

Whitney's Miltank Training

Spurred by an uneventful day with a lack of challengers, Whitney busied herself with her duties as leader of the Goldenrod City gym. Walking the halls of her gym to check in on her trainers and their Pokémon, Whitney looked as outstanding as ever with her pink hair tied into a pair of ponytails. Her white shirt with pink stripes and blue short shorts were a staple of her wardrobe, conveying the comfort she felt as she traversed the place she called home.

Reaching the gym's main challenge room, Whitney pulled out one of her Pokeballs. Softly tossing the ball into the air released the creature inside. Stomping her hooves into the ground, Miltank announced her arrival with a cheerful cry. Swinging about the orb on her tail and the four teats on her belly, she turned towards her trainer. Embracing her Miltank with open arms, Whitney gave her a gentle pat on the head and let her fingers run along the black and pink bovine Pokémon's nubby horns and flat ears.

"How are you feeling today?" Whitney asked.

"Mil-mil," Miltank replied, a smile upon her face as she nuzzled her black nose against Whitney's chest.

"That's great to hear. Since it doesn't look like we have any challengers today, I can take all the time we want to spend together. You're overdue for a good grooming, plus I want to try out some new battle strategies with you. Not to mention, it's been a while since you were last milked."

"Whitney!"

A gym trainer by the name of Victoria came bursting through the door. Like many of the other beauties of the gym, she had silky, blonde hair and wore a white tank top alongside a pair of black short shorts. Her usually calm demeanor was absent as she sprinted towards the

bewildered leader. “A trainer just showed up,” she said, leaning against the wall to catch her breath.

“That’s not out of the ordinary. Why did you come running all the way here?”

“He’s not like the others,” Victoria replied. “There’s something about him that just seems off. I think he’s here for more than just a badge. That and he’s reaaaaaaly creepy.”

“That’s a pretty rude thing to say.”

Whitney and Victoria turned their heads towards the door to see that the voice came from a hooded figure. A grey cloak shrouded his form, with a belt of strange, black and white Pokéballs hooked around his waist. Shuffling up to the cautious girls, the figure threw back his hood to reveal a young male trainer with buzz cut, black hair and an eye painted across his forehead. Putting his hands together, he made a small bow towards Whitney.

“I am sorry for the intrusion Ms. Whitney,” he said. “My name is Oko. You are taking challengers today, correct?”

“Yes I am,” Whitney said, standing up straight to present herself as a gym leader. “I’d be more than happy to accept your challenge. So how many badges do you have?”

“None.”

“Oh so you must be a new trainer. I’m honored to be your first gym challenge.”

“No, no, no, you’re far from my first. I’ve conquered many gym leaders already. I just haven’t taken any badges.”

Whitney raised her eyebrow as she looked at Oko’s seemingly benign smile. “If you’re not going after badges, then why are you here?”

“I am a self-proclaimed Pokémon trainer coach for lack of a better term. I go around to various gyms and test their leaders to see if they are worthy of their title. If they fail my challenge, I give them a chance to improve themselves through my special form of training.”

“What are you trying to say about Whitney?” Victoria asked, stepping forward to protect her leader.

“It’s alright,” Whitney said, holding up her hand to keep the defensive beauty back. “If what you say is true, then you want to challenge me, not for a badge, but to see if I’m good enough to be a gym leader?”

“Precisely,” Oko replied, putting his hands together. “We’ll do a one-on-one Pokémon battle. If I win, I’ll put you through a short training session to improve your skills as a trainer by letting you grow closer with your Pokémon.”

With a confident smile, Whitney placed her hand on top of her Miltank’s head. “Sorry to break it to you, but Miltank and I are nearly unstoppable.”

“Mil-mil!” Miltank added.

Oko’s smile grew into a sinister grin. “We will see. Shall we begin?”

“Whenever you’re ready. Victoria, would you mind being the judge?”

“Okay, but...are you sure about this Whitney?” Victoria asked, side eyeing Oko as he strolled over to the opposite side of the gym.

“Don’t be so worried about it,” Whitney replied, stretching out her arms to loosen up for the battle. “He might be a little weird, but he sounds like he has good intentions. Besides, it’s not like as a gym leader I can refuse his challenge. It’ll be fine.”

“If you say so,” Victoria begrudgingly replied, taking her place at the judge’s spot. “Trainers, call out your first Pokémon.”

“You know who I’m picking,” Whitney said, her Miltank taking her spot on the field.

“Excellent, I was hoping you’d pick that one,” Oko said, plucking up one of the Pokéballs from his belt. “I have just the opponent for you.”

With a flick of his wrist, Oko tossed out his Pokémon. A Dusclops appeared from the flash of red light. Clenching its white fists, it turned its stout, grey body towards Whitney. The gym leader’s confident attitude wavered under the ghostly Pokémon’s gaze, her feeling of uneasiness increasing as she beheld its pure black iris. Shaking her head back and forth to try and compose herself, Whitney stared down Dusclops, ready for whatever it and its strange trainer could throw at her.

“Trainers, on your marks,” Victoria said, holding up her hands to signal Whitney and Oko. “Begin!”

“Dusclops, use Brick Break,” Oko called out.

With a nod of its head, Dusclops ran towards Miltank with its fists ready to strike.

“I applaud you on your choice, but it takes more than type advantage to win a Pokémon battle,” Whitney replied, Dusclops mere inches from her Miltank. “Miltank, show him what you can do!”

Miltank made an affirmative grunt as she side stepped the Dusclops’s fists. Leaping out of the ghost Pokémon’s attack, Miltank stomped her feet into the ground and let out a triumphant cry to try and intimidate the ghost Pokémon. Dusclops merely turned towards it, its black eye unblinking as it stared down Miltank.

“Our turn now,” Whitney shouted out to help ease her Miltank’s nerves. “Show him the best we have. Use Rollout!”

“Mil, Miltank!” Miltank confirmed, as she began running towards Dusclops. The bovine Pokémon fell forward as if it tripped, only to go spinning into a ball of pink and black. Whirling across the floor, it sped towards Dusclops with ever increasing speed. The rolling Miltank barely missed Dusclops, grazing the knuckles of its fist.

“You...do know you’re supposed to hit the target right?” Oko asked, more out of concern than teasing.

“Doesn’t have to be the first hit,” Whitney confidently replied. “The more Miltank rolls, the faster she becomes. You might be able to dodge for a little while, but eventually she’s going to hit her mark.”

“An interesting strategy,” he commented, scratching his chin. “Let’s see how it works in practice.”

Miltank continued to roll along the floor, picking up speed with each passing second. Despite its stone faced expression, Dusclops could only stand there and dodge each of the attacks. Though it tried to throw in a punch here and there, the damage it inflicted was minimal. As Miltank got closer to hitting her target, she caught glancing blows on the ghost Pokémon to slowly whittle down its stamina. Bruised and battered, Dusclops dropped to its knees. Unable to do much as Miltank reached max speed, it seemed like the fight had already been decided.

“Sorry to end it so quickly,” Whitney began, already baring a victorious smile, “but I didn’t intend to hold back. Miltank, finish it off with one last Rollout!”

Miltank sped towards Dusclops at breakneck speed. Seemingly accepting the inevitable, Dusclops stood perfectly still as the pink cow rolled ever closer. Making contact with Dusclops, Miltank pushed it across the room to slam into the wall. Whitney considered the sizable dent Miltank created a small price to pay for an overwhelming victory.

“Dusclops, use Revenge!”

Oko’s words turned Whitney’s triumph into dread. Turning towards the impact crater, she watched as Dusclops slowly raised up its hands. Before she could call out for her stationary Miltank to get out of the way, Dusclops sent its fists slamming down on her back. The impact created a crater twice the size of the hole in the wall. Running over to ground zero, Whitney peeked her head over the side of the hole to see her Miltank knocked out.

“The winner is...Oko!” Victoria announced, holding up a shaky hand towards Oko.

“I must say, it was an impressive display of strength,” Oko said, returning Dusclops to its ball and depositing him back on his belt. “However, you must always be aware of your opponent’s possibilities. Especially when they do something so odd as letting their Pokémon get hit so many times.”

“Alright, you’ve made your point,” Whitney said, wiping away the tears forming around her eyes. Taking a moment to collect herself, she held out a Pokeball and returned Miltank to safety. “Let me get a chance to get Miltank healed up and we’ll start training as soon as possible.”

“Oh, you won’t need her,” Oko said. “She can take a well-deserved rest while you go through the training.”

The sting of a painful loss was overcome by the look of pure bewilderment on Whitney’s face. “How am I supposed to get better as a trainer if I don’t work with my Pokémon?”

“By getting more in touch with your Miltank of course,” Oko said with a smile.

“And I’m supposed to do that without her...how exactly?”

“Well you see we just...ah, it’ll be easier just to show you.”

Digging into his pocket, Oko held up a black Pokeball similar to the ones around his waist. The main difference was a large black eye in the center that seemed to stare right into Whitney's soul. Mesmerized by the Pokeball's gaze, she failed to notice Oko point the ball at her. Pressing the button on the side, Oko let loose a bolt of white energy from the ball that shot straight out at Whitney.

Whitney crumpled to the floor as the bright light encompassed her. For a few moments, Whitney's mind was a mush of feelings and sensations, simultaneously pleasurable and revolting. Watching her leader twitch on the ground, Victoria was paralyzed in fear of what to do while Oko continued to bathe her in the mysterious light. Just as quickly as the light came out, a quick click of the button was enough to shut off the beam and end Whitney's spasms.

"W-what did you just do to me?" Whitney asked, standing up on her wobbling legs.

"You'll see in a moment," Oko said, keeping his eyes trained on her.

"You won't have a moment," she said, trying her best to form her shaky hand into a fist.

"Tell me what you've done to me or else I'll MILLLLL!"

Whitney clamped her hands around her mouth as she heard the familiar cry of her Miltank. Daring to open her mouth again, she tried to speak just to hear the same sound pass out of her lips. Letting out a few distressed cries towards Victoria for help let it sink in that her ability to speak had been replaced with the husky voice of her beloved Pokémon. At a loss for human words, she turned her attention to a pleased looking Oko.

Whitney took a step towards Oko only to stop as she heard something begin to rip. Looking down, she watched her flat stomach begin to balloon out into a spherical potbelly. Breaking the seams of her shirt allowed her developing gut to freely hang between her legs. The

rounded orb of fat turned a light cream color with four strange pink dots forming a square pattern in the center.

Reaching down to try and push back in her bulging belly, Whitney let out a distressed moo as she glanced at her own fingers. Lifting her hands up to her face, she saw that her fingers had morphed together and hardened into three, hoof-like digits. Fumbling with her bovine fingers, she lifted up her swollen belly to see her feet had burst out of her shoes to show off their cloven hoof appearance.

Letting her belly slam back down, she heard another tearing noise. Looking over her shoulder, she watched her shorts give way to the bright pink blubber being padded onto her rear. The fabric finally gave out as her butt grew as wide as her barrel-sized belly. Without anything in its way, a long tail grew out from above her rear and extended several feet. The tail hung just a few inches off the ground, leaving the black ball at the end to brush against the floor.

“Miltaaank?” Whitney cried out to Oko, shuddering as more pink fat was packed onto the rest of her body to even out her hefty form.

“Don’t worry, you’re nearly complete,” he replied.

Waddling her widened hips towards the strange trainer, Whitney had to stop as she felt something emerge from atop her head. Grazing her hooves along her hair, she felt a set of nubby horns peeking through the pink strands. Moving her hooves away, she brushed up against her ears, feeling how they had flattened out to better match her other Miltank characteristics. Sliding her hooves off her flickering ears, her eyes focused on her nose turning pitch black as her lower face extended into a Miltank muzzle.

“Change her back now!” Victoria demanded, as Whitney clutched her chubby face in shock of what she had become.

“Why stop now?” Oko asked back, not even bothering to glance at Victoria. “She has nearly completed her transformation.”

“She already looks like someone stuffed a Miltank into an under-sized t-shirt. What else is there?”

A grin formed on Oko’s face. “The most prominent feature of a Miltank of course. You should know that outside of battle, Miltank are famous for producing quite the commodity.”

Amidst Whitney’s constant mooing came the sound of what remained of her outfit being torn apart. The last few seams of her top gave way as her modest chest began to swell. Pressing her hooves into her growing mammarys, her digits flicked across her plumped up nipples. The sensations sent a shiver down her spine, a momentary feeling of pleasure overcoming her fear. Breasts reaching the size of ripe watermelons, she peeked past them to discover they weren’t the only things changing.

The four dots along her stomach grew into long protrusions that matched the width and length of her nipples. Reaching down to her developing udder, all it took was a slight touch from her hooves to send the same feeling of euphoria through her body. As her nipples and teats became as long and thick as overstuffed sausages, white liquid could be seen forming at their tips. Continuously pressing her hooves against her tits and udder brought forth steady droplets of milk that splashed against the gym floor.

“Hmmm, I might of overdid it a bit,” Oko commented, scratching his chin as Whitney continued to stimulate herself. “Oh well, at least she’ll get a good lesson out of this. Now if you’ll excuse me, I must be off.”

With a polite bow, Oko turned to make his leave. He managed to get a foot out the door before Victoria ran up and grabbed his shoulder.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Victoria asked.

“To other gyms of course,” Oko nonchalantly replied. “My services are needed across the world to help people attain a better relationship with their Pokémon.”

“What about Whitney? You can’t just leave her like that.”

“Oh don’t worry about it, she’ll turn back to normal...eventually.”

“Eventually!?”

“Calm down, shouldn’t be too long. However, if you really want to expediate the process, giving her a helping hand with her swollen teats might help.”

Victoria’s hand slid off of Oko’s shoulder. “Wait, you don’t mean I need to-”

“Like I said, it’s only if you want to change her back faster,” Oko said, walking outside of the gym. “Have a nice day.”

Victoria’s blank expression of disbelief left her silent as she watched the mysterious trainer walk further away with each passing second. Turning back towards the gym, she saw her precious leader sitting on the floor, her hooves fumbling with her breasts and udder and slathering the floor with her milk. Realizing how bad it would look if someone were to come by and see Whitney in her strange state, Victoria made a split decision.

“We have to go,” Victoria said, pocketing Miltank’s discarded Pokeball before running up to Whitney to help her onto her feet.

“Mil-mil?” Whitney asked, slowly rising from the ground.

“I’m taking you to your room,” Victoria replied, dragging the transformed leader away from the gym floor. “I’ll think of what to do with you when we get there.”

Dragging Whitney down the hall with a trail of milk behind them, Victoria heaved a sigh of relief as she laid eyes on the door to Whitney’s room. Pushing the door with her shoulder,

Victoria brought Whitney over to her bed. Setting the cow woman down onto the mattress, she paced around the room trying to think of what to do next.

“Mil-Miltank,” Whitney called out, seemingly begging for Victoria to do something.

“I know, I know,” Victoria replied, not having a clue what her leader was saying. “That freak said you’d change back, but I don’t believe him for a second.”

“Miiiiiiii,” Whitney cried out, her hooves running across her plump breasts and leaking udder.

Victoria understood at least some of what Whitney was trying to convey. Oko’s words stuck in her head, no matter how much she wanted to forget them. Looking at Whitney’s needy gaze, Victoria was forced to make a decision. “I’ll be right back,” she said, leaving the room.

A few minutes later, Victoria returned with eight buckets hanging from her arms. The buckets were used for milking Whitney’s Miltank on a regular basis. As she carried the buckets over to the bed, Whitney’s eyes lit up. The gym leader’s panic was replaced with excitement, bouncing her pudgy form against the bed and sprinkling the floor with stray droplets of milk.

“Get on the ground and get on all fours.” Victoria said, unable to look Whitney in the eye as she got everything setup.

Whitney obediently did as she was told, practically belly flopping off of her bed. Crawling over to the middle of the room, she waited patiently as Victoria placed a bucket beneath her breasts. Reaching her hands towards Whitney’s boobs, Victoria had to tell herself multiple times that this was all for the sake of the woman she admired most and to uphold the reputation of the gym.

Daintily grasping Whitney’s nipples, Victoria gingerly pulled on them. The drops of milk came out in a trickle that splashed inside the empty basket. Each pull brought with it a soft moo

from Whitney, her body shivering each time Victoria released more of her milk. Getting a feel for Whitney's odd body, Victoria increased the speed and strength of her milking. Whitney's euphoric cries grew louder as the trickle of milk became a steady stream that gradually filled up the bucket.

Filling the first bucket up to the brim, Victoria pushed it aside and dragged a second one beneath Whitney's udder. Even after groping and yanking on Whitney's tits, she found it hard to even touch the strange protrusions hanging off of the spherical belly. Urged on by her own sense of duty and a numerous needy cries from her leader, she grabbed the thick teats and started to pull.

The flow of Whitney's udder was like a raging river that poured out milk like a waterfall into the bucket below. Whitney began to scream in ecstasy, her tongue hanging out of her mouth as her body shook with pleasure. Filling up the second bucket in mere seconds, Victoria moved onto a third and then a fourth. The feeling of the meaty udders between her fingers never lost its surrealness to Victoria. At the very least, she took solace in the fact that Whitney was enjoying herself.

For the longest hour of her life, Victoria sat on the ground in an attempt to milk Whitney dry. Her hands shifted between Whitney's bosom and udder at regular intervals, her touch acting as a personal massager to the gym leader's oversensitive teats. The sound of buckets overflowing with milk was interspersed with Whitney's constant cries of euphoria. Whenever Victoria got a chance to glance at Whitney, she saw a look of pure bliss on the gym leader's morphed face. Powering through her odd task and the thought of what the other trainers in the gym would say if they saw if they saw Whitney like this, Victoria managed to fill up all eight buckets.

Pulling the last bucket away just before the milk spilled over the rim, Victoria took a look at what she had accomplished. Daring to dip her finger into one of the buckets, a small taste made it appear as just abnormally sweet Miltank milk. Lowering herself to the floor, she noticed that some of the swelling in Whitney's chest had gone down and the protrusions along her stomach had started to recede.

"It's a start at least," Victoria sighed, coming up to face Whitney.

"Mmmm...mmm," Whitney struggled to speak.

"What is it? You know I can't understand--"

"Mmmmmooooooooooooorrrreee," Whitney moaned, the first semi-human sound she had made since her transformation.

"Um, sure," Victoria said, quickly getting up off the ground. Setting the buckets aside to figure out what to do with them later, she started walking out of the room in search of more containers to store Whitney's milk. Looking back at her gym leader, she watched her lazily play with her teats in anticipation of more stimulation. Leaving her expectant leader in the room, Victoria continued her task, using her time alone to think of what she would say to Whitney about their little experience once everything was over.