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<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

The afternoon was fairly uneventful after that, unfortunately, Sally pottered around the house, a day off work she was doing chores while me and Liam lazed in his room, playing games before we went out for some drinks.

I saw her one more time before we left and it was when the sun had gone down and she was lazing on the sofa, a state I had rarely seen her in but I could see that the glass of wine on the side table was not alone, there were two bars of chocolate, pretty sizable ones too.

I wonder if she plans on eating both of those...

The thought excited me, I started to feel the thoughts trickle in.

I wonder if she does that often...

I continued to imagine what it might look like if she did eat those daily, and what she might look like. The idea of her growing was starting to plague my mind.

I need to get laid...

I turned away and walked to the front door to put on my shoes, watching Liam follow behind me.

“Ready? Carly is going to be there. You better step up the wingman game tonight bro.”

I nodded, it wasn't the first time, but this time felt a bit more important, like all the other times were training for me to get to this moment.

Carly is the one.

The taxi took us into the depths of the local town, the nightlife there wasn't anything super crazy, but it did have more than a few pubs on one street that people would meander between. The aim tonight was to go into the loudest one with Carly and get Liam and her to hook up.

A simple plan on paper but reality might prove a bit more difficult than that, especially as the second I walked in the door to the club the music was blasting my ears, and I couldn't hear a thing.

Liam was just as deaf as me at this point, so he turned to me and made a gesture for us to get to the bar and get some drinks. We cut through the dense crowd, not too concerned with the sticky liquid on the floor, likely lots of money in the form of spilled overpriced alcohol.

Liam was looking over the crowd as best as he could to see if he could spot Carly, but I was leading us quickly to the bar. I needed some drink to dull my senses so I wouldn't fall victim to this loud thumping music.

After paying more money than I would care to admit, I was drinking some strong brown liquid to try and take the edge off, Liam wasn't quite ready

to start drinking, he wanted to be sober for Carly.

We wandered for a bit, me taking a few shots from the staff that walked around with trays of them to entice the people who weren't drunk enough to get there, fast.

By the time we found Carly, I was more than a little tipsy, still, I was quite good at being there for my best friend, not that he needed it to be honest. Liam was quite a smooth talker and Carly, despite being the popular one at school that everyone loved, she had mellowed out in the post school days, her chest was still massive and she had put on a few pounds herself, certainly nothing substantial but again, much like Sally, I found myself thinking the same thing.

She was too thin before...

This time it wasn't an admission to try and preserve some status I had assigned to the girl, this time it was just fact. She was probably something like 19% body fat before, at least 10% of that was in her giant tits.

She did look good, not good enough to steal my drunken gaze for long, one, because of Liam, I wasn't about to do him dirty like that and two, she was still fucking orange and looked almost like everyone else, exception being her huge boobs.

I had seen at least five other girls wearing the dress she had on, there might've been some small and subtle differences, but to me, the observer, they were the same dress. Although Carly did fill it out differently compared to the other girls.

I glanced down and saw her huge chest, the tops of her boobs bulging over the top of the dress, and then I stopped and thought.

She isn't bigger than Sally...

The unwanted thought was not resisted or cast aside, I was quite confident that Sally had bigger boobs and then I started to think, what would it look like if Liam's mum was in that dress, busting out of the top.

She would be filling it out so good...

I was getting a bit hot under the collar thinking of it, imagining what it would look like seeing the older woman sit opposite me, her boobs billowing out of her too tight dress.

Man, they look bigger every time I see her...

I could've lost myself to the daydream, but Liam asked me to get them both another drink,

I nodded and stood up, barely hiding my semi erect cock. I bumped into a few more people than last time I was on my feet, likely a combination of the shots and the whiskey. Either generic male A or Female B.

My cynical brain was out in force now that I had a few and I was just so dismissive of everyone.

Until I bumped into a girl, with black curly hair that was down past her shoulder. Her dress was bright and covered with roses, her skin was pale, she was almost a ghost, there were some tattoos over her arms that contrasted with the paleness of her body, and it just highlighted it more to me. It was so different, so out there that I couldn't help but actually take a moment to

apologise to her.

I tapped her shoulder and mouthed my sorry, but I wasn't sure if she could hear me, I had said it before she had even turned around, a good thing really because I was no longer interested in apologising when she had turned around.

I knew she was a bit bigger from the back, she had a butt shelf, I couldn't even think of the last time I saw a woman with that much ass, yet here she was, in this club with blaring music. When she turned around however, I was met with even more eye candy, two big jiggling tits, spilling over the dress that had a sort of built in corset. She had two shelves, one on the back and one on the front.

This girl was amazing, probably about a year older than me, she looked amazing. I noticed that she had a bit of chub around her arms, face and below that impressive cleavage it was a bit hard to tell but I think that corset was doing a lot of heavy lifting.

My semi had become a fully fledged hard on now, I looked at her and I must've looked a sight, wide eyed and fawning over this larger-than-life woman who had a voice to match.

“HEEEY!” she screamed over the music.

I waved, not wanting to raise my voice that loud, but also I wasn't really in a position to talk, I was too stunned.

Her chubby hand was on my shoulder, and she pulled me in for a bit of a dance, her boobs jiggled and bounced at her chin, and I drunkenly bopped with

her. I wasn't much of a dancer, I wasn't much of a socialite, but I was finding my feet rather quickly for this girl.

The drink likely helped, or at the very least masked my embarrassment for how poorly I was actually performing.

The girl came across strong and she pressed herself into me, the teasing smirk made me think she was trying to play it off as an accident but once my hands wrapped around her and I sunk into her plush body, there were no more mistakes from that point on.

She deliberately pressed her boobs into my chest, and her face was so close to mine, I barely minded the smell of alcohol on her breath. I was grateful for the intoxicating smell of her perfume as she practically grinded against my leaner body.

I was enjoying myself, I knew I needed to do something but right now it was slipping my mind.

My hands lowered down her back, and I pressed them against her fat cheeks, and I gave her a playful squeeze, my cock hadn't gone down, it was pressed against her thick thigh.

The heat was rising and I could feel the tension rising. The drink gave me the courage to lean in and press my lips against her neck, I gave her a nibble and pulled her close. She cooed above my head and pressed harder into me.

Moving back, I saw her blushing red cheeks and the shock on her face, presumably at how forward I was being, matching her. A woman of her size,

she was likely not the first choice for most, but she hadn't come across a man like me before.

The kiss had earned me a real one, she planted her lips sloppily against mine and we mashed our faces against one another, it was probably not very pretty but to each of us it was bliss for a few seconds.

Breaking that second kiss off I stared into her eyes and saw her turn her head, her friend tapped her on the shoulder, and I saw the smaller girl signalling for her to leave.

No!

I was trying not to let the despair wash over me, I needed to make a move, right now.

How do I stop this... What do I do...

I was about to say something, get my phone out to give her my number, anything but I was cut off by her action.

The girl grabbed my head and planted it into her heaving chest, access to air was gone and I was in heaven, the soft pillows swallowed my head, and I pulled her tight in appreciation. My cock throbbed and before I knew it, I was plucked from my soft domain back into the loud club, looking her in the face, she gave me a wink and walked off to catch up to her friends, leaving me horny, frustrated and stunned in the middle of the club.

I yelled out, the first time I had spoken to this mystery woman.

“NUMBER?”

Unfortunately, she did not hear me, she was far too occupied with

leaving at this point. I watched the girl of my dreams slowly jiggle away from me and all I could do was stand there.

To have a girl like that...

I remembered that warm feeling that covered my face not a few moments prior.

A girl like her...

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