

The Fitness Plan

Novus Peregrine

Nikki was determined. Carol, her best friend since middle school, had discovered some secret to getting in shape. Uncharacteristically, she'd been dodging Nikki's attempts to find out just what that secret *was*. And today, she was bound and determined to get to the bottom of it! She wanted some of that for herself, damn it!

Sure, Nikki wasn't like, unhealthy levels of overweight or anything. She, far more than Carol, had at least *tried* to keep on top of the slow march of time and sedentary American business life. Both of them had been smoking hot at eighteen, Nikki having been a cheerleader and sometime model, while Carol had been just as attractive but too shy to do as much with it. Nikki had even managed to hold onto *most* of her figure through college, coming out the other side of a business degree only a few pounds overweight and not quite as fit. Carol, having focused down hard on a master's in computer science, had fallen off the fitness bandwagon harder. Not *too* badly, by the time they'd graduated. But enough that she was no longer quite in the same league as Nikki. Not that either of them had cared. They'd been friends for a long time, since long before either of them even had proper boobs.

Sadly, things had only gotten worse once both of them had entered the work force. They were each quite intelligent, enough so that they'd had their pick of opportunities, and had chosen to keep up their lifelong friendship by joining the same corporation. A promising startup that had, in fact, done *extremely* well in the last five years. In no small part due to both of their efforts. Nikki was now the company's CFO. And Carol was riding high herself as the head of the company's cutting-edge software team. Which was amazing...and amazingly time consuming.

The last five years had seen a steady loss of ground for both of them on the fitness front. Nikki had managed to keep it up better, only being twenty pounds overweight...in a good month, at least. But Carol had both a worse environment among the programming department and less of a drive to look good to begin with. She'd been solidly forty plus pounds over her healthy weight. Enough that it had begun to actually bother her. Everyone wants to look pretty. Even if Carol wasn't particularly vain. Certainly far less so than Nikki admitted she herself was.

What was puzzling her *right now* was that, after a year of trying various fad diets and exercise programs, to wildly varying success, suddenly something was *working* for Carol. Like, *seriously* working. All of her best friend's previous attempts had fallen afoul of all the stereotypical stumbling blocks. Carol would lose weight for a few weeks, maybe a month or two...and then life would get in the way. Crunch time on a project would pull her out of her workout routine. A few bad days and too much comfort food would wreck an entire week's worth of work. A business trip with all its social responsibilities and fancy food would nosedive Carol's willpower.

It wasn't Carol's fault. These were the same issues that kept everyone on that fitness failure treadmill. Every single one of them were things Nikki had run into herself over the years. Hell, they were why Nikki couldn't manage to get rid of *her* extra twenty pounds, despite managing to maintain at least a bit healthier of a lifestyle than her friend. And all of it meant that Nikki *really* wanted to know how Carol had lost twenty-five pounds in the last two and a half months...without the slightest sign of

backsliding! She was going to find out, damn it. She wanted to know. Mostly so she could maybe get some of that for herself!

Nikki pushed down her impatience as she poured another dose of truth serum, also known as an extra strong Long Island Iced Tea, for her best friend. Carol was many wonderful things, but a person that could hold her liquor particularly well wasn't one of them. And their latest project going live with no major hiccups had been perfect excuse to celebrate, initiating Nikki's plan to get her friend on the outside of more drinks than she could handle. Eyeballing Carol's level of buzz as she sipped the new drink, the critical eye of long experience with her best friend judged that the strawberry blonde was at *just* the right level of drunk to spill her guts. Affecting nonchalance, Nikki leaned over in a conspiratorial fashion, resting one hand on Carol's arm and rubbing gently even as she half-whispered her question. They were alone, of course, but it added to the ambience...

"So, are you finally going to tell me how to got looking so *fine*, girl? You've been super naughty~. Not letting your best friend in on your secret."

Nikki blinked in surprise as her purred question caused Carol to blush. Not just a little bit, either. That was the darkest she'd seen her best friend blush since the day they'd first gotten *experimental* together with Nikki's toy collection in college. Amazed and confused, she pressed just a bit harder.

"Oh? That blush is pretty telling, girlie. You've gone and done something *really* naughty. Just what is it, huh? Got some hunky gym buddy you're getting action from?"

To Nikki's continued surprise, despite the 'truth serum,' Carol held out for a long moment, continuing to blush even as she rocked back and forth indecisively. Finally, Carol threw back her whole, freshly topped up drink, before seeming to make up her mind.

"N-No...actually, it's more that I literally *can't* do that until I hit my goals..."

Confused, Nikki was about to ask what the hell that meant when Carol swayed to her feet, nervously looking around. It was ridiculous, of course. They were alone in the lounge of Nikki's penthouse. Even well into buzzed territory, though, Carol seemed nervous about what she was about to do...which turned out to be lifting her skirt?

For a long moment, Nikki was so thrown by the action, that she didn't process *why* Carol had done that. Once she shook her surprise off, however, she quickly took in the view and noted something distinctly off. Specifically, the glint of metal peaking from between Carol's legs. Her eyes traced that metal, only slowly putting the pieces together and adding it to Carol's comment from a moment before.

"Is that a *chastity belt*? And did you say...or imply I guess, that you can't take it off until you hit your...what? Weight loss target? What the fuck?"

Carol rocked back and forth, not trying to cover the belt up, but freeing up a hand which she made a so-so gesture with.

"It's a bit more complicated than that...okay, actually a *lot* more complicated than that. But that's at least the core of it?"

Nikki's mind was racing, trying to work through her continued surprise as she tried to sort out what this meant.

“Did you find...a keyholder? Is that what it’s called? Are they *making* you lose weight?”

That could not be mentally healthy, not from an actual relationship. Right? Was she going to have to stage a different kind of intervention?!

“No! No, no. It’s not like that. This is actually a sort of...well...gym membership program. One that works *really* well!”

Nikki could not have kept the incredulity off her face if you’d offered her a winning lotto ticket to do it. It must have shown, because Carol seemed to sober up just a little bit, lowering her skirt and bringing her hands together, twining her fingers in a nervous gesture Nikki knew well. Not wanting to scare her friend off an explanation, Nikki schooled her features a bit and waved Carol to sit back down. When she did so, Nikki injected some of her very real curiosity into her voice, while throttling any sort of accusation or doubt out of it.

“Okay, color me *very* curious now. It’s obviously working for you. So...how does it work? And what sort of weird gym did you find that...thought of this?”

Carol seemed to relax slightly at the honest curiosity. She started to say something, then stopped, seemed to consider *how* to explain...and then finally started again.

“Okay. So. First thing first. It’s a female-only gym I joined, specifically because it focuses on being super non-judgmental and trying to make fitness fun, rather than work. They have a lot of more normal programs too, like self-defense classes, yoga, and pole dancing lessons. But once they get a feel for you, they also offer a selection of...very non-traditional ideas. There’s a tantric sex class version of yoga for couples, for example. Nude Tai Chi, too! And, well...some more involved stuff. Like the program I joined.”

Carol was less hesitant this time when she lifted herself just enough to unhook her skirt and throw it aside. Doing so let Nikki see the chastity belt more clearly, despite the fact that Carol was sitting. It was very low-profile sort of thing. Made of well-padded cabling and obviously designed to be easily concealed. Which, of course, explained how this was catching Nikki by surprise. She’d never suspected a thing.

“Second. This isn’t as simple as ‘lock you in chastity, no cumming until you reach your goal.’ If it was, I doubt it would work as well as it does. Just being locked up in this thing, being aware of what you *can’t* do, makes you horny enough. Even without the insert...”

Nikki blinked. “Insert?”

Carol was back to blushing again, though strangely it looked as much like a flush of arousal as embarrassment. Well...maybe not strangely, given the circumstances, Nikki supposed.

“Um. Yeah. I’ll get to that in a minute.”

Carol cleared her throat and gathered herself for a moment, before launching into an explanation.

“The program works like this. You set both an overall goal and weekly goals as well. Once you do that, you get sealed into your chastity belt, with the key being held at the gym’s safe, under proper legal

contract. Having your...fun bits...sealed away isn't the entire point, though. Rather, getting free of the belt is only *part* of the motivation. That's where the, um...insert that I mentioned comes in. The *insert* is a rather sophisticated, flexible dildo. Rabbit style, sort of, since there are little extensions that reach out to bracket your clit. Just wearing it is...well...pretty much a constant tease."

Carol's blush deepened again for a moment, but cleared her throat and womanfully continued.

"The thing is, that the insert is actually a *vibrator*. But it's one that starts with no charge. You can charge the vibrator with kinetic energy. Essentially, the more you *exercise*, the more charge you can build up in the toy. Since they install an app on your phone that's got an encrypted Bluetooth link to your specific toy, you can then use the charge to...well...get off. Assuming you built up *enough* charge, of course. Otherwise, you're going to just end up frustrated! And then...um...there's also the weekly check-ins!"

Oh my, that blush had spread even farther. And Nikki could *smell* her best friend's arousal. Not to mention see the rock-hard-nipples that were poking through her shirt. Though, to be fair, Nikki was starting to feel a bit...titillated...herself. This was a lot more involved than she'd thought. And kind of hot?

"What do these weekly check-ins do? You said there were goals weekly, right?"

Carol nodded, still blushing. After a moment to two of pause, she grabbed Nikki's cosmo to gulp down. Nikki snorted but didn't protest. If some more liquid courage got the rest of it out of her friend, her drink was an acceptable sacrifice.

"Um...yes. The weekly check-in is for two things. One is practical. The belts are designed to be low-maintenance and you're waxed before you first put them on...but getting both them and you a deep clean weekly is still a good idea. You...uh...aren't actually allowed to *touch* yourself. You're restrained and an automated system does the cleaning, with an employee redoing the waxing. All of that's part one and is required once a week. But they also check to see if you've hit your weekly goal. *Not* weight. It's a fitness program with goals oriented to end body fat percentages, not specific weights. But your trainer checks your progress against where you *should* be if you've stuck to your plan. And, if you reached your goal..."

Carol's voice dropped too low to hear, even as her blush turned atomic. Nikki couldn't help but giggle at the sight, even as she reached over to tap her friend on the nose. Nikki wasn't a dom, but she *was* a switch, where Carol was an outright sub. Putting just a touch of command into her voice, Nikki wagged her finger.

"Louder dear. After all we've done together over the years, there's nothing to be ashamed of, is there?"

Carol's blush actually receded a bit at that reminder...though Nikki didn't miss the way her breathing changed. She was reacting *really* strongly to even a tiny bit of command voice. Though, if she'd effectively put herself in a sub position like this sexually, without an actual dom...that was probably understandable. Possibly fun, too, in combination with the alcohol. Still, Nikki was intrigued enough by this story by now that she wanted the rest of it.

"So, what's your *reward* for being a *good girl* and hitting your goals?"

Carol gulped, but she was clearly on the edge of sub space already and answered with barely a hint of hesitation.

“T-they have a set of...um...well...basically *really* sophisticated fucking machines. If you hit your goal, they temporarily unlock you and set you up with one. You have to actually turn it on yourself, for legal reasons and you’re strapped into it by an employee first so you still can’t touch. And, well...fuck those things are amazing! Some of the strongest orgasms of my life! Though I’m not sure if it’s the machines, or the prolonged teasing every day before them...”

Annd now Carol was *absolutely* in sub space. Fuck, the idea was *really hot* too. Enough so that Nikki was dripping herself at this point. Her eyes darted to Carol’s phone. Well, Carol was clearly in sub space, and it’s not like they hadn’t fooled around before.

“Unlock your phone, girl.”

Nikki wasn’t surprised that Carol obey without hesitation, holding the phone out to her. Nikki took it, swiping through Carol’s apps. It was pretty easy to find the ‘fitness’ app in question, thankfully. She grinned when she discovered that the *insert* currently had 87% charge. She tapped a button that said ‘buzz’ and watched in delight as Carol squirmed. Thankfully, the charge didn’t drop, either. Meaning that 87% was almost certainly enough for her purposes. She stood and shimmied out of her dress, kicking off her drenched panties a second later.

“You better still remember how to use your tongue, girl...if you can get me off before the charge on your toy runs out, than I’ll make you cum too. If not~...”

Nikki let the sing-song threat hang in the air, even as she sat back in her chair and spread her legs wide, grinning as Carol immediately fell to her knees and shuffled between them. This was going to be fun. And tomorrow she’d have to ask Carol where to find this gym. Maybe this program could help her lose those last stubborn pounds of her own, too...

Nikki looked herself over in the mirror of the gym’s private changing room, reserved specifically for this particular program. Despite her extra twenty pounds, she still looked pretty damn good, and she knew it. But there was a softness to her body, a thickness that was just on the wrong side of heavy to earn a CC instead of a CK. She had literally been a model at one point and she was still in her twenties, damn it! The later half of the twenties, maybe...but still her twenties. A fact which had led to her determination to actually give the gym’s Chastity Fitness Challenge a try.

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Okay. So she *also* thought it was pretty fucking hot, and had been unable to stop thinking about it since that night with Carol. Nikki was a switch and unashamed of that fact, thank you very much, so the idea of getting a little subbie adventure to go along with her fitness plan was too attractive for her to have stayed away from.

Running her hands down her body, she dipped her fingers between her legs, gently rubbing the newly-hairless pussy she was about to lose access to for *three months*. She hadn't set herself as aggressive a goal as Carol had, knowing she would struggle with the non-exercise portions of the plan more than her friend had. A certain degree of her work happened over business meals, which very rarely featured healthy food and virtually always came with alcohol. It was simply a fact of her life that she couldn't change as a member of the company C-Suite. Unfortunately, less aggressive goals meant that she was going to be stuck in chastity nearly as long as Carol, despite her friend having had a lot more ground to cover. In fact, if Carol hit her goals, she'd actually be out of chastity before Nikki now...

She shook off the idle musings, recognizing them for the mental blind alleys that came with a mix of arousal and mild nerves. She wasn't concerned about the program, not really. The gym had been *impressively* comprehensive with its agreements, safety precautions, and disclosures. It was, however, the first time Nikki had ever messed with the idea of Chastity Play. They'd let her, made her actually, trial one for five days before she signed up for the program. She'd had the key during the trial, of course. But it had served its purpose of giving her a good feel for what it would be like. It had been rather thrilling...and had served its designed purpose to show off the comfort of the design. The belts were a genuine marvel, custom printed for the wearer for a perfect fit, and quite a bit more comfortable than she'd expected as a result.

Quite a bit more effective, too, she admitted. She'd attempted to use her magic wand to get some sensation past the shield. To an extent, it had actually worked, since it had translated the vibrations to the insert. However, the fall off in power had been so extreme that what sensation *had* translated through had only made her hornier. It had been the only time during the trial that she'd used the key, having accidentally left herself so desperate to cum that she'd been unable to resist the temptation.

And all of it had led to today. She'd signed the final paperwork, gotten her waxing done for her first week, and was now working up her courage in the changing room while trying not to end up horny enough for instant regret. With that thought flitting through her mind, she made her hand pull away and took a deep breath. Then she spun and marched, nude as the day she was born, back into the Fitting Room. A cheerful and *extremely* fit redhead met her there, nude herself save for a chastity belt of her own. Tina was her personal trainer for this program and it had been explained that the guides for this Challenge were themselves always belted while on the job to discourage...legal issues. It was also meant to put the clients at ease, not having to be naked while their trainer was dressed, but that was backfiring a bit for Nikki. Mostly because she found the woman sexy and couldn't help but imagine bending her over and...

"There you are! Didn't get cold feet! Not that I'd have blamed you, if you did. About a third of those that make it this far get cold feet on at least their first attempt! It *is* one of our more involved challenges!"

Nikki was unreasonably grateful for the trainer interrupting her thought process. Even if the girl's bubbly personality wasn't exactly helping diminish her arousal. Nikki had a type. And bubbly was one of the biggest checkmarks for that...nope! Down Nikki. Don't think about seducing your trainer until *after* you hit your fitness goals! It would be easier once she got her looks back fully in order anyway!

“Right! All we have left is to actually get your final fit done and put the key in the vault! If you’ll take a seat in the chair, we can get started!”

Nikki moved to the chair in question, which could barely be called a chair at all. In some ways, it resembled an exam chair from a gynecologist’s office, except that it was even more *exposed* than that. In addition to providing easy access to her intimate bits, the chair’s minimalistic ‘seat’ was fully split down the middle. As Nikka positioned herself carefully in the somewhat uncomfortable thing, she felt her buttchecks spreading due to that split. Which was, of course, intentional. If not for the fact that the ‘chair’ was tilted at enough of an angle to support her via pressure on her back, she wouldn’t feel stable at all. As it was, it was merely mildly uncomfortable. Thankfully, she’d already done this several times for fitting sessions, and this time would be considerably shorter than those had been.

Tina stepped forward, between Nikki’s legs, only a moment after she’d taken her seat. The bubbly trainer had Nikki’s chastity belt in her hands and quickly leaned in to start the process of putting it on. Deft hands secured the loop of semi-rigid cabling that rested above Nikk’s hips, then reached behind her to thread the thong-like rear piece through her legs. It remained slack, of course, because there was still an important bit missing. Tina left the crotch piece attached to a temporary holder made for just that purpose and produced the final component. The flexible, vibrating insert. She deftly added some lube, even though Nikki knew she probably didn’t need it at this point, then looked at Nikki.

“Are you ready, Miss?”

Nikki shakily nodded her head, Tina taking the cue a moment later. The insert wasn’t that big, needing to be comfortable even when the wearer wasn’t aroused. Really, it wasn’t much thicker than a tampon...though quite a bit longer and with a quite a bit less give, of course. With as wet as she’d already been and the lube, Nikki wasn’t surprised how easily the toy slide into her...which didn’t prevent her from having to clamp down on a moan. Fuck, she was going to start her term in chastity horny as hell no matter what she did, wasn’t she? Good thing she’d already planned on a pretty heavy workout tonight. Hopefully she could build up enough charge to take the edge off by cumming via remote...

While Nikki had been distracted by that thought, Tina had carefully positioned the toy’s external bits. Much like a ‘rabbit’ vibrator, it had two prongs that cupped her clit. This one, like the belt, had been custom printed just for Nikki, and slid into place perfectly. The brush of the extensions on her magic button drew an unconscious whimper...which Tina thankfully didn’t react to beyond a slight upward tick of her lips. The trainer very professionally held the toy in place as she freed the front part of the chastity belt from its holder and brought it up. A feat of practice-born dexterity let Tina aligned everything so that when the cool metal of the belt met the insert, the connection was made, locking the insert to the belt. A moment later Tina had brought the locking mechanism together with a click that felt very final...even if it technically wasn’t until a few moments later when the trainer inserted the specialized key into the belt and secured it. Letting go, Tina stepped back with a smile, taking the precious key with her.

“There you go, Ms. Tinnan! Your three-month plan has started! And I believe you’ve already set up your first two check-ins, so you’re good to go!”

Nikki shuddered, gulping at the reminder, even as she womanfully resisted reaching down to feel the smooth metal over her now-trapped pussy. Forcing herself to voice a cheerful thank you to her

trainer, Nikki made her way back to the dressing room to get back into her street clothes, feeling the insert teasingly shift with every step. She wondered if she really understood yet just what she'd gotten herself into...

<<End Part 1>>