

lemonzsaucce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

I teamed up with a developer buddy to create a site called lemonzsaucce.com where you can find ALL my literature along with extra goodies – like downloads in PDF format, seeing the artwork that inspired the fics, and subscribing for new story and chapter updates!

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaucce.com/donate 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

* * *

DISCLAIMER

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

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.

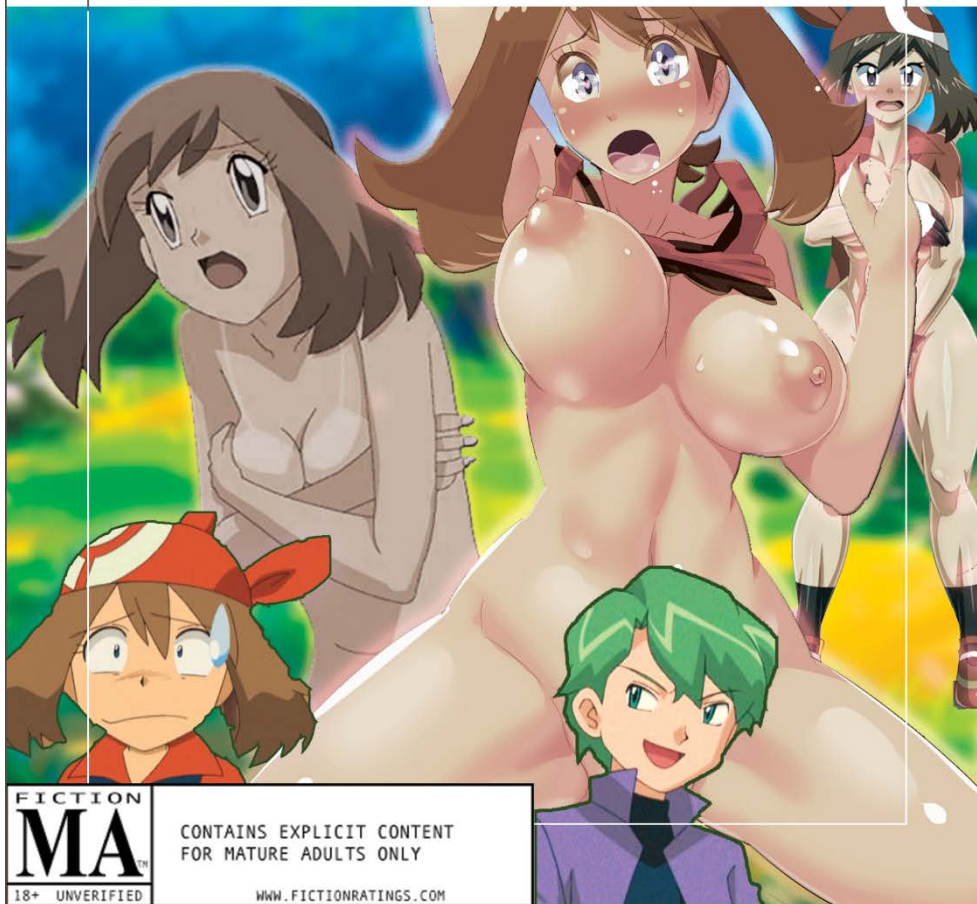
* * *

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

THE RUN OF SHAME

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

PART 1



Synopsis

After challenging Drew to a 'loser must run butt-naked for a mile' contest, May struggles to overcome a curveball that threatens to have her masterplan backfire on her.

...

The Run of Shame

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 1 – Of Skitty and Men

The rules were simple: whoever lost the next pokémon battle had to run a mile butt-naked in the woods!

May couldn't have devised a better way to prove her talents while simultaneously putting Drew in his place once and for all. Only, as their pokémon battle fast approached, the flurry of Beautifly in her stomach intensified.

That loathsome, overconfident, green-haired clown of a Coordinator had a talent for pushing all her wrong buttons. He'd boasted about winning twice as many Ribbons as she had, but what really goaded her into jumping at the bet were the jabs he took at her for being a 'lazy Coordinator at best' and her pokémon for being 'second-rate circus acts'. No self-respecting Trainer would take that lying down!

She'd implored him to put his money where his big mouth was but, like the slimy prick that he was, he refused to entertain her challenge after claiming she was too many leagues beneath him to take seriously. It was then May sprung the stupid, *stupid* idea of putting their dignities on the line.

If there was one thing Drew couldn't resist, it was the joy of embarrassing her at every opportunity. He accepted without hesitation.

When the initial high of getting the chance to humiliate Drew petered out, May realised the tall task ahead of her. Her last dozen Contests against him ended in defeat. It was no wonder his head had grown larger than a Voltorb. Well, she had every intention of making it self-destruct.

Er, that is, if she could find her pokémon first...

“Not again.” May sighed to herself. “Where’d that pesky little Skitty run off to *this* time?” *Does she not realise what’s at stake here?!* Probably not. Running around naked in the woods was second nature to pokémon.

May shuddered at the thought of having to do the same.

She really needed to rally her troops, particularly Skitty. That little rascal could be her key to success.

May had invested a lot of time drilling a new technique into the feline pokémon, a trump card Drew would never see coming. If she could pull it off, the pokémon battle was as good as hers. A huge ‘if’ at the moment given she had no idea where Skitty even was.

Not for the first time either.

Recently Skitty had become easily distracted. She’d run off on her own for hours at a time and return with the biggest grin across her snout. Whatever she’d been up to was making her happy so May hadn’t the heart to bring it to an end. But that was before the most critical battle of her life was set to take place.

She needed Skitty by her side in body and mind. All her gallivanting could continue after she’d defeated Drew. Usually May waited patiently for Skitty to return, but not today; she set out to find her, willing to turn over every leaf in the woods and drag her back to training if she had to.

May scoured the footpath for her runaway pokémon, looked up the tall trees and dug through all the bushes, calling out Skitty’s name in vain. “I don’t get it...”

She’d barely set up camp a few metres away; surely Skitty couldn’t have gone that far? Or the little rascal could be ignoring her deliberately. Just the thought of it infuriated May. Now was no time to be playing hide and seek!

May nearly leapt in excitement when she spotted a pink, bulbous tail poking out of some bushes. It disappeared into the foliage as May chased after it.

“Skitty? Skitty? Are you here? Please come out. We gotta go train now, okay?” said May, creeping deeper into the woods. “I promise I’ll let you out of your Poké Ball again so you can play but we really need to win the pokémon battle tomorrow. Skitty? Can you hear

me?” May whipped around and saw nothing but trees and foliage. “Skitty? Skitty, where are – ah!”

Tiptoeing, May snuck up on Skitty seated in a small clearing with her back turned to her, tail wagging playfully. *What on Earth are you doing here all alone?* May was about to ask her pokémon just that when she spotted a second Skitty sitting face-to-face across hers.

“Oh... I see you made a new friend.” The other Skitty was slightly larger than hers with an eccentric green fur she’d never seen on the feline pokémon. “Some sort of Shiny?”

She had to admit it was a rather gorgeous looking pokémon. When the two Skitty rubbed their snouts together, May’s heart turned to pudding. “Awwwww, Skitty! You didn’t tell me you were in luuuurve! That’s so precious!” She beamed from ear to ear ogling the pair, ecstatic for her little pokémon.

“It all makes sense now.” She knelt over the love-kittens and giggled. “Hey, I have an idea! Why don’t we bring this gorgeous little guy back with us?” said May, pulling out an empty Poké Ball. “We can call him Gritty. Get it? Green-Skitty? Tee-hee. This way you two will never have to be apart again.”

Just as May was about to launch the Poké Ball, a voice sprung out of nowhere. “Oh, so now you’re resorting to thievery?” Drew emerged from the opposite bunch of trees. “If you can’t beat them, steal them, I guess.”

“What? You?!” May cringed. Looking up and down between Gritty and Drew, the resemblance became all too clear. “I had no idea it belonged to –”

“Save it.”

“I’m serious! When did you get a Skitty? And where did you get *that* one?”

He smirked. “That’s for me to know. When did you join Team Rocket?”

May furrowed her brow, already annoyed. “Real funny. So I see your strategy is to copy me, is that it?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I had a Skitty first!”

“It’s not about who had one first, it’s about who uses theirs best.”

“Uh, that would be me too.”

Drew chuckled. “Now look who’s getting all cocky.”

“I’ve had Skitty for years,” said May. “You’ve had yours, what, three days? You think copying my pokémon is going to psyche me out?”

“Well sounds like you’re already riled up,” said Drew coolly.

“That’s because you’re so... grrrrrrrr!” She strangled an invisible neck.

“Jeez.” He laughed. “Don’t get your panties in a bunch. Er, speaking of which, it’s gonna be real fun for you running around here without any on.”

May’s face reddened from both embarrassment and anger. “I can’t wait to wipe that stupid smirk off your face.”

“Yeah, good luck with that.” He flung a rose at her nonchalantly.

“You think you’re so damn cool,” she said, tossing it over her shoulder.

The two bickered like children on the playground hurling insults at one another. They lost track of time and location for minutes on end until both turned to their pokémon with the same demand. “Skitty, let’s go!”

Both Coordinators got the shock of their lives.

May’s jaw hit the ground, and the cool and collected Drew had eyes bulging out of their sockets.

Gritty had mounted Skitty from the rear and the pair was going at it like jackrabbits in heat. Not so cute anymore.

“EWWW!” May raced to break it up.

“Get off that skank!” Drew shouted at his pokémon as the pair ripped their Skitty apart.

“Hey! Watch who you’re calling a skank! You need to spay that filthy creature of yours!”

The Coordinators ground their teeth and fired daggers at each other before storming off their separate ways.

As May marched back to her campsite, she ignored Skitty's cries while it struggled to break out of her arms and run back to its lover. "No, Skitty!" barked May. "That's the enemy! We'll find a much better suitor for you, trust me. That jerk is going down and you're going to help me do it, okay?"

Skitty drooped sadly in her arms. "Nya..."

"And, ugh, you need to take a long, hard bath."

...

"Beautifully, return!" May kissed the Poké Ball after a hard-fought battle. "You earned your rest, Beautifully." But for May, the war raged on.

Spectators in their thousands filled the coliseum with noise and excitement. The announcer could barely be heard on the loud speakers. "It's come down to this, ladies and gentlemen!" he blared. "Both Coordinators are down to their last pokémon! Drew will be going into the final round with all the momentum after his Skitty's dazzling display against Beautifully! Can May make a comeback to take the whole Contest? What's she going to do?!"

Ugh, shut up! I'm trying to think! May wiped her brow with the back of her hand, beads of fret and panic betraying her concern. She couldn't concentrate under the excruciating heat of the sun and the ruckus of the crowd. The announcer's overexcitement wore on her too. It piled on the pressure to make her next move the best move.

All the while Drew stood atop his platform smug as ever, arms crossed, wind blowing through his hair. His smirk said: *it doesn't matter what you do, I'm taking this. You might as well start stripping now. Mwahahaha!*

Okay so maybe Drew didn't quite chortle like a tacky villain, but she didn't picture him far off. He couldn't win. Not today.

Reaching for her Poké Balls, she brushed the sphere containing Skitty. The same conundrum that had hit her since the match began struck again. Skitty provided the best chance at victory without a doubt, but given recent 'developments' May didn't trust her feline friend would be in the right mind to take down Gritty.

She'd hoped to overcome Drew without resorting to her trump card. A long shot. If the last two rounds taught her anything, it would take something special to beat Drew's Skitty. Sighing, May told herself she had no choice.

"Please," she whispered to the Poké Ball. "Just this once. Don't let me down." May released Skitty with a mighty pitch of the ball.

"Nya!" Skitty assumed an offensive stance, only to dither at the sight of Gritty.

"Come on, Skitty. You can do this," rallied May. "They're the enemy remember? You don't want me to lose, do you?" Skitty shook her head. "Good. I didn't think so. Okay, Skitty use Quick Attack!"

Drew ordered his pokémon to counter. "Use Tackle!"

As the Skitty charged towards a collision, their Coordinators and everyone in the stands watched with baited breath. It was May's turn to smirk. She pumped her fist, ready to unleash the secret technique under her sleeve. "Skitty, quick, now stop! Make a sharp turn, use Agility and then..." May trailed off as she realised Skitty wasn't following any of her instructions. "Skitty?"

Drew laughed. "Pathetic! Can't even control your own pokémon. Skitty, I want you to use Body Sla..." He stopped mid-command, suffering the same defiance.

All the cheering from the crowd turned to mumbles of confusion as the announcer struggled to call the action. "And it looks like Drew's Skitty is going for a Body Slam! Oh no... wait... this is quite unique offense we're seeing here! May's Skitty has spun around and reversed into position, not quite sure what it's going for however... Drew's Skitty looks to be setting up a... Reverse Body Slam? Oh look! Drew's Skitty has grabbed May's Skitty from behind! And it looks like it's going for... going for... wait a minute... are they...?!?!?"

May buried her face in her hands and knelt down in embarrassment. "Oh, Arceus..."

The announcer was fuming. "For heaven's sake, we've got children watching!"

Parents covered their young ones' eyes as a stunned silence swept through the coliseum.

"This is completely outrageous!" the announcer blared on. "What kind of perverted Coordinators have the gall to pull this stunt?" Boos rang through the arena, burying May and Drew in deafening humiliation. "Security, get those rampant Skitty off the stage before they sully it! Ugh! In all my years I've never seen such... such filth! This match is over. Get them all out of here! Why, I never..."

...

May lined up her pokémon and started at one end of the queue. "Here you go, Wartortle." She set a bowl of treats at its feet. The water-type leapt excitedly before digging in. She beamed and moved on to Munchlax. "You did great too." It received a hefty portion for its efforts. "Fantastic effort, Beautifly!" She handed down treats to Venusaur, Blaziken and Glaceon before reaching Skitty at the end of the queue. "And you get... this." May bent over and flicked Skitty's nose. "Alright, guys. That's it. Eat up!"

They all dug in except for a puzzled Skitty who whined at her lack of treats.

"What?" May huffed. "You think you deserve my special Pokéblocks after what you did to me out there today?"

"Nya...?"

"Don't give me that!" spat May. "You know exactly what you did! You embarrassed me in front of *everyone*. My goodness, my parents could've been watching at home." She trembled at the thought. "You're gonna sit right there and think about what you've done."

Skitty turned to her teammates, stomach growling as she watched them indulge in tasty rewards. She gave May her sweetest puppy-dog eyes, ears drooping sadly as she pleaded for forgiveness. "Nya nya..."

"Nope. I'm not buying any of that. You're lucky the match got thrown out." As a consequence, neither she nor Drew had to take the run of shame. But rather than appreciate the silver lining, May sulked at losing the opportunity to humiliate her archrival. "And if you ever pull a stunt like that again you can forget about dinner too!"

“Nya, nya, nyaaaaaa!”

May ignored the pokémon clawing at her leg, refusing to give her so much as a glance. “No, Skitty. I don’t think you understand the weight of what you’ve done. Cavorting with the enemy! Ugh. Until you do, you won’t get an ounce of sympathy from me, and certainly no treats.” Skitty sulked and began to walk away. May persisted in her stubbornness. “Running off as usual, huh? Go on then. I’m so over it.”

Skitty glanced back at May with a forlorn expression, as if hoping for a change of heart or even a glimmer of concern for her wellbeing. May gave her nothing. Skitty ran off into the woods.

...

Nothing soothed the pains of a disastrous day like a cool frolic in the hot spring. May lost track of time backstroking across the warm waters, easing her tense muscles and laying her mind to rest.

She’d never been so pent-up and frantic about anything like she had been about losing to Drew. Things could’ve ended a lot worse; while she’d lost the opportunity to force him into the run of shame, she harboured nothing but relief for escaping the punishment herself. Never again would she be so impulsive and allow Drew to manipulate her into making stupid bets. She despised how he brought the worst out of her.

As she lay on the surface of the water staring at the mist and clouds, Skitty infiltrated her mind again and made it awkward to relax. May hated playing the tough guy but sometimes it was necessary to keep her pokémon in line.

So why did she feel so terrible for the way she treated Skitty?

The poor thing never asked to be part of the bet and yet May had thrown the weight of the galaxy on her little shoulders. It probably wasn’t fair. And it probably didn’t help that Skitty was so enamoured by Gritty.

They say the heart wants what it wants but damn, did it have to be his pokémon? Sure her rivalry should’ve played no part in Skitty’s love life but it was impossible for May to be

impartial when Drew was involved. Once she skipped town Skitty would soon forget Gritty ever existed anyway.

Still, May felt her heart-broken, little friend deserved some sympathy.

An hour had elapsed since Skitty disappeared and May found herself worrying more than she was enjoying the water. *I have to go find her... I was way too harsh.*

What if she'd gotten attacked by some vicious pokémon in the woods? Guilt played on her nerves and morphed into paranoia. She couldn't waste another minute not knowing where Skitty was. May took one final dip, submerging herself in the water. When her head re-emerged, a huge surprise awaited her at the edge of the hot spring.

"Skitty! You came back!" She sighed, relieved.

"Nya!" Skitty chirped enthusiastically.

"I'm so sorry," said May, choking on emotion. "I should've never been so hard on you. I was under so much pressure and tired and stressed and annoyed and embarrassed and, and, and..." She sighed again. "There's no excuse. Don't worry. Once we get back to camp, I'm going to give you plenty of Pokéblocks, okay? And then we're going to... uh, Skitty, what are you doing?"

The feline's beam suddenly turned into a dark grin. Skitty grabbed a mouthful of the clothes May discarded before jumping into the hot spring.

"What are you doing with those?" May fretted. "Hey, don't! Wait! Skitty!" The little rascal dashed off with her attire. May leapt out of the hot spring to give chase, only to remember a second later she was completely naked, then hopped right back in. "Oh my – Skitty! Bring back my clothes!" she cried out, but the sneaky little thief was long gone. "Un-freaking-believable."

May sat there contemplating her options while hoping Skitty would return and end this silly prank. The longer she waited, the less likely it appeared.

Skitty hadn't returned to seek her forgiveness; she'd returned to seek vengeance. May could sit in the water till nightfall but her predicament wouldn't magically go away. Furthermore, the hot spring lay close to a public footpath many a Trainer walked this time of

day. She had to leave before someone stumbled upon her and made things even more awkward.

Dang it, Skitty!

May looked in all directions before climbing out of the water.

...

“I hope you’re ready for me,” said Harley. “This is going to be a one-on-one pokémon battle.”

Conway nodded in agreement. “I hope *you’re* ready for me,” he retorted with a smarmy gleam in his spectacles.

“Oh please.” Harley waved him off. “Go, Ariados!” The bug-type popped out of its Poké Ball announcing its arrival.

“I figured you’d go with that.” Conway re-adjusted his glasses in a show of confidence. He pulled a Poké Ball from his belt but suddenly froze mid-throw. The sphere rolled out of his hand flaccidly.

His eyes shot wide-open. Crimson seeped from one nostril.

“What the...?” Harley waved a hand in front of his opponent to no effect. “What in the world are you looking at?” Whipping around to follow Conway’s stare, Harley donned a similar reaction. “Oh my...”

The pair spotted a particular brunette amid distant trees. Harley would recognise May anywhere. Although, he’d never seen her quite like this...

She hid behind a tree glancing in every direction except theirs. Sneaking around, was she? Harley mused on what she could be up to or who she could apparently be running from.

She stalled and stalled in hiding, surveying her surroundings with keen obsession, afraid to venture from her position. Her behaviour puzzled him for countless minutes but it all made sense when May finally stepped out from behind the tree, drawing a collective gasp from Harley and Conway.

Although she sprinted at a great speed, time slowed down for the far-off onlookers. Soaked strands stuck to the sides of her face, dripping down her shoulders and topless chest. And what a chest it was.

The momentum of her run threw her large breasts wildly in the air. They ogled in awe as the massive pair leapt as high as her chin, clashed against each other then dropped on her chest with a wet thwack, spraying droplets every which way. Their pants tightened at the pink nipples swaying on the ends of plump, wobbly flesh.

Having seen May in her prepubescent years, Harley had always presumed she'd be a grower, but the extent of her growth amazed him all the same. He'd need to shove beach balls in his shirt to ever disguise himself as her again.

Only *her* pair appeared natural judging by the way the wet jugs flopped and dropped to tantalizing effect. The tall grass shrouded everything below her waist but it was safe to bet she had nothing covering her bottom half either.

Harley surprised himself with the sudden urge to see what she had going on down there. Immortalised in their minds, the sprint lasted all of three seconds before May found another tree to hide behind. She glanced around again, gauging the perfect moment to brave another short burst of pace.

“Oh my, indeed,” said Conway, wiping the nosebleed with his shirt. “What do we do?”

“Hmmm.” Harley twiddled his fingers mischievously. He could think of a thing... or two.

...

“Damn it, Skitty,” muttered May. “This isn't funny!” She felt ice-cold despite the blazing sun beating down on her bare back and the hot itch of prickly grass on her soles.

One thing she loathed about tall grass was the off-chance of pokémon encounters, but today she was grateful for the overgrown shrubs, even if they did itch against her bare thighs. Better that than getting spotted by anyone.

Skitty popped out of the bushes up ahead, sticking her tongue out before dashing off into the shrubbery again, dragging her master's clothes across the ground. By the time May reached her position, the little rascal had already scampered several feet forward to taunt her once more. It was like a freaking game to the pokémon.

All the while, May shied away from the footpaths and stuck close to the trees and bushes, ducking and hiding at the slightest hint of travellers. So far, so good, though she couldn't imagine going unseen forever. Her neck was growing tired of twisting 360 degrees just to keep a constant look out.

"Okay, okay, you've made your point," she pleaded with Skitty on her hands and knees. "I get it. I'm sorry, can we end this now? It's really embarrassing!"

Skitty stuck her tongue out and scuttled out of sight once again.

May sighed. "Maybe Drew's right. Maybe I really do suck at this pokémon thing."

"Oh, Maaaaay..."

She jolted upright. The distant voice almost gave her a heart attack! *Oh my God, did someone see me?!*

Keeping her brow below a jagged hedge, she spun in the direction of the voice, peeping through the tiny gaps in the leaves. Her heart pounded as she anticipated catching a glimpse of the person who'd called her name.

"Oh, Maaaaay," they continued to sing. *Drew? Oh my God, what if he saw me?!* No, it couldn't be him. Though male, the singsong voice sounded way too girlish and jovial to be Drew. It was strange and yet familiar too. "Oh, May... come out, come out wherever you are! I know you're out there."

The more she heard him speak, the louder the bells rang. By the time he waltzed into view May had already guessed it was Harley. "Not that creep again..."

She kept her eyes locked on him from her hiding spot. He was walking forward rather leisurely, half-distracted by the mobile he held in front of his face. May didn't have to guess what he'd planned to do with it as he made it crystal clear with his next jibe.

“Oh come on, May, don’t get all camera shy on me now. You know how many people would kill to see you in your birthday suit?”

A lump formed in her throat.

“Hiding is futile. I already had a sneak preview of the goods. Dare I say, really impressive assets. And I mean *really* impressive.” He giggled to himself.

Her skin crawled in disgust. Why was this creep so obsessed with her?! She was almost pissed enough to march right up and punch him in the nose. But who knew how many photos he could snap before she got to him, and what the hell would he do with them? Her conundrum got twice as bad when a second voice crept into the picture from the opposite direction.

“Found her yet?” asked the second creep. His clothes and spectacles kind of reminded her of her little brother Max, which only added to the weirdo factor. Here she had one weirdo that liked to dress up as her, and another like her brother. And both in cahoots to see her naked! It didn’t get any stranger than that.

“I don’t get it,” said Harley. “She was here just a second ago. Are you sure you were keeping your eyes open, Conway?” he asked, dubiously.

“What’s that supposed to mean? Of-of course I was!” The defiant boy adjusted his glasses. “Were you?”

Harley grunted in frustration. “How could she outrun both of us? You would think those ginormous things would slow her down.”

“Oh man, the size of them... I’d just love to grab them...” said the Max lookalike, face turning pink as he fantasised. “...and squeeze them...hard...and just, just...” He shut his eyes and made disturbing slurping sounds while groping imaginary breasts.

May covered her chest on instinct, mortified by how the vile pair spoke of her.

“Settle down, boy. Sheesh!” said Harley. “That’s not the point of this exercise.”

“Maybe not for you,” said Conway. “You can sit there and flash the camera all you want while I observe those impressive mammaries up close and personal.” His glasses sparked a sinister gleam. “I bet they taste like big old Pecha Berries.”

“Ugh, you sound like such a creep.”

“Ha. This coming from you?”

May peeped over the bushes ever so slightly, enough to see the heads and shoulders of her potential abusers. How could either of them take the moral high ground in an argument over how best to objectify her? Then again, creeps were rarely rational, were they?

She'd die before letting either of these perverts see her nude, let alone touch her. As May cautiously moved a foot back in retreat, the argument hit a sudden conclusion.

“Fine,” said Harley. “Look, we can argue till the Milltank come home but it won't mean diddly squat if we never find her.”

“Agreed,” said Conway. “Find first, decide later.”

“Great. Now you go that way and I'll go this way. Capiche?”

“Capiche.”

May quickly changed her mind about making a brisk escape. She sat put as the creeps resumed their hunt, calling out her name as if they expected her to give up her position. While Harley veered off in the completely wrong direction, Conway's shoes crunched the foliage nearby.

Shit!

His shadow loomed across the ground a few feet ahead.

Shit! Shit! Shit!

May whipped around and crawled away as fast as she could.

Conway stepped through the wall of shrubbery and looked to the right before calling out for her again. He then turned his gaze to the left, a split second after May's foot disappeared behind a tree.

The escapee leaned against the rough bark, ignoring the discomfort on her bare back. She strived to keep silent and utterly still. It could've been instinct or paranoia but something told her he was staring this way. She could feel it.

Her fears were validated when she heard the crunch of footsteps approaching her hiding spot.

Shit...

She held her breath. Panic thumped in her chest. It felt as though her ribcage might explode.

Closer, the footsteps loomed.

She closed her eyes and prayed. The leaves crunched louder underfoot. No amount of prayer would prevent the inevitable. She peered out the corner of her eyes and saw the head of his shadow approach the foot of the tree...

Jump up, push him, make a break for it. She repeated the plan to herself over and over. If she shoved him hard enough, maybe her head start would be big enough to carry her to safety, or at least far enough to bump into a Good Samaritan that could offer protection. All wishful thinking, but what else could she do?

The footsteps drew even closer. May took one final breath and was on the brink of executing her last-ditch plan when a rustle in the distance halted everything.

“Oh yeah, got you now!” she heard him say before scampering back in the direction he’d come.

May let out a huge breath after narrowly abating another heart attack. *I can't take much more of this...*

Staying put calmed her nerves and cooled her adrenaline. Harley and Conway sang her name further and further away. She needed to move, and told herself she would once their distance grew significant.

At some point she stopped hearing their voices altogether. She lost track of how long it had been quiet. They’d either strayed out of earshot or the dimwits finally realised calling out her name was only alerting her to their positions. She couldn’t afford to stick around regardless.

May ventured out of her hiding spot in a low crouch, glancing every which way for potential creepers. A sudden rustle of leaves scared her half to death. She settled her nerves realising it was only a frightened little critter running away, a baby Rattata or something.

Just in case, she kept her eyes towards the disturbance while slowly retreating, one foot after the other, slowly... slowly... until her back suddenly knocked into something cold and solid.

May shrieked, then covered her mouth.

She spun around moments before the foreign body did the same.

Her eyes shot open in surprise.

“...Drew?”

With both hands over her mouth, May had unwittingly opened herself up to the wild gaze of her nemesis.

Drew's eyes quivered with disbelief, drawn to her bare chest by male instinct. If he'd been forced to speak at that precise moment he'd only be able to babble one syllable words like 'huge', 'round', and 'pink'.

Despite their considerable size, her breasts sat high and firm, large areolae matching the white of his eyes as perk nipples stared back at him. Where her upper torso was bulbous and prominent, her lower proved smooth and flat.

She hung frozen in an awkward stance with one shapely thigh crossed over the other. The coy pose hid explicit details of her sex but not without revealing her brunette landing strip.

May couldn't believe her eyes. *Drew?! Not only was he the last person she expected to bump into but there he stood... he, too, completely naked!*

His arms were raised to his face like a celeb shielding himself from intrusive cameras, clearly caught by surprise as much as she'd been. But why was *he* naked? A crazy thought occurred to her – could he be running from those creeps too?

Drew was so far removed from the picture of cool, calm and smug she was used to that she couldn't resist ogling him in this embarrassing light. His lanky limbs barely carried any muscle. The faint contour of abs spoke to his leanness.

When this had all started May imagined herself pointing and laughing at her butt-naked rival, and now all she could do was gawk, unamused.

Drew took grooming very seriously, evident by the complete lack of body hair save for the green bob atop his head. He almost looked smoother than she did! Even clean-shaven however, *little Drew* appeared rather mediocre, a flaccid, thumb-sized appendage wearing a bulbous crown.

The arch rivals had been frozen in shock for one, long, drawn-out moment before embarrassment rushed to their cheeks simultaneously. Drew threw both hands over his manhood while May scrambled to hide herself using all her limbs.

"You?!" they squealed in unison.

"But how..." May shook her head, a thousand thoughts scrambled at once. "Wait, don't tell me Gritty snatched your clothes too?"

"Yep," said Drew. "And his name isn't Gritty. I blame all this on you."

She huffed and puffed at his delusion. "Me?! How is this my fault?"

"If you hadn't used your Skitty in that last round -"

"So I was just supposed to lose to you?"

He shrugged. "You would've lost either way."

She groaned, exasperated. "Well looks like we're both losers right now."

He couldn't argue with that.

An awkward silence capped the moment, both parties turning away from each other out of respect and embarrassment.

May struggled to imagine where they'd go from here. Would it be best to part their separate ways? Could they swallow their pride long enough to work together against their unruly pokémon?

May had never pictured herself playing well with Drew under normal circumstances, let alone the mortifying ones they found themselves in now. She wondered if –

OOPH!

Drew tackled her out of the blue.

Suddenly, May lay on her back with his frame pinning her to the ground, heavier than he looked. She didn't register pain in the abruptness of it all, only shock and irritation. "What the ffff–"

He smothered her mouth before she could utter the expletive.

She panicked. Was he trying to force himself on her?!

"Sshhhh!" he hissed, but she wriggled and writhed beneath him, screaming against his palm, kicking and flailing as she struggled to fight him off.

It took the rush of oncoming footsteps to calm her down. She realised Drew wasn't trying to take advantage of her; he was trying to protect her.

Well, protect them both.

The voices accompanying the footsteps belonged to Harley and Conway who would've spotted them if not for Drew's swift intervention. May and her rival lay motionless while overhearing the creeps' discussion.

Apparently, the perverts had heard a shriek in this direction seconds ago. May knew it was her fault and would've apologised if not for Drew's hand over her mouth. The fear subsided from her eyes as she found herself staring less than a foot away from his orbs.

She'd never been this close to him before, never realised how green his irises truly were, sharing the same tone as his flamboyant hair. May also noticed how he'd lost the youthful roundness in his cheeks, replaced by a leaner visage and stronger jawline. If not for his shitty demeanour, she might've even considered him... cute.

Oh my God, what are you thinking, May? This is Drew we're talking about here. Freaking Drew!

Once he was confident she understood the situation, Drew slowly moved his hand away from her mouth. The pair kept still and silent while Harley and Conway grumbled in proximity.

Oddly enough she felt safest right where she lay, nevermind the prickly grass itching her back, nor the personal boundaries she and Drew had just trounced. It was the epitome of uncomfortable.

Her eyes silently dipped southward, promptly followed by Drew's. The pair settled on the sight of his naked chest pressed onto hers, flattening her large, supple breasts. When their eyes crossed paths again, neither could prevent the surge of crimson from flooding their cheeks.

They looked away from each other at once.

May was taken aback by how much vigour his lean frame possessed. He didn't look half as strong as he felt on top of her. She got a vivid sense of how defined his pectoral muscles were; the tone of his skin on her soft belly was smooth and rigid. The leg he'd entwined between hers felt toned and powerful. But the most awkward sensation fell on her left hip: the coarseness of a scrotum and the sponginess of a particular organ.

Her blush deepened at the thought of his junk splayed all over her. To make matters worse, Harley and Conway decided the best place to stop for a strategy meeting was the tree next to her and Drew. May feared she'd be frozen in her precarious position forever.

Minutes felt like hours.

May struggled not to make the slightest move, desperate to avoid drawing attention to them, to avoid rousing even more awkwardness between her and Drew. Despite her best efforts, her right leg became numb under his stifling weight and shifted on its own accord.

The subtle movement made no sound but it rubbed Drew the wrong way – the light brush against her body was all it took to awaken little Drew. She felt it swell from limp to rock-hard along her abdomen.

Redder than a tomato, Drew lowered his face from view and cursed under his breath. She chalked it up to an involuntary reaction and said nothing to embarrass him more than he already was.

Still, it was hard to ignore the way it throbbed on her tummy; she could feel its hot blood through her skin, the unspeakable desire he harboured for her body, at least in that moment. Just when she'd thought the day couldn't get any weirder...

Oh God, somebody shoot me now.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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

If you enjoyed this fic and would like to read more like it, please consider [subscribing](#) to my mailing list for free (lemonzsauce.com/subscribe) and get email notifications whenever a new story is posted on the website.

If you'd like to show your appreciation in the form of a donation, please free to do so here: lemonzsauce.com/donate

...

Special credit goes to *boris (noborhys)* 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://danbooru.donmai.us/posts?tags=boris %20noborhys%29](https://danbooru.donmai.us/posts?tags=boris%20noborhys%29)

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.