

Ever since they fired her Bridget had stopped getting her groceries from Wilson's. She didn't want to give them any more of her money if they weren't willing to give her any in return. So, she started going to another grocery store, a local Kroger, that was almost as close to her home as Wilson's was. She regretted shopping at a chain store instead of a small business, like Wilson's, but what choice did she have at the moment?

Today was a school day, and she had no hours on the board for her to fill at The Wheelhouse, which made today a good day to catch up on her errands while Blake was in class. She'd already picked up her dress from the dry cleaners, since she'd dripped salad dressing on it at Applebee's this past weekend and she couldn't get the stain out herself. Once she got her groceries, she could get back home to plan her and Blake's dinner for tonight before she needed to pick him up from school.

There was more to do, but she wasn't sure if she felt up to it today. She'd been feeling very off since this weekend and her lunch with Abigail. She hadn't expected Abigail to be so forward, which was silly since she should have known better. Bridget had long suspected that Abigail was a lesbian. It was hard not to notice the looks the tall reptile would give her each day when she came to pick up her son from school.

Of course, she'd try to ask her out, it was inevitable.

Inevitable despite being her son's school teacher, his mother's coworker, and being female when Bridget clearly enjoyed male company. It wasn't that Bridget didn't enjoy women but having a young boy in tow wasn't just a fashion statement, even if his birth had been accidental. She loved being the mother of a little boy and having a family was in her heart and soul.

She needed to fetch some cold stuff from that side of the store, but she was still browsing the pharmacy. The medicine cabinet was running low on the basics, Bridget selecting a few inexpensive bottles of store brand over the counter meds and dropping them into her cart before pushing it over to the dental hygiene.

She spent more time distracting herself than she did shopping. Sunday's lunch was glued to her thoughts, filling her with mixed signals she couldn't fully understand. Abigail's company had been nice, and she enjoyed seeing her five days out of the week at school, or whenever she'd volunteer to be a substitute teacher. The green anole was such a sweet woman, and very caring. She'd seen how good she was with children.

Abigail would have made a good mother. It made her feel very awkward whenever any thought she had drifted her memory back to that moment at The Wheelhouse when Abigail caught her red handed working there as a waitress. Or perhaps they'd caught each other.

Now she knew that Abigail wasn't just a lesbian, but... It left her feeling flustered any time she was reminded of the bulge the other woman had in her little orange shorts. She picked out a bubblegum flavor toothpaste for Blake, then grabbed a bag of floss picks for herself. As she rolled the cart out of the pharmacy, she had to pass by the family planning section, and she could only hurry herself away as quickly as she could.

She'd been on the pill since Blake had been born, but she didn't need to see all the little boxes of condoms there, taunting her. It hadn't been that long since she'd last seen Abigail at work, but her memory was teasing her far too much. It wasn't like her to be horny, but it just felt too

much like she'd been told one of Abigail's biggest secrets, and Bridget had to shake her head, blonde hair flipping about her shoulders.

The cold stuff. It'd be easier to clear her mind if she was browsing the produce.

Her household managed to go through a lot of fruits and veggies in a week, so she pulled her list out of her purse and reviewed it, seeing what fresh things the store had in stock and adjusted what she thought she should pick up. The placement of everything was foreign to her since she'd been shopping at Wilson's for the last two years. Kroger just had to rearrange everything from what was familiar to her.

She passed by a center island full of squash, bell peppers, cucumbers, the cat stopping for a moment as the long green vegetables caught her attention. She blushed, knowing exactly why she felt pink in the cheeks, and pushed her cart along to the wall so she could find a bag of romaine lettuce.

If Bridget could find a different job than The Wheelhouse then she'd feel so much better about working, and Abigail wouldn't be her coworker anymore. It wasn't that she saw her very often, and might not even get to at all what with the lizard already having a full-time job, but the feline still wished... She sighed, putting a bag of lettuce in the cart.

Maybe if Abigail wasn't her coworker, it'd be better. She'd still be Blake's teacher at school, but only for the rest of the school year. His grades were so much better now, and he was going to pass and move on to second grade. She stopped her cart next to an island laden with eight or nine different kinds of apples, her eyes moving from label to label as she tried to decide which would be best to put in Blake's lunchbox.

She was thinking an awful lot about Abigail despite being in the produce section.

If she found a new job, and then Blake moves on to second grade it wouldn't be so strange if the two of them went on a date would it? She turned her head, looking around the store at all the other islands and their differing flavors of vegetable and fruit. Her eyes stopped for a moment on the now distant cucumbers, and she scoffed at no one but herself.

Abigail had the power to give her children. She felt herself shiver and blamed it on the air conditioner working hard to keep the produce cool and crisp.

When the two women had parted ways at Applebee's she'd felt so awful. Leaving Abigail with a rejection like that left the cat rushing to her car and cranking up. She wanted to escape from how awful she felt. It was so obvious Abigail had gotten her hopes up so high. Bridget inhaled and yanked off a plastic bag from the roller and began to fill it with a week's worth of small Gala apples. When she was done, she pulled off another bag and filled it with some bananas for herself and Blake.

Did Abigail even want children? She was in her thirties, Bridget thought. If she wanted a relationship, wouldn't she already have one? The cat was making a lot of assumptions, and at risk of making even more, Bridget thought to herself.

She found herself wandering for a few minutes in the produce, trying to find something else she'd need at home, but her buggy was already pretty full of the essentials. She found herself

next to the island full of cucumbers again, but not by choice. They'd appeared next to her; it seemed as she wandered the spaces between the many islands.

She looked at them again, the bumpy green yet-to-be-pickles resting under a damp mist. Bridget picked one up, selecting it due to its familiarity. She'd only gotten one close up look at Abigail in her shorts that day, but she'd seen plenty more of her from afar. It had been difficult to ignore, since prior to that day she'd had no idea Abigail had a dick. Her outfits just never showed it off, but now that she was aware it existed, she'd become more... cognizant.

Even at Applebee's she'd noticed it. It was subtle, so whatever Abigail did to hide it worked well! This cucumber she now held in her delicate hand felt so huge to her, but that was about the same size she'd seen in those shorts. Longer than her outstretched hand and thick enough to keep her fingertips from touching her thumb.

Ben had been average in size. Not that she knew any better, since he'd been her only one. She'd briefly seen pornography before and knew a lot of men out there had more size, but Ben's size had given her Blake and that was what mattered most. If Abigail was much larger it wouldn't matter. If her next spouse could give Blake a little brother or sister, then Bridget would be satisfied.

She tore off a plastic bag and slipped the cucumber inside, being fully aware of the possible implications of why she was doing this. She nestled the cucumber in with the bananas and apples and finally left the produce section feeling satisfied that she'd collected all she could of her groceries.

The cat went through the check out, paid, and hurried out to her car. It was during her drive home that she found herself free to think without any distractions, like her grocery list or green vegetables. She didn't know if she was even in the right place to start dating again.

When would she be? It'd been two years since she'd lost Ben, and now she was alone, and she simply didn't want to be anymore. It was so much easier taking care of Blake when she had Ben around, and her son needed more than just her. Losing his father had hurt him so much. How would he react if his mother brought a new person home one day, and how would he react if it was his schoolteacher?

She didn't know. This was difficult, it was confusing, Bridget didn't know what the right answers were. What would his parents think when they found out that she'd moved on?

When she finally pulled into her driveway, she'd not gotten any closer to figuring out what she was going to do. As she put away the groceries, she realized it wouldn't be hard to go on a date without Blake, or the rest of her family, from ever noticing. He was so young that he still needed babysitting, and he had two sets of grandparents that loved helping her out whenever they could.

Maybe she could... she sighed, putting the milk away into the fridge before deciding what dinner was going to be tonight. That was still hours away from now, but it gave herself something to think about. Blake could have SpaghettiOs as a treat since he liked them. She tried making sure he ate healthier, but she always kept a stash of easy to make canned meals for those evenings or lunches where she just didn't have the time to cook something.

And she could just have a salad. She'd been eating so many of those lately it didn't even sound appetizing to her now. It might have been a good idea to actually plan out a new dish, like something from the cookbooks she keeps getting as gifts but seldom ever used. Maybe this weekend she could try that.

When she checked the clock on the microwave it occurred to her that she'd gone and done her errands too fast. It wasn't even time to run to the school to pick him up. She had another two hours to go.

Bridget opened the fridge again, checking its contents until her eyes landed on the lone cucumber that sat tightly wrapped in its plastic bag. She scoffed at herself, vowing to slice it up tonight when she made herself a salad, since she felt so foolish for having bought the stupid thing in the first place.

Leaving the kitchen behind her she shook out her hair, short as it was, letting herself feel like she was letting everything down. Her home was small, since at her parents' encouragement she downsized to a small home to save money, then pocketed the money she'd made from the sale of their first home and tucking it into savings.

As she approached her bedroom, she was already stripping herself bare. She had the mind to take a shower, wash off the day and get herself ready again for the quick trip to school to pick up Blake. Also, where she'd see Abigail again. She didn't want to make the other woman feel like she was being shunned or pushed aside. Bridget was going to dress in something nice, something that might impress.

She wondered why she wanted to bother with that all of a sudden if she didn't even know if she was ever going to follow up with Abigail's affection for her. Unhooking her bra, she freed her girls and let them drop. It felt wonderful being free of those oppressive cups, then she freed herself of her panties, kicking them over to join her bra. She'd had the careful mind to actually lay her pants and blouse over the edge of the bed so they wouldn't get too wrinkled.

The cat sat herself down on the edge of her bed before falling backwards, sagging into the bed with its recently washed linen. It wasn't often she touched herself, but today she did. Her mind had been in the gutter too often since crossing paths with Abigail at The Wheelhouse. She'd always considered herself borderline bisexual, but never until now had she thought so much about another woman.

Her fingers carefully danced across her pussy until she was left aching in ways she hadn't felt in a long time. It was wonderful feeling desire again, to have a fire burning inside her even if it was a small and insecure flame. She didn't know what she was going to do with Abigail, but she could still be kind to her, and dress cute every day when she picked Blake up from school. Say hi to her at The Wheelhouse should their shifts ever overlap.

Even if she didn't know what she was going to do she could still enjoy the companionship that came from friendship, and Abigail would be a good one of those, Bridget's breathing growing heavier and quicker as her fingers slipped in and out of her petals. With no one else in the house she didn't have to worry about closing her door or worrying about where a little boy might be. She could just... indulge herself for once.

Despite her fingers rubbing quicker and quicker through her folds her mind was still distracted, struck on people and errands. Picking up her son later, seeing Abigail there. She wondered

what the lovely lizard would be wearing today. She always dressed so modestly, and professionally. Lots of warm and easy colors.

Would she be gentle with her, like Ben? Or would Abigail make her cry out, owning Bridget's pussy like it was her property? The feline's back was beginning to arch more and more as she neared her peak, her curiosity catching her tongue as her thoughts became glued in place on the tall emerald woman that had asked her out to dinner.

When the moment of her orgasm came, she let it happen, allowing the emotion of it to flow over and through her, her body shuddering and rocking against the bed while she bit her lip to keep from crying out. She hadn't climaxed this hard in months, and for the first time in two years she wanted to feel the warmth of another body pressed against hers, to end her loneliness.

As she sagged her body back down into bed, she let her breathing slow before picking herself up.

Now she'd earned herself a shower. As she waited for the water to heat up, she tried to think of what she could say to the woman she'd just masturbated to. Maybe she could ask... Maybe she could ask Blake if he'd like to go out to eat with Ms. Abigail one night. If his teacher wanted to go out on a date with a single mother, she'd have to prove that she was willing to become a mother herself, wouldn't she?