

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 3



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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 3 – The Day March Came After April

May grasped the bottom of her massive bra, shut her eyes, took a deep breath, then hauled it all the way up, all the way till her heavy, mountainous breasts flopped out. This boy might've lasted a split-second longer than the first before a powerful nosebleed sent him hurtling backwards. She scooped up her 100 Pokédollars and hurried away from the scene while he remained incapacitated.

The thrill of getting away with it, again, rushed through her veins and danced in her heart. How was she doing this? Pristine banknotes glittered in her eyes. They smelt like freedom, like another night away from that toxic Pokémon Centre. May hugged and kissed the cash before tucking it away. Life could be so amazing in the simplest of ways.

She hadn't walked 30 yards before another boy pointed a challenging finger at her from across the wooded clearing. The thought crossed her mind. No way. It couldn't possibly work *again*... could it?

One little chat and one little wink later, May's perky chest was fully out in the open, and her would-be challenger landed firmly on his head. Another hundred raised her balance to over ₺200, more money than she'd ever had on her since arriving at Dyttopiah. And it all happened in the space of two flashes.

When May lay in bed with a full stomach that night (an actual bed once more), she stared at the ceiling interrogating what had afforded her the luxury. Was she really wrong for taking those kids' money? She'd always laid down the rules meticulously, never forced anyone to do anything and always delivered her end of the bargain. They were willing and able to pay for something she could offer. That was just how the free market worked, right?

She turned on her side and stared blankly at the curtain. Then why did she still have misgivings about the whole thing?

As a child, her parents had drilled into her that if she ever considered doing something she wouldn't openly tell them, then she probably shouldn't have been doing that something. This recent development definitely fit those criteria. She wasn't proud of baring her chest to complete strangers and she promised herself she'd stop, preferably before either her mom or dad found out.

May rolled onto her other side and stared at the wall. Then again, it wasn't exactly like she was hurting anybody? Besides the boys suffering lumps on their heads perhaps, but that was neither here nor there and not her direct doing. They knew what they were paying for and they were at that age where they probably spent half their time ogling boobs in dirty magazines anyway. If Dytopiah unrestricted internet access to its people, May had no doubt these little scoundrels would be scouring the web for all sorts of sordid content. As it were, their lack of available said content was probably what bolstered the appeal of her assets; that, and the fact they got to see them in real time, in real life. Sooner or later, most of these boys would have girlfriends and be interacting with boobs all the time. What was the harm in her giving a little five second, hands-off preview?

She rolled onto her back and stared through the darkness. It was a win-win. May *needed* the money. Over and above survival, the whole point of pokémon battling had been to raise funds so they could afford Skarmory's medical treatment and soar back home. In two days, May had progressed further towards that goal than she had in six months. If she kept things simple, diligent and surreptitious, there was no telling how much more she could raise in a few weeks. By her estimation, she could acquire her half of their goal within the next month and a half!

Hoenn was calling her to do just that. Home was calling her. Her mom. Her brother. Her boyfriend. She missed everything about home.

This... this could be their golden ticket back.

May counted Pokédollar signs instead of Mareep that night, though it did the opposite of soothing her into slumber.

Her venture into Route 304 the next morning had nothing to do with pokémon battles. May had a gameplan, a mental list of indicators to identify potential targets. They had to be male, obviously. Not too tall, or strong-looking; she wouldn't risk anyone overpowering her whilst she stood there topless and vulnerable. Not too old, because... ew. Also, she assumed the more experienced the male, the less they'd be impressed seeing a pair of breasts and not getting to do more. May didn't want to spend half her time bickering with creepy adults on why they couldn't have 'just one quick squeeze'. Her ideal candidate would be a teenage male, preferably a couple of years younger than her, fairly inexperienced with women and easily excitable.

Kind of like the boy she just spotted having his Pansage pluck Occa Berries from a tall tree.

May readjusted her hair and attire as she scouted her target from afar. First impressions could make all the difference and, for the first time in her life, she aimed to draw attention to her larger-than-average bosom. Her tight-fitting, scarlet vest emphasised the roundness of her fully-developed chest, pushing her puffed-out mounds together whilst practically presenting her entire cleavage. May had bought a bigger-more-comfortable bra but strategically left it in her rented room; anyone who so much as glanced in her direction could not miss the big nipple imprints calling their attention. Besides the beguiling aesthetic, it would be easier to expose herself with one less article in the way. She stood up straight with her shoulders back and her chest pushed out (not that it needed any more pushing out), then set upon her first target for the day.

She knew she won him over the instant his eyes drifted to her snug top and the Occa Berries in his palm spilt onto the ground. Dressing up for the part hadn't prevented self-consciousness from creeping up whenever someone ogled her so blatantly. The sooner she concluded the transaction, the better. And no sooner than a minute later, her bare breasts spilt out of her raised vest. The boy was left groaning in a pile of Occa Berries and a pocket short of 100 Pokédollars.

Wow, that was easy!

May flashed her next two targets in similar fashion. Ka-ching, ka-ching. Why hadn't she thought of this from the start? She could've spared her overworked Skitty so much

punishment and earned more profit than if she'd actually won those battles. Oh well, better late than never.

The next boy was desperate to peek at her womanly wonders but he'd only had ₶65 on him. She told him no. He dropped to his knees and begged with tears in his eyes, whining about how he'd been on a demoralising losing streak all day. She couldn't imagine how the sight of her breasts would turn his luck around in any way, but hey, some people found inspiration in the strangest of places. ₶65 was still a good amount for less than five seconds' worth of work. The young boy lost his mind when her huge breasts dropped out to say hello. He should've lost all his money, too, but May pitied him enough to leave behind ₶15.

"Whoa... are those real?" said a stupefied boy wearing a bright orange graphic tee. He hadn't blinked once at the protruding chest pushed in his face.

"Uh, yup." May rubbed the back of her head sheepishly. Why did people always ask her that? "As real as the hair on your head!"

"Whoa... really?" Somehow, he managed to stare even harder, drooling from one side of his mouth. "Can you, like, jiggle them a little? Just so I can see? Pretty please?"

"Jiggle them a little?" May raised her brow. Now she had to prove the authenticity of her bosom? He was asking for more than she'd offered so it was only fair, "You'll have to pay a little extra."

His hand shot up immediately clutching 250 Pokédollars over his head.

"Whoa!" May said, taken aback. "Okay then..."

Although she apparently had all the 'right attributes' (according to her biased boyfriend), May never once felt she knew how to be sexy. She'd struggle to pull off a half decent two-step, let alone move her body with any sort of seductive grace. He put up the money though. There was no backing out now.

May sort of shuffled her shoulders, moving one forward and the other back, then vice versa, alternating in an awkward, rhythmless cadence. "Um... like this?" She felt sillier and sillier the longer it went on.

Surprisingly, her clumsy attempt appeared to have satisfied her customer; so engrossed, all he could do was nod his head and grunt encouragement. May carried on

despite her uneasiness. Her breasts were so big and bouncy, even the slightest shoulder movement had them wobbling left and right, dragging the snug vest with them, his beady eyes chasing after her swaying nipple imprints. Somehow it was working; her rhythmless chest had him mesmerised. When May decided he'd had his money's worth, she lifted her stuffed top and an instant nosebleed propelled him into round bushes.

By mid-afternoon, she'd gratified eight suckers – er, eight customers – and made upwards of ₺750! She was so thrilled she could scream. And she did in the shower that evening, much to the bemusement of Skitty lounging on the inn's bed.

It was torturous holding in her exhilaration throughout lunch with her father. She dressed down and acted normal, doing her best not to invite questions about her recent activities. He looked worse for wear sat across the table, his hair an overgrown mess, stress heavy under his eyes and the same tracksuit top she'd seen him in four days ago, with a new rip under the right armpit. She felt guilty for the clothes she'd bought.

Norman may not have been a highly-regarded Gym Leader in Dytopiah, but the region hadn't stripped him of the grit and determination that earned him the title. He recounted how he'd sold loose cigarettes on the streets to scrape together a little over ₺320 in the last few days. Getting to their goal would be a slow, painstaking process, he reminded her, but they'd get to it. He alluded to having something big planned down the pipeline, something that could change their fortunes considerably, but wouldn't elaborate on the details until he pulled it off, lest he jinxed everything. Even in his beaten-up, rundown state, he'd constantly reach across the table and clasp her hand, imploring her to stay strong.

When he asked how things had gone since they last met, she trotted out her usual complaints about the Pokémon Centre and its horrid food, expressed her dying desires for a fresh pair of trainers and exaggerated the number of pokémon battles she'd won. "Ah!" He sounded very impressed. She kept her eyes down on her plate while he complimented her improving battle skills.

At the end of lunch, May offered to pay the entire bill. Not detailing the source of her income didn't mean she couldn't share some of her good fortune. He shot her a strange look. They usually split the bill. "Are you sure?" May nodded and was grateful he didn't ask any further questions, probably assumed pokémon battles had awarded her a little extra. They hugged and he complimented the fresh scent of her shampoo. "Is that new?" A simple "yeah"

satisfied his curiosities. They went their separate ways and she couldn't be more relieved to exhale all the guilt she'd been holding in.

May had grown to appreciate her time bustling in the woods. She didn't get a moment to criticise her life choices. It was all 'go, go, go!', titty drop after titty drop, nosebleed after nosebleed. She became disgustingly good at identifying targets and thirst trapping them till they handed over money.

On day 7, she turned up in a brand new, orange tunic, tighter than ever as it stretched across her prominent chest, and tiny, little bike shorts gripping her thighs. The boys loved it. Within her first hour traversing the woods, her zip came undone half a dozen times, her fat knockers knocking down little perverts like dominos. Although she told all the boys to keep their dealings to themselves, May figured some of them might've been gossiping when an overweight hiker skulked up behind her.

"Psst, psst!"

May jumped and took a step back, startled at how close he'd gotten without her realising. "Er, hello? Can I help you?"

"Yeah, yeah, I think so," he spoke very quickly and quietly as though he was nervous someone might catch him being somewhere he wasn't supposed to be. "You're her, right?"

May stuttered. "Wh-what?"

"Her? You know, the one putting on 'fun shows' in this neck of the woods?"

Crap! Building up a reputation was inevitable given her consistent rise in customers but she hadn't anticipated attracting a full-grown, full-bearded man out of nowhere. "Uh, I don't know what you're talking about," she lied. He was the complete opposite of her target market.

"Yeah, you do," he insisted. "The bike shorts, the blue eyes, the big old titties... you gotta be her!"

May crossed an arm over said 'big, old titties', hiding her nipple imprints from his stares. "N-nope. You got the wrong girl, sir."

“I doubt it...” He took his time drinking in the sight of her from head to toe, then from toe to head and back down again, admiring every curve of her tight, young body with a sleazy grin. “You’re a gorgeous little thing, aren’t you? A sexy, little firecracker. And just look at the size of those bazookas! Mmm...”

Okay, she was officially creeped out. “Um, I think I’m gonna go now.” May pointed in a random direction. “Hope you find whoever you’re looking for.”

“What? No!” He panicked and sped through his words again. “Is it because of the money? Hey, hey, look, look – I got plenty of it! See! Look!” He brandished an incredibly thick wad of fresh notes bound together with a rubber band. “5,000 Pokédollars for you right here, sweetie.”

¥5,000?! And something told May that was only his opening offer. The crazy figure stunned her silent.

“Here, take it, take it.” He kept thrusting it towards her hands.

She didn’t budge. He was just way too desperate, way too old and offered waaaaay too much money. Who knew what kind of things he’d expect of her for that amount? “That’s... generous of you, sir, but I’m really not whoever you think I am.”

“Don’t give me that. You can trust me, you know? I have a daughter, probably round the same age as you. Look, look!” He flashed her the photo of his supposed teenage daughter tucked into his wallet. “See! She’d love to meet you. I know you two would get along great! Why don’t you come home with me for some ice cream and apple pie? And – oh, oh, oh – if the money isn’t enough, I got plenty more of that, too.”

What...? Was this creep being serious? How was any of that meant to put her at ease? It only weirded her out more! May had no intention of stepping within a 100-metre radius of his home, no matter how much he threw her way. And quite frankly, he was beginning to frighten her. “Uh, no. My boyfriend wouldn’t like that at all.”

“Oh... you have a boyfriend?”

“Yes.”

He fell silent for a minute. She hoped that put him off once and for all. But, “Okay, how about we make it 10,000 Pokédollars?”

“Sir, bye!”

She spun on her heels and left, ignoring his begging and pleading and hiking up the cash offer. No amount was worth what he'd likely do once he got her into a room alone. Her skin crawled. The second the trees obscured her from his vision, she broke into a sprint.

May exited the woods and took a two-hour breather following the eerie encounter. It was a humbling reminder how dicey things could get. She couldn't let one bad incident dismantle her entire gameplan however. For the next two days, she avoided the east side of Route 304 in case the creep was still lurking around the vicinity.

After a string of successful encounters scoring off her usual clientele, May regained her confidence and had all but forgotten the disturbing hiker. She strutted through the woods in a variety of daring outfits; one day: a tight little dress that barely required her to pull down the bodice before her breasts popped out, the next: a Team Rocket bodysuit she found in a cosplay store. It hugged her hourglass frame nice and snugly, long, grey boots climbing halfway up her thighs. In an act as salacious as it was a big F-U to the organisation potentially responsible for her time in Dyttopiah, May ripped open the spandex clinging to her bosom, and the young nose across the field erupted in a fountain of red.

It had been a waste of money buying an outfit only fitting for one reveal, but such was May's winning streak she could afford to squander a little. She and Skitty moved up to the top floor of the Kallagher Inn, booking their most expensive suite with a large jacuzzi and lavish balcony overlooking the rundown city. Skitty's pink fur regained its rich colour and texture. Her little fighter hadn't had a pokémon battle in so long the overabundance of Pokéblocks started showing in her underbelly. May moved up from shopping at thrift stores and bought enough clothes to fill the suite's wardrobe. She never had to eat the same meal twice in a row again.

Of course, her father knew none of this. They continued to meet in dingy fast-food chains or coffee stores. May never wore any of her fancy outfits. One of these days, she'd break the news to him, announce how much she'd amassed and how much closer they were to returning home than he realised. One of these days she'd have to tell him everything. With every rendezvous they had though, she'd kick that can further down road, and would probably continue to do so for as long as she possibly could.

Out in the field, May picked up more coin than ever before, raising her standard fee to ₺200. At her old price, she'd only let the boys see her breasts with heart shaped stickers censoring her nipples. Nearly everyone was happy to throw on the extra ₺100 to have her rip off the nipple covers.

Although she hadn't crossed paths with anyone as scary as the hiker since, the lasting effect of that encounter hardened her to some degree. She shooed away anyone even one Pokédollar short of her asking price and, if they dropped more cash than agreed upon, May would pick up the extra, too, while they lay there unresponsive. Considering the potential dangers she was exposing herself to for their ogling pleasure, she figured they could do her this one little favour.

May turned her operation into a well-oiled machine. There was never any shortage of impressionable Trainers to prey upon, and the vast acres of tall grass and woodlands meant she'd yet to bump into the same face twice. Whichever way she went, her weapons of mass concussion left behind a long trail of upside-down, incapacitated youths.

She grew comfortable enough not to force herself to look away the moment she deployed her bouncy money-makers. Although, that also meant she ended up seeing things she wasn't ready for. Like all the crude lumps in the young boys' shorts and trousers, some unexpectedly larger than others. The innocent part of her brain wanted to believe they'd simply tucked Poké Balls deep inside their pockets, but she knew better. All that blood rushed to more places than just their nostrils.

Awkward as it could get, seeing the effect her body had on their anatomy bolstered her self-confidence. So maybe she could be a *little bit* sexy if she tried. At the very least, her mini strip shows allowed her to practice for when she eventually got back to Brendan. It became fun trying out different seductive poses on her clientele: pushing her breasts together whilst pouting her lush lips, or running both hands through her hair whilst flexing her abs in a snug crop top, or casting a sultry gaze whilst slowly peeling each bra strap down her shoulders. Some didn't even last long enough to see her uncover her breasts.

The same couldn't be said for her latest patron though, a horndog of a teenager with a long jaw and strong, muscular arms three times thicker than hers. She could practically feel the testosterone oozing out of his pores. He looked older and taller than the boys she was comfortable with, but May was so high on confidence she took the risk. She unzipped her

orange tunic down the front and thrust her big, naked breasts out into the open. His eyes grew large, impressed, but not enough to tip him onto his head in dramatic fashion like the others.

“Now I want you to shake those beautiful puppies,” he said.

“That’ll be an extra ₺200.”

He pulled Pokédollars out of his wallet and counted them in front of her. “Done.”

May’s shimmy game had improved by leaps and bounds, quite literally, her breasts bouncing high with vigour and character. The word ‘wow’ hung fixed on his lips. Her enormous mounds clapped together in circular rhythm, so full of perky youth and vibrant jiggle. He itched the growing bulge in his sweatpants. May usually shooed her audience back when they began to approach but she was too invested to break her rhythm, and trusted he’d be mature enough not to violate her ‘no touching’ rule.

Watching her boobs go, May impressed herself, couldn’t blame him for wanting a closer look. She’d never know what it was like to be a guy, but the fact her rhythmic jiggling stirred something in his pants kind of stirred something in hers, too. Excited nipples stood on their ends and swayed in the wind as her plump breasts wobbled left to right. He showed his appreciation flicking banknotes through the air. Pokédollars rained on her performative tits, celebrating the brazen stripper she’d become, and May wasn’t mad at it.

His cheers and oohs and wolf whistles encouraged her naughtiness. She bobbed on her heels as briskly as she could without leaving the ground. The momentum propelled her breasts wildly into the air and jingled her loose zip. Her frenzied tits swatted falling banknotes aside, though one or two stuck her sweatiness. This was the most energy she’d exerted in a transaction by far. A small trickle of blood leaked out of his right nostril and was swiftly wiped away. Her toughest customer yet. She ran out of breath round about the time he ran out of banknotes to shower upon her.

May thought it was over, dropping her hands to her knees and panting. He surprised her when he produced a fresh batch of Pokédollars and said, “I want to see it.”

“What?” She looked up, confused, heaving. “I’ve already...” she said between ragged breaths, “...shown you... everything.” And even threw on a special dance to boot.

“Not *everything*,” he said, matter-of-factly. His lewd sights descended upon the hem of her short tunic. “Lift it up.” He waved the stack of money at her crotch. “350 Pokédollars right here. Right now.”

Of course he'd want to see *that*. He wasn't the first to ask. Her response was normally an instant 'hell no'. Some things had to be kept sacred. That part of her was for Brendan's eyes and Brendan's eyes only.

But...

It wouldn't count if her bike shorts stayed on, would it? All he'd asked was for her to raise the tunic. A quick and easy ₳350 awaited her on the end of that bargain. Although, if May was being honest, the money wasn't nearly as persuasive as her risqué mood. Riding high off her impromptu titty dance, she'd developed this yearning to flaunt her newfound sex appeal, to see how mad with desire she could drive the randy boy.

May clasped the bottom of her orange tunic and lifted it above her waist and out of the way. The tightness of her bike shorts squeezed her upper thighs to mouth-watering effect. But the extent of their snug grip didn't end there; black spandex clung to her entire pelvic region, drawing out the shape of her rounded nether lips, and the deep crevice separating them down the middle. Her pussy was phat and it showed through the massive imprint in her shorts. He'd survived the show of her beautiful, bountiful, bouncing breasts but May discovered his weakness was... major cameltoe. Twin gushes exploded from his nostrils like rocket fire and blasted him into orbit with a booming wail.

May scratched the back of her head sheepishly as her tunic floated down to veil her puffy mound. *I swear, boys are sooo dumb...* She looked up at the sky with a hand over her forehead while Pokédollars showered the earth like confetti.

The whole episode taught May she had more to offer than she'd realised. She drew up a full pricelist starting from 175 Pokédollars to see her taped nipples and ending at 2,000 Pokédollars to see her lift up her skirt (only if she was wearing bike shorts on the day). All the options in between involved May striking some suggestive pose or performing some topless dance. She turned her nose up at overzealous patrons begging her to add options allowing them *some* physical contact. That was a line she'd never cross.

The Coordinator-turned-semi-stripper upheld her self-imposed limits and her respect for her boyfriend. May hadn't set out to please these creeps, but to get back home to all the people she truly cared about. It became her sole purpose. By hook or by crook or by letting people look. When she approached susceptible Trainers on Route 304, she dropped the pretence of challenging them to battle; right after saying hello, she'd whip out her pricelist. Even after she had earned enough to purchase half a dozen Poké Balls, baring her bra-less 'bazookas' proved more lucrative and less labour intensive than building a team of strong reliable pokémon from the low-level riffraff skulking around in these woods. And even if she did put together a formidable line-up and invested weeks training up the pokémon, there was no guarantee she'd win all her battles, and even if she did win all her battles, she wouldn't make nearly as much as she would from merely flashing her assets. May decided she could live with some small compromises to her morals.

She continued on her mission, flashing boys left, right and centre, only after ensuring she'd confiscated all their recording devices. If any pictures or videos of her activities ever surfaced, she'd just die.

On one sizzling afternoon, May caught the tail end of a horribly one-sided pokémon battle. A youngster rocking a short-sleeved, turquoise hoodie and long, brown shorts obliterated his opponent's Plusle with a devastating Force Palm. The lass didn't have a shot in hell up against his overpowered Hariyama. She cradled her knocked-out pokémon with rivers gushing down her cheeks then ran up the footpath leading to the Route's nearest exit. The remorseless youngster yelled, "use stronger pokémon next time!"

Bit of a douche, May thought. She harboured a strong desire to put him in his place, but her out-of-shape Skitty wouldn't fair any better than that little girl's Plusle. Good thing she'd developed other means of dropping losers hard on their heads. She puffed out her chest and approached the rat-faced boy with a sly smirk.

"Huh? And who are you supposed to be, toots?" He kept his hands in his hoodie's pockets when he addressed her. His face was long and hard, his brow fixed in a tough-guy frown. He so badly tried to appear more advanced in his years than he was, and bore a condescending tone that did just the opposite. "Nice jugs by the way."

May kept her hands behind her back where they couldn't accidentally slap his slappable face. *Patience, May, you'll get him.* She forced a smile. "I know. Wanna see 'em?"

His eyebrows shot up into his messy fringe. “Fuck yeah. You being serious right now?”

“Yeah, kid.”

“Kid?” He scoffed. “It’s Bruce. Only the greatest Trainer to hail from Slumport Town!” He sounded offended she didn’t know it.

“Yeah okay, *Bruce*.” She fought the urge to roll her eyes. “Take a couple steps back and show me how much you got.”

He held up his two hundred, though May might’ve done this one on the house just to see him hit his overgrown head. She breezed through the rules then grinned whilst lifting up her top, fully anticipating his humiliating downfall.

But Bruce just gaped, his jaw nearly hitting the ground. “Holy cow! Look at those huge udders! Can I come over there and milk them?!” He made disgusting groping and licking motions in the air.

What the... how can this little turd still be standing? She groaned through one side of her mouth then looked down at her tits thinking, *why aren't you working?* May jiggled them side to side and up and down but the boy showed a level of stubbornness beyond his agemates before him. She shimmied till she couldn’t shimmy anymore.

“That. Was. Amazingggg!” He gave her a huge thumbs-up.

May huffed. “Hand over my money already.”

“Sure thing.” He strolled across the clearing then reached out with the cash. As soon as she snatched it, his other hand swung out of nowhere, striking the side of her breast with an open palm.

The hard slap echoed through the trees.

May stood frozen, dumbfounded. He’d broken her reality. *Did he just...?* Her boob stung, so he must’ve. She couldn’t believe she’d let her guard down. Perhaps it had been naïve of her but she’d trusted in all her gentlemen’s agreements, never anticipated this idiot would be the first to break her ‘no touch’ rule. The possibility hadn’t crossed her mind in so long she didn’t have a protocol for how to deal with it. She just sort of... stood there.

“Haha, you slut! Totally worth the ₺200! Later, sucker!”

May pulled her hand back to throw a slap. He reacted quickly, stepping back and making a ducking motion. Too quickly; he tripped his own feet in his haste and landed face first in the dirt. Karma had swooped to May's aide and she pounced on the ingrate's back before he could worm away.

“Hey!” His scrawny frame wriggled beneath her straddling weight. “Argh, what are you doing? Hey! Get off me, slut!”

“Shut up!”

“I just did what any real man would do. Treat you like the slut you are!”

“I said shut up!” Please – her a slut? The little turd didn't know a damn thing about her! She clenched both his bony wrists in one hand over his lower back. “You broke the rules,” she decreed, not unlike Officer Jenny apprehending a culprit.

“Screw your rules!” He spat the sand covering the lower half of his face. “You show off your tits to strangers! What did ya think would happen, slut?”

“I'm *not* a slut!”

“*SLUUUUT!* Get off me!” He groaned and wriggled but, for all his tough talk, he wasn't strong enough to break out of her clench. So he tried mocking her instead. “What are you even doing, huh? Trying to ride my cock, slut? How much you want to suck it, huh? 69 Pokédollars? Go ahead – you can find that in my pocket.”

“Very original,” May droned, unamused. “As if you even have a cock!” She didn't know where that came from but she hoped it hurt.

“Ha. Let me roll over and you can feel it for yourself, toots.”

“Ugh.” She felt disgusted enough straddling him as it were. Truthfully, she'd acted out of pure instinct, and now that she had him under her control, she hadn't the faintest clue what she actually wanted to do with him. She remembered his demeaning words and thought it would be apropos to take them at face value. May raided his hoodie's pockets and fished out a whole lot more than 69 Pokédollars. “Don't mind if I do!” she chimed.

He squirmed in protest but her thick thighs held him firmly in place. “H-hey, no, you can’t do that! Th-that’s stealing! I earned it all fair and square!”

“Quiet! You keep making me lose count.” May flicked through the notes from the beginning once again. She got up to ₺535 Pokédollars when he interrupted her.

“Seriously though, you can’t take all my money. I’m sorry, okay? I already gave you 200 Pokédollars and I’ll let you take another ₺200, all right? But please...” He stopped struggling and adopted a gentler tone. “I need the rest. Or it’s going to be really hard to get home.”

“You should’ve thought about that before you decided to break my rules.” She stood up off of him and stuffed every last penny from his pockets into hers.

“C’mon, please.” Bruce begged on his knees, eyes watering. “I said I was sorry for breaking your stupid rules!”

May gave a humourless laugh. “And you still have all that attitude? I don’t think you’ve quite learned your lesson just yet. You need to sit right there, young man, and think about what you’ve done. Sexual assault is no light matter.”

“Please!”

“Later, sucker!” She stuck her tongue out bidding him farewell with a mockful face. Turnabout was fair play and it was satisfying to deliver Bruce his comeuppance. May left the abusive runt kneeling in the dirt with his head hung in shame.

Back at the inn, she dumped all his money onto her queen size bed, along with all the other money she’d amassed over four weeks. It took half an hour to count and rubber band all the notes into neat 100-Pokédollar bundles. A grand total of ₺28,200! She’d surpassed her own estimation. Give or take another week and she could have enough to get them out of this cursed region for good! So close...

“Mom, Brendan...” She looked out from her window, far beyond the cluster of derelict buildings, beyond the industrial fumes blackening the skies, beyond the mountains, beyond the horizon, beyond Dytopia. She looked out to Hoenn and, although she couldn’t see it, she could feel it. “We’re coming home!”

May stuffed all the money into her trusty fanny pack. The yellow waist bag housed more compartments than met the eye. Although her stay at the Kallagher Inn's most pricey suite had been safe and comfortable, she had her reservations about leaving hard cash unattended in the room, especially after ₱1,000 had gone missing from the bedside table the day before. All the cleaning staff and management denied responsibility, suggesting instead she'd merely misplaced a whole grand, or that her Skitty ate it. Right... Nonetheless, May accepted their explanation for the sake of peace and decided she'd never go anywhere without her fanny pack tightly secured around her waist. She didn't trust bankers in this town as far as she could throw them; not that she had the right documentation to open an account anyway. Her fanny pack was her best bet.

May hoped the next time she met her father it would be with the fantastic news they were home free. But for that to happen, she had a little more hustling to do.

May experienced her strangest encounter yet when she bumped into a teenager on Route 304. He sat on a large rock with his arms crossed and a pensive stare fixated on something distant. So distant May couldn't see it; when she followed his line of sight, she met an unspectacular wall of trees; trees that looked no different than the hundreds surrounding them. Still as a statue, he stared, and stared so intently he didn't react to her movement in his peripheral vision, or the crunch of sticks and twigs underfoot as she ambled towards him.

He looked nothing like her ideal target; bland, apathetic and not altogether interesting, not altogether there. Yet, something drew her towards him. She thought it was his hat. His grey, oversized beanie looked so much like the ones Brendan loved to wear. Nothing else about his lack of fashion sense was reminiscent though; long, dark sleeves covered his lanky arms and his sweatpants appeared two sizes too big.

May stood right next to him and waved at his profile. His focus remained fixed on whatever he was staring at. She tried again. "Um, hello?" She snapped her fingers in his ears three times before his face slowly rotated in her direction.

"S'up." He looked completely unaffected by her appearance, his eyes half-lidded as though he could fall asleep any minute.

"Uh, hi. Are you a Trainer?"

“Nah.”

“Oh.” That was unexpected, but did it matter? “You got any money on you?”

“Yeh.”

“Great!” May rolled out her pricelist in his face.

He scanned everything she had on offer without a tinge of emotion stirring his bored expression. “Sweet.” He turned back to the distance as if he expected her to disappear.

What's up with this dude? May thought he gave her a huge clue when he raised the spliff between his fingers to his lips. He took a good puff. That smell... it wasn't nicotine. She knew through second-hand experience hanging out with some of her more exploratory friends back home. If he hadn't secluded himself this deep into the forest to catch some hidden grass pokémon, it would appear he'd done it to keep this particular habit to himself.

Suddenly, May wasn't so offended he'd snubbed her list. She couldn't be sure he even knew what he'd just read. Quite the change of pace from what her interactions usually devolved into. He put on his thousand-yard stare, ignoring the massive thirst traps in her form-fitting attire. She couldn't resist asking, “What are you looking at?”

He stayed silent so long she couldn't tell if he'd heard her. But then he said, “Myself.”

“You're looking at... yourself?” May scratched her head, baffled. Was there a mirror hiding in the leaves? “Uh, where? All I see are trees.”

He took another puff of his spliff. “I am the trees. And so are you. Don't let your eyes blind you from yourself.”

“Uh... right...” What on Earth? “That must be some, er, really powerful stuff you've got there.”

He turned the lit joint between his fingers and studied it from different angles as if he expected ‘really powerful stuff’ to be written on it somewhere. Her comment had flown way over his dopey head. When he couldn't pinpoint what she'd meant, he figured she must've been hinting at wanting a puff and offered up his spliff. She shook her head with a nervous chuckle, no thank you. He gave a lazy shrug, then took another puff for himself, staring at the trees once again.

May began to step away from the awkward conversation when he said, “Not from around here are you.” It was not a question, but an observation.

“It’s that obvious, huh?”

“Yeh. Your shoes are too clean.” She looked down at said trainers; they were white as snow and fresh out the box. But when had he noticed? Despite watching him closely, May couldn’t recall him glancing down once. He added, “You smell too nice.”

“Oh... thank you?” Though the words were complimentary, his delivery remained deadpan, devoid of any inflection or enthusiasm. It was near impossible to read his true thoughts based on anything coming out of his mouth. However, May *had* bought an expensive bottle of Aria’s *Dreaming Delight* fragrance just yesterday. He became the first person in this uncultured city to comment on her scent. That bought him at least two more minutes of her time.

“Where you from?” he asked, looking out into the woods.

“Hoenn.”

“Hoenn...” He paused holding up the spliff. “You’re from a different world.”

A tad dramatic but, “Yeah.”

“What’s your name?”

“What’s my... name?” She couldn’t remember the last time anyone in this region asked her that. ‘What’s your kink?’ Yeah, occasionally. ‘What’s your bra size?’ Oh yeah, way too occasionally. ‘What’s your price for (insert graphic sexual act here)?’ Unfortunately, more than she cared to remember. ‘What’s your name?’ Nope, not once. “Um... my name is April.”

“April?” He mused. “That’s funny.”

“It is?” Funny as in he could tell she was lying?

“Yeh. My name is March.”

“Ah...” Wait, was it really? Or was he poking fun at her for saying April? Well, since he didn’t outright accuse her, May figured she’d be polite enough to keep her suspicions to herself, too. “That *is* funny.”

He shifted his bum to one side of the rock, presenting just enough room for one more to join him. The rough surface couldn't be more inviting after spending all morning on her feet trekking through the Route. His clothes smelt like what he was smoking, like the fumes had been infused into his fabrics for several days. She pretended not to notice.

"So, April." He blew a casual ring of smoke into the air. "How did you wind up so far away from home?"

May dropped her shoulders and sighed. "It's a long story. You don't want me to bore you with the details."

"You don't bore me."

She honestly couldn't tell. His voice was so monotone he sounded like he bored himself. "You really want to know? You're not just being polite?"

"Yeh. I want to know why you're a stripper, too," he said matter-of-factly.

May was shook. He *had* paid attention to her pricelist after all. "I'm not really," she said timidly.

"You don't take off any of your clothes for strangers?"

"I... well... I mean... I do, but..." She laughed at the situation, at how much she'd changed over the past month alone. "Are you always this blunt?"

He looked to the sky and said, "It's a gift."

"Some gift..."

"So why do you do it?"

She shrugged. "Because I need the money?"

"There are other ways to make money."

"Like what? Pokémon battles?" She laughed.

He froze and actually thought about it. After what felt like hours of deliberation, his insightful solution was, "Like selling Girl Scout Cookies."

"Girl Scout Cookies??" Now *that* had to be a joke. "You're a hoot."

March sucked on his spliff and blew out with nonchalance. "You haven't mentioned how you wound up here."

It was the second time he inquired so May figured he must've been interested on some genuine level. She thought it would be a drag to recount the whole heart-wrenching ordeal but once the words started trickling out of her mouth they quickly grew into an unstoppable downpour of evocation. Detailing her experience highlighted just how lonely and isolated she'd been these past several months. He said next to nothing throughout, showed no compassion in the way of emotion or facial expressions; she might as well have been talking to a cardboard cut-out with a moveable arm dragging a joint to-and-fro his lips. When he heard about how she'd watched the plane burst into flame and plummet to certain doom, he offered her another puff of his joint. The answer was still no. What little reactions he did provide were unusual and unhelpful. And yet, May found herself feeling lighter using him like a dumpsite to unload past traumas.

March not saying much allowed her to hear her own voice, a voice she'd neglected in the hustle and bustle of raising funds, allowed her to unpack insecurities and recognise how strong of a person she'd become in spite of them. Not everyone would understand or accept the decisions she'd made but she could live with that, she hoped. For what it was worth, March passed no judgement on anything she'd done, merely sat there, listened and smoked. She was immensely grateful. He had no idea how much she'd needed to get off her chest. Or did he?

"Hn. That's unfortunate," he said, as he came to the end of his spliff. "You're not doing it for the money though." He flicked away the burnt joint. "Not really. You like being seen. Like being watched."

She laughed humourlessly. "You have the wrong idea."

"You're doing all this because you want to get fucked."

May recoiled so abruptly she nearly slid off the rock. "What?" That was all he took from her longwinded account? She laughed at his ridiculous accusation. Where did he come up with this stuff? "I have a boyfriend in Hoenn, you know."

He yawned and scratched the side of his ribs. "And?"

"I wouldn't be out here looking to get..." She couldn't even bring herself to repeat his words. "I respect my boyfriend too much to let anything go that far."

"He may be your boyfriend, but what makes you think you're his girlfriend?"

She shook her head in confusion. "That doesn't make any sense."

"It's been seven months you said. No communication. No idea where you are. No sign you're alive anymore. How long before he moves on with his life you think?"

"He... wouldn't..." The possibility hadn't so much as grazed her mind. Just because her life had grinded to a standstill after she got on that plane, it didn't mean everyone else's did, too. But Brendan wouldn't. They promised, they pinkie promised it would be for life.

"Anyway." March reached into his sweatpants and brought out a neatly bound stack of Pokédollars. "I was going to use this for another batch. But you've intrigued me, April."

An absentminded May caught the money in the corner of her eyes. "How much is it?"

"\$500. You can count it if you'd like."

"No," she said vaguely. "I trust you." Oddly, she did, for reasons she couldn't fully explain. Maybe it was the hat. March came across as many things: cryptic, aloof, blunt to the point of careless offense, but one thing she didn't peg him for was an out-and-out liar. He had the money and she'd appease him like any other paying customer. Besides, May needed to do something to get her mind off of what he'd just put in there. "What would you like from the list?"

"Nothing."

"Huh?"

"I have my own ideas."

Not another one of those guys... "I won't do anything that involves –"

"Touching. I know."

"Good. It didn't end well for the last person who broke my rules," May said. March seemed unfazed by her veiled threat. She became even more curious what his 'own ideas' could be.

It started off standard enough, both parties positioned on opposite ends of a small, secluded clearing. May realised he *wasn't* like any other paying customer when her hand trembled as she grasped her shirt's zip. *Why am I so nervous?* It took her back to the first time she anticipated flashing a stranger. That was the thing though – he *wasn't* a stranger. She'd opened up to March and, apart from the moniker she'd invented to protect her identity, told him everything about her leading up to this point. May had built up this expectation to impress. With baited breath, she unzipped her red top and displayed her big, jiggling goodies.

March's half-lidded eyes remained half-lidded, his lanky arms hanging lazily at his sides. "Hn." Was that a good 'hn' or a bad 'hn'? His expressionless gaze studied her naked breasts with a reserved, almost-scientific interest, far from the lewd, gluttonous stares that had become customary. She didn't know how to feel about his non-reaction.

Awkward...

A tumbleweed could've blown past them in the nervy silence.

"Stay right there," he said.

"Uh, okay?" She wasn't planning to run away topless through the woods.

March dragged a half-covered log out of the bushes and towards the centre of the clearing. *That's a new one.* She assumed he'd sit on it but instead he stepped over the log like it was some sort of marker. May was distracted trying to work out what this configuration was about when his sweatpants suddenly dropped to his ankles.

She gasped, threw both hands over her mouth and shut her eyes immediately; albeit, not quickly enough to avoid noting he wasn't wearing any underwear. "H-heyyy!" she called out blindly. "What do you think y-you're doing?!"

His voice stayed as calm and unemotive as ever. "Getting comfortable. I don't remember anything against it in your rules."

He wasn't wrong. May hadn't anticipated any of the strangers she flashed would want to flash her back in return. Nonetheless, it shouldn't have been a problem, provided he maintained a respectful distance. "Just... keep your hands to yourself, okay?"

"Yeh. That was always the plan."

“Always the plan?” *What kind of freak...*

“April. Open your eyes.”

“Wh-what? Why?”

“That’s the only way this will work.”

May didn’t even know what ‘this’ was. She wasn’t sure she’d be comfortable seeing another guy’s junk. *It’s not like I have to touch it*, she tried to psyche herself up. *He’s got the money and it’s not cheating if we don’t actually touch, right?*

“April. Look at me.”

Her right eye twitched and peeled open in tiny increments. From the centre of his blurred pelvis, a long, semi-hard penis dangled freely between his legs. It looked like an extension of his lanky disposition, tall and thin and crowned with a cock-head shaped just like his beanie. She felt guilty for peeking, let alone mentally admitting there was a certain symmetrical beauty about its length and structure.

“April. Both eyes.”

She opened them completely, blinking a couple of times as though she were coming to in an upside-down, unrecognisable world, a world where *she* was the one getting flashed by a boy she’d just met. His dangling pipe of flesh looked so smooth it could’ve been made of silicone. The moment she set both eyes on it, his member jerked upwards on its own accord, titillated at being observed.

“Watch me.” March coiled his long fingers around his cock and, in typical lethargic fashion, stroked it all the way to its swollen tip then back to his pelvis again. May swallowed something she didn’t realise was stuck in her throat. Why was he making her watch this? She didn’t want to. Not because it repulsed her, but because it made her feel... uncomfortable in a multitude of ways, stirring things inside her she didn’t want stirred. Every time her eyes wandered off, even for a second, he’d call them back with, “April. Look at me.”

“I am,” she whined, turning to make eye contact.

“Look at *it*,” he specified.

She slouched her shoulders and sighed in a 'do I have to?' kind of way. He nodded as if he could hear her ask herself the question. May lowered her gaze timidly, where his closed grip continued sliding up and down the length of his full erection. His stroking was slow and deliberate, drawing attention to the span of shaft he had to cover. She didn't want to make any comparisons but March exhibited above-average length, probably why he had no qualms about letting it all hang out.

Yes, it was big. Yes, it was beautiful. But what did he get out of rubbing it in her face?

It seemed as though he was paying more attention to where her eyes were than where her breasts were. He wanted her to see his shlong, to take in its glory, to celebrate the effect her topless state had on him. That was what he'd paid for. At some point, she quit trying to shy away and stared head-on at the exhibitionist before her.

"You and I are so alike," he said vaguely. "It's funny."

"I don't..."

March masturbated in open view of the half-naked brunette, exploiting a shaft-sized loophole in their stringent contract. While he got off watching her watching him getting off, May wondered what was going through his head, whether it would make the strange scenario better or worse if he was thinking about her. This was the closest he'd get to expressing his physical admiration without touching her.

Should she have been slightly flattered or utterly disgusted?

As May stood there with her tits out shuffling her feet uneasily, she rubbed her bare arm up and down, and couldn't help notice how sensitive her skin had become. Heat spread beneath her chest and cheeks. Her featherlight strokes evoked tingles in her arm that rippled throughout her body. She probably should've stopped before –

"Your nipples are stiff as fuck."

They stood pink, large and blaringly erect, a response both she and March understood had nothing to do with the warm weather. She blushed furiously and turned away. Did he have to point it out so bluntly? It was embarrassing enough letting him see her like this.

"April. Look at me."

“No,” she said shyly. “I don’t want to.” Did he think he was cool just because he’d turned her on *slightly* whilst stroking that stupid, long dick of his? Well, he wasn’t!

“April.”

“What?!”

“Your no touch rule...”

Ah, she saw this one coming. “...what about it?”

“Does it apply... to yourself?”

Okay, so she *didn't* see that one coming. She couldn’t even wrap her brain around the thought of banning herself from touching herself. “Of course not.”

“Hn. I didn’t think so,” he said in a languid tone. “You can touch your breasts.”

She liked how he said ‘can’ as if he was giving *her* permission, as if he somehow knew it was something she was dying to do. May’s instinct to retort was snuffed by the fact she couldn’t think up a retort. Her body was burning and any Tom, Dick and March could see it. She resorted to sarcasm. “Thank you for your permission, oh great one.”

“It was only a suggestion.”

It sounded sneakier than that. “I’m sure.”

He shrugged, then continued jerking his cock like he’d never brought it up.

May let him get on with it and slowly fell back into the habit of stroking her arm. The higher her fingers feathered over her bicep, the nearer her breasts loomed, the stronger the temptation. Yeah, she could touch them; not because he wanted it, but because she did.

Her digits veered off her arm and glided softly over her plump mound. The sensitivity in her breast hastened her breathing. May had been in no mood to touch herself for the last several months but something akin to muscle memory kicked in, drawing large circles around her nipple with the faintest of fingertips. She felt alive again. As much as she’d never admit it aloud, March did give her permission of a sort, permission to feel and revive the sexual being dormant inside her.

Seeing her touch herself excited March into faster strokes. It wasn't long before May full-on groped her breasts, rubbed them round and round with hard nipples poking out between her digits. She wasn't thinking about the boy in front of her but the visual aid of his pumped-up cock went a long way to stroking her fantasies. The heat spread to every extremity on her body. She rubbed two fingers over her nipples in slow, rhythmic patterns and almost lost her footing from surging pleasure.

"April." March stepped back over the log and spaced himself a few feet clear. "Sit."

May gave him a suspicious glance. Just how far had he planned this whole thing out? It didn't matter, she supposed; at this rate, she could plop herself down voluntarily or have her knees buckle from underneath her.

She settled her tush on the log. A pants-less March sat on the grass facing her, then leaned back on his elbows. He spread his raised knees and opened up his crotch to her unobstructed scrutiny. His dick looked even longer, more immense, standing upright on its own hunger and potency. May couldn't not be impressed if she tried.

She returned the favour and spread her own legs whilst sat on the log. Under the shade of her skirt, skin-tight spandex shorts contoured her plump vulva. Her nether lips were so full and inundated with lust, her mount of a cameltoe practically hung over the log's edge.

March murmured his most enthusiastic "hn..." yet. He coiled both hands around his pipe, stacking one fist atop the other, covering all but the bulbous cock-head crowning his summit. May put a hand on her chest, taken aback by the length of rigid shaft. Her sex enthralled him much the same. Lust clouded his squinted vision as he feasted on the luscious mound punching out her bike shorts.

March lost the will to stare off into the distance, her lurid cameltoe proving much too big an obstacle to look around. Whatever thoughts corrupted his mind snaked their way to his coiled digits, twisting and pumping his shaft in both hands. Up and down, her eyes followed his rhythmic knuckles, further fuelling his desire to perform.

Was this really okay? Watching some guy lying back before her feet, masturbating at her thinly-veiled pussy? Probably not. Not for May anyway. May would never do that. April, on the other hand...

April stared shamelessly, from the crest of his double grip right down to where the grass prickled his bum, where his bloated scrotum sort of joggled in tandem with his jerking. She'd never seen a sack so full, so heavy it could barely move, so pregnant it neared tennis ball proportions. Arceus, had he been depriving himself. Seeing him so swollen, so burdened with seed, spoke to the lascivious side of April, urging her to appease him, to be the outlet he so desperately needed, if only just to witness the monumental volumes sure to erupt. She moved her hand over her breasts.

He took his eyes off her muff to watch her fondle her enormous tits. She relished watching him masturbate, watching him jerk that shlong right in front of her, the ultimate expression of carnal adulation. It taught her something about herself. April didn't share May's reservations about her developed body. She loved her fat, juicy tits being out there, being craved and fawned over. The great outdoors only added to the thrill of it, the thought of unsuspecting Trainers stumbling upon them, or creeping in the bushes spying on their eroticism. She gave her nipple a raunchy pinch, and husky whimpers stuttered from her lips.

"Yes. April." March appreciated this development. He leaned back on his right elbow and switched to one hand, jerking his cock in quicker, longer strokes. The same thing that made his languid tone of voice so flat and boring stimulated her in unexpected ways, the deep calmness of his instructions soothing her into action. "Yes. Rub them like that. Yes. April. Touch them like you want to. Like you've wanted to all this time."

What... what am I doing? May thought, as April heeded his commands and twisted both her nipples. She bit the corner of her bottom lip, struggled to contain her needy moans. "Mmn... ooh..." She'd forgotten how wonderful it felt to be touched, if even by her own hand. May substituted the glazed-over face under his beanie with one more familiar and acceptable; it was Brendan watching her fondle her nipples, Brendan wanking for her viewing pleasure, Brendan imploring her not to stop touching herself.

May's juices were well and truly flowing. She squirmed with excitement, subtly rubbing herself on the rough bark beneath her. Her cheeks flushed scarlet and her shorts darkened from the centre, a telling blotch spreading from her ripe cameltoe. She shut her legs in embarrassment before he calmly ordered her to, "Show yourself."

April took over and her thighs parted ways.

March greeted her lush pussy-print with a slow nod. "Touch it."

Under the spell of his deep, husky voice, April slid her hand down her open shirt, down her exposed navel, lower still beneath her white miniskirt, and perched her palm on her fat pussy mound. It felt hot in her grasp and sodden on her fingertips. She couldn't believe how wet she'd gotten, how desperate she must've looked grinding on an inanimate log. If now he'd suggest she needed a good fuck, May wasn't so sure she'd laugh it off as casually, not while her soaked shorts betrayed everything.

He nodded his approval and she went straight for the crown of her sex, where her heat throbbed at its hottest. Two digits circled the ache hidden between her puffy lips and incited a purr of deep longing. It tickled March's ears. "April... yes... that's... it..." For the first time, she heard cracks in his monotonous tone, unsteady tremors of breath break through his speech.

The strangers-turned-wank-buddies mirrored each other's growing needs. April diddled herself feverishly over her shorts while March jerked himself silly, his passionate strokes tugging his heavy sack up and down. So much semen... a bead of sweat trailed down her brow as she ogled the bobbing scrotum. She pressed and rubbed her aching clit. The wet patch spread further around her crotch and pre-cum leaked out of his bulbous tip.

"Bre... Brendan..." May panted, stimulating her erect nipples with one hand while stirring her swollen clit with the other. She fantasised about home every day on Dytopiah but never found the levity to fantasise about him, not through any sexual lens. March was wrong about him; Brendan would be waiting at the front door when she made her triumphant return. She'd leap into his safe arms and plant a big fat kiss on his mouth. Heck, at this rate, she'd tackle him at the door and ride him ragged on the welcome mat.

April was very nearly ready to settle on the boy right in front of her. She dunked a hand down her shorts and a bulge of knuckles and finger joints stretched the spandex. Her longest digit wedged its head into the cleft between her puffy labia and rushed down and up against her slick folds. Moan after moan cascaded from her lips and mingled with the restrained grunting noises rising from March's throat. Their hunger for one another thickened the air, lust oozing from their pores, heated pheromones cavorting in the space between them. Only their dogged respect for the 'no touch' contract prevented their rampant teenage hormones from closing the distance.

Nothing could tame their wild thoughts however. March thrust upwards through his coiled hand with all the passion of penetrating a tight vagina. April imagined said vagina being hers, envisioned bounding off the log and landing on his bustling lap, pictured his tower of pistoning meat impaling her up the middle, his overloaded sack slapping the bottom of her ass. It all happened in her head as she shoved fervent digits up her sopping cunt. Loud squelches emanated from the bulge shuffling in her shorts. Her thighs wobbled and crashed together sporadically and, more than once, she had to lurch forward to save herself from tipping backwards off the log. The unrelenting pleasure grew closer and closer to overwhelming them both.

March mumbled, "Fuck." He rose to his feet and approached the seated girl. This was usually the part May stopped everything and berated her patrons to step back. But she didn't have a voice, and any remaining breath petered in laboured pants and erotic moans. March moved into the space between her parted legs. He brought his crotch so close to her visage, his big bouncing ballsack would've brushed the bridge of her nose if he took a step further. An observer from beyond his back might've mistaken their positioning for fellatio, what with her face hidden past his buttocks and her bare tits hanging between his legs. And yet, despite appearances, the no contact rule remained intact.

Barely.

She slowly tilted her head back, ogling in awe as his smooth, lengthy rod extended past her brow, his knuckles swooping within an inch of her eyes when he dragged them to the bottom of his shaft. His thick, masculine musk pervaded her nostrils and stoked the flame raging in her spats. Taking it all in, she found herself alternating between fingering her gash and rubbing her throbbing clit.

A sudden spike in pleasure exploded from her core and, rushed through her body so fiercely, her limbs seized up and her eyes rolled to the back of her skull. May cried in shrill ecstasy and lost the strength to hold herself up. She fell backwards off the log, tits jiggling as she convulsed with one hand trapped in her constricting thighs. The self-inflicted orgasm all but incapacitated her. And while she lay there writhing in long overdue rapture, March planted his feet on either side of her waist, casting a tall shadow over her body.

A low, guttural grunt rumbled overhead, the most raw and animated sound issued from the languid boy. She looked up with bad timing. Hot, steaming goo landed right

between her eyes and droplets splashed into her right iris. She recoiled, screwing them shut, but the downpour had only begun.

All she could hear whilst blinded on the ground were unrestrained, drawn-out groans as rope after rope of thick semen rained across her scrunched-up face and exposed tits. She even felt some splash on her cameltoe and seep down its crevice, blending with her own juices staining the spandex. Oh God, she better not get pregnant from this, from a boy who hadn't even touched her before spilling his seed. Nah, impossible; her shorts might've been ultra-thin but they weren't permeable.

May rested easy as March seemed determined to shake every last drop out of his spent tool. Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't have taken it lying down if a random boy thought it wise to bathe her in his essence. But March earned every drip, drop and splat. Between inspiring her own powerful orgasm and lending both his shoulders to dump her stress on, the least she could do was play the cum dumpster for *him* to unload on. Besides, April kind of liked it.

By the time March flicked the last dribbles of his climax upon her, May felt as though she was drowning in semen, the pungent musk coating half her face, including a cum-moustache lining her upper lip. She didn't move, even as he stepped away, worried the fresh seed may slip and slide into places she rather it didn't, like her mouth.

March put his pants back on then stood over her head. "Thank you. April from Hoenn." He dumped the wads of Pokédollars he owed onto her spent, cum-drenched body, then walked away, leaving her lying in the grass like some cheap, used whore.

May must've lazed in the same spot, in the same position, for over ten minutes wondering about Brendan. April whispered a tiny "thank you" to March.

... 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 *dd* 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://rule34.xxx/index.php?page=post&s=list&tags=dd_%28artist%29+

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.