

# lemonzsaucce

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## ... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called [lemonzsaucce.com](http://lemonzsaucce.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 [lemonzsaucce.com/donate](http://lemonzsaucce.com/donate) to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

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

- j.j. scriptease

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## DISCLAIMER

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

## WARNING

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

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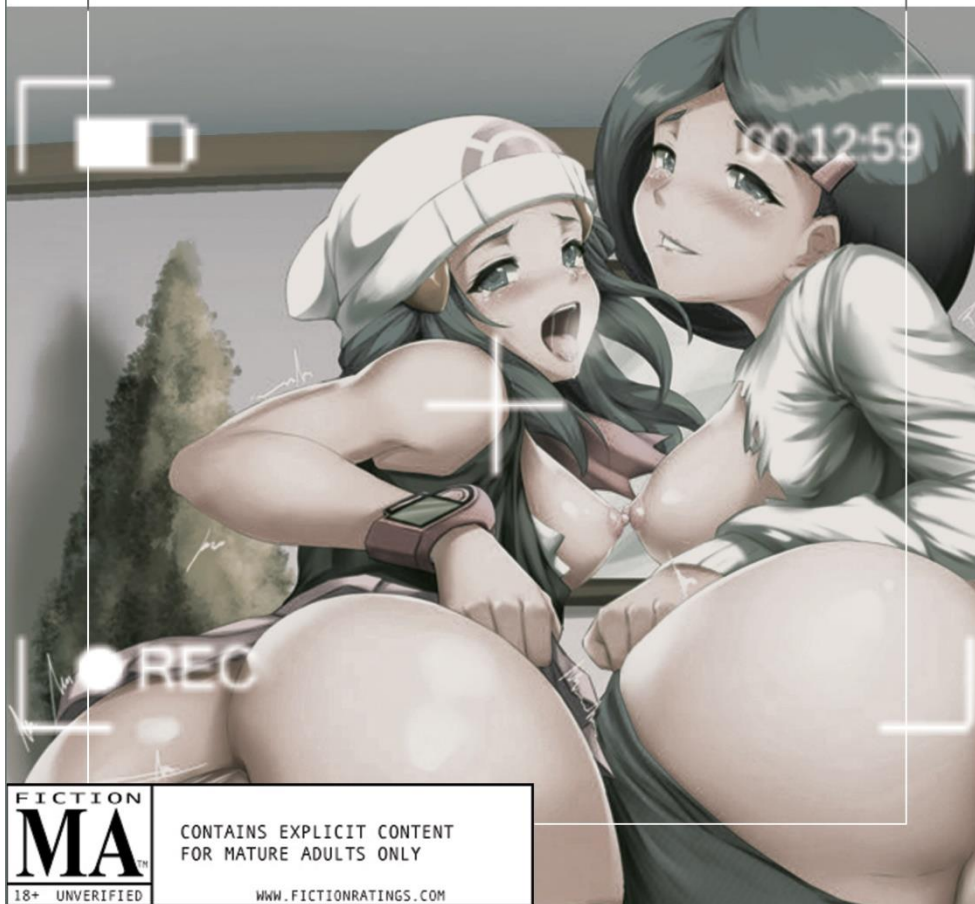
**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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# **ONCE SMITTEN, TWICE BI**

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

**PART 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*

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## Part 1 – Dawn Done Dirty

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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 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 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 much 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.

"Oooooh...." 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 to 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."

## END OF PART 1

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**Author's Notes:** Thanks for reading! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at [lemonzsauce.com](http://lemonzsauce.com) or hit me up at [reviews@lemonzsauce.com](mailto:reviews@lemonzsauce.com). I do my best to respond to all reviews.

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...

Special credit goes to *junou* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

<https://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/Junou/profile>

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*