

# lemonzsaauce

---

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

Dear reader,

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

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

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit [lemonzsaauce.com/donate](http://lemonzsaauce.com/donate) to make an offering - no pressure, and it's not necessary at all :) - any amount from a dollar up will be very much appreciated.

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

- j.j. scriptease

\* \* \*

## 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.*

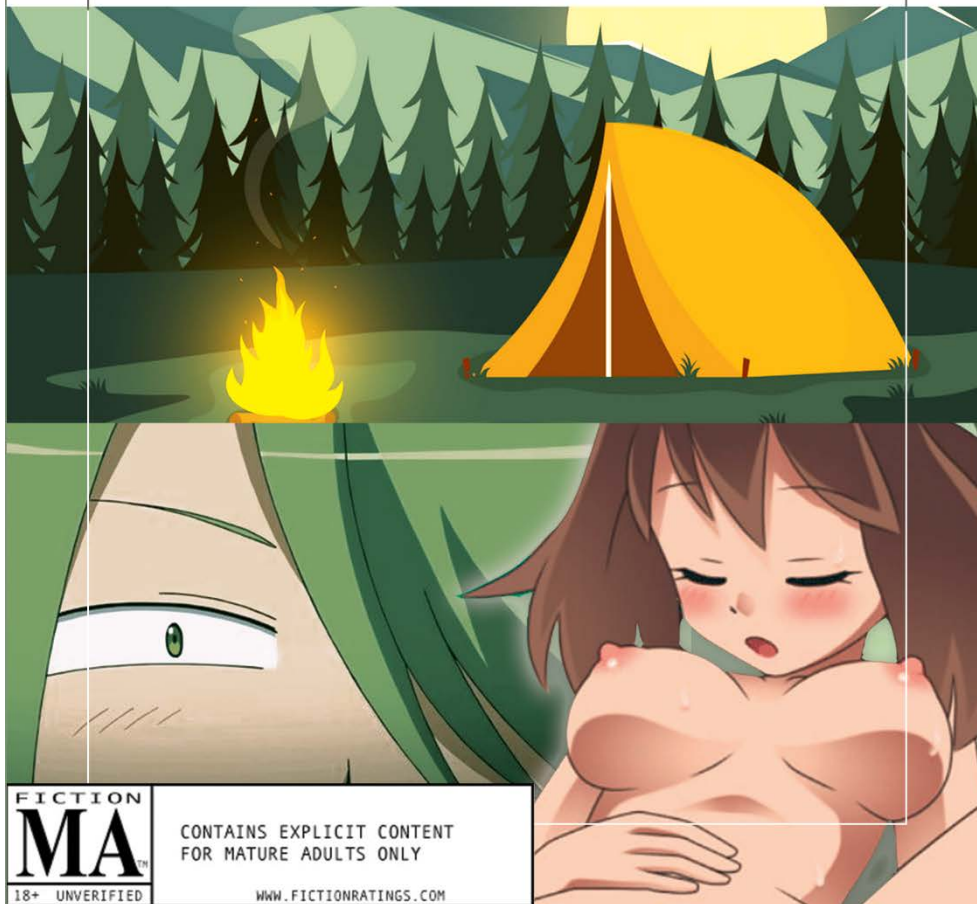
\* \* \*

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

# THE RUN OF SHAME

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

PART 3



FICTION  
**MA**  
18+ UNVERIFIED

CONTAINS EXPLICIT CONTENT  
FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY

WWW.FICTIONRATINGS.COM

## 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 3 – All Bets Are Off

---

And here they were again...

This time it was May on top of him, partly – but at least they weren't butt naked.

Typical of her, thought Drew, to completely circumvent their border laws! He was tempted to disrupt the peaceful look on her sleeping face. Whether she'd done it consciously then fell asleep, or fell asleep then done it unconsciously, the effect bothered him the same. Well, maybe the former would've bothered him more?

Point was she'd crossed the line!

Part of him wanted to wake her up, the other part was too embarrassed to. Not to mention, he didn't want to deal with her 'simple questions' keeping him up again after she'd taken so long to fall asleep.

Maybe he could wriggle out from under her?

He tried a little shimmy. She didn't budge. Much heavier than she looked.

*Damnit, May.*

Drew lowered his head back down and hmped in defeat. Well, he could be mature about this. May probably hadn't done it on purpose. He remembered it being a bit nippy in here before he fell asleep. Her subconscious body probably sought warmth in the closest place it could find. Yeah, that must've been it. Truth be told, her body heat wasn't all that unpleasant under the circumstances.

It was nothing more than a mutually beneficial coming together of their meat machines. Yeah, nothing more.

Unlike May, he could be an adult about this sort of stuff. And he was. For two whole minutes. A stray thought wandered past his rational brain.

*She's half-naked...*

Why oh why did she have to be half-naked?

Things would've been a lot less complicated.

Not that he wanted to look, but... his head slowly rose on its own. His chin stopped inches away from the top of her head, brunette locks spilling over her shoulders and the front of her neck. The maple leaves hiding her nipples left her cleavage exposed, especially from this angle. He could see right down to a little mole dotting her upper right breast.

Drew screwed his eyes shut. He really shouldn't have been looking!

The devil on his shoulder whispered, *'what's the harm in looking?'*

Touching and looking were too different sins. And technically, she was the one touching *him*; she had laid her head on *his* chest. So what if he stole a little peep? She'd never know.

Drew talked himself into reopening his eyes. The mountainous curves of her breasts stood out even in the darkness. While the side of her sleeping face warmed his chest, he ogled the bosom bursting out of her leafy bra. He could admit, at least to himself, it wasn't the first time they'd drawn his attention.

May had thought she one-upped him with a Silver Wind attack during their first mock Contest Battle, but it was her bosom that had been super effective. She was only ten and her chest was already stretching her red t-shirts. Drew got blindsided and might've lost if not for Team Rocket interrupting the battle.

Back then, it had been an abstract curiosity for Drew, not fuelled by the raging hormones he'd only experience a couple of years later – though by the time that happened, the rivalry they'd cultivated had *almost* blinded him from any physical traits he might've otherwise found appealing. Almost.

Staring down her chest now, Drew realised he'd stumbled upon a unique opportunity to address the curiosity he'd spent most of his teenage life pretending he didn't have. The curiosity of May.

At some point it became easier to follow her around, shower her with disparaging remarks and throw patronising roses in her face than admit she had something that captivated him. And under the blanket of night, in the silence of an inconspicuous tent, he drank in the sight of his hidden desires unashamedly.

*Arceus...*

They were just so big and beautiful, squished together in her teeny top, pressing on his chest through their grassy constraints. He gaped intently as her slow, steady breaths stirred her cleavage in rising and falling motions, the scent of her hair rich in his nostrils. Her skin felt hot against his, her naked thigh sticking to his torso through sweat. Drew enjoyed his free pass at ogling until she suddenly groaned.

His heart jumped into his throat.

Drew shut his eyes and played dead.

May mumbled something nonsensical then stirred ever so slightly, raising her thigh further up his torso. Drew sucked in his breath to avoid reacting to the smoothness of her skin, so soft and supple as it glided across his abdomen. She yawned and exhaled at the same time before returning to the stillness she'd risen from it.

Drew remained motionless. He let out a huge sigh of relief once everything settled down. Well, *almost* everything settled down; he lifted his head to see the giant leaf covering his crotch was suddenly standing.

*Shit!*

He'd die if she woke up to find him like this. How could he explain getting hard over a sleeping girl without sounding like the biggest creep ever? Getting hard over a girl he hated?

Well, he didn't really hate her. Actually, he'd grown to respect her as a Coordinator, even if he rarely said it in so many words. What he really hated was the burden of weakness, his weakness of the flesh.

If she knew, she'd never see him in the same light again, with the same eyes that were wowed by his prowess as a Coordinator. He'd become just another garden-variety pervert like the rest of them salivating at her big tits. She'd lose all respect for him. Their rivalry would become nothing.

Then what?

He just wanted out of the tent, out of this predicament with his dignity still intact, his frenemy still his frenemy. Too bad his dick had other ideas.

'Little Drew' refused to settle down. Concentrating, trying to send zen waves throughout his body induced the opposite effect, making his erection stand taller. Grrr! He had to do something, *now*.

Using the arm that wasn't pinned down by her weight, Drew reached for his erection with the intent to flatten it manually, but as he brushed her thigh on the way down, his hardness intensified.

Panicked, he ceased all movement, abandoned his hand on her leg. May didn't react to the unintentional graze of his fingertips or the curious placement of his hand. Her tiny snores continued to patter on his chest.

Phew. Still in the clear. The only trouble now was his hand had veered even closer to temptation.

*'Go on,'* muttered the devil on his shoulder. *'Cop yourself a good feel... she's dead asleep... not like she's gonna feel it... your hand is already right there... a little pinch never hurt anybody...'*

No. That would be wrong on so many levels he couldn't even imagine it! Except, he was imagining it. Such smooth, supple skin. Her thighs were slightly larger than his skinny pair, but felt much more malleable, like his fingers would sink into fleshy dough if he squeezed.

And so he squeezed.

*Oh jeez, I can't believe I just...*

Yet the pinch hadn't even broken the momentum of her soft snores, never mind pulled her from slumber. After getting away with it once, he tried it a second time.

Then a third.

Soon a tenth.

Every time Drew escaped reaction from his snoozing arch-rival, he pinched firmer, bolder. He ran a fingertip up her outer leg, her skin seemingly softening the higher up he dared...

Just how far was she going to let him take this? He couldn't say. How far did he intend to go with it? He didn't know. The prospect both scared and enticed him.

Higher and higher his fingers trekked up her milky landscape... climbed into her grass skirt... paused at the crease right beneath her buttock... then groped the insanely supple flesh.

A sinful whimper caught in his throat as he squeezed a good chunk of May's upper thigh. He rested his sweaty palm on the area he'd just sampled, waited and listened for a reaction...

Silence... stillness... soft snores...

He groped the sleeping girl some more.

*What the hell am I doing? When did I become this creep?* Even as he asked himself all the right questions, he persisted with all the wrong actions, sinking his nails into the fleshiness of her shapely thigh.

"Oh, May..." he moaned under his breath. How did you tell someone you wanted them without telling them you wanted them?

Apparently, all the roses over the years hadn't been a big enough hint. His cavalier way of dishing them out might've had something to do with it. But he'd had to leave a smidgen of doubt. That was the only way it would work, the only way 'they' would work.

All those years of bottled-up lust fuelled his fingertips as they skated up and down her thigh, stealing pinches along the way. May had never been so quiet and agreeable. Drew never thought he'd see the day. He groped his rival with increasing abandon until she suddenly flinched.

Drew yanked his hand out of her skirt and 'fell asleep' immediately.

May groaned, stirred, rubbed that sexy thigh of hers over his belly, none the wiser to the demons she was waking.

Did she know? He gulped down the thick knot in his throat. Could she tell?

May didn't say anything to indicate it. She didn't say anything at all. Simply shifted her weight, turned her head, then several long minutes later, resumed snoring.

Phew.

The extended period of downtime had deflated his boldness, cooled his loins. He could fall asleep right now, for real, and go on about his life like none of this had ever happened. Or continue to risk feeling her up while she lay defencelessly.

It should've been a simple question. But when would he ever find an identical opportunity?

*'When life gives you lemons...'* The evil pixy was back. *'Make lemonade... squeeze... don't you want to touch her pu—'*

No! Drew sat up and shook his head. Somehow the abrupt motion failed to wake her. Was it normal for people to sleep this deeply? It had been a long day but damn; he'd never trust May to be on guard duty overnight.

Drew gently moved the rest of her leg off of him then switched on the hanging lantern. A burst of orange stung his eyes. He squinted, rubbing as his vision readjusted. Looking over his shoulder, May hadn't made a move, slept through the flood of light.

"Wow." She slept harder than any rock pokémon he knew.

Just as the comparison lit his mind, his brunette roomie stirred with a groggy shuffle of her limbs. By the time she stopped fidgeting, she was sleeping on her chest with her arms folded underneath her, one leg extended fully and the other raised and bent at the knee.

The whole reason Drew had got up was to fend off temptation, but the angling of her legs left a shadowy opening beneath her tiny skirt. He tilted his head horizontally in a bid to see more, then lowered it, and lowered it, and lowered it until his ear nearly touched the floor between her feet. His line of vision zoomed directly up her skirt.

Drew became hard again, instantly.



He couldn't see her pussy but he could imagine it wedged in the shadows between her bubbly chunks of ass. Somehow, he'd resisted the urge to grope her butt earlier. Now he wished he had. It looked so puffy and pinchable and there for the taking. He had to get closer.

Excitement itching the back of his throat, Drew silently, stealthily crawled over her shins, jutting his face forward higher and higher up her legs. He kept his chin a hair's breadth above the floor as the tip of his nose poked past the top of her skirt. Every fibre of his being trembled – nerves, muscles, even his eyes. Already he could taste it, smell it. He began to tilt his head, a second away from seeing her most intimate parts, when a sudden voice shocked him still.

“You know, if you wanted to look you could've just asked?”

Fear ripped the soul out of his chest. Drew scampered back on his butt and hands, his face bright pink, beads of sweat and guilt dotting his brow. “Uh, May... I, uh, I...” He didn't know where to begin. “How... how long have you been...?” He swallowed the last word ‘awake’.

“Long enough,” said May, sitting up and crossing her legs on the other end of tent. “You were... perverting on me?”

“No, no, no, no, no.” Drew waved his hands frantically. “It's not like that at all.”

“Your head was practically up my skirt, dude.” She folded her arms over her chest while glaring at him. “Any further up and the tip of your nose would be wet.”

He laughed awkwardly, nervously. “I-I-I'm sorry. I was just –”

“Just what, Drew?”

He couldn't think up a decent answer. There was none.

“I should've known,” May continued in her reprimanding tone. “You perv. This whole ‘run of shame’ deal was just your way of trying to see me naked, wasn't it?”

“What?! No.” Drew fretted. “Hey, you were the one that came up with the bet in the first place!”

“True. But you never fought it. You wanted it.”

“Like you didn’t want it too! You were dying to humiliate me.”

“Exactly,” said May. “I wanted to humiliate you. Not perv over you. Sicko!”

Drew started a rebuttal but it died in a feeble stutter.

“How long, Drew?” she pressed him. “How long have you been fantasising about me?”

“Come on, May –”

“No, you come on, Drew! You’ve been caught. Just man up. Own it. No more hiding behind stupid roses, stupid bets. Like, jeez, were you ever real with me?”

“Yes.” And no. “I mean, I don’t know. I don’t know what to tell you.”

“Ever heard of something called ‘the truth?’”

Drew drooped his shoulders and hung his head, shaking it solemnly. Even if he’d been inclined to tell all, where would he start? There was too much to unpack, especially on a night like this, eclipsing a long day loaded with enough drama to last them a lifetime.

Words failed him. She’d backed him into a corner and stripped him bare of his bravado, the magic wand he usually waved around to make the real Drew disappear. How could she ever see this pathetic version as anything more than it was, a pokémon enthusiast who trained hard mostly to impress the person he pretended to hate, a loser who’d sooner take advantage of a sleeping girl than admit he found her attractive?

Whatever she wanted to do with him, he’d accept it. Hell, he didn’t know what he’d do with himself at this point. He begged for the Earth to open up and swallow him whole. Since that wasn’t happening, all he could offer was, “I’m truly sorry.” He kept his head hung. “For everything, all the bullshitting, the harsh criticisms, the gaslighting – you name it. I’m sorry, May.”

A heavy silence stilled the air. He didn’t dare look up to see the hatred on her face. If she was gearing up to punch him, he was prepared to sit there for an eternity then take it on the chin like a man.

Hours seemed to crawl past.

A faint voice cracked through the silence.

“Drew...”

It was so soft he might’ve imagined it.

“Drew!”

He jolted upright. May’s face was hovering an inch away from his. Before he could process why she’d crawled so near him, she closed the distance between their lips.

His eyes grew wide, tried to make sense of the face pressing into his. Could this be real? Sure looked like May, smelt like May, and though he couldn’t say with any surety, tasted like May too. His eyes fell shut, satisfied with this dream.

The why and how May was kissing him could wait. This moment felt too important to be grounded by logic.

Drew cupped her face in both hands and unloaded his passion. The weight and worries of the world rolled off their shoulders. If actions spoke louder than words, this was the most honest bit of communication they’d had all day.

The heat of their snog warmed the inside of the tent, heads tilting, tongues meshing. With only the grass on their backs, the teenage runaways had survived the wild, wild woods, bared their souls to each other and escaped the cycle of juvenile slurs that had defined their relationship. The open-mouthed kiss became a mutual admission, a truce, a celebration.

And where would things go from here? Neither of them was to know. Only one thing was certain – all bets were off.

Or were they?

May broke the kiss to catch her breath. “You’re not half as good a liar as you think, you know?”

“I know,” said Drew. “I’m twice as good.”

May shook her head with a playful smile. “I figured out whose world you rocked.”

“Oh?”

“Yes. It was...” She leaned into his ear to whisper. “Nobody’s.”

Whoa. Had it always been that obvious? He hoped it wasn’t the kiss that gave him away.

“But that’s okay,” said May. “You don’t ever need to lie to me about anything again. And you definitely don’t need to go out of your way to try and impress me.”

“Really?” That seemed too easy. According to his research – which comprised of reading the first survey that popped up on his favourite search engine – women preferred a man with sexual experience in the bedroom. How could she blame him for talking himself up? Surely, it couldn’t have been as easy as –

“Just be yourself, Drew.”

Okay. He nodded. It was worth a shot. “Well, there’s a first time for everything, May. You wouldn’t happen to know any talented, gorgeous, busty Coordinators that are looking to get their world rocked tonight, would you?”

“Hmm...” May pretended to think hard. “Now that you mentioned it...”

“...yes?”

“Someone does spring to mind. But -”

“But what?”

“But she’s more likely to rock *your* world than anything else.”

Drew laughed. “What’s the bet?”

“The bet?”

“That I can make you cum long before you even get close to making me cum.”

“Wow, Drew. Seriously?”

He looked dead straight in her sapphire eyes. “Seriously.”

It was just like them to turn everything into a competition. “You’re on!”

And just like that, the proverbial bell rang and Drew was off to the races, more specifically the race to get her to orgasm. He seized control of the first round of kisses with a clinch of her lower lip, tugging gently on the rosy cushion. May countered with sensual bites of her own as the two locked horns, hands and mouths all over each other.

“Is that the best you got?” she taunted breathlessly.

“I’m just getting started.” He spread hot kisses down her neck and collarbone.

“Oooo,” she purred when he’d struck a sweet spot. “Okay then...”

“Know there’s no way you’re winning this right?” Cocky Drew was back in full swing. And full erection.

“Pretty smug for someone who’s never done this before,” said May. “Sure you even know where it goes?”

Drew scoffed. “How about I *show* you where it goes?”

May yelped in surprise as her opponent took her to the mat. He tried to pin her on her back but she refused to lay still. They tussled in the small confines, dispersing the border of leaves as they rolled about grappling for leverage, hands and feet scraping against the tent walls; amid the scuffle, they’d united their nations, a union founded on a bed of scattered foliage.

The arch-rivals appeared to be in the same weight class, making for an even battle, mirth and giggles filling the tent as they play-wrestled each other towards submission. Whenever Drew came close to seizing the advantage, May resorted to tickling him wherever she could reach, swindling her way out of tight spots. He called her a cheater! Who tickled in a wrestling match?!

Granted, he could forgive it, given her disadvantage in strength and bone density. It had been all fun and games for May until he trapped her under his weight, then clenched both her wrists in one hand above her head. She wriggled to no avail.

Drew smirked, proud of his hard-fought dominance. “You were saying?”

May panted heavily from all the energy she’d exerted trying to outwrestle him. “I almost had you.”

“Almost’ doesn’t count.” He pressed his lips onto hers and slid his tongue round the inside of her mouth. “Mmm, the sweet taste of victory!”

“You’re so cheesy.” May laughed.

“And you’re so tasty!” With her arms still bound and raised above her head, Drew licked her baby smooth armpit.

May flinched and giggled. “Ew, Drew!”

“Ew, nothing.” He continued to lick her under the armpits, demonstrating the lengths he’d go to to clench victory, proving his unbridled desire for every last inch of her body, sweat, musk and all.

May writhed, giggling throughout the whole ordeal. It tickled, and in more places than one.

Drew dropped his voice low to her face. “I believe,” he said, as she was coming down from another fit of giggles, “That it goes somewhere around...” He reached for the long blades of grass making up the front of her skirt. Parting the green curtain to either side of her crotch, he fashioned a clear path to wedge his hand through. “Here!”

Her reaction to his intimate touch was faint. “Drew...” May wasn’t laughing anymore when he stroked her up and down the sleek folds of her pussy. The only sounds fumbling out her mouth were purrs and sharp draws of breath.

“You’re drenched, May. I could finish this right here.” He went for the kill; in the form of his longest finger penetrating her sugary walls.

“Ngh!” she gasped.

Her tight entrance clenched his finger, preventing Drew from pushing more than a third of it inside her. “Heh. Nice trick.”

At least he assumed it was a trick as opposed to a natural reaction to his invasion. He could’ve probably forced it deeper but didn’t want to risk hurting her and breaking the spirit of the game. Rather, Drew worked with the leeway she afforded him, moving his digit in and out in slow, shallow penetrations.

He gazed deep into her quivering eyes, relishing the pleasure he bestowed with his all-mighty finger. If this was her reaction from one, measly, little digit, he couldn't wait to see what would happen once he shoved his entire cock through there, his manhood rubbing against her naked thigh eagerly as he fingered her.

For a blissful while, May seemed to forget they were in the middle of a competition and let the waves of pleasure carry her to the coastline of defeat. She grabbed his wrist abruptly, forcing him to stop before he cost her the bout. "Timeout."

Drew furrowed his brow. "Timeout? We never agreed to timeouts." Granted, they never made up any other rules either besides what would decide the winner. In a show of sportsmanship, he retracted his finger from her shallow depths.

And, in a show of true May-manship, it turned out to be a trick!

She flipped him onto his back with strength he never knew she had and straddled him above the waist. "Now it's my turn," she chimed.

May grinded on his abdomen. The prickly hem of her skirt itched his belly while the wet rub of her pussy spread a pleasant contrast. "Can Little Drew come out and play?" She hooked her hand in the vine holding his loincloth together and yanked it to unfetter the two giant leaves. His dick whipped upwards, hitting the back of her grass skirt.

"Attaboy," she said huskily.

"It's not that little," mumbled Drew.

"Hm..." Whilst continuing to rub herself on his stomach, May reached back and stroked the erection behind her rear. Truthfully, she didn't know if it was little or not, but it sure felt nice throbbing in her fist.

Drew grunted as the trickster rode and masturbated him at the same time, wedging his shaft between her plump cheeks. The feel of grass and butt worked him up and down. Then back and forth when she jutted her ass backwards, sliding over his upper thighs, flattening his erection before sliding her way back up again.

It was Drew's turn to fight the pressure, to resist the urge to spill his seed down the crack of her butt. His research taught him to transport his mind to a faraway, unsexy place. It was hard. After spending years fantasising about this exact moment, he had to fantasise it

away, turn the hot brunette riding his stomach into a grubby Snorlax. Drew almost sniggered as the mirage took shape.

Silly but effective. He stopped himself from blowing his chances as she upped the pace of her grinding, her thighs growing hot and sweaty against his sides. She rode him to the brink. Arceus, her ass felt so good massaging his dick! His imagination began to falter. Drew hastily formed a 'T' gesture with his hands.

"Timeout! Timeout!" He'd be a punk if he came before he even got to feel what it was like to be inside her. "Timeout, please!"

May stopped and sighed. "Fiiiine. Guess it's only fair."

Drew wiped the sweat off his brow. Another close one.

After they'd cooled for a few seconds, May declared, "No more timeouts."

Drew nodded. "Fair."

May initiated the next round by turning to face the tent's entrance. Her ass settled on his chest. She lowered her face towards his crotch area and the next thing Drew knew a warm, humid sensation enveloped his cock.

"Whoa..." Drew cried out in ecstasy. "Holy, Zapdos! Oh God, May..." He didn't know what to do with himself, his arms flailing in the air as she bobbed her head on his dick, emanating loud squelches of saliva.

Had she mastered the art of blowjobs or did they all feel this amazing? At this rate she'd get a gallon of semen blasted up her gullet for her efforts. As much as the thought of flooding her stomach turned him on, Drew wasn't ready for that to happen, not yet.

He had to think quickly. Make a move. But what?

In his hysteria he'd failed to see the answer sitting right in front of him. Literally.

Drew grabbed her by the thighs and pulled. Her grass-covered butt grew as it drew near, consumed his entire vision. He brushed aside the green blades down the back of her skirt, revealing her big, bubbly peach and, more focally, the pink petals of her sex. Without wasting another breath, he launched a counter blow of his own, fighting fire with fire, clamping his lips on her dangling bits.



The effect was immediate – his dick fell out of her mouth as a loud moan tore its way out her lungs.

“Mmmm, yesh,” Drew murmured dreamily, as if May’s honey was the sweetest thing he’d ever tasted. He licked either side of her saturated folds, then clenched them with his lips before tugging hard, sucking the breath right out of her.

“Oh, God!” May whined, pleasure straining her voice. Random moans kept breaking the momentum of her dick sucking as his last-ditch manoeuvre swung the tide of battle back in his favour. But May wouldn’t give up without a fight.

The duel raged on, Drew flat on his back, May on top of him in reverse, trading swigs of fellatio and cunnilingus alike, the race heating up as it scorched towards the finish line. He thrust his dick upwards as she jiggled her ass in his face. Precum swirled on her tongue as her nectar swirled on his.

The irony of their entanglement wasn’t lost on Drew; the Coordinators were engaged in the same feral behaviours they’d chastised their pokémon for. If Gritty and Skitty could see them now, they’d be smacking their little heads with the biggest facepalms of the century. Unless, of course, this had been their plan all along?

In which case, Drew owed his Skitty a mountain of Pokéblocks.

As May began to gain her stride back with a combo of stroking his cock and sucking on its mushroom tip, Drew came out of nowhere with a deft flick of his tongue, striking the sensitive nub at the crown of her sex.

“Ah!!!” May jumped.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Drew pulled her down by the thighs, dropping that sopping wet pussy back on his face. He secured her firmly, limiting her movements to wriggles while he assaulted her swollen, little clit, tongue lashing it from every direction with varying pressure.

“That’s – AH! Tha-that’s... cheating,” said May, struggling to talk and breath and grunt all at the same time. She couldn’t even hold his dick steady anymore, let alone suck it, the pleasure wracking her trembling body.

*Now look who's calling foul?* Drew smirked whilst buried beneath the grass skirt, the foliage rustling as she wriggled with reluctant delight.

“AH! GAAAWD!” May’s lust-filled cries pierced the through tent and shook the leaves in the forest. “No! No! Ahhh, not yet! No!” Hanging on her last breath, May came up with the desperate idea to stick her feet in his face.

There Drew was, merrily munching on pussy as one does, when a set of sandy toes poked him in the eye. “Argh!”

The underhanded move forced a break as he went to rub his eyes. They really needed to get a referee in there! Taking advantage of his disarray, her sly cunt ran from his mouth’s clutches. May spun round and lined up his shaft with her entrance. By the time he rubbed the sting from his eyes, it was too late to stop her.

May lowered herself onto his standing dick, her entrance expanding around his bulbous head. They hissed in unison, May at being stretched, Drew at the tightness of her hold. He lay still and watched the strain on her face as she impaled herself right through to the bottom. Once there, she seemed to need a minute to get adjusted.

Drew felt something trickling down his side. He looked down to see a red stream seeping out of her grass skirt. Shock struck his features. “May! You never told me you were still...”

“It didn’t matter,” said May. “It doesn’t matter.”

He went from wanting to strangle her for sticking her feet in his face to wanting to comfort her for gifting him her virginity. “Heh, looks like I wasn’t the only talking a big game.”

She laughed guiltily. “You totally believed me though.”

“Not even for a second.”

“Yeah, right. This doesn’t change anything,” said May. “Better not go easy on me.”

“But May, you just –”

“You heard me, Drew. I don’t want any excuses when I win this!”

Drew threw his hands up. “Alright, then.”

He let her take control. With her virgin-tight pussy clasping his cock, she raised and lowered her hips in slow and tentative increments, training herself to handle penetration. Drew caressed her outer thighs with tenderness and encouragement. Being each other’s firsts... he couldn’t believe it.

Throwing the competition tempted him. Did it even matter anymore? Shouldn’t they have been treating this moment as magical?

Well, he’d already promised her he wouldn’t throw it. And magic...? Everyone defined their own magic.

For them, it was May riding him rough and raw as soon as the pleasures of penetration overrode the pain. He held her gyrating waist. They looked into each other’s eyes. Both panting. She bounced on him, ass clapping. They sang songs of pleasures. Those big, beautiful tits bouncing in his face.

Drew grabbed the vine between the maple leaves of her makeshift bra. A strong tug. Her ‘bra’ fell to pieces; one leaf slumped off her left nipple while the other went flying from her hopping breast. Revved up by the sight of her bare, boisterous tits, he drove his dick into her at a faster pace, forcing the fleshy mounds to jump even higher.

The sounds and smells of sex filled the tent. Their passionate moans grew so loud no pokémon in the wilderness had a hope of getting any sleep. So raunchy, so risky. Lost in the throes of a sex-battle, they hadn’t stopped to consider all the predators out there who’d be drawn to their noisy romp.

Not until it was too late...

...

Two shadowy figures looked out from the edge of the clearing. A tent had been erected on the grassy patch. Bathed in the orange glow inside, two silhouettes became visible to the outside world. The outline of a busty, long-haired girl was bouncing on a horizontal figure, most likely male – given the shadowy pole that appeared beneath the female every time she raised her bottom.

“Well, well, well,” said Harley. “Look what we have here.”

“Appears we’ve found ourselves a couple of Rattata,” Conway observed.

“More like Nidoran judging by the way they’re going at it.” The girl bounced with so much frenzy her massive, swinging tits came close to whacking her in the face.

“You sure that’s them?” The frustrated men had been circling the woods for what like hours before ‘strange noises’ enticed them this way.

“A thousand per cent. I’d recognise those tits anywhere. Look at those things go.” Harley whistled.

“Look at them indeed...” Conway gaped in a ravenous stupor, his eyes jumping up and down in sync with the silhouette’s breasts. “What a lucky dirtbag...”

“Anyway,” said Harley, side-glaring his overtly perverted partner in crime. “I thought you would’ve recognised the tent.”

“The tent?” Conway shook away the red fog corrupting his vision and took another gander. “Hey! That’s my tent!”

“Forget your stupid tent. Those pesky runts stole my scrumptious dinner!” Harley threw his green hat on the ground. “Grr! Now it’s personal. They’re gonna pay for his,” he promised. “That thing finally working?”

Conway smacked his night-vision camcorder on. “Just about. I’m sure it’s got enough steam to get us what we need.” A sinister glint of moonlight flashed across his spectacles.

Harley fished out his own camera. “Alright, let’s go.” He led the march.

...

Drew wouldn’t last much longer. Not with the way his rival’s tight pussy was squeezing on him. He needed to seize control, end this round in a big way. They both knew it would be the last one.

He grabbed May's waist then swung her onto her back. Propped on his knees, he raised her spread-eagled thighs and jabbed at her pussy through the grass skirt. Sprawled out on a bed of leaves wasn't quite as romantic as a bed of roses but she'd never looked sexier, her mouth half agape, her high-pitched moans ringing in his ears, her large breasts wobbling wild and frantically. Whatever she had thought of 'Little Drew', it was more than enough to make her scream.

"Ooooh, aaah! You're gonna make me –" She thought better of spurring him on. "You're gonna cum! You're about to cum!"

"No." Drew puffed, face red and beaded with sweat as he ploughed the virgin. "You're – ooh, fuck – *you're* gonna cum!" He hit her back.

"You're cumming! You're cumming!"

"No, you're cumming!"

May's cries rose to a crescendo. She seemed two seconds away from cumming before pulling off one final trick – she clenched the walls of her pussy.

"Fuck!" Through sheer will, Drew resisted her last-clinch attempt to milk him. He remembered her weakness. Mid-fucking, he reached down and thumbed her clit. Coupled with the penetration, May got backed into the corner with nowhere to go.

A shrill cry broke the night air. Her eyes rolled back into her skull. All her muscles tensed, her spine arching off the tent floor.

Whoa, Drew would've thought she was possessed if he didn't know better.

With a dying whimper, she came hard all over his cock.

Drew followed a split second after, extracting himself as jets of semen spurted across her fat breasts, some splatting between her pretty eyes.

He collapsed next to her in a heap. Completely drained.

"I..." he said breathlessly. "...win."

May's chest rose and fell for a good minute before she finally conceded. "Fine... you win. *This* time," she added.

He grinned, more than satisfied with the notion of this happening again. Before he could rub the victory in her face, a voice from outside made them jump.

“Actually,” said the surprise prowler, “*we* win!”

The tent’s entrance flapped open.

May screamed. Wind burst in. Drew shuddered.

A flurry of camera flashes assaulted them. May scrambled to cover up but at least a dozen shots must’ve already captured her topless and covered in cum. Drew threw one hand over his crotch and guarded his face from the blinding flashes with the other. All the while, wicked laughter crackled behind the snapping lens.

Drew lowered his forearm, peeking over the barrier to catch a glimpse of their antagonists. Sure enough it was those creeps again! Conway’s camcorder panned across the inside of the tent, recording live footage of both he and May in comprised positions, while Harley had stuck his head in shooting rapid-fire photos.

“Ugh, what is with you losers?!” Drew groaned. “Why can’t you just leave us alone?”

“Go away!” shrieked May.

Harley chortled like a tacky witch. “As you wish, May-May! We’ve already got what we came here for anyway!”

“We have?” Conway didn’t think so. “I just wanna... feel them! Just once!” He stretched his arm into the tent, fingers clawing towards her chest. May recoiled, guarding her breasts with crossed arms.

Drew balled an angry fist and swung for the creep!

If Harley hadn’t yanked his buddy out of the tent that second, Drew’s knuckles would’ve landed square on his jaw.

Shell-shocked and traumatised, May shrivelled up in a ball, shaking in the corner. Who knew what they’d do with those pictures and videos? Her life was as good as over once it all got out to the public. No one would consider her a serious Coordinator again. Her eyes welled up.

Drew felt helpless, unable to comfort her. If he hadn't been butt-naked himself, he might've chased those creeps down and at least try to take their equipment from them. All he could do now was fear the worst right alongside May.

...

Harley and Conway howled with laughter as the tent shrunk in the distance behind them. What a haul! Harley had more mortifying material on May than he knew what to do with. Her career was done! The same for that annoying green-haired git.

Conway suddenly stopped walking.

When Harley noticed he stopped too. "Now what?"

Conway pointed a few metres ahead of him where the contours of two Skitty just stood there, leering at them, eyes glowing ferociously under the moonlight.

"Uh..." Harley took a nervous step backwards. "Tell me you brought your pokémon with you?"

"I – I – I left them at the campsite!" Conway sweated bullets.

"Darn it. Me too..."

Harley and Conway raised their hands defensively while slowly backing away from the menacing Skitty. "There, there. Nice kitties. Nice kitties. Nice – ARGH!!!!"

...

Drew and May jumped at the sudden bloodcurdling scream. They stayed huddled in their corner as a commotion of scampering feet, loud thumps and painful cries rang outside the tent.

Seconds later, everything went quiet again.

The shaken Coordinators crawled to the tent's opening and poked their heads outside apprehensively.

“Skitty!” they bawled in union.

“Nya!”

Their pokémon had not only returned, but returned with a fresh set of clothes, and a heap of mangled camera equipment.

The pokémon leapt into their Trainers’ arms, unperturbed by the fact they were naked and smelt funny. Drew and May apologised to their Skitty profusely. They purred and nuzzled into their chests.

All was forgiven. All was forgotten.

Drew and May watched the sunrise hand in hand that morning, with their Skitty on their shoulders leaning their heads together.

**THE END**



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

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](http://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](http://lemonzsauce.com/donate)

...

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

*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*