

lemonzsaucce

... Author's Notes ...

Dear reader,

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

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

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

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

- j.j. scriptease

* * *

DISCLAIMER

This is a work of fan fiction borrowing characters from the Pokémon universe, which is trademarked by The Pokémon Company. I do not claim ownership over any of the original characters, images or settings present here and make no profit from publishing this story.

WARNING

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

* * *

J. J. SCRIPTease

**UNDER COVERS
INVESTIGATOR**

(A Pokémon FanFic)

CHAPTER 2



FICTION
MA
18+ UNVERIFIED

CONTAINS EXPLICIT CONTENT
FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY

WWW.FICTIONRATINGS.COM

Synopsis

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

...

Under Covers Investigator

A Pokémon fanfic by j.j. scriptease

Chapter 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 think 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 mammillae 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 juttied 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, someday, 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.

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

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

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

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

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

Sincerely yours, j.j. scriptease.