

The metal weights clattered against the rack as she put them back down. As soon as she released her tensed fingers from the handles, her arms felt as weightless as air. Post-workout euphoria clouded her thoughts like a pleasant fog, and the vixen took a moment to let it wash over her, feeling her muscles twitch in her back and shoulders. She brushed her long, long tail across the floor behind her, with the black tip swishing back and forth.

Slowly, the vixen opened her eyes, looking right into her reflection in the gym mirror. Wheat-gold fur glistened lightly with sweat around green workout clothes and a loose, black tank top draped over them. The vixen curled one of her powerful arms and flexed it, watching the shimmer roll through her fur as the meaty bicep tensed and swelled underneath. Kneeling down quickly, she fetched her phone from her gym bag and snapped a photo of today's results. Her face was half-hidden under her cadet cap in the picture, but that was fine. She wanted the focus on her arms and legs.

Rienne posted the pic to her account and tossed the phone back into her bag. It plunked against the sheathed knife at the bottom. She could already hear the dings and buzzes of notifications coming from her phone. They could wait. The bodybuilder went through her cooldown exercises, feeling her heart rate slowly get back down to normal so she could end the day on a nice note.

Well, maybe not put a pin in that lowered heart rate just yet. Rienne's dark ears perked up as she noticed eyes watching her in the mirror. Behind her, on one of the treadmills, a very pretty lioness was sneaking glances in her direction. The vixen grinned, whipping her long tail eagerly and brushing her ponytail over one shoulder as she stretched, her back muscles working and rippling underneath her clothes.

Oh, that got her attention.

Rienne finished her cooldowns and picked up her bag, making a show of heading towards the showers. But, at the last second, she changed direction, walking back onto the gym floor in front of all the treadmills. She got a good look at the lioness now: fit and very buxom. The golden fox's fur rose along her spine and she ran her tongue along her fangs anxiously. Squishing down her nerves, she put on a flashy, fangy grin as she stopped in front of the lioness's treadmill. The cat blushed lightly, still jogging along as Rienne hefted her bag's strap onto one swollen, muscular shoulder and propped her elbows on the treadmill. Her biceps bulged as she tensed her arms, and the lioness's eyes flicked down towards them. The cat's blush intensified, especially when the vixen let her gaze slip towards the purple top full of kitty titty.

Rienne tipped her head to the side, motioning towards the corner around the side of the gym floor – where it was slightly private. She winked to the lioness and grinned. The lioness looked about quickly, sandy-colored hair flying about, and then she reached a paw to the “Stop” button on the treadmill control panel. Rienne held out a dark paw as the treadmill slowed down, helping the lioness to the gym floor. Now that they were both on level ground, the tall vixen towered over her, making the excited cat's blush bloom to cover practically her whole face.

She let Rienne lead her around the corner, and the gym bag immediately hit the floor. Rienne gently pushed her against the wall, just out of sight, and held her chin as they kissed. The fox felt feline claws drag upwards along her sides, lifting her tank top in order to feel and tease her solid core. Rienne purred, shivering as she planted her other paw on the wall beside the lioness's head. She trailed her paw down, too, gently gliding her fingertips over the woman's chest and cleavage. Flicking her eyes towards the gym floor to make sure they had *some* privacy, Rienne hooked her fingertips underneath the shoulder strap on the lioness's top and slid it down her arm. There was a tattoo in her fur, half-obscured beneath the clothing. As Rienne revealed it, she traced it with her fingers.

She froze.

Her heart skipped a beat.

It couldn't be... those sweeping lines and curves, the rising point gesturing towards progress and exploration, the negative space of a starburst inside the symbol... It was a Starfleet emblem. A soft, plaintive whine rolled out of Rienne's muzzle as she stared at it, overcome by a primal, all-consuming

need. The lioness was looking up at her, lustful blush replaced by a confused but still enraptured stare.

“Hey, muscles,” she said, reaching up a paw to gently bat at Rienne's cheek. “Uhm... you okay? Did you crash?”

Rienne tore her gaze from the tattoo, working her neck muscles to build up the courage to ask her the burning question on her heart.

“Do... you wanna come back to my place? I've got the box sets...”

The two figures were highlighted in the soft blue glow of television light. Rienne reclined on the sofa, tucked comfortably in the corner. She had both of her strong arms and her fluffy tail around the buxom lioness, who lay with her head tucked underneath Rienne's. The vixen had changed into a big, well-loved pajama nerd shirt, with a print showing the heroes of all the biggest sci-fi franchises fist-bumping on it. The goofy shirt was so large it was hard to tell there was a bodybuilder underneath it. Rienne tucked in her muscled legs, adjusting the googly-eyed bunny slippers on her feet. The lioness was dressed down to just undergarments – though they were themed with video game spaceships. She slowly stroked her paw along Rienne's tail as it lay across her lap, and together they were glued to the action on the screen.

“...so what I'm saying is, Picard is your captain's captain,” Rienne was saying, and had been saying for several minutes. “He does it *by the book* because that's what Starfleet's about. It's about progress and diplomacy, not one person's ego. That said, while Kirk had a tendency to skirt the rules a bit, his real strength was his character, and he had that real spark of a leader to him. The kind of guy you'd go to hell and back for. So... honestly, I can never pick which one is my favorite, but I think, like, y'know, gun to my head.... Picard.” She pet the lioness's hair softly. “Who is your favorite captain?”

The lioness thought for a moment. “Mmm...”

“And then she said her favorite was *Janeway*.”

Rienne snorted in the middle of her sobs. She buried her face into her paws, crying piteously in the middle of the bar. Beside her, Erin glanced about to make sure no one was really paying them that much attention. The chocolate-furred fox gently rubbed Rienne's shoulder through her studded leather jacket. It was a little sweet seeing the buff, tough, dorky vixen cry, but the other fox was a bit at a loss on how to possibly help.

“It'll be okay,” Erin told her. She wrapped her arms around the bundle of gold fur and muscles and held her close. Rienne buried her face in Erin's chest fur and sobbed. “I have no idea what you're talking about, but I'm sorry.”

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