

Abigail was fresh out of the shower, her hair wrapped up in a towel, while she busied herself with her makeup. A little around the eyes, a lot on the lips, a dab or two on the cheeks. She blinked at herself in the mirror and thought she looked very pleasant, not too much nor too little. She looked just fine! She could only hope that Bridget would agree.

Draping the towel over the rack to dry she shook her hair out and began the laborious process of combing and perfecting it, braiding some of it together to recreate her signature look. She was so nervous, but also excited! Stepping out into her bedroom she started dressing herself up nice, since today was an important day!

A matching pair of white underwear, which was a pair of boyshorts she'd found that could fit her junk comfortably, and looked cute on her, then a nice bra. She ran her fingers under her bra straps and let them snap against her skin to check their fit. Once satisfied she donned her best black dress slacks and a flowery button-down white blouse. It was almost sheer, but since it was white over white her bra wasn't too noticeable, just a little tease. The black and gold flower print added to it. She thought she looked awfully nice and fancy for a schoolteacher!

She walked back into the bedroom and applied some perfume to her neck before spraying the ends of her fingers so she could rub the scent down the front of her pants and over her flaccid dick. She paused after washing her hands, then spritzed a small cloud over her entire crotch just for good measure.

Once she felt satisfied that she was finished she finally emerged from her bedroom and made sure she had her purse in order.

Abigail had no idea how today, or tonight, would go! She'd been so devastated over Bridget's initial rejection that she'd given up on having any kind of future with the feline, but then a miracle happened, and she got that text. Being asked out to dinner was the thing she needed to bring herself out of her depression, and she was so grateful! She wanted to make tonight a wonderful date for the young woman, to really make a good first romantic impression!

Her timing was impeccable with her now ready to leave to pick Bridget up right on schedule. They'd agreed to go to The Village Market, a somewhat upscale outdoor shopping mall. The plan was for them to just spend time with each other for a little while before they got dinner. Bridget had left Blake with his grandparents for the weekend so neither of them needed to worry about keeping track of a six-year-old.

She locked the house up then cranked up to be on her way. With the radio turned up she finally let herself relax as she followed her phone's GPS to Bridget's house. It wasn't a terribly long drive, but when she arrived Bridget was nowhere to be seen at her front door. The lizard sent a text letting the younger woman know she was out front. A few minutes later the cat finally emerged from her home and started jogging towards the car, Abigail smiling at the woman as she tried her best not to let her mind wander to how much the feline's breasts liked to bounce.

"I'm so sorry! I took too long getting ready and didn't realize." She explained as she climbed into the passenger seat and buckled herself in.

"Oh, don't worry about it! We're all set to go now!" She beamed. Bridget smiled in reply and settled her purse into her lap.

About ten minutes later and they were searching for an entrance to the parking lot. It looked like there was a lot of parking available, so Abigail chose a nice safe location closer to the Market. They parked and she locked up her car before the two women made their way towards the middle of the Market center where they had built a large water fountain with plenty of awnings and benches. People liked tossing pennies in the fountain to make wishes so there were always people milling about here.

The red and gold brick flooring was lovely, and the buildings all looked modern and painted with warm colors. It was a very nice place, so Abigail felt confident that this was a good choice for a date.

"So, I've never been here before. Is there somewhere specific you wanted to go to?" She asked.

Abigail had never been here either, and admitted as much, and suggested that they go window shopping to see what The Village Market had to offer.

As they walked the pretty brick sidewalks that lined the business fronts, they found a huge array of little shops. There were a handful of cafes which looked like small businesses with only one Starbucks in sight. Since dinner would be a while away, they stopped by a small pastry shop and they each got an apple fritter, since the cashier claimed they'd just come from the oven. They had, and they were delicious! Abigail normally watched what she ate but today was a special day, so she didn't mind the intake of a couple hundred extra calories.

Each shop they passed by gave them plenty to see with each woman finding a reason to enter one shop or another, but never spending any money. They were both doing a good job of window shopping without taking out their wallets, and Abigail herself was doing a lot of 'special' window shopping every time Bridget had her back turned to her.

She'd dressed so lovely today! The young woman was wearing a pale blue dress with a pair of stylish white loafers. It was a very modest dress for a woman with her curves, but that just drew Abigail's eyes in all the more. Not being able to see everything about the feline was just temptation applied to her imagination, which didn't have to work very hard since they'd already seen each other at The Wheelhouse.

Bridget looked... very good in her Wheelhouse uniform. It wasn't hard to imagine what the cat would look like under this dress, or her bra. When Abigail finally caught notice of the thinly hidden panty line on the cat's backside she immediately knew what she was wearing down there and the mental image threatened to leave her blushing.

Her excitement was through the roof, and she had to keep tempering her expectations as they continued their walk through the Market. It was such a nice venue, and she was glad she had the idea to come here. She was also glad that Google Maps had put a little pin for it on the map, so she'd get curious enough to click it to see what it was.

They killed a surprising amount of time walking around The Village Market. It was bigger than they'd both expected with there being at least fifty or more separate businesses. Bridget was complaining of sore feet by the time they reached the end of their walk around, finishing up where they'd started at the large water fountain in the center. They found a bench and sat while Bridget slipped her feet from her loafers to let them rest.

"What are you in the mood to eat?" Abigail asked, willing to go wherever the cat wanted.

"Would you mind going to Sparrow's? They're supposed to have really good burgers." The cat suggested, and Abigail quickly agreed. She didn't mind eating there, and it'd been a few years since she'd been to one, too.

She let Bridget rest her feet for a little longer before she put her shoes back on and made to stand. Sparrow's was a few minutes away according to her phone so they weren't in a hurry. They made it back to the car and together they went to eat, chatting as they traveled with the radio turned all the way down. Abigail was feeling better and better about the date with Bridget appearing to be very open with the reptile's gestures of affection.

Not that she'd tried too much. Abigail was being very skittish, her recent rejection scaring her a bit. So far all she'd managed was smiles and light touches on the arm, but she wanted to press her luck to see what the young feline was willing to allow.

When they arrived at Sparrow's, with its obnoxious neon sign overhead, they parked. Abigail was first to step around the back of her car, and when Bridget joined her, she took a quiet breath and held it before offering her hand to the young woman. There was a moment of hesitation, but she took it and Abigail felt lightning through her hand as she held her hand for the first time.

She tried not to smile too much as they approached the entrance, the hostess opening the door for them and letting them inside while asking if it was just the two of them. They were then brought deeper into the restaurant and seated in a small booth for two right next to the window and given their silverware and menus.

"We have a special today of a double patty turkey burger with Himalayan ketchup, it's served with our seasoned fries and secret sauce. We're also fresh out of cherry cheesecake, but we have all our other flavors in stock. Your server will be with you shortly if you have any questions, ok?" their cheerful hostess told them before stepping away to return to the front of the restaurant.

"So, how has the school year been?" Bridget asked as she perused the menu.

Abigail opened her own menu and started looking for something that looked yummy.

"Oh, it's been really good! I managed to keep myself ahead of everything this year, so I've had more free time for myself. Just not enough to squeeze much part time work, but once we're out for Christmas I know I'll be getting more hours at The Wheelhouse." She replied.

"That's good news." The cat replied. "I'd like to see more of you there."

"Do you know what your hours will be?"

"I should be working all week. Cathy says she might need the extra help so I might get in some overtime, but I don't know yet. I hope I find out soon so I can arrange a babysitter for Blake."

"If you're working that much then you'll be working the weekends. Evening shift?" Abigail asked, wondering if the young woman would be there when Abigail would be on stage. So far, they'd only crossed paths as servers, but the lizard wasn't sure how well it would go if Bridget saw her on stage and half naked.

"I don't know yet. I prefer the earlier shifts, so I don't have to worry about Blake as much, but if they really need me in the evenings then I guess I'll have to make do." She replied.

"I'm sure Cathy will figure something out for you." Abigail assured her. Cathy was the general manager at The Wheelhouse and was a good lady to work for.

Their waitress appeared and took their drink orders before departing again. Abigail had decided on trying their fish sandwich since she hadn't had seafood in a bit, but it looked like Bridget was interested in the special. When the waitress returned with their drinks, she took their orders and was off again.

They continued to talk with the conversation drifting away from The Wheelhouse and back towards Blake and his schooling. He'd been a very good student this year, and it was wonderful to see how happy his mother was at his improvement from the year prior. He wasn't just doing well with his grades, but also had friends. He was getting along with most of his classmates and was rarely in any trouble. He was still a little boy and behaved as such, but he could be so well mannered, too.

He may not have had a father, but from what Bridget had been telling her now and during prior conversations, his grandparents were playing active roles in his life. He had at least two male role models in the form of his two grandfathers and that seemed to be serving the little boy well. Abigail didn't want to see Blake struggle, and it was looking like he would be alright, but he'd do much better if his mother had someone around to help her every day.

That person could be her. When she had sat down, she'd stuffed her tail to her right side in the booth with it hanging off the edge to rest on the floor. She'd gotten this far, hadn't she? With a great deal of hesitation, she gently moved the tip of her tail closer to Bridget until she touched her ankle. The cat gave her the ever so slightest jump, signaling she'd not expected anything to touch her, but she didn't move her foot.

"Have you eaten here before, by the way? I didn't ask when I first suggested it." She asked.

"I've been to a Sparrow's before, but not this particular one. It's been a while though, so I don't mind coming back." Her reply. Bridget wasn't moving her foot, and so Abigail dared to slip her tail a little closer, just enough to pass the young woman's ankle by a few inches. When you had a long tail like hers, playing footsie wasn't your only option. She began to gently rub the tip of her tail across Bridget's ankle, and by the look on the cat's face she was suppressing a smile with her face looking a little flushed.

"That's good!" She replied.

"Did you want to do anything else after we eat? We didn't really discuss what else we wanted to do." Abigail asked, still stroking the girl's ankle and enjoying the moment.

"I'm not really sure to be honest. I've never been around here before. Maybe we can just drive around and see?" Bridget suggested, which wasn't a bad idea.

Their food arrived and once they got started eating, they complimented the food, though Abigail's fish sandwich was a little lackluster. She wasn't going to ruin the mood with complaints, since everything was going so well! The odds of this single date turning into a relationship were

slim. Oh, she wanted it badly, but Bridget had been married before, had a son, and was made more mature by it.

It just didn't seem to her that this date would be what flips a switch in the young woman's head. If there was something that could convince Bridget to call her 'girlfriend', then it would be time. Abigail wasn't in college anymore, and there were no more young sorority girls for Abigail to bend over and dick down like she used to. Those days of fighting off women she'd only slept with once were over.

Their conversation bounced around between Blake, the school, touching a bit on work life balance. It was nice, and they continued to sit in their booth almost half an hour after they'd finished eating. When it came time to pay Abigail insisted on taking care of both their checks.

"Thank you for dinner." Bridget thanked her as they left. Abigail's tail was lonely now without the young woman's ankle, but they were walking back to her car now, and once they were back in and seated, she'd have to stick her tail into the backseat where there was no soft feline friend.

"You're welcome! I really enjoyed it." She replied, and the pair got back into Abigail's car before the topic of what to do next came up.

"It's getting kind of late, but Blake's staying the night at his grandparents. I don't have anywhere to be, and I'd like to spend more time with you. If that's ok?" Bridget told her, filling Abigail with joy and surprise both!

"I don't mind! We can just drive around and see what's around?" She suggested, bringing up the earlier idea they'd had.

"We could! I think it's good that we're getting a chance to get to know each other better. Seeing each other at school was nice, but it doesn't beat this kind of intimacy." The feline said, with Abigail cranking up and letting her thoughts hang on the word 'intimacy'. She smiled.

"That's very true!"

So, they drove around. This part of the city wasn't too special with the one real highlight being the Village Market. After a few minutes their conversation grew quieter and Abigail could sense there was an awkwardness in the air.

"There's not too much around. I'd hate to keep you out here all night, Bridget." Abigail spoke up with the cat shrugging next to her.

"It's no worry, Abigail." She replied, but it felt like she was holding something back.

"I can drive you back home and if we see something maybe we can stop?" She offered back.

The cat opened her mouth to speak only to shut it back. It took her a moment before she tried again. In the darkness of the car it was hard to read what the cat was feeling. She finally laughed.

"It's been years since I've done this. I don't know what's the best way to ask if you'd like to take me home to your place. I'd like to see it, maybe have some coffee." The cat said, and Abigail's

eyes went wide. She was totally unprepared for such an offer and had no idea if the offer being given included more than just a request for coffee.

"Of course, we can do that, Bridget. My house isn't as clean as I'd like it to be if you don't mind." She replied, her heart rate picking up as she searched for the right street to take to get them back to the highway.

"I don't mind at all, I'm sure it's much better than mine. Blake makes it hard to keep house sometimes."

As they rode their way back to Abigail's home the reptile was nervous and stifling the urge to fidget in her seat, but the tip of her tail was quietly thumping in the backseat of the car with excitement. She was not going to assume that anything more than coffee would occur, and she had NO idea how that would go down either!

So much was happening so quickly that she was afraid she'd start making dangerous assumptions about what the feline wanted out of tonight! She didn't want to fuck up their first date!

When they arrived Bridget complimented her home, and together they stepped inside the front door with Abigail clicking on the lights and inviting Bridget to find a seat and make herself at home. Abigail locked the front door, even feeling awkward about doing so since it was her standard routine but also, she hadn't had a guest in what felt like ages.

"What kind of coffee do you like? I have a couple different K cups to pick from."

"Anything dark with cream if you have it." She replied.

While in the kitchen making two coffees, she was a nervous wreck, caught between two emotional extremes. On the one hand she was thrilled to have the object of her affection right here in her own home, asking for hot coffee and maybe more, but then on the other she was terrified that she was getting it all wrong and if she made the wrong move she'd get sharply rejected.

But surely, she wouldn't ask to come to her house without her own vehicle? The only way Bridget was getting home was if she was driven there... The lizard exhaled, waiting for the Keurig to finish brewing the first cup of dark roast. When it was finished, she mixed some cream into it, then began making her own.

She found Bridget right where she'd left her in the living room. Having found a spot on the loveseat there was just enough room for the two of them to sit, and together they began to enjoy their coffee with the cat gently blowing over hers before giving it a sip.

"Thank you for the coffee." She said.

The reptile nodded with a smile, welcoming her.

"You have a lovely home." The cat added.

"Thank you, it's pretty modest but I did what I could with it." She continued their small talk. Abigail didn't know what to say next, but Bridget seemed to be in charge of their conversation, spurring the commentary and guiding it along.

"Honestly, Abigail. I always considered myself as straight. I just never thought I could be deeply attracted to a woman, and then David and I had Blake and I just fell in love with having a little boy to take care of. Being a mother brought me a lot of happiness." The young woman suddenly turned their conversation into deeper waters, catching Abigail by surprise but was also keeping her in a state of rapt attention.

"I- I can understand how you feel. I never knew what you considered yourself to be from when we spoke at school, and I didn't think it was any of my business to ask." She replied.

"But you did wonder?" Said Bridget.

The lizard nodded in reply, that she had. Bridget replied with a nod of her own.

"I knew you were affectionate toward me, but I wasn't interested in women, but not because I didn't think- I thought you were a lovely person! And Blake adores you. You just weren't capable of giving me a family like the one David did." She said at last, staring down into coffee before blowing gently over it again, taking it back up to her lips to sip.

Abigail's attention was glued to the younger woman, catching details she'd have otherwise missed, like noting the color of her lipstick as she left little imprints of her lips on the rim of her mug.

Bridget didn't think that she could give her a family like her husband? She must not have known that she had a cock, Abigail thought. It was just a fact of life that the reptile tended to dress modestly, especially when she was on campus. The only time the cat would have gotten to see any hint of a bulge would have been at The Wheelhouse.

"I wasn't sure if I should have let myself have feelings for you." Abigail spoke up.

"I knew you were the mother of one of my students, and that you'd lost your husband, but my heart couldn't help itself. I got to see you nearly every day when you picked Blake up and it was just easy to talk to you. I enjoyed your company, and Blake is a wonderful little boy. I'll miss having him in my classroom next year."

She nodded back, smiling gently, using her coffee as a distraction to put a longer pause between her moments to speak.

"Is starting a family something you'd like to do one day?" She asked her.

Abigail's heart was beating so fast, but not for matters of lust. The feline turned her head and looked straight at her, the young woman was searching for a very important answer. Abigail's heart was beating quickly because she knew what the answer needed to be, and that that answer was the one Abigail wanted to give!

"I've wanted to have a family of my own since I started teaching. I just haven't had the time to do the work of starting one." She replied at last, before adding, "Until I met you."

The young woman blushed and looked back down to her coffee with a smile. She took a quick sip, looking into her own brown tinted reflection in the cup.

"I'd like to go on more dates with you if you'll have me. I'm sorry I rejected you that day. I just needed time to find out if- if it was the right thing to do." She said, looking back her way.

Abigail had hardly touched her coffee, but she took a bigger swig of hers then, almost like she needed it to chase down the lump in her throat, to hide it, to give herself more strength. When she lowered her cup, she had to blink away her feelings for a moment, at last finding herself strong enough to nod to the feline.

"I'd like that a lot, Bridget. I really would."

Together they smiled, enjoying their coffee on the small loveseat with the feline's body feeling so warm next to her own.

"After you finish your coffee, I can drive you home if that's what you want." Abigail suggested, putting it on the table that the young woman could end their date that way, and look forward to the next.

"I don't want to leave." She replied, pressuring Abigail's heart to beat a little faster.

"You can stay if you'd like. If that's what you want."

"I've never been with a woman before." Bridget confessed. Abigail sat her unfinished coffee down on the coffee table and reached over to take Bridget's hand. The cat leaned forward and sat her own coffee down, leaning back and looking to the lizard for guidance.

"It's been a long time since I've been with anyone at all. I'd like to change that tonight."

The girl started blushing furiously, but nodded, and Abigail stood up without ever letting go of her hand. She could feel her cock straining the front of her pants, and she didn't do anything to hide it. There was no sense in hiding something Bridget was going to see in the flesh soon enough.

Bridget stood up alongside her, the young woman's eyes too nervous to look up at Abigail but had plenty of courage or curiosity to wander around the lizard's body. Abigail guided her from the living room and to the hallway, wondering what must be running through the cat's mind. The closer they got to the bedroom the harder her own heart began to beat.

Everything she'd wanted was about to come true, doors upon doors were now opening her to a brighter future and she desperately wanted to leap across the threshold!

Once they made it to the bedroom Abigail kissed her, the feline squeaking with surprise. As their kiss lingered the reptile put her hands over the girl's shoulders before moving to pull her into a tight hug. Their breasts pressed together, and the young woman reached her hands around to hug her in return.

With how much taller she was than Bridget, she knew her crotch was pressing into the girl's tummy.



“A-are you large?” She whispered, and Abigail squeezed her tighter, protecting her.

“I am. I promise I’ll be so gentle with you.” She whispered back, meaning every word.

“Ok.” She replied back.

Abigail took the initiative, letting her hands search the girl’s back until she found the zipper to the back of the feline’s dress. Slowly unzipping it, not to tease, but to be gentle, she stopped just as the zipper reached the girl’s tail. With the zipper down she was able to gently pull herself away from the feline, placing her hands over her shoulders and pushing aside the shoulders of her dress.

The garment fell, eliciting a gasp from Bridget as her body was left exposed to the lizard, her very ample bust trapped within a modest white bra, and her hips clad in matching underwear. Abigail smiled, seeing the girl so bare for the first time, and also noting that their underwear matched.

She helped Bridget get free of her bra, then knelt down in front of her to strip her of her panties. When the cat was left completely nude, Abigail’s cock was straining so tightly against her slacks that it was starting to hurt!

Asking the girl to sit on the bed, she did so, blushing furiously under her fur as Abigail guided her to lay on her back. Abigail hadn’t courted a woman in a long time, nothing serious since college, but the memories of how to do it right were flooding back to her as she crawled on top of her younger lover, lips tracing a path of kisses up from the girl’s stomach and towards her neck where the lizard stopped.

Their lips met again while the reptile cupped the girl’s face in her hands and started slipping her tongue into her mouth. Bridget’s hands found the front of her blouse and started undoing the buttons, working her way down to her waistband where she tried to undo Abigail’s pants.

The feline knew her way around a pair of pants, too, easily flying blind with her delicate hands undoing the button and working her zipper down. The lizard straddled the cat’s thighs, her hot erection bulging out her underwear and rubbing between the girl’s thighs.

Abigail sat herself upright and pulled off her blouse and began to undo her bra. Left topless, she reached down and pulled her cock out of her underwear and sighed with relief as her dick was at last free to swell to its full size. Bridget’s eyes were widening into saucers as she saw it for the first time, crossing her arms over her breasts as she witnessed the lizard’s full size come to life.

“You’re huge, Abigail.” She whispered.

“I’ll be gentle, I promise.” She whispered back.

The cat reached out a hand and touched her cock, and it was the first hand to touch her in years that wasn’t her own, and it felt like electricity! She was already beading up pre at her tip, her veiny length prepping itself for penetration.

Abigail continued to straddle the younger woman as she slowly explored her cock for the first time, tentative and shyly at first, but growing more bold as time passed. The entire time her own heart was racing, her dick eagerly twitching in the girl's hands. She hadn't felt this way in years!

She had to be gentle with her once they got started, Abigail had to. Her college days were long behind her, and she didn't need to break in Bridget like she did to all those sorority girls she'd slept with.

"Do I need a condom?"

"No."

She slid off the cat and back onto the floor so she could remove her pants and underwear. Once she was free of them, she crawled back onto the bed and the two cuddled, an enormous cock cradled between their stomachs as they made out more passionately than they had before. Abigail grabbed her by the rump and pulled her up further onto the bed until they were both in the middle of the mattress.

"Are you ready?" she asked, and the cat nodded nervously.

Abigail did what past experience told her to do, which was lift the girl's legs up and press them together so she could pin them down against her chest. Her cock slipped between her soft thighs, and it felt like heaven! But that's not where she needed her dick to be. She held onto Bridget's legs with one hand while getting a good grip of her dick with the other.

The feline gasped with surprise when she felt the first touch of a cock against her slit. The lizard was gently rubbing herself against the folds of her pussy, patiently slickening up her entrance with the liberal amount of precum that was now oozing from her tip. Once her cunt was well lubed, she finally pressed the blunt head of her cock against her lips and held firm.

With a gasp from the young woman that only grew louder as the pressure mounted, Abigail's cock finally slipping inside her. Both women gasped with Abigail falling into a pant. She hadn't felt this feeling in so long! She pulled herself together, and made sure she didn't move her hips, she had to be gentle with Bridget.

"Oh, God, Abby!" Bridget gasped again, covering her face with her hands as her body trembled beneath the lizard's. An inch of cock sank a little deeper into the tunnel and the cat whined quietly behind her hands. There was enough dick in her now that Abigail didn't need to keep a grip on her cock. With both hands she spread the cat's legs back and tested how limber the girl was.

Bridget easily did the splits for her, legs spread eagle and showing off her cute tummy and heavy, motherly breasts. One look down at the cock splitting open the feline's cunt sent a shiver up Abigail's spine. Bridget was so beautiful, and she was finally having this moment with her! It was like a dream come true!

"Are you doing ok, is it too much?" She asked, carefully leaning herself down, taking a hold of the girl's wrists and pulling her hands away from her face. Bridget was panting, eyes shut, flushing pink beneath her grey fur.

"I-I'm ok! You're so big, Abigail!" She replied, and in reply to that Abigail found one of the girl's plump nipples and kissed it. Her tits were so big and full looking, and Abigail wondered if they were always this big, or did motherhood make them this size after having Blake.

Reaching down, she took another hold of her dick and slid herself slowly forward. As the cat began to squirm under her, Abigail's fat cock sank ever deeper. It was slow, but steady, the feline shutting her eyes tightly and reaching out to the lizard and clinging onto her shoulders.

The cat gasped sharply again as Abigail felt herself bottom out. She wasn't as deep as she hoped she'd get, but two thirds of a cock like hers was still a lot for a girl to take into herself.

"Oh, God, Abby, I can't believe you're this big!" The girl whined, leaving Abigail to blush as she came in for another kiss. Their lovemaking couldn't even be called that yet, with all that had occurred so far was kissing and... getting it in. But getting it in so slowly had left the girl's passage sloppy and slick with their combined juices, and it was so easy to make love to her once she got started.

An easy rocking of the hips let Abigail seesaw her cock in and out of her younger lover, their lips still sparring in each other's mouths as the cat gasped and mewed through their kiss. They clung to each other, cuddling as their bodies began to gyrate and move as one.

It'd been too long since either of them had sex with another person, and as the seconds became minutes, they each sped up their intensity, fueled by need. Bridget pulled her legs up, wanting them to be held up like before, and Abigail obliged her, pinning the cat's legs down against her while continuing to kiss each other passionately.

The bed frame was gently rocking as the lizard steadily thrust into her partner, a quiet creaking noise filling the room to sync up with the noise a cock messily sliding in and out of a tight warm hole. Their kiss was broken by the cat's next gasp, her hands tightening up on Abigail's arms as she came, her cunt clamping down tight onto the lizard as she shuddered and shivered quietly under her.

"Oh, God..." She panted, breathing so heavily, her chest heaving, those bedroom eyes looking so beautiful.

Abigail wanted to cum, too! She rocked into the girl faster but held herself back from going too far. She needed to stay gentle, to take it easy, slowly work herself up to her release. The cat wrapped her arms around her back, holding onto her tightly.

"Faster, please." The cat pleaded, burying her face into Abigail's chest as she leaned more over the girl, picking up her pace, but still afraid she was going too fast. It felt so incredible, the feel of the young woman's body was something like lightning to the skin, energizing her and leaving her desperate to let loose, but all her willpower held her tight to a slow and easy pace.

"I-I want to feel you finish!" The cat pleaded, her delicate fingertips gently clawing at her back. The girl was flirting with something she didn't understand, Abigail didn't... she felt the girl begin to shudder under her again, having her second climax. She mewled loudly again, such a beautiful noise she never thought she'd get to hear.

In a moment of weakness, she hauled her hips back, then slammed them forward, both women seeing stars in their eyes.

“Abby!” She shouted, and Abigail felt guilty for feeling so good wrapped up in the snug fit of the young woman’s incredible cunt.

“I’m sorry,” Abigail began.

“More!” Bridget stopped her, her legs slipping from the lizard’s grip and curling around her back. The cat was clinging to her tightly now, her curvy hips wiggling under her.

Instinct kicked in, and Abigail began to fuck her, powerful thrusts of her hips making the cat shout her name again and again. Abigail adjusted her grip, finding a handful of the woman’s hair in her hand to hold her head tight against her chest as she slowly let herself go. The bed creaking was getting louder, the headboard close to slapping the wall as the two women started going at it like animals.

All their pent-up lust was unleashed with the single mother of one clawing at her lover’s back, begging for the lizard’s sweet release as she experienced her third orgasm. Abigail on the other hand was falling into old college habits, grinding her hips down into the cat’s and making sure every inch of the girl’s cunt was stretched and resized.

Abigail’s orgasm was bubbling up in her balls, she could feel it coming closer and closer as her nuts stopped swinging. They were pulling up tight and taut under her ass as her nuts loaded her full of virile bullets. This was nothing like jerking off in the shower, and her climax caught her by surprise, a sudden explosion of pleasure leaving her body quivering as she unloaded into the curvy feline writhing beneath her.

“God!” Bridget shouted, then started wailing ‘Abby, Abby!’ as the rush of cum slammed into her insides, drenching her tunnel and hosing her cervix down until the excess cum started spurting out from around the tight seal her lips had made around the lizard’s cock.

Abigail came more tonight than she had in a year, the act of having actual sex spurring her balls to produce an amount of cum she hadn’t made since being in college. As they rode each of their orgasms down, they continued to cling and cuddle to each other, Abigail’s hips never quite stopping their gentle thrusting as the cat’s own pussy refused to stop winking and clenching at her length.

There hadn’t been enough caffeine in their coffees to help them stay awake long enough to experience a second round.

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The next morning Abigail awoke in a tousled bed. At some point in the night, it’d gotten cold and the pair had slipped under the covers, but now they were a mess with Bridget hanging onto her side. It was early, but that was her normal schedule kicking in. While the young woman snoozed at her side, she tried to carefully extract herself from the girl’s arms.

She failed, waking the cat up. Bridget looked confused for a moment, then remembered why she was there in bed with another woman.

“Good morning.” She told her with a yawn.

“Good morning.” Abigail replied.

“Thank you for yesterday.” The cat said, then pulled herself upright to sit with Abigail there next to her.

“I think I have you to thank. You’re the one that suggested it.” Abigail replied and reached out to hold the girl and pull her into an embrace. The two hugged with the feline rubbing her face against Abigail’s arm.

“You started it, though.” She told her, and that was true. It might have hurt when she did it, but Abigail had in fact started it.

“I should check my phone! I never texted my parents last night.” Bridget suddenly interrupted their moment, pulling herself away and slipping out of bed. She padded quietly out of the room and Abigail enjoyed watching her leave, the beautiful woman with a hypnotic sway of her hips and the swing of her tail.

Now that she was alone in a bed where only hours prior, she’d been having sex... It didn’t feel real. A few minutes later Bridget returned with her phone and sat it down on the nightstand.

“Were they blowing up your phone?”

“I got a few messages, but my mother knows better than to harass me. I just replied back with an excuse, since I didn’t tell them I was on a date.” She replied.

“Will you tell them about the next one?” Abigail asked, wondering if this was going to have to become their secret.

“Now that I know there’s going to be a next one, I think I will.” She smiled and slipped back into bed with her to cuddle, then looking down into the lizard’s lap with curiosity. “How do you hide that every day, Abby?”

The cat was now looking at the half hard erection resting in Abigail’s lap.

“Morning wood. I have to jerk it away in the morning. I’m actually quite small when it shrinks.” Abigail admitted, in her own way, that she was a grower not a shower.

“Well, let me make it go away and then we can go make some coffee, ok?” She said, and Abigail started to smile as the pretty, young feline lowered her head down to her lap to find her cock. As the young woman wrapped her lips around her shaft, she leaned back to lay herself down on the bed, and Bridget went to work.

Abigail reached out and took her by the hand, and the cat squeezed it back. Having someone new in her life was going to be the biggest change in her life that she’d had in years, and she was so happy to find out what that change would bring.