

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.

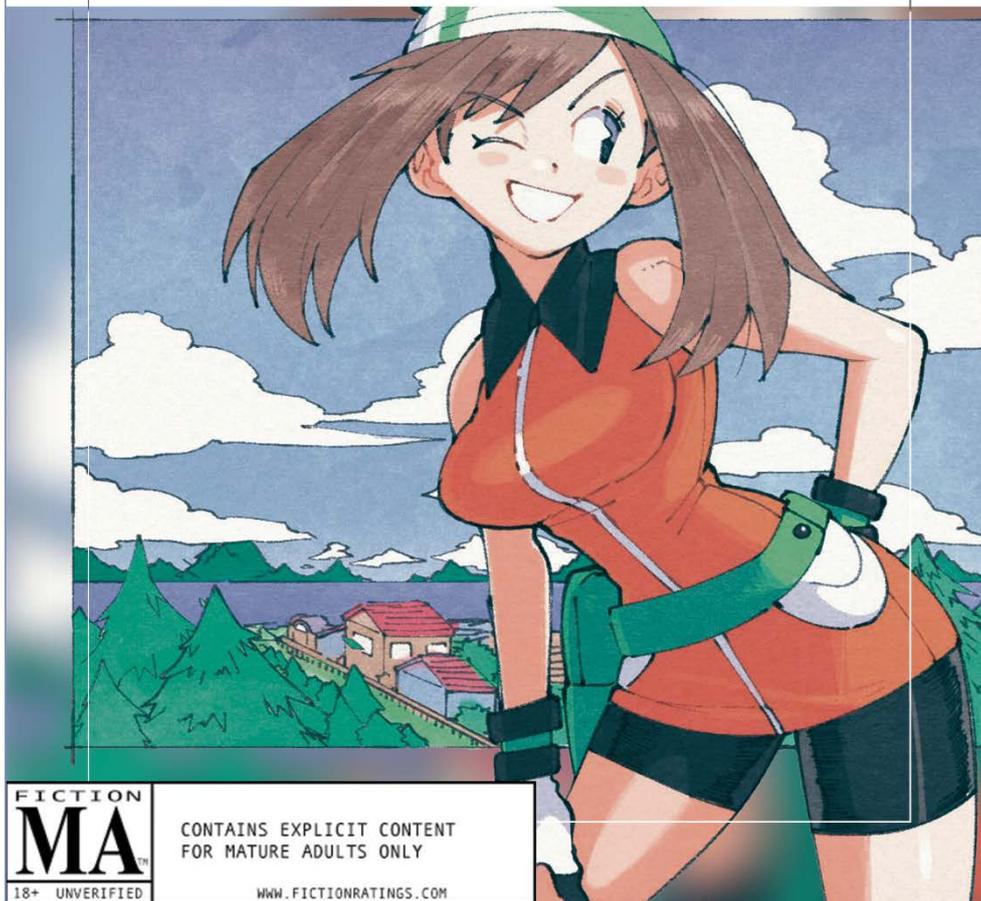
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

HO'ING FOR HOENN

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 11



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 11 – Family Matters

May stood by Norman at the negotiation table, clothed and decent once more, while Marc Stone sat in front of bodyguards reviewing the raw footage on a tablet. His headphones spared her and her father the embarrassment of hearing themselves in the throes of passion. Still, she tapped her foot anxiously, knowing the men on the other side of the table were poring over explicit visuals of their indecent acts.

What if Marc decided their performance wasn't good enough? Would he veto the contract? What if he asked them to reshoot the whole thing?

Every time Marc glanced up from the tablet to scan the pair of them, her tummy flipped, although his micro expressions were impossible to make heads or tails from. She wished she could be more like her father; Norman was statuesque, his expression stony, more annoyed than intimidated by what Marc Stone had in his possession. Her dad gave the impression he'd leap across the table if the shady entrepreneur did anything other than approve their efforts. Albeit, Marc didn't appear any more intimidated by her father than vice versa. A stalemate of sorts, but May and Norman knew deep down they were in check, and all the pieces truly laid in Marc Stone's favour.

A particular timestamp in the footage drew a smirk from him. It was unclear whether he liked whatever he saw or whether he relished the power he'd had in making them do whatever he saw. In any event, Marc Stone decided he'd seen enough. He turned off the tablet, took off his headphones and stood to his full height.

May clasped her shivery hand.

Norman drew in a huge breath.

Marc casually fastened a button on his expensive suit. He put a hand on the heavy briefcase then slid it across the table. "Impressive. You two exceeded all my expectations. A deal's a deal."

May let out a huge sigh of relief.

Norman's puffed-out chest deflated a little.

"It was a pleasure doing business with you." Marc extended his hand. "Consider your debt settled. You're free to go."

Norman didn't raise a finger, let alone legitimise their dealings with a handshake. He stared at Marc's open palm until the conceited mogul put it away.

May, too, harboured mixed emotions on the matter. On one hand, she was grateful Marc stayed true to his word and they'd be heading back to Hoenn at long last, but on the other, she absolutely despised what he'd made them go through to get there. She couldn't bring herself to utter the words 'thank you' but gave him a poised nod in reluctant acknowledgement.

"Well then," Marc said, a little taken aback by the lacklustre thanks, "whenever you're ready, have your people call my people, and I'll have the private jet fired up. Till next time..." He put on his violet shades. "Toodle-oo."

Before he could step away from the table, Norman broke his silence. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Marc turned to him. "Hm?"

"*Our* agreement."

"Oh! Yes." Marc pulled the odd-looking sapphire gemstone off his pinkie finger and placed it on top of the briefcase. "To be honest, I've hardly cared for the unsightly thing. I've only kept it this long because possessing it is a thorn in my brother's side. Perhaps, it's high time I ascended above that anyway. Do with the rock as you may."

Norman pocketed the large ring. "Oh, I will."

May was just as confused about his interest in the chiselled stone as she had been when he first brought it up as a make-or-break condition to signing the contract. Whatever

its significance, the ring had clearly played a role in pushing him off the fence. She'd have to remember to ask him about it sometime. For now, the only thing looping through her mind was 'home sweet fricking home!'

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Norman knocked over a box of old brittle papers teetering on the edge of an office desk. He hadn't seen it behind his elbow when he spun around scanning the room. The sudden thump and flutter of papers startled him in the deathly silence. This abandoned building was creepy enough without scaring himself halfway to hell. He supposed that was part of the reason Zinnia chose it for her base of operations. Who else would be eccentric enough to call this place home?

Speaking of that sexy, ass-kicking oddball, where was she anyway? "Zinnia? You here?" He called out to nothing. "Zinnia?" He sensed no movement, no footsteps crunching on paper, no shifting shadows emerging from the corners. "Of course you're not here. You're probably out there doing... whatever the hell it is you do."

No matter. Norman found a clean sheet of paper and fished a pen out of a broken drawer.

Hi Zinnia,

It's me, your favourite stalkee. Yeah, I'm still alive. Somehow. Turns out avoiding Hyper Beams is actually good for your health. Don't say I never listened to you.

On a serious note, I'm writing this to let you know I finally found a way to repay you for all the times you saved my life out here. Remember that slippery, little Key Stone you've been turning this region upside-down hunting for?

Yeah, I found it.

You won't believe where and what I had to do to get it but, anyway, the important thing is I got it. By the time you read this letter, I'll probably be halfway across the globe, far away from this blasted shithole. Come find me in Hoenn. My daughter and I finally found our ticket back home! I swear to protect this Key Stone with my life until you take it off my hands. Hey, maybe you'll even get to meet May.

Anyway, I know you're not one for words so I'll keep this short and sweet and end it here.

Thank you for everything. My children still have a father thanks to you, and my wife a husband. A rash, boneheaded husband at times but a husband nonetheless! I hope you find yourself someone special, too, someday. I'll always consider you a part of our family.

Be well. Stay strong. I'll catch you in Hoenn.

Yours truly, Norman.

He reread the letter twice and corrected spelling mistakes before dropping his pen. The thought of leaving her the Key Stone somewhere in this building did occur to him, but he didn't want to risk the off-chance of some vagrant stumbling upon his note and beating her to it. He ransacked the room for Sellotape and stuck the letter on the office door, impossible to miss the next time she returned to the premises.

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"No shit?? You better not be pulling my leg, man! You better not be pulling my fucking leg! Tell me he ain't pulling my leg??"

May chuckled at Jake's restrained optimism and utter disbelief. "My dad's not pulling your leg. We really do have a private jet waiting to fly us all back to Hoenn."

"What?! OH YEAH!" Jake leapt and punched the air. "You guys... man!" Emotion welling up his eyes, he squeezed May and Norman in a suffocating embrace that lasted nearly as long as their time on Dytopiah. "You hear that, buddy?" He ran back to Skarmory under the bridge and wrapped his arms around the bird's steely neck. "We're going home! We're gonna get you all fixed up!"

The flying-type raised its one good wing and bayed at the heavens.

May and Norman couldn't help beam from contagious mirth. Their sacrifice wouldn't go down in vain.

After what felt like hours of Jake running in circles shouting 'woo-hoo!' like a madman under a bridge, the celebratory atmosphere took an awkward turn when he stopped

to ask, “How did y’all get freaking Marc Stone to let us hitch a ride on his private jet? Didn’t you steal dude’s watch?”

Norman gave a sheepish laugh.

May looked down and itched the back of her neck.

“Uh,” Norman said, before swinging an arm around Jake’s shoulders. “Who cares, man? We’re heading home! That’s a story for another day. Besides, I’d have to kill you if I told you.”

“Is that right...?” Everything turned quiet and serious for a moment, then Jake suddenly burst out laughing. “Then don’t tell me shit! Whatever you did, man, good work. Let’s get the fuck up outta here already!”

May and Norman snuck each other glances of relief. They could only pray everybody else would be as easily diverted from the details.

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May leaned against the window watching shapeless puffs drift across the night sky. All the arm space, leg room and luxury Marc Stone afforded them couldn’t put her mind to rest. They were halfway through a twelve-hour flight, halfway back home, and she hadn’t managed a blink of sleep. Instead, she was subjected to a myriad of thoughts and emotions, and Jake’s raucous snores from the other side of plane. The poor man was exhausted. They all were. The last seven months took chunks out of their lives. But it was all behind them now. Some thousand miles behind them. So why had May let her anxieties sneak onto the plane with her?

Maybe this was all just part of the hangover from Dytopiah. Maybe all she needed was a good night’s rest in her own bed and she’d wake up to her old life. Maybe then she’d be prepared to look at Brendan and her mother in the eye without feeling like the biggest bag of Miltank excrement.

“Hey.”

May started. Looked over her shoulder. “Hey...”

It was her dad standing in the aisleway, fatigue set in his ghoulish features. “Can’t sleep either, huh?”

May shook her head solemnly. “Nope.”

He sighed. “May I?” He gestured towards the seat beside her.

“Sure.” She sat up from her slump and scooted to make room for him, although there was plenty already.

They stared ahead carrying weary expressions. A thick wall of silence held between them, but she didn’t have to glance over to feel the same thoughts torturing him. Stripped bare of their on-screen counterparts, they’d barely spoken a word since filming concluded, neither knowing where to start the conversation. Was their father-daughter relationship still salvageable? Less than a dozen hours ago he was literally *inside* her and gushing about how incredible it felt. May rubbed her thighs together under the thin blanket as a lingering reminder of his girth pulsed in her core.

Norman spared her from broaching the awkwardness and spoke the first words. “We had to.”

May looked down at the twiddling fingers in her lap. “Yeah.”

His chest heaved in her peripheral vision with a heavy exhale. “A lot of people wouldn’t understand. It’s a good thing they don’t have to.” Jake’s snores filled the precarious silence that followed. “I’m proud of you.”

She furrowed her brow. “Really?” A strange thing for a father to say after not only witnessing his daughter’s porn debut, but being a part of it.

“Yeah.” He laughed, the irony not lost on him. “You did good.”

She did? In what way? Her tenacity, her hustle... her performance? “Thanks, I guess?”

“I love you, May. It doesn’t have to be awkward between us,” he said, staring straight ahead. “We’re going to get plenty of that with other people. Might be too soon right now but I want you to know if you ever feel like talking about it, you can always come to me. I mean, quite frankly, who else can we confide in besides each other?”

He was right. They wouldn't dare tell anyone about their incestual antics, let alone their sex tape's existence. Perverse as it ended, their doomed father-daughter vacation brought them closer together in a roundabout way, trapped them in a bond of secrecy they prayed would last a lifetime.

"Hey," Norman said. "It'll all be okay." He put his hand over hers in an innocuous gesture that often comforted her, only this time there was a static to his touch, a heat that charged her cheeks and zapped her extremities. She pulled her hand back, her blush deepening. Norman gave an awkward laugh. "Oh, right." He put forth his fist for a bump instead. "Maybe we're better off starting here."

"Heh. Maybe." She effected the proposed fist bump. Perhaps their relationship needed more than mending, a rebuild from the bottom up. They could only grow from strength to strength from here on out. Feeling her father present and hearing him say he'd have her back was all the assurance she'd longed for.

May took in the big, wide world outside her window, the golden rivers of city lights waving them back to civilisation, and her chest swelled with hopefulness. Was that Kalos or Sinnoh stretching to the brink of the horizon below them? Was that bright arrangement of circular lights the Super Contest Hall in Hearthome City or her eagerness to recognise landmarks drawing them closer and closer to home?

"Hey, Dad, do you think that's –" She stopped mid-sentence upon turning and discovering her father fast asleep with his arms crossed and his head lolled back against the seat. She gave a small warm smile. "Sweet dreams, Dad." Then whispered, "Love you, too." She turned back to her window with a yawn.

May didn't remember what happened next; one second she was leaning her temple against the window searching for Jubilife City amongst the pool of lights, the next she woke up with her head laying on her father's shoulder. Despite her grogginess, she gathered exactly what time of day it was when her line of sight caught her dad's unmistakable morning glory. Unbeknownst to her, Norman woke up equally surprised to find himself staring down his daughter's blouse, her milky cleavage peering up from within.

"We're home!"

May and Norman both jumped at the sound of Jake's voice. She shuffled away from her father sheepishly as Jake bum-rushed their window and pointed at a bustling port town down below. "Look! Slateport City!"

"You're right," Norman said, rubbing his eyes as he stood to look over Jake and May's heads. "Home sweet home."

May recognised the port town immediately, having ridden her bike back and forth between Petalburg and Slateport on several occasions. She wasn't sure where the plane would touchdown but they wouldn't be more than a few hours away from home.

Finally.

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"Coming!" Max shouted from the other side of the door.

May's heart was pounding through her chest.

Although he'd sounded annoyed at the doorbell interrupting whatever he'd been doing before it rang, her little brother looked anything but after opening the front door. His jaw dropped, frozen, as though someone had paralysed him with a Freeze Shock attack in the doorway. He might as well have been staring at two ghosts. May's face was brimming with emotion; her, too, unable to move, unable to speak. She could swear he'd gotten a whole foot taller! Had they been gone seven months or seven years?

"Hey, buddy," Norman said from behind May, holding his composure. "Long time, no see. Been holding the fort down while I've been gone?"

When Max finally picked his jaw off the floor and raised his spectacles from the tip of his bony nose, all he could do was shout at the top of his lungs. "Mom! Come quick! Dad..." he added sombrely, disbelief in his tenor, "Dad and May are back."

They all heard Caroline drop and break whatever she was holding. Her footsteps came rushing with more urgency than a stampede of Tauros. A tear had already wet her cheek by the time she reached the door and, once she'd visually confirmed the news, she shoved her way onto the welcome mat and threw her arms around her long-lost husband and daughter. The floodgates burst open as both May and Caroline broke down into sobs and

tears. Her mom squeezed her so tightly it felt like her innards might implode. Norman planted a kiss on his wife's forehead as a tear rolled down his cheek. He pulled Max into the familial embrace and for several solemn minutes, they stayed huddled on the welcome mat wrapped in each other's arms.

Max reached for the only piece of luggage on their person. "Let me take that for you."

Norman firmed his grip on the briefcase. "That's all right, son. I got this." He winked.

Max found his overprotectiveness a little curious but he wasn't one to pick a fight with his father. After prodding and commenting on the hollowness of Dad's cheeks, Mom bustled inside and beseeched them to follow suit as if she intended to prepare something to restore their fullness straight away. Max hopped in right behind her, yelling back to the returnees, "I can't believe you're not dead! You guys need to tell us *everything* that happened!"

May looked up at their neighbours' upstairs window with wariness in her eyes.

"Hey," Norman said softly.

May looked down to her side and found he'd extended a supportive hand. She clasped it in her own. They inspired brave smiles of one another and, together, walked into their home, walked into whatever trials and misadventures life had in store for them next.

THE END

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

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If you'd like to show your appreciation in the form of a donation, please feel free to do so here: lemonzsauce.com/donate

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Special credit goes to *inkerton-kun* 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://danbooru.donmai.us/posts?page=2&tags=inkerton-kun>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.