

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

This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Pokémon universe, which is trademarked by The Pokémon Company. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.

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

HO'ING FOR HOENN

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 1



Synopsis

When May and her father wind up broke and stranded on foreign territory, an untimely wardrobe malfunction questions the boundaries they're willing to push to get back home.

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Ho'ing For Hoenn

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 1 – Nip Slip Tip

May should've turned and ran. Disappeared in the thick trees and bushes. This little, four-foot-nothing brat would never catch her. Could he? She gulped. What if he did?

It would only make things so much worse.

May stood there, lost, flatfooted, caught in two minds; her brain had already made a break for it, left her body behind, frozen in guilt and trepidation.

“Well?” The smug brat crossed his arms and tapped his foot, cap tilted to the side, blowing bubbles with his gum. “I ain't got all day, ya know?” His grubby little fingers made ‘gimme, gimme, gimme’ gestures. “Momma's gonna be really mad if I get home late again. And I really don't feel like gettin' another spanking today! So... hurry up!”

“Oh, um...” May fidgeted with her fingers. “The thing is...” She didn't have two pennies to rub together, let alone the 20 Pokédollars she owed him after losing their pokémon battle. “I'm sorry?”

“Eh?” The boy slanted his head in confusion. “Yeah, I'm sorry ya lost too, but ‘sorry’ ain't gonna pay my bills.” He gnawed at his bubble gum remorselessly. “Cough it up already!”

“That's... I...” She sighed. “I'm saying... I might not have any cash on me right now,” she admitted in a feeble whisper.

“You what?” His eyes grew wide, incredulous. “You must have some big cojones on you, lady.”

No cojones. Just a desperate longing for home and the grit to do whatever it would take to get back. “I'm sorry,” she said again. “I didn't think I'd lose.”

“Ha! Well, ya did!” He spat his tongue out at her. “And ya know the rules ‘round here. Since you ain’t got cash, that’s mine now.” He lunged for the red and white sphere in her hand.

“No, wait!” May grabbed his fist after he’d already closed it around her Poké Ball. “Skitty’s all I’ve got left!”

“Not. My. Problem.” He growled each word between gritted teeth as May yanked on his arm and struggled to pry his fingers open. “Stop! What are ya doing? It’s ‘posed to be mine now!”

Like hell she’d surrender her Skitty! She didn’t give a damn what the laws of this godforsaken region said. Now she really regretted not fleeing the instant he defeated her. How silly to think one person on this stinking island might be humane enough not to kick a stranded girl while she’s down. She hated this place and everyone in it!

May fought with tears in her eyes as the heartless boy tried to rip away her only solace of home. She couldn’t let him take her Poké Ball, she just couldn’t. It didn’t matter he’d won it fair and square. Skitty was going nowhere! Their struggle intensified, turned more physical, forceful pulling and shoving, neither willing to give up the Poké Ball. May yanked back hard, so hard she took him down to the ground with her. He remained stubbornly attached to her prized possession. They rolled around in the grass, growling and swearing and yelling at each other, shouts of “fucking let go!” and “you let go, bitch!” When nothing seemed to scare him off her and Skitty, May resorted to sinking her teeth into his closed fist.

He yelped and released her Poké Ball immediately.

May pushed the limp boy off of her then clambered back to her feet. She might’ve been dirty and roughed up and panting for breath, but her Poké Ball was hers once more, guarded in two tight fists.

The brat stood up, dishevelled and hat-less, cradling the bite mark in his hand. “You stupid bitch!” He spat out his gum. Grass and dirt littered his bushy hair, his face a mixture of venom and embarrassment, tears welling in his eyes. “That was mean! What the hell is wrong with you? I can’t believe you... you...”

Strangely, the rage in his eyes waned as he lambasted her, his yells withering to weak mutters. He fell silent altogether, then just stood there and kind of... stared. May was

bewildered, having planted her feet firmly in the ground bracing herself to fend off another lunge for her Poké Ball. He hadn't moved an inch. She could probably snap her fingers in his face and he wouldn't flinch.

Hub, what gives?

Had she suddenly turned into a Sableye or something? Why were his eyes so wide and crazed, and why did his jaw keep drooping lower and lower? She didn't get it. Not until she followed his line of sight to her chest.

May had been so outraged and pumped with adrenaline, she didn't notice her state of disarray following their little tussle. Somehow, amid all the rumble and tumble, the zip sealing her red shirt had been dragged down to her navel, exposing one side of her large, purple bra! And, if that wasn't embarrassing enough, her nipple had slipped out and into the open, jamming the little runt's reptilian brain. She turned beet red.

"Oh my –" May whipped around so fast she nearly dropped the Poké Ball she'd just fought tooth and nail to retain. She readjusted her lopsided bra with panicked haste and zipped her ruffled shirt back up.

"W-wait," whined the young boy, as if his favourite toy had been unduly confiscated.

May huffed at the little pervert. "Shame on you! Haven't you done enough? Now you want to strip me of my dignity, too?"

"No way Jose! S-s-sorry, I mean, it just slipped – uh, I mean, I wasn't trying to be a tit – uh, I mean..." She rolled her eyes listening to his babbling defence. He took a deep breath and finally said, "I didn't do it on purpose."

"Yeah right. I should report you to Officer Jenny!" Did this region even have an Officer Jenny? If so, she'd probably be as corrupt as the rest of them. Nonetheless, her threat had the boy squirming.

"No, no, no, no!" He waved his hands frantically. "It was an accident. I swear! You gotta believe me! Hey, I'll even let you keep your pokémon and you don't have to give me anything, how about that?"

Wow, did he really mean it? She'd gone from broken, beaten and blatantly in the wrong to some unexpected power position... all in the space of an ill-timed nip slip. Well,

she'd take the fortune from her misfortune, and be grateful no one else had been around to witness it. "Fine," she grumbled, hiding her relief. "Let's pretend that never happened, okay?"

"Okay!" He nodded eagerly.

"Good."

"Great!"

"Fantastic."

"Yeah! Or..." He trailed off, lost in his musings.

May quirked an eyebrow. "Or?"

"Or... I can give you 20 Pokédollars, too."

"Huh?" What sense did that make? "You're going to give me the prize money for our pokémon battle... even though you won?"

"Yup," he said. "But..."

"Oh, here it comes." She should've known. "What's the catch?"

"Um, well, uh, only if you... uh..."

May couldn't believe how quickly he'd gone from snide and sure of himself to bumbling and uneasy. Jeez, what could be that hard to say? "Spit it out already!"

"Only if you let me see your boob again!" He covered his mouth immediately, apparently shocking himself with his own suggestion.

"Wha...?" His words had flown out at 100km per second; it was a miracle she'd heard a single one. And she wished she hadn't.

"Just for a few seconds." He pleaded with his palms together. "Pretty please?"

May blinked, staggered he'd have the audacity to ask a second time. The nerve of this runt! First of all, she had a boyfriend who wouldn't appreciate some little twerp eyeing her goodies, even if he was 1,000 miles away in a different region. Moreover, what made this brat assume for one second she was *that* kind of girl? He'd already seen more than she'd cared for any stranger to see.

Honestly though, the prize money did intrigue her under the circumstances; 20 Pokédollars sounded like 2,000,000 when three weeks had gone by since your last hot meal. May was grateful the rundown, overpopulated Pokémon Centre on the outskirts of town offered strays like her free food, but the cold, brittle mush could get vomit-inducing once you'd shovelled it down day after day, week after week, and month after month for long enough. What she wouldn't have done for a cheeseburger! It would've been nice... more than nice... but her dignity, she decided, was worth a lot more.

"All right, listen here ya little punk." She grabbed the front of his shirt. "I'm not some cheap 'flasher' you can just pay off! You're lucky you got to see the little you did. If you ever even *think* of making a suggestion like that again, I swear I'm gonna –"

"30 Pokédollars!"

Her mouth froze mid-rant. "30... Pokédollars..."

"Yup! All yours, I promise. Just for 5 seconds! It's the easiest money you'll ever make!"

Suspicion narrowed her eyes. Was he being serious right now? The improved offer could afford her a *few* good meals *and* Pokéblocks for Skitty. Arceus knew her pokémon needed better nourishment, too, probably more than she did. Pokémon battles had become her only hope of income, but her scrawny, depleted Skitty lost five in a row now, and she looked worse for wear after each defeat. Without her, May couldn't even begin to imagine how she'd survive. Skitty needed to get stronger and healthier for them to rediscover their winning form. And besides, May owed her partner a good treat for all the effort she'd put into carrying them this far, and especially after May nearly gambled her away. ₳30 wouldn't be a bad start to setting things right...

Her indignant clutch on the boy's shirt loosened a bit.

Wait... am I actually... considering it?

No way! How could she? No decent human being could justify flashing a little kid for a few bucks. What had gotten into her? She needed to nip it in the bud before her better senses strayed any further.

"Look," May said. "You've got the wrong girl. Now get lost, kid." She let go of his shirt. "Before I change my mind about pounding some respect into you." May had never laid

a violent finger on anyone in her life, but she hoped she sounded intimidating enough to paint the ugly picture. “Besides, what are you, like... eight?”

“Eight?!” he screeched in offence. “Not even close, lady!”

Admittedly, May exaggerated; Trainers had to be at least ten to acquire their licenses, even in this godforsaken region she assumed. She rather enjoyed rubbing him the wrong way. “Are you sure about that, short-stuff?”

“Heck yeah I’m sure ‘bout it! What’s it matter anyway? ₪30 is ₪30.”

“And no is no.” She shooed him off.

But he ignored her dismissive gesture. “C’mon, just think about what you could do with thirty buckaroos! Get yourself some better shoes or a shirt that actually fits or hey – maybe you can even get yourself a half-useful pokémon on the black market.”

“Don’t you talk trash about my Skitty!” She waved an angry fist at him.

He threw his hands up and backed off. “Okay, okay, was just a little joke, hehe.”

She turned and huffed, unamused. “See ya later, loser.” She took three steps away when he piped up again.

“A hundred Pokédollars!”

May’s foot froze in the air, mid-step. *Did he just say... 100 Pokédollars?* That was *five* times his original offer, and more than May had ever won in a single pokémon battle. Wow. How desperate could he get? She whipped around and asked, “You’re really going to throw all that money at a random stranger?”

“Final offer.” He put his cap back on, prepared to leave if she declined it.

That was a lot of money just to glimpse at someone for five seconds. “Seriously? ₪100? Aren’t there girls wherever you come from?”

“Of course! But...” He twiddled his foot in the grass awkwardly. “Theirs aren’t as... uh... as huge as yours!”

May flushed and raised a coy forearm across her chest. An early bloomer, she’d been subject to leering boys and men practically from the beginning of her travels, some old

enough to be her father. Yick! Though she never quite understood why they looked at her that way, she recognised the impurity in their eyes, which often left her uncomfortable in her own skin. Mercifully, most oglers hadn't had the gull to comment on a young girl's budding chest, at least not until she grew into adolescence. May liked to think she'd learnt how to navigate and ignore the sleazeballs – and yet, on the odd occasion, a direct comment targeting the fullness of her breasts had her feeling like that naïve, insecure child again.

Perhaps what caught her off-guard this time was how unexpectedly blunt the youngster had been comparing her 'huge' bust to other girls her age. She'd never wanted to stand out for anything other than her Pokémon Coordinating talents. "Uh, right." She made sure her zip was all the way up to her chin.

"So, what do you say? Are you gonna take the money or not?"

"You really don't quit, do you?" How many more hints did she have to give him? Heck, what reason did she have to believe he could even fulfil his side of the bargain? Not that she was considering it at all, but, "How can I even be sure you have –"

He thrust a messy wad of notes in her face before she could finish the question, silver coins dropping out of his pocket in all his excitement. "You gonna do it now?"

The crumpled knot of 10 Pokédollar bills was difficult to count accurately, but it easily amounted to ₧100, possibly even more. Now that the money was so close to her face she could literally smell it, May wasn't in such a hurry to up and leave. "Er, I was just curious if you actually had it." Maybe she could negotiate or guilt-trip him somehow into handing some over without having to shed her dignity. "On second thought, I don't think 'sorry' is enough to make up for what you did. You know, an honourable person would –"

"Pay the Trainer that just beat them in a pokémon battle!"

"Well... I mean..." Damnit, he had her there, humbly reminding her which direction this transaction *should've* been going.

"Like, come on. Whatchu even worried about, huh? It's only us two here." He spun around with outstretched arms, gesturing to the empty clearings and bushes. "No one is even gonna know. Please?"

May surveyed their surroundings, too. He wasn't wrong.

But, "I don't know..."

"Five seconds for a hundred smackaroos!" He waved the jumbled ball of hard cash in her face, shaking loose several coins. "Ya *really* shouldn't be thinking that hard about it. Where else you gonna get a deal like that for losing?"

Nowhere. Annoying and obnoxious as he was, the little turd did raise one or two valid points. Would she be silly to turn it down? She looked around again. Who would even know? Only five seconds. If he spilt the beans, she'd deny it, pit her word against his. Only five seconds. She bit on her bottom lip. And all he was going to do was *look* – look at something he'd already seen. For only five seconds. Skitty needed to eat. Hell, she needed to eat. She'd already been humiliated by a nip slip, why not make lemonade? Only five seconds...

"Well? I ain't got all day, lady." He tapped at his wristwatch. "My mom's gonna throw a fit if I'm late again. Ten more seconds. And the deal's off, ya hear me?" Oh, she heard him, but the gears in her head hadn't stopped turning. He sighed in frustration. "Ten... nine... eight..."

Would you shut up?! I'm trying to think! Oh God, I can't believe I'm actually considering it. What will Brendan say? I can never tell him. Never. But he'd understand, right? It's not like I'm actually going to let this pipsqueak touch me or anything. Plus, Skitty's getting so frail. She needs it more than I do. Oh, quit lying to yourself, May! You want that cheeseburger soooo bad! What do I do? Brendan isn't going to break up with me over something stupid like this. I mean, he wouldn't... right?

"...two ...one! That's it. Ah well." He stuffed the money back in his pocket

By the time she quit her inner ramblings, her ticket to a hot meal was walking away. May shouted in panic, "Wait!"

He stopped. "What? Ya say somethin'?"

"All right. I'll..." She glanced at the sky and issued a silent prayer for forgiveness. "I'll do it."

He jumped and turned around. "You will?!"

Was he seriously going to make her repeat it? "Yes," she grumbled out the side of her mouth, "I'll do it."

“Right on!” He leapt and punched the air.

Sheesh, you'd think he just beat the Elite Four. What had she done? “But first,” May said, reining in his excitement, “there are going to be some ground rules.”

“Ground rules?” He scratched his head.

“Yes. Hand me your phone.” She beckoned him to produce it.

“Wha-”

“And your Pokédex, and your PokéNav, and your Xtransceiver, and any other device you might have that can take pictures. Last thing I need is you showing anyone.” No one would ever believe him over her if he had no evidence.

“I'd never do that! What d'you take me for?”

“A pervert,” May said bluntly. “Now hand them over or the deal's off.”

“Tch. Fine. I guess that's fair.” He emptied his pockets. Other than the jumbled-up cash, he was carrying his phone, a Pokédex, his Trainer's License, three Poké Balls, half a Potion, an empty Gym Badge case, chocolate bar wrappers and an open packet of gummy sweets. *No Badges?* May thought. How did she lose to this amateur? Just another sad indication of how far she'd fallen. “Well?” he said, eager to conclude their agreement. “Anything else?”

“Rule number two, and it should go without saying,” May added, “No. Touching.”

“Okay.”

“Just looking... from way over there.” She gestured for him to move back some five metres.

He did as she instructed. “That good enough for ya?”

“No coming closer. If I see you move so much as a toe then —”

“I won't!”

“And no telling anyone about this!”

“I already said I wouldn't!”

“Not a soul!”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“I’m serious.”

“I get it, I get it. Sheesh!” He sighed, exasperated. “Are we gonna do this or are you gonna keep stalling with these ‘ground rules?’”

May hmphed. Was her stalling that obvious? He couldn’t blame her; it was not like she exposed her bare chest to random strangers on the regular. May stalled some more while dictating exactly how everything was going to play out: she’d count down from five, unveil herself, count up to 5, and then cover up again, not one second longer. If he blinked or otherwise missed her exposition, it wasn’t her problem. No refunds, no redoes. He blabbed “yeah, yeah, yeah” throughout her terms and conditions. When she had run out of words to delay the transaction any further, a nervy chill crept up her belly.

It was time.

May sucked in a huge dose of air. “Ready?” She wasn’t sure which one of them she was asking. He rubbed his hands together and nodded with enthusiasm. “Well, that makes one of us...” she muttered under her breath. “Wait, one more thing – count all the money and hold it up so I can collect it as soon as we’re done here.”

He grumbled, but once again, his desperation made him compliant. May counted with him as he thumbed through each 10 Pokédollar bill, confirming the amount he held up was exactly what they’d agreed upon.

With nowhere else to go, nothing left to say, the woods fell deathly silent, as if every pokémon rustling within (and the wind itself) had stopped to witness what was about to unfold.

Slowly, May dragged her zip down, and the screech it made was magnified by the hushed air. She paused at her bulging bust, second thoughts muddying her resolve. Looking down from the boy’s impatient gaze, she whispered to herself, “You can do this. You can do this. Just think about that cheeseburger.” Her stomach grumbled in case she needed further encouragement. With a deep breath, she resumed working her zip.

Her jam-packed shirt split open down the middle as its bulging contents pushed up against their confines. She could've sworn she heard him gulp when her cleavage peeked out of the opening. Her stacked bra burst into view, a mesmerising violet with black trim and floral patterns garnishing her big, round breasts. So big, her cups barely contained the outer halves of her mounds, leaving massive cleavage bulging from the crammed fit. May made a mental note to buy a bigger size after she downed her cheeseburger. It had been months since she'd done any shopping which, for her, was an eternity. Nonetheless, what felt uncomfortable for her, apparently looked appealing to the opposite sex. While the chill of being exposed crawled down her sternum, the heat of being ogled nudged her from across the clearing.

The kid gawked like he'd never seen a half-covered bosom in his life, unblinking in his amazement. He centred his focus where squished flesh met brassiere, where half-crescent shades of areola crept out of their boundaries. May blushed, fighting her instinct to zip her shirt back up. He shook the bundle of cash in the air, as if to hurry her into providing the full show he'd paid for.

May groaned. He needed to hold his Rapidash! Did he think this shit came easy to her? How would he like it if she stood there rushing him to drop his trousers? Yeah, probably not very much. Granted, he might've had the right idea; the longer she prolonged this, the more embarrassing it became for her. She really should've just ripped the bandage off. *Ugh, here goes nothing.* "You ready?" She poised her gloved hands over her breasts. "Remember, I'm only giving you five seconds you little troll."

"Yeah, all right, get on with it then!"

May slipped her digits inside her bra and counted down in her head. She turned away from him, unable to bear his leering, then when she got to 'one', she pulled the padded cups down with bitter haste.

Ugh...

Her breasts sprung out with spectacular buoyancy, like big, jiggly prisoners jumping with joy from their release. Evidently, it was colder outside than she'd realised, her nipples flicking upwards in a stiff and vibrant emergence. After the abrupt wobble, her rotund breasts quickly settled into their natural position: high and perky, seemingly defying gravity. Large as

they'd become, they kept in proportion with her slim frame, pink nipples standing on the peaks of widespread areolae. She hoped he was happy now.

May shivered with embarrassment. She felt completely naked despite only her top coming undone. Screwing her eyes shut, she didn't even want a glimpse of whatever his face was doing whilst he salivated at her exposed breasts. Only five seconds, she reminded herself, and it was going to be the quickest five seconds she'd ever counted down in her life. At least it would've been, if her one-man audience hadn't reacted instantly.

The boy's nose erupted with a fountain of blood so powerful it jetted him 12 feet into the air!

May stopped counting after one second when she heard a random cry of pain. Her eyes flew open to the sight of him crash-landing on his head. His body stuck out of the ground as if he'd been planted upside-down, crooked legs twitching sporadically in the air.

Talk about an overreaction. A large sweat-drop trailed down May's temple.

Oh well, it served him right. She considered the job done and closed up shop. He groaned a mixture of pain and wondrous stupor in his upturned position. She tiptoed around him and picked up her reward money. In his incapacitated state she could've probably run off with all the extra cash he'd dropped too, but the growing lump on his forehead seemed like punishment enough.

"I would say pleasure doing business with you but, you know, it really wasn't," May quipped, tucking the cash away. All he could do was drone unintelligently. "Anyway, gotta run!"

She fled the scene of corruption before anyone might spot her, guilt and excitement beating in her chest. Who would've thought her most fruitful day to date would be inspired by a wardrobe malfunction?

She laughed and ran faster. Laughed harder. Ran faster. She'd actually done it! 100 Pokédollars was hers! How?! She laughed again in glee and disbelief and relief and elation. May ran and never looked back.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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 *chiwino* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

<https://gelbooru.com/index.php?page=post&s=list&tags=chiwino>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.