

An open portal to the distortion world right in front of him, Palkia charged up a devastating hydro pump, intent on shattering some of the chaotic terrain in that world with the intense pressurized water. He always hated that place, not obeying any of the logical rules of space that he governed over. Giratina made no sense... and they were stupid! Just before he could release it, the legendary pokemon was surprised by the sound of Arceus's roar, immediately stopping the charge and closing the portal. Ugh, Dad got angry at them all again. It was always so annoying... how was he supposed to teach the other two a lesson about messing with him if Arceus kept making him stop?!

He let out a grumpy huff and stomped his hooves a few times, annoyed. He was totally gonna show them this time... then they'd both stop acting all high and mighty and like they were better than him. He was *clearly* the strongest of the three, and it didn't matter that both of them kept flaunting how they thought they were smarter. That smartness didn't save them from a jet of water to the face! He chuckled at the memory of how annoyed Dialga looked the last time he'd managed to land a hydro pump straight to the face... heh, that was pretty good.

Palkia pranced through the ribbon-like strands of his dimension, his movement flowing through space effortlessly despite the terrain of his domain being near incomprehensible to mortal minds. It all made perfect sense to the god of space, everything working exactly by design. He found a comfortable spot to rest, laying underneath a tree, deciding he could use a snack and folding the space between himself and an apicot plant nearby, bringing it closer for him to eat a few berries.

A portal appeared in front of him soon after, glowing gold and white, as Arceus stepped out. While his expression never betrayed it, it was clear he was frustrated, and Palkia could tell. He knew when someone was angry, especially another of the gods. Clearly, Arceus was upset with the constant fighting they'd been doing... and to be honest, he was too!

"Talking to everyone about the fighting again? Maybe they'll listen this time..." Palkia said with an annoyed grunt, returning to eating his berries. He heard Arceus sigh, sounding disappointed. He always sounded disappointed when he came to talk. It was so annoying... it felt like he was always the one being blamed. Everyone else wanted to talk with *words*, always talking around each other, never saying what they meant. There's no way to talk around people when you're talking with *actions*. That's how he'd always preferred to communicate.

"You know that you have to listen too, Palkia. All three of you are perpetuating this conflict indefinitely. Not just one or two of you." Palkia grumbled, of course he'd say that.

"You know it's always the two of them saying stupid things that starts this stuff. I just wanna make them *shut up* for once. They never wanna shut their mouths, either of them." The god of space took another

grumpy bite of a berry, hearing yet another disappointed sigh from Arceus nearby. It was true! He wasn't lying about it, it was almost *always* the other two starting it.

"You don't always have to respond to their provocations with violence. You know you can be the bigger person." *Always* that. Just stop fighting back, surely that would solve it. They wouldn't just start to realize they can get away with it and do it more.

"You know that wouldn't stop anything. They're just gonna keep at it until they get taught a lesson. And who's gonna teach them that lesson? It sure ain't you, so I guess it's gotta be me."

Arceus seemed to pause for a moment. Had he actually gotten through to him for once? Maybe the *peace and love* focused pokemon could actually see that his idea of peace was just the other two getting to torment him for all of eternity and get away with it. "I'm speaking to the other two about their attitudes and provocations right now, Palkia. You know I always do. But I'm talking to you about your vices at the same time, and that typically amounts to violence."

"I've gotta do *something* about them. It's only fair." It was nice to know the other two were at least getting a talking to about this.

"But you always go too far. That's what I'm saying, Palkia. Please, I need you to work with me. I can only convince them to stop if they stop feeling threatened by you., and that will take work on your part."

Palkia grumbled. Sure it made sense... but it was just more words talking around the actual issue. He was threatening to them because it was the only way to *stop* them. It's not fair to expect him to make the first change for the better when they were always the ones making the first change for the worst. "I'll stop fighting when they stop with the words. That's the only way it'll work."

"Palkia... if you refuse to make a change, then you sadly leave me no choice." The god of space looked up with a glare at that statement. Did he really wanna fight? Sure, Arceus had been the one to create him, but that didn't make him stronger. All he did was sit in his pretty white hall all day, while Palkia was actually out here getting stronger. He stood up, ready to tussle and prove that he really *was* the strongest of them all.

He could sense Arceus's intent, no need for any more words at this point. Palkia immediately launched a spacial rend at him, intent on getting the first shot out. A blast of smoke from the impact of the shot

burst out, obscuring the damage... and as it cleared, Arceus was standing untouched, his color a light pink, having changed to a fairy type at the last second. Palkia didn't have much time to react before the glowing arms were upon him, grabbing his body and restraining his legs. He needed some time to recharge from that first shot, and Arceus quickly took advantage of that, golden light spilling out from him and overtaking Palkia's domain. He quickly found himself reverting to his altered form, his shifting body disorienting him and throwing him off as he tried to charge up some other attack.

Back in a bipedal form, the arms suddenly flipped him onto his back, quickly working through some kind of strange procedure, arms sprinkling a weird powder over his crotch, before something was quickly wrapped up and over it, taped together at the front... a diaper?! What the... what was he planning? Just to humiliate him or something? That wouldn't work on him, not a bit.

Pulling himself back together, Palkia immediately charged up another spatial rend, but this time not aimed as an attack, rather intending to teleport himself to a better position, and get out of those arms and this diaper. He felt the familiar feeling of his body flowing through space just as it always had... only this time, something felt off. In particular, it felt like the flow of space was being hampered by the garment around his waist, like he wasn't going where he intended to, being drawn somewhere else.

All of a sudden, he found himself in normal space once more, as he would after a successful shift through space. Only this time, his feet weren't on solid ground, his toes instead just touching the ground beneath him as he bounced slightly up and down. He looked around, seeing what looked like it was once a spear pillar... but completely changed. The place was colorful like a nursery, with puzzle piece playmats along the ground, walls that surrounded the space ending in a child lock gate at the entrance to the monument, changing tables and cribs and toyboxes all over the place. Taking stock of himself, the god of space had found himself suspended in a giant bouncer sized for him, held up between two pillars, each small movement of his translating to a bounce. He immediately started to struggle, to pull himself out, but it seemed like the bouncer was locked to him somehow, Palkia unable to pull it free from the diaper.

Arceus quickly appeared in front of him once more, looking unfazed, like all of this was normal. Like it was part of his grand design. "It seems you decided to visit the nursery early. I'm glad you're at least getting yourself acquainted with the place, but I believe I didn't quite finish getting you ready for your stay..."

"Wh... what's going on?!" Palkia yelled back, but an arm quickly appeared and shoved a pink pacifier into his mouth, cutting him off. The many arms suddenly returned, with many of them carrying a worrying number of pink things to place onto him. He struggled in the bouncer as large pink mittens moved to slide onto his hands, locking in place, booties following quickly after, fitting onto his feet. He could feel studs in the bottom of them gently pressed against his soles, threatening to hurt when he tried to stand or walk. A set of short cuffs snapped around his ankles, making the prospect of walking seem even more

impossible. And to top it all off, a pair of glowing arms brought a collar made of the red chain up to his neck, locking it in place alongside all the rest of his new outfit.

“With how prone you are to fighting, I think it’s only appropriate that you have some extra protection to make sure you don’t hurt anyone while you and your siblings stay here for the duration of your reeducation. You’ll be crawling until you can prove you’re mature enough to be trusted with walking, and those mitts will be staying for a while to make sure you don’t try to hurt anyone. Of course, the collar isn’t going anywhere until you can fully be trusted to use your powers again.”

Palkia spit out the pacifier, growling at Arceus... but he could feel that he couldn’t use any moves, or even call on his innate bending of space like this. He struggled in the bouncer, feeling it bouncing him up and down, with no way for him to pull himself out of it, or out of any of the bondage he had suddenly been locked up in. “What, do you think I’ll really go through with this ridiculous charade you apparently have planned for us?”

“I don’t think you have much of a choice at this point. Plus, with the right encouragement, you might just find yourself learning to enjoy the experience...” Palkia suddenly felt something appear between his legs underneath the bouncer, the diaper around his crotch just barely bumping into it whenever a bounce took him particularly low. He couldn’t tell what it was at first, but it only took a moment for it to start buzzing, Palkia feeling a thrumming buzz through his diaper any time the bouncer took him low enough. He didn’t want to... but it had been a while since he’d tended to his needs, and he couldn’t help that it felt good any time it happened... Before long, his body’s natural reactions started to take over against his willpower.

“That’s good. Now, you have fun bouncing there for a while, and it won’t be long before my other aspects are done dealing with your siblings. Once they’re both here, you can have a nice time together to get you all introduced to your new life. Does that sound good?” Arceus watched as he started bouncing more intentionally, the bouncer taking him higher and lower in a rhythm that he didn’t have when he was just struggling in place. A groan from his throat told him all that he needed to know about it working exactly how he’d hoped.

Palkia caught a glimpse of Arceus’s smile as he turned around and walked away, stepping through a portal and vanishing. He felt embarrassed about it... but he couldn’t help but keep bouncing, wanting to feel that buzzing against his diaper.

He could feel that he was well and truly stuck here, with nowhere to escape from the treatment Arceus had planned for him.