

lemonzsaucce

... 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 lemonzsaucce.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 lemonzsaucce.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 6



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 6 – Bushes And Ambushes

May froze when something prickled the back of her neck, an ethereal sensation rousing the little hairs on her nape. She turned her head and looked over her shoulder from the corner of her eye. Not even May knew what she expected to see, a pair of prowling eyes perhaps, but the woods behind her lay silent and still, save for the shrubbery swaying ever so subtly in the wind. There was not a soul on the dirt path winding back from her feet, human, pokémon or otherwise. Just her and her imagination that may or may not have been inventing sounds. She pressed onwards.

Dinner with her dad last night was a lot more fun than she'd anticipated, though she couldn't be certain whether it was his company or the fact she got to socialise with another human being in a comfortable setting. Last night also gave her the excuse she'd been looking for to bust out her recently acquired taupe dress and tan heels. She'd noticed more than a few eyes stalking her in the restaurant; that guy who came up to their table was the only one brave enough to admit it, in front of her overprotective father no less! If she didn't already have a boyfriend, May might've respected him enough to give him a chance. Nevertheless, his interruption was flattering for what it was, and reminiscing about the good old times with her dad left a huge smile on her face that still hadn't shrunk away.

Sure, she shouldered some guilt for not revealing how she'd raised so much money in the space of two months, but she decided the ends would justify the means, and he'd find it easier to forgive her if she spilt the tea mid-flight on their way back to Hoenn.

Leaves rustled.

She gasped, whipped around. Still nothing there. Probably Nidoran cavorting in the bushes? She smiled at the thought and turned her face forward again, only to get the biggest fright of her life.

May screamed and jumped back before she took a second to process it was only a young boy stood in front of her. He screamed at her screaming, her panic contagious.

"I'm sorry," May panted, clutching her heart, feeling rather silly about her reaction. "I didn't mean to... hey, wait, don't I know you?" There was something familiar about his turquoise hoodie.

His eyes lit up with recognition, too. "Oh yeah! You're that girl that –" He stopped, embarrassed to complete the sentence. "It's me, Bruce!"

"Bruce, Bruce..." She tapped her chin trying to find his rat-like face in her memory banks and, when she did, she lost any enthusiasm she'd had of bumping into him again. "Oh yeah, Bruce. You're the little pervert that broke my rules."

He rubbed the back of his head and chuckled awkwardly. "Guilty."

May huffed and brushed past him. "I don't have time for losers like you."

"Wait, I'm sorry, okay? And I mean it this time."

To his credit, he sounded a lot more sincere and a lot less big-headed than the first time they'd met. That encounter ended with May strutting away triumphantly with all his money and Bruce kneeling in the dirt on the brink of tears. Well, wouldn't you know, all the little bully needed was someone to stand up to him and put him in his place. Granted, she hadn't exactly been a beacon of best behaviour during their heated squabble either. "Don't worry about it," May said, not one to hold grudges. "You live and you learn." And she knew for a fact he'd learned his lesson well. "Off you go."

"Are you still... doing that stuff you do?"

That 'stuff she did' being partial stripping for Pokédollars? "Yeah? What about it?"

"Oh, nothing. It's just..." He scraped his shoe in the dirt shyly. "I was kind of hoping you'd let me see them again. For a fee of course!"

“No way.” The sound of him slapping her breast while she stood there vulnerable and exposed still haunted her to this day. “You had your chance and you blew it.”

“Come on, please?? I know what I did was really, *really* dumb and wrong. I swear it won't happen again. Doesn't everyone deserve a second chance?”

May wasn't so sure about that. “Everyone?”

“I won't do anything bad. Promise!” He dropped to his knees and pleaded with his hands together. “Pretty please? Look, I'll even pay you double whatever you ask.” He pulled out messy bundles of cash from both pockets and pushed them towards her like a sacrificial offering. “See, here. And you can have it all upfront this time! Easy money. What've you got to lose?”

May regarded the cash and considered his proposal. Not because she needed *his* money, but because it genuinely seemed like he had changed. What good would continually treating him like a prick do? If anything, it would send the message: changing your ways doesn't matter because past mistakes, no matter how small, will follow you for the rest of your life. Bruce was young and dumb but had infinite potential on his side. She had helped him mature once and this could be an extension of that.

“Okay.”

“Okay?” he asked, tentatively optimistic.

“Okay,” she reaffirmed. “One more chance. And you have to pay upfront. And I'm warning you, any funny business this time and –”

“None!” he pledged with a hand on his heart.

May straightened and counted his Pokédollar notes till she slotted ₪400 into her waist pack. “Great. Now let's find a quiet place off the footpath to –”

“How about over there?” Bruce pointed at a clearing in the direction he'd come from.

May surveyed the area from afar with a hand over her brow. Nothing peculiar about the site raised alarm bells. In fact, it was exactly the kind of closed-off, secluded, off-the-main-path locale she would've picked out if he hadn't beaten her to it. “Perfect. Let's go.”

...

The second she began turning her head, Norman snuck his face behind the tree and held his breath. He kept himself upright and rigid, back against the bark, completely and utterly still, down to minimising the rising and falling of his beating chest. No footsteps approaching. She must not have seen him.

Norman had been half-drunk when he stalked his teenage daughter back to her residence after dinner last night. He almost instantly regretted ordering his cab driver to follow May, certain he'd uncover nothing but a mundane routine proving him to be the pathetic and paranoid father he'd become. But when May stepped out of the vehicle and waltzed into the Kallagher Inn, all the waning suspicions he'd had suddenly jumped and waved red flags in his face.

Just how long had she been staying in a place like that? Granted, if he'd started coining it big, moving on from the grimy and overpopulated hostel would've been his first order of business, too. He didn't blame her for upgrading from the rundown Pokémon Centre he'd left her in, but why had she failed to mention it a single time in all their rendezvous? Norman had changed his mind about having the cab drive him back to Toxi City; instead, he camped outside behind a dumpster on the opposite street.

This morning, he woke up groggy nursing a throbbing hangover but, nonetheless, in time to catch sight of his daughter departing the inn. She wore a familiar red top and provocative bike shorts, looked much more like the May he knew than the May he'd met last night. But why would she put on her training gear if she'd admitted to quitting pokémon battles altogether? Where would she be going this time of day?

He muttered to himself under his breath, "Just what are you up to, sweet daughter of mine?" May ventured out of town and into the wilderness of Route 304, none the wiser to her ninja dad tracking her every step of the way.

He might've got caught if that young Trainer's surprise appearance hadn't staved her off his trail. Eavesdropping from round a tree, Norman only caught snippets of their conversation, learning little more than Bruce's name and that he and May crossed paths before today. Had they battled in the past?

Norman peaked an eyeball round the tree. Bruce was on his knees begging for something but May kept her arms crossed, not buying whatever he was selling. Norman ducked behind the tree whenever either of them made a sudden movement. At some point, May must've yielded, because he poked his head out from hiding and the youngsters were walking side by side in the same direction. Norman gave the kids a ten-second head start then crept out of his hiding spot and followed them in a stealthy crouch.

Concerned-father-turned-prowling-ninja, Norman crawled to a nifty spot amidst the tall bushes encircling the spacious clearing. Although he'd suffered the loss of his entire pokémon team, the Trainer inside him recognised an apt battle field when he saw one. The surface was mostly level, spacious enough to contain larger-than-average pokémon, and nestled a good distance away from potentially busy footpaths.

First his forehead, then his prying eyes, gradually emerged over the top of the large bush providing cover. About 15 yards ahead, May and Bruce stood on opposite ends of the clearing, taking up the positions of sparring Trainers, but what happened next was something he'd never seen in over three decades of pokémon battling.

Neither Trainer reached for a Poké Ball. Instead, May asked her would-be opponent a simple question. "Ready?" *Ready for what?* Bruce didn't share in Norman's confusion. He nodded rather enthusiastically and signalled two thumbs-ups at May. Even more perplexed, Norman's eyes darted back to his daughter, who for some reason initiated a countdown from five seconds. Whatever the heck was going on here, Norman had the distinct feeling he'd find out once she got down to zero.

He wasn't wrong.

But oh boy, did he wish he was.

With no rhyme, reason or warning, May lifted her shirt faster than Norman could've shut his eyes even if he'd known what was coming. Apparently, his naturally busty daughter was not a fan of the brassiere. In the non-blink of an eye, Norman was confronted with the lewd sight of his child's big, bare, prodigious tits flopping right out of her teeny top. He gasped and swallowed the sound immediately, remembering he was undercover.

What the fuck?! May! What are you doing???

He and Caroline hadn't raised her to be so... so... ugh! *Just you wait till your mother gets a load of this, young lady!* Could he even say 'lady'? This repugnant display was much more fitting of a tart! The bush concealing Norman trembled with rage. He didn't raise her like this, damnit! *Why, May? Just... why?*

A tear rolled down his cheek. Shocked, he thumbed it away. He'd never felt so powerless. So at a loss. He'd failed her as a father and, by every meaningful metric of fatherhood, failed her in the worst way imaginable. His teenage daughter had to resort to stripping to get by... Fucking hell. Nightmares didn't get any more terrifying than that. Did he even have a right to call himself a father anymore?

All the anger and vitriol boiling in his veins, he realised, was borne of him for him. This image of his little girl standing topless in an open field was merely a reflection of his own failings. Perhaps, deep down, it was the only thing holding him back from springing out of the bushes and giving both kids a good hiding. Like that would fix anything. He and May would very soon be having a serious talk however. Once he figured out what he wanted to say and how he wanted to say it.

Maybe he should've stayed put like she'd suggested after all. Some secrets were better off secrets. Now he couldn't unknow what he knew... unsee what he was seeing, his daughter squishing her bare tits together with her forearms. They protruded even further under the compression, and she bounced her chest so her freed nipples flailed on the ends of wobbly breast-meat. Fuck... when had they gotten so enormous?

Stop it. He scolded himself. *Stop getting side-tracked.*

What did her bra size matter in any of this? She was a growing adolescent girl; of course they'd get bigger. Although, the extent of their growth amazed him all the same. It was the first time he'd seen them sans shirt and bra since she was a young girl. In a weird, unexpected way, seeing her development laid bare reminded him just how much of her life he'd missed, how distant they'd become with age. Last night they'd made a pact of sorts to reconnect, but Norman very much doubted this was what she had in mind.

He shrunk into the bushes a little, deciding he *didn't* want his presence known after all. Finally, she'd uncovered the big secrets he'd been so desperate to uncover. May had vehemently insisted she wasn't sleeping around with boys and, judging by the distance she maintained from her young audience, Norman was inclined to believe her. He'd take any

small mercy and silver lining. Wow though, how many boys had she flashed to attain her current lifestyle?

For his own mental health, he was probably better off not knowing the number.

The way she shimmied and jiggled those bountiful beauties side to side would indicate she'd garnered quite a bit of practice. Dare he say, his little girl had kind of... gotten good at it? Good enough to pull him out of his self-loathing and appreciate the front row ticket to her peep show. The best seat in the house, however, went to young Bruce, mere metres away from her eyepopping, mouth-watering, shaking and quaking money-makers. For all the wisdom and maturity that came with age, Norman wore the same gormless expression as the young boy, bore the same weakness for a nice set of perky tits.

And apparently, it mattered naught who they were attached to.

Norman couldn't pull his eyes off his daughter's rack and this time not an ounce of liquor drove his perversion. A damning tightness gripped his underwear. He thought losing that watch yesterday was his lowest moment but this might've trumped that. When May dropped her shirt like a velvet curtain closing the show, a tinge of dismay struck a part of him, his lower half perhaps.

"Wow! Amazing," Bruce applauded her. "Again?"

"Do you have –"

The boy raised a fistful of hard cash to answer her half-completed question.

"All right then." She reached for the bottom of her shirt when he stopped her.

"Wait, can you do it over there this time?" He pointed in the vicinity behind him. "The sun is kind of in my face here," he said, shielding his eyes from the glare. May took no exception to his request. They swapped positions in the clearing, Bruce directing her where to stand with gesticulating arms. "Yeah, right there – oh wait, a little to the left – yeah, right in front of that big ass tree – that's it. Perfect!"

The back of her foot bumped into the bottom of the tree and May took a quick glance behind her to get her bearings right. "Ready?"

Somewhere huddled in leaves and sticks, her father gave an absent-minded nod.

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Here we go again. May exhaled then started the countdown. "Five... four... three..." She clenched her shirt from the bottom. "Two... one..."

Aaaand lift off!

She pulled her top up as high as her shoulders, never anticipating the two arms fly out from either side of the tree behind her. Rough hands snapped around her wrists like vice grips. Panic-stricken, she tried to wriggle loose, looked left and right in deep confusion, then a questioning glance at Bruce in front of her. His mouth hung open, fully agape. He shared in her shock and confusion... for two seconds at most. Then his mouth fell shut and twisted into a conniving grin.

"Gotcha."

Hideous laughter grated her ears as the two boys seizing her wrists crept out of the bushes and flanked her closely. They were tall and bulky and smelt like ham. She wouldn't have been able to fight off one of them, no chance at all against two. A freaking setup. She should've known! Freaking Bruce, the coward brought along his friends from the pigsty to settle his scores for him. She made to lunge at that stupid smirk on his face but his cronies held her back effortlessly.

"You're so dead. You're so fucking dead," she spat.

"Whoa. Language?" he said, standing bravely ten feet away.

"Are you that scared of me, huh? Had to bring your thick-headed goons to fight your battles for you?" May scowled at the bullies restraining her. "And you two, you oughtta be ashamed of yourselves! Ganging up on a girl one-fifth your size." She tried and failed to tug her right arm free. "Real tough guys, you are."

The imbeciles grunted nonsensically.

"On the contrary," said a new voice beyond her scope of vision. "The only person pretending to be tough here, is you." Another boy approached from behind Bruce, wearing a bigger version of his turquoise hoodie. He sauntered over casually with one hand in his pouch

and the other flipping a pocketknife, two more boys marching alongside him. Somehow, his long face looked even more Rattata-like than Bruce's, and the ugliness was too coincidental not to be genetic. "We'll see how long you last with that attitude."

"Yeah," said the boy on his right, while the boy on his left laughed.

"So, this is her, huh?" Big Bruce said to Little Bruce, who nodded confirmation. "I expected someone a little more... I dunno, tougher?"

"Watch out, big bro. She's sneakier than she looks."

"Is that right?" Big Bruce scraped the flat of his blade against his jaw while he sized her up head-to-toe. "Well, she's a looker, feisty too – I'll give her that. But you know what I think, lil' bro?"

"What?"

Big Bruce went from calm to sudden rage. "You're a wimp for letting a little Butterfree like this push you around and take all your money!" he spat in the youngster's face.

"But, I –"

"Shut up!" May jumped, even though his fury wasn't directed at her. "You're never gonna man up if you keep crying to me about every little problem!"

Little Bruce looked down to hide his embarrassment. "I... you're right."

"I know I am," Big Bruce said, calm again. "Now sit back and take notes. You might just learn how to tame a fiery little kitty that thinks she's a lioness." He started towards her, casually flipping his pocketknife in and out.

May gulped as the sun hit the blade with a sinister glint. She thought Little Bruce was a menace but, after witnessing how swiftly his big brother humbled him, her apprehension grew threefold. "Hey now, if this is about the money from the other day, you can have it back," she tried through a nervous laugh. "I was only trying to teach him a lesson."

"Ah. A lesson. How very nice of you to let us have *our* money back." He came toe-to-toe with her, matching her height to the inch. Fear rendered her motionless. She wouldn't have dreamt of striking him, even if both her hands came free. His dead eyes bore into her soul. "Where is it?"

“Uh... where is... is...?” Her voice was shaky. She looked everywhere but his eyes, partly out of fear, partly because he might've taken offence to it. “Where's what?”

“Our money.”

“Oh, right! It's in my m-m-my fanny pack. You can go ahead and g-get it.” She pushed the pouch forward with her hip.

His hard stare carried a silent threat, a warning that if she lied things could get even worse for her. Big Bruce unzipped the yellow waist pack and retrieved a square piece of paper. This didn't look like his money. Furrowing his brow, he unfolded the paper and read the first line of her itemised list. “Five second boob flash. 200 Pokédollars.” He roamed his eyes up and down between her nervous face and the pricelist. “Are you serious? This is daylight robbery.”

Well, enough people willingly paid those sums for her services, including his own little brother, but she wasn't keen on standing there arguing the merits of the free market with this psycho. “Wro-wrong zip,” she stammered. “Try the other one.”

The second he unzipped the compartment, stacks of banded Pokédollars stared up at him. “Hm.” He unfastened the fanny pack from her waist and flung it across the clearing with violent disregard. “Check that it's all there.” One of his goons ran and picked up her discarded article. While he rummaged through the money, Big Bruce continued sifting through her pricelist. A snide smirk touched his lips when he read the big, bold words she'd scribbled at the bottom and underlined *three* times. “**NO TOUCHING.**”

He gave her a questioning look as if he expected her to justify it.

She didn't. It was self-explanatory. No matter what she said, he'd just brush her off anyway. *Please, just take your money and leave me alone...*

“Not cool,” Big Bruce said, *not* leaving her alone. “You probably think I'm some evil douchebag.” *Correct.* “That I just wake up every morning asking myself, ‘hm, whose miserable life am I going to ruin today?’” *Correct again.* “But I'm not the one running around the woods ruining our youth's innocence, am I?”

Well, she hadn't shown anybody anything they hadn't asked to see.

“And if that’s not bad enough,” he continued, “you outright ransack their pockets, don’t you? You prey on the young, on the naïve, on the weak. And if they don’t play by your rules –” He shook the paper angrily at her face. “*Your* rules – conveniently designed to exploit the shit out of them – then you shake them down for everything they got, don’t you? Don’t you?!” he screamed in her ear.

May whimpered as his sudden outburst blew her bangs. She sobbed, too distraught to formulate a coherent response.

“What the fuck?” said the goon going through her fanny pack.

“Is she short?” Big Bruce asked.

“Short?” He laughed. “This bitch is fucking loaded! There’s easily forty grand in here, yo. The fuck, did she rob a bank or some shit?”

“Not a bank,” said Big Bruce. “Not a bank. Just stupid, little horny kids like my dumbass brother. Well...” He flipped open his pocketknife. “I hope you enjoyed taking their money.” Ran the tip gently down her cheek as she shivered. “Oh, this doesn’t count as touching, does it? I mean, I’m not using my hands at all.” He slid the blade across her jawline. “Such soft, perfect skin...” he said in a creepy whisper. “I can see why all the boys fall for your charm. Mmm, yes.” The tip of his knife trailed down her throat as an anxious bulge plunged down her larynx. Petrified, she kept as still as possible, lest any sudden move incited a cut. “And since you love showing these off so much...” He dragged the sharp blade down her top’s cleavage. “I don’t even know why you bother with shirts.”

He sliced the fabric down her chest while the others steadied her wriggling, stuck his fingers through the incision and then tore the shirt wide open. Her magnificent tits burst forth in all their perky splendour, drawing a chorus of gasps and bulging eyeballs. Little Bruce poked his head round his brother’s waist to have another peek, two more heads peered over Big Bruce’s shoulders, and the goons restraining her goggled from above. Six red-blooded males breathing down your bare chest was enough to make any girl shrivel inside.

“Seriously,” May said. “Just take the money. P-please. I’ll let you have ₱10,000.”

Big Bruce scoffed. “I think we’re beyond just dollars aren’t we, boys?”

“Oh yeah!” they grunted in union. “Way beyond that,” another added hungrily.

Big Bruce took his pocketknife and thrust it towards her face. She screwed her eyes shut and yelped as the blade narrowly swooshed past her cheek and pierced the tree behind her. He grinned sadistically, feeding off her distress. “How about a little kiss?” His lips approached hers and she turned her head to the side, approached again and she turned to the other side. He smirked with amusement. If not her lips then he'd settle for her cold, sullen cheek, scraping his long, slimy tongue up the side of her face. “Delish. How much do I owe you for that one?” he mocked.

The others chortled. “Hey, can we have a taste, too?” one of them begged.

“Now, now. Wait your turn.” Big Bruce disgusted her. And yet, his sadistic, unpredictable nature was the only thing keeping his pack of predatory hounds from descending upon her all at once. “I'm not done getting my money's worth from this stripping slut. Now, let's see here. What's on the menu? Hmmm.” He pretended to skim through her pricelist again. “Ah, you know what? What I want –” He crushed her list of offerings in a callous fist. “Ain't on the fucking menu.”

Big Bruce tossed the crumpled paper aside, making litter out of her ‘no touching’ policy, then took a swipe at her exposed tits. The defiant *SLAP* echoed in her ears as it struck her left breast and jostled her bosom to the right. It stung, more than physically. The crowd of mouth-breathers oohed as though they couldn't believe he'd actually swung at her. Before her breasts settled from the wobble-inducing slap, their leader struck again, from the right this time, knocking her fat jiggly mounds the other way.

Again. Right. Left. Right. Left.

May winced and yelped with each slap as snickers and chortles poured over her from every direction. Big Bruce had more than made his point again and again, and again. And again. No matter how hard he punished her tits in his sadistic game of ping-pong, May refused to beg him to stop. Didn't want to give them the satisfaction. Outnumbered and outmuscled, there was no way she could fight her way out of this, but that didn't mean she'd have to surrender her pride, too. These insipid, run-of-the-mill bullies would eventually get bored and fuck off once they accepted they couldn't completely break her.

...Right?

It was all she could hope for, holding her head high and clinging to her poker face as the sound of each slap forced her to blink. The defiance etched across her features appeared to offend Big Bruce. His grin faded like an overconfident boxer realising his jabs were getting less and less effective. But Big Bruce wasn't one to throw in the towel. Oh no, he turned up the heat in the next round.

The vicious ringleader squeezed her plump breasts with vigour and vengeance. May conceded a helpless mewl while his cronies salivated, jealousy frothing at their chops. She'd never been groped with such disregard, such disdain, almost as hateful as it was sexual, indignant mitts squishing her soft and pliable tit-meat till it hurt. In his own head, he must've been standing up for his brother, for all the little perverts she'd supposedly exploited; he ensnared the wild cougar in the woods and was going to deliver her just desserts, through conquering the very assets that had conquered her prey.

With a twisted growl in his throat, he mashed her breasts together every which way, pinched them, pulled them, squashed them, clapped them together. His manhandling felt so personal, and May didn't understand why; if someone wronged her little brother in some slight way, she might've been mad, too, but sexual assault? Too far. Her poor tits had been abused and reddened on the sides, didn't deserve the animosity he'd dealt them, and continued to.

She refused to cry. He twisted her nipples hard and all the boys laughed. Little Bruce cheered, "Yeah, get her, bro! Teach that slut who's boss!" They cheered. She winced. They called her names. Bitch. Slut. Skank. They laughed. She refused to cry.

Big Bruce pushed his long ratty face so close to her, his vile breath steamed her profile. "Like the way I use those tits, bitch? Huh, do you?" Her non-response angered him into screaming, "DO YOU?!" May whimpered and even his own goons jumped in alarm. He laughed, then muttered calmly again, "Well, next time you decide to 'show yourself' again in my neighbourhood, this is EXACTLY the kind of treatment you can expect to get, mmm'kay? You understand me, slut? Do you?"

Trapped between the tree and his smouldering face, May gave a feeble nod.

"Good," he chimed happily. "Now, look at me while I suck the absolute shit out of these fat fucking tits of yours. I SAID LOOK AT ME!"

Shuddering, May dropped her gaze as he grabbed her right breast and crammed down as much as could fit in his depraved mouth, which wasn't much at all considering its gargantuan proportions neared the size of his own head. In the end, Big Bruce engulfed little more than her areola and the tender plumpness surrounding it. He wasn't cruel enough to use his teeth, at least not yet, but sucked so loud and viciously you'd think he was trying to vacuum her nipple down his gullet. His hungry eyes stared up into hers as he mopped his slimy tongue all over said nipple, gauging the effect it had by her expression. The muscles in her face quivered with resistance but the sensitivity of her breasts eventually betrayed her, and a reluctant whine tumbled from her lips.

"Ha!" said one of the thick-headed goons. "I think the slut's actually loving this!"

Big Bruce un-mouthed her breast with a gratuitous pop and presented the merits of his tongue-work – her pink, glistening nipple stood on end despite herself, unmistakably kindled and erect. "Heh, of course she loves it. Why else you think she's running around here showing off her slutty tits to any moron that will look?" He slapped her breast again, spittle flying off its spit-lathered peak. "She's been dying for someone to suck these massive puppies to the bone. Well, I'm here now, bitch. And sucking away."

May gasped as he shoved his mouth over her other teat and sucked. This psycho actually believed she wanted this? Wanted his grotesque tongue sullyng her nipple, his dirty mitts pawing at her breasts? She would've spat on him if she didn't fear it would only turn him more maniacal. Despite what he and his loser followers might've thought, her involuntary bodily responses could not be taken for enjoyment, or even consent. This was never supposed to happen. No one should've touched her. No one should've... *Brendan... I'm so sorry.*

She refused to... refused to...

Her eyes brimmed with tears.

Big Bruce didn't notice and, if he did, he didn't care. He persisted in his love-hate relationship with her breasts, squeezing their suppleness from the bottom so they swelled out pushing her big, jutting nipples a tongue tip away. Side to side, he flicked at her sensitive nubs and she squirmed under her constraints, unable to wriggle her chest out of his grasps. He refused to stop.

She fought hard. But hope finally abandoned her. A tear broke away from her ducts.

“Aww, what’s the matter?” Big Bruce feigned concern. “Don’t like it when *you’re* exploited for all you’re worth?”

“Please...” May said feebly. “You’ve proven your point. I’m sorry. I promise I’ll stop. You’ll never see me again. Just, please... stop.”

“Stop?” He chuckled. And all his goons cackled, too, like braindead parrots. “How can we stop when we haven’t even gotten started?” He raised his lips from her nipples, a long string of spit breaking off, then muttered harshly in her ear, “I hope you’re good at sucking cock. ‘Cause once I’m done sucking and fucking your fat udders raw, I’m gonna shove my cock so deep down your throat, you’ll –” He suddenly froze and tilted his head, a look of deep concentration on his face. “Did you guys hear that?”

They all glanced at each other perplexed – well, all except the one goon clinging to her right wrist; so deep in his fixation, he couldn’t unglue his eyes from her chest long enough to hear a word Big Bruce had said. May had no idea why he’d stopped mid-threat either, probably another twisted ploy crafted in his head. Everyone shrugged and for a moment it seemed as though Big Bruce was about to resume terrorising her, but then a distant voice grazed all their ears.

“Shit!” one goon said. “Think someone’s coming.”

“Could be two or more,” said another who stood closer to where they’d heard it.

“Probably some idiot Trainers who don’t know their way around the woods,” Big Bruce guessed, irritated. “Bruce,” he called on his little brother. “Go check it out and get rid of them.” Little Bruce turned and broke into a sprint so hurriedly he tripped over his own feet before getting up and dashing out of the clearing.

Other Trainers? The realisation just hit May. *Crap, I can’t let that little bastard scare them off!* She opened her mouth to scream for help but Big Bruce saw it coming. He blocked any sound from escaping with the palm of his hand. The look on his face was pure hatred, unabashed loathing that she’d even dare to cut her punishment short. Stifled into silence, May gulped down a terrible fear in her throat.

She didn't even want to imagine what he'd do to her if Little Bruce managed to redirect the wanderers away from the scene of the crime.

...

"Five... four... three..."

Norman peered through the leaves, waiting with baited breath as his busty daughter counted down to yet another big reveal. How so shameful of him. Watching his daughter expose herself should've left him feeling sick in the stomach. And yet, here he was, not only *not* sick, but eagerly anticipating her doing it again. The first time went by too quickly. He reminded himself not to blink.

"Two... one..."

May lifted her top as expected – her large, mountainous breasts rolled out – but what wasn't expected were the two boys who'd sprung out of the woods behind her. Huh? Was this a pantomime, some sort of charade? Norman stayed put just in case, but when they grabbed her wrists and she glanced around in panic, he knew something was definitely wrong. Three more boys approached from the other end of the clearing, and one of them was toying around with a pocketknife.

What the fuck?! His fists trembled with rage. Over his dead body would these little ingrates lay a finger on his daughter! He'd knock them out one by one if he had to. Granted, revealing himself would mean he'd have to explain to her how he wound up where he was, and why he'd stayed hidden for as long as he had. But facing that awkwardness paled in comparison to facing himself if he failed to protect his daughter yet again.

Norman crawled backwards out of the bushes.

He stood up tall and shouted, "HEY!"

Or at least he would've, if something cold and blunt hadn't struck him upside the head. He fell unconscious before he hit the ground.

...

May's heart was thrashing in her chest. Everyone had stopped in their places and awaited Little Bruce's report. *Please, please, please!* Her toes fidgeted in her shoes. *Please, please, please!* If there was ever a time, she needed a hero...

A rush of footsteps approached the clearing.

She held her breath and all the goons braced themselves, ready to make a break for it if anyone else but Little Bruce emerged from beyond the yonder. The whole scene was tense, silent. Faster and louder, the footsteps approached. May would've been biting her nails if her mouth wasn't covered and her hands weren't held up.

A head emerged over the bushes and...

It was Little Bruce. And only Little Bruce. No hero. No hope. No chance.

The brutish gang gave a collective sigh while May shut her eyes, defeated.

"Who was it?" Big Bruce asked.

"Just some dumb hiker showing his daughter around," Little Bruce said indifferently. "I told them to head down the other way 'cause there are vicious Teddiursa in this area."

Big Bruce scoffed. "Dytopiah doesn't even have Teddiursa."

Little Bruce shrugged. "Like I said, dumb hiker."

"Heh. Nicely done." Big Bruce turned back to his captive, more fright in her eyes than ever before. He lowered his hand from her mouth trusting May wouldn't waste her breath screaming into the ether. She didn't. "Now," he said darkly, "where were we?"

May sobbed, the threat of defiling her throat still fresh in her mind. "Please..."

"Please, please, please," he exaggerated her pleas in a high-pitched, whiny voice. Her ripped shirt exposed everything from her neck to her navel, and he drank in every bit of flesh meeting his eye, his sights sinking right down to her white, little miniskirt. The skimpy thing barely covered her crotch area and she felt his leering gaze attempt to sear a giant hole through it. "Please nothing," he said, licking his chops. "You asked for this."

"No!"

He lifted her skirt anyway. May crossed her legs and raised one thigh to hide the front of her bike shorts. He grumbled. "We don't have time for this." He jerked his head gesturing for the other two to come forth. "Spread them," he ordered. They dropped her fanny pack and whatever else they were holding before kneeling either side of her and pulling her legs in opposite directions. Spreadeagled against her will, May lost the struggle to conceal her modesty, the boys unveiling her plump cameltoe to their master's hungry eyes.

She regretted not putting on underwear in the morning. Her plan to seduce and entice backfired in a big way, leaving her sex all but exposed if not for the thinnest of spandex clinging to her crotch. The horndogs didn't have to imagine what her vulva looked like, not with her shorts outlining the size and fullness of her nether lips, right down to the deep crevice splitting her down the middle.

"God..." Big Bruce drooled. "Look at the fucking monkey on this one."

"Damn!" one goon exclaimed, staring up whilst pinning down her wriggling foot. "That thing is hella phat!"

"Told ya," said Little Bruce smugly.

"Hey, I wanna see, too!" said one of the goons restraining her arms.

"Easy, easy!" Big Bruce raised a hand imploring him to hold his position. "I already told you dumbasses, you'll get your turn. You're all gonna lose your virginities today, ha."

May turned redder than red, disgusted and humiliated, forced to listen to these cavemen sharing disgusting commentary on her genitalia, speculating on whether it would "bleed virgin blood", making bets on whether it would be "as tight as it looked... or even tighter", cracking jokes about how the smallest of them should go first so as not to "loosen it up too much" for the others. One of them even swore "that fat juicy cunt" got his dick "so rock hard" he could "plough it right through her shorts" in a heartbeat.

For all their trash talk and one-upmanship, none of the neutered cowards dared make a move before Big Bruce, who thrust his greedy paw forward in a quick grabbing motion. May flinched, fully expecting to be groped whilst she stood there immobile, but Big Bruce brought his hand to a stop centimetres from her cameltoe. "Oh. I forgot," he said. "No touching, right?"

He raised both hands above his shoulders, as if to say, 'Look! I'm not doing anything, see?' His gesture might've been better received if May didn't feel a suspicious prod below the belt. She hazarded a glance southward and, whilst his hands remained high where she could see them, another part of his anatomy extended against his shorts to unite their crotches. Mischievous glee played on his rat face.

Mr No-Hands made a mockery of her 'no touching' rule as he grinded his hard bulge against her pussy, the friction of their shorts creating a heat May didn't appreciate. "Fuck yeah," he breathed hot air in her ear, "you like that?" She shook her head, snivelling. "Oh yeah, you do." She shook her head more vehemently. "No? How about now?" He pressed his entire body against hers and pinned her to the tree, pancaking her breasts as he rubbed his bulge hard and rough against her cameltoe, feeling her fleshiness through the spandex. "Ohhh yeah." He shovelled disgusting moans into her ear. "Fuck! That pussy wants this dick, doesn't it, slut? I can fucking feel it. You're getting hot."

No, she shook her head. 'That pussy' didn't want any dick that wasn't Brendan's. Her body language was lost on him, or outright ignored. He lowered his centre of gravity so that when he grinded his hips upwards, his tent stimulated the core of her heat, rubbing her where her fleshy lips guarded her entrance.

Fuck! He needs to stop this! He was starting to rouse sensations she'd last felt dry-humping her pillow, only this was rougher, more urgent. She tried to push him off with her chest but her limited mobility gave the appearance of rubbing her tits against him. Sneering, he encouraged her to keep going. *Ugh!* She stopped wriggling immediately.

The two bullies clenching her forearms grew visible tents of their own and started itching them with their free hands. May hoped their divided attention would weaken their grips but they held firm when she tried to yank her arms down. Dry humping her against the tree, Big Bruce left zero room to breathe between them, his crushing weight and body odour overwhelming her as he brushed his sweaty face against hers in pursuit of a kiss once more. And once more, May evaded his lips, only to concede the sensitive flesh where her neck joined her shoulder. He planted a wet kiss there, and the erogenous zone sent tingles down her spine, then he sank his teeth into her.

May moaned, a carnal deep-seated sound coaxed out of her. She regretted the utterance immediately as it only spurred on his unwanted advances. He smeared his tongue

over the hickey he'd almost certainly imprinted, then reared his teeth again. May bit her lip this time, forcing down any misleading noises, and jostled his face off of her using her head and shoulder.

Big Bruce stumbled back. He appeared more amused than offended by her rejection. "I don't know why you're still fighting." He stepped within an inch of her again. "When it's plain to see how so very, *very* wet you are." No sooner had the words left his lips than had his palm pressed her pussy mound. Shock exploded in her eyes. "Oh yeah, it's wet," he announced aloud for all his goons to hear. "The bitch's in heat, boys."

They chuckled.

"No... stop..." May begged.

He did the opposite, put more pressure on her cameltoe. She made to knee him in the balls, but her foot only rose two inches off the ground before the hands shackling her ankle yanked it back down. They worked together to keep her legs parted in 'V' formation, allowing Big Bruce all the room he needed to cup her pussy in his vengeful hand, then jerk it upwards aggressively, evoking a gasp.

Apparently, her private parts deserved his harsh judgement as well. He alternated between rubbing his coarse palm against her "naughty cunt" and jerking it so rough and abruptly more of her spandex got wedged up inside her. Defenceless, May could only be grateful her shorts prevented even more from invading her, his longest digit prodding at her entrance with enough barbarity to part her lips through the tights.

When he finally drew his hand back and raised it to her face, May was alarmed to see the tips of his fingers glistening. And, just in case she was in doubt, he wafted his digits in front of her nostrils, ingratiating her with a whiff of her own arousal.

Big Bruce smirked at her bemused face. "Like I said, you really want it, don't you?"

"No!" she retorted with indignation. Absolutely nothing about him or the situation warmed her up to his callous assault. She hated herself, hated the fact her body reacted the way it had, giving these numskulls smidgens to twist around their own perverted connotations. Involuntary as her sexual response might've been, May experienced guilt for it all the same.

And Big Bruce experienced gleeful vindication. He stuck his moist fingers in his mouth and sucked them with a crude smile. "You're ready."

May felt a lump in her throat when he began unbuckling his belt. "Don't do this."

"I have to be honest," he said casually, "I didn't think things would go this far. See, when my little brother told me some stupid whore robbed him of his life savings, I promised him I'd get it back, and if I ever saw this whore, I'd teach her a lesson to boot. You don't mess with fam. But what he never quite conveyed in his words is how..." He drank in the sight of her once more, stripped and wet between the legs. "How absolutely lewd and erotic your body is. Not my fault your pussy looks so fucking juicy and tempting. I'm going to enjoy every second of this... and you will, too, if you allow yourself."

"Never! Don't! G-get away from me!" May fretted, panic straining her voice. She didn't believe him. This didn't feel like a crime of passion; he was in control; this freak had probably done this to other girls and found some warped way to justify it. In a last-ditch, Hail Mary attempt, May bellowed with every ounce of breath left in her lungs, "HELP! HEELP!! HEEELL-mmpnh!"

His hand leapt from his belt buckle to smother her screams. Startled, they all stood in tense silence for a few seconds, only May's muffled efforts squeezing through his palm. As soon as it became apparent no one had been close enough to hear her and come rushing to the rescue, Big Bruce fixed a dangerous glare on his captive, a frenzied look in his eyes that promised 'no more Mr Nice Guy'. He yanked the red and white bandana off her head then gagged her trying mouth.

Now May could scream all she wanted.

She didn't know whether the prospect of some passer-by stumbling upon them suddenly occurred to him, or whether his raging-hot hormones outgrew the fun of methodically terrorising her, but Big Bruce decided he wouldn't waste a second more not breaking through her final, most intimate barrier.

He yanked his belt out the loops of his shorts and tossed it aside angrily. With all her strength, May struggled and sobbed and flailed and squirmed. And when all that failed, rivers burst from her poignant blue eyes. Big Bruce unbuttoned his shorts –

POP!

A burst of crimson light exploded from her forgotten waist-pack. Startled, Big Bruce whipped around to catch a chubby Skitty staring him down through angry slits.

“Nyyyyaaaaa!” Skitty charged his feet.

He hopped away from May to avoid it. “For fuck’s sake!” Her little heroine turned on her paws and sped at him again in a Quick Attack. Granted, not as ‘quick’ as it might’ve been if she’d maintained tiptop shape.

Big Bruce swayed backwards and hopped side to side to evade the pink furball of fury. Fists clenched, May moved and jerked her body along with Skitty, desperate for her heroic pokémon to land a critical hit. Annoyingly, he narrowly escaped each attack like a dodgeball champion. Skitty’s stamina wasn’t what it once was; she tired from her near misses and attempted to catch him with Hidden Power instead, summoning a random barrage of sharp, spinning leaves. Big Bruce gritted his teeth. There was no way he could dodge all of them. He stood his ground and crossed his forearms to protect his face and chest. A couple of spinning projectiles from the Razor Leaf attack cut his sleeves open and sliced at his flesh, drawing thin, dripping lines of crimson.

“You blasted runt,” he growled through his teeth. “You’ll be sorry for that. Machamp.” He launched a Poké Ball from his hoodie. “Go. Break that damn pest.”

His fearsome Machamp towered above everyone by some distance, flexing all four of its thick, rippling arms. A nervous bead of sweat trailed down May’s brow. Skitty stood no chance against that monstrosity. Not that her feisty little pokémon cared; high on adrenaline, she sprung into another Quick Attack.

That’s a mistake! May shouted, “Wait!” But Skitty heard a muffled, “BWAIFF!”

Her small but round head torpedoed into Machamp’s abdomen. Impressively, the force dragged the giant back a foot through the grass, but its powerful heels skidded to a stop.

Big Bruce spotted the perfect counter. “Use Seismic Toss!”

Skitty was still recovering in mid-air after landing her slapdash attack when Machamp snatched her in its massive, bottom-right hand. Her little kitten body was squished like a tennis ball in its mammoth fist, then thrown to the ground with so much force May screwed her eyes shut on impact. She could’ve sworn she heard a cracking sound, and she definitely

heard Skitty's bloodcurdling cry. A fat tear ran down her cheek. *Skitty, you didn't have to...* Slowly, anxiously, her eyes flicked open to the sight of Machamp kicking Skitty's limp body into the bushes like a battered ragdoll.

"No!" May cried against her gag. *Leave Skitty out of it! She didn't do anything to you!* All the pained anger in her soul amounted to a barrage of muffled noises and uncontrollable tears. Snot and sorrow soddened her bandana.

She wasn't even paying attention to what order Big Bruce issued his Machamp next, but the massive Fighting-type responded by removing the only article of clothing on its person – its black wrestling trunks. A thick, inhumanly large penis dropped down past its knees, veins bulging across its bluish-grey shaft.

"Just for that," Big Bruce spat, "Machamp here is gonna have a turn, too." All too eager, Machamp took a giant step forward before its Trainer raised an arm to halt his advance. "Not yet. You'll go last."

"Maa, champ?"

"Heh, I have a feeling that pussy won't be of any use once you get through with it."

May's eyes trembled at the image. Never mind losing her dignity, she'd be lucky not to lose her life if Machamp had his way. His monstrosity of a phallus looked almost as long as her leg! And thick as her thigh.

Big Bruce smirked seeing the dread in her eyes while she struggled to conceive the impossible mechanics. "Yeah, that's right. Machamp's gonna shove it so far up your little cunt, you'll have thick, gooey poké-jizz squirting out your eyes and ears!" He laughed at the imagery and his predictable goons joined in.

May had no tears left as she looked up to the plain sky. She drowned out their heinous cackling, didn't flinch when Big Bruce dislodged his pocketknife in her peripheral vision. Her fists came loose, wilted in surrender. She focused on a foot-shaped cloud as the cold, dull tip trailed down her torso. A slice into fabric. Then a round tear invited cool air to her nether regions. She imagined what it would be like floating on the back of that cloud, free and faraway. Cold fingers groped her bare sex. She winced, got dragged back to hell. No, this wasn't happening. May quickly put herself back on the cloud as something hard and

bulbous fumbled around her twitchy entrance. More tears broke free; tears she didn't realise she'd had.

Just keep looking at the clouds. Just keep looking at the clouds.

The stabbing sensation she'd internally braced herself for never came.

Instead, a heavy thud abruptly rocked the earth beneath them; it felt as though a building just collapsed. May broke her skygazing to discover Machop laid out cold behind its master's feet, spirals in its eyes and a red ugly lump on its cheek.

Big Bruce, and all his boys, jumped and turned their attention to the clearing behind him. Whatever they witnessed spooked him into bawling, "Fuck! Run!" He recalled his fainted pokémon and scurried away whilst awkwardly trying to lift his shorts back on. The bullies restraining May released her limbs all at once. Her weakened form crumpled to her knees. "Hey, dumbass, don't forget the dough!" Big Bruce shouted before one of the goons dashed back and grabbed her fanny pack off the ground. They disappeared in flurries of jostling leaves and bushes.

May had no idea what scared off her attackers. Or who. Still captive in the trauma of her own mind, she hadn't looked up since dropping to her knees. The head of a shadow loomed upon the grass in front of her. She retreated on instinct, scooting back hastily till she hit the tree behind her. May threw the tatters of her shirt over her breasts and hugged her knees tightly, curling herself into a ball of nerves and anxiety.

And still, the shadow approached, eclipsing the sun above her.

Trembling, she tucked her sodden face between her knees and sobbed, and prayed whoever it was would leave her be. And they did.

When May finally hauled her head back up, nobody was there, no shadow, no looming presence towering above her. She was sat all alone in the big clearing. Only after moving her legs to get up, did she notice something at her feet that hadn't been there before. A business card. She could barely read a single word through the blurs of her teary vision. But, considering its proximity, the card must've been deliberately left for her?

But who? Why?

May picked up the card nonchalantly, rushed towards the nearby bushes to retrieve her passed-out Skitty, hurried back on to the main footpath then out of the woods of Route 304. She promised herself and Skitty it would be a cold day in Dytopia before they ever stepped foot here again.

... 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 *Hagarza_P* 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://www.pixiv.net/en/users/44638355>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.