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<Cat and Mouse>

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## Chapter Eight

Sally was standing in the doorway, her face was the only thing I could see at first and I could immediately tell that something looked a bit different. I couldn't say for sure, but her face did look a bit puffier.

*It's only been a few weeks...*

I tried to dispel my thoughts on the changes; there was no way she was different this quickly. Sally swung the door open to invite me in and I cast my eyes over the wonderfully curvy older woman.

*Woah...*

She was in her robe again, still, it didn't hide too much, her wonderfully huge breasts were struggling to be contained in the fluffy material, they rested over the top of the sash that was trying so hard to remain closed. The top of the robe had parted so I could steal a quick glance at the cleavage below her chin.

My eyes didn't stop there, I was far too drunk not to just eye fuck her on

the porch, Sally seemingly didn't mind as she let me continue to eyeball her. Looking down I saw the robe looked a bit extra tight under the sash too, the bottom of the robe was meant to overlap but there was something underneath that seemingly was pushing it out.

*Maybe it's how she's wearing it...*

I tried to calm myself down, trying not to think horny thoughts when I was already so pent up. I couldn't help myself though. I kept trying to look her over, to see if I could see what the robe was hiding.

"What's this? Wanting to have a drink again?"

If I was more sober I would've probably been nervous, gulped loudly and maybe stammered a yes but thankfully the alcohol was making me much more confident.

"Yes, that is exactly what I would like."

My confidence made Sally smirk. "A man who knows what he wants, I like that." She giggled and let me in.

I tried to walk straight past her, but I was still a bit wobbly on my feet. I could hold my drink, but it was clear I had probably had a few too many. I bumbled through the door and bumped ever so slightly against her, I made my way to the front room on instinct alone and threw myself on the sofa.

To suggest I was anything, but a mess would be a lie. I let the room stop spinning, thankfully it took only a few seconds. Sally was slow to follow, I don't know why she wasn't right behind me, but she was standing tall when she came around the corner, the robe was opened, deliberately to reveal some

cleavage and she sat down next to me on the sofa.

My eyes were exactly where she wanted them.

*Boobs...*

The vast valley drew my gaze, like a magnetic wave that was pulling my eyes towards them. I was unable to resist looking for a few seconds before I managed to break free, looking up at Sally's face, she was thankfully smiling.

"You're pretty drunk, aren't you." Sally said playfully.

"I am pretty drunk, yes." I wasn't going to lie to the woman.

I noticed that there were discarded chocolate bar wrappers on the side again, three of them, quite big ones too.

*Did she eat them?*

I looked at her reddening cheeks; there were some smudges of chocolate on the sides of her lips.

*Does she look bigger?*

I couldn't stop my brain going into overdrive, looking over her body again, I was inspecting her for any slight difference from before and with each passing second I was sure I could confirm my suspicion of the changes I thought she was under.

*Her arms... Her face... Her legs...*

I was like a hyperactive cat in the window of a house staring at the yard where my owner just threw some bread. My eyes flitting over her, I kept trying to see what I thought was there.

What I wanted to see.

“I think I might need to get some drinks myself to catch you up... This bottle doesn’t compare to you...” She laughed.

I hadn’t noticed the wine bottle; I was too focused on the chocolate and her body. I looked again and saw that she had a second bottle on the side, like she was always planning on drinking that second bottle.

“This makes me feel young...” Sally opened the top of the bottle and started to drink directly from the bottle.

Tilting her head back I was once again given a view of her, this time I knew she couldn’t see me, so I was somehow even more openly gawking at her.

*Did her neck look thicker?*

I was questioning everything as I saw her take big gulps from the bottle. My eyes drifted down and I saw her boobs were much more out in the open than before. They were swelling between the gap in the robe, heaving with each gulp that made her chest jiggle and shake. The way her boobs bulged together and pressed one another to make them swell higher, it was incredible. They were big, heavy, round but there was this undeniable softness to them that made me want to abandon any last semblance of resistance and bury my face between them as she chugged from the bottle.

Alas, my reaction time was slower than her finishing her first swig from the bottle, a hefty half of the bottle downed in a few seconds, Sally proudly looked at me and laughed.

“That was fun.” Her laughing made her boobs move even more. “You seem... Distracted” Sally moved her fingers down to the tie on the robe. “You

have such a wandering eye... I think it's worse this time... Maybe the drink makes it worse." She teased, offering me the bottle of wine.

I wasn't much of a wine drinker, hated the stuff actually, but I was not about to turn down the chance to play whatever game Sally had in mind. I took the bottle and started to drink from the bottle, not going too far with it, partly because I couldn't handle it but also because I didn't want to get so drunk that I wouldn't enjoy myself.

I removed the bottle from my lips, I looked again at the busty woman sitting opposite me and saw that the robe had been discarded. I was too busy staring at the ceiling and drinking to have seen her remove the garment.

However, the sight I was met with stopped me in my tracks.

"Hey..." She said, a blunt delivery that was meant to break me from my stunned stupor.

"Hey." I replied.

"It's the same nightie..." She looked down and saw how obscenely her boobs bulged over the hem of her shirt. "I thought you liked it last time..."

*Did she... Plan this... Expect this?*

My brain couldn't comprehend; I was too busy looking her over once again. This time with just the skimpy nightie on. Her boobs looked bigger than before, it was hard to remember exactly how big they were before, but it certainly looked like there was even more outside of the nightie than in it.

Her arms and legs looked the same, her beautiful skin was beckoning me to reach out and touch.

*Or... Are they... Chunkier?*

Wishful thinking or not, her stomach was my next target, the belly that before was so bloated and round looked almost the same but I was so sure there was more there, more pushing out off her torso.

“Do you... Like it?” Sally’s words made me jump, there was a hint of nervousness in her voice.

Feeling my cock grow hard in my pants, I nodded.

“Yes... Very much...”

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