

lemonzsaucce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

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

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

- j.j. scriptease

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DISCLAIMER

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WARNING

This work of fiction is Rated MA and only suitable for mature audiences. It may contain explicit and offensive language, adult themes and graphic descriptions of a violent and/or sexual nature.

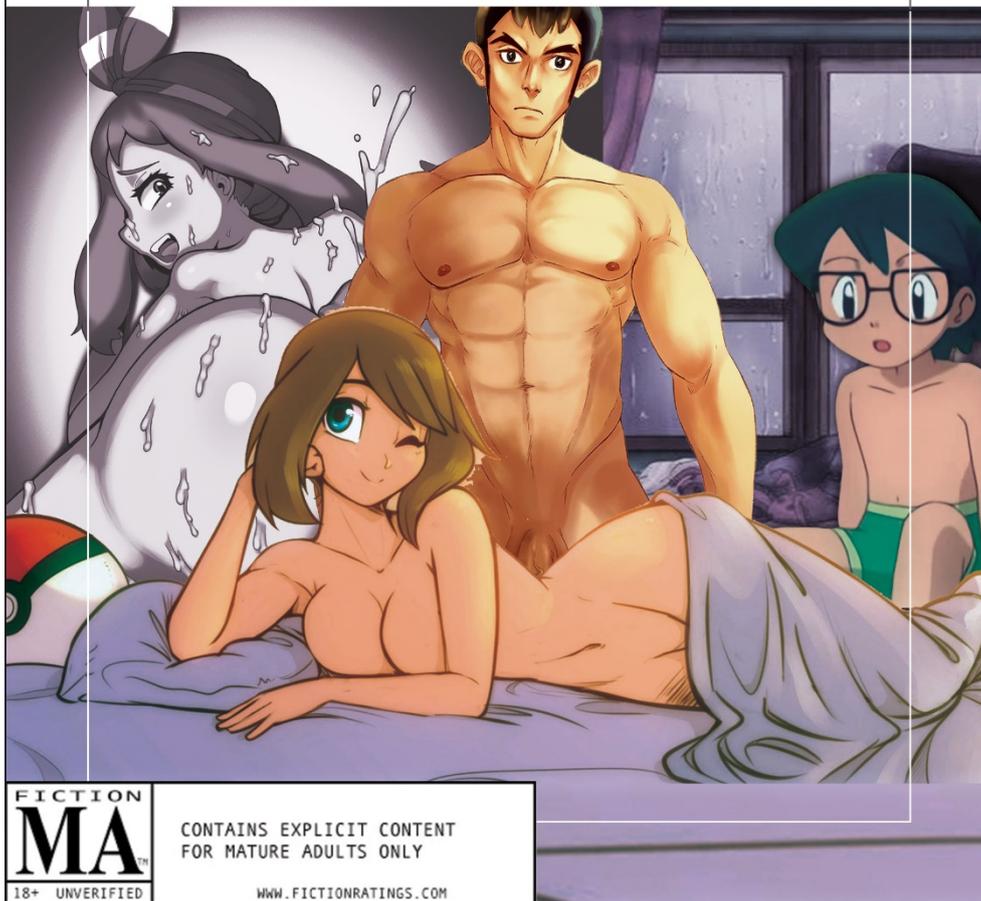
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J. J. SCRIPTEASE

**UNDER COVERS
INVESTIGATOR**

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 5



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.

...

Under Covers Investigator

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 5 – Show and Tell

May rested the back of her head on Norman's lap, who had sat cross-legged on her mattress. She couldn't see her bedroom ceiling through the dark but heard rainfall drumming on the roof louder than her own thoughts. This was *not* how she'd expected her last night in Petalburg to go.

She felt a large but tender hand stroke the damp hair sprawled over his lap. Norman, Norman, Norman. What was she going to do about him? His commanding presence made her heart all warm and fuzzy, and not entirely in a fatherly kind of way. He was a dangerous man, a fearsome Trainer, a strict disciplinarian, and yet she'd never felt safer or freer lying in his arms. Even as a little girl, she remembered thinking Mom had struck gold with him. Fast forward a decade, and here they were lounging on *her* bed together.

"You're gorgeous," he whispered huskily in the dark. His lips touched her forehead, sending a red rush to her cheeks he'd never see.

A gorgeous traitor. May couldn't face her mother after what she'd done, after what she was likely going to do again before the storm was over. When Max had confirmed his departure date, she'd fast-tracked her own to avoid an empty, awkward home.

Then, somehow, Norman had made sense of this idea to elope on a pokémon journey. May worried she'd one day wake up in a tent alone after he'd have come to realise he was in a mid-life crisis and scampered back to his old life. But maybe she was worrying too much, thinking too far ahead. Maybe it was enough their epiphanies had conspired to thrust them into this tantalisingly twisted timeline. Maybe she was better off letting the adventure whisk them off to wherever it may. Maybe.

“The show must go on,” Norman said.

The ‘show’ involved him stretching his long arms across the bed, grabbing her round the ankles, and hauling her legs back so far her feet nearly grazed her ears. Her nightdress flipped onto her tummy and invited a cold waft to her nether regions. She posed the flexibility to bear the precarious position with mild discomfort. Then, at the foot of her bed, the Xtransceiver flashed back on.

Max’s ghostly face emerged in the spotlight aimed at her crotch. With her legs parted and pulled back, she could practically see the reflection of her thong in his spectacles. It was astonishing to observe how much of an interest he’d taken in her private parts. The crack in his persona ran deeper than the crack afflicting his right lens, giving him the appearance of a disturbed Poindexter.

May couldn’t help shoulder some blame for her contribution in shaping his perversions. After Dad abandoned them, and Mom dumped Norman, he’d been left no reliable father figure to look up to. May couldn’t have filled that void either but, as his big sister, she could’ve checked in on him more often or something? She’d been utterly oblivious. Her stomach turned remembering all the times she’d pranced about the house in booty shorts, or bra-less in skimpy t-shirts; had he been checking her out all along? Cripes. She didn’t want to think about it. She had enough to think about watching him check her out *right now*.

“What you’re looking at,” Norman said to Max, his deep voice booming overhead, “is prime punani.”

Oh God!

May wished she could bury her face in a pillow. She’d never get used to how Norman could so flagrantly talk about her body parts. Albeit, while jarring in the beginning, his vulgarity had grown on her, even got her juices flowing more often than not, but she’d prefer if he saved it for when her *brother* wasn’t in the room!

Oh, who was she kidding? Her relationship with Max had gone so far sideways who could ever see it coming back to the straight and narrow? Not only had he groped and slobbered all over her breasts, he’d literally tried to grab her by the pussy. If Norman wasn’t in the room, she still might’ve been fighting him off right now. He’d gotten stronger since they

last play-wrestled as children but, like back then, she'd never let him get the upper hand. The only reason he could ogle her underwear right now was because she trusted Norman, and trusted that, in some roundabout way, all this might help her little brother outwrestle his perversions.

Norman pulled her thong up by the waistband, wedging a little of the scanty lace into her plump folds. "Looks scrumptious, doesn't it?"

"Uh huh," he mumbled mindlessly, with hungry eyes set on her lacey cameltoe and the wet blotch staining where her lips touched. For a second, she saw that unduly craze behind his spectacles again, that look that said he could drop the Xtransceiver and plunge his face into her crotch at any second. And with Norman holding her legs apart and firmly in the air, she'd be helpless to stop him. Thankfully, all Max did was stare intently.

"Pussy comes in all shapes and sizes," Norman explained. "You can have a lot of fun getting to know your way around them. But here, let me give you some basics." He scooted out from under her to join Max at the foot of the bed.

May enjoyed the freedom of stretching her legs for all of five seconds before Norman parted them again, this time spread-eagled with her sex and inner thighs facing the light above. Looking down, she felt as though she was on some sort of examination table, but with two stooges bearing down her womanly bits in lieu of a gynaecologist.

Norman so casually detailed how he loved the shape of her mound, the way her puffy lips hid her inner folds, the way her slit looked so cute, innocent and jammed tight. Max nodded along in supposed agreement. She didn't know what to think about her little brother admitting he liked the shape of her pussy. Watching them discuss the ins and outs of her genitalia made her realise it was the first time she'd seen them on the same page since Mom dumped Norman. Who would've thunk bonding over their shared, inappropriate attraction to her would've been the sowing seeds for a potential truce?

May felt a finger pull the wedged lace out of her pussy and tug it to the side, leaving her open and bare to their scrutiny.

"Whoa..." Max gaped.

"Beautiful, isn't it? And look." Norman used two fingers to pry her fleshy folds apart and reveal the slick petals of her sex.

“So... pink...”

“Right? And you see how it’s glistening all long here?”

“Mhm.”

“That’s how you know they’re ready for it,” Norman hinted. “This sopping, little cunt is practically begging to be ploughed.” May blushed, knowing she had two males ogling her sex in an aroused state. “And see that pink button peeking out at the top? That’s where you can work *a lot* of magic. But,” he quickly added, “you have to work up to it first. Observe.”

Wait, observe? Observe what?! What was he going to –

“Ooh...” She felt something slick and muscly stroke the insides of her petals. May raised her head off the bed to investigate and met Norman’s lustful eyes peeking over her mound. He brushed his tongue up and down her sex while Max held the Xtransceiver over his shoulder to llluminate his workspace. She hissed, struggling to contain the pleasure shooting to every extremity in her body.

Norman broke contact sporadically to enlighten Max on exactly where and how he was feeding on her plum. May grew increasingly frustrated every time he stopped to teach; could he just shut up and eat her out already? This was torture! She resorted to fondling her breasts for extra stimulation.

“And this,” Norman said, “is one of my secret weapons.” Raising his index and middle fingers in the air, he simulated a ‘come here’ motion. “Observe.” He pushed the digits through her tight entrance and applied the gesture to immediate effect.

May cried out uncontrollably. He ramped up the pleasure by simultaneously flicking his tongue over her clitoris. The double-barrelled attack had her squirming on her sheets, dying from intense pleasure. She sensed him about to pause for explanation, but forcefully locked her legs around his noggin to keep him focused. *Sorry, Max! School’s out!* Her orgasm couldn’t wait!

She grasped and clawed at the covers with outstretched arms. Max dug his fingers into Norman’s shoulder; watching the intensity rack her sensitive body was an intense experience in itself. She moaned and whined and cursed and pleaded for the expert tongue and digits not to stop. Whatever lust he’d failed to lap up dribbled down his chin to form a

growing puddle on her bed. Her chest heaved in rapid beats as she twisted her exposed nipple. The onslaught on several erogenous points all at once culminated in a powerful orgasm that stole her breath and arced her spine off the bed.

Norman vacated her pussy and allowed her rigid form to cool back down on her sheets. Her tense thighs eased and loosened their grip on his cranium. All three of them needed a breather after that one.

Oh, Arceus. May covered her face with both hands. *Can't believe I just came like that in front of Max!*

Her little brother was the first to speak and summed up the spectacle in one, breathy word. "Awesome."

Norman gave a short exhale. "You're welcome." It wasn't clear which one of them that was directed towards.

"Um..." Max itched the tip of his nose nervously. "Can I give it a shot, too?"

"No!" May blurted and threw down the nightdress to cover herself up. Gosh, why wasn't he more unsettled about all this? Didn't it matter even a smidgen anymore that they were blood-related?

At least Norman was on her side. Kind of. "No can do, Max," he said. "That right there is daddy's pussy. No one touches it but me. This demonstration was strictly for educational purposes. Hope you understand?"

"I guess..."

Norman glanced at the strain in the youngster's trousers and sighed with pity. "All right, son, tell you what you *can* do. Get up there and give your big sister a good ol' titty-fuck. I know for a fact she's a sucker for them."

"Yes, sir!" Max practically jumped out of his pants. He tossed Norman the Xtransceiver before pulling down his soggy trousers and green boxers in one go.

May wasn't trying to look; it just so happened her one eye was glancing in that direction when Max unveiled himself. His little pecker was like a pink thumb with a hood protruding from his groin. She couldn't tell if he was fully erect because, while his penis stood

rigid and horizontal, his foreskin hadn't retracted all the way. He moved a hand to hide it and May looked away awkwardly, hoping he didn't think she was actually interested in seeing what he was packing (or not packing).

"Don't worry about being hung," Norman said. "You can still do damage if you use it right. And there's always other stuff you can do to work around it."

"Other stuff?"

"A lesson for another day." Norman paused. "Maybe. Anyway, get up there and show her what you're made of!"

"R-right..."

Oh dear, God... May fretted as he climbed onto her bed. *Is this actually happening?* Her worst nightmare, watching her little brother crawl over her half-naked body, his li'l wang dangling between his legs. He straddled her midriff and rested his junk on her abdomen. With her face turned to the side, she sensed him leaning over to look her in the eye, but she refused to reciprocate. *Awkward...*

"May."

"What?" she grumbled out the side of her mouth.

"Could you look at me for a second?"

"Why?"

"I just... I just want to tell you something."

"Say it."

"Look at me first."

"Why?"

He sighed. "Fine. Well, I just wanted to say – and this might sound weird coming from me –"

"Jeez, Max, then maybe *don't* say it?"

“You’re a natural beauty.” He did anyway. “I’ve seen what you look like first thing in the morning, last thing before you go to bed, and everything in between... you’re stunning... any guy would be lucky to wake up next to your pretty face. I kind of don’t blame Norman. If I wasn’t your brother –”

“Stop. Please.” She covered her ears. “You’re making this way weirder than it already is.” The last thing she wanted was to give him the impression this would become a regular thing. There would be no sharing the shower in the morning, no sneaking into her bedroom in the middle of the night and certainly no rumpy pumpy while Mom slept across the hall. He could get any such thoughts out of his head *immediately*.

“Okay,” he groaned. “We’ll do it your way. Let’s just get down to it, huh? One thing you should know though...” His voice suddenly took a dark, lower tone. “Norman didn’t say anything about the hole in your face,” he muttered dangerously. “When I’m done fucking your tits raw, you’re going to open that fucking mouth and I’m going to –”

She whipped a murderous glare his way, silencing him dead. Who the hell did he think he was talking to? He wanted so bad to be a mini-Norman it would be funny if it wasn’t sad. Ironic, too, given his supposed hatred for the man in years gone past.

“Aha!” Max said, suddenly cheery again. “There she is. Ah, you look nice today! Now we can start.”

May rolled her eyes after realising it had been a ploy to get her to look.

“What?” He said, innocently. “Can’t blame me for wanting to look in your eyes while I’m doing this.” He uncovered her remaining breast then parted her fleshy mounds to carve out a valley. May felt his little pecker sink into her bosom. *Ew*. He pushed her breasts together and enveloped himself with a carnal grunt. “You have *no* idea how long I’ve been waiting to do this!”

The scary part: she believed him.

Max began pumping into the crevice of her breasts.

“Attaboy!” Norman encouraged. He walked to the side of the bed, bringing the roving light with him. “Get in there, son! Fuck the stuffing out of those big tits! Just remember, the only thing you want to avoid is –”

“ARRGGGGGH!”

“...cumming too early.”

May counted five and a half pumps before she felt something warm and sticky ooze down her sternum. “Ew, Max!” His yellowish semen seeped into the small indent at the base of her throat before splitting down either side her neck. She sat up, forcing the flaccid, little prick to wilt out of her bosom.

Norman rubbed his forehead with disappointment. “That’s okay. Rookie mistake.” He handed the Xtransceiver back to Max. “Here. You’re benched, kid.”

...

Only five feet separated brother and sister. They sat face to face, Max on a vanity chair, May on the edge of her bed. A blue flash lit the stormy night outside her window. As she looked him dead in the eyes, sweat trailed down the bridge of his nose, threatening a slip of his glasses. His face was twitchy while hers appeared deadpan and locked in concentration. Because unlike Max, she didn’t have the comfort of a cushion underneath her.

May’s bare feet hovered a few inches above a bigger pair of feet planted on the floor, her thong dangling off one ankle. Her smooth, milky legs rested on tanned, hairy limbs; her supple thighs half the breadth of the muscular pair beneath them; she might as well have been sitting on tree trunks. Max’s light followed the conjoined set of limbs right up till where her nightdress curtained the juncture between their thighs. He didn’t need to see the hidden particulars to work out their configuration; her strained expression told it all, the story of a cylindrical peg and a small hole.

Norman was cloaked in the darkness behind her and only his hands and legs emerged into the light. He made for a rigid human chair, harder than a nail to sit on, but secure in his hands around her little waist. The bodice of her nightie lay heaped in her lap, and her large, naked bust reflected in Max’s spectacles. He had his sights jumping above and below her neckline, trying his best to hold their light source steady. It was incredibly hard.

Her open mouth grew wider and wider the lower she sank into her seat. She hit the bottom and a lurid exhale stumbled from her lips. Max thought he understood human

anatomy pretty well and yet it boggled his mind how the tiny hole Norman had pointed out to him earlier could accommodate such enormity. The tight fit squeezed a grunt out of the enveloped man. Then May slowly raised up and slid back down all over again.

Max read her tentative rhythm as a means to readjust; apparently her pussy had tightened up since 'daddy' last ploughed it. Her cheeks were rosy but she dropped the 'shy girl' act in front of the Xtransceiver, though Max couldn't tell if it was because she'd grown comfortable with him watching or was too preoccupied to worry about anyone sitting across from her. Max was delighted to be privy of this either way, only wishing he had the x-ray vision to see his sister splitting herself down the middle.

Suddenly, Norman decided he'd tolerated her leisurely cadence long enough. Trusting his 'little girl' was adequately adjusted, he forced her thighs wide apart to accommodate himself and ramped up the pace considerably. May went from grinding in his lap to bouncing on it relentlessly.

He slid his butt off the bed to intensify the angle of his thrusts then bucked his hips fast and hard. Max ogled as the man's entire scrotum fell out the bottom of her nightdress and zipped right back in with violent slaps. His powerful thighs clapped the undersides of hers and thrust her light body into the air, rocking her jiggly tits into motion. Cry after cry poured from her lips like a waterfall.

Max... couldn't stop gaping. Norman might've benched him but, in doing so, also gifted him a front row seat to his sister's reckoning. She couldn't bring herself to look at Max while she wept with pleasure from the intense railing. So intense and in his face, Max could feel the energy radiating off the copulating pair, hear the union of their sex smacking right in his ears. It looked as though his 'not-so-innocent' sister enjoyed a good dicking as much as any slut he'd caught on camera. He started getting hard again.

Max didn't know when he'd switched allegiances but he found himself secretly rooting for Norman. If the scrawny boy couldn't do it himself, he'd take great pleasure in watching a strong buck obliterate his slutty sister. The man he once considered 'dad' really did him a solid on this one. *Give it to her good!*

As if reading his mind, Norman scooted back on the bed and dragged May along with him, holding her up by the waist while she balanced on her haunches. With their groins facing his way, Max could finally peek inside the mouth of her nightdress, getting his first

glimpse of her pink pussy stretched to its limits. Norman was of such length that, even with his butt on the bed and her pussy several inches in the air, a part of him remained inside her. Whoa, Max thought, if she could fit *that* in there then she could fit anything.

Max watched with amazement as Norman's entire shlong kept going up and up and up until his ball-sack slapped her hovering pussy. *PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!* He impaled her again and again to a chorus of high-pitched moans.

Before Max knew it, he was (shakily) holding the Xtransceiver in one hand and masturbating in the other. Seeing as penetration wouldn't be part of Norman's sex-ed curriculum, he might as well have helped himself to a finish.

Witnessing a live sex performance was undoubtedly the pinnacle of his short-lived career in voyeurism. Even if he'd been tempted to return to private investigating, he'd never get the same thrill from a computer screen in some cold, lonely room. Max was truly over it. And, perhaps, all thanks to the two unlikeliest people he could've ever imagined.

The light in his hand abruptly dimmed. His Xtransceiver showed the red, flashing icon of a dying battery. *Crap!* Their only light source had less than five minutes left in it and he wasn't done yet. He didn't want to be done yet. And, judging by the oomph in Norman's thrusts, he didn't want to be done yet either.

Max scanned the room for an alternative and got an idea when he reached the window. It wasn't exactly sunny outside, but the hue of night could at least add some contrast to the room? He rushed past the romping pair and threw the curtains open. They were too busy enjoying each other to take notice. Faint-blue light filtered into the room, shading Norman and May's contours with a sapphire glaze, and just enough visibility to walk back to his seat without stumbling over anything.

The Xtransceiver shut off. He thanked the device before placing it next to the wedding ring on May's dresser.

Now, where was I?

The young voyeur was back on the sidelines watching Norman twist a handful of his sister's hair in a fist whilst fucking her in doggy. Max loved seeing her on all fours like the Poochyena in heat that she was. Only a horny, little girl with daddy issues could fuck her

mother's ex-fiancé, twice, with no shame or protection. Max could not imagine the chaos that would ensue if Norman got her pregnant.

Granted, the Petalburg Gym Leader appeared to be in perfect control of his faculties, unlikely to finish a second sooner than he wanted to, *wherever* he wanted to. Max was jealous of the man's stamina; two seconds inside May would've probably been enough to coax the cum right out of him, and have them all fretting over a potential incest baby. Norman had probably been right to bar him from his sister's sweet pussy.

Max kept his wank-hand strong and upped the pressure to match the pace of the raunchy couple. But there was no keeping up with the Petalburg Gym Leader.

While he had the teenage girl bent over, he ripped the nightdress off her back and shoved her naked body face-first into the pillows. Then he laid his entire weight on top of her. She almost disappeared into the mattress but Max could hear her muffled moans as the large man repeatedly dropped his pelvis on her bouncy ass. When he got done planking May, he flipped her onto her back and hauled her feet right up to his shoulders, pounding her hard into the bed as her outstretched legs bobbed under his chest.

Max fapped faster and faster.

Over and above Norman's stamina, Max was jealous of his strength and vigour, too, of the way he bullied May into any position he liked, then made her love each and every one of them. It might've been pouring outside but the real storm raged on that bed. May was tossed and turned and flipped and folded through a whirlwind of positions as Norman took full advantage of her young and bendable body. Max hadn't been quick enough to seize her pussy. And he couldn't pin her down long enough to penetrate her, let alone wrestle her into a full nelson and have her screaming in rapture like Norman did. Now that he'd put the camera down, maybe it was time to lift a barbell?

The next time he and May wound up in a tussle – if there was a next time – he'd for sure be the one standing tall after getting his way with her. He'd prove he could be just as passionate as Norman, if she let him.

Granted, not even the storm was as passionate as Norman, the patter of his thrusts louder and faster than the raindrops striking the window. He came down on her like lightning and sizzled her ass with thunderclaps. All the sleeping electronics made for an

uncanny silence in which the ruckus from May's bedroom was carried throughout the house. Heck, if the window were open, her erotic howls might've woken half the neighbourhood, and the crude *plaps* of naked bodies coming together would leave no mystery as to what was happening in that dark, upstairs bedroom.

After what felt like hours of Norman dominating his teenage sister, he lay back and allowed her to take the reins. As May balanced herself with both hands on his thick, broad chest, Max imagined what it would be like to be Norman in that moment, to have her slamming her wet heat down on him, to feel her ass bouncing on his upper thighs, to smell the sex pouring out her pores, to watch the undersides of her massive jugs flopping down at his face, to see the deep lust clouding her sapphire orbs. Max imagined his sister riding him so hard his cracked glasses would be rocking lopsidedly across his stupefied face.

He could dream...

And keep beating off in envy of the Gym Leader.

Norman held on for dear life while the vivacious youngster showed him what she was made of. His wife (soon-to-be former wife) hadn't humped him this raggedly since they first got together, if ever. He'd taught his little girl well on how to please daddy and intended to bear her fruits for as long as she craved his manhood. This was just the beginning. Who knew where the wind would blow them tomorrow? If he hadn't convinced her to let him tag along on her journey by now, nothing would.

In the throes of riding him to oblivion, her young and tight, little pussy squeezed on his shaft. "Oh, shit!" That was a new one! "S-slow down, baby." He panted. "You're going to make daddy cum."

"I know." She gave a dark, dangerous giggle. "I want you to. Mmm, yes... cum inside me, daddy..."

That was further than even he expected her to go. "May...?"

"Please..." She whined and clamped down on him even tighter. "Please, daddy... I need your cum..."

"May... that's so..." Hot? He felt this sudden urge to empty his loaded sack into her young womb. It must've been a safe day if she was encouraging him to? Still, it was a crazy

risk to take. And besides, he couldn't be done yet. There was still one thing he needed to do. Mustering all his willpower not to flood her naughty, little cunt right there and then, he clutched her by the hips and forced her to stop.

"No fair!" She was panting heavily, clearly in need of a breather despite her urgency to ride it out till the end. "What gives?"

"What gives," Norman said, "is we're not alone." Something she'd clearly forgotten.

She rolled her eyes irritably. "Meh. He got his show."

"Yes. And now, he'll get his encore."

"His what now?"

"Hey, kid!" Norman shouted past her shoulder.

"Uh, ye-yeah?!" They heard him scrambling to his feet, most likely thinking they hadn't realised he was masturbating all this time.

"Get up here," Norman said. May raised her brow quizzically and he gave her his signature 'just trust me' grin. "Stand behind your sister."

The tail end of the bed dipped with added weight. A gangly contour loomed tall behind May, glasses glaring in a flash of lightning. She fought the urge to look back at the presence she sensed; instead, her flummoxed expression asked Norman the question, 'what's going on?'

Norman moved his hands from her hips to her ass cheeks and, without warning or explanation, spread them apart, exposing her anus to the boy lurking behind her. Her eyes grew wide as Norman's intentions dawned on her.

"A virgin hole for a virgin cock," he suggested.

"You... you can't be serious..."

"What? You've been fucked in the ass before?"

"No but -"

"I think you mean, 'yes butt'." He winked, then spread her cheeks even further apart.

“Daddy, he’s my brother!”

“Shh... daddy knows what he’s doing, okay, sweetie?” Norman swiped the honey surrounding her stuffed pussy and used it to lubricate her tiny ring of muscle. She knew then there was no talking him out of it.

“Max, wait!” She glanced over her shoulder hoping to persuade her little brother but he was already shining spit over his dick-head which, coincidentally, was now bare of his fully retracted foreskin. Her eyes flickered anxiously at his resurrected member.

“Hey,” Norman spoke softly to her. “We don’t have to if you don’t want to. But it would make daddy *really* happy if you did. I promise, you won’t regret it, okay? Look at me.” He put on a resolute visage. “You got this. Right?”

The confidence in his steely gaze melted away the trepidation on her face. “Okay,” she decided. “Only for you, daddy.”

Norman grinned with pride. Raising his right hand off her cheek, he beckoned Max to come closer.

May pinched her eyes shut as she felt a third hand press on the small of her back. *So, Max really wants to go through with this, huh?* She shouldn’t have been surprised after all the revelations laid bare tonight. Still, when the crown of his sleek penis touched her asshole, she shivered. No amount of preparation could ready you for your own brother knocking at your backdoor. Norman’s response to her shudder was a firmer grip on her parted cheeks, ensuring she’d remain in place throughout the imminent penetration.

Look at these two working together, she thought. It might’ve been heart-warming if her anus wasn’t on the brink of corruption. Ah well, stranger things have brought families together... right? *Probably not...*

Then she felt it. A blunt pressure wedging its way into the crevice of her ass cheeks. She gave a nervous wince which only intensified her resistance against the foreign object. Max complained it was too tight for him to push through. Norman urged her to relax while he applied more of her natural lubricant to the sealed ring of muscle. Max, too, rubbed his saliva between her cheeks and round his own dick-head. They tried again and, after much strain and oiling, her anus began to give in.

His tip breached her rectum. Her eyes shot open. Max hadn't looked that big but the tightness of her sphincter amplified his girth. He forced in an entire inch and her nails dug into Norman's arms. She felt stuffed already.

It was an odd sensation having her anal cavity explored; not painful, surprisingly, but unusual in how it pressured her insides. As Max crawled further into her bowels, she built up this sensation of needing to go, but after he developed a comfortable rhythm, all she could think about was how *full* it felt getting butt-railed by her little brother. He almost felt as big as Norman did in her vagina. She let out strained, groaning noises in a desperate attempt to muffle any would-be cries of pleasure; no way she'd give Max the satisfaction of knowing he was kind of making her feel good back there.

Mercifully, she didn't need to see her butt invader. She could draw up and colour whatever face she wanted to associate with the wayward gratification. But Max seemed set on ruining her fantasies with loud, shameless grunts.

"Ohh! Arceus, May!" he cried with rapture, his hips crashing down on her ass. "Your butthole is... incredible! So- ahh... so snug and tight!"

"Shu- hnnng- sh-shut up, M-Max..." She grumbled. *And keep fucking me in the ass...*

Norman chuckled listening to the teenage siblings on top of him. "You two never stop arguing do you? Even in the middle of butt-fucking!" The Petalburg Gym Leader, who'd remained hard as a steel pipe and lodged inside her other hole, thrust himself back into the action. May squealed at his abrupt recommencing. "Ah, yes!" He gave a husky grunt. "Your pussy's gotten even wetter since you took it up the ass. Hear that, Max? I think we've got a nympho on our hands!"

"A... nympho?" She shook her head despite moans spilling out to the contrary.

"I think you're right!" A breathless Max exclaimed from behind her.

"How about it, son?" Norman said. "Let's give your big sister the kind of pounding she's so desperately begging for?"

"Okay, dad!"

May wondered if he even realised what he'd just called Norman. Drunken in their lust for her addictive orifices, the newly acquainted father and son duo pumped into her

sandwiched body simultaneously. It started with awkward, mistimed thrusts as both dicks sought to impose themselves recklessly, Norman's much bigger balls swinging up and grazing the young boy's sack. Their swords crossed a few more times before Norman instructed his 'son' to take his lead.

And so it began.

Each dick took a turn filling its respective hole. May's pleasure centres were overwhelmed by the alternating pumps, Norman thrusting up her gash then Max burrowing through her asshole a second later. Her bed springs whined under the pile of bodies romping on top of it. Before tonight, she'd only ever fucked one boy in her bedroom and it hadn't been half as intense as the two ploughing her good right now, a man close enough to be her father, a boy who'd always been her brother. Personal misgivings and ideologies had kept them apart, but now, only her perineum separated them. They tag-teamed her like some random slut they'd picked up off the street, grunting like animals as she wept with inexplicable pleasure. A flash of lightning revealed the sordid tower of naked bodies in all their glory. All one, all united, all family.

All love.

Tonight, her daddy and brother banged together her most powerful orgasm yet, her thunderous cry ripping through the storm of all storms.

Tonight, on the eve of a fresh start, virginities were broken and truces came together, signed in the drizzling ink of male essence. Max was the first to leave his gooey signature in his sister's anal cavity. Then Norman flooded his little girl with so much cum it began gushing out the corners of her pussy before he'd even unplugged himself.

May collapsed onto his chest, unable to hold herself up a second longer, and Max soon dropped to Norman's other side, his panting face coated with his sweat.

Norman reclined against the pillows and allowed his children to fall asleep on either side of him. A tired but happy smile touched his face. He lay deep in thought as the storm waned outside. When he could hear the kids' snores over the pattering rain, he figured it was time to go. He kissed May on the forehead and ruffled the boy's hair before getting up without stirring them.

After the kind of night they had, he wouldn't be surprised if they woke up late for their pokémon journeys in the morning. He slipped out of May's bedroom and closed the door gently behind him.

...

The morning sun tinted the clear skies with a new, hearty glow, like warm honey poured across an ocean of blue with little, floating marshmallows. Shrinking puddles lay scattered along the asphalt leading out of the city. Remnants of the storm dripped off tree leaves and furnished the scent of wet grass, of new beginnings, of endless possibilities.

It was a new day and, stood at the forked entrance of Petalburg Woods, three geared-up travellers were ready to branch into fresh starts.

Max had avoided eye contact with May since waking up in her bed, next to her used and naked body. He'd sensed she was doing the same. It was only after Norman joined them did a little friendly banter lessen the awkwardness. But now, they'd reached a fork in the road, with Norman and May deciding they'd wanted to start off their journey heading towards Rustboro City, and Max opting to go through Petalburg Woods, where he'd find the best opportunities to start building his pokémon team.

"Well," Norman said, with a yawn and a stretch. "I guess this is it."

Max scanned each wooden sign pointing them down their respective paths. "I guess it is."

"Yeah..." May said, as if only to fill an awkward silence. She seemed rather subdued and distant from her usual self.

Max could understand why. Honestly, he felt much the same; it was one thing doing everything they had in the blinding dark, and another to face the person you did those things with in plain daylight, especially if they happened to be a family member.

"Right," Norman said. He extended a hand to Max. "I wish you the best of luck, young man. And hey, now that we're both travelling Trainers again, we might have to have a battle next time we cross paths!"

Max grinned at the prospect. “You betcha!” He accepted Norman’s future challenge with an enthusiastic handshake. No sooner had he released the man than had he found himself crushed in a bone-crunching hug. “M-May...? I can’t... breathe.”

She let go and stepped back with a bittersweet smile. “Good luck, Max.”

The biggest smile brightened up his face. She didn’t hate him. It might’ve been a while till their relationship went back to ‘normal’, but she didn’t hate him! “Thanks, May. You, too. Both of you!”

Norman nodded in acknowledgement. He held May’s hand in clear view of her little brother, and there was not an ounce of malice to go around.

“Oh!” Max suddenly remembered something as the two lovers turned to leave.

“What is it?” May asked.

He brandished a certain, infamous USB drive from one of his side pockets. Dropped it in a muddy puddle. Then crushed it underfoot.

“Heh.” Norman chuckled and nudged May. “Told you he’d do the right thing.”

“Yeah.” May beamed from ear to ear. “I knew I was right to trust you.” They shared a sweet kiss.

“And don’t worry,” Max said. “I didn’t make copies or anything like that. The only people who’ll ever know what happened last night are standing right here.”

“Last night?” Norman rubbed his chin. “What happened last night?”

May shrugged wearing puzzlement on her face. “Haven’t got a clue.”

Max nodded with a knowing grin. He whistled his way down the left path and, down the right, May and Norman walked hand-in-hand towards the horizon.

THE END

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

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Special credit goes to *ScorpDK* for the artwork that inspired this fan fic cover! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artist's work here:

<https://www.deviantart.com/scorpdk>

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.