

Abigail woke up before her alarm could do its job and with it being Saturday it left her feeling a little bit irritated. She always gave herself an extra half hour of sleep on the weekends before she got up to do her morning routine of getting dressed, go jogging, then shower.

Groaning as she lifted herself out of bed, she unlocked her phone to cancel the alarm before it could go off on its own, then staggered through her bedroom dressed only in a pair of worn-out panties that had long suffered the abuse of her morning wood. Even now she was pitching a tent that left the white fabric straining to contain her member until at last she freed her length by tugging her panties down it so her cock could swing free and swell to his full size.

Every morning was like this with her waking up with an erection no matter the hour. It was like her cock and balls couldn't go twelve hours without thinking they needed to remind her that they existed and needed attention, and when your cock was over a foot in length you learned that life got easier the faster you dealt with it.

Now in the bathroom she went to put a brush to her hair, then pulled it back and secured it with a scrunchy to make a simple ponytail before brushing her teeth.

She checked the weather on her phone and saw it was going to be a warmer morning, so she stripped off the panties and hunted through her dresser until she decided on the white tank top and matching shorts. Tossing the items onto the bed she then fished out a black sports bra and a matching pair of boy shorts. Whenever she went out jogging, she liked having good support for both her breasts and her dick.

The anole dressed herself but left her cock free to jut out from the top of her shorts since there were only two ways to calm it down in the morning, and that was to either masturbate or walk into the kitchen and grab an ice cube from the tray.

As Abigail waited for the Keurig to spit out her dark roast coffee, she held a single ice cube over her dick until it started melting cold water down her ample length. The cold treatment worked to shrink her monster back down and she was soon tucking herself securely into her tight fitted shorts just as the Keurig finished it's morning pour.

She was much too modest a woman to go jogging through her quiet suburb with too much of her assets showing so as she drank her coffee, she fetched her fanny pack and put her cellphone, keys, and a granola bar inside before strapping it around her middle so the bag could hang over her crotch and act as a shield to any prying eyes. If someone wanted to see her bulge, then they could leave her a tip at The Wheelhouse!

Once she was outside the sun was only just starting to break the horizon, and she had plenty of light to see by for her to begin her morning jog. She started her route by running east down the street until she found the intersection, then hooked a left and kept going until she met the cul-de-sac at the end of the street. She always followed the sidewalk around so she could run back the way she came on the opposite end of the street,

then jog through the intersection and run until she found the next cul-de-sac at the end of that street, too.

Abigail's route was an easy pleasant one that had her running for half an hour on the weekends but used a different route on weekdays since she had to make sure she was at the school early each day. With it being Saturday, she gladly ran the full route, and by the time she was about to make the final turn to jog back home she was already passing by the newspaper truck as he was making his handful of deliveries.

They waved to each other as they always did but had never actually spoken a word to each other. Her entire suburb was very quiet in the mornings with her usually being the only person outside at this early hour. Every now and then a husband would be outside doing yard work, but even that was a rare sight. It was such a lazy neighborhood.

When she made it home, she was winded and feeling her heart running as fast as she had been jogging, since the anole didn't like lazy jogs or power walks like a grandmother might do. She set herself a hard pace and did her run like she meant to compete, and that's one of the reasons why her legs were her best asset, besides her dick of course.

Locking the front door behind her she stripped herself bare again with her sweaty items being thrown into the hamper to be dealt with later, and for a moment she relished the feel of the AC on her skin as she felt her temperature begin to drop back to normal.

Upon making it to the bathroom again she pulled off her scrunchy and shook her hair out. Her long brown locks were getting a little long, and she knew she ought to pencil in an appointment to have her hair done soon. Looking at herself then in the mirror she stepped back a bit from the counter so she could see more of herself before twisting her body left and right to examine herself.

Did she look good? She knew she did, but ever since Thanksgiving she'd felt more and more self-conscious, and just then she started thinking about Bridget again. The young woman had given her such a big surprise by turning up at The Wheelhouse! Abigail pressed her hands to either side of her bust and gave her breasts a smoosh to the middle before letting them fall back natural. They had a good size and retained their youthful perk despite her not being in her twenties anymore. There was nothing at all wrong with her cock and balls unless the feline thought they were too large, which was a very real fear of Abigail's. If that came to pass then there'd be nothing Abigail could do about it, which left her feeling anxious.

She needed to talk to Bridget about The Wheelhouse, since it seemed to present more questions and reveal fewer answers. The anole had thought the cat was working at a different restaurant, but it looks like she'd been lied to. Bridget was probably afraid of anyone finding out she worked at The Wheelhouse, especially by her son's schoolteacher.

Wouldn't that make sense?

Abigail certainly thought so, but with the girl having just lost her last job, and now working at The Wheelhouse, she figured that it wasn't because she wanted to work there. Mrs. Bridget probably put out a lot of applications but couldn't find any work she was qualified to do, but The Wheelhouse needed more holiday staff, so they snatched her up.

She was so grateful that Bridget didn't have to work that weekend or else she'd have seen her son's schoolteacher dance in front of a large crowd with her cock out. She'd have laughed had it not been so true, and her growing affection for the young woman didn't need to suffer an ice water challenge from a twist of fate like this!

Abigail put her hands back on the counter and stared at herself for a moment before inhaling and exhaling to calm herself down. All this week she'd not gotten a chance to speak to Bridget even though everyone was back in school from break. They'd seen each other, but she was always quick to grab Blake and leave. She was never rude to her, but Abigail feared she was being avoided because of the previous Thursday. They really needed to have a talk.

But she needed to finish her routine first by taking a shower, then after that she could plan out the rest of her day since she had groceries to get and needed to run to a garden supply so she could get more fertilizer stakes for her blueberry bushes. She had three of those sweeties in her backyard.

She kicked on the shower and let it run until steam was visibly rising from atop the stall door. Stepping inside, the feel of water on her skin was wonderful as she let the heat soak into her muscles and relax her from head to toe. As she ducked her head under the faucet to give her hair a rinse, she let her hand fall to her cock to give it a massage.

Every day was the same with her waking up with an erection, dealing with it via an ice cube or similar, then jerking off in the shower where the mess could be easily and quickly dealt with. Her body knew the routine well and she rapidly swelled to full size under the constant stream of water pelting away at her. If she was ever in a hurry and tried to skip a hand job like a normal person she'd only come to regret it later.

Puberty had been cruel to her by blessing her with the double edged sword of an enormous cock and incredible libido. She loved her assets but wasn't naïve enough to think that she wasn't also saddled with the curse of unwanted erections in the middle of class that started as early as elementary and persisted all the way into adulthood. Her libido was simply far too potent for her own good, and so she needed to nip it in the bud every morning to take the edge of her libido throughout the rest of the day, or at least until the evening.

She turned and picked up her shampoo bottle from the ledge and squirted some out into her palm before working it through her hair with the cock swinging gently under the water. Leaving the shampoo in her hair she rinsed her hands clean before lathering up with bar soap until she had the amount she wanted, then turned her back to the showerhead so she could polish her cock.

Her 'wash' lasted about thirty seconds before it became a slow and steady pumping with one hand while she used the other to rub down her breasts. Tilting her head back she let the water start to rinse the shampoo from her hair as she tilted and rotated her head around to let the water hit every side.

Her thoughts drifted from her planned errands and back to the mess with Bridget. Her desire to talk with her started innocently enough but soon became needy and sexual as her hand sped up on her cock to give her the most stimulation possible. Abigail turned back around and let the water hit her in the face and chest as she let the hot stream rinse away the rest of the shampoo off her body.

She tried not to use Bridget as fuel for her masturbation, but it'd become so hard lately. Her effort to keep her feelings for the young woman pure was failing more and more with this morning being the eighth time the anole had pleased herself to dirty thoughts of the cat.

Abigail bit her lip and stepped closer to the shower head until she could lean her head against the shower wall. She reached up with a free hand and grabbed the shower head and tilted it down, so the water was spraying across her head and shoulders. Heavy streams of water flowed across her and she pointed her dick up and started rapidly pumping herself in an effort to force a quick finish.

In her imagination she saw the young woman face down on Abigail's own bed with her cheek to the mattress. Abigail's favorite position in the bedroom had always been doggystyle, and she hoped that Bridget liked it, too. She could imagine herself going wild on the young mother, pinning her down and cramming in every inch of her length until the cat was howling out one climax after another just like the slutty sorority girl's the anole had broken in while in college.

Abigail's inner beast so desperately craved the loving touch of another person, and she wished that person could be Bridget as she imagined what her voice might sound like in her bedroom. The beautiful young cat had been made a mother once, and the anole wouldn't mind helping her become a mother a second or even a third time. Abigail was a maternal soul at heart, and wanted children of her own one day, and whenever she really let her imagine run wild, she saw herself knocking Bridget up without regret.

Her balls began to hike up against her body as her orgasm began to rear its head, and then she felt them jerk against her as the first rope of cum bolted up through her cock. She hissed at first as cum sprayed from her tip, but that initial discomfort was always short lived as the relief and ecstasy of climax overloaded her senses and left her hanging her mouth open in a loud moan.

Rope after rope continued to erupt from her cock as she kept pumping her dick with a steel-like grip. She wanted to milk her balls bone dry until there was nothing left in them but air, and milk herself she did as she

tried to imagine being balls deep in the young woman that was slowly stealing her heart away without her having made a single effort to try.

By the time she'd stroked the last of the cum out of her cock she could feel standing water rising over her toes as the drain struggled to swallow down her thick load with the slimy goo getting caught in the holes of the grate. She spent the next few minutes rinsing cum off her body before scrubbing the rest of herself down with a soapy rag and once she was done with that the cum had finally worked its way through the drain and the water level in the stall was finally dropping.

She spent a good penny on Drano to keep her shower from clogging, but it was much better to get off in her shower than it was to be ruining her bed sheets every day. Her electric bill from all those loads of wash and dry would have killed her utility budget.

With her balls empty and her mind now clear of any sexual fog she stepped out of the shower clean as a whistle and started toweling off. As she dressed herself, she decided on going to the garden supply first since they opened early, then she could text her hairdresser to see if she had an opening sometime later today. She could always swing by the grocery store on her way home.

Abigail sent a message to her hairdresser, then saw Bridget's name in her list of old conversations. She thought about it a moment, then sighed and selected her name and started typing out a message for her. With a small amount of shame in her heart for having just masturbated to the poor girl, she asked Mrs. Bridget if she'd like to have lunch on Sunday to talk.

She didn't say what she wanted to talk about, but she didn't think she needed to. Now all the anole needed to do was wait for a reply, and to go buy her blueberry bushes their food.