

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

I go by the pen name j.j. scriptease and I've been writing fan fiction on and off for almost a decade and a half now, predominantly of a lemon/erotica variety. None of the places I've posted my stories on however quite felt like home, whether it be due to the design or structure of the website, the restrictions imposed on saucy content, or anything in between. And thus, I thought it would be neat to have a personalised hub for my fan fiction works.

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaauce.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies - like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaauce.com/donate to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

Thank you for reading! I hope this piece of writing lives up to your expectations.

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.

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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONCE SMITTEN, TWICE BI

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 4



Synopsis

Snooping through her teenage daughter's phone, Johanna discovers more about Dawn than she'd ever wanted to know - secrets changing the fabric of their family forever.

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Once Smitten, Twice Bi

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 4 – Winning Over Family

Ah, nothing beat the taste of clean, fresh air in the morning! She stretched her arms out in front of Sandgem’s metropolis, a smile brighter than the rising sun peaking over the tops of tall buildings. The town was just waking up, shop owners flipping the ‘open’ signs on their doors while commuters slowly trickled onto the streets. Pokémon Trainers were the easiest to recognise of the bunch, always so restless and keen for adventure. And far away from home. Did he ever think about what he left behind? His friends? Memories? Her? Her smile began to waver. Dang it, she couldn’t let those thoughts follow her all the way out here. She pushed them to the back of her mind and refurbished her valiant smile.

All the pretty dresses in the shop windows called out to her like old friends. Remember us? You used to like shopping. Yes, she did. Back when she still had a life outside of him. Maybe that was what she needed – a snazzy new outfit to remind her who she was before he came along. She mirrored a mannequin’s pose in the shop window, envisioning the silk, mustard dress clinging to her womanly curves. Well, *someone* had to appreciate her, right? Granted, no one had given her a reason to step out of the house of late, let alone put genuine effort into her appearance. Maybe that was her problem. Maybe she’d become too accustomed to having someone to live her life for. Maybe it was high time she lived for herself. Maybe she needed to –

“Mrs Ketchum?”

Delia jumped with a small shriek. Clutching her pearls, she whipped round to the frightening sight of... a benign, blue-haired girl wielding a shopping bag. “Dawn...” She

gulped down a calming breath. “You scared me. How long have you been standing there?”
And watching me admire my reflection like a kook?

“Sorry, Mrs Ketchum.” The bashful teen gave an uneasy laugh. “I only just got here. But what are you doing all the way in Sinnoh? Quite a long way from Pallet.”

“Oh, I came here for the surp-” Delia suddenly sewed her lips shut. *I can't believe I almost spilt the beans right to the birthday girl's face!* Ash would never forgive her if she ruined the surprise for Dawn. Delia remembered how psyched he was talking about what he and the others had planned for his ‘good friend’s birthday. Good friend. Right. Delia didn’t enjoy the closest mother-son relationship with Ash, but she knew him well enough to be certain he was hiding something. Still, she didn’t pry, worried it would push him even further away from coming home. “Er, for the specials on offer!”

Dawn glimpsed at the shop window behind her and, fortuitously for Delia, spotted sales posters advertising discounts on a selection of gowns, dresses and shoes. “Ah! I don’t blame you. I’ve bought a lot of my Contest outfits from here. You won’t be disappointed.”

“I bet not!” Delia beamed, pleased she’d thrown Dawn off her scent.

“Funny how you’re here while Ash is in Pallet.”

“Ash is in Pallet?” Delia was almost positively certain he wasn’t.

“Yeah, he sent me a video message this morning wishing me a happy birthday from Professor Oak’s lab.”

Oh right, she wasn't supposed to know he's right around the corner. Colour Delia impressed. The lengths her son went to to ensure Dawn would have a birthday bash she’d never forget convinced Delia, more than ever, there was more to this ‘good friendship’ than either of them was letting on. She disguised her suspicion in a genial grin and played along. “Oh, wow, that’s very sweet of him! And it’s your birthday today?” She gave Dawn a tight and warm embrace. “Happy birthday, sweetie!”

“Th-thank you, Mrs Ketchum,” Dawn wheezed.

“I’m sure Ash would’ve loved to be here if he wasn’t off somewhere doing... ‘Ash things’. My son can be a little too ambitious for his own good sometimes.”

“Tell me about it,” Dawn said with the exasperation of someone who equally understood her son. “Pokémon adventures are not exciting enough – now he’s gotta catch it all on film, too.”

“Oh yeah, he sent me some of those videos!” Delia recalled. “What is he – a Pokémon Trainer or a Pokémon National Geographic producer?”

“Right?!”

They laughed together.

“You know, as disappointed as I am he’s not here,” Dawn let on, “I was kind of happy to see him in Pallet Town. I’ve always told him he doesn’t visit you nearly as often as he should.”

Delia clutched her heart. That really touched her unexpectedly. All this time she’d berated herself for wanting her teenage son to pay her more attention. She feared those thoughts made her a sad, lonely, overbearing mom, but to hear one of his own peers chastise him for forgetting she existed gave Delia a smidgen of vindication.

Her only son had left home when he was ten years-old and, outside of the rare visits in between Regions and new journeys, she’d been relegated to watching him grow up through video calls and televised pokémon tournaments. Yes, he was maturing into a young man, with his own friends and passion and life now, but that didn’t give him the right to abandon her, did it? To abandon her like his father did. What was it about Delia that made all the men in her life want to leave home and never come back?

Well, at least Dawn didn’t think it was her fault. Delia decided she wouldn’t mind if Ash wound up with a girl like her. She regarded the teenager with the kind of affection befitting of her own daughter and uttered, “Thank you for saying that, dear.”

Dawn gave her a warm smile. “As much as I’d love to hang around and do some shopping with you, I’m in the middle of running some errands for my mom.”

“Ah, that’s quite all right, honey. I totally get it.”

“Yeah, I have a couple more places to stop by here then I’m heading out to pick up a Mystery Gift box from Professor Rowan. He’s on assignment in Jubilife City.”

“Oh, Professor Rowan? I was actually going to pay him a visit myself this morning.”

“No way?!”

Delia nodded. “I’m on a bit of an errand run myself. When Professor Oak found out I’d be visiting the area, he asked if I could collect some research material from Rowan on his behalf.”

“Ah, makes sense.”

“I could save you some time and trouble and pick up the Mystery Gift box for you if you’d like?”

Gratitude sparkled in Dawn’s bright eyes. “Would you really, Mrs Ketchum?”

“Mhm. Of course.” Delia beamed. “I’ll drop by your house when I’m done. You haven’t moved have you?”

“Nope. Still the same corner of Twinleaf Town.” Dawn dropped her shopping bag and threw her arms around Delia’s waist. “Thanks a bunch, Mrs Ketchum. You’re the best!”

“It’s no trouble at all, sweetie.” Especially considering Delia had intended to visit Dawn’s house in any case. Unbeknownst to the birthday girl, Delia would be amongst the guests springing out from behind the couches screaming ‘surprise!’ as soon as Dawn walked through the door. She might’ve been a mom but that didn’t mean she couldn’t be full of surprises, too. Heck, not even Ash knew she was going to be there.

Dawn went about her errands none the wiser she’d soon be seeing Mrs Ketchum again under much different circumstances.

Delia’s pocket buzzed. Professor Oak stared back at her on the small screen. “Good morning, Delia. My, you look quite fresh and chipper this morning. Have you done something new with your hair?”

“Oh, Samuel, you flatterer.” She smiled despite herself. Indeed, she’d parted her brown hair to one side as oppose to the fringe she often sported. “Don’t you worry. I haven’t forgotten the super-secret, extremely important mission you assigned to me.”

“At least one of us hasn’t forgotten. What was it again?”

“Samuel...”

He burst out in sudden laughter. “You worry too much, Delia.”

“It’s not funny.” She hmped. “Can you blame me? You left that Magmar’s Poké Ball in my freezer overnight. It’s a miracle the poor thing didn’t come out an ice statue in the morning.”

“Ah, yes, that.” The grey professor scratched the back of his head sheepishly. “My memory might not be what it used to be but rest assured I’d never forget our conversations. I’d never forget you, Delia Ketchum.”

Except, she did worry. Her husband had completely forgotten her. Her son was halfway to doing the same. And Professor Oak, for all his genius, was still an aging man hanging on the ropes against the undefeated champion of all time – time, itself. Once he inevitably forgot her, too, everything that ever anchored her to Pallet Town would have withered away. Then what would she do with herself?

“Delia? I’m serious.” His voice pulled her from a dark well of sinking thoughts. “This old dog still has plenty of fight left in him. And in any event, if we’re going to ruminate on the woes of troubling forgetfulness, I contend it’s you who should be reassuring me, Mrs Delia Ketchum.”

She contorted her features, befuddled. “Just what are you accusing me of, Professor Samuel Oak?”

Slowly, and with a wry glint in his eye, he raised a black, lace brassiere into frame.

Her eyes grew wide as she recognised the scandalous piece of garment that had been missing from her underwear drawer for weeks. “Sam! Put that away!” she hissed in panic. How dare he bring that up in public? What if somebody saw?! She glanced left and right to ensure no one passing by could steal a glimpse. Thank goodness Dawn had already left.

“It appears *someone* forgot this in my pokémon research lab.”

Delia hid the top half of her face in embarrassment. “Why didn’t you say anything?” she whispered hotly.

“Honestly, I harboured some unrelenting optimism that you might turn up on my doorstep to collect it.”

“God...” She couldn’t believe she was having this conversation right now. “So you could lure me into your lab again and show me your rare ‘Poké Ball’ collection?”

He shrugged. “As I recall, you were quite impressed by my Poké Balls, ma’am. In fact, I happen to remember the exact phrasing was ‘my goodness, I can’t get enough of your Oak, Professor’.”

Unfortunately, Delia remembered saying that, too. “Funny how you can recall all that but not which way round your own boxers should go on!”

The professor laughed. “Why, that’s why I need you here to help me figure it out.”

If only the world knew the world renown Pokémon Professor of Pallet Town was also a renown pervert of the highest order. She sighed. “Look, Samuel, what happened that night was –”

“Fun.”

“...yes.” She could admit it so long no one else was in earshot. “But I was also really lonely... and really drunk... and...” She sighed again. “You’re like a hero to my boy, Samuel. I just... I don’t want to ruin the image he has of you... of me... I hope you understand?”

“Nonsense, Delia,” Samuel said sternly. “Your ‘boy’ is not so much a boy as he is a young man now. He started his journey round about the same time as my grandson. And you know what Gary’s favourite topic is now, after pokémon research, hm?” Delia was afraid to guess. The professor saved her the trouble. “Women. That’s right, Delia. Our children are growing up. I would hazard to guess your son very well understands women have needs. He wouldn’t look down on you for finding ways to satiate them.”

Delia pursed her lips. As much as it pained her to admit it, the professor raised some salient points. Ash was growing up, whether or not she was directly there to witness it.

“He’ll always need you,” Samuel reassured her. “You’re his one and only mother after all. That’s never going to change, even if everything else does. It will do you a world of good to accept that and stop neglecting yourself. Go out there. Have some fun, make some new friends. Are you hearing me, Delia?”

She nodded, slowly but assuredly. “Loud and clear.” Professor Oak was right. She turned back to the sexy outfits on display behind the glass. “Say, Samuel...”

“Hm?”

“What do you think of this outfit over here?”

The grey man inched closer to the screen and narrowed his vision. Once he saw what she was seeing, his eyes exploded with delight. “Oh, Delia... that would be absolutely scintillating.” The eagle-eyed professor then spotted another shop out the corner of the screen. “Oh, that store looks worth researching, too.”

Delia glanced round her shoulder. It was a lingerie shop. “Heh. Oh, Samuel, anyone ever told you you’re a dirty old man?”

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Ash had the birthday girl in her birthday suit, sitting on her knees before his throbbing erection. She might’ve appeared submissive and disarmed but the glower she aimed up at him promised retribution. “I’m still mad at you, Ash.” Who wouldn’t be, after catching their boyfriend deep inside their mother’s anal cavity? “Don’t think this changes anything.” Those were her last words before latching her lips around his cockhead.

Oh shit, I really messed up now! Frankly, Mrs Johanna should’ve carried half the blame – if not more – for coming on to her daughter’s boyfriend in the first place. Dawn would never have the pluck to flash as much anger towards her mom as she showed to him though. A silent rage flickered in her eyes whilst she serviced him. His moans tumbled out strained and shaky with trepidation she might just bite half his dick off at some point.

Ten strokes in and his staff remained strong and intact. She hadn’t dismembered him with her teeth, yet, but she wasn’t investing her usual oomph into the blowjob either. Her mom reprimanded her from over her shoulder. “I know you can do better than that, sweetie.”

Dawn side-eyed her mom and grumbled round the dick poking her cheek.

What a strange family, Ash thought. Before luring him into Dawn’s room, he remembered how they’d kissed, not in the way a mother kissed her daughter either. Whether

the dramatic show had been orchestrated to entice him, a part of Johanna's mollifying technique, or just something the pair engaged in regularly, it came across alarmingly natural.

Ash had no complaints.

But Johanna conjured one or two, aimed at her daughter's dick-sucking effort. "Come on, honey, are you even trying? Here, let me show you how it's done." She tapped Dawn on the shoulder to have her scoot aside. His cock fell from his girlfriend's lips and hung idly for all of two seconds before her mom reclaimed it in a sturdy fist. Her wide-stretched mouth swooped over half his length in one, swift dive.

"Ooh!"

The difference struck Ash immediately. Mrs Johanna put her back, neck and shoulders into every bob of her head, jerking his manhood with moist lips and a brazen hunger to down him whole. He couldn't hold back his grunts if he wanted to, despite the sinister glaze in his girlfriend's eyes condemning him for experiencing pleasure. She was probably wondering if he'd dreamt of getting head from her mom every time he came to the house. The answer was no. But she would be hard to convince after witnessing his lurid reactions to Mrs Johanna's tongue magic.

It wasn't his fault her mom knew how to suck a mean dick. The experienced woman revered his size rather than feared it. Mesmerised, Ash ogled her fat breasts swinging under his cock as she thrustured her engorged face to-and-fro his pelvis, undoubtedly tasting the remnants of herself following their kitchen activities. Next to Johanna's stuffed face, her daughter's matching eyes were not clouded with matching lust, but a subtle jealousy. He'd have to make sure he paid her an equal amount of attention if their relationship was going to survive this treacherous swerve.

Mrs Johanna pulled her head back far to let free his incredible length. "See?" she said to Dawn, breathlessly. "Like that. Don't be so shy with your tongue. Remember how I taught you never to let a meal go to waste? The same applies here, honey." She held Ash from the base of his sleek erection so that it stretched the width of Dawn's face, hiding her eyes behind its shadow. "See this gorgeous dick, baby? Mmm, look at it... look at this thing..." She slid her fist slowly, sensually, towards the middle of his slick shaft then slowly back to the base again. "Gosh, you're so lucky. You better learn to respect this dick. Lord knows there'll be dozens of gals lining up to if you don't."

“Like you?” Dawn jibed.

Johanna smiled through her daughter’s cheekiness. “You know it’s not like that.”

“I don’t know what it’s like, Mom. All I know is you have my boyfriend’s dick in your hand. And you had it in your mouth. And you had it in your bu-”

“Dawn!” Johanna chided her. “At least you finally admit he’s your boyfriend. When were you planning on telling me you’re dating?” She frowned. “And having sex?”

Dawn’s cheeks turned a dark tinge of embarrassment. “I know how you get about sex stuff. You would’ve grounded me for life!”

“Better that than watching you get pregnant.”

“C’mon,” Dawn whined. “Just because it happened with you doesn’t mean it’s going to happen with me. Ash and I... we’re careful.”

“Careful?” Johanna huffed. “And now you’re lying to my face, too? I saw your little sex tape, Dawn. You weren’t using any protection.”

Dawn stammered on her guilt. “Th-that... was a one-time thing!”

“All it takes is one time, honey.”

“I know but – hey!” Dawn just realised something. “You’ve been snooping on my phone?!”

“I, er...” It was Johanna’s turn to stammer. “*That* was a one-time thing.”

“Right...” Dawn side-eyed her, unconvinced.

Johanna sighed, accepting neither of their hands were clean. “I thought we agreed to discuss this later? We need to have a serious talk about safe sex and boundaries.”

“*Boundaries*, she says, while jerking my boyfriend’s hard cock.”

“Dawn, I’m serious. I’m not doing this for my own health,” Johanna said. “Believe it or not, I actually like Ash –”

“Oh I noticed –”

“And I think you two are great together.” She offered a truce-full smile. “I know I haven’t exactly been easy to approach when it comes to ‘sex stuff’, but I do know a thing or two on how to keep things going in the bedroom – I mean, you weren’t dropped off on my doorstep by a Swanna.” She chuckled sheepishly. “So... what do you say? Let me in on this part of your life, a little?”

Dawn bit back a quick retort and rubbed her chin with consideration. “Hrm...”

“I promise I’ll make it worth your while,” Johanna teased. “And...” She leaned into her daughter’s ear and whispered something that sparked intrigue in Dawn’s eyes.

“Oh, all right,” the birthday girl conceded.

“Attagirl!” Johanna cheered. “Now, where were we?”

Mother and daughter swivelled their heads simultaneously towards the dick dangling between them.

Ash shivered at the sudden attention. He had softened a smidgen, standing silent like a half-naked dunce as the ladies hashed out familial matters. Dawn had seemingly grown cold feet but whatever Mrs Johanna just muttered in her ear tipped the needle in their favour. His reinvigorated girlfriend took his cock into her mouth once more and, this time, sucked it like she meant it.

He groaned his gratitude. Each thrust of her head fell shy of her mother’s reach but she jerked him good and fast, restoring his rigidity in seconds.

Johanna petted the back of her bobbing head. “That’s so good,” she crooned, stroking her dick-sucking daughter’s long hair. “Such a good girl... listen to how amazing you’re making him feel... now, slow it down and give me your hand.” She guided Dawn to the part of his shaft her lips couldn’t reach and instructed her to stroke him in time with her mouth movements. “Like this.” She wrapped her own hand over Dawn’s to demonstrate a sensational corkscrew motion.

He quivered and let out a jittery moan. *Whoa, that was new!*

Johanna smirked at his reaction. She moved her training hand away from Dawn’s, trusting her daughter could continue on her own. “That’s it. Just like that. Keep going, my baby.” While Dawn carried on servicing him with her hand and mouth, Johanna placed soft

palms on her daughter's temples and gently rotated her head in the opposite direction of her corkscrewing fist.

"Fuuuu...!" Ash basked in dizzying pleasure, his dick twisted, turned, licked and sucked all at once. He could hardly believe this was the same girl who'd been giving him head the past eight months. Mrs Johanna was probably a fine Pokémon Coordinating tutor but Ash could easily envision her training the next generation of world class fellatio enthusiasts. The blowjob wasn't even done and he already considered it his girlfriend's best work.

Thank you, Mrs Johanna.

Said teacher stepped back and let Dawn do her thing. "Don't be afraid to mix it up, sweetie. It's the best way to discover what your partner loves most."

Dawn heeded her mom's advice and alternated between fast and slow tempos, one and two hands (sometimes no hands), and soft and strong mouth pressure. The unpredictability kept Ash on the seat of his pants; well, it would've if he was wearing any. So wrapped up in the dream of his girlfriend's tongue, Ash didn't realise Mrs Johanna had disappeared from view until her tits pushed up against his back.

"My little girl is a quick learner," she breathed in his ear, "wouldn't you say, Ash?"

His body turned stiff and tingly all of a sudden, only his head capable of timorous nods to her question. How could he concentrate with her hard nipples pressing into his shoulder blades like that?

"I can tell you're loving this." She giggled a naughty giggle. "Dawn, honey, look up." She reached round him and caressed the side of Dawn's face, then gently raised her chin. "Let your boyfriend see how much you enjoy the taste of his cock." Her daughter's soft, blue eyes shimmered as they greeted his, so full of charm and innocence, and yet, right beneath them, a thick pole of meat stuffed the hole in her face, her waggling tongue flattened between her bottom lip and the underside of his crammed penis. The perfect angel and dirty slut rolled into one. "She's so pretty, isn't she, Ash?"

"Y-yes, Mrs Johanna..."

"Mhm, yes she is. I mean, she is *my* daughter after all." The giddy mom had another giggle. "You like the way my little girl's treating that dick?" Ash nodded as Dawn sucked on

the head of his penis. "That's it, baby. Let's show him a good time." Mrs Johanna grazed her long, manicured nails from his navel up to his sternum, the faint trail leaving a ticklish excitement on his skin. "Don't mind me." She caressed his right breast and drew ghostly circles around his nipple with her fingernail. "Focus on how amazing that blowjob feels."

If Mrs Johanna was trying not to distract him, she could've tried a little harder. He couldn't not think about her big, naked breasts squished against his back, both hands roaming his exposed torso while Dawn maintained her rhythm of head movements. Dare he say, they made a good team.

Mrs Johanna poured her silky voice down his ear canal, stirring scandalous thoughts on his intentions with her daughter. "Bet you wish she'd take the whole thing." For all her enthusiasm, Dawn couldn't get past the two-thirds mark without gagging. "You're dying to shove it down her virgin throat, aren't you?" A damning bead of sweat trailed down his temple. "It's okay, Ash..." She ran a feather-light digit across his jawline. "You can tell me. I won't get mad. Might even help you."

Help me...? Depththroat your own daughter? He tried to gauge her sincerity through the corner of his eyes. Never did he imagine anyone might want to see him plunge his shlong down Dawn's gullet more than he did, let alone her own mother.

If it was going to happen, it would have to happen soon; their combined assault on his pleasure points was spurring him towards completion.

Ash hung on, barely, as Mrs Johanna placed loving pecks up and down the side of his neck, then slipped his earlobe between her full, rosy lips. And sucked, gently. The little hairs on the back of his neck stood up, and he might just have cum a little.

If Dawn tasted a hint of saltiness, she showed no indication, jerking her face back and forth with sultry eyes drinking him in.

"Look at her," Mrs Johanna purred, "Oh, she wants it. I think she's ready to take it all... don't you?" His head moved on its own, a reticent nod. "Yeah? I bet you do." She giggled at his coyness. "Dawn, baby, I need you to stop. Inhale through your nose." She demonstrated from behind his shoulder. "Then exhale. Say ahhh..."

"Ahhh," Dawn said, though the wary look on her face lacked conviction. In her mind, Ash's dick was an impossible mountain to climb, a hard thrill to swallow.

Johanna urged them to trust her. Under her not-so-motherly care, Ash stuffed her daughter's waiting mouth, one meaty inch at a time. A little more than half slid along her tongue before he touched the back of her throat. Dawn threatened to gag. He froze. They'd been here before, many times, on the precipice of phallic submergence, and then, he'd have to back out. A familiar disappointment began to settle in his gut when Johanna muttered words of encouragement to her daughter.

For once, Dawn didn't balk like he'd anticipated. She looked up at her mom and mimicked her breathing techniques. Ash could see the tension in her shoulders relax. He couldn't believe this was happening. Was it, really? Evidently, all Dawn had needed was a calming presence and a devilish cheerleader. Rather than regurgitate his cock, she held his gaze steadfast and encouraged him with a timid yet daring nod.

Glee erupted inside him! Ash was all but ready to grab a fistful of her dark-blue hair and dunk his junk as deep as it could go. He would've, too, if Johanna hadn't pinched his arm to slow it down.

"Easy, tiger."

"R-right!" He conceded a nervy chuckle. "Sorry about that, Mrs Johanna. Guess I almost got a little carried away there. Hehehehe..." She shook her head with a playful smile that said 'boys'. He had to remind himself, despite all the leeway she'd granted up to this point, she was still his girlfriend's mother, and he'd do well not to obliterate her daughter's virgin throat with her peering over his shoulder.

Instead, Ash descended Dawn's orifice in steady, respectful increments. Awe trembled in his eyes as more and more shaft disappeared past her lips. His cock-head finally slipped into the snugness of her windpipe. Dawn held down another gag. He waited for her signal to continue and, when the subtle nod came, inched further into her pharynx. The strain watered her eyes. She was doing so good! Even her mother said so. Only a quarter of him left to go. With patience and a steady hand, Ash curved down her throat till there was no cock left to curve, his nutsack touching the finish line that was her chin.

It was mind-blowingly amazing. A reverberating 'ahhh' in her throat created a pleasurable vibration for the embedded cock.

Holy shit! So... tight! I don't know if I can...!

Gurgling, drool hanging out her packed lips, Dawn barely bobbed her head twice before Ash quickly pulled out with a growl. Jizz flew out his swollen tip and struck her right cheek. She flinched as a second jet of white caught her above the eye. The third and least decorative squirt missed her entirely, a mere drip from his dangling, spit-lathered cock. His gratified erection began to soften rapidly. The look on his face was heaven.

Once the shock of being sprayed with cum washed away, Dawn smiled her relief at seeing him relieved. She finally did it. One of her boyfriend's lifelong dreams was fulfilled thanks to her determination. She never thought she'd like it but, seeing how much it had turned him on, how quickly it had shoved him over the edge, Dawn forgot the soreness in her throat. They'd definitely have to try that again.

Her mom stood there clapping her hands together with giddiness, spewing all the emotion of watching her daughter win the Ribbon Cup. You'd think it was as huge a victory for her. In some ways, perhaps it was. Dawn couldn't remember the last time she witnessed her mom this elated about anything. How lonely she must've been, to draw rapture and meaning vicariously through her daughter's sex life. In that moment, Dawn didn't have the heart to tell her this ménage à trois would not become a thing.

She didn't care to share her boyfriend with anyone. And that 'anyone' included her mother. What would people think? This little scenario was as far as Dawn would let things slide. No one else had to know it ever happened. Dawn only wished her mother would find a special someone of her own. She deserved to be happy, too. And sexually satisfied.

Dawn hadn't moved from the position on her knees but that last orgasm took a lot out of Ash. He fell ass first on the edge of her bed, panting for recovery. She still hadn't decided how to deal with him once this whole thing petered out. Nothing he'd have to say could excuse cheating on her with her own damn mom. And yet, the fact it was with her mom kind of softened the blow, too. Rather the devil she knew.

Her mom stood in front of a seated Ash, hands on her hips, putting her nude, voluptuous body on full display. "I hope you don't think we're done here, sonny."

Damn, Mom, can you give the guy a break? He just had an orgasm... Dawn thought, thumbing the gooey proof off her eyebrow. When did her mom become so shameless and desperate for sex anyway? She seemed utterly addicted to the teenage boy's shlong. Didn't she know there were other ways to relive her youth? Crazy lady!

Dawn stared at her mom's back and, between the arc of her long legs, she could see her boyfriend's junk slouched on the bed, his semi-flaccid dong slumped over the edge leaking droplets of post-cum. Knowing Mom, she wouldn't stop until he was hard as a brick again, if that was even possible. Dawn couldn't guess how long they'd been going at it before her inconvenient arrival, but her mom never gave up on anything she started. And apparently unscrupulous sex was not an exception.

Her mom kneeled between his knees and then the next thing, Dawn was watching the back of her blue head bouncing up and down, and hearing her boyfriend grunt in pleasure. Should she have been mad? For one, her mom didn't ask her permission to put his dick in her mouth! And secondly, Ash sounded like he was enjoying it waaay too much. Did he... enjoy fucking her mom more than her?

As if sensing her insecurity, he raised the hand not guiding her mother's head movements and beckoned her to come over. "Dawn," he said, between heavy breaths. "Come here. I need you."

She blinked. "Me?" A boyfriend saying he needed his girlfriend shouldn't have been remotely perplexing, but the two of them looked as though they were getting along just fine without her.

"Yes," Ash said. "You."

Her mom removed the dick from her mouth long enough to say, "Please come, sweetie. We need you over here."

Silly as it sounded, their invitation evoked a small smile and a flutter of reassurance. She made the slow, sexy crawl towards the edge of her bed.

Suddenly, Ash was gawping at two faces crowding his crotch area, hot lips caressing either side of his scrotum. Dawn licked the bottom of the wrinkly sack while her mom took his sleeping giant into her mouth. Her expert tongue rolled around his bulbous tip and stroked his ultra-sensitive frenulum. He gasped at the novel sensation, shifting in his seat as Mrs Johanna hollowed her cheeks and sucked his phallus awake. Her eyes lit up watching him grow 'nice and hard' again.

And Ash thought *he* was a horndog...

“Hey, honey,” she muttered to the girl beside her.

“Mm?” was the only sound Dawn could make with a testicle caught in her mouth.

“Please pass me that, will you?” She pointed backwards at a bottle of coconut oil forgotten at the door. “Your boyfriend and I have a little, er, unfinished business. Hope you don’t mind.”

Dawn couldn’t say no.

That ‘unfinished business’ resumed when her mom bent over and had her pour coconut oil over her big butt. Then she nabbed Ash’s hands and pressed them on the doused cheeks, spurring him on to knead her slippery flesh. Dawn gazed from behind as her boyfriend’s greedy paws massaged the oil into her mom’s onion booty. With her curvy frame hiding his face, Dawn couldn’t witness the glee at getting his hands on a phat set of cheeks, but she saw it in how his digits pinched and sank into the malleable tush, how he grabbed handfuls and wobbled them up and down. Her boyfriend’s penchant for ass had never been a secret and her mom had plenty of it to go around.

Dawn watched her slide his hands to the crease in her butt cheeks and murmur, “Get it in there, my boy.” Like an obedient son, he wedged a finger down her crack and rubbed oil over the hidden ring of muscle. Then he did something she *hadn’t* asked: poked his finger inside her hole. “Hnnng!” Her mom chuckled through a raunchy grin. “You naughty, naughty boy. You do know it’s going to take more than that to satisfy this hungry ass?” Something told Dawn Ash knew good and well. He’d been counting on it. “Enough with the teasing,” her mom said dangerously. “That dick feels like it’s ready for more. I need it nice and deep.”

Dawn’s ears were bleeding hearing her mother spout so much sleaze; this the same woman who’d berated her for letting the occasional ‘oh shit’ slip out? It was a vivid reminder parents were human, too, with human desires and human weaknesses. Stripped bare, Dawn could see the woman behind the superwoman who’d raised her on her own, a woman who’d met her kryptonite in the tower of veiny meat between her boyfriend’s legs.

Her mom straddled the seated boy, reached down behind her, grabbed his hardon and smacked it against her ass a few times, spraying droplets of oil as it bounced off her glazed cheeks. The stiff dick throbbed in anticipation. Having her knees flank him on the edge of

the bed, she elevated herself and aligned her anus with the tip of his standing erection. A stream of excess oil trailed down his shaft. Dawn found herself holding her breath as her mom took the brave descent, her lubricated ring of muscle stretching to appease the girth beneath it.

“Nnngg-uugh-aaahh!” came her mom’s guttural cry as she impaled herself on the rock-hard Trainer.

A deep groan escaped Ash, too, and within seconds, Dawn was gawking at her mom’s penetrated ass riding his full length. Would any of this had happened if she’d fulfilled her boyfriend’s craving for anal? Ash had always insisted it didn’t matter and he never pushed her beyond her comfort zone. However, watching him revelling knee-deep in booty let her know such urges would never disappear. Now that he’d gotten a taste, would his curiosity be satiated or would it morph into an addiction? She’d hate to see him turn to another girl for his rectal fill. Maybe her mom was right. Maybe she did need to give his proclivities more respect, lest someone else did.

It wasn’t like Dawn had anything against anal either. She just wasn’t any good at it, evidenced by her characteristic wince on every attempt.

Apparently, her mom was a natural. Ash separated two handfuls of jiggling ass, revealing the explicitness of her mom’s pink ring stretched around his pole, almost as if to say, ‘See? Look how easy it is’. It must’ve felt good, too; her mom had never screamed at her half as loud as she screamed riding him. Her cries of pleasure turned high-pitched when Ash slumped his butt off the bed and thrust upwards, hard and fast into her anal cavity, his pelvis slapping her fat, sopping ass.

Dawn lost track of her senses staring at the lurid scene. A tingle raced up her spine and down her twitchy toes. She touched her pussy and it was wet. This time, she didn’t wait for an invitation.

As Ash laid back on the bed with her mom still sat in his lap, Dawn made the most of his horizontal position, swooping her frame overhead so that her pussy blocked his view of the ceiling and her eyes came level with her mom’s. This up close and personal, Dawn not only watched her mom rock her hips, but felt the mattress jostle with every movement, smelt the pheromones clouding all their judgements. The closeness that should’ve repulsed her only set her loins alight. She rubbed her aching sex right where Ash could see it.

The elder woman, the only adult amongst them, couldn't hide the drunken lust in her half-lidded eyes. Dawn imagined she wouldn't look any more sober with someone as large as Ash lodged in her bowels. Her hot and sweaty mom appeared desperate for release. This experience might've started out as a means to teach Dawn something, but neither of them could pretend it hadn't devolved into a hot mess. And neither of them could pretend that bothered them.

Dawn was practically dripping on Ash's face, two fingers rubbing her clit in furious circles. She wouldn't be able to stay mad at him, would she? Not when she still needed him for relief. She and her mom both. Talk about winning over the family. Her mom wouldn't be kicking him out of the house anytime soon; heck, he was lucky she hadn't chained him to her bed posts already. Dawn wasn't far behind her in horniness. The yearning in her groin could not be abated by her digits a minute longer.

Dawn found the solution right under her nose – she plunged her pussy in Ash's face.

“Oomph!”

He hardly resisted beyond the muffled groan. Why would he? Not many guys could say they'd been buried in ass and pussy simultaneously.

While a dark-blue bush frolicked on one end of his torso, Dawn rubbed her bald snatch on the other, shuddering in delight as her wet folds relished whatever friction they met across his nose, mouth and chin. The smothered Trainer lashed his tongue about blindly, inducing shivers and sudden squeaks whenever he flicked a sweet spot. So, so good. Dawn didn't care she'd swathed him in pussy and all the aromas that came with it; she gyrated on his face and dragged her nether lips along the bridge of his nose, titillated by how the cartilage parted them ever so slightly. Gods, she was going to drown him in her own sweet nectar if this kept up.

Her mom reached out with both hands and Dawn met her halfway. They interlocked fingers whilst exchanging raunchy facial expressions, mother and daughter united in their corruption. Dawn couldn't stay mad at her. If anything, she was relieved to uncover her mom wasn't as militantly opposed to sex as she'd appeared during her childhood. Seeing each other this bare to their cores might just have strengthened their relationship like nothing else could've.

On either side of the shaky eye contact, all they wanted for the other was to experience the heights of sexual pleasure. That sense of mutual compassion manifested in a magnetic pull that brought their lips together. And so, too, their breasts touched, her little nipples rubbing against her mom's much larger bust. Dawn realised how sensitive her entire body had become when the contact sent erotic tingles surging to her extremities. More intimate than open-mouth kissing her mom was the upside-down kiss tending her nether lips, the tongue that climbed out of its den and slithered to the crest of her sex. Deliberately or by bumbling chance (she couldn't tell amidst the throes of riding his face to oblivion and making out with her mom), Ash licked her swollen clit at the perfect angle with the perfect timing and the perfect pressure.

Dawn's eyes shot open. A high-pitched noise broke the kiss. She hopped off his face as her body tensed and her clit turned tender to the touch, ecstasy flooding her system all at once.

Ash gulped down a huge swig of air like someone who'd just had a suffocating bag pulled off their head. Clear traces of her orgasm leaked from the corner of his lips. A satisfied grin crept upon his flushed features.

"I'm glad you're in such a good mood," Mrs Johanna said, breathing over him. "We're still not done here."

"We're not?"

Mrs Johanna was like a little kid and his dick was the rollercoaster ride she never wanted to end. While her daughter lay out of commission, the blue-bushed cougar rotated 180 degrees on his cock, granting him a rear view of her penetrated ass, and drove his stick in reverse cowgirl.

Ash gawked as her big, oiled cheeks clenched his shaft and stirred it in circles with her gyrating hips. The MILF showcased mastery of her gluteus muscles, skills he prayed she'd pass down to her daughter sooner rather than later. As though she could sense he was hypnotised by her round, rotating rump, she glanced over her shoulder and granted him permission to slap it.

He did.

"Harder," she demanded.

SLAP!

“Harder...”

He raised his palm again, more speed, more gusto.

“Harder!”

He swung his hardest.

“Ah!” she cried out as the stinging smack pushed her fat tush two inches to the left and sprayed droplets of coconut oil every which way. The horny mom resaddled herself, not expecting her young lover would’ve slapped her *that* hard. He was on the verge of apologising when she growled, “Yesss! That’s it. Again!”

Her exuberance shocked him. And excited him, too.

Soon, a concert of lewd, raucous slaps filled the air in Dawn’s room. Her boyfriend spanked her horny mom to high heaven, smirching her cheeks with red handprints. All the while, Mrs Johanna’s insistent whimpers begged him not to stop. Not till his own palms stung from bouncing off her rosy cheeks.

Ash spread her ass to admire the stretched hole gripping him tighter than her pussy ever could, tugging hard on his cock with the threat of milking him dry at any second. He feared he only had one more squirt left in him and he yearned to see her cum once more before he exhausted it.

Ash pulled her back so she was lying atop his torso, spread her legs far apart and took control of the penetration. Mrs Johanna enjoyed a sordid view of his dick punching in and out of her asshole. He intended to fuck her in his position until she came, but neither of them anticipated Dawn’s timely recovery.

With her mom’s legs open in V formation and her bush left unattended, Dawn stuck two fingers in her wet gash. Johanna choked on a moan as she suddenly found herself double penetrated. Dawn didn’t let her mother’s surprise stop her from pumping in and out of the hole that once birthed her. After having been aided in her own orgasm, Dawn returned the favour, returned the kiss, meshing their lips together while Ash invaded her anus and she fingerfucked her cunt. It was only a matter of seconds before the teenage duo overwhelmed her pleasure receptors.

Johanna gave in with a long, debauched cry, blue eyes rolling to the back of her skull as waves of euphoria rocked her from head to toe, both feet curling up in mid-air. She slid off of him convulsing, undoubtedly her most intense orgasm for the better part of a decade.

Ash wiped his sweaty brow, pride stretched across his lips. He'd bet not even Dawn's dad had ever pounded her that good.

But Mrs Johanna still wasn't done yet.

"Wait," she said, panting, as Ash began to get up. "We're not done here."

Ash raised a brow. This woman was insatiable. What else could he possibly do to put her to bed? "You... still want more, Mrs Johanna?"

"Not me." She raised a weak finger pointing at Dawn. "Her."

Dawn pointed at herself and blinked. "Me?"

As it turned out, Mrs Johanna had one more lesson to teach.

She directed traffic on the bed, had Dawn on all fours as soon as she'd stopped convulsing from her climax, and parked Ash on his knees behind her. Mrs Johanna spread her daughter's plump cheeks and lathered her asshole with her tongue before applying coconut oil for good measure. She wanted Ash to finish in there, probably because she wasn't ready for grandchildren yet and because she got a sense of achievement helping them cross milestones in their sex life.

Ash couldn't deny he'd wanted to plug Dawn's butt from the day he met her. He didn't need much convincing to give it another go.

Mrs Johanna crouched at the foot of the bed and held Dawn's hands, muttering advice and support as Ash tentatively infiltrated her backdoor. Her extremely tight and lubricated anus clenched his mushroom tip the second it barged in. With words from her mother, Ash felt the constricting channel relax and invite him deeper inside. Mrs Johanna massaged more oil round the stretched sphincter and Ash soon burrowed more than half his thick cock through her tunnel.

"Oh my God." Mrs Johanna leapt back and covered her mouth with both hands, eyes shimmering as she took in her handiwork. "You did it!"

Dawn raised her head with a half-dazed, half-relieved look on her face. “We... did?”

“We did!” Ash punched the air victoriously.

“We did...!” Success washed over Dawn’s features. “We did!”

“Yeah!” He cheered. “I love you, Dawn-Dawn!”

“Love you too, Ashy.”

Mrs Johanna squealed. “Aw, that’s too adorable! Congratulations, baby, you did great. And you, too –”

“Ash! Ketchum!?”

The horrid shout startled all three of them.

Johanna whipped round while Dawn and Ash looked up, three sets of eyes expanding to their fullest upon recognising the brunette at the door.

“Delia?” Johanna said with awe.

“Mom...?” Ash said with even greater awe, extracting his dick from Dawn like a child pulling their hand out the cookie jar. His ill-thought-out attempt to appear innocent only flabbergasted his mother further, presenting her the shocking sight of his long, full-grown, super-hard erection.

Delia dropped the Mystery Box in her possession.

Not even both his hands could cover the dangling length between his legs.

Red-faced, she threw her gaze at the floor and rubbed her forehead as though she was about to faint. “I think I need to... I think I better... yeah, I’m just gonna...” She walked out of the door frame.

“Delia, wait!” Mrs Johanna raced after her.

Ash and Dawn remained frozen in shock for what felt like a good ten minutes before he finally dropped ass first on the bed, confuddled. “What’s my mom doing here?” He asked no one in particular.

And yet, Dawn let slip a guilty chuckle. “Oh yeah, about that...”

...

Delia stumbled in the hallway, holding herself up with an outstretched arm on the wall. Where the hell was the bathroom? She needed to wash her eyes out with acid. Or gouge them out altogether.

A gentle hand touched her shoulder. "Delia, wait, it's not what it looks like."

She turned to confront Johanna on the landing. "Not what it looks like?!" She shrugged the hand off her shoulder. "What else could it be?" Her son had had his trousers down engaging in activities he shouldn't have been at his age. "He's *naked* in there," she whispered scandalously. "With *your* daughter. Why aren't you mad?" She gave Johanna a double take, which evoked an even more alarming query. "Why are *you* naked?"

At least the irresponsible woman had the decency to blush. "This all sort of just... happened. Come with me. I'll explain everything."

A young boy naked in a room with a young girl and her mother didn't 'sort of just happen'. Delia shook her head with disbelief. "You don't know how crazy this all looks."

"Don't I?"

"No. You can't just..." Delia threw her hands in the air as exasperation overcooked her thoughts. "Those are our children, Johanna, you can't just —"

"No, they're not." Seeing Delia's face suddenly go blank, Johanna elaborated. "They're not children. Your boy is practically a young man. It's my daughter's birthday today and she's soon to be a woman."

"Yeah... but still..." They were young. "You don't understand."

"Understand what? Clinginess?" Johanna stroked her chin in musing. "Loneliness? Fear? The horrors of letting go? Of letting them move on without you?"

Delia fell silent. Each rhetorical question struck a chord on the sad piano playing the soundtrack to her recent existence. Despite her lack of clothes and decency, Johanna *did* understand. She understood all too well. Delia found the patience to consider what her compatriot might've been going through, to consider her struggles might not be so unique.

For a minute, she forgot the lunacy she'd walked into. Still, Johanna's solution to their woes was... problematic to say the least. "I get it's not easy but we can't just... interfere in their lives. Not in that way."

To this, Johanna dropped her eyes and gave a solemn nod. "I know. You're right. It's not easy being the perfect mom. I never know if I'm saying or doing the right things half the time."

Delia acknowledged her plight with a slight upturn of her lips. "The great thing is we can always do better."

"True." Johanna gave a heartfelt smile. "Hey, why aren't we better friends?"

Other than the fact Delia never left her house? She couldn't say. Outside of today, she'd never had a single qualm about the blue-haired woman. "Because you have a strange aversion to wearing clothes?"

Johanna giggled. "I'm in my own house to be fair. Speaking of clothes, that looks really good on you! Great fit. Trying something new?"

Oh wow, somebody noticed already! "Ah, yes! I just got it today. Was worried it might be a little too risqué."

"Oh, it is risqué. But who said that's a bad thing?" Johanna winked.

Delia laughed a shy laugh.

Johanna extended her hand. "Now, are you going to let me explain myself?"

Delia took her hand. "Only if you promise to put some clothes on."

"Since you asked so nicely," Johanna agreed. "About your son," she said, while leading them back down the hallway. "He's been a really naughty boy. You never had the sex talk with him, did you?"

Delia rubbed the back of her head awkwardly. "I mean, he's never home. Always off catching pokémon and whatnot."

"Ah, he must be avoiding it."

"Maybe. To be honest, I was kind of hoping his father would be back for that one."

“Word of advice,” Johanna said. “Stop hoping. We’re all we’ve got.” They arrived outside the bedroom door. “Better late than never.”

Delia was confused at how they’d suddenly stopped. Was Johanna waiting for her to say something? She nudged her head towards the door as though it was a hint. Delia looked lost, like someone who’d just been led to the woods and left to fend for themselves. When the suggestion finally dawned on her, her eyes grew wide with panic. “What? You mean now?”

“No better time than the present.”

“I-I-I can’t! What am I supposed to say to him?” The shock of seeing him naked was still fresh in her mind.

“Relax. You got this.” Johanna squeezed her shoulder. “Just your standard birds and the bees stuff. You’ll be fine.”

Delia stared shakily at the door, as if she’d die the second she stepped foot in there. “I don’t know if I can, Johanna.”

“Sure you can. He needs his mother’s guidance. And hey, if it gets too overwhelming at any point, just shout and I’ll be right there with you.”

Delia was grateful to hear it. “Thank you.” Maybe they *could* have each other’s backs in all this. She took a deep breath as Johanna knocked on the door.

“Dawn, honey,” she called out to her daughter. “Please help me tidy up downstairs. We need to give Ash and his mother some time alone.”

“Okay, Mom! Just getting dressed.” A minute later, Dawn crept out a crack in the door and greeted Delia with a shy, “Hello again, Mrs Ketchum.” She seemed nervous Delia might be upset with her, but Delia had her own nerves to contend with.

Her son was waiting for her behind that door.

“Wish me luck.”

Johanna gave her shoulder another reassuring squeeze before she disappeared into the room and shut the door behind her.

“Good luck,” Johanna said to the woman who’d already gone. “You’re going to need it.”

“You think she’s going to ground him for life?” Dawn asked.

“I guess we’ll find out soon enough,” Johanna said. “By the way, I’m thinking I should call all your friends and tell them the surprise party is off.” With all the chaos that had ensued, Johanna completely lost track of her agenda for the day. Heck, she’d even forgotten that it was her daughter’s birthday.

“Aw, you guys planned a surprise party for me?! That’s so sweet,” Dawn said cheerily. “But I think you’re right. I’ve had enough surprises for one day.”

“Yeah, sorry about that.” A guilty bead of sweat trailed down Johanna’s brow. “Hey, at least you don’t need to hide your love life from me anymore.”

“True,” Dawn said. “Only my boyfriends.”

Johanna face-faulted.

...

The room was tense, the air between them thick as cake batter. Delia stood mere feet from her teenage son, who’d at least yanked on his boxers before she walked in, the rest of his clothes presumably sprawled somewhere about the room. Not that his single piece of garment reduced the levels of awkwardness much.

For several, long seconds, they persisted in silence, their eyes roaming everywhere around the room except towards each other, their minds tinkering with which words would be the most appropriate to break the tension.

Being the mom, Delia figured she’d have to take the lead. “So... Dawn... she seems nice.” She genuinely meant it.

“Yeah... she is,” Ash said.

The awkward silence resumed.

Delia twiddled her thumbs. She felt silly. Why couldn't she think of something more interesting to say? As she racked her brains, Ash took it upon himself to make an effort.

"I was going to tell you about her," he said, shying away from eye contact. "Eventually. It just never seemed like the right time. Then the next thing I know –"

"That's alright, Ash. I get it," Delia said, matter-of-factly.

"You do?"

She nodded. "Everyone keeps telling me you're not a little kid anymore and I refused to see it. Well, I can't unsee what I've seen today." She turned her eyes to the ceiling, as far away from his boxers as possible. "All Pidgey have to leave the nest someday, right?"

He sensed the sorrow in her tone. "It's not like I'm gone forever, Mom."

"You never visit, Ash."

"I know. And I'm going to change that. Try harder."

Delia was taken aback. "You are?"

"Dawn thinks I should," he admitted. "I disappointed her, really bad. Like really, really bad. Like 'most girlfriends would chop off their boyfriend's Weedle' kind of bad. Before you came in here, we had a little chat. She'll only stay with me if I promise to take better care of you."

Delia was astonished. "She said all that?" Talk about winning over the family. Granted, Dawn had alluded to doing something like that during their brief encounter, but to hear and feel it actually happened warmed her heart. "Oh, Ash, that Dawn really is something special."

"I know, right?" He smiled to himself. "I'm totally lucky."

"You do your best to hang on to her, my boy."

"Thanks, Mom." Now that they were talking, the air felt a little lighter already. "By the way..." Ash dared to give her a side glance. "What are you wearing?"

Delia looked down. "Oh, this?" The chic, little yellow dress hugged her hips and bust exquisitely, baring more cleavage than she'd ever dared to before. Fishnet stockings led into a

pair of matching heels and, beneath the outfit, were attached to a garter dress of the same material; though, that section wasn't meant for his eyes. Still, this was the most dressed-up she'd ever been in front of Ash. "You think it's too much, don't you?"

"No, no, no!" He waved his hands. "It's just... different – but in a nice way!"

"Different in a nice way..." She tapped her chin, feigning confusion about his review. Was it meant to be a compliment or...?

"I mean it's really, really nice! That's all I meant! Promise!" He flashed a toothy grin.

"Oh, Ash, I'm only kidding around." She laughed. "You're just like your father you know?"

"Huh?"

"He'd get all flustered whenever I put on something like this."

"Oh. Wait, are you wearing lingerie, too?" He pointed at a piece of the fishnet undergarment poking out a corner of the dress to cover her areola.

Delia turned beet red at the wardrobe malfunction and covered up in haste. "You weren't supposed to see that."

"Oops." He rubbed his arm. "You have a hot date or something after you leave here?"

"Ash, that's none of your –" Hm, well, he'd been open enough about his relationship and, if she was going to start treating him like the man he was quickly becoming, she'd probably have to be a little open, too. "As a matter of fact, I do!" She stuck her nose up haughtily.

Ash blinked and scratched his head with a finger. "Oh yeah? With who?"

"Professor Oak."

"Professor whoooooaaaaaaaaa!?!?!" His jaw hit the floor.

Delia laughed awkwardly. *Maybe that was a little too open...* "What? You have a problem with Samuel?"

"Samuel... it's even weird to hear you call him that..."

“Ash –”

“But it’s cool!” he quickly added. “He seems like a nice enough guy. Just thought you might go for someone a little... you know...”

“...younger?” she finished the thought for him. “Samuel and I go further back than you might think. I’ll have you know he can be pretty virile when he needs to be.” With a little help from modern medicine, but virile all the same.

“Oh my – okay, Mom, TMI.”

A smile snuck upon her lips. She hadn’t done it on purpose but something about making her son feel uncomfortable gave her a kick. Hints of the small, puerile boy she once knew and loved still resided within him.

She missed this. It was nice. Just to see him again, to have banter like mother and son. Like family. No matter what man came into her life, he would always be the apple of her eye. She hoped he knew how proud she was, how proud she’d always been. It was time to say goodbye to the boy. And hello to the man. Bittersweet tears watered her eyes as she pulled him into a hug.

Ash hadn’t expected her strength and landed cheek-first in her bosom. “Oof!”

Delia wrapped her arms around him. My, he’d grown; she could almost swear he stood a foot taller than the last time she saw him. Her chin rested atop his head now. He was still of slight build but she could feel the strength in his arms. Another year or two and he’d be the splitting image of his father. She sighed. Time moved so fast.

Ash didn’t try to wriggle out of her embrace like he always did. She chalked it up to maturity. Well, at least until she felt a certain part of him she hadn’t necessarily wanted to feel. A part that was big, stiff and throbbing against her tummy like it hadn’t stopped throbbing in her memory.

Whoa, he really is like his father... and he’s not even done growing yet...

She glanced down at the boy snuggled peacefully on her cleavage. Wait, was her outfit responsible for his ill-timed reaction? She thought he’d been looking at her a little bit strangely but... it couldn’t be. And yet, she didn’t have a better explanation for what was prodding below her midriff.

“Um, Ash... I think that’s enough now. We should go hang out with the others.” The hug had already lasted a dozen times longer than any they’d shared before.

Ash whined like a child that didn’t want to wake up from his dream to attend school. “One more minute, Mom? Please. I’ve missed you, too.”

Some things never changed. Well, mostly; Delia still felt him harder than ever. More curious was the utter lack of discomfort on her part. “Okay, honey.” She stroked the back of his head. “But only one more minute! Then we gotta go, okay?”

“Okay...”

...

Dawn wrung the cloth out in the sink. Phew. She wiped her brow and spun round to a spic and span kitchen, the tabletops cleared of all baking utensils, the tiled floor glistening with a lemon-scented wink. “Finally.” She could hardly believe the state her mom and Ash had left the room in; she wasn’t trying too hard to think about it either.

“All done,” her mom said, after wiping down the oven’s door handle. “Thanks for helping me, dear.”

“Not a problem!” Not like she had anything better to do whilst waiting for her boyfriend to come down from the tongue-lashing his mother was probably giving him. What if she was asking him to break up with her?

“Hey, why don’t you go and check up on them?” Her mom glanced at the big clock on the kitchen wall. “It’s been an awfully long time.”

Dawn had actually considered doing that ten minutes ago, but she worried she might’ve appeared too impatient. Now she could use her mother as an excuse to butt in on them. She just *had* to know everything would be all right between her and Ash. “Okay. Be back in a jiff.”

Dawn held her breath as she turned the knob on her bedroom door. She uttered three and a half words before what she saw clogged the rest of them in her throat.

Mrs Ketchum was poised on all fours on Dawn's bed, one strap of her dress pulled down to reveal a large, jiggling teat, her own son thrusting his hips behind her whilst tugging on her long, ponytail. They both spotted a wide-mouthed Dawn motionless in the doorway and shouted together, "Shut the door!"

Dawn jumped then threw the door shut. Clutching her heart, she took a minute to breathe and process what she just witnessed.

All she could do was laugh. *Of course my boyfriend's fucking his own mom.* That was just the kind of day it was destined to be. Couldn't live with him, couldn't live without him. She shook her head with half a smile and headed back downstairs.

...

Some 40 minutes later, Johanna was seated with her feet on the kitchen table when a dishevelled Ash and Delia came lumbering down the staircase. Guilt riddled both their faces. An awkward Ash asked where Dawn was, and as soon as Johanna pointed at the backdoor, he raced outside.

Johanna gave Delia a knowing smile.

"What?" she asked, feeling judged.

"I didn't say anything." Johanna put her hands up in innocence. "Although, I had a sneaking suspicion something like that might happen. That boy of yours is packing quite something, huh? You still blame me?"

A tight-lipped, red-faced Delia looked like she'd collapse from embarrassment if she didn't sit down. "I didn't mean to. It just sort of happened."

Johanna smirked. "Never again, right?"

"Never. No one can know about this."

"Know about what?" Johanna winked.

Delia sighed with relief. "Much appreciated." She settled on the seat opposite across the table. "You know, I've been thinking... you're right. We should be better friends."

“Yeah?”

“Look at our kids. They get on so well,” Delia said. “While they’re out there living their best lives in the big, wide world, I don’t see a reason why we couldn’t either.”

Johanna liked the sound of that. “Only if you promise to visit again in that sexy number. With nothing underneath it.”

One corner of Delia’s lips curled up.

Suddenly, she didn’t feel so alone anymore. And neither did Johanna.

“Deal.”

THE END

Author's Notes: Thanks for reading! One more chapter to go! 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 *Oo Sebastian oO*, *MIBRY* and *Ikuchan kaoru* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

https://subscribestar.adult/oo_sebastian_oo

<https://phrysm.fanbox.cc/>

<https://ikuchankaoru.fanbox.cc/>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.