

Gym Leader Bulk Up: Improving Cerulean

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Story ideas and themes voted on by the lovely Patrons of Firingwall

“WHAT?!” The yell echoed. If anyone else were around besides the two individuals at the poolside, the shout would’ve almost been heard from every corner of the building. “You can’t do this! Do you know how long I’ve been running this gym?!”

“I’m sorry, but I cannot allow this to continue,” the other person replied, their brow furrowing. “You are doing an incredible disservice as a representative of the Kanto Pokémon League Association.”

“How... how is this possible?!” Misty gripped her head, acting like it was on the verge of exploding. Though, at that point, all of her might just explode.

The morning had started well. The gym leader had arrived early, like she always did, before everyone else. She was doing her usual rounds, checking on all of the Water Pokémon in their tanks and aquarium. Everything was looking fine when an unexpected visitor showed up.

It was Nurse Joy but not the city’s usual nurse. It was an official from the Kanto League itself dressed in a finely pressed suit. As Misty thought about the surrealism of seeing a Joy not wearing a nurse uniform, the lady introduced herself and said she was there to do a surprise inspection and audit of the gym.

Misty was taken aback by the news but did not fight it. She allowed the “Nurse” Joy in while she finished preparing the gym for the day. Just when she wrapped up her morning tasks, Joy returned to her an hour later to deliver the news.

“You’ve only been here for a little bit!” Misty incredulously said before Joy could answer, “How can you shut us down?! The gym and Pokémon here have been well taken care of! I’ve heard no complaints or such that-”

Joy sighed, shaking her head. “Running a Pokémon Gym is not just about maintaining its state and Pokémon. It is also about providing the right level of challenge for people and not sullening its image.”

She pulled out a PDA and started going through it. “I have seen the records provided by the League and have checked them against yours in the office here. It all confirms a major issue: visiting trainers have been having too easy of a time here.”

“Excuse me?”

Joy glanced up from her device. “The gym trainers provided as warmups, the Pokémon you raise, and your own records all say the same thing. You are providing too easy of a challenge. Too many people are receiving badges.” Her eyes narrowed. “Perhaps you all have been too lax with training.”

“I have not,” Misty huffed. That was some nonsense. She had been doing her best with running the Cerulean City Gym for well over a decade now. It wasn't an easy job for sure, especially with balancing all of her duties and hosting water shows to raise funds.

Plus, when it came to difficulty, she had to constantly walk a narrow tightrope. She was considered the second gym in the Kanto region. She couldn't be too challenging or too weak either for new trainers coming through.

“Why does the league even care about this sort of thing?” Misty asked, rubbing her forehead. “They never had before.”

“There's been a change in management. It's a long story, but now, every leader is getting audited and having their records checked.” Misty never heard about this. Usually, if there was a shakeup or change with the league, she would've gotten a call or at least an email. The “great” new leadership certainly wasn't impressing her so far.

“Well, if there's a change in management who wants me to “up” my game, perhaps they'll be willing to allow me to use Water mons that aren't limited to the Kanto region? It could allow me to offer unique scenarios for challengers.” Misty frowned. “Kanto is far behind every other region when it comes to this. We need to get with the times.”

“No, that won't be happening.” Joy shook her head. “Besides, we know you do not use Tentacool or Tentacruel in your roster here. You could try adding them.”

Misty shivered. *Uuuuugh, those are so gross and creepy.* “They're... too troublesome to raise and use from experience.”

Joy sighed. “This attitude is another reason why things have to change. Cerulean Gym is going to need to shut down and be revamped *without* you. We need to have the gym reach the new standards and guidelines the league has adopted.”

“Come on!” Misty snapped. Her anger was boiling over. “This crap isn't remotely fair! No one has talked to me before about these new guidelines, standards, or whatever! If there was a problem before, you could've reached out and not just show up now to threaten me with this!”

The gym leader took a deep breath and released it. She knew she was about to go over the edge, and that wasn't going to help. She needed to pull back real quick.

“Look,” she said, taking another deep breath, “Is there anything I can do to fix this? I love my job, and I'm willing to do whatever I need to do to keep things going. Just... just tell me. Tell me what I need to do now to fix things.”

For the first time, Joy smiled. “Well, that is the kind of spirit and enthusiasm I want to see. Despite everything, I would prefer not to remove you if it can be helped.

“You see, there have been some new methods and ideas coming out at the Global Pokémon League Association. They've been developing new ways to help gym leaders and cities in all of the regions to turn around struggling gyms. The new leadership here in Kanto has been hoping to implement one of the ideas.”

Misty's eyes lit up, hope rising. “Oh, what is it? Is it a new training regimen? Some kind of new advertising? Team building exercises? Whatever it is, I'm sure I can do it!”

“Well, I have it right here!” Joy set the briefcase she was carrying on a bench nearby and opened it. She pulled out a large, clear plastic bag.

The gym leader took one look and confusion set in. Sealed within the bag was a pair of swim trunks. They were just ordinary, blue swim trunks with the League logo on one of the legs.

“What are those?” Misty asked, even though they were exactly what they looked like.

“These are official Kanto Pokemon League swim shorts,” Joy said matter-of-factly, “Wearing these will make you a more productive, proper member of the league.”

Misty looked at her, at the bag, and then back at her. “How will... what?”

Joy continued to smile. “Well, it's more of a start. Wearing these will improve your visage and outlook. Kanto Gym Leaders have always been able to wear whatever clothes they wanted to on the clock. We feel that if you all wore something that was designed and created by the League, it would make you feel more connected and official with the organization.”

Not sure how that'll help or work exactly. To Misty, it seemed like Joy was putting a lot of stock in the fact that wearing some cheap shorts would suddenly change things. After all, how could wearing those improve the challenge she provided at the gym or make her look more “official” or whatever exactly the League wanted?

Still, perhaps it was the start of something bigger, or was there something symbolic in it? She could wear them and look like a team player for whatever the new owners were thinking and wanted. There had to be more to all of this nonsense, but for now, she could go with it.

“Alright, I'll wear them.” Misty took the bag from her. “Is there... anything else?”

“No.” Joy shook her head. “Wearing the shorts will be enough. Feel free to put on anything else you feel will represent the League that'll match.”

“Sure.” After all that talk, it was weird. The League wanted her to wear their shorts but did not provide anything else beyond that? Her friend and fellow gym leader, Nessa, over in Galar, had a full swimsuit set that was given to her. Was Misty missing something here?

Still, she didn't want to push any buttons or to try her luck. Misty just nodded and headed for the locker room to get changed.

“Well, they fit at least.” Misty tightened the cords on her swim trunks. “Fit somewhat.”

The red-headed gym leader examined herself in the full-length mirror of the locker room. The blue shorts didn't look too bad, especially with the pleasant yellow trimming they had for the waistband. They were a little bit big, but they felt comfortable.

Though, she was a bit apprehensive higher up. The top she went with didn't really match well with her shorts in her mind. It was a white t-shirt with a Pokéball logo in the center. She would've loved to pick something else, but her options were limited to whatever was in her gym locker, so she was stuck with it for now.

Not great... Misty sighed. Still, it'll work for now. She scratched her face. Joy has to have something else. If they want us to wear uniforms, they have to have something official for a swimsuit or shirt. Something...

She looked back at her shorts, gently tugging them up. She then looked at herself, looking over everything. *Don't get it. I don't get it. How are these supposed to make a difference?*

I'm still me. Misty frowned. Same-as-always me. ...Arceus, I'm nearly thirty, and I still look the same when I started doing this. It was a bit of an over exaggeration on her part, but all things considered, she did still look and feel like she was nineteen. She did not mature into a “beauty” as Erika or Sabrina have. She still had the Tomboy Mermaid look as always.

Maybe if I ditch the ponytail? Misty glanced at her scruffy ponytail, the one she always had for the past... twenty years or more, even before she became a gym leader? It certainly made her look younger than she was.

Though, even if I do... Her eyes fell slowly, falling onto her chest. It barely pressed against her shirt. *I'm still scrawny... scrawny and-*

She snorted and shook her head. *Whatever, being stupid here. Better just go see Joy and see if this satisfies her.* She frowned. *Probably has some other hoop to jump through as well.*

With a sigh, Misty turned away.

Or she tried to. Her eyes glanced back at the mirror one more time as she left. She immediately stopped. *Scrawny.* She began to turn. *Tomboy Mermaid scrawny.* She stood in front of the mirror once more. *Will I always be this scrawny? Scrawny young, scrawny old.*

Scrawny. Scrawny. Scrawny.

Misty bit her bottom lip, hands clenching tightly. *I'm not that scrawny. No, I'm not scrawny at all! Even if I don't have it in the curves, I'm perfectly fit and toned!*

The gym leader felt her arms and legs, slowly running her mitts over them and gently caressing them. She could feel the muscle in them, perfectly firm and strong. After all of the swimming she did over the years, of course she would be in great shape. It's something she should be proud of!

Though, looking up at her reflection, something irked her regardless. As fit and in shape as she was and could feel, she still looked small. Sure, she didn't need an overly muscled body like Chuck over in Johto had, but there was something here that got under her skin.

Maybe if she was buffer, she wouldn't feel so small. Misty huffed, shaking her head again and scowling. *This is so stupid! Uggggh, I can't just stop thinking about it! Scrawny, scrawny, scrawny!!*

She pouted, folding her arms and hunching over. *I'm not some small teenager anymore. I'm a grown adult and... and...*

A tremble went through her. With a heavy grunt and huff, she stood up straight again and held out an arm. Her hand clenched again, tighter than before. *I am... I am strong!*

Misty flexed. **Tha-thump.** Goosebumps ran up her back. *Wow... that felt good!*

Tha-thump, tha-thump, tha-thump! *Whooooa...* Her eyes fell back to her arm. She had just felt her arm a moment ago. She knew how big it was and what the size of her muscles were. However, flexing her arm, her limb told a different story.

Misty held her arm in place and carefully felt it, wanting to be sure her eyes weren't lying. There was a good amount of density in her bicep now. Maybe it wasn't all that noticeable unless she flexed?

Guess all that swimming... paid off. Misty gulped, shivering with delight. Vibrations ran up her arms and settled in her fingertips. Her fingernails instantly turned grayish white and hard. Nails stretched and pulled, moving to the tip of her fingers where they turned into stubby claws.

Misty never noticed a thing, keeping an eye on her improved arm as she relaxed it. Even without being flexed, her limb still looked fairly dense and powerful. *Gees, how the hell did I not even notice this? I'm a lot fitter than I thought.*

She frowned. *Pffft. Joy'd probably say I'm not fit to be a leader if I'm not even noticing the obvious about myself.*

Her gaze went over to her other arm, still "thin" as before. *Hmm...*

The gym leader lifted that arm up and gave it a flex as well. **THATHUMPTHATHUMP!** The goosebumps from before were replaced by pure quivers of delight. Her cheeks brightened to a lovely red, her breathing heavy as her eyes clenched shut.

When she opened them again, her arm was bigger and now matching the first. *There... there we go. I... I am bigger.*

Misty grinned and unconsciously let out a snort of pride. Her nose wobbled doing so, the tip of it turning light orange. The color spread over the nose's bridge and onto the nostrils before the whole sniffer broadened.

Heh, not so scrawny now, eh? Misty beamed with joy. *Look at these girls... heh, gonna have to work on maintaining these guns!* She couldn't help but giggle. That was a bit silly.

Though she did have to admit, maybe she could go to a non-Pokémon gym and do some other kind of regimen that wasn't swimming.

What about my legs? A thought popped into her head then, making her look down. They were thin as before, but after checking her arms, maybe there was more to them.

Hmm... maybe a little stretching would help? With a smile, she bent and leaned onto her right knee. She could feel her leg quiver, tensing up with the pressure put onto it. Her toes clenched, toenails growing and looking sharp.

“Mrmph.” She let out a grunt and huff, closing her eyes briefly before opening. Her leg looked better now with actual muscle visible in it. That tad of thickness in her calf and thigh just made her heart soar. *There we go. Better!*

She pivoted onto her left knee, bending and leaning harder onto it. Muscles tightened and growth followed, her limb matching its partner in a blink of the eye. However, her toes were all growing at once, toenails becoming claws as light orange scales sprouted upon them.

She never saw that detail, taking her time to enjoy her legs. She ran her hands over them, gently squeezing and stroking her calves. *Now that's what I'm talking about!* Her heart raced. *Fit and strong! Who says I'm scrawny now, eh?*

Misty stood up with a blissful smile, confidence feeling high. Her toes stretched a little, letting out small **pops** as they swelled. They pressed and mashed together, some merging with each other until there were only three pudgy digits per foot. Her feet swelled to match, scales crawling over them.

The gym leader cast her gaze back at the mirror. Her smile filled with pride, teeth shining. *Yep, I look great! Totally great! Better get back to Joy so she can check **me** out.*

Misty turned with a chuckle, preparing to leave once more. However, her body refused to fully go away from the mirror. Her eyes remained glued to the glass, their sights no longer on her arms or legs, but her body itself.

...don't really match well, huh?

While her arms and legs were definitely more in shape and toned, her actual torso felt too skinny. It looked so strange. Plus, the lack of defined muscle made it difficult for her to look at, dismay setting in. *Hmm... maybe...*

Misty nodded and took a deep breath. She rolled her shoulders, small pops quietly heard as her shoulders lifted and broadened. She raised her arms behind her head and stretched, pushing her chest out. Her torso quivered until-

Pop-pop-pop-pop. Her build widened all over, her somewhat narrow waist broadening. Her chest popped out more, making her breasts seem bigger and more pronounced. However, they also appeared wider and square, matching her shoulders' new length.

Still, that was fine. *Better!* Misty smiled, standing straight and relaxing. Her figure definitely matched with her arms and legs more.

Though, her eyes couldn't help but be drawn to her stomach. It didn't look toned like she was expecting. Heck, it seemed even worse than before.

Her tummy was protruding a little, almost like it was pudgy. Worries were starting to set in, and she reached down, pressing her hand against her tummy. It was bigger and softer, but yet had a sense of density and toughness in it.

Weird. She shrugged. *I guess it isn't too bad.* She squeezed her tummy again, taking in the oddly pleasant girth in it. *Still big.*

Big. Misty quivered. The word made her grin. *Heh, big. So big! I'm a lot bigger than ya think!* She looked at her reflection, a cockiness filling her. *Lookin' swolle too, bro!*

“Heheheheh, **swole.**” Misty cleared her throat. “Thinkin’ silly here. It's like I got muscles for brains **or sumthin'!**” She chuckled some more before coughing.

She struck her chest a few times with her fist, clearing her throat some more. She even cracked her neck and tense up her shoulders, though unconsciously. Her neck and trapezius muscles all thickened to broader proportions.

“**Heh, muscles for brains.**” Misty looked down at herself, still smiling away. “**Well, I got plenty of muscles now! Heh, so much muscle, so much gains!**”

*So much **muscle!*** She bit into her bottom lip, her heart racing. She slowly lifted both of her arms, clenching her hands into fists. She needed to see them again.

Misty flexed. Her entire body shook, eyes rolling back and closing. A low moan followed.

Her breathing erratic, she tried to focus and calm herself. It felt incredible to do that. Who knew flexing could be so invigorating?

When she opened her eyes and looked upon her biceps, her breath was almost taken away. Her arms were bulky, muscularly dense and defined. They bulged almost double the size before, almost tearing her short sleeves. Light orange scales were upon them too, having leaked from her beastly hands and up her arms.

“**Whooooooooa!**” Misty moaned, cheeks reddening. “**Like, whooooooooa.**” Her body vibrated, vision growing blurry. It looked almost as if she was staring into a carnival mirror with how stretched and wide her reflection was.

However, it was true. She had suddenly grown taller and broader. Her shape was positively masculine, no longer the scrawny tomboy she was moments before.

As her vision improved and the shakes died down, Misty could only stare at herself. “**What’s, like, happening ta me? I’m, so, not me.**” If not for her breasts and face, she would almost seem like a guy version of herself... one with peculiar scales sprouting all over.

What’s with the scales, brah? She looked at her arms and back at her reflection. *They’re all ovah my beefy arms and... and...* She bit her bottom lip, a heavy snort following. *All over my **big body.***

There was a pulse in her shorts around the crotch. *I’m looking so big.* The pulse turned into a bulge, one that lingered. *Like, totally **big.*** Misty gulped, thinking about everything she had been doing. *I’m so big after everything...*

*...could I **get even bigger?*** Misty moaned again, lower and deeper. The bulge in her shorts tented, fabric tightly highlighting its rod’s shape. A shiver ran down her spine.

Big feels goood.

The moment passed, but the tenting below remained. She gave it no mind, just staring at her own reflection more. Her clothing was tighter on her now, really showing off her evolving physique. She looked so strong from the front.

Curious, she turned around, still keeping her eyes on the mirror as she looked over her shoulder. Her physique was a bit small from behind it appeared. That would not do.

She lifted her arms and flexed them both. Her body quaked and growth struck again. She grew a few more inches, but her frame got a bigger boost, almost double her original size. She was sure as hell not the Tomboy Mermaid anymore!

I'm gettin' totally swolle every time I do that! Her eyes lit up. ***"Ooooooh yeah, look at how ripped and big I'm gettin'!"***

There was no fear, no worry, no concern, no shock. All there was now was curiosity and pride, a lot of pride.

Now dis is a bod I can love! Misty snickered. ***Stuck bein' a scrawny twig, like, suuucked! Didn't even know I wanted this til now! Heh, glad things are beddah now!***

She turned around, examining her front. Her shirt was digging into her body now, no longer fitting for a "lady" of her size. Hell, it didn't even cover all of her torso, showing her midriff and its new sandy scales. ***This ain't gonna work.***

The gym leader pulled and tugged on the top. It was almost too tight to squeeze out of, her arms especially challenging. However, with some struggle and a few tears, she managed to get it off. Underneath, she saw her new scale coating, the light, tannish orange of her sides and back to the sand-colored ones that made up her front, horizontal ridge lines that ran across it.

Her body was looking more inhuman by the seconds, but she didn't seem to notice that once her eyes hit her chest. Her breasts were looking off. They had definitely become bigger, but her bra wasn't fitting them quite right even beyond that.

She undid her bra and tossed it aside, looking at them some more. They were so wide and square-ish, while also oddly fat. She pushed her arms inward, trying to press her mounds together, but they didn't move right. It seemed more like they were large, bulgy pectorals.

The thought of that made her blush. ***Pecs, brah?*** She slowly reached up and pressed her hands onto them. She twitched, the tent in her shorts growing bigger. ***They feel so... so...***

There was a low gurgle and rumble from her stomach. Then all at once, it ballooned with almost the force of an airbag. A wide gut hung out, filling out her burly torso. Her pecs even swelled a bit more, almost wider than her head.

"Whoooooa, dude!" Misty gasped, slapping her face. ***"What's with all da flab? This ain't kewl, bro! It's, like, crampin' my style and messin' with my bod and... and..."***

The words were flowing out of her mouth like a broken pipe. She couldn't stop them. They were so alien and goofy, the lingo not remotely close to how she usually talked. Yet, they also felt right, almost natural on her tongue.

I sound like such a dudebro! Misty frowned, *like... a big dudebro with...* Her hands gripped her gut. Even with all the extra weight, it still wasn't that soft. It was strong, dense, and thick. *So big... big like me...*

Her shorts felt a touch damp, her eyes getting woozy. *It works for me.* She licked her chops. *I'm... like, not scrawny, ya know? I'm all big, buff, and bulgy.* Sweat began forming, fingers digging more into her tough flab. *It's perfect.*

She brushed her forehead, letting out a heavy huff. Her scales tingled and looking at them, there was red hair all over her arm. She looked to her head, locks falling out. Not completely hairless, but she was coming down to just a buzz cut.

Well, that mop didn't gel with all of dis beef anyway. She patted her stomach and smirked briefly before snapping out of her. *Da hell, dude? Ugh. My mind is all weird and stuff. I did like that hair, brah...*

Her head tilted. *Though, guess it doesn't really fit me anymore.* She scratched her face. *May... maybe a beard or some nice chest hair and...*

Misty huffed, shaking her head. She needed to get a hold of her mind a bit better. It wasn't like she could with her body. It was turning into more of a beast by the second. Scales were just about everywhere. Her limbs were thickening, nearly double or even triple the size of how they once looked.

So hawt... Misty snorted, her nose looking wider and bulging at its tip. She couldn't help how she felt. She knew she shouldn't feel that way, but the sight of her bulgy body teeming with such a godly amount of muscles made her heart soar. How could she not feel some bit of pride?

Imagine how much work and time it'd take to look this good. She chuckled, feeling her arms. *Heh... it took forever, but now I'm ballin'!*

Misty grunted, their head throbbing as a spike poked out the top of it. Some thoughts were filling her mind. It was more than just a mere ego boost or feeling of acceptance. It was something else, something that made all of this nostalgic. It wasn't replacing anything but fitting alongside it.

The gym leader was gaining a new side to them. It was louder and cruder, but yet it was them. It didn't feel bad. It felt like they were gaining something that made them better, something that felt like the "real" them.

The real them was making them hornier. Their crotch throbbed in their shorts, which were looking smaller. The legs were shrinking back into the waistband as the material thinned.

However, looking down, Misty's eyes weren't on that. They were on their massive bulge. It had only gotten bigger, the stretchy fabric highlighting its heaving, massive shape. **Huge...**

Like me... Heavy pants came from them. **I got a dick... a huge dick!** They shook their head. **N-no... I got a massive love rod!**

Need to touch. Their hand shakily moved towards the massively tenting bump. **I... I shouldn't b-but...** The tip of a finger tapped the end of the bulge, dampness coming to it. They moaned, eyes going hazy. Then, they pressed down harder.

It throbbed and came free. A large, fat, sand-colored dick snapped out of their "shorts", shaking and pulsating. It was fully erect, approaching the thickness of a small energy drink can. Pre dripped from its end.

Freed, an intense, powerful scent wafted from their rod and straight into their nose. They greedily started snorting the musk up, making their nose swell even more, pushing out from their mug.

"Fuuuuuck yeah!" Misty grunted. They reached a four-fingered (when did that happen?) hand around their cock and gripped it tightly. They quivered before giving it a firm pump. That's what one did with a cock, right? It seemed like the right thing to do, like something they've done countless times before.

Cum dripped out, the scent from their crotch strengthening. Misty huffed and looked into the mirror, giving a smug smirk. **"Yeeeeeah... all feels good. Nothin' like checkin' out your gains and jerkin' off!"** He trembled. **"Gawd, I'm hawt!"**

Misty hunched forward, breathing getting heavier and harder. **"I'm... acting... and turnin' into such a total bro, bro! Heh, a total Pokébro!"**

Looking at himself, that's what was happening. He was becoming a bro... a bro of a Pokémon. It was why he was acting like that and looking so inhuman. It was clear from the huge size of him, those scales, that spike on his head, and the wings...

Misty squinted. Sure enough, small wings had sprouted out of her back. They were dragonic in look with their spiked points. They had a teal-colored inside with orange rims.

Adding onto that, two wiggling, yellow antennae sprouted from the top of his skull. “I’m... I’m a Dragonite bro, bro! Total dragon!”

His eyes grew woozy as he began pumping his cock, picking up speed with each jerk. *Fuuuck yeah! Total dragon bro with an awesome bod!* Eyes hazed over, his smile weak and dripping in lust. *Best bod evah!* A nub appeared above his wide, firm rear. *No more scrawny gym leader! Just a totally fine as hell dragon stud! Totally all Pokébro!*

Gawd, I loooove this! “Drag... draaaag... **DRAGONITE!**” He let out a loud, hulking bellow of lust that seemed to rattle the lockers. Cum sprayed the mirror down, even splattering the wall behind it. His balls churned, making more and more seed.

With that explosion, the dragon surged one final time. His nub launched out into a heavy tail that slammed against the tile floor with a loud **CRACK**, whisking about excitedly. His face pushed forward into a roundish, blunt snoot, eradicating the last trace of the former employee.

He cummed for what felt like minutes, panting and moaning the entire time. Eventually, the last bit of love goo came out, his cock going limp. He let out a heavy sigh and wiped his forehead.

Gazing into the mirror, all he could see was a large Dragonite Bro with no hair but the start of a reddish five o'clock shadow. He was nothing but a Pokébro in a nice speedo.

He grinned and pushed out his gut and fat pecs. *Looking good!* He ran a clawed hand against his side. *Heh, can't say the same for this mirror.* He shook his head. *Janitor is totally gonna complain... like he always does, right?*

The Dragonite nodded. That sounded right to him, and he wasn't going to think anything different. He tucked his junk back into his speedo... the speedo he was sure he always wore or, at least, wanted to believe he always wore. Why wouldn't he always wear it, right?

Sure, the speedo didn't cover much or leave much to the imagination. When he had balls the size of coconuts and a dick that could be as thick as a soda can, there wasn't much he could do to hide it. Still, wearing it provided some cover and modesty was important.

Once satisfied, the Dragonite gave his reflection a nod and finally left it. He strolled out of the locker room satisfied at last. He strutted, tail swaying from side to side and his bulge bouncing with each step. *Ready to face the day! Maybe a few laps in my “private” pool before I open the doors and-*

“Good morning, Mr. Mist.” The Dragonite twitched and looked to the side. There was “Nurse” Joy. He had forgotten all about her! She stopped by earlier to... do something? His mind was a bit hazy from his big masturbation session, changing, and new “outlook” on life.

Still, he straightened up with a blush and politely bowed. **“Sup dawg! Didn't think the League would be visitin' today, brah.”** That was the right way to talk to her, right? He couldn't think of any other way to do... that wasn't boring or something an old, scrawny tomboy might do. He wasn't that for sure!

In fact, “Mr. Mist” acted on instincts and what felt right. He smirked and wink. **“Betcha you're here to see me swim, eh? You wanna see this bod all nice and wet, don't ya?”** He pushed out his musclegut and flexed an arm.

“Oh no no, Mr. Mist!” Joy chuckled, waving him off. “I'm here for official business.”

“Oh... of course, dudette!” He blushed and cleared his throat, regaining his composure. **“How can I help the League today, babe?”**

“I'm here for a check in to see how your gym has been faring. I've already finished the official inspection of the premises and everything is up to code and all of your normal Pokémon are just fine. Everything looks good.”

The Dragonite couldn't help but feel a sense of déjà vu. Hadn't this happened before? He couldn't recall correctly, but it must not have been too bad if everything is fine. **“Of course it is, broette!”** He gave her a thumbs up. **“When you got a Pokébro like me runnin' this show, ain't nuthin' ta worry about!”**

“Good to hear!” Joy cheered, looking very happy. He liked it when a cute girl smiled. It made him feel all tingly below... at least now it does. “I'm glad the League has such a reliable Pokémon like you running the show. Certainly better than the last one who ran this Gym.”

Mist nodded. Was she referring to... no, probably best not to think about the before. Focus on the now and the now's past. That's who he was and, hopefully, will always be.

“Well, I'm gonna do a few laps before we open, dudette. Invite is still available if you wanna watch.” He casually put his arms behind his head and stretching/pushing out his chest and body again.

Joy smiled. “As tempting as that may be, I don't think you have the time.” She nodded to a nearby clock on the walls.

The Dragonite looked up and twitched, the first time not for pleasure. **“Oh crap! It's dat late already! Shit, I better get everything setup before all the little dudes show up to work! Gotta run, babe!”** He hurried off down the hall, the ground rumbling with each heavy step.

Joy stood there, smiling nicely until he was out of sight. The smile turned into a smirk. The first test was a complete success. She's turned out quite nicely.

Misty was right. Joy very much agreed with the fact that the Kanto League had been far too old fashioned in its ways. They had fallen behind the times with standards, their presentation and how they handled their gyms lacking in comparison to other regions.

With the new management in, it would be a new era for the Kanto League. All the gyms would be overhauled from their staff down. Misty's record was just the needed excuse to get them started and change how things were run.

The water leader was the first and so far, it had been a successful makeover. Joy needed to see how the new dragon acts and performs first. But, once she was done, she'd move onto Saffron City. They could use some improving as well.

THE END?