

Spa Day

Written By: Skabaard

The feline her arm was wrapped around was practically vibrating with excitement. Sage couldn't blame her; it was a special occasion, and it was always a pleasure to see Kathryn so giddy. Admittedly, there were few times the boundlessly energetic woman wasn't happy. The calico-furred cat morph was usually quiet and reserved, but when she was working or around her friends, she became a completely different person. The vixen loved it.

It was like Kathryn couldn't decide whether she wanted to sprint from Sage's side or wanted to curl herself more firmly around the fox morph's body. Sage was doing her best to encourage the latter, and it seemed to be working. There was such a thing as *too* excited, and the feline needed to calm herself before she exploded or tripped over her own trembling feet. "Relax, Darling. You're going to make your sister's job even harder, getting all bent out of shape like this."

Kathryn took this to heart, heaving a heavy breath and letting her twitching arm fall around Sage's waist. The vixen hummed gratefully and squeezed with her own limb. Still, the feline looked to be just on the brink of bursting. "I know, but I can't help it, Sage." She bounced on the pads of her pawed feet, grinning manically. "I just can't believe it! It's happened so fast! It's barely been a month, and she's already gotten everything settled! She's all ready to open, and we get to be first!"

"Well of course!" Sage replied, keeping her arm around Kathryn's shoulders to rein her in if need be, "First of all, you're her sister, and she needs test subjects, right? Who better to turn to, Darling? Besides, she's new in Southcliff. She doesn't know a lot of people in this city yet. From what you've told me, the town she left wasn't nearly as... crowded."

"Yeah, you're right." Kathryn said in a half-murmur, "Do you think it's been too much?"

"I doubt it, Darling. You said it yourself. She got everything set up remarkably fast. She's clearly capable of handling it. She's managed to keep up with Hawk, hasn't she? She'll do wonderfully here, especially with us to spread the word. We all have jobs that put us close to receptive ears. She'll be drowning in silver in no time." The feline retorted with a wistful sigh, and Sage took advantage of the brief silence to lean in to press herself closer to Kathryn. "You look ravishing today, Darling. Is there someone you're trying to impress?"

She pulled Kathryn from a brisk half-jog to a more casual saunter as she brushed her fingers along a velvet-furred hand. The feline continued slowing until she stopped, and Sage kept pulling until the pair had shifted off the street and out of the stream of people going about their day. She was blushing furiously, looking everywhere but at the vixen as she subconsciously tugged her frilly sundress straight on her body.

Sage smiled, lacing her fingers into the ones clutching her palms as the feline squirmed under her gaze. The red burning through Kathryn's fur reached her ears, and the vixen leaned in to press a chaste kiss onto a shyly turned cheek. She had to stretch upward to do so; the cat morph was a few inches taller than the fox, although she was far from unusually tall.

Spotty calico fur, a mess of orange, black, and white, covered Kathryn's body, most of it hidden by a muted green dress that hung down past the feline's knees. It was nice to see her in something other than her nearly omnipresent bodice-and-skirt combination, and despite the dress being less snug on her body, Sage thought that it did even more for her figure.

The feline was tall, long-bodied, and, as was stereotypical for most cat morphs, lithe and willowy. What curves she possessed were modest at best, but were pleasantly round and undeniably perky. Her waist was waspish and her hips were almost girly, but there wasn't an ounce of unsightly fat on her frame, and what she had was centered right where it needed to be. Her stomach was flat and trim, and while she wasn't quite scrawny, it was clear that she wasn't built for lifting any significant weight.

Enchanting cerulean eyes, shining brightly in the afternoon sun, were partially hidden by a few errant locks of her shoulder length hair, which was a pure, frosty white. The eyes hesitated for a moment, but they eventually wandered back to Sage's, mirroring the expression the vixen knew was resting in her own. Kathryn was sweet and kind, and beneath her timid exterior thundered the heart of a lion, even if only Sage and a few others knew it. Sage treasured it, and took every opportunity she could to stop and savor it.

Sometimes, in moments like the one in which they were both caught, the vixen wished she could see herself through Kathryn's eyes. She was beautiful; it was her job to be desirable, but her friends saw her differently, Kathryn more so than anyone. When the feline's hand slipped around her waist, as it did then, it wasn't out of a desire to touch, she knew. It was out of a desire to be close, and it was a distinction too many were unable to make.

The dress she wore, a dark, subdued blue, clung much more tightly to her body than Kathryn's did hers. Sage was shorter, although of a similar build, lean and graceful. The inches she lacked in height rested elsewhere, in the plumpness of her bust and the roundness of her hips and rear, and it gave her a figure at which she had seen men, and some women, drooling. Her fur was bright, vibrant red-orange, was stark white on her belly and chest, and from her elbows and knees out, was a warm, dark brown. The fluffy fox tail that protruded from the back of her dress was a bushy counterpart to Kathryn's more slender, feline appendage, and the two limbs twined around each other as a few seconds stretched on into a minute.

Kathryn eventually broke the silence, her triangular ears quivering. "I'm always trying to impress you, Sage." The cat's fingers lifted, trailing through the vixen's fiery red hair for another tender moment.

Sage eventually caught them and brought them to her lips to kiss the back of the cat's hand. "You'll never fail, Darling."

The feline hesitantly pulled away after what felt like an eternity. "We should hurry; we'll be late."

"She's not going anywhere, Darling." reassured the vulpine woman as she pulled Kathryn back into her. "She doesn't open her new place until tomorrow, and she can wait a couple more minutes." A couple silent minutes passed, their arms locked around one another, and even Kathryn ignored the rare odd looks from passers-by. It was enough to settle the feline's nerves and give Sage a fleeting second of intimacy. "Feel better, Darling?" She mused as she released her hold on warm, calico fur.

"Y-yeah. Thanks. I guess I was getting a little jumpy."

"A little?"

"Okay... a lot. I'm just excited. She's my sister, and I'm so proud."

Sage gently ushered Kathryn back into the flow of people as they continued toward their destination. "And you should be. She's done a lot to inspire pride, especially in a sister, I would think. The move, the new business, this is a big time in her life, and yours. It's nice to have family so close, isn't it, Darling?"

The taller woman hummed an affirmative before letting out a whispered, "Yeah."

"And just think," Sage added, "Emma will be so upset she missed this opportunity to have someone touch her without her clothes on. Think about her face when we tell her we got to be first."

"Yeah..." Kathryn said again, more longingly, "It's too bad she couldn't come"

"Oh, don't pout, Darling. She's a busy dragon, and I'm *sure* that if she asks very nicely, your sister will be all too glad to give her a private session."

"I suppose you're right..."

"Of course I'm right, Darling. At least we can always hang our primacy over her head. She's so cute when she's frustrated. Now come on; I think it's over there, right around that corner."

A few seconds and a quick turn later, and they were there. The sight was enough to pull a low, appreciative whistle from Sage's lips. They were in one of the higher-class parts of town, and the building before them could have hardly cost less than an arm and a leg. It was a stone-and-wood affair, with two stories, and the exterior was lavishly decorated with cool, eye-catching colors. A chime attached to the front door rang gaily as it opened to let someone out.

"Kass!" squealed Kathryn as she ran forward to throw her arms around her sister, "This is amazing! How the hells did you manage it in so little time!"

"Oh, you know, a lot of sleepless nights, mostly." Kassiedie replied, her voice rich and gentle, "This place was a wreck on the inside when I bought it, which was good, I guess, because it made it affordable, but I practically lived here while I cleaned it up. It looks much better now." She reciprocated Kathryn's fervent embrace, twining arms around the feline's back and squeezing dotingly. "I've missed you, sis. I'm so glad you could make it."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world, Kass."

As Kathryn slid from her sister's arms, it was Sage's turn for a warm hug. "Kass dear, this place looks wonderful. I'm simply amazed at your determination."

Kassiedie grinned and pulled the vixen into a tight embrace. Sage smiled, giggling at the hot flare of jealousy that blossomed in her chest before it was buried in glee for her friend. Kass was a scant inch shorter than Sage, and it only served to give the fox morph a better view. Sage was beautiful, magnetically attractive, perfectly proportioned perfection, but even her opulent form couldn't hope to hold a candle to Kathryn's older sister.

The dress wrapped tightly around Kass's body was seemingly stretched to its limit by the breasts that eclipsed Sage's and squished delightfully into the fox's chest. Kassiedie had gotten some work done some weeks prior, and despite keeping her previous proportions, she looked little like she had when the two had met. Instead of skin, innumerable, overlapping scales covered the reptilian woman's body. Most of them were a dark, muted red, and glittered like polished garnet, but on her front, and along the top of her tapering snout they were a brighter, more eye-catching scarlet. Her muscular tail brushed affectionately along Sage's arm, and as the lizard morph released her, Kassiedie lifted her arm to nervously preen one of the ivory spikes that crested her skull in place of hair.

The new angle did little to halt Sage's appreciation. The reptile's body was contemptuously voluptuous, and it looked like anything she wore would have been pitifully snug on her. Her shape couldn't hope to be concealed by the dress that almost looked like a uniform in its formality. The way her hips flared from a narrow waist, thick and womanly, was mesmerizing, and while Kassiedie wasn't overweight, her shape was lent a smooth, plush softness by a thin layer of fat that was concentrated mainly in her breasts and in the curves of her luscious rear.

Clean white claws rustled through her fur as Kass beamed at her, showing sharp, reptilian teeth. Eyes that matched her sister's shone brightly, and Sage leaned in to plant a chaste kiss on the lizard's delicately feminine cheek. It was hard to see through the scales, but the way she carried herself declared that if it had been visible, she would have been blushing fiercely.

She recovered quickly, though. "You look lovely, as usual, Sage. Thanks for coming. I can't wait to show you what I've been working so hard on." She eagerly beckoned them in, her tail flitting excitedly around behind her as she pulled the door open. "Come in, please!"

Sage was ushered in, and she took in the room before her. It was as pleasantly decorated as the exterior, scattered with comfortable chairs and benches that sat to the side of an appropriately ornate, wooden desk. "This is the reception area." Kass informed them, "It might be a little ambitious as far as size goes, but room to grow can never hurt, right? Here, this way."

The lizard morph led them down a high-ceilinged hallway next to the desk. "I've got set-ups for all the basics, and I'm hoping to be able to repurpose some of the rooms upstairs for some more exotic therapies that I've read about, but for now I figured I should stick to what everyone expects. It was a little challenging to get some of the rooms configured for larger patrons, but I think I managed it. June is around here somewhere, getting everything ready for tomorrow. June? They're here! Where are you?"

A musical voice called in answer from down a shorter hallway. "I'm almost ready, Kass. Bring 'em in!"

Kassiedie prodded her sister and the vixen toward the voice and through a broad doorway into another room. It was large and spacious, decorated with warm, soothing colors, and as Sage passed through the doorway, her nostrils were filled with the scent of lavender. There were a pair of narrow, if comfortable-looking, beds centered in the space, and next to them stood who the fox supposed was June. "Sage, Kat, this is June, a co-worker I convinced to go on this crazy journey with me. June, this is Sage and Kat, my sister."

Sage had time to blink in surprise before her hand was taken up in smooth, chitinous fingers. The vixen hadn't seen many insect morphs walking around Southcliff, so it was a surprise to see one so casually. It was the city girl in her, she supposed. The insectile woman was clearly modeled after a wasp, and by the stripes of white that lined the abdomen that hung above her rear, a black jacket. She was slender and delicately built, but the grip in which she took Sage's hand spoke of hidden strength.

Her eyes were a solid, sunny yellow, the only real color on her, and were set into a face that, while human in appearance and proportion, was covered like the rest of her in a layer of ivory and black carapace. Her hair was midnight black, and a pair of antennae twitched in front of her head. Her voice was deceptively deep as she gave the two a polite, "Pleasure ta meet ya." Lips, surprisingly full and plump, curled up into a smile as Sage returned the greeting.

The clothing the wasp wore matched that of Kassiedie, and was clearly meant to be some sort of uniform. The insectile woman filled it out rather nicely with a distinctly feminine figure, though it clearly had to be modified to accommodate the heavy, stinger-tipped abdomen, the set of thin, gossamer wings, and the extra pair of arms that occupied her torso. Sage supposed that they came in handy in their line of work.

"My name's not really June, by the way." the vespine woman intimated, "Kass's just too lazy to pronounce the whole thing."

"What is your name?" Kathryn mused as Kassiedie rolled her eyes.

"Juniper Dolichov, at your service. Kass's told me all about ya... at length. Call me whatever, and it really is nice to meet ya. This is all so exciting. I went ahead and set up for two."

Kass went back to her manic grinning and swept them out of the room and back down the hall to a series of unassuming doors. "Here." she said, "Changing rooms. Here are some towels that whoever was at reception would have given you. Go in, strip, and put them on to cover your delicacies. We need... unrestricted access. After that, I'll take you back in and we can begin."

Sage slipped into the small room. Her dress easily slipped off of her, and she wrapped the pair of soft cloths she had been given around her ample bust and hips, making sure nothing was showing. Stepping out, she giggled at Kathryn as the feline did the same. The blush had returned to her triangular, catlike ears, and she fidgeted in her towels as Kass took their clothes from them, tucking them into hollows set into the adjacent wall.

On their way back to the room they had been in prior, Sage took the opportunity to admire Kathryn as she walked. Only her breasts and loins covered, the vixen could watch the way her girlish hips rolled as she moved, as if she was dancing everywhere she went. It was an entrancing sight, made only more enticing by the dizzying pattern of the cat morph's calico fur. Kathryn caught her ogling and turned shyly away, her tail wrapping self-consciously around herself.

Juniper was beaming again as they reentered the space that had been set aside for them. "Back's first, so hop up on the beds, face down, and we can get ya ready."

Being so nearly naked was clearly an entirely different beast for Kathryn, and she was suddenly painfully shy, curling inward on herself under the weight of her nervousness. "Get us ready? What do you need to do to us?"

Kass laughed gently, poking her sister in the side until the feline was standing next to one of the beds. "We're going to make you feel better, but first you need to lie down and take some deep breaths. The first step is aromatherapy. Smell the lavender? Just focus on the scent while we get everything else set up for you, okay?"

With a skeptical whine, Kathryn sat on the bed, unable to keep herself from wiggling in a most sensual manner to get herself seated before she lay down, resting on her stomach with her head turned to the side to face the vixen. Sage smiled warmly and did the same, making sure they were facing each other. "Much better." Kassiedie chirped, "Just relax."

Sage could already feel the tension draining from her body, and she just lazily watched the two masseuses preparing their workstations, pulling from a low table on one wall jars and vials of things that smelled lovely as they mixed with the lavender in the air. Even Kathryn seemed to be winding down, her tail not quite as twitchy as it flitted through the air above her.

The tablelike bed beneath her was just firm enough to support her without letting her sink too far into it, and she realized it was raised and lowered in places to keep her feet elevated and the pressure off of her back. Already, she felt like she could fall asleep, but that was more likely a result of a night that contained entirely too little sleep for her liking. It was lovely, and the reptile instructed them on how to continue breathing, deeply and regularly.

Kass's jealousy-inducing figure interposed itself in Sage's view of the feline for a brief moment, and when it moved on, June was hovering over the cat morph's back, all four arms poised to begin. "Alright. Here we go." the scarlet-scaled lizard murmured softly, "Just let go and really let yourself feel it. We've both been doing this for a while. It'll feel wonderful, I promise."

"Go ahead, dear." Sage replied as she wriggled deeper into her bed, "I do so love a good massage, and it's even better when the hands giving it are nice and tender. I've been looking forward to this all day."

As one, Juniper and Kassiedie moved, reaching down to undo where the towel was tucked into itself and splay it open, baring both the prone women's backs. Sage felt slender, dainty

fingers brush along her fur, sliding up to her shoulders, and saw the same happening to Kathryn. They did nothing but rest on her fur, as if letting the vixen grow accustomed to their weight and texture, but after a long moment of slow, soothing breathing, her masseuse began to move.

It was instantly apparent that Kassiedie's assurances of her skill had not been hollow boasts. It started slowly and gently, fingers carefully probing her shoulders and back as they explored her, finding the tension that lurked in her muscles before she began in earnest. The smell of flowers intensified in her nose, and she felt the moisture in the fur of her back as Kass spread a thin film of light, scented oil over her, working it through the colorful hair and to her skin below. "Oh... dear." she murmured, "That feels lovely."

Sage's reptilian masseuse just hummed a quiet reply. "I haven't even started yet. The oil's to condition your fur and moisturize your skin. Kat told me you like lavender, so I made sure to have some ready for you."

The vixen let out a dreamy sigh. "You're too kind, dear. It does smell wonderful. I can almost hear the wind in the flowers."

"That's the next step. I'm trying to get Hawk to enchant the rooms with ambient sounds. A babbling brook or birds singing in the trees, sounds can do a lot to relax someone."

"Mmh... That reminds me." Sage mumbled into the bed, "How are you two doing? Well, I trust?"

Kassiedie's fingers hesitated on her back for a split second, but they quickly regained their confidence. "Yes... We're doing well." The lizard morph took a slow breath. "He's too good to me, Sage. He spends all his time being propositioned by beautiful women, but... I think he really... He makes me feel special."

The vixen stifled a giggle as she brushed her tail along Kass's side. "That's because you are special. And dear, you must give yourself more credit. Yes, he does spend the majority of his time rebuffing desperate suitors, and many of them are... pleasing to the eye. But really, I saw a mirror in the hall. Have you looked at yourself recently? You're easily the... third most beautiful woman I know. I have to keep reminding myself that you're a friend, otherwise I'd be hopelessly jealous. The addition of scales only cemented your allure."

It took a moment for Kassiedie to digest the barrage of compliments, and when she did, she just said with mock hurt, "Only third? Who're the other two?"

"I'll give you a hint. Number one is in this room with us."

"You're too kind." June interjected, the wings on her back thrumming for a brief second as she shifted positions.

Kass snorted, and Sage continued with a grin. "And two is a mutual acquaintance."

The reptile only took a couple seconds to think about it. "Emma?"

"You're too good." the vixen purred.

With a thoughtful hum, Kassiedie finished working the fragrant oil into Sage's back and began to push her fingers into the vixen's muscle, moving them in small, controlled circles. She continued on, "I can understand that. She's more... robustly beautiful."

Sage had to stifle another laugh. "If by robust you mean that it looks like she could tear your head off without really trying, then yes. But you've got to admit; she's sweet, and despite all that muscle, she's got curves that people would kill for. She's got a lot to admire... just don't tell her I said that. I'd never hear the end of it."

"Don't worry." Kass reassured her, "Your secret's safe with me, as long as-Oh! You're tensing. Am I hurting you? Tell me if I'm doing it too hard."

"N-no..." groaned the vixen, "You're good. I just... have a few sweet spots... Harder, please."

The vixen's masseuse slowed her ministrations, moving back to where her fingers had been a second prior and pushed her thumbs unto the muscle of Sage's upper back. The vulpine woman let out a dire grunt, and fought the urge to push herself up into the delightfully unyielding fingers atop her. Kass hummed, deep in consideration, but eventually continued with the gentle, probing circles. When Sage whined, the lizard muttered down at her, "Relax. I'm not even close to being done. I'll come back to that spot."

With a sigh, Sage closed her eyes, focusing entirely on the smell of flowers in the air and the fingers that were exploring her back. After another full circuit of the circles, Kass switched tactics, and started digging more vigorously into her back. With each smooth prod of fingers against her muscle, she could feel herself melting into the bed, going utterly limp. The dexterous fingers, their claws kept carefully off of her fur, mercilessly sought out tensions she hadn't even known she had been carrying and squashed them under the weight of her nimble ministrations.

Whenever a tense muscle shifted, Kass chased it down and worked it until it was like putty in her hands. Sage was confident that the reptile's business was going to be booming in no time. She would have paid every silver she had to have someone work her over so gently while simultaneously being so relentlessly unforgiving. Every time Kassiedie moved, it seemed that Sage had to muffle some pleased vocalization or another, and grunts and groans quickly devolved into guttural moans that she soon didn't even try to stifle.

She received the full treatment, being worked over with knuckles and palms, until she felt relaxed enough for the muscle of her back to slide off of her bones. And then Kassiedie moved lower, to her legs. Confident fingers dimpled the plush flesh of her shapely thighs, seeking out any hint of resistance or undue tension. Then they moved down to her calves, and then she got a foot rub that once again left her moaning wordlessly for more. Strong digits kneaded her arms, and shoulders, and even neck, until it was all Sage could do to remember to breathe. She was sure that if she stopped thinking about it, she would pass out.

A towel gently rubbed her down, and then the cloth wrapped over her chest was resecured. A voice, distant and quiet, like that of an angel, filtered down through her haze of delirium, urging her to flip over. She responded sluggishly, like she was in a trance, and the hands had to help her onto her back. Her whole front was given the same treatment. It was like she had died and been sent straight to heaven.

Her breasts were ignored, but the muscle under and around them was treated to rapture, and the fingers rolled over her smooth curves and slim abdomen, pulling sounds she wasn't even sure belonged to her out of her lungs. The dexterous digits wandered almost aimlessly over her legs, digging into them, hunting down and exterminating stress from muscles she hadn't even known she had. They came close, diving between her legs to her inner thighs, to impropriety, but didn't quite reach it, not that Sage would have minded in her state.

As seconds stretched out into eternity, she laid there, lost in her ecstasy. All she could feel was her body, and even her awareness of the table underneath her was fuzzy and distant. The fingers, where they touched her, stood in sharp contrast, brushing over fur that tingled like she could feel each individual follicle moving. She assumed she was breathing, because she was certain she was still conscious, but she truly couldn't tell. She was floating, lost in a sea of euphoria, and the fingers acting as rudders, steering her from wonder to delight. It was almost a religious experience.

The fingers, however, were drifting away. Every time they left her body, they returned lighter than before, and entirely too soon for her liking, they left her there, alone and adrift, and she lay there for another eternity, until she felt a hand return to her, wrapping over her shoulder, and heard a voice calling out to her, pulling her back.

Her eyes snapped open as she sucked in a stunned gasp. Kassiedie was leaning over her, a pleased smile covering her expression. "Gods' Golden Blood, Kass." She panted, lifting an unsteady hand to her face.

"I told you I was good." chirped the smug reptile, "I thought you had fallen asleep there for a few minutes, but the way you kept moaning told me otherwise." Her body felt like jelly, and responded sluggishly to her demands that it move. Kassiedie helped her sit up, and she slowly blinked away the remainder of her blurry vision. "Be careful. Some people can get so relaxed that it's hard for them to walk afterward, so give yourself a few more minutes to remember how to move."

She nodded, and Kass stayed in front of her, hands holding her in place as she wobbled and rubbed her face like she had forgotten she had one. The supremely satisfied grin that split the reptile's mouth didn't go away, but eventually she stepped aside when it was clear that the vixen wasn't going to fall over. Sage looked up, and she could still feel the awed expression on her face.

Kathryn was sitting up as well, a hand hiding half of her face while the other was pressed firmly over her crotch. It looked like the feline was going to cry, and the ashamed blush that colored her ears and cheeks looked like it was going to set fire to her fur. Concern knotted in her stomach, but before she could ask what was wrong Kassiedie filled her view again with an expanse of garnet scales and a dress that still looked like it would rupture under the pressure the reptile's breasts were putting on the strained fabric.

The lizard morph leaned in to whisper as June could be heard buzzing something equally low. "I'm not sure if Kat's got the self-confidence for this kind of thing. Once she got on her back, she... uh... you know. She wouldn't relax. Could you talk to her some time?" When Sage nodded, Kassiedie righted herself and said more casually, "Alright then. You two are getting the whole deal today, which means a bath, too. After the oil sits for a while, you've got to wash it out of your fur, or it will sour. If you can manage, could you stand and follow me? We have a room all ready for you."

Sage slid awkwardly to her paws and wobbled for a moment before she found her balance. Kassiedie's arm was around hers, and she took a step away from the bed as Juniper helped pull Kathryn to her own digitigrade feet. After a moment of standing, the lizard ushered them out of the room and back down the hallway. "Since there're two of you, and I don't really think you'll mind being together, you get one of the rooms designed for the larger patrons. The water should still be hot, and there are soaps and towels on the shelves, use however much you want."

The pair was practically shoved through a larger door and into another room. Light streamed in through long, squat windows high on the wall, and the ceramic tile beneath them was patterned into a colorful, geometric mural. There was a large basin that dominated the room set into the floor, and from what Sage could tell by the haze of steam that hovered over its surface, it was full of water that would hopefully be pleasantly warm.

A long bench stretched along most of the wall opposite the tub, and Kathryn slipped away from her to sink down onto it as she hid her face in her hands. Sage followed and lowered herself to sit next to her. "Darling... what's wrong? Didn't it feel nice?"

The feline nodded without looking up at her. "Yeah... as long as I was on my stomach, I didn't care. But then I had to flip over, and she was touching me, and it felt so good, and you kept making those noises and... Gods' Blood, I've never been so embarrassed."

Sage had trouble believing that, but that wasn't the point. "Juniper seemed nice. Did she say anything about it?"

"No... but-"

"Did she get too close?"

"N-no, but-"

"Did she silently molest you without at least giving me a chance to watch?"

"No." Kathryn huffed, "but... I just... It... felt so awkward, and it wouldn't go down, and my sister was bent over you, making you moan so hard, and I kept thinking... and I just... I couldn't stop thinking..."

"What?"

The feline's shining, blue eyes were bared long enough for them to flick up to her before dropping back down to their owner's pawed feet. "I wanted it to be me... that was making you make those sounds. The louder you got, the... more excited I got, and the towel just kept rubbing, and June just kept going like I was normal, and I thought I was going to... that I was going to-"

Heaving a patient sigh, Sage slid her arm over the feline's slender shoulders and pulled Kathryn into her. "Was the thought of me all hot and squirming on that bed going to push you over the edge? Were you on the brink of making a mess?" the cat morph nodded sullenly. "What's abnormal about that?" Kathryn looked up at her, blinking in confusion. "I think it's safe to say that I know what I do to you. I think that there would have been a bigger problem if the sight of me all oiled up and hot and bothered did nothing for you."

"N-no..." the woman pressed into her corrected, "That's not what I meant. I-"

"I know what you meant, Darling." Sage informed her. The arm that wasn't wrapped around her catlike lover drifted down Kathryn's body, brushing along the towel that was wrapped around the feline's hips, feeling what was hidden there. "Your sister surely knows. I know, but Juniper was someone new, and you were embarrassed to have your little secret spoiled so unceremoniously. What I don't understand is why this," she stroked again for emphasis, "makes you not normal. I have to tell you, Darling. No one is normal, and that's good. Normal is boring; normal is average and plain. You're special, but not because of the little bit extra you've got between your legs." Her hand slid up from Kathryn's lap, sliding up under the cloth wrapped over the cat's modest chest, slipping between firm, succulent breasts to rest over a hammering heart. "You're special because of what you've got here. It's what's here that makes me care so deeply for you. Not to say, of course, that you being the most darling woman I'll ever meet doesn't help."

She left her hand there, on Kathryn's chest, rubbing the feline's sternum for a long moment that was silent but for the cat morph's heavy breathing. "Did you mean it?"

"Mean what, Darling?"

"Did you mean what you said... about me being beautiful?"

"Not just beautiful, Darling, but the *most* beautiful."

"More than my sister, really?"

She scoffed, squeezing Kathryn tighter. "Easily, Darling. She doesn't even come close to you."

"And more than Emma? And Rosemary...? And Susie, and Carolyn, and Lucy, and-"

"Darling," she interrupted, "if you are going to sit there and run through the list of women you seem to think could even hope to hold a candle to you, we'll be here all day, but the answer will always be the same, at least from me." She leaned in, brushing her lips over a calico cheek. "Yes. I've yet to meet anyone more stunning than you. I've yet to see anyone who could even be in the same league as you. It's all of you. It's your fur, and your eyes, and your tight, sexy body, and your voice in the mornings we get to spend with each other, and the way you look at me. The decision isn't even a difficult one, Darling. It's you, and it's always going to be you. I know it."

Kathryn shivered against her, and she rubbed a velvety arm as she gently massaged the bone between the feline's breasts, feeling the hidden heartbeat begin to race. "Do you want to know something abnormal?" she continued, "If you had, I would have taken care of it then and there."

"Wh-what?"

"If you had been pushed over that brink, and made a mess of yourself, I would have taken care of it immediately. I would have pushed Kass out of the way and gotten up, peeled you and crawled up on top of you. In front of the Gods and your sister and June, I would have held you down and licked you clean until you shined. I wouldn't have let a drop of it escape, and I might have requested seconds after whetting my appetite. And if they didn't want to watch, then they would have had to leave or drag me off of you."

Sage forced the truth of the statement to be seen in her smile. Kathryn was finally looking at her, unashamed. The feline's mouth was half-open, letting her breathing quicken to a low panting, and the way her heart was pounding against her chest, it felt like it was going to break free. The vixen lifted away the hand she held there, letting it pull with it the strip of towel covering the feline's bust until Kathryn was bare from the waist up.

The cat morph swallowed noisily, and her hand hesitantly went to Sage's face, cupping the fox's cheek. "Sage..." she said in a low, intimate whisper, "Sage, I..."

"I know." the vixen assured her. Kathryn turned to face Sage, and her other hand joined its sister on the fox's cheeks. The vulpine lady leaned forward, mirroring the feline's movements. Kat's lips were parted, waiting, and her eyes were half-lidded, pleading. The hands on her cheeks tensed when their lips met with an electric jolt, and the cat morph moaned into her mouth.

Fire ignited in her veins, and as Kathryn's hands dropped to her shoulders, her own arms went around the lithe body next to her, pulling the feline tightly to her. Sage's fur stood on end, and her tail was an orange and white blur behind her. She pushed forward, but Kat held up under the weight of her ardor, pushing right back with the force of her own passion. The skin under the feline's thin fingers ached from the contact, and as the digits tenderly squeezed her, she felt her own moan bubble up through her chest.

Kathryn's breath was hot, and her lips hotter still as she took the initiative and forced her rough tongue into Sage's mouth. The vixen huffed and accepted it, letting it duel with her own as her hands clutched the silky fur of the feline's back. A cute growl rumbled in Kat's svelte chest, and the fox felt herself sliding back against the lacquered wood of the bench as Kathryn pushed forward, digging hungrily into her.

The cat's hunger must have very nearly rivaled her own, and she let herself be slid backwards until her back met the wall behind her. She absorbed herself in the kiss, letting it overwhelm her, and Kathryn bore down on her with unleashed aggression. The woman before her put her extra inches to use, muscling forward and pinning her back into the corner. Her blunted claws raked through silky fur, trailing along Kathryn's spine and making the feline's ears quiver.

They parted with a wet smack to catch their breath, and Sage's head was forced back to make room for the feline's lips as they were almost immediately returned to the contours of her neck. Kat was moaning, rocking against her, pushing her into the wall with force that grew with their shared ardor. Sage couldn't tell if the cause was the vigorous massage she had received, but the harder Kathryn pressed down on her, the more fiercely her body throbbed under her skin. She writhed against her calico prison, burying her nose into Kat's snowy hair and nipping delicately at the feline's sensitive aural organs. She made Kathryn hear her panting, forced her lover to feel the way her hands trembled with desire, and it only seemed to spur the cat morph onward.

"Sage..." Kathryn growled into the smooth, white fur of her throat, "Gods... I need you so badly. I had to lay there and listen to you moan while my sister got to touch you. June kept telling me to relax, but she just kept rubbing me, and it felt so good, and... I need you so badly."

"The door's closed, Darling, and you've already got me trapped. There's no one here to save me if you were to decide to hold me down and ravish me. I'd be helpless if the tigress you've got lurking under that beautiful fur took hold of you. Why, Darling, I just don't know what I'd do in the face of such ferocity, likely do my best to please you to encourage you not to eat me. This little fox knows a thing or two about-"

She didn't get to finish her boast as, apparently thinking that it was far too long-winged, Kathryn's lips sealed over hers once again. A hand laced into her hair as her head was forced back against the wall. The feline pushed herself onto her knees to loom over the vixen, using the gained leverage to force herself with more and more vigorous energy into the mouth of her lover.

Kat's other hand slipped down, tracing the line of her collarbone and down to her sternum. The feline's sharper claws dug into the cloth wrapped over her chest, and with a tug, pulled it free to toss it disdainfully aside. Slim fingers took up the weight of her chest, cupping her perfectly proportioned curves and squeezing with eager shamelessness. Kathryn kneaded her, finding her perky nipples and pinching her with greedy fingers.

She reconsidered her previous assumptions. Kathryn was far hungrier than she. The vixen could do nothing but sit, trapped in a tide of feline adoration as Kat mined her mouth with zeal befitting a priestess worshipping her goddess. The catlike woman was moaning more loudly that she was, forcing herself forward into her, moving with the desperation of someone who had been starving for a taste of her.

She had to breathe in heavy gasps in the brief moments Kat broke contact with her lips before she was attacked again. The emotion of the moment combined with the excitement of the occasion turned Kathryn into a ravenous animal, and it was all she could do to hold her own against the waves of spine-tingling passion in which she was drowning.

Their current position, Sage wedged into the corner, buried under her feline aggressor, wasn't going to work for what either of them had in mind. In spite of that, the feline apparently didn't care. She kept the vixen pinned, savaging Sage's mouth and chest, her voice growing increasingly gruff as need overcame her. Pointed ears, vulpine and feline respectively, twitched wildly, and throaty moans vibrated between them.

Sage hissed as fingers tore at her, claws dimpling the taut, supple flesh of the pliant globes that sat on her chest. It sent lances of blissful impatience into her mind. Luckily for her, it seemed that Kathryn felt the same way, because the hand that was twined into her hair slipped free, sliding down, pulling her away from the wall to curl around her back. The other hand joined it, and the feline pulled her upward, crushing them breast-to-breast, until she had almost left the bench.

The tiled mosaic of the floor was warm and damp against her back as Kathryn pulled her into the air before spinning and lowering her gently to the floor. The feline wasn't strong by any means, but neither was the vixen particularly heavy, and Kat fell on her with a grunt born more of desire than strain. Blindly searching fingers pawed at her, claws digging through her fur and brushing over every bare inch of her torso.

Kathryn's body pushed down at her, the svelte weight putting delightful pressure on her as the feline moaned and mauled her with unabashed gusto. The sound of their lips meeting was hot and wet, and the rough tongue playing with hers knew no boundaries. With bucking hips, Kat pushed her backward, her oiled fur sliding over the tile, and Sage's catlike lover, apparently fearing that she was slipping away, sunk her claws almost painfully into the vixen's shoulders and held her still to be worked over.

The panting cat morph broke contact, slipping down to nibble at the line of the tendons in Sage's neck. "Darling!" the fox cried softly, "I don't know what's gotten into you, but keep going!"

Kathryn's only answer was a nearly violent moan as she tore herself from the vixen's neck, dropping low enough to latch onto Sage's aching breast. The dainty bud, painfully erect, slipped between hot lips and pinching teeth, and Sage stiffened, arching her back into the rough contact. As she lifted her hands to her feline lover's head to run her claws along the bases of Kat's twitching ears, one of the hands clamped down onto her shoulder released its grip. The reverent fingers slipped down her torso to take up her neglected breast, kneading her worshipfully.

Teeth and fingertips tweaked her mercilessly, pushing bolts of lightning down her spine. Her head fell back, and her teeth clenched around an ecstatic groan as her calico lover tore viciously into her. She was so needy that it almost hurt, and her fingers dropped to Kathryn's bare back. She ravished the smooth lines of the feline's shoulders, doing everything within her power to encourage Kat's uncharacteristic gusto.

Her silky-furred attacker was equally impatient, and with fearless intent, Kathryn dropped her other hand to Sage's chest to allow her to continue her downward journey. The vixen lifted her head, watching past the ample curves of her savaged bust as the Kathryn ran a trail of kisses down the contour of her slender abdomen. The towel wrapped around her hips was an unacceptable obstruction, and after Kat's lips reached it, she bit down and pulled.

As she was exposed, Kathryn didn't give her an opportunity to prepare, and immediately dove into her crotch. Hot probing lips fell to her nethers, pushing apart her own with ravenous fervor. The breath shot from her lungs in a desperate whine, and if Kathryn's hands hadn't been holding her down, she would have curled into a ball under the force of her abrupt rapture.

Instead, her hands just slapped down over the ones already on her chest as she choked back a ragged squeal. Kathryn's smooth, compact rear was lifted into the air, her tail flicking wildly above her, and her frosty hair was splayed out over the vixen's crotch. Still, the motion of the feline's head betrayed her hungry ministrations. Sage's eager, fleshy womanhood was hot and slick, and Kat furiously lapped at her longing slit like it was oozing nothing but the richest of cream.

Her thighs closed around the head that rested between her legs, quivering, trapping her lover's mouth where it was, which seemed to suit Kathryn's desires perfectly. The rough texture of the tongue that scraped against her feminine folds was euphoric, and her depths were viciously mined, the nimble appendage probing her accepting passage with religious zeal.

Kathryn worked her over relentlessly, feasting on the contents of her loins with vigor befitting a starving woman. Lust made the vixen throb deliciously, and her intent lover pushed her bliss higher and higher with no signs of slowing down. Her voice rose in pitch, making itself heard between euphoric gasps. "K-Kat..." she whimpered, "Slow down... I can't... I-I'm going to-nngh! Kat... Wait! Kat!"

With a growl that trembled in the feline's petite chest, Kathryn did the opposite of slow down. She pushed forward, scraping her nose over the fleshy nub of the vixen's clit, sending pulsations of breath-robbing pleasure through her body. With each fast, unforgiving stroke of a thirsty, feline tongue, she tensed, convulsing against the slight weight that rested over her crotch. She felt like she was vibrating, shaking with vibrant, flaring passion against the slender feline.

She boiled over, snapping taut and nearly swallowing her tongue as she came into Kat's hot mouth. As her diaphragm locked up, preventing her from screaming out in her ecstasy, the feline pushed herself deeper, rubbing and grinding against each inch of luscious, yielding flesh that Sage had to offer. She twined her legs together around Kathryn's chest, crushing the feline's slim ribcage in a prison of plush thighs.

Wildly bucking her hips into her suddenly trapped lover, she clawed at the hands still wrapped over her supple bust. Her mind-numbing orgasm broke her, stiffened her muscle into cords of iron before melting her, leaving her a foxy puddle on the floor and repeating the process. She thrashed with frenetic energy, and she felt herself exploding against the lithe woman buried tongue deep into her.

Her vision pinched inward toward the excitedly bobbing head between her legs. She watched it move in time with the jerking of her body until she saw stars, and she whined as her release sent lines of ice through her quaking limbs. She rode it out, letting it carry her away, and when she slumped back, panting, Kathryn pulled away, forcing apart the legs locked around her. The feline smiled, licking slick fluids off of her lips, and moved slowly.

Kat's laziness was belied by her panting, and as she crawled unhurriedly back up the length of Sage's body. A pretty, softly-featured face loomed in the vixen's vision, and the fox was given a lasting taste of herself as the calico dipped down for another long kiss. Vulpine ears folded back as Kathryn's hair tickled their sensitive insides, and she likewise couldn't stop herself from reaching down. She slid her fingers along Kathryn's back, tracing the line of her spine to the base of her slender tail.

The kiss in which she was trapped grew more forceful as she favored Kat's tail with her claws for a moment before she tucked the tips of her fingers beneath the towel that was wrapped around the feline's waist. She didn't pull it off, just sliding down to curl her fingers over the perfectly proportioned backside that tensed under her fingers as they tightened. A purr rumbled through the chest that sat atop her, pressing the feline's rigid nipples into her own, and she continued, helplessly overwhelmed.

Having had enough, Kathryn did the deed, reaching down to her hips and sinking her own claws into the obscuring fabric before she ripped it off of her body. "Sage..." the feline panted, "This is crazy. We should stop. My sister might hear us."

Kathryn sounded serious, but her eyes begged Sage to tell her what a stupid idea that was. Sinking her fingers into the firm muscle of the feline's lovely rump, she pulled, dragging her svelte lover forward. It was enough to make her let out a purr of her own. "My little tiger disagrees, Darling." Kathryn's less-than-womanly endowment, a modest-sized, spiny, feline member, dragged over the pale, silky fur of Sage's abdomen. "And besides, you've gotten me all warmed-up. You would be nothing but cruel to stop now."

The splotchy-furred cat morph swallowed noisily, and Sage grinned shamelessly up at her. The shaft resting against her was throbbing furiously, heavy and rock hard as the feline ground it against her. The need shining in Kathryn's eyes vanished as she closed them, her arms shaking as the vixen guided her downward. "Don't be gentle, Darling."

They both gasped as the burning heat of the blood raging through Kathryn's soft-barbed shaft made contact with the tender entrance fluttering between Sage's lower lips. The feline took over from there, moaning as she pressed forward, prodding against womanhood aching beneath her. The vixen pulled, demanding that Kat impale her, and she felt her lover tense against her as she gave in and shoved forward.

The feline's spined organ speared easily into her, and she grunted at the penetration she so desperately needed. The muscles lining her silken tunnel clamped down even as they quivered in her post-release euphoria, sealing Kathryn into her. A shocking amount of the vixen's abdomen was devoted to her spacious womanhood, and she was more than experienced taking intruders that were far more than large. She could take giants, but she kept herself delightfully tight to please her more petite lover.

Pulling back a few inches, Kathryn bared a stretch of her ruddy pink tool before slamming back in, beginning what she knew was going to be a brutal pace. Feline claws again dug into Sage's shoulders, and she bounced as she was thrust into. She felt another glorious release already building, and the way the cat morph was vigorously pounding her made it all the more exciting.

It was a rarity to see Kat so eager. Usually it took a cold bed at the end of a long day of being together to make her calico lover so vigorously passionate. That the feline was so unabashedly desirous was an exciting surprise, and she added the strength of her arms to Kathryn's nearly wild rutting. The fleshy barbs that lined the shaft buried as deeply into her as it would go raked along her sensitive walls, driving nails of bliss into her mind.

Kathryn's lips blindly sought out hers once more, finally finding them and trapping her in another kiss. The impassioned contact was threatened by the bouncing of Sage's body as she was reamed, and both sets of arms were tasked with the mission of anchoring both lovers together. The sounds emanating from the vixen's crotch grew more and more wet, and she let the breath leave her lungs in a barely-muffled moan that poured into Kat's mouth.

When her second orgasm crashed through her, she threw her head back, breaking their kiss to gasp. She shivered against the feline, feeling her unyielding walls collapse down on Kat's burning member. The sudden tightness only made it feel better, and her back arched, her mouth open in a silent scream as the calico cat morph did her best to brutalize her.

Her spasming womanhood milked her lover's textured shaft with urgent, rippling pulsations, and her world became nothing but the sensation of the flesh pounding in and out of her and the sight of Kathryn's face scrunching up above her. The feline twitched and shuddered, biting down on her shoulder. The moans quaking from her feline lover's mouth grew in volume, barely muffled by the fur next to her neck.

The ardent cat morph's frantic vocalizations dropped suddenly into a shockingly gruff, strained grunt. What little muscle lined Kat's lean, slender form snapped taut, and Sage felt a bloom of delectable heat blossom deep in her womanhood as she was filled with boilingly hot seed. The testes filling the fuzzy sac hanging below Kathryn's member and above her quivering femininity throbbed as she released herself with a throaty groan.

Sage felt each jet of thick, hot cream fire into her depths with a fast, pulsing rhythm. Struggling to assert control over her shaking arms, the vixen pried a hand off of Kathryn's rear

long enough to slip it lower. Her fingers slid between the feline's legs and dove into a shuddering, mid-orgasm womanhood, determined to give the feline something to squeeze with her flexing inner walls.

Humping wildly against her, Kat rode her into the slick tile for what felt like forever, until she finally collapsed, panting atop her. Sage wasn't quite done, however, and with the hand clamped down on Kat's well-formed rear, she pulled each last drop of deliciously scalding jizz out of the insensate feline with milking muscles, making sure she didn't let herself likewise collapse until she had ensured Kathryn was completely empty.

The only sounds that she could hear were the sounds of their breathing intertwining in her ears and the sounds of their silky fur gliding against each other's as Sage affectionately rubbed her exhausted lover down. When Kathryn moved to pull her softening member out of her clenching passage, she tensed, letting out a quiet whine. "Wait, Darling. Just... let me feel you a little longer."

Kat shifted, lifting herself on shaky arms to gaze blearily down at the vixen beneath her. A hesitant smile spread across her feline muzzle after a brief moment, and she let herself drift back down to press her lips against the vixen's cheek in an almost absentminded kiss. A rough tongue scraped over Sage's fur, and a slow, regular rumbling started up in the feline's chest. "That's it." Sage whispered, "Purr for me, Darling." Her own lips drifted up to one of the ears that pushed up through Kathryn's snow-colored hair. "Was I loud enough for you, Darling? I tried not to wake the dead, but I just couldn't stop myself. Nothing could hope to feel better than you inside me."

The purr trembling in the calico's chest intensified, and the vixen just kept going, stroking Kat's perky rear and running adoring claws along the line of her spine. "I could spend the rest of my life like this, Darling, just you and me, together." She whispered confidently, murmuring potential futures into a twitching ear, and she knew that they really would end up spending the rest of their lives there when she felt Kathryn beginning to throb to life again.

It was then that she pulled the feline off of her, letting Kat roll onto her back next to her. She sat up, resting a hand on her lover's trim belly, rubbing it tenderly and watching her half-flaccid member pulse back to eager wakefulness. The fur around it was a glistening mess of their mixed fluids, and the smell of their sex overpowered the scents of the soaps sitting on shelves next to the basin whose water was likely growing tepid. "You're a sight, Darling. How am I supposed to take you anywhere if you can't keep yourself clean?"

Kathryn blinked and started to sit up, but a hand on her chest held her down. "I remember saying that if you made a mess of yourself, I would clean you up, Darling. And here we are. Why don't you let me take care of that for you?"

"Sage..." Kat breathed heavily, clearly fighting against her desire, "My sister's going to get suspicious." Sage pouted at her, gesturing toward her raging erection. "After... before I have to go home, I promise I'll make a mess for you to clean up, but we have to make it out of this room for that to happen."

Grumbling forlornly, Sage accepted defeat and withdrew her tantalizing fingers from that which Kathryn seemed desperate for her to keep them. She pushed herself to her knees as the feline sat up, and wiggled across the floor to the basin set into it. The water was still comfortably warm when she dipped her fingertip into it, and she gingerly slid herself into the bath that had been set out for them.

She submerged her head to wet her hair, and by the time she broke the surface, Kat had likewise slithered into the water. It was deep enough for them to stand and still barely show their

breasts above the waterline, but Kass *had* said that this room was for larger clientele. For them, it was nearly a pool, and she let herself drift over to the feline to twine her arms around a slender torso.

Kathryn's nipples dug into the soft cushions of her breasts, and Sage felt the stiff rod burdening the feline's loins press into her stomach. She pushed forward, pressing her lover's back into the far wall of the basin, trapping her between smooth tile and stone and invitingly plush flesh. Kat whined, but did little to stop her as she reached blindly behind the cat morph, grabbing a tab of soap at random from the shelf next to the bath.

Dipping it below the waterline, she smoothly worked it into a lather as she dug her fingers into the feline's fur. Despite her assertions, Kathryn began to pant as she gently scrubbed the cat morph's chest. Hands dropped to her shapely rear, squeezing in shaky fingers, and the throbbing of the spiny shaft resting against her only grew more and more urgent. "There there, Darling. Just breathe and let me clean you up. I'll take care of your little *problem* later; I promise."

Kathryn nodded, closing her eyes and letting her head fall forward onto Sage's shoulder as the vixen slowly, teasingly scoured her clean with fragrant soap. Her hands may have lingered longer than she intended around the delightful flesh standing proudly from Kat's crotch, but she cleaned it too, with slow, languid strokes that left the feline squirming against her. When everything from the cat's neck to her pawed feet had been rasped until it was spotless, she handed the soap over to her moaning lover, murmuring a soft, "Your turn."

Thin fingers accepted the sudsy bar, and the cat began the torturous process of running her hands over the vixen's flawless body. Sage grinned making sure to moan just loud enough for the feline to hear as Kathryn worked soap into the fur of her chest. The desire burning in the feline's eyes excited her, and the foxy woman stoked it with everything she could.

It took much longer for her lover to rub her clean, the cat's fingers slow and faltering on her full, perky curves, but eventually, Kathryn let the soap fall from limp fingers and stood there shaking against her, desperation clear in her bearing. Sage made soothing sounds low in her throat as she dragged herself from the water, pulling the feline out with her. They stood there dripping for a moment before she grabbed a bunch of soft-looking towels and threw one to Kat. It took a lot of work to get their fur a semblance of dry, but they eventually managed it and wrapped themselves back up in what they had worn in.

Kathryn was making a plainly noticeable tent in the fabric over her crotch, and Sage couldn't stop herself from running her fingers along it under the pretense of fixing the fabric on the feline's hips. Kat groaned, and the vixen laughed as she threw the door open and pulled the feline out of the room with her. The hallway was empty for but a split-second before Kassiedie's smiling face peeked around a corner. The attractive features were quickly followed by the rest of her magnificent form as she sashayed down the hall at them. Kathryn's hands once more shot back over her crotch.

The reptile pretended not to notice. "About time!" she exclaimed with good-natured humor, "Pretty nice, huh? Hollowing out the basins was a hell of a lot of work, but Gavin helped a lot. How was it?"

"It was marvelous, dear." Sage answered with a genuine smile, "I would have paid for the bath alone, but that *and* the massage? You'll be rolling in silver in no time."

"Baths are definitely going on the list of services we provide." Kass mentioned as she guided them back down the hall to the changing rooms where they could get dressed, "Too few

people take their personal hygiene seriously, if you ask me, and some can get particularly... odorous after not too long."

Sage giggled. "Don't I know it, dear. The stench I have to deal with on a daily basis would make a lesser woman faint, I think." She slipped into the changing room. Her dress went back over her body easily, and she took advantage of a small, hanging mirror to inspect herself. "Oh my..." she purred. Her fur shone in the light like it was made of spun gold. She looked... vibrant, and as she stepped out, fussing with her hair, she let herself get a good look at Kathryn. Her lover's soft, calico fur likewise gleamed in the light streaming in through high windows, and it gave her pause.

Kassiedie spoke for her. "Oh, you both look wonderful! I told you; there's nothing quite like a good massage and a nice, long bath to put some bounce in your step! Come, come. You should see yourselves in the sun. I bet you'll be brilliant!" The excited lizard led them back through the halls and out into the spacious foyer. Juniper was there, behind the desk, fussing with a stack of thick, leather-bound books. She looked up and smiled politely, but was clearly engrossed with whatever she was doing.

Spinning on her clawed toes, Kass twirled happily. "You two should come back soon. Regular periods of relaxation are healthy, and you'll find yourselves with more energy and motivation even if you just take the time to do some slow breathing every morning. I promise that as we keep getting ready for more services, you'll be the first ones to get to try it. I'm trying to get the equipment for saunas set up in the back, but I might need to put them upstairs to let out the smoke." She bounced happily for a moment, making her brazen assets rise and fall in her colorful dress. "But enough of that! I'm sure you both have things to do, so I won't keep you any longer." She bounded forward, throwing her arms around Sage in a tight hug before doing the same to her sister.

She gave Kathryn a quick peck on the cheek before releasing her. "Don't forget to come visit every now and again, okay? And make sure to tell everyone you know that we're open for business!"

"We will, sis. Thanks." the feline said through a spreading smile as her self-consciousness gradually wore off, "And come down to the Chalice sometime. First round's on me."

The vespine woman behind the desk perked up. "What? Someone say something about free drinks? I'm there!"

Sage couldn't help but grin under the growing tide of joviality that filled the room. "I'm free the day after tomorrow if we want to make a night of it."

Pausing to consider it, the reptile lifted a hand to her snout. "Yeah... I think I can make it day after tomorrow. It's only our second day of business... June and I might have to show up late."

"So I can come?" the wasp behind her mused.

"Yeah, yeah. We can't do much work after dark until we get the lights set up anyway." She turned to Kat. "It's a date." Kathryn looked supremely pleased at this, but blinked in bewilderment as Kassiedie took both of them in clawed hands and dragged them toward the door. "But for now, we've got a lot of work still to do, and you two have got places to be, surely."

They were forcefully ushered out of the building, and Kass deposited them in front of the structure. "Come back any time, alright?" she said as she gave them another hug, "I'm sorry to force you out, but we really do have a lot of work ahead of us. But... But thank you both for coming. It means a lot to me, and I hope you... had a good time."

Sage nearly laughed. "Oh, dear. I assure you, we had a wonderful time. I can say with confidence that we will be back often." Kassiedie smiled excitedly, giving them yet another giddy hug before saying her farewells and disappearing back into the building.

Kathryn stepped close, wrapping her arm around Sage's waist. "Do..." she faltered, "do you think she heard us?"

"Darling, I'm sure she heard us, but I don't really think she minded all that much."

"O-oh..."

The vixen snaked her own arms around her lover's back, pulling her in close so she could press her thigh between Kathryn's legs. "Now... about my promise..."