

“One!... Two!... *ngh* Three!” Derek grunted angrily, his eyes staring daggers at the far wall of the Pokemon gym. The former Team Oblivion Admin now up and coming Gym Leader was slowly doing pull up bars as part of the Pokemon Gym program. Derek was ordered to shadow an existing Gym Leader and learn all he could until his probationary period was complete. The only available Gym Leader with enough time to run their Gym and show a new Leader was Ashton of the Faebell City Gym. The former villain expected a twink surrounded by pink fluffy stuff but what he found left him dumbfounded. Ashton was still the typical cute pink loving Fairy-type trainer, but he also was an athletic fitness buff who could bench press Derek if he wanted.

“Come on Derek! You got this! Just seven more! I believe in you!” Derek could hear Ashton cheering him on from the distance but it didn’t matter. The Dark-type specialist couldn’t keep his grip and let go which sent him falling to the ground. He hit the floor and felt his legs buckle resulting in him landing on his butt. “I can’t do it Ash... I’m not cut out for this!” Derek wheezed while sprawling out on the gym mats. He squeezed his modest gut and shook it for emphasis. “I’m a fat punk. That’s my aesthetic and I’m sticking with it.” The Dark-type specialist stared at the ceiling until he spotted Ashton’s pink hair come into view. “You can’t give up just yet. You just started,” the Fairy-type gym leader explained while kneeling over Derek. “I’m not asking you to lose your cute gut... but I need you to put some effort into being a Gym Leader. You have an image to uphold. I also don’t want you to go to jail...”

Part of the reason Derek had chosen the Gym Leader program was to avoid jail time. Team Oblivion while on the surface was just a collection of punks and rebels who didn’t conform with the world, their leader Salem had ulterior motives. While his goons disturbed the peace and partook in petty theft, these actions financed Salem’s plans for a doomsday device.

Derek was fully aware of Salem's plans and actively worked to aid the man in attempting to end the world until he found out the doomsday device was in reality a sage with access to the mythical Pokemon Jirachi, Derek attempted to distance himself and turned to the police. Part of his plea deal was community service in the form of replacing the retiring Dark-type Gym Leader. Given his aptitude for Dark-type Pokemon and his punk aesthetic it was an obvious choice.

"Fine... help me uuuup!" Derek muttered but was flabbergasted when Ashton hoisted him up like a sack of Nanab berries and positioned him level with the pull up bar. "Come on, just seven more! I believe in you!" Ashton cheered on as he waited for Derek to grab the bar. "A little warning next time Ash?" Derek muttered but eagerly grabbed the bar. Immediately he felt the dull burn in his arms from not doing this sort of activity. He wanted to let go but it would just be another set back and he didn't want to disappoint Ashton. "Four!" he shouted when his chin passed the bar. Three more came and went like nothing and Derek was starting number eight. His arms were burning and he could smell a pungent aroma that was wafting from his underarms. "Eighthnineten!" he called out before dangling from the bar. "Derek, come on. You know better," Ashton called out as he patted the Dark-type specialist. "Fine! N...nine!" he croaked as he pulled himself up. "Derek..."

"Fine! Eight!" Derek scowled and gritted his teeth as he pulled himself up again. Number nine seemed to take ages before he slumped down at the beginning of number ten. "Come on Derek! You got this! One more!" Ashton cheered along with his Wigglytuff who had finished the aerobics lesson it was coaching. "I swear if that pink rabbit puts me to sleep right when I'm almost done!" Derek yelled out as he flexed and began pulling himself up. Out of the corner of his eyes he could see Wigglytuff puff out its cheeks in annoyance. "T-Te-Ten!" Derek felt his arms shaking like crazy as his chin passed the bar. He grinned wide, proud of his achievement

until he felt his hands slip. Without the strength to hold on anymore his hands let go leaving Derek to fall through space. Expecting to hit the gym mat he closed his eyes but was surprised by how firm yet soft they felt. "I'm proud of you Derek! You did it!" Opening his eyes Derek found himself being held by Ashton, the Fairy-type Gym Leader beaming a smile at him. "Y-Yeah... Let's not do that again for a while..." he muttered while going limp in Ashton's arms. Suddenly something reminded Derek and he looked to Ashton with a grin on his face. "Did I hear you call my gut cute?~" He watched Ashton's face grow a bright shade of red before setting Derek down. "Nope! You can't prove anything!" and with that Ashton took off running. "H-hey! Get back here!" Derek shouted and took off after his friend, unwittingly joining Ashton in a two mile run.