

# lemonzsaucce

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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 [lemonzsaucce.com](http://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](http://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

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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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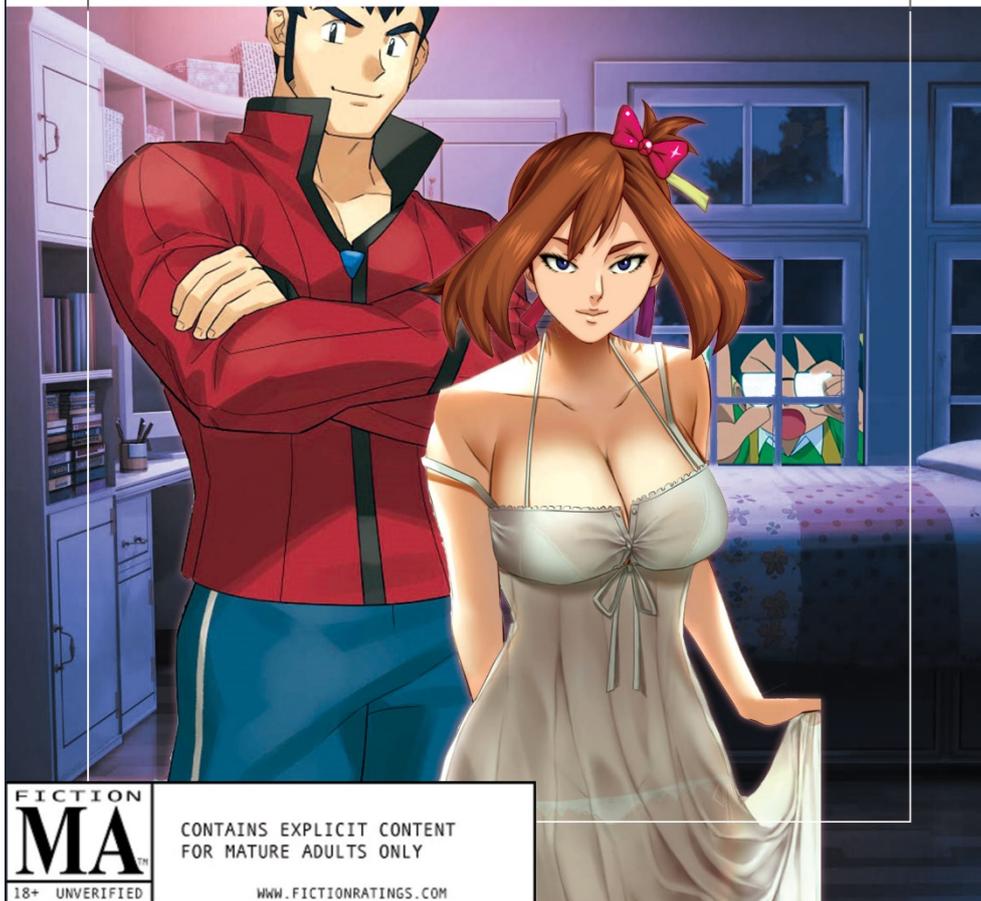
**J. J. SCRIPTEASE**

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**UNDER COVERS  
INVESTIGATOR**

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

**CHAPTER 4**



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## **Synopsis**

Max, a bright but pathological voyeur, sets out to expose all the town's dirty, little secrets, only to capture a shocking affair that throws his practice into question.

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# Under Covers Investigator

*A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease*

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## Chapter 4 – The Storm

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Max didn't know why Norman was on their doorstep and he didn't care to find out either. He answered May's puzzled expression with a shrug and whispered, "Maybe if we keep really quiet he'll go away."

A series of persistent knocks said otherwise. "Come on, guys," he boomed from the other side of the door. "I know you're in there. Your lights are on."

May darted her eyes back and forth between the door and Max. "What do we do?" she muttered under her breath.

Max knew what *not* to do. "Mom said not to open the door for strangers."

May shot him a blasé expression. "We were practically babies then, Max. Besides, Norman's not a stranger."

"Yeah, well, maybe he should be." Max turned away, done with the conversation.

"I don't get it. Why are you all weird around Norman all of a sudden?"

Max puffed in amusement. "*I'm* all weird around Norman? I'm not the one who –"

*Crap, I can't believe I almost said that!*

She blinked, amazement on her face, though it was hard to tell if she was too embarrassed to finish the sentence for him or genuinely stumped by what he was getting at. Either way, Max hit the emergency brakes, backed up and veered down a different path.

"Look," he tried again, "you know Mom doesn't want us talking to him."

“Whatever happened between them is between them.”

“You know it’s not that simple, May.”

“Is anything in life simple?”

The door shook from another rap of knuckles. “Guys?”

Between quarrelling with Max and bearing the dogged knocks, May’s patience was wearing thin. “We can’t just leave him in the rain!”

“He’s a grown man. He knows his way back home. Heck, it’s only two streets down from here!”

“He wouldn’t come here in the rain if it wasn’t important!”

Max sighed, exasperated. “Fine. But if anything fishy happens I’m telling Mom.”

May quirked a brow. “Anything fishy like what?”

“Like... anything.” Max unlocked the deadbolt.

“Wait!” May suddenly panicked. “What are you doing?”

“Didn’t you just say we should let him in?!”

“I need to put on some clothes first!” She clasped her towel tightly around her chest and dashed upstairs.

Max rolled his eyes. He opened the door without her.

Norman’s shadowy frame took up the archway as a rumble of thunder announced his presence. Lightning flashed and gave colour to his crimson raincoat, the oversized jacket soaked through and dripping around his boots. Had he decided to barge into their home, Max’s gangly defence could stall him about as well as a cardboard cut-out.

Yet, the bespectacled boy swallowed his nerves and stood tall, occupied the doorway like a freight train wouldn’t get past him. *He* was the Gym Leader when it came to this household. “What d’ya want?”

Max shifted as the towering man made a sudden move. To his relief, Norman had only been reaching to pull back his hood. “Max... may I?”

He sounded polite enough. Max eyed him up and down, clenched his jaw then reluctantly stepped aside. "I'll allow it."

"Thank you." Norman looked around as if he'd stepped into a time machine, scanning the walls and furniture and mantel for any vestiges of his time as a resident. Not a single trace of him littered the place; not a picture, not an ornament, not even a single hair. Caroline cleansed their home of his presence almost the second her boot bounced off his sorry ass. "It's been so long. The place looks... happier."

Max leaned against the closed door and ignored his invitation for small talk.

"Is your mother home?"

"Nope."

"Ah. That's too bad." The regret in his tone sounded genuine. "I was hoping she'd be here to hear this, too."

"My mom doesn't want to hear anything from you."

Norman let slip a pained chuckle. "You're right. I know that better than anyone. She's been ignoring my calls for years."

"So why'd you bother showing your face here?"

"Look, I know you're mad, and bitter, and maybe you have the right to be, but you're *not* going to talk to me that way." The petulant man put his foot down – quite literally, the thud of his boot punctuating a shift in his tone of his voice. "I don't care if this is your house. I don't care if you never saw me as your father. If nothing else, I taught you to show respect to your elders. And you will. Understand me, young man?"

Years ago, such a tongue lashing would've had him trembling in his britches, but now? After all Max had seen? The respect Norman sought was lodged at the bottom of a toilet somewhere. He'd given up the privilege to throw his weight around when he cheated on their mother. And he definitely *wasn't* their father. His attempt at intimidation only roused a sneer from Max.

He fully expected the old geezer to go on some tirade about the 'problem with kids these days' but Norman surprised him by biting his tongue. The droplets dotting his face

soured a stern expression and, together with the sodden dark hair, gave him the appearance of someone who'd trudged through a war and barely crawled out the other side. He didn't have fight left in him, perhaps because he knew he was in enemy territory. Because he knew he was in the wrong. His glare softened the longer he set it upon Max till he finally conceded a defeated sigh.

"All right," he said. "I know I've never been the perfect father figure..."

Yeah, he could say that again; perfect fathers didn't fuck their would-be stepdaughters for one. Nonetheless, Max withheld judgement and let him dig his grave deeper.

"I've never been the perfect man for that matter," Norman admitted. "No one could ever be. And shining light on someone's transgressions doesn't make you any holier than them either. I've done things..." They exchanged knowing looks. "That I'm not proud of. Things I could've done differently, done better, past and in the present. We can talk about it later, if you'd like, or we can never talk about anything again." He shrugged nonchalantly. "All I'm asking is to hear me out."

Max had kept his arms folded throughout the man's rambling. It sounded as though he was seeking forgiveness or, at the very least, hoping to clear his conscious. Max felt most comfortable keeping his thoughts to himself.

"I know it's a lot, and I kind of sprung this up on you out of the blue. It's just I wasn't sure when I'd see you guys again after tonight. Tell you what, I'll give you a minute to think about everything I've said while I have a talk with your sister. She is here, right?"

Max narrowed his eyes. "What do you want with May?"

Norman batted away his suspicion with an incredulous laugh. "This is probably going to sound strange coming from me but I'm kind of proud of how you've turned out." He slapped Max on the shoulder in a chummy way the young teen didn't appreciate. "I'll be right down, okay? Promise." He took one step up the staircase before Max spoke up.

"Don't forget what I -"

"I haven't," Norman said, matter-of-factly. "I'm here to mend bridges, not burn them. And don't worry..." He turned back and added, "I'll keep my hands to myself." He winked.

Somewhat surprisingly, that comforted Max more than anything else he'd said. Not even Norman had the balls to try anything with someone else in the house.

...did he?

Max looked up as he heard the burly visitor knock on May's bedroom door. She cried out "just a minute" before the familiar squeak of her door hinges. His footsteps disappeared into her room. The door shut. Then a click.

A pang of something struck Max in the gut, an uneasiness he couldn't shake despite his rationale telling him otherwise. He'd passed on the bullshit Norman was selling and could only hope May had the smarts not to get swindled into buying any of it.

...

A crackling mass of grey shrouded the stars over Petalburg City. Not a single electric pokémon could've matched the sky's Thunderbolt attacks, thrusting blocks of neighbourhoods into pitch-darkness. Residents remained holed up and sheltered from the downpour pelting their windows. Amid the semi-blackout, a few houses showed resilience in squares of lit-windows and, at one such house, a defiant resident refused to cower from the storm; had anyone been wandering the streets, they might've seen his gangly frame ducking out of an upstairs window.

Max raised his hands to the sides to help balance on the narrow ledge outside his bedroom. Wind fluttered his clothes and darts of rain struck his face, forcing him to turn away. He found some comfort in looking to the side; anywhere was better than looking south. While a slip down the rain-soaked slope probably wouldn't kill him, he would've very much liked to keep his bones intact all the same.

*Damn May! Making me act like a crazy person...*

It wasn't that he didn't trust her; it was just... well, he didn't trust her.

He glued his back to the wall and took a very slow, very cautious sidestep to the right. Half the length of his shoes protruded over the ledge while the rain's glaze turned the narrow pathway into a slippery balancing beam. He sucked in a huge breath against the breeze and edged his way round the fibre-cement siding.

Max steadied himself in an awkward crouch under May's window. Phew. He made it. Albeit, after rainwater blotched his clothes and spectacles pretty good. He removed his glasses momentarily to wipe down his face, then slowly reared his head over the window sill.

His outings as a private eye had taught him a thing or two about peering into people's windows; for instance, a target in a well-lit room would have a much harder time seeing him out in the darkness than he would seeing them inside. Leaning on past experience gave him the boldness to raise his face right up to the glass of her window.

May had left a central gap in her curtains open and the sheer layer behind it did little to obscure the people inside. They stood a respectable distance from each other, Norman in his damp raincoat, and May having found a short nightdress to replace her towel. It was clear they were exchanging words, though Max couldn't hear a single one, what with thunder rumbling above him and rain pelting the back of his head. Their voices weren't any more discernible than when he'd tried to eavesdrop from outside her door earlier. But at least this way, he figured he'd get a visual.

The instant Norman tried to pull something, he'd be waiting and ready to bound right through May's window.

To the Gym Leader's credit, nothing in his posture or hand gestures gave the impression he was trying to impose himself on the much shorter brunette. Norman kept two metres between them and his mouth appeared to do most the yapping. Unlike Norman's expressive arms, May kept hers folded under her chest while gently rubbing up one of her biceps. She also itched her left calf with her right foot. Hm. Max was no body language expert but his intuition told him Norman was pressing May about something, possibly an attempt to convince or persuade, while May's timid and guarded posture hinted at hesitance.

"What exactly are you trying to sell her?" Max mused aloud. The sooner Norman realised she wasn't buying, the sooner he would be gone. And the sooner Max could get off this bloody ledg-

"WHOA!"

His feet slid back from under him. His face banged the window. His arms were everywhere, flailing. Hands grasping at the ledge, clawing water off the surface. He ran fast and hard to stay on his feet, clambering for purchase on the slippery incline. Then, as though

someone upped the speed on his treadmill, Max was thrown off his footing. Two fingers latched onto the edge one last time before they, too, slipped to their doom.

Max watched his life flash before his eyes amid a burst of lightning. His body hung in precarious air. A strong hand reached down from the heavens and clasped his wrist.

Max suddenly stopped falling.

He looked up to see Norman leaning out of the window with an outstretched arm.

...

Norman and May stood over their uninvited guest with their arms crossed. The guilt-ridden boy sat huddled on her bedroom floor, shivering in soaked clothes, his face down from the weight of their intense scrutiny. Well, May more intense than Norman, who was rather curious about the boy's drastic behaviour.

"What the heck were you doing out there in the rain?" she barked. It was more of a reprimand than a question. Norman couldn't help think how she sounded more like his mom than his sister in the moment.

Max refused to lift his head, let alone answer her question.

She turned to Norman with a lost expression. Her little brother hadn't said a word since they'd hauled him up into her room. Norman wished he had an answer that could wash away the puzzlement on her features. He recalled how Max had attempted to intimidate him, twice, and surmised the boy had been gearing up to make good on his threats. The kid really had it out for him, huh?

Norman couldn't blame him too much; if he'd had a teenage sister and happened upon a grown man banging the living daylights out of her, the man wouldn't have lived long enough to get blackmailed.

Thankfully, Max was more prudent and calculated in his response. When Norman looked at him now, stooped on the floor with his head hung dripping rain, he didn't see the presumptuous boy who dared to threaten him, but a lost, desperate child who didn't know how else to fight for his sister. If only Max realised they were fighting on the same team.

Norman returned her lost expression with a vague shrug.

“Max, can you hear me?” she tried again. “Why were you outside my window? How’d you even get up there?”

More silence. She grumbled. Then turned to Norman with frustration on her face this time, as if to say, ‘Hey, he’s your child, too. Do something!’

“Uh... um...” Norman felt the unexpected pressure of parenting. “Answer your sister, Max,” he said firmly.

The mere sound of his voice evoked a response from the boy May would never get if she’d stood there shouting all night. Slowly, Max picked his eyes off the floor, raising his head until his glasses came into view, the left lens cracked where it had struck the window. He aimed a dark glare Norman’s way, a demon child letting him know his spirit was not as broken as his glasses, letting him know the threats still stood. Max didn’t believe Norman had the authority to speak to him in any way, shape or form, let alone demand he answer anybody’s questions.

Norman’s stern expression wavered. He was way out of his depth here. Maybe he shouldn’t have shown up after all. There was too much damage to be fixed in one night. He’d been naïve to think he could.

“Well, okay,” May cut in, denting the tension between them. “If you’re not going to tell us why you’re skulking around like a creep, you can at least say whatever it is you’re so desperate to say. There must be *something* for you to wind up right where you are right now. So... go ahead. We’re waiting.” She crossed her arms and flicked her hair back.

Max’s expression went from hard to gentle as he turned to May. “It’s... nothing.”

“Nothing? C’mon!” May threw her arms up. “You can’t tell me you stood out in the freaking rain for nothing.”

As she lambasted her little brother in the hunt for answers, Norman picked up something peculiar in the boy’s conduct. Her words appeared to be going over his head and his eyes appeared to flick at her chest every so often. His glances were quick and timed to perfection; they’d escape most people’s attention – they were already escaping May’s, who

might've been distracted by her own ranting. Granted, what girl would even entertain the thought her own brother was checking her out?

But Norman saw it. He was sure he did. It made sense. It would be the final piece to the puzzle, the reason he'd been so determined to keep Norman away. Could it be... no. It was hard to believe even in his own head. Could it be Max wanted May all to himself?

Quite a leap to make from a couple of glances, but Norman had an intuition for this sort of thing. Heck, he'd once been a horny, helpless teenage boy, too. And May's bust was nothing to be sniffed at. Her perky rack bulged the white lace of her sheer nightdress, bearing her cleavage through the thin material while a strategically-knitted floral pattern obscured her nipples. If you were close enough, you could see the white pair of panties through her dress, and both he and Max were close enough.

Wow, Norman thought, Max had changed even more than he realised. And developed a taste for women. Apparently, a taste they shared. Like father, like son?

Norman coughed into his fist to derail May's ranting. "I'm sure Max was only trying to look out for you. Make sure you were safe. Right, Max?"

The bespectacled boy looked stunned that he of all people, the target of his blackmail, would come to his rescue. He nodded in reluctant agreement.

But he might've wanted to hold off on the gratitude until Norman said everything he wanted to. As he'd achieved in many a Gym Battle, Norman identified a weakness in his adversary and sought to exploit it to its full potential.

"In fact, you should count your lucky stars to have a brother like Max," he continued. "He's been looking out for you in ways you couldn't imagine."

May shot her brother a look that said, 'Wait, this guy?'

"I don't blame him for standing outside that window. Or everything he's done up till this point. For watching you... er, watching *over* you." Norman winked at Max while May wasn't looking. The boy's eyes widened and Norman knew he was right on the money. *Jeez, Max, your own sister... tsk, tsk.* This made great leverage to balance out their feud.

"Er, okay?" May scratched her head, oblivious to the furtive conversation happening right under her nose. "Am I missing something here?"

Norman and Max exchanged a knowing glance. 'Will you tell her or should I?' Max shook his head ever so slightly, uncomfortable with either of those scenarios. The hint of a smirk crawled upon Norman's features. He'd turned the tables completely on Max's head. Had he been a vindictive soul, he would've let this drag out much longer than he needed to, perhaps seek an opportunity to dish out blackmail of his own. But no, Norman really had come to make peace, even if his next words might not appear so.

"He knows."

"What do you mean?" May asked. "Knows what?"

"May, he *knows*," Norman reiterated with more emphasis. And just in case it still wasn't clear enough, he added, "Your brother knows about... about us."

May went pale. Her body stiffened, only her neck mobile as she twisted it in small increments towards Max, a mixture of shame and apprehension at the thought of confirming the revelation. Max looked down before her eyes could meet his. "H-how...?"

"He saw us." Her eyes grew wide. "And recorded the whole thing." Her jaw dropped.

"Is it... true?" she asked her brother in a shaky voice.

The answer stayed lodged in his throat for several long seconds before he croaked out, "...yeah."

May was at a loss for words. Norman read on her vacant expression the same thoughts he'd endured when Max first broke the news; how much did he know, how long had he known, how much had he seen, how much had he recorded, who else had he shown, how many times had he viewed the video?

It must've been even harder for May given her familial tie with the little deviant. Knowing he'd seen her in her most intimate moments, seen her stripped bare of her dignity, bare of the clothes on her back. Her own brother. He'd violated her privacy in the sleaziest way imaginable, shattered her trust. And, despite the fact it was not of her doing, she felt dirty. Just as Norman had.

For what felt like aeons, the only sound they could hear was the rain pattering against the bedroom window.

Norman wished he could clear the storm inside May's head but the revelation was still fresh, her emotions still raw. Only time had a chance of truly fixing everything Max had done. Norman couldn't take her back to the past but he could paint a greener picture of the future.

"This doesn't change anything," he insisted. "I meant everything I said before."

"What?" May looked like she'd just woken up from a trance. "You can't be serious."

He figured she'd say that. Well, if this next move didn't convince her, nothing would. "This is how serious I am." He walked to her dresser, fiddled with his hand, laid something down with a loud clink then walked back across the room.

May's trembling eyes hadn't moved from the shiny, gold ring gleaming on her dresser even after Norman had. "You're really going to leave your wife?"

"And the Petalburg Gym." That announcement had Max lift his head to listen. "Gym Leaders are supposed to be pillars of their community, beacons for aspiring Trainers to look up to. I think it's painfully obvious, to both of you now, I haven't exactly been living up to that ideal. Yes, I'm a good Trainer, will always be, but a good man? Heh... certainly not good enough to call myself the Petalburg Gym Leader. I don't know what came over me. At some point I lost my way. I need to backtrack, retrace my steps, start afresh and do things the right way this time."

May shook her head with disbelief. "So throwing your whole life away is the solution? There's no guarantee you'll ever be reinstated as the Petalburg Gym Leader again. Why would you –"

"Then I don't deserve it." It befuddled the kids hearing him talk so flippantly about his lifelong passion. He'd thought long and hard before deciding to come over tonight. His 'family' deserved to hear it first. Unfortunately, Caroline would have to get the gist from her children. "Besides, if we travelled together –"

"We?" May stopped him. "What 'we'? What happened between us... it was..."

"Amazing."

"It was wrong," she corrected him. "It was a one-time thing that never should've –"

“You don’t believe that. Is it because he’s here?” Norman shrugged his head towards the mute boy eavesdropping in the corner.

May squeezed the bridge of her nose, fighting the onset of a migraine.

“I get it,” Norman said. “It’s a lot to take in right now. Hey listen, I’ve had my fair share of ‘one-time’ things, but none of them lasted in my head this long after the dirty had been done. You awoke something in me I thought was long dead. And the way you looked at me in the Gym today... I know I wasn’t the only one who had an epiphany.”

May averted her gaze and rubbed her arm as though a breeze suddenly sailed through the room. “Norman... we can’t just...”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re old enough to be her actual dad,” Max piped up out of nowhere.

Norman side-eyed him. “And you’re her actual brother.” The meaning went over May’s head but Max understood him good and well. He sank back into his obscure corner.

“He’s right,” May said. “What would people think seeing us on the road together? Sharing Pokémon Centre rooms? Sharing a tent? Plus, you used to be with my mom. They’ll think we’re so –”

“Who cares?!” Norman threw his arms up. “What does it matter if I... if I –”

A loud BANG snuffed out the rest of his proclamation. Lightning flashed and suddenly darkness flooded the house.

The downpour added a sombre ambience to the trio’s silent thoughts. None of them could see or hear each other in the dark, and yet there was a mutual sense of self-reflection, of absorbing the finer points of their turbulent discussion.

The first noise to break the utter silence was shifting polyester. Max heard it come from where Norman had been standing before the lights went out. His raincoat shifted across the room and Max followed the sound to where he’d remembered May standing. He heard the man whisper in a deep, gruff voice, “Maybe this will make you believe me...”

The next sound to break the silence made Max sit upright and alert. Wet, smacking noises that even a virgin like him would recognise anywhere. Were they actually *kissing* right

in front of him?! The blackout might've blinded him to their shenanigans but his ears reported everything in minute detail: the wet touch of their lips meeting, the breathless gasps when they parted, and every salacious groan and husky whimper in between.

While they'd slipped into their carnal desires, May hadn't completely lost the plot, at least not yet. Her hushed voice reached Max's ears. "But Norman," she whispered sharply, "he's right there..."

"I don't care," he muttered back. "Told you, I'm done worrying about what anybody has to say. Not him." He kissed her. "Not your mom." Another kiss. "Not the world." A big, fat wet kiss. "Tell me this doesn't feel right?"

"But Norman, what if -"

"Shh... everything will be all right, baby girl, I promise."

"But Nor-"

"And stop calling me Norman. Daddy's here to take care of you now. And this time I'm never going to leave your side."

If May had any more objections, they were swiftly swallowed up in a flurry of sloppy smacking sounds.

Max wanted to burn his ears. How could this be happening? How had his plan backfired so spectacularly?

He'd lost the power in his leverage the instant Norman had decided to come clean. Indeed, the truth had set him free; free to seize everything he wanted with reckless abandon. How did you stop a man prepared to throw away his marriage, his livelihood, his life? Nothing Max could do with that USB stick could damage Norman more than he'd already damaged himself.

Lunging at the man wouldn't be wise either; Max had a better shot getting swatted aside like a fly than dragging the burly man off his sister, and then they'd probably continue making out over his crumpled body. His best option? Staying slumped on his arse listening to his adversary claim his just desserts.

The snogging turned hot and heavy. Max could tell by how laboured their breathing became. It sounded as though they were sucking the wind out of each other for long stretches at a time before releasing each lip-lock at the edge of suffocation. No more contentious whispers out of May, or husky reassurances from Norman, just wet smacks after wet smacks tormenting Max.

Behind him, a flutter of the curtains invited a beam of moonlight into the room, drawing the shapes of a dark crimson raincoat hunched over a little white nightdress floating in the dark. He didn't need to see their hands to know they were rummaging over each other's clothes. The creep of a Gym Leader took liberties under the cloak of darkness, tracing his sister's young, delicious curves. Max didn't know whether he was pissed because Norman was getting away with it or because *he* never could.

He skulked from under the window, hearing the frantic ruffling of Norman's raincoat being wrestled off his muscly frame. Max could imagine May's little hands scrambling to get a feel of the man's chest and abs. What did he have that Max didn't? Well, tone and definition for one, and muscle in places Max didn't even have places. Norman helped May relieve him of his jacket and Max watched it fall into the darkness.

*Not fair.* He grumbled. Norman doing all this didn't surprise him, but May's complicity felt like a knife in the chest. After all he'd done to protect her dirty little secret! The slag! Sure, she had the right to be livid after finding out he'd recorded her in secret, but... still! Doubling down on her dirty deed was no way to prove a point.

Just how far did they intend to take this?

Well, fine, whatever! Since they clearly lacked the dignity to hold themselves back in his presence, he'd embrace their invitation to watch with open arms, and an Xtransceiver.

Max fished the mobile device out of his back pocket and flashed the pair with a harsh beam of light. He caught Norman embracing his sister with his head lowered and May standing on her tippy-toes to meet his lips. The snogging pair started when the abrupt light struck them. With the spotlight of his Xtransceiver carving a luminous circle out the darkness of her bedroom, they turned their faces away from him.

"What the hell, Max?" May cried without looking back. "Turn it off!" She raised her hand in a 'stop' gesture towards his flashlight.

“Wh-why should I?” Max sounded like he had a lump in his throat. He hadn’t realised how nervous he was until he tried to speak.

Norman grunted his displeasure. “Let him be.” He kissed the side of May’s neck hidden from the light. “Probably the closest the little freak will ever get to experiencing a woman. Heck, it’s probably getting him off right now.”

May made a little whimpering sound, as though she’d been caught between expressing her shock and enjoying her neck getting sucked on. “Wha... what...?”

The bright, blue light dimmed May’s enthusiasm. Knowing she was fully visible a few feet away from Max turned her camera shy. She left an idle hand lingering on Norman’s bicep, not caressing the bulging muscle offered by his snug t-shirt, not groping him with the same reckless abandon she would’ve in the dark. In spite of their passionate outburst, May still harboured some semblance of prudishness in front of her little brother. She was still being his big sister trying to protect him from seeing her in a compromised light. Max found it touching in a weirdly-adorable kind of way.

But there was nothing weirdly-adorable about Norman’s conduct under the same scrutiny. If anything, he hammed it up.

The eager man grabbed May’s chin between his fingers and turned her so Max could get the perfect shot of his tongue plunging down his sister’s face. Her resistance faltered; for a brief moment, she matched his passion, opening their mouths so wide Max could see both their ardent, slimy tongues twisting around each other, then she remembered he was watching and raised her hand for him to turn off the light again.

May struggled between giving in to her desires and holding off until Max put away his Xtransceiver. Norman didn’t make it easy for her either. He cupped one side of her face and kept her lips occupied, leaving frantic hand gestures her only means to communicate she wanted Max to stop looking. But Max... couldn’t.

Norman scooped a fat lump of her nightdress and gently squeezed till the outline of her hard nipple emerged, forming an imprint so large it looked as though it might poke a hole through the lace. Max mouthed a silent ‘whoa’. May must’ve been excruciatingly horny for her nipples to get *that* erect! Evidently, all the fumbling and fondling in the dark had been super effective.

May glanced down at the erect nub and her cheeks glowed cerise under the sapphire scrutiny of his spotlight. “Max, don’t look…”

“Um, uh,” he mumbled with a dumb gaze glued to her massive tit as it squished and rolled under the pressure of Norman’s circling palm, her enlarged nipple poking between his ring and middle fingers. May tried her best to swallow her moans, embarrassed at the pleasure she couldn’t hide before his young eyes.

Her struggle intensified when Norman trailed his hand down her side. He made a quick stop to squeeze her waist before roaming down her bare thigh. She shuddered at his slow touch. Then, without warning, he flung his hand right up her nightdress, scooping its hem so high over his wrist Max was greeted with a scrumptious sideview of her rotund butt cheek. Only the white waistband of her teeny thong broke the complexion of bare flesh.

“Max!” She fretted. “Shut your eyes!” She tried to pull down her nightdress but Norman seized a handful of her exposed cheek and shook the supple chunk with aggression, practically rubbing it in Max’s face. ‘Haha, look what I got!’ was probably what was going through his mind. Max seethed in silence, barely containing his jealousy, all whilst May begged him to turn off the light. He’d seen enough as far as she was concerned. But Max was frozen, trembling, unsure of which instinct to respond to. Norman released her ass after the hearty squeeze, slid round to the front of her thong, smoothed over her waistband and then – “Max, please!”

He jumped and his jittery fingers hit the off button. One second later and he might’ve witnessed Norman dragging his sister’s panties down to her knees. With darkness restored, it was anyone’s guess what had actually happened. Max wore a mask of dotted sweat. Although he’d ultimately respected her request for privacy, a sick part of him regretted it. It was the second time tonight he’d been robbed of the opportunity to see her pussy.

He slapped the right side of his face. *Jeez! Get a grip, Max!* Then the left. *She’s still your sister!* Whatever sense he’d hoped to shake loose was forgotten as soon as lewd noises itched his wanton ears.

This time, it was a different sort of wet sound, not the type that could be produced from the lips – at least, not the pair found on one’s face.

“Unh... oooh...” May’s feeble little grunts crept out between the squelches. “Mmm... ooohh...” It was no mystery where Norman’s hand wound up seconds after the makeshift light went out. “Unh, unh...” With her hushed whimpers, May did a better job of shushing the evidence than her embarrassingly wet pussy. “Oooh!” But not by much.

“Good God,” came Norman’s noticeably deeper voice. “Look how wet you are... wow... all this for daddy?”

“Mmm... mhm...”

“That’s my good, little girl.” The sound of a kiss. “No one’s touched daddy’s pussy since he last visited, have they?”

She hummed in the negative. “No, daddy...”

“Good girl,” he purred. “I can tell. Still as tight as I left it...”

“Mhm...”

“Sheesh... listen to it go...” Then came a rapid succession of loud squelches and even louder purring. Her pussy sounded like it was suddenly getting blitzed. Then the wet noises slowed down again. “Wow... it’s literally dripping all over your floor, baby... you hear that?” The sound of a drop hit the carpet. Then another. “Sounds hungry... but don’t worry, daddy’s got just the thing to feed that famished little cunt...”

May moaned as if she loved the sound of that. “I... I need it,” she admitted in a shy whisper. “So bad...”

“Yeah? I can see that.” He chuckled. “Let’s get you good and ready then, huh? I’m putting in another finger...”

Max was beginning to believe they forgot he existed whenever the lights went out. Out of sight, out of mind. Either that, or the darkness emboldened them so much they didn’t care about him listening in on their dirty talk. May really was two people on either side of the light spectrum; Daylight May was the somewhat sweet, somewhat annoying, somewhat ditzy older sister he’d known all his life, and Shadow May was the downright filthy, unapologetically kinky manifestation of her sexual repression.

Well, Max kind of wanted to get to know the latter better. It was the reason he kept the Xtransceiver at bay.

She gave a strained grunt, the noise one might make when lifting a heavy box, or when someone inserted two thick digits up their tight pussy. “Mmmm!” she exclaimed in an ear-piercing hum. Then the pumping began. *Squelch. Squelch. Squelch.* It sounded as if May was covering her mouth, yet the moans rumbled through her smother anyway. *Squelch, squelch, squelch!* Faster. Harder. “Aah!!! Ooooooh! AHH!”

Daddy sure was doing a number on ‘his’ pussy. The slapping sounds must’ve emanated from Norman’s palm colliding with the fleshy part of her mound.

A timely flash of lightning lit up the room and, in that split-second glimpse, Max saw May leaning back against Norman while the towering Gym Leader held the front of her nightdress over her midriff and had his other hand invading her little, white panties. The width of his large fist covered her pubic area and caught the thin strip of her thong between his knuckles. And just as quickly as they’d come to light, so too did they disappear.

Though not in Max’s head. That snapshot of May getting finger-blasted was enough to stir a twitch in his pants.

Norman had her positioned directly towards Max. It was almost as if she’d become his prop, a means to add insult to injury by displaying his complete dominance over him and his sister. So unnecessary. Max had all but conceded defeat already. Dangling what he could never have in front of him was just cruel.

The squelching ended with a satisfied sigh from May. Norman must’ve dislodged his digits from her sex. He mumbled something along the lines of ‘clean these up’ and what followed sounded like an obedient mouth sucking two fingers dry.

“That’s a good girl,” Norman said huskily. “You like the taste of daddy’s pussy?”

“...mmm, yes daddy...”

“Mm, good, then I know you’ll love the taste of this...”

*Zip!*

Pants jangled loose and bodies shuffled in the dark. Max heard her knees rustling around in the discarded raincoat. He knew May found the right position when Norman ordered her to ‘open her fucking mouth’. She did. Her dutiful orifice got stuffed with a garbled ‘oomph!’

Relief poured out his lips.

May’s indiscernible contour stirred rhythmically, a bobbling shadow. Adding to the ambience of grumbling skies and heavy rainfall came a chorus of sloppy suction. If Max hadn’t already seen Norman’s impressive proportions on video, he would’ve guessed it from the intense slurping and gagging noises right in front of him. Muffled moans barely escaped the corners of her stuffed lips, all whilst her impaler demanded she ‘make daddy happy’ by ‘taking it all’. A loud, gurgly *choke* startled Max.

“Uhhhhh...” Norman droned in ecstasy. “Shiiiiiiiit. If you keep this up, I might have to start giving you an allowance again.” The spit-shined cock popped out of her mouth and left her gasping for air.

While Norman lauded his sister for her tongue skills, Max pitched a lonesome tent in his pants. This felt sadly familiar. The only thing missing was a screen separating him from his marks. He itched his swollen knob out of habit. Why shouldn’t he pull it out and be done with it? They couldn’t see him any more than he could see them. Getting off to lewd noises would be a new one, but he had enough mental imagery of May to colour in the blind spots. Quietly, he unbuttoned his pants, pulled down his zipper, and then –

“Hey, kid.”

Max froze with a hand down his pants. Could Norman see him?

“Having fun over there?”

“Uh...”

“Turn on your light again.”

May murmured in the background, “What are you doing?”, to which Norman replied, “Just trust me.”

Max didn't know what to think. He certainly wouldn't 'just trust' Norman. But he'd be lying if he said flashing on the Xtransceiver hadn't crossed his mind. Warily, he aimed it at the darkness in front of him.

*Click!*

A burst of light revealed May and Norman, the latter standing tall behind the former. Their posture was suspiciously cordial and Norman's pants were back on; seeing them now, you'd never guess they'd been engaging in the kind of activities he'd just overheard. The Xtransceiver shined through May's semi-translucent nightie, bringing to light the white thong underneath, the thong he'd heard and seen Norman breach minutes ago. Her breasts were still poking for release and her eyes were still avoiding his direction. Max had no such qualms drinking in the sight of his busty, half-naked sister.

Norman put both hands on her shoulders. "Like what you see?" he asked Max.

"What?" May chuckled with disbelief and took it upon herself to answer for her little brother. "Of course he doesn't! The fact you'd even think that..." She shook her head dismissively. "No way."

"Stranger things have happened, isn't that right, Max?" He remained silent, pleased the shadows hid his guilty face. "Go on." Norman nodded his head at the boy's crotch. "Show her." Max gulped. The light trembled from his shaky grasp. "Hey, it's okay." Norman winked. "Go on."

What the heck was happening? Why was Norman doing this? A bead of sweat trailed down Max's brow. Norman wore an assured smirk. May's face was blank. Max continued to tremble and yet, without thinking why, the shaky light moved down from the pair and turned itself on his pants, where a small tent confirmed Norman's suggestion. The bespectacled boy hurriedly turned the light back on them.

May slapped a hand over her mouth, her eyes big with shock.

"See?" Norman brushed her long, damp tresses behind her left ear. "I'm not the only one who sees how amazing you are. Poor boy's been pining for a piece of you. You've probably been torturing him strutting about the house with those massive funbags of yours and never even knew it."

May covered her breasts in shame.

“It’s not your fault.” Norman stroked her hair with reassurance. “You can’t help your natural development. If anything, it’s probably my fault your brother turned out this way. I never taught him how to be a man when I still had the chance. In my mind, he was always too young to learn about the birds and the bees. Now I can’t help think if he’d known how to talk to young women, maybe he wouldn’t have resorted to ‘espionage’ to get his kicks.”

Max was astounded such thoughts even flickered in Norman’s head. He wasn’t sure he agreed with the Gym Leader’s psychoanalysis, but learning the man had more layers than he’d ever given him credit for was humbling.

“All I can say,” Norman continued, “is I hope it’s not too late. Now, why don’t you be a good big sister and help me out?”

“M-me?” May asked, despite being the only sister in the room. “How could I help?”

“Like this...” Norman hooked a finger under her dress strap and began to peel it down her left shoulder.

“Wait, wha-”

“Shh... be a good girl and listen to daddy, okay? You trust me, right?” She mused for a second then gave a reluctant nod. “Perfect. Now let’s let your brother see those huge tits of yours.”

*Wait, what?!*

Max couldn’t believe his ears. This had to be a trick. His most vile nemeses suddenly turned wingman? Why?

While Max tried to work out Norman’s angle, Norman continued working May’s dress strap. The busty teen appeared apprehensive even though she’d proclaimed her trust in ‘daddy’ moments earlier. She whipped her head in the opposite direction of the strap he rolled off her shoulder. The left side of her nightdress came loose. Max’s excited grip couldn’t hold the spotlight steady. *Was this really happening?!* Norman answered his hopeful question with an emphatic tug on May’s nightdress – her erect nipple sprung right out with a wobble of the surrounding flesh.

*Holy shit.*

Max gawked. He forgot May was his sister. Her exposed tit could be attached to anyone and he would gawk just the same. It was almost perfectly round, and astonishingly perky – as though someone had sculpted flesh in a bowl then stuck it on her chest. A large pink circle coloured its centre and protruded a hard nub pointing right at his pupil. For something so plump and weighty, the breast defied laws of gravity. Max would never tire from watching a great rack get revealed.

“Impressive, huh?” Norman grinned. “Now go on and suck it.”

May whipped her head round to Norman and appeared to be on the brink of barking ‘that wasn’t part of the deal!’ but before a single word could part her lips, a hot mouth had already latched onto her exposed tit.

She gasped!

The last thing she saw was a devious glint in her brother’s glasses before he dropped the Xtransceiver. It hit the floor with a thud then flipped flat onto its back so that the light was reduced to a small pool surrounding the device.

Max didn’t have to think twice about where to put his freed-up hands. Soon, his big sister felt the squeeze of his wanton, little digits as rough clasps elongated her supple breast tissue, which he shovelled into his mouth nipple-first. It was his turn to make slurping noises in the dark. Her nipple felt smooth yet coarse on his tongue, which surprised Max – not in a bad way; he merely never imagined the texture of an actual female teat on his palette. He groped and licked and nibbled and sucked on the fleshy mound as if he’d only been given a minute to sample its entire surface area.

Her skin was hot from the afterglow of her shower and smelt like lavender body wash, making her breast taste sweeter than it probably was. Shadows flickered over the floored light as Max fondled his sister in the dark. There was so much bosom in his vicinity, he could wave his hands blindly in front of him and come into contact with one part of her puffy chest or another. He needed more.

Max found the courage to reach for her other breast, only to discover her right hand was covering it. A tussle ensued. He and May were pretty much the same height and supposedly the same weight class; he’d had to use all his strength to wrestle her hand off his

prize. After barely outmuscling her, he clutched the right cup of her nightdress before she could protect it again, then yanked it down hard.

*Rip!*

“Hey!” she whined. “Calm it down!”

“S-sorry!” But there was nothing apologetic about the way he grabbed the fat titty he’d just ripped out of her nightdress. The vulturous boy squeezed and sucked it even harder than her previous breast, imprinting his authority as if her resistance had offended him. Now that he’d gotten a taste, there was no beating him off of it with a stick.

His hunger was insatiable, uncontainable, perhaps expectedly so after ogling her mammarys in tight little outfits all week. Such a tease. They all were; the girls he’d captured on camera, giving themselves to men and boys who didn’t deserve it. He pushed his sister’s slutty tits together till her nipples almost touched, then swiped his tongue across them.

“Hnnng...” she let slip accidentally. “Okay, Max, that’s enough...”

“Hm?” He pretended not to hear her, too occupied with the funbags hanging out of her nightdress.

“Stop...”

*Or what? She was going to cum?* He pushed his smirk into her bosom and shook his face fervently, spraying her with droplets of rainwater soaked into his hair.

“Ew, you’re so wet!”

Max didn’t realise till then that he’d been rubbing his sodden clothes up against her, too. “Yeah? Well, so are you,” he quipped. And regretted it immediately. Since when did he talk to women like that? To May? Good thing he couldn’t see the cringe on her face. *This isn’t me.* Whoever it was though, Max couldn’t stop him rubbing up against May and reaching for her nether regions.

Somehow, she’d anticipated his crude attempt and swayed her hips back. He caught nothing but air, and a handful of her nightdress. She seized his wrist in one hand, and with her other –

*SLAP!*

Max stumbled backwards and caught his glasses from nearly falling off his face.

“Okay, okay!” Norman pushed himself between them. “Break it up, kids.”

Max rubbed his throbbing cheek, dazed and embarrassed. Sheesh, what had gotten into him? He shuddered to think what Shadow Max might’ve done had Norman not been there to referee; probably take whatever he wanted from May, or get strangled to death in her bed trying.

He picked up the Xtransceiver and lit up the room once more. There May stood with her arms crossed and one strap of her nightdress back over her shoulder. The other torn thread hung loosely by her side. She had murder written all over her face. Max mumbled a feeble apology she didn’t respond to.

“Woo.” Norman wiped his brow. “We have a lot to work on with you, my boy,” he said to Max. “Where do we even begin? Firstly, one does not simply lunge at a woman’s breasts like a Carvanha!”

Max rubbed the back of his head sheepishly.

“First, you want to get the lay of the land. Set the tone, you know?” He gently pulled down May’s dress strap again, demonstrating the stark contrast to how Max had ripped the other side. She still looked annoyed by what had happened, but allowed Norman to unveil her breast without resistance. “Test the waters.” He used the feathery tip of his index finger to draw a large circle around the circumference of her mound. “See what she likes.” Gradually, attentively, the circles became smaller and smaller, zoning in on her areola. May’s irritable expression began to soften the longer he administered the sensual stroke. “Pay close attention and you’ll sense when she wants you to do more. Once you pick up on that cue, then you’ll want to...” He slowly glided his finger towards her enlarged nipple. “*Avoid* giving her what she wants!” His finger veered past her nipple and continued tracing patterns round her breast. “Tease her some more.”

Her brow trembled.

“And some more...”

She pursed her lips firmly.

“...and more...”

Her chest quivered.

Without letting on when the precise moment would happen, Norman finally pinched her erect nipple. May started and let out an erotic purr.

Max coloured himself impressed. The experienced Gym Leader made everything look easy. He went on to outline tit-sucking techniques whilst simultaneously demonstrating them on his live subject. Her erotic responses to everything were so emphatic, Max wouldn't have believed them if he didn't know she was a terrible actress. Not for the first time, he got rock-hard watching the virtuoso play his sister like a trombone – one he so desperately wanted to shove his own bone into.

“You can't just go tearing clothes off of women and doing as you please,” Norman cautioned, but not without sneaking in under his breath, “unless you know what you're doing...”

“What was that?” May asked.

“Uh, never mind that. Come here.” Norman took her by the hand and led her to the bed. “You too,” he ordered Max to follow.

He didn't need to say it twice.

Max couldn't believe this was happening.

*I... think I'm actually starting to like this guy.*

**... TO BE CONTINUED ...**

**Author's Notes:** Thanks for reading! One more chapter to go! Please help me become a better writer by sending me your feedback. Whether you hated it or loved it, I'm open to hearing all opinions as long as you're genuine and respectful about it. You can drop a review at [lemonzsauce.com](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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*Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.*