

Arceus watched the world progress after she completed its creation. She observed the natural phenomenon such as time and space and matter that arose from her initial spark. She was pleasantly surprised by these things called pokemon that filled the world. At some point, however, she became less curious and was simply bored. It is not that she was dissatisfied with the world that arose from her creation, she was content to rest and pass time as the universe moved on around her. The god pokemon presumed she had seen everything that would come of her creation, so Arceus slept for at first thousands, then hundreds of thousands, then million of years.

One day out of the millions upon millions of years this pokemon has been alive, resting after her creation, she opens her eyes to a curious-looking creature standing in front of her, making excessive noise as it flaps its strange maw. Complex sounds that do not fit within her creation, so far as she remembers. The creature holds a queer looking orb with a blocky 'M' on the front and seems intent to throw it at her. The ancient pokemon yawns and shrugs, watching curiously as the ball sails lazily towards her and bonks her on the head. 'No harm. Obviously.' She thinks as she is surrounded by a strange light. 'Wait, what is this?' Before she can even consider the light that surrounds her and seems to shrink her entire form, she has to acknowledge the words and sounds that fill her mind and somehow instantly make sense to her. An understanding of language that she did not create fills her as the gods entire form is quickly compressed into a tiny ball no bigger than one of the small stones that dots her lair. 'What is happening?' She thinks. Thought is an unusual concept to the god pokemon as all she had known before this strange event was intent. Intent that breathed life into beings that created and governed the rules that bound this universe. Intent was enough to do all that, but now that innate power somehow feels bound and locked away within her mind.

Stranger still, along with language and her newfound thoughts were new feelings beyond intent. They were not hers, but those of a being that she now feels inescapably connected to. Innately she knows it to be the creature she viewed when she awoke. Within him she feels intense desire and most importantly... Intent. While her pure will was powerful enough to lead to creation, his seems more like a passing fancy. But that in itself is still powerful and within her she feels a shifting. Her form that had always remained constant becomes unfamiliar to her all at once, to the point that the image of herself she remembers becomes foreign.

Just like after creation, time passes. Unlike before however, when it seemed to hold no meaning to her, she now feels every individual second pass to the point that she pleads for any kind of stimuli or entertainment. Arceus decides she would wash away any ill feelings towards the being that trapped her if he would simply let her out. As she thinks that, her form expands out from the same warm light that enveloped her. Just as she thought she would, Arceus looks up gratefully at the creature that both trapped and freed her. His odd shape is unlike any pokemon she has seen. Bland in color, bipedal and somehow just very average looking all around. 'Fur in one spot on the head... Odd impliments all over his body that are not a part of him... What is-' She closely eyes his crotch, spotting an unusual bulge. 'I do not even know where to begin with that? What could that be used for?' She shrugs.

While a shrug for most would be fairly uneventful, for Arceus it brings home an odd feeling that has permeated her since she got out. The feeling of shrugging was different. She gulps, looking down to realize her shoulders are slender and jut out. Her neck is short and slim and feeling up around her head and face, it is far less angular than before. It is softer. The act of feeling her soft face and horns draws Arceus's attention her hands. No longer the pointed hooves they once were, but soft, dark appendages with quite a bit of dexterity to them. 'W-what?' She breaths deeply and feels a subtle jiggling on her chest. 'What possible purpose could THESE serve?' she thinks, letting her chest rise and fall to cause the odd, large orbs bounce and jiggle. She reaches up with her hands and digs them into her tits. Her body still has the same texture and fur. She reaches up a little further to feel the tuft of fur at her neck to confirm that. There is still the dark line running down her belly

as well, which stands out on her perfectly white form, but where once was a smooth chest there are now two satisfyingly squishy breasts with the rough outline of near-inverted nipples on them. Her hands roll down from her breasts, over the rest of her unusual body. Her waist is slender, her hips are wide and her thighs are thick, tapering down into delicate legs and white feet that serve, along with her horns, as the closest reminder of the god pokemon she once was.

Arceus looks to the man for answers. Where she once dwarfed him, she is now just about the same height. Far less imposing. 'What did you do?' She thinks at him, though she is unsure if that will even work. The pokemon's shoulders slump as the man ignores her thoughts. Whether it is intentional, or that he simply can not understand her, the result is the same. He grins widely and reaches forward, digging both hands into her plump tits just as she had done while exploring her new body. She gasps internally, feeling a wave of something she had never felt before. It is through him, but the emotion is powerful enough to affect her, as well. 'L-lust?'

He looks up into her eyes as he gropes her, clearing his throat. "So, uhm... You can actually communicate mentally?"

'So you CAN hear me...' She thinks, a little annoyed.

"Sorry, it's just a bit much." The creature chuckles. "First, catching a pokemon that is said to be a god is already overwhelming, but it looks like you also changed somehow." He still holds the same perverted grins as he stares at her. She feels even more lust emanating from him. "Not gonna lie, you're pretty close to my type... Anyway, how'd this happen?" He asks curiously.

'T-type? My type is...' She shakes her head. 'Anyway, I think this happened through your intent. Somehow my powers reacted to what you wanted and changed me the same way I changed everything before.' She feels excitement from him and looks down to see his bulge grow.

"R-really? So I could potentially do it again?" He asks cautiously.

'Maybe? I am not sure. This is all new to me as well.' She offers earnestly.

"Can I just ask you a few things?" Arceus can feel the man's excitement growing.

'Of course.'

"Did you really create everything? Are you a god?" He looks at her with an intense interest.

Arceus giggles. 'I did, and I suppose I am. Why?' She begins to think that this creature is actually quite charming and curious. Not unlike the pokemon that she oversaw. 'This thing, whatever he is, has a keen mind and a strong will.' She thinks to herself contently.

"Well..." He gulps.

'Go on?' She says, tilting her head curiously.

He tilts his head up, grinning pervertedly. "I was just thinking... Isn't it kind of obscene that the god of the creation trio has been warped to this extent?"

'E-eh?' Arceus takes a step back, not liking where this is going. 'I guess? Could... Do you think you could change me back?' She asks innocently.

He shrugs. "Maybe. I probably could." The man looks to be calming down.

Arceus sighs with relief. 'That's-' She feels a twisting feeling in her body as she is suddenly overwhelmed with his perverted intent. 'W-what are you doing!? Stop!'

"Or I could turn the god of all creation into a dumb, short-stack bimbo!"

A warm light surrounds her again but it is unlike before. This time it is from originating from her and innately she can feel what is happening. 'This is... Evolution?' She groans, the picture of what she is going to become entering her mind. Arceus panics. 'N-no! I don't want to end up in that obscene f-form!'

"Sorry Arceus, but you're MY pokemon. Do you know what that mean?" She shakes her head, struggling against the evolution as it is happening. "It means you've gotta listen to daddy!" He chuckles. "So! What are you gonna become?" He asks, his powerful intent demanding an answer from the godlike being he now commands.

'D-' She gulps, feeling something odd on her face. The smooth head becomes more angular in some spots and more round in others. A cute, pointed nose forms under her sharp eyes. Bellow it a plush pair of black humanoid lips open wide and let out a low moan. "D-dumb..." She repeats, feeling her mind slowly shrink. Her grasp on subjects decreases along with her understanding. Though, mercifully, she feels it slowing down. At least until...

"Who's my good dumb girl?" He asks demeaningly.

Arceus whimpers and her lips curl into a submissive smile. She looks up at her master affectionately, not considering the fact that her height has decreased to the point that her head is just above waist level to him. 'He's s-so great!' She gasps, shaking it off as she realizes. 'Everything I am is going to evaporate if I answer to him. I have to find some way to-' Her legs begin to shake as something between her thighs forms and immediately starts to drip and ache with a pleasant need. Her dark hands, that have only become more closely shaped to a slender version of his, reach down. Her digits press into her brand new pussy and send an unfamiliar, rapturous feeling throughout her tiny body. That alone is almost enough to cause her mind to go nearly blank. She feels her toes curl and dig into the dirt as her legs shake more. 'T-toes?' Arceus looks down, Her smile warping pervertedly as she sees that her shapely legs now taper down into cute black feet with individual toes. She comes to the slow realization. 'This feeling... This body... My brain-'

As if sensing how close she is to submission, her master rests a hand on her head and curls his fingers around one of her cute horns, directing her to look up at him. "I asked... Who is my good dumb girl, Arceus?"

The new short-stack pokemon stares up at him worshipfully. 'I'm sorry universe... I'm sorry creation.' The god sighs happily and parts her plump lips to say. "M-me! Arceus is your good, dumb girl!" With that her intelligence evaporates rapidly, along with everything that comes with it. Her brain, that was actually feeling rather tight in her little head, shrinks to a very comfortable size within it.

"Who's my stupid bimbomon?" he asks gleefully.

"Arceus!" She utters pleurably, letting out a deep moan as she cums from the last few changes rocking her little short-stack body. Her nipples finally uninvert and pop out from her ample tits to start leaking, while down bellow her clit forms prominently above her cute pussy and throbs with

pleasure.

The man looks down, admiring the short-stack goddess he has created somehow through pure intent. "I wonder if more pokemon can be made 'better' using this bimbo's powers?" He sighs happily at the implication, excitedly removing Arceus's pokeball from his belt.