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<Cat and Mouse>

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Chapter Ten

The next thing I remembered was waking up. I apparently made my way upstairs but didn't bother to take off my clothes. I felt disgusting to say the very least but waking up to that familiar smell was pleasant to say the least.

Bacon...

I wondered if I would be treated to a similar show to last time, more hope really. I was very groggy getting up, my head was much worse this time, I had hit the drink rather hard and for it I was now sporting a throbbing headache to match the throb in my pants.

I was a bit unsure of my footing as I stumbled across the landing, there was a noise from the bathroom, footsteps, I didn't react, I just watched Sally open the door and a big cloud of steam filled the landing and then she arrived.

A towel wrapped around her hair, down those not so slender shoulders and the tightly tied towel covered her front, because of her chest it just stuck out, it made her looks massive because of the pure projection of her boobs but I

was just standing there with my morning wood and she saw me and yelped.

The drunken confidence had seemingly dissipated somewhat, and she looked away from my face.

“Morning Ol, bacon is on... I just needed a shower... You’re welcome to yourself...” She rushed across the landing into her room, just before closing the door. “I’m sure Liam has some clothes you can borrow.”

Nice morning surprise...

I freshened up and threw on some of Liam’s clothes, grateful for the chance not to smell like a rough sleeping drunk. Getting downstairs, Sally was in a low-cut strappy top with some jeans on. She looked incredible in anything to me but the way she had her girls on show was going to make eating rather difficult this morning. Not to take away from how curvy and amazing her butt looked in those jeans, because she was still looking incredible.

When Sally turned to greet me again, she was a bit shy, it felt like the guilt of last night had caught up to her.

Hard to blame her...

She barely made eye contact, but that didn’t stop me from looking at how her cleavage looked this morning. Deep and inviting, I couldn’t believe my eyes, every time I looked at her she somehow looked better than before.

Below her shelf-like breasts her stomach was looking a lot softer and smaller than last night

I guess she did eat all that chocolate last night...

Thanks to the time I spent in the shower, food was ready to go, it

appeared it was just me and Sally again. I watched her sort out serving up food and there was no posturing this time when it came to portion sizes, she put three whole sandwiches on her plate and I had one. She knew she was hungry.

Likely to help her recover from the hangover she likely had for drinking that much wine...

The conversation was awkward to start, it took her a bit more time to warm up but eventually she did, we got to talking about normal stuff for a while, about the time she finished the second sandwich she paused.

“So... Last night...”

I felt a shudder through my body, and I gripped my thigh under the table.

“Look... We were drunk... Again...” She started and then cut herself off.

“It was nice... You told me something very personal...”

I cringed at how I probably made an ass of myself and didn't convey it right.

Oh god, what does she think...

I was nervous all of a sudden, but then she reached across the table and laid her hand on my hand that was resting on the table.

“Hey... It's okay.” She smiled. “But... I *am* your best friend's mum...”

I knew it was socially wrong, morally too probably but I couldn't help the feelings within me.

She's just so... Easy to talk to, she's so beautiful, she's so... So... Sexy...

“I understand.” I said, I saw her face drop. I squeezed her hand to get

her to look at me again. “It doesn’t make it less fun.”

She smiled. “Well... You are right there... But I think maybe you should’ve stayed at the club with that bigger girl, maybe you would be at their place right now like Liam is with Carly.”

“*Maybe...*” I smirked. “But I much preferred last night... And this morning is pretty nice. Nice company, nice food and a *nice view.*”

“Oh, ho *hooo*” She laughed. “You are good.” She couldn’t help but smile at my comment. “I can agree with good company. And good food.” She sat up and patted her stomach triumphantly after conquering the food. “But I’m not sure I can agree on the view.” She looked down at her boobs.

“Well beauty is in the eye of the beholder, right?”

“You are relentless, aren’t you?”

I smiled, with rosy cheeks.

“Pass me the biscuits if you could please.”

I quickly stood up and grabbed the whole tin and placed it before her. It didn’t take her long to start dunking them in her tea. She was enjoying herself, it was clear, she really did have a wicked sweet tooth.

“I think we need to be careful.” She said between bites of biscuits.

“Drinking here... Feels like bad news waiting to happen.” Her eyes wandered for a second as she thought about what that might be like. “What if Liam walked in? What if...” She trailed off and left the rest to hang out there as she dunked another biscuit.

“Well... I’ll try my best not to turn up on your doorstep drunk.”

Her face dropped a bit; it was clear that Sally was conflicted. “No... I...”

“It’s complicated.” I finished her sentence.

“Yes.”

“Look... I’m sorry... I shouldn’t be putting you in this position.” I stopped thinking with my dick and started to think logically.

I don’t want to hurt her...

She went to say something, but she stopped herself, her eyes looked watery and she smiled.

“I keep saying it... But you are going to make a girl very lucky one day...” She changed tone. “Maybe a big one, huh?” She teased.

“I told you that in confidence!” I playfully snapped back.

“Secret is safe with me.”

Sally pretended to zip her mouth shut, lock it and she then tucked the key between her huge boobs, being sure to show me how she manipulated them to stick her fingers in with the pretend key.

I stared at her cleavage, her hand gesture giving me ample reason to gawk.

“I think it won’t be long til I’m one of those big girls if you let me keep eating these biscuits.” Sally added, a complete joke in her eyes but the rise it got out of me was something else.

I looked down, trying to spy through the small gap between the table and her tits to see how stuffed she was, the tiniest gap and I was staring. I didn’t know if I was imagining it or not, but she did look bigger.

“Well, at least you know I won’t mind.” I winked, my turn to tease.

Sally burst into laughter and closed the tin of biscuits after snatching one last one. “Guess I’ll put these away myself.” Standing up, I saw her stomach in its stuffed glory.

The shirt had ridden up, a tiny sliver of her stomach was now in the open, the jeans were digging into the swollen orb, and it was clear now that she had ballooned during breakfast again. Without really noticing her swollen midsection, she walked over to put the biscuit tin back into the cupboard before turning to look at me absolutely eye fucking her.

“You okay?” She asked, just before the front door opened.

“Fine...” I smiled at her, wondering what she might look like in a few weeks or months if she kept at this rate.

I won’t mind one bit...

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