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<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter Nine

Sally looked at me over, the alcohol taking some sort of effect on her because she was now staring, easily seeing the way my cock filled out my pants. She took a swig from the bottle before and lowered her gaze back to my cock.

“I just find it funny... A young man such as yourself, probably at the club with a bunch of women your age, yet...” She handed me the wine bottle.

“You’re here with me.”

“You’re good company.” I said before taking a swig, the sharp taste almost made me wince.

“Is that so...” Sally took another drink. “Why don’t you tell me about your night.”

Sally settled into the sofa, resting her chubby face on her hand, her boobs lowered with her change of posture, they sat heavily on her plush middle.

“Why?” I was confused.

“Because I want to hear about what happened before you found yourself here with me.” Casually she took another swig, finishing off the bottle.

“Well, I went to the club with Liam and Carly-”

“She looked great, didn’t she?” Sally’s outburst was a bit surprising to me, she was quite in control usually, but it appeared that the wine had started to take its toll on her.

I nodded. “Yeah, Liam is a lucky guy.”

Sally smiled before letting me continue.

“I got there and they started dancing and I found myself alone. I needed to get drunk after the few weeks of work and studying I’ve been doing.”

“You needed to blow off steam; I thought you looked a bit tense earlier.” Sally’s voice was filled with a maternal care that I didn’t quite expect, it was so kind that it gave me pause.

“Yeah...” I stopped to think where I got to. “Then I bumped into a hen party, there were loads of them with sashes on.”

“I remember my hen. Strippers, shots, I think we played poker too... Badly I must admit, I think some of the guys that we found out let me win because of my tits.” Sally burst into laughter.

*Tits...*

I hadn’t expected her to be so loose with her words, she always felt quite in control, but the woman sitting opposite me was quite different.

“Well... The best poker face is cleavage...”

“Do they say that?” She stared at me wide eyed before looking down her

top.

“Maybe, I just thought it sounded good.” I chuckled.

“You’re funny.” Pressing her elbows together, I saw her boobs rise, deliberately up and almost out of her top. “I suppose they probably distract...” The older woman looked me in my eyes and smiled. “Are they distracting to you?”

My cheeks turned a crimson that gave away the answer, Sally smiled and leaned back, letting her breasts retreat back into her silky nightie. “Go on... What happened next?”

I had almost forgotten that we were talking about anything prior to that side tangent about her boobs. They were a great distractor to anyone’s train of thought, and I was looking at her like a deer in the headlights for a second before it came back to me.

“Uhh... So...”

“The hen party?” Sally said with a playful pout on her face.

“Yeah, the hen.” I recollected myself. “There were lots of drinks and I was dancing with some of them and then I left.”

“Were any of them good looking?” Sally studied me for my answer.

“Well, yeah some of them, sure.”

Leaning forward, Sally’s boobs hung down over her stomach, and I was staring at the wall before me with a rising lust that could easily prove to be my downfall. “Were any of them... Your type?”

“There were a few that looked good... Sure...”

“Tell me about them...” Her voice was inquisitive and heavy; she was watching me like a hawk.

“I... Uhh...”

“Don’t be shy... I won’t be offended...”

“But...”

“Were they as busty as me?”

Sally's teasing tone was one of a mature confidence that drove me wild, there was no worry in her mind that she had me right where she wanted me, I was but a pawn in the game she was playing. There was something electric about that.

“No... Of course, not...” I said, having built some confidence.

“*No... Of course, not...*” She repeated, with a snake like slither, her words played with me, and I felt like I was being hypnotised by the very top-heavy woman. “What else?”

I must’ve looked completely blank behind the eyes, because she continued to prod me.

“Were they pretty?” She puckered her lips slightly, it was a small movement, but I couldn’t help but see it and my heart fluttered.

“One was.”

“Only one?” She pouted.

“Yeah... She was cute.”

Sensing my apprehension, she dug in. “What else... Was she thin? Was she curvy?” Sally hung the words in the air; this is where I felt comfortable

now because I felt like she didn't know what I was about to say.

*Am I really going to say it?*

"She was *big*."

Sally was indeed taken back by the comment, unsure on how to react in the moment, it was a brief moment of vulnerability. "Big?" She asked.

"She was... Thick... Chunky... *Fat*."

The last word made her eyebrows raise. Clearly in all of her perfect goddess life, Sally had never heard of someone liking a fat girl, it was plastered on her confused expression.

"I like women of all sizes... Bigger sometimes is better..." I admitted, my own confidence starting to wane now as I was unsure of what was going on in her head.

Sally was blushing, she wasn't looking at me anymore, it looked like she was recalling distant memories, thinking through what I had just said. The drink was clearly slowing her down.

"Sal?" I tried to break her from her trance.

"Sorry... Just thinking is all..." Her voice came over as a bit strange, my body language changed as did hers.

"Sorry... I.."

"No." She paused, realising what it must've looked like to me. "Oh god no! Honey, it's okay!"

She leapt forward and wrapped her arms around me with the precision of a drunken woman, almost clobbering me. I was glad the impact was

cushioned by her two airbags attached to her chest. She squeezed me tightly for a few seconds before she slowly let go, her head retreated from my shoulder and she was in my face, I could smell the wine on her, I could feel the heat from her breath.

“It’s different... I never would’ve guessed...” Sally said, inches from my face. “It’s actually really sweet and beautiful...” Her eyes looked filled with love and appreciation, I wasn’t sure why because she certainly wasn’t a plus size woman herself.

*Although that belly feels like it's bigger to be touching me right now...*

Sally’s voice dropped an octave. “Fat, huh?”

I nodded, slowly, very aware of where my face was.

“Big boobs? Fat ass? Thick thighs? Chubby belly?” Each duo of words made my cock swell and twitch in my pants, if I didn’t know any better, I thought Sally could see it and she was actively controlling it.

I only nodded again. “Well... That is interesting... You are a very unique man I think...” She whispered before she leaned back on the sofa.

This time there seemed to be less interest in covering up her body. The way she flopped back was probably due to the alcohol, but I couldn’t be sure, I was just happy for the result. Her legs were draped forward, the robe was undone and I saw just how beautifully thick her thighs were. Her stomach was looking rounder now, like she had stopped sucking in maybe, but she laid back so that her boobs spread over her chest too.

I could only stare and get turned on, it was getting a bit much for me

now.

Sally started to laugh, the movement made her body jiggle and I was confused more than most things, but I waited for her to stop so she could explain what the outburst was for.

“Look at us, drinking again on the sofa...”

*Not sure why that's funny...*

“It's rather strange, usually when I drink, I get a bit touchy, handsy even.” She smirked. “I've been pretty good, but that hug was a bit... Inappropriate for us... *Don't you think?*” she cooed.

“It's okay... I don't mind...”

Sally burst into laughter again. “You *are* funny.” Sally sat up and scooted over to me, this time intentionally getting in my space. “Cute and funny...” She leaned in and gave me a kiss on my cheek and moved her lips to my ear. “And pretty hard too...”

“Can you blame me?”

Sally moved her head back and looked at my face. “Oh, the boy does speak.” Giggling, she pressed herself closer to me. “You flatter me. But this... We shouldn't do this... Don't you think?”

I knew the answer, but I couldn't give it to her.

“Maybe... Maybe I could let you have a feel?”

My eyes shot open wide.

*A feel? Was she serious?*

“Oh man... I've got you bad... Haven't I?” Sally teased. “I was joking

but... Wow you seem to like that idea..."

She grabbed my head and held it down to look at her huge chest that was between us.

"Look but don't touch..." She commanded, a new tone came out of her, the demeanour shift was giving me whiplash, and it was very hard to follow the instruction. "I want you to remember them because we can't do this again Oliver..."

Her words would've cut me more if she didn't follow it up.

"If there is a next time... I'm afraid of what might happen..."

I wasn't given another chance to reply before she stood up, wobbling on her feet, I was eye level with her bloated stomach, looking up to her face, her mouth was obscured by her tits, her nipples were hard and thick.

"Goodnight Oliver... Stay in the spare room if you want." She started to leave; we can have breakfast again in the morning..." She blew me a kiss before leaving.

I needed to sit there for a minute or so to let it all sink in before I could even muster getting up. My pants were wet with pre-cum and I was still painfully stiff.

*Sally... Fuck...*

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