

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 2



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 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.

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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.

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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.

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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 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."

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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

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Special credit goes to *taboolicious* 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.patreon.com/taboolicious>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.