

# lemonzsaauce

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## ... 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](http://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](http://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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*This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Pokémon universe, which is trademarked by The Pokémon Company. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.*

## WARNING

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*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.*

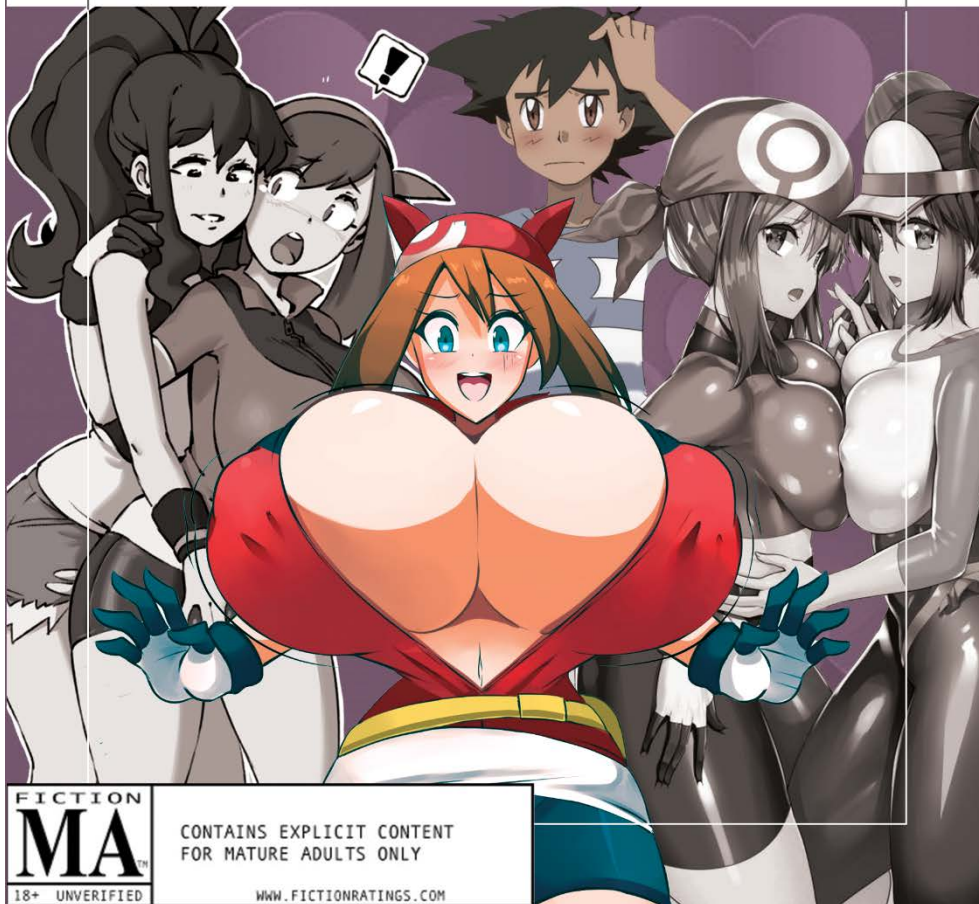
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

# 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*

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## Chapter 1 – Man Up

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Rosa shrieked with delight at the big, sparkly pool. Palm trees huddled around the water and reached high into the 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 sizer 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 to 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.

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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 enjoying 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 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 hesitance 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 was 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 naivety. "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 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.



J. J. SCRIPTEASE

# MAY'S VALENTINE'S SURPRISE

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 2



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Chapter 2 – DinaB

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Ash broke through the surface of the water and slicked back his damp hair. The pool ignited boisterous screams and splashes behind him. He wiped his eyes clear to find a pair of feet flanking him on the tanning ledge. Following the long, slender legs attached to them, he met the familiar face of a brunette wearing her hair in long pig-tails. Her bikini-clad frame blocked the sun as she waved down at him with a friendly smile.

“Hey, there. Rosa, right?” He used his right hand as a visor to try and get a better look. “One of May’s friends?”

“Yip! And you’re Ash Ketchum. From Pallet Town!”

He laughed uneasily. Did he really sound that juvenile whenever he’d introduced himself? “Um, yeah, that’s me.”

“Of course it is! Who *doesn't* know Ash Ketchum from Pallet Town?!”

*Oh, brother. Here we go again.* Girls like Rosa made him crave the days he was just another faceless Trainer on the road chasing their dreams. Not that he didn’t appreciate all his accolades and the stardom that came with defeating Alola’s Champion; he just wanted to take a break from being himself sometimes, from being what everyone pictured him to be when they saw him on TV. He’d developed a new respect for Gary Oak after watching him shepherd a myriad of fangirls everywhere he went from day one.

Ash did well to mask the discomfort from being recognised but something on his face must’ve given Rosa the impression she’d annoyed him.

“Er, I don’t mean to bother you or anything!” She fretted and waved her hands in a panic. “It’s just, well, I kind of thought, well, I wanted to talk to you about something important. That’s all.”

“Something important?”

"Yeah." She bent down and whispered, "It's about May."

"May?" Now that piqued his interest. "Is she in some kind of trouble?" He glanced around but couldn't spot May's face amongst the kids splashing in the pool or chilling on the sidelines. Come to think of it, he couldn't see the other girl Rosa had been with either.

"Where'd your friends go anyway?"

"Oh, who knows? They're probably fanning about in this resort somewhere."

"Ah..." Her blasé attitude calmed his fears of the worse. But if May wasn't in trouble, what was so important? "Everything okay then?"

"Errrm... not exactly."

Ash climbed out of the pool and sat on the tanning ledge. "What's going on?" He patted the space next to him. "Sit down. Tell me all about it."

"Oh, okay. Don't mind if I do!" She plopped down and scissored her legs in the water playfully. It seemed as though she was so happy to be sitting next to Ash Ketchum, she'd forgotten there was something she wanted to tell him.

"So... you were saying?" Ash nudged at her memory. "There's 'something important' going on?"

"Oh, right! It's about May."

"What about May?"

"Well, hmmm." She contorted her features in deep consideration. "On second thought, maybe I should keep my trap shut! I'm not sure I should even be telling you this... like, it's probably not my place. But then if I don't, who will? May definitely won't! That's for sure. And then nothing will change. The day will go to waste! And that would suck because... you should definitely know. You need to know!" Rosa sighed and pulled at her pigtails. "Euurgh! What do I do?!"

"First of all, you should calm down." Ash let slip an uneasy laugh. Melodrama never helped any situation. Ash was of two minds; he wanted to know more than ever what got her so worked up, but he also felt it would be wrong to play a part in someone talking behind their friend's back. Besides, if May wanted him to know something, there was nothing

stopping her from telling him herself. “You’re obviously way invested in this but it wouldn’t feel right if you just came out and told me –”

“May has a huge crush on you!”

Rosa slapped both hands over her mouth far too late to stop the runaway admission.

Ash blinked. “What?” It couldn’t be. And yet, the pink escaping from under the girl’s smothered cheeks was the perfect shade of legitimate shame and instant regret. But that would mean... May actually liked him?

Ash thought back to when Pikachu accidentally fried her bike, how she’d so whimsically dismissed it, then joined him on a trip spanning across the whole of Hoenn, even though she knew very little about pokémon, even though they’d frightened her shitless. Should he have taken that as a sign? How could he have known? They’d faced rivals and Team Rocket and Team Magma together, blundered over old, rickety bridges that collapsed the moment their feet touched the other side, survived caves infested with ghost pokémon that wanted to eat their eyeballs, and through all the rain and sandstorms and crippling pain and death they’d narrowly escaped time and time again, she’d never *once* found the courage to tell him she liked him?

And, stranger still, he’d never noticed?

Ash felt like that was something he would’ve picked up on for sure. Granted, numerous acquaintances he’d met on numerous adventures told him numerous times he was ‘so clueless when it came to women’. May, herself, might’ve uttered those exact words. In retrospect, his detractors might’ve had a point...

For the longest time, Ash had operated in tunnel vision, with ‘Pokémon Mastery’ the only light growing ahead of him. Romance was just another distraction that sank into the peripheral darkness. Looking back now, he wouldn’t have noticed even if he’d wanted to.

“Yeah.” Rosa spoke through her hands and gave him a slow nod. “So...”

“So...”

“Aren’t you going to say anything?”

“Um... are you sure?” Ash said, for no other reason than not knowing what to say. Of course Rosa was sure! She wouldn't be risking her friendship based off of ill-informed gossip?

“Full disclosure...” Rosa lowered her hands far enough for her soft-spoken words to be heard unobstructed. “Hilda and I are pretty sure you're the only reason we're here. May's been hoping to run into you. Looks like the poor girl's lost her nerve though. She just doesn't know what to say or how to even start saying it.” Rosa's eyes dimmed with hopelessness.

Ash was still stuck on ‘May's got a huge crush on you!’ She didn't just like him – it was a *huge* crush? Dang, even when they'd embraced earlier, he was none the wiser. And here he thought he'd expanded his tunnel vision over the years.

Why was Rosa telling him all this though? And now? What did she expect him to do about it?

“Sorry,” she said abruptly. “I shouldn't have said anything, huh? I'm a horrible friend, aren't I?”

“Why did you?” Ash asked. “Tell me all this?”

“I dunno... I thought, maybe, today being Valentine's and all...” Prodding the tips of her index fingers together distracted Rosa from her coyness. “I mean, you and May seem to get along great so I thought... maybe... there's a chance you two might... I dunno...”

Ash saw where this was going. What made her so sure he wasn't seeing someone already? Sure, coming to a Valentines-themed resort with only a couple of male friends might've been a clue, but she couldn't know for certain. Yet here she was trying to get him to ask her friend out. The idea didn't repulse him, but... “Me and May?”

“Yeah! Well, assuming you also might... like her, or something?”

“Uh, yeah. I like May.” Then he quickly added, “As a friend, I mean!” He'd never entertained a thought beyond their friendship. Not because she wasn't really attractive or really amazing or someone worth dating, but because... hrm, why *hadn't* he ever thought about asking her out?

“Okay, I get it.” Rosa scratched the back of her head, embarrassed for even trying. “This was a mistake.” She gave a sheepish laugh then stood up. “Erm, please could we forget

this ever happened? And if you run into May, promise me you won't tell her anything I've said?"

Oh, gee. He hadn't meant to make her feel bad for trying to help a friend out. She probably shouldn't have spilt May's 'secret' but Ash was not without sympathy for her predicament. Valentine's Day brought out the hopeless romantic in a lot of people his age, it seemed. He could forgive her for overstepping and nodded his acceptance to keep their little discussion between them. With that, she wrapped a towel around herself and headed back into the resort.

Ash sat there alone swimming in his thoughts. Thoughts which drowned out the noise and commotion splashing in the packed pool. Rosa had given him more to mull over than she'd realised. While his vacant expression dawdled on a group of boys wrestling each other into the water from atop their friends' shoulders, a sudden voice started his right ear.

"Hey, you're Ash Ketchum, right?"

The aforementioned Trainer looked up to see three tall, modelesque beauties standing over his shoulder, clad in red swimsuits that reminded him of the sexy lifeguards he'd seen on TV shows growing up. Despite their devastatingly good looks, he couldn't muster more than a forced, "yeah?"

If his name weren't Ash Ketchum, they wouldn't have given him a second glance, let alone stopped to bombard him with plastic smiles and flattering proclamations. A reluctant Ash posed for their photos but declined an invite to their private suite after-party later this evening. Rooting for him in televised competitions didn't make them friends, or even people he could trust. They walked away wearing sour expressions.

Two heads surfaced from the pool on either side of him. "Dude," Nate said, "did you seriously turn away those hot broads?"

Hilbert stared down the poolside stealing every glimpse of the departed trio he possibly could. "What a missed opportunity! Sure you're feeling okay, Ash?"

"It's called 'leading with your head'," Ash said. "You should try it sometime."

"What are you talking about? I do that all the time."

"Er, I think he's talking about the head on your shoulders," Nate said.

“Oh.”

Ash facepalmed. These two had influenced at least two-thirds of the bad decisions he'd made in the last couple of months. Would they ever tire leaping from one after-party to the next? From one vapid fangirl to another? For Ash, the celebratory tour had run its course. He was ready for his next challenge. To his surprise, the prospect of another region hadn't jumped to the forefront of his mind.

This Valentine's bug going around must've bitten him, too.

Maybe it was a little more than that. What someone like May offered out of the box was built-in trust. He didn't need to question the authenticity of her interest, the genuineness in her compliments. Oddly enough, the ladder to success seemed to get lonelier the higher up he climbed, something he'd never anticipated. It would've been nice to have someone around that had his back again, someone that wasn't in it for selfie moments, or free access to loose fangirls.

Ash stood and stretched his arms out under the sun. “I need to take a leak.”

“So did I,” Nate said, “two minutes ago.”

“That's gross.”

The unashamed urinator shrugged. “Bet you everyone here's done it.” He pushed away from pool's wall and eased into a blasé backstroke.

“And that's supposed to make me feel better?” Ash scratched his head.

Hilbert thrust a palm of water at the delinquent. “Forget him! If you see those girls on your way to the bathroom, don't forget to tell them where they can find us. It's cool if you're not feeling up to it today. Me and Nate will share the third one.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

“Right...” Ash watched Pikachu entertaining a group of happy-go-lucky children playing a makeshift game of water polo at one end of the pool. Kids really loved Pikachu and Ash didn't have the heart to take their smiles from them. Besides, this was an adventure he'd be fine completing on his own. “Be right back. Keep an eye on Pikachu, will ya?”

“You got it, buddy.” Hilbert saluted him.

Ash approached the reception desk racking his brain for the right words. The lady at the counter hadn't the etiquette to get rid of her chewing gum before mumbling a grumpy hello. Clearly, she was over this whole Valentine's gig. Her lack of professionalism threw him off guard. His face went blank trying to remember what he'd practiced. He gave up and opted for the direct approach. "Hello, I'm looking for someone. Could you help me find their room number, please?" He provided May's full name.

"Sorry, no can do," she said, out the side of her mouth not rolling gum. "Even if I wanted to, it's against our policy. I could get in a lot of doo-doo and I don't need this day getting any worse than it's already been."

"Yeah, of course, I get it." Ash rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. Damnit, why couldn't he be better at lying? Just as he turned back to leave, she piped up again.

"Say, you wouldn't happen to be that Ash Ketchum kid, would ya?"

"Uh, yeah, that's me."

"Thought so! Did kind of look familiar. Hey, tell you what..." She lowered her voice and beckoned him to lean in. "My daughter's a huge fan, wants to grow up to become a Pokémon Trainer just like you. The whole pokémon battling thing is not my speed but I know she'd appreciate a little token of your generosity. Scribble a lil' something down with it and maybe I can scribble a lil' something down for you, too. Get my drift?"

Ah. The proverbial favour for a favour. This might be the first time his celebrity got him anything worthwhile. "Just tell me where to sign."

Ash wandered through the resort's corridors comparing the room numbers to the digits scribbled on the back of a throwaway business card. Trepidation swelled in his chest as he came across the matching door. Supposedly, May was stood on the other side, just as nervous as him to initiate the long-overdue conversation. He paced outside her room putting together the perfect words to broach the topic.

*This is crazy! It's only May.*

He'd only spoken to her a billion times before. All he had to do was go in there and have his mouth start moving. Sure, they'd be met with awkwardness at first but, if anything Rosa said was accurate, May would be more than willing to hear him out. She knew him to



be genuine and he longed for authenticity more than anything else right now. His appearance at her doorstep might come as a surprise but, perhaps, the biggest surprise was they hadn't gotten together sooner.

Ash knocked on the door.

The response was immediate: the sound of hasty shuffling on the other side. Then utter silence, as though the occupant was listening to confirm the knock had risen from her door. Ash obliged with another rap of his knuckles. "Hello? You in there, May?"

"Who is it?"

"It's Ash."

She gasped in panic. Not the reaction he'd expected. And even more curious, Ash heard a second hushed voice through the door, "Oh my God, it's him!" And a third, "What should we do?!"

He pressed his ear on the door and eavesdropped on the trio debating in low mutters whether or not to open for him. One of the voices sounded like the girl he'd spoken to at poolside and the other, he imagined, belonged to their mutual friend – Hilda, was it? If Ash had known May was entertaining company, he would've waited for her back at the pool. "Er, sorry," he said in a loud, shaky voice. "If it's a bad time, I can come back lat-"

"No!" someone blared. "You stay right where you are, Ketchum!"

"Hilda?!" May whispered hotly, uncertainly. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry, May," she whispered back, "but *someone* has to drag you out of the closet!"

*Hub?* Ash quirked an eyebrow. What was *that* supposed to mean? And nobody had to drag anybody anywhere. Still, curiosity overrode his better judgement and he continued to listen without interference.

"What better time than now?" Rosa chipped in with a soft murmur. "What better day than today? I mean, it *is* Valentine's after all! Plus, I might've already spoken to him about you at the pool..."

"You did what?!" May exclaimed in an uncharacteristically deep and threatening voice. "I know you guys are only trying to help –"

"Then let us," Hilda cut her off.

Wow. And Ash thought he'd had pushy friends. One of the girls shouted "just a minute!" before he heard the hustle and bustle of footsteps trotting about the room. Were they tidying up or something? They'd quietened their whispers to indistinguishable murmurs, leaving the eavesdropper guessing as to their frantic activities. Ash heard everything from zippers to drawers opening and shutting to furniture being shifted around to cardboard being cut? All this kerfuffle because of him? He shouldered some regret for whatever May's friends were putting her through.

Just as he contemplated walking away to spare her their doggedness, the door flew open and a hand dragged him in by the wrist. "Whoa!"

...

Ash found himself standing topless in May's room as Hilda shut the door behind him. It only occurred to him then, he might've wanted to put on a shirt before prowling in the resort for May. Not that he looked bad in swimming trunks; his dotted abdomen was flat as faint lines drew an arrow to his blue waistband. Somehow though, he felt grossly underdressed being the sole male in a room occupied by three females.

Hilda rounded back to Rosa's side and the two best friends stood in front of him like bodyguards protecting May, only glimpses of her red bandana visible behind the blockade of their shoulders.

Ash didn't get it. Why were they acting like she needed protection from him? "What's going on here?"

"Our friend," Hilda said, "May, has something she'd really like to tell you."

"Well, *show* you," Rosa corrected. "A gift."

"A gift?" Ash mused. She'd gotten him something for Valentine's?

"It's not gonna be a diamond ring." Rosa wagged her finger.

"Nope," Hilda concurred. "That sort of gift don't mean anything."

“A guy like you needs something real.”

“Something from the heart. Something special.”

May stood in silence behind her friends as they serenaded him with this idea of her amazing gift. Ash didn't have the patience to try to guess. “Well? What is it?”

Hilda and Rosa nodded at each other then slid to either side, revealing May stood in her familiar attire, holding a crimson wrapped gift box garnished with a gold ribbon. Aw, she shouldn't have. Without lifting the box she held at her waist, May raised her bashful head and instructed Ash in a timid voice. “Take off the top. And take a look inside.”

Shucks. Maybe he should've gotten her something, too. He would definitely have to after this.

With bated breath, Ash followed her instructions and lifted the lid off the gift box. He took a look inside and his mouth fell open, his eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets. “Is that... that... is that a —”

“Dick in a box!” Hilda and Rosa shouted in chorus with the same spirit you would've shouted ‘surprise!’ at a surprise birthday party.

But instead of confetti showering him from the ceiling, his own thoughts were disjointed and thrown up in the air, and the only guest that had sprung out unexpectedly was the smooth-looking, semi-erect phallus slumped through a hole cut out the side of her gift box. Ash did a doubletake and only just noticed May's infamous bike shorts were missing from her ensemble, further suggesting the dick in the box did indeed belong to her.

But... how?

May cast her eyes down, unable to endure his gobsmacked expression. “I'm... sorry, Ash. I should've told you sooner.”

“No, no, no!” Hilda stepped in like a director waving at her actors to cut the scene. “We've already been through this, May. You don't need to apologise for anything.”

“I know but —”

“It’s who you are.” Rosa stood by her side. “And if Ash can’t accept you for who you are, for *all* of who you are, then he doesn’t deserve you.” She squeezed May’s shoulder before turning to the man of the hour. “So, do you, Ash? Accept May for who she is?”

Ash was still picking his jaw off the floor when the question struck him. Of course he accepted May for who she was; what kind of friend would he be if he didn’t? However, he couldn’t pretend not to notice the surprise she’d sprung on him like a phallic jack-in-a-box. So many questions. The one that had him scratching his head the most was probably how he’d failed to notice till now?

Granted, he hadn’t spent an inordinate amount of time looking in that area and, even if he had, May often kept it veiled under one article of clothing or another. The way she coyly slipped the lid back on the box hinted at her continued discomfort with people knowing her secret or, at the very least, people seeing it. In that fleeting gesture alone, Ash came to sympathise with how complicated her life must’ve been.

He didn’t know whether to thank her friends for attempting to help May overcome her insecurities, or lambast them for the crude and flippant manner in which they’d attempted to do it. ‘A dick in a box!’ Really?

For all his criticisms, Ash himself hadn’t found the right words to address Rosa’s concerns. Yes, he liked May. But he also liked pussy. Dick? Not so much. Could he still picture a romantic future with May? Just when he’d thought he answered that question, this meaty surprise complicated matters quite a lot. “I... I...”

“You what?” Hilda snapped. She sounded unimpressed by how long they’d been waiting for his answer. “It’s not a difficult question.”

“It’s a lot to take in...”

May slumped her shoulders. It looked as though all the air had been stolen from her lungs. “Yeah. I get it...”

Hilda made a sudden move towards Ash. He didn’t get to see what she’d intended as Rosa seized her by the arm before she got too far. “It’s okay,” said the calmer girl. “We should give him a chance to think about it at least.”

“Tch.” Hilda shrugged her arm away, though she didn’t disagree.

“One thing May knows for sure is we’ll always have her back.” Rosa rubbed said back reassuringly.

Hilda curled her lips into a sly smirk. “And her front.” She tugged the box away from May and the girl’s penis lolled out of the makeshift hole. Ash watched, awestruck, as the unexpected member dangled from the bottom of her little, white skirt. May appeared to make a move to cover up but Hilda got there first. “Now, where were we?” She began jerking May’s cock right in front of him.

Ash lost the ability to speak, barely trusted his own eyes. The girls hadn’t gifted him half a minute to digest the fact May had a cock before they took turns stroking it to full stiffness. Just what had he stepped into?

*And holy shit – May has a cock!*

Right out of the box and into Hilda’s ravenous mouth. The girl in little jean shorts was all too happy to get on her knees and take May into her throat. While her dick enjoyed a wet and sloppy tongue massage, her hardened nipples squealed from the twists and turns Rosa applied over her shirt. Objectified, right before her crush’s eyes, her face turned the same shade as her bandana. In spite of it all, May said and did nothing to dissuade her friends from enjoying her unique body, nor to dissuade him from watching.

Ash got the message loud and clear: May was quite the catch and, should he turn her down, she’d have more than her fair share of suitors lining up to appreciate her hidden treasures.

And appreciate they did; Hilda, in particular, slurping and moaning on the taste of May’s Penis Surprise. Rosa soon kneeled, too, lured south by the sounds of Hilda’s enjoyment, and flicked her tongue at the bottom of May’s hairless sack. The moaning coordinator placed both hands on either of her friends’ heads, balancing herself against mounting pleasure as two eager mouths explored her genitalia, one swallowing her dick while the other tugged and sucked on her balls. Hilda and Rosa cast their lust-drunk eyes on Ash, who hadn’t moved an inch since May was unboxed, and gave him a look that said ‘you’re missing out’.

If they were trying to make him jealous, then...

It was working?

Ash looked down and his beach shorts fashioned a bulge that hadn't been there a minute ago. It had to be the most confusing boner in his long history of boners. While his mind struggled to square up May's ultra-feminine, pretty features with her unexpected, male appendage, his body rose above any such confusion, quite literally. Hearing the shy, little moans trickle out of her lips and seeing the unmistakable pleasure flushed across her cheeks triggered some instinct inside him. Something inexplicable. Some pleasure he derived from seeing May experience pleasure, cock or no cock.

"Phake iphh ouu," Hilda burbled. She popped May's dick out of her mouth and addressed him again. "Take it out."

"Wh-what? Me?" Ash pointed at himself in confusion.

"Mhm." Rosa wiped her wet lips dry. "You clearly want to."

The proof stood right there, right at the front of his swimming trunks. For all three of them to see. Ash didn't know how to react. He'd been in sexual predicaments before, though never this crowded, never this unprepared. Usually, he could bang his way out of a paper bag, but now he just wanted to hide under one.

Hilda shrugged at his trembling uncertainty. "Or not. I'm sure your friends are still waiting for you at the pool."

*Ah, yes! My friends!*

They'd just given him the perfect excuse. "Oh yeah, you're right. They must be getting worried." Ash turned his back on the three girls and breathed a quiet sigh of relief. This 'situation' was too complex for him to tackle. He couldn't get involved until he knew what he wanted and he couldn't just stand there watching like an awkward scarecrow either. "Uh, thanks for sharing, I guess? And don't worry – your secret is safe with me." He waved the back of his hand at them.

As Ash ambled towards the exit, doubts and questions tugged on the back of his mind. *What am I doing? Is this the right thing? Yeah, it is. I had no business being here anyway. I kind of walked in on them uninvited. Well... they did open the door and invite me in... dang, I hope they don't think I'm ditching them because it's totally awkward even though that's exactly what I'm doing. I hope May doesn't think I don't... I don't...*

Of course she would think the worst of him. After she'd divulged the biggest secret of her life, he was practically rejecting her? So much for wanting someone who would accept him for who he truly was. How could he expect that from anyone when he couldn't do the same? He'd fallen for the idea of May, not the person. Was he really any better than all those vapid fangirls?

When Ash finally reached the door, he stopped short of walking through it. He turned the lock instead.

Hope shimmered in May's watery eyes as he marched back with renewed resolve.

Ash dropped his beach shorts. His large, proud phallus greeted the young ladies with a sturdy salute. Their eyes grew impressed, May's the largest of all. He imagined she was comparing his with her own. Even several feet apart, the difference was clear: his shotgun made her tool look like a pee-shooter. There was a ruggedness about his cut member, machismo in the angry vein branching round his girth, a pompousness in how the meaty shaft throbbed hands-free.

May's nutsack slipped out of Rosa's shocked lips. "Whoa..."

Hilda's grip on May's cock turned slack as her eyes brightened at the shiny new toy.

Ash could see what she was thinking. He confirmed it by stepping out of his shorts, strutting towards the trio and swivelling Hilda's head from May's dick to his own. Hilda latched her mouth around his larger cock-head with little encouragement. For all her boyish attitude, she proved a sucker for good dick. He brushed the cap off her head to better meet her lust-studded eyes.

Rooted in awe beside the hung Trainer, May watched Hilda throw her face at the biggest cock she'd ever seen, the same lips that had been working her comfortably a minute ago now enwrapped the meaty girth of her crush. Every bob of her head curved his dick down her gullet with a lewd squelch. What the hell, Hilda? Ash was supposed to be hers!

A part of her yearned to bark at her cock-obsessed friend. Another part considered shoving her aside and claiming Ash for herself. Honestly, the way Rosa froze and stared, too, they were all but three seconds away from devolving into a pack of hyenas clambering over the same piece of meat. May quickly discovered having a dick of her own didn't stultify her fascination in others.

Ash took note of the two girls who'd stopped what they were doing to watch their bestie administer an enthusiastic, gag-inducing blowjob. It was like they'd never seen a dick before, or perhaps, someone sucking one off. He nudged his head toward May's crotch area as if to say 'go on, don't let us stop you'. Rosa heeded the gesture and took May into her mouth once more, the girl gasping at the sudden tongue on her cock.

Shoulder to shoulder, Ash and May grunted as her best friends' heads bobbed noisily below their waists. He'd have never anticipated a Valentine's surprise this incredible, side by side his crush, relishing in synchronised fellatio. Ash turned to see if she was enjoying this as much as he was, and she returned his gaze with her mouth hung open. Their eyes connected in a way they never had before, mutual trust and admiration reciprocated, all in the midst of swaying heads below. Timed to perfection, smiles warmed their panting expressions.

And it *was* perfection. Ash knew in that moment May's Penis Surprise wouldn't be the thing to topple them. He could find ways to work around it; like they were doing right now. Keeping one hand on the back of Hilda's head, he extended the other to May. She clasped his invitation, fingers intertwined as he accompanied her through the novelty of fellatio. Needless to say, Hilda and Rosa gave the budding couple their blessing, and a whole lot of tongue to boot.

Bundles of clothes and undergarments and swimwear decorated the suite's floor after they'd all decided to celebrate their nakedness. Ash could tell it was a huge breakthrough for May, probably the first time she'd shown her nude body to foreign eyes. He and the other girls made a concerted effort not to ogle her any more or less than they ogled each other. Not that Hilda or Rosa could get a decent view whilst bent over at Ash and May's hips, rocked by the pistons of double-teaming dicks.

May glanced over at Ash like an unprepared student hoping to pinch a clue from her neighbour's desk. She slid her hands round Rosa's waist to mirror the strong clutch Ash had on Hilda. His pelvis thrashed her bare, white bottom with relentless vigour and lewd clapping noises. If not for the clench round her waist, Hilda might've been thrown to the floor by the strength of Ash's thrusts. May looked on, mesmerized, both by the zest in Ash's swinging hips and the girly squeals they elicited from Hilda; this, the same tough-talking Hilda who'd prided herself on a hardened, no-nonsense exterior. Just went to show even *she* wasn't impervious to a good dicking.



May looked down at her slow and steady tool, sliding in and out of view under Rosa's butt cheeks. The soft grunts emanating from her close friend were nothing like the dramatic cries of Hilda next door, whose breasts were swaying wildly in their peripheral vision. May didn't have the practice nor the lower body strength to match the experienced Trainer. Hell, this was the first time she'd stuck her penis inside another person. Despite having something of a pussy of her own, the heat and wetness of Rosa's felt completely foreign; the grip of wet snatch pulling her dick in and out of its warmth was strangely addictive, and surprisingly explanatory. No wonder people with penises chased after it so much. If she'd known it felt this good, and her friends would enjoy it this much, she might've come clean about her genitalia a lot sooner.

May hummed along in muted pleasure as she and Rosa enjoyed each other. They lived in their own little world for a minute before the clapping beside them sped up and got louder. May turned to look just as Ash let loose a carnal grunt, shoved his entirety inside a climaxing Hilda then held himself in there. Hilda's wobbly legs trembled. She dropped to the floor a hot and used mess. Ash's semi-rigid cock slipped free and hung several inches between his legs, sleek with Hilda's nectar and the product of her orgasm.

Ash wiped the sweat on his brow with the back of his arm. "Phew. That was a good warm-up." A good *warm-up*? May wasn't sure she'd even found second gear yet! A fact Ash noticed, too, before spurring her on with a smack to the bum. "Go on, May! Throw your back into it. Trust me. She'll love it." He winked.

May switched her gaze right and left between the naked girl bent over in front of her and the naked girl passed out at Ash's feet. If nothing else, he had the results to back up his method of mad pumping, and Hilda was his pudding.

May silenced the doubts in her head and put more energy into her thrusts. She pulled back until only the head of her penis remained enfolded in Rosa, then threw her pelvis forward as fast and hard as she could, only stopping at the ricocheting smack of supple ass cheeks. Rosa grunted her appreciation at the raise in tempo. And so May strived to fuck her as hard as she longed to be. Fatigue broke out on her forehead and her sweaty hands struggled to maintain purchase on Rosa's waist, but May didn't give up, didn't stop, didn't slow down.

In the corner of one eye, May caught Ash watching her large breasts jiggle with the brisk momentum of her thrusts. *Is this... turning you on, Ash? Watching me fuck my friends like this?* The rise of his semi-erection into its full-blooded, sky-pointing self answered the question for her. She blushed and looked away, tried to concentrate on fucking Rosa, but soon she felt his hands caress her arms from behind.

His hot, husky breath titillated her eardrum. “You’re so fucking sexy, May. I love your body.” He groped her big, jiggling tits whilst she rocked her hips back and forth. Between pumping Rosa and enduring the pleasures of twisted nipples, May couldn’t focus on one stimulus over the other. Harder still, was the slick cock grinding up against her spine, spreading vaginal fluids, impatiently waiting to claim its second hole. Evidently, Ash had overcome his phobia about her penis, staring down over her shoulder as they watched it slide in and out of Rosa with lascivious intrigue. Feeling his desire so close and heavy upon her, May found that extra gear and pounded the pig-tailed girl to a squeal-inducing orgasm.

Only she and Ash remained standing over her worn and weary best friends.

“Good job.” He squeezed her shoulder. “Lasted longer than I did my first time.”

“R-really?”

“Way longer.” He sounded ashamed to admit it. “That *was* your first time, right?”

She regarded her erect member with some pride; it was still standing straight despite taking down its first pussy. “Yeah, it was...”

“So, that means you’ve still never seen it... cum?” He seemed to be asking a second question between the lines, wondering if she *could* cum? Could her penis ejaculate? Well, May had testes – not as large as his – but testes all the same. While she’d never seen her own semen, she imagined her baby batter factory would be hard at production, too. Right?

“I dunno. I mean, I guess?”

“Guess? Not good enough,” Ash said. “I want to see it.”

*Geez, now he sounds like Hilda! What’s with all of them wanting to see me –*

“Hnnn!” May looked down where, suddenly, Ash closed a fist around her shaft, and began pumping.

“Whoa, so smooth,” he said in awe, like someone who’d never touched a penis before. Did hers really feel that different to his? Only one way to find out...

She reached round her lower back and –

“Oh!” Ash started. He gave a coy chuckle. “A little handsy, aren’t you?”

“Mmm... fair is fair.” She turned the masturbation mutual. His cock felt so much meatier and heavier than hers. The bulging of his veins created a gruff contrast on her palm like nothing she’d experienced handling her own. It amazed her how far up she could stroke his girth before reaching the bulbous crown. As far as penises went, she got the sense Ash had absolutely nothing to be shy about; she could practically feel the confidence throbbing in her fist. If only she’d had half the surety he exhibited.

The Valentine’s couple jerked each other’s cocks as if it were a race to make their lover bust first. Hot and heavy moans clambered over one another. May experienced an unfamiliar tightness in her ball-sack and a surge of adrenaline coursed through her veins.

*Is this it? Is it finally happening?!*

Ash wasn’t to know how close she was to cumming and, in his boyish impatience, released her cock and spun her round by the shoulder. He pressed his lips hard against hers, instigating a tussle of smouldering, open-mouthed kisses. Their dicks came together like crossed swords; his tall, blunt weapon ruffling her fledgling dagger. The intensity of their snogging couldn’t be contained in one spot; May soon found herself moving backwards while Ash cupped her face in both hands, deepening their kisses as he subconsciously (or consciously) steered her towards the bed. Their hard, swinging dicks clashed every step of the way till the back of her knees hit the mattress.

May fell onto her back with the faintest of pushes. Ash knelt at the foot of the bed and spread her legs apart. He sniffed around her genitals like a Growlithe pursuing a scent, and found his mark nestled somewhere beneath her scrotum. Purring in excitement, he used his snout to scoop up her sack then tucked into the warm and sodden pussy aching for attention.

With all this hullabaloo about her penis, it had been easy to forget her nether lips were just as engorged and responsive to tongue. Ash hadn’t forgotten though. By the looks of it, he’d been eager to dig in from the moment he stepped foot in the room; unperturbed by

the pink testicles slanted over the bridge of his nose while he slurped the honey lining her pussy lips.

May was red in the face watching him all but bathe himself in the flavours of her genitalia. Nothing said he could love her despite her cock and balls more than shoving his face flush in the heart of her insecurities, and licking her every crux, crevice and crinkle. She let her head fall back and her eyes fall shut, moaning to the ceiling with the biggest smile spread across her face.

When Ash got done eating up, he emerged wiping his ravenous mouth clean, a little surprised at what he'd just done. Granted, he hadn't quite sucked dick – but, literally coming an inch away from doing it, was too close for comfort. Or at least, it used to be?

What that said about his sexuality still confused him. Lying spread-eagled before him, May embodied many of the physical traits he appreciated in women: a pretty face, a great rack, sinuous curves, sexy legs... but a cock? A ball-sack slapdash on top of the part he garnered the most pleasure from in females? Yet, the sight of May's equipment didn't soften his boner one iota. It almost scared him how much it didn't. He couldn't explain how or why but this configuration of body parts May presented really worked for him. Well, no one said you had to have everything figured out the moment you asked someone out; perhaps that was a sub-adventure he and May could explore if they rode off into the sunset. Right now, all Ash knew, was he wanted to bang the living daylights out the busty Coordinator, cock and balls and all.

Knowing from first-hand experience how delicate testicles could be, Ash gently tucked hers aside then inserted himself inside her hidden pussy lips. She was tight as could be. He groaned as the third inch slid in. Her mouth grew wider with each increment of meaty shaft. So nice and wet. Her snatch welcomed him with a snug embrace.

Two minutes later, May decided having a dick was not nearly as fun as getting ploughed by one.

Ash held her thighs apart while he broke a sweat pounding her tight pussy. Her grunts of pleasure came thick and fast, but also high and low. One thrust she sounded like any other girl he'd fucked, then the next like the deep pants escaping her mouth could belong to a guy. Ash chalked it up to some sort of testosterone imbalance, and found it oddly

endearing, reminding him of the time his voice had started to break. He wondered if she wasn't having her own voice and virginity broken all in one go right there and then.

May wept with pleasure as he stuffed her to the hilt again and again. Her fatty breasts swayed and flopped in tandem with the rocking bed, and her dick flailed from side to side and all around like it was caught in a tornado. Rather erotic how she'd retained her stiffness through penetration, almost as if the repeated ramming of her cunt made her cock hard. If she'd had a clitoris instead, he imagined it would be aroused much the same.

Hilda and Rosa popped up from either side of the bed!

Ash was caught by surprise. The rhythm of his thrusts was disrupted for a few good pumps. May looked as though she would ask her friends what they were up to if she had the wherewithal to speak.

Rested and recovered, the two girls decided their involvement in May's deflowering had yet to reach its fulfilment. Ash supposed it was only fair to let them help finish what they'd started. Not that he could stop either of them descending upon May if he wanted to. Rosa lay next to the brunette getting fucked and French kissed her while rubbing a hand all over her wobbling tits. Hilda grabbed hold of May's floundering dick and shoved it in her mouth. She did her best to minister a blowjob while the vigorous, bed-rocking motions had the girl's cock occasionally stab the inside of her cheek. Once Ash recognised the girls had come to see everything out, he worked himself back into an effective rhythm.

Together, Ash, Hilda and Rosa convinced May that, beyond the unconditional acceptance of her body, they truly cherished her inside and out. More inside than out for Ash right now. One powerful, defining thrust hurled her dick out of Hilda's mouth in what turned out to be a timely jostle. Just then, May's body tensed – Ash felt it clamp around his cock – then a stream of white, hot gunk jetted out the tip of her penis.

It had finally happened.

She broke free of Rosa's kiss and a shrill, drawn-out grunt accompanied several ropes of semen shooting all over the place from her whirling cock. Her essence splatted Hilda's cheek before her flailing penis aimed a spurt as far high as Rosa's face, and even May herself wasn't exempt from a splash or two of her own produce.

Ash watched her sack shrivel as its pent-up contents were splattered in every direction but his. The volumes alone spoke of how much May had needed that. And little did she realise, he was but five pumps behind her.

Her sudden pussy clench had almost milked him instantly, but Ash survived long enough to pull out and ejaculate over the three girls, shooting the heftiest of ropes towards May's face and chest. Streaks of his and her cum lay strewn across their naked bodies, a scene as messy as it was wholesome. Although, not quite for the two people in the room who didn't have a penis.

"Ew, guys!" Rosa used the bed sheet to wipe May's cum off one half of her face and Ash's cum off the other. "Was that really necessary?"

"What's the matter?" Hilda said. "Scared of a little cum?" She flicked more white goo between Rosa's eyes. "You missed a spot."

"Hey!" Rosa huffed. "May, tell Hilda to stop throwing around your semen!"

"May's the one who blasted it all over this room in the first place!"

"C'mon, it was her first time cumming. You can't blame her for that."

"I'm just saying – look up, she even hit the ceiling."

May scratched the back of her head sheepishly as her best friends bickered. She hardly heard a word they uttered. Ash shrugged as if to say, 'girls will be girls'. He and May smiled at each other. If their bodies felt any lighter, they would've started floating. Who said nothing magical could ever come out of Valentine's Day?

...

Minutes later in the bathroom, Rosa and Hilda put their clothes back on after getting cleaned up. Neither of them could've predicted how Valentine's Day would play out. And neither of them was disappointed. In fact, as they straightened their garbs in the mirror, murmuring their disbelief in the impromptu foursome, the salacious thought of marching back into that room and pouncing on the loved-up couple occurred to them both.

May had an amazing cock. And beneath his humble, nice guy persona, Ash was a monster. Rosa and Hilda could easily see themselves enjoying the pair some more. With the same sly grin on their faces, the girls snuck out of the bathroom giggling to themselves.

But it was Ash and May that surprised *them*. The pair were going at it again. Ash was railing May from behind, her born-again erection flapping up and down against her tummy.

Rosa and Hilda exchanged a knowing glance. Ignoring their own horniness, the newfound couple was due some alone time. They tiptoed out of the room without the romping pair catching sight of them. Rosa gently closed the door and flipped the 'Do Not Disturb' sign.

She and Hilda got to the end of the corridor when a bumbling duo of lads barrelled into them from round the corner. Hilda stalled the tongue-lashing burning on her lips when she recognised the boys. "You two again?"

"Oh, hey!" Hilbert chuckled awkwardly. "May's friends, right?"

"Have you guys seen Ash anywhere?" Nate asked, looking down the hallway. "He totally ditched us at the pool."

"Ash is..." Rosa chose her words carefully. "A little preoccupied right now. But maybe there's something *we* can help you with?" She slipped a wink at Hilda. And Hilda grinned to confirm she was thinking the same thing Rosa was thinking.

They didn't wait for the boys to answer before grabbing them by the wrists and dragging them off to a private room. Today was their lucky day. A Valentine's Day they'd soon never forget.

**THE END**

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**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](http://lemonzsauce.com) or hit me up at [reviews@lemonzsauce.com](mailto:reviews@lemonzsauce.com). I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*