

(**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, then took out the needle and cleaned 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.

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Jessie could not stop working out. She felt this enormous pool of energy deepen within her with each passing day, leading her to train her muscles more and more in hopes of quelling it.

She *loved* to feel the burn. Loved to feel her muscles growing stronger as a result. She went as far as to take some of the weights and bars to her room so she could keep training even in her off hours.

Jessie even brought in a full bench bar. Which she was currently using, doing multiple reps without oversight. Though not unobserved, as a rather meek and shy young man stared at her. He gulped nervously at the sight of the strong woman going about her training. “Um, M-Miss Jessie?”

“I’m ugh,” She grunted mid-rep, enjoying the way her biceps pumped and her forearms tightened. “Busy here.”

“Y-Yeah, Doctor Simone said you shouldn’t train outside, eh, testing hours. W-We can’t measure your progress properly, o-otherwise.”

“Tough luck,” She muttered roughly. “Should be grateful I’m putting all this effort. I’m giving her money’s worth for this project.”

“Y-Yes, but we won’t-“

“Listen!” She growled, finishing her last rep and racking the bar in place. Jessie huffed as she sat up on the bench, grabbing a towel on the floor to dry herself off. “You can either waste your time and *mine*, or you can help take my measurements. At least you get your precious data that way.”

He fumbled with the measuring tape she threw his way. He was a cute guy, with that brown hair cascading over his shoulders, most likely a couple of years younger than her, and still had that look of inexperience to him.

The type Jessie could love to remedy, a part of her thought devilishly.

She enjoyed the way he gulped as he bent over to measure her bicep, hands lingering longer than they should. Not that she complained, she very much enjoyed the attention.

“F-Fourteen inches.” He muttered.

“Two more than yesterday.” She grinned, teasingly shaking a leg. “Thigh,” He all but dove to the floor as he wrapped the tape around her quad.

“Twenty-four inches...” He breathed in awe.

“Good,” Jessie licked her lip. “See, you did your job, and I got what I wanted. You’re a good boy... um,”

“J-Jay, ma’am.”

“Good boy, Jay.” She threw him her towel. “Help me with my back, would you?”

The young man did so, and Jessie could spot a certain level of volume... in the front of his pants. He tried to towel her back as best as his stiff movements would allow, trying to keep himself from facing Jessie directly.

Jessie brought her hands together, tensing her arms and chest as she flexed. "Mmm, how does my pump look?"

"V...Veiny?" His voice came out dry.

Jessie chuckled, "I suppose that's one word for it." She kept pouring more strength into her flex, making the muscles bulge large and her veins throb. "Every day I can feel myself getting stronger, feel how these muscles *beg* me to grow. Every inch of me getting bigger and bigger...!"

Her workout top was stretched to its limit. A few faint rips were heard.

"Rng! Just feel I could *burst!*"

And so she did. Or at least, her top.

Her sizeable breasts pushed forward, the hard expanse of her back stretched the fabric. It could only do so much until it finally snapped, setting her bosom and thorax muscles free.

Jessie looked down at herself with a grin. "Oh dear," She turned to face him, enjoying his red expression. "Hope I didn't make you uncomfortable." She looked down and grinned even more at the sight of his stiff erection under his pants.

Pointing right at her, inches away from her face.

Throbbing, desperate to be released. Aroused into complete hardness... because of *her*.

"I-I'm so sorry, ma'am, you're so beautiful I just couldn't help it!"

"...Funny," Jessie huskily said. "I can't help what I want to do now."

She grabbed the front of his pants and *tore* them away. The erection bobbed free, its shaft swollen, and the skin on its head almost pulled back. Jessie licked her lips as the musky scene reached her nose.

She pushed his waist from behind and took him into her mouth.

Her eyes rolled back, part of her couldn't believe she was doing this. To act so boldly and brazenly and lewdly. Jessie was driven by an insatiable hunger that pushed her to act on her impulses. Every want, every need, had to be satiated quickly and with great vigor.

And right now, what she wanted was to suck this guy off.

Her head bobbed back and forth over his shaft, trailing her lips over its surface as her mouth licked the underside. She heard him moan and felt him shudder, throbbing exquisitely inside her mouth as exclamations like 'Ohhh!', 'G-God!' and even guttural sounds like 'Hrgn!' escaped him.

Then, he twitched and his load emptied inside his mouth. The salty flavor of the thick substance coated her tongue, and Jessie was briefly aware that this was the first time she had ever tasted it like this. She pulled away, making eye contact with the young man. "I-I'm so sorry, you're... you're so incredible, and that was so *good*. I-I couldn't control myself..."

Jessie swallowed and let out a small sigh, enjoying the way it washed down her throat. "More..."

Jay panted heavily, overcome by the experience. "I-I don't know if I have it in me..."

Not the words Jessie wanted to hear, she pushed him away, making him stumble as his pants fully fell to his feet. "I said..." Jessie growled as she stood up. Her body tensed and flexed on its own as she stepped toward the man. "I want *more*."

More pleasure, more worship. More adoration for her muscular frame. She would not settle for his mere stamina to be spent; that was no excuse.

Jessie huffed, feeling a buzzing in her ears as the blood rushed at high speed all over her body. The way her veins throbbed was beyond the pump she got from her exercise. Her muscles... they were burning as though she was still lifting that bar, tensing and rippling on their own accord.

“Mn-hng!” She grunted, clenching her fists tightly as the muscles swelled visibly. Rising inch by inch and filling her frame with thicker layers of fibrous flesh. The young assistant watched with wide eyes as she grew a couple of inches in height right before his eyes.

“To... tight!” Jessie ripped the shorts off her, feeling how they were cuffing her. And kicked off her shoes. She stood fully naked in front of the smaller man, who could only watch in awe.

“You... the Pokérus, it’s evolving you far more than anticipated. I-I have to tell Doctor Simone-“

“Later,” Jessie hissed huskily as she cornered him, pressing her palms on the wall next to his head. “I still got my itch...”

“I’m-“

“Don’t you like my muscles?” She muttered gutturally. “Don’t you like how big and hard they are?” Her tone grew upset, rageful. Her gaze hardened, “Do not lie to me, I made you go rock hard in an instant, you couldn’t wait to... s-shoot your load into my mouth!” The frustration that her needs had yet to be satisfied right this instant was driving her insane; the buzzing in her ears increased. It felt like her veins were flowing with magma. Little by little, her muscles kept pumping.

“Urk!” She tightened her fist and slammed it with such force that it cracked the wall.

Jay’s erection surged with renewed vigor, touching against Jessie’s row of abs.

The pink-haired woman slowly calmed down, grinning as she felt his enthusiasm. “Now we’re talking.”

She descended for a kiss, slow and sensual as she pressed her muscular body against his. Jessie slowly ground her abs against his cock, enjoying the way it bumped against the muscles. “Oh gods...” He breathed. “Please, please more...”

He was begging. Good.

Jessie tore the clothes off him in one fell swoop. And easily lifted him like he was a toy. "I'm getting so damn strong," She licked her lips and threw him over to her bed, where she climbed on top of him.

They both moaned as she swiftly buried his flagpole into her depths, and wasted no time in bouncing up and down the shaft.

"Let's hope you can keep up this time!" Her hips moved and down like a jackhammer, melting both their worlds away into pure pleasure.

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The eggheads were completely stumped at her level of progress. It was fair to say Jessie was experiencing more than the enhancements the project expected from the Pokéirus virus. They said the multiplication of her cells and regeneration of her tissue was off the charts. Her body was actively adapting every time it went through physical stress.

Adaptation, proper evolution to suit her current environment.

Among the faces of those shocked by the turn the project had taken, Jessie saw very clearly the fascination in Doctor Simone's face. She had hit her breakthrough after all, her project had reached new grounds she hadn't considered possible. After so many failed attempts, she said, Jessie was her most successful project.

Successful... Jessie had not heard that word used to refer to herself in so long. And now she felt it lacked the true strength to truly capture what she was turning into.

The tests were more than mere workouts. They included a new regimen to push her body even further. The weights were raised to levels that only professional deadlifters could raise; her laps around the pool and the track circle were *quadrupled*.

Then, they started adding Pokémon.

Jessie knew only the insane or the incredibly well-armed would attempt to fight a Pokémon. And it just so happened her arms were mighty indeed.

The metallic table dented from the force of her grip, bicep bulging spectacularly with a river of veins as her arm was locked in a struggle against a Machop... who needed to use all four of his arms to even restrain her. She grinned widely as she forced the Pokémon into submission with a resounding bang on the table.

Jessie grunted as she pulled a rope with all her strength, gritting her teeth and making both arms and legs bulge and ripple. On the other end, a Taurus was dragging its hooves, carving a trench in the ground as she slowly pulled and pulled.

She huffed as she took slow, heavy steps, dragging behind her the combined weight of multiple Spiritombs.

The Liepard was perhaps her greatest challenge, even though she had trouble competing with its speed. But Jessie's powerful legs pulled through in the end, beating the feline Pokémon in their race.

Jessie grunted and roared victoriously as she lifted an enormous (and still blissfully asleep) Snorlax over her head, laughing in absolute joy at the level of strength she possessed in this newly empowered body of hers.

She felt like the epitome of Team Rocket, no, more than that. She felt like the new wave of this organization, the zenith that others would try to reach.

"Magnificent," Simone Joy muttered as she measured her progress.

Jessie grinned, flexing her arm even more, making the 18-inch bicep rip through the measuring tape. The doctor let out a small gasp, an aroused smile plastered on her lips.

"Mmm, yes." Jessie agreed. "And I'm not done yet. Isn't that right, doctor?"

The Joy purred. "Far from it".

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It's funny how fast things can change. When Jessie arrived at their facilities, she was to be treated as another test subject. Mister Giovanni said that was the extent of her usefulness after all.

But she was dedicated, that much Simone could see. She knew real drive when she saw it. Growing up as yet another copy of the Joy family, Simone knew something about wanting to stand out. And by the gods, no one could take their eyes off Jessie these days.

The woman who had arrived as their test subject rose to the ranks of stardom. No longer a lab rat, Jessie was a celebrity. An icon. She had many among the staff eating off the palm of her hand. And it was hard not to see why; Her body had quickly become a work of art. She started as a pretty, lovely woman, curvy and in shape, the prime physical specimen for her tests.

Then Simone watched as Jessie slowly sculpted herself into a figure of shapely muscle and sharp definition. And she'd only been growing larger with the passing of days as they kept challenging her body to increasingly higher levels. Muscles befitting of an Olympic athlete, someone who would regularly go to the gym. Simone watched with glee as her years of work were finally bearing fruit in the form of Jessie's expansion.

The strength of the Pokéirus unleashing a human's potential and expanding their limits. That had been her goal all this time.

And now to see the virus indulge an even greater metamorphosis, an *evolution*, in Jessie...

The feeling of success was arousing, almost as much as touching and measuring Jessie's muscles.

She did not blame her crew for falling for her charms. Jessie's confidence had been boosted, to say the least. A side effect of the virus, along with episodes of heightened aggression and frenzied sexual arousal that triggered a rapid cell duplication and tissue expansion. When she heard how Jessie had ridden Jay for hours, she wanted to know how long her stamina had lasted. How much her muscles had grown.

Jessie was her triumph, her muse. Simone would look at her progress during the day, observe how her magnificent strength developed by leaps and bounds, and furiously masturbate when reviewing the footage of her training.

Jessie was to be accommodated with anything she desired. Nothing less would fit her dear success story. She had indulged herself in the show of Jessie, lying down naked on a large massage table as one of the physical therapists had the privilege of working on her large, knotted muscles.

It was very amusing to see the young woman, professional that she was, take breaks to masturbate from sheer arousal properly. Much to Jessie's enjoyment. And her own as well.