

lemonzsaauce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

The site does cost money to keep up and running. If you enjoy my work and would like to help with maintenance (or would simply like to support me), please feel free to visit lemonzsaauce.com/donate 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 1



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

Chapter 1 – The Spilling of Tea

A disheveled woman stormed into the café and blared, “That little shit!”

Boisterous chatter fell to silence.

Anxious murmurs stirred amid the rising tension. Everyone froze and eyed the woman in disarray, her hair a ruffled mess, her shirt untucked and rumped under her large overcoat. She scanned the café with ire, patrons shying away as her red face panned in their direction.

An uneasiness held the room hostage.

She clutched an expensive handbag in one fist and a canteen in the other, leaving everyone guessing her intentions.

“Uh, ma’am?” asked the cashier in a trembling voice. “You need help with something?”

If the woman heard her, she showed no signs of it, determined to spot a guilty face amongst the bemused. Her search ended when she located a small table nestled in the far corner, a table seating Max and May.

She seethed and made a beeline for the teenagers.

Max had looked down to conceal his identity, but it was too late; her heels were clicking and clacking with ferocity. “Oh, man...” he muttered under his breath.

May glanced back over her shoulder at the charging woman. “Oh my God.” She hid her face in both hands, embarrassed. “I can’t take you anywhere, can I?” she whispered hotly. If there was one thing she’d begged of her little brother, it was to keep her out of his needless drama. “What the hell did you do, Max?”

“Nothing!” he muttered back. “She did it to herself.”

“Uh huh, yeah. I’m sure she’s marching over here coz she desperately wants to tell you how much she loves your work.”

Max shrugged, unperturbed. He pushed his glasses further up his bony nose, a gesture he often pulled when he felt vindicated about something. “Look, I’ll handle this. You don’t need to worry about me.”

“I’m not worried about you, dummy.” She pushed his forehead with her index finger. “I’m worried about who’s gonna pay for my breakfast after she blasts you into the next dimension!”

He looked flabbergasted by her priorities. “I love you too, sis.”

“I’m serious. You owe me at least a dozen more brunches after this.”

“Wha-”

“And how am I supposed to have them if you’re dead?! I better be the first name in your will. That’s the least you could do,” she hissed.

“Would you quit being hysterical? She’s not going to commit murder in broad daylight.”

“Says the boy who’s about to have a coffee cup shoved up his –”

“That’s lovely.” Max facepalmed. “Just lovely, May.”

As the siblings bantered in low murmurs, the fuming redhead bustled past waitresses who tried to calm her, ignoring their threats to summon security. Stunned patrons failed to react beyond recording the mad woman on their cell phones. With a murderous glare fixed on the bespectacled boy, she yanked the lid off her coffee cup.

Max threw his hands up in surrender. “Okay, okay!”

She didn't care.

May caught sight of the coffee cup tipping forward and jumped to the far side of her chair. She watched in horror as the brown content flew over her shoulder, ice cubes riding the rapid tide of thrusted tea.

Gangly and uncoordinated, Max lacked the reflexes to evade the brunt of the liquid projectile like she had. The tea slapped him square in the face. Ice clinked against his glasses amid the splash. Gasps and camera flashes sprung from every section of the café, all but ensuring he'd relive this embarrassment for years to come, along with hundreds of thousands of online viewers.

"You just love ruining people's lives, is that it?" asked the redhead with a manic smile.

Drenched in ice-cold tea, Max sat frozen and silent under her glare. His hands were trembling, though May couldn't tell if it was the chilling beverage or his crippling social anxiety. He rarely dealt with the consequences of his actions in such an open or direct manner. So much for 'handling this.' Not that May ever had faith he would. It was a harsh lesson, but one he needed to learn.

"Well?" the angry woman pressed. "You have anything you want to say to my face? Or do you live all your life in the shadows like the coward you are?"

Max opened his mouth several times but not a single word fumbled out.

She humphed, looking down on him with pity. "Pathetic. You're lucky I don't chuck another one of these at you!" She made a throwing motion with her empty coffee cup and chuckled when he flinched. "You're a fucking failure. Look at you. Probably never had a girlfriend in your life. Hell, do you even have a life? How about getting your own instead of ruining everyone else's like some jealous loser?"

May did not appreciate this woman's tone or judgement, despite disapproving of a lot of her brother's life choices as well. Max appeared helpless and overwhelmed as the flaming redhead berated him in public, his nervous eyes jumping towards May every so often, silently asking for help. With a heavy sigh, May stood up.

"Okay, okay," she said, trying to placate the woman with calming hand gestures. "I think he gets the idea. I don't know what he did but I'd like to personally apologise and –"

“Apologise?” The redhead laughed. “Is your apology going to get me my job back? Is your apology going to stitch up the reputation he just tore to pieces? The reputation I spent decades building?! It’s all trash now.” She chucked the coffee cup on the floor. “Over 15 years of pokémon research and no professor in this town will ever look at me again! All because of some spotty teenager’s meddling?” She jabbed a finger at Max. “Are you freaking kidding me?! I have to start over in a new region and I’m not even guaranteed apprenticeship at this point, do you get that? Will your little apology suddenly make my life’s work meaningful again?”

May couldn’t answer any of her questions and, quite frankly, regretted offering her condolences. This unsolicited drama was beyond her paygrade. All she’d wanted was to save Max from an impending panic attack and now she felt foolish for even trying.

The manager came to their rescue when he had the hysterical woman escorted out. She didn’t disappear from their lives without marching past their window flashing her middle finger.

And she’d claimed she was a pokémon researcher? May found that hard to believe, often picturing lab workers to pose more eloquence and less temperament. Granted, not everyone could wield the professionalism of Petalburg City’s own Professor Birch. She struggled to imagine anything getting him *that* riled up. *Although*, she thought. *This is Max we’re talking about.*

Her little brother cut a forlorn figure on the other side of the table. He looked even smaller in his drenched sweater, his bony arms quivering in the wake of a very public humiliation.

It was hard to see a monster in his pale and timid visage. No matter what messed up stuff he did, May took pity on his lack of self-confidence, sure to be worsened by the advent an acne breakout.

His troubles ran more than skin-deep; ever since failing to make it into the pokémon academy with all his friends, Max disappeared inside himself. Now that she thought about it, the entry level battle he’d lost was as huge a public humiliation as what he’d experienced with the angry woman, and possibly what aggravated his social anxiety at the onset.

He froze because he’d been reliving his trauma.

Even so, she knew her brother. No way he was guilt-free in all of this.

She allowed his nerves to settle for a minute. His breathing steadied as chatter slowly rejuvenated the shell-shocked café. Everyone stopped aiming their phones in his direction and went back to not knowing he existed, much the way Max preferred things.

He wiped the droplets on his glasses with the dry bottom half of his sweater. “Heh,” came his dry, awkward laugh. “What a psycho, huh?”

May refused to reciprocate his blasé attitude. “What did you do, Max?”

“I told you – nothing. She’s the one that –”

“Max!” interjected May in a stern voice.

He looked as exasperated with facing the question as she was with asking it. Placing his dried glasses back on, he regarded her for a moment while twiddling his thumbs. “I caught her doing something she shouldn’t have been doing,” he finally admitted. “And I let her employers know about it.”

“Damnit, Max. I thought we talked about this. You can’t keep poking your nose in people’s business!”

He fretted at her chastising tone, glancing around in concern of eavesdroppers. Leaning in allowed him to be audible at a whisper. “Why would it matter if there was nothing to find?” He raised an eyebrow as if that was his best ‘gotcha’ question.

May remained unimpressed. “That’s not the point.”

“It kinda is. Or I’d have been out of business long time ago.”

“You could be out of a life if you keep it up.”

“Oh, here we go with the melodrama again.” He gesticulated in a wild manner.

May pointed out his sweater. “What if that was scorching hot tea instead?” He didn’t have a comeback for that one, stayed tight-lipped, never willing to admit when she was right about anything. By her book, he should’ve counted himself lucky the ‘psycho’ hadn’t intended to maim him. “One day you might step on someone’s toes who has a little more firepower than a coffee cup.”

Max glanced down at said coffee cup and seemed to reflect on her words seriously for once. “All the more reason I should keep doing this.”

“Wha...?” That was the exact opposite reaction to a sane person’s.

“I don’t get you. I’m not the one doing bad things. Shameful people like that redheaded witch are,” he said, matter-of-factly. “I’m being brave enough to expose them but you keep chastising me like I’m in the wrong. The fact is, if they weren’t doing anything shady, there wouldn’t be anything to expose.” He pushed his glasses up his nose, satisfied with his assessment. “And hey, if I go down doing this, I’d be remembered as a martyr.”

Great, so now he was delusional too. May screwed her eyes shut and pinched the bridge of her nose as if her brain was starting to hurt. There was no getting through to him.

He sat there slurping his hot chocolate like nothing had happened. She’d exhausted all avenues to his senses except, perhaps, for one – a road she’d been reluctant to tread down. At this point however, she’d all but reached a dead end.

May stared down her little brother. “Max, you’re obsessed.”

He recoiled as if it were the most ridiculous thing he heard. “What?”

“You tried to make it as a pokémon Trainer and it didn’t work out. I get it.” She placed a hand on his. “But instead of getting up and trying again, you quit. You replaced your pokémon obsession with... *this* – whatever this private eye stuff is – it’s all just distracting you from confronting your failures. I know you’re smart enough to realise that. You’re not exposing anyone for the good of society. You’re getting off on all this.”

He shifted in his seat with discomfort. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.” He pulled his hand from under hers. “I’m not obsessed. Obsessed is staying with someone who constantly goes behind your back instead of confronting the failures of a dying relationship.”

She couldn’t believe her ears. He might as well have ripped out her insides and splayed them across the table. “Wow, Max.” Her hand trembled with the itch to dump the rest of her cup on him too, but a different kind of emotion threatened to burst from her eyes. She wouldn’t give him the satisfaction of shattering her.

Without another word, she shot to her feet, screeching her chair against the floor, then walked off leaving him to stew in his own dampened self-importance.

What she hadn't seen was Max open his mouth with an attempted apology.

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Max didn't find the opportunity to talk to May for the rest of the day, despite sleeping one door down from her in the same house. She ignored him on the way to her chamber, shut the door and turned the lock with a clink. Any hopes of mending their relationship would have to wait till the morning.

Max retreated to his own bedroom, replaying the conversation in his head. He regretted belittling his big sister but didn't doubt he was on the right side of the argument. It bothered him how she, and other people, couldn't see that. Oh well, he wasn't going to waste the night dwelling on it.

'Obsessed,' he thought to himself with a chuckle. She was dead wrong.

Max turned off his lights, leaving only his laptop screen to illuminate the room. From the drawer in his study desk, he retrieved one of a dozen flash drives and plugged it into his computer. He entered his password to decrypt a long list of directories titled with full names and timestamps. Ordering by the most recent files, he clicked on the top folder and played the video hidden within.

The screen lit up with four square quadrants showing different angles of a Pokémon Lab's interior. From the top-left quadrant he'd acquired the typical security camera vantage, a high, slanted view of the large main area laid in shiny, sparkling tiles. The space was clear save for a modest desk and chair towards one corner, a three-cushion sofa and a whiteboard stand depicting technical diagrams too distant to make out.

From the top-right quadrant he got an eye-level view of the premises, bringing into shot expensive lab equipment lining the walls, including what looked like a mini reactor. The other two camera angles provided a closer view of the study desk and bookshelf, and an all-encompassing bird's eye view from the centre of the ceiling. He liked to have all his bases covered.

Max kept an eye on the running timestamp in the top-right corner and fast-forwarded the footage until the front door opened. A familiar figure entered the lab, clad in a large overcoat and skin-tight jeans. Max clicked on the top-right camera and the quadrant expanded to fill the screen, giving him a much clearer view of the arrival.

Her red hair was layered and tied in a high ponytail, adorned with heart-shaped hairpins, a far-cry from the dishevelled display at the café. She sat tinted glasses on her forehead, boasting feline eyes that gleamed the same hue of jade as her form-fitting sweater.

Max had to admit she didn't look half bad when she wasn't raging and charging innocent patrons with ice tea.

She hung her overcoat on her chair and Max seized the opportunity to switch cameras. The closer angle, incidentally, captured her backside flush at the centre of the screen, her light-blue jeans hugging her thighs and round butt. He barely had time to imagine how she'd squeezed into them before she whirled round to take a seat. Her bosom swivelled into view, large mounds bulging out the top of her low-cut sweater.

A nervy excitement hitched in Max's breath, despite this being the fourth time he watched the footage. Teenagerhood inflicted a budding weakness upon him, a proclivity for larger-than-average sized breasts.

He didn't know where it came from or how to get rid of it. Every day the compulsions became harder to control – *hard* being the operative word. But that was it; it was a compulsion, not some obsession. And he didn't let it get in the way of his work.

The lab assistant scooted forward in her office chair, her breasts jiggling ever so slightly. Was it possible to hate someone and admire them at the same time?

He interrogated his internal conflict while watching her sort through paperwork. She appeared to be a model professional dedicating her alone time to her craft. But maybe that was the problem, having *too much* alone time?

Not that it mattered. Max didn't get paid to burrow into the messed-up minds of his subjects. All that concerned him was what happened when he skipped an hour and a half into the recording. The front door opened again.

A young boy walked in. He couldn't be any older than Max, albeit more stocky than lanky, with odd hair that could be mistaken for a purple Shroomish from a distance. Observing the time he'd arrived, and noting the backpack slung over his shoulder, Max deduced the boy had come straight from school.

Now, it wasn't so weird for Pokémon Professors, or even lab assistants, to entertain young Trainers throughout the day. In fact, the footage revealed she'd had eight visitors pop in and out of the laboratory, staying no longer than a few minutes at a go.

Whenever someone arrived, she'd throw her coat on to maintain a façade of professionalism. What made Shroomish Boy's visit stand out was how she'd invited him to her desk, stroked the top of his head, spun the 'Closed' sign on the front door, then shut all the blinds.

Max's recording equipment didn't pick up sound but the sequence of events made it obvious something out of the norm was about to happen.

He remembered the first time he watched back the footage, how he'd been on the brink of falling asleep before she locked herself inside with Shroomish Boy. And even now, on repeated viewing, Max perked up. He could only imagine the excitement surging through the boy's bones when the busty lab assistant hiked up her sweater and pulled him into an embrace.

They stood in front of her desk where she pulled her arms out of the sleeves of her overcoat and wrapped its flaps around them. His head only stood as tall as her bosom, which appeared to suit her perfectly, judging by the mirth and giggles on her face while he stirred under the makeshift drape.

Max didn't need X-ray vision to know the boy had her teat in his mouth, possibly both, probably interchanging between them. Every now and again she shook her shoulders in what couldn't be anything other than giddy motorboating. And this was the behaviour of a respected authority in the field of pokémon research?

The people needed to know.

Max had it on good authority she was in a long-term relationship with a colleague and fellow researcher. What comfort did she need from a boy likely to be a decade younger than her?

Max would never understand grown-ups. She would've gotten away with it too, if not for his pesky sense of justice. Beyond the disgust of committing adultery, she was probably breaking the law too, and Max would watch every minute of it.

Switching to the close-up desk camera, he observed them in a fit of robust fidgeting which ended with the boy's pants dropping from under the coat. She looked down whilst holding the long jacket open, and while Max's sideview didn't allow him to see behind the curtain, it became obvious what the boy had been up to when her jeans started to come down.

They didn't slip off as easily as his loose-fitting pair; he had to tug hard while she shimmied to help him. With a heap of pants and boxers and jeans and a thong bunched around their ankles, their legs appeared naked from the coat down.

"Obsessed," Max muttered to himself, glued to the screen. That wasn't what this was. He was shedding light on atrocities committed in the dark. "You're such a dirty bitch," he murmured at the half-naked redhead on screen.

Turned out it was easier to tell her what he thought when she wasn't shaking her fist an inch away from his face. He didn't consider that cowardice, but rather responsible for not ratcheting up an already heated situation. She got everything off her chest and it was his turn to do the same.

Max turned to glimpse at his bedroom door, wondering if he'd remembered to lock it, before extracting the erection in his pyjamas.

The shady whore leaned back on the edge of her desk with one pale leg raised and bent at the knee. Her overcoat partially covered her hiked-up sweater but fell loose behind her womanly hips and everything below.

The boy's lack of stature meant he didn't need to bend far to go where she needed him to, a rough clasp of the back of his head forcing him down her exposed crotch. She used her free hand to fondle herself under the sweater, staring south at him with a flushed face and a mouth half agape.

Max imagined she was panting as he gaped at her soundless expression. "Enjoying that, you whore?" he breathed, stroking himself under the desk. "You better be. It's the last thing you're going to enjoy in a while."

He zoomed in on her face and stroked her on-screen cheek. “Look at you...” He stroked harder. “Gods, look at you...” he ran his finger down the screen, tracing her curves. “So pretty, yet so... whorey. Like taking advantage of our youth, is that it?”

Something told Max that Shroomish Boy didn't paint himself a victim of the older woman's clutches. The way he'd strode in and received her physical advances without flinching suggested the pair had done this before. He rubbed his face in her crotch way too eagerly to be considered an unwilling participant.

Still, her partner was a victim, Max decided. He deserved to know and she deserved to be exposed. If her ousting opened up a spot for a more talented, more ethically adept researcher, that could only be a good thing as far as he was concerned.

Max always handed over the outcomes of his investigations, whatever they were, whatever the consequences for the culprits. He was paid good money not to withhold details from his clients and, as a matter of principle, upheld his oath to do so every, single time.

It didn't matter what he found out or where his morals weighed in on the actions of his suspects. They'd doomed themselves. Why couldn't May get that?

The redheaded researcher bent over her desk and poised one knee on the edge. She flung the back of her coat aside, baring her naked posterior to the boy's young eyes. Tilting her torso, she looked back to beckon him over with a finger.

The boy raced to the back of the couch, his hardened penis dangling about, where he picked up a conveniently placed box. It proved sturdy enough to support him as he elevated his height behind the bent-over woman.

As the boy grabbed his cock, Max looked down at the erection in his own hand, envious of his on-screen counterpart. Shroomish Boy was much thicker than him and slightly longer, although it was kind of tricky to determine, what with the camera supposedly adding ten pounds.

Max didn't have the biggest hands and his full-grown erection disappeared somewhere in his fist. He'd never been with a girl but heard from just about everywhere they preferred their men well-endowed. That wasn't fair, he thought, praying a growth spurt would serve him well.

Shroomish Boy fucked the older slut with his bigger cock while Max furiously beat his little meat in the darkness of his bedroom. “Give it to her,” he found himself mouthing at the laptop. “Make that whore scream.” If she did, he’d never know from the soundless video.

‘This is not an obsession,’ he responded to his sister’s judgement. He was not *‘getting off on all this’* like she assumed.

Well...

As the older woman took the youngster from behind, Max found himself zooming in on her open-mouthed, slutty face, then scrolling down to her rolled-up sweater, gaping at her ample breasts squished on the table.

“Filthy... whore...” he breathed, stroking himself faster and faster. “Shit!” Not even halfway into the action and he was getting close. He couldn’t match Shroomish Boy for size or stamina, apparently. No wonder this whore loathed him and loved guys like Shroomish Boy. But Max would have the last laugh.

Fearful of a premature eruption, Max fast-forwarded the video to his favourite part, switching to the ceiling camera capturing the redhead naked and lying on her back, nothing but the overcoat separating her from the cold, hard floor. The top of Shroomish Boy’s head appeared at the bottom of the woman laying spread-eagled.

Max loved this segment because the boy really threw his back into thrusting and the whore’s large breasts swayed wildly as a result. His young but zesty cock disappeared and reappeared from her ginger bush.

“Yeah... take that...” Max whispered between heavy breaths. “Want to spill tea on my favourite sweater, bitch?” He fapped at an angry pace. “I’m glad you... aaahhh... I’m glad you lost your boyfriend.” He stroked harder. “Glad you lost your job. I fucking hate you,” he muttered, imagining he was on top of her. “Fucking take it, slut. You deserve it!”

Max grabbed the closest sock and emptied himself within seconds, panting hot and heavily, his face coated in sweat. Shroomish Boy continued fucking her for a while but Max shut the video off, knowing how it all ended.

Ultimately, in tears, for her. And he didn’t feel bad about it.

...

Every weekend Max volunteered to help his mother run their local corner store. It was hard enough being single raising both him and May (especially May), and she appreciated him taking a load off her shoulders.

May always seemed to have 'other commitments' – most likely placating her lousy, green-headed joke of a 'boyfriend.'

It was an easy decision for Max, considering he didn't have friends to hang out with anyway, and the quiet of the store was tranquil enough to conduct his homework and school studies in. The odd customer would pop in to purchase a trinket or some Contest memorabilia, but for the most part his time behind the counter passed undisturbed. Today seemed like another one those uneventful days until a woman in dark glasses and an oversized sun hat walked into the store.

Max looked up from his Science book, perturbed by her appearance. "Uh, can I help you?"

"You're Maximilien P.I., right?" She bustled to the counter in a hurry. "Petalburg's finest investigator?"

"Well..." Max pushed his glasses up and flashed a slanted grin. "I didn't come up with that title but it is befitting." Still, he'd never been approached at the store for an occupational enquiry; he kept a private number for that. He sought to keep his family out of his complicated business, including the shop his mother worked hard to maintain. "I'm sorry but if you need to make a request, you can contact me on –"

"Please, I need to know," she cut him off. "My husband, he's..." She fidgeted and looked back as if concerned someone might've recognised her sneaking into the store. "My husband is up to something. I need to know what. I suspect it's another woman."

'Of course you do.' They always did. And they were almost always right. Sometimes Max considered himself in the confirmation business rather than investigation.

"I understand," he said. "But it's bad policy to speak about this in the open. If you just call me later on –"

“Please,” she insisted. “I, I, I don’t know where else to go. I’ll pay you whatever you want. Please. I need to know.”

“Look, lady –”

She rummaged through her large handbag then dropped a jumble of reports and pictures on the counter.

Max recognised the tall, dark and buff man in the candid photos immediately. “Your husband is the Petalburg City Gym Leader?”

“Can you help me or not?” She brushed past his intrigue. “I got these from the previous investigator I hired,” she explained as he browsed through the shots of Norman walking to and out of motels. “After two months of trailing him, he said he couldn’t find anything suspicious.”

“Then you have nothing to worry about?”

“I don’t buy it. I think Norman must’ve found him and threatened him or paid him off or something. He can’t know I’m here. No one can.”

“I see...” Norman certainly had the power and resources to pull something like that.

“From what I hear, you’re incorruptible and always deliver. Or are those just tall tales?”

What she didn’t realise was Max had a history with Norman; more specifically, his mother did.

After she divorced their dad and moved to Petalburg for a fresh start, she wound up meeting the local Gym Leader, ironically through him and May. Their relationship grew and intensified for the better part of two years. Wedding bells began to sound around the corner when, suddenly, it all fell through.

With no explanation from her, or him.

Max had figured the adults didn’t consider him or May mature enough for any clarification. Whatever had happened between Norman and his mom hurt her so much she destroyed a lot of his personal possessions and barred the mere mention of his name in the household.

Max and May didn't get it, but respected her wishes nonetheless, and never asked any questions since. At the back of his mind, Max had always speculated Norman cheated on her, but had never had the means or ingenuity to prove it. He'd been too little to do anything towards the man who'd devastated his mother.

But not anymore.

"I'll help you," declared Max.

Relief sprung on what little he could see of her shrouded face. "Oh my God, thank you, thank you!" She dumped everything she had on Norman across the counter. "How much will I owe you for this?"

Max quoted her half his usual fee. Truth be told, he was prepared to do this one pro bono.

She accepted his terms and reached over to shake his hand. Raising her shades for the briefest of moments, she gave him a onceover.

"What?" Max didn't like being stared at.

"You're a lot younger than I thought, that's all. Don't you have school and stuff? Where do you find the time to – ugh, never mind." She put her glasses back on and dismissed her curiosities with a wave. "That's none of my business. I hope to hear from you soon, yeah?"

"As soon as I dig anything up. I promise."

...

Two weeks of recording Norman's every move, surveying him from tall trees for better vantage, hiding in bushes outside the Petalburg Gym, had led Max to the triple storey villa staring back at him.

The chic luxury home climbed high beyond the walls of the gated community it sat in. Like most of his targets, Norman was a creature of habit, jogging with his pokémon every dawn and dusk, fighting Gym challengers throughout the day, attending official Pokémon League conferences and running errands in between everything else. He almost seemed too

busy for infidelity. The villa, however, was the one irregularity in an otherwise humdrum routine.

Max had only caught him visiting the property twice during his 14 days of surveillance; once in the very wee hours of the morning, when anyone who knew him, including his wife, would naturally assume he was on a run. And now, being the second time, Max had hopped on his bike and followed his car all the way outside of Petalburg in pure daylight. The trouble was his investigation hit a roadblock as he couldn't fathom a way to get through the 24/7 security.

While Norman had visited the property alone on both occasions Max had followed him, it didn't rule out the possibility his mistress could've been someone inside. He'd also got the distinct impression Norman's wife had no idea this villa existed. Max hadn't yet deduced whose name it was in.

He'd contemplated approaching his wife with the information gathered so far, but preferred handing over complete, undeniable evidence instead of nudging his client's for help figuring things out. After all, he was considered the best for a reason.

As Max eyed the property with binoculars from a distance, searching for exploitable points of entry, a school bus pulled up blocking his view. Annoyed, he cursed under his breath as a plethora of noisy schoolkids piled out of the long vehicle and stampeded through the open gates, ushered in by the guards.

"I hate kids," he muttered to himself, before a lightbulb sparked on.

The next day when the school bus pulled up, Max wasn't watching from across the street; he was amongst the boisterous animals bustling in excitement, disguised with nothing more than a backpack.

Guards and kids alike didn't bat an eyelid at his presence. He was used to being ignored by his peers, by everyone really, a natural born loner slipping under the radar. It was half the reason he felt perfectly suited for this job. The guards ushered him in with the rest of the herd.

Outside Norman's villa, Max kneeled at the cellar doors after the group of animated kids disappeared in their respective homes. He cast forth a Poké Ball releasing a Corphish then had the borrowed pokémon snap the locks with its powerful pincers.

The inside of the luxury home looked as chic and spacious as expected from its outwards appearance. He noted the furniture was sparse: a rug, a single sofa, a flatscreen TV and one abstract portrait on the wall. The kitchen housed a fridge but almost nothing else, and every cupboard he opened was empty. He walked across a large window in the living room offering a view of the sparkling pool outside. It was a nice touch but, very apparent to Max, Norman didn't spend any time actually living here.

If he owned this property, it could only be for leisurely purposes. Everything seemed to corroborate Max's theory – this villa had to be Norman's hotbed for adulterous activity. All that was left was to catch him in the act.

Max ventured upstairs to the biggest bedroom, also the only bedroom to have an actual bed in it. He swung his backpack on the mattress and dug out a wide range of surveillance equipment, including inconspicuous pens fitted with video recording technology and button-sized hidden cameras.

For the purposes of espionage, Max preferred a cluttered room to the tidy hand he'd been dealt. It was much easier to disguise hidden cameras in a mess but he had to try.

He climbed onto the mattress and replaced the normal lightbulb in the aluminium hanging light with his own tinkered version, which would capture a panoramic view of the bed and everything around it.

Scanning the room further, he noticed a single photograph sitting on the bedside table. It was a happy picture of Norman and his wife, but more significantly, the top and bottom borders of the frame had crystal-like decorations embedded at their centre. Max used a pocketknife to pluck out one ornament then replaced it with a camera just about the same size; the lens even gleamed in a similar fashion.

Norman would really have to be looking to notice the difference.

The sneaky home invader opened the wardrobe next, hoping to camouflage a spy-camera button amongst his blazers or press shirts, but the shelves and hangers were vacant, just tall mirrors embedded on the insides of the closet doors.

He positioned a camera pen on the window sill and set its lens sticking out the far end of the closed curtain, aiming towards the heart of the room. Stepping back and looking at it, it was impossible to spot without a hint of suspicion it was there.

Although, he did run the risk of Norman opening the curtains and discovering it. He hadn't got a chance to observe Norman's usual behaviour in the bedroom unfortunately. Was it worth the risk?

Max extracted a tablet connected to all the devices and ensured the live feedback was working correctly, as well as surveyed all the angles for decent coverage. *Hmm.* The picture frame camera needed slight adjusting. He was on his way to turn the photograph when the bang of a door downstairs caught his attention.

"What the...?" Heart in his throat, Max rushed to the window and spotted Norman's car in the driveway. "Oh, crap!!"

Max shovelled all the equipment sprawled out on the bed back into his bag, tangled cables and all. He ran to the door.

Footsteps from the other end made him think twice about exiting that way.

He ran to the window. The drop would probably kill him, or leave him paralyzed in the best-case scenario. Trapped, like a Rattata, he paced back and forth as an impending panic attack threatened to steal his breath away.

If Norman caught him in here, he was good as dead. His own wife was terrified of him!

Max didn't know if the rumours of his ties to mobsters were legitimate but he didn't want to stick around to find out. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath and counted to ten, like his big sister had always advised.

Calmer, he looked around for a solution, even as the footsteps grew louder.

In a moment of pure desperation, he dropped to the floor and crawled on his belly under the bed, dragging his backpack with him. There was just enough space to fit and breathe.

His tablet slipped out and lingered an arm's reach away.

He swept it under the bed a split second before the door cracked open.

Heavy duty boots treaded into the room. Max held his breath as they slowly walked across the floor inches away from him. A box was set down next to the bedside table.

“Uh, Norman?” a female voice called out from afar.

“In here!” Norman bellowed.

Max celebrated in silence. ‘*Ha! Gotcha.*’ It might’ve been premature but who else would he be inviting to his super-secret, super-secure pad if not for his mistress?

Max peeked from under the bed as a damning pair of red and yellow trainers stepped into the room.

He exclaimed in a shocked whisper...

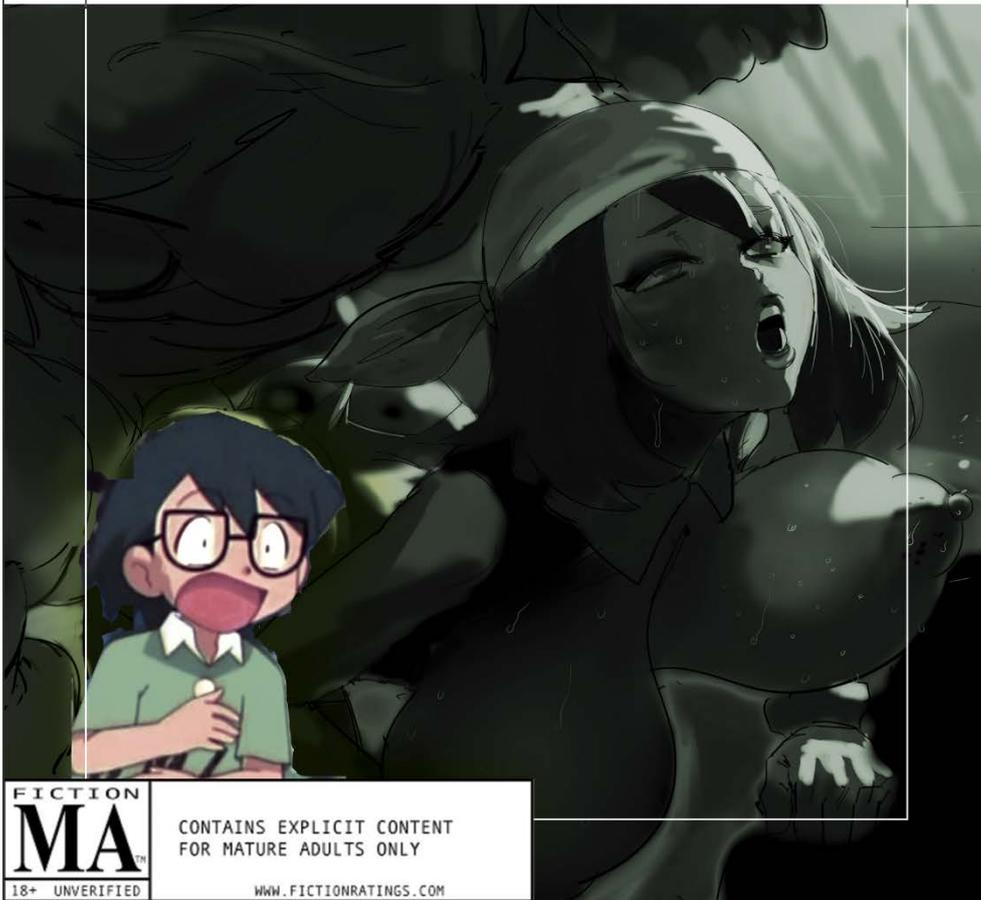
“...*May?!*”

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

UNDER COVERS INVESTIGATOR

(A Pokémon FanFic)

CHAPTER 2



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Chapter 2 – Epiphanies

Norman shook his head and grumbled, “Women.”

The widely respected Gym Leader had been reduced to his knees, sweeping fragments of porcelain onto a dustpan, fragments that were once his prized Kangaskhan replica. He'd stumbled upon the extremely rare artefact in an antique store nestled somewhere in East Canalave, so remote and aloof he couldn't find it again if he tried. The unwitting shop owner had been selling it at a fraction of its market value. Norman, being cultured beyond what most would expect, snatched up the bargain.

Besides adorning his private pad with an authentic, handcrafted relic of the 14th century, he would've been able to flip it for a pretty penny if times got tough. But now? It wasn't worth more than the bone ash it was made of, all because some woman lacked the decorum to express her grievances without breaking his stuff – ‘some woman’ being his wife.

More than once he considered wrenching off his ring and adding it to the rubble. But one of them had to be the level-headed, logical one. His patience alone had saved their marriage more times than her begging him to attend those exasperating couples therapy sessions. What she really needed was anger management classes with all the shit she pulled!

He'd had to shut down the Gym for the day to clean up the mess she made. It was bad enough when she acted out at home but to spew her poison at his place of work was diabolical and, quite frankly, embarrassing.

She never stopped to think of all the aspiring Trainers she'd denied an opportunity at the Balance Badge. It was downright immature, a trait he was starting to notice in all women. When times get tough, break shit! Where were all the supposed ‘decent’ women without the baggage? Why couldn't he have married one of those?

Grumbling, he continued on his hands and knees sweeping debris off the Gym floor when the large double doors creaked ajar. “Gym's closed,” he grunted without looking up.

Apparently, the gate crasher hadn't heard him the first time; their shadow grew taller across the floor, approaching. "Hey!" His head snapped up. "I said we're clo..."

His indignation trailed off as he thought he recognised the strange yet familiar face standing over his crouched form.

She'd tied her red and white bandana in the form of bunny ears atop her brunette locks, shoulder-length bangs falling past her overgrown fringe, longer hair than he'd remembered. Her eyes however, hadn't changed, still dazzling sapphire and full of buoyancy. Whatever baby-fat filled her cheeks before had seemingly relocated to her upper chest and proliferated, stretching her red tank top to its absolute limits.

He had to remind himself not to stare, diverting his gaze below her waist where she'd doubled up on the shorts, wearing a white denim pair over extremely tight, black spandex. Was this really the same little girl he knew years ago?

"May?" asked Norman, uncertainly. She must've been ten or eleven last time he saw her.

"Hey!" She pulled out her earphones and apologised for how loud she must've sounded. "Sorry, did you say you're closed? I saw the sign outside said that but your door was open. Thought I'd pop in to see if everything was okay. Hope I'm not interrupting anything." She rubbed the back of her head sheepishly.

"Uh, no, no, of course not!" He looked around hoping to offer her a seat but all they had was battleground surrounding them, strewn with remnants of marital warfare to boot. "Um, make yourself comfortable, if you can?"

"Yeah, that pile of broken glass looks really comfy," said a sarcastic May. She glanced around as if she was only noticing the carnage for the first time. "Whoa, what happened? This place looks like it got hit by a tornado."

"It did. Called 'marriage'."

"Ouch. Sorry."

"Meh. It's not your doing," said Norman. "Forget about that. Tell me how you are." He set aside the dustpan. "How many years has it been?"

May started counting on her fingers before throwing her hands up in concession. “A lot.”

“You don’t say. And a lot has changed.” He nodded at her once, hinting at her appearance, which she’d either missed or ignored. “How’s Max doing?”

She tensed, much to his bemusement. “Max and I aren’t really talking all that much right now. Typical brother-sister stuff, ya know?”

“Not much has changed in that department then, huh?” He laughed. “Pity. I always thought you two could be an unstoppable duo if you learned to work together.”

“Yeah... no.”

He chuckled. “Well, I miss you helping me out around here.” He let the words sit there for a moment before adding, “Both of you.”

“Yeah? It was fun.” She looked down timidly and tucked her bangs behind one ear. “Anyway. Tell me how you are. I wanna hear more about this tornado.”

Norman shrugged. “Just typical husband-wife stuff, ya know?”

“Oh, don’t give me that. After all this time you’re still gonna treat me like some little girl that wouldn’t get it?” She crossed her arms and pouted.

Her gesture, though playful and innocent, drew attention to her developed chest, folded forearms pushing up her big, and noticeably soft, breasts. ‘Little girl,’ she’d said? Certainly not anymore. “Er, you really want to hear about boring marriage drama?” It wasn’t the kind of thing he imagined girls her age discussing.

May swept aside shattered porcelain with her shoes, clearing a patch for her to plop down and sit cross-legged. “I’m all ears!” she chimed.

Norman hardly thought she was a fitting audience for his love-war stories and ultimate disillusion with members of her sex. He shared a watered-down, blame-free version of the events leading to the destruction of his prized possessions. She listened without passing comment or judgement, speaking only to clarify details.

Something astonishing was happening; he couldn't stop talking, furnishing her with more info and emotion than he ever remembered sharing with anyone. Who would've thunk opening up could be so therapeutic?

It helped him identify one of the key issues in his marriage – they'd stopped listening to each other. An open dialogue like he'd enjoyed with May could never transpire without one party interrupting to accuse or criticise the other. Every disagreement was about winning, not understanding. Then it wouldn't take much for china to start flying.

How a girl, who must've been half his wife's age, could exhibit more maturity amazed him. There might've been hope for womankind yet.

"How about you?" asked Norman. Perhaps he could do for May what she'd done for him in being a great listener. "Seeing anyone?"

She appeared shy and hesitant to answer. "Er, yeah. Sorta." She gave an awkward laugh.

"Of course," said Norman. "Stupid question. I mean, look at you!"

She blushed, rubbing her upper arm. "Thanks, I guess?"

"Is he treating you right?"

"He could do better," she admitted.

"Oh yeah? I'm all ears."

"Hmmm... I guess it's only fair."

She proceeded to divulge her on-and-off squeeze was a fellow Coordinator she'd met during her travels across Hoenn. They'd started off as rivals, developed a mutual respect, grew into close friends, then became lovers – where all the complications started.

He'd cheated on her several times for reasons May blamed on herself. Although she'd never once stepped out on him, she had entertained potential suitors in the form of conversation and flirting. Her boyfriend retaliated by taking other girls to bed.

Norman told her that was wrong which, unsurprisingly, she admitted was a common response amongst her friends and even her little brother – who knew next to zero about

relationships. Deep down May recognised she was being mistreated too, but the boy had a voodoo-like spell on her she couldn't break.

The more he listened to her speak, the more Norman questioned whether he'd been too hasty in celebrating her maturity. He noted numerous cracks in her rationality, albeit those expected in most teenagers lacking life experience.

All the same, he listened without derailing her, but soon realised he wasn't half as good at it when his attention began to drift...

Norman caught himself splitting his focus between the girl's words and the girl's breasts. So big and impossible to ignore, they stretched the tight fabric between them, jutting with the perkiness of youth.

Although he considered himself a mature, refined adult, all it took was the faint outline of her nipple to set his mind racing. He thought he'd gotten over the thrill of the chase but, after all these years, something about May began to rekindle it.

While she blathered about her relationship woes, he tried to imagine the colour of her nipples, and how big they got when she was aroused. He hummed 'mhm, mhm' to every other thing she mentioned. She was too caught up in her own ramblings to notice he'd fallen off the train miles ago.

"...you know what I mean?" asked May, rather suddenly.

An awkward silence ensued before he pulled himself out of his head. "Oh yeah, totally!" he lied.

"Thanks for listening." She smiled. "It's nice to finally speak to someone that understands. My friends don't really get it."

"People my age don't really get me either."

"You make yourself sound like some kind of dinosaur." She covered her mouth and giggled. "You're not that old, you know. At least, you don't look it."

That much he did know. Yeah, grey might've peppered the sides of his dark hair and stubble but Norman was knocking on 40 and still maintained a muscular physique for the better part of two decades; his big broad chest and bulging biceps made t-shirts look tiny. As

leader of the Petalburg Gym he had certain appearances to keep up. Staying fit was a tad easier when you trained pokémon all day, as all he had to do was join them and lead by example.

“Thanks, May. Guess I’m not too shabby for a dinosaur.”

“Oh stahp. Can I tell you something kinda embarrassing?”

They’d already been on a roll opening up. “Let’s hear it.”

“Um... gosh,” said May, covering the coyness on her face. “I used to have a little crush on you, way back when.”

Norman was taken aback. “Really?”

She nodded. “It was part of the reason I volunteered at this Gym. I had to watch over Max too, of course, who loved hanging out here all the time. Not sure if you noticed but I wasn’t even a fan of pokémon.” She laughed at the memory. “But I guess I warmed up to this place. And to you. Realised you weren’t as big and scary as you had all the challengers believe.”

“Hey, I can be big and scary!”

“Sure.” She stuck her tongue out. “It was so silly of me, a little girl wanting you to see me as a woman.” She facepalmed. “When you got with my mom, I felt betrayed – how silly was that? Felt like you’d been using me and Max to get to her. I think I hated you for a little while too.”

She wasn’t completely wrong there. “Oh... you haven’t come to exact your revenge, have you?” He pretended to be afraid.

She laughed. “Nah. You’re safe. I got over it a long time ago.” By ‘it’ he wondered if she meant him or the fact he’d dated her mother. “What ever happened between you and her anyway? She’d kill me if she knew I was here.”

Norman let slip a nervous laugh.

It sounded like Caroline intended to cling onto her grudge for a while yet. Despite outward appearances, Norman had never been the perfect husband, or boyfriend for that matter. When Caroline had grown wary of him spending a lot of time with the local Nurse

Joy, he'd managed to concoct a conceivable story insisting the pokémon nurse had been helping him setup a surprise fireworks display for her.

It was true – he'd merely forgotten to mention the part where fireworks went off between him and Nurse Joy many a late night in the Pokémon Centre too.

Getting away with it bred an untameable confidence to reoffend. No one would suspect the Petalburg Gym Leader, an upstanding beacon of the community, an inspiration all the aspiring local Trainers looked up to.

In reality, some of said Trainers, specifically the attractive female ones, were gifted 'special opportunities' to obtain the Balance Badge behind closed doors. Not far from the very spot May was sitting, he'd had one riding him for all she was worth. Norman had even been extra brutal in pokémon battles against gorgeous Trainers with the hopes they'd consider his alternative solution to getting their badge. Most of them did.

The dubious Gym Leader almost landed in hot water when a male Trainer accused him of giving his female rival a badge despite her complete ineptitude for pokémon training. Officer Jenny responded to the formal complaint by visiting him at the Gym's back office for a private interview.

As luck would have it, she happened to come across giddy and starstruck. Norman turned on the charm, convincing her the accuser was merely disgruntled with his failed attempts at winning the Balance Badge. The officer found it easier to trust his words than those of a sullen youth. Norman locked the door and they'd completed the interview with her bent over his desk and her pantyhose ripped open.

Needless to say, any record of the allegation was scrubbed off the system.

Norman might've gone to extreme lengths to bury his indiscretions but any rumours of him colluding with the mob were ridiculous. He was just a man that wanted to have his cake and eat it too. One too many deserts caught up to him though and Caroline kicked him to the curb.

Losing her had persuaded him to change his ways, so much so he hadn't once stepped out on his new wife. Ironically, she accused him more than any other woman had. He chalked it up to karma and put up with her paranoia as a means of atonement.

May might've shown herself to be understanding thus far but he still didn't believe she was ready to hear the truth about him and her mom.

"One day I'll tell you," said Norman. "You deserve to know. But that day's not today."

She rolled her eyes. "I knew you'd say something like that. That's okay. Have to say though, always found it weird how close Max and I came to calling you daddy one day, then you were a total stranger the next."

Norman rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. "Yeah, that is funny."

"Anyway, I need to get going." May hopped back to her feet.

"So soon?"

She flashed him her wristwatch. "It's been over an hour."

"Wow." She was right. He looked around the floor and remembered the mess he'd been attending to before she arrived.

"Don't worry," said May. "I'll help."

"You don't have –"

"I want to. Besides, I dragged in a mess of my own." She pointed out the footprints from her trainers.

He leaned back and let her do her thing. For a moment it felt like old times. One glance at her chest reminded him it wasn't.

As May swept the remaining rubble into the dustpan, the motion of her arm knocked the side of her right breast, nudging the pair into slight wobbles. With her face down and her eyes distracted from him, he ogled freely, surmising their naturalness from the way they moved. A major point of his initial attraction to Caroline had been her ample chest, and May had outgrown her already, seemingly by a ton.

Jesus, Norman, get a grip! he scolded himself. *You've been with her mom for heaven's sake!*

He tried to shake the perversion from his eyes but every time he looked, the large jugs were just there, hanging beautifully, cleavage poking out the crest of her top. “So... huge...” he mouthed under his breath.

“What?”

He jumped, surprised she'd heard him. “Er, I said, ‘go... you!’ You’re doing a fantastic job!”

“Oh!” She beamed. “You’re welcome.” She dumped the porcelain shards into the nearest trashcan then slapped the dust off her gloved hands. “I hope things get better for your marriage. Everyone deserves to be happy.” He smiled at her youthful optimism. She plugged her earphones back in. “Guess I’ll see you around, dinosaur?”

“Yeah, sure.” With his floor spotless, he'd run out of excuses to keep her lingering for his viewing pleasure. Or had he? “Wait, May.” He stopped her as she turned to leave. “Did I tell you about my private pad?”

“Your private pad?”

“Yeah. You know how Trainers carve out Secret Bases in the woods or caves and such? It’s something like that. I guess it’s the Trainer in me. I wanted a place I can go to whenever I need a breather from... all this.” He spread his arms to signify the whole Gym, his whole life, his strained marriage.

“That sounds useful,” said May.

“It’s still a work in progress. I’m in the middle of furnishing it – actually I was planning to head out there now.” A plan he'd devised in the last five seconds. “I’ve got a couple of packed boxes in the back I need to take over. If you’re not in too much of a hurry, I was thinking you could help me out?”

“Hm. I don’t think I’m the best person to ask for heavy lifting. But I could ask my neighbour, Brendan. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind –”

“The stuff isn’t heavy,” Norman pressed. “Just three or four small boxes. Besides, I’ve enjoyed your company and our little catch-up session.”

She flashed him a smile that said 'me too'. "Oh, alright." She pulled out her earphones and headed back into the Gym. "I guess I have a minute or two to spare."

...

Covering his mouth under the bed, a stunned Max couldn't believe the two pairs of shoes he was seeing. The Gym Leader and his big sister? No way. May wouldn't... would she?!

The aforementioned girl whistled, impressed. "I wish I had a Secret Base like this." She set down a second box next to the one Norman had.

"Heh. You're welcome to visit any time," came Norman's booming voice.

"Wow, really? I thought it was meant to be private."

"It is... with only a few exceptions."

Max watched his sister's shoes move across the carpet towards the bedside table. "Is this her?" asked May.

"Yeah," said Norman.

Curious, Max turned on the tablet and opened the live feed from the camera he hid in the picture frame. Sure enough, his sister's face appeared large at the centre of his screen. "She's really pretty," said May, complimenting the Gym Leader's wife. Two large hands crept into the frame from behind May and clasped her shoulders, hairy knuckles clenching as he squeezed her.

"So are you," said Norman, matter-of-factly. He couldn't see the shocked expression on the girl's face that Max could through the camera.

"Um... what?" May sounded bemused.

"Seriously. Come here. I want you to see something." Norman set the picture down and led her by the shoulders toward the closet. He opened the doors to reveal her full-body

reflection in the tall mirrors. Max lay flat on his stomach and twisted his neck to get an uphill view from behind the dangling covers, wondering where all this was going.

Norman's six-foot-something stature towered over May's measly five feet as he stood firmly behind her. "What do you see?"

"Er, I see me?"

"Yes," said Norman. "You. A beautiful, courageous, kind-hearted spirit that shouldn't be taking shit from some repugnant, entitled little boy."

"I... I guess you're right."

"You guess? Seriously, look at you!" He shook her by the shoulders as if hoping some sense would come loose. "You're amazing. You're gorgeous. Any guy would be lucky to have you. You won't languish alone in the pits of depression forever if you kick him to the curb. You've got your friends, your mother, your brother. You've got me."

As Max watched a silent May soak in the message, he couldn't help agree with the target of his investigation. However, that didn't mean he wouldn't take down the Gym Leader in every way he had the power to. No good deed could supersede his client's expectations, nor buy Max's forgiveness.

Perhaps he'd jumped the gun presuming Norman had invited May for nefarious reasons. All he'd seen looked genuine and supportive. Maybe after his sister left, the real mistress would make an appearance. Max could only lay in wait, trapped under this scumbag's bed. He closed his eyes.

Everything became quiet.

Too quiet.

His eyes snapped open. Judging by the position of their shoes, Norman and May hadn't moved an inch for several minutes. Who stared in the mirror at themselves for that long? Max scooted to the edge of the bed and craned his head up again for a visual update.

May squeezed the supportive hand on her left shoulder and she watched Norman's right appendage roam her body in the mirror. A little voice in her head screamed, *'Why the hell are you just standing here?'* She muted it.

Everything felt destined, Norman acknowledging her as a sexual being after years of her lamenting in a futile crush.

He strategically avoided her breasts, brushing their sides with his fingertips whenever he traversed that part of her body. It seemed he was savouring them.

She wasn't an idiot; she'd noticed him ogling back at the Gym, as many boys and men alike tended to. Grown-ups old enough to be her father usually put her off. Things were different with Norman though. This felt like a victory.

Her breath quickened as he ran his fingers down her navel, the faint touch of his digits raising the hairs on the back of her neck. Without so much as asking for permission, he unfastened her belt. The yellow strap fell with a heavy clink as loose change rolled out of its fanny pack. Two sealed packs of condoms lay amongst the discarded coins.

May blushed, hoping he wouldn't spot them, but he did, and grinned.

"You came prepared," he muttered in her ear.

More like, she travelled prepared. If there was one thing her mother drilled into her heart it was the fear of getting pregnant. May couldn't blame her after watching the struggles of single parenting. She'd force Drew to wrap up before putting it anywhere near her, and went to the trouble of carrying her own when he'd conveniently forget his.

While the green packets hadn't been intended for Norman, there was no harm in letting him believe so, as the tower of a man unzipped her white shorts.

Max was at a loss watching the denim article hit the floor around his sister's ankles. Why was May letting him do this? Did he have something on her? A part of him wanted to lunge from his hiding spot, but who was he kidding? He'd never been brave nor stupid enough to confront a threat head-on, least of all one as tall and brutish as the Petalburg Gym Leader.

Sure, Max's emergence alone could stop this whole deed dead in its tracks, but that meant a blemish on his track record, disappointment for his client, and likely a get-out-of-jail free card for Norman, again.

This could be the only opportunity he'd ever get to dismantle the man who'd left his mother in pieces. As for May... she'd done this to herself. If she had to go down with Norman, so be it.

Max thought he'd seen enough, and yet, found himself peeping at his sister's mirror reflection, his focus wandering round the area previously hidden under her denim shorts. He grasped immediately why she always wore the white pair over her dark-blue spandex; the biker shorts squeezed her thighs and crotch so tightly they formed a puffy imprint of her labia.

'Whoa!' was all Max could think. So, May had been walking around concealing a massive cameltoe this whole time? Granted, the lewd sight had not been intended for him, or Norman for that matter, but the males' eyes grew wide with intrigue nevertheless.

As Norman gawked at the outline of her plump pussy, May panned a shy hand over the semi-exposed area. He presumed she wasn't as sexually confident as the spilt condoms might've suggested.

It was endearing she'd maintained some semblance of innocence given all the advances she had to have turned down out there. From their long discussion he estimated she'd experienced only one sexual partner, two at most.

The May he knew was a good girl at heart, partly due to his brief stint as her guardian. But the May he wanted to know now was the one she'd never been brave enough to show him. As a trusted figure he'd help her find the courage to express her true self, the courage to bare it all, first by shoving aside her barricade of a hand and re-revealing that phat cameltoe.

He grabbed it.

Her breath stuttered as his meaty paw wedged its way between her thighs. May never thought popping into the local Gym for a brief visit could take such a drastic and perverse turn.

Her mom's ban on seeing Norman only fuelled May's curiosity and sense of longing. Having a father figure had been nice. She'd missed him. And apparently the sentiment was more than mutual, the keen Gym Leader copping a good feel of her young body, perhaps emboldened by her admitting her childhood crush.

He'd always had her in the palm of his hand; only now he'd made it literal.

She stirred in his clutches, feeling out the difference between his and her boyfriend's touch. Drew's clean and soft hands made for sensitive, arousing strokes, but she'd never felt her loins flare as they did from this man's fat, ruffian digits.

His sausage-like middle finger pressed into the crevice of her shorts, forcing her plump lips to enlarge like a ripe fruit bursting with succulence. Purring in heat, she shifted at his invasive touch, his deep, heaving breaths pouring down the top of her head. The other big difference between him and Drew emerged against her back, thick and dense as a pipe, prodding at her spine, leading her thoughts awry, *'Good God...'*

'Good God, she's tight,' deemed Norman, feeling the girl's pussy through the thinness of her bike shorts. It had been years since he'd touched one besides his wife's, touched one this young and ripe.

The older man was flirting on the edge of criminality and had leapt way beyond the bounds of decency. He couldn't stop. She showed no signs of wanting him to, her legs quivering at his fondling, her exhales hot and unsteady. Arousal dampened the bottom of her shorts, dotting his probing fingertips.

Feeling her nice and wet drove him to wickedness, to jabbing his longest digit inside her, pushing spandex nail-deep into her slick vagina.

A cry jumped from her throat, riddled with shock and unexpected pleasure. The tights restricted how deep he could probe and she soon found herself wishing they'd disappear. Whining, she almost doubled over in pleasure but he wrapped a bulky arm round her upper chest to keep her steady then jammed his thick fingers as far up as they could go.

She watched herself ashamedly in the mirror, a child cradled in his massive arms as he toyed with her mount of a cameltoe. If her growing wetness wasn't embarrassing enough, her nipples swelled large and pointedly, further stretching the front of her tight top.

"Look at the fucking tits on you," he poured into her ear, low and husky. "Oh yes, you're a big girl now, aren't you?"

She blushed at his lewd observations, still in disbelief that she was somehow impressing him, attaining the approval she'd longed for since she could remember, the

attention her mom had stolen from her. His eyes feasted on her big and pointed breasts, and she hoped he wouldn't blink.

Max couldn't blink, no matter how hard he tried. Neither Norman nor May caught the tiny glint of his glasses in the far corner of the reflection, hidden in the shadows of the bed base.

Watching a dirty, old adulterer dry-finger his teenage sister should've put him off, and yet, Max's eyes stayed glued to the mirror. It was partly out of habit after witnessing countless cheaters in the act, although never this close to the action, never this close to home. Morbid fascination gripped him in the worst way imaginable.

Frightening still, Max noted the married pervert shared the same weakness he did, if the way he goggled at May's breasts was anything to go by. Max knew his sister had a large bosom – he walked past her every day – but at the same time he'd never batted an eyelid, his weakness numbed by familiarity, not to mention the fact she was his sister. Sexualising May was the furthest thing his mind could ever entertain.

Up till now.

Up till he happened on her in the arms of a big, dominant male dwarfing her teenage stature, tucking his hand so snugly between her thighs the moans spilt from her lips like honey.

She sounded so... different. So unlike a pestering Parasect, so unlike an overprotective big sister, so unlike May.

She sounded vulnerable to weaknesses of her own. This was not the May he knew. His eyes opened to the side he'd never seen, the mirror reflection panting in heat, the feral human behind every facade.

She looked different, unrecognisable, even... pretty, maybe, if he squinted? Today, for the first time, he saw his sister's breasts for what they were – massive, magnificent and mouth-wateringly perky.

Max screwed his eyes shut and pulled his head back under the bed. *'Why the hell am I watching this? And why am I getting...'* He felt the small bulge at the front of his pants with shock and confusion. *'That's May out there!'*

He shook his head, no, no, covering his ears as his sister purred. But, despite himself, a small gap emerged between his fingers, and the older man's gruff voice snuck into his ear canal:

"Time to see these fat tits of yours."

Max's eyes shot open. Before he could tame his impulses, his head poked out from under the bed, just in time to catch Norman lifting May's shirt from the bottom.

Her breasts squished together as they were pulled up with her top; stuck halfway out their tight confines, their bare undersides divulged her bra-less state. Norman's tug met resistance at her nipples, with half her areolae and everything underneath them exposed. It took another strong yank to alleviate her crammed tank top, her big, bra-less breasts flopping out with a heavy drop.

Damn, May... Max gawked at his bare-chested sister. She matched, if not surpassed, the besmirched researcher from weeks ago. With some shame it occurred to him May now boasted the first pair of tits he'd seen in real life – a big disappointment that, somehow, didn't disappoint...

Her mounds sat round and proud, not an ounce of sag despite their enormity, large pink areolae and swollen nipples pointing at the mirror. His pants tightened.

There was a weight to seeing real-life breasts – over and above their actual mass – a sense of rawness his hidden cameras could never capture, the rousing aura of a half-naked girl in his proximity with nothing but a few feet of open air between him and her glorious rack – well, if he ignored the bulk of muscles in the way.

While Max imagined what touching his first pair would feel like, the man in question lived out his fantasy, massaging the undersides of May's breasts.

She bit her bottom lip watching him grope her in the mirror. By contrast to Drew – who made jibes about how large her nipples grew when excited, and even compared them to a Miltank's udders, Norman made her feel sexy rather than self-conscious.

He showed her erect mamillae nothing but love, rubbing them affectionately between his fingers, twisting them like knobs turning up her body temperature, particularly in

her southern hemisphere. She got extremely wet as he squeezed her breasts and whispered, "They're already bigger than your mom's."

"Mmm," hummed May. "Are you seriously bringing her up right now?" she whispered back, secretly delighted he compared her favourably. He wasn't over Caroline. May got the feeling this likening he'd taken to her was an attempt at reliving forgotten love, or overcoming it.

Either way, she'd be pleased if it helped him half as much as it was helping her.

"I've been thinking about what you said earlier," he muttered in her ear before kissing the side of her neck. "About how close we came to being family..."

May shuddered to imagine where his dastardly line of thinking was headed. "...yeah?"

"It's not too late, you know?" He kissed her nape. "It's not too late for you to call me daddy."

The thought tingled her spine. Did he really just say that? She opened her mouth a couple times but no response was forthcoming.

"What's the matter? Skitty caught your tongue?" He traced his thumb along her bottom lip. "You've been a naughty girl, haven't you? Teasing daddy with these young, fat tits of yours..."

He scooped them up from the bottom as if presenting her the evidence. "So fucking heavy." He feigned weighing them in his palms. "You wanted daddy to see them, didn't you? Why else come jiggling into my Gym without a bra on, hm? Well, I see them. Daddy sees them just fine." He rubbed her naked breasts in large circular motions. "Mmm, yes I do. You wanted daddy to see that fat pussy too, huh? Something tells me you got no panties under them bike shorts."

Guilt coloured her cheeks red. He yanked her spandex up to deepen the wedge at the front of her shorts, her pussy lips bulging to luscious effect. Her hand moved on instinct to cover up but he swatted it aside.

"Don't you dare," he breathed down her neck. "That's daddy's pussy now. And he's gonna do what he wants with it, understand?" Holding her jaw, he made the big-breasted teen nod in the mirror.

“Yes...” said May, softly.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes... daddy?”

His lips twisted into a smirk. “That’s a good girl.” He kissed the top of her head. “You wanted me to see you as a woman, huh? Well, come show daddy how much of a woman you’ve become.” He grabbed her by the hair and turned her around.

Max ducked under the bed seconds before they were suddenly facing in his direction. Watching the movement of their feet, he got the distinct impression Norman was leading May to the side of the bed, stopping mere inches from his hiding spot. The Gym Leader’s heavy boots turned to mirror his sister’s much smaller trainers.

“On your knees,” came his deep command.

Max watched his sister obey without question. Her knees descended into view, settling down in front of the man’s boots.

Since when was May so compliant? He couldn’t get her to pour him a bowl of cereal in the morning!

Granted, he wasn’t some oversized, overbearing delinquent of a man either. As if their antics weren’t seedy enough, Max had to listen to their deviant roleplay too. What the heck was going on? Did May have daddy issues? Max could barely ponder before the unclipping of a belt buckle hit his ears.

Staring sideways at the partial legs in front of him, the makeshift spy listened to the subsequent sounds:

A zip.

The fiddling of jeans.

A gasp from May. Followed by a whispered, *‘Holy fuck...’*

A chuckle from Norman. “I get that a lot. You’re going to be a good girl and take it all, right?”

A nervous laugh from May. “Um, I’ll try?”

“Who said anything about try? Show me you’re a woman now.”

“Yes, daddy,” was May’s feeble reply.

“What? Louder.”

“Yes, da- ouch!”

The sound of May’s mouth getting stuffed mid-sentence.

A rapturous grunt from Norman. “Arrh, God, yes!!! Work that little tongue... all around the tip – ah, yes – good girl! Keep sucking that dick! That’s it, baby girl.”

Over and above the Gym Leader’s robustious commentary, Max gleaned what he could from the sights and sounds of his limited position.

He could see part of May’s thighs moving back and forth and hear the clinks of a dangling belt buckle along with the wet noises of saliva being stirred by something thick and solid. A chorus of sinful grunts emanated from the man, often preluding loud gagging noises, followed by a sudden pop and heavy breathing from May, all for her mouth to get stuffed again seconds later.

Max could tell it was stuffed too, evidenced by the dribs and drabs of saliva hitting the carpet like light rainfall. This deviant of a man was force-feeding her everything she could take.

Poor May,’ thought Max, hearing his big sis constantly choke and sputter. It didn’t sound fun to him but the way she moaned in spite of the contents of her mouth suggested otherwise, that perhaps she relished the taste of cock. Far be it from him to dictate what she should enjoy in the bedroom. He was merely a reluctant spectator. And a curious one too.

Going against his better judgement, Max slithered to the edge of the bed and dared to peek outwards. Above his foggy glasses, May’s gargantuan tits wobbled back and forth in rhythm with her bobbing head. The undersides of her enormous breasts blocked sight of her chin, spit and slobber dribbling down and between the fleshy slopes.

This was the closest he’d ever been to his sister’s bare chest, he realised, as a drop of saliva splat within a foot of his face. So close he could reach up and graze the underside of one boob, catch her unawares as she depthroated his worst enemy. She’d probably jump at

the surprise of his cold fingers. It wasn't worth blowing his cover. Max couldn't believe he had to talk himself out of groping his own sister.

Norman lolled his head back, eyes shut towards the ceiling, fist firmly gripping the bunny-ears bandana, drawing her head to-and-fro his unzipped jeans. His girth grazed the corners of her lips as he manoeuvred the hot cavern of her little mouth over varying degrees of cock. With his eyes closed, he could paint a vivid picture of anyone gagging on his manhood, and for a moment he did...

Caroline.

His sweet Caroline.

How he missed this.

She'd sucked him off better than any woman before or after, taken his full length down her gullet like a fucking champ. Current reality didn't quite match his reminiscing as the young girl regurgitated his cock every time it hit the back of her throat.

She wasn't quite Caroline. Her constant gagging pulled him from his musings as he slowly came to realise Caroline was never coming back. His sights peeled open to May's bright blue eyes, full and brimming with tears as she struggled to cram in more than half his cock. It would never fit.

In May, Norman was clinging on to the last vestiges of her mother. He held onto her bandana tightly, bored into her watery eyes for several long seconds, then finally let go.

The young brunette predictably spluttered and heaved for breath.

He might've been done with Caroline but her daughter was far from off the hook. May still looked like a treat, even with spit dangling down her chin and spewed all over her breasts. "Heh, look what you've done."

May stared up at him putting on an innocent expression. "Wha...?" she said, amid catching her breath.

"You made a big mess all over daddy's floor." He ran his fingers through her hair. "You've been a bad girl," he said, in a tone contrary to his affectionate gesture. "And you

know what happens to bad girls, right?” He let the question hang in the air while petting her. Suddenly, he yanked her bandana. “Up!”

“I’m sorry, daddy,” said May, as he hoisted her to her feet. She barely stood for two seconds before he shoved her onto the bed with one hand.

The teen found herself in a precarious position, bent over the edge of the mattress, her breasts spilt over the covers, her neck twisting as she looked over her shoulder at the towering presence looming behind her.

“What... what are you going to do to me?” A tinge of excitement skulked under her shaky voice.

“You may think yourself a woman,” said Norman, “Hell, you practically have the body of one. But you’ll never be too old for a good spanking.”

Swat!

“Ah!” cried May.

Another loud swat echoed through the room. Another cry.

May anticipated every smack with bridled glee. The thin layer of spandex coating her ass did nothing to dull the sting of his slaps, or the sizzling sensation. Her real father had never raised a hand to her, disciplinarily or otherwise, and Drew lacked the imagination. Not the Petalburg Gym Leader though. His open palm rained down on her butt, strong and true.

Inches away from May’s socks, Max watched her toes curl every time a fleshy slap thundered from above, eliciting high-pitched whines. She deserved to be punished in some way for getting entangled in all this, Max decided, though he would’ve never considered Norman’s methods. Thanks to the perverted Gym Leader, he’d never be able to unhear his big sister receiving such a good and thorough spanking.

“What a naughty little girl,” muttered Norman, taking note of how she jutted her butt upwards ever so subtly. Her round and pert posterior beckoned for his open palm, and he obliged, again and again.

Growing hard at the feel of her young, supple tush, he grabbed two handfuls of her glutes and pulled them apart, unveiling the tiny indent in the back of her shorts. He licked his chops then nosedived into her parted cheeks.

May's eyes sprung wide awake as something wet and muscly pressed on her anus. Blood rushed to her cheeks. How could he stick his tongue there?! It might've been clothed, barely, but still... did the man have no dignity?

Apparently not, as his tongue only doubled down on its invasion, smearing saliva up, down and all around her ring.

She writhed at the ticklish sensation of having her ass eaten out for the first time. Gods, he was such a sick, filthy, devilish man. Hungry digits sank into the flesh of her butt cheeks as he buried the bottom half of his face in her shorts. She whimpered helpless moans while he helped himself to her meaty ass.

As May imagined getting used to this, wondering how she could go back to fucking Drew, the man's learned tongue pulled away, and suddenly his weight disappeared off her rear. Before she could whip round to investigate, two large hands gripped the waistband of her shorts, and tugged hard.

The spandex was peeled right off her bare ass.

And where May's shorts got stuck between her and the mattress, she lifted her crotch just high enough for him to yank the rest of the tights down to her knees.

"Mmmm..." he droned. "Definitely not a fan of underwear, huh?"

She hid her face in the blankets, too embarrassed to turn around and catch him ogling her nakedness.

"Let's see what we have here," he murmured, "shall we?" She kept her face hidden while feeling his digits pry. His thumb pulled one fleshy labium to the side. She sensed him gazing inside her. "Mmmm... so fucking pink..." Excitement thickened his low and heavy voice. "Sure you're not a virgin? These pussy lips are so fat and tight."

May was grateful no one could see her beetroot face. "Oh God," she muttered into the sheets, unsure how to take the commentary on her genitalia. They both knew she wasn't a

virgin but he sounded impressed she still appeared somewhat... intact? And he kept commenting on how big her nether lips were... was that a good thing?

“Such a beautiful pussy,” he answered her question, “It looks so innocent too. Good girl. Keeping daddy’s pussy nice and tight for him.” He rubbed the tip of his thumb over her entrance, stirring the squishy sounds of her juices. “Heh, and it’s dripping wet too...”

Max wished he could stick his fingers in his ears and blabber gibberish at the top of his lungs, anything to keep from absorbing Norman’s explicit description of his sister’s private parts. Granted, the reflection of her cameltoe in the mirror had already given him a good idea of what May looked like down there. And now, despite himself, he could hear what she sounded like too.

“Oooh, how I’ve missed this!” Norman stuck his nose between her bare ass cheeks and pulled her scent through his nostrils hard. “Aaah... the smell of fresh teenage pussy... come here you little minx.” He grabbed the back of her head and yanked her off the bed. As soon as she reached a standing position, her shorts dropped the rest of the way down her feet. “Let daddy have a taste!”

May barely squeezed out *‘yes, daddy!’* before the towering man reached under her armpits then launched her straight up as if she weighed nothing. The half-naked girl shrieked in surprise. Her head would’ve hit the ceiling if Norman’s strong arms hadn’t caught her by the thighs and dragged her back down onto his shoulders.

She covered her mouth, embarrassed at her reaction, frightened and yet exhilarated at the same time, titillated at the notion of being tossed around by this behemoth of a man. It made her loins flare, where Drew lacked the size and strength to handle her so brutishly. Norman didn’t ask for a taste; he took it.

May looked at herself in the mirror, perched on the giant’s shoulders, her breasts spilling over the top of his head, his face sandwiched between her naked thighs. Despite covering her mouth, grunts and cries seeped through her fingers as Norman devoured her sopping wet pussy.

His tongue brushed the inner lining of her labia in broad strokes, climbing a breath away from her clit before gliding down to her entrance, up and down... up and down... up and down... then finally muscling its way into her pinkness.

She howled.

The erotic outburst played on Max's wayward thoughts. Itching to know what elicited such a response from his sister, he poked his head out of his hiding spot.

His gaze met the underside of a lengthy, rigid phallus reaching out from Norman's unzipped jeans. It looked unhuman, more like something he'd expect on a Machop, and no camera tricks overemphasised its enormity either.

May's prior gagging made all the sense in the world now. Max couldn't imagine his next to Norman's, a Caterpie up against a veiny Onyx... life wasn't fair.

The Gym Leader's erection obscured Max's view but, past either side of the man's considerable girth, he saw glimpses of May's ass sticking out in mid-air, the bottom of her cheeks red from the spanking. With his face buried in her crotch, audible slurps accompanied her on-going erotic moans, her butt clenching as she struggled to contain herself.

Max hated what he was seeing, and hearing, hated how loud the pervert made his sister squeal. He'd witnessed it all too many times before; cheating scumbags like Norman abusing their sexual prowess.

It had been so easy for Max to demonise the women he caught in adulterous trysts, so easy to dismiss them as loose and immoral hags, as terrible people who deserved what was coming to them. But he actually knew May.

She wasn't any of those things. For a brief moment he wondered if he would've felt as indignant exposing all those faceless harlots if they hadn't just been faceless harlots.

"Ooh, fuck!" May exclaimed. Her legs jerked at Norman's deep tonguing, her sock-covered heels flailing into his back. None of her convulsions slowed him down.

He licked her inside and out, moaning his satisfaction. She wrapped her arms around his head and squealed, "Oh, daddy! Yes... don't stop." And when he hit a sweet spot – "OOH!" She squeezed her thighs together. "Oh, daddy... daddy... you're gonna make – ooo-ah! Gonna make me...!!!"

All her muscles tensed at once, her thighs clamping around his ears as she threw her head back and unleashed a piercing cry.

Norman lapped up the young girl's cum, remnants dripping off his chin. She was good and ready, he decided, and from the height of his shoulders he dropped her back-first onto the bed. The half-naked teen bounced, her large breasts jumping and wobbling with her brisk landing.

Norman left his jeans and underwear on the floor next to her shorts before picking up one of the green packets that fell out of her fanny pack. It was tiny between his large digits. With a chuckle, he tried to put on the condom in front of her, but it barely rolled down one-third of his cock before slinging across the room like a rubber band.

May's jaw dropped. That size and brand fit Drew to perfection. Just what had she gotten herself into?

Norman took off his shirt as he stood over the side of the bed, revealing his big, bulging chest. Sparse wisps of hair covered his pecs with a narrow strip snaking down semi-defined abs. He looked in great shape for his age; hell, he looked in great shape, period.

And he knew it, stood there with his hand on his hips, hungry eyes studying her body like a Fearow ogling its prey.

In timid fashion, May let her gaze wander down the arrow of his hips, and found herself staring at the bulbous head of his erection. He noticed she was fixated and made it hop without moving a muscle, flaunting mastery of his impressive phallus.

It was kind of cute, and rather sexy, the sight of that big dick twitching with impatience, raring to make a woman out of her, to barge through her plump walls and stretch her pink, little pussy to its limits. Said pussy moistened in anticipation.

Daddy's pussy.

Tingling with need, she bit her bottom lip and touched herself for him to see, her lustful eyes begging for his indulgence.

Max lay silent and still in the darkness, flat on his back with his neck twisting to face the little light outside of his hiding spot. He watched as Norman's feet disappeared from view and the bed above him creaked with added weight. The pile of clothes abandoned on the floor said it all; the Petalburg Gym Leader and his big sister were going to go all the way.

With no visuals to appease his troubling curiosity, Max quietened his breathing to try to hear everything happening right above him.

He could only pick up some words here and there from their low, sensual murmurs, amongst them lewd remarks reaffirming Norman's appreciation of May's 'fat tits' and her concern that the well-endowed man was 'not gonna fit'. Norman hushed her qualms, followed by the sounds of lips smacking together. He muttered something to the tune of 'spread those fucking legs' which garnered a soft 'okay, daddy'.

The bed creaked with the sound of bodies repositioning.

Then, suddenly, everything went dead quiet.

Max pressed his ear against the ceiling of the bed base. Not a peep. He feared they had somehow figured him out and could surprise him by looking under the bed at any moment.

Gulping, he did his best to remain completely still, sweat dripping off the tip of his nose. His paranoia was abated when May let out a huge gasp.

"Oh my God..." she whined. "Easy... slower... ohhh... it's too big, daddy..."

"Ssshhh, relax," Norman muttered, coolly. "This is what a real man feels like." He grunted. "Fucking hell... you're so tight."

"Oooh, daddy... be gentle..."

Ever so lightly, the bed began to tremble with a slow and steady rhythm of creaks. If anyone had ever told Max he'd be in the same room eavesdropping on some dude ploughing his sister, he would've told the degenerate loser to get lost, and yet, here he was, listening to May grunt in the midst of coitus.

Any concern he'd had of the man taking advantage of her evaporated when she repeatedly cried out 'yes, fuck me, daddy!' His sister could be such a dirty little skank. Who knew?

She was literally lying with the enemy; Max should've been enraged, should've jumped out and stopped the whole fiasco. But he didn't. He couldn't get past the twisted reality his dick was hard.

Her plea for Norman to 'be gentle' only lasted so long before the entire bed was quaking on top of Max. The bed base bulged as considerable weight drove the mattress down repeatedly, threatening to flatten the boy trapped beneath the voracious pair. Max had to turn his face to the side just to breathe, the bottom of the bed prodding at his cheek.

All the while May's cries of ecstasy grew louder and more passionate as the squeaky bed springs sounded closer and closer to giving in. Her pussy was so wet Max could hear it squelching with every thrust.

Amidst his own groans, Norman couldn't resist exclaiming how 'fucking tight' his big sister was. The pleasure in the man's vocalisms came close to having Max wish he could feel what it was like too...

His vision zoned in on the discarded bike shorts a short crawl away. In a moment of senseless lust, Max pulled in the black tights and laid them across his face, drinking in the scent of his sister's arousal.

Being in the same room while an act of infidelity was occurring proved to be a dozen times more stimulating than watching the playback on a soundless screen in his cold, dark bedroom. He thought to make most of this opportunity which would surely never happen again in his lifetime.

It surprised him how quickly he got over it being his sister's sexual escapade turning him on. Lying on his side, not unlike the foetal position, Max pulled out his little erection and stroked himself with a face full of stained bike shorts.

He smelt May's pussy while envisioning it getting pounded by a cock much bigger than his. The backdrop of grunts and flesh smacking flesh coloured his imagination. Until it occurred to him, he didn't have to imagine. He switched on the tablet next to him and tuned in to the camera he'd fitted in the hanging light.

The live footage showed May sat on her haunches over the man lying flat, her body leaning backwards as he held her up by the waist. From the bird's-eye view, Max observed a generous portion of May's perky breasts and, while the angle didn't allow him to see the penetration, her strained facial expression suggested she was impaling herself every time she lowered her hips.

The video might've been soundless but Max could hear the action in real-time, his sister's groans as she slowly accustomed herself to the man's proportions. It made for the weirdest wanking material he'd ever committed to.

May found shutting her eyes helped with the initial pain of taking on a huge dick. She trained her young pussy inch by inch, lowering herself a little more until she'd almost reached the thick base, surprised at how much cock she'd been able to fit once she took his advice and relaxed.

Her natural lubricant helped too, giving his pillar a slippery, shiny coat. Less pain, more pleasure, the more she worked herself into a steady pace. She was proud of herself for all but conquering such an intimidating phallus, for proving how woman she could be, proving he'd been wrong to underestimate her all these years.

But Norman was determined to test her further. He'd been grumbling at her to pick up the pace and, when it hadn't happened quickly enough, he suddenly sat up with half of him still sheathed inside her.

His hands disappeared from her waist and then his forearms crept up from under her thighs, raising her parted legs high into the air. With her feet floating above her, he interlocked his fingers behind her head, securing the full nelson as he scooted to the edge of the bed and had her face the closet mirror.

May was at his mercy in the constrictive hold, unable to wriggle her little body or adjust her legs from their forceful separation. If not for her flexibility the position would've been extremely uncomfortable. The musclebound Gym Leader once again demonstrated his dominance by folding her as he pleased. And then he started pounding.

“AH!!” His thick meat rocketed into her. “Oh, God!!”

FWAP. FWAP. FWAP.

He thrusted furiously.

FWAP. FWAP. FWAP.

Her constraints forced her to watch herself getting fucked in the compromised position. She couldn't bring her hand over her mouth this time and suspected that wasn't a

coincidence. He yearned to hear her cries of pleasure ricochet against the walls and got everything he'd wished for; utter and complete dominance over her little, teenage pussy.

And all she could do was watch it get pummelled.

"So much tighter than your mom ever was," he breathed into her ear whilst thrusting upwards.

May's cheeks would've burned red if her face wasn't already flushed with pleasure. She loved pleasing daddy. Loved how he had his way with her, how he moved his forearms a little closer to each other, pushing her thighs inwards till they pressed her big, bouncing tits together.

He stood up whilst maintaining the full nelson and walked her to the mirror as if she weighed less than a doll. Getting carried around so haphazardly filled her with a nervy excitement, but she ultimately felt secure in his strong arms. He brought her face inches away from the mirror then resumed pounding.

May's hot breaths fogged the glass as she was fucked at point-blank range. That massive dick of his climbed into her guts, leaving her wits and tongue hanging loosely by the wayside.

With her shirt still rolled up to her neck, her nipples zoomed in pink blurs from the frenzied pounding. Her feet flailed carelessly either side of her head.

He used gravity to his advantage, allowing her to fall onto the full length of his dick, and then lifted and dropped her again. Getting fucked in mid-air was phenomenal, thought May, before he tired from the position and chucked her across the room like hot trash.

She yelped but landed on the bed softly. He didn't give her five seconds to catch her breath before crawling onto the mattress right after her.

Seizing her by the waist, he hoisted up her fatigued body into doggy position. Cradled between her round and reddened butt cheeks, her plump pussy looked just as rosy from its recent pounding. And he wasn't done with it yet.

May clawed handfuls of the bedsheet as she felt the large head of his cock pry open her tender lips once more.

Max's wide eyes darted at the bed base above him after it began to rock again. He switched the tablet's view to the camera he'd hidden in the portrait.

Much to his surprise, he found himself staring at May's red face, messy bangs sticking to her sweaty brow. Stationed behind her bare ass was the muscular torso of a well-defined man. When Norman moved, she moved with him, her petite body jerking forward at the powerful man's will.

If her flustered face was anything to go by, the behemoth was ramming his entirety into her. Rather than take pity, Max stroked himself at the manhandling of his dear sister.

He ogled the big, wobbly tits that had fallen out of her shirt, jerking furiously while they swung towards his camera. Her entire body rocked back and forth, her head bobbing in tandem with everything else as her bandana came undone.

'Yeah, take it, sis,' he spurred on the pounding in his head. *'Take that giant cock! It's what you wanted, right?'*

She moaned in ecstasy, confirming his assumptions. And Max had finally got what he wanted too – catching Norman red-handed. The man fucked his sister at such a ferocity the whole bed shook, including the bedside table supporting the portrait.

Max's footage trembled, amplifying the intensity of the pounding as he remained privy to his sister's fuck-face: her flushed cheeks, her half-shut eyes, her mouth hanging agape, tongue sticking out – it was the silliest face he'd ever seen May pull; granted, she was literally being fucked silly.

The brute hammered the big-breasted teen panting on all fours like the Poochyena she was. Her cries became shriller as she threatened to cum. Coincidentally, Max found himself nearing his peak too.

The shaky camera struggled to keep focus as one of her big, swinging tits jumped as high as her face. Max crumpled her shorts in one hand and sniffed them while watching.

The live feed spiralled out of focus and turned to black with a thump; apparently the portrait had fallen from its shaky foundation, but not before Max caught a final glimpse of his sister's eyes rolling to the back of her head, and hearing the orgasmic cry that came with it.

Max erupted at the same time, shooting a jet of jizz onto the ceiling of the bed base.

“Fuck...” May panted. “That was so good, daddy...”

“Was?” He smirked. “My turn to cum now.” He flipped her onto her back and re-inserted his massive member.

Max narrowly avoided his own cum seeping from the bed base when the rocking and the creaking resumed yet again. They still weren’t done?!

He switched back to the high camera and saw Norman’s broad back all but covering May, save her tiny face poking over one shoulder and her legs-spread eagled from underneath him. Wow, this scumbag really couldn’t get enough of his sister.

Was May’s pussy really that good...?

Max shook his head, couldn’t believe he’d even contemplated such a thing.

He needed a breather from the stuffiness of his hiding spot, which also now smelt like semen. Besides recording the man lying on top of his sister, the camera angle also revealed a blind spot to the pair. In an act of reckless abandon, and stupidity, Max crawled on his belly then emerged at the foot of the bed.

He found himself standing behind the romping pair. Between the squeaky bed springs, their loud grunts and the pattering of naked flesh, his quiet emergence went undetected.

Norman’s muscly butt rose high and fell as he buried himself into the teenage girl below, heavy balls smacking against her ass.

For the first time Max witnessed his sister’s penetration in great detail, her fat pussy lips stretching to accommodate the considerable girth being pumped into her. He imagined her pussy would take a long time to recover its tightness after this absolute ploughing.

Not that it was his concern what she did with her pussy.

She was enjoying this mating press way too much, he thought, gawking at the white froth that had built up around her stretched opening. His little penis began to harden again.

All it would take was a simple glance over his shoulder and Norman would've caught Max dead to rights. And yet, the short-sighted risk only enticed the young voyeur to reach into his pants.

In some twisted fantasy world, he would've tapped on Norman's shoulder and begged for a turn with May. His less impressive member might not have evoked the same sensual moans, especially following Norman's deep drilling, but sweet crackers did Max need to stick his dick into *something*, even if it was his big sister's pink gash.

The thought that should've disgusted him the most roused his penis. Watching and hearing May's pussy splurt on impact, Max raised her crumpled shorts to his nose and masturbated right behind the humping duo.

Norman coiled his thick fingers around the girl's throat, and squeezed, just enough for her to feel the pressure without constricting her airflow. He planted a gentle kiss on her cheek in stark contrast to the not-so-gentle pounding of her lower regions.

Arceus, it had been too long since he'd allayed his carnal cravings!

His wife, who'd thrown him out on the couch, had driven him to it. Caroline, who'd rejected his existence for years, had driven him to it. And May, being her happy-go-lucky, little girl, had made for a rather poetic outlet for his frustrations.

He'd already pushed the young teen to two climaxes and it sounded as though she was nearing a third. If this wasn't going to erase that little boy she'd been fucking from memory then nothing would.

May suddenly tensed beneath him, her face contorted in pure bliss as her pussy squeezed his cock in a vice-like grip, nearly milking him right there and then.

Norman pulled out of her tightness a split-second before white gunk jetted from his bulbous tip. Groaning in ecstasy, his dick twitched several more times, propelling ropes of semen all over her breasts, shirt and pretty, little face, all but drowning her in copious volumes.

As soon as he'd emptied his ball sack, an eerie sensation prickled at the back of his neck...

He whipped around.

There was nothing but a subtle breeze wafting past the foot of the bed.

He scanned left and right nonetheless.

“What is it?” asked May, distracted by his random behaviour.

“Uh, nothing,” said Norman. “Just being paranoid, I guess.”

“Pussy so good it has you all dizzy, huh?” He chuckled as she wiped cum from her left eye. “Wow,” was all she could muster to describe the experience. “My pussy’s sore...”

“That’s because it had never been fucked before.” He grinned.

She laughed. “Arceus, I can’t believe I fucked my mom’s ex!” She covered her face in shame.

“No, no, no. I fucked you,” said Norman, matter-of-factly. “Secondly, this never happened. It’s called a Secret Base for a reason.” He winked. “No one is ever going to find out.”

If you say so, thought Max, hidden under the scene of the crime. He’d recorded more than enough evidence to take the Petalburg Gym Leader down for good. For Norman’s sake, Max hoped fucking his sister’s brains out had all been worth it.

...

Max paced in a dingy alleyway, his schoolbag slung over his shoulder. She was five minutes late now. What was taking so long?

His nerves were getting the better of him. Every minute his client failed to arrive, he’d extract the thick folder from his bag and flip through the pages of evidence he’d accumulated, including stills of the footage he’d shot in Norman’s ‘Secret Base’.

Handing over the outcome of his investigations was always the hardest part of the job. He never knew what to do when his clients started bawling, except awkwardly pat them on the back of course. This job in particular would be his hardest by a long shot.

Once the news spread, it would hurt more than Norman. More than just him and May, and even Norman's wife – it would devastate Caroline. Max didn't know what would become of her relationship with May. Hell, he didn't know if his sister would ever speak to him again. But this wasn't about any of them either, he reminded himself.

This was about upholding integrity and justice.

More than a couple times he'd considered stashing the folder back in his schoolbag, running home and forgetting about the entire thing. But he had to be brave. Maybe he should've warned May and his mother before handing over his findings? Hell, who was he kidding? He didn't have the stomach to do that either.

A set of headlights lit up the alleyway and brought his thoughts back to the present. He readied himself with a deep breath. "Here goes nothing."

A familiar figure stepped out of the posh vehicle, wearing the same oversized sunhat she had at the store. "Sorry I'm late, doll. I'd expected him to fall asleep sooner," said the Gym Leader's wife. "Let me not take up anymore of your time. Did you bring it?"

Max nodded solemnly. "Yeah." He brandished the requested report with a heavy heart. "You're not going to like it. I don't either."

She shut her eyes imagining the pain she was about to discover. Clearing her throat and fighting back the imminent tears, she opened the folder in front of him. Her expression morphed from melancholy to bewilderment.

"What is this?" She flipped the folder upside-down. "It's empty."

"Yeah..." Max hid his shaky hands in his pockets, wishing he was better at lying. "I... I did my best. I couldn't find anything on him."

She glanced between him and the empty folder. "Wow." A peculiar silence ensued, leaving Max guessing whether or not he'd been convincing enough. She bowed her head, seemingly reflecting on something when a tear dropped from under her sunhat.

It was Max's turn to be bewildered. "I thought you might take it as good news?"

"Good news? I've been a terrible wife." She sobbed. "Constantly berating him, acting paranoid, accusing him, breaking his stuff..." She shook her head with a pained grimace. "All

this time he's been innocent. The issue's been with me all along. Just like he said. This proves it." She waved the empty folder.

"Well, hold on," said Max. "Just because I didn't find anything doesn't mean he's innocent."

"You have the best track record in this town, as young as you are. If you couldn't find anything and my previous guy couldn't find anything, it's high time I accept the truth and work on my trust issues. I'm done trying to besmirch a good, wholesome man and devoted husband." She tossed the non-report into the closest dumpster. "I'm sorry for having wasted your time. Thank you for the closure." She smiled bittersweetly.

Max mentally kicked himself as she backed out of the alley and drove off without learning the truth. If he'd done the right thing, why did it feel so much like a failure? He kicked the dumpster, only to hop around in agony clutching his bruised toe. What a shitshow everything had become.

...

Max dragged his feet up the staircase, brooding. As he reached the landing, May popped up out of nowhere, a barrel of unrelenting joy.

"Oh hey, little bro! Guess what? I have some fantastic news."

He raised an eyebrow. "Okay?"

"I dumped Drew. For good this time. You were right about him. I was too stubborn to see it," May admitted. "Anyway, I just wanted you to know I'm not mad at you for what you said to me at the café anymore."

"Ah... that's good, I guess." Did that mean her and Norman would now become a thing? "Um, can I ask what made you change your mind all of a sudden?"

She waved off his attempt at prying. "Long story. Let's just say... I had an epiphany or two... or three." She giggled, unaware she wasn't being as mysterious as she might've thought. "I've decided to get back on the road, get me the last couple of Ribbons and compete in the Grand Festival! You know, finish what I started?"

Max liked the sound of her plan, mostly because it would put great distance between her and Norman. It appeared their tryst was a one-time lapse in judgement. “Good idea, sis. I totally think you should do that.”

She beamed then skipped towards her bedroom.

“Oh, May,” he stopped her before she entered. “I guess I have some fantastic news too. I’m giving up the whole private investigating thing.”

She was taken aback. “What? Really?”

“Yup.” He’d already borrowed the professor’s Torchic on the way back home and had it Ember all the documentation he’d compiled of her and Norman.

“How come?” asked May.

“I guess I had an epiphany too. Just one though,” he added cheekily. “Back to pokémon training for me. I did love it once before. I should’ve never given up on it.”

“No, you shouldn’t have. Aww, Max. I’m so happy you’ve seen the light!” She squeezed him in a snug embrace. But something strange happened, something that had never occurred in the thousands of times she’d hugged him before.

Max got hard.

Feeling her large bosom squish against his chest evoked flashbacks of the ‘Secret Base Incident’. He recalled what she’d looked like topless, how her big, wobbly breasts swung all over the place, how her eyes rolled into her skull as she orgasmed, how she screamed.

“Uh, Max? You okay?”

“Oh, yeah, yeah.” He quickly looked away from her chest.

She flicked his forehead.

“Ow!”

“Always with your head in the clouds,” she teased. Apparently his semi hard-on and shameless stare escaped her scrutiny. Why would she notice anyway? He was nowhere near packing like their local Gym Leader. Perhaps the better question was why did he want her to notice? “I’m off to bed, lil’ bro. Good night.”

Max slumped at the desk in his bedroom and buried his face in his palms. “I’m so fucked in the head.”

What kind of creep lusted after his own sister? The irony of him setting out to expose dirty secrets only to cultivate one of his own.

He still had hope someday, somehow, someway, someone would take down Norman. But his biggest concern of present was overcoming the unnatural attraction he seemed to have developed towards May.

He fished an inconspicuous flash drive out of his backpack, the only piece of evidence left incriminating the Gym Leader and his sister. The only reason he hadn’t discarded it with the other stuff was the unrelated data he’d needed to transfer from it first.

At least, that had been the excuse he told himself.

Max turned off the light. He plugged the flash drive into his computer. The playback showed Norman enter the room carrying a box, then May following him in a minute later.

He knew how this movie played out.

The cursor pointed at the ‘confirm delete’ button, his finger hovering over the mouse clicker. His attention veered to the roll of tissue conveniently sat next to a tub of lotion.

“Fuck my life.”

Max cancelled the delete and reached for the tissue instead.

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

UNDER COVERS INVESTIGATOR

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 3



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Chapter 3 – The Calm

As soon as his sister entered the kitchen, Max developed a sudden interest in the yellow cereal box. The table of ingredients seized his focus as movement blurred in his peripheral vision. He must've read the riboflavin percentage fourteen times and still couldn't recite it if you asked him right then. The chair across the table scraped along the tiled floor. He furrowed his brow, doubling down on feigned concentration.

"Pass the cereal."

Max heard her perfectly but murmured, "Hm?"

"Why are you even reading that? You on a diet or something?"

Or something. Two somethings. Two big somethings.

"Gimme that." May stretched from her seat to snatch the cereal box. Little did she realise she'd uprooted the one thing saving him from ogling her chest. His eyes wandered to the protrusions in her yellow pyjama shirt. *Goddammit, Max, quit looking!* He dropped his gaze into his cereal bowl and scooped up another bite. "It wouldn't be the worst idea, you know?"

"What?" he spat fragments of cornflakes.

"Going on a diet." She poured herself a bowl. "Before you finally set off on your pokémon journey, it wouldn't hurt hanging back and putting a little meat on these bones first." She squeezed his non-existent biceps.

"Hey!" He recoiled in pain. "That hurt."

"Really now? You're going soft in your old age, dear brother of mine." She crunched a mouthful of cereal. "The Max I remember shook off Thunderbolts and Water Gun attacks to the face!"

He flinched at the memories. ‘Shook off’ was being generous but, yes, way too often he had wound up on the wrong end of pokémon attacks during their adventures with Ash and Brock. How could he forget? She’d never let him.

The geek he was back then drew excitement from the pain, basked in every opportunity to analyse pokémon attacks even through first-hand experience. A little older, and *a whole lot* wiser now, he intended to stick to non-crippling methods of research. Besides, he probably wouldn’t have the same bad luck travelling without Ash or Brock, or even May for that matter.

“Need I remind you, you’re three years older than me, dear sister of mine?” He wagged his milky spoon at her. “You’re in no position to be calling me old. Or soft.”

“Well, I just did!” She stuck her cornflake-tipped tongue at him.

Ah, yes, just about how every debate went with his insightful big sister. “Seriously, May?”

“I’m just saying,” she spoke out the half of her mouth that wasn’t churning her breakfast, “Without Ash to guide you, Brock to feed you, and me to hold your hand through everything, how are you going to make it out there on your own? If you looked a bit more, uh, intimidating, it might make some people think twice about messing with you.”

“That’s what my pokémon are going to be for.” He didn’t need to look like a Machoke if he walked around with one in his pocket. “And you didn’t hold my hand through everything! I looked out for you way more.”

“No way!”

“Yes way! You were afraid of your first pokémon, May.”

“You didn’t even have one.”

Only because he’d been too young for a Trainer’s license; Max had had more knowledge than half the older kids they came across. Why was she trying to talk him down anyway? It was her idea he started his own journey. “So, you still don’t think I’m ready?”

“It’s not that.”

“Then why are you trying to hold me back?”

“I’m not.”

“Then –”

“Duh! Isn’t it obvious?” May kept her puzzled brother waiting while she chewed her food, almost as if what she wanted to say was too important to dish with a mouth half-full. She gulped down her nerves. “I’m going to miss you, Max.”

All the tension in his face withered away. “Oh...”

“I know we’re probably not as close as we were when we’d travelled together,” she said, “but you’ll always be my little brother. Seeing you bigger and all grown up and ready to go out on your own is... I dunno, kind of a weird feeling, I guess.”

He knew what she meant. While he wasn’t ‘all grown up’ by any stretch of the imagination (he was still a gangly teenager after all), he didn’t depend on her guidance like he once had. “Yeah, well, you can’t hold my hand forever, right?” He winked.

She half-smiled. “Definitely not. And I’m proud you gave up that... ‘hobby’ of yours. Whatever comes next can’t be worse than the path you would’ve strayed down.”

Right...

It had been three days since Max retired from private investigating and he was already running out of ways to distract himself. Nothing could replace the thrill in skirting the shadows of unwitting adulterers, the mental exercise in scouting points of interest, the guile in digging up dirt, the adrenaline in breaking, entering and bugging the scene of a crime, the fulfilment in catching offenders on camera, and then... well, everything that came after that. Over and above loving every minute of it, Max had found a sense of purpose, a feeling he’d been making a difference to the world. And now? He’d gone from staking out deplorable human beings on the brink of adultery to staking out... his big sister.

Inadvertently! But still...

After witnessing her in the throes of indecency, he couldn’t help but peer around the cereal box, glimpse at the swells in her shirt that had been a lot less covered and a lot less inert while her body was taking a good ramming from behind. He didn’t know his sister could make such sounds. Naïve, perhaps; she was a young woman after all, a young woman

who enjoyed pleasures of the flesh as much as the next apparently. He just never thought he'd have to hear it. Her sinful moans still echoed in his head like a reoccurring nightmare.

He tore his gaze away from her chest. Looked down in his cereal bowl. *What the hell is wrong with me?* He couldn't shut his ears to May's chewing, the slosh of milk and cereal oddly reminiscent of something else she'd done with her mouth that day, something that involved a much bigger utensil than a teaspoon. The sound of Norman grunting his satisfaction haunted Max, too.

But that was not all it did; his pyjama pants pitched a tent under the table.

He shuffled his thighs in an attempt to hide it. May didn't have x-ray vision to see through the table, but the thought of her discovering his incestual curiosities mortified him more than said curiosities themselves. In his head, she wasn't just eating cereal; she was licking the spoon clean with long, sensual strokes, and the milk seeping out one corner of her moist lips looked like –

“What?”

Max jumped at her abrupt notice. “Er, you're making a big mess,” he said quickly, praying she wouldn't look deeper into his staring. “Nice to know your table manners haven't changed since you were three.”

His light jab diverted her from whatever she might've been thinking. “Hey! I'll have you know –” She pulled the spoon out her mouth so quickly, milk flicked back on her face and shirt. Before he could even laugh, she chided, “Oh, shut up, you!”

“What?” he said between chuckles. “Thanks for proving my point.” He really should've been thanking her for breaking the tension. But as she patted the splashes on her chest, he found his mind wandering again. Max slid the cereal box back between them to obscure temptation.

Yeah, he was going to miss May, too. More for the tongue-in-cheek banter only siblings could share than anything else. Although, truth be told, distance was probably the best thing that could happen to their relationship right now, one less moral dilemma walking in and around his vicinity.

After breakfast, May got up to take a shower and Max lingered at the table prodding the lonely, soggy cornflake at the bottom of his empty bowl. Would things between them ever go back to normal?

How could they? When somewhere upstairs, stashed in his drawers, in his very room, at this very moment, was a flash drive harbouring an explicit video of the girl he'd just had breakfast with engaging in seedy, unprotected sex with a man at least twice her age. A married man at that. A man that once dated their mother. A man that once saw her as his own daughter. Heck, a man that had almost become her father.

It was enough to make anyone puke, and yet, the two had played on it throughout their sick tryst, Norman spanking his teenage sister while she called him 'daddy'. And Max had caught everything on camera.

He'd discarded all records he'd kept as a PI but, for some inexplicable reason, he couldn't bring himself to toss the flash drive. The temptation to watch it again hadn't overpowered him. He had no intention of reliving the precarious ordeal, nor of using the damning footage to incriminate the participants. By all accounts, he had no reason to hang on to it at all. And yet...

He sighed.

What am I going to do with myself?

He skulked back to his bedroom but stopped outside the door when the patter of a hot shower caught his attention. One room down, May's pyjama top and bottoms were visible through the crack of her door, discarded on the floor as if she'd hopped right out of the garments and into the bathroom. He was drawn to her echoey shower singing and not because she had a great voice. Tiptoeing, he crept to the bathroom door.

I bet if I just looked through the keyhole...

Max turned his back to the door and ruffled through his hair. This was crazy.

Albeit, probably not as crazy as the bright idea he'd entertained yesterday, of bugging his sister's bedroom while she was out, of possibly catching a glimpse of her getting in and out of clothes. At least as a PI, he'd fathomed justifiable reasons for smuggling surveillance equipment into people's private spaces; but this? It would've been straight up perversion.

Even without the moral justifications, his compulsion to spy on others persisted, and so too did the excitement of seeing things he shouldn't have been privy to.

Maybe May had been right after all. Maybe it had never been about bringing people to justice.

Max slowly turned to face the bathroom door again. As a carefree May hummed to the beat of drumming water, Max lowered his head towards the keyhole. A tight knot formed in his throat. But his eye would never reach the peephole before the sound of a door opening jolted him upright.

His mom looked as equally surprised to see him standing in the hallway when she exited her room. "Oh, good morning, honey."

"Morning, mom! Was just about to come ask you if you'd like some breakfast?"

"Oh, really? How very sweet of you." Her big, bright smile told him she bought his story. "You're only being this nice because you're about to leave on a journey, aren't you? Well, I guess I'll get what I can take."

Max wasn't in any mood to prepare breakfast, especially after just leaving the kitchen, but rather that than risk his mother wondering why he'd been lingering next to the bathroom door while his sister was taking a shower. "Eggs and bacon?"

"That would be lovely." Caroline was more of a morning person than him and May combined. She'd already done up her makeup and put on a floral sundress that matched her big orb earrings and deep lavender eyes. "And after that, I was thinking we could go shopping for your travelling gear and Trainer supplies."

Ever the doting, supportive mother; how could she trust him to adventure on his own if she couldn't even trust him to buy his own stuff? "Thanks, mom. You don't have to, though. I've already made a list of everything I'll need and I know where to find them."

"Already made a list?" She looked him over as though she didn't recognise the man he'd become. "That's my boy. You've learned from the best." She squeezed him in a warm embrace. "I couldn't be prouder. And hey, never forget – if things get tough out there or you ever need anything at all, you've always got a home."

"Thanks... mom..." He wheezed in her stranglehold.

“You’ve got me and you’ve got May. You can always rely on family to have your back.”

Family. Was she referring to the same son who’d turned down the opportunity to crush the man who’d once crushed her heart? The same daughter who’d fucked said man behind her mother’s back? That family? Max was grateful the hug hid his guilty face from her wholesome optimism.

He was just as bad as May, wasn’t he?

“Guess I’ll see you in the kitchen then?” She beamed brighter than the sun before prancing downstairs singing a song about eggs and bacons.”

“Yeah...” Max muttered weakly after she’d gone. “I guess.”

With the hallway clear, his thoughts strayed back to what could be on the other side of the keyhole. Images of his naked sister showered his mind, her big-breasted, teenage body soaked and dripping wet. Why had the urge grown stronger? It wasn’t like he hadn’t seen her stripped down already – when Norman had brusquely pulled up her top; then again playing back the recorded footage hours later. Well, seeing big, naked titties on video had been an enticing prospect from the day he got his first boner but, Max was starting to realise, seeing big, naked titties in person was a whole other world...

An excitement corrupted him like he’d never fought before. The horny teen lingered outside the bathroom door still contemplating a sneaky peek.

Yup, he needed some serious help. And fast. From a professional.

...

“You’ve come to the right place!” Brock’s emphatic grin filled the Xtransceiver’s screen.

Oh, man. Max already had doubts about this. He picked up six Super Potions from the Poké Mart’s shelves before turning his attention back to the video call. “I’m serious, Brock. Every single day feels like I’m losing it more and more.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa there! Slow it down, buddy. Hold your Ponyta!”

Funny, he'd been feeling hotter than the fire pokémon's tail lately. He eyed the row of Burn Heals and wondered if they worked on humans. Granted, the fire festering inside him wasn't exactly of the sticks and smoke variety. "I don't know how much longer I can hang on. You seem like the kind of guy who'd know what to do in this situation."

"Oh, yeah," he laughed. "Been there, done that, got the wet t-shirt." He winked.

Oh, brother. Max hadn't sought the former Gym Leader for his glowing track record with women, much rather for the opposite; if painful, unrequited sexual frustration had a face, it would have slits for eyes and spiky hair – and it would be named 'Brock'. No matter how many times he got shot down, Brock never let one girl cripple him from moving on to the next, a master at powering through ill-fated infatuation.

"How do you do it?" Max wondered aloud.

"Hm?" Brock frowned.

"How do you get over someone you want so badly and accept you can never have?"

As Brock pondered on the conundrum, Max spotted a rack of Lure Balls packaged in sixes going at discounted prices. A trio of foreign Trainers shovelled several bundles into their shopping basket. This was the third Poké Mart Max had visited promoting specials on Lure Balls, and the second had offered sales on Net Balls, too. That was weird.

"I can't believe it!" Brock suddenly exclaimed. "My little Max is finally having sex!"

"Shh!" Max smothered the Xtransceiver's speaker. "Mind saying that a little louder?" he whispered bitterly. "I don't think the people in aisle seven heard you!"

Brock gave a guilty chuckle. "I don't see what the big deal is," he said, much quieter this time. "It's nothing to be ashamed of."

Well...

Max glanced around to make sure no shoppers were within earshot before muttering close to the Xtransceiver. "I'm not having... I mean... I'm still a, um, a –"

"Virgin?" Brock whispered.

Max gave a silent nod.

“Oh! Now I see what the problem is.”

“You do?”

“Totally! I know it’s hard to look at me now and imagine, ‘this guy used to struggle to get his fair share of poontang?’”

Actually, it wasn’t hard to imagine at all. Mostly because Max had been there, dragging him away from unsuspecting girls by the ear. “Er –”

“But not too long ago I was a virgin, too.”

“Five days ago then?”

“No,” Brock said flatly. “...Five minutes ago.”

“Wha!?! I was only kidding!”

“As am I!” Brock put on a smug expression. “That’s your first lesson. Develop a sense of humour. Ladies dig a guy who can make them laugh. You do know that, right?”

“I do. And you do know there’s a difference between laughing *with* someone and laughing *at* someone?”

Brock quirked an eyebrow. “What are you getting at?”

“Never mind.” None of this had anything to do with why he’d made the call in the first place. “Listen, all I want to know is how to get over someone that’s stuck in your head. And I know you’ve had plenty of practice with that.”

A straight-faced Brock suddenly lost his sense of humour. “Well then, the best way to get over someone is, well...”

“...yes?” Was he expecting a drumroll?

After much unnecessary ado, Brock said, “Get over them.”

“Huh?”

“You heard me right. The best way to get over someone is to *get over* them... if you catch my drift?” He winked.

Oh, Max caught his drift just fine, but it was not a drift he'd be riding anytime soon. "I... can't do that."

"Why not? Can't get it up?"

"No, I can! But... I can't."

Brock looked stumped. "Okay...? Just who is this special lady anyway that's got your knickers in a bunch, hm?"

Max couldn't tell him that. He couldn't tell anyone. This whole call had been a stupid idea. Brock's answer to everything was probably 'sleep with them' anyway. "Doesn't matter. Er, thanks, I guess. Gotta go now."

"Hold o—"

Max hung up. Well, that was no help at all. He leaned against the rack of Lure Balls with a heavy sigh. *You've got this, Max.* By the end of the week, he'd set off on his pokémon journey and all this folly would be behind him. All he had to do was hang in there.

And not dwell on the notion Brock implanted in his brain.

...

Max sat at the back of the café on his own like a jilted sap that had gotten stood up on a blind date. May had never been scrupulous about keeping time, particularly when shopping was involved. He'd waited 20 minutes already. Such lack of consideration would usually be enough to start brewing the choice words he'd spew at her the moment she walked through the door, but not today. Today was May's last day in Petalburg City.

She was only leaving tomorrow because he was leaving tomorrow. Although she hadn't admitted it, Max was certain that was the actual reason; it would've been awkward for her to hang around at home with Mom after what she'd done. Apparently, May's conscious hadn't walked away scar-free from her little escapade with the Petalburg Gym Leader.

But Max hadn't invited her to pass judgement. No, he intended to keep her dirty little secret to himself, even more so now that they probably wouldn't see each other for months after parting ways tomorrow. He could spend their last afternoon together calling her out

(after incriminating himself in the process), or enjoy the drama-free brunch he owed May after that rowdy woman ruined their last attempt. It was a no-brainer.

Max gulped down the last of his orange juice. He could probably order another before his tardy sister showed up. 23 minutes now. Typical May.

His attention drifted to the group of six teenagers yammering at the table in front of him, a conversation as loud as it was foolish. Judging by their backpacks, the mud on their trainers and their general state of unkemptness, they were Pokémon Trainers, probably passing through town hoping to win a Balance Badge from Norman. Max doubted they'd succeed, doubted there was a competent Trainer amongst them; all the pokémon stats they touted were dead wrong, and Max thought he'd overheard one of them ask if their freshly caught Wailmer could learn Surf before the end of the day. He scoffed. Amateurs.

There was one thing they had that he didn't however: comradery. His experience travelling alone was going to look a lot different. Part of him had been tempted to ask May what she thought of them journeying together. They were setting off from home at the exact same time; why not combine their travels? But the shrewder part of him knew such an arrangement was bound to cause more harm than good. How was he supposed to get over his big sister if she was the first thing he saw every morning?

Max needed this pokémon adventure more than he realised.

The next patron to enter the café pulled his gaze from the babbling Trainers. Her protruding bosom came through the glass door before the rest of her, wrapped in a snug red dress accentuating the curves of her tight, athletic body. She left her chic leather jacket open where prying eyes might feast on her low-cut outfit, on the tops of her scanty-clad breasts bulging out of their confines. A measly pendant sank into her crammed cleavage. The dress ended where her thighs began, smooth legs pouring into tall, black boots that tried hard not to kick the plethora of shopping bags swinging on either side of them.

Max hauled his eyes back to her face and barely recognised May with her bandana off and her makeup on. She'd let her hair down in layers, long brunette locks framing her dolled-up features and glossy lips. Heads turned as she strutted her way to his table. Max forgot she'd taken half an hour to get there. Nearly forgot she was his sister.

"I'm so sorry I'm late." May set down half a dozen shopping bags before pulling out her chair. "Kinda lost track of time."

"You don't say?" Max checked his wristwatch to stress the point.

"Oh, come on. Cut me some slack will ya? It's not like I was shopping all day!"

Max glanced at the bags, then at her, then raised an eyebrow.

"Seriously," she insisted. "I had a couple of friends to say bye to, you know."

Well, it wasn't completely farfetched as far as excuses went; May certainly knew more people in their neighbourhood than he did. Max hadn't even considered who he'd bid farewell to aside from their mom. In all likelihood, no one would notice he'd left.

"What about you?" May asked. "All set to go?"

"Yup." He'd finished all his shopping yesterday; Poké Balls, check, Poké Nav, check, sleeping bag and camping supplies, check, extra set of clothes, check, Potions, Antidotes, Burn Heals, check, check, check. He was as ready as he was ever going to be. Probably not as ready as she was though. "How are you even going to carry all that stuff? And why would you need... however many outfits you bought today?"

"Cute, right?" She clutched the lapels of her leather jacket and posed left and right in her seat, batting her long eyelashes, making pouty faces for non-existent cameras.

Yeah, she could pass for cute, but Max would never say that aloud and risk it going to her head. Besides, it wasn't exactly the jacket he'd been assessing for cuteness. More like everything underneath it. Her little, red dress screamed 'sexy' and something told him she'd have an easier time winning over Contest judges if she carried it along with her. Not that his beloved sister would use anything but pure talent to secure Contest Ribbons, of course. "Um, are you a serious Pokémon Coordinator or some flimsy model?"

She narrowed her eyes at him. "You know most people would just say 'ah, you look nice today!'"

She did look nice. A little too nice, but, "I'm not most people."

"Gee, you think?"

A server came to take their orders. May took full advantage of her brother's offer to cover the bill, ordering three starters, a couple of crispy wraps and the priciest cocktail they had on the menu. Max expected as much.

He ordered another orange juice wondering how May trained her body to hide her love for food so well. Granted, youth was on her side (probably in tandem with a fast metabolism) and, coupled with her active lifestyle as a Pokémon Coordinator, contributed to the trimness of her figure. Her ample breasts commanded attention, as full of vivacity as the rest of her, their perkiness extending over the table as she tucked her seat in.

Max drummed his fingers, turned his face to the side, anything to avoid falling into the generous portions of cleavage on display. "So, um, heard anything from Mom yet?"

"Nope." May shrugged, oblivious to his restless digits. "You?"

"Nope."

"She didn't have to go all the way to Oldale Town for turkey."

"Yeah, but you know Mom. Once she made her mind up about making her signature 'going away feast' for us, it's pretty much a done deal. And only the best turkey in all of Hoenn will do."

"Yeah, you're right. I guess I can understand it – this being our last dinner all together and all." May gazed at the grey, quiet street outside the large window, focused on nothing in particular. Her mind drifted to places far away from the café.

Was the same memory afflicting her as was him? If anyone had peeked into their dining room that night, witnessed the wholesome meal, the wholesome smiles and laughter and banter, they'd have seen the picture-perfect family of four. None the wiser to the slime behind Norman's pearly whites, or the schoolgirl curiosities brewing inside a young and impressionable May. Max was of innocent mind back then, enjoying one of what he'd assumed would be countless family dinners, he and his mother none the wiser to the game of footsie under the table. A game he'd now watched play out in its sordid entirety.

"Hey, it's you!"

Max woke up to the emergence of a very pregnant woman standing over their table.

May buried her face in her palms. “Not again,” she murmured. “This *seriously* can’t be happening right now.”

Max braced himself to take another splash of tea to the face, but the pregnant woman set her cup down on the table, and brandished a huge smile. “Thank you so much!”

May was still murmuring in anguished disbelief and stopped to replay the stranger’s words in her head. “Wait, what?”

“If it wasn’t for you, I’d still be stuck with that no-good loser,” the woman went on as Max listened with befuddlement in his expression. “I’m glad I found the courage to seek out your services. I’d always suspected something was off, but... it was only with your help I got all the ammo I needed to kick him to the curb! It was only through your help I could... could... find love again.” She fought back tears while rubbing her pregnant belly.

Max and May looked at each other, sharing in their amazement.

“Anyway, I didn’t mean to interrupt your date –”

“Date?!” they rebuked at the same time. “No, no, no, we’re not dating!” May scrunched her features in horror. “We’re siblings!”

“Oh...” The woman blushed. “I’m so sorry. The way he was looking at you, I just thought – argh, never mind. Silly me! I didn’t mean to interrupt you. I just wanted to say ‘thank you’ to your brother.” She picked up her coffee cup. “Keep up the good work.” She winked at Max. “Oh, and consider your meal on me. Bye-bye now.”

“Wow.” May gave the woman’s back a onceover as she returned to her table. “That was unexpected.”

“No kidding...” Under less awkward circumstances, Max might’ve appreciated the glowing review. A date? Really? He didn’t need anyone shining light on an already dubious situation. His leering eyes would be his undoing.

Max worried the awkwardness of having their brunch mistaken for a date would hang over the table like a bad smell, but his sister had moved on from the woman’s ludicrous misreading as briskly as she’d come and gone. May laughed off the idea of having the hots for someone like him; being lanky, geeky and unfashionable was not a winning combination for the ladies – at least none of the ladies Max had ever found himself sexually intrigued about, a

list that grew longer the deeper he trudged into puberty, a list that now included a member of his family. What was he thinking?

It seemed ridiculous to take offence to May not looking at him the same way she might've looked at Norman, what with his dorky shorts and dorky glasses posing no competition to the Gym Leader's towering and shredded physique. Max remembered how May pinched his bony arm and made fun of him at the breakfast table. Then he remembered how she cried in ecstasy when Norman held her in the air like she weighed nothing and impaled her down the middle. Max doubted May would've ever looked at him even if they weren't related; heck, no other girl had either.

By the time their orders arrived, the pregnant woman and her worrisome suggestions were cast aside. Drinks and wraps filled up their stomachs and steered the conversation back towards normalcy. They engaged in casual sibling banter whilst recounting humorous tales on their last journey with Ash and the others, which felt more and more like decades ago every time they brought it up. Max teased May about being scared of Sableye and she laughed at how he'd once been blasted off with Team Rocket. Minutes turned to hours and soon plates and dishes lay clean upon the table.

Max reclined and belched, nursing a belly as bloated as the pregnant woman.

"Gross." May chucked her last French fry at him.

He swatted away the salted projectile with an awkward flailing of his hands. "You're so predictable."

"Whatever." She burped in a counter twice as loud and obnoxious as his offense.

Max was equally disgusted as he was impressed. Now that was something May would *never* do on a date. He got the privilege of seeing sides of his sister he often didn't appreciate. Still, he couldn't help laugh at the unexpectedness of it all, and she in turn laughed at his reaction. Apparently, no matter how old they became, they'd never stop acting like children towards one other.

"Oh, shoot." May baulked seeing the time as though she'd missed an appointment. "I better get going now."

“No dessert?” Since when had she been capable of passing up the opportunity of chocolate pudding?

“I wish I could but I’m not done saying bye to everyone.” She stood from her seat and gathered her shopping bags. “Thanks for this, Max. It was really great. We should do it more often. Meet you back at home?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Max was reluctant to see her go but didn’t mind watching her leave. Her leather jacket floated above the rear of her snug red dress, where his eyes fell prey to the roundness of her ass, to the creases formed under her vivacious cheeks as she swayed her hips out of the café. Orange juice dribbled down his chin when he’d suddenly come across difficulty holding a glass and keeping his eyes open at the same time. He wasn’t the only one to suffer impaired concentration either.

At least three other males twisted their necks for a cheeky glance the second she strutted past their tables, and one earned a punch in the shoulder from the girl seated right in front of him. He deserved way more than that, Max thought, ashamed to be dining amid a potential cheater.

And yet, May weaved through the sea of thirsty Carvanha with uninterrupted grace, oblivious to the leers drinking in the sight of her, to the warped imaginations bending her over many a café table and taking full advantage of the easy access afforded by her daring little number.

Either paranoia was consuming him or half the café would leap at the chance to consume his sister. The thought of dirty hands on her soured the orange juice dawdling on the tip of his bitter tongue.

Funny how he’d never developed that brotherly urge to protect his sister from the scum of the male species; never once when they were kids, never once on their adventures, never once after they’d come into puberty, never once.

Until now.

...

Norman comforted his defeated opponent with a shoulder squeeze. The kid had battled hard, but it would take more than 'hard' to overcome Vigoroth and, even if he had, there was a fully fit and ready Slaking lying in wait, certain to dish the finishing blow to the challenger's wounded Makuhita.

Another day, another attempt at the Balance Badge thwarted without having to call upon his strongest team member. Norman was on a roll. He lifted the young boy's chin up, advised him not to rely solely on pokémon type advantages to win battles and promised to accept a rematch whenever he felt strong enough to challenge the Petalburg Gym again.

It had been a long time since Norman felt this good about battling. Sure, he'd rarely faced difficulty dispatching hopeful Trainers who dared step into his Gym unprepared, but years and years of trampling through challengers had turned a lifelong passion into a humdrum profession. Despite the rumours going around, he didn't much enjoy watching the hopefulness in Trainers' eyes dim two minutes into their Gym Battle, nor mopping the puddle of tears staining the battlefield after their entire team had been obliterated. No hard feelings. It was a job and Norman happened to do it with indifferent proficiency. But lately, something had changed.

Something that had abandoned him midway into his stint as the Petalburg Gym Leader – his smile, the excitement bursting inside when he'd first set off on a pokémon journey three decades ago, the thrill of meeting new faces, of winning badges, the sportsmanship of healthy competition, the fun in doing something he always loved.

He treated Vigoroth, along with all his other pokémon, to a generous helping of Pokéblock and congratulatory petting while they awaited their next opponent. The amiability of his rekindled passion spilt over to his pokémon and bolstered their performances. If this string of flawless victories continued, he might just get a call for try-outs to join the Elite Four. What a promotion that would be. His wife would certainly approve.

She, too, enjoyed the merits of his rejuvenated spirit. Their marriage felt like a marriage again. Norman no longer dreaded going home to be greeted by vitriol and accusations at the door. Hot dinner awaited him and sometimes he was lucky enough to get a backrub to go with it, often leading to great sex.

Life was easy. Almost too easy. What he needed now was a new challenge to sink his teeth into. A challenge that might've just waltzed through the Gym's doors.

Norman stood up from petting his pokémon, his back facing the entrance, and cracked his neck on either side. "So, another one eager to bite the dust, huh?" He put on a threatening tone. The first test of the Petalburg Gym was often a psychological one. "Tell me, Trainer, what is the name of my next victi-" Upon turning around, Norman realised he already knew the comer's name. "May..."

"Victim, huh? Well, there's a warm welcome if I ever heard one."

Norman dropped his 'Gym Leader voice' like an abashed dictator caught practicing in the mirror. The young lass gracing his archway didn't carry the appearance of someone looking for a battle, not unless her strategy involved swinging her arsenal of shopping bags at his pokémon. Her attire packed a different kind of punch, one that aimed to knock the breath from men's lungs and dislocate the part of their brains responsible for rational thought; her weapon of choice was glaringly red, dangerously short and criminally tight, accenting twin bazookas pointed his way. Norman strained to keep his eyes from falling below her collarbone and into the trenches he'd already succumbed to once.

"I don't suppose you're here for a Balance Badge?" There was a whimsical tremor in his voice.

"Not today. You're safe," May joked. They chuckled, though neither of them found the remark particularly funny. Uneasy laughter quietened the trampling elephant in the room and, when their forced reactions petered out, the awkwardness grew louder than the crimson of her figure-hugging dress.

The Gym seemed to have shrunk around them standing at the centre of the battlefield. Perhaps nothing emphasised May's foray into womanhood more than the expertly-applied cosmetics drawing a sultry glow from her features. No matter how deep Norman delved into her ocean-blue eyes, he no longer recognised the step-daughter he might have had, but a girl in mascara batting her long, faux lashes with mystifying intent. It didn't matter if he avoided ogling her bountiful chest; wherever his eyes fell – be it her bare, athletic thighs or her full, glistening lips – a battle of wills raged inside him and threatened to show its ramifications at the front of his sweatpants.

Far be it from him to assume she'd walked into his private place of business to seduce *him* – a married man old enough to be her father – but why *was* May here?

The last time they were in a room together, things happened that his wife wouldn't be too pleased to learn about, and Caroline wouldn't have appreciated hearing what muddied waters her teenage daughter had dipped her toes into, or rather – given just how down and dirty things had gotten – what muddied waters her teenage daughter had splashed about in stark naked.

Norman hadn't regretted their coming together per say but he presumed their shared silence after the fact was of mutual understanding such a rendezvous could never happen again. They'd gotten away with murder and it would be inconceivable to stick their hands in the cookie jar again, no matter how tempting she dressed up her perky pastries.

Was he being silly assuming her intentions?

Maybe she just came in to say hi. Granted, the last time she came in to say hi, her shorts soon found themselves on his floor, and her feet high above her head. So wild and unrestrained in their drunken lust, they could barely look at one another with sober eyes, an air of shame clouding the awkward silence.

He tried to push the racy images to the back of his mind and assumed she was attempting the same. Every awkward second felt like a millennium. Crap, one of them had to say something about it! Or anything at all at this point. Even his Vigoroth was befuddled by their fidgety stand-off, looking to Norman as if to ask, 'Are we going to battle or what?'

Norman and May's patience for the silence ran out at the exact same time:

"About the other day –"

"I'm leaving tomorrow –"

They were both stunned by the other's words. "What?" they cried in unison.

"You first," Norman decided.

"No, you," May argued.

"I insist. Ladies first."

“Oh, don’t give me that –”

“May.” His curt response shut her up immediately, not unlike a stern father getting frank with his combative daughter. Without raising his voice, the single utterance of her name commanded obedience. If Norman had sounded a little short with her, it was not out of annoyance, but alarm and impatience for more details on her revelation.

“Okay, fine.” She conceded with a sigh. “Yeah, I’m setting off for another journey tomorrow morning.”

“Really?”

“You know the shtick. Forest bathing, city travelling, region hopping, winning a Ribbon here, a Grand Festival there. It’s no big deal, really. Just thought I’d let you know in case...” She stalled with uncertainty on how to finish that sentence before giving up and ending with, “Anyway, yeah. It’s gonna be fun!”

“I see...” Her genuine love for travel didn’t quite match the pallid enthusiasm of her words. Something wasn’t being said. She really intended to leave, just like that? Like nothing had happened between them? Norman hadn’t known what to expect of the inevitable conversation, but not to have it at all? He hid his mixed feelings behind a mask of resounding support. “That *does* sound like a lot of fun! Not one to stay put for long, are you? Ha.”

“I love it here. Petalburg will always be my home. But nothing beats the freedom of the great outdoors, ya know?”

“Oh, I know.” Norman had practically been reminiscing about his Trainer days before she walked in.

“So... Yeah. Anyway...”

“Anyway...”

“Um...” She rubbed her upper arm shyly. “What did *you* want to say?”

“Me?” The truth was he didn’t know. Was it worth saying anything? They probably wouldn’t see each other for months after today. Maybe years. Then again, maybe that was exactly why he should’ve said something. Jeez, was he actually feeling nervous? She’d leave and he’d go back to his darling wife, what did it matter?

“You were saying something about –”

“Ah, yes. *That.*” He ruffled his hair sheepishly. Vigoroth tilted his head in confusion. What was it about this girl less than half his Trainer’s size that had him all flustered? Great, now he was losing face with his pokémon, too. Norman dropped a sigh that said ‘here goes nothing’. “Look, May, I just thought you should know that –”

“A storm’s coming,” shouted a new voice.

May and Norman jumped like a couple of criminals caught colluding; even though they hadn’t been engaging in any licentious behaviour (this time), their recent history had Norman paranoid about anyone seeing them together, lest rumours began stirring the sleeping public towards the truth.

Their heads swivelled towards the gate-crasher, a gangly boy leaning in the archway, arms folded across his chest, one foot on the door, the self-assured posture of someone who thought they owned the place. If he had been anyone other than May’s little brother, Norman would’ve kicked the scrawny teenager off his doorstep with the warning never to return until he developed some manners. The Petalburg Gym Leader, who actually did own the place, had a subdued reaction to the interruption, helped by the relief it had been someone harmless as opposed to someone like his wife.

“What the- Max?” May didn’t sound impressed by her brother’s timing either. He frustrated her burning desire to hear what Norman had to say. “Did you follow me here?”

Max walked into the Gym and right past her question. “I thought we were supposed to meet at home?”

“We are, duh. That’s where we both live, Max. Thought I’d mentioned I had to say bye to a few friends first.”

It was at this point Norman began to suspect Max held some sort of resentment towards him, probably inherited from the poison his mother fed him after their nasty break-up. While May had matured to consider things didn’t always work out between adults for one reason or another, Max hadn’t learned to apply his own thinking to the circumstances.

Still, his loyalty to his mother was commendable, if not a little disheartening. Norman might’ve broken up with Caroline, but not with her kids. He still saw them as his own in

some ways. The good rapport he'd built with May had been strong enough to survive the separation (her schoolgirl crush on him might've fed into it, too) and he'd hoped it would be the same when he re-united with Max. Well, nope. Not even a little bit.

The youngster scanned him head to toe and back again, disdain in his eyes every inch he observed, as though a tall stack of Copperajah manure had been stood beside him. "Him? He's a friend?"

"I- I- I mean, he's -"

"Mom said not to talk to him anymore, May."

"I know what Mom said," May bit back.

"Then why are you -"

"Mom and Dad's problems have nothing to do with us, Max!"

He baulked. So did Norman on the sidelines. "He's *not* our dad."

May rubbed her forehead while hiding embarrassment behind her hand. "I know," she said softly. "I meant Mom and Norman, obviously. Point is - you know what? Forget it. I'm going home." She picked up her shopping bags. "I'm sorry about this, Norman."

"Don't be!" said the Gym Leader. Watching the siblings bicker took him back in time, a noise he never realised filled the house until he heard it no more. He rarely got involved, rarely had to; the kids never stayed at odds for too long. Besides, being the focal point of their conflict, Norman didn't have the privilege to speak without coming across as bias. May was better off walking away. This threesome of clashing emotions would not be settled in one sit-down in the middle of his Gym. "I appreciate you coming to say goodbye. Farewell. I wish you the best of success on your travels."

May nodded then took her leave.

He and Max continued staring out the open doors after she left, a hostile silence thickening the air between them.

"I don't want you anywhere near her." Max refused to give him the courtesy of eye contact as he issued the cold words. "You've done enough damage to our family."

The kid was not completely wrong but Norman wanted to believe there was still room in his heart for forgiveness. “Look, Max, I don’t know what I ever did to –”

“You know *exactly* what you did. And I do, too.”

Norman furrowed his brow at the bespectacled boy, who still wouldn’t look at him. Just what exactly was he intimating?

“That’s right,” Max said, as though he could hear the confusion straddling Norman’s silence. “I know what you and May got up to in your little ‘Secret Base’.”

What...?! But how could he –

“And I have proof of the whole thing. Down to the second.”

No! He had to be bluffing. But how else would he know about his private pad? And that May had been there? Norman wiped his face from the brow down, but the single hand movement could not wash away the shock and terror bulging his eyes to their fullest. With a frog in his throat, he croaked, “How?”

“That doesn’t matter. What matters is I have solid evidence. I saw it happen with my own eyes, too. You’re lucky the whole world hasn’t. But, if you so much as breathe the same air as my sister again, that’s all going to change.”

Norman saw it happening all at once: the Gym’s walls crumbling all around him, the Balance Badge dissolving like ash between his digits, the gold vanishing from his ring finger, his name taken off the Pokémon League’s official Gym Membership register, every hard-earned title stricken from his record, his Trainer’s license card cut in half with giant scissors, all his possessions crammed into one box and dumped alongside the curb that now became his home...

“I trust you get the picture?” Max asked.

He did. Loud and clear. The word ‘yes’ trickled from his deflated tone.

“Great!” Max chimed as though he’d just signed a lucrative contract. “Sayonara.” He left the Petalburg Gym with his hands in his pockets whistling a merry tune.

Norman hung his head, unable to face even his own pokémon. No more Gym Battles for the day. Heck, the way he was feeling, he might just close his doors for a month. The

hardest part was accepting he'd done it to himself. Things could've ended a lot worse for him, but it was hard to see the silver lining whilst the dark clouds were hanging over his head. He needed a drink.

...

Max slouched at his study desk propping up a vague expression on his palm while light rain tapped on his bedroom window. The night cast a thick blanket over Petalburg City, putting to bed his hometown on an evening he'd be putting to bed his lifelong routine of the place, too.

His rucksack lay slumped against his bed, bulging with every necessity he could think to stuff inside it, so much so he wasn't sure it wouldn't keel his spindly frame over when he hauled it on his back come morning. He put aside khaki cargo pants and a green t-shirt to set him off, and had purchased a pair of hi-top trainers suitable for whatever harsh and wet terrains his journey may demand of him.

Max was almost ready. Only 'almost' because of the little stick of technology rotating between his fingers.

What to do with the final vestige of his old life?

His unexpected run-in with the Petalburg Gym Leader only added to the conundrum. Suddenly, the footage adopted value in the way of blackmail material. The revelation had struck Norman so hard and abruptly, it left him no room to scrutinise anything Max had claimed but, knowing the shrewdness of the slimy man, it would only be a matter of time until he called Max's bluff.

If he disposed the evidence now, he'd lose the only leverage he'd probably ever get over the powerful man with connections, the only means to stop him from slithering any closer to May.

The USB drive glinted in his spectacles while he turned it lazily in front of his computer screen. His favourite anime had become a garbling blur in the background. He dared envision the unscrupulous images sure to liven his screen should he plug in the flash drive, the images he fought so hard not to see again, the images that flashed across his mind's

eye brighter and brighter the more he tried to dim them out of memory. What would one more peek hurt?

The creak of his bedroom door sent a jolt up his spine.

“What you got over there?” came May’s unexpected voice.

He caught the flash drive from slipping out of grasp. His heart was pounding scared as though she’d somehow figured out the content on the device from her single glimpse of it. How could she have? He’d been wise enough not to inscribe ‘May’s Sex Tape’ on the little stick. Taking a breath to recover from his shock-induced paranoia, he diverted the attention from his problematic behaviour to hers. “Ever heard of knocking?”

“Your door was kind of open.”

Possibly but, “Really, May? That’s your excuse?”

While she was distracted spewing her rebuttal, he slipped the forgotten flash drive into the top drawer of his study desk. Max was relieved the interrogation was short-lived.

“Anyway,” May said, after rambling on about why it had been okay for her to invade his privacy without knocking, “Mom just called. Looked like the signal’s pretty weak where she was. She said she’d call us back in about a minute.”

The word ‘us’ stood out for Max. Mother must’ve had something very important to say if she needed both of them to hear it. He didn’t spend more than ten seconds wondering what that was before May’s Xtransceiver rang with the familiar buzz of a video call.

“Hi, sweeties!” Caroline’s zoomed-in face wore a smile stretching across the width of the screen.

“Hey, mom,” they said in unison.

“Great, you’re both here.”

“More than we can say for you,” May pointed out.

Sadness creased their mother’s brow and a heavy sigh fell from her lips. “I’m so sorry, honey. I know I promised to make you guys something special for our last night together as a family, but...” Another sigh. She zoomed out and brought the white walls of her room into

view, draped with charts of pokémon anatomy and medical infographics, some of which Max recognised from the Pokémon Centres they'd spent nights in on past adventures. Darkness painted the window behind her left shoulder, though sporadic flashes of white highlighted the blobs and streams of rainwater trailing down the tinted glass. "There's no way I'm going to make it back home in this storm."

That much was obvious. The faint murmur of thunder had been grumbling beneath her voice since the call began.

"Damn," Max said. "That's a real bummer."

"Yeah," May added, "I was seriously looking forward to that turkey, too!"

"Mom is stranded on the other side of town and all you can think about is food?"
Typical May.

"Trust me. One week on Route 104 scoffing down canned chili every day and you're going to wish Mom could've fit in your backpack, especially with no Brock out there to do the cooking for you."

She had a point. But "meh" was all the recognition Max was going to give it.

While Mom had them on video call, she showed them the scene outside her window, rain dropping like Meowth and Poochyena. Lightning flashes revealed glimpses of the street below, empty save for parked cars with their tires half-submerged in water; if the downpour continued through the night, they could be floating come morning.

Authorities advised against travelling, which left Caroline stranded in the faraway Pokémon Centre, high and dry until conditions turned kinder. She admitted regret for not having water pokémon to Surf on after witnessing several foolhardy Trainers brave their way through the storm, but Max and May reassured her they were relieved she hadn't.

"You're way better off safe where you are," said the older sibling. "No need to feel guilty about it. No one could've seen this coming."

Max nodded in agreement. "We'll just hang out here another day or two until you can make it back."

“No!” Caroline looked horrified at the idea. “You can’t do that.” She shook her head vehemently. “I know how excited you’ve both been to start your journeys tomorrow. It’s bad enough I can’t be there to say goodbye – I won’t be the one to hold you back either.”

“Come on, Mom, it won’t kill us to –”

“No, Max. I mean it.” She put on a brave face. “If conditions allow, you and your sister should set off in the morning just like you’d planned. It’s not like it’s the first time you’ll be away from home. Not like you’ll never visit, right? We can have our family dinner then. I *promise* I’ll make it up to you! And hey, you could even invite all the cool people and good friends you’ll meet on your adventures.” Mom smiled a hopeful smile, her optimism stretching from ear to ear. She was so desperate to appear sunny and cheerful in the rainy and bleak circumstances that it almost felt disrespectful to give any pushback. Max and May slipped into an obedient silence, a learned acceptance they could never win once she brought out her ‘Mommy knows best’ tone of voice. “Promise me?”

“Yes, Mom...” they surrendered in unison. Though neither of them wished to leave without giving her a proper goodbye, they had no choice but to respect her wishes.

“Splendid!” Caroline beamed. “You both make me so proud. My babies are practically all grown up now.” Her eyes began to quiver as she pored over the screen. “Oh my gosh, I’m not gonna...” She stopped a runaway tear from escaping with the back of her finger. “I have to go now. Goodnight. I love you both.”

“Love you too, Mom,” they said together.

As soon as the call ended, May let out a heavy sigh. “Well, that sucks.”

“Yeah,” Max said solemnly. “Guess we’re making sandwiches for dinner?”

“Orrrr... I could whip us up a mean –”

“Sandwiches it is!” Max decided. Sister dearest was a lot better at eating food than preparing it. The last thing he needed on his first day as a pokémon Trainer was a bad case of the shits.

“Heyyy!” May took offence. “Are you implying something? I know a lot of good recipes you know!”

Max tried not to scoff. “For Pokéblocks, maybe, but my stomach isn’t as strong as your Munchlax’s.”

“Pfft! When’s the last time you even tried my cooking?”

“Round about the last time I got diarrhoea.”

“Oh, come on! That was a coincidence! Doesn’t count.”

“Why are you still in my room, May? The call’s over.”

“But this discussion isn’t.” He rolled his eyes. “What exactly is wrong with my cooking, huh?”

“Forget it, May.”

But she wouldn’t. She followed him all the way downstairs and into the kitchen trying to sell him on her merits as a chef.

...

A couple of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches later, Max bid his big sister goodnight after she’d announced her retirement for the day. The big, wide world of pokémon awaited them early in the morning. While the rain drummed harder and the sporadic flashes of lightning became more frequent, the storm inflicting Petalburg hadn’t reached the state of misery holding their mother hostage. Max peeked outside the window ever so often to check the roads and nothing more than the odd puddle might make for an inconvenience come morning. All systems remained go.

Max turned off the lights downstairs and then headed up. Yawning and scratching his lower back, he stopped outside his bedroom when he noticed the door a few steps down the corridor had been left ajar. Apparently May hadn’t gone straight to bed like he’d assumed. He craned his neck to peer through her open door.

Her scarlet dress lay in a heap close to the entrance, seemingly abandoned in careless haste. If the crack of her open door was a little wider, he might’ve caught a glimpse of his sister in some state of undress. An indecent excitement coursed through his veins...

Lightning struck! A shiver-inducing bang of thunder zapped the thought out of his mind, and evoked a feminine shriek.

To Max's surprise, the panicked cry hadn't come from inside May's room. Rather, on the opposite side of the hallway, warm light was glowing from under the bathroom door. The patter of rain disguised it pretty well but, listening intently now, Max could hear the patter of a running shower.

Yikes, May wasn't exactly the brightest bulb in the bunch, but showering in the middle of a thunderstorm? Seriously, sometimes he wondered if they were really related.

Hopefully she was okay. Seconds after the flash of lightning, an echoey humming noise joined the pattering shower. She sounded pretty okay to him, merry even; her shriek must've been out of surprise as opposed to electrocution. Still silly of her to be in there in the first place, but alas, not even a thunderstorm could get in the way of her nightly beauty routine. Life could be funny sometimes.

Funny, like how Max, yet again, found himself in front of the bathroom door while she showered. And this time, no one else was in the house to interrupt his curiosity. Unlike before, it didn't take aeons of inner conflict for Max to figure out what he wanted to do.

His right lens inched a millimetre away from the keyhole. One eye shut and the other bulging wide-open, he peered inside the bathroom occupied by his older sister, her naked body silhouetted in the shower curtain. She stood in the bathtub wielding the showerhead like a hose, dousing the curves of her hourglass frame, humming a carefree tune, completely unaware she could be heard, and seen.

Completely unaware she'd made her little brother instantly hard.

Max swallowed the knot of nerves in his throat. The thrill of stalking his prey, of catching them in a compromised position, of catching them with their pants down, the fire of 'private investigating' brewed in his belly as if he'd never snuffed it out. Old habits died hard.

Albeit, this was as new as it was old; no one was paying him to spy on his own sister, no good underlying cause informed his desire to watch her through the keyhole. Max knew he shouldn't have been there. And yet, it wasn't his feet that moved, but his right hand that slithered to the front of his protruding pants.

Max refused to blink, rubbed himself over his trousers. The shape of May stood out against the translucent-white of the shower curtain. She had her side facing his peephole and raised the showerhead above her so the water trickled through her cascading hair, the dripping locks hovering but an inch above her round rear. The arc of her back made her butt stick out and her large breasts protrude even further past her chin.

What a body. Was it just him or did it look womanlier every time he saw it? Whether accentuated in a little red number or silhouetted in all her nakedness, she looked grown and ripe for the taking. Watching May water her melons grew his sneaky bulge behind the door – perhaps the only barrier stopping him from doing something shameful, as if ogling his sister in the shower wasn't shameful enough. What he wouldn't have given to march right in there and wrench the curtain aside...

She'd probably scream. Shock and horror on her face. Probably throw her hands over her mouth. Or her arms across her chest. Whatever panic or flailing or swearing might ensue, it would probably end with him getting decked on the spot.

Sister or not, Max never made his inclinations towards any female that obvious. The probability of rejection was just too high. They would take him down and embarrass him, tear off what dangling threads of his self-confidence remained. It had happened once, and once was plenty enough to learn his place in the pecking order, to learn his limits as the gangliest, geekiest kid in class. Why else did she say no? Then 'yes' the next day, to the boy who sat next to him, the boy who couldn't pass a Math test to save his life.

The fairer sex didn't sound all that fair to him. Max learned quickly his self-esteem was their playground. But their judgement couldn't reach him through the lens of a hidden camera, or through a monitor in a dark room miles away, or through the shield of a bathroom door.

The young voyeur clinked his glasses against the keyhole, not realising how close he'd already been to his window of depravity.

May's nude form was like a moving work of art shaded against the canvas of shower curtain. A big lump of shadowy sideboob rolled and slipped out of her hand. She was probably lathering her bosom with soap but, for all Max could see, she might as well have been groping herself. May roamed over her breasts enough times to make Max jealous,

almost as if she was taunting him, as if she knew her thorough, circular motions were the very same Max longed to enact on her abundant chest.

She made him thirsty, the back of his throat dry. At some point, Max had stopped hearing the rain, his heart drumming louder than the thunder. He couldn't hear her humming anymore either and soon realised it was because she wasn't.

May strayed to a region seemingly requiring her undivided attention. The showerhead lowered a short distance from her waistline and aimed its hot torrent at her nether regions, all whilst she scrubbed with her free hand. Or so it appeared. Compared to the rest of her body, this 'scrubbing' carried on for a suspiciously long time. From gentle beginnings, she worked herself into a frenzy, rubbing down there like she was trying to start a fire, droplets spattering from her crotch like hot sparks. Then, very softly, almost inaudible beneath the manic waterworks, came a coy grunt.

It was so faint and faraway he might've imagined it. Granted, the noise would've certainly matched the visuals. Could he really be watching her doing what it looked like she was doing?

Another grunt.

His suspicions were confirmed.

Max found himself rubbing the front of his pants with the same feverish need she 'scrubbed' her pussy. *Sneaky, sneaky May... what's going on in that corrupted head of yours?* He doubted it was anything resembling what was going on in his. On opposite sides of the door, so too were their fantasies far apart, no matter how desperately Max wanted to merge them right there and then. She couldn't possibly be pining for him to scratch her itch, could she?

Max dared not open the door to finding out. He let his dear sister pleasure herself in peace, as peaceful as one could look at war with their aching pussy. Her pink little clit was probably engorged with lust at this point, probably relished the hot bullets of water fired upon it from close quarters, enjoyed the two digits wiping left and right in blurred fury.

"Yes, May..." he whispered shakily under his breath, not unlike the way he'd spoken to his targets on screen. "Rub it good... real good... you dirty little..." Dirty little what? It was not like he was eyeing her in the midst of illicit passion. If anything, he was on the wrong

side of the peephole this time. And still, he reached into his tightened pants, tempted to bring out what he grabbed. Would it be so bad if she saw exactly what she did to him?

He'd seen her naked so... fair was fair?

As Max wrestled with the absurd thought of exposing himself to his sister, she wrestled with an oncoming orgasm, a match she quickly lost with her loudest grunt yet. He witnessed the exact moment, too, when her silhouette twitched and became rigid for a second, before her chest slowly deflated releasing pent-up tension.

Dang it, she'd beat him to it, left him idling outside the door like a loser cradling his junk in one hand. Not only was she done masturbating, she turned off the running shower, too. His stomach jumped from a pang of fear and excitement, knowing she'd soon pull aside the curtain and reveal her nakedness in full colour and all its dripping glory. He pulled off his glasses and wiped the sweat coating his visage before putting them back on and bending down at the keyhole once more.

Dick in hand, he anticipated beating himself off to the sight of her nude body in the short time it would take for her to find her towel. If there was one thing Max never struggled to do, it was cum quickly.

No way he'd step away from the door without getting his fair share of the fun, too, even if it meant he ended in his trousers. Pants could be washed but this moment, seeing her naked for the last time, would not be so easily scrubbed from memory. The show she'd inadvertently put on for him deserved an explosive applause from his gonads.

He gulped and braced himself as she grabbed the shower curtain. Facing the door, she'd positioned herself to gift him full-frontal nudity, her breasts so fat and rotund they formed outer curves in her silhouette. His peeping eye gravitated towards her tits on instinct. Any second now, their unveiling would set him off in a fury of masturbation. He gulped again.

May pulled the curtain from the right. His eye bulged in the peephole. The veil revealed an inch of her outer breast when a bang of lightning killed the power.

In an instant, the entire house was plunged into pitch-black.

"Damn it!"

“Huh, Max...? Are you there?”

He threw a hand over his mouth. *Oh, shit.*

...

A bright light flashed on. May scrunched her face at the sudden luminosity. “Hey!” She turned from the brightness. “Don’t shine it in my eyes, numbnuts!”

“Oops, sorry!” Max averted his phone’s flashlight. “Not like I knew you were standing right on top of me.”

She huffed. The blackout put her in an irritable mood. What did she have to complain about? At least she got to finish!

Granted, he had heard her stub her toe on something whilst rummaging for her towel in the darkness. She’d emerged from the bathroom with water dotting her fresh face, and her drenched hair trickling down her bare shoulders. Max fought the urge to dip his eyes below her neckline, knowing full well the bountiful traps awaiting him in her snugly wrapped towel.

If May had any suspicions of him standing near the bathroom when the lights went out, she didn’t show it. The blackout cursed him with one hand but blessed him with the other, hiding the evidence pitching his trousers.

May sighed at their power-less predicament. “Let’s just try to get the lights back on?”

“Sounds good to me.” The sooner they moved away from the scene of the crime the less likely she’d start putting two and two together. “We’ll probably just have to reset the breaker panel.”

“Yeah, exactly. Let’s try that! Um... where’s the breaker panel again?” She laughed nervously.

“Seriously?” He wasn’t a handyman extraordinaire by any stretch of the imagination but at least he knew where the breaker panel in their own house was located. “I worry about you sometimes. Sure you’re going to be okay out there on your own?”

“Very sweet of you to worry about me,” she said in a tone devoid of any sweetness, “but I’ll be just fine. How about fixing our little situation here before casting disparaging remarks at one another, hm?”

“Already on it.” Max led the way downstairs using his phone light to illuminate the steps. The breaker panel was in the hallway along the wall lining the staircase. He opened it to a series of black toggle switches which overwhelmed May (“whoa, do you know which one to press?”). Ignoring the chirpy bird over his shoulder, he flipped the one switch lying in the opposite direction to the others, and then –

“Voilà!”

The lightbulbs upstairs clicked back on.

“Yay!” May cheered. “Good going, Max.”

“Hehehe, easy-peasy.” Although, with the ongoing thunderstorm, it could only be a matter of time until they found themselves back here.

As soon as they shut the breaker panel and stepped away, a knock on the front door rattled them both. They glanced at each other and the same thought came to mind.

“Mom?!”

Like little children frightened of the dark, they raced to the living room door, already thanking whatever miracle had safeguarded her arrival. Max looked through the peephole first and the turn in his demeanour was so poignant it furrowed May’s brow.

“What is it?”

He drooped away from the door, lacking the energy to describe his disappointment.

May peered through the peephole after him and turned back with eyes full of shock. “Uh, Max... why the heck is Norman standing on our porch?”

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

UNDER COVERS INVESTIGATOR

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 4



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Chapter 4 – The Storm

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 ledge-

"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 daylight 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... oooh...” 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 ditzzy 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.

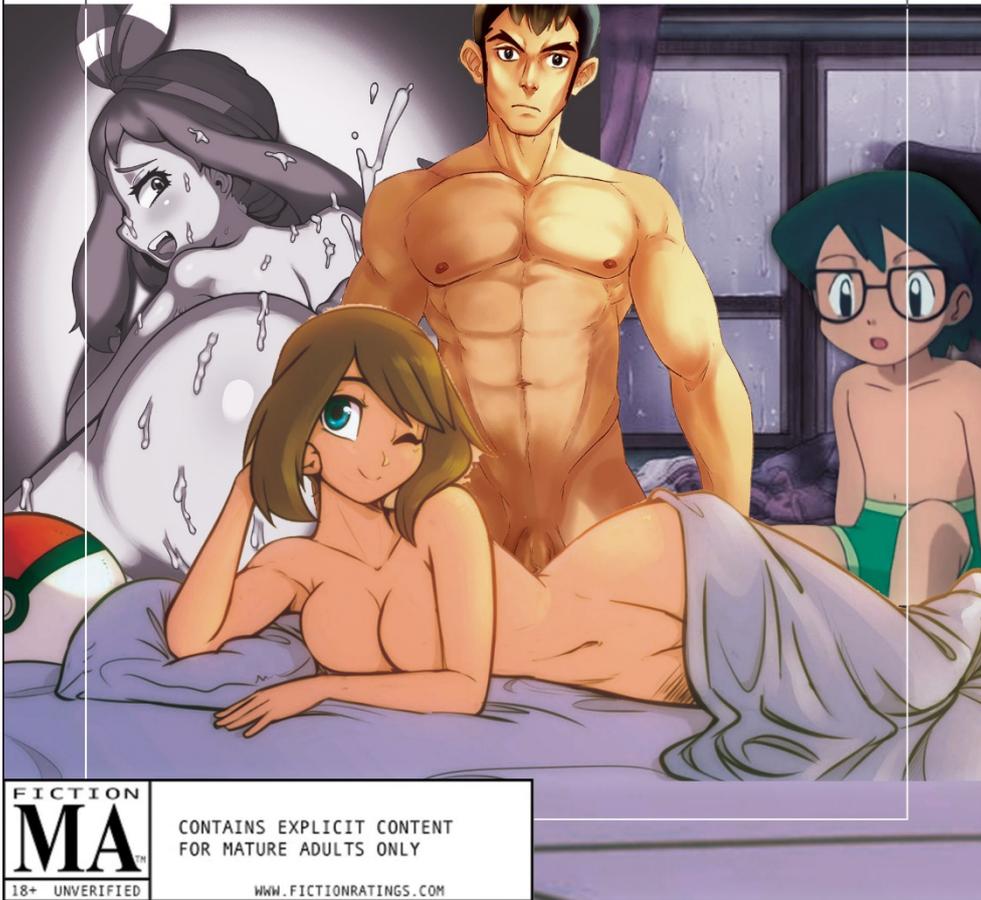
I... think I'm actually starting to like this guy.

J. J. SCRIPTEASE

UNDER COVERS INVESTIGATOR

(A Pokémon Fanfic)

CHAPTER 5



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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 think 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 luminate 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 fucking 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! 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 *Aster Crowley*, *hiasto*, *yamii (yame83)* and *ScorpDK* for the artwork that inspired the chapter cover images! As of the time of this writing, you can find more of the artists' work here:

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.