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<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>



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*Thank you for Four wonderful years*

*-Growing Desires*

## Chapter One

The cold air outside would offer me very little reprieve from the hell that I was about to endure. I looked down at myself in my too tight aerated gym kit, my stomach was bunched up, sat in my car, the looming building before me was bright with light and I swear, even from in my car I could hear the pounding dance music that was meant to inspire effort.

“Why do I do this to myself...” I said to myself, my phone buzzed, a reminder that my spin class started in five minutes.

“And it’s fucking six AM.”

I grumbled, grabbing my bag and exiting the car.

“Fucking Lisa.”

Lisa was my best friend, she was great, we’d been friends for quite some time, and we got on really well, really quickly. There was a great platonic love between us where we were inseparable where we had the chance. I’d been in and out of relationships for most of our friendship and she was keen to help me

find that special someone.

I had gotten into a funk when the new year came around, turning 30 this year, my clothes were fitting too tight, I was on the precipice of sizing up and I decided that enough was enough, I needed to turn over a new leaf. Lisa was fit and she didn't have that much control when it came to food whenever she was around me, but she made up for it with a lot of exercise.

Finally, after some convincing, she got me into her gym. I had done a tour and I wasn't horrendously unfit, just a bit chubby. However, when it came to fitness, Lisa did not fuck around.

My first day she took me through weights, and I was rather quickly humbled, not even her boundless optimism for helping me was going to make me feel better about that day. Today however was the next thing she signed me up for.

*Spin class...*

I was nervous and very concerned that I would die. Lisa wasn't able to go with me for this first one as she had some meetings at work, but I wasn't sure if that might be better or not.

I walked into the little studio where the bikes were set up. I was grateful that at the very least Lisa seemed to sign me up for a virtual class, they weren't popular so it appeared that it was just me, still, I took my choice of the bike at the very back of the class. A short video came on the screen and a woman who looked like she could cycle to the moon and back in just under an hour started telling me how to position the bike and how to make the adjustments.

I gave it a go and jumped on and started to peddle to test it out. The class started and within 30 seconds I could tell that the remaining 39 minutes and 30 seconds were going to be torturous to say the least.

That is when there was a big bang and the door flew open, a rather messy haired woman flew in like a tornado and quickly ran to the bike at the front of the class, she jumped on and started peddling at a rate that made me want to give up because I would never be as good as her.

She was relatively lean by the looks, the lighting in the studio made it really hard to see and with the strobe lights flashing in the room in time with the music, was even harder.

*She's going so quick!*

Even though she couldn't see me, I tried to increase my pace before feeling a stitch start to come on, the timer at the top of the screen indicating that I still had 37 minutes left.

*How am I going to make this!*

The instructor was shouting now, something about needing to "attack" and then suddenly I saw her stand up, momentarily followed by the woman at the front of the class.

*What? I didn't know I had to do this!*

I went to lift myself up to follow along but then the lights in the room came up for the song, it went bright and I saw my other spin companion, more importantly, her butt.

Standing up, the light let me see just how muscular her legs were that

she was pumping the pedals through the tight leggings, but my eyes quickly went up to her butt.

I was an ass man, no doubt about it whatsoever, all my girlfriends were bottom heavy, sometimes a bit overweight as it came with the territory sometimes, but this woman was one of those smaller girls with glutes rather than fat.

Her butt stretched her leggings tightly, the rounded heart shape of her butt looked great swaying back and forth before my eyes, even if it was exaggerated because of the movement.

*I can't leave now!*

Suddenly spin didn't seem that bad.

That was a lie of course, I just eased off for a few seconds before the room was plunged back into relative darkness. It was then back to hell. I worked and worked, not wanting to give up or quit, the woman before me was keeping me there, I was just grateful that she couldn't see my level of effort.

Sweat was pouring down my face, I was struggling and slowing down often but the mystery woman was going even harder, in line with the instructor.

*Fuck... Me!*

Thankfully the 40-minute mark came around, and I was finally able to slow down and stop. The lights came on and I saw my "spin buddy" in the bright light. I wished the lights would've come on quicker after the class because I could've got another glimpse of her wonderful peach before she

started stretching.

With the new light illuminating the room I was able to see her face however, and she looked about as windswept as I had thought she might, considering how she burst into the room. Her hair was messy, she looked a bit disorganized, but she still looked great. The natural beauty was more than enough to carry that woman into the arms of any man that she wanted.

*Hang on...*

I looked at her forehead, her arms, anywhere over her body and I was shocked.

*She wasn't sweating...*

I didn't need to look to see that I must've looked three times the amount of mess that she did, it appeared to me that spin, despite working that hard, didn't hit her at all, she was just dishevelled from being late or something.

*Unbelievable...*

I looked at the rest of her as she cleaned off the bike and got her bottle ready to leave, she looked great. The woman was about my age; her body looked a good few years younger thanks to the work she clearly had put into making herself look fit. Her arms were feminine, but I could see there was muscle there, her face was thin and she had a flat middle. Her chest was on the smaller side, a side effect of being so lean, but I didn't mind, it was what she had behind her that really mattered to me.

As if noticing me there for the first time she smiled and waved before she turned around to rush out the door. I smiled back, not sure if she saw it, but my

jaw fell slack when I saw her walk away, her butt stuck out behind her and her thighs were quite thick, I watched her ass sway back and forth and disappear out the door.

*Wow...*

I was stunned, quite literally, I had not even dismounted yet, my legs felt like they were jelly and I was unable to move them without intervention from my arms. My phone started buzzing and I saw it was Lisa.

*Probably making sure I actually came here...*

“Hey...” I wheezed.

“You did it!” She shouted down the phone in excitement. “How did you find it?”

I had a flashback to the moment where the woman was standing on her bike, and I was being hypnotised by her big, beautiful butt.

“Amazing...”

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