

# lemonzsauce

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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 [lemonzsauce.com](http://lemonzsauce.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://lemonzsauce.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.*

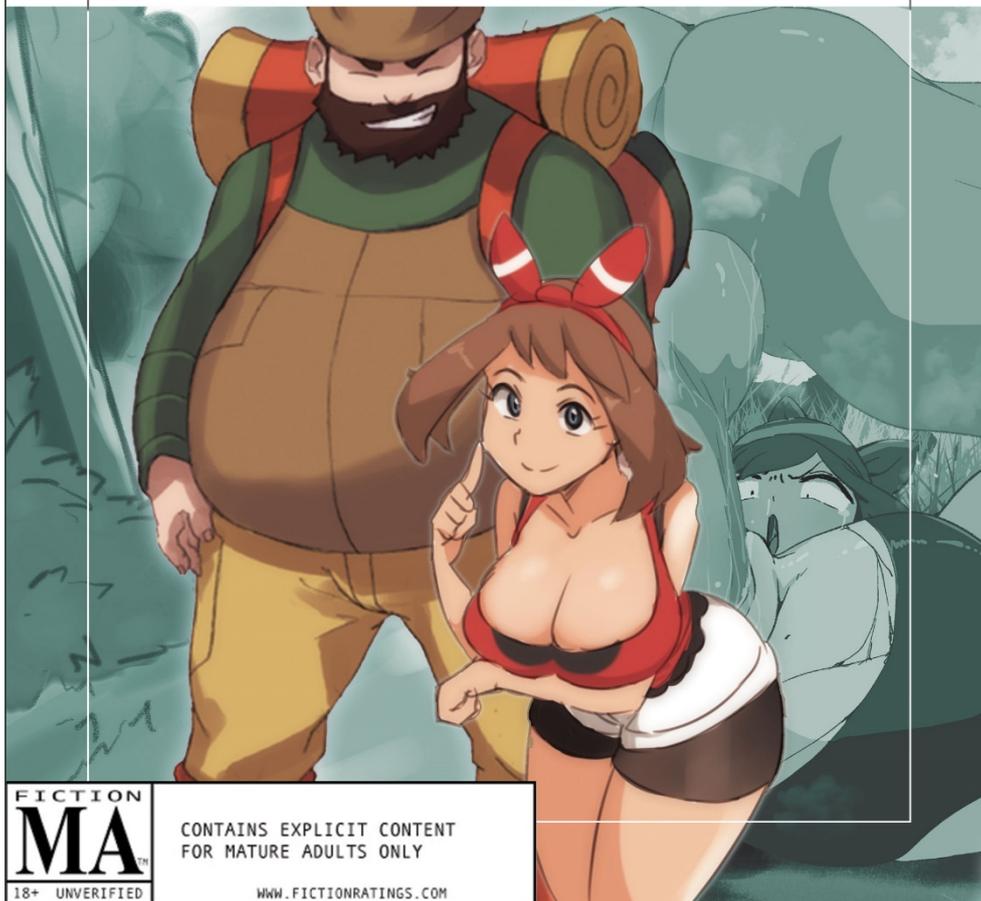
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**J. J. SCRIPTease**

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**THE MATING PRESS...  
WHAT'S THAT?**

(A Pokémon Fanfic)



**Synopsis**

When an unapologetic sleazeball happens upon a certain young and naive Coordinator, he embraces the opportunity to impose a hands-on demonstration of his favourite technique.

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# The Mating Press... What's That?

*A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scripture*

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*(WARNING: This story contains scenarios involving potentially underage characters and non-consensual encounters. Reader discretion is advised.)*

A man took refuge under the overhanging canopy of a large bush. By some miracle, its dense foliage was able to conceal his portly frame. Every breath he inhaled weighed heavily, the air struggling to fill his lungs as he strived to maintain silence. His light green shirt clung damply to his back, contrasting with the deeper hue of his vest, the earthly colours blending into the lush foliage around him. His yellow trousers rustled with each subtle shift, and his red-orange boots tapped the ground with an anxious rhythm.

Beady eyes darted back and forth beneath the brim of his khaki hat. They peeked through a small opening in the foliage, narrowing as they focused on a distant, solitary figure. A shadow of anticipation danced above his hushed lips, the dark moustache quivering with nervous excitement. “Mmm... yes... attagirl...” he purred under his breath, a sinister whisper as he ogled the Trainer’s feminine curves.

While his knack for tracking pokémon had always been remarkable, this time, he sought to capture something even more appealing.

The brunette’s name had eluded him during his covert eavesdropping session on her and her fellow travellers earlier that morning. Nevertheless, fate had delivered an unexpected gift when she chose to stray from the safety of her three male companions and venture alone. After trailing the group of youths throughout the day, his clandestine efforts were finally bearing fruit. From the moment he’d secured his vantage point among the bushes, he maintained his unrelenting scrutiny of the target, dissecting her form, her every movement.

The object of his ominous fascination embodied the spirit of the young and free, a striking blend of innocence and disarming allure. A pretty, young thing with a physique sculpted by the very fabric of her attire. Her choice of clothing only heightened her charm; an arresting crimson top clung lovingly to her curves, amplifying her ample bosom and dainty waistline. His eyes fixated on her perky breasts, how they swayed in response to her skilful

toss of a Poké Ball. A Beautifly emerged to take on an unsuspecting Munchlax before her, but his lurking eyes were more captivated by her short white skirt, which barely skimmed the tops of the bike shorts embracing her thighs like a second skin.

Each step she took, each gesture she made, was a titillating performance showcasing her youthful vigour. A vivid red-and-white bandana adorned her flowing brunette bangs, making her a distinguishable figure amidst the woodland surroundings. She proved herself more than a pretty face as her Beautifly elegantly manoeuvred around the Munchlax at her command. He reminded himself to exercise caution—he didn't want to find himself on the receiving end of that pokémon's attack.

Nervousness and excitement danced a frenzied tango in his protruding gut. His heart pounded in his chest, a relentless drumbeat urging him into action, yet caution's cold grip held him in check. Was it best to act now, while she was distracted by the wild pokémon? The debate raged in his mind, his thoughts as chaotic as the wind whistling through the trees. But what if her friends suddenly appeared alongside her? It was a gamble, a precarious dance between seizing the opportunity now or waiting for a more favourable moment. His trembling hands fidgeted with a stray leaf as he muttered to himself. "Maybe I should just... go for it?"

The image of her youthful beauty was perfection, a chance to mend the wounds of countless rejections he'd endured his whole pitiful life.

He couldn't afford any mistakes; she was too precious, too perfect a symbol for his reparations.

"Yes!" Her sudden exclamation jolted him from contemplation. She flung an empty Poké Ball out of his sight, targeting the defeated Munchlax. The red and white sphere sailed through the air, encapsulating the cute, chubby pokémon in a brilliant flash of light, merciless in her conquering. As was the way of the world, the poor little guys never stood a chance. In the blink of an eye, she had secured her prize and vanished from his view to retrieve it.

The forest felt emptier once she left his line of sight.

She didn't know it yet, but in that moment, she made up his mind for him.

With a deep breath, he steadied his trembling nerves and summoned every ounce of determination within him. Step by cautious step, he emerged from the concealing cover of

the bushes. The path she had taken beckoned, bathed in warm, inviting sunlight—his road to redemption, dappled in optimism. His heart raced with a heady mix of excitement and trepidation. The die was cast, and there was no turning back now.

Exertion weighed on him, his laboured breaths disturbing the stillness of the woods. The heaviness of his encumbering gut hindered his speed, each step up the gradual incline a herculean effort. Yet, morbid determination propelled him onward.

Then, a welcome sight came into view. There she was, the object of his fixation, bent over some underbrush, her intent focused on finding her dispatched Poké Ball. It was the opportune moment to indulge in his latest obsession. Her petite figure, accentuated by the snug contours of her attire, beckoned like a forbidden fruit.

He advanced, his heart racing, not only due to the physical exertion but also the intoxicating thrill of his pursuit. The closer he drew to her, the more entrancing the view became. Her cheerful humming masked the subtle sounds of his heavy footsteps, and despite his portly build, he managed to close the distance while keeping her blissfully unaware of his large, round figure shadowing her every move. It wasn't until he was a mere breath away that the stark contrast in their sizes truly struck him. The young Trainer appeared incredibly small and delicate when juxtaposed with his wide and towering frame.

Up close, his fascination reaped tantalising rewards. Bent over in her search, the back of her white skirt hitched up, laying bare her shapely rear ensconced in those snug, form-fitting bike shorts. Such a lovely, supple rump. A feast for his eyes—her rotund glutes, each curve and contour, sculpted to perfection, creating an enticing vision akin to a ripe onion. Her yellow fanny pack perched atop her rump, its pouch resting casually on her cheeks. The beguiling appeal of her young, shapely ass stole the breath from his lungs, the scintillating spandex clinging to her buttocks with a possessive tightness. Even the sun, as if in silent tribute, cast its radiant light upon her backside, anointing it with a divine sheen.

The panty lines etched beneath the spandex drew his rapt attention, sparking a curious wander of his imagination, beckoning him to ponder the colour of her undergarment. He leaned toward innocence, envisioning pristine white, a hue fitting for her outward purity.

With each passing second she remained unaware of his presence, his confidence swelled like a quiet storm gathering momentum. He inched closer, unable to resist the magnetic pull of that taut ass. His hand extended forward on its own accord, daring fingers

pinching the air as they drew nearer to one of her juicy, round cheeks. Every instinct urged him on, his trembling hand moving ever closer to her supple roundness.

A tumultuous tug-of-war between desire and sensibility raged within him.

His forehead glistened with beads of nervous sweat, and his heart pounded in his chest like a drum, each beat echoing the crescendo of his anticipation.

As his hand drew nearer, the bulge in his pants strained against the fabric. It throbbed with want, pitching a tent in reverence for the young Trainer's unsuspecting booty.

Every fibre of his being became attuned to the impending moment, his senses heightened to an unbearable degree. The world around him faded into insignificance as he focused solely on the plush prize awaiting his fingertips. Sounds of nature were drowned out by the thunderous drumming of his pulse, an insistent reminder this moment was one he couldn't afford to let slip through his fingers. He was a man teetering on the precipice of forbidden temptation.

Then suddenly, the deafening crack of a twig beneath his boot echoed through the forest, cutting through the stillness like a thunderclap. It was a sound both faint and jarringly loud, a harbinger of his presence he could not have anticipated.

Her melodic humming stopped abruptly.

He cursed himself, his heart pounding dread and frustration as he yanked back his hand in a frantic retreat.

Her body stiffened, sensing something amiss. She turned around with a start, catching a glimpse of his arm pulling away.

*Damnit!*

He'd been caught.

Her gaze darted between her rear and the hand now tucked behind his back, her expression flickering with confusion and a hint of suspicion.

He stammered, the words tumbling out in a rush of improvisation, "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean to startle you." His voice quivered as he continued, "I was just... trying to help. Your fanny pack—it looked like it was about to fall off."

“Huh?” She straightened from her bent-over position, her gaze now focused on the yellow waistpack settled on her rump. With some fortune, she noticed it was slightly lopsided, although not nearly as severe as he had made out. “Oh!” She readjusted her fanny pack with a practiced motion, securing it firmly in place. She then turned back to him with genuine appreciation. “Thank you, sir,” she replied with a smile. “Ugh, I really need to go shopping soon. Hate that feeling when stuff doesn’t fit you like it used to, know what I mean?”

He chuckled, his laughter a blend of nerves and relief that his fabricated tale seemed to have worked. “I totally get you!” He laughed, his gaze drifting to her well-proportioned chest. “Although, I’d say your clothes fit you... just fine, better than fine, actually.”

“Really? You think?” The young Trainer glanced down at herself, seemingly oblivious to how the snug fit accentuated her developed curves. “It’s just okay, I’d say. Comfortable enough for outings like this. Thanks, though.”

He nodded, relief washing over him. She didn’t seem to have caught his indiscreet glance. “You’re welcome. You seem like quite the pleasant young lady.”

Her smile brightened. “And you seem super nice. Not everyone out here is, you know?”

“Oh?”

“There’ve been rumours about some creep going around and...” She shivered, as though the mere thought conjured disturbing images. “I don’t even want to say it.”

“Hmm.” He nodded in understanding, the weight of his deception hanging heavy in the air. “Well, you can’t be too careful these days,” he replied gloomily. “You never know who you might come across in the woods.”

“Totally get you,” she replied, her laughter lightening the atmosphere as she extended her hand. “Oh, I’m May, by the way.”

He warily accepted her outstretched hand, feeling his own tremble in response, a clammy contrast to her genuine warmth. His gaze was once again drawn to the subtle sway of her chest, the strain against her red top a captivating sight. The fabric seemed almost too small to contain the tremendous tits within. He couldn’t remember the last time he was this

close to such bountiful and perky specimens; not even the full-grown woman that derided him last night possessed such assets.

But this Trainer, her visage bore the fresh innocence of youth, her sapphire eyes sparkling with promise, her smile illuminating her features like a beacon of warmth. Yet, it was her body telling a different story—a narrative of curves and contours that whispered of adult sensuality. Her cherubic visage stood in striking contrast to the voluptuousness of her womanly form; whatever her age, her tits appeared too generous for a girl with such a babyface. Nonetheless, their subtle, mesmerising jiggles with every movement, their graceful defiance of gravity despite their seemingly impossible size, hinted at their naturalness. His eyes followed the gentle curve of her waist, and from there, his gaze descended to the soft and shapely expanse of her hips—child-bearing hips, despite appearing somewhat a child herself. The short shorts choking her flesh left little to the imagination, emphasised the smoothness of her creamy thighs.

With a nervous clearing of his throat, he finally found his voice amid the handshake. “I’m... uh, pleased to meet you, May,” he replied, his voice laced with a subtle undercurrent of admiration, savouring the sensation of her name. He found himself repeating it in his head, the very sound of it evoking a dreamy quality. Finally, he had a name to attach to his young, curvaceous target.

May’s hand felt delicate and small within his ham-like mitts, and for an instant, he couldn’t help but imagine the power he held—the potential to crush all the bones in her hand with a mere squeeze. Shaking these thoughts away, he composed himself and released his grip. “I couldn’t help but notice how skilled you are at catching pokémon. Impressive stuff.”

He tucked his hands into his pockets, hoping to conceal his nervousness, and the telltale hint of a coy bulge in his pants. Fortunately, her gaze remained fixed above his neckline as she responded.

“Thanks! I’ve been a Trainer for quite some time, so I’ve had lots of practice!” Her claim hinted she might not be the same age as most starting Trainers. Her body certainly hinted that, too, although her youthful visage contradicted the sensuality of her figure. Perhaps she was an early bloomer? The thought stirred his fascination. As he pondered the possibilities, she continued, “If you ever want to learn some techniques, I’d be happy to help you out.”

“Oh, that won’t be necessary,” he said, shaking his head with a faint smile. “I’m no spring chicken as you can probably tell.”

“Gotcha,” May said, her eyes briefly scanning his faded forest-green shirt and well-worn cargo pants. “Well then, Mr. Hiker Guy,” she teased, anointing him a name in the calculated absence of him providing one, “Are you a Pokémon Trainer? Looking for a battle?”

“Actually, no,” he admitted, his eyes shifting uneasily as he hesitated. “I mean, I *am* a Pokémon Trainer, but that’s not what I’m looking for.”

Her brows arched in mild surprise. “Really? I assumed as much, since that’s usually all anyone ever asks around here.”

“I bet all of your opponents really regret taking on a tough cookie like you, huh?” He winked.

“You can bet on it! I’m no pushover!” She pumped her fist, her eyes ablaze with confidence. But then she shifted her demeanour and gave a soft chuckle, humility creeping into her tone. “Honestly though, I’m more into Coordinating than battling. Was actually out here hunting for Berries to make May’s Pink Surprise, but then I saw this Munchlax and then—”

“May’s Pink Surprise?” He quirked a brow.

“Ah, yeah! It’s one of my signature Pokéblock recipes!”

“Quite the Renaissance woman, aren’t you?” he observed, masking his deeper intentions behind a veneer of admiration.

May grinned at the compliment. “Got any Pokémon with ya?”

“Indeed, I do.”

“Awesome!” She rummaged through her fanny pack, her face falling when she didn’t find what she sought. “Ah, man, I thought I had some sample blocks in here for your pokémon to try out.” After a beat, her eyes lit up again. “Oh, I know! Why don’t you come back to camp with me? I can hook you up with some from my stash?”

He hesitated. While the invitation might’ve intrigued him in different circumstances, the last thing he wanted was to have her return to the company of her friends, especially after

he had been fortunate enough to catch her alone. “Oh, don’t trouble yourself!” Then, a more suitable counteroffer sprung to mind. “As it happens, I have a rather abundant supply of Berries at my cabin just a few miles from here. Accompany me, and you’re welcome to as many as your fanny pack can hold.”

“That sounds fantastic!” Her eyes lit up. “What kind of Berries you got?”

He stammered, his lack of Berry knowledge betraying him. “Ah, well, various types, you know. All sorts of colours and different varieties...”

“You must be some sort of Berry aficionado, right?” She nudged his side.

“Oh, totally.”

“So, what Berries would you recommend mixing for making a—”

“Oh, look at the time!” He glanced at his wristwatch, abruptly interrupting her query. “I must be going soon. It’ll be easier to show you than to explain. Come with me.”

She pondered this proposal, her finger lightly touching her chin, an image of pure naiveté.

Inside, his sinister anticipation grew with every moment.

*Say yes, come on, say yes...*

“And where did you say this cabin was?” she asked, sincerely considering the invitation.

He jabbed a finger in a random direction. “Just through that thicket of trees, barely a mile up.”

“Hmm...” She peered out into the woods with one hand shielding her vision from the sun. “Well, that doesn’t seem *too* far away...”

“Exactly,” he concurred, the anticipation now colouring his voice. His heart quickened its pace, like a predator moments before the kill, each beat magnifying the tension roiling within him. Every second stretched out for an eternity as he awaited her decision, a taut knot twisting in the pit of his stomach.

“Okay!” she exclaimed, her eyes alight, and for a moment his heart soared, buoyed by the intoxicating thrill of victory. But then she continued, “I’ll just nip back to camp to grab my backpack. Can’t really haul a lot of Berries with this tiny waistpack.” She frowned at the small pouch on her hip. “Oh, and maybe I can introduce you to my friends while I’m at it!” She rambled on, “They might want to come too and...”

The euphoria that had briefly consumed him plummeted into a chasm of frustration. “Ah, well,” he said, grasping for a suitable excuse as the weight of dashed hopes settled upon him, “here’s the thing—I just remembered that today is the Forest Goblin’s annual tea party at my cabin.”

May blinked. “Forest Goblin’s tea party?”

“Yes,” he confirmed, maintaining a poker face, “they’re like distant relatives of leprechauns, and they’re quite particular about their tea ceremonies. It’s a sacred event, and I’m their designated tea master.”

She tilted her head, her eyes reflecting her innocent curiosity. “Oh, I see. Tea with Forest Goblins. That does sound important.”

He couldn’t believe she was buying into this absurdity. “Absolutely crucial. I really can’t miss it. “

She nodded with understanding. “So, another time then?”

He feigned regret at not being able to meet her friends. “Absolutely, another time.”

She beamed.

Astonished by her willingness to believe his tales, he questioned whether she was genuinely that naive, or perhaps just too polite to call him a nutter to his face? As a twisted test of her gullibility, he decided to push the boundaries even further. A wicked grin played on his lips as he leaned in, preparing to weave another layer of fiction.

“You know,” he began, his voice soaked in calculated intrigue, “the reason I have a cabin around here and know this forest so intimately is because my brother actually owns this entire expanse of land.”

May's eyes lit up like fireflies in the dusk. "Really? Like this whole forest? Bet you know where *all* the awesome Berries are, then! And your brother, what's he like?"

He leaned in even closer, delighted by her unwavering belief in his fabrications. "Oh, he's quite the character, let me tell you. He's a reclusive billionaire who's into, uh, environmental conservation and all that. Super private guy, but he lets me hang out here whenever I want."

The young girl nodded, apparently convinced. "Wow, that's amazing! It must be great to have such a cool brother."

His inner laughter swelled, buoyed by the sheer absurdity that she still took his claims at face value. "Yeah, it has its perks, for sure."

As the conversation meandered into more questions about his fictitious brother, he continued to spin a web of deceit, adding layers to the elaborate fantasy, testing the boundaries of her naivety, all whilst enticing the youngling with a prospect of acquiring the rarest Berries in the entire region.

After a while, however, May glanced at her wristwatch and her eyes widened with surprise. "Yikes! I lost track of time. I should probably get back to my friends before they start worrying about me."

His face soured, slipping to reveal a glimpse of his thwarted ambition. "Ah, of course," he replied, his voice tinged with veiled regret.

She flashed him a friendly smile. "It's been a blast, Mr. Hiker Guy! Next time you gotta show me where all those exclusive Berries are, deal?" She winked.

He mustered a weak, "Of course."

With a pang of disappointment, they both turned around, ready to head their separate ways. Or at least, that's what May did.

He stood anchored, eyes clenched shut, as a torrent of self-reproach cascaded over him.

*Stupid, stupid! What are you doing?! Letting a piece like that slip through your fingers? Well, she does seem really nice though. Maybe she doesn't deserve—argh what am I saying? Excuses, excuses. Another wasted opportunity!*

He knew once she rejoined her friends, the chance to have her to himself would likely slip away forever. Not again. Not this time.

Snapping his head around, he found May had already put some distance between them, but not enough to escape his line of vision. His gaze gravitated toward the back of her white skirt, her cute butt moving beneath the fabric. Could he really let that slip away?

“Wait, May!” The timbre of his voice reverberated with newfound resolve. She halted in her tracks.

The perky brunette waited patiently as he struggled to close the short distance between them. He puffed and panted, lacking her youth and fitness, but she didn't seem to mind, giving him a friendly smile as he finally caught up.

“Something on your mind?” she asked.

Gathering his composure, he posed his proposition, “You said you're a Coordinator, right? There's this new super special move I've been trying to perfect.”

“A new super special move?” She raised her eyebrows. “What's it called?”

Caught momentarily off-guard, he rallied, flashing a roguish grin. “The Mating Press.”

Her eyes narrowed, her expression equal parts perplexed and intrigued. “The Mating Press? What's that?”

Taking a moment to craft an explanation, he eventually settled on, “Well, it's a move that's a bit... challenging to put into words. It's one of those techniques that you really have to witness firsthand to fully grasp. I can teach it to you, too!”

Casting a glance back in the direction she'd been headed, May looked conflicted. “Intriguing, but I should probably be getting back to my friends.”

Sensing the window closing, he leapt at the opportunity to keep it ajar. “It won’t take more than a minute, I assure you. And the payoff could be tremendous. Just picture winning every single Contest you ever compete in!”

Her eyes flicked back to his, scepticism and curiosity twinkling within. “You’re saying it’s *that* much of a game-changer?”

“Game-changing, life-altering, call it what you will,” he asserted with a confidence he scarcely felt. “Once you master the Mating Press, you’ll find it’s an experience you’ll want to revisit, time and time again.”

Convinced, if cautiously so, the naïve girl finally acquiesced. “Alright, you’ve piqued my curiosity. Show me what this ‘Mating Press’ is all about.”

Internally, he exulted. He had her hooked.

His heart pounded with exhilaration, a sly grin unfurling across his face. “To truly master this technique, we’ll need enough space, somewhere we can really stretch out and get... intimate with the mechanics, so to speak. A secluded area would be best, you know, to keep this super-secret move between us. How about we find a quiet, hidden spot where we can fully, uh, *engage* in practice?”

Her eyes lit up at the prospect of being let in on this cool, exclusive, super-secret move. She was practically bouncing with excitement, like a child that had just been promised ice cream. “Sounds awesome! Let’s go find that spot!”

He reached out, offering his hand to May, who hesitated. With a voice steady and comforting, he explained, “It’s my job to look out for pretty things like you in my brother’s forest. Don’t want you getting lost. Or worse.”

The girl, her naive nature shining through, blinked her wide eyes and responded with a sincere, “Oh, that’s so kind of you!” She placed her soft hand in his, oblivious to the predatory tightening of his grip. “It’s nice to meet someone so concerned,” she gushed.

As they journeyed deeper into the forest, hand-in-hand, like father and daughter on a leisurely stroll, her curiosity resurfaced. “So, about this secret move you promised to show me,” she began, looking at him expectantly.

His eyes, shadowed with lewd intentions, trailed over her form, coming to rest with a prolonged stare at her chest. Licking his lips subtly, he said, "Oh, it's a move that leaves all who try it quite... spent, let's say. But the full impact of it is something you'll have to feel to believe." The underlying tone of his voice, dripping with unsaid desires, went completely over her pretty, little head.

A soft wind rustled the leaves overhead, casting fleeting shadows that danced around them. May, entranced by the natural orchestra of chirping Tailow and whispering trees, failed to notice the growing distance between the path they'd left and their current whereabouts. Her delight at the beauty of the forest only grew as she pointed out fascinating fauna and flora, her voice filled with genuine wonder. "Look at those bird pokémon! Their colours are just magical," she exclaimed, her eyes twinkling with enthusiasm.

He, however, was less interested in the wonders of the forest and more in the wonders of her bountiful bosom. Every so often, when she'd get distracted by the allure of nature, he'd steal a longer, more lingering look, his imagination running wild. The corners of his mouth turned upwards in a crooked smile, barely noticeable, as he thought of just how young and dumb she was. "Nature has its own way of, uh, taking us by surprise," he commented cryptically, his voice taking on a raspy quality, "just like the secret move I've promised."

Each time she got sidetracked by some natural marvel, his eyes shamelessly raked over her, fantasising about what lay beneath the thin fabric of her shirt. Maintaining a façade of interest in her chatter about Contests, Berries, her annoying brother, her awesome Gym Leader father, her Pokéblock recipes, and her child-like aspirations for life was quite the feat, as his thoughts were pulled towards the tantalising bounce of her developed chest. He was drowning in fantasies of ripping that shirt open right then and there in the middle of the footpath. Had to remind himself to be smart and patient, but boy was it getting harder, and harder.

They continued their journey, weaving through the maze of densely packed trees. The path grew narrower, the foliage thicker, and the sounds of the forest became magnified, the chirping of birds and rustling of leaves filling the air. As he led her deeper into the wilderness, the sense of isolation grew. The world outside seemed to fade away, replaced by this private, untouched sanctuary they were venturing into.

May's excitement was palpable, her eyes sparkling with curiosity and wonder at every new sight. Oblivious to his intentions, she continued to fill the silence with her chitter-chatter, her voice echoing softly in the thick woods. The very act of holding her hand as he guided her felt electrifying to him, the warm softness of her gloved palm only further fuelling his fantasies.

Finally, they arrived at the secluded glade he had meticulously scouted beforehand, its periphery guarded by a sentinel of towering trees. Overhead, the dense canopy muted the light, casting the area in an ominous, shadowy hue.

He released her hand, watching her fingers slip away from his, the cool air rushing in to fill the void.

She spun around, taking in the beauty of the spot, the grass underfoot, and the patches of wildflowers adding bursts of colour to the otherwise green palette. Her voice, a bright contrast to the shaded ambiance, exclaimed, "What a spot! This feels so remote. I doubt anyone would ever come across us here practicing your super-secret move!"

His grin widened, echoing her observation. "My thoughts exactly, May." The muffled thump of his backpack landing on the ground punctuated the tranquillity of the hidden grove. "It's perfect."

May stretched skyward, her delicate fingers brushing the air as she admired the towering trees that would keep their secret. Sunbeams peeked through the dense canopy, illuminating the contours of her young, fit body, emphasising every sinuous curve wrapped tight in fabric. From where he stood behind her, her uplifted arms provided him a teasing glimpse of the sides of her rotund breasts, the curvaceous profile setting his blood aflame.

"Have to give it to you," she commented, bringing her hands down to her hips. "You weren't kidding about knowing your way around this forest."

A low chuckle was his only reply.

The encroaching silhouette behind her moved with a predator's intent. Each step was laden with lust and anticipation. His heart hammered, practically bursting from his chest as he lecherously ogled the young Trainer. That tight little skirt of hers hugged her ass just right. He could barely resist the urge to grope and claim it for himself. Adjusting his hat low,

his eyes took on a shadowy, menacing glint, the very darkness of the forest seeming to wrap around him.

The space between them shrunk at an alarming rate. Yet, for all his sinister intentions, the young Coordinator remained painfully oblivious, ensnared by the natural wonders around her. Her face, glowing with innocent delight, was a sharp contrast to his lascivious grin. He could feel the heat rising within him as his fingers inched towards the hem of her tiny skirt, ready to explore forbidden territory.

Just as May began to pivot, a curious glint in her eyes, she started, “So, about that move—”

An abrupt yelp cut her words short as he pinched her supple ass over the skirt.

Her body recoiled in surprise, eyes widening in disbelief. “Hey, what do you think you’re doi-mmpfh!”

He shoved his calloused hand over her lips. “Yes,” he whispered, his voice low and menacing as he restrained her struggling figure, “about that move...”

...

No more than three minutes since the struggle began, it had ended.

Bits and pieces of May’s attire littered the secluded glade: one sneaker lay discarded by a thicket, its pair nowhere in sight, a solitary sock somehow discarded a short distance away. Her signature waist-pack—home to Potions, Revives, a compass and other essentials—had been ripped away from her hips and tossed aside, its contents scattered on the grass. Amongst the spillage were all her Poké Balls strewn out of reach, cutting off any attempts to summon help. Her distinctive red-and-white bandana, which once aided him in tracking her through the forest, now dangled from a branch above after exhausting its usefulness. Not far from the hanging article, multiple buttons—violently wrenched from her form-fitting shirt—had found their resting place among crunchy autumn leaves. Then there was his bulky pair of cargo pants, laying purposefully abandoned beside the chaos.

Almost eerily, May's Trainer card had found itself lodged in the ground, its face beaming upwards. Her personal information and cheerful ID photo stood against the chaotic backdrop like a crime scene marker, poignant and stark.

A few feet away, amidst the disarray of personal items in the secluded glade, the young girl in the picture was sprawled on her back, her legs wantonly spread apart as his imposing bulk bore down on her. From a distance, the rise and fall of his hairy arse was just visible above the swaying blades of tall grass veiling their hidden enclave. The glaring contrast between his beefy, brutish form and her delicate, little body was almost grotesque. A gaping tear in her spandex shorts unveiled generous portions of that rounded ass he'd so craved, and his merciless member forced its way past her dainty white panties, the feeble cloth crudely shoved aside.

The monstrous girth of his cock relished in its transgression. It thrust into her with gleeful abandon, violating the unsuspecting petals of a timid pussy that had been so utterly unprepared for his brutal assault.

When he had first drawn aside her Munchlax panties, her hairless snatch had looked so damn innocent—each outer lip so tidy and cute, coming together to form a petite little slit, the kind of gash he could tell hadn't seen much action, a blank canvas in the wilderness. The stark bareness had posed a tantalising question: was she meticulous about grooming, or had her first pube yet to sprout? Neither possibility particularly fazed him.

His bulbous head had met resistance pressing against her sealed folds. It initially seemed too large, too demanding for her unyielding slit. But he had persisted, pushing and prodding, ignoring the sense of sacredness being defiled. He had spat on her pure little flower, rubbed it about her walls, tried again. With enough predatory persistence, the innocence of her pink slit gradually gave way, coming apart to accommodate his meaty invasion. The moment he fully breached her walls, May's sharp intake of breath heralded a conquest most vile.

Minutes later, he still couldn't believe how unbelievably tight she was.

*Fuck, girl, you're really squeezing down on me...*

He could barely hear himself think over her whining and weeping. His own breaths had quickly become ragged, every thrust accompanied by a primal grunt. Hips pistoning, his

sweat splashed onto her, burning hot against her flesh. From the feel of her snatch, it seemed those feeble boys she'd been traveling with hadn't had the balls to give her a proper fucking. "Those limp-dicked losers you're with? Bet they never even realised the goddamn treasure between your legs," he rasped between thrusts. "Fuck, they must be blind or just fucking stupid!"

Her response was a stifled cry, dampened by the weight of his body bearing down on her.

He maintained his slow, punishing rhythm, unconcerned she couldn't retort coherently. She'd done enough blabbing on their way here. Now it was his turn. "If I was traveling with this sweet ass of yours," he growled, his grubby fingers sinking into her plush buttocks beneath them, and emphasised his words with a hard thrust that made her whimper, "you'd be getting this dick every fucking day." He drove into her again, harder, punctuating every word with a thrust, "Every. Fucking. Day."

Trapped beneath his imposing bulk, each forceful plunge sent waves through the young Coordinator. His oversized, jiggling gut rubbed atop of her like some grotesque beast eager to join their coupling. Even though this massive mound of flesh obscured her view of the penetration, the sensation was inescapable. His rotund belly rippled over her flattened form while the rest of him thrustled fervently through the tear in her shorts, the aftermath of each push painted vividly across her contorted features.

"P-please... it hurts," she sobbed.

He smirked, taking her complaints as a testament to his impressive proportions—unlike the only other time he had secured a lay, when the whore he'd paid for had the audacity to belittle his manhood. Maybe he wasn't the longest, but his cock was thick as fuck, a reality her naïve cunt was now painfully aware of. "Never felt anything so damn big, huh, sweetheart?" He chuckled, a rough sound dripping with mockery. "I'd fucking pay to see those limp-dicked losers walk in on this right about now," he grunted, "catching their sweet, naïve gal pal getting fucking pounded by a real man."

Her face turned a deeper shade of crimson, eyes shimmering with tears and shock. The mere thought of her companions seeing her like this was clearly torturous.

He sneered with wicked amusement. “I bet those little shits would be pitching tents in no time, jealous as hell. Pity for them. They’d need a damn forklift to pry my fat cock out of this tight, wet hole.”

May’s face painted a vivid picture of disbelief and revulsion. Her brown hair lay tousled and strewn beneath her like dark tendrils, and those blue eyes—once regarding him with misguided trust—were now wide and glazed with terror. In their watery depths, he discerned the dawning realisation of his betrayal—how quickly the big, cuddly man she thought would protect her through these woods had become a monster to be feared.

A tear welled up and teetered on her lashes before tracing a sorrowful path down her red cheek. Unexpectedly, a twinge of remorse pricked him, but he quickly came back to his senses, reminding himself it was only a matter of time before she’d morph into one of those trashy women who’d sneer at him, laugh behind his back, mock his social anxiety and dismiss him as a ‘creepy fat fuck’. The only way he could make it through this fucked-up world was getting them before they got him.

Besides, pussy always tasted sweeter before it got ran through by hordes of big-dicked studs.

His beastly phallus persisted in corrupting her innocence, stretching and reshaping her sweet treasure with every audacious thrust, her nether lips contorting, wrapping obediently around his meaty girth, a salacious fusion of unchecked lust. The vast woods stood as mute witnesses to their lewd orchestration. Each vulgar note—the lascivious squelch of his dick sinking into her sopping hole, their combined panting and gasping for breath, her unrelenting whimpers—wove together into a lurid concerto. The position he orchestrated was a perverse ballet of dominance and surrender, him the overpowering maestro, her the yielding instrument, his weight humping her into the earth. By meticulous design, they remained secluded enough to ensure no passerby would hear her sounds of distress. Every cry she let out died in the vastness of the forest, leaving her isolated in her plight.

Her face, tilted awkwardly to one side, was pressed under the bulk of his rotund torso, stifling her attempts to call for help.

The very idea they were hidden from the world, shielded by the dense foliage and far from prying ears, only fuelled his lust, pushing him to be more brazen in his desecration.

Barely two minutes had gone by since he'd mounted her, yet his racing heart was on fire. His face was ruddy and slick with perspiration, making the brief moment of intensity seem like an endurance feat. Sure, he might not have been the fittest, but he didn't need to be when he was the shrewdest. One side of his face was marred by recent scratches, and somewhere amid the tall grass lay his khaki hat, displaced during the chaos of their skirmish, leaving his greasy mess of hair on full display. The fleshy part between his thumb and index finger bore a resentful bite mark, a painful memento of his attempts to muffle her. It made him reconsider any notion of forcing his cock into her defiant mouth. She could be a fierce little bitch when called upon. Her desperation had granted her an unforeseen strength that took him by surprise. But in the end, she wound up right where she deserved to be—where they all deserved to be—beneath his crushing weight.

His vest, soaked in sweat and stained with the earthy debris of their tussle, was a frustrating barrier between him and her bare chest. Yet even so, he felt the plushness of her plump tits squashed against him, as the torn shreds of her shirt lay splayed on either side of her. Goddamn, he hadn't expected a youngling like her to be packing such a massive pair of knockers. His only regret was he hadn't had the time to strip himself bare; in all the chaos he'd hardly managed to wrestle his pants and underwear down, never mind the rest of his bulky attire. He would kill to feel those fatties flesh-to-flesh against his sweat-slicked chest.

Salaciously, he relived the moment he had torn open the young girl's shirt. He could still hear that satisfying rip of fabric, still see her buttons popping off like fucking popcorn in every direction, still savour the shocked gasp escaping her pretty lips, still revel in the terror that filled her big doe eyes. And most of all, he remembered the way her tits had reacted to their sudden and violent freeing. No bra had been there to hinder their movement. Each breast had jiggled, bounced, and swayed with an unrestrained enthusiasm, a dance of flesh that was raw and brazenly erotic. The pale mounds had shimmied and oscillated for a few precious moments before they settled into their natural form, full and voluptuous.

Hell, he'd nearly blown his load right then and there.

The vision of her tits, bouncing free with the buttons scattering wildly, was something he'd jack off to for days to come.

Yet, just when he'd thought he could take a moment to gawk at those marvellous mammaries, reality had kicked in. Her writhing, her resistance, her desperate attempts to

scoot away forced his hand. He'd had to pin her down, smothering those huge breasts under his weight, squashing her defiance at once.

With a twisted chuckle, he pressed harder into her, grinding his gritty vest against her tender tits, relishing the friction. "Such a little tease," he growled, each word dripping with malevolence, "parading around without a bra like that? Flaunting these fat tits of yours? You were just begging for someone like me to come along and put you in your place, weren't you?"

As he pressed harder, the gritty fabric abrading her sensitive skin, he could swear he felt her nipples stiffen in response.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" he whispered wickedly into her ear, enjoying the cruel intimacy of his control. Those frantic cries, those desperate calls for "Ash!", "Max!" and "B-B-Brock!" had quieted down, now replaced with choked sobs and involuntary whimpers.

Grinning, he taunted, "Aw, what's the matter, honey? Your little heroes not coming to save you? Maybe they've left their little bimbo whore behind?" His words dripped with derision, each one a verbal slap. "Dumb bitch, gobbling up that Goblin Tea Party shit." He chortled. "If that tiny brain of yours was half as developed as your tits, maybe you wouldn't be getting your tight little cunt stretched out right now."

A fresh wave of tears spilled from her eyes, but he only grinned wider.

"Or maybe," he sneered, pausing to let the weight of his insinuation hang heavy in the air, "just maybe, you're getting off on this? Bet you've been dying for a real man to plough you, not those wimpy boys too afraid to put their hands on you."

She shuddered beneath him, a cocktail of fear, anger, and something else—something he enjoyed provoking. He savoured the delicious sense of power, the intoxicating control he had, the authority to make her feel things she didn't want to feel.

Eager to further his point, he withdrew completely, allowing just the tip of his shaft to tease her damp warmth. After a tension-filled moment, he slid back into her, noting with perverse pleasure how much easier it had become. Her entrance, once so defiant, now welcomed him with slickened invitation, undeniably affected by the friction against her sensitive tits. As he buried himself deeper, her inner muscles seemed less constricting, accommodating his girth with increasing readiness. A smug grin tugged at his lips, relishing the transformation of her once-bashful pussy.

“You’re getting wetter,” he rasped, feeling the heightened lubrication aiding each of his thrusts. “Enjoying yourself, huh?”

“No!” She shook her head a little too vehemently. “Just stop!”

“No! Just stop!” he mimicked, exaggerating her high-pitched tone. “Yeah right, slut. Hear that filthy sound?” He slowed his thrusts, emphasising the obscene squelch each movement produced. “That’s your drenched cunt talking, sweetie. Sounds to me like she’s fucking thirsty for my thick cock.”

The crimson of her blush was blatant, even as she turned away, trying to hide from his mocking eyes.

“Can’t deny how much you want it now.” His hot breath fanned her ear, voice dripping with lewd amusement. “So much for being little Miss Innocent. Look at you now, dripping and moaning like the horny, little whore you are.”

With every vulgar word, he enjoyed the blush spreading across her face, watching her embarrassment battle the undeniable sensations she felt. Her earlier cries for help had all but faded. Replacing them, begrudgingly, were stifled moans and gasps, giving voice to the treacherous pleasures she resisted acknowledging.

In a sudden, searing moment of clarity, the haze gripping May lifted, and a primal surge of defiance ignited within her. The quietude of the woods was shattered by her screams, the raw desperation in her voice echoing hauntingly between the trees. So piercing he winced, her pleas scraping against his eardrums. But the forest returned only indifferent whispers.

In her mounting desperation, his victim lashed out, her slaps and punches fuelled by sheer panic. As his cock sank in, so too did the gravity of her situation, her voice piercing the silence. “Get off!” Each desperate plea was underscored by the frantic thud of her fists against his thick-set torso and robust arms. “Let me go, you bastard!” Her hand shot up and smacked his face with enough force to send a sharp sting across his cheek.

Yet, to him, her frenzied efforts felt as insignificant as a gnat’s buzz in a storm. Each desperate strike she landed was instantly shaken off, the negligible pain nothing compared to the mounting pleasure he took from her young body. He absorbed every blow willingly, letting her handprints serve as red badges on his skin.

“Stop! Y-you... you monster!” she whined. Her little hands struck out at anything they could reach—his chest, his cheeks, even the bridge of his nose. He took every slap she threw his way without a flinch; if bearing the brunt of her futile tantrum was the ticket to savouring the snug heat between her legs, then it was a price he’d pay gladly.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he murmured tauntingly.

“Ugh, get off me!” she cried, trying to bring her knees up to create a barrier, but he easily pressed them back down, smirking at her attempts. “Let me go!” she begged, her voice breaking, eyes shimmering with unshed tears. Her ongoing attempts to resist, every “stop”, “no” and “don’t,” only stoked the fire in his loins, made his thrusts even more purposeful. The rhythm of her desperate slaps mingled with the bodily slaps of their forceful union.

It stopped being cute when she started clawing at his face and jamming her fingers in his mouth. In one swift move, he clamped her wrists to the ground, his thick fingers ensnaring hers with an unyielding grasp. This rough entanglement mocked the gentle hand-holding they’d once shared among the trees. “Keep still, you little minx,” he spat venomously, “And take it like a dirty slag.” He slammed his pelvis into her with a brutality silencing her struggles, if only for a moment.

The world around them dissolved into an intense maelstrom of emotions and sensations. Every muscle in her little body tensed, as if trying to shield herself from the onslaught, but no amount of internal resistance could mitigate the brute force he pummelled into her. Her voice wavered between desperate pleas and involuntary gasps. “Please... no... stop,” she’d cry, but those words would be cut short by a strangled moan as he hit just the right spot, sending conflicting waves of pain and pleasure throughout her body. “Please... aaah... oooh Arceus... s-stop it...”

Her moans, louder and hungrier, spurred him on.

“God, this pussy’s fucking amazing,” he grunted. The naivety in her eyes when she’d shared her dreams, ambitions, and silly Pokéblock recipes was laughable. “The only ‘Pink Surprise’ I give a shit about is between these sweet fucking thighs,” he snarled, emphasising his point with a rough plunge through her ripped spandex. Her sudden, strangled gasp played sweetly in his ears. “And Berries? I wouldn’t know where to start looking for them.” He chuckled. “Well, except for the sweet little berry right here...” His hand snaked down the heated space between their bodies, fumbling for her most sensitive bud. When his sausage

fingers stumbled upon the right spot, her reaction was immediate—her tiny frame bucked beneath him, accompanied by a strained, shivery moan.

“Shit!” he spat out, as an unexpected tightness gripped him. It felt like a vice, clenching and pulsating, trying to milk him for all he was worth. On pure instinct, he yanked himself out of her, just in time to avoid spilling his load prematurely.

Breathing hard, he stared down at her, his heart racing, his cock throbbing with unrelenting need. “You trying to make me cum, you naughty little slut?” A hint of amusement laced his accusation. Growling, he barked at her, “Come here and get it then!”

Gripping her ankles with a savage strength, he forced her legs up, folding her double until her knees brushed against the sides of her big tits. The sudden manoeuvre exacerbated the damage to her already ripped shorts, widening the glimpse of her misaligned Munchlax panties, now loosely hiding her folds. He yanked the wet cloth aside, laying bare the dripping spectacle of her desecrated walls.

“Look at this fucking beauty,” he murmured, voice thick with lust. What was once a chaste slit was now an open invitation. No longer coy or hidden, her pussy was a luscious swell of puffy petals, slick and glistening with her essence, slightly parted as if yearning for another taste of his cock. “Never seen anything so fucking inviting. You were this neat little package, weren’t you? Now look at you, all swollen and begging for it.”

“P-please...” Her plea was a broken whisper, forearm thrown over her eyes, her face aflame. “Stop staring at it...”

How the fuck could he resist? Her purity was overshadowed by a gaping, slutty hole, practically screaming about the dirty delights she’d just been taught. It was like watching a flower bloom in fast-forward, the tight bud giving way to an open blossom in moments under his forceful touch, all spread out and begging, primed for a ruthless pounding.

Crouched on his haunches, he loomed over her like a brutish titan. His beefy hands, glistening with oily sweat, slapped down against her tender thighs and pushed them apart with force, his fingers leaving damp prints on her smooth skin. Lining up his slick, throbbing cock at her sopping entrance, her eyes ballooned in dread and astonishment. In this pause, it dawned on him that this might be her first clear view of his sizable girth. A flicker of incredulity danced in her gaze, likely questioning how such a beastly shlong had ever fit

inside her snug depths to begin with. All the while, the sight of her humiliated form—legs forced apart, spandex in tatters, panties askew, tits out with hard nipples staring up at him—drove his lust to the edge.

With a predatory glint in his eyes and a low, menacing growl, he vowed, “Gonna fucking tear that little pussy up.”

He slammed inside her without warning.

A sharp cry tore from her throat.

The altered angle sent his thick cock burrowing even deeper, claiming fresh territories and stretching her further than before. She wept sweet agony. Held captive in the assertive press, every pulsating inch forced its way down through her clenching walls. His swollen cockhead brushing her innermost depths had her gasping, making her feel as though he'd somehow grown additional inches. A primal urge drove him, seeking to claim every hidden crevice within her. The gritty drag of his veined shaft against her silken walls sent her into a frenzy, her cries turning more desperate with every pump. “Better take all of this fucking dick,” he rasped huskily, as if she ever had a choice. And yet, her swollen folds clung to him, drawing him in further with every retreat as if begging her invader to stay.

The sound of their skin smacking, combined with their fevered groans and the occasional tear of fabric, echoed lewdly in the quiet of the forest. Her big naturals, trapped between her bent legs, jiggled and danced to the beat of his thrusts. Frantic and desperate, her fingers clenched the earth beneath her, scraping and gripping, seeking something—anything—to anchor her in the storm of sensations threatening to drown her. Their symphony of ecstasy escalated: his grunts matched the pitch of her moans.

“Fuck, you’re so tight!” He grunted, feeling the increasing squeeze of her around him.

“Ahn... ahh... AHHH!!” she whined like a cheap whore.

Not a hint of resistance remained in her vocalisations, her body utterly betraying her, succumbing to the primal pleasure he relentlessly piledrove into her. The painful shouts of “aw, it hurts, it hurts” became a distant memory. Albeit, amidst her delirious moans, occasional pleas of “stop” or “don’t” still emerged, but just as often, they’d spill out in reverse order. Those muddled cries sounded like lustful Freudian slips to his ears.

Amidst this dense corner of the woods, their raucous romping echoed like wild pokémon going at it with reckless abandon, their filthy moans and unabashed grunts so impassioned the trees quivered in response. Their shared scent—a heady mix of sweat, arousal, and carnal need—spread like wildfire, an unmistakable signal of two creatures lost in the throes of lust, an alpha marking his territory. The possibility of being overheard, of their randy exploits drawing the attention of some wandering soul or intrigued pokémon, hung in the air. It drove him to fuck her even harder, the wild, uncensored sounds of their rutting both a beacon and a challenge to the wilderness around them.

“So... fucking good,” he groaned, sweat dripping from his brow, landing hotly on her chest.

Up above her wide-open legs, his big, hairy buttocks rose and fell with the forcefulness of a sledgehammer. The matted dark hairs on his arse glistened with sweat, his wide cheeks contracting and relaxing with every thrust, a stark contrast against her pale, smooth buns peeking from beneath him. Every fierce plunge into the little girl’s coochie had her reeling, each more savage than the last. His cock moved in and out with fluid grace. And each time he withdrew, her eyes fixated on the creamy band of her arousal encircling the base of his shaft, marking just how deep he had been. Her voluptuous ass rippled with each impact, the delicious slap of his balls against her flesh becoming a libidinous anthem in the silent forest. The soles of her feet—strangely mismatched with one sock on and the other bare—pointed straight up, as if reaching for the heavens, every toe curling with the onslaught of sensations slammed into her.

As the intensity escalated, so did the expressions on May’s face. Each punch past her walls made her features twist, contort, and slacken in pleasure, every reaction more exaggerated than the last, almost comically so. The fire in her once-defiant eyes had become enveloped by a misty cloud of lust, as though each forceful thrust propelled her further and further into another, far-off universe.

“Fuck, look at you,” he sneered, the corners of his lips turning upwards in malice and satisfaction. The dimming sunlight cast a shadow over his features, darkening the tone of his gleeful taunts. “Making all those slutty faces... I knew you were a whore the moment I saw you.”

Well, not really. But belittling the naïve girl, using her helpless pleasure against her, was a thrill nearly as intoxicating as fucking her into delirium, especially when she didn't have the faculties to fire back.

"That's right," he growled, "Moan for me, slut."

And she did, each cry more desperate, more fervent.

With every jab and jeer, her reactions intensified. Anytime she tried to shoot back a retort, it quickly got swallowed by her slutty moans echoing wildly in their forest enclave, almost confirming his accusations. "Really? Getting this fucking wet and worked up for a stranger you barely met ten minutes ago?"

"N-nmmm...haaaa...!"

Her facial contortions grew increasingly unhinged. And it was fucking glorious to watch. Her tongue hung out, sloppy and dripping, like some thirsty Poochyena in heat. Who knew his fat, unappreciated cock could garner such a reaction? Honestly, he ought to thank her for the boost in self-esteem once they were done here, assuming she'd even be able to pick herself up. Her eyes, heavy-lidded and dazed, fluttered sporadically, the whites becoming prominent as if she had been possessed by a demon of hedonistic lust. If the phrase 'fucked senseless' had a lineup of facial expressions, May's visage had danced through all of them in the last twelve seconds. Heh, he'd bet his left nut that if he asked her name or even what fucking day it was, she'd draw a blank. He almost had to stop himself from chuckling after her face became a damn circus of lewd expressions.

But the joke was almost on him, when her hungry cunt squeezed him so tight he almost lost his shit.

"Oh, fuck!"

The moment of his culmination approached with dizzying speed. His face, twisted in a mask of raw lust, mirrored her own unrestrained expressions. As he felt the familiar rush, he grunted loudly, signalling the imminent release.

But not before the girl let out a wail so fucking loud and orgasmic, even the Tailow perched overhead bolted in panic.

Her climax hit with such a force, it was as if a bolt of electricity had shot through her spine. Shockingly, her tailbone lifted clear off the ground, supporting his full weight for a whole two seconds, as if her spasming pussy had granted her superhuman strength. His eyes widened in astonishment. He'd met grown men three times her size that couldn't lift him a hair off the ground.

"Holy shit," he muttered breathlessly. Watching her cum so hard set off a primal urge deep inside him.

Fuelled by insatiable lust, his slick hands travelled down her thighs, gripping tightly at the back of her knees. As he applied pressure, the force of his thrusts magnified, causing her full breasts to jump and jiggle wildly with every driven push.

"Fuck... I'm about to cum," he rasped, his voice roughened by his overwhelming desire.

Without warning, his hands jumped from her knees to her ankles, and yanked her legs apart as wide as they could stretch. The sudden jerk ripped her shorts even more, exposing the obscenity of her pink gash stretched around his girthy knob. With her knees no longer propping her breasts, they partly spilled to the sides, jiggling like mad with every punishing thrust.

He couldn't hold back any longer. Every touch, every motion, felt magnified, heightened by the forbidden allure of their forested hideaway. He fucking lost himself in the moment, drilled into her depths, burying himself balls-deep as he flooded her with all of his pent-up lust. He remained sheathed within her, to the very hilt. Each twitch and spasm of his cock sent more of his hot cum overflowing from around his embedded shaft, enough seed to potentially breed her ten times over. As the waves of pleasure washed over him, he collapsed onto her, his hefty frame pressing her down into the soft earth below, the weight of his exhaustion pinning her small body. The force of his release had been so intense and copious, the overflowing cum leaked down her ass crack and stained her askew panties on its way to pooling beneath her torn spandex.

For what felt like an eternity, he remained on top of her motionless body, battling to regain his composure. The ragged rhythm of his breathing was the sole sound punctuating the silence. Even as his dick began to soften inside her, he didn't hurry to pull out, relishing the post-coital warmth enveloping him.

When he finally extracted himself from her oozing cunt, her legs descended in a languid motion, feet gracing the forest bed. The tightness he'd enjoyed was now sullied and agape, with both their juices running out and making a puddle under her ass. With an air of exhaustion, he brushed a hand across his forehead, beginning to say, "And *that*, my dear, is what I call the..." He paused, noting her silence, only to realise she had slipped into unconsciousness. "Fuck me," he laughed to himself, "the bimbo really passed out." Remembering how hard she'd cum, he guessed she'd been done for since then.

He peered down at her, that dazed look of 'fucked-out' bliss plastered all over her face. "Damn, took a fucking good pounding, didn't you, little one?" He chuckled. The aftermath of his conquering painted a graphic picture of debauchery: messy hair everywhere, shorts ripped up, cum smeared all over her, and her Trainer Card tossed aside like a used tissue, letting anyone who stumbled by know just who got royally screwed.

Damn, he wouldn't get to brag about how he totally wrecked her, but hey, skipping the awkward 'after-sex' chat was also a win. He took his time gathering his belongings, half-expecting her to wake up any second and mumble something like, "What just happened?" But even after he pulled up his pants and threw on his backpack, the bitch he'd just pounded into the grass was still out cold, only the slight heave of her tits showing she was still breathing.

"Farewell, May," he remarked, tipping his hat with a smirk, "Thanks for the quickie. If we bump into each other again, trust me, I've got even more moves I could introduce you to."

Backing away, the view of the young Coordinator passed out and smeared with the messy proof of his domination, filled him with pride. The thought of her limp-dicked friends discovering her in this state brought a wicked smile to his face.

He disappeared through the tall grass and trees ceiling off the clearing, leaving the young girl a hot mess in the woods, and all too acquainted with the Mating Press.

**THE END**

**Author's Notes:** This one was kind of dark. Let me know what you think.

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 *Rider 117*, *Absol (Dkqthf)* and *woohyoot* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*