

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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DISCLAIMER

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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 Oakey Pokey

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 4



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 4 – Gary's Oak

A dishevelled Dawn pinballed from shoulder to shoulder until she stumbled her way out of the dizzying cocktail lounge. She'd searched the bar counter, every table, the dance floor, the pool area, a couple of bathrooms, even some kitchens – and nothing! Panic began to settle in.

She bumped into two boys dressed like Sudowoodo walking out of the lobby as she walked in. Desperate, she threw her herself in their path, stopping them abruptly. "Have you guys seen May anywhere?"

They swapped clueless expressions. "Who?"

Dawn sighed and allowed the useless tree 'pokémon' to go about their night. All she'd wanted to do was be there for her friend the same way she'd been there for her. She prayed May was alright and hadn't done something stupid.

"Anything?" Freddie asked, coming in from the opposite end of the lobby. He'd covered the other half of the manor.

Dawn shook her head at a loss.

"Dear me," the butler said. "Well, I'm certain Mistress May will resurface unscathed. She appeared very much to be the responsible type."

"You can't 'responsible' your way out of heartbreak," Dawn said, remembering the devastation plastered on her bestie's face. "Trust me, I tried."

"Er, with all due respect, I'm not sure 'responsible' best describes your efforts."

“With all due respect – can it, Freddie!” He hadn’t exactly been concerned about responsibility when they were bundled together in that broom closet upstairs. Simpler times, Dawn mused. Maybe they never should’ve gotten out of there in the first place. Sure, he was old enough to be her dad, but a change of pace from these young, immature boys might’ve been exactly what she needed. Or maybe she’d lurch after the martinis dissipated from her system.

“All I’m saying is,” he tried, “there’s no need to worry.”

Dawn chuckled to herself. So that’s what it felt like when she said that to distressed people. Perhaps a change in catchphrases was exactly what she needed, too. “Freddie, I don’t think you –”

BOOM!

The front doors suddenly burst open. Two crazed teens spilt into the lobby, hands and mouths all over each other. Dawn had never witnessed Team Aqua and Team Magma collaborate quite like this. The girl in red ran her gloved hands up the athletic boy’s biceps while he gripped her narrow waist. With blind passion transcending enemy lines, they backed into an expensive vase, knocking it off the bar table. The loud shatter of china didn’t slow them one iota, nor the four or five kids rushing in to see what had broken.

Like Dawn and Freddie stood by from a distance, the new arrivals watched in amazement as the Team Aqua grunt lifted his lover onto where the vase once sat. He leaned into her neck, boots crunching the ceramic ruins underfoot, and lined kisses to and from her jawline. Panting heavily, she rolled her eyes in their direction, messy bangs and tresses strewn about her flushed features. She looked right at the small crowd and didn’t flinch, not a care in the world, not a single fuck left to give.

“It appears we found your friend,” Freddie said out the side of his mouth.

“Yes. It does,” Dawn said, her mouth slowly starting to work again. As far as she knew, Ash was still in attendance, still in this very house. She didn’t understand. He must’ve done something really infuriating to drive May to this point. Though, even then, it wasn’t like her to be so publicly vindictive – and with Gary Oak no less! Dawn didn’t want to be in the room when Ash inevitably caught a whiff of this. “Freddie, I think I’m going to need another drink.”

At the moment of her request, the weary butler was gulping down a martini of his own, far ahead of her. He swallowed hard. “Absolutely.”

...

Nicholai, the knickerbocker supreme, set his sights on the sexy witch standing at the pool table. None the wiser to the peering eyes camouflaged in his *Zigzagoon* costume, she posed with a cue stick stood at her side, long and slender against the fishnet stockings of her legs. He could imagine where and how they ended in her short, black, Victorian dress. But he wanted to do more than just imagine.

He'd always been enthusiastic about a great many things, pokémon and knickers notwithstanding, but something about this sweet-yet-odd-flavoured punch expanded on his enthusiasm, imbued him with a tsunami of confidence he'd never known. It didn't matter how many times he struck out; he let it all wash up behind him. Eyes narrowed in on his latest target, he dipped into his red cup for another spurt of courage, then marched his way to the pool table.

“Hi! I'm Nicholai! The knickerbo-”

“Ugh.” The witch and skeleton-boy set their cue sticks down and abandoned the pool table. They blew right past him as if he wasn't there, re-joining the cast of characters smoking hookah.

“Hn.” He stood on his lonesome, pondering. Playing hard to get, huh? Well, the word ‘surrender’ wasn't in his vocabulary! He took another swig of confidence.

Before he could pounce into action like the *Zigzagoon* he was, a pair of intertwined lovers bumbled into the room, twisting round and round in a lust-fuelled tornado. The storm of passion blew his way, colliding into him while he stood there flatfooted. What was left of his punch found itself all over the front of his *Zigzagoon* costume. He shrieked. This was his favourite one!

“Hey, what's the big idea?!”

The reckless lovers couldn't detach from each other's lips long enough to mutter an apology. As they made out right beside him, Nicholai came to recognise the brunette wearing the Team Magna getup...

Somehow May looked even more scrumptious than earlier. He was sure the boy currently tonguing her wasn't the same boy she'd come to the party with. Hm. If she'd decided to loosen up to that extent then surely she wouldn't mind if a fellow knickerbocker got in on the action, too!

While the lucky bastard in the Team Aqua costume kissed and caressed her, Nicholai cast his sights on her perky rear, quite the peach wrapped in that little grey skirt of hers. His eyes morphed into big, pulsating hearts.

He reached down and gave her a cheeky squeeze, delighted at her suppleness yielding in his palm. With the Team Aqua grunt just about groping her everywhere except her butt, Nicholai couldn't fathom how she'd distinguish his sneaky touch from her lover's, especially amid such a passionate, chaotic make-out session. But May knew it the moment she felt his unsolicited pinch.

She groaned and swatted his hand off her ass. Unfortunately, for Nicholai, her pirate-esque lover noticed, too.

"What the fuck, man?" He pulled May aside.

Nicholai threw his hands up and fretted. "I d-didn't mean to, I-I-I was ju-just -"

The last thing he saw was a gloved fist zoom in on his eye.

...

May gasped as Nicholai hit the floor like a sack of potatoes, laid out right beside his spilt cup. Gary stood over him seething, his fist still clenched and shaking. Such violence would usually scare the pants off her, but this time, it was her panties tempted to slide right off. Gary had never looked more like a man. The roars from the kids smoking hookah erupted like a coliseum cheering on their champion.

After knocking the 'goon' out of Zigzagoon, Gary pulled May into his arms and stamped a rugged kiss on his prize, woos and whistles celebrating their union.

She couldn't believe they were doing this in front of everyone! How far they'd come from sneaking about in the woods. She had criticised Gary for hiding her like some dirty, little secret, but here he was now, open to being open, romancing her in front of anyone who cared to look.

For the first time since she could remember, May felt wanted – *truly* wanted – as Gary hoisted her onto the pool table. With her legs hanging over the edge, she leaned back on her arms, holding herself up against the weight of his kisses.

From her lips, he moved down her neck. The graze of his teeth lit her skin on fire. She yearned to be bitten, to be devoured by this beast of a pokémon researcher. The tightness of her collar restricted his descent, but he burrowed deep enough to hit the side of her nape, and sink his teeth into the delicate flesh that had been ignored far too long.

He earned a loud, sensual purr for his efforts. So enticed and aroused by the erotic bite, May leaned her head onto his, attempting to trap him in the crook of her neck and shoulder. *'Bite harder.'* She would've begged if she could speak.

Despite what Ash might've thought, she wasn't made of porcelain; she could take more than he'd been willing to give. And she wasn't just a set of large, magnificent tits either – sure, they *were* large and magnificent, but he would've done well to hit a couple of checkpoints before racing to shove his cock between them. Gary knew when to be slow and steady. And when to bite the freak out of her.

"Ahh!" she screamed in ecstasy as he imprinted his teeth on her neck. "Fuck, yes!" She'd needed this so bad. So, so bad.

Gary returned to her lips, ferocious and sloppy as ever. He forced his weight onto her chest, dropping her to her elbows, then eventually flat on her back. While one leg dangled between his, she raised her loose limb round the small of his back, her boot hanging over his butt. He grabbed the outer thigh she'd put on offer, squeezing at the softness of her flesh as he climbed closer and closer to the brim of her skirt, closer to the wet mess she'd become.

All this while his balls and shaft grinded on her other thigh, stiff and eager to violate her. The last time his member came this close to her knee, it hadn't ended well for the

former. Feeling him now though, she'd bet an Articuno egg he'd made a full recovery; and something told her: that huge, full-on cock would be out for vengeance. Her pussy dripped a little just thinking about him putting her in her place.

Gods, she couldn't wait any longer!

As he climbed atop of her, she yanked on his shirt then rolled him onto his back, breaking half a dozen balls into a frenzy across the pool table. Gary looked up at her, both stunned and impressed by her sudden strength.

She straddled her strapping, young steed and fumbled with his belt desperately, throwing aside the buckle with a heavy clang. His shlong sprung into the canopy of her skirt, where her hand reined in his upper shaft while one deft finger moved her stained thong out the way. Her lips were incredibly slippery, dousing the bulbous head of his cock before finally spreading down her middle.

May froze with a jitter, uttering a noise between a gasp and a hiccup. In all her haste, she'd underestimated how much girthier Gary was than her usual serving; she couldn't plop herself so painlessly on his meat the same way she had with Ash.

Two-thirds in, she grew stiff, her right eye wriggling shut while her left twitched. Her overzealous pussy had slowed its descent, lust seeping out her crammed lips. *So fucking big...* Gary's oak made her feel like a virgin again. She powered through the pleasurable pain to impale herself to the hilt and, judging by Gary's high-pitched grunt and grimace, he hadn't experienced such tightness with Misty either.

"YEAAAAAH!" the hookah kids shouted from the sidelines as though congratulating her for taking it all. Albeit, they couldn't see the explicit happenings inside her skirt; they must've reacted to the relief washing over her strained features.

And, at long last, relieved she was. At peace. As much peace as one could relish with a thick cock lodged inside them, throbbing against her stretched walls. She'd forgotten what it felt like to be so completely filled, to be touched so deeply in her heart and pussy all at once. Ash might've made her feel the warm fuzzies but Gary ignited the core of her very being.

May rocked her hips impatiently, screeching between laboured breaths when his size knocked her insides the wrong way. She rode through it all: pleasure, pain and everything else that came with mounting a sturdy cock that wouldn't wilt seconds into rapture.

It was so refreshing not to fear getting impregnated before she'd even start to approach her climax. So drunk on lust and elation, she whipped her hair back and laughed a wicked laugh, riding Gary Oak with a wild grin plastered on her sultry face.

"Yaaaas!" The witch stuck two fingers in her mouth and whistled, happy for her fellow woman. "You go, girl! Get it!"

May only realised the hookah kids had abandoned the sunken couch to crowd around the pool table – where the real party was at. Charmander and Squirtle fists punched the air in her peripheral vision, everyone riled up in the excitement of a live sex session.

None more riled up than May herself. She'd never been cheered on this passionately in all her years Coordinating.

Not an ounce of performance anxiety pumped through her veins, though all those Seven Island cocktails might've had something to do with it. The shameless onlookers took turns puffing flavoured smoke around the romping pair, May's sweaty face bobbing in the clouds of high. Feeding off the crowd's excitement, she clasped the front of Gary's shirt and worked her hips into a frenzy, flashing the bottom of her frantic ass to anyone ogling the back of her skirt.

Gary's hands gyrated with her waist, overwhelmed by her energy, two dozen months of pent-up frustration bustling on top of him. He moaned helplessly as she used him, riding his cock absolutely ragged, her sopping pussy's new favourite toy. And she had no intention of putting it back in the box anytime soon.

Her lust knew no bounds, though her body begged for a breather. Fatigue hastened her heated panting and slowed her swaying hips. Gary, who'd been pinned on his back and humped to oblivion, finally seized the chance to express how much he'd longed for her, too.

She yelped as he dragged her down by the waist then rolled on top of her, sending pool balls ricocheting against the rails and spiralling into sockets.

It was the boys raising the loudest cheers now, amped up watching their fellow man take charge. Of course, Gary Oak had been no stranger to a plethora of cheerleaders spurring on his every move. Granted, he didn't need their encouragement to reach down and shuffle his cock up her skirt, tight knuckles grazing her thigh as he pushed into her extremely warm, extremely wet pussy.

May's cries of pleasure drowned in rowdy, testosterone-fuelled cheers. Gary's unfastened pants had slipped just under his bum, galvanising skeleton-boy into slapping his taut butt as it rose high then swooped down powerfully between the brunette's thighs, slamming into her with the force of thunder.

Erotic screams filled the smoky room as his battering ram of a cock jostled in and out of her tiny skirt, barging through her tight walls harder and harder.

Moaning over his shoulder, she barely had space to breathe, squashed between the hard table, his powerful frame and a wacky cast of costumed-peers all staring down at her sex-face. They almost looked as ecstatic as she felt.

The boys in particular derived joy watching her get ravaged on the pool table. No doubt they'd be high-fiving Gary if he'd had a hand available for congratulations. To his credit, her Team Aqua lover pumped on, unfazed by the high fanboys fucking her vicariously through him or swatting his ass with encouragement.

He clasped his lips on her tender love bite and sucked hard.

She felt as though her very soul was being sucked out of her tingling body; ironically, it was also the most alive she'd ever felt. Her pussy took the rough pounding it deserved as he paid her back triple for the knee.

The table's legs squeaked an inch and the potted balls in the gutters rattled beneath them. They'd thrown tremendous weight on the playing surface as Gary continued to poke her with something much thicker than a cue stick, kissing and gnawing on her red nape.

Fuck... if he didn't stop, she was going to... to...!

Her eyes began to roll upwards. All the cheering faces above her clouded in smoke moved in and out of blurriness. Gary's deep grunting was suddenly loud in her ears and hot on her skin. He sounded more beast than man. And more man than Ash.

She felt the oncoming bodily tremors that she once came close to writing off as myth. The toes in her boots curled. From tremors to a tidal wave; euphoria flooded her body.

May came hard in front of watchful eyes, undoubtedly making an embarrassing noise and an embarrassing face to go with it. Her back arched just enough off the pool table to alert Gary to her orgasm. He stopped thrusting and allowed her to come down at her own pace.

She floated back to Earth with a silly daze on her face, and the first thing she heard was applause and cheering, people patting Gary on the back.

She couldn't say he didn't deserve it. Being the only guy to bring her to orgasm, seemingly at will. She couldn't believe she'd been missing this for years on account of a limp dick who'd eventually cheat on her anyway. While everybody was celebrating Gary's prowess as a man, May was quietly celebrating the return of orgasm. Although, some poor sod would have to clean the pool table the minute she got up.

"Are you okay?" Gary asked, suddenly concerned. "You're crying." He wiped the proof from under her eye.

"I am?" May showed equal surprise. Now that was new, especially for her. "I'm better than okay, Gary."

"Good. Because I'm not done with you just yet."

He grinned.

And she grinned back.

...

"It's really mine," Brock insisted to the two busty servers dressed as bunnies. "See, I got the keys right here." He dangled said evidence before their wolfish eyes.

"Wow. Like, oh my God," said the one with the big tits.

"We thought you were totally full of it," said the one with the even bigger tits.

"Me? Full of it? Ha!" His lips twisted in a half-smirk. "The only thing I'm full of is pure class!"

"Mhm. We can see that..." Their eyes followed the set of keys left and right as though it was some sort of hypnotic device. "You're such a good friend, too," said the one with the even bigger tits, "Borrowing it to Gary like that whenever he wants!"

"Yeah!" said the one with the big tits. "You must, like, totally trust him and stuff!"

“Er, yeah. Totally. Anything to help a brother out.” Brock winked. “Know what’s even more exciting than standing here talking about my convertible?” He had setup the question for the most obvious answer and yet, between the two of them, all he got was blank stares. So they might not have had the biggest brains, but they had bigger something-elses he could work with. “Taking a ride in it, of course!” he answered for them.

They squealed.

“When my shift here is done, how about I take you both for a spin you’ll never forget? Some might even say it will totally...” He leaned in for dramatic effect. “...*Brock* your worlds!”

They giggled gleefully.

Damn, I’m good. Even as your friendly neighbourhood vampire bartender, Brock knew how to wriggle his way into a pair of panties. Maybe two by the end of the night. What could he say? He was a *sucker* for tits.

If everything went according to plan, he’d owe a certain valet a small fortune. A small price to pay, all things considered. The two girls were on the brink of helping him cross off a bucket list item when a commotion broke out in the cocktail lounge.

‘Garlic sticks! What now?!’

Brock didn’t have to wait long to find out. The commotion landed on his doorstep when May put the brakes on her forward momentum, slamming her hands on the bar counter to prevent crashing face first. Her hair looked a mess falling out the mouth of her hood. He’d be forgiven for imagining she’d been thrown out of a tornado before landing right before him.

“What’s going on, May?” he asked. “Did you find As—”

Faster than he could utter her boyfriend’s name, May had her hood pulled off from behind her, then her hair yanked, all by the same force that had thrown her onto the counter in the first place. Only, it wasn’t a tornado.

It was Gary Fucking Oak.

Brock gaped, astonished as Gary twisted her hair in a fist and scorched her lips with a hot kiss. The cheating pair stole eyes from the dance floor. As May matched Gary's fiery passion, biting and tugging on his bottom lip, he glanced at Brock with a smug look in his eye, and then snatched his car keys out of Brock's dangling hand.

The one with the big tits pressed angry fists on her waist. "So you *are* full of it!"

"Hmph!" huffed the one with the even bigger tits. Before Brock could explain – read 'lie' – a mug-full of liquor slapped him in the face.

He sank behind the counter dripping from the nose down, toppled once again by Gary Fucking Oak. The two busty servers forgot about him huddled in the corner. They rested their elbows on the bar counter, holding up their drooling faces as they both ogled the knavish researcher at work, and envied the object of his affections.

...

Gary spun May round on the barstool, then stepped back to drink in the sight of his biggest catch while she reclined against the counter and crossed one sensual leg over the other. Not even the darkness could hide her curves, LED bathing her busty silhouette in sapphire. An even bigger catch than Misty, this one.

He had to give it to Ash; even if it was through sheer dumb luck, the kid had a propensity for attracting gorgeous travelling companions. Pity he didn't have the Poké Balls to know what to do with them. Well, pity for *him*.

Within minutes of reuniting, Gary had ploughed Ash's girl past the point of tears, had her gushing in all manners and places. Poor girl had been pining to get dicked down good and dirty. And while Gary could do that to countless women in his sleep, there was a depth to May he hadn't quite put his finger on. Yet.

It was more than just her incredible rack... a rack that puffed her chest out further than the two bimbo bunnies on either side of her behind the counter. Dishevelled locks covered half her face, fluttering in her breath as she fixed him a dangerous gaze, a gaze that said she'd rip his clothes off if he came any closer, a gaze that said she didn't give a fuck who was watching. That look alone had him rock-hard and raring for round two.

So, what was it about May? Gary had considered the fact she was tied to his childhood rival. What bigger way to fuck over Ash than literally fuck his big-breasted slut of a girlfriend, right? But what had happened on that pool table convinced him otherwise; a deep connection beyond the petty, beyond the flesh, beyond the tightness of her slick folds.

Gary didn't know what it was about May. Other than every time they fucked, the Earth seemed to spin faster for both of them. Maybe that was all he needed to know right now. That no matter the axis, his compass was finally pointing in the right direction and, for once, his dick just happened to be, too.

He couldn't stare at her crossed, creamy legs any longer without closing in on them.

Kneeling down, his face approached her knees before he slowly separated them under the watch of her sultry gaze. He parted her thighs as far as her skirt would allow, far enough to air her stained thong. Apparently, matching Team Magma's colours hadn't stopped at the uniform; from what he could glimpse in the shadows of skirt, her little, lace piece looked the same red as her hood.

No one could say she hadn't committed to the part. In costume and attitude, defying social norms as she caressed the back of his bandana and urged him to invade her skirt in public. The air was warm, the scent of her natural lust intoxicating. He let it pull him in without a fight.

As much as he appreciated her colour coordination, Gary appreciated what was behind the lace that much more.

He tilted his head sideways and scraped the thong between his teeth, evoking light shudders as he grazed the fleshy part of her sex. She lifted her butt off the stool to help him drag her red knickers to the side, once more clearing his path to her aching Skitty.

Unlike his blunt, unruly boner, Gary's tongue applied soft, sensitive strokes to her pussy, almost soothing it apologetically after the vengeful pounding he'd given it earlier. He licked up and down her slit, collecting sweet moans along with the nectar lining her sugar-walls. May, and the two overly-invested bunnies behind her shoulders, looked down upon him slurping his order of shaved vag, only his eyes and bandana peering over her skirt.

Harley looked annoyed when one by one people stopped paying attention to his dance moves and started gossiping and pointing at the lewd pair. He simmered the instant he recognised May, muttering something about her always stealing his spotlight.

Gary was too head-deep in pussy to mind the audience. He pushed the barstool from under May's ass and caught her thighs with his broad shoulders. Nice and intimate, he could really dig into his meal now.

He nuzzled his face into her crotch, shaking his head vigorously like a crazed Poochyena latching on to their favourite chew toy. She snickered, half-amused and half-turned-on by his enthusiasm, but her biggest reaction came when his tongue slid up her cleft and greeted her swollen clit.

“Ooh!”

May clutched the edge of the counter with outstretched arms, barely catching herself before doubling over in pleasure.

Gary grinned against her cooch, delighted she was delighted. He'd bet Ash never ate her out like this. Gentle flicks of his tongue sent shockwaves of ecstasy up her spine. The intensity spilt over in the way her thighs trembled around his ears, the way her pussy gushed down his chin. She was the envy of every girl in the room, as far as Gary was concerned.

Certainly the envy of Harley. He marched over with flamboyance, swaying his hips in his extravagant Cacturne costume. His annoying taps on Gary's shoulder went ignored, as did his cries declaring “this is public indecency!” and that they should “take it away from my dance floor!”

His dancefloor? Last time Gary checked, this was Stone Manor – not Harley Manor.

No one short of Steven Stone himself would scare Gary out of May's skirt. Harley had a better chance pulling a Snorlax out of a sack of Pokéblocks. All his whining only inspired wicked thoughts from the pokémon researcher.

Gary pulled away from scrumptious pussy to ask, “Did someone say ‘dancefloor?’”

His Team Magma lover caught on quickly, adopting his wicked grin. “I think someone did.”

Gary got to his feet and offered May his hand. "Shall we?"

"We shall." Giggling, she entrusted her hand in his and was whisked away.

"W-wait! What are you doing?" Harley fretted. "Where do you think you're going?"

Gary twirled May in the middle of the dancefloor. Hand in hand, they bopped out of sync with the loud music and revellers around them, only infuriating Harley further by 'ruining his favourite song'.

They laughed and danced like no one was watching. Like no wallflowers were gossiping in the corners. Gary and May followed the heartbeats of their own drums. Befuddled partygoers skipped away from their rhythmless boots as Team Aqua and Team Magma seized the dancefloor in their latest heist.

What they lacked in rhythm, they made up for in magnetism, their bodies inching closer and closer with every mistimed step. Her soft tummy was soon chafing against the bulge in his ever-tightening trousers.

For all the times Ash had rubbed him the wrong way, his girl sure rubbed him right.

The little tease turned with a whip of her hair, then bent over, hands on her knees, and grinded her protruding butt on his crotch.

Gary cursed under his breath. The contrast of his hard lump and her soft ass made for licentious friction. He'd known she harboured a craving for cock from the moment he'd had her up against that tree years ago...

So reserved and oblivious to her banging bod, she'd thought it was crude to address her sexual needs, and her lame boyfriend's neglect only nurtured those sentiments. Whether she'd admit it or not, Gary was certain she hadn't been parading her huge naturals in a string bikini because she thought they looked cute in it. No way. She'd been seeking the kind of attention she couldn't get from her battle-obsessed partner. Well, Gary had been paying attention then, and he was paying even more attention now...

He ogled as the friction of their clothes hiked her skirt up, divulging two globes of supple flesh separated by the thinnest of red lace. The ambience of the dark-lit room gave her cheeks a blue sheen. She looked back at him, LED light dancing on her seductive face as she pushed back into his crotch and jiggled her round ass.

SLAP!

The flesh wobbled from his swift palm. If she thought she could stand there and tease him into submission, she had another thing coming. Another – *SLAP!*

She cried in surprise, the second one sure to leave a mark on her cheek. He wasn't Ash Ketchum and, with every slap, he reminded her of that. She kept coming back for more, too, handprint after handprint lighting her ass up.

What Gary had grasped on day one, and what his predecessor hadn't in over two years, was May's busty body wasn't built for tender, loving care.

Sure, she appreciated it in doses, but what really got her wetter than her Wartortle was a man prepared to use her body at his discretion, to grab her tits like they were his to hold and to love, to back her into an oak tree and shove a fat cock so far up her dripping cunt she'd forget what day of the week it was.

She might've been Ash's girl but she'd always been *his* little slut.

And Gary spanked her for all to see, clapping her cheeks to the rhythm of the music. If her boyfriend emerged from the crowd, Gary would only smack her even harder. Maybe he'd learn a thing or two on how to handle his woman.

No matter how many times he'd entered May, his dick couldn't get enough of her Pink Surprise, more than he could say for the dozens of faceless girls he'd railed. Look at her now, owning her sexuality, rubbing her drenched panties on his crotch, a far cry from the bundle of nerves lost in the woods not knowing which way she wanted to go. He'd liberated her. And now he was going to bear the fruits of his labour.

Gary yanked her up by the hair and kissed her hotly. They weren't even pretending to dance anymore, his hands all over her back and big butt, their necks twisting amidst passionate snogs. Just about everyone around had stopped dancing in favour of watching them make out, some gobsmacked, some screaming 'woo!', most probably jealous – and about to be even more so...

His pants hit the floor.

"Oh my God!" someone gasped. And everyone scattered as if his huge, swinging shlong might take an eye out.

Girls' mouths hung agape. Even when their boyfriends tried to cover their eyes, they gawked between the blockade of fingers or outright pushed the blinding hands out their way, muttering at the spectacle...

"Is that thing part of a costume or...?"

"...look how veiny it is..."

"And thick!"

"Hey, isn't that Ash's girl?"

"Christ! Who let a Rapidash in here?!"

"I'd probably suffocate on that thing..."

"...well, only one way to find out..."

"Babe, what the hell?!" a male voice shouted amid the murmuring girls.

"Hehehe, only kidding, babe... I think..."

While everyone stood by deliberating about his anatomy, Gary sought to put it to dastardly use. He hoisted up one of May's legs, her bent knee resting in the crook of his arm, then eased his standing cock up her gash, bypassing her measly thong yet again.

A sharp thrust sank him to the hilt.

Her cry could be heard over the loud music.

An improvement to the dreary trap song, Gary thought, as his pistoning hips inspired a new layer of erotic female vocals. May couldn't help but sing while he fucked her standing on one boot, her other flailing over his forearm. He smothered her moans with a sloppy kiss as their groins crashed together down below, her ass jiggling out the bottom of her skirt.

One crazed female in a Persian costume got down on all fours and tilted her head just to better witness the horse-like dong cramming May's pussy again and again, heavy balls slapping the bottom of her bouncing ass. Sprinkles of May's juices showered the curious Persian in the face. She retreated into the mesmerised crowd rubbing her stained eyes.

'Gods, she's so fucking tight and wet!'

Gary grunted. It felt like a furnace in her pussy, hotter than – well, magma.

He hauled her leg up even higher, practically forming a vertical split with her limbs, her elevated boot bobbing on his shoulder. The stretch of her legs pulled the skirt completely off her ass. He grabbed one of her wobbly cheeks and shook it firm and roughly before dishing it a hard slap. Squeezing the reddened cheek, he lowered his centre of gravity and powered into her molten snatch from a sharper angle, every stroke searing across her G-spot.

Anyone still watching had shed any doubt about the veracity of his cock. No one could fake the throbbing potency of his manhood, nor fake all the lewd noises pouring out of May's lips. It was through carnal fascination they continued to watch.

Heck, half of them were probably getting turned on.

Gary piped Ash's girl in front of all his supposed friends and acquaintances, and not a single one of them did anything about it. He went on to lift her second leg, supporting her weight with a strong grip on her thighs, her arms wrapped around his neck for balance.

She surprised him with a sudden burst of energy, pistoning her hips as she rode him while he stood as tall and sturdy as – well, Oak.

Their dance moves had left more to be desired but her rhythmic grinding held everyone in a trance. No one cared to interrupt. Except Harley, perhaps, who might've been huddled in a dark corner next to Brock as far as anybody knew. Good riddance.

The spotlight shone on them now, on the wild tresses leaping off May's bouncing head, on Gary's sweat-drenched face as he carried her gyrating weight, allowing his sexy, little slut to impale herself on his Oak branch.

Her loose hood hopped at her back. The contents of her top jostled up and down. She squeezed his sides with her thighs whilst making climbing motions, scraping in every last inch of dick she could. He moaned when she clenched her pussy around his girth.

She did Kegels in her spare time? Would certainly explain her tightness. Though Gary would've liked to think Ash simply wasn't big enough to keep her loose. After tonight, she wouldn't be able to feel Ash if they ever did have sex again.

He'd make sure of it.

Gary had his forearms round the outsides her thighs, gripping her torso so that her knees bobbed on his elbows, and the bottom of her folded body drooped below, her ass hanging in mid-air while he thrust as powerfully as he could. Her whole body shook whenever his pelvis slammed into her. The rocketing force might've sent her into space if not for his sturdy hands keeping her in place, where he pumped her up at blistering pace until she squirted out the side of her lace.

May howled in rapture as her body seized up for the second time that evening.

Gary smiled. Her orgasmic cries were music to his ears. Drained from climaxing twice already, her legs wobbled like jelly as soon as he set her back on her feet. She found a more stable resting position on her knees. And Gary wasn't mad seeing her wasted face so close to his engorged member. It didn't take a genius to see what was coming next.

"I can't watch anymore," Dawn said, nestled somewhere in the crowd of fervent voyeurs. She turned her back on the scene and rushed out of the cocktail lounge.

How could May do this to Ash? Half the people in there respected him and the other half called him a friend! There had to be a reasonable explanation.

"Mistress Dawn!" Freddie came chasing after her. "Where are you steaming off to in such a flurry?"

"Isn't it obvious? I have to find Ash and warn him. If he sees any of this..." Her face drooped. "It will crush him."

"Very well. Then I shall assist you!"

Dawn smiled weakly. "Thank you, Freddie."

...

"Easy, easy!" said one butler to the other. Together, they carried a tray that almost spanned the width of the corridor. The precious cargo was hidden beneath a large cloth, giving it the appearance of a draped Diglett. "With all these kids running amuck, we must ensure all the boss's prized possessions remain intact." This was their fifth trip. "We can ill afford to damage them ourselves!"

“Yes, of course,” his fellow butler agreed.

Slowly, they approached the corner at the end of the hall when –

WHAM!

The tray flipped over and the cargo landed with a loud crack. “Heavens!”

The blue-haired girl who’d come hurtling round the corner without looking threw her hands on her face in shock. “I’m so sorry!”

Not sorry enough to stay and help mop up the blue mess oozing out of the shattered ruins. She continued hurrying down the corridor. To their surprise, their senior colleague Freddie came bustling right after her.

“Our sincerest apologies, gentleman!” he said, before rushing on himself. When he’d caught up to Dawn, he asked, “What on Earth was that?”

“What? Oh,” Dawn said, distracted as she looked left and right, trying to navigate her way around the maze. “Just some stupid egg I guess.” She tugged Freddie’s wrist. “C’mon, we need to find Ash!”

...

Misty paced in the hall outside the bathroom door. How had everything gone so wrong? The sheer malice on May’s face still haunted her. It would be a cold day in hell before she ever forgave Ash. What hurt Misty most was the thought she could be the reason the two of them break up.

And Gary...

What would he think? Something told her he wouldn’t buy: ‘I tripped, fell and my lips landed on Ash’s dick.’ Once he caught wind of this, anything she had with him was as good as dead, too.

It *was* a mistake though! Not as farfetched as her would-be excuse, granted, but Ash had confided in her about an ongoing problem tainting his sex life with May. Misty felt

honoured (and honestly a little flattered) he was comfortable enough to bring it up despite their friendship not being as tight as it once was.

They'd picked up right where they'd left off and after some light ribbing and nostalgic bickering, she opted to give him a little advice on how to enhance his sexual performance. The only problem was one thing led to another and before she knew it, she was giving him more than just a little advice...

Misty stopped and regarded the bathroom door with sorrow, trying not to imagine what kind of hurt Ash must've been going through on the other end.

"Misty!" a girl shouted from down the hall. "Thank God!" She held the front of her long gown while sprinting the fastest she could with an out of shape butler huffing and puffing at her heels.

"Dawn, right?" Misty tried to remember where she'd seen her before.

Dawn skipped the pleasantries. "Where's Ash?" she demanded, between laboured breaths.

Misty blinked. "In there." She pointed her thumb at the door behind her. "I thought it's best to give him a little bit of breathing room. Can you tell me what's going on?"

"No time! We need to get him out of here. Stat!" Dawn tried to barge her way through the door but Misty held firm.

"Wait just a minute! Ash isn't in the right frame of mind to see anyone right now. I'm not going to let you anywhere near him until you tell me what this is all about!"

"Grrr! Fine!" She leaned in and whispered something so outrageous in Misty's ear that her cerulean eyes grew wider and wider with every word.

By the end of it, Misty was rendered speechless. "Like... in the house... right now?"

"Afraid so," Dawn said, sadness in her voice. "So you see, we need to get Ash as far away from here as possible before -"

The door behind them swung open abruptly. "Before what?"

Both Dawn and Misty shrieked, jumping out of their skins as if a Haunter just appeared behind them.

“Er, nothing,” Misty said, breaking into a sweat.

Ash quirked an eyebrow. “Then why are you two acting so weird?”

“Weird?! Weird??? Who’s acting weird?!” Dawn laughed, acting totally weird. “Pfft! I’m always like this after I’ve had a few cocktails! Right, Freddie?”

The portly butler had slumped against the opposite wall, sweating profusely and huffing as though he was about to pass out. “Yes... Mistress Dawn... absolutely... no weirdness... detected at all... none.”

“See?” Dawn beamed, satisfied.

Misty scratched the back of her head sheepishly.

Ash frowned. The loudness of a collective cheer reached the hallway they were all gathered in. It sounded as though it came from the cocktail lounge. “What’s going on out there?”

“That?! Pfft, that was nothing,” Dawn said. “This party has been such a drag. Anyway, time to get you home, Ash. If you don’t mind, right this way please – hey, wait! Where are you going?!”

Ash blew past both of them marching in the direction of the commotion. “Where else? Back to the party.”

Misty grabbed his arm in panic. “Ash, wait – I, er, I don’t think that’s such a good idea. At least not yet. Let’s wait a little longer for things to cool down and then –”

“Misty, I’m going.” He retrieved his arm from her grasp. “I’ve had enough time to think about it and hopefully so has May. If you three won’t tell me what’s going on I’m just going to have to find out on my own.” He marched on.

Dawn sighed and hung her head in defeat.

Misty chased after Ash, doing her damndest to talk him out of it.

...

“Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!”

Each time the crowd shouted the word, Gary jabbed his dick into the side of May’s cheek. Such a good little slut. He stabbed her mouth once more, held his half-engorged cock in place and then patted the bulge sticking out the side of her face.

She gazed up at him, stuffed, her sapphire eyes glazed with dick-lust and a desperation to fulfil his every sexual whim.

Good girl, he thought, slapping her protruding cheek harder. What a horny, little crowd pleaser.

Apparently, May’s passion for entertaining an audience extended beyond competing in Pokémon Contests. Too bad Gary didn’t have a ribbon on hand; he’d have loved to tie it round the base of his dick as a reward for her to reach.

She’d turned the crowd from disgusted to shocked to mildly intrigued and now rowdily enthralled. Everyone surrounded them on the dancefloor to witness the busty brunette chugging cock.

Gary suspected half their male viewers had secretly harboured a thing for May and half the girls wished they were in her place. He didn’t care; as long as the circle jerk kept their distance, anyone was welcome to watch him defile Ash’s girl.

Hearing the crowd cheer them on was surreal. It validated something he’d been pondering for a long time now: he and May were a perfect fit, in sexual compatibility if nothing else. Any idiot shouting “chug!” could see it. He hoped May finally could, too. The mistake she’d made was not what had happened in the woods; it was walking away from it.

Gary wasn’t one to pander to the crowd but he wasn’t immune to riding the waves of hyper excitement in a room either. They wanted to see May take it all. He’d be remiss to deny them. Frankly, he’d been dying to see it, too, for longer than he’d be willing to admit.

He grabbed the base of his shaft and dragged his member across the inside of her cheek until it popped out of her mouth. Then he gently raised her chin and ordered her to open her slutty trap again.

She nodded shyly and complied. Gary angled his dick for the bottom of her gullet and was prepared to lower it all the way there. The sound of a bottle breaking stopped him dead in his tracks.

The music screeched to a halt. Shocked gasps swept through the silence. The ring of spectators dispersed on one end, splitting to form a clear path to the bar counter, where Team Magma's Ash Ketchum stood clutching the neck of a broken bottle.

Gary calmly shied his dick away from May's waiting mouth and turned to face her raging boyfriend. "Heh. Typical. Always late to the party huh, Ashy-boy? Hate to break it to you, but this time, there was a lot more at stake than losing your starter pokémon."

"Fuck you!" Ash screamed. The crowd fell in stunned silence. Even May shuddered, never having seen Ash this enraged. "Fuck you!" he screamed again. "Fuck you, Gary Oak! What is all this?"

Gary stayed calm, albeit wearing a thick mask of intensity on his face. "It's called love, Ash. And war," he said. "All is fair."

Ash's eyes trembled with shock, hatred and some other misplaced emotion. "Like shit you'd know anything about love, Gary! What's that even supposed to mean, huh? You think you're so damn cool!" he barked, venom flying from his lips. "Well, that's the last time you make a fool out of me!"

Ash shrugged Misty's hand off his shoulder and began marching toward Gary, wielding the broken bottle like a multiple-pronged weapon. Everyone gasped and backed away. May shuffled behind Gary's back, muttering it might be better if they just left.

"No," he said firmly, keeping his eyes fixed on the approaching aggressor. "This thing between me and Ash ends today. One way or another." He held May's hand and muttered out the side of his mouth. "Go to the car. I'll meet you there when it's over."

"No," May said, surprising him with how resolute she sounded, too. "I'm not leaving you, Gary. Not this time."

Gary felt a weird pang in his heart. And he addressed it the same way he did whenever something like that happened: with humour. "Even if he slices off half my dick with that bottle?"

May chuckled. "You'd still be twice the man he is."

"Aw, shucks. You're gonna make me blush," he said flatly. "Seriously though, at least step aside so you don't get hurt, okay?"

"Okay." She kissed him on the cheek and retreated a few steps.

Gary pulled his pants up off the floor. Many girls had compared his rod to a sword but he wasn't about to wield it like a steel one.

He raised his fists as Ash neared him. Weapon or no weapon, he was sure he'd able to take Ash without a problem. He had the height and reach advantage. Although, Ash had fury on his side, which was known to bolster people's normal capabilities. Hmph.

After years of being at each other's throats, competing on many a pokémon battleground, their rivalry culminated in this, a collision of deep-seated animosity none of their pokémon could ever truly encapsulate. This could only be settled by their own hands. As ugly as violence could be, it seemed fitting.

Gary readied himself.

Ash loomed within five feet of Gary when an arm reached out of the throng of spectators, grabbing Ash by the back of his hood. Out jumped a boy in a Sceptile costume. He twisted Ash's arm, kicked the bottle out of his hand, then wrestled him into a headlock.

"I warned you," Brendan churned, holding him steady despite his flailing. "One wrong move and you're out of here."

"B-b-but, Brendan, you don't get it!" Ash tried to explain. "Gary, he -"

"Shut it, Ash. You're done." He dragged Ash out of the cocktail lounge to a round of booming cheers.

Gary shrugged. May clutched her heart, relieved. Secretly, he was, too. The last thing he wanted to do was get his hands dirty. At least, not *that* kind of dirty. He pulled May in by the waist. "How about we close this thing out with a bang?"

...

Ash was thrown out and found himself standing in the pool area. The glass door slid shut behind him.

Brendan wouldn't listen to a word he had to say. Granted, it was his house for the night, his rules. His overprotectiveness of May painted Ash as the bad guy no matter how hard he'd tried to explain.

Yes, he'd been caught with his pants down with Misty, but that didn't warrant his girlfriend cheating back in such a public, humiliating way, did it?

And with Gary Fucking Oak!

She had hit him with the lowest of low blows. His fist shook as the disgusting images flashed across his mind. Maybe it was better he'd gotten locked out of the house. Rather than Officer Jenny taking him in cuffs after what he would've done to stupid Gary.

Ash lamented on his own outside, coldness rising from the pool to nibble at his sullen face. What now? He should've started making his way home already. Brendan wasn't about to let him back in the house and May wasn't about to leave with him. Hmph, she'd probably catch a ride with Gary.

There was a knock on the sliding door. Ash whipped around and saw May standing on the other side of the glass. He came alive, stumbling on his feet rushing to her.

"May! May!" he shouted through the glass. "I'm so sorry, May! Can we talk about this? Please! Tell Brendan to let me back in. Please!" He pleaded putting his hands together.

His cries, however, fell on deaf ears. May didn't react to anything he said. She just stood there in a stoic trance, her face downcast. It was as if the glass barrier was too thick for sound to penetrate. He rapped on the sliding door. She said and did nothing.

Ash didn't get it. Why draw his attention just to ignore him when he showed up? He didn't get a lot about this new, strange, callous May. Hard to believe she was the same girl he'd been dating for close to three years.

He noticed something happening in the empty room behind her. Teens in all arrays and assortments of wacky costumes were filing in from the cocktail lounge. What the heck was all this?

They lined up in a semi-circle at the back of the room, Brendan standing in the middle with his arms crossed. Ash's confusion only grew twofold. Then, the last attendee emerged from the masses, a tall, athletic boy clad in Team Aqua colours.

A lump formed in Ash's throat.

His walk was excruciatingly slow, perhaps because Ash's heart was thrashing against his ribcage. Were they going to fight after all?

Gary arrived at the sliding door, less than an inch of glass separating their tense expressions. Then, without a word, his focus fell on the brunette beside him.

He raised her chin with a gentle lift, allowing Ash to look into his girlfriend's eyes for the first time since he'd been thrown outside. Her sapphire orbs lacked the warmth and bubblyness she'd usually spread his way. Was May even still in there? Latched onto her chin, Gary continued to lift and turn her face until her lips came to meet his.

It knocked the wind out of his sails.

The kiss became sloppy and handsy in a hurry, neither foe nor girlfriend holding back on his crumbling heart. He understood the pain she must've felt when she'd walked in on him and Misty. If that's what this was about, he got it.

But they wouldn't stop.

Practically eating each other's faces. Sucking the breath from each other's lungs. Roaming and groping each other's bodies. Ash felt particularly helpless when Gary put his hand on the back of May's skirt and squeezed. She didn't even pretend to fight it.

Breaking their long, passionate kiss, Gary turned May's shoulders so she could face Ash, then slid behind her and lowered his hands to the narrowness of her waist, accentuated by the snug Magma uniform.

She stood still and compliant as he unbuckled her red belt and threw it across the floor with a screech. Her hoodie came off next after she'd raised her arms to ease his pull. The crimson garment fell at her boots. May's magnificent bust stood firm and perky, squeezed into a tight-fitting, lowcut tank top.

Gary looked down at her cleavage, impressed, then slipped Ash a slimy smirk.

“Don’t you dare,” Ash growled through gritted teeth. “Don’t you dare touch her.” But Gary knew as well as he did, any threat he cast from outside bore no consequence.

The grinning scumbag reached up from behind his girlfriend and grabbed a handful of her chest, groping May’s right breast in big, round motions. Ash choked on a gasp. This was...!

He tried to shake it out of his head. How could she be doing this to him? His own girlfriend! He didn’t want to look, and yet, he couldn’t *not* look.

His right eye twitched at the sight of her hard nipple poking through the fabric between Gary’s pinching fingers. Those were... those were meant to be his breasts to touch, and his alone.

What a fool he’d been to let the prospect of an Articuno egg lead him astray. Ash could admit now, if never before, he hadn’t exactly been the most attentive boyfriend. Many a teenage guy in that room would’ve killed to go on one of May’s Sexpeditions, and he’d been short-sighted enough to take it for granted. Watching Gary enjoy his girlfriend – the way *he* should’ve been – killed him inside.

Massaging her fat tit in one hand, Gary used his other to lift the front of her skirt. At some point during the night, her little, red thong had been shuffled out of place, left lopsided to the right of her vulva all whilst bits of lace had gotten trapped in her gash. Ash imagined the redness of her fleshy lips was proof enough her pussy had taken quite the beating very recently. His heart sank.

‘What did you do, May...?’

It was a stupid question. The answer was standing right next to her.

Gary reached down and rubbed his grubby finger over her stained thong, doubling her stimulation on both fronts. May’s stony face started to crack, pleasure creasing through her façade. Having her clit and nipple fondled at the same time was hard to mask.

It pained Ash to admit, Gary knew his way around his girlfriend’s body, applying just the right amount of pressure and rotation to have her legs tremble.

Watching Gary at work was like being forced to look in the mirror, to mull over his shoddy attempts at foreplay in the face of a virtuoso. How could Ash ever compete with a git who'd probably slept with more girls than he could count on both hands and feet?

He'd never taken the time out to ask that question to himself. And more importantly, to May. Now, it all seemed much too late.

May bit the fingertip of her glove then tugged it off with her teeth. She wanted no dampener as she rummaged in Gary's trousers behind her, whipping out the most monstrous cock Ash had ever laid eyes on.

He'd glimpsed it from afar in the cocktail lounge, but its length and meatiness had been lost on him till he could see it this up close. It seemed to take ages for May to stroke it all the way back to its girthy base and return slowly to its bulbous front again. How it hadn't rearranged her insides, Ash would never know. Or perhaps it had, and she'd liked it.

He'd never be able to compete with that.

The horny duo masturbated each other feverishly for his morbid viewing, both looking him in the eye as they panted soundlessly behind the glass.

Damn, May... you're really enjoying this...

May licked her chops as though she was reliving the taste of Gary Oak. Her handjobs on Ash had never been half this intense. She hand-pumped Gary's pipe to the point Ash could see beads of precum building at its tip.

Gary looked increasingly hot and bothered and unable to contain himself. He put a hand atop her head and pushed down, urging her onto her knees, her discarded hoodie softening the floor.

Then he looked at Ash. "Is this your girlfriend?" he asked through the glass. "Huh?" He tugged down on the back of May's hair, forcing her to look up at him, then let his huge shlong fall on her face like a collapsing tower.

THWACK!

Right on her forehead.

Ash balled a fist against the glass. That thing looked way too big for May, extending past the length of her slanted face. Ash weathered this instinctive need to save her. She didn't know what she was doing, what she really wanted. He was helpless to do anything but read Gary's lips: *open your mouth*, it seemed he'd said to her. Ash knew he read right when May did just that.

Gary asserted dominance on his girlfriend, smacking his girthy phallus on her hanging tongue. "You want this?" She nodded, somewhat timidly. "Then say it."

"I want it..."

"What?"

"I want it," she said it again, loud enough that Ash didn't have to lip read.

"Tell him." Gary jabbed his finger on the glass.

Ash's heart pounded twice as hard when her eyes looked up to confront his ireful pair. Without a beat of hesitation, she declared, "I want Gary's big dick."

Before Ash could process the words that had defected from his girlfriend's mouth, Gary's dick barged into said orifice.

The two picked up where Ash had disrupted them in the cocktail lounge. This time, no music or 'chug, chug, chug!' masked the slurping sounds of his girlfriend consuming cock.

Gary took the long tresses that usually framed her face and twisted them in tight fists, gripping the makeshift pigtails like handlebars as he rammed the back of her throat repeatedly. Her head rocked from the violent headbutting of his Oak. Gary obliterated his girlfriend's mouth and forced him to watch every remorseless thrust.

Ash's mouth hung open at a loss. That wasn't how he'd been raised to treat women. And yet, every time Gary unsheathed himself for more than three seconds, she sputtered long cords of saliva, gasped for breath, then begged him for more. Gary was all too eager to comply; he swung his dick like a baseball bat across her cheek before sliding home right down her throat.

So deep, Ash could see the phallic shape in his girlfriend's oesophagus. Spit dribbled out the corners of her crammed mouth, lathering the scrotum pressed against her chin. She

gagged on his rival's cock. Tears brimmed in her bulging eyes. She made several choking noises before Gary pulled out and allowed her air.

It was round then reality began to settle in for Ash. His girlfriend... couldn't be his girlfriend anymore. Not after this. Not after all their friends and peers watched her deepthroat Gary Oak's monstrosity of a cock. Who could respect him taking her back after that? Heck, did he even want to anymore?

Hard as it was seeing her get facefucked by his worst enemy, Ash still loved her, Gary's balls hanging out of her mouth and all.

She slid down the sleeves of her tank top and Gary wasted no time scooping up her heavy breasts. Like the rest of her body, her pink nipples were aroused, standing puffy and erect. Although she sandwiched Gary's cock, it still reared its ugly head at the indent of her cleavage, more than Ash could say – his penis had always disappeared in her bosom.

A big dick to match her big tits. Maybe she and Gary really were made for each other.

He fucked her wobbly tits, using her excess spit as lubricant, jabbing at the underside of her jaw. May rubbed her large mounds around him for extra stimulation. She ensured the space he fucked was as warm, soft and snug as possible. It was no wonder Gary soon erupted with a passionate roar.

He grabbed a fistful of her hair and blasted her face with white-hot gunk. May flinched and scrunched her face every time a burst splatted on her canvas. She screwed her eyes shut seconds before his fourth spurt might've blinded her.

The volumes astounded Ash. If he didn't know better, he'd think Gary had been saving up for years just to decorate his girlfriend's face. Ex-girlfriend? He had to remind himself. Bits and blobs drooped onto her used tits as creamy streams leaked down their rotund slopes.

As Gary stood her up, cum dripped onto the red hoodie she'd kneeling on.

Ash and May locked eyes again. It felt different now. Less tense. His eyes had softened and hers had warmed. She didn't have to say it; he could read it on her face – this was what she wanted. And had wanted for a long time.

A poignant glaze shimmered in both their eyes, but so did a new acceptance. Neither broke their deep gaze as Gary pulled her skirt and thong down together, a string of her nectar latching onto the red lace.

Gary's hands coiled around May's waist as he stirred behind her. Her brow creased and her mouth stretched open wider and wider, seemingly in tandem with the increments of dick sinking into her. While the first half had eased its way in, the remaining shaft entered with a brisk thrust. Pelvis crashed against bare ass, producing a loud slap. She lurched forward from the powerful thrust, throwing both hands on the glass to stop herself from flying through it.

Ash's hardened fist loosened into a flat palm, which he mapped atop of hers. Any remnants of anger or resentment dissipated with their mirrored touch, even as Gary fucked her so hard from behind her tits and face splatted against the glass, smearing white goo on the clear surface. The look on her squished face was pure bliss. Funny, but pure bliss. Her moans of pleasure misted up the glass, pleasure Ash knew he'd never be able to give her, not like Gary could.

It was never more transparent than now, watching her ecstasy through the clear barrier, that May would never be truly happy with him. She looked and sounded so enraptured, that despite himself and the humiliating circumstances, Ash fostered a coy boner hearing his ex-girlfriend moan so freely and wildly at the hands of another man.

Gary buried himself in her pussy with a firm thrust, then stayed put as a spillage of his essence trailed down her leg.

May wore a dreamy face of happiness and satisfaction.

And Ash didn't care who was responsible. Even if it had to be Gary Fucking Oak.

...

Gary burst out the front door holding May in his arms. She was half-naked cradling articles of her Team Magma outfit. Loud cheers followed them out of Stone Manor, fading behind them as he carried her to his convertible. He put her down in the passenger seat before hopping into the driver's side.

May had the biggest, cheesiest grin he'd ever seen plastered on her face. Spotless beauty – well, *almost* spotless; Gary thumbed a cum smear off her cheek. They laughed, partly in disbelief, partly still high off what they'd just pulled off.

He turned on the ignition and swung an arm round the back of her seat. “Where to, pretty lady?” The night was still young.

“I don't know. I don't care.” She sank into her seat with a smile. “Hey, you think we could go shopping tomorrow?”

He chuckled. “Old habits die hard, huh?”

“It's not what you think. I need to get something that will make a certain dream come true.”

“Oh yeah? What's that?” Gary asked, steering down the long, winding driveway.

“An apron.”

“Whoa! Now you're talking. That's my kind of shopping. I already know you're going to look really sexy in it, too.”

“Thanks.” She beamed. “But who said the apron's for me?”

“Wait... what?”

May giggled. “Just shut up and drive.”

The red convertible disappeared down the hill and under the winking stars of the kindling night.

THE END

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at lemonzsauce.com or hit me up at reviews@lemonzsauce.com. I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.