

lemonzsauce

... 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 [lemonzsauce.com](http://lemonzsauc<u>e</u>.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 [lemonzsauce.com/donate](http://lemonzsauc<u>e</u>.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 3



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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 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 clear 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 only the 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 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 listened, 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 present 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.

“...ooahhh...” 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 Xtransceiver 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 on 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 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.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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

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Special credit goes to *aarokira* 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.pixiv.net/en/users/26061284>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.