitated from Cutey's face and returned to its ghostly owner. Cutey Punny's eye mask was accidentally pulled off when the Yamask's mask pulled away, revealing her eyes to be a lifeless red. She blinked a few times and groaned, her senses fully returning to her. While she tried to regain her bearings, King Tutan took the opportunity to gaze in approval at the heroine's true face.

"Such true beauty!" the Cofagrigus complimented, extending one of his arms out to touch her face. "The Gods are truly gracious!"

Upon feeling the ice cold touch of the admiring Ghost-Type, Cutey Punny fully snapped back to her senses and leaped backwards. She hastily picked up the sabre she dropped during the Yamask's sneak attack and pointed it at the Cofagrigus.

"Keep your ghoulish hands to yourself! Who are you? Are you the one that commands those Yamask?" Cutey Punny demanded to know in her usual heroic tone.

"Now, now, my Queen, is that any way to address your king?" Tutan coolly replied, hovering closer to the inquisitive female.

"Excuse me? Cutey Punny asked, taking a step back. "Why did you call me your 'queen'? I am the Shining Lopunny Solider, Cutey Punny!"

King Tutan stopped his approach. "You are not a lowly warrior, my misguided beauty; you are my queen!" he announced in a more booming voice. His voice sent a shivering chill down the heroine's spine.

"...I...told you before, villain," Cutey Punny shouted, preparing a battle pose. "I am Cutey Punny and I order you to tell your minions to release those archaeologists from your control!"

"You are a most confusing one, my Queen," the coffin Pokemon spoke, not intimidated by Cutey's hostile tone. "You claim that you do not wish to be Queen, yet you make an order as if you were one."

Tired of this pointless banter, Cutey Punny lifted her sabre up over her head as her body gathered up a powerful surge of electricity. "You asked for this, villain!" she exclaimed,

swinging her weapon towards the Cofagrigus; the electricity flowed into the tip with a flash of energy that launched out toward her opponent. "Shock Wave Sabre Slash!!"

"What power!" King Tutan shouted, eyes widening in shock.

Before the combined assault could strike the king, the Yamask that had possessed Cutey earlier flew in to defend his king, taking the full blast of the attack. He wailed in pain and dropped to the floor like a stone once the electrical attack dissipated.

"I'll ask you again; release those Pokemon or you will feel the full force of justice!" Cutey Punny bravely declared.

King Tutan looked down at his fallen servant, showing no concern for his wellbeing. "Ah, I see now!" he said, looking back up at Cutey. "This is a test from the Gods! My Queen's beauty is on par with her power and strength! They must want me to use my own cunning and power to win her over!"

Cutey Punny sighed and shook her head. "Living down here all this time has driven you mad!" she said to the deluded king. "Trying to talk sense into you would be a waste."

"My servants, give your King and future Queen space to battle!" King Tutan commanded the group of possessed archaeologists, pointing over at the pillars.

"As you wish, King Tutan!" they all replied in unison, voices distorted.

The mask-wearing slaves took their places, one standing in their own spot in between each pillar. Once they were in position and out of their king's way, Tutan moved his four hands in front of him, his palms touching each other, making a circular formation. A tiny purple energy ball formed an inch away from his hands, growing to be the size of a basketball within seconds.

"No matter how large you make that Shadow Ball, it won't do you any good!" the masked rabbit cautioned.

Ignoring the heroine's forewarning, the king shot off his powered Shadow Ball at her. Instead of evading the spherical Ghost-Type move, Cutey Punny stood there, allowing it to hit her stomach and explode.

"It pains me to harm even a single fur on your chest, my Queen, but I must defeat you in combat to prove my worth to the Gods," Tutan explained in a hushed, albeit creepy voice.

"I told you before, King Tutan," the Lopunny said, naturally unhurt by the attack due to her type advantage. "You are a Ghost-Type and none of your attacks will harm me!"

"What confidence! I admire that, my queen-to-be! That is one of your many qualities that make you perfect to rule by my side!" the Cofagrigus complimented, undeterred as ever.

Cutey Punny growled in frustration before jumping towards the coffin Pokemon, holding her trusted sabre tightly in two paws. She swung it behind her as its shiny surface started to gain a bluish tint. "I may be a Normal-Type but I can still harm you! My sabre conquers all foes with wicked intentions plaguing their hearts!" she valiantly proclaimed, swiping at her foe with all her might.

However, the king continued to show absolutely no signs of fear. With speed that could match her own, Tutan used one of his arms to grab the blade and stop it as if it was nothing and used his other hand to grab the heroine by her throat.

"I know you love being gallant, my sweet, but that horrible weapon of yours is more suited for a palace guard, not one as noble as you," King Tutan told the shocked Lopunny, applying a tiny pressure to the hand that had her by the throat. "Your fur is so exquisite; you should never risk ruining it with such foolish acts."

Cutey immediately slammed both of her feet down on the Cofagrigus, bent her knees and used Bounce to escape from the king with enough velocity and power to land next to the throne at the other end of the room.

"This guy is more powerful than I give him credit for," Cutey Punny thought to herself while she caught her breath. "Direct attacks will prove to be futile, so I have to keep my distance and strike from afar."

"Once again your skills impress me, my Queen-to-be!" Tutan chortled in his standard spine-chilling manner. "The time has come to make you my Queen!" He spread out his arms, which started to glow a purple aura along with the rest of his body. "However, since I hate to harm your body, I shall resort to other methods."

The heroine shivered in trepidation; an ominous breeze had begun to blow, cutting through her body. She tried to keep a stern grip on her sabre, but she couldn't stop her fingers from trembling. She knew it wasn't a normal Ominous Wind since she was being affected. A flood of countless Yamask suddenly swarmed into the room, called forward by the foreboding atmosphere, and circled around the king.

"What are you planning, villain?" Cutey Punny spat out in a demanding tone.

For the first time, King Tutan was apparently ignoring the Lopunny he was obsessed with. His arms waved around and his fingers twiddled. The Yamask spread out; a quarter of them going together to the right, a second quarter hovering above and the last bunch floating over to the left. A perplexed Cutey Punny observed the numerous little Ghost-Types begin to move their arms around in a similar way to the king's. All were in perfect sync with one another. The way they moved reminded her of the images she had seen on the walls in the corridor. Like their king's, their arms also had a purple hue.

"Something tells me they are not just gracing me with a dance performance. They are planning on something," Cutey Punny deduced, trying to remain vigilant.

All of a sudden, the heroine found herself unable to move; she was completely frozen in place. She couldn't even blink or move her lips to utter out any distressed dialogue. Her body gained a supernatural purple glow of its own. Her mind was frantically racing to find a solution to this dilemma before it was too late.

"They must have cast some sort of spell on me!" Cutey Punny acknowledged only in thought, being the only thing she could do at the moment. "Is there any way out of this?!"

The Yamask assembled together and began to play follow the leader, moving around in the formation of a spiral, leaving behind a glimmering purple trail of energy. They sped up and soon gained a speed Cutey's eyes couldn't keep up with. Not like that mattered to her. Her focus was gradually drawn entirely to the alluring pattern left by the ghostly Pokemon. The only thing she could see now was a gigantic spiral floating in mid-air, swirling around and

around. Due to the paralyzing spell, the heroine had no other alternative but to glance helplessly at something she knew would further her downfall.

“Stare...stare deeply into the glorious spectacle...my Queen...” King Tutan’s malevolent voice echoed dominantly. “Become mine....”

Spirals that matched the purple manifestation appeared in her eyes, swirling slowly at first. Her mental struggle persisted despite all other odds. She was, however, becoming enthralled by the endless display, no matter how much she simply wanted to ignore it. The spiral glowed and everything else in the throne room turned into a monotonous blur.

“It’s so pretty...” she reflected, the spirals in her eyes increasing in speed. “So calming...nothing else matters...”

Once more, the region’s heroine had taken the unfortunate route of the victim, fooled by the Yamask’s trickery yet again. Unlike the previous experience with the mask possession, Cutey did not want the pleasure the spirals brought to end. Her mind was brought into a constant bliss.

“Come forth, my beauty!” King Tutan called over; his strident, echoing voice taking priority in the Lopunny’s entranced mind. “Come to your future king....I grant you the ability to move....”

The light purple aura that covered Cutey Punny’s body faded away. A small and peaceful smile curled up on her face the second she could control her body. She wasted no time in fulfilling the cunning Cofagrirus’s orders and gradually made her way over to him, holding her arms out in front of her. With their job accomplished, the Yamask that created the spiral came to a stop, bowed to their king and floated out of the room in an orderly fashion.

“Servant with the tail of fire,” Tutan shouted over to the possessed Charizard. “Help your queen-to-be out of that ridiculous garment. It is the only thing about her that I despise. Destroy it if you must.”

“As you wish, my King,” the controlled Fire-Type loyally responded, taking a few steps onto the carpet.

The Charizard kept to the side of the hypnotized bunny and carefully used one claw to cut down the heroine’s costume, easily ripping through the fabric. Cutey Punny’s pace was so slow that the servant could tear away the rest of the costume at a leisurely rate. He then grabbed hold of the shredded remains of Cutey’s heroic attire and ripped it clean off her body. She maintained her sleepwalk stroll while all this was happening.

“Stop, my beauty,” the Cofagrirus abruptly ordered, one of his arms making a halting gesture. “Please take off yours gloves and that unusual footwear.”

“As you wish, Master,” Cutey Punny happily and devotedly answered, her smile widening a tad.

Cutey removed her gloves first, carelessly tossing them over her shoulder. When she knelt down to take off her boots, King Tutan swiftly floated around her and saw, to his utter delight, the Lopunny wiggle her behind. Needless to say, the scheming Cofagrirus was enjoying this sight, his pupils moving back and forth like ping pong balls in sync with Cutey’s tail jiggles. His perverted fun came to an end when Cutey Punny stood up straight and turned around to face him. Her boots were lazily spread out around her legs.

"My Queen, you are about to enter a period of darkness, but fear not. Your King will be with you the entire time," Tutan started to explain, his casket body squeaking open, revealing an abyss of darkness inside of him. "Step inside and you shall be reborn!"

Having no fear or doubts thanks to her hypnotized state, the Lopunny nodded and stepped inside the living sarcophagus. The Cofagrigus laughed evilly and closed himself up the moment she entered. The naked Pokemon found herself floating in a never-ending black void, her arms and legs laxly spread out. The air was very cold; it did not bother Cutey in the slightest, however. Her trance was very deep, filled with nothing but eternal delight and obedience.

All of a sudden, a yellowish tinge started engulfing her body. She began to grow taller, her physique adapting accordingly with her new size. The entranced heroine was virtually double her original size. A tiny golden ball of light materialized on her forehead and expanded in width, transforming into a classic Egyptian tiara. It became solid as the glow subsided. In the middle of the headwear was a charm of a Cofagrigus head with green jewels for eyes.

An Egyptian necklace decorated with a dazzling array of blue, green, yellow and red jewels in three rows faded in around the Lopunny's neck. Each one of the jewels glimmered one after another.

Four glowing snake-like beams of light shot out from nowhere and wrapped around both of Cutey's arms, one around the upper part and another around her wrist, just below the fluff. Two more appeared to wrap around each of her legs near the top of her feet. They simultaneously converted into golden bracelets and anklets, decorated with blue and red stripes in the center.

A thin shining line ran across and around her torso. A flood of white light flowed out of the line, forming into the shape of a gown that stopped above her ankles. The radiance faded away to show the new piece of clothing in its entirety. The fabric was a beautiful near-transparent silk, fitting for an Egyptian queen.

The transformation progress was not finished yet. Now that her attire was more suited to her assigned role, it was time for the mental change. The green jewel eyes on her crown shone intensively, working its mind-bending magic on the already suggestible Lopunny's brain. The purple spirals were wiped away to make way for a vivid green glow which filled up her eyes. Memories she held dear to her heart, including her family and friends were being drained away by the power of Tutan. The brainwashed heroine had no objection to having her mind warped into the point of no return. Her peaceful smile never once left her unfazed complexion.

"You are my Queen...Queen...Queen..." Tutan's voice loudly echoed continuously, the volume of his voice rising with each passing second. "You were born to be my Queen. Your destiny lies with me."

Cutey's luminous eyes closed half-way. "I am your Queen," she spoke in a dull tone, despite her widening smile. "I was born to be your Queen. My destiny lies with you."

With every word she spoke, her mind was getting more reprogrammed. She did not see herself as the beloved hero of the region anymore, but as a Pokemon of royal heritage. Her desire to protect and uphold justice was replaced with a craving for being worshiped by Pokemon she would consider lower than her. The Lopunny's kind nature evaporated from her mind with a snobby and selfish persona being the replacement.

"I sense your change, my love," the Cofagrigus king noted, followed closely by a deep, malicious chortle. "You are now ready to emerge from my world and take your place by my side."

A door in the shape of a Cofagrigus appeared before the Lopunny. She walked over to the exit as if there was an invisible walkway under her feet and hopped through it. She emerged back in the chamber and was instantly greeted by the possessed slaves, kneeling down and bowing their heads in respect.

"Welcome back, our Lopunny Queen!" they chanted in unison, moving their arms and wings in a worshiping motion.

"YOUR 'Lopunny Queen?!'" a piercing female voice barked from somewhere nearby, interrupting the proceedings.

Tutan froze in fear; he recognized that voice. "B-but....how...?"

The newly-transformed Lopunny 'Queen' responded with an equally powerful commanding tone. "Who is this?! I demand you show yourself! How DARE you intrude on the domain of our royal majesty!"

"Royal majesty? Strong words from a rabbit with such a weak mind that could so easily be warped by HIM!" the mysterious voice spat back, "But of course...you always were a conniving schemer, weren't you...TUTAN!"

The Cofagrigus was visibly trembling now. "M-my lady...I-I..."

Out from the shadows stepped a Riolu; her fur a deep-purple and adorned with Egyptian garments that included an over-the-shoulder drape-cloth, a loin-cloth and a full-body skin-tight cat-suit made of the finest transparent silk. Six gold bands; two on her ankles, two on her wrists and two larger ones on her Aura-sensors; each with a glowing purple jewel encrusted in them completed her ensemble. Despite the much more revealing nature of her outfit, she wore it as regally as the Lopunny formerly known as 'Cutey Punny' wore her own Egyptian-styled royal garments.

Tutan gulped. "V-V-V-Vasha...!"

"EPRESS VASHA AMETHYST, YOU TRAITOROUS CRETIN!" the Riolu shrieked in rage, an ominous purple aura surrounding her body. "You were never a 'King' and you never will be! You always coveted my throne! You tried to overthrow me! And even still, all these eons later, after enduring the long torturous execution I sentenced you to for your treason, you STILL have the audacity to pretend you were a 'King!'"

"M-my Queen...! I-I'm sorry I-I didn't know...!"

The 'reunion' was once again interrupted by the brainwashed Lopunny 'Queen.' "Tutan?! Who is this vile creature who dares talk to us in such a manor! She speaks to you as if you've met! I demand to know what is going on here!"

Before Tutan had a chance to explain himself, Vasha raised a paw, and several rolls of bandages magically appeared out of nowhere, suspended telekinetically around the Lopunny whom Tutan had tried to make his 'Queen.'

"Silence, rodent. The 'ethereal adults' are talking," Vasha quipped.

In an instant, the rolls of bandages wrapped the Lopunny up from head-to-toe like a mummy; pinning her legs together, her arms crossed over her chest and an extra wad of bandage stuffed into her mouth underneath a multi-layer cocoon of silk bandage. All the former-hero could do was squirm and mumble angrily as she was unceremoniously left to flop into the floor of the ancient tomb. "MMMMMMF! MMMMRM FMRMMMMMMMPF!!"

"That's better. Now, where were we? Ah yes..." the purple Riolu gestured with her other paw toward the archeologists, whom were still under control of the Yamask affixed to their faces. "All of you obey ME now. I am your TRUE Queen. This 'Tutan' you have been following is a fraud. Do you understand?"

After a brief moment of hesitation, the five possessed archeologists bowed in devotion, and shortly after all the other Yamask in the temple did so as well. All began chanting, "Yes, Queen Vasha Amethyst. We serve you and you alone, for all eternity."

"THAT'S what I like to hear," Vasha grinned evilly.

"This...this cannot happen...! You are supposed to obey me! Yamask! OBEY ME!" Tutan panicked.

"You have no power here anymore, Tutan," Vasha gloated, "Your little 'pretend-time' has come to an end. Normally such insubordination would be punishable by death...but seeing as I have already executed you once, doing so again in your ethereal form would seem rather...redundant. Perhaps a NEW form of punishment is in order. What do you think?" She asked her servants in the room rhetorically, knowing they did not currently have the capacity to give a thought-out response. A wicked smirk formed on Vasha's face. "Ah...I know just the thing."

"Wh-what are you going to do...?" Tutan asked, trembling in terror.

"Since you appear to have such a fascination with 'upgrading wardrobes' of those you've managed to ensnare here...I see no more fitting purpose for you but to become an ACTUAL 'wardrobe cabinet.'" the Riolu Pharaoh sneered. Before the Cofagrirus had the chance to even flinch, a shadowy claw-like appendage similar to those of Tutan's own emerged from one of Vasha's wrist-bands, grabbing hold of the mask-like adornment on Tutan's 'face.' Both were engulfed in a deep purple aura for merely a second before Vasha withdrew her ghostly extra limb; a ball of glowing ethereal energy held in its grasp. As she looked down at the amorphous orb in her clutch, the 'body' of Tutan dropped to the floor with a loud 'THUD'; now a lifeless wooden box.

Grabbing a random urn from one of the many display shelves in the throne room, Vasha deposited the disembodied essence of Tutan into it, sealing it away with her dark sorcery. "I'll decide what to do with THIS later," the Riolu said to herself dismissively, placing the urn back on the shelf where she had plucked it from.

Vasha then turned to the still squirming Lopunny. "Now...as for what to do with YOU..." the Riolu tapped one of her shadowy claw-fingers against her chin in thought as though it were her actual paw, another grin appearing on her face. "As disgusted as I am that my wardrobe cabinet attempted to make you into his new 'Queen'...it would be a waste to simply dispose of you..."

Vasha reached out toward the mummified Lopunny's forehead with a shadowy arm, grasping the jeweled adornment Tutan had given her. Both Vasha and the former hero were engulfed in a deep purple glow, and even through the bandages the jewel on the Lopunny's head could be seen changing colour from green to purple like Vasha's own adornments.

Satisfied, Vasha retracted her ghostly extra arms back in to her golden bracelets. "Lopunny! You are a 'Queen' no longer, nor are you a warrior."

The mummified Lopunny wriggled, managing to sit up in a kneeling-position despite being for lightly bound. "Mmmmmmmfff..." She bowed her bandage wrapped head in obedience.

"You are instead my own personal 'pillow.' You will lay at my feet before my throne so that your body may comfort my paws. I have granted you immortality so that you will never require food, water, air or sleep, and you will never feel pain or age, so long as my spell holds you."

The Lopunny bowed once again. "Mmmmmhhh..."

"Now...I tire. Position yourself at the base of my throne so that I may relax after this stressful ordeal."

The Lopunny formerly-known-as 'Cutey Punny' bowed one last time before squirming like a Caterpie towards the throne at the far end of the room, settling right in front of it with her back to the floor.

With a satisfied grin, Vasha strode over to her throne, gently pressing down on the mummified Lopunny's chest with each foot before sitting down. The Riolu laid back, and with a relaxed sigh rested her silk-clad feet on the Lopunny once again, this time clasping around and massaging the rabbit-Pokémon's bandage-wrapped face. "It's good to be the Pharaoh."

The End?