

The Side Gig: The Third Belt (Part 2)

Novus Peregrine



It should have surprised me that, through a series of additional visits to the club, Tammy managed to strike up an actual friendship with the redhead stripper we met that first visit. I say 'should'...because it really doesn't. The thing about Tammy is that she's one of those people that can talk to a wall and you'd fully expect the wall

to talk back to her. The wall would then proceed to be *very* confused about how it spontaneously gained sentience, of course. Even so, and despite the inconvenience of being a sentient wall, it would almost certainly take a liking to Tammy. So, no, it doesn't actually shock me that she manage to befriend Aria. Nor that she managed to drag me into that friendship. She's been doing this to me for basically our whole lives, after all.

What *did* manage to surprise me was to discover that Aria was actually only moonlighting as a high-class stripper, having earned enough money doing it in over the last few years to start up, of all things, her own yoga studio. I suppose maybe the yoga is what made her so ridiculously flexible in the first place? And, Yoga pants are nearly as revealing as what strippers start off wearing. So I guess maybe it makes more sense than I thought? Well, whether it makes sense or not isn't really relevant as, either way, it's how I got roped into Yoga classes with Aria and Tammy. Given that I used to be a gymnast before college, I'm actually proving to be somewhat good at it...though I'm definitely being reminded that I need to keep up my stretching routines more regularly, as I've lost at least some ground on the flexibility I had when I was activating going to competitions.



Of course, things were just a bit complicated by the chastity belt. I'm more than a little impressed at how good the design is, both in being relatively easy to conceal and in how little it effects my range of motion. Even so, after a couple of sessions, I had plenty of feedback for the designers about the limits of its flexibility. It's

probably stuff they already know, but at least writing it up will make me feel like I'm doing slightly more than just being a fetish sex toy during testing. Though, as I try to hold my pose without squirming while the toy locked inside my pussy buzzes on low, I have to admit that a 'fetish sex toy' is mostly what I am at the moment, regardless of what sort of data I might be generating for the designers. Not that I'm really protesting, mind you...though for the first time I'm considering that I might want a break from this whole chastity thing, after the three months were up. It's only been a month so far, a bit less actually, and despite Tammy at least semi-frequently making me cum, I've been starting to go just a little around the twist from my inability to scratch the itch for *more*. Somehow, I suspect that a single weekend free of the belt after this just isn't going to cut it, though the hell of it is that the idea that I might *only* have that much time free is still incredibly arousing.

Well, I suppose I have two more months of this before I have to make a choice. Assuming I don't go legitimately insane by then. As it is, the class is wrapping up. Time to see just what sort of craziness Tammy is planning for the rest of the day...



I was a bit surprised when Tammy decided to use the gym's showers, telling us to go ahead to the café Aria had introduced us to last week. She said she'd meet up there and I'd not thought much of it. We'd both ordered claimed a table...only for Tammy to not show up as Aria chatted idly with me. Slowly, I start to realize

something was going on here. And Aria seems to have noticed by confusion. With a somewhat sheepish grin, she fishes something out of her pocket as she offers an explanation.

“Tammy is actually going to meet us back at her vacation home later... For now you’re just stuck with me...”



I only have a second to look on in shock at what she's pulled out of her pocket, recognizing Tammy's phone, before a familiar pulse between my legs nearly makes me moan aloud. The power is set on high and my hands instinctively fly to my pussy...or to the hard shell of the chastity belt preventing me from touching my sex,



at least. It's all I can do to hold in my voice as Aria plays with the controls a bit. Then, thankfully, she powers the toy down. While grateful, I'm more than a little surprised, looking a question at her.

Grinning, she sets the phone down. "It's totally fun to watch you squirm...but the honest truth is, I really do just want to talk for now. Maybe we can have fun later."

I blink in shock at that response, looking into her face and...huh. She's actually *genuinely* interested in me. Given all our previous encounters had been sexual...but then Tammy had been...wait...Tammy set me up on a *date*, didn't she? As that realization settles in, I blush just a bit, but quickly manage to suppress the reaction and grab for my coffee as a distraction. Aria is grinning but doesn't comment.

"So, Sam? Why Sam instead of Samantha?"

Well, that was a safe topic to start with, at least...



Much to my surprise, once we started talking at the café, Aria and I hit it off pretty easily. We ended up chatting for nearly two hours before Aria had suggested we go take a walk, maybe burn off the muffins we had ordered halfway through. Given that those muffins had been more chocolate than bread, it was a good idea. Not

to mention that I didn't really want it to end just yet. We continued to chat as we walked through town, Aria leading me through several side streets that only a local would have known about. We stopped at a couple of trinket shops to browse a bit...and between the side streets and the distracting conversation, I hadn't realized where we were until we were standing right in front of a familiar door.



The sight of it makes me pause, uncertain without Tammy here to give me a push, but Aria quickly smirks over her shoulder, reassuring me.

“Don’t worry, the club’s not actually open for another couple of hours. We aren’t here for a show. Well, you aren’t, at least.”

Unsure just what that last bit meant, but reasonably reassured by her tone and the first half, I tentatively follow her into the club. Given that she needed to use a key to gain entry, then disarm a security system, it quickly becomes apparent that the place is empty...though the lights *are* on. In fact, they’re on a bit more strongly than when the club is actually open, I think.



Aria drifts to stand in front of one of the dancer's platforms and grins at me.

“All of the dancers can come here to practice during the day, if they want. Typically, only the newest actually do though, as most of us have long since installed poles in our own homes for more convenience. Even those that eventually quit usually keep them, since it’s a hell of a fun way to exercise. Effective too.”

That’s...actually kinda interesting, but I’m not sure where she’s going with this. She seems to realize that fact, giggling for a moment at my confused expression before explaining.

“I thought you might want to give it a try? I’ve seen you dance and you’ve definitely got the potential for it. And no, I’m not trying to recruit you or anything. It’s just for fun. And who knows, maybe you’ll enjoy it enough to get your own pole at home someday?”

Huh. I can’t help but look between her and the pole, thinking about some of the things I’ve seen her do on it. Okay. Yeah. This actually seems like it could be a blast! When I tell her that, her hopeful grin turns into a blinding smile.

“Awesome! Take your shoes off and get up on the platform. Trust me, you don’t want to try this with heels on unless you *really* know what you’re doing. Great way to fuck up an ankle.”



Grateful and just a bit surprised that she didn't suggest I outright strip, I quickly kick off my boots and hop up onto the platform. She immediately starts guiding me on where to put my hands and walks me through a few things I can do. She even stops to explain the physics of the pole and how your body builds up force with it.



The last bit surprises me, as she seems to nerd out for a bit on the subject, talking with actual physics terms I only barely recognize. She mentioned college once...was she a physics major or something? Wait she's blushing...why? Oh, I said that out loud.

“Yeah, specifically I was in astrophysics. Ended up having to drop out though and then...well, my life just took a different path. I still drag my telescope out to a nice little spot outside town every once and a while...”

She shakes herself, seeming embarrassed by admitting to such a geeky hobby, and quickly leans forward to change my grip on the pole. For a moment, I almost stop to ask her about it...but I ultimately decide to leave it for now, even if I'm *really* curious. Given that she said she 'had' to drop out, it might be a touchy subject...and this little date has been far too nice so far to spoil it with bad memories.



Over the next half hour, Aria slowly gets me comfortable with a couple of basic moves. And...she was right. It *is* fun, with a burst of satisfaction when I complete a move that reminds me very much of the way completing a gymnastics routine perfectly felt like. And the fluidity of motion I've always had, which had made me so good as a gymnast, rapidly started telling here. So much so that Aria herself seems amazed at how quickly I'm picking things up.



She actually gives a half-exasperated groan when I start doing more complicated routines all on my own, barely stumbling as I work out some of the things I've seen her and the other dancers do.

“Seriously? Where you born to be a stripper or something?! This is just wrong.”

I can't help but giggle, even as I wink at her. “I was a regionals-level gymnast before college. This feels almost familiar.”

She gapes for a moment, then sighs.

“Yeah, that would do it. And it totally explains why you're so stupidly flexible. Tammy admitted she's done Yoga for years, but you keep up with my advanced class with barely any effort despite being obviously a newbie.”



I blink even as I obey her gesture to leave the pole and join her in sitting on the stand. I'm feeling fantastic and unconsciously stretch out a bit, grinning when I notice her eyes tracking me for a moment before I sit down next to her.

“That’s your advanced class?”

Aria palms her face, kneading her forehead like she’s got a headache for just a moment, then sighs.

“And now I owe Tammy a free lap dance at the club later, since she bet me you didn’t even realize you were in the advanced class.”

Ummm...oops? I can’t help but blush at having not realized. I open my mouth to...apologize maybe? But before I can...



Oh...wow. Okay, this is awesome. Why have I not kissed her before? Wait, is this what they mean by sparks? Oh, screw it. I don't care...



There isn't much talking for a while. And by the time we pull away, my lips feel the most *amazing* sort of bruised, which is about the most coherent thought I can manage as Aria caresses my face with a hand, my cheek unconsciously nuzzling into it. This is...nice. Really nice.

And then she leans in for another kiss...



It was almost another two hours before we made it back 'home.' Tammy lit up less like a light bulb and more like a demented firework the moment she saw us practically glued to each other.

“Oooooohhhh, it totally went amazing didn’t it! Did I call it or what? Oh, I do hope you still let me play though, even if you two are together now. I totally want at least one threesome!”

Aria just laughed while I turned scarlet under Tammy’s tirade. Unlike me, my new girlfriend was more than able to respond and did so with a grin.

“Of course! I’ve totally wanted to get you into bed since that first night. We’re totally all ending up in the same bed tonight. Just don’t expect any dates, those are reserved for darling here.”

Tammy cheered a little than promptly pulled us both inside, where she’d prepared sandwiches and lemonade, to ‘give us energy.’ I almost coughed on the amount of alcohol she’d clearly spiked the lemonade with. Good thing Aria and I had downed some bottles of water after our make out session, I have a feeling there’s no actual hydration value here...



...and it's also potent enough that I only *sort of* remember how we all lost our clothes. Though the moment I fall into another kiss with Aria, my head actually clears a bit. Tammy's hand roaming my back certain isn't hurting anything either, fire spreading through my whole body in response to both. And that's *before* I feel the

toy inside me slowly ramping up in power from a dull buzz I'd almost been able to ignore. I moan into the kiss, my mind somewhat cleared from the alcohol haze only for a haze of lust to replace it.



It doesn't take long for everything to escalate, though as my vibe randomly cuts in and out I manage to gain enough clarity that it's Aria that ends up between Tammy and I, instead of me between the two of them. I can't help but grin as she moans and mewls under I and my best friend's touch. Despite the lust and remaining alcohol haze, the two of us somehow work perfectly in sync to slow the headlong rush of the make out session. Instead, we take our time, exploring every inch of Aria's body as we slowly drive her to a fevered edge. Finally, after what feels like hours but is probably only half of one, Aria cries out and shudders through an intense climax, her pussy clenching almost painfully tight around my fingers. I smirk...then moan in surprise as my sneaky bitch of a best friend suddenly produces her phone and changes the vibe program to a brutal pattern at max power...then locks her phone and tosses it across the room...



Time begins to blur again and I'm helpless to resist Tammy pushing me into the mattress in Aria's place. She whispers in my ear that I'm not going to cum until she does...and then her dripping pussy is at my bruised lips and I dive in with desperation. I've gotten very good at this recently...but Tammy doesn't make it easy for me,

pulling away to give herself a break whenever she gets close to the edge. Then, after what feels like forever, Aria has fully recovered and she comes to my rescue with a grin. She grabs Tammy's breasts from behind, tugging on my friend-cum-mistress' nipples in order to force her down onto my face. I try to make my helpless moaning sound grateful as I take full advantage, rapidly making Tammy lose control as I assail every sweet spot I've found over the last month. In mere minutes, she can't hold her own climax back any longer, peaking with a howl...





I can barely focus as my pair of lovers flip me over, shoving my face down into Aria's pussy. I begin licking almost without thought...and nearly stop cold when I feel the lube being rubbed into your rosebud. I whimper when the strapon presses into me, barely managing to renew my efforts on Aria even as I shudder through the

penetration. I only last a few strokes before I'm cumming...but Tammy has been training me. I can't stop pleasuring my new lover just because I came! That's not what I good little toy does! I latch onto Aria's clit and suck, it being the easiest thing to keep doing while my brain is melting from my climax...and from the pleasure of the strapon which is only speeding up. Some faint part of my mind absently wonders if I'll manage to make my new girlfriend cum before I pass out...and then even that small thought is buried under the pleasure as I cum again, my pussy clenching around a stuttering toy even as I moan into Aria's slit. My last coherent thought is that this is going to be a long night...and I'm *very* alright with that fact...

<<End Part 3 – 2>>