

Lanmei walked up to the automatic doors of the Blue Moon café, hearing the gentle chime of the bell ringing as it opened. The blue-furred mienfoo glanced around the interior, finding a quaint and quiet atmosphere – various pokémon stopping for a drink, quietly chatting, and reading in the various nooks. He'd heard about this place a few times, a new shop that had opened up recently, serving primarily milk teas and coffee. The place was apparently run by a miltank, which made sense, given their aptitude for producing milk that was both incredibly tasty and nutritious for pokémon of all species, even ones that didn't drink milk when young.

As he walked inside and padded towards the counter, Mei strolled up to the end of the line, watching the various pokémon ahead of him order their drinks, seeing the top of a miltank's head adorned with a light blue hat peeking over the counter, serving each person in line. He'd heard that this place was good, and even though he was a bit of a perfectionist when it came to tea, their flavored milk was apparently to die for – he'd heard a couple at the park talking about a secret menu of flavors that weren't anywhere on the menu, and he couldn't resist the temptation of belue berry milk tea... maybe with some kelpsy... the mienfoo was already looking forward to it, feeling a bit antsy as he stood in line.

Once it finally reached his turn, Lanmei stepped up onto the stool for smaller pokémon, allowing him to much more easily see over the counter, catching the eye of the miltank behind it, getting a big smile from her, to which he gave a polite nod in return. She wore a royal blue apron matching the color of the hat, presumably fitting the branding of the 'Blue Moon' café, in addition to the light blue and white flannel underneath.

"Well, what can I get for ya, sweetie?" the miltank asked in a kind voice with a bit of a southern drawl. The mienfoo thought for a moment, before realizing that he didn't actually know the *names* of any of the secret drinks, just what they were... though that would probably be enough.

"Um... I... I heard that you have a... a secret menu?" he said in a bit of a shaky, squeaky voice, adjusting the black tank top he wore. He'd always had trouble with confidence in public... though the kind smile the miltank gave him reassured him a bit.

She gave a wink and a bit of a sly grin as she responded. "Well, *perhaps* we do, sweetie. What might you be looking for? I'd be more than happy to whip something custom up for you."

"O-oh, custom? I didn't realize, I thought it was just... a m-menu..." Lanmei responded, feeling a bit worried that he didn't really have anything prepared, though he took a breath to steady his thoughts before figuring it out. "U-um, I was hoping for a belue berry flavored milk tea... w-with a bit of kelpsy? If that's something you can do..."

The miltank nodded along as he listed off his order with a strangely knowing grin on her face, her eyes raising a bit at the last note. “Well, if that’s what you’re looking for, I can certainly put something together for you. What’s your name?”

“I-it’s Lanmei...” he replied with a sigh of relief, happy that he hadn’t said something wrong due to his apparent lack of knowledge about this place’s menu. The kind miltank gave a nod and told him that his order would be done in just a bit, and the mienfoo nodded and walked over to the tables, taking a small one for himself as she got to serving the next customer.

He spaced out a bit as he waited, the mienfoo’s short legs dangling a bit from the tall chair he sat on, fingers drumming along the table. It wasn’t too long before his ears perked up at the sound of his name being read off by the miltank, quickly swiveling the chair and hopping off, making his way over to the counter.

The kind miltank lady gave him a smile as he stepped up, sliding the drink over to him – it was a pretty blue color through the transparent material of the cup, and had a stopper on the top of the lid, which looked a bit strange – the lip to drink from was much larger than he expected, and flipping it open showed holes along the top, looking a bit like a sippy cup lid.

“Now, make sure not to drink that too soon, save it for when you’re at home!” the miltank said with a wink, before noticing another customer in line and making her way over, not leaving Mei any time to ask her what she meant by such a strange statement... shaking it off, he just walked back over to the table where he sat prior, not feeling any particular need to leave so soon, when the ambience of the café felt cozy to stay in.

Sitting on his own in a secluded area, he slowly sipped his tea while looking through his phone, taking some time to relax after the hectic and stressful week he’d dealt with. The lid was certainly as strange as it seemed on first glance, acting similarly to a sippy cup lid in addition to looking like one. The flavor was absolutely amazing, though – the belue berry was a perfect addition, one of his favorite flavors, and one that he didn’t get to have nearly often enough, in addition to the rest of the flavors of the drink mixing together expertly. He’d need to come back here again and try out some of their other secret menu options... assuming he could figure out what was actually on it.

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Eventually finishing up his drink, Lanmei glanced outside, watching the many pokémon shuffling about from place to place on the busy sidewalks of the city. It was near closing time, and most of the customers had filtered out – he'd be leaving soon himself. But the feeling of just relaxing there was nice – it felt like a gentle fog settled over him in his serenity, leaving him feeling much more relaxed than when he'd come in – tension leaving his shoulders, pressure relaxing from his tense midsection, a gentle trickling sound... warmth... around his shorts...

Through the fog he felt, Lanmei glanced down at his lap, seeing a dark patch starting to form on the front of it, feeling the warmth of the accident and the feeling of relaxation in his bladder, but not able to stop it even as he tried to end the flow. He felt the vestiges of panic somewhere inside of his chest, but it was unable to fully bubble up to the surface, something about the blue berry haze that filled him up was keeping him calm even as he wet his own shorts, only able to watch with a slight twinge that something was wrong about it.

Blinking a few times as he tried to clear his thoughts, he tried to look around, seeing that most of the customers were already gone, but a few that remained nearby had taken notice and were looking at him strangely, which should have mortified him, but he only felt... a little embarrassed? Like he'd... had an accident when he wasn't supposed to. A few of them made their way out, others snickering and watching as his accident finally ended, most of it having pooled in his seat or been absorbed by his shorts, some of it spilling down onto the ground.

He... he was supposed to do something about that... right? Like... g-get someone to h-help him... clean up? He turned towards the counter where the miltank was handing over a final to-go drink to a customer, who then locked eyes with him. He could see her eyes were wide as she registered what had happened, taking in the full sight, before sighing and putting a hoof to her face. Through the haze, he watched her start to usher the last few customers out for closing time, the remaining ones taking a moment to giggle at the sight of the mienfoo who'd not only wet himself in public, but who was apparently too frozen to do anything about it.

Finally, the miltank approached Lanmei, her hooves on her hips and she looked him up and down, a feeling of gentle, burning embarrassment cascading over him under her gaze. "Now, I distinctly remember telling you that you should make sure you were home before having that drink, didn't I? What happened here?" she asked, sounding like a disappointed mother, only embarrassing the poor mienfoo further.

"I-I... I don't... what... happened...?" he asked, still feeling that strange fog slightly clogging his thoughts and actions. "I... had an... an accident...?" he slowly said, confused and baffled, but only barely able to express it, almost like a toddler who forgot to make it to the potty in time.

The miltank lady sighed as she raised an eyebrow, slightly shaking her head. "Did you order off of the secret menu without actually knowing what it was?" she asked with a bit of exasperation, getting an embarrassed nod in return, having to think through her options at this point. She couldn't just *leave* the poor boy like this, or make him walk home like that... if he even had the coherence to find his way home in that headspace...

"The... the drink... did this?" he asked, trying to process what was going on, starting to slowly but surely piece things together, but still very unsure of what was going on, like all of his thoughts were running through a slow filter.

The miltank nodded, having decided what to do at this point, reaching out a hoof to help the mienfoo down from his seat, having to use a second to keep him on his feet with how unsteady he seemed. She'd... have to come back to clean up his mess later, but for now, there were more pressing concerns. She sighed to herself, realizing that he'd probably need someone to take care of him for a while... she'd have to start trying to verify the customers knew what they were getting into sometime in the future.

Toddling forward on unsteady feet, the mienfoo held onto the miltank's hoof for support, feeling like a toddler, especially with his wet shorts still clinging to his fur. "I... I'm sorry... th-thank you m-miss...?"

"My name's Marianna, sweetie. And it's alright, I'll make sure you're well taken care of." She spoke matter-of-factly as she led the mienfoo into a family bathroom. He hesitated for a moment, but she gave him a reassuring smile and a gentle tug on his paw, and for some reason he felt like everything would be alright...

As he walked into the family bathroom behind Marianna, the miltank placed her hooves under his armpits, easily lifting the small mienfoo up onto the fold-out changing table. He felt a gentle pressure on his chest and found himself being guided into laying down, happily complying. He couldn't tell if she was actually really strong, or if it was just... the weird feeling in his head.

"Now, let's get you out of these shorts and into something more appropriate, hm?" the miltank said, unslinging the large bag from her shoulder and setting it at the foot of the changing table. Unsnapping it open, she reached inside and rifled around, eventually pulling out a deep blue folded plastic rectangle, as well as a bottle of baby powder.

“Wh... what...? I... I don’t...” Lanmei asked, the dazed feeling only growing stronger as he laid there. Did... did he... really need a d-diaper? No... he was a big boy... right...?

“It’s alright, sweetie, Momma’s here,” Marianna said in a sweet, calming voice, giving the mienfoo a few gentle pats on the head. “You had some of Momma’s special milk, and so you’re gonna need to wear some special underwear for a bit, okay?” she said, explaining in a way that his childish brain could understand. He looked a bit confused for a moment, but decided that she probably knew best. She was a grown-up, after all.

Marianna gave him a smile as she watched the mienfoo put a thumb in his mouth, getting back to work. The drink he’d unknowingly ordered was hitting full effect, and she didn’t want to have another puddle to clean up with the poor mienfoo’s temporary urinary incontinence.

Lanmei’s eyes widened as he felt his legs suddenly being raised slightly into the air, his shorts and underwear being slid off of his hips and down his legs before being tossed into a small plastic bag the miltank had taken out. He shivered, his wet legs and crotch now exposed to the cool air, feeling a twinge of embarrassment at the exposure that was strangely drowned out by another growing feeling bubbling up inside of the mienfoo. As the miltank’s gentle hooves approached with a wet wipe, he whimpered, feeling the cold wipe running over his crotch – both at the cool sensation, and at the strange feeling he started to have as the wipe ran over his sensitive areas.

Marianna watched the mienfoo squirm a bit under her hooves as she carefully cleaned up his fur, hearing him whimper as his dick slowly inched out of its sheath. He seemed *very* aroused by the whole thing... She thought for a moment before remembering his order from before, realizing that in addition to the cocktail he’d crafted for himself, he was going through the effects of an aphrodisiac he’d added in as well. She sighed a bit in exasperation, realizing just what she’d have to deal with for today...

The mienfoo continued to squirm needily on the table as he was cleaned, before Marianna finally tossed the wet wipe into another small bag, finished with that. He breathed slowly and heavily as his dick throbbed, not quite able to process this powerful feeling running through his head and crotch, the heat that was filling his entire body. His legs were suddenly lifted up for him again before his bottom was deposited back down onto a cushy surface, feeling the miltank fiddle around a bit before a sprinkle of baby powder was poured onto his crotch.

As Marianna pulled the front of the diaper up between the mienfoo’s legs, she pressed it down against his dick, Mei moaning at the sensation and unconsciously bucking his hips up against her hoof with a whimper. She held it there as he continued to squirm, expertly pulling the wings over to tape them to

the front, giving a few pats at a job well done as he was fully diapered. Now he wouldn't end up making any extra puddles for her to clean...

"Alright, now come with me while I clean up your mess, and then we'll get you back to my place to stay the night, okay?" the miltank asked, patting Lanmei's tummy before lifting him off of the changing table, setting the smaller mienfoo against her hip and carrying him back into the main room of the café. She didn't have any other pants to put on him, so he'd just have to deal with being in a diaper whether he liked it or not – though with the regression milk hitting full effect, she doubted he'd care.

Setting the mienfoo on the floor next to the table where he'd sat before, she got out some cleaning supplies and disinfected the area, cleaning it all up. Lanmei watched her work, a thumb in his muzzle, idly sucking on it. It felt strangely comforting to do, just watching the pretty miltank work... his other paw moving down to the front of his diaper, which was still tented with his needy erection. He whimpered quietly into his thumb as he clumsily pressed and rubbed it, gazing up at the miltank as she finished up, putting away the cleaning supplies.

Marianna strolled back over to where the Mienfoo was sitting with a sigh, finally finished with closing up shop, and now with a new obligation on her plate. "Come on, crinklepants," she said, lifting the mienfoo back up onto her hip and heading out the door. A few people gave looks at the clearly oversized baby she carried, though she paid them no mind as she took the short walk down the road toward her house. She held the mienfoo close, keeping him from doing anything... 'indecent' as they walked, though he did still whimper at the pressure of his diaper against her side. Finally walking up to the door of her house, she unlocked it, carrying him inside with her.

Taking a moment to hang up her keys by the door, Marianna made her way deeper into the house, reaching the living room. The moderately sized space was halfway taken up by a large, gated playpen, one sized for pokémon of an adult size to stay in. Walking over to it, she plopped the dazed mienfoo down inside, taking the diaper bag off of her shoulder and setting it down next to the couch that she sat on herself, letting out an exhausted sigh. She rolled her shoulder a bit, feeling slightly sore from carrying the heavy mienfoo from her café – it had been a bit since she'd taken on the caretaker role, and it certainly felt nice to do... at least when it wasn't thrust upon her for a day. She'd just need to keep him occupied with toys for a few hours until he got worn out, and lay him in a crib. He'd be back to his full faculties tomorrow, and could walk back to his own life himself, she certainly wouldn't be carrying him back to it.

Lanmei looked around the playpen with wide eyes, captivated by the abundance of pretty colors and patterns. He slowly tried to stand up to walk around, but found his legs far too shaky to support him, especially with the added bulk of the massive blue diaper between them. Quickly falling back down onto his padded bottom, he started crawling over to a stack of colorful blocks with funny lines on the sides,

picking them up and stacking them in different patterns. He glanced over at the couch, noticing the miltank looking at him, and gave her a big smile through the fog in his mind, which she happily returned with a wave.

Watching him get into playing, Marianna stood up and walked to her kitchen, opening up the refrigerator and pulling out a few tiny bottles, each of them labeled with what it contained, and what special effects her milk would get from ingesting it. She'd been doing plenty of experimenting ever since accidentally discovering the strange, almost magical way her body processed certain berries, and had found plenty of interesting combinations at this point. Now that she was actually *selling* them, she found herself needing to produce more than before, so ever since learning how to increase her milk output in the first place, most days would wind down with a bit of milking to restock her supply.

Grabbing a crate of empty milk bottles along with the mixtures, the miltank made her way back into the living room, setting it all down on an end table and pulling off her shirt, laying it over the back of the couch. She didn't feel any need to be modest here – it was generally acceptable for miltank to have their udders out anyways, plus it's not like her charge was cognizant enough to be embarrassed by it. As she downed one of the small mixtures – a combination of pinap and nanab with a few other added things, she leaned back and gently rubbed her belly, giving it a bit of time to run through her before starting.

Opening her eyes to reach over and grab a milk bottle, she spotted the mienfoo looking at her with wide eyes, drooling a bit, one of his paws still on the front of his diaper. Hearing him whimper, she sighed and reached into the diaper bag, fishing around until she found an adult-sized pacifier, standing up and walking over to the playpen. Leaning over the edge of it and popping the pacifier into his mouth, she gave a few pats to his head with a "Here you go, sweetie," seeing him instantly start suckling on it as she turned around and made her way back to the couch.

Holding a bottle under one of her teats with a practiced hoof, she gently squeezed it from base to tip, letting out a satisfied sigh as the milk streamed out. Her udders had gotten much more sensitive ever since she started intentionally upping her production, and it felt so nice to be milked, in more ways than one. The relief of emptying out a full udder with squeeze after squeeze was certainly nice, but no small part of her really enjoyed the feeling, gently pressing her legs together as she continued to milk herself, letting out satisfied moans as she continued. With the first bottle quickly filled, she put a cap on it and set it aside, pulling out another and filling it up as well.

The process continued, Marianna letting out pleasure-filled moans and moos as she filled up bottle after bottle, before she noticed the sound of desperate squeaking coming from the playpen across the room. Cracking open an eye, she saw the very worked-up mienfoo on top of a large serperior plushie, grinding his diaper tent into the squishy material. She watched with a raised eyebrow for a minute, though he seemed to have a bit of a one-track mind with what he needed to do, not even noticing her.

Deciding to help out the poor thing, Marianna reached down into the diaper bag once more, pulling out a cordless vibrator as she got up from the couch. Lanmei suddenly felt himself being pulled away from the serperior, whimpering as he continued to hump at the air, before his eyes locked with the miltank that held him, breathing heavily and needily as he suckled on his pacifier.

“Aw, you look so cute... Here, let Momma help you out, and you can help her too, alright?” the miltank asked, walking back over to the couch and sitting down on it. She laid the mienfoo on his side, head resting in her lap, looking right up at the udders in front of his muzzle. He instinctively sucked on his pacifier more, before she pulled it out of his mouth and gently guided him to one of the teats, the mienfoo quickly taking it into his muzzle and starting to suck. The milk was delicious and creamy, flavored with sweet fruits, and even just the action of suckling on her udders sent a shudder through the mienfoo’s body, hearing the miltank holding him moo and moan happily. He felt something press against the front of his diaper, before his mind suddenly erupted in pleasure, his whole body squirming and pressing against the powerful vibrator, sucking on the miltank’s udders while bucking his diaper tent against the wand.

Marianna let out a very contented moo as the mienfoo drank her milk – while it certainly felt nice to milk herself, there was something different about someone else drinking from her. It felt so wonderful, so intimate, and even more arousing. She gently moved the vibrating wand up and down the tent in the mienfoo’s diaper, petting the back of his head with her other hoof as he drank from her, the little thing clearly in the throes of pleasure. A nice way to hit three birds with one stone – making sure he was fed, helping handle his little arousal problem, and making sure he was tuckered out and ready for bed with her sleepy milk mix at the same time.

Another shudder ran through the mienfoo’s body as she turned up the vibration intensity, continuing to coo at him and pet his fur as he whimpered and moaned, his head filled with a foggy, desperate lust that burned through his body in waves, all while drinking away, humping his diaper against the vibrator that the miltank expertly moved across his tent, pushing him closer and closer to the edge. His eyes screwed tightly shut as he let out a squeaky moan, pressing as hard into the vibrator as he could with one big, final thrust, pushing himself over the edge, riding out the waves and waves of pleasure that crashed over him.

Keeping the vibrator on the front of his diaper for another few moments before gradually turning it down, Marianna ran her other hoof along the mienfoo’s fur, gently calming him down as he fell into an afterglow, gradually shutting off the vibrator. She pet him with both hooves for a minute as he laid there, his muzzle getting a bit slack around her teat, before she realized that the poor little thing had fallen asleep in the afterglow. With a smile, she pulled him off, placing him against her side as she stood up again, carrying the mienfoo down the hall and into her bedroom. Flicking on a night light that she kept

for little ones, she walked over to the crib that stood next to her bed, carefully laying him down in it to get a good night's rest after tuckering himself out... and also having plenty of her sleepy milk running through his body.

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Lanmei groggily started to wake up, light filtering through the blinds of a window and falling onto his face. He felt... slightly foggy, strangely, and also very warm. He slowly rolled over in his bed, his shoulder bumping into something on his right – odd, since the wall was normally to the left of his bed. He slowly opened his eyes, being greeted to the sight of baby blue bars stretching up from the base of the bed he laid on.

Confused, the mienfoo slowly pushed off his covers, moving to sit up and feeling a strange bulk between his legs. Looking down as he pulled the blanket off of himself, he saw a large blue diaper strapped around him, and as he tried to close his legs, a squish told him that he'd apparently wet it overnight. A paw moving to his head as he tried to think through things, the slight fog made it a bit difficult... though he remembered this feeling from yesterday. Going to a café, ordering something... feeling strange after drinking it...

Fuzzy memories of being brought home by the miltank slowly started to surface – the pokémon saying something about him ordering something without knowing what it was... and embarrassment started to quickly well up inside of the mienfoo as more came back. Being changed while horny, carried down the street by the miltank, her... helping him deal with the heat that hit him like a truck... his muzzle grew more and more red with a blush as he thought over it, none of the events super clear in his mind, but definitely there, and definitely mortifying.

"Oh, looks like someone's awake! Feeling more like yourself today?" he heard from the doorway, quickly looking up to see the miltank standing there with a caring expression, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts. He quickly grabbed the blanket and threw it over the bottom half of himself, hiding the diaper from her, before realizing how silly that was... it didn't make him feel any less embarrassed about the state of things, though.

"Look, there's no worries," the miltank started, staying in the doorway to not embarrass him too far. "I couldn't exactly leave you on your own yesterday after what happened, but if you're back to yourself, you can head out – I washed your clothes, they're folded by the front door. I'm not gonna blame you if this isn't your speed – though I'd suggest making sure you know what you're getting into when you ask for something 'secret' in the future," she continued with a sly grin.

"I... um..." Lanmei stuttered, not quite sure how to reply. "Th-thank you..." he said in a squeaky voice, not able to meet the miltank's eyes, though he noticed her smile at that, likely having been worried that he'd be upset. He shifted a bit in the crib, feeling the diaper squish against himself, biting his lip at the sensation... not sure how to feel about it, but curious in a way. He'd never even *thought* of anything remotely like this before... but it felt a bit nice? Maybe things had just happened to work out...

"It's no problem, I did kinda get you into this mess, sweetie. It's your call, though," she said, no judgement present in her voice. "Feel free to make use of the changing table to clean up and head out, but if you wanna stick around for a bit, I'm making breakfast in the kitchen, just down the hall." With that, Marianna turned and walked out of the doorway, leaving Lanmei to think about things on his own.

Slowly standing up, feeling the strange presence and weight of the diaper between his legs, he inspected the crib, finding two latches to let the side of it down and step out. He glanced around and saw the changing table on one side of the room and considered it, but couldn't take his mind off of the miltank. He breathed and steadied himself, thinking for a moment, before walking towards the door, cracking it open. Glancing out into the hallway, the mienfoo stepped out, walking down it with a bit of a waddle towards the direction he saw Marianna go before, anxiety in each step.

Maybe it wouldn't be bad to get to know the nice miltank lady and spend a bit more time with her...