

A lot can change in six months, and the first among them was that a new school year had started. Abigail now had a new classroom full of children, which left her both happy and sad. Since she taught elementary, she wouldn't ever have a chance to teach any of her old students again, but she had the joy of having a whole batch of new ones. With her school being modest in size she was at least afforded the chance to see her past students grow up a little from a distance as they played at recess or threw french fries at each other in the cafeteria. Her school was elementary only, so all the familiar young faces were going to start leaving her soon for another school entirely once they graduated to middle school. She was in her 4th year at Mayberry Elementary, so she had one year to go before her first ever class of kids left for somewhere else. That'd be an emotional year for her.

But it was easy to keep herself distracted these days from negative thoughts. She had school keeping her occupied five days out of seven, which came with it all of the grading and planning that she couldn't do over the summer break. There was also a lot of busy work involved with keeping a classroom.

Additionally, she'd managed to convince enough parents and faculty to jump on board with her idea to start hosting after school activities for tee ball and little league, since those were sports that Abigail understood quite well from her own childhood and college days. The kids wouldn't be playing any actual games, since they weren't old enough to play real Little League, but the idea was to give the kids something fun to do that might also lead them to discovering if they'd like to play it again when they were older.

Since she was teaching elementary kids most of them would never be old enough to play while under her watch, but since she coached Little League during the summer, she might actually see some of her kids again once they got old enough to start playing. She was also considering that she should try to coach softball for the girls, but then that would be so much more work for her to do and she wasn't sure if she could hack it, along with holding down her summer job at The Wheelhouse.

But that was all for future Abigail to figure out. When she wasn't being occupied with school or her baseball practices, she had her domestic life to take care of, and that was filled with so much joy she easily forgot about all her other worries.

Her relationship with Bridget was going so well! She wasn't ready to start talking about marriage or children, but her heart wouldn't stop singing now that she was spending nearly every day she could with Bridget and her little boy. Blake was slowly improving in the months since his mother had started dating Abigail. With Bridget under a lot less stress, and being happier overall, it seemed to be having an uplifting effect on her son. With his father having passed away, seeing the little boy doing better was a Godsend. Abigail was keeping tabs on his grades at school by checking on him with his new teacher. He was doing better, and Abigail was working her hardest to try and be a good potential stepmother to him.

"I don't know. I like this one, but I don't think it'd be appropriate for Blake's party." Bridget said, drawing Abigail's attention back to her.

She'd let her mind wander a little as she and her girlfriend browsed through Dillard's to find something new for each of them to wear to Blake's upcoming birthday party.

Bridget wanted to do something a little extravagant for his birthday, so they were going down to Harrison where there was a new theme park. It was only a few years old but was a pretty popular place

to have parties for kids. The billboards all called it SNAP, but the real name was 'Star kNights Arcade & Pizzeria.'

It was themed around an internet video game that was really popular with kids. Bridget had already secured the reservation for a party room and the theme park does their own catering, so they'd have plenty of pizza and sodas. They even had their own bakery on site, so the park was also going to be making the cake there using a description Bridget had given them.

It was actually really cute! He wanted his cake to have one of the theme park's characters drawn on it, and that character was a girl. Bridget had told her that he'd been so shy to tell her when she asked him what he wanted his cake to look like. They both asked him why he wanted her instead of one of the boy characters and he just became even more flustered and it was just too cute catching him with a crush on a cartoon character, and apparently the theme park had actors that dressed up as the characters, so she and Bridget were fully prepared to have their cameras ready to take lots of photos of Blake with his favorite character.

"I don't know about that. Well, I guess it depends on how it hugs your chest. You'd have to try it on." Abigail replied, reaching out to take the one-piece swimsuit from her girlfriend's hand to hold it up to her chest to get a better look. The theme park was mostly indoors, but they had a water park on site that was supposed to be fun, so everyone that was going to the party was coming prepared to get wet. Between the arcade, putt putt golf, the laser tag game, and the water park outside every parent in attendance was going to be exhausted by the end of it all.

"I'm not worried how it hugs my chest, but If I show up with my cup size on display, I don't need to become the new topic of gossip between all the other moms." The cat replied, taking the swimsuit back and hanging it on the rack where she'd found it.

Abigail stepped up, reaching back out to take the item she'd put away to pluck it back off the rack, then handed it back to her.

"You've been staring at swimsuits for fifteen minutes and you keep looking at this one. Try it on at least, I know you like it." Abigail told her, and gently pressed the one piece into her hands. Bridget sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Ok. What about you? Are you going to try any of those on?" She asked in return.

What Abigail had picked out so far was two different colors of the same one-piece, and then a red bikini she felt was cut modestly enough to wear to a children's party, since the bottom came with an attached floral print skirt, so she was hoping it would look nice and not be revealing at all. She really hated showing a bulge whenever she was at school or at any family friendly function.

"The bikini. I don't think I can wear the one-pieces, but they look nice." She replied.

"Put the blue one back and keep the other one. I always thought you looked good in your stripper outfit." Bridget told her with a laugh, pointing to the other one-piece that was a rich shade of orange, reminding Abigail that it was a similar color to what The Wheelhouse used for their uniforms. She sighed in reply.

"To the party though?" She asked incredulously.

"You don't have to wear it to the party, but you might want it for some other occasion!" Came the reply.

Abigail pulled the blue one piece off her arm and stuck it on the rack next to them, which was the wrong place to put it, but the employees here could fix that on their time.

"I guess we can try something one if you think you're ready?" Abigail asked.

Bridget looked down at the single item she held, then sighed as she looked over at Abigail's two items. The cat turned her head to look over at a rack of other swimsuits that were all two-piece ensembles.

"Bridget, this isn't a competition!" She told her girlfriend as she stepped over to rack to rifle through them until she found a white bikini that was in her size.

"I know it's not, but maybe we can both buy something fun to wear for when we're not a birthday party." She replied with a smile.

Bridget took her by the hand and together they left the section they were in and found the fitting rooms. They stepped into the little hallway leading to all the stalls. Bridget pointed to the end of the hall, the cat wanting to occupy the last stall in the long row of them. The two of them entered the same stall, since it was large enough to fit them both comfortably so long as one of them sat down to give the other room.

Abigail took the lead by sitting herself down first, pressing her back into the corner of the stall so Bridget could have enough room to change out of her skirt and blouse.

"Were you going to find a matching skirt to wear over that one-piece if you got it?" Bridget asked as her blouse left her shoulders. the four articles of swimwear were hanging on the backside of the door, waiting to be tried on.

"I don't know. I could just tie a towel around me if I had to." She replied.

"I don't think you need to worry so much. There's nothing about you that isn't normal." Bridget pressed, carefully folding her skirt over her blouse, which was now lying on the small bench next to Abigail.

"I'm a teacher! I have to try and be modest and set a good example for them, and with Blake I just feel awkward since I know he's not accustomed to seeing women like me." Abigail replied.

Over the last six months both women had learned a lot about each other from their hobbies, their habits, their pasts, and especially their hangups. Bridget's biggest hangup was food, since she had a secret sweet tooth inherited from both sides of her family, many of which were on the heavy side. She was very self-conscious about her weight and obsessively ordered salads and healthy foods to compensate for her desire to eat something decadent.

She was also one to fight with herself over her spending. After her husband had passed, she'd received enough money from his life insurance to live comfortably, but when he'd still been alive, they weren't wealthy at all, as well as their families not being particularly well to do either. Bridget had a very

working-class background, and she was still living in the mindset of being broke. She was afraid she'd run out of money if she wasn't careful even though she knew she had a lot of money in the bank and in her savings. She wanted to be the sort of person that was generous with her friends and family, but her anxiety guilt tripped her every time she opened her wallet.

In return, Bridget had learned that Abigail was modest to a fault and hated showing off any part of her body that someone would want to see in the bedroom. Almost everything in her closet was well suited to downplaying her bust as well as her crotch. Honestly, Abigail lied more often than not, claiming it was only because she was a teacher and wanted to be seen in proper looking attire to set an example for the younger generation. That was partly true, but it was mostly that she was older now and just wasn't the same woman that she was in college. A younger Abigail had been a wild showoff, but after multiple sexual partners and a handful of unrewarding and shallow relationships, Abigail hated the idea of coming off as slutty or loose.

Spending so much time with Bridget and her young son just made it worse, since Abigail now had this idea in her head that if she wasn't careful about how she presented herself around Blake she'd set some very bad examples for him. Of course, Blake wasn't likely to grow up to be any kind of man that would wear a bikini, but if Abigail was to one day be his stepmother, she wanted to be someone he could be proud of! Not someone that would embarrass him at his sweet 16th birthday party because all his friends saw how hung his mother was in that bikini. God, that would be awful!

And she needed to be the sort of woman that she hoped he'd find in the wild! Someone that had enough modesty and self-control to be a wonderful partner to him, and not some... Slut who couldn't control herself. Like she'd been in college.

"I take him out in public, Abby." She laughed as she picked the one-piece up off the back of the door and yanked it carefully from the hanger to start pulling it on.

"I can't find a channel on tv today that doesn't have something sexy on it, unless its only showing cartoons, and even some of those are kinda racy." She added.

"Well, I'm not on TV, Bridget. I... I might be his mother one day, and I don't want everyone to think his stepmother is a slut." She confessed, feeling flushed at the thought of confessing that the two of them might be more than dates one day.

Bridget had her legs through the holes now and was tugging the rest of the swimsuit up to get her arms through the other holes. She stopped midway, the swimsuit hanging limp around her waist.

"I don't think any son of mine would think that. He adores you, Abby!" She told her, then reached back to unsnap her bra so she could quickly remove it before pulling on the rest of the swimsuit.

"You're supposed to leave your bra on." Abigail reminded her.

"And then I wouldn't know if it fits the way I like." She replied, snapping the straps over her shoulders and running her fingers around the edges to check that everything was where she wanted.

She reached down and adjusted other parts of the swimsuit before standing herself up straight and spinning in a slow circle for Abigail to see.

"I think it looks lovely on you!" She told her.

Bridget turned to face the small mirror that was mounted on the wall of the stall they were in, but she frowned when she got a look at herself.

"Let me go check the one outside." She huffed, then opened the stall door and left it open as she looked at herself in the big mirror that was mounted to the wall at the end of the hallway. The feline spun herself around to show herself her own backside, looking over her shoulder as best as she could.

When she was satisfied, she stepped back inside the stall and shut the door.

"I think it looks alright. It's not too racy?" She asked.

"Every racy bit of you is covered, Birdy." Abigail smiled up at her, using the new pet name she came up with for her girlfriend.

Birdy was her way of reminding Bridget that she had a beautiful voice like a songbird, and Birdy happened to rhyme with Purdy, which Bridget absolutely was. Bridget then stuck her hands out for Abigail to take, and not knowing what the plan was, she complied out of innocence. When she took her girlfriend by the hands she was physically instructed to stand up, and moments later they had swapped places with Bridget now sitting where Abigail had just been.

"Your turn. I want you to try that red bikini on, it's not even a racy one. I'm sure you'll look fine in it.

Abigail sighed and started tugging off her top before moving down to remove her pants. Bridget helped by taking control of the items that were being removed and setting them aside until Abigail was down to her underwear.

"Come on." The cat told her.

"Birdy, no." She replied, but her girlfriend was adamant, and even went so far as to stick her hands out, palm up, like she was waiting.

She sighed again and unclipped her bra and removed it before placing it in her girlfriend's hands.

"Bottoms, too." She was told.

"Bridget! The boobs are too much as it is, I can't take those off too and try something on!" She insisted, pleading.

Bridget put the bra down and started rubbing her hands together like she was about to start taking something off herself.

"There are reasons people aren't allowed to try on things without their underwear, Bridget!" She protested, keeping her voice at a loud whisper.

“Abby, I’ve seen you buy every item you’ve ever tried on. Drop them and put the bikini on!” She fussed back.

Abigail deflated, giving in, and hooking her thumbs under the sides of her panties before shimmying them down her legs. She picked them up from the floor with her foot and Bridget snatched them and put them aside along with the bra before handing her the bikini top. She pulled the top on and turned around for Bridget to reach up and snap the back together.

She turned back around and took the bottoms and pulled them up her legs. When she finished pulling them up to her groin, she had to tuck her penis and balls inside the elastic fabric.

It became immediately clear that this ‘unisex’ bikini had been sewn for those less well-endowed than her. The way the fabric stretched around her package left her blushing. Just the idea of being in public wearing something like this was leaving her cheeks looking as red as the patch on her neck, and being out at a pool like this with children nearby was totally out of the question!

“I can’t wear this, Bridget!” She protested.

The cat scooted forward and reached out to the bikini bottoms. She started adjusting the fabric and snapping the elastic back into place, carefully trying to minimize how vulgar of a display her girlfriend’s package was in the bright red bikini. When she was done, she leaned back and looked at her girlfriend up and down very thoughtfully.

“Birdy, this is not something I can wear. I’m too big.” She complained, gesturing with both hands to her bulge.

“It’s also very Christmas themed.” Bridget replied, pointing out that Abigail was now wearing a rich red color over the greens and whites of her skin.

She sighed. That was almost as bad as being vulgar in public. Abigail hated seasonal outfits, and it hadn’t occurred to her that the red was the same color as mistletoe berries.

“At least let me put the little skirt piece on you.” She told her, taking the skirt piece off the hanger.

Abigail stood still as Bridget reached out to her. The skirt in her hand was a big white triangle piece that hooked to the sides of the bikini bottoms to add an extra layer of class and modesty to an otherwise typical bikini. The two corners of the triangle that had the little clasps easily hooked to the sides of the bikini and had enough wiggle and play for Bridget to adjust them back and forth until she was happy.

When she was done and satisfied, she leaned back and looked Abigail up and down again.

“That’s not bad.” She told her.

Abigail turned and looked at herself in the small wall mirror. She turned this way and that, twisting around to check her crotch from all angles. If someone was trying to sneak a peek, they’d be able to do so if they were looking at her from the left.

“I don’t know. This doesn’t feel modest enough for me to wear anywhere.” She complained.

"You're going to buy it, and I'll buy some fabric from Hobby Lobby later this week and sew you up a more modest little skirt to wear with it, ok?" Her girlfriend told her with a smile.

She sighed and turned to look at herself in the mirror from a few more angles. This looked like something she'd wear when she was in college and had no qualms with showing off any of her assets.

"Maybe if it came down to here." She replied, poking herself in the mid-thigh.

Bridget hummed a reply, then reached over to unhook the skirt off the bottoms before setting it aside.

"Come here, Abby." The cat asked.

"Hmm?" Abigail replied, but her girlfriend was already reaching out to grab her by the legs and instructing her to step closer.

She did, looking down and wondering what she wanted, then felt her face begin to flush hot pink as Bridget leaned forward and pressed her face into her crotch.

"Birdy, no!" She said it in a whisper, trying to push the cat away.

Bridget hummed back a 'no' and rubbed her face more aggressively into her crotch. Losing her nerve, Abigail began to panic.

"We can't do this! We're in public!" She whispered again as her girlfriend began to kiss her through the fabric of the bottoms.

"We're in a stall." She replied, her voice muffled by her package.

"We'll get caught! This is illegal!" Abigail put her hands delicately on her girlfriend's head, trying to persuade to please not-

Bridget yanked the bottom down, and suddenly there were lips pressed directly against the skin of her balls. Abigail could feel Bridget's little nose against the side of her flaccid cock. Again, she lost her nerve, submitting to the cat's advances as her cock began to slowly swell with blood until a pair of lips began to help it along with lots of little kisses across her shaft.

Abigail looked down with nervous worry as her girlfriend spoiled her, more kisses were left across her cock until there were small smears of lipstick on the side of her ever-swelling pillar. When she was finally at full mast, her impressive monster of a tool was twitching in the air while the cat admired it from her seat.

"I love you, Abby." She told her, before planting a single kiss on the end of her cock.

"I love you, too, Birdy but this isn't the best time to show it." She tried, vainly, to be a voice of morals and reason.

The cat replied to her by making an 'o' with her lips and sliding her mouth over the end of her cock. Abigail felt her knees threaten to buckle as the nervous energy left her feeling weak all over. The further Bridget went down her cock the weaker she felt until Abigail was forced to lean over her girlfriend to press her hands against the back wall of the stall.

This caused her hips to move, accidentally forcing an extra inch down her girlfriend's throat, making the cat gag. This didn't stop her, as now her head was bobbing up and down her shaft while Abigail held onto the wall as best as she could until the cat was audibly gagging and slurping beneath her.

They were going to get caught! She was so self-absorbed with the fear of someone catching them in the act that she hardly noticed the delicate hand now fondling her balls. Bridget was obsessed with her girlfriend's package, fully embracing the idea that one day the two of them might be having children of their own.

When Abigail was just a simple schoolteacher that had a crush on one of her student's mothers, she had no idea what sort of life would await her if Bridget ever accepted her advances. Looking back at the past, she'd foolishly thought that Bridget was a mature, sensible woman who was a lot like Abigail. In a way, she was right, Bridget was a lot like Abigail, but with the feline still trapped in her early twenties compared to Abigail's mid-thirties, she was discovering that Bridget was more like her younger self! Bridget, now that she had a partner to spend her life with, was letting loose all the pent up sexual energies she'd bottled up since her husband's passing.

Below her, the cat popped her mouth clean off her cock with a wet smack.

"Abby." She whispered cutely up to her.

"Birdy?" She asked back, looking down at the cat from her high vantage to see the girl's eyes batting their lashes up at her. That cliché point of view of looking down at a girl as she played with your cock was something to die for. It melted Abigail every time she saw Bridget make love to her dick with her hands and mouth.

"Grab my ears." She told her.

The lizard shook her head.

"We're in public!" She hissed back, pleading.

"Please." She said, burying her face down into her crotch to nuzzle at her balls.

"Birdy..." She whined back down at her.

The cat looked back up at her pleadingly, still nuzzling at her affectionately. Abigail gave up, standing herself up straight and reaching down to run her fingers through the cat's hair. Bridget was literally purring with a smile as Abigail wrapped her hands around both the girl's ears and pushed her head away, letting the cat's cheek glide across the side of her dick. Bridget was a lot like a younger Abigail, if Abigail had a cunt instead of a cock and loved being used like a toy.

Bridget was submissive and obedient, letting her mouth drop open so that her girlfriend could easily line the tip of her rigid cock up with her waiting lips...

She started pulling her head down, gently at first, letting the cat swallow her cock until the moment she let out her first gag. Abigail was so hung, too hung, for her to do what she about to do, but this was exactly what Bridget liked, what she wanted. It'd been so many years since Abigail had been with a girl that was as durable as Bridget proved herself to be!

When Bridget wrapped her hands around to Abigail's backside to grab two big handfuls of cheek, Abigail yanked the girl's head down. As the cat grunted and gagged, that massive pillar of a dick forcing its way down her throat, Abigail whimpered out a satisfied groan. The hotter her arousal burned, the less nervous she felt, and the less anxious she felt, the stronger her grip would get.

She wasn't about to let her knees buckle now, the cat had gotten what she wanted, and now Abigail was just going to have to fuck her throat raw until her nuts were empty. She tugged on the cat more until Bridget was starting to tear up at the corners of her eyes, her little cute nose now pressed firmly to Abigail's taut abdominals.

With her cock now stretching the poor girl's throat open nice and wide, Abigail finally let out a happy little groan. She looked down at her girlfriend, her makeup now beginning to run down her cheeks from the intensity of the dick prying her throat open, and then Abigail pushed her head back.

Her cock slipped backwards, drenched in her girlfriend's spit until only half of her length was left in the cat's mouth. Abigail watched as Bridget took her chance to draw in a deep breath through her nose before aggressively pushing herself back down onto that thick pillar.

Ever since they'd started daring, Bridget was proving herself to be the spitting image of nearly every slutty college girl Abigail had ever bent over a bed or couch, except this time they were seriously dating. She was being given a chance to relive her youth but with the opportunity to make better decisions this time around. The lizard wasn't ashamed of anything she did with Bridget, sex in a changing room stall notwithstanding.

With her girlfriend she could let loose in private knowing full well that Bridget appreciated and loved her, that she wasn't just some quick fling that would be forgotten about shortly after graduation.

Abigail tightened her grip on her girl's head and slammed her head down into her lap, forcing the cat to choke, her gagging loud and sloppy as fifteen inches of prick plumbed the depths of her throat. Abigail's legs threaten to give out from the sight of her girlfriend's eyes rolling back in her head, going slightly crossed as the lack of air threatened to knock her out cold.

When she pulled back, she let her girlfriend breathe, and when she knew she'd taken in another big lungful she slammed her head back down, giving the single mother exactly what she'd wanted when she'd tugged her panties down. Abigail started fucking her face, throating her with every inch of dick she had, the noise of her slurping and gagging over her prick sounding exactly like some sleazy porno you'd find online.

She could feel a tightening in her balls, the flexing of her taint squeezing rope after rope of slimy lizard pre down into her girl's stomach.

Behind them, there came the noise of footsteps, and Abigail felt a sudden surge of raw panic, her grip slamming Bridget down tight like a vice into her lap as the sound of someone entered another changing room filled her with a renewed fear of getting caught.

And surely, they were going to get caught! Her heart was now pounding in her chest, the vicious beating of her heart pumping down through her veins and into her still rigid prick, lodged deep in Bridget's mouth as it violent throbbed with need. Even her fear of being caught couldn't calm her monster down, and with it wrapped so tightly by her girlfriend's throaty embrace she was helpless!

As the person down the small hallway began to make the noise of someone pulling an item off a hanger, Bridget began to swallow and gulp around Abigail's cock. Her hands reached up to grab Abigail's, squeezing them tightly as her swallowing quickened.

Abigail was alert, head turned toward the stranger a few stalls away, trying to stay deathly still and praying that whoever was there would leave soon! Below her, Bridget gagged, a muffled noise rolling up from her clogged muzzle.

"Shh!" Abigail whispered, pulling the feline down even tighter in hopes of hiding the noise, but Bridget's hands began to fidget over her own, squeezing her fingers tightly and pushing and pulling at her, but Abigail was distracted by the fear of being noticed.

In the other stall, there was the rustling of fabric, the clinking of plastic and metal from a hanger. The swallowing around her grew more frantic, Bridget rocking her head back and forth like she was trying to force Abigail to bust her nut right then and there, but she was too focused on the other person, desperate for them to hurry and leave!

After several long moments the rocking stopped, and the swallowing slowed down, the grip Bridget had over her hands began to weaken. The other person in the stall made more clinking noises with a hanger, and then Abigail breathed a huge sigh of relief when she heard the door open and shut with footsteps leading away from the dressing rooms.

She looked back down at her girlfriend and discovered that her hands had slipped off her own, the cat's arms dangling limp at her sides while her eyes fluttered nearly shut.

"Oh, God!" Abigail gasped, and pushed her girlfriend off her dick, the lengthy rigid tool slurping noisily out of the cat's mouth until it finally popped free, a hefty amount of spit and pre pelting the carpet beneath them both.

She dropped to her knees, patting Bridget on the cheek to try and rouse her.

"Bridget! Birdy! Are you ok?" She asked, but her girlfriend looked unresponsive.

In a panic, she sucked in a lungful of air before pressing her lips to Bridget's, and then with a hand on the back of the cat's head she held her still and pushed the air into her lungs. Shortly after she started, Bridget started coughing, breaking their kiss.

"I'm so sorry!" Abigail grabbed her and hugged her tight, the cat still coughing violently as she caught her breath.

By the time her coughing began to subside she was hugging Abigail back, and weakly telling her that she was ok, that she was fine.

"I'm ok, Abby, I am!" She said, coughing a little more, but at least she had it under control now.

Abigail pulled away, and looked her girlfriend in the face, seeing how ugly her makeup now looked, matting the fur of her cheeks from how much she'd been crying. She felt so awful!

"Are you sure you're ok? I'm so sorry I didn't mean to!" She whispered and pulled the girl back in for a tight hug, rocking the cat back and forth while Bridget wrapped her arms tighter around her in return.

"I'm ok, Abby! Don't cry, or we will actually get caught!" She told her, her voice on the verge of laughing as one of her hands began to pat Abigail on the back.

Abigail pulled herself away and lifted a hand to her cheek to feel if she'd actually been crying, and discovered that so far, she hadn't. Meanwhile, Bridget picked herself up off the floor and started to take off the bathing suit she'd tried on.

"Let's change back. I think we've spent enough time picking out something to wear, haven't we?" She asked, and Abigail agreed, standing up to join her and began to change back into her daywear along with her girlfriend.

Her cock had long since softened from their ordeal, Abigail feeling grateful for the tight ache in her balls. They deserved to be blue as berries after what she'd nearly done to her girlfriend, and in public no less! They couldn't leave the stall until Bridget fixed her makeup in the mirror, which took some time since Abigail had made quite a mess of her. Once they were both ready to leave, they emerged from the dressing rooms with the swimsuits folded over their arms. Neither of them looked like they'd just attempted a quickie, which filled the lizard with so much relief after what she'd just been through.

"You're a terrible influence." She suddenly said, leaning over to give Bridget a peck on the cheek.

"You give me plenty of reasons to be." She smiled back.

They made it to the nearest checkout, and behind the counter stood a tall, nicely dressed doe with a gold name tag. 'Gwen' greeted them warmly, asking if they found everything they needed. Of course, they both replied that they had. The items they'd picked out were actually very nice, if her modesty ever allowed her to admit it.

The doe started ringing up their items, rifling through each item to find the price tag before scanning it with the hand scanner. Abigail was about to pull out her card when Bridget stopped her and offered her own. She wasn't going to have an argument over who should be paying in front of a stranger, so she didn't say anything. Bridget was far too generous with her money! She could let her pay for more things; schoolteachers weren't that poor.

The doe started searching the bikini Bridget had been wearing before in the stall, trying to find the tag, and Abigail's face went ghostly pale when the doe noticed that the bikini's crotch was damp. The doe didn't say anything, and just swiped the hand scanner over the tag until it beeped. Abigail stood woodenly with a thousand-yard stare of embarrassment.

The doe told them the total amount, and Bridget handed over her card to pay. The card was swiped, the receipt was signed, and the items were bagged up.

"She saw my wet spot." Bridget giggled as they walked away from the counter.