

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

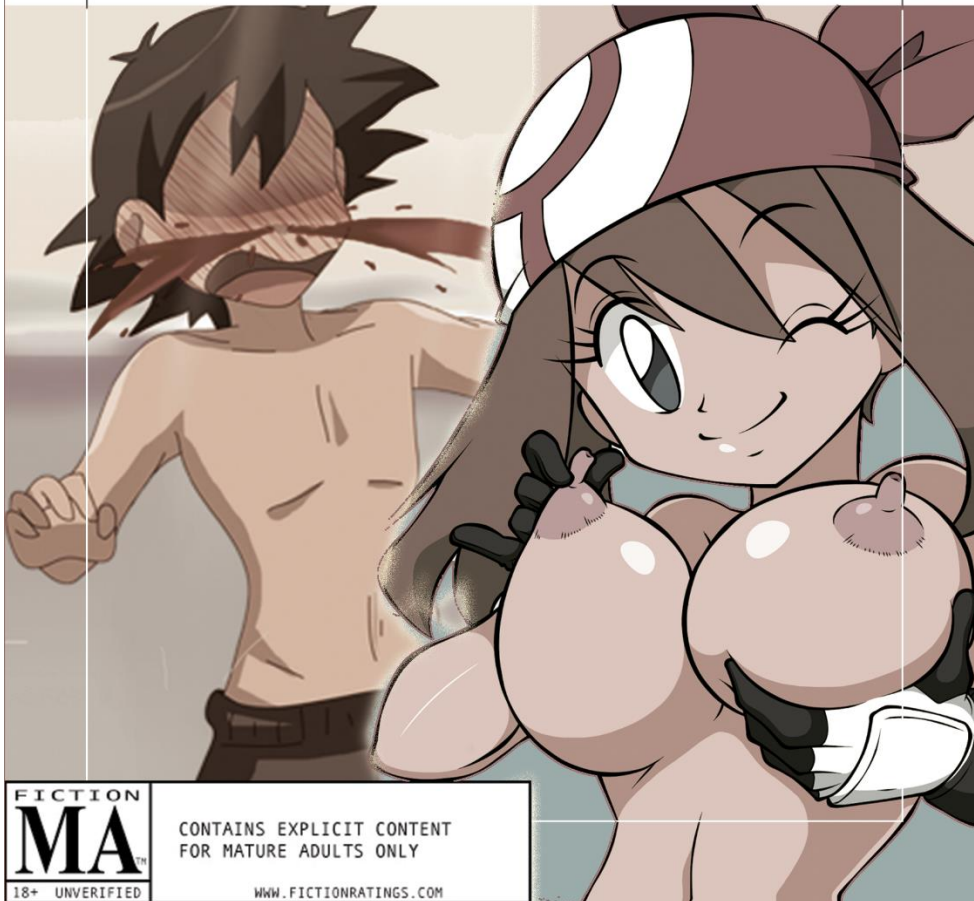
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

GROWING POKÉ BALLS

(A Pokémon FanFic)



Synopsis

After stealing a glimpse of May without her clothes on, Ash faces the challenge of maintaining their friendship while confronting his growing desire for more.

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Growing Poké Balls

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

As Ash unzipped his jeans behind the bushes, a distant trickle of water reached his ears. He froze, startled. Was there someone nearby? The whole point of sneaking off to relieve himself was to avoid the embarrassment of being seen. Apparently he hadn't scouted the area well enough if someone was playing with water on the other side of the shrubbery.

Wait a minute... water? In Petalburg Woods?

Ash must've cut through this route a dozen times and had never seen a waterfall or anything of the like. Granted, he'd always been in more of a hurry than an exploratory jaunt. There was plenty about Petalburg Woods he didn't know. If it really was a waterfall, Trainers could be loitering nearby and he wasn't about to risk being spotted.

He zipped his pants back up. Before skulking to another potential peeing spot, he thought to at least investigate the random disturbance. He crawled through the tall shrubbery towards the trickling noises, brushing against leaves and snapping twigs along the way. The sounds of subtle splashes grew louder as he hustled in their direction. He carved a peephole at the edge of the foliage, then suddenly, his eyes grew large and wide.

A hot spring! Who would've thought? But even more shocking was *who* was in it.

Less than 50 feet away, May's head bobbed on the rocky surface of the water. Facing to the side, she didn't express awareness of his stealthy arrival. Ash was stunned, scandalised, frozen for what felt like hours before his decency kicked in and implored him to crawl back to where he'd come from. He intended to do just that until he spotted familiar red and black garbs hanging on a branch. Her shirt, her shorts, her bandana...

May must've been completely naked in there.

Excitement knocked at the front of his jeans. Ash wasn't the same simple-minded ten-year-old who set off on a pokémon journey over half a decade ago. He'd seen naked girls before. Never May though.

He and the brunette had grown close touring most of the Hoenn region, close enough to be brother and sister, which made Ash feel all the more like a creep. There'd always been something about May he couldn't ignore. His young mind had never quite grasped what that was, but now, seeing her in this light, he contemplated things deeper.

May held the honour of being the first girl to spark his interest in bosoms. One year younger than her scrawny, flat-chested predecessor in Misty, May had walked around with humps in her shirt from the day he met her. Small humps maybe, but noticeable. At that age his intrigue was academic and they'd parted ways long before any sexual prospect tainted his curiosity. Years passed without a single thought about May and her budding breasts. Then they re-united and well... Ash wouldn't be lurking in the bushes if nothing had changed.

He just wanted to see them. *Just once*, he thought to himself while stalking her from the shrubbery. As soon as her chest poked out of the water, he'd catch a glimpse then beat her back to camp before she realised he was ever gone. Great plan, he decided. Desperate plan.

"C'mon, c'mon," he muttered under his breath. Wasn't she getting pruney already? Nerves and anticipation tangoed in his gut.

He was shaking like the leaves he was hiding in, watching her every move, fighting his every blink. Why was she doing this to him? He heard her faint humming as her head circled the water at a painfully casual pace. Every time her sights swivelled in his direction, he ducked behind the foliage.

A century seemed to pass and he had to wonder if it was Arceus's way of discouraging his devious intentions. There was plenty of time to reconsider and do the decent thing but all the curiosity, the fire and exhilaration storming through his veins was impossible to weather. He didn't even feel like peeing anymore. Trickle of rising water caught his attention and he thrust his face through a hole in the leaves yet again.

Only this time, he was rewarded.

May's ascent from the waters revealed a generous portion of bare, drenched, side boob. His breath hitched with excitement.

Despite the angle's limitations, he garnered immediate respect for her size, her one breast plumper than both he'd seen on most girls. Ash could practically feel the dribble dropping off his chin as water streamed down its slope, dripping off a pink, pointy cliff.

"Whoa..." he mouthed.

Now that he'd seen what he'd conspired to, he should've been on his way. But the Peeping Tom found himself staring, sweating and begging for her to turn in his direction. The wait was short. Time slowed as the brunette turned.

Her sopping breasts swivelled into view and his eyes expanded to their fullest yet, matching the enormity of the sights before them. The mounds were large without being overgrown, hung without drooping and stared back at him with wide-eyed areolae and bright pink pupils. Simply magnificent.

Water poured in and around her cleavage as she washed her boobs, scooping them from the underside and kneading them diligently. He gawked watching the soaked breasts slip out of her fingers and could almost hear the smack when their weight landed on her chest. *Ooooh lordy*, he breathed. In a lawless world, he'd spring from his hiding spot and suck her wet juicy tits bone-dry.

He felt sick for even thinking it; this is May he was fantasising about! So much for considering her a sister figure. In seeing her naked from the waist up, Ash achieved everything he'd set out to and then some, but somehow still lingered for more.

His gaze traced the curves of her body, her ample bust narrowing into hourglass hips flaunting the faintest of abs. He craned his neck, restricted by the shrubbery as he tried to gape through the steamy water obscuring everything beneath her navel. Although she'd turned his way, he'd grown comfortable enough with his camouflage not to duck away, or perhaps desperate enough to risk being seen.

Her discarded attire hung between their positions, assuring him she'd not only have to climb out of the hot spring to get dressed but tread some distance in his direction too. He waited with hawk-eyes and baited breath.

May rose from the depths, inducing a gulp he barely heard over the water trickling around her. Steam enveloped her naked silhouette and he couldn't tell if it was rising from the hot spring or her body itself. His eyes travelled in the opposite direction to the droplets running down her legs. Strong calves. Smooth, dripping thighs. And then a gulp caught in his throat.

An abrupt memory shot to mind: that one time she lifted her backpack off the ground and a razor tumbled out one of its pockets. She picked it up hastily and he pretended not to have seen anything. His younger self didn't understand why she carried one of those, but now it was all so clear...

Her frontal view revealed a clean-shaven pussy, bald as the day she was born. The petals of her sex appeared tidy and compact, nothing but a cute slit down the middle, ending in two little rounded curves on either side.

Ash's dick prodded at his jeans, fighting for release. He rubbed his crotch in consideration, if not just to stroke himself imagining all the things he'd do to her pretty, little snatch. *This is so wrong*. When had he turned into Brock?

May hummed along without realising her approach magnified her pussy to peeping eyes. Ash breathed heavily and swallowed gallons of nervousness as she drew closer to her clothes, closer to him. Sweat dampened his collar, causing him to shift uncomfortably and concede a soft rustle. He watched fretfully for her reaction. There was none. Her melody danced along without pause while she dried herself off.

Ash was stunned by his own behaviour. What started as a chance expedition to see her tits now traversed into the territory of watching her dress.

He couldn't help note the slight variation of the outfit he first met her in. She pulled her red shirt over her head, a crop top showcasing her flat stomach and snuggling her breasts with a slight lift. To his surprise, she put on her biker shorts without any underwear preceding them. The waistband snapped onto her hips and the spandex wrapped her upper thighs tight as can be; tight enough to pronounce the shape of her sex, a bulging cameltoe of note. He could only ogle it for so long before her little, white skirt fell over the shorts to cover it all up. She put on her shoes, tied her bandana and skipped off to where he could only assume was their campsite.

Ash cursed at his stupidity. If she made it there before him, he could have a *lot* of explaining to do!

He doubled back and raced through the woods.

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May found herself alone in the clearing where they had set up camp. She was stirring a pot of breakfast when leaves rustled behind her.

“Ah, there you are,” she said, looking over her shoulder and spotting Ash emerging from the woods. *About time.* “Where’d you run off to?”

“Uh...” He donned a clueless expression. “Uh... I wanted to catch a Beartic.”

She looked him over with puzzlement. That was the best he could come up with? “Don’t you only get Beartic in Unova?”

“Uh,” said Ash, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly. “I could’ve sworn I saw one a second ago.”

“And you were gonna catch it without Pikachu or any of your pokémon?” The electric mouse popped up at her side, right next to where he’d left his belt of Poké Balls.

Ash laughed nervously. “I guess I got a little too excited for my own good.”

“Ya think? I worry about you sometimes...” She scrutinised his features, almost squinting as she laid the suspicion on thick. He was nervous about something alright. Had she always made him this fidgety? Shrugging, she went along with his story. “Typical. You always make bad decisions on an empty stomach.”

“Can’t argue with that,” said Ash, relief washing over his tense visage. He settled down on the opposite side of the fire. “How long till it’s ready?”

“You’ll know it’s ready when you see me eating it.”

“Oh, right. Try not to burn it this time.”

“The nerve of you. You’re lucky I’m cooking for you at all,” she said, waving the wooden spoon threateningly. “And for your info, I didn’t burn it last time. I just made it... really well done.”

“Uh huh. So well done I had to pinch my nose to eat it.”

She sighed. “I’m trying out here, Ash. You can’t expect me to be Brock.”

“That’s true,” he said, almost longingly. Sometimes she wondered about Ash.

“Too bad you went on your own. I would’ve loved to see a Beartic too. It would be even better to see one in its natural habit though.” She held her face in both palms and her eyes shimmered, that little sapphire twinkle in her orbs whenever she daydreamed. “I wish I could visit Unova.”

“You’ve never been there?” asked Ash, surprised.

“Not in a long time. And I had to fly out as soon as the Contest was over. I never got the chance to do any sightseeing.”

May mused about the first time she travelled with Ash. She’d been less interested in pokémon than the world around them, a tourist masquerading as a Pokémon Trainer until she found her calling to become a Coordinator. Even then, her love for sightseeing never went away. A part of her regretted heading off with Drew instead of continuing her journeys with Ash and Brock all over Sinnoh and Unova, maybe even Kalos.

On the other hand, she needed to grow as a Coordinator and Ash had always been a little more concerned about his own ambitions than those he travelled with. In hindsight she probably made the right decision. Her musings came to a halt when a strong, choking smell wafted into her nose.

“May!”

“What?! What!” She jumped out of her own daydreams to a pot of burning ash. “No! My stew!” She was forced to pour it all out. The second Ash opened his mouth, she cut him off. “Don’t even say it.”

...

The next stop was Petalburg, May's hometown. They could see it in the distance over the treetops surrounding them, an estimated three to four hour trek. May expected them to arrive by sunset. Ash usually led the way but decided to let her walk ahead of him this time. It was her hometown after all and she was bursting with excitement, yapping about seeing her parents again, imagining how much taller Max had grown. She could always tell when Ash wasn't paying attention but she liked to think out loud all the same.

Despite being his usual inattentive self, something seemed off about Ash. She started to think there was more to his trailing pace than simple courtesy. Having spent months on the road with Drew, May had quickly learned the tell-tale signs of when a guy was checking her out. The sudden turn when she glanced their way, the intrusive weight of their eyes on her ass or in some cases, just blatant leering. Ash never exhibited such perversions and yet every time she whipped around, he wore this guilty expression on his face.

On one occasion she caught him kneeling down tying his shoe laces even though they were already tied; it was unlike him to stoop that low for a better view of her ass but what other explanation was there? Perhaps the true Ash Ketchum was starting to come out and all he had needed was that little push.

Sometimes May wondered if she was twisted for getting kicks out of testing his 'good guy' persona. In the past she'd teased him subtly with innuendo and 'accidental' positioning that granted him sight of her cleavage or backside. She tested to see what he'd do and hear what he'd say. It was always the same. Ash did nothing.

"So, May..." He sped up to match her stride. "Can I ask you something?" He took a moment to consider his words and then spoke with slight hesitance. "Say, hypothetically, how come we never got together?"

Very direct of him. "Got together?"

"Yeah, I mean, we used to go everywhere together." He reminisced with a brief smile before adding quickly, "With Brock and Max too of course. But you and I always got along well enough, right?"

She smiled. Seeing through him was easier than seeing through glass. "Ash, do you want us to 'get together?'"

“No, no, no, no, no.” He waved his hands in panic. “*Hypothetically*. I was just curious.”

His cowardice let her down. It was the first of many reasons. “I thought you’d say that. Well, since we’re being *hypothetical*, I’ll be completely honest with you. We just never clicked on that level.” She shrugged. “You were great and all – you still are – but you’ve never been interested in anything that couldn’t fit in a Poké Ball.”

May actually considered ‘great’ to be an understatement. Ash was nearly the perfect guy – brave, virtuous, empathetic, but for all his heroics he had no Poké Balls when it came to matters of the heart. She’d always struggled to see him as anything more than a travelling companion. “We’ve been good friends and that’s always been enough for us, right?”

“Right,” he said with a hint of reluctance.

“Besides, I’ve always pictured romance to be magical. I don’t mean just poems and roses and cuteness, but spontaneity and passion and being whisked away on cloud nine.” She dreamt with starry eyes. “It takes you by surprise and you never want to come down, know what I mean?”

“I guess,” said Ash. “So Drew did all that, huh?”

The bitterness in his voice was suspect. She felt he was questioning her integrity. “That kid was way too cocky for his own good but at least he was never afraid to take charge and do whatever the hell he wanted,” she retorted, offended by Ash’s judgement of her lovers. The truth was Ash had never shown her any attention, not like Misty or Dawn. He had no right.

Thankfully they’d arrived in Petalburg City and didn’t have to endure the awkward air between them for long. Max opened the door to greet them, or at least a taller, ganglier version of him.

“Whoa,” said Ash, patting him on the head. “You’re almost as tall as I was when I left Pallet Town.”

Max shook his head to brush Ash’s hand away. “I’m taller. And waaaay better with pokémon than you ever were.”

“You hear that Pikachu?” Ash glanced at the electric mouse on his shoulder. “Sounds like someone’s up for a pokémon battle!”

Max pumped his fist. “Bring it on!” He reached for his Poké Ball while Pikachu leapt off Ash’s shoulder.

May rolled her eyes. *Boys*. They hadn’t seen each other in years and the first thing they wanted to do was pulverise one another. Not to mention her own brother had barely spared her a glance, let alone a ‘hello’. She’d been gone for a long time too dammit!

Her mother broke up the nonsense and welcomed her back with a hug. At least *someone* was happy to see her home, thought May, glaring at Max. Norman, her Gym Leader father, looked as ripped as she could remember. He shared her mom’s enthusiasm in having her back and patted Ash on the shoulder before pulling him inside.

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Ash enjoyed the company of May’s family but something felt different about it this time. An unusual vibe irked him whenever Norman was in the room. Ash often looked up to find the stern Gym Leader keeping an eye on him. He seemed to be under scrutiny for doing nothing but watch TV or make innocent conversation with Max. Ash didn’t understand why he was being treated like a potential criminal until he and Norman had a moment alone on the couch.

The burly man turned to him. “Ash, have you been checking out my daughter?”

Ash broke out in a sweat. “W-what?”

“It’s a simple enough question,” said Norman. He crossed his arms, muscles bulging. “I know that look. I was your age too once you know. So, have you been looking at her?”

“I, uh...” Had he been that obvious? Ash lacked any confidence in his ability to lie but the truth seemed certain to land him in hot water. As he stammered for the safest words, Caroline entered the room to his rescue.

“Norman,” she said in a scolding tone. “Are you giving him a hard time? I’m sorry, Ash. He’s been like this with all May’s friends. Just the boys it seems.”

Apparently Norman had grown overprotective of his daughter since she came of age. Looking at how May had matured, Ash couldn't blame him. Nonetheless, Caroline and Max defended Ash, reminding Norman how long Ash had been a good friend and nothing more. After being ganged up on, Norman reluctantly cut Ash some slack, albeit not without a final warning. "There will be no shenanigans in my house, got it?"

"G-g-got it." Ash gulped.

Caroline sighed. "This is Ash we're talking about. He wouldn't do a thing."

"Yeah," said May, appearing out of nowhere. "Not a damn thing."

Although she backed his innocence, Ash couldn't help note the condescending tone of her voice. Clearly she was still upset about their little spat. He shrugged it off and tried to enjoy the rest of the evening with her family.

Dinner started off awkward but half way into the main course everyone was having a blast, all problems buried beneath heaps of pot roast. Even Ash and May re-established communication through the merriment; food had always had a way of lifting their spirits no matter the situation. Norman glanced between them every now and then to make sure they weren't getting along *too* well. Ash felt like a pregnant Pidgeot by the time dessert was rolled out.

Once upon a time Ash had been allowed to camp downstairs in his sleeping bag but Norman decided even that was too risky. One-third respectful, and two-thirds afraid, Ash came up with the idea of checking into the closest Pokémon Centre all on his own. He said his goodbyes then reflected on the day during his quiet walk to a lonesome guest room.

As he tucked into the sheets, Pikachu was already fast asleep on the far end of the pillow. Ash struggled to join him regardless of how hard and long he screwed his eyes shut. Images of May in that hot spring floated across his mind...

It wasn't long before he formed a tent in the sheets. Pikachu continued to snooze and Ash saw no reason why he shouldn't attend to it. Sneaking a hand into the blankets, he thought about how he'd had to resort to self-gratification because he'd never been able to make a move on May. He was a damn wanker.

As much as Norman frightened Ash, May's perception of him being a coward troubled him more. She was right. No one thought he had the testicular fortitude to do a damn thing.

...

May kicked off her shoes and freefell onto her bed. Fatigue laid her out over the covers. She was ready to fall asleep right there and then. The day took its toll on her body and mind; first, the long trek through Petalburg Woods and Route 104, then dealing with stupid Ash who she couldn't get out of her head for some reason. May lay in the darkness of her room, counting Mareep, looking to the full moon for answers as it bathed her room with silver light through her parted curtains.

"That's odd," she thought out loud, noticing a breeze flutter her curtains. No wonder it felt nippier here than downstairs. She didn't remember leaving the window open but it provided a good enough reason to get up and change into appropriate sleeping attire.

Yawning, May opened her closet and a face popped out to greet her. She jolted and yelped in surprise. The intruder held a finger to his lips, warning her to shush. She did. As the initial shock wore off, she recognised his features. "Ash?" she whispered. "What are you doing here? Are you craz-"

He pulled her in abruptly. "How's that for being spontaneous?"

May felt silly standing amid her hung clothes and he looked even sillier with her favourite blouse draped over half his face and shoulder. "What is this?" The cramped space could barely contain all the clothes she wanted it to, never mind throwing her and Ash into the mix. "What are you doing here?" she reiterated, and why were they bunching up in her closet?

"I dunno," said Ash. "Couldn't sleep, I guess." Without taking his eyes off hers, he reached out to the side and grabbed the closet door. Slowly, he pulled it towards them and the slice of moonlight bathing half his face became thinner and thinner. She got one final look at his shimmering eye before the door shut, turning everything black.

It happened instantly. He cast aside the curtain of clothes between them and found her lips in the darkness. May moaned her surprise. Ash Ketchum was the last person she expected to pull a stunt like this!

She could tell he'd been waiting to do it for a long time too. The desperation on his lips burned hot, too hot to be an opportunistic impulse. It was a question of how long he'd been dying to corner her like this. She gathered the wherewithal to raise her hands to his chest but delayed the resolve to push him back. The kiss intrigued her.

She once imagined what it would be like locking lips with Ash, and her intuition told her awkward; not only because she hadn't seen him in a romantic light but also because he came across naïve about intimacy. He proved her wrong, far from the overzealous horndog she envisioned slobbering all over her mouth. Instead, his lips lathered her with passion and tact, and his hands stroked her arms with tenderness. She couldn't believe she was kissing Ash... and enjoying it.

Ash felt his heart drumming against his ribcage. The whole plan had been a long shot, and despite apparent success, his nerves trembled as the fear of everything going wrong turned into the fear of everything going right.

A hundred thoughts raced through his mind and not one was coherent. The kiss seized control of their autonomy; it became the world, and they became it, filled with wonder and adventure, wrapped up in the warmth of each other's mouths. Nothing out there existed anymore. If anyone ventured into her bedroom now they'd see no one, and hopefully miss the wet smacking sounds emanating from her closet. Ash had kept privacy in mind during his scheming process.

Something about the darkness made him bolder. It was crafty and cowardly perhaps but knowing he couldn't be seen gave him a newfound sense of freedom, some out-of-body confidence to put his hands wherever he pleased.

He felt her up in the dark, using his imagination to picture the body he'd spied on earlier, her steamy figure now within his clutches. Invisibility might've dimmed her inhibitions too, going on how she cupped his face in response to him gripping her waist. Her small top left her hips bare and he stroked them the way they curved. The heat of her skin evoked a rush in his veins, an itch to pull her body onto his. They stroked and romanced each other frantically, prolonging their kisses and drawing deeper within each other.

The closet seemed to shrink. It was suddenly too small to contain their passion. As their bodies came together, they stepped over each other's toes, kicking her neat line of shoes into disarray and jostling her shirts along with the shriek of clothes hangers. The commotion inside her closet produced suspicious noises: bodies bundling against wood, kisses, gasps, ruffling, heavy breathing, and perhaps the most damning, a sudden smack.

Ash followed up by squeezing her ass cheek. The tights felt no different to touching her very skin, or so he imagined, while pinching her round and taut bottom. He pulled his hand back as far as the confines would allow, then swung it down on the same cheek.

May gasped as the stinging smack ricocheted in the quiet. What the heck had gotten into Ash? She'd never felt so precarious, so unguarded in his presence, so turned on. He was all over her, groping at everything; Arceus, it felt as though he was trying to tear her clothes off!

The air was stifling, heavy with intimacy and perfume residue off her hung clothes. They survived on recycled oxygen but it neared the point they needed to escape their little love shack. The only question was what would happen next.

It could only be nothing or they'd risk her dad ripping Ash a new one and grounding her till she turned 24. She broke off the last kiss reluctantly and told Ash he needed to leave. He'd had his fun and she was grateful but given her family was only a few feet away, she and Ash would be flirting with disaster. She was still paranoid someone might've heard him spanking her.

Ash followed her out of the steamy space and into the bedroom. His eyes fought to adjust to the moonlight as the taste of fresh air hit him; although, he'd still be shackled up in that closet if it were up to him. He faced two options: on one side of the room May stood readjusting her clothes and on the other, wind fluttered the curtains through an open window. It would be a cold, lonely climb back down.

May fully expected Ash to heed her warning which made it all the more surprising when his arms wrapped around her waist from behind. She sighed his name hopelessly. He tucked her long bangs behind her neck, clearing the path to lay kisses on her nape, little wet touches that sizzled hot and cold on her skin. Ash made it clear as the starless night; he wasn't going anywhere until he got what he came for.

May felt her resolve fading, her head lolling on his shoulder, bearing more of her nape. It was an offer he snapped up with eager delight as he tugged on the erogenous spot with his mouth. Her breath quivered. It had been long, *much* too long she realised as his bulge grinded on her butt.

Temptation drove her to the edge but she wouldn't take the plunge. She kept one eye on the gap beneath the bedroom door. It was too damn risky. They argued in whispers. It was not the time and by no means would it ever be the place but Ash had designated thinking to another part of his anatomy.

He tilted her face over her shoulder and kissed her lips to silence her protests. It was the only way he'd ever win an argument against her. And win, he did.

"Fine," said May, still in disbelief she'd come around to the idea of fucking Ash Ketchum from Pallet Town. She should've known there was nothing hypothetical about his hypothetical propositions. He knew what she expected from a partner and he strived to fill that need. It was almost romantic, if not downright crazy and borderline suicidal. Her dad would feed him to the Carvanha if he so much as caught a whiff of a boy in her room.

She couldn't have that; after all, she'd been wooed to the point of needing a good pounding before bed and he'd worked hard enough for it, even if it would only be a one-time deal. Without warning, she grabbed his bulge and incited a sharp gasp as she tried to gauge what to expect. *Big enough*. Especially considering she'd always expected him to be on the smaller side. Crotch in hand, she whispered in his ear, "Head back to the Pokémon Centre. Wait five minutes." And one final thing before she released his crotch, "Leave your door unlocked."

Ash should've been halfway to the Pokémon Centre already – any guy would've been – but he stayed rooted in position and continued his streak of unpredictability. "No."

"No?"

"No," repeated Ash. "Right here. Right now." He resumed kissing her neck and touching her body

May tried to resist, tried to make him see caution but he overwhelmed her, dragging her to the edge of the bed where he pulled her ass onto his lap. Although she thrived on thrill and danger, this was beyond sane. He parted her thighs and zoned in on her crotch. May

knew the battle would be lost if he touched her there so she batted his hand away and shut her legs.

Ash, this new persistent, edgy Ash, took the hint and went after her breasts instead. May tried to guard her assets but his hands got there first and they refused to come away. She was helpless, listening to his lustful moans while he massaged her breasts. He could probably feel her bra-less state beneath the tightness of her shirt. It made him squeeze even harder.

Evidently Ash had taken her comments as a slight on his manliness and set himself up to prove her wrong.

May felt his weight collapse behind her and her own body followed suit, landing back-first on his chest. Ash became the first boy to ever lie on her bed. Her father would be keen to make it his grave.

Since before she became a teen, May fantasised about sharing her bed with a boy and often times underneath these very covers, but she'd cared about them too much to risk sneaking them in. Brendan would smuggle her into his room next door and Drew would shag her anywhere but here. As she lied on top of Ash with his hands groping at her chest, she warmed to the rising possibility he could be the first to fuck her in her own bed.

Whether he lived to tell the tale was another question.

Ash rested his head on the front of her shoulder without a care in the world. Despite her arm knocking his league cap off, his left cheek found its way to the side of her chest. Half her breast slopped onto his face, just begging for affection and he obliged.

First, gentle kisses, then his lips climbed her breast in nibbling motions, closing over the peak as they arrived at the top. He sucked on her teat and the thin fabric did nothing to dull her sensitivity. Husky breaths tumbled from her lips.

He munched her shirt and breast all at once and left a dark blotch of maroon on her red top, drenching the area around her peak as he coated an impression of her nipple. Ash loved the suppleness of a natural bosom and he hadn't met too many girls who offered as much natural as May. If he could've done it all again, he would've never regarded her a sister figure; he'd have been sucking on these tits from day one.

May almost forgot how incredible it felt. The zest, the rawness of new passion. Recurring partners tended to pay less and less attention to her breasts, figuring they'd earned the right to skip foreplay just because she'd indulged them now and again. Drew was especially guilty of this, a selfish lover hell-bent on satisfying himself as quickly as possible. Brendan had shown more consideration perhaps because he was her first, but even his focus on her bosom waned from their early teen years.

Ash, on the other hand, bore a monstrous appetite she rarely got to experience these days. She remembered all those times gawking at him attacking his food and none of it compared to the way he was devouring her breast right now.

He was ravenous, insatiable and devoid of table manners. His tongue pressed on her shirt and scraped around her lump, daubing her with wetness and heat. It felt as if her breast was being sucked into some hot, tropical vacuum with teeth; he seemed determined to pull the nipple right through her shirt!

She couldn't stop him if she tried. Not that she wanted to.

Rather, she rubbed her neglected breast and stroked its nipple between two digits. May was helpless to the heat spreading in her nether regions.

Ash sensed a drop in the brunette's defences. Apparently, having her breasts fondled and sucked compromised her inhibitions. The attention muted her protests and perverted them into groans of pleasure.

When he'd snuck into her bedroom, he hadn't intended to go this far to make his point but, since he was here, he grew keen on learning how much he could get away with while she was in such a heightened state.

The treatment he showed her breasts distracted her from the hand he lowered onto her side. He slowly stroked the inside of her soft leg, gliding over a subtle kerb as the texture changed from skin to spandex. The form-fitting shorts squeezed her upper thighs and highlighted their curves. Heat shrouded his hand as it disappeared beneath her skirt. She only seemed to realise what he was doing when he laid his palm on her crotch.

"Ash," she murmured. "Don't..."

Ignoring her pleas, he seized her crotch in a grabbing motion and wedged his fingers in the tight space between her thighs. She was extremely hot down there; Ash might as well have stuck his hand in an oven. He grabbed her pussy with a rough jerk, forcing her to gulp down her breaths as he stamped his claim on her womanhood.

His aggression fed him a sense of authority and he snatched her crotch again and again until it became abundantly clear that what he held was now his. He reminisced about the hot spring and remembered the plump cameltoe he'd glimpsed before she hid it under her skirt, the cameltoe now beneath the breadth of his fingertips.

His longest digit traced up and down the cleft in her shorts, stirring a concoction of shallow breaths and wriggly anticipation. He insisted on teasing her, dipping only a breadth of his fingertip into the slit. It was enough to absorb the moisture soaking through her tights. Passionate strokes deepened the crevice in her shorts and stuffed it inside her slick folds. Ash could feel her panty-less crotch beneath the tights and it spurred more aggression into his gropes.

May stirred in the palm of his hand. Sweat beaded her brow as she looked down at the rocky hump in her skirt formed by his knuckles. He fingered her with nothing except the thin fabric preventing him from sinking deep enough to make her squeal in pleasure. The subtle penetration was but a light blow on a raging fire. She went from fearing such intimate contact to wishing her shorts would disappear.

Oh how wrong she was about Ash. He'd set her body alight and her thighs squeezed his fingers downwards with encouragement, her ass grinding on the boulder in his jeans. His dick felt wonderful on her bottom, mostly when she shifted from side to side and his lump parted one cheek from the other, giving her asshole a brief tingle of fresh air. Her pelvis gyrated between his hand and boner, rife with sensual friction as her nether regions neared temperatures no summer had ever seen.

She knew he'd sensed her desperation when she felt him wrestling his belt buckle underneath her lower back. Lifting her weight momentarily, she allowed him to slide his jeans and underwear down his legs. He kicked them away before pulling her ass back down on his waist.

May gaped at her skirt standing taller than a tent. As much as she liked to believe she was more sophisticated than an impressionable virgin, the sight of a huge dick never failed to

tickle her in all the right places. Unable to contain herself, she tossed her skirt up and unveiled the obelisk erected between her thighs. Ash was... monolithic.

Her lack of recent action might've exaggerated his size but her estimation put him above Drew with ease and possibly Brendan too. She lay on top of Ash while his hard-on jutted past the horizon of her waist by some distance, standing robust and rigid on its own accord, such a strong, hearty dick. Her fingertips itched with the desire to touch it and she didn't even pretend to fight it.

May bit her gloves off and wrapped a hand around his shaft, curling one finger at a time. So hard and smooth, it burned against her palm like a bar of steel right out of a blacksmith's forge. It pulsed with life and hunger and determination, its veins beating in tandem with her heart and dialling up her lust in ways her dildos could never mimic.

She turned and kissed him as she began to stroke him up and down. The hand job took one lengthy inch at a time, savouring the feel of vessels engorged with fervour. His hardness rivalled her own bones and his thickness nearly kept her fingertips apart. She daubed at the wet tip and spread his pre-cum between her fingers, applying it to lubricate her motions. The cock stood too close to her own heat to ignore.

Soon, May was rubbing the inside of her thighs against it too and grinding her aching pussy on its base. He helped her along with subtle thrusting motions. May was almost certain she could cum just by having her thighs fucked like this but it was a theory he wouldn't let her test. As he slithered from underneath her weight, she asked him where he was going in a faint groan.

Ash answered her question by appearing at the foot of her bed. When she tried to sit up, he guided her back down with a hand on her abs. He ordered her to lie still and to his surprise she complied with a grin on her face. May rather liked being bossed around. He would've never thought. She'd said she liked how Drew wasn't afraid to take what he wanted. Well, Ash was done asking for permission.

He flung her skirt up before resting his chin level with the mattress, gleaning an ant's eye view of her crotch. The biker shorts accentuated the roundness of her ass, the two cheeks lying on either side of her drenched cameltoe, bringing out the contour of her vulva and the tiny asshole beneath it. Ash salivated at the sight before grabbing her thighs and hauling her to the edge of the bed, watching her pussy zoom in on his face.

He tossed her legs over his shoulders, bent at the knees as her calves draped over his back. His nose drowned in the scent of sex and pheromones swathing her crotch. With the bottom half of his face submerged in her thighs, his eyes glanced up and noted a hint of embarrassment at his proximity. He assured her he was revelling in the intimate space by pulling in an exaggerated breath and exhaling ecstasy. Then he gently kissed up either thigh, savoured one last look at her cameltoe and then closed his mouth over it.

She jolted.

Ash resumed what he'd been doing with his finger using his tongue instead, licking the insides of her slit to heart-racing effect. It took a surprising amount of strength to restrain her wriggles as he ate her out with her shorts on.

She jerked every time he flicked at her clitoris, gasping, thrusting her pussy in his face, wanting more, more and more. Ash moaned and hummed to express his appreciation of the meal. May didn't know what to do with herself; she sat up, grabbed his head, cursed, fell back down, squeezed her thighs around his skull, sat up again, writhed, rubbed her clit against any part of his face, moaned, collapsed in heaps of sweat and ecstasy.

Ash couldn't tell if he'd suddenly become a virtuoso in muff-diving or if her pussy had been so ready and tender that any bit of contact would've set her off. In any case, he brought her close to orgasm before pulling back and practically fighting her off as she tried to keep him buried in her crotch. He hated being a jerk but he needed to do things his way.

May almost wept as an imminent climax was ripped away from her. The bastard left her lying there all hot and bothered and soaked. Ash stood over her stroking his cock with a question in his shifty eyes. The answer was yes. Whatever he wanted to do to her – just yes. Here, there, anywhere, yes!

She yelped as he pulled her down the sheets and brought her ass close to hanging over the mattress, then lifted one of her legs onto his chest and pinned the other along the edge of the bed. He reached for her cameltoe and she was sure he intended to tug off her shorts but he surprised her by ripping a gash at the front of her tights instead.

The loud tear ricocheted in the dead of night, followed by a sudden draft at her exposed labia. May threw a careless glance at her unlocked door and convinced herself her family hadn't heard a thing.

Something told her it wouldn't have stopped Ash anyway. He was willing to raid her bedroom and risk his reputation with her family to fuck her; his eagerness to have her made her pussy drip with longing. Not even Drew in all his brashness would dare such a feat. It intensified her craving for Ash's big, brave dick.

She ogled him in waiting while he gripped the base of his erection and steered it southward, pointing his mushroom tip at its destination: her hot and wet entrance.

Breath caught in her lungs as she felt his blunt end peak inside her vagina. Her folds contorted around his bulbous head, widening her slit to fit the mould of his girth. She stared towards the foot of her bed where his lengthy pole shortened as more and more disappeared inside her. "Oooh..." she purred when the cock curved inside her and brushed the roof of her sex.

Despite the sense of fullness in her pussy, there was plenty more cock to go. Rather than stuff her to the brim however, Ash retreated and initiated thrusting motions. After only two and a half pumps, he'd run out patience and doubled the speed of his penetration.

May felt the strength taken from beneath her as he grabbed her calves in each hand then bent her legs to either side of her body, exercising flexibility she never knew she had. The abrupt separation of her thighs tore her shorts further apart. With his clutches all but pinning her knees to the bed, he proceeded to dunk his dick to the bottom of her well in a ravenous frenzy.

The position offered up her depth and May moaned and cursed in delight as he plunged his full length inside her wetness again and again, pounding the living hell out of her aching pussy.

Any trace of Ash Ketchum evaporated from his eyes. He was a possessed fiend determined to drill her into the mattress and beyond. His dominance took her by storm. It was the first time she'd been around Ash and not known what to expect. Wherever this crazy ride was going, she wanted in. He climbed onto her bed and supplemented the deep pounding with squatting motions, practically knocking on her cervix with his knob.

"Oh take me, Ash," she moaned. "Take me now... ah... this pussy's yours..."

And indeed it was. Ash must've gone two straight minutes without so much as slowing down. Then he suddenly pulled out and fell besides her in fatigue. As he lay

recovering on his back, she descended towards his crotch with a smirk and intentions to treat his hardworking cock to some head.

May took the swollen crown into her mouth. She could smell her pussy on his shaft and taste it the further south she swooped. Her fingers coiled around his base, twisting and stroking while her tongue lathered the upper portion.

Relief flowed from his lips. The naked half of his body quivered and jerked with subtle thrusts, struggling to refrain from fucking her mouth at full force.

May recoiled every time he brushed the back of her throat, fearful and respectful of his size. Ash fucking Ketchum. *Who would've thunk?* With a mouth full of dick, May didn't realise she'd been touching herself with her free hand. In spite of the passionate drilling, her clit ached fiercer than before. Her hungry pussy salivated for more Ketchum.

She needed him. Her small, little fingers could only alleviate her for so long. She rose from the blowjob and sought to replace one orifice with another, crouching over his tower as she lined it up with her entrance, a stream of her anticipation oozing down the pillar.

Ash grimaced. Her tightness came down on him all at once. It was a lot of dick to take in and it showed; she looked half-dazed with her eyes out of whack, her cheeks flush and dribble out the corner of her mouth. She sat on his lap for a while and let her hips loop in slow, circular motions to re-acquaint herself with his proportions.

Ash lay back and relished the way she stirred his cock inside her. She never looked hotter than she did sitting on his dick with loose hair falling out of her bandana and her tattered shorts accommodating him. The pinkness of her pussy defied night as her nether lips stretched wide and cerise in the moonlit room, sat atop the glistening pool of juices on his crotch. He spotted the bulging hood at the crown of her sex with deviance. All it took was one brush of his thumb and she doubled over with a whimper.

Her clit proved to be the button to kick her into high gear. Suddenly she was rocking her hips back and forth urgently, riding him like the cowgirl he compelled her to be with the friction of her shorts hot against his sides. Ash grabbed her taut ass in both hands and boosted her pace.

She supported herself on wobbly arms spread across either side of his shoulders. Her hair cascaded onto his cheeks as he bore into her half-lidded eyes. Their faces had drawn

close enough to exchange the heat of grunts and moans while the bottom half of their bodies clashed with wet smack after wet smack.

Ash didn't need to look down to see the top of her breasts swing into view every so often. Amazingly they were still constrained in her tight shirt. He hoisted the hem of her crop top over her chest and released her mammae with a sudden drop.

Her nipples looked like pencil erasers this close and swayed in and out view, tantalisingly low. It was only a matter time until Ash caught one of her swinging tits in his mouth, eliciting a cry from the girl as he tongued her nipple and plucked on the flesh surrounding it. Her hips lost their rhythm and concentration while she struggled to process a plethora of pleasure points all at once. Ash figured it was an apt moment to take over.

He flipped her onto her back and her legs remained spread throughout the transition, her tight snatch unwilling to relinquish his cock even for a second. Ash almost smirked at the turn of events; from absolute defiance, she went to lying wide open begging to be ravaged under father's nose. Luckily for her, Ash wasn't mean enough to deny her aching pussy the thorough pounding it deserved.

Propped on his knees, Ash held her legs apart at the back of the knees and proceeded to shove his dick inside her. He wanted to eliminate any doubt she might've had about his sexual orientation. Another hard thrust. She needed to know he was every bit the man Drew could ever be. So he sheathed himself inside her fast and deep. He wanted her to know anytime she'd tease or play him a fool again, she could very well end up like this; lying on her back with her legs spread and her pussy full.

Tonight she'd learn Ash Ketchum was about more than just fondling Poké Balls.

Ash ignited a thrusting frenzy that would end only when he ran out of stamina. Sweat had built up all over his body. His palms made the back of her knees slippery as he tried to hold her legs open and fuck her at the same time.

The bird's eye view gave him an expansive look at her firm yet jiggling body. His shaft moved in and out of the tear in her shorts at blinding pace. He wouldn't let the noisy bed springs slow him down. The entire house had fallen silent save for the squeaks emanating from the bottom of May's bedroom door, the loud squelches as dick and pussy collided, and the heated moans the rampant teens struggled to keep down, particularly May.

He warned her to soften her cries of pleasure or else someone would hear. The poor girl tried but Ash understood how audacious it was of him to ask while he continued to ram his pillar of meat through her tightness.

He bent over and sucked each of her breasts one last time before grabbing her little waist with both hands. Using her hips as leverage, he lifted her ass off the bed ever so slightly; the reposition gave him leeway to really throw his back into each thrust.

Ash couldn't believe he'd fit inside that cute little slit of a pussy he'd spied on at the hot spring. He stretched and pounded her phat cameltoe to oblivion, her tits flailing in blurs of cream and pink, her moans escalating in pitch, her bed squealing as if it were about to give in – and if Ash hadn't finished at that moment, it probably would've.

As May's body trembled in orgasm, Ash pulled out with a groan and juttied cum as far as her headboard, a long stream landing hot across her face and creaming her fat tits.

“Wow Ash,” breathed May, still recovering from her high. “What's gotten into you?”

Ash's laugh was heavy. He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly as he returned to his old self now that he'd spilt his lust all over her half-naked body. “May, I, uh... I have a confession to make.”

She turned to face him, alarmed by his sudden seriousness. “What is it, Ash?”

“Um... you know back on Route 104? I kind of, uh, watched you in the hot spring...”

“Ash Ketchum!” she wailed like his mother would. He recoiled with a please-don't-hurt-me face. “Well Ash, I have a confession to make too,” said May, leaning into his ear. “I knew you were there the whole time.”

“You... wha? You mean... ?!”

She fingered a scoop of cum off her breasts and swirled it in her mouth. “Mhm. It was worth it too. You Beartic.” She winked. “You better get out of here now. It's not too late for someone to catch us, Ash. Ash? Ash... what are you...” He rolled on top of her and she felt something long, hard and familiar resting on her stomach. “You couldn't possibly still want to...?”

He answered her question with a thrust.

May glanced at the bedroom door then back to Ash. “Oh, what the heck?” She flung her arms around his shoulders and kissed him.

He was no prince charming but she didn’t mind being the prey to a big, bad wolf. After all, it had been years since anyone fucked her well enough to deserve an all-nighter.

As Ash’s buttocks bounced in the moonlight between her parted legs, he fancied himself her ultimate conqueror. *Drew, eat your heart out.*

...

May yawned as she joined her family at the breakfast table.

“What’s the matter, honey?” asked Caroline. “Didn’t you get enough sleep?”

May laughed, a large sweat-drop adorning her brow. “I’m fine, Mom.” *A little sore, but fine.* She reached for the carton of milk, keen to get breakfast out of the way. It felt as if everyone was staring at her despite Max focusing on his food and her dad consumed by a newspaper.

“Are you sure you’re all right?”

“Yes, Mom,” she groaned.

Max raised a quizzical brow. “Then why are you pouring milk in the cereal box?”

May stopped after realising she’d missed her bowl of cereal by a distance. She let out another nervous chuckle. While her brother and mother laughed at her for being a dork, her dad lowered his paper and regarded her with a curious expression.

She nearly wet herself in fear of being caught before she could even think up an excuse. Norman looked set on voicing his suspicions when the doorbell rang and scrambled everyone’s attention. May took a deep breath.

Her mother went to check the door. “Good morning Ash,” said Caroline. “You’re here early. Why don’t you come in for some —”

May pushed her way out the front door and dragged Ash along in her stride. “Sorry Mom, but we gotta run or we’ll be late.”

“In too much of a hurry for breakfast?” Caroline couldn’t believe these were the same two kids who wiped out her dinner table last night. “Well that was weird,” she thought out loud, re-joining the rest of the family at the table.

“May’s always been weird, Mom.” Max gulped down another spoonful of cereal. “You’d know if you ever travelled with her, trust me.”

“You never have anything nice to say about your sister, do you?” She narrowed her eyes at the boy, ready to lecture him when a realisation sprung to mind. “Oh no! May wasn’t carrying her backpack! She must’ve forgotten it rushing out the door.”

“Don’t worry.” Norman stood from the table. “I can still catch up to them.”

“Oh, I don’t think that’s necessary. She’ll swing back as soon as it hits her.”

“That’s alright. I was planning on a morning jog anyway.”

He entered his daughter’s bedroom and sure enough the backpack lay seated against her bed. As he lifted it up, one of the straps dragged a curious item out from underneath the bed. He pinched the black article with two fingers, delicate as he tried to figure out how her shorts had gotten torn in such an unfortunate way... and in such an unfortunate area. Her fatigue, her strange behaviour, her rush to get away, and now this...

Everything added up and Norman didn’t like the answer to the equation.

...

“Oh shoot,” said May. “Forgot my bag.”

“I forgot my breakfast.” Ash sulked.

“Get over it.” He could’ve been more grateful for his life.

“Fine. I don’t understand why we can’t just go back for your bag.”

“Well –”

“ASH KETCHUM!” The voice roared across Petalburg City from May’s bedroom window where a mad man was waving incriminating shorts in the air. “YOU’RE A DEAD MAN!”

“That’s why,” squealed May. “Run!”

Ash took her hand as they sprinted towards Petalburg Woods.

“Where are we going?” asked May through her pants.

“Does it matter?” Anywhere without Norman would do fine. But when Ash took a second to think about it, he did have a specific place in mind. “Actually, how does Unova sound?”

May turned to him with a look of surprise and content on her face. She squeezed his hand tightly. “That sounds perfect, Ash.”

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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...

Special credit goes to *hikariangelove* and *SuperSegaSonicSS* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

<https://www.deviantart.com/hikariangelove>

<https://www.deviantart.com/supersegasonicss>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.