Sofia was ready for work the following Monday and couldn’t decide which she was more excited about, to get back to her new job, wear her new pink dress with her long black boots, or talk to Kat about going wine tasting that weekend. *What was going on?* she wondered. She had NEVER, EVER been attracted to, interested in, or even thought about a woman in any way other than strict friendship, and the fact that Sofia was starting to fixate on Kat, and purposely trying to look extra good at work in case she happened to run into her in a meeting, both excited her and troubled her at the same time. On the one hand, she wanted to shake these intrusive thoughts from her head. *What in the world?* she kept asking herself. On the other hand, the thought of flirting with Kat -- would she ask Kat to watch her try on clothes the next time they went shopping, just to see what Kat’s reaction might be?She envisioned herself taking off her top right at the precise moment she asked Kat to come in to look at her new outfit in the dressing room for some fashion advice and pretending it was an unplanned and embarrassing moment, while she secretly wanted to see what Kat would do. Or what if Sofia opened the dressing room door just enough for Kat to come in, and then closed the door behind her so that they were both in the dressing room together? Sofia would then try on several outfits which would require her to take off all her clothes down to her bra and underwear, and stare at Kat intently to assess her response. Would Kat be flattered? Unable to resist? Would she see her cheeks flush with embarrassment, or possibly arousal? Perhaps Sofia would take advantage of a knowing look, push her against the wall of the crowded changing room and start kissing her, passionately? Would Sofia like the kiss of another woman? Or just as likely, would she be grossed out and regret her actions, and be thankful she got this ridiculousness that had inhabited her thoughts out of her head, once and for all? But what would she say if it backfired? *Way too risky,* she thought. Better to wait until they were drinking, and then she could claim to have not known what she was doing if it backfired. She hoped it wouldn’t, but she couldn’t be sure. Life was too short, she rationalized. At that moment she knew she was going to find out, sooner rather than later. Yeah, it was risky. Some would even say gutsy, or crazy. She wanted so badly to try it, to know what these new feelings were, and she didn’t want anyone to talk her out of it. She decided right then and there that she would attempt something to get her feelings across when they went to Temecula. She also decided she wasn’t going to tell a soul. She didn’t want anyone stealing her fun and squelching her new curiosity with common sense. *No...I must follow my heart.* She repeated this over, and over, and over, as if each repeat of this mantra would somehow make it easier to do what she knew she shouldn’t do, especially with her boss. Her thoughts kept going back to the words of her son when she had told him she got her tattoo…