

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 9



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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 9 – Marc's Fun House

May ambled towards the front door for the third time, heart thrashing in her chest. Funny how an act as natural and ubiquitous as walking could become so cumbersome. Her crammed toes wept in pink sneakers one size too small. Long white socks with pink hoops covered her up to the knees. The rest of her shapely legs made for tantalising viewing, creamy thighs pouring from the tiniest of green pleated miniskirts. She fought the constant urge to tug down the back. A white crop top did its best to cover as little flesh as possible, leaving her arms and flat midriff bare, while her bountiful bust wobbled and bobbed with every step, one wrong move away from jiggling right out of the teeny cloth. With the threat of a gargantuan wardrobe malfunction looming at the back of her mind, May measured each step consciously and held a box of cookies over her bursting cleavage.

How could anyone not feel self-conscious in this getup? Her brunette locks were pulled into long pigtails, the likes of which she hadn't worn since she was about five. The May she knew disappeared beneath unconventional makeup; contour gave her features a natural, Mediterranean veneer while light-pink blush rosied her cheeks. She wore a green beret and a matching sash with the words 'Cookie Girl' printed in gold diagonally across her torso. Just what had she gotten herself into?

May refrained from cringing as her skirt fluttered when she climbed the steps leading to the neighbour's porch. She stood in front of the friendly woman's house awkwardly for a moment, as if she expected someone to stop her, and when nobody did, she took a deep breath, raised her fist and rapped her knuckles on the door.

...

Norman woke up with a start. It took him a couple of seconds to recall he'd fallen asleep on the couch. Another abrupt knock swivelled his head to the door. He glanced at the time. 10:27. He tried to remember if she'd mentioned anything about visitors swinging by this morning. Nothing came to mind. Ah well, maybe he should ignore it? This wasn't even his house after all. The knock came for a third time.

Intrigued by the persistence, Norman hauled himself off the couch, stuck his feet in mule slippers and closed the flannel robe over his wife beater and boxers. Yawning, he peered through the peephole and discovered what looked like an overgrown Girl Scout standing on the doorstep with her head down reading a box of cookies.

Heh. Cute, he thought, if not a little eccentric. Unfortunately for her, the owner of the house was toiling away at work and he wasn't much in the mood for cookies. He opened the door intending to suggest she try again later, but when she lifted her head and their eyes met, both their faces froze in astonishment.

Norman had never seen his teenage daughter dressed so... so scantily. Clearly, the Girl Scout uniform set out to highlight her youth, perhaps even cut it in half, but she had long lost all the baby fat that once rounded her face, leaving her touched-up visage a juxtaposed blend of fifth grader and budding adult. Her comically undersized attire drew attention to her bulging cleavage. Girl Scouts never showed off jugs like that when he was growing up. He lost the will to form words. Red in the cheeks, the busty Girl Scout hid herself behind her box of cookies.

Awkward...

Both stammered, unsure who should've been speaking. Norman mumbled, "May, I—"

"Cut!" someone shouted from the sidelines. The boom mic was withdrawn from above Norman's head and the chief camera operator lowered his camcorder.

A bald old man in mysterious shades sat behind his monitor reviewing the take, brow furrowed in displeasure. Roshi wasn't at all what Norman expected of a director. The eccentric old fart hadn't taken his sunglasses off since introducing himself a few hours ago, this despite the current portion of the video being filmed indoors. Norman couldn't blame him; if he was a creep hired to direct a deplorable, incestual sex scene, he'd probably want to keep his identity shrouded, too.

Silvery and bushy, Roshi's facial hair buried the bottom half of his visage, a thick walrus moustache and long goatee shaped in a frown. He spoke very little English and relayed instructions in a thick accent and dramatic gestures which his chief camera operator, Todd Snap, a gangly boy with a bob of curly brown hair, translated in layman's terms.

Snap walked up to Norman in his red striped shirt and casually said, "He's asking if you even bothered to read the script."

Script? Norman stifled a laugh. Said 'script' was the epitome of lazy writing, a scene as dumb and improbable as you'd expect from your run-of-the-mill porn flick. A child could've shat on three sheets of paper, stuck them together and it would be better than this 'script'. Really, it was criminal how much Marc Stone was set to make from this unimaginative drivel; considering what he'd offered him and May to feature in his vision, Marc's cut could easily be seven figures. Norman didn't care though, just needed enough to ditch this godforsaken region once and for all. They'd only been given an hour and a half to internalise the script amidst wardrobe changes and swift makeovers – and in Norman's case, a long overdue shave and haircut. But, "Yeah, I read the damn script."

"Okay doke," Snap said. "I believe ya. The ol' man back there though, doesn't seem to think you did. Ah, maybe you could prove him wrong by, like, reciting the lines when it's your cue... or something?"

"Oh, is that what we're doing here?" Norman asked sarcastically. "I wish someone would've told me sooner!"

"Whoa, hey, hey. Chill, bro." He held up his camcorder. "I'm just the camera guy."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." It was emasculating taking orders from a kid who barely looked older than his daughter. Granted, Snap seemed like a good seed, an aficionado at his own craft that somehow wound up in the wrong place at the wrong time, lending his talents to the likes of Marc Stone. "Okay, Mr Camera Guy. Just don't get too close to my daughter with that thing, you hear me?"

"Okay dok- wait. What thing? You mean my camera or..." His eyes trailed down suggestively.

Norman balled an angry fist. "Why I oughtta –"

“Whoa, whoa, hey, chill dude.” He took a casual step back. “Only a little joke. Ha, ha. Actually, I’ve filmed so many of these things it’s about as exciting as watching Slowpoke race. I don’t even get boners anymore, dude.”

His languid body language and manner of speech convinced Norman he was telling the truth. He might as well have been shooting stock footage. Poor kid, to be so young and desensitised to lovemaking. At least Norman could trust him to maintain a certain level of professionalism.

“Oi!” Roshi shouted from his director’s chair. Befuddled, he raised his arms as if to say, ‘what gives?’

“Oh, right.” Snap remembered they were on set. “He says he’s read the script and he’ll try harder this time.” He assured the cranky director with a thumbs-up then turned back to Norman. “Good luck. Oh and remember, her name’s April not May.” He winked before backing out of the shot.

Right. April. Norman tried to remember. The producers were kind enough to let them choose their own characters’ names. May went with ‘April’ for reasons she didn’t explain, though he assumed it was merely a lazy play on her actual name. Norman was even less imaginative and piggybacked off her moniker.

The director had them reset the scene. May stood outside again and Norman prepared to act shocked.

He hadn’t been acting the first time. While the script gave a good indication of what outfit May, or rather April, would be wearing, nothing could’ve prepared him for seeing it on his daughter in person. The lines he’d memorised evaporated from the tip of his tongue. How was he going to get through the scene when he couldn’t even get past the opening dialogue?

Crap, would he even get hard when the time called for it?

He began to think they’d signed on the dotted line a little too prematurely.

...

May second-guessed herself on the other side of the door. *What am I doing? What am I wearing?* Ugh! Maybe her dad was right. This whole thing was a bad idea.

Being a seasoned Pokémon Coordinator, May had exhibited her talents throughout several Pokémon Contests in front of live audiences and filming crews alike, but the nerves she often fought before taking the stage had nothing on the Butterfree throwing a party in her stomach right now. At least in Contests, the expectations never eluded her. She knew exactly what to do and, when she didn't, she trusted herself to figure it out mid-competition. But this? This was a whole new undignified world. She had never taken a nude in her life and yet, before the sun went down, she'd be stark naked in front of a crowd of strangers filming her and her dad performing shameful acts on one another.

The ick factor crept into her bones and induced a shiver.

It only hit her now, trembling in front of the door, dreading the indecency on the other side. She glanced around, an anxious mess, adjusted her inadequate clothing although no one was around to see her except a creepily silent camera man stationed a short distance behind the porch steps. The skin-itching sensation of being recorded never left her, even between takes, the paranoia of his camera attempting to zoom up her skirt.

It could've been worse, she supposed, if Marc Stone had arranged for them to shoot in an actual neighbourhood, where she'd have zero control over how many passers-by stopped and ogled her in all her Girl Scout sluttiness. Mercifully, the threadbare script required no more than a single locale and any old mundane house would suffice. As it turned out, Marc Stone had such a house loitering in his spacious compound, a house (she'd learned from overhearing the filming crew's idle chitchats) Marc had used over a dozen times to film previous 'productions'. Alice, the boom operator, called it 'Marc's Fun House', and before it had earned that affectionate moniker, Marc had periodically rented it out to wealthy and prolific families in desperate need of a secluded getaway. Evidently, at some point, Marc figured he could up his profit by turning the property into an inconspicuous porn set.

"And... action!"

May jumped out of her musings, cleared her throat and knocked on the door.

As per the script, her dad opened up moments later, his tall lean physique ruling the entrance to Marc's Fun House. His long messy hair had been cut short to the raven bob she was used to and his overgrown caveman-beard reduced to a tame stubble furnishing his chiselled jawline. She tried to ignore how much better he looked than the night before, lest she forgets her lines again.

“D-Dad?” She widened her eyes in exaggerated shock. “What are you doing at Ms Petal’s house? Shouldn’t you be on a business trip?”

Norman – or Mr August while the cameras were rolling – reciprocated her shocked expression. “What do you mean what am I doing here? What are *you* doing here?! Shouldn’t you be at tennis practice?”

May couldn’t swing a racket to save her life. April, however, played on her high school team and went to practice every Saturday morning. Well, almost every Saturday morning. She deflected his wariness right back to his side of the court. “Wait a minute, is Ms Petal in there with you?” She tried to peek around his frame in the doorway. “Oh my God, Daddy, are you cheating on Mom?”

Mr August nearly jumped out of his mule slippers. “What! No, sweetie! How could you even think that?” He stuck his neck out and scanned left to right, wary of nosy neighbours and passers-by. This wasn’t the kind of conversation you had on the doorstep. “Come inside, come inside.”

As soon as May stepped through the door, her gaze wandered to the large camera honed in on her. She kicked herself and looked away immediately. By far, the steepest learning curve involved pretending she couldn’t see people she could see: the steady-handed camera operator to the left of her father, the young lady extending a boom mic over their heads, the straight-faced dictator sat high on his director’s chair presiding over the scene like a commander overseeing his platoon. No one was there. She kept forgetting. It was just her and Mr August standing awkwardly in Ms Petal’s house.

April was related to Mr August in the same way May was related to Norman. They didn’t need method acting to engineer the dynamics of a father-daughter relationship. May had never lied to her dad about her whereabouts whilst galivanting around the neighbourhood in barely any clothes but, thanks to recent misfortunes, she did have parallel shades of personal experience to draw from. When her dubious moneymaking endeavours came to light, he was no less displeased and befuddled than Mr August appeared staring down his daughter.

“April, what the hell are you doing?”

He did such a good job at sounding annoyed, May recoiled and almost forgot her line again. "I, well, I'm selling Girl Scout cookies." Surprisingly, her shaky and uncertain delivery escaped a cry to 'cut!' She presented her box of cookies with a big, fake smile. "See!"

Mr August saw all right, and he scrunched up his nose at her chocolate chip delights. "Okay..." But that still didn't explain, "Why? And what the hell are you wearing?"

Honestly, in Mr August's shoes, she'd be asking the same thing. "Uh, because I need the money to buy... a new Xtransceiver?"

"Cut!" Roshi grumbled something and ordered Snap to come over.

"That was good," said the camera operator, "but he wants you to do it with a little more energy, a little more spunk."

"Spunk?" May asked uneasily.

"Yeah. Think, a bumptious little know-it-all with a bad attitude. Basically, ninety percent of teenagers. This should come natural to you."

May shot him an incredulous look. "Excuse me?"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, hey. Chill, bro. I'm only the camera guy." He backed out of the shot holding his hands up.

May bit her tongue on a retort as the director yelled, "Take two. Action!"

She slipped back into character with a start. "Uh, because I need the money to buy a new Xtransceiver?" She poured sarcasm over her second attempt, adopting a tone she'd never use on her real father. "Like, hello, I've been saying it for weeks, and you don't wanna bump up my allowance."

Mr August hmphed. "Maybe if you did more chores around the house. But no, instead, you go around looking like a floozy trying to get people to buy your cookies!"

"Floozy?" April huffed. "This is standard issue uniform." Whatever organisation issued *this* as standard uniform wouldn't last long in the real world, May thought, or at least hoped so. Her dad stayed faithful to the script, ogling her scanty attire with disapproval before losing himself in the valley of her mountainous cleavage. The lecherous gleam in his eyes had become familiar to her in the past couple of months; it was the same leer many a

randy boy fixed her in the woods, except ten times more uncomfortable coming from a family member. May understood he was only acting, but still. Both he and the camera zoomed in on her big bosom. His stare might've dragged on forever if their overlord didn't intervene.

"Cut!"

Norman punched the air. "Drat! Forgot my line again."

"Word of advice," Snap whispered, "You don't always have to follow the script down to the letter. We're shooting porn, people. You know the scenario. Go with the flow." The co-stars nodded thoughtfully. "Run it back."

"Floozy?" May repeated. "This is standard issue uniform!"

Mr August gave his daughter a onceover, unimpressed, lingered on her bosom long enough to be caught on camera, then sputtered his line. "That's a little, uh, are you sure they gave you the right size, honey?"

"Wha... don't you like it?"

"Well, I mean, it's not that I don't..."

"It's perfect!" May chimed in fabricated glee. April performed an 'innocent' twirl so her father (and the audience) could get a better look, the spinning skirt rising off her bottom, flashing the back of hot-pink panties. "Oh, Dad, never mind. You wouldn't know fashion if it Hyper Beamed you in the face." A statement true for both Mr August and the man playing him. "Don't try to change the subject. Are you cheating on Mom?"

"Never!" Norman rebuked instantly. Then his indignant features slackened as he remembered he wasn't Norman. "I mean, I..." Mr August struggled to find the best words to limit his culpability. "I... yeah, I might've..."

May found it endearing how difficult it was for him to say it, even in-character. "Oh my God, Dad!" April shrieked.

"But it was just this once!"

"And with Ms Petal?!" The horror on her face multiplied. "She used to babysit me when I was a child!"

"I know, I know." Mr August sighed. "Your mom and I, we're working through stuff right now. Like, tough stuff. We've hit a bit of a rough patch and..." He sighed again. "You know what, I don't expect you to understand. And I don't want to put any of this on you anyway. I know I'm wrong and I'm going to fix it, okay? I promise. I just need one thing from you."

April crossed her arms and quirked a brow. "...what?"

"I need you not to tell her you saw me here."

"You want me to lie to Mom?"

"No, no. Not *lie*, exactly, just, like... not mention it?"

Sounded like lying to her. "And how am I supposed to do that? We all live in the same house!" A house that was about to get infinitely more awkward regardless of the outcome of this discussion.

The melodramatic script had Mr August get down on his knees. "Please, sweetie. I promise I'll make it up to you. Anything you want."

"Hm..." April twirled one pigtail with her fingers, devising an adequate kickback for her silence. "If I do this for you, you have to buy cookies from me."

The look on his face turned from agonising dread to pure delight. "Absolutely!" He leapt to his feet like a man light from getting off easy. "How many boxes should I –"

"All of them." April didn't flinch. His face fell. "All 52 boxes."

"Honey, that's going to cost me over 250 Pokédollars! On Girl Scout cookies."

April shrugged. "That's how many I need to get my Rufflet Girl Scout Badge. I mean, it's either that or –"

"Fine," he ground his teeth. "I left my wallet upstairs. Look at you..." He shook his head with disgust, "out here blackmailing your old man. You really have changed, May."

"Cut!" The director shook his bald head in frustration.

Snap hurried over. "It's April. Not May."

“Oh, right.” Norman facepalmed.

“You guys were so much better though! Do more of that.” Snap winked. “The big man would’ve stopped you if he had a problem with it.”

May was glad *somebody* enjoyed their performance. She hated it. Particularly the last bit when he used her real name. Could it have been a slip of his tongue? Possibly. But she couldn’t help feel her actual dad concurred with part of the script. Just last night he’d accused her of changing for the worse, and here he was, double stamping his convictions through Mr August’s voice. She hadn’t heard a slip of his tongue; she’d heard a Freudian slip.

He still harboured resentment for her decision to strip for money.

...

“And... action!”

“Look at you,” Norman repeated, “out here blackmailing your old man. You really have changed, April.” The line touched Norman unexpectedly. He felt for Mr August, forced to discover a side of his daughter better left undiscovered. Perhaps the most damning indictment was he could imagine May frolicking in something as skimpy as her delinquent character. Hell, he didn’t have to imagine it; he saw it for himself whilst hidden in those bushes. “Is this how you like to make all your money now?”

“What...?”

“Blackmailing people into buying your cookies?”

“Oh,” May said, her suspicions abated. She thought he might’ve been talking about something else, and she might’ve been right. “Uh, no? It’s all on the up and up.”

“Up and up, my ass. You mean to tell me you haven’t done anything... questionable to sell Girl Scout cookies?”

“No way!” May retorted quickly. Then she remembered she wasn’t May. “I mean, I might’ve...”

“April!”

“Only one time, I swear!”

Mr August crossed his arms and huffed. “You’re in big trouble, young lady. Come here.” He ushered her into the living room and sat her down in an armchair. “I need you to tell me everything that happened.”

She fretted. “...everything?”

“*Everything.*”

She itched her arm awkwardly. “I’m not sure you want to know everything, Dad.”

He planted his elbows on his knees and leaned in fixing her a grave expression. “I do.”

The air between them thickened. The room fell tense and silent. The cameras honed in on their facial expressions. Their eyes met and then –

May broke out laughing. Norman, too, suddenly dropped his serious face and chuckled at her reaction, at himself, at the lunacy of their situation. The director grumbled “cut” while the rest of the filming crew had a giggle at their contagious laughter.

Norman didn’t realise how much he’d needed something to make light of their miserable predicament. For Arceus’s sake, he was in the middle of shooting a porno with his own daughter! If he didn’t laugh, he’d cry. The look of grave importance on his face coupled with the likelihood she’d forgotten her lines again was probably what led to her break in character. It was a serendipitous reminder they weren’t who they were pretending to be. Snap cued them up for a retake and the co-stars tried again, a little lighter and less guilt-ridden pushing onwards.

“Tell me everything,” Mr August demanded.

“Well, um, I, like...” April stumbled on her words as dictated by the script.

He thought pitching forthright questions might give direction to the interrogation and present her the opportunity to marshal her thoughts. “Did you flirt with any older men?”

“...yes?” she admitted shyly, wary of his reaction.

Mr August kept a poker face and pushed forth with his questioning. “Did any of these men invite you in their houses?”

“Yes. One.”

“Who?”

“Mr Fillaho.”

“Mr Fillaho! Ugh! Always knew there was something rotten about that creepy neighbour. And you went in?”

“Yes...”

“And... what happened next?”

“Um –”

“Did he try to make any moves on you?”

“Uh, kinda?”

Mr August frowned. “What do you mean ‘kinda’?”

“He said I was really pretty... and that he liked my uniform.”

Mr August eyed her long legs as she sat in the armchair, one shapely thigh crossed over the other, her skirt so high half her bare ass cheek kissed the cushion. “You don’t say...” he murmured absently, “and did he mention what part of your uniform he liked the most?”

“Um... up here.” She motioned across her chest.

Reluctantly, Norman followed the script’s directions: he took the box of cookies out of the Girl Scout’s hands and away from obstructing her salacious bust. Somehow, the tiny white top crammed the enormity of her breasts in all its snugness, albeit not without puffing out massive cleavage that tantalised the eyes. Mr August could see why that dirty old man took a liking to his teenage daughter. And Norman doubted he’d be any different than those boys throwing Pokédollars at May to bare her chest. He could admit, to himself at least, his daughter boasted one of the most magnificent racks on the planet, overshadowing the size and perkiness of her mother’s. Norman didn’t blame Mr August for ogling, and ogling. And ogling.

May looked a little uncomfortable, though it was impossible to tell how much was down to believable acting and how much was the cringe factor of her dad leering at her big

juicy tits. Well, she could glower all she liked but this whole thing was her idea, and he was only following the script! Norman propped up his disconcerting behaviour on the back of those two facts. And, talking about the script, he recited, "I can see why. Mr Fillaho must've been really overjoyed to see you on his doorstep."

April gave an awkward laugh.

"So... what happened next? After he took you inside?"

"Um, we talked a bit. I showed him my cookies and –"

"Was that all you showed him?" Mr August interjected.

She looked down, embarrassed, then uttered a timid, "no."

"Oh, sweetie," he said in his concerned father voice, "he asked you to show him your tits, didn't he?"

April nodded shyly.

"And you did, didn't you?"

She nodded again. "He said he'd buy some boxes if I did."

"Mhm. Of course he'd say that. So, how did you...?"

"How did I what?"

"Show him your tits."

April looked confused by what she'd heard. "Well, I mean, I just kinda... pulled down my top, like this." She mimicked the motions.

But mimicking wasn't enough for Mr August. "Go on."

"Go on? You don't mean –" She shot him an incredulous eye. "You don't want me to actually take down my top right now?" She laughed at herself for even asking the question. But Mr August's face remained deadpan. "Like, seriously?" she asked again. "Like, take it down for real for real?"

He gave a small shrug. "If you don't want me to tell your mother, you need to own up to everything, April."

Apparently, in porn logic, owning up to her transgressions involved re-enacting said transgressions in front of her oddball father. From the moment they had read it in the script, Norman and May anticipated apprehension when they got to this point. She glanced to her right, where Snap stuck a hand out from behind the camera and gave her a thumbs-up, encouraging her to proceed. The angst in May's eyes ran deeper than the character she was portraying. Whilst Norman remained out of shot, a subtle nod reassured his nervous daughter and gave her permission to do what everyone on set eagerly awaited her to do.

May squeezed her fingers into the snugness between her bodice and her jampacked breasts. The rush of nervy excitement that had afflicted Norman in the bushes returned threefold. It had all ended one big, penis-dwindling disappointment and spawned some notion of unfinished business between his eyes and her bosom. There'd be no unruly runts to sabotage her unveiling this time. He wiped his brow. *Jeez, am I sweating?* No other pair of tits had worked him up this much. Norman was one inch from sliding off the edge of his seat when she finally tugged on her bodice.

It didn't take much of a tug either, barely a flick of her wrists, and – *WHAM* – out popped her incredibly large, incredibly perky melons, bursting into the open as they eagerly escaped suffocation. Pink nipples flicked out of their confines as the tit-meat surrounding them wobbled free. Her cleavage ate the 'kie' and 'Gi' of her 'Cookie Girl' sash, sinking the green strip in the crevice of her mounds.

Mr August gawked. "No... bra...? That part of the dress code, too?"

April turned her crimson face away. "I might've made slight adjustments," she mumbled through the corner of her mouth.

"Yes. I... noticed." And so, too, did Norman notice; his teenage daughter bore the chest of a full-grown woman. Before, he'd ogled her development in secret, but now, she knew what he knew. She saw him seeing her, watched his eyes glaze over with sordid admiration, and Norman imagined her estimation of him as a father took a hit. Granted, he still had the excuse of acting to fall back on. "Wow," he said, whilst trying to remember his next line, "uh, so, after you did that, he bought the cookies from you?"

"Not quite..."

"Not quite?" Mr August said in a 'tell me more' tone of voice.

“Well, I had to shake them a little.”

“Shake them a little?”

“Yeah. Kind of like...” April shimmied and her untethered mounds put on a jiggly demonstration. Her father was transfixed. Snap crept closer, training his camera on her dancing tits, and gestured for her to stand up. April found better mobility on her feet, her boisterous bosom swinging side to side with nipple-swaying vigour. She put her hands behind her back in apparent bashfulness, but then made her big titties bounce from only the energy generated in her bobbing hips and torso.

A big thumbs-up from Snap.

Norman’s mouth hung agape. Her seamless transitions through several tit-shaking, boob-hopping variations impressed and frightened him at the same time. She was a little *too* good at stirring the milkshake. Just how often had she been tormenting horny little boys out there? Too often. She appeared more confident shaking what her mother gave her than she did spouting lines. Fortuitously enough, his little exhibitionist had trained herself for this precise moment, for trumpeting her mammaries in all their massive, magnificent glory before an intimate audience.

He’d never forget how she’d always come running to him when she was a little girl, eager to show off some drawing she’d coloured in or some splodge-shaped Mudkip she’d painted with her chubby little fingers, anything for his validation or a pat on the head, or a ‘Wow! Well done, sweetie! Now run along and show it to Mommy!’ Simpler times. If only parenting remained that elementary. Now here she was, over two feet taller, parading her latest (perhaps greatest) talent yet in front of Daddy’s appraising eyes. It would’ve been easy to criticise her, harder to acknowledge the pride and modesty she’d sacrificed to right his wrongs, to get them back home when all other roads looked inexpedient.

Well done, sweetie.

April concluded her vigorous stint of cardio with an exhausted “pew” then plopped back down on the armchair, her plump performers giving one last wobble before settling on stillness.

“Wow.” Norman’s amazement showed through his character. “That was... wow. And then he bought your cookies?” asked Mr August.

“Yes, but, um...” She fiddled with one pigtail. “He offered to buy twice as many boxes if I... did a little more.”

Mr August gave a slow nod as his imagination coloured in the details. “Yeah, I get it.”

“You do?” she said nervously.

He stood up and closed the distance between them. Although she'd expected his approach from reading the script, her face grew nervous as his crotch zoomed in on her. She looked up like a timid child. “This is what that dirty old bastard wanted, isn't it?” Mr August unfastened his robe. “I need you to show Daddy *exactly* what he made you do for those cookies.” He opened his robe and, once the unmistakable bulge in his boxers hit her sights, May turned away and got up.

“Oh my God,” she muttered with her face in her palms, “I can't do this.” She walked off set and out into the backyard.

The baffled director shrugged and issued a needless, “Cut.” He and everyone else on set exchanged anxious expressions. They had no show without their lead starlet.

Norman stood there flummoxed, looking every part the sleazy slob in a bathrobe. Concern weighed heavily on his features as he regarded the backdoor. “May...”

...

May looked to the clouds and questioned her life choices. Who wouldn't after confronting the image of their dad's tented undergarments? Maybe she was wrong for thinking she could go through with this after all. On the flip side, her dad appeared to have shaken off his pre-performance jitters and readied himself to plough through the scene. Either, he had really committed himself to the character and his promise to do things her way, or... he was genuinely looking forward to fulfilling their contractual obligations. *No*, May thought dreadfully, it couldn't be the latter. It couldn't be that her father actually *wanted* to dance the dirty tango with her. But... guys couldn't fake erections, could they?

The door creaked behind her.

May glanced over her shoulder to see Snap stepping into the backyard. He'd left his camera inside, suggesting he was coming to her as a concerned pal as oppose to a mercenary

of the filming crew. She hadn't decided if she could trust him but, in her current state, his appearance caused less anxiety than if it had been her father emerging to check up on her.

"Everything all right?"

"What do you think?" May said. "I just had to see my dad's semi up close."

"That's rough." Snap pulled out a cigarette and a lighter.

"You smoke?"

"Uh, yeah?" He lit the end of his cancer stick. "The things I've had to see and capture on camera... trust me, kid, you'd be smoking, too." He took a puff and coughed up smoke straight away.

"Right... when did you start, yesterday?"

"Something like that."

He really did seem like the kind of kid who'd try anything to appear different from the crowd. "How old are you anyway?"

"Same age as Ash."

"Yeah, that makes sense – wait, you know Ash??" May was stunned. This was the first time anyone in Dytopiah referenced a personal acquaintance of hers outside of the region.

"Yeah, once upon a time," Snap said nonchalantly. "And I know you know him, too."

Her mind was blown. So many questions. She'd been isolated so long she'd forgotten what it was like to connect with anyone on common ground (besides her fellow castaways).

"How did you mee-"

"Does it matter? We're here now. If you really wanna talk about it, maybe we can, after we're done with all this icky business." He nodded his head back at Marc's Fun House.

"Fair enough." There was a time and place for everything. "So, how did you wind up in Dytopiah?"

Snap took another puff. "That doesn't matter either," he said between another fit of coughs. "Just another sap story. Gone from taking pictures of wild pokémon to taking

pictures of wild babes in the buff. And now this. Heh. I'll spare you the details. When you think about it though, being here is not all much different than holding down a nine-to-five."

"Huh?"

"I mean, we're exchanging our time and expertise – maybe even some of our values – to ensure our survival, regardless of how much we might love or hate what we're doing."

"Uh..." May thought this whole experience was *vastly* different than working a nine-to-five, but she wasn't keen on sparking a futile debate right now. Time and place. "Maybe? I can see where you're coming from though."

"What I'm trying to say is, maybe you'd have an easier time if you looked at this shoot like a job instead of the be-all and end-all of your existence."

True, perhaps, but much easier said when you weren't staring at the excited nether regions of the man that sired you. "I'm trying."

"You read the script before you got here, didn't you?"

"Yup."

"So, you had to know everything that's happening in there was always gonna happen."

"Knowing it and living it are two different things," May argued. "It's complicated."

"Yeah, it is." He took another puff, but stifled his cough this time.

"Doesn't seem like it for him though." She looked back at the house where her father and a filming crew awaited her return. "I guess it would be a little easier – and less icky – if I knew it was as hard for him as it is for me."

Snap shrugged. "It looked pretty hard for him where I was standing."

May narrowed her eyes and punched him in his arm. "You're not helping!"

"Whoa, whoa, hey, chill out! I'm only the camera guy."

"Tell me though..." She lowered her voice. "Did you give him anything to help him... you know... *rise* to the occasion?"

“Your old man?” Snap shook his head. “I offered, but nope. That ‘semi’ you saw – that was all him.” Exactly what May had feared he would say. “Anyway, we should get back in there, yeah? Trust me, we all want to get this over and done with. It all hinges on you and your dad. The quicker you get things right, the less retakes we have to do, the sooner we all get to go home. Make sense?”

May nodded thoughtfully. “Yeah.”

“Fantastic.”

“Oh, one more thing.”

“Yeah?”

May pulled the half-burnt cigarette from his mouth and smeared it under her shoe. “Better.” She beamed then headed back to the house.

Snap half-smirked at his tarnished cig and followed right after her.

...

The silence on set amplified the sound of the door knob twisting. Everyone perked up. Norman dropped the script and rose to his feet as May returned in more collected fashion than she'd fled. The crew was on their toes waiting to see what she'd do and hear what she'd say. Snap walked in a few steps behind her. Norman tried to read his face for details and received a sly wink in return.

Must've gone well then?

May sat down in the same armchair she'd escaped minutes ago, breathed in, then out, and said, “Okay. I'm ready.”

Norman took her proclamation with a pinch of salt. “Honey, are you sure? I didn't mean to freak you out. It's not too late for us to stop if you –”

“I'm ready,” she reiterated, staring blank ahead. “We already signed the contract. The time to turn back is behind us. Let's just... we can do this. The sooner we get it right, the sooner we get out of here.”

“Well, yeah.” Her sudden show of fortitude took him aback. Whatever that kid had said to her really did the trick. “You’re not wrong. I just want to be extra sure that you’re –”

“I am ready,” she said, staring him dead in the eyes. And if her words weren’t persuasive enough, she emphasised her conviction by pulling down her bodice, leaving her breasts in the same state of nudity she had before.

Something fluttered in his chest at their reintroduction. Her capricious response was good enough for the filming crew; the director straightened his back in his seat, the boom operator raised her mic overhead, and Snap and the photographer, Dennis, aimed their cameras at the co-stars in position. With everyone else on board, Norman could only shrug. “Okay.”

Just seeing his daughter’s exposed chest reinvigorated the blood flow below his waist with alarming ease and haste. By the time Roshi called out “action!”, Norman was good and ready, too. He unfastened his robe and repeated the last line, “I need you to show Daddy *exactly* what he made you do for those cookies.”

This time, May rooted her behind to the chair, even as every fibre of her being must’ve been screaming at her to look away.

Mr August didn’t keep his daughter waiting. He pulled up his vest and relieved himself of his boxers with a dramatic tug for the camera. May had been instructed to act shocked but, when the long, thick, meaty slab of manhood sprung from his waistband and swooshed an inch past her face, very little acting was necessary. The monstrosity entered stage right with a mighty thwack against his abdomen. April recoiled as the smack echoed in her ears, her eyes bulging to their fullest, her mouth frozen in astonishment. The dick reveal would not require a retake.

It helped that her first glimpse happened right then and there, Norman thought, in front of the camera. Although it worked out in their favour, he hadn’t been holding back in hopes of prising a genuine reaction from his daughter, but rather in hopes she wouldn’t need to see his member. But see it she did, extended hands-free across the width of her eyes, only her shocked mouth visible beneath its girth and the large sweat-drop trailing her forehead above. Her big, blue, trembling eyes showed Norman straightaway that that neighbour boy wasn’t packing nearly as much. It was a reaction he’d observed on many a pretty face before meeting his wife, but one he’d never expected to see on his daughter.

“Good stuff!” The photographer snapped. “Hold it right there – lovely!” Dennis snapped another. Both Norman and May were kind of frozen in the moment, making it easy for him to circle them and capture a dozen stills from different angles. He knelt down at Mr August’s crotch for a close-up. “Whoa. Big boy, aren’tcha?” *Snap!* “Daddy’s packing, alright. Beautiful knob you got there, sir.” *Snap! Snap!* “Seriously, look how pumped and sturdy it is. Such a beautiful monster. Sir, your manhood is quite the standout specimen, a glorious phallus sculpted by the Legendaries themselves for this industry.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Alice said, “stop being a creep and just take the damn photos.”

“Well, excuse me for trying to make the talent more comfortable.”

“Every time you open your mouth you make them more *un*-comfortable!”

“All right, all right.” Dennis rolled his eyes. “Sheesh,” he muttered for only Norman’s ears, “someone’s got a boom mic stuck up their arse this morning, didn’t they?”

“I heard that!”

Norman got lost trying to follow all the quarrelling voices around him. In the end, he shrugged. He had his own internal conflicts to contend with and not a moment to spare paying attention to theirs.

Dennis got over Alice’s criticisms and returned focus to what Marc Stone paid him to do. The bespectacled photographer motioned for Norman to shift two steps to the left. He did, awkwardly. The repositioning moved his erection away from obscuring the Girl Scout’s face. “Perfect! Now you.” He pointed at May. “I need you to grab it right at the bottom and hold it up like this.” He demonstrated a firm grip.

May shot him a look that said, ‘you want me to do what now?’ Her irises tentatively slid to the corners of her eyes, sizing up the task in her peripheral vision. Norman noted her hesitation and nodded his approval to make contact.

One by one, her coy digits curled around his shaft, and met so much girth her fingertips barely reached her thumb on the other side. Her gentle grip was indicative of someone very cautious about treading forbidden ground. They avoided eye contact, wise not to turn an awkward situation even more awkward. He stared at the walls and the ceiling and the windows and the director’s bald head (anything that wasn’t his daughter) as May pulled

slutty faces demonstrated by the photographer: one moment she pursed her lips a breath away from his cock-head, and the other she stuck her tongue out provocatively. Dennis took headshots of each pose before moving on to the next. All Norman had to do was stay hard while his anatomy was turned into a phallic prop, held up in all lurid manners beside her face; one shot even compared his length to her forearm. He just about beat her by half an inch.

“Lovely!” Dennis beamed after the last shot. “And that’s it.”

“That’s all?” May asked, dick still in hand.

“For now. I’ll do more as it feels appropriate. Carry on.” He stepped aside and Snap setup a tripod in his place.

The camera operator adjusted his equipment then gave the co-stars a thumbs-up. “It’s all on you, guys.”

Norman fought a flutter of nerves. “R-right.” The director allowed them all of six seconds to get back into character before demanding action.

Mr August cast down a leering gaze on his half-exposed daughter. May conveniently had his erection in her hand when the cameras continued rolling. April looked up at his towering figure through quivering eyes. Norman remembered his next line.

“Show me,” Mr August said, “how you convinced him to buy your cookies.”

“I, uh –”

“Licked it, didn’t you?” His suggestion blanched her features. One beat later, she conceded a slow nod. “Show me.”

April parted her lips and her pink little tongue poked forth. She drew towards his enlarged mushroom tip. Mr August shut his eyes, perhaps out of guilt, perhaps out of imminent pleasure. Then he felt it; something cool and moist dabbing the end of his erection. *Oh my...*

The hesitant dabs turned into broader strokes and soon she was full on flicking at his frenulum. Norman swallowed every sound threatening to escape his throat, every admission his daughter’s tongue felt incredible on his tip. She must’ve kept her eyes closed, too; how else could she muster the gusto behind those long, rigorous licks? Whatever she was doing,

however she was doing it, it was working. She had his dick growing even harder. As her courage flourished, so too did her reach, her strokes wetting the underside of his rigid shaft from bottom to top. He shivered with illicit delight. It had been far too long.

“Psst! Psst!”

His bliss was interrupted. He cracked an eye open and scoped out Snap on the sidelines. The camera operator pointed two fingers at his eyes then motioned them towards May, then levelled the same gesture to her motioning towards her father. Norman understood his directions straightaway. It wasn't enough his daughter was tongue-stroking his cock on camera, the scene required them to make eye contact, too.

Mr August wrenched his eyes open. The pigtailed girl wore an expression of sweet innocence, juxtaposed with a raging hard-on against her cheek. What a little hussy April turned out to be. Mrs August would least be pleased. But if April stuck to her task, maybe her mother didn't have to know. “And then what?” he asked.

“And then...”

“And then you sucked it, didn't you?”

“Daddy...”

“Honey, you know the deal.” He nodded down at his waiting cock. “Show me.”

April aligned his big dick with her little mouth and gulped down a lump of nerves. She opened wide. He braced himself. She sealed her lips around his bulbous head. Then mopped her tongue over the dome of his sensitive flesh. She scrunched her face a little, in what he assumed was a reflex to sampling her daddy's precum. He had the complete opposite reaction; some degenerate part of Mr August was aroused by the justice of his little girl tasting him. It felt apt that the bitterness he held towards her slutty behaviour wound up smeared on her tongue.

“You like the taste of cock, don't you?” he mocked. “Go on. Have some more.” He gently pushed two inches through her orifice.

“Mmph!”

“Suck it,” he demanded, like the script ordered him to.

April began working her tongue on cue and rocking her head back and forth in gentle rhythm. *It's really happening. My own daughter's... giving me head.* On and off script, it was a depraved reality Norman and Mr August shared. Whenever Norman and May shied away from eye contact, Snap reminded them to re-engage, for the scene's sake he insisted. Since neither co-star was keen on shooting retakes, they followed his directions to the best of their limited experience. Her big blue eyes looked up at him as she sucked incestuous dick.

Things got intense. The stringent eye contact made the moment inescapable. They'd crossed a boundary they could never uncross, with nearly half a dozen witnesses surrounding them. Incidentally, staring at one another helped them forget there were other people skulking in the room, at least when Dennis's camera wasn't flashing sporadically mid-fellatio. Norman shuddered to think what Marc's client would do with all these images of his daughter's innocent face stuffed with cock.

April surprised Mr August when she abruptly hastened her sucking.

"Ooh," he cooed, "now we're going somewhere."

She pulled back and lurched forward far enough to consume one-third of his length, again and again. This was much more the groove and cadence Norman enjoyed his blowjobs. Like mother, like daughter. Well, not quite; it had been years since Caroline put this much passion into servicing him. They still enjoyed a healthy sex life but familiarity had a way of dulling profound sensations. The irony was May probably wouldn't be putting this much effort into it either if not for the cameras and tacky script. Oh well, Norman might've been destined for lacklustre blowjobs the rest of his life, but not Mr August.

"Psst! Psst!"

What now? Can't a guy enjoy a decent blowjob from his daughter without some git interrupting him?

Snap mimicked a talking mouth with his hand. Oh, right. The gesture reminded Norman of the brief he'd gotten before shooting began and, more specifically, two keystone rules they'd drilled into his head: one, 'hold your load' until such a time the director permitted him to release and, more pertinent to Snap's signal, 'talk your way through the scene'. Supposedly, the quickest and dirtiest way to convey their characters' thoughts was to outright speak them. The client expected a lot of saucy, if not lazy, exposition to pad out the action.

Norman would never say half the shit they'd scripted him to in a real-world scenario, but hey, this wasn't the real world, and he wasn't Norman.

"Yeah, that's it," Mr August encouraged her huskily, "show Daddy how you sold them cookies." Norman cringed on the inside but got the thumbs-up from Snap to keep going. May didn't let his seedy comments break her out of character. The cock-gobbling Girl Scout serviced Mr August with much appreciated gusto. "Ohhh," he moaned despite himself, "April... you little minx..."

Said little minx twisted the base of his shaft whilst bobbing sloppily on the top half. She took his breath away, more amazing than she had the right to be. Well, of course, this wasn't the first time she'd got her hands on dick. Like her promiscuous character, May had admitted to sexual relations behind her father's back. It hadn't been a full 24 hours since Norman found out and, while he'd suppressed his disappointment to a degree, he was far from done processing the revelation. Unresolved feelings toyed with his head, morphed April's face into May's and Mr August's cock into Brendan's. *Is that why she's so good at this?* Had she been visualising that little pipsqueak this whole time?

Norman grunted. "You really do love sucking dick." There was a bitterness to his tone. "Don't you?" The pointed question evoked a flicker of uncertainty on her face. She must've asked herself if they were still acting. Whether it was April or May, he couldn't know for sure, but the Girl Scout pumping and tongue-massaging his cock hummed in the affirmative – yes, she really loved sucking dick. "Say it." He unburdened her chops of his muffling manhood and allowed her to obey.

Two ragged gulps of air steadied her composure. "I... love sucking dick..."

Mr August was stunned, Norman even more so. She really took ownership of that line, almost like... she actually meant it. Now Norman had to ask himself just how many times did she and that neighbour boy do the dirty? Once or twice... a week? Every day they were out journeying together? Did she sneak him into her room when he and her mother were sleeping? Norman was infuriated, despite the only evidence being planted by paranoia. One time was too many! He thought they agreed she'd wait till she was 21? Well, if running around and celebrating how much she loved sucking dick was the way she chose to live, he could certainly treat her accordingly.

“Heh, you little slut.” He put his hand atop her beret hat and angled her forehead upwards so that her eyes were staring up at his manhood throbbing angrily. “Open your mouth.” She looked nervous but did as she was told. “Stick your tongue out.” She complied. He held her head in place with his left hand then grabbed his cock with the right and slammed it on her tongue repeatedly, a resentful judge hammering down his meat mallet to reign order. “Like dick, do you? Then you should be loving this.” Each thwack sprayed spittle off her jutting tongue. April took her punishment without rebuttal as camera flashes captured stills of her daddy’s dick landing on her stuck-out runaway. Mr August wagged his cock side to side across his daughter’s parted lips and her breath oscillated as the bulbous head swept on and off her orifice. “Like being a nasty little Girl Scout?” She moaned a meek ‘mhm’ like the cock-starved floozy she was. Mr August obliged her.

“Mmmpphhh...!”

“Uuaah!” His dick butted its way into her warm, little cavern, his meaty girth stretching her lips to their fullest. Mr August gave his daughter more than she deserved, half of his baby-arm shlong stuffing her face to the brim. Who did she think she was, blackmailing her own father into buying her cookies? He’d make sure she earned every penny, starting by renting out the space between her rosy cheeks.

Mr August put both hands on her temples and kept her green beret hat in place as he pumped in and out of her face. Outlined in their pre-coital briefing, ‘red’ was the safe word either performer could invoke to cease any sexual activity at a moment’s notice, but it was kind of hard to say anything that didn’t sound like ‘mmppghhumm’ while throbbing wood punched at your throat like a battering ram. Norman lost himself in punishing his daughter for loving dick by nearly choking her with one. Squelchy throat noises and a chorus of “ncguh, ncguh, ncguh” followed his cock to-and-fro her orifice, slobber overflowing from her used mouth and dribbling all over her exposed tits. Every so often, she’d tap his thigh three times in lieu of employing ‘red’ and the secondary signal would slow his thrusting when it became too deep or fierce. Mercifully, for her sake, Norman still had enough wits about him to spare her throat.

Spit lathered Mr August’s cock when he finally extracted it. A long string of saliva clung from her bottom lip before breaking as he pulled away. April looked winded, took a moment to catch her breath and relax her facial muscles. Norman found some consolation

(and pride) in knowing May wasn't accustomed to his proportions. If he had shoved in any more than half of his manhood, he would've been fucking her oesophagus.

Dennis stepped up wielding his hand camera. "We'll need a few more shots." He had Norman stuff her mouth again and turn to get the best angle of her cheek jutting out. *Snap!* Then he pointed the lens down from above, ensuring her spit-drenched cleavage made the backdrop. *Snap! Snap!* May appeared every bit the sloppy slut she was portraying and any one of these explicit shots would make for an appropriate cover photo. Before filming began, Norman imagined he'd want to distance himself from the whole ordeal the second they wrapped up, but all the camera flashes going off stirred some curiosity to take a gander at the end product. Not that he wanted to relive face-fucking his teenage daughter in any way! Of course not! He was just... curious. And that curiosity addled his brain as Dennis *snapped, snapped, snapped* away.

Snap rearranged the performers during the short break in shooting. Norman was moved onto the armchair and May positioned in front of him. They avoided speaking or even glancing at each other whilst the cameras were latent, not quite prepared to abandon the pretence of their characters. Dennis complimented Norman's ability to sustain his erection between takes, but it probably had less to do with him, and more to do with the lack of erections for the past seven odd months, at least none he could appease in the way he would've preferred to. His dick stood at full mast raring to continue.

"Action!"

April bent over and the back of her pleated skirt rose, granting the strategically placed camera a shot of her pink undies. Between her parted legs, her dangling breasts bobbed to the sounds of sloppy suction. Mr August lounged with his legs spread further apart than hers, his husky grunts and groans barely audible above her noisy chugging. While her pert rear and the underside of her bouncy bosom made for erotic viewing, Snap sought to provide the customer several angles. He picked up the camera and panned it round the right side of the bent-over blowjob.

"Hoooh yeah, just like that," Mr August encouraged his daughter. The fraught tapping on his thighs ceased now that she controlled the length of cock taken in with each swoop of her head. "Keep this up and – ohhh, fuck – I might just have to – urgggh – buy every damn box you got for next week, too." She smirked around his cock. "Would you like

that, sweetie?" She moaned an emphatic 'mhhmmm!' through her mouthful. "Then you better not fucking stop."

She showed no signs of it.

When her back started to cause her discomfort, she bent her legs into a low squat whilst keeping her lips latched to his veiny pillar. It was during this transition Norman noticed Snap had moved round the armchair and was filming from above his left shoulder.

The camera operator whispered past his ear, "eyes up," reminding May to connect with their would-be audience. "Good. Now slow it down." She looked deep into the lens while she languidly, sensually, roved her moist lips over the swollen head of his penis, seemingly allowing the viewer to imagine themselves in Mr August's enviable position. Fortunately (or unfortunately), Norman didn't have to imagine.

The soft touch of her lips and the slick of her tongue had him clenching his butt cheeks on the chair and wrestling moans. It took all his willpower not to grab her little head and thrust upwards through her skull till fountains of jizz flooded her gullet. He'd already been warned about busting too early and the only thing worse than shooting a porno with his teenage daughter was having to start all over again.

Mr August took the much tamer approach of coiling her long pigtails in his fists whilst allowing her to rock her head at her own pace. "Look at you go," he said breathlessly, "Really like the taste of Daddy's dick, don't you?" That one was hard for May to nod along to, even cock-deep in character. He liked that she was ashamed and yet couldn't stop herself either. "I bet I taste better than that neighbour boy, too, huh?"

May lowered her eyebrows and bunched them together.

That wasn't part of the script.

She pulled his cock out of her mouth and turned to storm off set for the second time.

Shit. Norman had slipped up. 'Neighbour' and 'neighbour boy' were only a word apart, but to May and Norman the difference was monumental, the implications traversing fiction and reality. If she hadn't deduced it already, she certainly deduced now that her dad still had a bone to pick with her secret boyfriend. Oh well. Norman was done hiding it, done

pretending they could sweep it under the rug. He'd make sure his feelings were heard, even under the guise of their cheesy porn scenario.

"Hey, where do you think you're going, young lady?" His stern fatherly voice rooted her to the spot. "We're not done here, April."

The filming crew looked puzzled by this abrupt divergence from the script, but the director held off from yelling 'cut' when May turned back to her father.

"Come here. Sit." He patted his lap.

May gave him a wary onceover. While it was a command he'd dished out regularly to her and her brother growing up, he'd never done it pantless before. Again, Norman winked, suggesting he wasn't really mad and it was all part of the character. The sly gesture was enough to convince her to take up the vacant space on his lap.

Snap shrugged and the cameras kept rolling.

"Now listen, sweetie, did you really think I wouldn't find out?" he muttered in her ear vaguely. "You know you shouldn't be keeping things from Daddy." For April, that meant whoring herself out to sell cookies; for May, that meant Brendan. "You know it hurts Daddy when you keep dirty little secrets."

The tenor in his voice was unexpectedly heartfelt. She gave a sympathetic, "Yeah..."

"I don't like it when other guys look at you," Mr August continued. "When you show them these..." He leered down at her chest and whispered, "Fat, juicy, extraordinary tits of yours..." He ogled the pink buds poking through strands of her long pigtails, then brushed the tresses aside for the cameras to appreciate her large areolae and stubby nipples. A light touch of embarrassment mingled with the blush makeup on her cheeks. The last time he had her mounted on his lap she was a quarter the size and flat as an ironing board, drumming not an ounce of temptation in him. Now, even if he wanted to resist, the production obliged him not to. "They're so special. I bet that grubby old bastard couldn't wait to put his hands on them. Sort of like... this."

He raised his right hand to his daughter's bare breast.

May gave a small shudder, her bosom rebelling against incestual touch.

Norman whispered, "It's okay, pumpkin. We can do this." He turned into Mr August and said aloud, "Oh, honey, your tits are so soft and incredible. I bet he touched them like this, didn't he?" Mr August went on to re-enact the neighbour's supposed groping. He roamed his mitt-sized hand over the roundness of her breast. The script gave him license to knead her supple mound and he wasted no film taking advantage of it.

Sheesh, May, when did your body get so erotic? If you weren't my daughter...

Norman stopped himself from completing that thought.

Nonetheless, with all eyes and cameras on him, he lived out the fantasies of many a horny boy wandering the woods, running his palm across the plump tits they'd only gotten to see from a distance. May wasn't writhing and wriggling like she had been when those bullies accosted her. She made an unlikely exception to her 'no touch' rule and, after a minute of his much more tender, much more expert handling, he felt her easing into Daddy's lap. The tension in her muscles dissipated. She loosened her shoulders and relaxed her back on his recently waxed chest. As much as Norman was performing for the cameras, the featherlike strokes circling her neckline and trailing down her cleavage stirred his daughter in much the same way it worked on her mother.

"You like that, sweetie?" he mouthed in her ear.

She responded with a breathy moan, "Mhm."

"That's good," said Mr August. "From now on, no one else gets to touch my sweet little Girl Scout like this, okay? You don't want Daddy to feel hurt again, do you?"

April shook her head gently.

"Good girl. No more neighbours, no more... secret boyfriends. No one."

She nodded in a dreamy haze. "Mhm."

"No one except Daddy," he breathed huskily in her ear.

"Mhm..."

"Say it. Daddy wants to hear you say it, sweetie."

“No one...” April mewled from his erogenous touch. “No one gets to feel me except Daddy.”

Mr August grinned behind her ear. A part of Norman did, too. He almost wished it was May talking, assuring him she'd revert to the sweet innocent girl she once was, but he knew it was impossible. The sooner he ridded himself of that fantasy the better. May was a child no longer. She was very nearly a full-fledged woman now, a woman with ample breasts that craved stimulation. So, after skirting atop her cleavage for a good while, his hand made a triumphant return to her bosom, two fingers flanking her right nipple as he squeezed down on the malleable flesh beneath it.

“Ngaah!”

The moan rushed out her lips with such volume and abruptness, her face turned red with embarrassment. Everyone on set had just witnessed a genuine expression of her arousal.

“You like how Daddy plays with your nipples?” He tried to divert her attention back to the script. Albeit, the constant nipple stimulation only made it harder for May to get her lines out, and yet, her jittery reaction played well enough for the cameras. They allowed the take to continue, allowed him to keep groping the busty teenager sat in his lap. “Oh, baby girl, you're getting turned on by this.”

April blushed furiously. “Yeah... it feels good, Daddy...”

Snap appeared a short distance in front of them, setup his camera about half the armchair's height, then made a parting gesture with his hands, pulling palms far away from each other till Norman acted on the prompt.

“Well then,” Mr August said, “let's get you even more comfortable.”

He squeezed his right hand between the unbelievably soft flesh of her thighs, pulled her right one to the side, then her left one the opposite direction. The rearrangement, instigated by Snap, had her legs fully separated atop her father's lap with a crotch shot of her pink panties staring down the camera. And what a shot it was, divulging the plumpness of her vulva through a luscious cameltoe. Norman couldn't see it from his vantage but, if Snap's emphatic thumbs-up was any indication, his daughter looked quite the peach down there.

She played up her shyness and pushed a hand down on her skirt.

“You know you can trust me, right?” He reached round with his other hand and placed it over hers. “Daddy will take good care of you.” He gently pulled her hand away as his silky voice unarmed her. “Better than any man, child or boy ever could.” Norman felt that true of himself, although he’d never had the inclination to apply it sexually. Mr August, on the other hand, had stumbled on the perfect excuse. “You do still want me to buy those cookies, don’t you?”

April gave it two seconds of thought, then nodded. Wow. Nothing could get in the way of this Girl Scout’s entrepreneurial spirit! Not if the lazy writers had anything to say about it.

Mr August looked calm and collected on the outside, but Norman’s heart was pounding against her back, a concoction of nerves and guilt and excitement he hadn’t felt since he was about fifteen and his first girlfriend snuck him into her bedroom while her parents were away and her older sister was preoccupied watching movies with her boyfriend in the dim-lit living room. He had the same thought then as he did now. *This is really happening.* Like then, the object of his temptation, well, tempted him; April raised the hem of her skirt ever so subtly, inviting him to plod along with their scripted interaction.

An invitation he couldn’t turn down.

Daddy’s hand crept up her teeny skirt and prodded inside. He quickly discovered his daughter had a ridiculously fat pussy, the fleshiness of her lips palpable through her thin panties. “Whoa...” She couldn’t bear to look at him as his beguiled digits took stock of her genitals. But what really had her cheeks flaring scarlet was when he roamed to the netherest of her regions and announced for everyone in the room to hear, “It’s wet.”

Norman hadn’t lost his touch, despite his decades-long devotion to one woman. Granted, being capable of arousing his own daughter might not have been something he should be overly chuffed about. For the purposes of filming, however, it helped, and even more so once they’d eventually get to the more... hardcore aspects of the shoot.

While he rubbed his middle finger up and down her cleft, Mr August murmured in his daughter’s ear, “You’re a nasty little Girl Scout, aren’t you?”

“Mhm...” She purred. His petting turned hotter, heavier, and soon she was stirring in his lap, the mounting pleasure making it impossible to sit still.

He felt her excitement on his fingertip, a small blotch soaking through her pink panties. Poor girl had probably been just as sexless as he had in the bowels of Dytopiah. Her brisk and effortless arousal scrubbed any doubts Norman might've had about her sexual expeditions in the wilds. She was much too horny to have been getting dicked down on the regular. His daughter might've been an opportunistic stripper, a cocktease for Pokédollars, but she was no liar. He knew it now. He felt it.

Her sex was hot in the palm of his hand as he prodded his middle finger at the base of her fleshy lips, only her wet panties preventing him from breaching her sacred walls. Now seemed as good a time as any for Mr August to remind his scandalous daughter about their little arrangement. "No telling Mommy I touched you down here," he muttered in her ear, "she'd be so mad."

"She'd kill us both." They snickered like naughty children. "I promise I won't tell Mom if you don't."

He put on a mischievous smirk. "Deal." Through shoddy writing, Mr August had gone from getting busted for cheating on his wife to convincing the would-be whistle-blower not only to keep it a secret, but to engage in the same debauchery she'd called him out on. Satisfied with their renewed pact, he groped her with renewed abandon, grabbing at her fat mound of a pussy.

"Ooh!" She jumped and her legs shut at his sudden greed.

"Spread them," he demanded, not only to benefit his handsy manoeuvres, but to benefit the camera's point of view. "Spread those fucking legs."

He suddenly adopted a more sexually aggressive tone, as if the hint of pussy on his fingertips awakened some carnal part of him. May couldn't say no to her father, especially when he commanded her with such authority. She drew her legs apart and Snap moved the camera closer.

After luring his teenage daughter onto his lap, the twisted Mr August proceeded to educate her on promiscuity by molesting her, rubbing her private parts vigorously over her little panties. Her breath hastened. She couldn't prevent the moans from escaping any longer, not while her papa pressed, prodded and played with her puffy pussy lips. Her chest heaved

and her enormous breasts wobbled in tandem. The effect of his fiddling trickled up and her big nipples were soon standing on their ends.

“Look how fucking horny you are already,” he said in a chastising tone. Although, who could blame her for succumbing to his expert handling? Daddy knew best. Apparently when it came to his daughter’s body, too.

“I’m...” She could barely string two words together. “It feels... good, Daddy...”

Mr August reached for her left breast and coordinated a two-pronged assault on her pleasure centres. His tit-and-clit stimulation cajoled erotic whines from her deepest, dirtiest depths. She writhed in his lap as he did everything to stir the juices flowing in her skirt, everything but pull her panties to the side and dip a finger in her wild waters. The script wouldn’t allow him to. At least not yet.

Snap reminded them to face each other.

Scarlet flooded both their cheeks, his for doing what he was doing to her, hers for what was being done to her. As their eyes reunited, a primal connection superseded their familial bond, and seeing one another overwhelmed by lust nudged that instinct to fulfil their unabashed desires. Their faces drew nearer and nearer, and neither of them seemed to realise. They ceased being Norman and May in that moment. Not Mr August and April either. Nor father and daughter. Simply vessels of lust desperate to pour into each other. So close, he felt her hot panting on his chin. She glanced at his lips. He glanced at hers. Their lips came dangerously close to touching...

But Norman veered away.

He settled on a much bigger, less intimate target instead. Her right breast. It was right there for the taking and he swooped his mouth over her big puffy nipple. He latched on around her areola and sucked so hard she cried out in ecstasy when he pulled up the supple mound and let go with a lascivious pop. The delicacy left a lasting impression on his chops. He had to swoop down for more. On his second serving, he savoured her nipple in his mouth and rapid flicks of his tongue evoked stuttering moans, her body shuddering at random. Her voluptuous tit-meat stretched and elongated with the tug of his lips, then snapped back and jiggled into its perky globular form upon release.

“Oh my – Daddy, you’re going to – *hnnnnng*,” she murmured breathlessly, “you’re going to m-make me... make me cum...”

Hearing the dirty words part his daughter’s lips thrilled Norman in a way it shouldn’t have. All her panting and heaving convinced him it couldn’t be *all* an act. She wanted it. Her young, writhing body threatened to succumb to sensory overload from the touch of his lips and hands alone. She needed it. Her pussy damped his fingers as he pressed into her drenched panties and sucked on her nipple. All her time in isolation had primed May for a desperate release and Norman couldn’t believe he’d be the one to deliver it, and on camera.

That was if she didn’t catch him out first.

Amidst writhing in pleasure, she rubbed her tush against his erection. It started out incidental but progressed into a wanton grind. With his pillar of manhood raising the back of her skirt, she stroked his shaft up and down between her cheeks, their softness caressing him on either side of her sunken panties. He released her breast and exclaimed “fuck!” in a hot whisper. “You’re making me so fucking hard right now.”

The horny Girl Scout gave a naughty giggle. “You like that, Daddy?”

Did he?! If Norman allowed her grinding to continue unchecked, this short movie would become infinitely shorter. “Are you being a bad girl right now, hm? Trying to make Daddy cum?”

“Mhm... you love it when I’m a bad girl, don’t you?”

Was it possible to love and hate something at the same time? “You little tease.”

“The sooner you cum, the sooner I make my biggest sale to date,” April reasoned.

“Heh. So that’s what you’re playing at.” It made perfect sense as far as the script was concerned, but Norman had a mandate of his own, one that prohibited him from busting a nut before the final segment. May knew this, too. She needn’t try half as hard as she was to coax seed out of him. Was it overzealous acting or perhaps a surreptitious test of his durability? “Nice try, but your ol’ man ain’t some easy nut to crack.”

In response, April rearranged herself in his lap, laying his dick down beneath her crotch so she could grind the wet part of her panties along his length. Her luscious lips parted ever so subtly on his girth as she drove her hips back and forth. Norman throbbed beneath

her heat, all but eager to impale his daughter right there and then. That sopping wet pussy was practically begging for it.

In testing his patience, she was testing her own, growing comfortable in the lap of luxurious pleasure. She reclined on his chest and curled her right arm round the back of his head, moaning as she rubbed herself into a hedonistic fit. Norman got the distinct impression he wasn't the first thing the horny teen had dry-humped lately. Well, if she was going to use him to get off then he'd take no shame in scooping up her great big tits and playing with her puffy nipples. Her bosom jerked and out came her loudest, neediest moan yet. She writhed back and forth with impassioned hips, gnawing at the agonising itch in her loins.

"S-slow down!" Norman puffed. Her nonstop gyrating pushed him closer and closer to the edge. She ignored his pleas and brought him to within seconds of shooting his load directly at the camera trained on their groins.

But April abruptly seized up.

The tell-tale signs of an orgasm washed over her body and trickled down to her toes. She gave a dreamy sigh as tension evaporated from her muscles. Norman's sigh was one of relief after abating a nuclear disaster. Once he cooled from the shock of his teenage daughter cumming in his lap, he remembered they still had half a scene to shoot.

"That was..." The line teetered on the tip of his tongue. "...really naughty of you."

April giggled. "It was, wasn't it? I've been a really bad girl." *Really* bad. She came without him. "I'm sorry, Daddy. Here –" She flipped her tummy onto his lap and juttied her rear end up. "I guess you'll have to spank me now."

Well of course he would. Mr August regarded his mischievous child spread across his lap like a hot platter. Norman had never spanked May before and she'd grown past the age it might've been appropriate. Porn logic said otherwise. It must've fit into the client's long list of twisted fantasies. Nonetheless, they'd signed up to do this, and May presented herself for the scheduled punishment. He raised his hand with a slight tremble then brought it down on the back of her skirt.

His attempt ended more a light pat than a severe swat. She made the most of it anyway and cried louder than the contact warranted. The whole thing had been comical from the script level and looked even more comical in practice, what with Norman's half-hearted

spanks and May's overreactions. It went on for half a minute before the director gesticulated at his performers as if to say 'what the hell is this?' Behind the camera, Snap made strong swinging motions with his arm.

I know, I know. It wasn't that Norman failed to grasp their expectations, but rather, he didn't want to hurt May for some scumbag's entertainment. He had his limits. And the contract never stipulated how hard the spanking needed to be. The smug glee he garnered from exploiting this little loophole was short-lived however, when he got opposing feedback from the one person he least expected.

"Harder," April muttered. Mr August struck her a questioning glance. Norman never considered May might actually want a spanking. Perhaps she didn't but felt her sins had earned her one. He might've been inclined to agree. She looked up at him over her shoulder and nodded encouragement. "Harder, Daddy."

Norman put more oomph into his next swing. May started after underestimating the sting. Norman worried he'd overdone it but she giggled off her initial shock and baited him to continue. He brought his palm down on her butt again. She squealed, for real this time.

Mr August spanked the naughty Girl Scout on his lap with impunity. She deserved it for selling blowjobs alongside her cookies. And May deserved it for stripping in front of random strangers. While a reluctant part of him might've respected her drive to accumulate funds, a good father couldn't let a bad deed go unpunished. Her offenses demanded more than a time-out, more than her usual grounding. Norman realised he wouldn't be at liberty to discuss her transgressions with her mother either. May got to escape that shame. Her brother would never find out and neither would her friends. In fact, the only direct punishment she might endure could be right here spread across his lap. Suddenly, Norman didn't feel so bad about dishing it out.

"Ah!" she cried.

"That'll teach you to stop taking your tits out!" He smacked her bottom again.

"I'm sorry, Daddy – ah!"

"Not yet but you're going to be!"

Mr August flipped her skirt onto her lower back, ridding her bottom of any buffer the layer might've provided. All that lap grinding had left her panties in disarray; the right side of her underwear had sunk into the crevice between her buttocks and the crinkled left side was halfway there. He didn't bother correcting the lopsided wedgie, simply gawked at the roundness of her exposed cheek. She would've been feeling the coolness of the open air and the heat of his endless stare. He couldn't help tracing his palm round the curvature of her bare bottom. His tender stroke ended with an abrupt *SMACK!*

May cried a real cry. The *PAH* of his large palm meeting her naked flesh resounded round the room. Music to Norman's ears.

In full view of the recording audience, he spanked his teenage daughter for the first time. The boom mic captured every clap and subsequent squeal, sure to make for crisp, crude audio in post-production, her pained cries a sound he'd savour for aeons. Norman used the stage to address his deepest disappointments and rain judgement on her ass one stinging slap after another. His palm bounced off her bare bum and sent subtle jiggles rippling through her tautness. In between strikes, he rubbed a soothing hand over her reddening cheek, if not groped and pinched at her tenderness before raising his arm again. Each swat released some tension inside him, chipped away at the resentment he'd been lugging in his heart. She took her hiding without complaint, even when harsher strikes could merit the safe word. The scripted punishment absolved her of guilt the same way it absolved him of bitterness. She'd learnt her lesson and he'd handed down his discipline, her ass cheeks burning red, his palm itching hot.

"Go on," Mr August said. He allowed her to climb out of his lap then stuffed his dick back in his boxers. "And don't let me find out you visited Mr Fillaho again."

"Yes, Dad." April bowed her head, pigtails dangling shyly.

"My wallet's upstairs in the drawer."

"Thanks a ton, Daddy!" She bent over and planted a big fat kiss on his cheek, as if he'd given her nothing more mundane than a new bike, as if she hadn't had his dick in her mouth just minutes ago.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. You earned it. I'll buy your little cookies."

She giggled with glee and skipped to the staircase.

“And cut!” called the director.

The filming crew downed their tools and Norman let out a heavy sigh. What a day. Their long stint of uninterrupted filming appeared to please the director, his frown slackening as he reviewed the footage. He allowed everyone a few minutes to stretch their legs. Norman and May stood on opposite sides of the room, still uncertain on how to operate around each other after everything they'd done in character. While Alice and Dennis tended to the leading Girl Scout, Snap approached Norman with a nod.

“I'm impressed,” said the camera operator. “You held yourself back while keeping it all very convincing.”

“Thanks?” It felt strange taking credit for spanking his teenage daughter in front of a bunch of strangers. Nonetheless, Norman was thankful the scripted rearing helped him expunge his umbrage and inspire the freedom to forgive her.

After the short break in filming, Snap setup the tripod at the bottom of the staircase and the director ordered May to climb the steps nice and slow. The leering camera tracked her ascent through an upskirt shot of her panties. All the prying eyes below followed her every step of the way till she turned on the landing and walked out of frame.

Unbeknownst to April, Mr August would sneak upstairs right behind her, where the scene was set to reach its ultimate climax.

Norman steadied his nerves and exhaled through his nostrils. *We're almost done.* Just one last part to shoot – admittedly, the hardest part – and once they got through it, they were practically home free. The reminder hauled his foot onto the first step but Snap held his arm out to stop him.

“Hold on there, Big Daddy. Just one little wardrobe adjustment you'll need to make before we head up there.”

“Huh?” Norman didn't like surprises, especially under these precarious circumstances. “What... adjustment?”

... 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 *jazz-and-pizza* 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.hentai-foundry.com/user/jazz-and-pizza/profile>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.