

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.

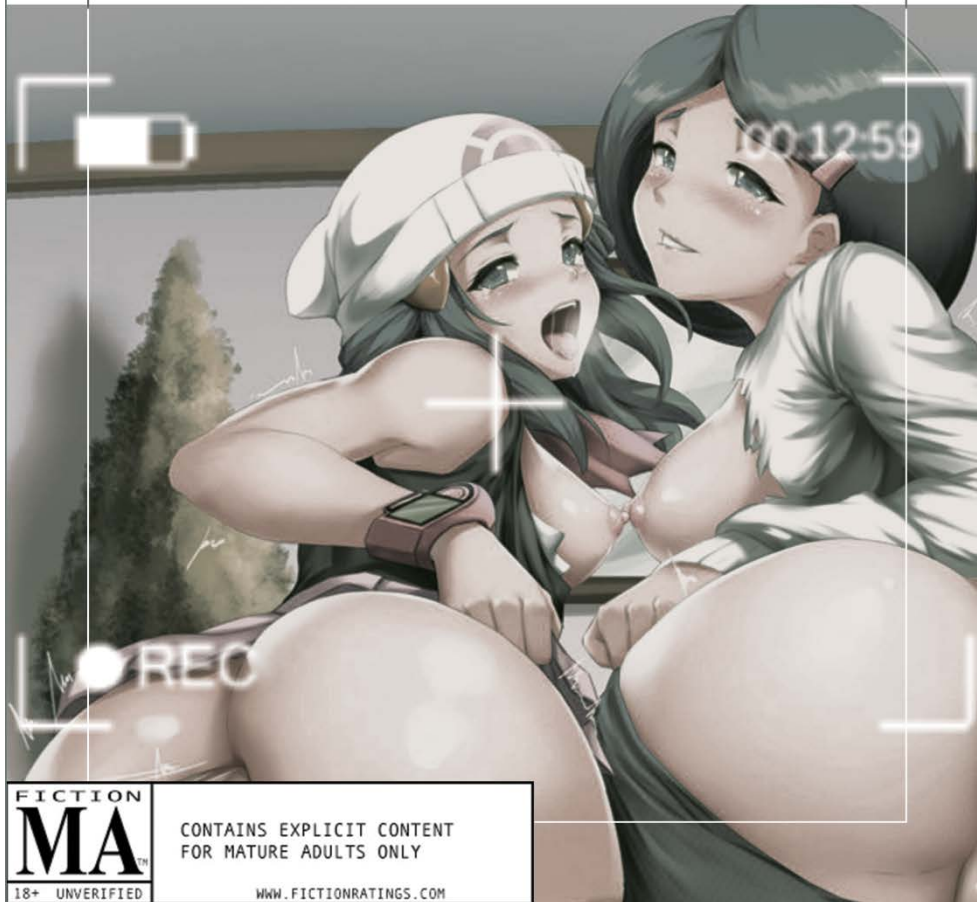
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONCE SMITTEN, TWICE BI

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 1



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 1 – Dawn Done Dirty

Johanna marched into the living room wanting nothing more than to strangle her teenage daughter. Dawn had turned the place into a pigsty, leaving stationary, school books and stray papers sprawled all over the place. This wasn't what Johanna meant when she demanded homework be done before bedtime.

Dawn lay passed out on the sofa amid her mess. The TV was still on after she'd fallen asleep procrastinating in front of it. Nothing surprised Johanna anymore. If she was a gambler, she'd put her house on Dawn not having completed her homework.

Just look at her!

The snoozing girl was surrounded by all manners of distractions, most of all that darned phone lying beside the couch. Dawn's hand hung idly above the mobile device, probably the last thing in her possession before passing out.

Johanna sighed. Her daughter was addicted to that thing. Johanna had considered flushing it down the toilet on several occasions. It was getting tiring walking into a room only to catch Dawn staring at the screen and bursting into random giggles. And she always refused to share the joke, as if Johanna was some dinosaur that wouldn't get it.

Dawn's fingers were glued to her phone; everywhere she went, it followed – the dinner table, the backyard, the restroom. Didn't teenagers ever run out of things to say anymore?

The concerned mother had noticed the same trend in her daughter's friends, albeit none showed as much possessiveness as Dawn. It was rare to catch her outside a three-foot

radius of the device, and on the one occasion Johanna had, Dawn sprung out of nowhere to snatch it from her grasp!

Her own daughter then screamed at her in a chastising tone and warned her never to touch her phone again. What the heck was she hiding? Codes to launch nuclear missiles? She must've forgotten that her mother was once her age too, and Johanna doubted anything on there could shock her.

Nonetheless, she'd opted to respect her daughter's privacy, not lest for her own safety should Dawn ever catch her holding it again.

Although...

As she surveyed the mess Dawn would probably leave for her to tidy up, a once-in-a-blue-moon opportunity presented itself. Johanna couldn't resist the niggling mystery of her daughter's phone, why it kept her so wildly entertained all the time, and what she kept on it worth threatening her own mother over.

Dawn looked about as dead as someone who wasn't dead could look, her limbs hanging off the sofa lazily.

There would never be an easier opportunity.

Johanna crept close enough to hear her daughter's soft snores. She snapped her fingers in Dawn's face to gauge her depth of slumber.

No reaction, as expected. Dawn had always been a deep sleeper even as a child. With her heart thrashing against her chest, Johanna slowly picked up the phone, half anticipating some psychic alarm to go off and Dawn to spring awake and choke her unconscious.

None of that happened. Johanna knew she was being paranoid.

Dawn snored in complete oblivion of her privacy hanging in the balance. *You wouldn't be in this predicament if you'd just done your homework and gone to bed like I told you to*, thought Johanna.

Gosh, even in her own head she couldn't turn off the motherliness. Dawn always made her feel bad for nagging. Johanna was relatively young amongst her peer of mothers and fancied herself more in tune with this generation than the last. She hated being thought of as

old, past it or out of touch, but every time she had to scold Dawn, she felt herself slowly turning into her worst fears.

Johanna must've been staring at the phone for hours, battling a guilty conscious as she tried to talk herself out of snooping. In the end, her nervousness was no match for her curiosity. She took a shaky breath before unlocking Dawn's phone with the code she'd learned after peeking over her daughter's shoulder a few weeks ago.

Johanna snooped through the messages first and then sifted through Dawn's social media accounts, all the while keeping an eye out in case she woke up. The tacky conversations didn't offend her nearly as much as the appalling grammar and spelling.

Heh, maybe she *was* getting old.

Just as Johanna expected, there was nothing earth-shatteringly bad on her daughter's phone. Or so she thought before delving into a particular folder...

Johanna gasped!

The phone nearly fumbled out of her grasp.

She covered her mouth in horror while staring at the screen. Why couldn't it have been nuclear codes?

... 3 Days Earlier ...

Ash snuck up on Dawn while she stood at the cliff overlooking Twinleaf Town. He had asked his Coordinator girlfriend to meet him there, letting her know it would be the first site he'd visit upon his return to Sinnoh. She arrived earlier than expected, but so had he, and Ash was in no hurry to make his presence known.

He lingered behind the bluenette, drinking in the sight of her after spending three weeks competing abroad. She looked glamorous standing at the pinnacle of lush grass with clear blue skies painting the backdrop. *This will make for awesome scenery!* He jumped at the instinct straight away, pulling a fancy camcorder out of his backpack.

She'd turned up in one of his favourite outfits too. Her favourite white hat capped a waterfall of dark blue hair cascading down her back in fluttery waves. She wore a tight black

vest hugging her hourglass hips and pink boots that climbed up to her knees. But there was one particular article that grabbed his attention by the balls – her skirt.

Arceus, that tiny, little pink skirt...

He could've sworn it got shorter every time he saw it. It barely covered her rear and left every inch of her slender thighs on display.

Ash hit the record button. He found her most beautiful in moments like this, no unnatural poses. It took immense willpower not to zoom in on her skirt too often while shooting her from varying distances and angles.

A big reason he loved this locale was its propensity for high winds; there was something restorative about feeling them brush against his skin. On this occasion however he praised the breeze for something else entirely.

Ash latched on to his league cap as a powerful gust broke their way. Her little skirt fluttered in the breeze, revealing flashes of her white panties.

She stood oblivious to the sneaky cameraman behind her capturing every moment of her wardrobe malfunction. Another strong gust blew the back of her skirt clear off her bottom. His gaze deepened and his mouth hung dry.

It had been far too long since he'd seen her rotund rear, sculpted to utter perfection. So round and pert, her peachy buns ate at the undies, sinking them between her hungry cheeks, leaving the bottom half of her ass exposed. He kept filming and clasped at the air in groping motions. The urge to charge and make contact tested his patience.

Oh how he missed her so, so dearly...

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said Dawn without turning around.

"Yes. Yes, it is..." he crooned, mesmerised, before it occurred to him she was actually commenting on the view of her hometown. "Wait, you knew I was here the whole time?" He wondered why she hadn't said anything.

She looked back over her shoulder with a grin. "You're so predictable. And not nearly as sneaky as you think."

Ash scratched the back of his head. "You got me there, hehe."

“Hey, what’s that? Oh my God, are you filming me?” She patted down her skirt, embarrassed.

“Hey, hey, hey, you’re ruining my shot.”

She pressed her fists on her waist and glared. “Stop being a perv.”

“...and if I say no?”

“Seriously?” She covered the lens with her palm before pushing down the camcorder. “Can I at least get a hello kiss?”

He wrapped an arm around her waist as she stood on her toes to reach his lips. Their mouths reunited with a static touch, and the fire that had been tame for weeks on end suddenly burned hot and hungrily. He moaned in delight as he remembered the addictive taste of her, tongues clashing with revived passion. They didn’t stop until they had to breathe.

“Woo,” said Dawn, weak at the knees. “Now that’s how you say a proper hello.”

He grinned. “I’ve missed you.”

“Missed you more.” She wrapped her arms around him and laid her cheek on his chest. “Huh, is that thing still recording?”

“Maybe...”

“You’re obsessed.”

She was probably right but being ‘obsessed’ about a passion wasn’t a bad thing, was it? Ash had been training pokémon since he was ten and it recently occurred to him there’d been many awesome, innovative moves he pulled off and last-gasp victories he wished he could watch again. Outside of big, televised competitions, all he had was memories of his most epic moments in pokémon battles, some so incredible no one believed him when he told them. Getting himself a camcorder to document his trials as a pokémon trainer was something he should’ve done a long time ago. Well, better late than never.

What started as a personal video diary project turned into much more once Ash got a hang of using his camera. He carried it everywhere he went capturing more than just his own battles, everything from wild pokémon in their natural habitats to oddly shaped trees. Any excuse to whip out his camera and he would. He’d then splice the footage to create mini-

productions he'd share online. A lot of his recent edits could pass for cinematic quality. Sometimes he'd have so much fun filming wild pokémon he'd forget to catch them.

"One day I could be a huge movie director."

"Movie director, huh?" She snorted. "At least you got the cap to go with it." She flicked his visor playfully. "What about becoming a Pokémon Master? You've forgotten all about that?"

"Of course not! I can do both."

"Er..."

"I'm serious. I could turn you into a huge star!"

"Thanks, but no thanks. I completely suck at acting."

"Oh, come on. You're a Pokémon Coordinator, a natural performer!"

"Not exactly the same thing."

"Yeah, but –"

"Shhhh." She pressed a finger against his lips. "Are we going to sit here and talk about this all day?" She kissed him.

"Guess not," said Ash, kissing back.

It didn't take long for their lip-lock to catch fire again. He set down his camcorder and dedicated both hands to the back of her skirt.

"Jeez, what have you been feeding this thing?" He squeezed her butt over the skirt, crinkling the attire as he shook chunks of ass up and down. It felt better than he remembered, taut with just the right amount of jiggle, and might've even grown in his absence.

He groped her with the same fervour he deepened the kiss. The back of her thighs felt smoother than silk, enticing his palms to slide up into her skirt. She purred through their kiss, her body tantalised by his crude massage. He knew she loved having her ass played with almost as much as he loved doing it. And he had no intention of letting up.

His frenzied grope dishevelled her underwear, his fingers tangled in the lace as they yearned to feel her ass bare as the day she was born. She urged him to slow down, insisting she liked these panties. He grinned with mischief. In his defence the last pair he'd ripped was by complete accident, mostly.

She could hardly blame him with the way she pranced around in a flimsy skirt and equally as flimsy undergarments. Nonetheless he tried to respect her wishes and she hadn't said anything about bypassing the panties.

He snuck a digit beneath the fabric and wedged it between her plump cheeks, sliding southward until he'd reached the familiar wetness of her sex. She let out a small whimper as his longest finger pushed into her entrance.

"Ahhh... you horndog," said Dawn, breathlessly.

Ash couldn't disagree. Less than ten minutes into their reunion and he was pumping a finger inside her furiously. Her wet snatch clearly longed for it, squelching and spewing her desire at the foot of his pants.

Ash had grown rock-hard and impatient. After a brief glance in either direction he began unfastening his belt before she stopped him cruelly.

"Wait," said Dawn. "Not here."

"Why not?"

"No. Too tacky. Plus someone might see us." She stepped back and re-adjusted her skirt. He didn't care about anyone watching them. His digit hung dripping with her lust, craving for more. "It's been so long," she said. "Let's go somewhere we don't have to look over our shoulders."

"Whatever you want." He nursed his aching bulge. "Wherever you want."

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The re-united pair bundled through the front door of Dawn's house with their mouths and hands all over each other.

“Wait, wait, wait,” Dawn whispered as she struggled to fight him off. “I have to make sure my mom’s not in.”

“That’s probably a good idea,” Ash admitted.

“Okay. Wait here.” She kissed him then re-adjusted her clothes before heading upstairs.

Ash watched her every step of the way, never missing an opportunity to peek up her skirt. Once she’d disappeared, he let out an impatient sigh then rubbed his hands together. The wait was almost over. He glanced down at his backpack when a scandalous thought popped into his head.

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Dawn got no response after knocking on her mom’s bedroom door. She’d already cleared every other room. An operation like this called for utmost caution. She ventured inside her mom’s room for extra reassurance. No sign of her anywhere. Just as Dawn beamed at the thought, the bedroom door shut behind her.

She jumped and whirled around but it wasn’t who she’d expected.

“Ash?” She clutched her heart while coming down from shock. “What the heck? I asked you to wait downstairs. You shouldn’t be in here. And why’d you bring that thing with you?”

Ash shrugged and continued to film her. “Looks like your mom’s not here.”

“Yeah,” said Dawn. “Or we’d both be dead right now. Hurry, let’s go to my room.”

He stood in the way of the door. “Why?”

“What do you mean why?”

“Your mom’s queen-sized bed looks a lot more comfortable. Just saying!”

“Ash...”

“What?” he asked, innocently. “Where’s your sense of adventure? We’ve done it so many times in your room already. I’m surprised your bed springs are still holding out.”

“True...” Dawn regarded her mom’s bed with contemplation. “I don’t know. Seems kind of risky... and wrong.”

“That’s what’s going to make it fun.”

Dawn chuckled. Sometimes she struggled to believe this was the same goody two-shoes she’d met years ago. That Ash Ketchum was a stickler for the rules. But this teenage Ash Ketchum was a teeny bit more... wild.

He spun his cap sideways and wore long shirts over baggy jeans. Coupled with his sudden passion for cinematography, she’d be remiss not to consider he might be going through some kind of identity crisis, or perhaps merely slogging through the growing pains of adolescence.

She could forgive the unfortunate fashion sense because Ash was still Ash and she loved him either way. This plan of his to defile her mother’s room though...

“I dunno, Ash...”

“Don’t worry. We’ll clean up. She won’t notice a thing.”

Dawn sighed. “You’re a terrible influence, you know that Ash Ketchum?” He grinned before she quickly added, “But this is only happening this one time. Turn that thing off already.”

“Uh, about that,” said Ash. “You know how we miss each other when I have to travel for weeks? Well I was thinking why don’t we make a little ‘home made movie’ to keep our juices flowing even when we’re apart?”

She blinked. “You want us to shoot a porno?”

“You make it sound so dirty.”

“Probably not a good idea, Ashy. I’m not comfortable in front of the camera with all my clothes *on*, let alone being naked. Besides you always hear those stories of videos getting leaked and people seeing them that are not supposed to.”

He waved it off. “Those idiots are careless, Dawnny. Trust me, the only people who are ever going to see this video are standing in this room right now. I’ll send you a copy and keep this one under strict security protocol.”

She thought about it. “And ya sure you’re not doing this just to show off to your friends?”

“Pfft! No way! There are loads of things I’d share, but you’re not one of them. Like I said, this is strictly for me. Whenever I feel in the mood and you’re not around, I can bust one off remembering how great it is to be with you.”

Well, Dawn did like the idea of him fantasising about her. It would probably urge him to rush home sooner. Not to mention she had come across her fair share of scantily-clad Trainers back when she used to travel. One of them could snap him up if she didn’t become more adventurous. She’d also read somewhere that a lack of spontaneity could damage any relationship. Losing Ash wasn’t an option. “Okay then,” she said. “Promise no one is going to see this?”

He held a hand to his heart. “I promise.”

“Alright. So, um, how do we start, Mr Director?”

Ash spun his cap forward and put on a professional tone. He took a seat on the edge of the bed and asked her to stand at the wall straight ahead of him. She hid her hands behind her back awkwardly as he adjusted zoom and positioned to fit her in the frame.

“Um, this feels weird,” said Dawn. “Weirder than our first time.” They’d had plenty of sex since then but never once thought to script it. “Uh, so what do I do now?”

“Relax. Be natural. How about a little teasing?” Ash suggested.

“Teasing? Like how?”

“I think you know how.” He winked. “How about you shake that ass for me?”

“Oh my goodness.” She covered her face in embarrassment. “I can’t do that!”

“Sure you can. You’ve done it before.”

“Yeah but it feels awkward when you’re just sitting there pointing that thing at me.”

“Ah. Well, just pretend you’re doing it for me normally,” said Ash. “And this camera isn’t here. You can do it, Dawnny. Just try.”

She feigned a grumble. “Fine.” She held on to the bottom of her skirt like a nervous little kid. Ash motioned for her to ‘go on’. The timid girl turned her back to him. Slowly, she began to lift her skirt when Ash jumped and stopped her.

“Wait! I think we need something like...” He looked around the room until he found a large floor fan. “Perfect!” It emulated the high winds on the cliff, blowing cool air at her skirt. Grinning, he gave her a thumbs-up. “Okay, now you can start.”

Dawn slipped him a wry smile before turning around and putting her hands on the wall. She spread her legs and bent over, sticking her butt out towards the camera, skirt fluttering in the faux wind. It felt sillier than it looked, she hoped. He encouraged her with compliments and assured her she was already turning him on. Hearing that gave her the impetus she needed to shake her ass side to side.

“Like this...?” she asked timidly.

“Whoa! Awesome!” exclaimed Ash. He couldn’t get enough of her pert derriere jiggling as it peaked out of her fluttering skirt.

Dawn turned around with slow and sexual poise, then pressed her back against the wall. She gazed straight into the camera as she ran her hands up her shapely hips and over her covered breasts. Just as she was getting into the groove of things, looking and feeling sexy, the fan blew her scarf into her face.

They both laughed.

She took the mishap into her stride by unwrapping the pink wool from her neck and sliding it sensually between her thighs.

“Ooooh, nice save!” he cheered on her improvisation.

She rubbed her crotch back and forth along the scarf before throwing it at the bed – well at least she’d aimed for the bed – but it wound up covering the camera instead.

“Whoops! Sorry.” She covered her mouth in embarrassment.

“Hey, don’t worry about it.” Ash took a good whiff of her scarf before setting it aside.

“This isn’t working is it?” Dawn rubbed the back of her head sheepishly. “I told you I wasn’t great at this stuff.”

“What are you talking about? You’ve been amazing. And you’re sexy as hell!”

“...really?”

“Yes!” Ash exclaimed as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. “Your little shyness right now is kind of sexy too.”

Dawn blushed. “Oh yeah?” She stuck a finger in her mouth and played up a timid expression. One hand held down the front of her skirt while the fan blew back the rest of it, revealing the sides of her slender thighs right up to her hips. “You really think I’m sexy, Ashy?”

He nodded dumbly. “Uh huh.”

She blew him a kiss then turned to face the wall again. Dawn remembered some licentious moves from music videos that she’d secretly wanted to try out. There was no better time than now.

She swayed her hips in slow circular motions, lowering her big booty with each rotation until it almost touched the ground. Fingers on her toes, she raised and jiggled her tushie back up, watching his reaction upside-down from between her legs.

He gestured ‘OK’ with his free hand, hardly surprised by how quickly she’d taken to the camera. She was a performer at heart and he’d always suspected her forays into cheerleading and Pokémon Contests were expressions of that. “Keep going, babe.”

The bluenette transitioned into a handstand, skirt falling past her waist as she spread her legs in an upside-down split.

Ash’s jaw nearly hit the ground; he’d never seen her pull that one before. “Dear Arceus... you’ve been holding out on me, Dawn-Dawn.”

He begged her to stay put then brought the camcorder right up to her, aiming down on the centre of her inverted split, zooming in on the thin strip of cloth hiding her pussy while her bubble butt wobbled in mid-air. More impressive still, her ass cheeks proved big

and bouncy enough to clap for him, jostling her panties down her crack with all the vigorous motions.

“Hot damn.” Ash could feel his pants growing tighter. He returned to film from the edge of the bed where it would be easier to keep his hands to himself.

Dawn dropped her ass to the floor with a subtle bounce, turning the air-split into the more traditional version. Granted, there was nothing traditional about her booty.

With her toned legs spread horizontally across the floor, she dry-humped the carpet, riding an imaginary dick nice and slowly, whipping her hair back to shoot him bedroom eyes.

Ash’s breath hitched with arousal. He moved a hand from the camcorder to rub his growing lump.

While maintaining the split, she lay on her tummy to enhance the protrusion of her derriere. She tensed her ass cheeks one at a time, alternating in a showy exposé of her control over the taut muscles.

Ash had to re-affirm his grip on the camera as tension moistened his palms. He didn’t know how much more he could take without being physically involved.

The sensual tease bent over with both hands on her knees and twerked, thrusting her big butt outwards and shaking it fast and wildly. Ash had one hand fully camped in his trousers at this point.

Her bubbly booty made smacking sounds every time it clapped. She glanced back at him wearing a sly smile and beckoned him over with her finger. Ash loved her growing confidence and he could never say no that to an invitation like that. He positioned the camcorder to continue shooting before he stood to join her.

Ash made sure her butt stayed centred in the frame as they shared a hot kiss. He grabbed one cheek and gave it a good smack, drawing a playful shriek from Dawn.

“Can tell you’ve been dying to do that,” she said, huskily.

“Mhm.” He kissed her again. “Can’t believe the size of this thing...” He struck it again with an open palm. The slap echoed throughout the room. Followed by another, and another, and another, increasing in intensity. He was addicted to the sound and the feel of

the firm flesh bouncing off his hand. She squealed as he spanked her with his fiercest strike yet, leaving her one cheek red in stark contrast to its pale counterpart. "You're so sexy," he whispered in her ear. "Such a perfect ass."

Ash shifted her slightly to the right, lining her up with the camera. Then he held the sides of her panties and lowered them until the waistband sunk in the little crease where her ass and thighs converged.

Dawn looked down over her shoulder with curiosity. Ash used the waistband of her panties to lift her big butt. He lowered his chin on her shoulder, looking down her back at the bouncy flesh hopping up and down in his clutches.

The director in him was certain it would make for great visuals. He couldn't wait to see it in playback. Ash couldn't wait for a lot of things. He yanked the panties high up, giving her a wedgie of grand proportions before letting go and dishing out a final smack.

"Come here," said Ash, leading her to the bed. He sat on the edge with his legs spread and had her kneel at his crotch. "I brought a big present for you, babe."

Dawn purred. "Mmmm, I wonder what it is..." she said, looming over his bulge.

Ash aimed the camcorder at her sultry face while he used his other hand to unfasten his belt. Dawn, equally as eager, tugged his pants and boxers down together, gasping in delight as his hardened cock jutted out of its confines.

...

Johanna couldn't believe her eyes. The video showed Dawn kneeling between outspread legs, her elbows resting on his knees as she looked up at the screen holding a rather large cock.

Johanna wanted to believe that it was a trick, that she had raised a daughter who respected intimate moments enough not to film them. But there was no mistaking the girl in the video was the very same one sprawled out on the sofa in front of her.

"My goodness, Dawn," muttered her mom, much too softly to wake her. "What have you been up to, young lady?"

Johanna watched on with peculiar interest. The boy in the video cupped Dawn's face and complimented her beautiful eyes. It might've been romantic if not for the raging erection she nursed in one hand.

The dick appeared fully charged and exceeded the length of her face. It was certainly of the bigger variety, thought Johanna, sidetracked for the slightest of moments. The image shattered any semblance of innocence she might've had of her daughter. She glanced between Dawn in the video and Dawn on the couch, still reeling with disbelief.

Dawn dragged her tongue from the base of the dick right to its tip, a long, long way up. She kissed the bulbous head in a show of admiration.

The devious smile on her face took Johanna aback. It had always been hard for her not to look at Dawn as her little baby that could do no wrong. This footage challenged her perception, forcing her to accept her teenage daughter was on the verge of womanhood. She shouldn't have been shocked but seeing it with her own two eyes was a lot different from speculating in her head. When Johanna thought of her daughter with boys it had always been cute things like light kisses or hand holding, not... this.

Dawn closed her mouth over the head of his cock and took him in with slow, sensual nods. She propped her hands on his thighs and the increase in height allowed her to swoop further down on the shaft, consuming more than half with each stroke.

“Ooooooh shiiiiit... yeah... that's a good girl, suck that dick...”

Johanna panicked as the boy's voice blared through the phone's speakers. Hurriedly, she reduced the volume before it woke Dawn up. Johanna didn't mute it though; she didn't want to completely kill off the atmosphere. *The atmosphere? What the hell's wrong with me? I shouldn't be watching this at all!* And yet, she took one glance at Dawn to ensure her slumber hadn't been interrupted before continuing.

...

“Fuck!” Ash grunted as his girlfriend twisted his cock with both hands and wrapped her lips around the remaining half. “That's it, Dawn. That's it...”

Her mouth enveloped him in warmth and her tongue massaged him with long, wet strokes. He instructed her on how he liked it and she realised the majority of his dick wasn't nearly as wet as it should've been.

Holding the shaft upright by the base, she opened wide and downed as much cock as she could, stopping only when he felt the back of her throat. Her eyes watered as she held onto the suffocating position. "God, yes..." He thumbed the ball of spit forming at one corner of her mouth and reached down into her shirt, spreading the moisture over a hard nipple while fiddling with it.

Dawn made a jerking motion when she'd reached her limit and quickly pulled out. Thick threads of saliva latched onto his dick from her lips. The crude lubricant helped her stroke faster and stronger. Without slowing her stride, she nuzzled her face in his crotch, her soft lips pulling on his testicles ever so slightly.

Ash grunted in delight, shifting on his ass as he struggled to contain the pleasure. He switched the camcorder from his right hand to his left, then guided her head up by the back of her hat.

She already knew what he wanted and had sufficiently recovered her breath. The bluenette took another huge swig of his cock, this time encouraged by his right hand, forcing her to go down on him even deeper. "Fuck, yesssss!" She gagged after taking almost two-thirds of him. He released her mercifully.

"I'm sorry," she panted, knowing he wanted her to take the full thing. "It's too big."

"Relax, baby. Try again." Desperate, Ash didn't wait for her approval before shoving her back down on him.

The deep-throat affair turned messy in a hurry. His cock was swathed in excess spit, drooping onto his balls. Although she couldn't take all of him, Ash was satisfied that she'd sucked him off thoroughly enough. He lifted her up from under the armpits and settled her on his lap. The pair locked lips in a hot and frisky embrace.

She pushed him onto his back then followed over piling on kisses. The aspiring director set aside his camera, overwhelmed by the intensity.

He unbuttoned her vest, yanked down her inner shirt and then cupped the modest breasts that slipped out. Her moans vibrated on his lips as he toyed with her nipples. The hardened buds felt great between his fingers, sensitive to the touch, but nothing commanded his attention like her derriere.

He groped the outsides of her thighs, pinching the supple flesh before climbing into her skirt and grabbing everything he found.

Dawn yelped as he suddenly sat up and spun her around in his lap. He asked her to rub against him while he reached for the camera. With her hands on his knees for balance she grinded on him in reverse, her spit making for a smooth and slippery slide against his standing erection.

She rubbed him round and round till his cock wound up tangled in her underwear. It proved to be a convenient development as the panties held him firm between her cheeks, allowing her to stroke him up and down whilst clenching her ass cheeks.

He bolstered her movements with a hand on her lower back. The softness of her plump ass pulling on his dick brought him embarrassingly close to climax. He realised then that the teasing had run its course.

Ash set the camera on the floor at an upward angle towards the wall. Dawn entered the frame placing her hands on said wall before he clasped her waist from behind. He planted kisses on the back of her neck and shoulders, pulling her blue locks aside to relish in maximum nape. His erection stood so strong and tall it lifted the tail of her skirt, throbbing against her lower back as he pressed his body against hers.

He slipped a hand down the front of her panties. Her breath hitched. Although the front of her skirt hid explicit visuals from the camera, the frantic hand movements and squelches made it easy to discern what was happening beneath the veil.

She whimpered as the sounds of his digits pumping in and out of her wetness intensified. Legs wobbling, she struggled to hold herself up against the wall. She appeared seconds away from succumbing to pleasure when Ash pulled his fingers out of her.

Dawn blushed at how drenched they were, dripping on her mother's carpet. But Ash wasn't done with her.

He turned her ass towards the camera before reaching into her skirt and dragging her panties halfway down her thighs. Her legs stayed pinned together but Ash saw that as an opportunity.

The sweat between her thighs helped him wedge his cock through. Her soft skin and the tightness of the space made for pleasurable friction. He felt her wet sex on his sliding shaft, her desire growing through the intimate contact. The camera captured his dickhead poking in and out of her thighs.

In tandem with the thrusts, he pulled her ass cheeks open and revealed her anus on film.

“Ash, don’t!” She blushed.

“What?” he said, dumbly. “It’s beautiful.”

Dawn felt a little uneasy when he knelt down behind her. She turned red, sensing his face an inch away from her bare bottom, close enough to look at her in detail, close enough to smell her. Without warning he spread her ass cheeks apart. She felt a cold draft run up her butthole before something moist and pointy pressed against it.

Her eyes flew open.

Had he really just stuck his tongue there...? He answered by way of flicking at her anus.

They’d never done this before, even away from the camera. She covered her mouth, half shocked, half embarrassed. Apparently being on film inspired him to become a performer of sorts too.

He groped her ass with both hands and stuffed his face within, licking all around her ring and sticking his tongue a centimetre in. It tickled. But not in the way that made her laugh. She subconsciously pushed her butt in his face, hoping for deeper stimulation, for him to eat her ass inside out. He moaned while doing so with the back of her skirt draped over half his face.

When Ash stood up, she knew exactly what was coming next. Her body was well beyond ready, her pussy aching for its fill. A strong hand held her steady by the waist while

the other worked his dick into position, fumbling between her thighs and nether lips before finally locating her entrance.

...

Johanna didn't need to speculate whether her daughter was sexually active anymore – the video affirmed her suspicions in the bluntest way imaginable. As the camera looked upward from the floor, it captured a side view of the pair: Dawn leaning on the wall with both hands and the boy parked closely behind her.

Johanna now recognised Ash, a young pokémon trainer that had visited the house every now and then. 'He's just a friend,' Dawn would always insist. Johanna could only hope she didn't treat all her friends this way.

In the video, Dawn had her skirt hiked over her hips and her panties pulled down to her knees. Ash's trousers hit the floor. Johanna ogled as half his dick disappeared from view when he pressed up against Dawn. The girl's vocal reaction left no mystery as to where it had disappeared to.

"Ahhhh!"

Johanna once again found herself scrambling for the volume.

Several things about the video stuck out to her. The boy was fucking her daughter at a frantic pace from the get-go, which suggested it wasn't her first time. Oh no, these two had already done this before, and if Johanna had to guess she'd say many times over. After watching their steamy foreplay session, it was clear they had attained familiarity with each other's bodies and needs through experience.

It bothered Johanna because it meant Dawn had been having sex at an even younger age than she was now! Watching Ash bend her over and pump into her made Johanna feel like a failed parent. She stared at the screen absent-mindedly.

The romping pair turned into blurs as she zoned out, their grunts and moans emanating from a distant phone. For a long moment Johanna didn't care if Dawn woke up and caught her red-handed. She almost wanted it to happen. At least then she could confront her about what she'd discovered.

Ash lifted Dawn's leg, the one closest to the camera, revealing an upskirt perspective of their tryst. Johanna didn't turn away fast enough. The sight of his dick impaling her daughter's trimmed pussy would stick in her mind for a long time.

On the other hand, she couldn't un-see what was seen – cutting the video off now made little sense. That was how she explained her continued viewing to herself anyway.

He picked Dawn up, quite impressive for a slight boy of his build, then fucked her in mid-air whilst letting viewers observe the penetration from below.

Try as she might, Johanna couldn't look away from the boy's cock. A teenager had no right being that big. The fact that she was still watching this made Johanna realise she'd left little room for 'me time' over the years. Between raising Dawn and tutoring up-and-coming Coordinators, it hadn't been easy to make time for sex, let alone put in the effort to find someone suitable. In that respect, her daughter had done quite well for herself.

Johanna wondered if she'd ever come across a cock as big as Ash's. Certainly not Dawn's father's. Ash showed self-awareness of his size too, a reluctance to shove its entirety inside Dawn. Gripping her thighs above his waist, he controlled the pace of penetration, pulling her body into him only so far as two-thirds of his length. Granted, Dawn's cries of pleasure suggested it was more than enough.

Clearly they were both having fun.

Throughout the video however, Johanna couldn't help notice Dawn's lack of confidence. It might've been due to a lack of experience or maybe it was the effects of having a camera pointed at her. Johanna hoped it was the latter. It would be sad to think every time they'd had sex Ash had to hold back. A dick of his impressive proportions deserved to experience the full depths of a woman.

Johanna shocked herself with that line of thought. She didn't understand how she'd gone from condemning Dawn for having sex to condemning her for not being woman enough to take it all in.

Gosh, I need to get a grip! This is my daughter and her boyfriend we're talking about here...

...

Ash tossed aside Dawn's bra before leading the topless girl to her mom's bed. She laid her face down and stuck her ass up, spreading her knees along the edge. The camera stand shot her diagonally from the rear, an angle emphasising her booty. Ash sauntered into the frame and hovered at the foot of the bed.

"Hm..." He studied her waiting ass and contemplated doing something they'd never tried before. A glance at the camera revealed it was in perfect position to capture the epic moment. The only question was whether Dawn was ready.

A sly Ash dragged his cock upwards from her pussy and wedged it between her fat cheeks, pressing the head against an incredibly tiny hole. Dawn looked back with fear in her eyes. "Hey, what are you-?"

"Shhh, relax. This is going to feel incredible for you, trust me." He tried to push his cock into her anus but the minute entrance wouldn't give in.

Dawn cried out as he attempted to force the issue. "Ash, stop! It's too big!"

"Wait, wait, almost there -"

"Ah!" she screamed although the tip of his head only stretched her asshole a tiny bit. "It hurts!"

"Fine, fine." Ash stopped. So she wasn't ready for an ass-fucking just yet. But her pussy was still dripping wet. He slid an inch inside and felt her nether lips clench at his re-entry. She wanted it, and wanted it bad.

He fed her more and more shaft at an excruciatingly slow pace, especially given the fervent penetration from before. As urgently as she thought she needed it, Ash liked to think he knew her body better than she did.

The shift in pace allowed him to savour her warmth for a minute, her tightness around his dick, but also build anticipation within her which she'd soon come to appreciate.

He glided his cock down her hot channel, immersing half his shaft before retreating to her entrance. The head stopped short of pulling out and dipped back into her sex instead. He repeated the patient thrusts, delving slightly deeper each time, making her purr the further he reached.

Dawn let out a heavenly sigh. *I've missed you so much, Ash... I've missed this.* Her eyes fell shut. She was floating on cloud nine, couldn't imagine it getting any better. But Ash might've had a few ideas.

He dealt her a short but powerful thrust. Her eyes shot open at the abrupt change of pace. His large hands latched onto her little waist, thumbs almost touching across her lower back. With the skirt slipping halfway up her torso, and her round ass protruding in all its glory, Ash gave into the urge to ram her senseless. He drove his cock into her fast and hard, slapping her round butt.

With each thrust the mattress sunk beneath her knees. She moaned her loudest yet, cursing as her body finally received the urgency it craved. Sweat surfaced on his brow and palms. He had to tighten the grip on her waist or risk slipping in the frenzied motions of their bodies.

Planting one foot on the bed, Ash created a steeper angle into her channel, allowing him to reach deeper with downward thrusts. She squealed when he hit her g-spot as a consequence. The thrusts became so powerful that the momentum pushed her onto the bed. She kept rising only to be pounded right back down, hat falling off her head.

When she'd finally given up and lay on her stomach, he followed her onto the bed, knees propped on either side of her thighs. He waded through considerable chunks of ass before rediscovering her pussy.

"Ooooooh..." She sang a long purr as his dick sunk inside her once more.

Despite feral instincts running amok, Ash remained conscious about her comfort throughout, limiting the amount of dick he pushed through the entrance.

He remembered the one time he'd almost forced his entire cock inside her. She screamed before breaking down into tears complaining that it hurt. He'd admitted to being a little overzealous, especially since she'd only lost her virginity to him minutes before.

It was then Ash realised with great length came great responsibility. He never attempted to go balls-deep inside her again, but rather taught himself restraint, and honed his technique to allow them both a pleasurable experience during sex. It was either that or give up fucking her altogether.

An easy decision to make.

He hovered above her on the bed, mimicking the posture of someone about to do push-ups on top of her, except his knees straddled her thighs and his dick climbed into her pussy. Holding himself up with outstretched arms, he moved only the bottom half of his body, raising and dropping his hips with sensual rhythm, shoving various lengths of cock inside her. As always, he was mindful not to overindulge. The sound of flesh on flesh grew loud as his hips dropped on her ass repeatedly, rocking her world and the bed alike.

The pleasure rose to a peak. Ash grunted in ecstasy as he extracted himself from her womb, spilling hot relief all over her butt. She jiggled her ass while additional spurts landed on it, Ash groaning in the background. The continuous volumes astounded her, a decades' worth of build-up. His hot jizz slid down the curves of her buns and seeped into her crack. She shrieked when a little spilt on the covers.

“Oh my God, my mom’s gonna kill me!”

...

“I’m so gonna kill you,” Johanna muttered at the screen. She’d been so absorbed by the action she hadn’t paid much mind to its surroundings. It had struck her odd when Dawn offered to do all the laundry a few days ago. Her daughter had never entertained chores without a fight, let alone suggested doing them on her own. It all made sense now, her ruse to smuggle the cum-stained sheets into the wash.

Johanna couldn’t believe what a sneaky, little harlot her daughter had become.

She watched on as Ash flipped Dawn onto her back, much to the girl’s horror; the white goo coating her butt got spilt onto the bed. “It’s okay,” he said. “We’ll clean up afterwards or something.”

Ash grabbed her thighs and dragged her to the foot of the bed, cum skidding over the sheets and along Dawn’s back. He bent her legs backwards, feet over her head, panties stretched across her ankles. The camera shot from behind Ash, and all Johanna could see was the back of his head as he lowered his face between Dawn’s outspread legs.

Johanna held the phone closer to her ear, listening in on the smacks of licking and slurping. Whatever he was doing down there had Dawn moaning very deeply. It was around then Johanna acknowledged her own little itch. She kept an eye on Dawn for any signs of waking up before she placed a free hand at the front of her trousers.

Johanna might've been angry at her daughter but a part of her was jealous too, jealous of her youth and the recklessness that came with it, jealous of all the fun she was having with boys. As Dawn's moans grew louder from being eaten out, Johanna rubbed herself more and more fervently, her own heart starting to race.

After some thorough and well-received carpet munching, Ash moved Dawn further up the bed and climbed on after her. Johanna almost gasped at the sight of the hard cock dangling between his legs.

Wow, this kid's got stamina! In her experience most men who'd undergone an intense orgasm like he just had would only reserve enough energy left to roll over and start snoring.

Dawn spread herself open and Johanna imagined doing the same thing in her daughter's position. Ash inserted himself nice and slowly, but it was the only thing he did nice and slowly.

Through the eye of the lens, Johanna was treated to an intimate view of the action, capturing a close-up of their asses and genitals as he pumped from on top of her daughter.

While Ash boasted tanned and peachy cheeks, Dawn's pale and softer buns wobbled ever so slightly with each thrust. The penetration became very frantic very quickly. Johanna had never heard her bed so squeaky; the horny, young lovers really put it to the test.

She wondered what they would've done had she returned home at that precise moment. Hell, Johanna wondered what *she* herself would've done! Probably been shocked and fuming mad. But, if she'd walked in feeling like she did now... well, Johanna didn't know what she would've done.

Losing her senses, the lonesome mother unbuttoned her jeans and reached into her panties, itching for direct stimulation. She never thought watching a close-up of her daughter's pussy being stretched would stir her loins quite this way. Lucky girl, Johanna thought, to experience such a wholesome dick.

As the pair sang a chorus of rising moans, Johanna's breathing turned short and hot, her fingers blurring across her clit. Ash squeezed his hands in the space between the mattress and Dawn's back, scooping her ass from underneath as he used the leverage to drive faster and deeper inside her.

Her pussy squelched in delight, rivalling the volume of the girl's grunts. Johanna was close. And judging by how Dawn warned him she was cumming, her daughter wasn't far behind.

Dawn squealed as her plump butt cheeks suddenly clenched and lifted off the bed. In the same moment Johanna's eyes rolled back and she reached for the sofa to prevent falling over from wobbly legs. White honey formed around the impaled cock, and Johanna realised with some worry that the boy had just dumped a hefty load into her teenage daughter.

It was bad enough they'd been fucking without protection, and now this!

Johanna had barely been older than Dawn was now when she fell pregnant with her, and while her life hadn't been completely ruined, the last thing she ever wanted was for her daughter to make the same mistakes. They'd have to have a serious talk, that was for sure.

Only thing was Johanna had no idea how to broach the topic after seeing everything she shouldn't have seen.

Following a short silence, squelching noises continued to emanate from the phone. Johanna looked again and gasped in shock. They were still going at it!

The dick hadn't softened one bit and continued to pump her daughter's pussy, even as overflowing cum oozed into her asshole. Ash made an abrupt movement and the screen went haywire before stopping with a sudden thud.

Johanna found herself looking at the foot of the bed sideways from the ground.

"Ash," said Dawn off-screen. "You kicked the camera!"

"Oops! Forget that. I think we have enough footage anyway."

"You're just saying that 'cause you're too horny to pick it up..."

He chuckled sheepishly.

The sounds of flesh on flesh and sensual grunting intensified. Johanna could only make out a glimpse of the mattress bouncing as the pair continued to fuck off camera.

In real time, Dawn suddenly stirred on the living room sofa.

Johanna closed the video and backtracked to the home screen as quickly as she could. She placed the phone back where she found it and almost tiptoed out of the living room before Dawn called out groggily.

“Mom?”

Heart racing, Johanna cleared her throat and whipped around. “Yes, honey? What is it?” she asked, twiddling her fingers. *Oh, God. Please don't tell me she saw me. Please, please, please!*

“Um,” said Dawn, yawning. “Your fly’s open.”

Johanna looked down and blushed. “Oh...”

Dawn laughed. “You’re such a goof, mom! But that’s why I love you,” she said, before turning on her side and dozing off again.

Johanna sighed a huge sigh of relief. Suddenly, she wasn’t mad at Dawn for creating a mess in the living room anymore. Her own actions had turned the guilt right back on her. “I love you too, Dawn,” she said to the snoozing girl. “I love you too.”

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONCE SMITTEN, TWICE BI

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 2



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Chapter 2 – Bigger and Batter

Ash's mobile vibrated. His heart skipped a beat as the text he'd been waiting for popped up on screen:

The coast is clear ;)

He leapt off the bed and swung his backpack over his shoulder, heavy with recording equipment stuffed on top of his usual travelling essentials. If there was ever an occasion that needed to be captured on camera, today was it. He threw on the Trainer/Director cap he'd left on the dresser the night before and called out to Pikachu, "time to go, buddy."

"Pika!" The mouse pokémon hopped onto Ash's shoulder from the pillow it had been lounging on.

"You're going to help me make today special for Dawn, right?"

Pikachu promised with an enthusiastic 'pika pi!'

Beaming, the pair set off from Twinleaf Town's Pokémon Centre and arrived at his girlfriend's house in the space of five minutes. Dawn had no idea he was in town, thanks in part to the video message he'd sent her at the break of day, staged to appear as though he'd been standing next to Professor Oak in his lab at Pallet. Ash rapped on Dawn's front door and a singsong voice chimed, "Coming!"

He looked around, hoping not to get spotted as a shuffle of excited feet approached him and Pikachu from the inside. The door swung open and reintroduced him to a woman he hadn't seen in years – Dawn's mom.

Mrs Johanna looked shorter than he remembered, perhaps because she was taller than him the last time they met face-to-face. Now, in the midst of a growth spurt, a lanky Ash Ketchum stood shoulder to shoulder with the young mom, although her heels still gave her a slight advantage. Her hair was big, vibrant and azure, sculpted round her fresh face in almost the perfect circle, a red hair pin clipping the bangs above her left eye. She'd emerged dolled

up for the big day with long, dark lashes batting over her shimmering blue orbs, and light-pink rouge on her cheeks, every bit the dazzling Coordinator she must've been at her peak.

Ash realised he'd been looking a little too long without saying a word. "Oh, uh, hi Mrs –"

"Please." She waved off his formal tone. "It's just Johanna."

"Oh, right. Okay." Ash scratched his head sheepishly. She had expressive laugh and smile lines that only showed in glimpses when she flashed a generous beam. His instinct was to compliment her on how great she looked, but he couldn't bring himself to do it, an odd discomfort tying his tongue in knots.

She could tell he wanted to say something and regarded him expecting words, but the longer she waited, the more awkward the silence became. Finally, Mrs Johanna rescued the spiralling discourse with a simple question. "How've you been, Ash?"

"Oh, me?" *Of course you, idiot, who else could she be talking to?!* Ash berated himself. Since when did Dawn's mom make him so nervous? There *was* the whole fact he'd been dating her daughter behind her back and engaging in all sorts of shenanigans she'd never approve of, but that was neither here or there. He and Dawn had always been careful covering their tracks. "I'm good, thanks. And how about you, Mrs – er, I mean – Johanna?"

"I'm well, thanks for asking." She offered a warm smile. "And how about you, Pikachu?"

"Pi-pika-chu!"

"That's good to hear," she said, beaming. "You remember Glameow, right?"

"Do I? How could I forget?" Ash knelt down to greet the grey, feline pokémon sat by her shin. He thought twice about petting her scraggily, old cat when it shot him a dirty leer and grumbled a threatening throaty sound. "Whoa, okay."

"Glameow! That's no way to treat our guests," she scolded. "Sorry, Ash. She probably doesn't remember you. Between you and me," she whispered so the cat wouldn't hear, "I think Father Time is catching up to her."

Ash laughed though he was certain Glameow hadn't forgotten who he was, not after walking in on him and Dawn going at it in almost every room of the house while Mrs Johanna was away. "That's alright. I'm sure we can learn to love each other again." He winked at the family pet.

Glameow stuck her nose up at him and skulked off.

"Such a diva." Mrs Johanna chuckled to mask embarrassment. "Anyway, I guess you two should come in?" She stepped aside to make way.

"Yeah, that would be good," Ash said, worried someone might spot him on the doorstep.

It was notably quiet inside the house. Apparently, he and Pikachu were the first to arrive. An assortment of balloons, party hats, confetti, candles, decorations and a 'Happy Birthday' banner lay strewn across the living room table, all waiting to be unpacked and displayed throughout the house. Ash picked up a deflated balloon promising to take the shape of a Piplup once it swallowed enough air. "I guess we're a little early?"

"Pika pi..."

"Ah, well, you and Dawn seem to get along very well," Mrs Johanna said. "Better than I've seen her getting it on – er – *getting along* with any of her other friends. I hope you don't mind I asked you to come here before everyone else to help get things setup?"

"Not at all." He should've suspected as much when Mrs Johanna sent him the text rather early. In all his excitement, he'd expected to walk into a house teeming with Dawn's closest friends hanging up banners and bundling her gifts together.

"Thanks, Ash. I knew I could count on you. I can see why Dawn does, too." She winked.

Bashful, he pulled his cap down over his eyes a little. "Uh, just doing the same thing any good friend would do."

"Of course, of course." Mrs Johanna hadn't stopped smiling since he walked in. Friendly as the gesture was, Ash couldn't shake off the paranoia every time he got a glimpse of it. "Okay, while you get things ready in here, I'm gonna finish up with Dawn's cake."

“I was wondering what smelt so good!” His nose twitched in the kitchen’s direction, a warm, sweet aroma tingling his nostrils. One thing he’d never forget was Mrs Johanna’s cooking; she’d churned up a storm the first time he and Brock visited many moons ago. “I can’t wait to get my hands on that cake!”

“Now, now, birthday girl gets the first bite,” she calmed him. “I see your appetite’s only gotten more rambunctious over the years. Must be why you’ve gotten so...” With slow, poring eyes, she measured him from the tip of his toes to the top of his head, one corner of her lips twisting upwards as she completed her thoughts with a single word...

“Big.”

Heat spread across Ash’s cheeks. *She must’ve meant tall.* “Hehe, thanks, I guess.” He avoided meeting her eyes but, in doing so, his gaze landed on her bosom, large breasts stretching her tight-fitting, white sweater. A low-cut apron draped her voluptuous figure, hugged her wide hips and hung over the crotch of her blue jeans. Mrs Johanna’s legs looked incredible, nice and long, almost two thirds of her entire height. His scrutiny had travelled too far south and jumped right back to her smiling face as soon as he realised it. “Uh, yeah, so I guess we’ll get started right away.”

Pikachu hopped off his shoulder and grabbed one of the Piplup balloons while Ash went for a Togekiss. As they started blowing into the inflatables, the smiling mother turned towards the kitchen.

Ash peeked out of the corner of his eye, dipping to where the apron hadn’t covered the backside of her skinny jeans. Mrs Johanna’s butt looked twice as plump as her daughter’s, jiggling in the form-fitting denim as she strutted tantalisingly slow. Her three-quarter jeans revealed strong calves, further accentuated by pink heels click-clacking on the echoey floor. The sway of her womanly hips, the wobble of her onion-shaped rear distracted Ash from the pressure he was puffing into Togekiss.

As if sensing the eyes on her ass, Mrs Johanna whipped a glance over her shoulder before turning the corner. Ash forced a panicked breath into the inflatable. It exploded. Pikachu jolted in shock and let out a Thunderbolt that zapped his own balloon. The pair stood dumbfounded as bits of charred rubber showered their heads.

“Pika-pi?”

“Sorry about that, buddy.” Ash let out a nervous laugh. He threw a glance at where he last saw Mrs Johanna and was relieved to note she wasn’t there. Although she must’ve heard the pop, it eased him to know she hadn’t seen him embarrass himself on top of it too.

Ash and Pikachu picked up new inflatables and started over.

Was he going crazy or was his girlfriend’s mom hitting on him? No, couldn’t be.

But...

What if she was?

Nah. Why would she? A single mom with a body like that and a daughter who spent half her time away on pokémon journeys. Mrs Johanna probably had plenty of time to find suiters willing to satisfy her needs. Although, you’d never know it from the way she had looked at him...

Get your mind out of the gutter, Ash! It’s Dawn’s mom we’re talking about here.

Ash forced the thoughts out of his head and refocused his energy on not blowing up anymore balloons.

...

A loud pop startled Johanna as she turned the corner. She clutched her heart against the wall, her chest pounding with more than fear from the abrupt noise. Ash Ketchum was in her living room, her teenage daughter’s secret boyfriend. It was no coincidence she’d asked him to show up early. But her plan to confront him about the sex video she discovered on Dawn’s phone fell apart the instant she opened the front door.

Ash proved to be the kind of kid that was impossible to stay angry at. Even when she’d met him at ten, he demonstrated a heart of gold, and any wrong he committed was a deviation of pure intent. Granted, there was nothing pure about the stuff he was doing to her little girl on that video.

Johanna should’ve butted out. That was probably what Dawn would tell her if she’d ever broached the topic. With Ash, Johanna thought she might’ve gotten further, but it turned out to be almost as awkward making small talk with him after watching the video, let

alone bringing up anything that happened in it. Not to mention, just being in his presence made her feel things she hadn't felt in a long time, lured her into feeling young again.

And desirable.

Probably a good thing she left when she had, lest she did or said something to embarrass herself beyond repair.

... he was totally checking me out there though, right?

Johanna wondered why she'd even ask herself such a mischievous question. It didn't matter. She gathered her wits about her and continued to the kitchen.

...

A slew of half-used ingredients and Tupperware lay strewn on the kitchen table, including flour, a mixing bowl, cracked egg shells, coconut oil, a bag of sugar and milk. Johanna's pleasant humming danced along the sweet-scented air. A delicious, browning swell took form in the orange glow of the oven. She fanned in a whiff of her handywork, smiled dreamily then lifted the hot door shut. This may well turn out to be the best cake she ever baked. She beat the leftover batter in a bowl which she would use to make cupcakes later.

"We're finally done, Mrs. Johanna." Ash's voice trickled into the kitchen from behind her shoulder. "You wanna come check it out? I've setup my tripod and everything, gonna catch every minute detail of her face the moment everyone screams 'surprise!' Hehe, can't wait!"

"Oh yeah? That's lovely, dear." She flashed him a smile over her shoulder. "Give me a minute and I'll come see, okay?"

"Sure thing!"

Pikachu jumped onto the counter and swiped a pawful of batter from her mixing bowl.

"Pikachu!" Ash scolded. "You can't just —"

“It’s quite alright, Ash.” Johanna laughed. Pikachu licked the tasty gloop of his little hand and sucked every digit clean. “Do you like it?”

“PI-PIKA!”

“You probably want some too huh, Ash?”

He chuckled, guilty as charged. “Don’t bother yourself, Mrs. Johanna.”

“It’s Johanna.”

From the table top next to the sink, Pikachu caught sight of Glameow and Umbreon chasing each other in the backyard.

“You want to go play with them?” Johanna asked. Pikachu nodded. “No need to worry, we’ll call you once everything is ready.”

Pikachu hopped down and raced through the doggy door to join his peers.

And then there were two.

Just as well, thought Johanna. If she was ever going to confront Ash about his secret relationship with her daughter, there’d be no better time. They had little more than two hours before all of Dawn’s friends would arrive and take their positions behind couches and under the coffee table.

Even though she knew time was of the essence, Johanna couldn’t bring herself to whip around and face Ash. What if she faltered again? What was she even supposed to say? Sweat dotting her brow, she stirred the wooden spoon harder without realising it, her whole body jiggling with effort. Wait, what if he was watching her right now?

He’d gone awfully quiet.

Could he be...?

Johanna looked behind her. Her suspicions were wrong: Ash sat on a chair at the kitchen table, his head dipped down in concentration on a small screen. Johanna stifled the urge to groan. Kids and their devices. He was probably just as bad as her daughter. “What is that?” she wondered aloud. It looked like a cross between a PokéNav and a mobile phone.

“It’s the new Xtransceiver.” Ash waved it up for her to see. Its large, rectangular screen produced a spectacularly crisp live video of Professor Oak. “Say hi to Mrs Johanna. You remember Dawn’s mom, right?”

“I do. Greetings to you, Dawn’s mom.”

“I keep telling him it’s just Johanna,” she said with a light shake of her head. “Good to see you again, Professor Oak.”

“Likewise.”

The quality of the Xtransceiver both frightened and blew Johanna away, detailing every last wrinkle, freckle and liver spot on the elderly man’s face in extremely high definition. After Ash updated Professor Oak on the proceedings since his last call, he explained to Johanna how the new Xtransceiver boosted image quality on both ends, came with a folding stand and built-in selfie stick, which he demonstrated by pushing a button that extended a long, mechanical arm he stopped inches from the device touching the ceiling. His primary motivation for acquiring the Xtransceiver was to capture quick, top quality visuals on the fly.

“Wow.” Johanna nodded, impressed. “I see you’re taking this recording thing really seriously.”

“Something like that.” Ash tried to brush off his enthusiasm, retracting the mechanical selfie-stick with another push of a button.

What he didn’t know was Johanna was privy to some of his more ‘illicit’ productions. The Xtransceiver actually made for a good segue into what she really wanted to ask him. “So, Ash, record anything ‘interesting’ of late?”

“Hm, lots! I once caught a troop of Copperajah holding a ceremony for their fallen on camera! Oh, and last week, a herd of Taurus standing up to a vicious Pyroar – they chased it right out of their grazing grounds! Do you wanna see?”

“Ah, that’s nice, maybe later?” she said, beating her batter with little interest in hearing about pokémon footage. “What about anything, I don’t know, more... ‘spicy’?”

“Spicy, hmmm...” Ash rubbed his chin whilst recollecting. “Oh! About a month ago, I caught a Pikachu trying to hump the hell out of a Gyarados! Not my Pikachu, of course.”

Johanna laughed nervously. Was that even possible? Trying to work out the mechanics of such a mating attempt made her head hurt. The conversation wasn't going where she wanted it to. She needed to be more direct. "What about something not involving pokémon?"

Ash hummed in deep, long thought. She couldn't tell if he really didn't know what she was hinting at or if he was just playing dumb. Exasperated, she stopped stirring the bowl and turned around to face him while leaning back on the sink. "What do you think of my daughter, Ash?"

He stalled and blinked, as if the question jammed the gears in his head. "Your Daughter?"

"Yes, my daughter." Johanna crossed her arms. "You know, adventurous girl, blue hair, about this tall, nearly as gorgeous and talented as her mother. Name's Dawn. The girl we're throwing this surprise party for. Any of this ringing a bell?"

Ash laughed for no particular reason, tugging on his collar as if it had suddenly tightened around his neck. "Er, um, so I think I'll take you up on that offer for cake batter after all."

Johanna rolled her eyes. Changing the topic, huh? Typical. "Fine." She grabbed the bowl of batter and wooden spoon when a scandalous thought crossed her mind. Mischief must've been written all over her face because Ash suddenly tensed in his seat at her expression. She approached him in a casual gait while stirring the sweet-scented mix he'd requested. "You mean... *this* batter?"

Ash nodded cautiously, as if it were a trick question he wasn't sure he should be answering honestly.

Johanna scooped a small helping of the beige treat, then rolled the tip of her tongue round the head of the wooden spoon, locking eyes with the young, mesmerised boy as she wrapped her plump lips completely over the big, oval end and sucked it clean with a delicious moan. Ash gulped as she loomed upon him, her pointed heels stopping two steps in front of his sneakers. She relished in the air of authority standing over the fretful Trainer shifting in his seat.

"Hey. Look at me."

Guilt weighed his head down. Ash hauled it up with some effort, his brown eyes meeting her stern blue with a quiver.

"I'm not angry," Johanna said, honestly. She'd had weeks to stomach the content of that video.

"Y-you're not?"

"I haven't swatted you with this yet, have I?" She waved the wooden spoon around, hinting the possibility was very much alive. "I know your mother wouldn't mind if I did. Remember how she'd hijacked Professor Oak's call when we first met? And told me to –"

"Please feel free to scold him as much as needed if he acts up or misbehaves," Ash recounted miserably.

"Yes." Johanna was taken aback he remembered Delia's exact words. Well, whenever a mother dressed down her son in front of his friends, it was bound to stick. Johanna never imagined those words would come back to bite Ash. "Don't worry," she reassured him, "I only want answers from you. Honest answers."

He put on a brave face and nodded.

"What are your intentions with my daughter?"

He baulked. It was only the first question. "I, uh, I don't know. Um, we just kinda hang out and... do stuff. So, more of that, I guess?"

"Stuff?" She narrowed her eyes scarily thin.

"Like train our pokémon together!" he blurted in a hurry.

"And...?"

"Go on adventures, hikes, um, visit Contest Halls, go on walks, picnics, uh – the normal boyfriend and girlfriend stuff, you know?"

"Hmmm." He still wasn't owning up to the salacious incident. Self-preservation? Or was he trying to protect Dawn from having her mother find out? Johanna couldn't read past the shakiness in his chocolate eyes. But one thing she hadn't missed was how his gaze would dart up and down between her face and chest, very quickly, very deft.

How horny he must've been that, even in the midst of a damning interrogation, he risked peeping at her bosom. Perhaps more shocking was it didn't bother Johanna in the way it might've. The boy couldn't help himself, couldn't control his urges. He was at that age. Oh little Ashy; the seasoned mother in Johanna yearned to coddle him, to give him 'the talk', all whilst the sex-starved woman in Johanna lapped up the attention of a young, virile buck who'd shown himself not only to be eager and brimming with stamina, but well-endowed too, her thoughts drifting back to the footage of him mounting her daughter, Dawn's cries of ecstasy etched into her reptilian brain. Johanna suddenly felt flushed.

Before she knew what she was doing, she heaped batter on the wooden spoon then extended it to Ash. "Here." She needed for him to go ahead. "You answered my question."

Ash managed a tentative nibble before she pulled it away.

"Good boy." She petted his head over his Trainer cap, not unlike how she petted Glameow whenever it caught troublesome Rattata. "Now, Ash, do you love Dawn?"

"Yes," he said, no hesitation in his voice.

She believed him. "That's wonderful." She scooped out another helping of his reward. But Johanna didn't extend it for the taking like the first time. Instead, she closed the short distance separating them, tucking his legs between her long, shapely pair before perching herself in his lap. She lifted the spoon to his lips and whispered, "Here. Eat up."

Their faces only inches apart, Ash shifted his eyes to the spoon heaped with batter on his left, then back to the gorgeous, blue-haired mother offering to feed him. The befuddled Trainer appeared to be calculating the morality of the situation and, maybe, weighing up the chances this might still be some kind of trick. It took a few pensive seconds but he convinced himself to open his mouth and accept the second helping, his upper lip wiping down the beige heap to a flat layer. He hadn't calculated Johanna would do the same on the other end of the batter.

The tips of their tongues met on the underside of the spoon. It re-entered the bowl licked clean of its contents.

Johanna had another question. "Ash..."

"Mrs Johanna..."

The moment of truth. She'd trained him well enough to feel confident he wouldn't lie to her now. But only asking the question would vindicate or discredit her efforts one way or the other. She shot straight.

"Have you fucked my daughter?"

"I –" Ash shut his mouth as quickly as he'd opened it, the need to reformulate his response kicking in. His eyes shied away, seemingly discovering something of great interest in the bowl of mush. A long pause, then he looked up, straight in her eyes. "Yes," he said, with enough confidence to raise her brows. "Yes, I have."

Whoa. She never thought Ash had it in him. How manly.

Just when she opened her mouth to react, the gutsy Trainer lost his nerve, blabbering, "I'm sorry Mrs Johanna I didn't mean to disrespect anybody or anything I –"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. It's okay, it's okay," Johanna said. "I just wanted the truth. And you gave me the truth. Right?"

He puffed, out of breath. "Yes."

"See? That's not so hard, now is it? Oh, wait –" Johanna stirred in his lap wearing an uncomfortable grimace. "It kind of is."

Ash turned red in the face.

She looked absolutely gleeful about embarrassing him, so much so she accidentally dropped the wooden spoon when she'd gone to dig up another reward. Batter splatted her sweater's sleeve, then the spoon ricocheted and landed on her thigh, leaving another splat of mesh on her jeans before it clattered on the kitchen floor.

"Darn it!" Johanna hissed. "Dawn's not going to be impressed if she turns up and I'm looking like this." She jumped up and tried to scrub the batter off with a table cloth, but it only seemed to make the mess worse. "Ugh. I'll be back in a jiffy – please keep an eye on the oven for me! Thanks, Ash!" Johanna rushed out of the kitchen as quickly as her heels could carry her.

...

Ash sat in the quiet asking himself what just happened.

Mrs Johanna *had* been hitting on him after all? Her unorthodox interrogation technique left him mulling whether he was supposed to be terrified or turned on. The bowl sitting an arm's length away rewound memories of seconds ago, of Dawn's mother perched in his lap, almost feeding him like a child. Their tongues had touched. Accidentally or not, technically, that was a kiss? She took the news of him dating her daughter better than expected, better than any guy would want, he imagined. But Ash wouldn't push his luck.

Keep an eye on the stove, she'd asked him. The poor lady didn't know giving Ash Ketchum the responsibility of not burning food was the quickest way to wind up with burnt food. There was a reason he'd kept Brock along for all those years.

Nonetheless, Ash was halfway off his seat to check on the cake when Mrs Johanna came bustling back into the kitchen, heels clicking and all. That was really fast; she'd barely been gone twenty seconds. He gave her a once-over and his jaw nearly hit the table when he spotted her quick solution to the little problem: Mrs Johanna had returned in her apron and heels as before, and *nothing* else.

His girlfriend's mother strutted right past him half-naked, having simply discarded the messy jeans and sweater, and whatever undergarments might've been beneath them. With his mouth hung agape, Ash's butt fell back onto the seat, no longer necessary to check on the oven as the scantily-clad baker rushed there herself.

Mrs Johanna's ass looked sensational in tight jeans, and utterly mouth-watering out of them. Right beneath the pink bowtie of her apron, big globes of pale, supple flesh wobbled with her every move, sitting high and perky despite their considerable mass. Ash thought Dawn had a big butt – her mama's could swallow hers whole. He marvelled at how the narrowness of her slim waist curved outwards to shape wide hips, giving her bubbly rear the contour of an onion when ogled from behind. And ogle, he did.

Dawn's mother pulled down the oven door and bent over to look inside, jutting her plump, bare butt outwards. Ash craned his neck as far as he could without standing up, getting more than his fair share of an eyeful. Mrs Johanna didn't appear unnerved, or even aware, she'd forgotten to replace her stained pants with new ones. She hummed a jolly tune while assessing her work-in-progress. What kind of game was she playing?

Ash wouldn't believe this story if he'd told it to himself. On instinct, he grabbed the Xtransceiver and added Mrs Johanna's bare bottom to his stash of private recordings. She remained bent over and ignorant to his presence for a suspiciously long time. He'd be forgiven to think she knew a camera was being pointed at her behind, and performed accordingly for her audience.

At this point, the tent in Ash's pants came close to touching the ceiling of the table, and he snuck his left hand down to attend to it. He wanted to see more. Needed to. Zoomed in on the crevice separating her plush cheeks, but her womanhood was well hidden by the fleshiness around it. Suddenly, Mrs Johanna straightened up.

Startled, Ash dropped the Xtransceiver. It thudded on the table the same time the oven door shut. Mrs Johanna whipped round. He threw on an innocent but unconvincing smile, anxious digits tapping on the table.

"Were you recording me?" she asked him outright.

"No! Of course not," he stammered, quickly closing the video capture app as she made her way towards him. "Was just, uh, checking my messages." He switched the Xtransceiver to its family-friendly home screen.

Mrs Johanna's straight face said it all. She didn't believe a word of it. "Pity."

"What is?" Ash was genuinely confused. "And er, don't know if you noticed but you forgot to put your pants on."

"Did I?" Mrs Johanna looked down completely unsurprised. "Oh well, it was getting kind of hot in here anyway, wouldn't you say?"

Yes. He would. But not aloud.

Mrs Johanna stood uncomfortably close to him. Ash couldn't avert his eyes if he wanted to. Her clear-white apron had pink trimmings and a matching waistband tied in a bow round the small of her back. Low-cut, the bib left massive cleavage on display, and a hint of perky nipples beneath its semi-translucent fabric. The skirt piece covered little more than two inches of thigh, her long, milky legs flowing free and naked down to her heels. Ash grew harder just looking at her.

And she noticed. A tiny smile graced her lips before she pulled out a chair from under the long table. She turned it to face him so that when she sat he could still see her legs in their entirety.

“Ash, there’s something you should know,” she said, crossing her long legs. The skirt piece of the apron slid down the curvy thigh she’d placed on top of the other, brandishing more flesh than he’d ever seen on a woman old enough to be his mother. At a different angle he would’ve been able to observe her naked butt touching the chair. “Eyes up top.”

He swallowed a knot of nervy excitement. “R-right. What is it?”

“I’ve seen the tape,” she admitted flatly. “The sex video you recorded with my daughter.”

His insides twisted so harshly he might’ve fainted if he wasn’t seated. He swallowed hard, wiping the sweat off his brow. “You have? H-how?”

“That doesn’t matter,” she said quickly. “I’ve accepted she’s not going to be a little girl forever. Heck, her teenage years are almost behind her, especially after today. She’s going to have her secrets – as did I at her age – but if you two are going to continue having sex, it *has* to be safe sex. I don’t want Dawn having the kind of hard life I did bringing her up on my own when I should’ve been making the most of my youth, reaching the heights of a Pokémon Coordinator extraordinaire.”

“I see...” That hit home for Ash – the thought of prematurely losing his dream of becoming a Pokémon Master. As much as Mrs Johanna loved her daughter, it couldn’t have been easy for her readjusting her priorities. It made him look back differently at all the times he and Dawn had been reckless in their haste to fuck. “That’s fair. We get carried away sometimes, hehe. Won’t happen again, ma’am.”

“Good. I’m trusting you, Ash.”

“I totally get it. You can count on me!” Ash struck the victory pose he usually reserved for catching new pokémon. “By the way, Mrs Johanna, it’s not too late for you.”

She tilted her head, befuddled. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, you can still be a full-fledged Pokémon Coordinator extraordinaire! I’ve seen older people than you competing in Contest Halls. I’ve watched you battle. You’re way more

talented than most of them. And way better looking too.” Ash covered his mouth in embarrassment. He’d spoken way too quickly. “I mean –” But he didn’t exactly want to take back the compliment either.

Mrs Johanna gave him a genial smile. “Thank you, Ash. But I wasn’t done talking about the video.”

“Oh?” Ash wondered what more she could possibly have to say about it.

“Why did you apologise about making love to my daughter earlier?”

“Er, hm, well –”

“Do you fail to satisfy her?”

“What?! No way! I always make sure she cums. Multiple times even! I –” He stopped himself, caught in two minds; how did he reassure his girlfriend’s mom he was taking good care of her while not sounding like he was bragging about smashing her at the same time?

“Is she satisfying you though? I mean *really* satisfying you?”

Her line of questioning took a swerve he never saw coming. “Well, yeah. I guess. It’s always fun for me. And I’ve never had problems, um, ‘finishing’.”

Mrs Johanna smirked as though she didn’t believe him. “You want to know what I saw in that video?”

He didn’t reply but she was prepared to answer her own question.

Mrs Johanna lifted her right leg and rested her calf on the table, her pink heel making a subtle clack on the surface. His eager eyes traced the inside of her shapely thigh, drawn to the tiny flap covering the modesty between her parted legs. Ash gawked shamelessly, knowing full-well nothing but a skimpy apron separated him from the sight of MILF pussy.

“What I saw,” she said in a husky murmur, “Was a girl-not-yet-a-woman. There are a lot of things I wish I would’ve had the time and bravery to teach Dawn. Things pertaining to how to satisfy a man.” She ran both hands slowly up her naked thighs, trimmed nails scraping along the supple skin, stopping only at the hem of her apron. “So, Ash, you don’t think it’s too late for me to... do you?”

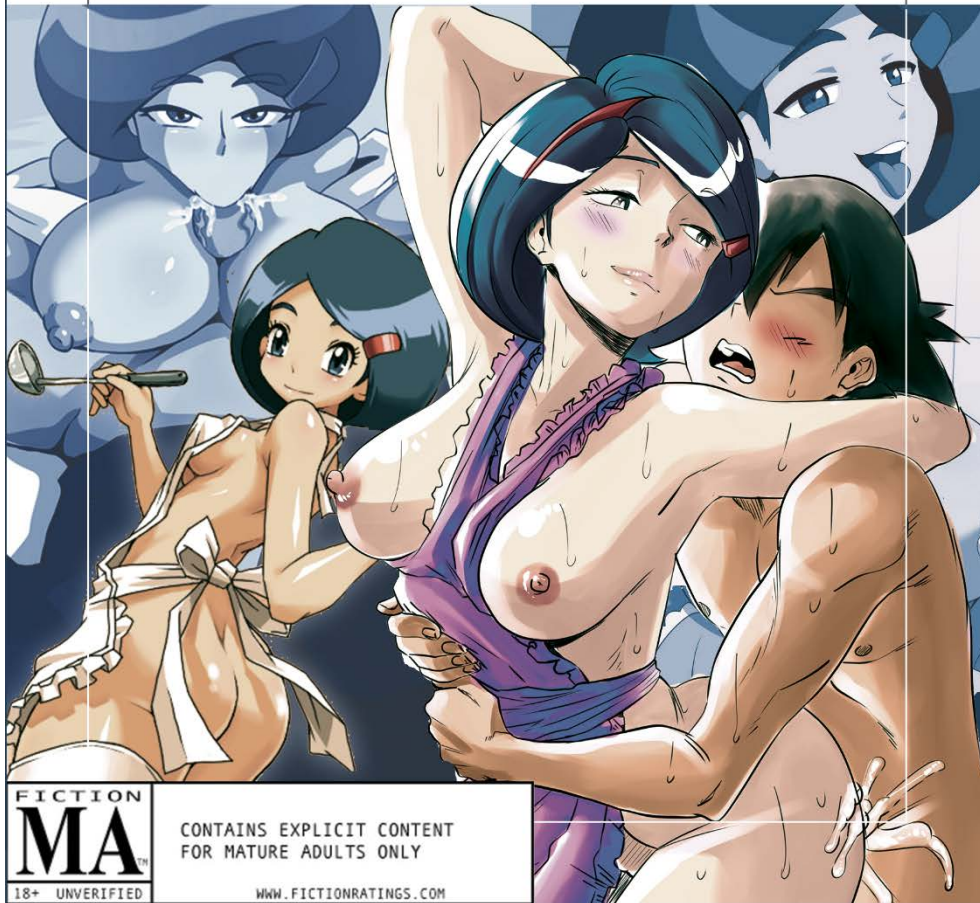
Ash didn't need to hear the question twice before shaking his head vehemently. "It's never too late, Mrs Johanna. Never too late."

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONCE SMITTEN, TWICE BI

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 3



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Chapter 3 – Whose Birthday Is It Anyway?

Ash swallowed the knot in his throat, hanging on the edge of his seat as Mrs Johanna all but splayed herself for his viewing pleasure. A licentious glint brewed in her ocean-blue eyes as she studied his reaction to spreading her bare legs, relishing in the power she had to set blood alight and charging down his body. Ash no longer cared if she was looking at him looking at her, or judging him for perversion. Nothing could pull his eyes away from the flirty piece of apron hiding the juncture of her milky legs. If only he had a Luxray's ability to see through matter.

“Okay, Ash. Since you insist, I promise to have a little ‘training’ with my daughter next time I see her,” Mrs Johanna said, slyness in her tenor. They both knew she wasn't referring to pokémon training either. “You'd like that, wouldn't you?”

Ash nodded stupidly.

“Mhm, I thought you would. Imagine her getting you this rock-hard without even touching you. I mean, you *are* rock-hard... aren't you, Ash?” She nodded at his side of table, hinting it was in the way. “Show me.”

Ash's mom had always taught him to respect his elders. A lesson he wasn't about to betray now. He swivelled his legs from under the table and into the open, revealing the huge bulge straining against the front of his jeans.

Mrs Johanna let slip a faint whimper and raised a hand to her chest. “Oh... Ash...” She ogled his tent as if she'd never seen an erection before. “All that for me?”

It seemed wrong lusting after his girlfriend's mother. But if Ash could be nothing else in this moment, he could be honest. It had gotten him this far after all. He answered her leading question with a timid nod.

Mrs Johanna smiled, pleased. “You're a good boy, Ash. Very thoughtful. Coming all this way bearing gifts for your girlfriend's mother. You're starting to make me feel like it's *my* birthday,” she teased. “I'm sure you won't mind if I indulge myself a little then?”

He wasn't sure what that meant but the appropriate answer seemed to be, "Go ahead."

"Don't mind if I do." Mrs Johanna started to move the palm she'd placed on her chest, stroking the exposed region above her cleavage. She eyed his bulge and moistened her lips. Whatever images flooded her brain persuaded her hand's naughty descent, her fingertips trailing down her cleavage one after the other, creeping past the upper hem of her low-cut apron. Then she cupped her right breast over the thin fabric and squeezed. "Mmm..."

He gasped at the way the fat mound of flesh contorted so malleably in her grasp, not a single ounce of resistance in their tenderness. Dawn might've inherited her butt from her mama but Mrs Johanna had been stingy with the mammae genes. Ash basked in the pleasures of watching the busty mother fondle her tit, knowing his flat-chested girlfriend could never produce the same show.

Mrs Johanna's breasts were so large and rotund their sides stuck out from behind the apron, and even more jostled free as she became vigorous with her rubbing. She ruffled the loose-fitting fabric around her groping hand. Soon the tops of her areolae were peering over the horizon and her hardened nubs made imprints on the apron. All the while, Mrs Johanna hadn't stopped staring at his lumpy crotch.

"Mmm, take it out..."

"What?" he stammered, even though he'd heard her clearly.

"Ash," she breathed. "Show it to me. Please."

Whoa, Mrs Johanna was begging *him* for something? He felt honoured. And of course, willing. His raging dick had gotten so pumped the constraints were beginning to hurt anyway. The young Trainer lifted his butt off the chair and unfastened his belt. Jeans and boxers slid down together, then a tower of rigid meat snapped back in the opposite direction, its pink, mushroom-tipped crest rising past his bellybutton.

Mrs Johanna almost looked horrified by the sight, her mouth wide enough to fit a lemon. "Arceus... it's real..." She moistened her chops once more. "They say the camera adds two inches. But dare I say..." She pored over his standing erection. "It might've taken away two..."

Ash chuckled bashfully. “Really?”

“Mhm. So this is what you’ve been using to plough my little girl, huh?” Mrs Johanna tsk-tsk-tsked him like a naughty boy. “My poor baby. No wonder she couldn’t take it. It’s even bigger in real-life, bigger than I thought it would be, mmm...” She was practically salivating at his throbbing cock. It returned her intrigue with an excited twitch. She recoiled and squealed ‘woop’, then giggled at her own schoolgirlish verve. “Oh, my.”

“Wait a minute,” Ash mused. “What do you mean ‘bigger than you thought it would be’? You’ve been thinking about my cock?”

“Don’t be silly,” she said, despite the colour in her cheeks. “You’re spoiling my concentration.”

He put his hands up and let her continue.

The unveiling of his tall, pulsating phallus was all the stimulus she needed to reach for her tender breasts again. Mrs Johanna boasted a confidence in her sexuality he hadn’t seen in girls his age. She pleased herself unreservedly before his very eyes, her nipple jutting between her fingers as she squeezed, yearning to poke through the fabric and taste the sweetened air. His breathing became laboured just watching the experienced woman get off on his young and hungry cock. He reached for the raging boner and –

“Don’t touch it!”

His hand froze in mid-air, inches away from the base of his cock.

“Not yet,” she responded to his bewildered expression. “You youngins need to appreciate the merits of delayed gratification. You’re not allowed to cum until I say you can cum. My house, my rules.”

He couldn’t believe she was pulling that card on him now. “But Mrs Johanna...” His dick ached too intensely to ignore without losing his mind. She got to touch herself, why couldn’t he?

“I’m not sure you can handle it, honey,” she suggested in her motherly tone. “If you blow your load now, this would’ve all been for naught.”

“I’m not going to blow my load.” He would’ve said anything for her permission.

Still kneading her breasts, she made a sound between a sigh and a moan. “Fine. But if you cum before I say it’s all right, we’re done. All of this will be over. Immediately.”

The sternness in her voice convinced him it wasn’t a bluff. After the seedy inquisition, a plethora of mixed signals and that scant, torturous apron, Ash would be remiss not to bang the living cobwebs out of the blue-haired cougar, Dawn’s mom or not. He’d play by her rules for as long as they served him. And so, treading lightly, he stroked his cock nice and slow, just enough to abate the debilitating pressure without risking an early climax.

Johanna felt as though she’d entered an alternate reality, one where her daughter’s boyfriend was masturbating across the kitchen table. *This is really happening.* Oh God, she’d gone too far, hadn’t she? She might’ve been able to fool the world of her intentions but, deep down, Johanna knew she’d been looking for any excuse to invite Ash over while her daughter wasn’t home. Dawn’s birthday presented a timely opportunity. And she couldn’t resist.

Whenever her senses threatened to return to her, one glimpse at the young man’s steely rod thrust her back in the gutter.

Yes, Ash, stroke it...

Considering her responsibilities as a mother, community leader, amateur gardener and youth Coordinating tutor, prospects for sexual encounters came far and few between, probably less to do with a lack of physical attractiveness and more to do with her lack of impetus to step out of the house and pursue them. When they did land on her doorstep however, she hadn’t been shy about assessing potential; she’d nearly pounced on the plumber who’d come to fix a burst pipe two months ago. Luckily for his wife, he was the faithful type, flashing his ring in the face of her thinly-veiled advances. She’d felt ashamed for almost falling into a tacky porno storyline.

Then Ash’s video came along. He’d auditioned for the part without even knowing it.

On her kitchen-chair-turned-casting-couch, the young talent dragged his knuckles up the length of his shaft, and the time it took to reach the crown with his slowed stroke only made his erection seem taller. More tempting...

Biting the corner of her bottom lip, Johanna found a place down south for her free hand, addressing the source of the heat spreading throughout her body. She sank the apron between her thighs, two digits rubbing slow circles over the thin material, a dampness

forming around the sizzling epicentre. The light barrier between her clit and direct contact did little to dull her manual stimulation; if anything, friction bolstered the rub.

A strained whimper crawled out of her throat. It was soft in volume but loud in its effect on Ash, marking an abrupt increase in the cadence of his masturbation. He'd gotten so worked up, so hot and bothered, so unashamedly in need that it became contagious. She rubbed her tit frantically and tucked her other hand so deeply between her thighs the apron peeled away from her waist, exposing the entirety of her wide hips.

Like the young, red-blooded boy he was, Ash became invigorated by the sight of more flesh, grunting as he pumped that big, throbbing dick of his faster. Johanna joined him in his hushed grunting, her clit just as desperate and engorged with lust.

And yet, they sat five feet apart not touching one another.

It was maddening for Ash. What kind of sick game was this? Why couldn't they just... *do it?!*

He wiped his sweaty face, the stress of temptation inundating his pores. The way Mrs Johanna stirred in her seat – as though something was sporadically vibrating beneath her – the way her thighs twitched and trembled, the sensual sounds she struggled to bite down; it was all too obvious she wanted it as badly as he did. She had no idea the restraint he was exercising not to leap across the kitchen table and tackle her off that chair. He'd bang her right on the floor too, with her pink heels pointing at the ceiling and her little apron thrown over her tummy. The only thing stopping Ash was his respect for the older woman. And plus, she was still Dawn's mom.

Her earlier promise to terminate this little game kept his ass firmly on its own seat. But he didn't know how much longer he'd last just looking.

Johanna watched a clear bead of precum announce itself at the tip of his penis, and her taste buds tingled to life, speculating on its salty tang. The frantic pace his self-stimulation worried her it wouldn't be the only thing she'd see oozing from his cock in the next few seconds. Unlike her, he didn't have the mental fortitude to save himself for a greater high. She could've easily let him masturbate to orgasm. But, the truth was, she didn't want him to fail her test for her own selfish reasons.

“Slow down,” she warned, breathlessly. “You're going too fast.”

“Mrs Jo- Johanna... I don’t think I ca-”

“You can! Just stop. Breathe...”

He tried to control his laboured exhales but his frantic hand wasn’t listening, refused to slow down one bit. “I’m sorry. I have to. G-gonna -”

“No!” she cried, lifting the heel she was resting on the table and slamming it back down.

The loud thud startled him, scaring the hand off his dick. She’d stopped touching herself too. But the sexual tension filling the room persisted. They stared at each other, sweaty, ragged, panting. The warm fragrance of pastry came second to the pheromones dominating the airspace.

“Good,” Johanna finally said, breaking the rhythm of their panting. “Good, good. I’d say that warrants another treat. Wouldn’t you?”

He said nothing. But the look on his face told her he wouldn’t be opposed.

She dragged the bowl across the table then settled it in her lap. After scooping out a hearty portion, she waved the wooden spoon around playfully, as if she hadn’t quite decided how she wanted to dispense his reward this time. The revelation came with an unexpected –

SPLAT!

His eyes ventured south, where she held the wooden spoon upside-down, its bowl-shaped end pasted against her inner thigh, cake batter splashed in a messy blotch. She smeared his sweet-scented reward down her curvy leg as though she was coating peanut butter on a hotdog bun, scooping up more and splattering it on her other leg, until her thighs were dressed to the brim of her apron.

Then she set the bowl aside and beckoned him over with a seductive finger. Ash didn’t need to be asked twice. As soon as he shot up from the chair, his jeans plunged from his waist, belt buckle jangling on the floor. With lust-drunk eyes, the cougar gobbled up the sight of her young, pant-less prey. Jet-black pubes sat beneath the faintest of ab muscles, as unkempt and spiky as the hair poking out of his hat. And out from the wild brush, his vigorous erection extended to its fullest, pointing at her face intently and hands-free. He

looked smug about it too, and rightfully so, but the moment he dared half a step forward, she wagged her finger at him.

“Nuh-uh. Get on your knees. And crawl.”

His expression screamed ‘you can’t be fucking serious’ but he held too much respect to verbalise his impatience. It was clear he wasn’t used to being bossed around, least of all in such sexually-charged circumstances. From what she’d picked up in the video, he had always let his dick guide him in lieu of his sexual partner. But Johanna wasn’t about to become just another dame he pumped and dumped, or bent over to his will. She wasn’t her daughter.

The young Trainer laughed to himself before giving in. “Yes, ma’am.” Out of his trousers and onto the floor, he crawled on all fours, leading by the red brim of his cap. Any lower and he’d be dragging that horse-like shlong across the tiles.

“Good boy,” she chimed at her little puppy. “Oh look – I seem to have made a mess all over myself.” She gestured at the paste smeared across her thighs. “Be a dear and help me clean it up, will you?” The pup lurched eagerly from its ‘front legs’, but – “Nuh-uh-uh. No hands.” Ash planted his paws back on the ground and stretched his neck forward to reach her thigh instead. “Mhm, that’s a good boy...”

Despite her composed exterior, Johanna’s heart thrashed as her daughter’s boyfriend planted his lips on the inside of her resting knee. She couldn’t imagine how she’d ever explain this to Dawn. Maybe she didn’t have to. If Dawn could keep secrets then so could she.

Johanna’s heartrate picked up as his mouth crawled further up her leg, daubing at the sweet paste glazing her skin. A warm tongue snaked out of his lips and collected the reward smeared across her thigh, leaving trails of heat and saliva in its path. The higher up her leg, the more tingly the sensations, reaching a nose tip away from her apron, regions no man had touched in ages, let alone licked. He was thorough too, doubling back for spots he’d missed and, sometimes, just to taste her flesh again. By the time he was ready to move on to the next thigh, mush dyed his tongue yellowish-brown.

On all fours, Ash lengthened his neck like a Girafarig to reach the leg she’d stretched onto the table. He started at the top and scraped his tongue down the slope of her buttered thigh. Wet, creamy kisses excited her skin as he overindulged in his reward, biting on the fleshy underside of her thigh, sucking every splotch of flavour from it.

Before long, her curvy limbs were batter-free and glistening with dabs of saliva. The young Trainer used the back of his hand to wipe the mash stuck between his lips. Despite the hefty treat, he somehow looked even hungrier than before, his sights lingering on the veil of apron between her thighs, on the blotch of wetness dotting the area she'd rubbed.

Johanna's sultry eyes followed his to her crotch. They both knew what he wanted. At this point, what they both wanted. He waited for permission like a well-behaved pet. She dipped the wooden spoon into the mixing bowl then, slowly, watching his eyes follow the heaped tip, she stuck it underneath her apron. When the spoon re-emerged, it was a little less heaped – at last, giving Ash the excuse he needed to approach. Johanna licked the rest of the dollop off the wooden spoon as he crawled towards her spread legs.

Finally, Ash thought, excitement beating in his chest. Who knew his girlfriend's mom could be this kinky? She was nothing like the prim and proper woman Dawn had introduced him to years ago. Granted, he was nothing like the Ash Ketchum of past times either, hardly a man then, hardly swinging a shlong worth lusting over, a shlong fit to drive a sex-starved mother into treacherous decisions. He didn't worry himself trying to work out what made this all right in her head. In fact, he wasn't exercising much thought at all when he lifted her apron with the brim of his cap.

The young Trainer came face to bush with the older woman's pussy. Evidently, Mrs Johanna liked to keep it all natural; a dark-blue mane furnished her mons veneris and grew round the petals of her sex. Not quite the tidy presentation he'd been accustomed to, but insanely arousing all the same, the scent of batter mingling with her natural aroma. A smudge of cakey mixture iced her meaty folds, and his tongue poked forth for dessert.

Johanna's hand found its way back to her chest as the boy got his first taste of real woman. She doubted Ash ran around sampling mature ladies on his travels (he better not have been while dating her daughter!). Johanna never imagined him to be the unfaithful type – current situation notwithstanding – but he was suspiciously adept at eating pussy, navigating her blue forest like he knew all the hidden paths to her buried treasure, a treasure he found and flicked with the creamy tip of his tongue.

“...ooaahh...” She shifted in her chair, bare ass rubbing against the clammy seat. “Where did you – ooooh, God – wh-where did you learn that?” she breathed. So he wasn't just a pretty dick, huh? Dawn really lucked out, Johanna thought dreamily, as her daughter's

boyfriend closed his mouth around her swollen clit and blew on it gently. He waited for her love button to be nice and tender, for it to ache for touch, then he flicked at the nub again before brushing the flat of his tongue over it, matting the surrounding pubes with saliva. “Ohhh! Ash... Ketchum... you naughty, naughty – mmm! You naughty boy...”

Pull yourself together, woman! Johanna chastised herself. She was too old to be crying out a young boy’s name in her kitchen. Even if he was making her pussy hotter than the burning oven behind them, wetter than a drenched mop. She was certain he’d already lapped up all the flavour she’d daubed on herself, and yet he moaned into her pussy as if that had only been a starter. Just who was rewarding who at this point?

The big hat-shaped lump under her apron stirred with enthusiasm and invoked enthusiastic gratification. But she wanted to look into the eyes of the devil between her legs. She wrestled his cap off and the apron fell upon the bridge of his nose, revealing dark-russet orbs foggy with lust. His brow was red and sweaty and imprinted with lines from excessive hat use. She combed her fingers through his scruffy hair like a doting mother.

“You like the taste of mama’s pussy?” she said in a hushed voice. He nodded with the bottom half of his face still munching carpet beneath her apron. “Mmm, yeah, I bet. Good boy.” She petted him. “Eat up, okay? Homemade pussy just for you, honey,” she whispered. “It’s been baking for weeks. Nice... warm... gooey,” she muttered, to the sound of her juices smacking on his lips. “Taste better than Dawn, don’t I?”

He looked up at her, eyes shaking as though he were afraid to admit it, then gently nodded.

Johanna smiled, pleased. But her smile was abruptly broken by a thrust of his tongue.

“Aaaah... Ash, honey... oh...”

Back and forth, he poked the bottom half of his face into her apron, his peckish tongue penetrating her like a slimy, miniature penis. She felt him licking inside her, stroking the roof of her vagina as he slipped out, just shy of touching her G-spot. It was close enough to stoke the wildfire in her loins. If she hadn’t gripped his head and controlled his cadence, she might’ve broken her own rule.

“You’re way too good at this,” she said, slowly regaining her composure. “You haven’t been ‘practicing’ behind my daughter’s back, have you?”

He furrowed his brow at the suggestion, shook his head.

“You sure?”

He nodded and moaned, “Mhm.”

“Good boy. Better keep it that way,” she spoke in a sweet voice that still managed to carry menace. “Because if I ever find out you’re ramming some other harlot with that giant dick of yours...” She petted his hair in an affectionate way contradicting her words. “I’ll kill you.” She smiled.

His eyes grew in shock.

“You understand me?” she said softly yet firmly. “No fucking around on my daughter, Ash Ketchum.”

He nodded a dozen times in two seconds.

“Good boy.” She giggled.

Looking down upon the teenage boy buried in her lap, Johanna was reminded of a certain segment in a certain video. Grinning, she nicked his Xtransceiver from the table and turned the camera on him, recording the would-be director in the same precarious position he’d recorded her daughter sucking dick. He tried to hide his face behind the apron but she pulled it down.

“Camera shy all of a sudden?” She refused to believe it. “Don’t worry, no one else will ever see this.” She winked.

But Ash couldn’t shake his reservations about being filmed tongue-deep in hairy minge, lifting his palm to block the camera, supposedly concerned his girlfriend would somehow see the footage. *No fun*, Johanna thought. Completely understandable, but no fun. Being the mother to the girlfriend in question should’ve brought all kinds of apprehensions about being discovered. It did the opposite for Johanna, reviving the sexual deviant that had been lying dormant inside her for much too long.

“Up,” she ordered, pulling his head out of her apron. He rose to his full height, bringing his hard dick eye level with the thirsty mom. She set aside the Xtransceiver in favour of his shiny, new toy, her blue eyes shimmering with wonder. “Sit down.”

They swapped positions, Johanna standing over the pant-less boy in her seat, his erection tall and sturdy. Just how she liked them. He spread his legs wide open while she parted hers slightly between his knees, then bent forward until her mouth reached the head of his penis, licking clean the beaded pre-cum before taking him in.

Ash sighed in breathy relief as the woman old enough to be his mom wrapped her lips around his young cock. *God, yes... sorry, Dawn, but your mom is...* “So hot,” he breathed, looking down the top of her stuffed apron. Her big, bra-less jugs jiggled in their loose confines while she wolfed him down. “Yes...” The pampering mom tucked her hair behind her ear and fixed him an intense, blue stare as she slowly enveloped his length, passing the midway point without a hint of discomfort, more than he could say for his girlfriend.

Dawn had always struggled with his size, and though he'd been patient and understanding, he'd yearned to experience full immersion. Mrs Johanna looked determined to fulfil the lifelong desire, only stopping two inches from the bottom when he reached the back of her throat. She gagged, sputtering around his girth, but held firm, as firm as one could hold with a thick tower of meat lodged up their windpipe.

“Almost there,” he spurred her on. “You can do it, Mrs Johanna...”

She took a moment to gather herself, catch her breath, and then, with a deep gurgly-choking sound, she powered through the threshold, conquering the last two inches to reach his hilt.

“Ohhh fuck.” He grunted, basking in the all-encompassing warmth of Mrs Johanna's mouth. Her eyes teared from being so full but she persisted in working his length up and down, boasting the grit her inexperienced daughter lacked. Such a monumental moment... Ash couldn't resist the Xtransceiver only an arm's length away.

Like the consummate pro she was, Mrs Johanna didn't bat an eyelid at the red light blinking in her stuffed face; if anything, she overperformed for the camera, thrusting her head up and down passionately.

“Hnnnnggg... Mrs Johanna...”

Beyond her bobbing blue head, Ash was drawn to her pale ass jiggling in the air. He activated the mechanical selfie stick, steering the Xtransceiver into the airspace behind Dawn's mom. It captured a rear view of her long legs extending from pink heels, and her fat

ass wobbling from where she'd bent to service him. One for the spank bank, Ash thought, though he could only film for so long before her vigorous sucking made it impossible to hold the recording device steady.

Grunting, he put the Xtransceiver down lest the overwhelming pleasure forced him to drop it. He clenched his ass cheeks and gripped the sides of his seat as Mrs Johanna attempted to suck the soul out of his young cock, choking and sputtering with zest. She took him to the brink but through experience had the presence of mind to dial it back before he crossed his limit, withdrawing from his spit-shined tip and taking a huge gasp of much needed air.

All that dicksucking had apparently worn her out. She needed to catch her breath and take a seat, which she did – right in his lap.

His dick welcomed her with an energised throb. It wasn't every day a plump, naked ass – belonging to your girlfriend's hot mom – fell into your lap. The softness of her bottom massaged his belly on the way down. His erection, lathered with her saliva, enjoyed the rub of her silky thighs surrounding it.

God...

Was he allowed to use his hands yet? Uncertain, he kept them to the sides while she gently stirred her wet heat in his crotch.

Mrs Johanna held the Xtransceiver in landscape to record his bashful reaction, catching but a glimpse of his face before he ducked behind her. She shook her head with a playful smile. Then, as if to foster courage, she peeled down one sleeve of her apron, exposing a large, brown teat to the camera.

Any idiot could've seen she was a busty woman from afar but, right there, sitting in his lap, Ash garnered a whole new appreciation for her ampleness. His hand moved on its own. Her breast had barely been out three seconds before it found itself being groped.

“Who said you could touch?!” she fumed.

He froze. “Sorry, er –”

“Just kidding!” she chimed. Ash sighed with relief. He kept forgetting adults could have a sense of humour too. Albeit, a strange sense in Mrs Johanna's case; he couldn't tell if it

was her or the circumstances making it seem so. “Go on, honey,” she egged him on. “I know for a fact you’ll never have as much fun doing this with Dawn,” she whispered to hide the jibe from the invisible viewer.

Mrs Johanna is having way too much fun with this.

Half the time she appeared so mature and composed, but others she behaved like a girl half her age. Some sort of identity struggle waging on inside her, he imagined. Maybe it had finally caught up to her – missing out on all those youthful years she’d sacrificed to raise Dawn. Watching their sex video might’ve been the catalyst. And he might’ve been the pivot anchoring her present to her past.

Whatever Mrs Johanna was going through, Ash would be here to help, he decided, especially if help required fondling her big tits.

He continued groping her where he’d left off, rubbing the large mound in squishy circles. The Xtranseiver captured it all, his kneading and pinching, her pouting and pulling sexy faces for the camera. Mrs Johanna moved her free arm round the back of his neck, leaving no obstacle between his lips and her big, puffy nipple. He did the natural thing anyone in his position would do: pop it in his mouth.

She moaned in delight as he rolled the chocolate-coloured nub on his tongue. Ash realised mid-suck, he and his girlfriend now had one more thing in common – they’d both fed on her mom’s teats at varying points in her life. Mrs Johanna played it up, too, nestling him in her arms like a big baby, rocking him gently and encouraging him to ‘suck on mommy’s tits like a good boy’.

And Ash was a very good boy, stuffed her entire areola in his mouth, slobbered all over mommy’s weighty breast. He sucked her exposed teat while fondling the covered one, his dick growing stiffer and taller between her bare thighs. The attention to her tits wettened her womanly parts, her juices practically pooling in his lap. While she was distracted by the camera, Ash was tempted to sneak a hand under her apron and help himself into her scorching oven.

Oven.

Just as he thought the word, Mrs Johanna started with a gasp. “The cake!”

It took a sharp tang hitting the air to remind her she was still baking. She abandoned the Xtransceiver and scuttled to rescue the birthday cake.

Ash was left on his lonesome, sadly stroking his dick as he watched her over his shoulder, impatiently awaiting her return. The taste of batter lingered on his tongue, long after he'd mopped it off her thighs. Eyes fixed on her bent-over rear, he sought the bowl and wooden spoon behind him, but his blind reach knocked over a different item scattered on the table. He whipped round to discover a bottle of coconut oil lying on its side. Thankfully its sealed lid prevented further calamity. As he stood the bottle back up, a crazy idea spilt into his head.

Johanna breathed a sigh of relief after seeing her cake hadn't turned into a solid, black crisp. A little extra brown on the edges, maybe, but totally salvageable. Nothing to worry about. No sooner had she turned off the heat and closed the oven door than did a trickle of something cold land on her rear. She recoiled, shooting half a glance over her shoulder. "Is that -"

"Yup," Ash said. She could hear the wicked grin in his voice. "I'm oiling you up, Mrs Johanna."

She made a scoffing sound, taken aback by his audacity, and yet, incredibly intrigued by it. "Are you now?" she asked rhetorically. Her body remained bent over despite her check-up on the oven being complete. She let him pour the lube-like liquid onto her cheeks, sensual honey dousing the big, puffy buns. "If you wanted to help me bake, you could've just asked."

Ash smirked. Multiple streams of coconut oil ran down the slopes of her big ass, seeped into her crack and trailed down the back of her thighs. He'd done nothing but his best to respect his girlfriend's mother, in spite of the relentless teasing she'd put him through, but the sight of Mrs Johanna bent over and marinated in oil attracted the palm of his hand. The loud slap sent droplets flying off her wobbly rear.

"Ash Ketchum!" she said in a scolding tone reminiscent of his own mother.

For once, Ash found himself on the right side of a spanking. He slapped her other cheek, despite her feigned outrage, then rubbed in the coconut oil till every curve of her ass was slippery and glistening gold. As if Mrs Johanna wasn't wet enough as it were. Ash

dragged his throbbing cock up against the inside of her slick thigh then patted her pussy with the tip. The wetness of her nether lips made smacking noises, salivating for his entry.

“What are you waiting for?” she said breathlessly.

“I thought you said no fucking around behind Dawn’s back.”

She groaned as he coiled a snide grin behind her back. Not so fun when he was the one toying with her. “Please.”

“Please what, Mrs Johanna?”

“Please. I want it. All of it.”

“All of it, huh?” Ash wondered what Dawn would think of her mother begging for teenage cock. He teased the cougar’s dripping-wet pussy with more dick-slaps. “Sure you can handle it, Mrs Johanna? I mean, I wouldn’t want to put your back out or anything.”

“Ha!” she laughed humourlessly. “Are you going to posture all day or put that big-for-nothing dick to good use?”

“Didn’t you also say to always practice safe se-”

“Ash Ketchum, I swear if you don’t fuck me right this instance I’m going to – aah!”

Ash was already three inches deep before she finished her thought. Her mature pussy clutched him tighter than expected, perhaps due to a lack of regular usage, but all that was about to change.

Mrs Johanna’s mouth hung frozen in a gasp as her hairy minge was pried open unceremoniously, the blend of lubricants making for smooth entry. She reached back and put a hand on his belly, stopping him from throwing his entire cock through her narrow passageway. Instead, he held still while she did all the work, slowly moving her butt back and forth, sliding various lengths of dick inside herself.

“Ooh wow...” she said, after backing up far enough for her ass to touch his tummy, consuming his entirety in the process.

‘Ooh wow’ was right, Ash thought, grunting at the snug fit. His girlfriend’s mom achieved in less than a minute what his girlfriend had struggled to their whole relationship. It

was a notable improvement, even if the stuffed woman struggled to move freely for the first few minutes. And it only got better. In no time, Mrs Johanna was gyrating her hips up and down at a frantic pace, her oiled ass wobbling like crazy as his dick bobbed inside her tight snatch.

Ash moaned while the cougar worked his cock like the pro she was. She began to slow sooner than he'd wanted and so he took it upon himself to maintain their momentum, grabbing her by the waist and thrusting with reckless abandon. Her supple ass clapped and bobbed, her cries growing louder, more lurid. Ash couldn't believe he'd done it. He was fucking his girlfriend's hot mom.

And he fucked her as though he had a point to prove. After a dizzying spell of penetration, she pulled herself out of him and limped towards the sink, wobbly on her heels as if the debauched reintroduction to dick left her weary. Maybe she'd never been pounded like that even in her youthful days. Had she ever had her ass eaten?

As she steadied herself by the sink, Ash knelt behind Mrs Johanna, grabbed two chunks of slippery ass and spread them far apart. He reached his tongue out and touched the tiny sphincter nestled at the centre. She flinched with delight. The firmer he tried to clutch her oiled ass, the more the slippery chunks fumbled at his fingertips. He powered through his struggle for purchase to stuff his face deep in her heavenly buns.

"Nnnng..." she purred.

"Mmmm..." He breathed her in while gobbling up her booty. If not for the small matter of Dawn's surprise birthday party, he could've eaten it all day.

Johanna's eyes fell shut as she savoured the young lad's tongue and smacking lips. If it hadn't been obvious before, she fully understood why her daughter picked him. His penchant for a big, round posterior suited their bodily proportions. He feasted on her backside as though it had been stuffed with cake batter. Then he stood up, leaving her cheeks to jiggle back to rest around the drenched sphincter, lifted her right leg about the knee and placed it on the kitchen counter. The cool air that rose between her parted thighs was quickly invaded by the bluntness of his dick-head.

Her pussy stretched open to accommodate her daughter's boyfriend once more. Johanna tightened her grip on the edge of the counter, almost sorry for underestimating

Dawn's struggle. Ash felt even bigger than he looked, easily the biggest she'd taken in, far surpassing the knob that had produced her daughter. She braced herself as he resumed pumping her with youthful zest.

"Aah, aah! Ooh, Ash!" Shrill and helpless cries of pleasure shattered her domineering facade. She'd gone from holding the young Trainer under her thumb to being completely under his. He smacked her ass in a kinky show of dominance.

As a single mom, she never thought she'd see the thrill in getting spanked by a kid half her age. He made her feel young again, carefree and reckless as he fucked her raw over the kitchen sink, her swinging breasts knocking against the long neck of the tap. Through the venetian blinds, her Glameow played cat and mouse with his Pikachu, a mere side glance away from catching their masters in the throes of a steamy tryst. With one sleeve fallen off her shoulder, she panted hot breaths against the window as her body was jerked violently by the young, energetic buck behind her.

Noisy squelches emanated from under her apron, her ass wobbling every time he smashed into it, immersing himself to the hilt. Johanna took pride and pleasure in providing the first true outlet he could raid balls-deep without holding back. That huge shlong of his finally got what it deserved: the full, unbridled depths of a real woman. And judging by his loud, carnal grunts, he enjoyed filling her up as much as she enjoyed being filled.

If only you'd done your job, Dawn, I wouldn't have had to do it for you.

She could hear herself scolding her daughter; even in the midst of balls smacking against her squelching pussy, the mother inside her persisted.

It was all going terribly well until Ash suddenly balked. "I'm sorry, Mrs Johanna!" He pulled out with a low, guttural sigh. Then she felt something hot and gooey shoot across her bare back. The young Trainer had broken her rule, and continued to do so as more cum splashed her ass cheeks and oozed down the crevice beneath the apron's bow.

Such a good, healthy load, Johanna thought, scooping his essence off her butt with a finger. The briny extract mingled with the batter aftertaste on her tongue. His lack of willpower might've been disappointing but his ejaculate was rich in volume and flavour. She wasn't ready for it to be over yet, despite her pledge to end things immediately if he'd failed to meet her expectations.

Johanna hopped onto the corner of two kitchen counters, splatting the surface with her cum-covered butt. She spread her legs and scooted over the edge so the bottoms of her round cheeks hung under either side of the dangling apron, a droplet of white goo falling prey to gravity.

Ash already knew what was expected of him. He stood on his knees to reach the height of the kitchen counter Mrs Johanna was hovering above. Lifting her apron with the top of his head, he got a hold of her meaty folds and tugged, sucking her sodden pussy with a gratuitous moan.

Freeing moans of her own, the insatiable mother guided his movements with her hand combed through his messy hair. He learned where and how she liked to be licked from her squeezing his skull whenever he hit a sweet spot. Hearing the way she moaned under the magic strokes of his tongue soon had his dick as hard as a Rhydon's horn once again. He knew then he wasn't quite done piping his girlfriend's MILF of a mom just yet.

Ash ate out her blue minge until her thighs quaked around him and a cry of ecstasy ripped through the kitchen. Panting heavily, Mrs Johanna took a minute to come down from the scream-inducing orgasm, one she hadn't experienced in a millennium by the sounds of it. He helped her walk on wobbly legs.

"Where are you taking me, Ash Ketchum?" She sounded delirious.

"I want to try something."

Johanna found herself led back to the kitchen table where Ash pushed the clutter to one side with the back of his forearm, then bent her onto the cleared space so that her torso lay flat while her bare ass jutted over the edge. More coconut oil soon glazed her plump bottom, but this time she knew something devilish was afoot when Ash stuck his middle finger between her cheeks and massaged the lubricant into her anus.

Of course he wanted to try *that*. Johanna had flashbacks of his failed attempt with her daughter. Unlike Dawn, she wouldn't chicken out, clenching her fists tight as the head of his cock inquired at her backdoor. Big, bulbous, and lathered in coconut oil, it wedged its way into the tight ring of muscle. Her eyes shot wide-open after the entire head entered her rectum. He was in.

Ash planted one foot on the table and angled his cock downwards, hoping gravity might ease his descent into the incredibly tight exit. She heaved and puffed for air, then whined with every inch he crammed inside. Her rear passage offered no wiggle room and would've been impossible to penetrate without the large spread of coconut oil. But penetrate he did.

Ash worked up from a tentative rhythm to a quick-paced humping of her rear. He stuffed her anus with rigid meat, again and again, stretching her sphincter to the point it gaped whenever he slipped out. The ring of muscle barely had a second to breathe before Ash swooped back in. She squealed high-pitched moans, the new sensations probably just as carnal and exhilarating to her.

“Don’t... stop...” she puffed through ground teeth. “Don’t... cum...”

Oh jeez, were they still following that rule?

Every passionate second, the growing momentum pushed him closer to rewarding her with another dose of his manmade batter. His deep thrusts ended in loud slaps against her bubbly ass. The table legs scraped against the floor as their boisterous weight shifted the furniture beneath them, her upper thighs pressing into the blunt edge. Ash imagined if anyone had entered through the backdoor at that precise moment, they would've seen the back of Mrs Johanna's naked legs behind the kitchen table and a youngster's pert buttocks bouncing on top of hers, his large cock drilling her anal cavity. As it turned out, he didn't have to imagine it.

A loud gasp rocked the air. “Oh my God!”

The rampant fucking stopped abruptly as Ash and Mrs Johanna threw glances over their shoulders.

Dawn stood frozen with shock in the doorway, struggling to make sense of her boyfriend's cock lodged deep in her mother's anus. She dropped the bags she was carrying.

Ash, too, remained frozen, still rooted in place as a surge of discomfort rushed to his cheeks. “D-Dawn, uh, sur... prise?”

She huffed and stormed out of the kitchen. Loud stomps up the staircase ricocheted through the house. Then the BANG of her bedroom door.

Mrs Johanna sighed and dropped her head. "I'm a failure of a mother."

"I'm a failure of a boyfriend," he droned, too.

"Yes, you are."

"Hey!" It wasn't like he'd screwed around behind Dawn's back on his own.

"And what were you thinking? 'Surprise'? Really?"

He scratched the back of his head sheepishly. "I panicked." Not quite the surprise he'd planned for his girlfriend, nor the surprise she'd planned for her daughter.

"Um, think you could get off me, now?"

"Oh, right, right!" His limp dick slipped right out of her anus. "At least I didn't cum again, right? Heh heh heh..."

Mrs Johanna was not in the least bit amused. "She wasn't supposed to be back this early. I'd sent her all the way to Jubilife City to pick up a Mystery Gift from an old friend." She rummaged through the bags Dawn had dropped and couldn't find said package. "I guess she decided to run her own errands and double back before heading out there." Mrs Johanna sighed again. "I'll deal with her."

Ash didn't fight her on it. If he walked into Dawn's bedroom now, there was no telling if he'd ever walk out. She wouldn't end her own mother though.

Would she?

Once Mrs Johanna took the brave road up the staircase, Ash pulled up his boxers and trousers. He packed away the Xtransceiver, but not before deleting all the footage out of guilt, then gathered all his camera equipment in the living room. No way this surprise party was still going to go ahead – and if it did, Ash would be the last person Dawn would want to attend. It was best he got out of there now, a good hour before all her other friends were due to show up. Ash slung his backpack over his shoulder and stepped one foot out of the kitchen door when a voice called out to him.

"And where do you think you're going?"

He stopped and turned. It was Mrs Johanna. She was leaning casually against the archway, arms crossed, completely naked after disposing of the apron. He shouldn't have started getting hard again, but he was. "I can't be here, Mrs Johanna." He looked away from her glorious rack. "We screwed up big time. I'd be surprised if Dawn ever talks to me again, let alone looks me in the face. This party is –"

"Just getting started," she interjected, much to his puzzlement. With a sly smile on her face, she said, "Come upstairs, Ash." Then added, "Oh, and you might want to bring the coconut oil." She disappeared up the staircase with an impish giggle.

Ash stared at the half-emptied bottle of coconut oil on the table. *What the heck is going on?* Whatever it was, it intrigued him enough to abandon his plan of leaving early.

Ash pushed Dawn's bedroom door and allowed it to slowly swing open as he stood outside grasping the coconut oil. The unexpected sight of both his girlfriend (soon to be ex-girlfriend?) and her mother sitting butt-naked on the edge of her bed astonished him. Ash didn't know what Mrs Johanna could've possibly said to calm her daughter but all the fury burning in Dawn's eyes minutes ago had cooled to a tranquil blue.

"Ash, I've had a talk with Dawn," Mrs Johanna explained. "We're going to have a much longer one later on. But we both agree our time now will be better served with your involvement." They looked at him as though he was supposed to understand what that meant. He didn't. "You see, Ash. Dawn here says she's finally ready to learn."

"Oh?"

Mrs Johanna assured him of her legitimacy by cupping her daughter's face and pulling her into a full-blown, open-mouthed kiss. He almost lost his grip on the coconut oil.

When Mrs Johanna had promised to whip her daughter into shape, Ash never dreamt it would be this soon, or that she'd have him involved in the 'lesson', too. He'd done nothing particular to deserve it either. Sure, he might've made Dawn happy. And sure, he might've made Mrs Johanna feel young again. But this reciprocation was far beyond the realms of normalcy. And did it mean Dawn and Mrs Johanna were into girls, too?

Mother and daughter ended their passionate snog then scooted apart and patted the space on the bed between them, a space especially reserved for one Ash Ketchum.

“Come on, Ashy,” Dawn said.

“Before the guests arrive,” Mrs Johanna added.

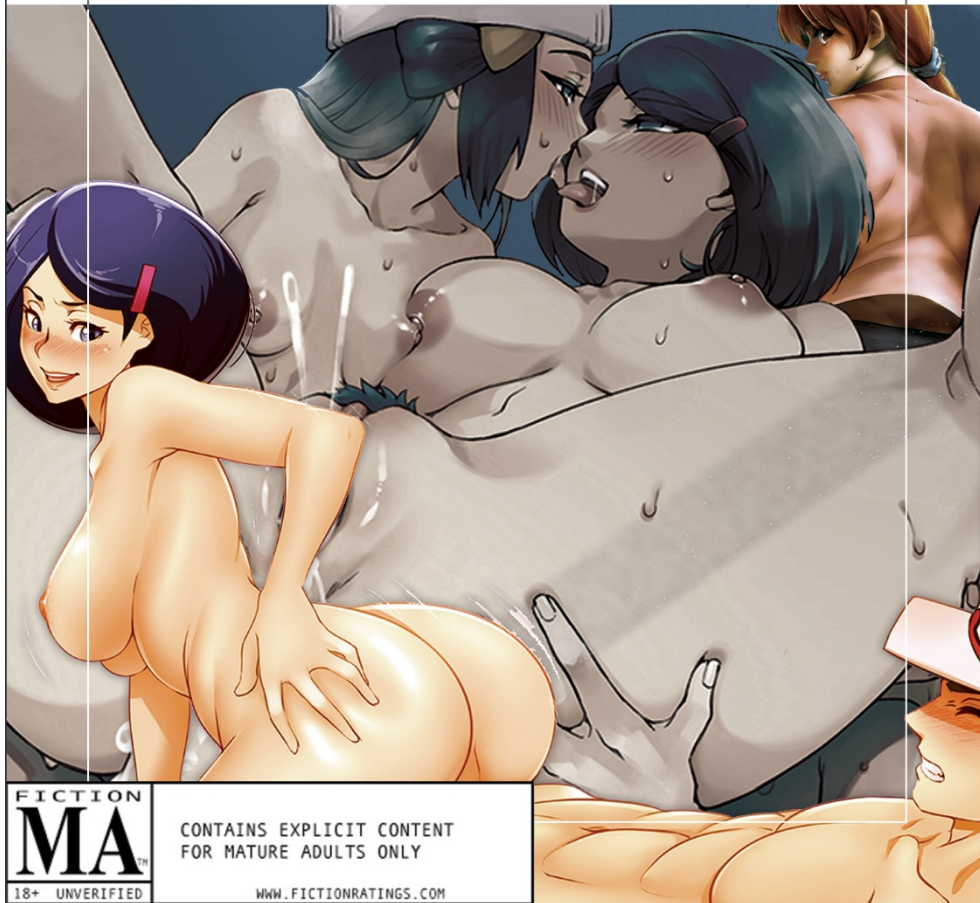
Excitement welled up in his tummy. And his jeans. Ash started to feel as though it was *his* birthday. He unbuckled his belt and shut the door behind him. Surprise, indeed.

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

ONCE SMITTEN, TWICE BI

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 4



FICTION
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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 hmphed. “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?”

...

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 revigorated 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 wagging 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...? Deepthroat 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 thrustured 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! 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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As always, thanks again for reading! Have a nice day and take care!

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.