TSR: Miltank Mishap

In Goldenrod City, Pokémon trainers galore come far and wide to battle each other for glory. After all, this town is known for its famous battlegrounds and even more famous trainers. Whitney was the gym leader of this town, and she was no joke. She could easily predict her opponents next moves and trains her Pokémon into becoming masters of their own moves.

In celebration of her hundredth victory, there was going to be a special party held in her honor. It was going to be a costume ball where everyone would dress up as Pokémon. She put Alana in charge of organizing the party as she was known to throw legendary parties, particularly around Halloween.

Alana had a very intense rivalry between two girls, Raven, and Chelsea. While Alana was your traditional popular girl with the pretty hair, Raven and Chelsea were what you would call outsiders to the popular crowd. Not unpopular by any means, but right in the middle. They were able to be friendly with the other town folk much easier than Alana. She wanted nothing more than to exclude them from the party, but when she brought the guest list to Whitney, Whitney insisted that they come as they had done some shopping favors on behalf of her.

Begrudgingly, Alana gave Raven and Chelsea the invitations, which were sent out a week before the event. She merely slipped the invitation in their mailboxes as she didn’t want to be caught dead giving them invitations in person.

When Raven opened hers, she squealed in absolute excitement. She immediately rushed to the phone to call Chelsea.

“Hey Chels! Did you get what I got?” Raven asked with bubbly joy in her voice.

“I sure did Raven! Can you believe it? We’re going to THE costume ball of the year!” Chelsea responded, matching the same energy Raven had.

“I know! What costume are you going to wear?” Raven asked Chelsea.

“Oh… I knew it was too good to be true. I don’t have anything!” Chelsea lamented as she realized the major problem.

“Dang! Neither do I. And the invitation says that it MUST be a Pokémon related costume. We could buy a costume, but you know Alana. She is the Queen of costumes. Always has to be the winner! We need to find a way to get a creative costume that will kick Alana’s butt!” Raven pointed out.

“I’ll think of something. Maybe we could make our own costumes!” Chelsea proposed.

“That’s a thought, but I’m still a little rough in that department.” Raven mentions.

“Well, we have a whole week before we need to come up with something, let’s brainstorm what Pokémon we want to dress up as. Now what are your favorite Pokémon?” Chelsea asks.

Minutes of silence. Not only did they not have a costume ready, but they also didn’t even know what Pokémon they were going to be dressing up as.

“You know the phrase blessing in disguise? This is not the good type of blessing Chels.” Raven says.

“Calm down. Let’s do some research, maybe we can choose one with a simple form that we can emulate. Even if we can’t beat Alana, at least we can try and have a good time at the party.” Chelsea tells Raven.

“Always, the optimist. Guess you’re not wrong.” Raven says with renewed enthusiasm.

“That’s the spirit! It’s going to be unforgettable! Let’s check back in a few days to see where we are at. Deal?” Chelsea asks.

“Yep! How about we meet at that new Poke Cafe that opened a few months ago? I hear that place has a wide selection. Have a meal and get to see some possible Pokémon inspirations!” Raven proposes to Chelsea.

“Sounds fine to me! Talk to you later!” Chelsea says as she and Raven hang up.

“Ok, time to buckle down and see my possible options.” Raven says as she pulls out her Pokedex. There were hundreds to choose, from your average Pokémon all the way to legendaries like Mewtwo, Lugia, and Entei.

“Well, something like Entei would require two people, and I’m not taking a chance of being the backside of a two-person costume.” Raven tells herself as she begins narrowing her choices down.

“Hmmm… Squirtle’s pretty cute! Light blue and a shell don’t sound too hard! Charmander just needs a flame tail and a little dino jumpsuit. Miltank, her head looks like I can use spandex for the head and maybe a fat suit. Wouldn’t that be funny winning the contest in that against that skinny witch Alana! Maybe Chels and I could go as a shiny and normal one. But she probably wouldn't be up for that since she’s vegan and sensitive about them. Well, it’s food for thought.”

**THE DAY BEFORE THE PARTY**

Raven and Chelsea were at hard work on their costumes. Raven decided she was going to go for a Squirtle costume as she figured a shell would allow her to stand out compared to the other partygoers. She had been working long nights to get the coloring of the outfits, designing the shell, finding the right materials, and sizing the measurements. It was tough work, and while it might not be champion worthy, it was still wearable.

Chelsea on the other hand was completely lost in terms of what to do. She was a nervous wreck when she met Raven at the Poke Cafe.

“Oh my god, I am SCREWED Raven! I have no idea what to do and it’s too late to make anything from scratch!” Chelsea lamented.

“Calm down Chels. I have mine almost all set, and I have a backup I was saving in case something went wrong. How do you feel about being a Charmander?” Raven asks.

“I don’t know, I need some food in order to think properly. Poke salad please with citrus juice!” Chelsea asks the waiter.

“I’ll go for the cheeseburger and a glass of Miltank milk.” Raven orders. Chelsea didn’t mind other people having that type of non-vegan food.

“Chelsea, it’s okay. I think I found a shortcut to winning.” Raven tells her quietly.

“How so?” Chelsea asks.

“I was digging in the attic for materials, and I found my family’s old spell book and cauldron I’ve told you about in the past. Let’s head to my place tonight and cast a wishing spell to have the best costume at the party and win the contest!” Raven tells friend. Chelsea begins to cheer up.

“Ayyyyy, Raven now things are looking up! So, you’re saying we can have any costume we want? But doesn't that mean the work you were doing on those other suits will go to waste?” Chelsea asks.

“Yeah, shame I didn’t find out earlier, but I wanted to make sure I understood the spells first in case something goes wrong.” Raven tells her. “Besides, now we can choose Pokémon with more complex designs! I imagine the spell will make the costumes magically appear the day of the party and we just put them on and presto!”

“Say, that’s absolutely perfect!” Chelsea tells Raven as the food arrives. In the excitement of discovering she had a costume after all, Chelsea accidentally grabbed Raven’s drink of Miltank milk.

“Wait Chels!!” Raven yelled as Chelsea took a few sips of milk.

“This juice tastes funny…” Chelsea points out.

“Chelsea… don’t panic, but… that’s not the juice.” Raven gulped nervously.

“What are… OH NO! WHAT DID I DO?” Chelsea shouted in horror.

“Calm down, Chels! It was an accident!” Raven tries to calm her down.

“Accident or not, I drank the poor Miltank’s milk! Oh my, I am so sorry Miltank!” Chelsea says, grasping the milk.

“It’s ok girl, we can fix it.” Raven tells Chelsea.

“The only way I can fix it is to honor the code of the vegan. I need to have a picture of the Pokémon I’ve disturbed and apologize for my actions.” Chelsea says, shaken up by what had happened.

“Ugh, fine, we can print out a Miltank sticker and put it on a button from the gift shop. Will that work?” Raven asks.

“Yes! Let’s do this right away. Get the button ready, do the spell, and I can clear my conscience!” Chelsea says as they finish their meals after a few bites. They head to the gift shop and purchase a plain white button as Chelsea and Raven head to Raven’s house.

Raven went to her computer and found a picture of Miltank's face which made Chelsea cringe a little as she printed out a button sized picture and glued it to the button. Chelsea made a “do not” sign on the button and placed it on her shirt, planning to use it for future protests.

“Ok, I want to do this vow in front of the cauldron. If there’s magic involved, I feel it will have more of an effect.” Chelsea says.

“Sigh, sure thing. Let’s head on up to the attic.” Raven says as she unlocks the attic and reveals the prepared space along with the costumes Raven attempted to make by hand.

“Wow! You weren’t kidding around when you said you got this whole shebang prepared! Now, please! Join me in my apologies to the Miltanks.” Chelsea says as Raven rolls her eyes and holds her hand.

“Oh, sweet Miltanks, I have committed a terrible tragedy in drinking the milk that came from you. I was careless and concerned with other trivial matters. I shall work to improve myself and repay my debt to you one day.” Chelsea says, followed by a minute of silence.

“Ok! How does this work?” Chelsea asks Raven, now all bubbly and back to her usual self.

“That was a quick change of the ‘tude. You were all so depressed about this and now you’re acting like it never happened.” Raven asks, confused.

“Once you make the apology, you’re in the clear! So, what’s the spell? How do we get the perfect costume?” Chelsea asks like an excited child.

“Ok. I have this spell book. And I just have to recite the proper spell and place my hands on the cauldron for it to work. I can’t guarantee what costumes we will get as this spell has its limits, but it can guarantee our wish that we will win the contest. We will just have to work with whatever we get.” Raven tells Chelsea as she prepares the spell. Chelsea joins in for added support.

“Bubble and boil, oh magic stew. We come to you from out of the blue. A costume for the ages for myself and Chelsea too. To win a contest oh magic stew, make our wish come true!” Raven says as smoke pops up. They begin to cheer on its success, which unbeknownst to them causes Chelsea’s button to fall in the cauldron.

Just then, a knock at the door comes. Raven looks out the window and sees her friend Eddie. “Eddie! How you doing?” Raven asks.

“I’m good! I was wondering something. I remember that spell book I borrowed for one Halloween. I was wondering if I could use it again for this costume party. I am going as a Delphox and was hoping that could help complete the look!” Eddie asks.

“Sure thing! Just give it back to us after the party!” Raven tells Eddie as she throws the book from the window. Eddie fell down catching it.

“Thanks Rae! See you at the party!” Eddie said, wheezing as the wind got knocked out of him.

“So, since we won’t know the costumes til tomorrow, wanna have a sleepover?” Raven asks.

“You betcha! Although, I’m feeling kind of tired all of a sudden.” Chelsea says.

“Same. I kind of just wanna lay down early tonight. Better to make room for a late night tomorrow!” Raven responds as Chelsea pulls down a Murphy bed as she and Raven go to sleep, unknowing as to what changes were to come.

**THE DAY OF THE PARTY**

The Miltank button’s effects began to take hold overnight. With Raven and Chelsea being asleep, they were spared the immediate sensation of changes starting with their ears, which became black and long. Tails with balls at the end began to pop out of their rears. Their feet morphed into hooves. They were also starting to put on a little weight.

When morning came, Chelsea woke up first and was looking for a costume, disappointed at first not to see anything until she checked the bathroom mirror.

“Awwww, I’m gonna win the contest as a Miltank! I guess my apology was answered! I wonder what Raven’s costume is?” She asks herself not realizing the costume was real as she woke up Raven.

“Mmmm… Chels? What’s going on?” Raven asks.

“It worked! I’m gonna be a Miltank!” Chelsea asks excitedly but then confused when she notices Raven also had Miltank qualities. “That’s odd, you’re going as one too. I thought we’d be going as separate Pokémon.”

“Huh?” Raven says, pulling her ear. “AHHHHHH! IT’S ATTACHED CHELS! AND IT MOVED ON ITS OWN!” Raven yells as she couldn’t tug her ears off.

“Come on, it can’t be that hard. Try mine!” Chelsea asks as Raven did the same as she screamed when she realized it didn’t come off either.

“WHAT HAPPENED? WHY IS THIS REAL?” Raven yelled as she paced around the room. “TAILS? WE HAVE TAILS?” She points out as they both swished on their own.

“We… We also look a little fa… heavier. Is this what the spell had in mind? Did something go wrong?” Chelsea asks, panicking.

“I don’t know Chels, let me check, there were the ingredients I put into the cauldron, I chanted the spell right, what could it…” Raven asked as she suddenly got a very annoyed look.

“What? What is it, Rae?” Chelsea asks.

“Where’s your button?” Raven asks with one hand on her widening hips.

“My button… oh from what happened last night? I was wearing it on my shirt, that’s funny, I don’t see it there.” Chelsea says.

Raven then pulls the Miltank button out of the cauldron and gives Chelsea the stink eye. “This made us wish we were Miltanks? Could’ve been any Pokémon in the Pokedex, but we’re Miltanks? You couldn’t have been wearing a Gardevoir button?” Raven asks, with a hint of anger.

“Well, can’t we undo it?” Chelsea asks.

“Hmmmm… Eddie has the spell book, so we have to meet him at the party. Well, if the wish of the perfect costume comes true, sort of…  the wish about us winning the contest could happen as well.” Raven says, beginning to realize there may be a bright side to this ordeal.

“Oh yeah! We will just tell Eddie and after we win, he can change us back! Hold up, I think I feel something down there!” Chelsea squeals as she drops her pants revealing a small but growing yellow udder with pink teats.

“I’m scared too, but we can do this. We have to be strong like a MILTANK!... would.” Raven says, inadvertently saying Miltank like a Pokémon would when saying their own name.

“Well, what are we waiting for MILTANK!” Chelsea says it as well. “Guess that’ll be hard to control, hope that doesn’t last long.”

Raven nods as she and Chelsea make their way to the party in the clothes, they were wearing the night before.

Along the way, their muzzles begin to grow out into black snouts. Their steady walk shifts into an awkward waddle as their bodies become more rotund, and their legs and arms shrink.

At the party, there were a lot of different costumes, some of them casual, some store-bought, and others that looked phenomenal.

“Seriously? It’s bad enough that Raven and Chelsea get to come, but I'm supposed to be the one with the best costume. At this rate I might lose!” Alana says as she takes a sip of punch. She was just talking to herself, but it was true. A couple competitive partygoers came to impress, not that Alana herself looked bad. She went as a glamorous Articuno, complete with silk wings and glittered feathers.

Little did she know that despite the creativity, she had no hope of competing with something as real as these two Miltanks.

About an hour into the party, they were close to having the complete look, but it was hard to navigate their new forms. Raven had to keep Chelsea away from eating the facility’s plants and drinking straight from the punch bowl. When Raven tried to move around the dance floor, her fat body kept bumping into people all around her, and she knocked over a couple of glasses with her tail.

At one point, Raven stopped to catch her breath. She noticed her udder had significantly grown and nearly covered her whole stomach. She knew it was part of what a Miltank looked like, but she couldn’t help but worry. Her clothes struggled to stay on, not that she could take them off to begin with as her hands have formed into hooves.

As the costume contest announcement was drawing near, Raven tried looking for a particular face and was listening to the crowd. She saw a trainer’s Psyduck speaking, but rather than hear the usual “Psy” chant, she swears she could hear it form actual sentences. She knew she had to find this face fast.

That particular absent face? Eddie. No matter where Raven and Chelsea looked, Eddie and his Delphox costume could not be found.

“Say, where’s Eddie, he was supposed to be here, MILTANK!” Raven asked Chelsea as a partygoer overheard.

“Eddie? You didn’t hear?” A guy in a Raichu costume said.

“No. What happened?” Chelsea asked.

“He had to go to the hospital for some broken ribs because some idiot threw a heavy book at him from two stories up. Can you imagine? If you’re going to give someone a book, why not just hand it to him like a normal person and not some animal am I right?” He says jokingly as Raven and Chelsea giggle nervously.

“Oh Arceus. Eddie can’t translate the words.” Raven whispers in horror as her ears shoot up.

“What do you mean you can't translate? Isn’t the spell book in English?” Chelsea asks.

“It’s French. And poor Eddie doesn’t know a second language to save his MILTANK!” Raven says realizing it would be too late to get help.

They slip on a puddle of milk they realize is dripping from their own udders. As they managed to get up on four hooves, their plump bodies expanded further, tearing through their clothes. Their shirts and pants slid down their large bellies and udders into the milk puddle. They put their stubby legs on the discarded remains to get to a dryer spot. Despite the initial chill that came with losing their clothes, they began to feel warmer as pink and black fur covered their exposed bodies.

As a pair of small horns grew on their heads, the two now fully resembled actual Miltanks. Before they could fully process what, they were, they listen to the music stop and their rival throwing a fit.

“RAVEN AND CHELSEA?” Alana shouts as the winners are read aloud by Whitney. Everyone cheered on the two Miltanks swishing their tails in the middle of the dance floor.

\*Well, we got our wish. \* Raven says.

\*Yep. All eyes are on us. \* Chelsea remarks.

\*Might as well milk it! \* Raven says.

Alana stormed out as Raven and Chelsea bellowed out the names of their new forms. It was now the only thing people could hear them say. The party was active for a while, but people one by one started to leave until there were only a handful of people left, and two worried Miltanks.

\*Chels, maybe we can visit Eddie. \* Raven postulates.

\*How would that help? We can’t talk and he doesn’t even know what ‘costume’ we went in! \* Chelsea mentions.

\*It’s our only shot. We can find some way to tell him it’s us. \* Raven says as they begin to trot out. Whitney catches a glimpse of them barely fitting their stomachs through the exit, and her eyes briefly widened. As a trainer, she had a deep knowledge of Pokémon, particularly Miltanks, and Whitney realized that these were the real deal.

\*Oh snap! Whitney thinks we’re real Pokémon! Run! \* Raven says trying to run away, only to find herself being unable to make quick progress.

\*Rae don’t mean to burst your bubble, but it’s hard to go fast with this belly. \* Chelsea points out as they feel something bounce off their hides. It was a split second, but they both saw a Poke Ball, and they quickly found themselves sucked into them. They were unable to resist getting caught, owned, and soon to be trained by their new master, Whitney.

“I don’t know how or why two strays ended up here, but I can’t pass up an opportunity to expand my Miltank farm. Don’t worry you two, I’m gonna train you to be great battle tanks!” Whitney says as she takes her leave of the party.

**AFTER THE PARTY**

Raven and Chelsea were trapped in their own Poke Balls. They couldn’t reach out to each other, and they couldn’t escape. However, it was by no means uncomfortable. They weren’t Pokémon trainers, so they didn’t know much about the details of how to treat a Pokémon, however, they questioned what it would be like being inside a Poke Ball. Turns out it was like a bit of a high-end hotel and spa.

\*If I gotta be trapped in something, at least it’s cozy. \* Raven said as she felt like she slipped into what seemed like a little jacuzzi. The hot bubbles began to rejuvenate her, almost as if they were restoring HP and PP. Chelsea in the other Poke Ball felt like she laid in a comfy, large queen-sized plush bed that gave her the equivalent of a full day of sleeping.

Turns out the reason Raven and Chelsea couldn’t go fast wasn’t just because of their bigger bodies. When they transformed, they were low on HP and PP. Whitney had taken her newly caught Pokémon to the Pokémon Center to help them recover and make them feel stronger.

The next day, Whitney released them from the balls. They found themselves in Whitney’s barn which was full of hay, lots of open grass, and milking machines.

“MILTANK! MILTANK!” \*Chels? You alright? Where are we at? \* Raven asked.

“MILTANK!” \*Looks like some sort of barn. Whitney caught us, so this must be her farm. \* Chelsea answers.

\*So… we’re really stuck like this? \* Raven says.

\*That seems to be the case. Sorry I got us into this mess Rae...\* Chelsea apologizes.

\*No, it’s not all on you, if we had just bought costumes and not cared about that contest, none of this would have happened. \* Raven retorts.

Their new owner claps her hands twice, getting the attention of her two new additions.

“Hello new recruits! My name’s Whitney! Before we get onto the main business, we need to get you milked so I can help keep up this place and keep you in good health!” Whitney says as she walks over to the milking machines.

\*CHELSEA? SHE’S… SHE IS GOING TO ACTUALLY MILK US! I DID NOT SIGN UP FOR THIS. \* Raven yells surprised.

\*I guess so, can’t spell Miltank without ‘Milk.’ My udder does feel kind of full too. OH! I CAN MAKE UP FOR DRINKING THAT GLASS! I REALLY CAN REPAY MY DEBT! \* Chelsea happily deduces as she perks up excited. Whitney, seeing Chelsea excited, started hooking up her teats first.

\*The tubes don’t feel bad at all Rae! Nice and snug! \* Chelsea tells Raven as the machine turns on. Chelsea happily responds and lifts her arms in delight as her milk flows from her massive udder. \*I absoMOOtely love this, Rae! Look how much is coming out of me! Doesn’t even hurt! \*

\*I don’t know Chels, it still seems weird to me. \* Raven says with hesitance in her voice. Although, the pressure in her udder was beginning to swell. She touched her yellow belly and it felt pretty tight and full.

“Don’t worry sweetie! Whitney didn’t forget about ya!” Whitney says as she hooks up the machine onto Raven and turns it on.

\*OH, ARCEUS YES! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN CHELS! \* Raven yelled with glee as she felt the pressure drop from her udders.

Both Raven and Chelsea laid down as the machine rhythmically milked them both. It was not very fast or hard by any means, it was just a normal speed. Whitney learned that the best milk comes when you don’t try to force it out. Miltanks don’t take well to milking on the more intense settings. Likewise, having the machine go too slow, it doesn’t have as big of an effect in terms of pressure release. The sooner that pressure is released the better for the Miltank.

As Raven and Chelsea continued to get milked, Whitney went into town to pick up some things at the shop. Whitney is not planning on having her two new catches being solely milk producers. In fact, she was hoping to train them in combat. In order to do that, she needed some things to help raise the stats of both of them. On top of that, there were some TMs that would make for some good moves in battle. As Raven and Chelsea transformed, they didn’t know any moves off the bat and were essentially level zero Pokémon.

Normally items didn’t raise experience, but Whitney had VIP access to special items no normal trainer could hope to have. In the back room, under intense lock and key, she bought the legendary Blue Diamond Berries. 4 for Raven, and 4 for Chelsea. These berries raise the level of a Pokémon by 10 up to 5 times. Whitney wanted her new additions to be able to use some of the best moves available, and it would take a substantial amount of time for them to level up naturally.

Whitney did this with many of her other Miltanks. She quickly leveled them up, gave them powerful moves, crush everyone in battle, rinse, and repeat.

She planned to have Raven learn Body Slam, Heal Bell, Headbutt, and Hyper Beam. For Chelsea, Whitney will have her learn Milk Drink, Zen Headbutt, Focus Punch and Giga Impact. It cost Whitney a pretty penny, but with the milk she sells, and the money won by competing in battles and tournaments, she can well afford it.

It was about an hour of milking before the machine automatically detached. Raven and Chelsea, laid on their backs, relaxed from having been sufficiently milked.

\*That was much needed Rae. If this is the life of a Miltank, it might not be so bad! \* Chelsea says.

\*Yeah. No need to worry about fakes like Alana ever again. \* Raven says as she gets up and takes a look out the window. She notices across the fence a herd of Tauros. \*Chels? I’m gonna go outside and look around a bit, wanna come? \*

\*Nah, I just wanna lay here, maybe try some of this! \* Chelsea says as she begins eating the hay she is laying in. Raven begins trotting outside and sees the Tauros, one of them catching her eye. She walks over to the fence as the Tauros walks up to her. They stared into each other’s eyes, not saying anything, but then Raven heard Whitney was coming. Unsure of how she’d react, she turned around and had to hurry back as best as she could.

“I see you’re interested in him! There’s a reason why my farm is so close to the Tauros. But you’re not in season for ‘that’ yet. Don’t worry when the time comes, I can help arrange that.” Whitney says petting Raven’s head.

Raven looked in the bag and smelled something good with her large, black snout. “Oh? You noticed this? It’s a little treat for you and your friend! Come on, let’s get you both fed!” Whitney says helping Raven back into the barn with Chelsea.

Whitney lays the Blue Diamond Berries out on the ground as Raven and Chelsea consume them. \*These are delicious! \* Chelsea says.

\*Best fruit I’ve ever had! \* Raven says as they notice strange auras around them. Circles of energy shoot up as they feel themselves begin to grow stronger and more powerful.

\*\*MILTANK HAS REACHED LEVEL 10. \*\* A computer voice from Whitney’s device reads out pointing at Raven \*\*MILTANK HAS REACHED LEVEL 10\*\* The same voice says for Chelsea.

\*Levels? We’re getting levels? \* Raven asks as she moves up to level 20.

\*Is that what these berries are? \* Chelsea asks as she and Raven make it to level 30.

\*There were four berries for each of us, wonder what level we’ll reach? \* Raven asks as the leveling process ends at 40. Whitney pulls out the TMs for Raven and Chelsea, and they both learn their respective moves.

\*\*LEVEL UP OF MILTANK COMPLETE. MILTANK HAS LEARNED GIGA IMPACT. MILTANK HAS LEARNED FOCUS PUNCH. MILTANK HAS LEARNED HYPER BEAM. MOVES OF MILTANK HAVE BEEN UPDATED. STATS OF MILTANK HAVE INCREASED. \*\* The computer reads out.

\*Moves? Wait, you mean we are going to have to battle? \* Chelsea asks.

\*Guess so, but don’t you feel stronger and smarter? Before I felt good, but now I feel super energetic! Almost like I am ready to fight! \* Raven says.

\*But Rae, I don’t like fighting! Even if I know it’s not life or death, I don’t wanna hurt any Pokémon! \* Chelsea says with a little whining.

\*Chels, think of this fighting as… sigh… protecting the honor of the Miltank. You’re defending this farm from intruders who want to steal our milk. We probably won’t be battling often, but we gotta be prepared! \* Raven says clenching her hooves.

\*Fine, but I’ll try and stick to healing moves if at all possible. \* Chelsea says as Whitney takes them to the training grounds.

She brings out two Pokémon, Clefairy and Nidorina. These were her Pokémon she used in battle against Ash Ketchum awhile back, she figured these Pokémon would be perfect for her new Miltanks to practice moves on. She set the computer to create an AI trainer version of her that would command their opponents while Whitney herself would command the Miltanks.

“Alright, this is going to be a two vs. two battle. Miltanks, as I am using both of you, there may be some confusion since I haven’t given you girls names yet. Use your ears to listen to me, because you can sense the direction I am yelling at. If you feel my voice is louder, that’s your cue to listen to my command.” Whitney explains.

\*Are you ready Chels? \* Raven asks.

\*I guess...\* Chelsea answers as the battle begins.

\*\*CLEFAIRY! USE MOONBLAST\*\* AI Whitney commands Clefairy as she unleashes a powerful bursting attack towards Raven who takes a huge hit.

\*RAE! Oh, that’s it. You’re gonna get it Clefairy! \* Chelsea screams as she becomes enraged at her opponents.

“Ok! Now it’s your turn! MILTANK! USE FOCUS PUNCH!” Whitney commands Chelsea who rushes up to Clefairy and with all of her power, absolutely launches Clefairy up into the air with intense force as Clefairy faints in one hit.

“Nice job! That was a critical hit! Usually, it takes two or three hits to knock out my Clefairy!” Whitney says proudly.

\*\*NIDORINA! USE BITE! \*\* The AI Whitney commands, this time going after Chelsea. Chelsea was unable to dodge as she was reeling a little from unleashing such a powerful blow.

“That’s ok. Very few battles end up with no hits. So MILTANK! USE MILK DRINK ON YOURSELF!” Whitney commands Chelsea. She aims her teats towards her mouth and squeezes her udders to squirt milk into herself. If Raven wasn’t so focused on the fight, she’d probably freak out. Chelsea’s HP quickly recovered.

\*\*NIDORINA! USE CRUNCH! \*\* The AI Whitney tells Nidorina who attacks Chelsea again. Good thing she healed herself, otherwise she would have been knocked out.

“Ok! Let’s finish this! MILTANK! USE HYPER BEAM” Whitney commands Raven who takes a deep breath as energy builds up in front of her mouth. She yells and unleashes the beam at the Nidorina, who takes a direct hit and collapses.

\*\*WHITNEY HAS WON THE BATTLE! MILTANK HAS GAINED 58 EXP. MILTANK HAS GAINED 58 EXP.\*\* The computer tells Whitney, Raven, and Chelsea.

\*Woo Hoo! We did it! We won! \* Chelsea says with delight as she celebrates with Raven.

\*I knew you had it in you Chels! \* Raven says high hoofing it with her BFF.

Whitney went over to the fainted Pokémon and put them back in their balls to heal. “Don’t worry! They are alright! When the time comes, you will be teammates, and maybe one day compete in a tournament! But for now, you still have a long way to go. If it wasn’t for those berries, we’d have to do a lot more training.” Whitney says as she leads Raven and Chelsea back to the barn.

“I think it’s time for another milking session!” Whitney tells Raven and Chelsea who perk up at the thought of milking again. Just like before, it was a very pleasant and relaxing experience. This time though, they noticed the other Miltanks around them. They didn’t talk much as they themselves were entranced in the milking process but heard some comments asking who the new girls were.

\*Say Chels. After this, let’s go to the fence I was at earlier. Got something I want to see. \* Raven suggested.

\*Sure, thing Rae! I’m kind of curious myself! \* Chelsea answers as their udders continue to get drained.

After about half an hour, they were all milked and were released out into the fields with the other Miltanks to graze. Raven and Chelsea ate grass near the fence wanting to see the Tauros. It took a couple minutes, but eventually the one Raven saw came to the fence along with a friend of his.

\*You two must be new here. \* The Tauros said to Raven.

\*Yeah. It’s too long and too weird of a story to go through, but we recently got caught by Whitney, and now here we are! \* Raven tells Tauros.

\*It hasn’t been long, but we like it here! Getting milked, kicking butt, and taking names! Well, it was just one session, but it still feels good to win! \* Chelsea adds.

\*Well, it’s good seeing happy gals like yourselves! Never seen a sad or unhappy Miltank ever on this farm, so we’re glad that there’s two more to add to that count! \* The Tauros’ friend says.

\*So, you live around here too? \* Raven asks Tauros.

\*Yep. We’re mostly for battle and breeding. We take our fights seriously, and do anything in our power to win, besides cheating. We’re not keen on taking unfair advantages to win. \* The Tauros explains.

\*That’s good to know your honest guys. I can’t imagine what a trainer would get out of by trying to cheat their way to the top. \* Chelsea ponders.

\*It’s sad to see. Seen some instances of trainers who don’t come back. The head honchos want you to play by the rules. \* Tauros’ friend tells them.

\*Leveling up via special berries isn’t cheating, is it? \* Raven asks, bringing up the Blue Diamond berries she and Chelsea ate.

\*Nah, if the trainer went out of their way to buy em, they’re fair and square. \* Tauros says.

\*That’s good, because we really like you! I mean…\* Raven blushes. Even her pink fur started turning a shade of red.

\*Oh, good to know… What's your name? \* Tauros asks.

\*I’m Raven and this is Chelsea. \* Raven answers.

\*Raven, huh. You and your friend aren’t so bad yourselves. We’d like to get to know you gals a little more… personally, but now’s not the time for it if you know what I mean. Still, lemme know whenever you’re in the mood for a chat. Know a good grass patch near here. Maybe in a few months we could get some alone time in one of my favorite spots around here. My pal’s too nervous to say it, but let’s just say you won’t be left out either Chelsea! \* Tauros reassures the two lactating ladies.

Raven is too bashful to respond, so Chelsea speaks up, “That’s fine with us! We’re happy just making MooMoo Milk for now! I can’t wait to spend more time with you guys! \*

\*We hear our trainer calling us back, so we gotta head out. But it was nice meeting you lovely ladies. \* Tauros says giving Raven a lick on her cheek while his friend nuzzles Chelsea’s ears.

Drunk in love, they stagger off back to their stall as they lay on the hay beds.

\*Y’know, I was worried at first, but that Tauros has a smokin’ bod! \* Raven says in fainted breath.

\*I love being a Miltank! This debacle with the cauldron and spell book turned out to be a blessing in disguise after all! \* Chelsea says.

\*You’re right. I love being a Pokémon too. Especially since we get to be Miltanks together! BMFFs! Best Miltank Friends Forever! \* Raven happily quips to Chelsea.

\*Best Miltank Friends Forever! \* Chelsea tells Raven as they both fall asleep for the night. Eagerly dreaming about their next adventures that will be coming their way.

THE END