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<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for Four wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

“There is no way on this earth that Carly likes you.” I scoffed at my best friend Liam.

He was 20 and balancing a social life with university and a part time job that was rapidly becoming a full-time job.

Slightly delusional too apparently, thinking that Carly was into him.

Carly was pretty much one of the prettiest girls in school and when she blossomed, she blossomed hard. Puberty took her from the neutral crowd to the popular crowd thanks to her huge chest.

Liam had started working in retail, like most people our age, but he just so happened to end up with the busty brunette.

“I’m telling you, she only knows me and she talks to me, it’s like she doesn’t want to speak to the old farts there.”

We laughed as we walked up the drive to his Mum’s house.

“Fair enough actually... So... You really think that this might turn into something...”

“One way to find out.” Liam bumped me with his elbow. “What about you? I was expecting you to be telling me about how good of a kisser Samantha is by now.”

I hung my head.

Samantha...

She was, like Carly, a girl my age that I worked with. We had a bit of a friendly connection, but I had overplayed how close we were. Reality was, she had a boyfriend and we were work colleagues and nothing more than that. Not that if she was single would I be interested in her.

Girls my age, they all looked the same, they all tried to, it was frustrating.

Fake tan, skinny, wearing the same clothes they had seen online on some influencers page. It was infuriating to me.

I longed for something different, outside of the norm.

It was proving hard.

“Yeah, just... taking it slow a minute...”

Liam looked at me with a knowing smile, yet he didn't say anything. I was grateful for that, usually he would be hounding me, but I guess he saw the frustration in my eyes.

He led me into the house and he called out, letting his mother know we were here.

“Just me Mum! Oliver is with me too!” His words echoed through the house and then there was some movement from the kitchen.

Footsteps headed our way and there she was, Mrs Morgan.

I had known her for a long time thanks to the friendship me and Liam had over our formative years. Sally, or Mrs Morgan as I'd call her, was a beautiful woman, always had been, the years had been so kind to her, where most women would see wrinkles, sagging and struggle with so many aspects of their body. Mrs Morgan was not one of those, she was aging like a fine wine and although I hadn't seen her in a long time, those eyes, the smile, it was just as illuminating as ever.

“Hey boys” she said in her bubbly, yet low voice.

I felt goosebumps on the back of my neck and I smiled back. “Hey Mrs M”

“Ms.” She corrected me.

It was a habit, one that I needed to try to remember to break better. It had been years since Liam's dad exited the picture, Sally kept the surname, citing too much paperwork. Liam's dad wasn't a bad guy from what I knew, although I did think he was absolutely insane to leave Sally.

She was beautiful, still, even after the years have likely ravaged her friends, she was more attractive than ever.

I need to calm down here.

I was far too into Liam's Mum; I needed to distract myself here.

“Sorry, well, hope you are keeping okay.” I smiled.

She looked at me with wistful eyes. “Yeah, I’m good Oliver.” She smiled.

“Are you boys hungry?”

Liam nodded and I felt a bit rude answering.

“Cmon Ol, you can ask me for something if you want.” Her voice was making those goosebumps return.

I looked at her, really looked at her, and took in her face all at once.

Sally’s dark red hair, dyed for many years, was tucked behind one of her ears, the other side it hung over her shoulders. Her hair was long and had a slight curl to it. It was the perfect frame for her beautiful face, ageless and glowing with beauty. Her eyes were heavy, smoky almost, her cute nose sat above her plump lips and her cheeks were delightfully full.

“I’d love something...” I trailed off, I felt the full force of her beauty, and I was mush in her palm if she so wanted.

The little giggle she let out, it was a knowing giggle, one that told me she knew that she still had “it”, for added effect she tucked her hair firmly behind her ear and stood tall.

That subtle shift in her posture made my eyes glance over her body once more and I was rewarded.

Sally was mostly thin, entering her 40s hadn’t diminished from her curves at all, she had a body that most 20 somethings would kill for. She was always curvy, a peachy behind with a generous amount of curve to fill out whatever she was wearing, even from a young age it was clear to me that she had a great butt, it had only gotten better over time.

Her boobs, something else I had noticed on the 5”5 woman, they were big, quite hefty for her size, easily bigger than my Mum and I had heard her telling Aunt Gina that she was an E cup once.

Memory is sometimes a bitch...

Her chest was often covered up but it didn’t really work well because of just how trim she was.

I looked down and froze for a second.

Trim was a word I would’ve used before, but there wasn’t that slimness there anymore, I honestly didn’t think it detracted from her overall appeal, she looked great, I would definitely argue better with a bit more padding there.

She was too thin before...

The admission in my mind was in part trying to maintain the perfect status for this goddess of a woman, sent to this earth in the form of my best friend’s Mum. The other part was something much deeper, something I had never admitted to anyone before.

Bigger girls were great, I wasn’t fully a big girl only type of guy, but I didn’t find them as repulsive as some of my peers did in school.

It made me wonder what Miss M would look like with a few more pounds on her frame. The daydream came fast and I imagined what she would look like with even fatter tits, a bigger butt and my mind was wild for about 0.5 seconds before her voice brought me back into the real world.

“I’ll make you something.” She winked and turned away, back into the kitchen.

Her wink seemed to break the spell she had on me, and I turned to Liam who was looking at me with a funny look.

“You okay?”

I nodded, moving my leg uncomfortably.

Fine...

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