

The school year was off to a great start, and Abigail Cartwright had a plethora of wonderful little munchkins in her first-grade classroom this year. The 32 year old green anole had been teaching here at Mayberry Elementary for three years now and she loved it here with her only complaint being that it didn't give her more room to play a coaching role. With the kids being so young there wasn't much in the way of sports outside of recess, but at least Mayberry had a very active little league community, which she participated in throughout the year as a coach for one of the teams.

Abigail was born out of state, then moved to San Furnando to study with her tuition taken care of by a sports scholarship. She played college softball all the way through to her senior year, where she then graduated with a degree in Early Childhood Education. It didn't take long for her to find a job in the SanFur area, so she ended up settling here and away from her extended family.

The San Furnando area was nice but was sometimes awfully expensive. Mayberry was something of a mid-range area with a cost of living that was in the Goldilocks zone of comfort for anyone working full time. The communities were mostly suburbs with higher rent apartments and condos, but if you drove eastward away from the coast everything quickly became more rural.

So far, she found no reason to uproot and go back home. Abigail liked it here.

Her students were always darlings with them all being between 5 and 6 years of age, typical for first graders. It was her good fortune that the parents were mostly alright people, but she only saw most of them very briefly when they picked up or dropped off their kids at the front of the school. The only parents she saw regularly were the ones that were obsessively invested in their kids or the ones that liked volunteering.

Mrs. Bridget was one of those parents that enjoyed volunteering. The poor thing was several years younger than Abigail but had already become a widow. It would have been too rude to ask her age, but she had to be in her early to mid-twenties. Her husband died in the summer between their son's kindergarten and first grade years and this would actually be her son's second attempt to pass first grade since he had struggled all of the previous year after losing his daddy.

Abigail had taught him both last year and now this, and so far, the little boy seemed to be doing ok. His daddy had left him and his mom a life insurance policy that took good care of them, and she didn't think that Mrs. Bridget worked any more than just part time at a grocery store. Abigail didn't feel comfortable prying too much into her personal life or finances, but she did speak a lot with the young woman when she was around and sometimes the young cat would volunteer some info. She was a very sweet young woman, and it broke her heart that of all the things to happen to someone so young was losing their partner. Their little boy barely had a chance to get to know who his daddy was.

Today her lesson plan was further work on basic addition and subtraction. Blake, Mrs. Bridget's son, was very quick to absorb what she was trying to teach the kids, and that was a relief since he'd been very despondent last year. His depression seemed to be lifting and he was more attentive and interested in the things around him. The little boy was showing advancement over his younger peers that showed Abigail that some of what she'd tried to teach him last year had stuck and was now helping him through his assignments.

He was a really sweet boy, and it just hurt her more that he had to go through all that with his mom.

His mother didn't volunteer for anything today, but she was in the lobby when school let out to fetch her son when Abigail walked her class of 26 students up to the front lobby. The flood of children aged 5 to 10 was like a real tidal wave on the SanFur beaches. Abigail was a very tall woman, and these children were so pint sized compared to her that walking through the throng of them was like wading through the noisy surf of the shoreline.

Mrs. Bridget was already standing up from one of the lobby benches to come and fetch Blake. Between her and the other parents, mostly moms, Abigail didn't often get very much time to focus exclusively on the feline. Despite that she could always watch the younger woman walk away with her son. She knew she had a bias towards the pair, and it led her to believe the mother-son pair was a far cuter and wholesome one than all the others, and then her baser instincts would kick in to draw her eyes down to Mrs. Bridget's rump. To distract herself away from that daily sight she would fix her attention on the other mingling children to help them reach their parents or the school buses that sat out front.

The young mother was very average in height, which left her shorter than Abigail by a fair bit. She'd grown to appreciate shorter women as she'd gotten older, and the coat of fur Mrs. Bridget wore was a pleasant shade of grey topped with a head of blonde hair. Shapely, too, but not overly voluptuous. She always seemed modestly dressed, but Abigail dared not imagine her in anything too attractive.

Maybe it was just the tragic life story Bridget and Blake had, but Abigail was single and sometimes wished she weren't. The void left in this poor family's life was curiously magnetic with how it tugged at her heart strings whenever she thought too long about it.

Outside of her teaching first grade she kept busy with sports and a few online classes she could complete at her leisure. This year she would be taking over as head coach for a little league baseball team. Even though she played softball herself she was an avid fan of MLB and Mayberry's little league rules only stipulated that the players be between 9 and 12 years old, so basically any of the kids could play little league baseball if they wanted so long as they were of the appropriate age.

When it came to playing the sport, she could have played either baseball or softball and been happy with either result, but softball ended up being her college go-to out of simple tradition of girls focusing on that

flavor of the sport. When it came to sitting down and watching it on tv or even coaching it she did enjoy baseball more, unless it was college softball then she'd watch it out of her own loyalty to her old team, the SanFur Tyrants.

Once she'd made sure all her children had made it to the bus or their parent's hand safely, she headed home herself where she graded all the assignments her class had done for the day and put them aside in a binder for tomorrow. She prepared every week's lessons the weekend before so that she didn't have to do as much during her evenings on a weekday. Once the day's assignments were finished, she could shift attention to other things, like her hobbies or coaching, but sadly it was too late in the year for her to coach anything. That wouldn't start back up until March of next year, so the TV was her only source of baseball for now.

At least once the holidays arrived and she got her Thanksgiving and Christmas breaks she could jump over to her other job and put in some hours. This past summer break she'd started working as a waitress at a gimmick restaurant called The Wheelhouse. The gimmick was that it was a sports themed bar and restaurant with 'performers' working a stage on the weekends. It was a thinly veiled strip club that only plied the sex work from Friday to Sunday, and only in the evenings.

Abigail started as a waitress, but after two weeks of working tables she was talked into trying the stage herself a bit, and once she got started and saw her take home pay in tips alone triple in size, she decided to keep dancing every shift they'd give her. By the end of the summer, she was one of their four primary strippers working the pole every evening three days a week.

She'd never imagined she'd be doing something like that professionally, especially now that she was a teacher! Her boss there was at least kind enough to understand that she was a schoolteacher first and foremost and would be quitting The Wheelhouse once school started again. She wanted to work there again during the summer and had been promised that there'd be a slot on the board for her whenever she needed it.

The money she made waiting tables and stripping was so good! Abigail had done similar 'work' when she was in college, but only because she went a little wild and crazy during her freshman year. It started when she'd been curious to join a sorority and went through the hazing ritual to join. She was only in the sorority for a year, since she quickly became consumed with her classwork and playing softball, but during that one year of sorority life she spent time going to house parties. Being one of the only girls in her chapter that had a cock made her somewhat popular with quite a few of her housemates.

She'd get wasted along with everyone else, then start dropping articles of clothing with some of the other girls. Abigail had become popular very quickly and ended up losing her virginity to a girl she barely remembered, and then took the virginities of several other girls that she also hardly remembered, but considering what kind of wild thing she used to be in college Abigail was certain they all remembered her like it was yesterday.

Abigail at 32 was a far cry from her 18 year old self. She'd been crazier and so much more energetic and was now grateful that she'd left the sorority and focused on just school and sports. After more than a decade of maturing she was a much more chilled out and wholesome woman. It actually embarrassed her a bit to recount the things she got up to in her freshman year. Not that it stopped in her freshman year. There was a transitionary period during her second year where she started redoubling all her efforts at the two things that mattered most to her. She'd left the sorority by then, but she was still a very popular girl and even helped one of the Frat chapters to haze their pledges by giving the freshman a lap dance with a scrunchy wrapped tight around the base of her dick, so she was at full mast the entire time.

It was all very embarrassing to recount, but it wasn't all bad. Just memories that would shock anyone that thought they knew her well enough to judge her character.

But in a way she was right back at it, wasn't she? She just did nearly two months of stripping, and even when she was just waiting tables on a weekday she was dressed in a very revealing and sexy baseball uniform. It really was quite scandalous! It was good that The Wheelhouse was at the border of Mayberry and Woodward. Mayberry was a nice area, but as soon as you crossed the interstate and went west into Woodward you made sure your doors were locked. Abigail didn't think for a second that anyone she'd know through the school would venture out there, especially to be making a visit to The Wheelhouse.

With plenty of hours left in her day she decided to kill time by picking up groceries, just something to hold her over until the evening when she could bathe and finish her evening with some relaxation.

Her daily routine continued along with her teaching each weekday as well as being as studious as she could be with the lesson plans and grading. She hated listening to her colleagues complain and complain about how much work they had to grade after hours. As far as Abigail was concerned it was just part of the job, no different than a fireman coming home with the smell of smoke on him or a carpenter pulling splinters out from his hand before dinner time. Some things just can't be avoided.

But some things can be lessened, and she was good about planning her profession. Lots of in class assignments and in class grading, often with the help of her own students. She experimented a lot with little lab projects that were hands on or things that could be gamified. She didn't like giving the children a backpack full of worksheets to complete. She avoided it when she could so the kids could go home and simply do as kids do and enjoy their time as children.

October was soon to end, and she was feeling very proud of Blake's class performance, since he was still doing very well, and she seldom had to worry about him completing his work. Last year he'd done so poorly, and it took a lot of one on one time to help him along. She guessed this was also part of the reason she had a bit of affection for his mother, too. Mrs. Bridget had asked her if she could tutor Blake to help him, and she

had agreed. The tutoring helped to a degree, but only during the tutoring. He needed the extra help and in the classroom setting it was difficult to give a single child your full attention, since that would demand that you do so at the expense of all the other children.

It was a big mess and in the end, Abigail had to give a teary eyed mother the news that she simply couldn't recommend Blake moving ahead to second grade. He'd struggled so hard in first grade that if they let him go on a grade, he'd have an even worse time with the more advanced lessons. Fortunately, it seemed like this would not be a problem this year, and in fact Blake might do so well now with an extra year on him that second grade will come easy to him.

But since October was coming to a close soon, she had Thanksgiving break looming on the horizon, and she'd been contemplating what she'd do. Her family had fallen out of the habit of meeting for Thanksgiving after her grandparents had both passed away, so she didn't think her parents were aiming to do anything except cook themselves a dinner for two.

If she had the entire Thanksgiving break to herself, she thought about slipping in some hours at The Wheelhouse. She was sure they could even if it was just a single day. Abigail decided she'd text her manager friend, Charlie, and let her know she was interested in working some holiday hours. Maybe she'd get some good news and pass it back along to her in the form of a slot on the board.

In the meantime, she still had nearly a month of teaching to do, and each weekday continued along as every other day did with very little deviation. Her joy of teaching didn't come from the stability of it, but the chaos of the classroom. Small children were full of enormous energy and needed to be corralled into their lessons, and each one started off dumb as a brick and she lived for the moment when she saw the child 'click' with it and suddenly came into the understanding of something brand new to them.

She hadn't been teaching for all that long, but she hoped that part never ended for her. Several of her colleagues had been teaching for more than twenty years and the majority of them seemed worn out and jaded. They hid it well, and still enjoyed what they did, but the 'spark' Abigail knew that she had didn't seem to live in her elder's hearts. She hoped she wouldn't fizzle out in ten to twenty years.

And each day she got to see Mrs. Bridget in the lobby waiting to pick up Blake. Oh, she was such a very pretty young woman and it was as much a pleasure to see her coming as it was to see her going. Abigail wondered how old she was exactly, just out of curiosity. Could she be ten years the girl's senior? No, maybe that was too much. Bridget didn't seem that young, perhaps in her mid-20's. Not that it mattered! The last thing she felt comfortable doing was asking a widowed mother if she'd like to get a coffee. Bridget probably wasn't in mourning still, but she was a mother and how would Blake handle someone new?

Well, anyway.

By the time November 1st arrived she'd already been in contact with her old boss at The Wheelhouse with a small work schedule for the holiday break. They could fit her in for Thanksgiving Day as a waitress, then Friday and Saturday as a stage girl. This all sounded good for her since she didn't have any holiday plans and Black Friday was her most hated day to go shopping. She'd be perfectly happy making money that day instead of spending it.

With each passing day she grew more and more excited about her Wheelhouse schedule. She didn't know how much money she'd be making in tips, but if Thanksgiving Day was as busy for them as her boss made it sound then Abigail might be in for a treat, and that of course didn't include her two nights of dancing. She remembered her best night of the summer netting her nearly 800 in just tips, partly because she gave a 'birthday boy' a lot of extra attention while on stage and he stuck a pair of Bens in her thong.

The Wheelhouse didn't allow the girls to do lap dances, and she was almost grateful for it since the promise of all that money might have led her right back to her college days of throwing her cock in someone's face.

She didn't mind the dancing once she got over the initial jitters. There was no touching allowed, and the wait staff and security did a good job keeping the patrons on the best behavior. It did feel rather liberating, as cliché as it sounded, to just let loose on stage and be as sexy and provocative as she could be. As a schoolteacher she was very modest and reserved with the only times she cut loose was in sports, which was purely a physical and competitive sort of thing rather than sexual.

Abigail needed to get out more, maybe try to date, download some apps, but then she wasn't even sure what she'd find out there.

"So, what are your plans for Thanksgiving?" Mrs. Bridget asked as Blake rocked back and forth between the two women while holding each of their hands. Bridget had substituted for a third-grade class while Mrs. Williams was out for a doctor's appointment. The two women were in the lobby watching the children file out of the building with their parents or to their school buses.

"Oh, I don't have plans. My parents didn't want to do anything this year so I'm just staying home." She replied.

"I'll be taking Blake to visit with Jonathon's family. They always do a big thanksgiving every year and he'll get to see his cousins again, isn't that right Blake?" The young feline looked down to her son and shook his hand gently. Abigail looked down with her and watched the little boy look up to his mother.

"Is Doug gonna be there?" he asked.

"I'm sure he will be! Your Aunt and Uncle are both coming so they'll bring Doug and Billy with them." She answered and then the little boy

smiled, and Abigail could feel the excitement in his small hand. Must be a cousin he really liked playing with.

With Bridget bringing up the holidays it reminded her then of her own work schedule that was soon to come up. With school being in recess for the entire week of Thanksgiving she wouldn't be seeing Blake or his mother at school at all, and she'd not been bumping into Bridget at the grocery store for the last few weeks. It wasn't often they met up there anyway, but since Bridget was one of the cashiers, she always got to say hi when she passed through.

"Oh, by the way, I haven't seen you at the store lately?" She asked and Bridget just shrugged in reply.

"They let me go." She replied and the regret of having mentioned anything immediately hit.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Are you doing ok?" Abigail asked. Her actual distress was buried deep behind a veneer of genuine concern for the younger woman. He watched as the cat moved her free hand to brush a lock of hair from her cheek as the woman's jaw worked subtly to tease at a reply.

"No, no, I'm doing fine. They warned me it was going to happen so I was already looking for somewhere else to work."

"Well, if you need any help with anything you can always ask, Bridget." She offered and the other woman laughed lightly with a wave of her hand that was a distraction from the embarrassed look on her face.

"Thank you, Abigail, but really I'm doing fine. I started waitressing at a new job this week. A new place across town." She replied.

"Oh, that's good news! I'm glad you found something so quick!" Abigail replied with energy. The kids were thinning out now with the first bus in the line up now pulling off. In a few minutes the lobby would be cleared out.

"Thank you." She replied. "I hope they like me because I'm trying my best. I've never been a waitress before."

"It's not the hardest thing to do," Abigail replied to encourage her. "I've done it before and it's rough at first but once you get going it gets easier. And the tips you're getting must be good with you being young and pretty!"

Abigail had blurted that line out too quick to stop it, and she'd just embarrassed herself! She blushed and tried to hide it with a laugh, and Mrs. Bridget blushing, too. She'd gone and opened her mouth way too wide, but at least it had been to speak the truth!

"The tips are nice!" The cat replied with her hand fidgeting with her hair again. "It's very embarrassing when the customer makes it obvious, but I do appreciate the money. It's been very nice so far. Better than I was expecting considering what they were asking me to do."

"What do you mean?" She asked. Abigail hoped she didn't mean what the customers were asking her to do! They better only be ordering off the menu!

"Uh, well, I've never been a waitress before and they wanted me to wear a uniform and say phrases and things. I just, uh, felt awkward at first trying to get everything right. Ever watch Office Space?" She stammered in reply, and yes, of course she'd seen Office Space!

"Of course! Are they making you wear little pieces of flair?" She laughed in reply.

Mrs. Bridget laughed and nodded.

"Kind of."

"What's the place? Maybe I can swing by one day and pay you a visit?" Abigail suggested and started feeling Blake tug at both of their arms out of boredom now that the lobby was nearly empty with only her colleagues lagging behind.

"Oh, I don't have the address written down, but it's over in Woodward." And Abigail stifled the urge to wince. Not Woodward.

"I hope it's in a nicer part, Bridget. It's rougher over there." She said, and below them Blake was now asking his mother if they could go home.

"Yes, honey, real soon." The young mother told her son before turning back to Abigail. "It's safe there. I see a lot of cops around when I drive there. My coworkers don't act worried."

Well, that doesn't mean it's safe! She was fretting in circles on the inside at the thought of this young single mother driving herself alone to fucking Woodward! Abigail stealthily pinched herself on the side as punishment for twisting herself into a knot over Mrs. Bridget's choice of job.

"Well, I'd still like to pay you a visit one day if you let me know where it is." She switched back to that topic. Bridget looked nervous now, like maybe Abigail had opened her mouth far too wide about where the feline was now employed. She felt bad now for acting like she did.

"Oh course! I can text it to you later, but I don't know what my holiday schedule is going to be yet. They haven't updated their board thing for me to know." She quickly replied, and Blake was now groaning and leaning himself all the way back so the two women had to cling to him so he couldn't fall.

"Stop it, honey." Bridget said with a sigh and turned to look up at Abigail.



"Well, I should take Blake home. Thank you again, Abigail. It was nice seeing so much of you today." She told her and Abigail smiled big.

"Oh, I did too! Don't forget to let me know where it is. I'd love to drop by." She reminded the girl and Bridget assured her that she wouldn't forget. She left with her son, who looked back and waved a big goodbye to Abigail as they walked out the sliding doors of the lobby.

The poor thing lost her husband, had her son held back a grade, lost her job, and now worked in Woodward! Abigail briskly walked back to her classroom to gather up what she needed to take home and the entire time she was wondering why Bridget took something that far out. It was the holidays, wasn't it? Everyone had been hiring more people to cover the holidays, and Black Friday was right around the corner. This Woodward place was probably one of the only places the girl could find on short notice.

She drove home feeling irritated at the whole business, but at least once she found out where it was and when she was working, she could go and eat there, and give that girl a really big tip. She knew she could afford to with the money she was about to make at The Wheelhouse.

When Thanksgiving break landed, and the kids were let out of their classes Abigail was left with a weekend's worth of grading and preparation to do. She'd decided that she'd get December's planning knocked out all in one go so she could enjoy most of the break and have an easier December.

Bridget did eventually send the address to her new job and she'd said over text that it was a sports grill kind of place and judging by the results on Google the restaurant wasn't part of a chain. It looked kind of run down, which had her very worried for Bridget, but she could only grimace and carry on despite it. It also bothered her that even though she'd been given the address Bridget hadn't told her what hours she worked. They hadn't updated their board yet for her to know when to come in, and it was now Monday with no word from the feline.

She could only sigh and try to tamp down her desire to visit her at her work. Abigail really wanted to, and she was worried that maybe she wanted that a little too much. Did she come onto her too hard at the school? She didn't think so...

Well, whatever happened she could just blame it on the holidays. Maybe Bridget was just busy getting ready to visit her late husband's family. She hoped that's all it was, and then Abigail distracted herself by going out for a jog.

With only a few more days until Thanksgiving she started overthinking her appearance and wanted to run every day and was a little more careful with her diet. She knew she still looked good for a woman in her 30's but it still bothered her a bit that she was going to be seen in skimpy waitressing attire by a bunch of strangers.

Charlie was now bugging her every day by text to remind her that she was scheduled to show up at 10 to get ready for the lunch rush with a shift that didn't end until 8pm. That was a lot of hours to be on her feet, but they were offering her the time, so she was willing to take it!

Though it was kind of sad to wake up Thanksgiving morning and not have any holiday plans, but she shrugged it off and did her routine of a healthy breakfast, a long jog, followed by a good shower and stint in front of the mirror to doll up.

By the time she was done in the bathroom she had herself looking sharp for her return to The Wheelhouse. When she'd quit before, they let her keep her uniforms, which were just two identical outfits. They hadn't given her a thong to wear along with the shorts, so she'd bought a matching pair of panties and a thong she thought looked nice on her. The panties kept her cock and balls snugly in place in her shorts, which is how she preferred them when she was waiting tables. She did start deploying the scrunchy trick to keep her dick in a state of 'half' erection once she realized it gave her bigger tips if her dick was visibly bigger. She was too much of a grower instead of a shower, so the raw size of her endowment wasn't always obvious.

Most people probably didn't even know she had a dick considering how modestly she dressed at work and even around the house, and it was of course rude to ask a woman if she was packing any heat. It was also a difficult subject to bring up casually, too.

"Oh, did you happen to notice I have a cock?" only works in conversation if you were planning to ask someone out to dinner and wanted to be sure your date understood the implications.

So, the panties stayed on with a scrunchy to help make sure everyone knew she was loaded with several inches of girl dick. That really didn't make her blush now, but back when she first started her face and neck got a whole lot redder! As a green anole she already had the red on her neck, which only got that much more pronounced when she was blushing.

And then her thong was for when she got on stage. It wasn't even supposed to keep her cock hidden either. It was fully legal in SanFur to do fully nude strip shows so she was free to be as scandalous on stage as she wanted. Whenever she got up on stage with the full commitment to dance, she wore the thong sans the scrunchy and just thought of the raunchiest stuff she could to keep her package in prime condition for the onlooking crowd. By the time she'd completed her first admittedly amateur routine she was sporting a full hard on that was jutting out from the top of her thong, which she'd pulled down and under the balls much to the enjoyment of the groupies at the edge of the stage.

She wasn't a skilled dancer, but she was pretty, she was hung, and she was in good physical shape. Watching the other girls dance and watching YouTube tutorials on pole dancing helped her out a lot and when she finally started dancing herself, she kept it simple. By the time she did her last show she was being a lot more daring and experimented more on

the bar with her coworkers complimenting her on how well she'd done after such a short amount of time dancing.

Abigail even asked if she could come in early today to practice a routine so she could build up some confidence in herself for Friday and Saturday. They'd given her the ok, and so she felt good about that. She arrived at The Wheelhouse a little before 9 o'clock and was let in by one of the assistant managers, Charlie.

"Long time no see, Abs!" The puma shouted and came in to hug her. Being a manager meant Charlie got to where the black and white striped referee uniform with the short shorts and tight low cut collar top. It even came with thigh highs styled like sports socks, and Abigail's own uniform was similarly styled.

Hers was a beige and orange mockery of what a baseball uniform was supposed to look like with the high socks and ball cap. Everything fit nice and snug, but since she wasn't doing anything on stage today besides practice, she wore just the panties underneath her shorts. The scrunch was around her wrist since she'd worry about that later in the bathroom.

"Charlie! So glad to see you, do you need help with anything?" she asked and was led in through the back door. Other employees were already here, but it was mostly the kitchen staff and some managers.

"Nah, we're good, chicky. Weren't you wanting to warm up on stage tho?" The puma asked. She told her she was, and the puma gave her permission to go on stage and practice if that's what she wanted to do. Other girls were going to start arriving within the next half hour to start getting tables ready before they unlocked the doors at 10.

She hurried up the stage and stood there by the pole for a moment before reaching out a hand to touch the cool metal. Her fingertip ran down the length of steel until she breathed out a sigh to relax herself. She leaned into the bar and sandwiched it between her breasts before sliding down in a smooth motion before pushing her ass out and rising back up again in as elegant a motion she could muster.

Both hands lightly gripped the steel and slithered up and down the pole as one leg stepped forward to press her inner thigh against the bar. A firm grip with her left hand let her arch her back and fall backwards as her other leg swung forward to stick out straight in the air with her thigh clamping down on the other side of the pole. There was maybe an inch of space between the pole and her balls, which was always her strongest point of anxiety about pole dancing.

One foot pointed down, one foot pointed out, free hand extended behind her, let the torso sway and the body roll. She began to twist around the bar as her body slid down like a screw being driven into wood until her lower foot touched the stage and she stopped. With her hand still tight to the bar she pulled herself up as she pressed up with her planted foot and she quickly found herself pressed the pole between her tits.

She practiced this move again, then switched to others and repeated them until she was stringing them together into the dance routine she was familiar with. The more she danced the easier it got and more comfortable she was doing it. Sometimes during her sets, she would forget the audience was there and would simply perform like she was the only person present.

"Are you done, Gabbers? Kitchen says they need a strong set of arms for somethin'." Charlie asked her from the foot of the stage. The lizard stopped herself mid spin and hopped down to the stage.

"And that's supposed to mean me?" She asked in reply.

"You are the only girl here that actually plays baseball." The puma replied with a smile.

"Ok, yeah, I can help." She stepped off the stage and made her way to the kitchen where the staff told her they wanted help carrying deep fryers outside behind the building.

The fryers weren't heavy, but they were big. Apparently, they were putting turkey on the menu and were going to deep fry them all day! She helped carry two of them outside to join the other four and then she was done. The kitchen was buzzing with activity as they got everything ready for what they expected to be a busy day.

It was almost 10 o'clock so she pulled the scrunchy off her wrist and excused herself to the bathroom. She wrapped the scrunchy around her dick and started massaging her length until the blood started flowing. It wasn't difficult to give herself an erection, so she always had to stop before she got too big before pulling the scrunchy away, giving it a twist, then hooking the new loop over her cockhead to settle the whole thing back down at the bottom of her dick. With the scrunchy in place she tucked her dick back in her panties so it would snake to the side where everyone could see both its length and girth.

Even with her dick sitting at two thirds its full size it was enough to fool anyone into thinking that this was what she was packing normally, which was more than enough to get her a healthy supply of tips.

Abigail left the bathroom and returned to the break room where all the girl's lockers were so she could get her notepad and pens. The breakroom was already full of girls getting themselves ready, but there was no one in the way of her own locker so she popped it open. There was a grey coated feline kneeling next to her locker who was trying to tie her shoes, and she apologized and scooted out of the way.

"Oh, no you're fine. I'm just grabbing my notepad." The lizard replied and shut the locker door to notice that the feline kneeling next to her had stopped what she was doing to look up at her. Abigail locked eyes with the feline and her eyes went as wide as the other girls had.

"Ah, h-hello, Abigail." The young woman said with a nervous laugh.

"Well, hello to you too Bridget!" She replied with surprise.