

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.

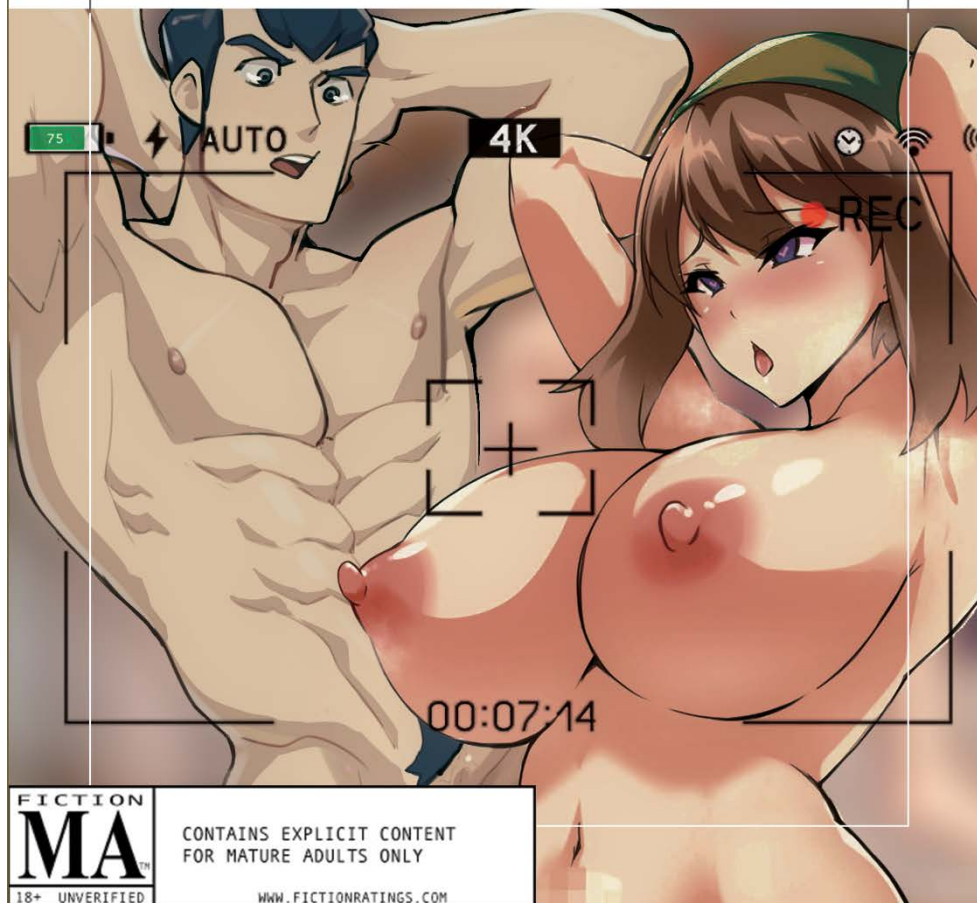
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

HO'ING FOR HOENN

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 10



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 10 – Lights, Camera, Incest!

May's heart raced as she stood outside the bedroom door. What just happened downstairs... actually happened. Not only had she given her dad a blowjob (that impressed him?), but he diddled her till she dry-humped herself to orgasm! No, no, that wasn't her. She hadn't done all those things. That was April.

The same April she'd conceived amidst her expeditions in the woods, and birthed amidst her encounter with March. April lived long before the script had written her into life. The pages merely constructed the perfect playground for her manifestation. April had come out to play, to express all the unholy desires and deviance May couldn't or taught herself to suppress. Perhaps it was April that lifted her top for the very first boy. April that weaponised her womanly assets for survival. April that saved them.

As May tapped her foot behind the door like a nervy songstress prepping to go on stage, she left a crack open for April.

“And... action!”

May took a deep breath and walked through the door.

They'd turned the bedroom into a film set, with half the room occupied by the crew and their equipment, and the other half furnished with a dresser and queen-sized bed arranged conveniently for camera angles. Her eye jumped to the personnel instinctively but she quickly reminded herself their half of the room didn't exist.

Humming a cheesy tune, April fished Mr August's wallet out of the dresser and opened it to wads of fat Pokédollars bulging from its pockets, way more than what they'd agreed upon for all her cookies. She looked back over her shoulder to make sure no one

would witness her tip herself one little extra banknote, or fifteen. May dropped the wallet in a fumble that couldn't look more contrived if she'd cried 'oopsie!' to go along with it. The director didn't call for a retake and so she bent over with her legs straight and her butt sticking out profusely. She dallied about, took her time picking up the fallen money whilst pretending not to sense the presence creep into the doorframe behind her. Unbeknownst to the ditzy Girl Scout, her father silently enjoyed the view. She finally collected everything off the floor and put his wallet back on the dresser when –

“April!” he shouted.

She jumped and spun around, coins tumbling from her greedy paws. “Daddy!”

He pressed his fists on his waist and huffed. “Where do you think you're going with all that, young lady?”

“Oh, this? Heh heh heh, I was just, er, I was just...” Like April, May hadn't the faintest clue how she'd explain herself if her dad ever caught her stealing from him. She fluffed her lines the way she would've if the situation was real. Also throwing her off was the apparatus strapped to his forehead, a small camera someone thought had been a good idea to attach between segments. She quirked a brow at the lens then glanced to the filming crew as if to ask, 'who put this there?' With his eyes glued to his monitor, the director raised a hand and gestured for them to continue acting out the scene. May turned back to the headcam and gathered the dirty old man now had a POV shot of all the action.

Norman shrugged and she took that as a cue to ignore it like he was.

“You were just what?” Mr August said sternly, thrusting them back into the scene. “Stealing?”

“Uh...” She looked down at the nicked banknotes in her hands and improvised her next line. “I thought you wouldn't mind if I took a little extra.”

“Without asking? That's called 'stealing', little missy. And here I thought that spanking set you straight. Tsk, tsk.” He shook his head, disappointed. “You know, I read something once that said when unruly children misbehave,” he stated, approaching her in slow, sturdy steps, “it's really because they're vying for their parents' attention. Is that what's happening here, April, hm?” His towering frame loomed over her tiny body. “Are you still craving Daddy's attention?”

April didn't know how to respond. Neither did May. The script tugged on some subconscious yearning for him to be a bigger presence in her life. "Daddy, I –"

He snatched the Pokédollars from her clutches and chucked them on the bed. "I'm here now," Mr August said, though she heard Norman's voice, Norman fulfilling his promise to try things her way. "Anything for you, baby girl. You do trust Daddy, right?" May couldn't think of anyone else in the region she'd rather shoot this video with, twisted as it were. She nodded timidly. "Good girl. Daddy knows best." He cupped the side of her face and stroked her cheek with his thumb. The gesture came off pure and loving till his gaze descended upon her bursting cleavage. "Mmm, yes, you definitely got *all* of Daddy's attention now, baby girl." May didn't mean to look but the lump in his boxers bulged as he murmured the salacious words. Acting or no acting, he couldn't fake *that*, could he? She could only hope her mother had floated into his mind's eye. "Don't worry," he said huskily, "You're in very good hands. Daddy knows exactly what his baby girl needs."

He lifted her under the arms like a child, then shoved her back onto the bed.

May yelped in surprise. Her tush bounced on the soft mattress before she fell onto her back. He clasped her ankles and dragged her down, her butt skidding across the silky sheets till she reached the foot of the bed. May was taken aback by his sudden aggression, his sudden eagerness to complete the scene. He flicked her little skirt onto her tummy and revelled at her stained panties. Snap crept closer with his camera for the audience's sake. Mr August spread her legs and created a clear shot of her lush cameltoe.

"Thanks for the Girl Scout cookies," Mr August said, "but what Daddy's really craving is this here Girl Scout nookie."

May cringed at the tacky dialogue as said 'nookie' took centre stage. She could feel them staring through her panties, ogling the crevice down her phat pussy mound. Sure, she'd flashed her cameltoe once or twice in recent memory, but never this up close and personal, never before her father's eyes. He goggled like all those little perverts on Route 304, his inner gormless teen lurking beneath the surface. His hunger looked convincing. A little too convincing. And unlike the little reprobates she'd kept at arm's length, her dad acted with impunity towards any 'no touch' rule.

Mr August pinched her plump pussy over her panties as though he were testing the ripeness of fresh teenage fruit. May blushed furiously. Not only because her father appeared

to be inspecting her genitalia, but because her nether lips proved lush and swollen with lust despite what should've been deflating circumstances. What was going through his head as he realised his daughter was so hopelessly horny her body reacted even to his touch? The last thing she'd presume was *'hmm, this looks so delicious, I need to taste it!'* and yet, seconds later, that was exactly what he'd be doing.

He peeled her panties to the side and dug right in. May gasped when the tip of his tongue made contact, and shivered when it slid up and down her slit. "Ooh...!" Arceus! It had been so long since anybody soothed her this way, if ever. Brendan had only gone down on her once and made a hash of it in his hurry to the main course. Not Mr August. Her father indulged in her starters more thoroughly than her boyfriend ever cared to. Whether his meticulous tonguing was a product for the cameras, or he'd developed a genuine appetite for April's cuisine, May mewed her appreciation all the same, rubbing her tits as Daddy tasted her inside and out.

May found herself getting annoyed whenever Snap interrupted her cunnilingus to direct Norman. He had her dad stop and spread her labia so the camera could see how sleek and pink she was on the inside. Before filming began, they'd shaved May clean, leaving her pussy as bald as the day she was born. It came as no surprise considering, along with the pigtails and flush makeup, they played up her youth in every conceivable way. She didn't want to imagine what kind of creep would eventually be salivating over her plump, hairless mound on video, but the constant directorial input reminded her none of what was happening concerned her pleasure.

It didn't matter if every lick and flick was impelling her towards a second climax; when the camera operator called for a different angle, they stopped, then repositioned themselves to suit the director's momentum-breaking instructions. *This is no way to have sex*, May thought, then remembered they weren't required to enjoy themselves, only appear to be.

Norman was reminded to vocalise his actions and took to moaning while he ate her pussy, like it was the best thing he'd ever had the pleasure of putting in his mouth. He hammed it up more than he had tasting Skrumpton's Steaks. Even though it was all an act (she thought?), the deep exaggerated murmurs turned her on, the thought he enjoyed munching on her half as much as she enjoyed being munched on.

“God, this Girl Scout nookie is amazing!” he said breathlessly before reuniting his lips with her nether lips. “Definitely the sweetest flavour in your box.”

Off camera, Snap gestured for her to speak, too. “Oh yeah?” May said with some hesitation. “You like... eating your teenage daughter’s pussy?” She cringed.

“Mhm. Oh yeah,” Mr August murmured. “So good. Way better than chocolate chip.”

“Yeah? You think it needs to go on the menu?”

“Only Daddy’s private menu.” He lapped up her juices with noisy slurps. “Like how Daddy eats this pussy?”

“Yeah...”

“Bet it’s never felt this good when he does it...”

“Mmmm... boys my age don’t know how to do it that good...” Brendan would’ve died if he heard that.

Mr August spread her petals with his fingers and his head-cam captured the little pink hood sticking out the crest of her folds. Fixing a lust-drunk gaze on her, he slowly lowered the tip of his tongue towards her love button. Anticipation shimmered in her big bright eyes. Tongue met clit. The breath she’d been holding vacated her lungs all at once. More needy moans poured forth as he tongue-flicked her bean. She couldn’t take it, not without crying “Oh, Daddy!” at the top of her lungs.

“Mhm! Baby girl, you taste so good!” He appeared more than content trapped between her trembling thighs, swathed in the heat of her crotch, but that didn’t satisfy the explicit visuals demanded of their audience. The camera operator prodded him to keep her legs apart so nothing obstructed the view of Daddy’s tongue brushing the inside of his daughter’s pussy and assaulting her sensitive clit. All the while, Dennis snapped zoomed-in pictures.

May covered her mouth, embarrassed at how loud her moans were becoming, eyes wide with disbelief. Brendan never made her scream from the mere stroke of his tongue. As a matter of fact, it had been astoundingly easy to keep their sexual antics quiet from her little brother sleeping next door and their parents further down the hall. A blessing in disguise perhaps, considering if her boyfriend ate her out half as ravenously as her father did, she

would've woken up half the neighbourhood the first time she'd snuck him into her room. Her dad was disgustingly good at munching her bald pussy, applying perfectly weighted strokes and pressure on the swollen pinkness poking its head out of her clitoral hood.

May was seconds away from going off script and cumming in his mouth when Snap called for him to pull away. She lay on her back, frustrated, chest heaving as Norman did what he was directed and took a step back from the bed. *Dang it! Could a girl just get her pussy eaten out by her Daddy in peace?*

“Look at you. Daddy’s nasty little Girl Scout.” Mr August smirked. “You want it so bad, don’t you?”

April nodded, though it just as easily could be May.

“Show me how much.”

“Show... you?”

“Daddy wants to watch you play with your nookie. Can you do that for me, honey?”

‘For me’ meant for the cameras. Incidentally, May had garnered experience stimulating herself in front of an audience, albeit a one-man audience, a boy her age she’d happened upon in the woods. Her hands moved with practiced motion, one to her hardened nipples, the other to her pussy. She steadied her nerves and worked her fingers. Mr August watched from as short a distance as March stood from April. May fed off the memory, the feelings of sexual liberation and wanton desires, the ministrations of mutual longing. She forgot herself, her pride sinking as April swam to the surface, to her rescue once again.

Mr August shed his own inhibitions, his own clothes, as he observed the Girl Scout descend further and further into lust, kneading her breasts and rubbing her nookie with mounting urgency. His boxers hit the floor. Before May, stood the impeccably toned, impeccably nude figure of her father, nothing save the head-cam on his person. Unlike last night when he came out the shower, May didn’t shy away from curiosity; she flagrantly stared at the massive shlong dangling between her dad’s legs, easily longer than March’s and much, much thicker.

Arceus... that thing could take a fucking Ponyta’s eye out... I can’t believe half of it fit in my mouth.

Marc Stone hadn't underplayed his size in the slightest. While she'd made out a decent impression from sucking him off and grinding in his lap, there was something about seeing it hung bare in his birthday suit that hit different. He'd been shaved clean, too, only adding to the mirage of his incredible length. May got so distracted ogling her dad's cock, she didn't notice she'd stopped rubbing herself.

"What's the matter?" Mr August asked. "Never seen one this big, huh?"

Her cheeks burned as she shook her head. Seriously, was her dad part-Machamp?

"Heh. Well, this is what a real man looks like, baby girl. Think you can handle it?"

Honestly... probably not. That thing looked like it could split her pussy in two. "I don't know..." And that went for both May and April.

Mr August shrugged. "Well, you're going to learn today."

The sound of that frightened the inexperienced teen, and yet, might've excited her even more. *What the hell is wrong with me?!*

"Keep touching yourself. Let Daddy watch."

April followed his orders, a good girl keen on pleasing her daddy. She met his thirsty gaze and rubbed her heat. Snap circled back behind Mr August, where his tall lean frame consumed the shot from shoulders to knees, his firm buttocks at centre stage while his daughter's legs lay spread on either side of him. Seconds later, the camera operator panned back to a full frontal, where Mr August had pumped his semi to maximum stiffness. All on film, father and daughter masturbated furiously just an arm's length apart.

April took a hold of May's faculties and couldn't care less who else was in the room. She longed to be filled and jammed two fingers up her entrance. Frantic, knuckles-deep. Her pussy squelched and sputtered on the sheets. Mr August stroked the length of his throbbing erection faster and faster, relishing every second of her peep show.

"Ooh... yeah... good girl..." he muttered through haggard breaths. "You're making Daddy... so fucking hard right now... you want Daddy's cock, baby girl?"

"Mhm..."

"Say it. I want to hear you say it." And so did the boom mic above them.

"I want... I want your cock, Daddy." The faint admission tiptoed from her lips.

"Oh yeah? Where do you want it?" he whispered hotly.

"Mhm, right here." Right where her longest digit dipped in and out of her wet snatch.

"You dirty, little thing. You want Daddy to stick his cock in that phat pussy?"

"Mmmm... do it..." April dared him on May's behalf.

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah..."

I can't believe I'm begging my dad to... Her chest thumped at a thousand miles per hour as he inched closer. His erection cast a long shadow over her midriff. The sheer size and girth of him intimidated May and yet revved up April's dangerous curiosity. Mr August and April egged each other on with dirty utterances. He closed the distance between them. Like March, August found himself practically masturbating on top of her.

"Mmm," he droned, "so freaking sexy."

If this were any other movie, he might've had rotten tomatoes thrown at him for his wooden delivery. But as it were, his wooden delivery was exactly what the production team counted on. And Norman didn't disappoint.

Mr August grabbed her wrist, pulled her out of herself, then replaced her sleek digits with something a lot harder and thicker. He bypassed the panties to breach his daughter's teenage walls, grimacing as his bulbous tip pushed through her near-virginal tightness. A deep moan threshed its way out her throat. May experienced a stretch she never had with Brendan, her pussy wrapped around the girth of her much bigger father. Thank fuck her natural juices kept her well and truly lubricated. Despite how thoughtfully he eased into her, a little pain accompanied each gentle thrust, seeping through her little mewls.

"Oh, God!" Norman blared, his cry untethering months of moral restraint. The carnal relief in his exclamation told May he hadn't done this with another woman in a long time, possibly throughout their duration in Dytopiah. Trust her father to be loyal to a fault. May's sense of guilt, for ultimately becoming the woman who'd break his faithfulness, was dulled by the novel sensations of his shaft moving in and out of her, scratching an itch that had been

gnawing at her loins for weeks. At long last, they found the relief neither of them realised they'd needed, and from each other, no less.

Silence imbued the sex-filled room as the weight of their incestual tryst fell upon the fixated crew. The spectacle froze Dennis's trigger-happy camera finger and May imagined Snap gawking from behind the tripod. If either of them was to be believed, they hadn't expected their day to go: lights, camera, incest! But hey, neither did she and Norman. And here they all were.

Snap snapped out of his trance to remind them once again their sex tape would be no good without the debauched commentary.

"Ooh yeah," August breathed hotly, "God, that pussy is so fucking tight, baby girl."

It was such a porn thing to say but, he said it with so much earnest in his breathy murmur, she believed him. Not to mention, the stretch of her own hole gave her a feel of absolute fullness, his cock brushing against the sides of her tight walls. She would've loved to lay there silently and take in the pleasure of slow, sensual penetration, but Snap wouldn't let her forget to think up something a porn star would say. "It feels good... Daddy... your cock is so big..."

Snap gave her a thumbs-up.

"Yeah?" August pulled back till his cock-head came an inch from vacating her snatch then drove back in to her guttural moans. "You like that, huh? Like Daddy's fat cock tearing up that little pussy?"

She nodded through a moan. "Mmm, yeah... you're way bigger than my bo-" A little bit of May slipped past April's lips before she caught herself. She hoped they'd edit that part out. "...way bigger than I thought."

"Bigger than you thought, ey?" He took her stumble in his stride and improvised his dialogue. "So, you been thinking about Daddy's cock?"

May caught onto his improvisation and followed suit. "Maybe... a little..."

"Wow. Been a horny little girl, haven't you? How long you been craving this cock?"

“Um...” The first thing that sprung to mind was, “since I saw you coming out of the shower... that one time?”

“Oh.” Norman blanched. Her answer caught him off-guard. May regretted contorting an actual event that happened as recently as the night before, lest he really believe her fabricated admission. He didn't let the curveball throw him off character for too long before jumping right back into August's skin. “I don't blame you. Your old man is quite the hunk. And you're quite the sexpot yourself.”

It was May's turn to blanch. “Wha... what?”

“What? You think I haven't noticed? Those shorts getting shorter, those shirts getting tighter? The way dresses hug your womanly hips more and more? And those tits... God, those tits...” He didn't let her blush stop his oversharing. “They've grown so big and juicy, sweetie pie, and show no signs of stopping... have always wanted to suck on them...”

May was at a loss for words. Was he being serious right now? Of course not. It was all acting. Right? But did he have to make it sound so...? She really didn't want to think about it, especially now, with his manhood a quarter way inside her. “Daddy,” she whispered in a soft chastising tone, “I can't believe you...”

“What? I may be your daddy but that doesn't make me blind. I guess we've both wanted a piece of each other.”

“I guess...”

“You're not going to tell your mom, are you?” he whispered.

“No, Daddy,” she whispered back. “I won't tell Mom.”

He continued the shallow thrusts at a leisurely pace allowing them to invent sleazy porn dialogue for their depraved audience. May wondered if calling it *'that pussy'* was his way of separating *her* from the genitalia he so eagerly indulged in. Whatever the case, the director approved their improv well enough to let it flow without calling cut. August dipped his stick in the Girl Scout's cookie jar and let the cameras know how much he loved it.

Following the script, he flipped her onto her hands and knees, her pink shoes hanging off the edge of the bed. August raised her skirt and pulled her panties halfway down her parted thighs. When he entered her from behind, Snap was lying on the bed with his camera

zoned in on her face, capturing her eyes and mouth growing wide at the precise moment Daddy pierced her cunt. May hadn't exaggerated either, shocked at how much larger he felt from the rear. At least she didn't have to look her father in the eye while he fucked her.

And boy, did he fuck her.

May couldn't imagine what kind of horridly unsteady footage was being recorded with her bent-over body rocking the entire bed, her face jerking to and fro Snap's handheld camera. Big, hanging breasts swung between her arms and her long pigtails dangled loose until August grabbed them both and tugged her head back. His lean, muscular torso appeared in the shot behind her, rocking back and forth to the sounds of her ass cheeks getting clapped.

"Fuck!" April cried. "Daddy, aah! You're so deep!"

"Unh! Yeah!" He grunted. "Act like a cock-loving whore and that's exactly what you're gonna get! A big –" He thrust. Pulled back. "Hard." Thrusted again. "Cock!" He sheathed himself to the hilt and held put inside her, almost deep enough to rearrange her organs, certainly deep enough to rearrange her facial features, fixing her visage in a crimson cross-eyed ahogao.

The whole thing... it all... fit. How...? She could feel his sack kissing her nether lips as it hung out of her plugged entrance. He barely gave her a breath to get accustomed to utter fullness before sliding back and ramming her to the hilt once more, ripping a shrill cry from her lungs. *Arceus!* And again, another sharp thrust. Every inch of her cavity filled with swift vengeance, punctuated by the rippling smack of his pelvis against her bare butt. Her daddy taught her to take it like the woman she pretended to be and, sure enough, the pain receded with each full-length thrust and mingled with the pleasure of being stretched to her limits and pumped unceremoniously.

"Yeah, that's it," August said, "That's a good little Girl Scout slut. Daddy's gonna get all his money's worth for them cookies."

"Yes – hnguuh!" she grunted as he thrust. "Yes, Daddy!"

He moved both ends of her pigtails into his left hand so that, while he tugged, he could use his right to slap her ass. Apparently, he hadn't been satisfied with the hiding he'd given her on the couch, that or he'd grown addicted to his palm bouncing off her taut round

cheeks. Amidst fucking her doggy and calling her “Daddy’s little slut”, he spanked her sporadically between thrusts.

And it kind of felt... good? Deserved? Mostly somewhere in between.

To be so completely humbled and put in her place by her father. May *had* strayed from her morals in the pursuit of money and she harboured no doubt any one of those boys she’d ran into, given the means and opportunity to get away with it, would’ve done no worse to her than her father was right now.

The little perverts would never know it but, one by one, their grubby faces flashed across her eyes with each spank, their comeuppance dished out hot and spicy from her father’s palm. She’d teased them to oblivion; their young susceptible minds stood no chance against her eyepopping, nostril-erupting bust, and she’d pranced away richer for it, untouched, untouched until now. How they’d cheer if they could see the same breasts she had flashed before them swinging wildly long past the five seconds they could afford, the same cameltoe she’d teased stripped bare and ploughed right through its phat lips. Her dad put such thorough might into fucking her it felt as though he injected their unrequited lust in each thrust, slamming ‘that pussy’ for all the little nitwits who never could. Heck, she doubted even Big Bruce would’ve been this aggressive if he’d gotten his way with her up against that tree, and he certainly wasn’t working with the same hammering rod battering her cunt right now. May took the hard pounding in reluctant memory of her supposed victims and grew to welcome the lingering sting of her cheeks getting slapped.

Fucked ragged, she fell onto the side of her face, with her ass still propped up and her father’s torso pumping away in the shot. Between his laboured grunts, August talked up how “fucking amazing” and “super tight” her “little Girl Scout nookie” was, and April’s “oh, God, don’t stop, Daddy” utterances got muffled in the sheets. Snap lay on his side and brought the camera so close to her jerking face, her panting fogged the lens.

Just when May thought the discipline couldn’t get more intense, her dad grabbed her by the waist and hoisted her ass up higher, her skirt completely spilling onto her arched back. He gripped her sides tightly and rammed his cock through her stretched hole with monstrous speed and overwhelming depth. A chorus of shrill, ear-piercing cries joined the rapid claps of her ass cheeks. That long, hard dick of his punched past her G-spot in quick succession,

hitting depths Brendan never had, and probably never could. Within seconds of the upturn in intensity, her body shuddered with the tell-tale signs of another climax.

“Aah, aah, aah! Ooooh! Daddy!” she squeaked out the side of her mouth. “You’re gonna make me – hoooh aaah – you’re, huaaa, gonna –”

“What?” Mr August barked. “Speak up!” He barely slowed down to give her ass a hard slap. “You’re gonna what?”

“Mmmph!! I’m gonna... gonna...”

“Gonna what?” He egged her on to say it.

In her fucked-silly daze, May forgot the cameras they had to play to. “I’m gonna –”

“Louder, baby girl. C’mon!” He shoved it in deep as he could.

“Aah, fuck!” May blurted out. “I’m... I’m gonna cum...”

“What?” He stuck his thumb in her butt.

“I’M GONNA FUCKING CUM!”

Anyone within a hundred metre radius of Marc’s Fun House would’ve heard her high-pitched announcement. As if screaming the words suddenly granted her permission, May came through on her promise, surrendering to the most powerful orgasm she’d experienced yet, feet curling in her shoes, hands clawing at the sheets. And, most embarrassing of all, Snap was right there to capture every second of it, there to zoom in on her flushed features the moment her face contorted and her eyes rolled to the back of her skull. To think, somewhere someone out there was going to get a close-up of her fuck-face mid-orgasm, tongue hanging out and all. Perhaps, it was only slightly less embarrassing than knowing it was her father who’d evoked such a reaction.

“Wow,” Snap said. He stood up off the bed and regarded his camera as if he’d captured the footage of a lifetime. “That was hot.”

He’d have to forgive her for not being enthused that a bunch of strangers just watched her cum hard from getting railed by her father. While she lay sprawled out on her front recuperating, Mr August fell onto the bed beside her, equally exhausted if his rising chest was

anything to go by. The filming crew allowed them a moment to breathe but they both knew it wouldn't be a wrap until the director secured his coveted money shot.

Snap suggested May help her dad recover his stiffness, to be his fluffer, after the downtime softened him somewhat. "Use those." He pointed at her breasts. Then simulated her taking the crop top off completely. May pulled it over her head, shy despite the fact her big breasts had already been hanging out of her skimpy attire. "Hold on, that can stay." Snap pointed at the 'Cookie Girl' sash looped across her shoulder and torso. "Awesome. And let's put this back on." He placed the green beret hat atop her head, then awarded her topless 'Girl Scout' look two thumbs up. "Perfect. Ready?"

No. I look silly in this! Then again, what *wasn't* silly about porn?

Nestling her chest between her father's legs, May avoided eye contact until Snap counted them down to action.

May turned into April and April took August into her bosom. She hid her gaze in his washboard abs as she massaged his sandwiched dick back to life. It didn't take long either. She didn't know what to make of her own dad becoming so hurriedly rigid from the hug of his daughter's breasts. More impressive still was his stamina. She thought Dennis had been exaggerating his praise but her dad truly exhibited some masterful control of his release. The only other boy she'd tried it with would've nudded halfway into doggy and that was if he'd made it past one of her zestful blowjobs. Perhaps, in another lifetime, her dad would've done well taking a stab in this industry.

Did I... just admit my dad is great at sex?

She couldn't unthink it, couldn't ignore him throbbing in her bosom. Norman Jr had woken up alright. Her pussy tingled past the soreness of its recent pounding. Sheesh, who knew Daddy's dick could make her so insatiable? Nonetheless, her loins got a chance to cool as this part of the film required little more than a tit massage.

"Hey," he muttered, "Look up, sweetie. Daddy wants to see those pretty blue eyes."

April dragged her gaze from his abs, up his chiselled chest, and met his enamoured expression looking up from the pillow. She squished her fat tits together whilst rubbing up and down his veiny erection. So much dick to cover. Too much, in fact, without a portion of

upper shaft and cock-head sticking out her cleavage. But August had a solution for making that disappear, too.

“Suck it,” he ordered his daughter. “Put those pretty little lips around Daddy’s cock and work that tongue, sweetie.” He gently tugged down on her pigtails and she lowered her mouth onto the bulbous tip poking north of her mounds. “Aaaaah, yes! That’s a good girl.”

April fed off her father’s encouragement and bobbed her head in tandem with her breast strokes. She swept her tongue round the circumference of his knob. He grunted in pleasure, Daddy’s little girl doing him proud. May couldn’t stop thinking about what he said earlier, about noticing her body mature from childhood, about longing to get his hands on her developing breasts. If it was true, this must’ve been heaven for him, completely enveloped in his teenage daughter’s bust, the envy of boys her age. He clung to her pigtails and thrustled through her snug tits, straight up her mouth between her hollowed cheeks. *GUCK, GUCK, GUCK!* Gods was Daddy thick. He force-fed her cock until he tired from thrusting his hips, then laid back with further instructions.

“Sit on it.”

April loved the way it felt in her mouth so much she couldn’t wait to straddle him. Adrenaline dulled the soreness in May’s pussy as her insatiable alter-ego lowered herself onto Daddy’s pillar of meat. Plenty of natural lubricant accompanied the stretch around his girth and it proved even more pleasurable than the first time. April sighed when she finally got to the bottom. But the job wasn’t done there.

“Ride it.”

How was she supposed to do that when her womb felt so bloated she could hardly move? August trusted her to figure it out and again ordered her to “start riding”. He slapped the side of her ass hoping to jumpstart her momentum. The whole filming crew was waiting on her.

“C’mon. Giddyap. We haven’t got all day you know? Ride that fucking dick like your Girl Scout badge depends on it.”

“Okay, Daddy.”

April cared about acquiring her Rufflet Girl Scout badge as much as May cared about winning Contest Ribbons. She channelled that energy into her character and raised herself high enough that only about half his cock remained lodged inside her. Without abandoning her sense of fullness, she rocked her hips to the more digestible length of manhood, quickly adopting a tempo that had him moaning at her dexterity.

“Fuck yeah!” He grunted. “Ngh! Keep going, baby! Just like that!”

She planted her sweaty hands on his chest for balance. “Unh! Ooh Daddy,” she whined, “it’s so frigging big!” So big she had to slow down to walking pace.

“Of course it is! Why do you think – aah – your mom’s stuck around all these years?”

Gosh, does he really have to bring up Mom while I’m on top of him? Yes, it was part of the script, but they’d kind of been playing it fast and loose anyway. Icky as it might’ve been, May had to accept she had now become a part of her parents’ sex life, become privy to details she might not have wanted to hear. She couldn’t let it distract her from the incestuous Girl Scout she had to play. “I don’t – mmmm – I don’t blame her... it’s so amazing...”

“Yeah? You like riding Daddy’s cock while Mommy’s away?”

“Mhm...”

“Ooh, you little slut.”

“And you – hnggg – you like fucking your – ooh – fucking your teenage daughter?”

“Oh yeah,” August said, breathlessly. “Your pussy’s fucking incredible. Sure you weren’t a virgin?”

May genuinely chuckled. He sure made her feel that way the moment his thick cock prried her cheating cunt open. Brendan took her virginity but her dad introduced her hole to a new world. “I’m sure, Daddy. You’re just so big.”

“And you’re so unbelievably tight.”

“Ngh, yeah?”

“Oh yeah. Much tighter than your Mom.”

May blushed. “Daddy...”

“What? It’s true. Those young tits are much fatter and perkier, too. Look at them go. So fucking sexy. You’re bigger than your mother ever was, you know?”

Not that May was comparing bra sizes but, yes, she had noticed at some point in her development. Still, it was useless information she never imagined would amount to anything, or be brought up by her father in the vein of comparing her to his wife, to the very woman that gave birth to her. May knew he was only saying it for the cameras but hearing him even vaguely imply she might be a better lay than her mother put an odd sensation in the pit of her stomach. She and Norman had already crossed the line with their bodies; was there still a line with their words?

“Well, you’re the biggest I’ve had, too,” April said, avoiding veering further from that potential line.

“Mmmmm... my nasty little Girl Scout loves big dicks like a little slut, huh?”

“Mhm!”

“Say it.”

“I love riding big dicks like a little slut.”

Mr August grinned and caressed the side of her face. “Yes, you are. *My* little slut.” He slipped his thumb between her panting lips and May read the cue to suck on it. “Fuck,” he whispered, “you’re so hot, baby girl. Looks like Daddy raised the perfect little skank. Oops. I guess no father is perfect, huh? But you are. Perfect for me. I made you... perfect for me. I love the way that pussy grips my cock so tightly. I want it all,” he muttered hotly. “I want it all right now.”

He stuck his hands up her teeny skirt, clutched her waist and slammed her all the way down his rod. May squealed in surprise, an explosion of pain and pleasure shooting up her muff. Norman cried at her sudden tightness engulfing him whole. He couldn’t get enough of his daughter’s hot snatch.

“Give me all that pussy!” He pulled her up and slammed her back down.

“AAH!”

“Argh, yeah! Like Daddy’s huge cock?”

“Yeah, Daddy! I love it!”

“Then take it all, slut!” He slammed her down again.

“HNNGAAH!” Every slam felt as though it split her pussy in two. And yet, April cried out from the consequent pleasure. “Yes, Daddy! I’ve been a bad girl. Teach that naughty pussy a lesson!”

Mr August grunted as he impaled his own flesh and blood. He trained her young cooch to take him all, one deep plunge at a time.

A quick learning slut, the Girl Scout was soon dropping on her own, impaling herself down her tight middle. Snap captured a shot from her rear, where the back of her pleated skirt fluttered about her bouncing ass, while Norman’s headcam afforded the director a shared view of her large breasts jiggling overhead. April didn’t let anything stop her pleasure-inducing groove, not even May’s thought some creep would enjoy a first-person perspective of her riding them for all they were worth. From stripping for random strangers to fucking her dad raw in front of an intimate crowd; May really had turned herself into a spectacle, her metamorphism into April nearly complete.

“Ooooh yeahhh!” she cried out to the ceiling. Who knew dad-dick could be this good? No, it was great. It was *‘I don’t give a fuck who’s watching me whore out’* great. The type of dick that made one lose their senses, forsake blood boundaries, dig their claws into Daddy’s chest and ride him absolutely ragged, hitting spots she hadn’t hit in months of humping hotel pillows.

After a rigorous burst of cowgirling her horse-dick father, May doubled over, catching herself a foot from collapsing onto his chest. Their eyes locked and they exchanged hot, heavy breaths. The unexpected proximity froze them in place. No awkwardness this time. Though May couldn’t tell if it was because they’d dissolved into their characters or if they’d fucked the awkwardness out of the situation. Were these August’s or Norman’s eyes leering at her lips so hungrily? Whatever decency had kept them apart the last time they drew this close was lost somewhere between him eating her pussy and her bouncing on his cock. April threw her face onto his and an urgent kiss set their lips alight.

If you’d just walked into the room, you’d be forgiven for thinking long-lost lovers were reuniting right before your eyes, for no father and daughter made out with the passion

exhibited by Mr August and April. Heads turning, lips meshing, he gladly accepted the tongue she plunged down his face and groped her ass so hard it parted her cheeks, giving the camera a peek at her pink little asshole. They put their hands all over each other like horny teens that had snuck off at a party. Snap, Dennis and Alice all exchanged bemused looks that said, 'hey, this kissing and make-out session isn't part of the script, is it?' Even the director shrugged his shoulders. Hot footage was hot footage and the cameras kept rolling.

It seemed strange, perhaps, that kissing could feel more intimate than engaging in penetrative sex, but May truly felt as much when he wrapped his big, strong arm around her back and deepened their lip-lock. He kissed her like she'd never seen him kiss her mom. Maybe her parents reserved that kind of passion for behind closed doors, considering the pecks they shared in front of her and Max were often met with a collective 'ew!' Oh, Max, if he ever saw what she and Dad were getting up to now...

Snap practically had to pull them apart and move them on to the next position in the script. May sat on her haunches facing his camera while Norman repeatedly shoved his meaty phallus up her tight channel. His dick stood so tall that even when his butt was on the bed, his cock-head remained inside her. Several inches of shaft disappeared in her skirt with each upwards thrust. Snap had her lift the pleated hem, divulging explicit visuals of her plump pussy getting stretched and pummelled by her dad's upswinging ballsack. Her pleasurable moans only added to the soundtrack of smacking flesh.

Then May spotted something she least expected.

In the throes of sheathing her dad's cock, she inspired excitement in the form of a tent stretching Snap's pants. So much for being a consummate professional. After claiming he'd shot so many pornos nothing on set could ever turn him on, there he stood, his camera trained on her and, right beneath it, so too was his dick. Either Snap was a bad liar or he'd just discovered a guilty pleasure in watching family members bone one another. May wasn't put off, oddly enough. She read his coy boner as a salute to her performance. Heh. Did that make her the ultimate exhibitionist on Dytopiah?

For all the imprisonment she suffered trapped on this island, it pushed her to sexual liberation, to cultivating the erotic being lurking within, to celebrating her sinuous curves and bodacious bust. She'd walked into Marc's Fun House a timid guest and she'd be walking out a bona fide exhibitionist (if she could walk at all). May took the reins and squatted on his

pole at her own heated pace. The camera stared up at the undersides of her wobbly breasts hopping and dropping towards the viewer. Head bouncing, her beret hat slipped more and more off-centre. When the socially awkward photographer moved in to take his millionth snapshot, the same guilty bulge appeared in his trousers. Watching her peers get turned on watching her, got *her* turned on, too. May spread her legs wide and bounced on Daddy's cock shamelessly before their indulgent audience.

Mr August veered off script when he stood up from the bed and held April in the air clasped in a full nelson. He stunned them all with his strength, locking his fingers behind her head whilst his forearms kept her legs high and spread in V formation. Her tongue lolled out the side of her mouth as he fucked her senseless in mid-air. Needless to say, Brendan neither had the strength nor the height to ravage her with her feet this high off the floor, her pink panties dangling off a bobbing ankle. May always knew her mother was a strong woman but, wow, was she taking these kinds of poundings on a regular basis? She didn't know whether to feel sorry for her, or envious.

One of many powerful thrusts sent the Girl Scout's teetering hat clear off her head. Did wardrobe even matter at this point? Did the cameras? The script?

The would-be porn stars lost the plot in a red haze of passionate, athletic sex. May never doubted her daddy loved her, but boy, did he *love* her good, pistoning his hips upwards relentlessly. No boy would ever be good enough for his little girl and, after this savaging of her bald little pussy, it might've rung doubly true. How was she ever supposed to feel Brendan again? Or any normal-sized boy for that matter? Jaded, it hadn't been her will but her entanglement with August might not be so easily untangled by turning off the cameras. She'd never be able to turn off this memory for the rest of her life, the day her daddy wrecked her pussy in front of horny strangers, brought her to orgasm twice, and fucked her so good a third was near inevitable.

Norman dropped her onto the sheets then climbed on. He knelt where she spread her thighs and reinserted himself with urgency. Dennis stood to the side capturing stills of her desecration while Snap recorded the missionary sex from the opposite end. Per the latter's instructions, Norman clasped her above the wrists and pulled her arms down her sides. Her straightened biceps pushed her fat wobbling tits together, emphasising their lusciousness for the viewer as they jiggled up and down wildly from her father's momentous thrusts. His POV camera was certain to gift Marc's client the vicarious experience of fucking the naughty Girl

Scout hard, her scarcely clothed body rocking atop a pool of dispersed Pokédollars, a picture worth 200,000 words.

May had to admit, to herself at least, she'd completely forgotten about the money throughout several segments of filming. She'd forgotten if she was May or April. Was she fucking Mr August or Mr Petalburg City Gym Leader? Her very own dad? It felt... the same. The unexpectedly amazing dick disoriented her, blurred the script's lines amid reality's, drew April into May, May into April, and Mr August Norman ploughed through them both.

As the quaking bed squeaked beneath her, neither performer could remember their lines, or maintain the composure to utter any sound that wasn't an incoherent grunt or husky moan. Daddy pounded that teenage pussy like his life depended on it and, in certain ways, it did. He fucked her for freedom, filled her up, fulfilled their contract. This was what May begged for, what May desperately wanted, even if the road back home was through her pink puddle. Her pussy squelched for Daddy's cock, squelched amid high-pitched cries and compromised bed springs. The pleasure mounted in her core, shot to her extremities and then, she saw nothing but hot white.

Her pussy clamped hard on her daddy's dick as her back arched off the bed.

May's window-cracking cry rippled across the corn fields.

Seeing his daughter cum so hard for the third time finally pushed Norman over the edge. "Oh shit!" He pulled his cock out of her impossibly tight grip and female ejaculate sprayed his torso, clear droplets catching the bottom of his face. May covered her mouth with both hands, shocked and embarrassed watching herself squirt for the first time. She probably got some on the camera, too!

Norman blinked away the surprise spurt (as if it wasn't the first time he made a woman do that), pulled her hands away from her face, stroked his shaft a couple of times, then did her one better – blasted hot white ropes across her entire body, hitting everything from her tits to the headboard. His masculine essence proved a lot thicker, muskier, stickier as he returned the favour showering it all over her. Norman delivered the massive money shot Marc paid for, and then some, hosing down her face with so much DNA she had to screw her eyes and mouth shut to avoid consuming would-be brothers and sisters. Even as May lay there drowning in spunk, he squeezed and flicked his cock at her, emptying every last drop of his loaded scrotum.

May wiped the semen from her eyes when he finally backed off the bed. *Freaking hell, Dad... a little overkill?* Granted, she'd cum on him first.

"Wow," Dennis said.

"Wow," Snap agreed.

"Wow." Alice nodded with a frown.

The director stood up from his chair and May noticed he, too, sported a crass bulge. He initiated a slow clap. The rest of the filming crew joined in. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "That's a wrap!"

... 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 *bolobolo* and *kaito draws* 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=bolobolo>

<https://www.patreon.com/Kaitodraws>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.