

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaauce.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies – like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaauce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

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WARNING

This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

DOING THE OAKY POKEY

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 2



Synopsis

Gary Oak, pokémon researcher and heartthrob extraordinaire, never yearned for anything his arch rival Ash Ketchum had, not until a chance encounter introduces him to Ash's new girlfriend.

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Doing The Oakey Pokey

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 2 – May's Sexpeditions

Ash and Pikachu snored under the starless night, unaware the sleeping bag next to theirs had quietly shrunk to emptiness. A ghostly wind swept through the half-deserted campsite. On the other side of charred firewood, another sleeping bag lay without its initial occupant. Inconspicuous silence encapsulated the scene.

Although, Route 104 was not without its sounds: leaves fluttering in the restless wind, bushes rustling with eerie timing, nocturnal critters croaking their nightly songs and – some thirty footsteps away from the campsite – the wet noises of clandestine lips smacking together.

May broke the kiss for air, finding herself in a position becoming awfully familiar: her back against a tree with Gary pressing hard against her. They might've eluded human eyes but there was no hiding from the full moon spying on them from above, its ominous silver glare fixing May the impression they were being watched.

“What’s wrong?” Gary whispered on her skin, sensing a distraction.

“Nothing. It’s nothing.”

She ripped her eyes away from the judgemental moon and threw her focus into another fiery kiss. He returned her passion and then some, pinning her against the tree with nostalgic force, rubbing her breasts round and round over her snug t-shirt. She'd 'forgotten' to wear her bra to this rendezvous and he appreciated her 'forgetfulness' with impatient gropes. It had barely been half a day since he claimed her innocence and yet the desire to conquer her raged hotter than before. She could feel it. But, she could also feel something different.

May tried to think of what could be bugging her until she realised the problem was that she was thinking at all. At some point during their last excursion, she surrendered all faculties, dropped her sense and morality to take in the moment for what it was. But now? Despite her secret lover's most passionate efforts, the fire inside her wouldn't burn as recklessly as it once had.

She kept glancing to the sides in lieu of letting spontaneity sweep her away. A breeze cooled their smouldering session. Maybe it had to do with the cold of night? While he planted kisses on her nape and along her shoulders, she kept staring back at the glowing moon. Then bushes behind them stirred abruptly.

May flinched. "What was that?"

Gary grumbled his disinterest. "Who cares?" He slipped a hand in the space between the tree trunk and her spandex-clad butt, groping the pertness of her rear.

May purred at his aggressive touch, but it was not enough to distract her from a random Hoot-Hoot appearing on a branch high above his head. Its large, red, creepy eyes bore into her soul as if passing judgment. All the sleepless pokémon in the woods chirped and hissed and croaked, badgering her conscious. It really felt as though the night was rebelling against their adulterous rendezvous. What if that Hoot-Hoot spilt the beans to her boyfriend in the morning?

Gary moved in for another kiss but she raised her hands to his chest and held him off.

"What is it with you? It's always two steps forward, one step back." Irritation had crept into his voice. "I know it can't be my dick. Not with the way you came all over yourself last time I had you up against a tree."

She hoped the night disguised her blushes. "It's... I don't know." She sighed. "It's nothing."

"It's obviously not 'nothing'. I don't get it," Gary said. "I thought you wanted this."

"I do." She sighed again. "Well, I thought I did. I don't know what I want, Gary."

The moon shone creases on his disheartened features. "That's okay." He suddenly grinned. "I know exactly what you want, even if you don't."

Predictably, he reached between her legs. She stopped his hand from getting too far. Seeing his desperation, he'd probably rip her spandex shorts open and shove himself right through the gash. "I'm just not feeling it right now." She deflected his hand aside. "Sorry."

He frowned. "Is it because of him?" He shrugged his head in the direction he had noticed her glancing at earlier. When their kissing and making out wasn't drowning out the noise, they could hear Ash's distant snores.

"I can practically still see his sleeping bag from here," May said, disheartened.

"I see..."

"What are we doing, Gary? Do you even like me?"

Gary was so taken aback the white of his eyes showed in the darkness. "What?"

"Would you ever even date a girl like me? Is this even about fucking me? Or fucking Ash over?"

Gary scoffed. "Come on. Where is this coming from all of a sudden? Less talking, more kissing." He moved his lips towards hers but she turned away. Not one to be deterred, he made out with the side of her neck instead.

"Gary, I'm being serious..."

"Mhm, mhm," he hummed dismissively while nestled in her nape.

"Stop." She shrugged her shoulder, easing him off her. "Would you ever date me? Or am I just good enough to be fucked behind closed doors when nobody is looking?"

He grumbled. "We have a good thing going, May. Stop ruining it with all this... stuff. Now come here and get this dick like I know you want." He grabbed her waist and pulled her onto his throbbing bulge, tried another kiss – she turned the other cheek.

May huffed, annoyed. "He's right there, you know?" Just how sadistic did he expect her to be? There was every possibility Ash might spot them simply by raising his head at any odd sound disrupting his sleep. She had succumbed to Gary once, maybe even considered doing it again, but that didn't mean she harboured malice towards Ash. As messed up as everything had become, she still cared about her boyfriend a great deal, certainly enough not to blatantly hurt him that way.

“Wow,” Gary said, thick with irony. “What a time to grow a conscious.”

“Yeah, you should try it sometime.”

“And maybe you should try keeping your legs shut.”

May gasped, scandalised. Not only was his implication offensive but it was downright wrong, considering she'd been a virgin before him. He was being a little boy. She'd seen the same petulance in Ash at the mere mention of his rival. It must've killed Gary that he hadn't completely erased Ash from her heart and mind in spite of his sexual prowess. “You're still bitter he destroyed you in your last pokémon battle, aren't you?”

“Oh please. I could care less about a dumb pokémon battle!”

“Sure. Maybe you shouldn't accuse me of sleeping around when you're the one running around sticking it in any ol' skank.”

He let out a humourless ‘ha’. “I stuck it in you, didn't I?”

“Shut up.”

“And I'm not the one running around fucking guys behind my boyfriend's back like a whor-”

She drove her knee into his special place before he could finish the word. He whimpered like a wounded Poochyena and crumbled at her feet.

May felt a flicker of remorse but quickly reminded herself he deserved it. He'd been so accustomed to getting his way that when she didn't give it up at his whim he just had to throw a fit.

“I don't care how many girls you've been with,” she hissed. “I hope you realise none of them actually like you for who you are. Any girl with any substance would never put up with a jerk like you. Sure, they might open their legs, but they'd never open their hearts. And you're jealous that's what Ash and I have.”

“Uh huh.” Gary struggled to get to his feet, pain etched on his face. “Whatever...”

As he limped back to the campsite, May took a deep breath and straightened her clothes. Her heart pounded with pride, and a little bit of something else. She'd just stood up for herself.

So why did it feel so shitty?

She lingered at the tree to let the tension die down, imbued with conflicting emotions. It took minutes for her to notice the icy winds biting at her arms. Her sleeping bag was screaming out to her.

By the time she skulked back to the campsite, Gary was deep in slumber, his sleeping bag facing away from the others. Ash and Pikachu had snoozed through the drama as far as she could tell, not that it surprised her. She snuggled into her sleeping bag despite a marked lack of fatigue. Things were going to be so awkward come morning.

...

A thick whiff of fried eggs and sausage stirred May awake. She floated out of slumber and into the kitchen, where she was met with the curious sight of Gary Oak donning an apron. He flashed her his perfect, pearly whites then returned to the breakfast he'd been preparing. May couldn't help smile back. The prospect of good food always enticed her, and even more intriguing was seeing Gary Oak in an apron.

As she approached him at the stove, he whipped around again, but it wasn't Gary's face beaming at her this time – it was Ash's face, superimposed on the researcher's body. May jumped out of her dream-skin, sat up and caught a startled Ash stirring a frying pan set over a tame fire.

“Whoa!” he exclaimed. “Nightmare?”

She blinked. No kitchen. No Gary Oak in an apron. A nightmare? “Yeah, actually...” The much duller but saner reality of she and Ash sat in a clearing dawned on her. Their sleeping bags, backpacks and food canisters lay sprawled around last night's campsite. Gary's sleeping bag however, or any of his possessions for that matter, were nowhere to be seen. She yawned, scratching her head curiously. “Where's –”

“Gary?” Ash said with a mouthful of chewed sausage. “Gone.”

“Gone?”

“Weird, right? He seemed all buddy-buddy and wanted to travel with us then the next thing I wake up and he’s just vanished without a trace.” Ash shrugged. “Didn’t he mention something about delivering a report to Professor Birch? Sounded pretty urgent. I bet he took off while we were asleep ‘cause he figured we’d slow him down. Oh well. I say good riddance. Means more food for us, right buddy?”

“Pika pika!” Pikachu raised sausages in each hand with triumph.

May half-smiled at the pair. “Glad to see you two are having a great morning.”

“Morning?” Ash said, dubious. “Try ‘afternoon’.”

“Afternoon?!” May rummaged for her PokéNav to check the time, although the height of the sun should’ve been a glaring clue. “It’s almost 12:30! Can’t believe I was out for that long.”

“Must’ve had a lot on your mind. But that’s okay,” Ash said. “It gave me and Pikachu plenty of time.”

Curiosity pulled her out of her sleeping bag. She joined her boyfriend and his pokémon, sitting cross-legged around the gentle fire. “Plenty of time for what exactly?” The grins on their faces looked rather sneaky.

Ash nudged the yellow mouse at his side. “Should we show her the surprise right now?” Pikachu nodded with enthusiasm. “Go on then.” The electric-mouse unveiled a purple gift box he had been hiding behind his back. Ash lifted the lid and sang, “*Surprise!*”

There must’ve been a hundred small blocks filling up the box. “Is this...”

“Yup! *May’s Pink Surprise!* Our best attempt at it anyway.”

“Pika!”

“Awww, you guys! You didn’t have to.” She rolled one pink block between her fingers for inspection. At the very least they got the colour right. The Pokéblock also gave off a strawberry-like fragrance akin to what her signature recipe produced. Did it taste the same though? That would be the real test. She tossed the sugary cube in her mouth. A sharp, acidic tang jabbed the insides of her cheeks. She retched, fought the urge to spew their hard work

right back out. *'More like Ash's Poisonous Surprise!'* Still, rather than risk offending him, she gulped down the cube to avoid having to taste it a second longer. "Uh, not bad, hehe..."

"Oh yeah! We did it!" Ash high-fived his assistant mouse chef. Then the celebratory tone in his voice turned serious. "You know, May, I felt kind of bad for leaving you and the picnic basket hanging yesterday to train for my battle against Gary. When Pikachu and I were stretching our legs in the morning, we just happened to stumble upon this neat little pile of Pecha Berries and that's when the idea first came to us.

"You never got the chance to finish your batch so we thought we'd do it for you. Although, we kind of had to make up stuff along the way 'cause we only knew half of your recipe."

'Yeah, I noticed...'

She petted his forearm with reassurance. "Ash, this is perfect." Besides, most of her pokémon were hardly picky about food (her damn Munchlax would eat dirt if you put it on a plate). Now that she'd heard the backstory accompanying their surprise, her heart overflowed with emotion. How could anyone be so selfless and passionate and considerate and so perfect? Ash reminded her of exactly why she'd fallen for him. If only he'd reminded her sooner... before she'd betrayed him with that selfish prick...

"Huh? May, are you crying?" Ash asked, stunned.

"No." She wiped half a tiny drop from her eye.

"Wow," he said. "I didn't realise my cooking was that amazing." He tasted a block of his own creation and keeled over, nearly choking to death before Pikachu pounced on his back to propel the poisonous treat from his throat.

May shook her head half-heartedly. "It's not about the Pokéblocks, you dope..."

...

Ash never thought he'd be caught with his pants down in the middle of nowhere. With his back pinned against a tree, he felt trapped, nowhere to run while a red and white

bandana bobbed back and forth over his exposed erection. “M-May... this is uhhhhh...” Strained moans disrupted his speech. “What if someone... ahhh Arceus... this is crazy...”

She popped his cock out of her mouth. “What’s so crazy about a girl wanting to please her boyfriend?” she purred before taking him back in.

“This... this whole thing is- aah!” On the other side of their row of trees lay a path open to unsuspecting Trainers. Frankly, he was alarmed by May’s show of utter nonchalance. “What’s g-g-g-gotten into you?”

When May had mentioned she’d cooked up a surprise for him in return, he hadn’t expected to be lured into the woods and have his pants forced down. As much as he appreciated the warmth of her mouth – and he did, a lot – her intimate way of saying ‘thank you’ overwhelmed him. Within moments he’d gone from having his first kiss to having his first blowjob. At this rate he’d be a father before the sun went down. “Don’t you think, uh, all this is going a little fast?”

May mumbled something incoherent before she pulled his dick out of her mouth and tried again. “I owe it to you. It’s only fair.”

“Fair?” Ash wasn’t dumb enough to argue with her now. Or maybe he was. “But out here in the open?”

“You want me to stop?”

“No, no, no!” He waved his hands frantically. “Of course not.” But he did question why she’d started in the first place. They’d agreed to save all the sexual stuff for a special occasion and yet she appeared keen to drag him past all the bases, almost as if she was making up for lost time, or perhaps making up for something else.

Her tongue rolled around the sensitive crown of his cock. His head jerked back so sharply his hat nearly fell off. Before he could lose himself completely, distant laughter dragged him back down to Earth.

Ash and May scrambled behind the trees in a panic.

A trio of giddy Trainers came ambling by and, mercifully, ambled right along without spotting them through the foliage.

Ash waited a good while for their passing conversation to die down, then sprung out of the shrubbery. “Phew. That was too close,” he said, brushing leaves off his shoulders. May’s sneaky little digits resumed fondling his balls, sending blood coursing through his veins. “Hey,” he whined. “Didn’t you see what just happened?”

She shrugged. “They didn’t see anything. No harm done.” She massaged his sack ever so genially. But it mattered naught; he’d been scared limp and beyond resurrection. As May rose from her knees, he felt a sense of relief to escape the risqué predicament. But she had no intention of returning to camp like he’d hoped. Instead, she let her shirt fall to the ground, promptly followed by her unclipped bra.

Ash gaped as her ample breasts came free with a subtle drop. His dick jumped out of its stupor in a heartbeat, straight and rigid. It was the first time he’d seen his girlfriend of a few months topless.

“That’s more like it.” She winked.

Ash felt his throat dry up before she’d even touched him. She got on her knees and sandwiched his cock, hiding it in her fleshy mounds. The sparkle of feigned innocence in her blue eyes, the softness of her bare bosom, the aggressive whispers to fuck her tits raw... Ash didn’t stand a chance. She motioned her breasts up and down his shaft only twice before a jet of white caught her by surprise, splashing across her face and then drooping onto her chest.

“That was quick...” She sounded disappointed. “Didn’t even get to the good part.”

“S-sorry,” was all Ash could think to say amid awkward chuckles.

“Not to worry. I have a feeling there will be plenty more opportunity.”

She wasn’t kidding.

Ash lost his virginity later that night. While Pikachu snoozed unaware, his pants-less girlfriend had lay spreadeagled atop her sleeping bag and guided his dick into its very first pussy. She let go of him once in, trusting he could take it from there.

The warmth of her sex was incredible especially given the chilliness of night. Not quite the romantic scene he’d pictured for their first time, apart from the smiling stars above perhaps. His bare bottom bounced in the moonlight as he immediately pumped in and out of

his girlfriend with haste and vigour. Nailing May was beyond amazing, beyond blissful, beyond utopia... all ten seconds of it.

Going off past experience, May had sensed his climax approaching and pulled him out moments before he risked impregnating her. His impatient load spilt on her tummy instead.

“Sorry,” Ash said in a shy voice. It felt as though he’d have to apologise after every sexual experience.

“That’s okay.” May wiped the cum off her stomach. “It was your first time.”

“Yeah, but it was your first time too.”

“Er – yeah, yeah, of course.” May chuckled. “You know what I meant.”

He didn’t doubt her, although, he did wonder, “Wasn’t there supposed to be blood or something? Is that just an urban myth?”

“Uh, I lost my hymen a long time ago. Riding bikes and all that, you know?”

“Oh right. That makes sense.”

Sex quickly became an addiction for the pair. May initiated the majority of the romps; anywhere and everywhere she could, she’d drag him along for another episode of May’s Sexpeditions. Ash could swear the girl was in constant heat. He loved it.

If only she loved it as much. She swore up and down he satisfied her, but Ash rarely got that impression. He did all the grunting, all the sweating, all the pumping while she lay there uttering a moan now and again. Granted, he couldn’t blame her when he continuously wore himself out in under a minute. He wasn’t even sure he’d gotten her to cum yet. But she ached for his cock all the same.

What should’ve been a short trip to Petalburg lasted over a week as the horny duo stopped at every opportunity to fuck. Ash liked to believe he’d improved with every attempt, but didn’t blame her for making him wear protection. He didn’t trust himself not to prematurely finish inside her either.

When they finally arrived at her family home in Petalburg City, Ash was saddened at the prospect of less sex. He thought her parents would make him sleep at the Pokémon

Centre, far away from their daughter, but since Max had left for his own pokémon journey years ago, they'd turned his chamber into a guest room.

Most nights Ash would lay in bed preoccupied with his thoughts when May would sneak in. The comfort of fucking on a bed beat prickly grass by a mile. On one such night, Ash had his best performance yet, fucking her in missionary for a good 35 seconds, drawing double the moans he usually got out of her. Oh how Max would kill them both if he knew what they were getting up to in his room. Ash extracted himself for good measure before cumming inside the condom with a low drone.

"Fuck, that was good," he said, breathlessly. "Did you cum?"

She nodded.

"You sure...?"

"Yes, Ash," she said, exasperated. "I wouldn't be doing all this if I didn't enjoy it."

It was a fair point, although the fact she was less breathy than him was discouraging. They shared a passionate kiss before May cut it short.

"I better get back to my room before my parents realise I'm not a pile of pillows."

"Yeah, of course," Ash said, dejected as she slipped out from beneath him. He'd almost been ready for a second round.

May blew him a kiss before gently closing the door and tiptoeing back to her room. Ash sighed with arms folded behind his head. He spent half of the night pondering on whether she truly enjoyed him. All he wanted was her satisfaction.

...

As soon as May crawled into her covers, she touched herself.

Half her mind imagined her digits being a thick cock while the other wondered how long she'd have to continue finishing herself off. She wouldn't make the mistake of taking Ash for granted again. But oh how she prayed he'd get better in bed.

After her dastardly betrayal, the least she could do was show some patience to the one guy who'd been perfect in every facet apart from sex. She might've even considered it a self-imposed punishment and she deserved as much. Letting Ash fuck her all he wanted would never make up for giving her virginity to Gary, but what else could she do?

She sighed.

"What the hell is wrong with me?" she muttered to herself. Rubbing her clit with growing fervour, she felt utterly hot, bothered and disgusted at the same time.

Why couldn't she stop thinking of Gary Fucking Oak?

...

"Wakey, wakey!"

May groaned and rubbed her eyes to the blurry image of a Snorlax standing at the foot of their bed. "What in the..." She propped up on her elbows and blinked her grogginess away. As the blurry pokémon came into focus, she realised it was not a pokémon at all.

"It's afternoon already. Come on!" Ash urged, hands on his hips. But it was impossible to take him seriously in that Snorlax getup. "You're the one always talking about spicing up the relationship."

"Er, yeah, but..." She scratched her head. Dressing up like wild pokémon wasn't quite what she had in mind. Wild night out? Maybe. Wild, passionate sex? Certainly. Although, in the two and a half years she and Ash had been doing the horizontal tango, not one of those experiences could be described as anything close to wild. She doubted putting on some bear costume would suddenly endow him the creature's carnal instincts.

"No buts!" He looked as serious as one could look with their face poking out the mouth of a woolly Snorlax. True to life, the costume made him appear bloated, its fat, stubby paws peeking out from under his pregnant belly. "It's gonna be fun. Something different."

Her eyes twitched as they zoomed in on his fluff-filled tummy. "Uh, I think we have two different ideas of 'fun' here."

“Half the ‘fun’ of a costume party is the costumes, May.” He rubbed his Snorlax belly and wiggled his eyebrows in a suggestive way.

She sniggered despite herself. “You’re such a goof. If this is supposed to be turning me on –”

“What? You mean you’re *not* dying for some of this poké-dick right now?”

“Oh, God.” She winced as he twisted the costume’s nipples. “What kind of scoundrel would stitch nipples into that stupid thing?”

“You’re saying yours are better?” Both their eyes skulked down to May’s chest, where the fallen covers had left her top exposed. Somehow, she’d crammed her large bosom into one of his old t-shirts last night, the imprints of her nipples hard to ignore. “Yup. They’re definitely better,” Ash answered his own rhetoric question.

“Pervert!” She raised the covers and stuck her tongue out.

Ash shrugged without argument. “So, are we going or what? You used to love playing dress up. When did you become such a bore?”

“Uh, round about the time you became a furry.”

He scratched the back of his head sheepishly. “Seriously though, it’s gonna be fun seeing everyone’s costumes.”

“I guess...”

He *really* wanted to go to this party, huh? She hadn’t heard the end of it since he first brought it up a week ago. It sounded like a harmless night out in theory and it wasn’t like she’d had anything else planned. The more she dwelled on it, the more she realised she didn’t have good reason not to indulge him.

“So, that’s a yes?” Hope sparkled in his boyish brown eyes.

“I... guess?”

“OH YEAH!” He punched the air. “You’re the best!” The woolly Snorlax cannonballed onto the bed. She bounced with a shriek of surprise. Excited paws crawled over in a hurry and she soon found herself buried under a fat suit and a thousand kisses. His

grateful affection started off playful, pecking her cheeks and nuzzling her neck, but Ash couldn't stop his hands encroaching her shirt. May went from giggling to purring deeply as a giant paw kneaded her bra-less breasts and hot kisses sucked the air from her lungs.

She didn't know what pouch his poké-dick had sprung out of but there was no mistaking the solid object bumping and grinding against her entrance. A few seconds later, one might be forgiven for thinking she was getting humped by a wild Snorlax. Surprisingly, May found herself enjoying the unexpected romp, the added weight of his costume applying a pressure she never knew she'd appreciate. Unsurprisingly, it was over just as she was getting into it, premature 'Snorlax' spunk spilling onto his old t-shirt.

Ash punctuated his satisfaction with a deep sigh, then rested his head on the soft pillows of her chest. "Thank you."

"For what?"

"For this." He sighed dreamily, his head rising and falling with her breathing. "For everything."

She put on a weak smile he'd never see. If only he knew she should've been the one thanking him. Although a couple of years had trudged past since her odious betrayal, the weight of her sins still hammered down on her every day. Poetic justice ensured she didn't get the thrilling sex she so craved. Two years and counting. How much longer until she'd done enough to deserve forgiveness?

Did she even deserve forgiveness?

Only Ash could say. Except he couldn't, not for as long as she sheltered him from the truth. He was floating on cloud nine and she didn't have the heart to drag him back down to meander in her guilt and suffering. When he smiled, she smiled.

"May?"

She petted his Snorlax head, her absent gaze lost in the blank ceiling. "Hm?"

"We need to get you a costume."

"We do?"

"For the party."

Oh, right. She'd forgotten she agreed to that. One thing she definitely hadn't agreed to, however, was making a fool of herself. "If you think I'm going to put on some ratty, old getup, think again, Ash Ketchum! Where'd you even get that thing?"

"Old friend made it for me for the Gourgeist Festival."

She cringed at the thought of him actually wearing it in public. "If a friend made me something like that, I'd think twice about calling them a friend going forward."

Ash laughed nervously. "It looked a lot better years ago, to be fair."

"We can do *waaaaay* better."

"We can?"

"Yup! No boyfriend of mine is going to be the laughing stock of the party."

"Hm, okay then. You're the queen of dress-up." He lifted his head off her chest and raised a curious expression. "What did you have in mind?"

...

Stone Manor sat in the upper echelons of Rustboro, a snow-white chateau nestled in the verdant hills a quiet distance from the main city. Two guests on a moped arrived at its large iron gates and, after swift verification via intercom, rode up the long, winding driveway leading to a pool of expensive cars parked around a colossal Wartortle fountain. Driver and passenger dismounted together, their matching knee-high boots kissing the tarmac at the same time.

The Team Magma uniforms fit the pair to a tee. Ash's long, dark-grey shorts ended where his boots started and a red hood with pointy black horns cast a shadow over his features. The female version of the uniform replaced the long shorts with a micro skirt, clinging to the roundness of May's pert rear. A Mightyena-esque logo – Team Magma's own insignia – stretched over the bust of her crammed hood. She filled it out better than any grunt she'd seen, if she said so herself. Dark brown tresses fell from the shadows of her hood to cradle her cheeks. If not for the friendly look on their faces, one could easily mistake them for the real deal.

“Ah, Master Ash and May,” said the well-groomed valet. “Might I see to that for you?”

They exchanged chuffed expressions, taken aback by his professionalism. “Oh, sure.” Ash handed him the keys to his moped.

“Thank you.” May said, beaming.

“You’re most welcome. Please, go right on in.” He made way and gestured for their entry.

Once inside, Ash repeated aloud, “Master Ash.” He rubbed his chin. “Hm. I like the sound of that. Think you could start calling me that too, babe?”

She scoffed. “Don’t push your luck. You should be glad I’m here at all. And rescued you from embarrassing yourself.”

“Hehe. I have to admit,” Ash said, inspecting his long black and red gloves. “These definitely look cooler than oversized paws.”

“Right?” She loved the chic miniskirt and the red-black boots, too. “Say what you want about Team Magma but those criminals had legit fashion sense. Just wearing this, I can see why they were so bad.”

“How do you mean?”

“I dunno. Just something about the feel of it...” She ran smooth hands down her waist and hips, fingertips flirting with the edge of her tiny skirt. “Kind of makes you want to do... bad... terrible... naughty things... know what I mean?”

“Uh huh...” Ash nodded along dumbly, eyes skirting round her slender thighs. “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

Grinning, she made the infamous camera gesture with her hands and whispered, “Time for another one of May’s Sexpeditions!”

“Right on!” he whispered back, struggling to hide his excitement. “And looking at the size of this place, there’s bound to be somewhere we can sneak off to.”

Their eyes wandered at the possibilities whilst relishing in the luxury surrounding them. The flooring's polished marble reflected light from the windows and crystal chandeliers. Grand pillars raised up a high ceiling adorned with intricate gold patterns. May and Ash stood at the foot of an imperial staircase leading two arcing set of steps to a grandiose second floor lined with giant portraits of famous Gym Leaders. The look in their eyes screamed 'whoa'. They didn't know where to start.

"Oh no! It's Team Magma!" shouted a male voice. "Someone call Officer Jenny!" From round one corner behind the staircase, Brendan emerged in a Sceptile costume, complete with a long tail resembling a palm tree branch. "Only kidding. You guys look great. And great together."

"Brendan!" May launched herself into his arms.

"Whoa! Hey there." He chuckled, overwhelmed by her joy. "How've you been?"

"You wouldn't have to ask if you bothered visiting every once in a while."

"Yeah, I know. I haven't exactly been fulfilling my neighbourly duties lately, have I?"

"Not at all. And now I see why." She looked around, suggesting the answer was all around them.

"Yeah, about that," Brendan said, scratching his head coyly. "Steven has some personal matters to attend to in Mossdeep City. He asked if I could look after this place in his absence."

"So you basically moved in here?"

He shrugged. "Basically."

"That's awesome!" Ash said. "Not everyone can say Steven Stone trusts them enough to look after one of his palaces."

"Perks of making it into the Elite Four I guess." Brendan winked. "How's your journey to becoming a Pokémon Master going?"

"Well, considering someone called me 'master' as soon as I walked in here, I'd say pretty great."

May rolled her eyes.

Brendan laughed. "The help around here is incredible. Watch this." He clapped twice in quick succession.

A portly man in a bowtie and long suit jacket came bustling to his side. He was carrying a tray of red cups, martinis and tea sandwiches. "Yes, Master Brendan?"

"Freddie, these are my good friends, May and Ash. Please see to it they're well taken care of for the rest of the evening, okay?"

He nodded. "I'll see to it personally, Master Brendan." He presented his tray to May and Ash. "Drinks? Snacks?"

Ash's eyes lit up. "Don't mind if I do!" He stuffed a tea sandwich into his mouth and washed it down with a gulp of raspberry punch.

May plucked a cocktail glass off the tray and took a tentative sip, her eyes growing wide at the hint of liquor. "These martinis are the real deal?"

"Yep!" Brendan beamed from ear to ear.

"Er, are you sure everyone you invited is old enough to –"

"Relaaaaax," Brendan hushed her. "We're all responsible adults and thereabouts just trying to have some harmless fun, right?"

"Brendan," May said in her chastising tone. "Does Steven even know you're throwing this party?"

"Uh." Brendan turned to the butler unexpectedly. "That will be all for now, Freddie."

"Yes, Master Brendan." He bowed, then turned to Ash and May. "If either of you need anything, you know the signal."

They nodded. He went about his way.

"So here's the thing," Brendan said in a hushed tone. "I might've taken a few liberties with this whole thing. Steven didn't say I could throw a party per say *but* he didn't say I couldn't either! As long as we're all respectful of his property and make sure everything is spick and span when it's all over, there shouldn't be a problem."

Ash shrugged. "Fine by me."

"Okay then," May said. She wasn't about to be the party-pooper. Furthermore, she and Ash still had secret plans to find some place to rendezvous. The thought of doing it in such a big, lavish manor under everyone's noses had her juices flowing already. Maybe these circumstances and environment would finally evoke the kick Ash needed to perform at his best. A girl could dream.

"Great stuff," Brendan said. "I knew you'd be cool. That's why I invited you guys. Oh, and I wanted to see for myself you're taking good care of May," he added, casting scrutiny on Ash. His lax demeanour took a sudden turn; his eyes darkened and his lips straightened across a humourless facade. "Because if you're not," he continued gravely. "You'll have me to deal with."

Ash recoiled, ready to throw his hands up in retreat. He'd never seen Brendan act like this before. But May had. And she wasn't impressed.

"Oh, stop it." She punched him in the shoulder. "You know Ash's a great guy. Stop frightening him." As much as she appreciated Brendan's 'overprotective big brother' shtick, she didn't need him scaring off this one like the other idiots she'd dated in the past.

"Okay," Brendan chimed, breaking out a friendly smile as though he hadn't just threatened her boyfriend. Said boyfriend looked confused at his seemingly split personalities. He would tread carefully all the same. "So how about a quick tour of the place?" Brendan offered. "I'll show you where everyone is."

"Sounds great," Ash said.

May could tell he was a little nervous about hanging around Brendan for too long. It was mildly amusing and endearing at the same time. She held his hand out of love and support then asked Brendan to lead the way.

"Cool. So if you follow me, first up I'll show you the –"

"Master Brendan," Freddie said, popping up out of nowhere. He whispered something in Brendan's ear that lit up his features.

"Well, let her in!" Brendan ordered right away.

Bemused, Ash and May joined the host in directing their attention to the entrance.

The large front doors opened with a crack of light illuminating a feminine figure. Bathed in brightness, she strutted into the manor like she owned the place. A black bandana covered the top of her head, leaving a reddish tuft of hair poking out between her sea-green eyes and longer tresses brushing the back of her shoulders. Her snug tube top alternated between white and blue stripes, and she wore leggings in the same pattern under a small pair of brown, ripped shorts. She looked like a pirate that had gotten her pant legs bitten off by a Sharpedo. And it only appeared to add to her badassery, to the sex appeal of her slender form and exposed midriff. They almost didn't recognise her.

"Hey, Misty!" Brendan rushed over to greet her.

"Whoa," May gasped, wide-eyed. "It really is Misty, isn't it?"

"I... I don't know." Ash scanned her up and down, taking particular notice of her long, never-ending legs. Unfortunately for him, May noticed.

She nudged her elbow into his side. "You don't know?" Like she was supposed to believe that. "Come off it, Ash. You've been talking about this party all week. Of course you knew she'd be here. Admit it."

"Well... maybe..."

That was admission enough. May huffed. "How come you didn't tell me?"

"It's just Misty. What's the big deal? I did say old friends -"

"You mentioned Tracey and Ritchie by name but somehow forgot to mention hers?"

"You didn't really expect me to list everybody's name, did you?" Ash said.

May fired him a side glare. Was he being this obtuse on purpose? She'd never had a problem with Misty. Not really. But Ash had had a whole week to bring her up and he hadn't once. Could she be the real reason he'd been so diehard about coming here? May shook her head. She hated going down this path of thoughts. "Don't get why you couldn't just tell me she'd be here," she muttered out the side of her mouth.

"Technically, I kind of did though," he muttered back.

“Ash –”

“What? She’s an old friend, isn’t she?”

May grumbled. “We’ll talk about this later.”

“What’s there to talk about?”

Brendan pointed Misty in their direction and the two of them approached. Ash and May continued bickering about the redhead under their breaths until she came within earshot.

“Misty!” May shrieked and threw her arms around the wannabe pirate. “So good to see you again! What a fantastic surprise!” She snuck Ash a scowl over her shoulder.

He shrugged.

“Aw, shucks! Thanks, May.” Misty hugged back. “It’s great to see you too. How long has it been? Like four years or something?”

“Or something,” May said.

“Oh hello, Ash.”

Her boyfriend looked as though he’d been caught flatfooted. “Hi... Misty.”

The redhead went in for a hug but Ash had anticipated a handshake, so Misty corrected her approach and reached her arm out instead, only for Ash to have corrected his stance too by spreading his arms out for a hug. They exchanged awkward laughs while May observed straight-faced on the sidelines. The clumsy pair eventually negotiated a handshake.

“Oh no.” Misty abruptly stepped back after shaking his hand. Her head swivelled left and right between Ash and May’s puzzled expressions. “I hope this doesn’t mean we all still can’t be friends.”

Now why would she say something like that? May narrowed her eyes at the redhead. “What’s that supposed to mean exactly?”

Misty pointed up at the logo on her bandana – a white circle with a horn pointing north and two dog bones sticking out the bottom. When Ash and May still didn’t get it, she finally said, “Team Aqua. We’re sworn enemies.”

“Ooooh!” May and Ash sighed in revelation. Feeling so dumb and paranoid now, she laughed at her own runaway thoughts. “I’m sure we can hold off from killing each other. At least for tonight.” She gave a playful wink. “Besides, don’t you need at least two people to make a team?” May wrapped her arm around Ash’s and leaned her head on his shoulder.

He went pink in the face.

Misty smiled. “You’re definitely right about that. That’s why I dragged my own partner-in-crime out here.”

“Oh, you did?”

Misty nodded. “He insisted on parking his car himself. Something about not trusting the valet with his ‘baby’.” She rolled her eyes. “Anyway, he should be joining us any second – ah! There he is.” Misty turned to the entrance and waved at the young man who’d just walked in. “Over here, Gary!”

“Gary?!” May and Ash exclaimed at the same time. She stomped her boot on his foot to a muffled groan, then muttered through ground teeth, “You knew that ass hat was coming, too?”

Ash wheezed. “No,” he whispered back so Misty couldn’t hear. “I swear. I had no idea they were... dating?”

May buried her face in her palm. “Jeez. I can’t believe this...”

“Come on, babe. It’s not the end of the world. I mean yeah he’s the biggest douche on the planet but we can easily ask Brendan to kick him out if he causes a fuss. Right, Brendan?”

The boy in a Sceptile costume nodded. “Yeah. Right on. We’re all about good vibes tonight. Any troublemakers are getting the boot.”

“See?” Ash said to May. “Nothing to worry about.”

“I guess...”

He chuckled to himself. “I didn’t realise anyone could hate Gary Oak as much as I do. He’s tormented me since we were kids. What’s he ever done to you?”

Besides give her the most passionate sex she’d ever had?

“Nothing really...” she muttered.

Ash didn't need to know what had happened that day in the woods, what had happened while he was training his pokémon to take on Gary Oak, what had happened when she stumbled into said Gary Oak... alone in the woods...

Visceral memories flashed through her mind... Gary pressing her against the tree... biting into the sensitive flesh where her shoulder and neck conjoined... hoisting her up by the nakedness of her thighs... rubbing himself against her slick virgin entrance... then finally –

May blinked away the imagery as shameful cries of pleasure reverberated in her skull.

But there was no blinking away the flesh-and-bone Gary Oak striding towards them now.

Easily six feet tall, the dark, broad-shouldered researcher seemed to have grown a few inches since their last encounter. Not just in height either; lean muscle defined the biceps escaping his striped muscle shirt, the same colours Misty wore, completing the Team Aqua set. His turquoise pants were ripped jaggedly around his shins, and his black and blue combat boots thudded on the marble tiles as he approached them with his gloved hands pocketed.

While he portrayed this picture-perfect image of cool, May was rocking on the tips of her toes, fidgeting with her fingers. How could he be so unperturbed showing up here in front of her and Ash, knowing the secret history they shared? Then she remembered – Gary Oak only cared about Gary Oak. It would be just like him to strut in here and spill the beans to Ash in front of all his friends. May's throat dried up.

'Gary Freaking Oak! Why did you have to show up here?! Why now?'

The last time they'd stood face to face, she had thrust her knee fiercely between his legs. If he was in any kind of mood to settle the score, her goose would be burned to a crisp. Heart thrashing against her ribcage, May tried to still her breathing, preparing to deny anything Gary might say to her long-term boyfriend as soon as he opened his mouth.

It was going to be a long night.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.