

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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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.

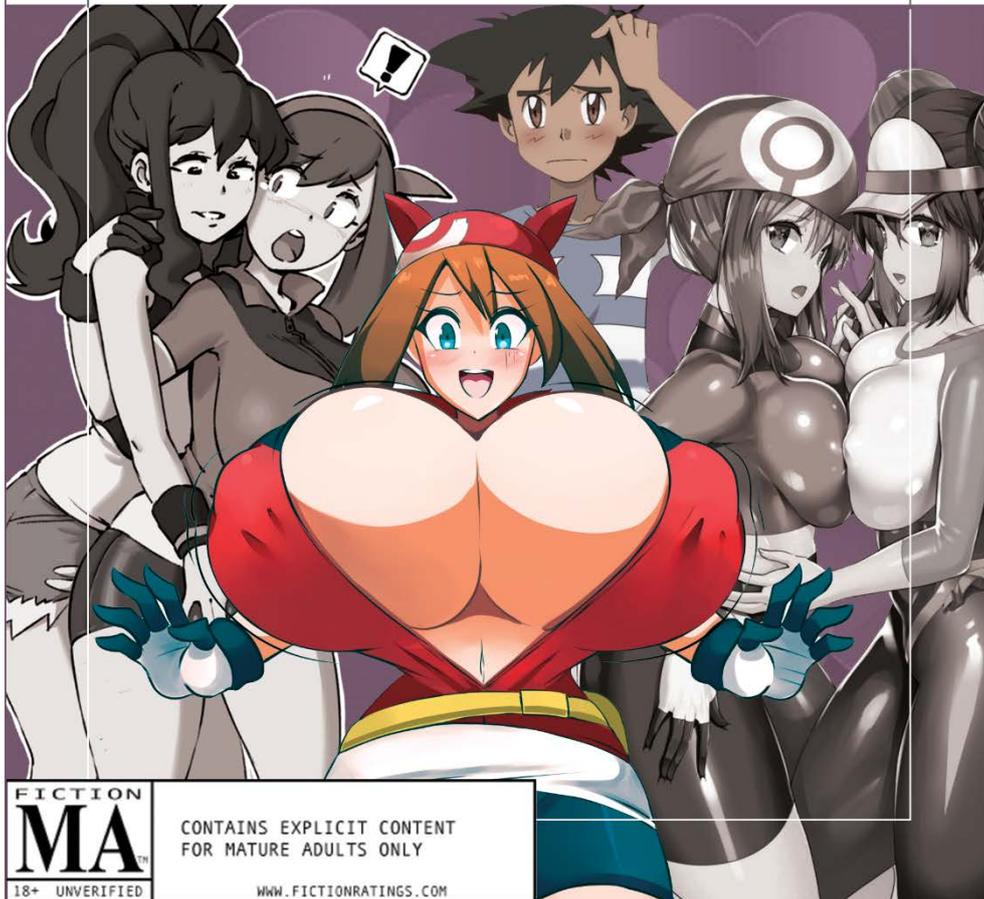
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J. J. SCRIPTease

MAY'S VALENTINE'S SURPRISE

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 1



Synopsis

Hilda and Rosa, May's two best friends, discover she has ulterior motives for inviting them along to a popular resort on Valentine's Day.

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May's Valentine's Surprise

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 1 – Man Up

Rosa shrieked with delight at the big, sparkly pool. Palm trees huddled around the water and reached high into air, their vibrant leaves waving hello in the light breeze, welcoming sun-kissed revellers to the Lavaridge Resort. It was so nice of May to invite her and Hilda here; lord knew they needed a getaway as much as the next unappreciated girl on Valentine's Day.

The three young ladies took a leisurely stroll around the huge 'S' shaped pool, swerving out of the way of overexcited children chasing each other in the opposite direction, forgotten by their parents passed out on deck chairs and sun loungers. One of the little beans of energy bumped into Hilda, nearly knocking her into the water.

"Hey, watch it!" the brunette snapped.

"I-I'm so sorry, lady!" The little boy fretted.

"Lady?" Hilda sounded offended. "Do I look old enough to be called 'lady' to you?"

Rosa sighed. *Here we go again.* Hilda could be soooo aggro sometimes. How was the little boy to know anything about her, let alone her age? Hilda might've been wearing a white and pink Trainer cap, similar to other region-trekking teenagers, but her figure could easily pass for a young woman's, especially with nothing but a towel covering the bottom half of her black, one-piece swimsuit.

Her budding chest was respectable, if not overshadowed by Rosa's sizier bust, cleavage peering out of her Treecko-themed bikini top. None of them were exactly little girls anymore, much closer to kicking down adulthood's door if anything. Rosa suspected the term 'lady' bugged Hilda for reasons other than the wrong presumption of her age. Nonetheless, she couldn't let her best friend ruin the spirit of the day.

“Come on.” Rosa dragged her away from the little boy who looked close to tears from her harsh scolding. “You’re really gonna let a little thing like that ruin a perfect day like this?” She stretched her arms out to the clear skies and beaming sun.

Hilda grumbled. “It would be a lot more ‘perfect’ if it weren’t for all these pesky little runts running around.” She dodged another one. “And all these damned couples.”

Indeed, the old and the young frolicked in the pool, paired across all shapes, genders and sizes, hes and shes and theys splashing water in each other’s faces, shrieks of mirth and ageless rapture lightening the air. Rosa couldn’t turn her head without seeing a couple holding hands at poolside, or attached at the hip while dipping their feet in the water, or smooching under the all-encompassing shade of palm trees. While all the sugary sights gave Hilda a stomach ache, big hearts pulsated in Rosa’s eyes.

“You don’t feel that?” She sighed dreamily.

“I feel like I’m going to be sick,” Hilda said. “Wasn’t the whole point of this little excursion to avoid Mass Marketing Scam Day?”

Rosa huffed. “You don’t have to be a wet blanket about everything, you know?”

“I’m surprised you’re gobbling all this up. You’re just as hopelessly single as me and May, you realise that, right?”

Rosa laughed to hide her pain. “Maybe for now. But you don’t need to be in love to appreciate it. At least you get it, right, May?”

Silence.

“...May?”

Rosa and Hilda swivelled their heads to the brunette. She was staring off into the crowds, her mind as faraway as her gaze.

“Earth to May, Earth to May.” Rosa waved a hand in front of her face.

“Oh,” May said, her voice deep with shock. “You said something?”

Rosa sighed. “Never mind.”

Was she the only person in high spirits despite their lovelessness? May's despondency disappointed her more than Hilda's attitude; she'd always been a girly girl like her, passionate about shopping and food and romance – plus this whole resort escape was her idea. She was the last person Rosa expected to be overwhelmed by the sight of couples.

The girls found three vacant pool loungers under canopies and sipped on virgin cocktails while lovebirds celebrated their union all around them. Hilda called them sheep, ignorant victims of big retailers and their deceptive advertising campaigns; she was two heartbeats away from calling love itself a scam. Rosa argued back till she was blue in the face but there was no cracking the layer of stone around her friend's heart. With a quiet and distant May offering no help, Rosa gave up and threw out a novel idea.

"Let's go have a splash!" It would be fun and help them wash away their worries. "What do y'all say?"

Hilda shrugged. "Okay."

"What? Really?" That was easier than she thought.

"When in Rome, right?" Hilda dropped her towel and stretched her legs in the swimsuit. "You two coming or what?"

Rosa got rid of her towel too, showing off her green and white bikini. She'd bought it a few hours earlier when she and May visited Lavaridge Mall. The latter got herself a shiny scarlet one piece that hugged her body well, at least the top half they could see, snug on her full and ample breasts, the biggest of the trio. She had nothing to be shy about, and yet, clung to the towel around her waist as she regarded the pool with uncertainty.

"Um, actually, I think I'm going take a rain check," May said.

"Huh?" Hilda quirked an eyebrow. "Why?"

"I, er, think I had a little too much to eat at the canteen."

She wasn't lying, thought Rosa, remembering the mountain of salmon and eggs benedict she'd heaped on her plate. Still, that was over an hour ago. Rosa couldn't shake the feeling May was hiding something from them. "Is everything okay?"

“Yes, of course!” she exclaimed too loud and too suddenly. “Please don’t worry about me! Enjoy the water. I promise I’ll join you in a little bit.”

“You sure?”

“Yes! Go!” May practically pushed them in the swimming pool.

The water was great. Rosa didn’t know about Hilda but she soon forgot what day it was and all the implications that came with it. She floated on the surface, soaking in the sun before Hilda flipped her over and challenged her to a race. They swam from one end of the pool to the other, treating the bodies in the way like hurdles to get around. Hilda won. But only because Rosa wasn’t ready!

They climbed out of the water to re-join May, but before they could even reach her, a flurry of activity grabbed their attention.

Three boys had entered the pool area, the middle one instantly recognisable by the Pikachu on his shoulder.

He stole breaths with his topless frame, lean and toned abs glistening above blue swimming trunks. Little kids circled the popular Trainer and jumped around enthusiastically, begging him to let them touch his Pikachu. Bikini-clad girls bum-rushed him for photographs, some easily twice his age, their grimacing boyfriends relegated to roles behind the camera. Ash Ketchum appeared every bit the star he’d looked like on live TV battling in huge tournaments.

Two starstruck brunettes gaped from afar.

“He’s not here with any girl,” Rosa noted in an excited whisper.

“You’re totally right.” Hilda twirled the ends of her long ponytail. “Think we have a shot?”

“I don’t see why not. We’re young, beautiful and single, right?”

“And extremely horny.”

“Hilda!” Rosa punched her in the arm.

“What? You’re not?”

Rosa dared not answer that. "Act normal is all I'm saying."

"I know that, duh. You think I'm just gonna freak out if he looks over here –"

Ash turned in their direction on cue. Both girls freaked out, readjusting their hair and swimwear. Then he smiled. Their hearts thrashed. He began walking their way. They held on to each other to keep from fainting. Of all the girls in and around the pool he'd noticed *them!* Thee Ash Ketchum noticed them! Rosa and Hilda fanned themselves as he drew nearer. He came within touching distance and opened his arms. Then another girl leapt right past them.

Ash caught May and swung her in an affectionate embrace.

Rosa and Hilda deflated, their hearts shattering into a million pieces.

"I told you we didn't have a chance," Rosa muttered. "Can't believe you actually thought he was looking at us."

"I totally didn't," Hilda claimed. "I was just playing along for your sake."

"Yeah right."

"I didn't!"

"Did too!"

May cut their bickering short by introducing them to Ash Ketchum. "These are my good friends Rosa and Hilda. They're great up and coming Trainers just like you."

Rosa rubbed the back of her head sheepishly. "Er, not quite like you, Mr. Ash –"

"Please. Call me Ash." He shook their hands. "We look about the same age after all."

"How do you and May know each other?" Hilda scanned the pair with a suspicious glaze.

"Oh, May and I travelled across the Hoenn Region together."

"Pi-pikachu!" the mouse pokémon on his shoulder chimed with fond memories.

"Gosh, it seems like a century ago now," Ash said. "Good to see you again after all this time, May. How's Max doing?"

Rosa's attention drifted from their catch-up session to their body language – May's in particular was curious. She couldn't stand still, rocking on the balls of her feet, fiddling with her long bangs, spewing exaggerated laughs. Ash spoke to her like an old friend but it was clear as crystal something had changed for her between then and now. Why hadn't May said anything to her and Hilda? They were supposed to be friends.

“Oh, by the way,” Ash said, interrupting his own dialogue. “These are my buddies, Nate and Hilbert.”

Rosa and Hilda exchanged pleasantries with the duo. They were tall and lanky, not bad looking but simply plain standing next to Ash Ketchum. Neither she nor Hilda reciprocated the twinkle in the sidekicks' eyes as they studied their feminine curves.

Ash mentioned they were passing through Lavaridge Town hoping to luxuriate in their famous sand baths. He'd recommended it to Nate and Hilbert after they'd admitted never trying it before. They'd be in for a treat, thought Rosa. Ash extended his invitation to the girls, too, to which May coyly threw out they'd think about it, all whilst Rosa and Hilda were screaming at her on the inside to say yes.

Ash and co departed with fare wishes, then cannonballed into the pool to a round of boisterous cheers.

“I can't believe you never told us you know Ash Ketchum!” Rosa said, outraged as they returned to their loungers.

“I can't believe you called him 'mister',” Hilda chirped.

“It's no big deal guys,” May said.

“No big deal?!” Rosa and Hilda squealed in union before rattling off all his accolades, from finishing in the top 16 of the Indigo Conference to winning the championship of the Alola League.

“I mean, yeah, he's an amazing Trainer and all, but he's also a chilled, down to Earth, normal guy.”

“Normal guy, huh?” Rosa said, dubiously. “Is that why we just so happened to be at the exact same place on the exact same day at around the exact same time he just so happened to pass through here?”

“Uhhh, what?” May fretted, her voice deeper than usual as she broke into a sweat.

“Admit it. You knew he was going to be here. You only invited us to the resort as a ploy to run into him, didn't you?”

“Scandalous,” Hilda said, fitting together the puzzle pieces Rosa had laid down. “Is it true, May?”

She stammered about, tying her tongue in knots before hanging her head and admitting it.

“Tsk, ts, ts.” Hilda shook her head. “You're just full of surprises, aren't you, May?”

“It's not that I didn't want to tell you guys. I didn't know how to tell you. It's a bit of a sensitive subject...”

“You have puppy dog eyes for the guy. Big deal.”

“Hilda's right,” Rosa said. “We've all been there. It's nothing to be ashamed about.”

“It's more complicated than that,” May said, fidgeting with her towel.

“How complicated can it be? Walk up to him, tell him you like him and see what happens. Oooh! Better yet, ask him to be your Valentine! How perfect!” Stars twinkled in Rosa's eyes at all the dreamy possibilities.

“But what if he doesn't like me like that?” May mused. “What if he doesn't... accept me?”

Rosa waved off her concerns. “Why wouldn't he? You guys seemed to be getting along just fine a minute ago. I could tell he was really happy to see you again. He doesn't seem like the type to blow you off and leave you shattered for admitting your feelings.”

“Yeah,” Hilda agreed. “And if he does, I'll cream him myself.” She punched her palm which supposedly represented Ash's face. “Then leave him floating limp in this pool.”

Rosa chuckled nervously. “I don't think that's going to be necessary...”

“You guys are the best, always looking out for me,” May said, welling up. “You might be right about Ash but you're wrong about this whole thing being a ploy. I wanted you two to come so you could enjoy yourselves. And, I guess, help give me a little courage.”

"Aww, May!" Rosa hugged her. "We've got you. We're here. Whatever you need."

Hilda nodded. "Now man up and go get yourself some love!"

"Man... up?" May said, weakly, trembling at the thought. "Um... just... give me a minute?" She clutched her towel tightly around her waist and headed back to her room in the resort.

"Think we should follow her?" Rosa asked.

"Nah," Hilda said, watching her disappear into the crowd. "You can take the Ponyta to calcium, but you can't make it grow a backbone."

Rosa blinked. "Is that even a real saying?"

Hilda shrugged. "It is now." She nudged Rosa in the shoulder. "Hey, loser. Rematch? Backstroke this time?"

Rosa couldn't turn down the opportunity to redeem herself. "You're on!"

"Great! Race you there, slowpoke!"

A few steps from the pool, Hilda tugged her back by the arm and stole the lead.

"Cheater!" Rosa blasted.

Hilda leapt into a ball and stuck her tongue out before splashing into the water.

...

Hilda threw on a black vest over her white tee and admired the ensemble in the mirror. She wore tiny ripped denim shorts and black high-tops with red laces. Light enough to suit the weather while stylish and functional too. She didn't dress to grab attention like her two bustier friends, though her modest top did tease a little cleavage. Speaking of those hos, she hoped they were ready to move on from the resort in favour of some sightseeing.

Hilda would lose her lunch if she had to look at one more couple holding hands. May, who'd devised this brilliant idea, recused herself of it only an hour into their stay. She hadn't

returned since abandoning her and Rosa at the pool. They'd continued enjoyed the water, expecting May to show up with renewed courage, march up to Ash and ask him to be her Valentine. As much as Hilda didn't buy into the sentiment of the holiday, she'd always want to see her friends succeed at whatever they put their hearts into.

Had May got lost in the resort or something? Or just lost her nerve?

Hilda raised her fist to knock on her door one room down, but froze upon noticing it was already slightly ajar. A shadow kept moving back and forth across the small crack. The poor girl was pacing now? Hilda snuck an eyeball through the gap to confirm her suspicions.

Sure enough, May was walking around in small circles, clad in her familiar red top and biker shorts, mumbling to herself. More disconcerting than her lack of confidence was her odd behaviour, her face pointing downwards while she held the front of her white skirt up, as if she were examining something she'd stashed in her little shorts.

Sneaky, sneaky. What are you up to, May?

Grinning mischievously, Hilda barged into the suite.

May jumped with a scream.

"What's that you have there...?" Hilda mused, trying to make out the object stuffed down May's shorts.

The stunned brunette whipped around as soon as Hilda's scrutiny descended below her waist. May trembled like a leaf in front of the mirror, petrified, hiding whatever it was from the girl who'd walked in on her. "H-Hilda... w-what are you d-d-doing here?"

Hilda raised a brow. "I could ask you the same thing. Rosa is worried sick about –"

"No!" May screeched, spotting Hilda approaching in the mirror. "D-don't come in. Meet you outside in a minute, okay?"

"Huh?" Why was she acting all finicky? Hilda had changed in front of many a girl and vice versa without anyone getting their panties in a bunch. May had never struck her as particularly shy either. This had to be about what she was hiding. "I don't know what the hell is going on here, but as a friend, I can't just leave you to wallow in self-pity. You clearly need help you're afraid to ask for. I'm coming in."

May broke out into an agonising sweat, all but flailing her arms for Hilda to stay back. She resigned to the fact she couldn't scare the prying girl away and opted to pull down her skirt instead, stretching the veil over her crotch area. Covered, but not completely hidden, a small, cylindrical shape appeared in her shorts.

Hilda emerged over her shoulder and gawked at her reflection's crotch area. "Oh my God, May, is that a dildo you have stashed in there?" She covered her mouth, smothering giggles. "Need to rub one out before we hit the road, huh?"

May's cheeks turned pink. "It's not like that. It's not... it's not a dildo."

"Pfft. Come on, May. I'm not an idiot. I know a dildo when I see one. Or, a vibrator, is it? Whatever you've got in there is clearly shaped like a penis."

"That's because... it is," May said, quietly.

Hilda blinked. "Whut?"

May looked down, hiding her eyes from Hilda's mirror reflection as she attempted to explain. "It used to be so small, barely noticeable. I could get away with it as a kid – pants, dresses, no problem. Tight shorts – sure, just fling a skirt over it and I was good to go. Then puberty struck..."

A blank-faced Hilda struggled to believe a single word she was hearing.

"It started to get bigger," May continued. "And bigger. Few years go by and it gets harder and harder to hide it, even in loose clothing. I'm scared." She swallowed a lump of anxiety. "If it continues growing at this rate, I won't be able to hide it at all anymore. Everybody is going to find out. They'll call me a freak. My life will be as good as over. I won't be able to –"

"Wait, wait, wait, wait," Hilda said, waving her hands as she snapped out of her dumbstruck stupor. "So, you mean to tell me you're a... dude?"

"No!" May recoiled in a surprisingly deep voice. She blushed as if she'd noticed before returning to her soft, girly tone. "I might have 'dude' parts but I've got female parts, too. I have both." She sighed. "It's complicated."

"Wow."

Hilda was at a loss for words. How had she never noticed before? Did Rosa know? Nah, that big mouth of hers couldn't keep a secret if it was String-Shotted shut.

'Wow' was the only word going round and round Hilda's head. May was at least part-dude? She would've never guessed, what with May's gargantuan breasts and girly demeanour. Suddenly, it made sense why she hadn't been keen to join them in the water, lest she raised eyebrows showing major bulge in her swimsuit. And this whole thing with Ash...

"You're afraid he's going to reject you if he knows the truth," Hilda said, solemnly.

May wiped her teary eyes and nodded. "I don't know what to do."

Honestly, neither did Hilda. Far be it from her to pretend to empathise with something she could never experience. The girls stood silently in front of the mirror for what felt like hours.

"Hey," Hilda said, faintly. "For what it's worth, I think it looks beautiful."

"Um, what?" May sounded dubious. "You've barely even seen it."

"Well, why don't you show me properly then?"

"What?" She scoffed as if it were the craziest idea she'd ever heard. "I think I've embarrassed myself enough."

"Why are you embarrassed? If that's how your body is, that's how your body is."

"Easy for you to say..."

"Seriously. Show it me." Hilda nodded down at the bulge under her skirt. "I want to see it again."

May hesitated, struggling to think of a good reason why she couldn't humour Hilda. Now that she practically knew everything, how worse could it get? Hilda had already glimpsed the outline in her shorts anyway and she wasn't the type to give up on her curiosities either. May realised her hesitation was born from never having shown her true self to anyone before. If she couldn't even man up to one of her closest friends, what chance did she have with Ash?

May deliberated for a good minute, fidgeting with the hem of her skirt before accepting it was a bridge she couldn't avoid crossing forever. "Fine..."

Slowly, timidly, she lifted the front of her skirt, unveiling a bulge the size of a dormant Poké Ball. Hilda stared from over her shoulder as the mirror reflection left little to the imagination. Hawkeyed, she pointed out May still had her legs closed and muttered for her to spread them. May fought her trepidation and complied. The bulge loosened and protruded a little more, and the shape of a shy testicle came untucked from her thighs.

"Balls too?" Hilda looked on with intrigue.

May gave a shy nod. An unexpected calmness settled the Beautifly fluttering in her stomach. For several years she'd built up this nightmare scenario of what it was going to be like when somebody finally found out. She'd anticipated a lot more gasping, maybe some shrieking, possibly crowds dispersing in every direction. Nothing this quiet or drama-free.

Hilda appeared neither grossed out nor frightened. May wondered if it was a measured response taking her apprehension into account or if Hilda was genuinely too dumbstruck to react. A look of fascination gripped Hilda's features as May stood there holding up her skirt, parading her cock and balls.

"Um... so?" May asked, more so to push back on the awkwardness creeping up on them than a sincere interest in commentary on her genitalia.

"Beautiful," Hilda reiterated, wonder in her eyes. "Can I touch it?"

"Wha...?!" That wasn't part of the deal.

"Come on, May. Please? I've never seen anything like it before."

"...you've never seen a penis?"

"Of course I've seen a penis! Quite a few actually," Hilda digressed. "Anyway, you know what I mean."

"Yeah, I get it," May admitted.

"So? Can I?"

"Well..."

“I promise I’ll be gentle.” Hilda winked.

May shook her head light-heartedly. How many guys had she used that line on? From all appearances Hilda seemed about as gentle as a Corphish. Nonetheless, May had been won over by how delicately she’d handled the big revelation thus far. “Okay then.”

Hilda’s eyes lit up like a kid that had been given permission to stay up an hour past their bedtime. Eager digits reached for the stuffed biker shorts.

May recoiled as Hilda touched her where no one else had touched her before. The curious hand examined either side of her bulge with tentative strokes. It was a novel experience for both girls, May tickled by the foreign touch, Hilda prodding with contrasting pressure as though she was comparing it to packages from her past.

“Does it get hard?” She wondered out loud.

“Um, I don’t know,” May said. “I guess so?” It was a penis after all.

“You mean you’ve had a dick all this time and never tried to get it off?” Hilda was besides herself with disbelief. “What a waste. I’d be getting up to all sorts of no good if I had one of these bad boys tucked between my legs.” Her touch suddenly turned from inquisitive to illicit, a sensual grope evoking a flutter of May’s breath.

The busty brunette didn’t know what to say. Perhaps Hilda would’ve thought differently if she had lived with May’s situation all her life, as would randy boys who assumed 24/7 access to humungous breasts would be so amazing. May didn’t see a plaything when she looked at her penis, but an inconvenience she wished would disappear, never mind something worth stimulating.

Granted, Hilda’s shameless groping wasn’t the worst sensation in the world. May stood frozen in front of the mirror, partly shell-shocked, mostly pleasantly intrigued, an excitable Hilda grabbing her bulge and stirring it in circles.

“Hilda!” she whispered in a scolding tone. “This is...”

“Is what, May? Are you going to pretend you’re not enjoying it?”

“That... that’s not the point...”

Hilda smirked. "Shut up then." She trailed a feathery finger down May's cute left testicle, then massaged the bottom of her scrotum over the shorts. "How does that feel?"

May squinched up her face, battling to form the best description. Her head felt lighter as though her vocabulary was evaporating into a pink mist one word at a time. "Um... sort of... tingly?"

"Tingly's good. How about this?"

"Ooh..." May's whole body stirred, her legs trembling as Hilda fondled her more aggressively, yet wary enough not to avoid squeezing her sensitive gonads. She had definitely done this before.

"I think it's working, May," Hilda said, excitement heavy in her breaths. "You're getting hard. I can feel it!"

"Hoh... really?" Was that what the light-headedness about? Hilda moved her hand aside, presenting the grapefruits of her labour, and more critically, the sight of May's bulge having swelled to the size of a fist, stretching her biker shorts beyond anything her little skirt could ever cover up. "Whoa!" It freaked May out, how big it had gotten all of a sudden.

"Fuck, May, that's so hot. You're a grower for sure."

"A what?"

"It means you're packing some serious heat when the time arises."

"Hm. Is that a good thing?" Skirt held up, studying herself in the mirror, May caught sight of her growing lump twitch. "Oh my God, it just moved!"

Hilda fought a smile, both amused and aroused by May's nativity. "I bet it can do way cooler stuff than that, too. Here, let me show you." She rubbed the front of May's shorts with the flat of her palm, stimulating the stretchy skin of her shaft.

May mewled at the new, overwhelming, otherworldly sensations stirring in her loins, the friction lighting up nerve endings she never knew she had.

"You're so fucking hard," Hilda breathed in her ear. "And just look at your tits." May's dick hadn't been the only thing growing stiff; hard nipples protruded at the ends of her massive breasts, stretching the fabric of her red top. "Your body's so erotic. It's crazy!" Hilda

raised her free hand to May's chest, earning louder mewls as she groped her big-breasted friend in both hemispheres.

May leaned one arm against the mirror frame, barely holding herself up as her knees threatened to buckle from the mounting pleasure, all while Hilda poured salacious filth in her ear, swearing she'd make her cream her shorts right there and then. An orgasm... from her dick? She shuddered to think how embarrassing that might be, and yet, if the tightening in her balls was any indication, an eruption grew imminent.

"Come on, May," Hilda muttered huskily. "Let's see you shoot jizz out of that big, beautiful dick." She rubbed her frantically. "Be a good girl and cum for mama."

"Ooh... Hilda! D-don't..." May breathed heavier and heavier. She tried to dislodge Hilda's hand from her crotch, but the enthusiastic groper was much too strong.

"I'm going to teach you how to appreciate this amazing body of yours," Hilda promised in a hot whisper. "Quit being embarrassed. Let it all out. Cum for me."

"Hilda..." May never imagined anyone could be this earnest about her body. She almost felt normal... almost sexy? Hilda's incessant groping moulded her cradle of embarrassment into a cradle of pleasure. If this kept up, she might just...

"Cum," Hilda urged, so close her lips brushed against May's ear. She squeezed one of May's plump breasts, fingers digging into either side of the erect nipple. "Everything so big and beautiful. I could just eat you." Hilda brushed her teeth along May's nape and sucked on the erogenous zone, evoking a breathy whimper. "Mmm, tasty."

May panted. Hot breath steamed the saliva spread on her nape and collarbone, raising the little hairs on the back of her neck. "Arceus..."

Hilda wouldn't let up. She rubbed her denim shorts against the back of May's skirt while her hand continued to scrabble under the front of it. "What are you waiting for, May?" she whispered. "Is it the shorts? Are they in the way?" May mumbled something incoherent between ragged breaths. Hilda interpreted it how she wanted to. "Okay then, let's get rid of them."

May felt fervent digits creep into the waistband of her biker shorts then Hilda began to pull them down. Despite the progress she'd made thus far, she wasn't sure she was ready for all that. "W-wait..."

Hilda shushed her softly. "You're doing fine, babe." Continued to pull.

May was saved by an abrupt swing of the door.

"Ah, I was wondering where you guys –" Rosa stopped dead as if she'd just caught herself walking into the wrong bathroom. "Ran off to..." Her thoughts trailed off forgotten while her two best friends shuffled away from each other in front of the mirror. "What the Valentines is going on here?"

"Nothing!" May insisted, tugging down her skirt whilst avoiding eye contact. "We were just, uh –"

"MAY'S GOT A BIG DICK!" Hilda blurted out.

"Hilda!" May shot daggers at the tattletale.

She shrugged. "It's true."

"It's not... *that* big..."

Rosa blinked, the gears in her head jamming up. "May's got a what now?"

Hilda turned May by the shoulders, forcing her to face their bemused friend. "Look!" She yanked up May's skirt.

Rosa's eyes bulged out their sockets. "Whoa..."

"See! I told ya."

May let slip a guilty chuckle as she rubbed her arm up and down. Hilda might've taken to her secret relatively well but there was no telling what Rosa or others might think. It was a fear she presumed would never go away, no matter how many people she unveiled herself in front of.

Rosa had come wrapped in a towel straight from the pool, her hair damp and skin speckled with droplets. After ogling May's raging boner for a good seven seconds, she raised her gaze to the girls' bashful veneer. Without a word, she walked across the tense room,

leaving wet footprints in the carpet, then threw her arms open and squished May in a tight embrace.

“You poor thing,” she said, choking up. “You must’ve felt so alone all this time. I wish you would’ve come to us sooner.”

May just stood there in her arms, limp and taken aback. Such an outpour of emotion. So unexpected. So grateful to have authentic friends in these two. She felt ashamed for keeping things a secret as long as she had. Fighting her own emotion from bursting from her eyes, she raised her arms to return the hug.

Hilda allowed the heartfelt moment for all of three seconds before barging in between them. “Alright, alright, alright!” She separated the two girls, both wiping wetness from their eyes. “Enough with all that mushy stuff! Eurgh! Now that you’re all up to speed,” she said to Rosa, “Could you like excuse me and May for a moment? We were kind of in the middle of something.”

“Oh?” Rosa’s interest piqued.

“Uh...” May scratched the back of her head sheepishly. She couldn’t believe Hilda still wanted to continue with... whatever it was they’d been doing before Rosa burst in. “I don’t think that’ll be necessary.”

“Of course it is!” Hilda pressed. “I’m not done helping you get to know your body better.” Then her eyes slanted towards May’s bulge, a roguish gleam in their russet orbs. “I’m not done with you in general...” she muttered under her breath.

“Helping her, huh?” Rosa mulled over it. “Well, I wanna help too!”

“What?” May raised her eyebrows at the girl. “I’m not sure you even know what Hilda’s talking about.”

“Doesn’t matter. We came here as a trio, right? This was meant to be *our* Valentine’s getaway. You two aren’t leaving me out of this.”

Hilda shrugged. “Whatever. If you wanna stand by and watch, knock yourself out.”

“Hm, watch what exactly?”

Hilda smirked. "This." She grabbed the back of May's head and pressed her lips against the unsuspecting girl's. Rosa's jaw dropped.

May's eyes grew threefold. Despite her rough and rugged disposition, Hilda bestowed on May the softest pair of lips she had ever kissed. It felt weird, only made weirder by the shocked expression on Rosa floating behind Hilda's shoulder.

If Hilda was willing to do this in front of their mutual friend, May couldn't fathom anything that could stop her. And, perhaps, she was right for it, for encouraging May to explore the one thing attached to her body she'd spent her entire life trying to wish away. Hilda's methods might've been crude but her intentions were pure, pure as impure it could be, easing May into drawing her eyes shut and accepting Hilda's succour with an open-mouthed embrace.

Hilda grinned into the lip lock after May started to kiss back. The girls made out ignoring the one-woman audience on the sidelines, heads tilting with fervour, mouths smacking in a way no friends would ever greet each other. Hilda untied the bandana from the back of May's head, threw it back over her shoulder then ran her fingers through the brunette's locks. May surprised her by groping the smidgen of ass hanging out the bottom of her ripped jean shorts.

Hilda smuggled a moan in her nibbles of May's bottom lip. "Don't know what's gotten into you all of a sudden. But I love it." Growling, she smacked May's ass. "Don't stop! You're getting super hard again. I can feel it."

A subtle bout of light-headedness confirmed it for May. She didn't fight her erection this time, her swollen bulge straining against her spandex like a trapped Murkrow's beak pecking at Hilda's crotch. It wanted out. And wanted it *bad*. May allowed Hilda to reach under her skirt without resistance, rediscover the hem of her shorts and tug them down at long last.

The girl's rigid phallus sprung from her waistband with so much virility it wagged up and down a couple of times before steadying at an upwards angle. Hilda kept pulling until the clingy shorts unlatched from the bottom of her scrotum.

Rosa's mouth came unstuck. "Holy crap." May had a dick. Seeing it in all its glory hit differently than speculating over its contour. Up until then, a part of her had reserved the

possibility this whole thing might've been their idea of a practical joke. Nope. No one was laughing, least of all Rosa, who'd been so taken by surprise from the start she hadn't removed the bandana Hilda thoughtlessly threw on her head earlier. She needed a closer look.

Rosa shook off the bandana hanging over her left eye and knelt before May's afternoon glory. It saluted as proudly as any dick she'd ever seen, a smooth and shiny shaft crowned with a pink, circumcised mushroom-tip. May flaunted immaculate upkeep, not a single hair in sight, not one stray pube curling on or around her penis. The scent of baby powder pervaded her crotch area and her testes hung in a baby-smooth sack that appeared less wrinkly than those Rosa had seen on males, though that could be her distant memory playing tricks on her. It had been a long time.

Hilda joined her kneeling on the ground, huddled on the opposite side of the pointed shaft. Unlike Rosa, she wasn't shy about touching; she held May's erect penis with her thumb and index finger, raising it to investigate the smooth underside. Hilda then gently shifted her hairless scrotum to the right, discovering a set of lips all three girls were familiar with, May's pussy just as baby-smooth as the rest of her genitalia. Despite squinting and tilting her head, Hilda couldn't pinpoint where May's cock and balls attached to the rest of her, beyond appearing to be in the vicinity she'd ordinarily expect to find a clitoris.

May remained statuesque while her best friends examined her private parts like she was some sort of science project, gawking as they fumbled about with her hanging bits. They muttered between themselves, undoubtedly critiquing their specimen, though quietly to prevent her picking up any offensive commentary. At one point she could've sworn she heard one of them sniff her.

Gosh, maybe she was a freak after all. Did it not look like how a 'normal penis' should've looked like? Did it smell funny? She'd been so neurotic about self-care. Damn it, she hated having a penis.

"It's lovely," Rosa said, abating some of her concerns.

"Yeah," Hilda agreed. "So lovely we've decided to work together in helping you get over your hang-ups."

May shuddered to think what that kind of 'help' entailed. She didn't have to wait long to find out.

Hilda applied the same friction to her cock she'd administered over the shorts, but with the snug restraints stripped down, she could coil all her fingers around May's girth and deliver the good, long strokes it deserved. Rosa supplemented the stimulation by fondling her pink sack, rolling the testicles along her digits.

A masculine grunt barged past May's soft lips. She covered her mouth and scarlet spread from under her hand. But neither girl paid mind to her blushes. If anything, they found her testosterone-induced fluctuations of pitch rather endearing. Hilda proved a lot more interested in the other regions her blood had rushed to, gripping a fistful of the girl's unfettered erection and shoving it down her gullet.

This time it was a high-pitched whine. May had never been one to curse but Hilda's moist lips were testing her resolve. She couldn't believe how fast everything was happening. Her dick had jumped out of the closet and landed right in one of her best friend's mouths, discovering a warm new world full of noisy suction and slathering tongue. The pink visor of Hilda's cap came close to jabbing her tummy as she serviced her female cock with gusto and unreserved passion. May bit down countless f-bombs.

Then came Rosa's tongue, sweeping the underside of her ball-sack as the girls double-teamed the unique genitals unveiled to them just minutes ago. Rosa plucked a testicle with her mouth, dabbed saliva around her wrinkly sack, then released it with a gentle pop. Her tongue slithered round the back of May's scrotum and brushed the petals of her sex, lapping up the nectar building up at her entrance.

May dug her fingers into Rosa's damp scalp while her other hand knocked the cap off Hilda's head. Looking up from their knees, her best friends maintained eye contact with varied parts of her genitals occupying their mouths, Hilda sucking her cock in one direction as Rosa tugged on her balls in the opposite, dividing and conquering her crippling, lifelong secret. They left no inch, wrinkle or crevice untouched, accepting her whole for who she was and what she had between her legs.

Heavy grunts tumbled from May's lips, some as deep as a male's whose balls had dropped, but the busty brunette was beyond regulating her pitch, relishing the freedom of expressing raw gratification without fear of judgement. She'd turned a new leaf, thanks to the two heads bobbing at her crotch while her biker shorts hung stretched across her knees, catching beads of dribble from the messily shared meal.

As much as May still longed for Ash to accept her, her friends had already done enough to cement this as the best Valentine's Day ever, licking both sides of her girth while she petted their heads with affection. She felt she was nearing the end of her rope but they were only getting started.

They both stood up and kissed her, swivelling her face left and right as they took turns sampling her lips, Hilda aggressive with her tongue before passing her on to the sweeter and tender Rosa. While the two girls swapped spit, Hilda seized the moment to mutter in May's ear. "You still haven't shown us how it cums yet."

"Mmm?" May could only hum in response while Rosa kept her mouth engaged.

"I know you can do it," Hilda whispered. She masturbated May mid-kiss, her strokes longer and more fluid now that saliva lubricated her cock. May groaned as Rosa clasped onto her lips with her own and refused to let go, swallowing the moans stirred from the frantic pumping, spit squelching from Hilda's tight fist. "God, you're so thick, May."

"Mmm!"

SQUELCH. SQUELCH. SQUELCH.

"Yeah," Hilda breathed. "Let it all out. Show us your spunk." She jerked May harder.

"Mmmmm!"

"Yes!"

"Mmmm..." May's half-lidded eyes flickered, pleasure overheating her senses. Between the two girls holding her hostage, she was certain to shoot her load at any second, probably in Hilda's hand or all over her jean shorts. Although she'd never experienced an orgasm through penis stimulation, May was not clueless on how it happened. The moment loomed more and more imminent until a shuffle of footsteps and loud chatter passed the suite door. She looked wide-eyed over Hilda's shoulder.

But it was nothing. Just a group of guests making their way down the corridor.

Still, their door being slightly ajar filled May with unease. Anyone could just walk in on them. On her secret. She wasn't quite ready for the whole world to find out, especially not in such a sleazy, scandalous way.

Hilda read the apprehension on her features and muttered to Rosa, “Shut the door.”

Rosa unknotted their tongues and followed the instructions.

The click of the door locking had May relieved for their privacy. And yet, more anxious than before. No more excuses. No way in for disruptions, but no way out for her either. She had the distinct feeling the three of them were about to get to know each other really, *really* well. It frightened her.

And, lowkey, excited her too.

... 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 *Nagase Haruhito*, *borvar* and *alphaerasure* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.