

“I don't even need to battle, anymore!” The trainer says contently, unbuckling his belt. The short-stack goddess stands at waist level, looking up in anticipation. She's panting, her plump breasts bouncing. Finally, as the trainer let's his cock fall out over her face, her formerly intelligent eyes cross to look at it. He grips the Pokemon by her horns. “I've got such a 'powerful' Pokemon, I'd just end up winning every fight I got into. If this were a game, it'd already be over. Completely hacked.” He grinds his cock up and down her face, admiring the dumb, horny look she has. Her tongue falls out over her bottom lip while he rubs his cock over her lips. She laps out to taste the shaft before finally leaning in to kiss and lick around his balls. It is this moment that Dialga chooses to stop and inspect just what is going on with the Goddess Pokemon and this weak human trainer.

'Strange.' By all accounts Arceus's form should have towered over the human and her strength should be enough to utterly destroy him and escape from the captivity imposed on her. Stranger still, Dialga has to assume that it is her own power that has warped her into such an unusual form. 'Why...!' Dialga leans down to inspect the scene closer, observing the still image of Arceus's plump lips kissing the human's balls with an obscene look on her face. 'Her body is so... Unusual.' Dialga trails her gaze down, observing the Goddesses dripping sex and bouncing breasts. 'Such obscenity.' She remarks as her eyes trail from her behind to her wide hips and narrow waist. The only conclusion she comes to after viewing this scene through her lens of being a Pokemon is that she must let time begin flowing again so that she can ask the human and Arceus what the meaning behind all this is.

The trainer jumps when he sees the large, legendary Pokemon towering over him and his short-stack toy. She is staring down at him curiously. Despite his desire to move and step away, Arceus ignores the other presence and is content to wrap her short arms around his waist so that she can continue licking up his cock. He is worried, but he also feels her tongue on his cock and can not help but groan as he attempts to regard the newcomer somewhat seriously. “U-uuhm.”

'Explain what is happening here, human.' Dialga demands, speaking into the human's mind.

“Well...” As he is considering how he should answer, Arceus catches his attention. She looks up at him from beneath his cock with a perverted, salivating grin. The goddess offers a nod. He begins to feel more confident. The trainer clears his throat. “I turned this Goddess into a dumb bimbo. She's a lot happier this way. Don't you think this is a bit better than letting her continue to sleep and do nothing for another million years, or something?” He argues.

Dialga is taken aback. First by the argument. After his words hit her, however, she feels something else. Pure, corrupt intent washing over her. It is strong enough to affect her. 'Stop!' The scene freezes, saving her from being swept up in the human's warped intent. 'But how is his will so strong?' She takes in what is happening, then notices Arceus hugging his waist. 'Ah...!' She realizes it is Arceus's power that is flowing into the human that is allowing him to have an effect on her. 'So, it comes down to this being like one of those 'battles' that humans perform? Unfortunate for him that he can not fight time.' She considers ending him here while time is stopped. It is somewhat logical to assume Arceus would return to normal without the strange human's influence. Something stops her from going through with it, however. It is something the human said. 'She is a lot happier this way? In that form?' Guiltily, Dialga wonders. 'What does that feel like? She does seem to enjoy it. Perhaps...!' She mulls over the idea of allowing time to progress just enough that she is able to experience what the human is trying to do to her with Arceus's power. 'After that, I can still stop time and stop him. It is not a difficult thing.' After that thought, it is all but decided. She nods and allows time to progress.

For the human, it barely felt like anything. Just a hiccup. He happily pours his intent into Dialga to

transform her into a short-stack version of herself. Dialga gulps as she feels something akin to evolution. It is strange, because a Pokemon such as herself has never experienced anything like it and she presumed she never would. Her form shrinks rapidly, her limbs becoming softer and more dexterous. Her general form warps into something akin to Arceus. Cute feet, thick thighs, wide hips and a slender waist. To top it off, she feels for the first time, her tits bouncing. She can run her tongue over her plump lips. 'This body...' She feels as it is happening. 'Is like- like that of a human's, but smaller.' Once her general form is decided, her features come into their own. Her body color remains a greyish-blue with lighter blue markings running down her arms, legs and neck. White, bone-like pieces mirroring those she had as a Pokemon appear most prominently in front of her chest with the large white protruding chest piece, featuring a blue gem at the center. She retains the white headpiece as a face-guard, almost, that runs up her elongated skull. It gives her obscene form a somewhat regal tint. Around her small hands and feet are white cuffs that extend down to cover her fingers and toes and give the appearance of claws. 'Is it... Over?' She looks back, seeing her tail wag. Above it is the white, fan-like protrusion she had in her original form that juts out just above her new, boouncy butt.

“Alright! Perfect!” The human announces, pumping his fist in the air. “Short-stack Dialga.”

“Why are you so excited? What does this accomplish?” She asks, a little surprised when she is able to use her own mouth to speak. Dialga watches as the human shakes Arceus off of him to instead walk to her. He towers over her small form, which is a unique feeling for the goddess. She is used to towering over most things, but now this human looms over her and actually seems to have an intimidating silhouette. Her eyes, settle on his thick rod and the goddess is immediately perplexed to feel her mouth water and her pussy begin to ache. “W-wait... What is- Stop!” She panic stops time, reaching her small fingers into her mouth. She pulls them free to see them coated in slick saliva. “And what is-” Her red eyes roll back as she reaches two fingers into her sex, pulling them free to see a far slicker fluid leaking. Panting, she decides. “I can't talk to him at all with Aceus's power aiding him.. This is ridiculous!” In frustration she restarts time for just him and her. “Speak carefully, human. Arceus's power can not help you right now.”

The human looks down at her with a confused expression. She looks up, wondering. 'What is he going to say?' After a moment, he scratches the side of his chin and asks. “Why's my perverted fleshlight Pokemon talking like that?” He gives her cheek a slap with his hard member. The goddess is stunned by the move. Her mouth falls agape as she feels her head being grabbed by the white guard. “Open wide.”

She stares up with wide eyes as his thick, long cock is poised to push between her soft lips. As his head touches her bottom lip she senses danger. 'I should stop time.' But she lets it go in just a little deeper as his cock provides a pleasant tickle around her lips. 'I should stop time, but...' She shudders as he slowly pushes more of his length into her mouth. His lengthy cock is a quarter in before his tip is pressing against the back of her throat. 'Stop...' Usually this would be enough, but her own power fails to listen to her weak resolve. Her eyes well up as he uses the time he has to bury half his cock right into her throat and mouth. 'Th-there's still more!? N-need to stop!' She thinks she wants to, but the pleasure she is feeling simply wont allow her the resolve to actually activate her power. 'N-need...' Her whole body shudders as more of his length pushes between them. 'Neeeed...' She moans into his dick as it hilts completely inside of her. 'Need dick!' Her red eyes form into hearts as she looks up at him. 'So full! My obscene form is filled completely by- No! My obscene form is MEANT to be filled by his dick!' She cums at the thought, and at the feeling of him in her fuck-hole-like throat. Dialga is all ears as he talks to her. “So, it's just you and me?” She nods. “So I got all the time in the world to try and train you to do something?” She nods. “I mean, you're a pokemon, so you would require at least some training.” She

gulps.

However much time later, time flows normally again. The trainer holds up his camera at the obscene Short-stack Dialga. She is kneeling with her legs spread apart. One hand is pulling at her cheek to keep her mouth open while she heavily salivates. The other is spreading her pussy-lips wide to similar effect. “Just like that. Just like we promised. Remember, this is for my own little 'pokedex' I'm putting together so make it good.”

“Y-yes.” The Pokemon is blushing deeply. “D-dialga. Short-Stack Fleshlight pokemon. Weak to dicks and men. Loves being used as a toy. F-former goddess. Extremely loyal to the one she calls master.”

“Cut! Perfect. I wonder who else is gonna show up?” The trainer wonders out loud.