

Working Out

"People react to exercise in different ways," the disembodied voice told me. "Some enjoy the thrill of the act, some like pushing themselves as hard as they can, some crave the satisfaction of being done with their sets, some hate all aspects of working out on a core, fundamental level."

It was a strange sensation, being hypnotised. I could hear every word spoken, knew the voice that spoke them. And yet, the words were somehow distant and alien at the same time. My body was relaxed, calm. I could've been asleep. But, whenever he asked me a question or encouraged me to speak, my mouth moved without hesitation. I felt so close, and yet so far away. Simultaneously in the trainer's office and no-where at all.

"Everyone has it in them to work out and exercise. Some people find it easier than other, sure. But everyone can do it, provided they have the right motivation."

I needed to lose weight. Over Winter, I'd put on a few pounds, earned myself a bit of flab around my waist. Not a lot, but still too much. I needed to get rid of it, regain my sexy bikini body again before Summer rolled around.

"When you came into my office, you told me you wanted to lose weight for health reasons. This was a lie, wasn't it Kate?"

"Yes," I murmured.

The word came out by itself, an automatic response to the question asked. No thought required.

"The real reason you want to get in shape is so you look your best, isn't it?"

"Yes," I repeated.

"You want to look sexy. Fit. Slim and lean and attractive. Which is totally fine. There's nothing wrong with wanting to look your best. It's human nature."

He was right. There *wasn't* anything wrong with wanting to be hott. No matter what anyone else might say about body positivity, no one wanted to be a chonker. Nothing wrong with me wanting to be as attractive possible, not one bit.

"And you *are* attractive. You've got the face, the eyes, the butt and the bust. It's just a tiny bit of weight you need to lose and you'll look *amazing*. Just a few weeks of working out and you'll be the hottest babe on the beach come Summer time."

Yes. Yes, I only needed to lose a little bit. Just a tiny bit.

"Your problem," the disembodied voice continued. "Isn't looks. It's effort. As much as you want to lose that weight, make yourself as sexy as you can possibly be, you simply can't bring yourself to do the actual exercising. Am I right?"

"Yes," I breathed.

"Some people just aren't suited to working out daily. For them, it's too much of a chore. It's too much effort. You just don't have the energy for it."

It was true. I didn't. Every time I tried working out, I got so bored and annoyed...

"But that's fine. It's why you're here in my office. It's why you're so willing to be hypnotised. Because I, as your trainer, know exactly how you can overcome your lack of drive. It's my job to help keep you motivated; make sure you keep at it and don't quit. It's what I'm here for."

No quitting. If I quit, I'd never lose the weight and never look my best. I had to keep going. Had to keep exercising. Had to rely on and trust my trainer to help me.

"You *do* want to lose that extra weight, don't you Kate?"

"Yes," I answered automatically.

"Yes you do," the man's voice said. "And I'm going to help you. I'm going to motivate you and keep you on track. All you have to do is listen to me. All you have to do is *trust* me."

I stared at my reflection in the mirror, my naked body.

Save for a little unsightly flab at my waist and tummy, I looked good. Better than good, really. Pretty green eyes, flowing red hair, full red lips. Ever since they'd started growing in, my chest had been one of my best features. Round, perky breasts that guys could never seem to get enough of. Smooth skin, round butt, a single mole on my collarbone.

I was attractive. I knew that.

But, if I was going to be wearing bikinis - and come Summer I definitely planned to - then I'd have to get rid of that slight chubbiness.

Already, I could feel the gains I'd made. The weight I'd lost.

I'd only been coming here for two weeks, and I was already feeling the benefits of hiring a personal trainer.

All I had to do was keep going.

Which, in truth, was actually very easy. Surprisingly so. Used to be, whenever I tried to exercise, I'd always make excuses to stop or not start to begin with. It was a hassle, a pain in the ass to do. Now, though, it was as easy as breathing. All thanks to Brian and his hypnotic sessions.

Rather than hating it, considering exercise as a chore, it was now something I actually *enjoyed* doing.

Coming here was the best decision I'd ever made.

Nodding my head, I turned away from my reflection, opened up my duffel bag and pulled out my training clothes. Sports bra and matching undies, track pants and sweatshirt. And, after I was done putting all that on, I pulled out a bottle of water and left the changing room.

A short walk later, and I was inside Brian's private office.

He smiled up at me from his desk, nodded to the seat across from him and set down the tablet he'd been tapping on when I'd entered.

"Kate," my personal trainer said. "Hello again. Ready for today's hypnotic session already?"

I grinned at him, nodded my head.

The sooner he hypnotised me, the sooner I could start working out and losing the extra weight.

"Trust is essential," Brian said, voice calm. "If you want to lose weight, you have to trust me. If you want to be sexy and beautiful, you have to work out. And the only way you can work out is by trusting me. Do you trust me, Kate?"

"Yes," I answered instantly.

"Trust is important," Brian continued. "Without it, I can't help you. The more you trust me, the more power I'll have. And the more power I have, the faster you'll lose weight. You do want to lose that weight, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you have to trust me. Completely. Trust me more than anyone else you know. Trust me more than you trust yourself. I'm a professional, nothing more. It's my job to help you. That's all I want. Let me help you, Kate. Trust me. Give me the control I need to help you. *Trust* me, and you won't regret it."

I did trust Brian. A lot. Everything he'd done, he'd done for me. He was so nice and kind, so helpful. Trusting him was fine, wasn't it? It'd help him do his job, and his job was to help me. All I had to do was trust him and everything would be fine...

"Fifteen," I gasped. "Sixteen, seventeen."

Bounce, bounce, bounce.

Brian's special squats. Me on top, him below. His rod inside me, guiding the rhythm. My body bouncing, working out. Building up a sweat.

"Eighteen," I moaned, lifting myself up, lowering myself down hard. "Nineteen. Twenty."

"You're doing... Great, Kate," Brian grunted. "Keep... Going..."

I counted each bounce, each rise and fall.

Pleasure swept through my body. Warm, tingling heat. An electrical charge let loose through my entire being.

This was nothing like when I worked out alone.

Ordinary squats were tedious and boring. A pain in the ass to do. But these? Brian's special squats? These were *amazingly* pleasant. My muscles ached, my pussy trembled around the object filling it. For once in my life, I was actually *enjoying* exercising.

I couldn't put my finger on what was different between Brian's special squats and ordinary, every-day squats. There *must* be some part of them that was different, otherwise why would I enjoy them so much? But for the life of me, I had no idea what it was.

Remembering Brian's instruction, I moaned out loud. Let the effort and strain and satisfaction pour out of my mouth. I called out my trainer's name, thanked him for his instruction and guidance. I gasped, moaned, slammed myself down on his rod. Up and down, up and down. Burning the fat away with blissful pleasure.

Once we reached fifty squats, Brian had me stop.

"Push-ups," he growled. "Thirty ought to do it. Now."

I quickly pulled myself up off Brian's guiding rod, planted my hands either side of his waist. He didn't move, remained laying in place as I got into position. This time, his guiding rod was for my mouth, to make sure I maintained a proper posture.

I lowered myself down, rod in my mouth. When it touched the back of my throat, I let out an involuntary gag. Then I pushed myself back up.

One.

Down. Gag. Up.

Two.

Down. Gag. Up.

Three.

His rod was wide and long, hard to wrap my lips around and even more difficult to squeeze into my throat. But then, I supposed that was probably the point. It was there to guide me, make sure I was doing the push-ups properly.

The taste of sweat filled my mouth. Sweat, and something else. Salty and sour and familiar, though I couldn't remember exactly where I'd experienced that taste before. With a boyfriend or something? I didn't know. All I *did* know was that it tasted nice. Delicious, even.

"You're going great," Brian groaned after push-up number ten. "Just twenty left to go, then we'll do some sit-ups."

I moaned, the sound muffled and distorted around Brian's rod.

Sit-ups were my favourite!

"You've all the weight you wanted to."

I felt joy at Brian's statement, even through the calm fog of hypnosis. I'd done it! Not an ounce of fat left on my body, breasts notwithstanding. Only lean firmness.

"You have the bikini body you desired," Brian continued. "But, if you don't keep working out regularly, you'll lose it. If you don't keep exercising, you'll gain fat again. You don't want that, do you Kate?"

"No," I answered.

"The only way you can make sure you stay in shape is to keep coming here," Brian said. "To keep coming to me. As your personal trainer, I'll keep you on track so you'll never have to worry about working out again. You'll stay hott and sexy forever. Doesn't that sound wonderful?"

"Yes."

"I bet all your friends are jealous," Brian told me. "I bet they're amazed at how quickly you lost weight. I bet they all want to know your secret, don't they?"

"Yes."

"You should tell them about me, Kate. Not everything, not about hypnosis. But you *should* tell them that I helped you lose weight, and that you enjoy exercising thanks to me. After all, it's true, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Good friends help each other out. You are a good friend, aren't you Kate?"

"Yes."

"You want to help your friends out, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And you can help them out by recommending they come see me, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Then you should do that, Kate."

It was a good idea. I knew at least a few of my friends wanted to lose a bit of weight, and were struggling to do so. Helping them out would be the friendly thing to do. Telling them about Brian and how great he was as a personal trainer. Such a good idea.

"For now, though," he said, "we should focus on you, Kate. I think it's time we tried a little something new. A slight amendment to our usual training routine."

Anything. Whatever Brian's plan was, I'd do it. He'd done so much for me, helped me in ways that no-one else could. I trusted him completely.

"Today," Brian told me, "we're going to try something I like to call 'backdoor stretching'."