

Hands for Holding

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1332) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1332>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Star Trek: Lower Decks
Relationship:	Beckett Mariner/T'Lyn
Character:	Beckett Mariner , T'Lyn
Additional Tags:	Ficlet
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Femslash February 2024
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-05 Words: 289 Chapters: 1/1

Hands for Holding

by [Planxty](#)

Summary

T'Lyn and Mariner work out together...and share accidental physical contact.

“All right, T'Lyn, ready for a good sweat sesh?” Mariner flexed her muscles as the pair entered the holodeck. “It’s your turn to pick the workout program.”

“Vulcans do not sweat, but I have selected a program that should be physically challenging for the both of us.”

“Awesome! So, what are we doing? Andorian mountain climbing? MMA tournament? Klingon family reunion?”

“I think you will find that my program is equally as effective without unnecessary dramatics. Computer, begin program.”

The holodeck transformed into...a gym. Nothing special, just a clean, open gym with mirrors on the walls and all of the equipment one would need for a full body workout: racks of weights, benches, squat racks, and so on. Mariner looked around, disappointed at first, but she still found something to be excited about.

“Nice! Classics are classics for a reason, right? Let’s pump some iron!”

After a quick warmup, Mariner and T'Lyn both reached for the same dumbbell, and the tips of their fingers touched. For a moment, they froze, fingers still touching and looking into each others’ eyes. Mariner came to her senses and jumped back, staring at her own hand as if it had betrayed her.

“Oh no. Oh no no no. I am SO sorry! I didn’t mean to...I know that for Vulcans that’s like...I’m so so sorry!”

T'Lyn, however, was unfazed by this outburst of human emotion. “The physical contact was unexpected, but not unwelcome.”

“Wait...really?” Mariner’s eyes lit up. “Does this mean we...kissed or something?”

“Do not give it too much thought.” Without another word, T'Lyn picked up a pair of dumbbells, found a spot in front of the mirror and began to do a set of bicep curls.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!