

(Warning: This story contains female muscle, female muscle growth, muscle worship, and graphic sexual content)

Jessie liked to consider herself a true and proper member of Team Rocket. She had endured countless trials and tribulations in the name of their organisation, all to live up to her mother's legacy. She served Team Rocket because it was her calling. After all, her family had always been dutiful members of their organisation.

Though Mister Giovanni was... not exactly happy with the results of her team. She squirmed in her seat as she got the mother of all dress-downs. Even through a TV screen, Giovanni looked very intimidating. The way he sat so confidently, scratching the head of his Persian. He was looking at a paper with a very intense glare.

"A regular team cell usually delivers a monthly quota of ten stolen Pokemons per month. And this year your team has delivered a total of mmm," He made a mock sound of surprise. *"Zero!"* He lowered the paper and gave her a cruel smile. *"My, that's a bit on the low ball"*

"Mister Giovanni, I-"

"Give me one good reason I shouldn't dismantle your cell and fire you. You can't even capture a single Pikachu!"

Her fears rose. She couldn't let that be the end of her career! "I can still be useful to Team Rocket! I'll do anything! Anything you require, I promise I can do it!"

"Your previous history calls that into doubt," He rumbled before running a hand over his chin. *"But... you are expendable enough for another project I have going."*

The word 'expendable' hit her like an arrow to the chest, but she was determined to prove her worth. "I'll do it, I promise I won't fail you."

She would not be the first member of her family to be thrown out of Team Rocket; she couldn't fail her mother's legacy like that. She knew she had failed many times before, that a mere child always got the better of her. But Jessie was determined to prove herself worthy of her uniform.

One way or another, Jessie swore she'd be the woman Team Rocket demanded of her.

It wasn't until she was transferred to one of their secret facilities that Jessie finally understood what she'd signed up for. Had she actually known, she wouldn't have been so cavalier about it.

The facility was one of the training grounds where they modified and experimented with Pokémon through Evolution Stones, as well as the crystals that unleashed the potential to learn new skills. She didn't understand why a place like this would need her... but she sourly remembered they didn't, she was 'expendable'. What they needed was a test subject. With her luck, it'd be testing how much voltage a regular human could take from an electric type (a lot, in her own painful experience)

Turns out it was *far* different. The current project did not involve Pokémon, not directly... it was geared for *humans*.

Giovanni had sent her to be their living test subject.

Jessie nervously sat on a stool as she watched a pink-haired woman in lab robes, donning a bob-cut, retrieve a substance into a syringe. "Pokérus is such a fascinating thing," She said, flicking the needle's tip. "A mutagenic that can boost a Pokémon's endurance and strength to even greater levels. Of course, given it only affects one in twenty-two thousand Pokemons, people have not been able to seize its potential." She smiled very proudly at the contents of the needle. "The samples we got have been prepared with... a different purpose in mind. We're not just looking to boost our Pokémon, oh no, we have more goals in mind."

She smiled at her in a way that was rather unfitting of that face.

"Team Rocket is very curious to see if we can bring out that same potential in a human, by modifying the virus to work with human cells instead of a Pokémon's"

"I... see," Jessie muttered. She supposed it wasn't the most 'mad-sciency' thing she's witnessed in her life.

"Mister Giovanni made it clear you're to go through these tests." The woman approached her with the syringe in hand. "Hope you're not getting cold feet. If we succeed... you'll become something *amazing*."

"And if you fail?" She muttered as the pink-haired woman rubbed some cotton with alcohol on her arm.

“Best not to dwell on that, shall we?” Jessie winced as the needle went through. “Oh, don’t be such a baby.”

“I thought Nurse Joys had great bedside manners...”

“Oh, because we’re all a monolith in the Joy clan, aren’t we?” The woman dispassionately said, taking out the needle and cleaning her arm again. “I don’t share the same ‘noble’ aspirations as my cousins. I’m here to make a profit and advance my research. Team Rocket offered me both.” She gave her a dry look, “Also, I’m a doctor.”

“Guess we’ll be working together,” Jessie groaned as she rubbed her arm. “Doctor Joy.”

“Call me Simone.”

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Jessie didn’t exactly know what to expect from being infected by the Pokéirus virus. She’d heard it could make Pokémon stronger, but jumping species like the research team wanted? Part of her thought this would all end with her foaming at the mouth, lifelessly in the bathroom.

She could not have been more wrong. Jessie felt better than ever in her life. She was already an active and fit young woman, but ever since she was injected with Pokéirus, she felt like she had the energy to run multiple marathons.

They had her run multiple tests, running on a treadmill until she reached her limit. Lift as much as her arms could take. Jessie had sweated buckets for them, pushing this newfound stamina as far as she could take it, giving a 110% in hopes of proving her worth to Team Rocket. Show she was more than an expendable asset... and most of all, prove to herself she was meant to be here, like her mother.

Day after day, the whole process continued. Doctor Joy and her nurses kept increasing her training regimen at an accelerated pace, adding more minutes on the treadmill to gauge her stamina, putting more weight on the dumbbells and bars, made her run through increasingly more difficult obstacle courses to test her reflexes and agility.

And every day, Jessie noticed how she had been getting better at it all. She was getting stronger and faster.

The Pokéirus virus was *working*, Jessie realised with elation. She was more than a successful guinea pig; she heard their words of astonishment as she kept clearing her previous records each time. Doctor Joy even said she already possessed higher statistics than the average Team Rocket member's fitness test.

Jessie heaved an explosive sigh as she returned to her room. "Woof! They really pushed me today." She had to admit some of those training tests were *challenging*. Today alone, they had her bench 90 pounds for 15 reps. She was already at an advanced fitness level, progressing faster than what should be humanly possible.

And Jessie enjoyed it. She liked training, she had to admit. She had all this energy to burn, and it felt very good to push her body like that.

Jessie tugged at the collar of her pink jumpsuit, trying to fan herself. She was drenched in sweat from today's workout. She haphazardly kicked off her shoes, pulled down her pants and unzipped the jacket, letting them all fall where they may. She'd have a nurse take them to the washing room later.

Her room was practical; this was a research centre after all, so the design was meant to be just comfortable enough. A bed, a bathroom, a TV, and a fridge. Lacking in any decorations and leaving it bare, with only beige-colored walls to 'brighten up' the place. Though one amenity she did have was a full-length mirror.

It suited her just fine, for it really let Jessie take in one of the byproducts of this project. She grinned, flicking her hair as she walked an enticing strut toward her reflection. "Hey girl," She purred. "You're looking *fine*"

She was getting *ripped*. Standing in only her workout bra and shorts, Jessie checked every visible inch of her. From the toned calves and burgeoning quadriceps, to the notable biceps and striated definition of her deltoids. Jessie raised an arm, flexing it to admire the small mound of muscle that rose. The shifting of her muscles caused her right pectoral to strain, lifting one breast slightly above the other. Were those getting bigger, too?

Oh, and how could she forget about those delicious-looking abs? By far her most defined feature. Six bags of solid muscle, carved with fine lines that separated each group. She had never really thought much about muscles before, but Jessie had to admit she felt *sexy* in this body.

“Mmm,” She hummed in pleasure as she ran her hands over her core, exploring the sensation of her fingers running over those bumps. “I wonder... how much bigger I’m going to get?”

Jessie kept massaging her abs, one hand slowly trailed downward as she pressed it against the muscles of her waist and the developing v-line. She could already picture it; Her body expanding on all sides, becoming stronger, *bigger*. The prime specimen of Team Rocket’s top agent. No longer a joke, but the one they all looked up to.

Jessie panted, barely realising she was rubbing her clit over her tight shorts. She kept moving her fingers up and down swiftly, playing with herself over the fabric.

“Yes...” She muttered, trembling as she drove herself to the edge. “Gotta get bigger... get... *stronger!*” Jessie let out a shuddering moan as she finished herself off.