

Dear Diary,

She asked me, "Will you still say that when I'm old?" I think that's what I'll remember best of today...

No, no! That's terrible! Let me try that again. How would a real hardboiled detective say it? Maybe I should start at the beginning...

Looker's Log:

She entered the room like a rush of water. Her pearly legs lifted the tempting hem of a daringly short red skirt with every step, and sweeping fields of golden hay at sundown were her hair, flowing behind her with the waves.

Yeah, that sounds way cooler!

Those daring legs led her on a trip around stacks upon stacks of palletted crates, until she found me waiting at the center.

"Coucou, Emma! Am I late?"

She was right on time. Half-past eleven, ere the witching hour. I'd asked her out to this warehouse just off Rouge Plaza for business, not pleasure. Mimi and I had been plastering advertisements all across the city, and it was finally paying off. The Bureau received an official job today, with pay offered and everything. The new owner of this building had been reporting mysterious, spooky sightings in the dead of night, and his workers wouldn't go near the place after dark anymore. Somebody needed to get to the bottom of this mystery. And who better than a Looker, right?

She led me on, with a dazzling smile of two diamond rows. "And you asked me here because..."

"That's right," I said. "I suspect there's a Pokemon behind this mystery!"

She frowned. An exaggerated little pair of creases between perfectly-plucked eyebrows. "I thought it was because you wanted to be alone with me..."

She was teasing me again. Always teasing, and I laughed at her self-obsessed joke. Like I always do. Man, I had no idea... I'm getting ahead of myself.

Pokemon or no, all we had around us right now was empty warehouse. We had time. So I sat on the floor, and she sat across from me, and we gabbed. She asked me about the money troubles again, and I lied as usual.

"Cassius has been pulling in more work; and Mimi and I are working our butts off on cases. We'll make ends meet."

I don't think she bought it. She brought her friend up again.

"Calem's still got his purse from the Championship, Em. He already said he'd be happy to..."

But I told her no again. Maybe it's just my pride. But I can't let someone else be responsible for this place. Looker left it to ME. And I know exactly what to do with it. It's been a tough couple years finding the money to keep the Bureau running, but if that's what it takes, so be it. I don't want to compromise on how I can use this place to help people, not even for my friends. Not even for her.

But before I could reject her properly, work called. The clock struck 12:00. And the start of my sentence, "I just can't," came out frigid, framed in ice. It had become very cold in that warehouse. It wasn't hard to guess why.

I jumped to my feet, and she came to my side, side-stepping close and shivering as the far wall of the warehouse seemed to melt away. A wide shadow stretched out over its surface, and a Pokemon I've never seen before came through. It looked like a Froslass, and the deathly wail that it made shook our bones the way a Froslass's might. But it was so much larger, almost twice the height of the examples I've seen before. More pressing was the dropping temperature; the whole place already felt like it was freezing around us, and rime was growing on the boxes. Boy did I feel stupid not wearing the Expansion Suit.

That's a lie. I felt numb. My hands went for a Pokeball, trying to get this going quickly, before I was a froze-solid girlsicle, but my fingers were already too cold to bend. The ball slipped right through them and clacked onto the icy ground. That was when the Froslass noticed us. The wail it made almost knocked me over, and the whole warehouse seemed like it shook; it lifted a single, cloaked hand, and an attack started to charge. I was certain we were goners.

Then she took it all back under control. "Night Slash!"

A shadow on the ceiling, in the corner of the room, I didn't even see it when I scoured the place. When had it gotten there? I never heard a Pokeball open. I almost wondered if it had been waiting for longer than me. I'm rambling. Whatever the answer to how it got there, the shadow was very there. And her Greninja sprang into action.

It rocketed straight into Froslass, swinging a tremendous spinning shuriken made of water, too rapid to freeze yet in the rapidly plummeting temps. The Froslass shrieked so loud my ears popped, and its attack was redirected at the interloper, who flipped away from the Ice Beam that engulfed the boxes it had just landed on a moment before.

Greninja spun its way back to us and landed between us and the Froslass; that was when I spied it didn't look right, either. Its sleek, black body was covered in new blue crests that hadn't been there before. The shuriken it wielded was new, too. Had to be twice the size of anything I'd seen it use before.

Didn't get to admire it for long, though; the second it regained its footing, Greninja vanished in a puff of smoke, only to reappear behind Froslass. It struck with an efficient cut, then blended back into the shadows when the specter lashed out. Again and again it came from nowhere – between stacks of crates, out of a crack in the wall, or from thin air – then it made a cut and disengaged, creating a whirling array of blows on every inch of the flailing Pokemon.

"Now!" she shouted. Her Greninja came back to her immediately, and set its shuriken flat for her. She hopped on top, using both hands to grip an Ultra Ball as she stared down the reeling giant across the floor from her. "Throw me!"

Her Pokemon obeyed, and I can't stress to you enough, Diary – it was the craziest thing I think I've ever seen. She rode that thing like a skateboard as it veered off to the side, then boomeranged back to the side of Frosslass's head. Just before it made contact, she jumped from the water's surface and smashed the ball right into its face. There was a giant light, so bright I had to look away. Once I looked back, all that was left was Greninja, hanging upside-down beneath its shuriken, and clutching her by her shirt collar, waving her freshly-caught Frosslass to me – minus a single piece that had fallen to the floor and rolled to my feet. I bent over, and even as the temperatures rose back to normal, just a bit of frosty fog coated the Mega Stone when I picked it up.

It was beautiful, and impossible. Frosslass don't Mega Evolve.

Right?

"You kids really pulled me out of a tight spot! I'm gonna let everybody who'll listen know the Looker Bureau's where to go!"

The gentleman who provided the job was plenty happy to pay us in full, satisfied that his workers wouldn't be waylaid by any more midnight terrors. But as she and I walked away into the golden night of Lumiose, I couldn't look away from the Mega Stone as she rolled it between her fingers, admiring her prize.

"It doesn't match his story," was my prognosis. He'd mentioned some chills, some frights, the visions of a poltergeist in the corners of workers eyes. But a 10-foot tall icy behemoth? That should have been what he led with. Instead he never mentioned it. "It must have Mega Evolved for the first time tonight. But that isn't possible, right? A Frosslass doesn't have a Mega Evolution."

She hummed, pressing her finger up into her lower lip. "Maybe not 'til now. But they've been learning about a lot of new Mega Evolutions lately. My Greninjite here was a gift from Korrina; she says they only found it last month! Imagine that."

She was so casual about it, I almost stopped worrying. But I had to stay on my toes. There was more than just a new Mega Evolution on my plate; a wild Pokemon had done it all on its own, with no trainer and no Key Stone to resonate with. I don't know what it means yet, but it can't be anything good.

Rogue Mega Evolution is what I've dubbed it. But I didn't get the chance to talk about it with her any more tonight. You see, I got... distracted.

"How much did he pay?" she asked me, and I pulled the sum up on my account.

"It's enough to keep the utilities paid through next month," I told her. "It's a little breathing room, but most jobs don't pay this well. I'll have to work even harder from here."

I could hear the frustrated "Hrrrm" she made, but I pretended not to, even when she leaned in close.

"You know what?" She told me. "I know how to solve your problem! You need to-"

What she was going to say is a mystery; the one who got the word in edgewise was mother nature. The infuriating pricks of water droplets stabbed our faces, and as we both flinched, it gave us double for it. I think I yelled something about the forecast not mentioning rain, but that didn't convince it to let up; if anything it got harder, quicker, until a downpour was soaking us straight through.

"No worries!" She hollered over the racket of water splashing on the street, then brought her Mega Greninja back out. It faithfully hoisted its shuriken above us as a makeshift umbrella, absorbing the rain as it came down and creating a paradox of a dry pocket beneath its wetness.

At least it did for a moment, before the wind followed the rain, and started blowing it sideways. There was no sheltering from that. "Quickly!" I yelled and I ran; I think I may have grabbed her hand. "The Bureau's just around the corner!"

It wasn't a long run, but boy it felt like one. By the time we climbed the stairs and made it to my office, we were just drenched. We looked like Mimi after I give her a bath. But as miserable as it felt, she just laughed, and laughed. "That was TERRIBLE!" I started laughing with her. It was pretty ridiculous, right? The both of us were totally soaked, and now we were trapped in my office with no change of clothes.

That last part? Didn't really click until she asked me where I kept my dresser.

"...What?"

"I said where's your dresser," she repeated, pressing a hand against the dividing wall set behind the sofa as she leaned. "We gotta change before we catch a cold."

"...My apartment."

My hands gripped my skirt as the image formed in my head, and an unintended squirt of water splashed the tile as she squinted at me. "...Whaddya mean? Isn't this your apartment now?"

"I, uh..." The heat was almost overcoming the chill of the rain as my face flushed. "I've just been so busy with work, uh... I kinda still have most of my stuff at Cassius's place."

The squint got squintier. "You mean the place on the other side of the city?"

I nodded, eyes shut.

"The place we can't reach because of the pouring rain?"

I nodded harder. Oh man, I was waiting for the screaming. I'd messed up bad this time, Diary. My eyes ground shut tight, waiting for the scolding that was coming...

...But all I heard was a sigh.

"...Ahhh. Oh well. Come on then, Em."

There was a rustling of something, and then a wet thwack on the floor. Confused, I let just one eye crack open... the other shot right open after it anyway when I saw what I saw.

She was standing right in the middle of my office, cheerfully smiling with her thumbs tucked into her waistband. It was like it was the most natural thing in the world for her, even with her shirt crumpled up on the floor.

I could see it all. Water was trickling down and out her dripping hair onto her bare shoulders, and from there they chose routes down her exposed arms, or onto her chest. I saw her navel peeking out from over top of her skirt. Only a simple white bra kept a part of her concealed, but it was so wet. I could swear I could see right through it, at the pink underneath.

"S-S-Seren—"

She was on me in an instant, pressing me against the door as she leaned in so close our noses brushed together, pressing a finger to her lips and shushing me. "You're gonna spook the neighbors, Em."

Oh, I couldn't help it Diary. She was right in front of me. I looked down. I watched one little trickle of water stream over her collarbone, then trace a line down the middle of her chest. I saw the spot where it slipped under the bra, racing down to a mound I could only imagine. And I was. I felt so overwhelmed, I couldn't stop myself. I WAS imagining it. And god, she knew it, I could tell by the way she smiled at me. It was so lazy, so easy, plump lips making the most sly little part that didn't reach the edges of her mouth.

"Hey. Emma." No sight in the world could have torn my eyes away at that moment, but her voice managed it. I was looking right into her eyes. They'd always looked grey to me, you know? Everyone told her what a pretty grey they were. But Diary? I think I got a better look tonight than anyone ever has before.

They're blue.

She twisted her head a little, letting her nose rotate against the tip of my own. My whole face buzzed, a tingling I can't quite describe passing over my cheeks and behind my eyes. Then that feeling dropped, passing over my shoulders and down my spine. It settled... somewhere low in me, a buzzing heat that made me shift under her pressure. She giggled.

"I think I just had a really bad idea."

"W-What kind?" I asked.

"Could you turn off the lights?"

"...Yeah." She let me go, and took a step back as I hit the switch. The whole office was deluminated. Is that a word? It was dark, and I could barely see in front of me. But I could see her. It was just the quietest outline of her, but she was there in front of me, with the city at her back. With no interior lighting, all the visibility came from the golden light of the city out the window, and it framed her like she was a movie star. Slowly, she stepped back away from me, then turned away, so all I could see was the back of her – her body blue in twilight, but golden at the edge.

I only dared to follow her one step, and there was maybe five feet between us when she stopped. In the middle of the room, she kicked off her shoes, letting them hit the far wall with the force she flung them. Then, she reached over her shoulders, gathering her dripping mane of perfect, blonde hair, and pulled it over her shoulders. I could see her back clearly now, as my eyes adjusted to the light. Her shoulder blades, the way her spine curved so perfectly, the gentle flex of her muscles as she took a deep breath. The only thing that broke that flawless shape was the strap of her bra.

But that was where her hands went next. With a deft, masterful flurry, her fingers undid the claps, and retreated, their task done. She didn't even bother to catch it, just leaned forward a little and let gravity slip it off her. I heard it hit the floor like a bomb going off. There it was, unobstructed. Her back was totally exposed to me, and I was drinking it up – whatever that meant.

You see Diary, I don't know exactly when my heart started racing. But that was when I noticed it. I really noticed her then too, or at least I started to think about her properly. Thoughts like Whats and Whys were bubbling up. Why were we doing this? What exactly were we doing?

I was watching her take her clothes off. She was taking them off for ME. What were we doing this for? And...

And what was about to happen to me?

She leaned over again, drawing her left leg up gently, letting her thigh scrape against the other as her hands tucked into her long stocking, and slowly, SO slowly peeled it off. I think I wanted to write that it was perfect here, and that the other was too, when it got its turn to feel the open air. But it was so much better than that. I saw the red on her thigh, where it had dug into her skin, where the curve of her was interrupted. Her curve. Just writing it is getting me twisted up again. I loved that little imperfection, I think, because it meant she was really there. The real her, right in front of me. Stripping for me. Bad Emma. Focus.

Then came her skirt. I couldn't see her fiddle with the clap at her left side from my angle, but she split it, holding the heavy, waterlogged garment up high for me with her right hand, before she tossed it aside. It was just her panties then. They were scrunched up, half ridden up, and half tugged down, too wet to keep in place. I could draw the shape right now, it's still that vivid. I remember the spots where the pristine white fabric was too wet to keep its color, and the

warmth of her skin bled through. It was too much. It was just too tempting, that tight, slim shape only restrained by such a flimsy bit of fabric.

Then that was gone too. She tugged them down fast, it took two tries when they got caught by the water's friction halfway down her thigh. But she got them off, and clumsily stepped out of their protection. But I could scarcely notice, I was too focused staring at her ass. I can't believe I just wrote that. She steadied herself, and that was that. I was looking at her, just her, nothing in-between us. Her hands found themselves behind her back, just above her butt, and started to play, their fingers tangling together in knots as she idly tried to find something to do with them. From the nape of her neck to the soles of her feet, every inch of her back was bare, and I couldn't help myself but map it all. She's so athletic, but in a few precious spots, I got to see where the scant bits of chub were. Right at her waistline, the smallest bulge. And right beneath her glutes, her thighs swelled out just a little extra. Places that were easy to hide with her clothes. These were her little secrets, and now they're mine too. The tingling in me was only growing, phantom fingers stoking flame.

Eventually, I don't know after how long I stared, her head turned, and she peeked over her shoulder at me. A bit of hair came with, and draped over her shoulder as she gave me that mysterious smile again. "Hey, Emma... it's your turn now, 'kay?"

My heart stopped. For the first time since this started, I could feel the cold drip of my clothes against my skin again. She was going to watch me too? I mean it made sense, but being there in the moment, getting to it. It felt like my head was going to pop from all the pressure. Yet, somehow, I turned around. I faced the wall, and felt a sensation all down my back as I imagined her gaze on me. I couldn't keep my head straight, too much was sloshing around my noggin, getting me distracted. I focused on a single word, and grounded myself on it.

Strip.

I bent over and untied my shoes, carefully pulling them off my feet before placing them by the door neatly. I wasn't sure what made the most sense next, but I was already bent over, and pulled my hands up along the outside of my thighs, and took the top of my tights, rolling them down as smoothly as I could manage. It was way harder than she'd make it look; the slick rain was holding onto them tightly, and I had to yank a few times to make it work. But I got them down, and once I was out I rolled them into a little ball, and tossed them to a table in a corner. I was so nervous, my whole body was starting to tremble. Was I doing it right? Was this sexy? I had no idea, but that tickle on my back made me think she was still watching. So I had to keep going, right?

I grabbed my shirt and pulled up, trying to be smoother than with the tights. It slid easily along my stomach, and I rolled the hem to take it over my breasts without much of a fight. Then I got to the real roadblock: my hair. It gets so hard to manage when it's wet like this, I had to stuff it into my collar with one hand and drag it out the other end with another. About seven tugs in I thought, maybe I should cut it short for a little while. See how that goes.

Once I finally got my shirt off, my sports bra was next. It was kinder to me, with more space to get my big hair through, and I let it drop at my feet. That was it. I was topless now, right in front of her. The tickling along my back felt like a symphony now, and all the hair on my body was

stood stiff. I wondered if maybe she wanted a better view, so I pulled my hair over my shoulders, like she did for me. I wanted her to see it, every inch. Was it captivating her, the same way her body had done to me? Oh, it was driving me nuts. I didn't make it easier on myself; the way my hair was hanging, it was brushing against my nipples. Every breath I took was another tease, the slightest touch that got my whole chest shaking. I imagined her in the same position before. Did the same thing happen to her? Was she feeling the same sensations I was now? My legs were starting to fidget, pressing together and crossing. I had to finish quickly. I needed to know what was next.

I unzipped my skirt and dug my thumbs in, grabbing it and the boyshorts beneath. Maybe it was cheating at the game, but I couldn't bear the waiting any more. I had to be embarrassed about this at some point, right? I must have been so afraid to do this... but I don't remember the feeling, Diary. Right then, I wanted it. I wanted her to see me so, so bad. I bent over, and down everything went. She had to have been able to see it all; the cool air brushing against it told me it was out in the open, and it twitched at the thought. I spread my legs a little, and slowly, one foot at a time, stepped out, before I straightened up, and folded my hands in front of me. I kept my legs spread a little. For the best view. All I could hear was the rush of rain on the window outside; I couldn't tell what her breathing was like, if she was as breathless as me. It was just me, the rain, and the tingling all along my body, daring lower with every passing second.

Drip. Drip. Drip. I could feel it rolling off me, as I waited for her response. It wasn't rain.

"...Emma."

Finally.

"You can turn around now."

I tried not to be too quick, too desperate. But I was. I was. The office spun around me, and there she was, all for me.

Her face was red as could be, I could tell even in the low light, but she met my stare with that same sweet, cloying smile as before. Only for a second, though. We both looked down. Her breasts were smaller than mine, adorable bug bites that I could easily fit in my hands (a thought I did NOT let go of). They were capped by stiff, rosy-pink nipples in the middle of disks just a little larger than I had imagined them to be. Framed perfectly between the draping waves of her hair, it was like she was giving me a peek behind the curtains at them. I couldn't stay long, though. My eyes drifted further down.

Tucked in the V of her thighs... it was the most beautiful shape I've ever seen. A gentle cleft between her lips, pressed apart by a bud of pink. And above, the stretch of her skin was coated in a light patch of sandy hair that looked soft as silk. I almost squeaked in surprise when I saw the shape of it. She trimmed it. I felt crazy self-conscious right then, I must have looked so messy in comparison. But when I looked back up, she was staring. She didn't even blink. Her lips were parted, just a little, like she'd seen something that took her breath away. Like I was "Beautiful."

I gasped, and stuck my hands over my mouth. I hadn't meant to say it out loud, but the way she

looked at me when I said it was so much I almost melted. The way her blush spread out to her ears, and for the first time, her hands shifted a little to cover herself. She looked away from me, and laughed again. "Th-Thanks!" She paused, taking a couple deep breaths, spaced out by the falling rain. "...You are too, Em."

We laughed again. I'm still not entirely sure why. I guess it was pretty ridiculous. Butt-naked in my office, still freezing cold, the both of just leaned over, just trying to stay on our feet as we laughed, and laughed. Every snort, each giggle, her stomach would make these amazing waves, and I watched every roll, and convulsion, as they came. When our laughter finally started to fizzle out, she started walking closer to me; she grabbed me by the wrist, and pulled me over to the sofa. "Come here," she whispered, like it was some crazy secret. "Sit here! C'mon!"

I did what she asked, and folded my hands in my lap, waiting to see what she was up to. She tiptoed back to the door and yanked the only dry clothes in the room off its hook: the big trenchcoat that had been sitting there for ages. I'd almost forgotten it was there, to be honest. "What are you gonna do with that?!" I snorted. She answered me by spinning around, tossing the coat over her shoulders like some big brown cape. Her arms clutched in an X, clasping it to her billowing as she bounced back to me, and hopping into my lap, draping the coat over the two of us. She made a sprightly kind of smile, like she'd done something tricky.

"Now," she explained. "We can get warm!"

It was a silly thought. The most roundabout solution possible to our predicament. But I wasn't thinking about that. Not with her on top of me. Her thighs were on either side of mine, and I could feel the soft squish of our legs pressing against each other. She steadied herself with her hands on my shoulders, her head just a few inches above mine, looking down at me so proud of herself and her idea with an anxious smile. It was ridiculous. Immature. And it was driving me nuts – I had to smile back. The trenchcoat was heavy atop us, and she was pressed so closely to me I couldn't see her body. Gosh, could I feel her though. Her breasts were pressed against me, just above my own, and I could feel the little nubby ends every time she shifted in the seat she'd made of me, pressing against me. I knew she could feel it too; her lip would quiver every time she did it. And I felt something warm pressed above my crotch, dizzyingly **wet**. Every time she moved, I felt the length of her most secret place drag along me, leaving behind heat and smear. They were words I hadn't even thought about before, blaring like neon inside my head. Her juices. She was soaking wet, right on top of me, spreading it all over my waist. Aroused. What was I even supposed to call this? Were we really doing it?

Could I... Could I do more?

I don't think I remembered to ask her. But my hands, so stiff and still since she'd landed atop me, started to inch out, brushing against the insides of her thighs. The second I touched her she almost slipped, leaning forward with a gasp in a voice I've never heard her make. Her hands gripped me more tightly, shuddering as she experienced the touch like something earthshaking. I froze for a moment after she stopped, unsure of what I'd done to her. I whispered, "Are... you okay?"

She was quiet for a bit. "...Keep going. Please."

Please. That word was like a spark, starting in my head and spreading through the rest of me. She wanted it. Wanted me. I should have gone slower, and savored the journey, but I got greedy. My hands went straight to that gorgeous spot between her legs, and I dragged a pair of fingers along the line. The gasp returned, then elongated, turning into a low mewl that hummed along my whole spine. As they traveled, my fingers split apart, each taking a different route along her, experiencing both sides before meeting back up at the end, on her most sensitive bud. It felt so strange between them, thicker than mine. She had more to her on the outside than I did; the same place, but a different shape. It drove me mad. I couldn't see it, so I needed to learn it by touch. I leaned forward, resting my forehead against her as I concentrated. My other hand went back to her lips, re-tracing the folds and exploring the full breadth of the slit, while the first stayed on her button, gently pressing on its sides with my fingers as my thumb rolled across its top. I had no idea what I was doing. I just did things I'd liked for myself. Not that I know much about that anyway. But I guess she liked it too; her hands fell forward, losing my shoulders and wrapping around my neck as she pulled in close to me, the moans beginning to break up into stuttered gasps and squeals.

"Eh – Ah – Em – Emma! Ohh! Gkk –" The whines were becoming grunts and huffs, and I could feel her chest heaving against mine as I had more and more of an effect on her. Fluid spilled down my fingers, pooling in the palm of my hand as I teased her more and more, cherishing the soft sensation of her flesh pressed against my fingertips. Every second that passed, the chill of the rain was being overwhelmed by the heat trapped between us, and now sweat – and more – was starting to mix in with it. My vision was starting to blur; I couldn't see the wall opposite me, the only thing in my mind the image I was building of her place.

Come on, Emma. You can just say it. You've already done way dirtier than just saying it, right?

I needed to know what it felt like. I got my middle finger in-between her cleft, and I pushed up, inside of her pussy. I've never felt anything like it, just describing it to you now's hard. It was tight, and constricting, like her hand was wrapped around me, but it was so soft and wet, like the inside of her mouth. I wiggled back and forth, trying to get deeper, pressing my hand into her from below and feeling her rise with my pressure, yelping. She let out a yell, and shook so hard the coat nearly fell off – she flailed her hands off of me to catch it and pull it back over us, grinning all embarrassed as she came down from her climax, as if seeing her naked again would somehow be worse than what we were doing.

"What was that for?" I asked, giggling at her.

"I-It's cold!" she stammered back, between laughs and moans as I started to move again. "We're trying to warm up. Remember?"

"Oh, really?" I twisted my finger back and forth, and saw the coat shift over us as she mimicked the motions with her hips. "Is that what we're doing right now?"

"S-Sure it is," she gasped, looking away from me as I tilted my head up to stare at her. "Why? What do you think we're doing?"

She'd put it on me, a chance to give this a name. To back out, change my mind. But I was already knuckle-deep. I couldn't give this up now that I had it.

"...I think we're having sex."

She snorted. A big bluster of a laugh she didn't know was coming shot out of her, and she rocked against me as I screwed my hand as deep as it could go. Then she threw her head back, and laughed again, louder and more certain, trying her back to swivel her body down into my intrusion.

"Sex? Nah, this isn't sex!" She chuckled. "It'd have to... It'd have to be both of us, to be sex. It'd have to..."

I gasped, and almost leapt in the seat, as I felt her hand move, low. She dropped it under the coat, and I felt her fingers splay over my stomach, then start to descend, passing through my hairs gently. She didn't touch. Not yet. But she was right there, waiting, and my body was trying to thrust up on its own, looking for the sensation. I looked up at her, the need had to be all over my face, from the way she was smiling down at me like a begging, needy animal.

"...Do you wanna? Emma?"

I needed it. I needed it so bad. But I didn't just want the touch. I wanted what it meant.

"...Say it back."

Her smile grew.

"Do you wanna have sex, Emma?"

"Yes."

Two fingers swung under my mound, and with a twist nestled past my lips, right up to where I opened. Then with a twist, they sunk deep inside. And I exploded. My whole body shook back and forth, starting there and rocketing to every extremity; it was all I could do not to fling her off me, and my hands twisted harder trying to contain the sensation. But that only stimulated her more, and got her pressing harder into me, which started the whole cycle over again. I was kicking my legs, twisting my shoulders, doing anything I could to move without giving up my purchase in her deepest parts. I even tried slipping in a second finger, but she was so tight I couldn't figure out how to fit it, but just the trying worked wonders, from the squealing whinnies she was making.

It was clumsy, and weird, and I was probably screwing it all up, but none of that was on my mind beneath her. We writhed together on the sofa, our secret hidden beneath the old coat laid atop us, trying our best to make love.

"Emma," she panted, lowering her head to meet me. She used her nose to push mine up and give herself a way in, and stuck her lips against mine. All out of order, and almost lost in the frenzy, we had our first kiss. I tried to open my mouth for her, but I flinched as our front teeth clacked together. She pulled away, half-muttering an apology, but I went after her, and caught her lower lip between mine. She returned to me, sticking out her tongue and running it along my

lips before mine found hers, and they tangled together. It was hard to keep my mouth moving while my hands pleased her below, but I tried my best to keep moving, keep finding new ways to twist my parts to fit against hers. The feeling was overwhelming, like a twin pair of pressure clouds, one behind my eyes as my brain processed the sensation of her tongue playing on the roof of my mouth, and down below, my pussy gushing in admiration of the fingers pulling apart and drilling around, testing how far I could be molded for her. It was bliss, it was heaven, all I wanted was to melt in that moment and stay there forever with her. But I was just naive. I didn't know it could get better.

It was like the bubbles of pressure, of pleasure, started to drift closer together, then link. They knotted together somewhere in my abdomen, and the touch got them going more, and more, as heat and electricity built up. My mouth went loose, and I couldn't keep kissing. I was losing my grip. My hands went numb, and my butt started to twitch and shimmy in place, begging me to find a way to get her deeper, get more of her before it was too late. She pulled away from me, looking at my face with this rapturous expression for just a moment.

A third finger came inside me. I screamed. It was a holler, deep and rough, and my kicking got frantic. It was so much, tightness that felt like pain but made my head sing for more as she found just the right rhythm to twist, and squelch, and pump me. She never broke eye contact, going harder and faster as I got louder, and more desperate.

"There you go Em, that's it," she encouraged me, egging on my breaking. "You're so close, Em, you're gonna come. Come for me, okay? Let it all out~"

Her praise wrapped around me like an embrace, a final squeeze that was ready to push it all out of me. I couldn't hang on any longer. I threw my head back into the partition, knocking it over as a final tangled screaming flowed out of me; and out flowed all the pressure with it. My vision blacked out, and I couldn't see her, or the ceiling above us. I think I kicked the table in my flailing. All I could feel was the throbbing heat in my body and my head, massaging every nerve in me as indescribable pleasure flooded my brain. My scream descended into a blubbing moan, all my limbs shuddering and wobbling in place, savoring the sweet release. I could feel the wetness between my thighs, bubbling down onto the sofa and pooling under me. I'd made such a mess, but god, right then I didn't care at all. After what must have been several minutes, I felt like I could breathe again, and I chanced a look back up at her, still staring with those enraptured blue grey eyes. She'd never looked away.

"You okay?" she whispered.

A little throb at the back of my head and a bigger one in my toes told me I might have bruised myself. But like that even mattered then. "I'm... I'm great!"

She laughed, pulling me up by my shoulders and wrapping me in a hug, running her hands down my back as I slipped out of her and returned the gesture. After a minute, she began trying to dismount – a tricky proposition with her legs still wobbling, and I helped her off of me onto the sofa at my side. The coat was still big enough for us both like this, and we nestled into place, pressing our sides into the furniture's back so we could look straight at each other. The whole room seemed to shine now, the rain-slicked golden lights of Lumiose bathing the office in afterglow. We didn't say much after that, just letting the rain speak for us. But at one point, she

reached out, and tracing a finger up my cheek before letting it get lost in my hair.

"Hey," she whispered.

"Hey?" I whispered back, tittering at her conspiratorial tone.

"I forgot to tell you before, when we got interrupted," she told me. "I thought of a better way to help you with the Bureau."

My mouth tightened up a bit. "I already said, I don't want any handouts—mmph?" She brought her finger over my mouth, and buttoned it shut.

"I know," she said. "What I mean is... I'm gonna stay here, and run it. With you."

Tingles ran up my arms, and the back of my neck. Did she really mean what I thought she did? Could we really be "...Together?"

"Yeah," she said, her eyes beginning to droop. She burrowed her head a little harder into the sofa cushion. "Together. Wanna be partners?"

I could have thought about the conditions, the burden it would place on her, or any of a hundred anxieties that were trying to bubble up on whether this could work. But I was faster than them all. "If you do... can we have sex every day?"

She snickered, giving me a suspicious look. "Perv! Will you still say that when I'm old? Someday I'm gonna be all gross and wrinkly, y'know..."

"Then we'll have old, wrinkly sex."

She chuckled again, but her eyes were closed as her smile settled into something gentle, teetering on the edge of waking. "Yeah... definitely a perv... wrinkly sex it is then... partn..."

Then, she was snoring. Fast asleep. I looked at the clock, and saw it was just past 2:00 in the morning. This crazy, secret night of ours had come to an end.

It's about 3:30, now, Diary. I'm writing this to you from my desk. She still hasn't moved, fast asleep under the coat as I jot all this down before the memories start to smudge. I'm still thinking about what she said. We could be partners, running the Bureau together. And, well, all that that entails. Maybe she was just saying things half-asleep. My stomach's full of Vivillon now, wondering if she's going to change her mind in the daylight, if she promised too much. But whatever tomorrow brings, I want to remember this night forever. Every detail.

End Looker's Log.

Dear Diary,

Can I tell you a secret?

I think I'm in love.

The clock read half-past 10:00, and the pale moonlight was the only welcome guest in the corner guest room of Ferris Chateau, silence undisturbed.

Except, that is, for the quiet squish of fingers, nestled deep inside a twitching cunt.

Emma pressed her head against the wall, raising her hips off the bed as she stroked deep within herself, three fingers eagerly vying for the position to scrape that most sensitive place. Above her head, her free hand kept her journal open, hard to make out in this darkness. But that was no trouble to the Looker, flexing her thighs as she came ever-closer to her breaking point. As soon as she cracked the pages, the memories – and the sensations – had come flooding back.

“Man,” she whispered to no one, palm patting against her clit for added texture. “I can’t believe I was so *filthy* back then... Rrgh!” She couldn’t hold it any longer; her legs lost purchase on the sheets, and flung up into the air as orgasm rocked her. The journal slipped out of her hand and fell onto her face as she rolled side-to-side, kicking and twitching, desperately keeping her mouth shut so no sounds could get into the hall, where someone might hear.

She was supposed to be packing for the trip. But all alone, with the conversations of the past dominating the last few days... she’d needed release.

Soon enough, the tremors died, and she sucked in a fresh breath – and clarity of mind with it. Idly, she whispered, “Did I ever end up washing that coat?...” before reaching to the nightstand and grabbing a couple tissues to clean herself. She rubbed away the wetness, then picked the journal back up, still open to the final page of that fateful entry, the night everything changed for her. She traced her fingers along that final, awkward, teenage confession on the last line, and smiled. She could still hear the rain pattering against her window, and the way her world had looked wrapped in gold.

“Come home soon, S. Because when you... I am gonna rock your world.”