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1,717 words.

<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Four

I was far too horny to be in this situation but maybe it was the alcohol or the desire swelling inside of my pants, but I was not really in any position to want to take myself out of this moment.

“So...” She raised her half full tumbler to me; I quickly grabbed mine and we clanged the glass together. “Mission success!” she giggled before taking a drink from the glass and letting out a gasp in recoil.

“Whiskey... It’s been a while...” She said under her breath. “You take it so well though...” She commented.

“Well, I am probably more drunk than you.” I laughed.

“True, although a bottle of wine isn’t that bad for someone in her 40s.” She giggled, this time there was a lot more movement of her body.

I could see how her boobs bounced under the robe again, their size, unrestrained, was far more than I was expecting. I tried to mask my staring with another drink from my glass.

“So... What about you?” Sally shifted in her seat, her leg bumping against mine, yet she didn’t move it after it made contact.

“W-what do you mean?”

“Where is your Carly?”

Her words hit me in a strange way, my cynical self was the most open and out there when I was drunk, but Sally had never really seen that side of me, until now.

“No offence... But Carly isn’t my type...”

“How so?” Sally looked a bit defeated.

“She’s so fake... Just fake tan, lashes, wearing the same dress as everyone else... It’s annoying...”

Sally was taken a bit by surprise, but her smile was returning. “And her body?”

Sally was well aware of Carly and her assets; her comment took me back.

“What... What do you mean?”

“I remember Carly from school Ol, she was... Busty... Right?” Sally said it with a sense of pride, straightening her back up a bit which helped her own large boobs sit on her chest.

“Y-yeah...” I felt a bit embarrassed talking about Carly’s boobs to Liam’s Mum, but I was far too drunk to let that stop me now.

My face must’ve told her everything she needed to know because Sally’s look of defeat had gone and her face was covered in a mischievous grin.

“Liam always did have a thing for boobs... The number of times that boy left porn on his computer...” She giggled. “What about you Oliver?”

The question took me aback. “Huh?”

“Are you a boob guy?” Sally’s voice was much more playful and childish now.

“I guess...” I found it hard to lock eyes with her.

“Well glad there are men out there still into us top heavy ladies.” She laughed, giving a purposeful shake of her chest. “I’m sure one day you’ll find a girl that you’ll adore, you’re a nice kid.” She smiled. “And hey, can I let you into a secret?”

I nodded, captivated by her every word.

Sally leaned in and I saw how her chest, robed, covered her thighs and parted, giving me a good view down into her cleavage.

“Pregnancy does wonders to a woman’s boobs.” She said softly, trying to hold back a drunken laugh, leaning back and letting her boobs rest proudly, a bit more uncovered than before, on her chest. “I wasn’t always this busty, ya know.” Sally pointed at me before she spread her palms under her chest. “It wasn’t until I fell pregnant with Liam did these babies really start to develop.”

I was eagerly listening to her story, but I kept looking at her chest, my drunken state not helping my resolve.

“They’re incredible...” I murmured; Sally’s cheeks started to turn red before I could correct myself. “That’s! - Crap!. That’s incredible! Oh shit- Sorry!” I stammered.

“Oh~” She cooed. “You don’t think they’re incredible?” Sally looked down her nose at me with an evil grin.

She had me exactly where she wanted me. It felt like I was prey to her torturous verbal game.

“I mean... Yes. They are.”

“You’re going to make me blush.” She swatted at me playfully before there was an awkward silence in the room. I grabbed my whiskey and finished it off, as did Sally.

“You okay?” She asked, after taking the last gulp of her drink.

Her face was red, but I didn’t sense it was from embarrassment, but rather the warmth spreading through her body from the alcohol. I had been in my shirt since I got in, the chill of the night air barely touched me but sitting in her robe, Sally must’ve been warm.

“Gosh... It’s getting hot in here...” She said, a bit more playful than I was expecting, she slowly undid the tie on her robe and only after making sure I was looking, did she open the robe and let it fall off her backwards onto the sofa off her arms.

“Better...” She cooed.

Much...

The nightie she had on was thin, silky and small. The contrast to the robe was extreme. The robe covered her legs, now they were free, the thick thighs that had a few blemishes and dimples, her arms, chubbier than I had thought, I couldn’t remember the last time I had seen Sally with short sleeves

on, it was only just turning into spring so it must've been a good few months.

However, it was obvious that her breasts would take the centre stage.

They were huge, I knew that before now, I've known that for years. I had seen them in a low-cut top probably a handful of times in my life knowing Liam, but it was quick, fleeting, a drive by. Now, I was front and centre to boobs that would make Carly wish she was as blessed as Sally.

They were bigger than her head, seeing them now made me think that my estimates from before were way off.

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They could be even bigger than that, maybe it was the alcohol and my overactive imagination setting a blaze inside my soul, but I just saw how they filled out the small and too tight camisole nightie. Braless, they looked bigger without the restraint, gravity was actually adding to their size whereas usually a bra's lifting properties makes them much perkier. Sally however was just that gifted.

The fabric was stretched, struggling to contain her boobs, they were popping out the top. A clear view of her cleavage was my reward for being in the right place at the right time and I was more than happy to receive this generous eyeful.

My eyes looked her over again and I caught something, something that had been in the back of my head since I saw Sally earlier.

Her top is very tight...

I saw how the middle of the nightie was a bit stretched from the winter

weight that she had put on over the colder months. A pooch, something I never would've imagined on Sally. It was minor but it made all the difference.

I found myself wanting to stare at it over her tits, a strange feeling was swelling within me, I thought back to the chocolates, I thought to the gluttony and imagined that nightie getting even tighter, not just on her stomach but her tits too.

I was rigid.

Sally likely knew, I don't think I hid it well, in either case, she leaned back on the sofa, and her boobs fell further down her chest as the twin orbs sagged onto her stomach which, by virtue of her leaning back, looked more pronounced.

"You're sweet..." She broke the silence, I didn't know how long I had been sitting there staring but her words made me jolt back into the room. "Your eyes..." Sally started before looking down at her body.

"I'm sorry Miss M..."

"Sally." She corrected me. "You shouldn't be sorry for making me feel young again..."

Sally adjusted her boobs in her top, making even more of her boobs come over the top of the straining nightie, but making sure her nipples were covered, although from how thin the silky material was it was easy to see they were big and erect.

"It's been a long time since I've seen a reaction like that..." The older woman pointed at my hard cock. "I guess you are a boob man." She winked. "I

think it is about time we both turned in for the night...” Her tone was bittersweet.

We both knew that it was wrong to do anything, but Sally would be lying to say that she wasn’t enjoying the attention from the younger man, and I would be fibbing if I said I didn’t want to at the very least touch those massive boobs.

“The spare room is ready...” Sally was trying to navigate out of this heavily charged situation, but it felt like she didn’t want to. She moved on the sofa to attempt to get herself up, but she paused and gave me another once over. “A-are they... That good?” She blushed; this was the most vulnerable she sounded.

“Yes.” I somehow mustered up the courage to voice my enjoyment of the view I had.

Without warning she leaned over and planted a kiss on my cheek, being sure to lean over so much that I saw right down into her cleavage. The heat radiating off of her was incredible, I was grateful that I was too stunned because if I wasn’t, I might’ve reached around her and held her close to start making out with her.

“You’re going to make a girl very happy one day...” She said breathily.

I smiled, my cock flexing in my pants.

“Goodnight...” She smiled and leaned back so that she could get off the sofa, wrapping herself in her robe and ending the show.

“Night Mis- Sally...”

She smiled at me once more “Goodnight Oliver.”

I watched her walk away, her drunken footsteps were heavy, clearly she was a lot more intoxicated than I had thought, I dreaded standing up myself, I just enjoyed her jiggle out of the room, her big beautiful butt shaking as she left me on the sofa to try and process what had just happened for a few minutes before I made my way to the spare room to fall asleep.

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