



I Worked Out With a *Sports Illustrated Swimsuit* Model and Lived to Tell the Tale

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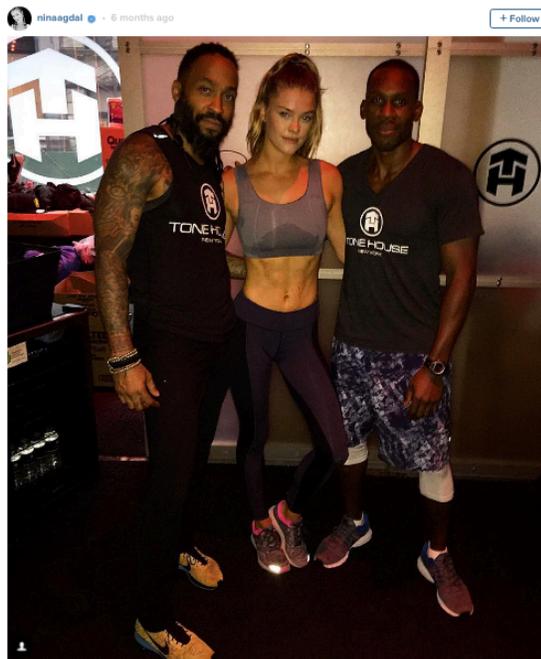
Now, I'm not in bad shape myself. I actually use my gym membership, and I'm the friend who often begs people to take classes with her. (I know, I'd find me annoying, too.) But there's something that still creeps into your mind when you find out you're going to be face to face with a literal supermodel. Call it the supermodel syndrome, where you watch a fashion show or look at a magazine and try to measure yourself against someone with completely different genes. You can have the highest self-esteem in the world, and still, I'd imagine this feeling might creep in a little bit.

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The beauty of working out is that you actually have to work. It's an equalizer. There are no shortcuts, and quick fixes often don't stay fixed for long. So when Nina and I are clad in the same color-blocked leggings and told by our coach Zach to hold a squat low in the middle of the drill, we exchange knowing glances. This isn't easy for *either* of us. But, as Nina says, “the feeling after a good workout is definitely what gets me up from the couch.”

Zack leads us through Tone House's signature workout, yelling out over Drake rapping in the background. High knees, shuffles, traveling burpees — which, by the way, are just as awful as they sound. And while Nina has perfect form and doesn't need a modification for the hard moves, her ponytail bouncing along happily against her Vimmia tank, I find I can actually keep up with her. Around and around the blocks we go. I actively contemplate lying down and giving up, but Nina doesn't, so neither do I.



The biggest love hate relationship I've ever had @hycoolj @thesj @tonehousesny: JUST KIDDING. All ❤️ And boobswheat

As the hour moves on, I find it's actually incredibly motivating to have Nina by my side, and not in the "I want to look like her" kind of way. After every drill, which also includes enough mountain climbers to scale Everest, Nina offers a

whoop and a clap. She and I are a team for an hour, and teammates cheer each other on. We commiserate over the burning in our muscles. We laugh at how silly some of the moves make us look — and when you're bear-crawling across the floor on all fours (a move Nina admits she hates, no matter how often she does them) you're going to look silly. And before I know it, it's over and Zach offers us both high and low fives.

The next morning, I brace myself for the soreness to end all soreness. But, minus some slight discomfort when raising my arms, I'm actually fine. I hit another workout. I survived.