

Everything's fine.

The gently swirling worry in the pit of Pirca's tummy said otherwise, but focusing on that feeling was a very quick and easy way to spiral down into not being able to think anymore due to the whirling hurricane of thoughts it would conjure. His brain had to tell him that he was fine. He was fine, it was okay, he wasn't in... imminent danger or anything. At least not that he could necessarily tell.

To be fair, inviting an entity that had apparently far greater otherworldly power than he'd once thought it had was... technically a sort of danger. The kindly plushie was apparently reshaping the world around him and he hadn't even realized beyond just a few things that he'd considered to not be an issue when he'd seen them. And that meant that it could have... unimaginable amounts of power. The thing could probably will his death into existence and it would be easier than... completely transporting a dorm room to some other, unknown location inside a building that he wasn't able to explore right now. But... it had been nothing but nice and kind and loving to him the entire time he'd known it, it would be really out of character for it to suddenly turn violent. ...Doesn't mean the danger wasn't still *potentially* present.

So... what *could* he do about the situation? He didn't exactly have a handy *"So, you're trapped with an otherworldly entity with immense cosmic power!"* self-help book to reference at the moment, and with her constantly watching him, he couldn't really look it up online... as if such a thing existed. So focus, and think. What did he know about her?

He... really didn't. She called herself "Momma" from the moment they'd met, she was very motherly and kind to the point of sometimes being a little overbearing, and she had magic. Sure, she had the normal psychic type abilities of psychokinesis and such, but... she had the ability to *change* things too. Changing his room slowly over time, only for him to suddenly learn that the hallway of his dorm building had been replaced with a room under renovations and he had no idea where he was, and the bathroom had been completely swapped out for a diaper changing room.

Information gathering. That was smart, that's what people did when they weren't sure exactly what was happening. And he... wasn't sure what was happening, right?

...No, he was trapped. That was pretty clear. Trapped by a surprisingly kind and loving kidnapper... but a kidnapper nonetheless... right? He wasn't able to leave his room without opening that child-locked gate outside that he couldn't even reach, and she was always watching over him to take care of him, including making sure that he didn't go through the locked gate while she was doing renovations on that room. The room that she acted like had always been there.

Deep breath in. Deep breath out. Everything was fine. It was fine, he wasn't in imminent danger, he was just... temporarily waylaid? Sure, that's a better way of thinking about it than telling himself that he'd been kidnapped with no way out. That sounded more fine. And it was! It was fine. Everything's fine.

Everything's.

Fine.

"You alright, sweetie?" The plushie's voice snapped Pirca out of his stupor, seemingly noticing the worried expression he hadn't been doing a good job of hiding. He glanced up from where he'd been staring at the game in his paws, looking over at her, the same big smile on the Lugia's face as always. It had been very comforting just a day ago, but now it made that worried feeling in his tummy grow, not understanding her motives or what was going on. She at least had taken good care of him, seemingly had access to as much food as she wanted to conjure to keep him fed, and was confident that everything was okay, and he didn't need to worry about the silly things he kept going on about like his classes. And sure, that was true. He was definitely not all that worried about his classes anymore after she'd reassured him, she was good at that much. He was just worried about some more pressing things.

"I-I'm alright!" he lisped around his pacifier, looking back down at his game. "I'm just... having trouble with this part." It wasn't *untrue*, the ending battle gauntlet had troubled him for weeks as a kid, and even now that he was an adult, he was running into issues. The sudden spike in the level curve was not very kind. It may not be *why* he was worried and a bit distressed at the moment, but it wasn't a lie, per se.

He sighed, closing the game system and setting it on his desk, a paw moving up to take the pacifier out of his mouth and let it dangle from the pacifier clip attached to his scarf. He... should... find out information. That was proactive. That would help distract him from the dread for a bit, right? He looked up at the Lugia for a moment, before hopping out of his chair, walking a few steps towards the center of the dorm room, and looking at the door. Yeah. Just ask questions, act natural, it's easy. He was a great actor, been doing it his whole life.

"Um, Momma... so... you said you're remodeling the playroom out there..." He wanted to just ask her where it came from, but it was pretty clear that she wasn't the type to break character, and she was playing someone who'd been taking care of him for his whole life, who'd always lived here in this building he'd never seen before. Take a different angle. "What are you doing with the remodeling?"

She seemed happy, both at him calling her Momma, and at his curiosity at what she'd been up to. Good, smart, make her happy. He was great at that part too! Easy, this was a cinch. He wasn't afraid at all, everything's fine.

"I'm making the whole place much more fun to play in! It used to be pretty barren out there, but I thought making it into a much more fun and active playplace would be good for you to have a place to play. It'll be way more fun once I'm done!" ...Okay, not very specific, but it was a start. A playplace? Like, at restaurants? Was she filling the place with a big construct of plastic tubes and stuff? ...It was nice to know at least a few of her plans, but it didn't really lead him in the direction he wanted to go, figuring out... *where* it all was. Though as he tried to search for a path in his mind to *get* there... he couldn't really find one. How was he supposed to subtly ask her where she'd magically transported him and his whole dorm room without just... asking. Or without leaving to check himself, somehow.

"Are... you sure you're alright, sweetie? You keep putting your paw on your tummy, is it bothering you? I can give you some medicine to help the feeling go away!" He quickly pulled his paw away and glanced to the side, not having even noticed the nervous tic he was doing. He just giggled and put his paw behind his head, looking aside.

"I-I'm fine! No need to worry, I'm alright!" he glanced back at the plushie, but it still held the worried expression on its face, his eyes quickly looking away. His game wasn't doing a very good job of keeping his mind off of everything right now, and while the last two days had felt like they'd flown by with how comfortable he'd felt during them, with so much on his mind today, it felt like it was dragging on. He just didn't know what to do about the situation he was in...

The sudden feeling of a large plush paw scooping him up from behind broke him out of his thoughts once more, the lugia picking him up with ease and carrying the charmeleon over to the highchair, setting him down in it. "I know nobody likes taking medicine because it tastes icky, but it's important if you wanna feel better, sweetie!" it said, giving him a smile as it walked over to the small kitchen area, humming as it fiddle around with a few things. He was able to see it take out some bottle of medicine that he definitely didn't own before and an oral syringe, manipulating the fine objects with its deft psychic abilities. The syringe pulled a pink liquid out of the bottle, exactly what he'd expected to see when it had talked about medicine for a stomachache. "Now, if you're good and drink down your medicine, Momma will give you a nice yummy bottle of milk right after to get rid of the bad taste!"

It... did at least sound nice, even if he hated the taste of stomach medicine. And it looked like he'd be getting the medicine no matter what, so he just sighed and nodded as she turned around to look at him, giving him a big smile at his cooperation. The plushie padded over to him, syringe in tow as she brought it up to his muzzle, the charmeleon grimacing, but opening it up obediently to drink down the medicine.

It tasted... gross. Like a shovelful of fake sugar had saturated the syringe alone in an attempt to mask the bitter taste of the medicine, only to make the end result worse. He couldn't help but unconsciously shiver as he closed his eyes, the taste in his mouth making him feel more sick than he was before taking it, ironically. When he reopened his eyes, he saw the lugia already back in the little kitchen, putting together a bottle of milk for him. At least the torturous taste wouldn't be sticking around for long.

As she turned back around, he was lifted out of the highchair and brought over to her to be cradled in her arms, the plushie sitting down on the ground as she normally did when giving him a bottle. He opened his muzzle for the bottle, happy to have something to drink to get that awful taste out of his mouth, looking up at her as she smiled down at him. The taste of the milk was nice as always, slightly sweetened, but not nearly as fake as the medicine had tasted. Despite his many worries today... he felt much more at peace, taking a deep breath through his nose as he drank it down, the experience comforting as always.

It was... nice. Gentle. *Soothing*. To be right here, in her arms. Like something was... gently drawing him in, those thoughts of worry and fear and anxiety in the back of his mind growing quiet, letting him stop focusing on them, and focus on... on...

It was always her eyes, that he focused on.

Always... her pretty, **relaxing** eyes. That was the word, wasn't it?

Relaxing.

'What a nice word,' his slowed thoughts said, bouncing around inside his head. He... liked that word. He liked to **relax**. He liked to **relax** as he looked into Momma's eyes. That was always how she got him to this point, where his muscles felt slack, where his thoughts felt as dim and quiet as a gentle night light.

He... could almost put the little puzzle pieces together in this moment, if he weren't so out of it. They were all there, right out in the open, right where he could see them. That looking into her eyes at this moment was what caused this, what he would only remember as a comforting relaxation, like being swaddled in a warm blanket in a cold room.

But once he was under her spell, he wouldn't be doing any difficult thinking like that, of course.

He'd been so worried today, so afraid of everything that was happening. And of course she could tell, she knew exactly what emotions he was feeling at any given moment, she knew them innately, so tied to her being as they were. But he didn't know that part.

But bringing him down into such a **relaxed**, trusting state... it took time. He had to be in the right mindset already, and stare into her pretty eyes for a while, she had to slowly feed him the right string of thoughts in the right order to bring him down into a comfy trance like this. It would be so much easier if she could bring him down into this trance at the drop of a hat, at the snap of a finger, able to instantly scatter any thoughts of worry in his head.

'Wouldn't you like that, sweetie?' her thoughts in his head asked the inebriated charmeleon. 'For Momma to be able to make you feel this nice and **relaxed** whenever you were feeling stressed or worried or scared? Doesn't it sound nice, to be able to come back to this wonderful feeling at any time?'

It... did. Of course it felt nice. He felt so comfy right now, so cozy. His little unconscious mind loved being right here, right now. It didn't like being scared and worried about her, or what she was doing, or where he was. Of course it wanted to be able to feel like this any time.

'Then let's make it nice and easy! All you have to do is remember a special little word for me. Can you do that for Momma? Can you remember a special word and what it means?'

He could do that. That was easy. Just... remember a special word for Momma.

'That's great, sweetie! Now, the special word is **Relax**. You know what that word normally means, but it has a special secret meaning too! One that I want you to keep nice and tucked away in the back of your mind, where you don't think of it, but you remember it anyways. When Momma says that word to you, it means that it's time for you to drop, drop, gently down into this nice, comfy feeling again. It means all your little thoughts and worries flutter and fly away as your mind lays down on a comfy, puffy cloud, and you feel just like you do right now.'

He... felt like he'd heard something like this somewhere, but he was too comfy to think of it. It made sense to him, though... when Momma said it, it had a special meaning. That it was time to **relax** just like this.

‘That’s exactly right, sweetie! Whenever you hear Momma say the word **relax**, you’ll stop worrying about anything that’s on your silly little mind, and feel yourself drop right back down into this comfy, cozy headspace.’ He felt happy that he’d managed to figure it out, he could feel Momma’s pride bubbling up in his chest.

‘Now, there’s lots of words with special meanings just like that one! But for now, we’ll just learn one more, alright? That special word is **awake**! When you hear Momma say this one, it means that it’s time for you to wake back up from this comfy cozy place, and let all your normal thoughts come back. Any fears or worries you had before still stay gone, but you go back to being nice and **awake**, like you just woke up from a nap on that floating, puffy cloud.’

Yeah... he could understand those words! Just **relax**, and then **awake**. Down, then up. Like bouncing up and down on a bouncy cloud, or even Momma’s plush belly! He giggled internally, and he could feel Momma smiling at him.

‘Good job! Just one more thing – whenever you hear these special words, because you understand their special meanings, it means you won’t remember that you ever heard them when you wake back up. It’ll be like Momma never even said anything, as those thoughts slide away into the back of your mind. Now... it looks like you’ve nearly finished drinking your bottle. So I think it’s about time for Momma’s little one to be...’

“**Awake**. Aww, you did such a good job drinking your whole bottle for Momma!”

Pirca’s eyes fluttered, like he’d just come back from a nap, feeling the bottle being taken out of his muzzle. Had he fallen asleep while drinking it? ...That would have been a very short nap, only being out for one bottle... he’d probably just zoned out. It always felt so comfy and nice whenever she gave him a bottle... he usually felt like he’d just woken up whenever one was done. It was nice, like he was able to really calm down whenever she bottle fed him.

Definitely something he needed today... with how stressed he’d felt. He... didn’t want to focus on all of that at the moment. He’d been chasing his tail in circles and tiring himself out all day, and had barely even gotten anywhere from it. Maybe he just needed to take some time to relax and rest for a little while. Without constantly letting his thoughts linger on the things that were currently a little outside of his reach.

...Part of him resisted the thought. Really? Just walking away from the cosmic mystery that currently had him in its clutches and playing video games instead? Shouldn’t he be... doing something?

But... tiring himself out and exhausting all of his mental capabilities wasn't the way to go about this, either. Figure things out over time, piece together what information he could find, and slowly unravel it. Don't just throw yourself at a brick wall, because you'll break long before it does.

He felt the lugia stand up and carry him over to his chair with a hum, setting him down in front of the game he'd put down earlier. With a bit of hesitance, Pirca picked it back up, letting out a sigh. Maybe figuring out a different strategy would help him in the game too, he'd been throwing himself at a brick wall against the boss for a few hours now, to no avail...

The lugia smiled as she sat back down, happy to see the little one enjoying his playtime instead of worrying so much. And with a new little tool in her arsenal, she could help take his mind off of things if he ever got a little *too* worked up about something in particular.

And she could tell already that he'd be pretty worked up about that medicine once it took effect later... maybe giving him a few more special words when it came time could help ease the transition for the little baby.