

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,641 words.

<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter Five

The next morning, I woke up with a horrible pain in my head, my mouth was dry and I didn't remember how I got into the bed. Thankfully, I did remember what happened with Sally. My morning wood was practically screaming at me, despite the agony that my hangover was playing. I looked down and saw the tent I was making under the duvet, and I thought better of touching it, yet the vividness of Sally's beautiful tits was more than enough to make me really want to not show restraint.

The noise from outside the room made me jump, it was footsteps, I quickly made myself presentable and got myself up and to the door.

I heard the light grunting of a woman, Sally specifically, I guessed. Opening the door, I saw I was right, it was Liam's mom. She was probably not in the best place after the whiskey last night, but she was still moving, and by the smell that filled the air, it appeared that she was making breakfast.

*Smells like bacon...*

The weather was nice today, the sun was beaming through the window on the landing, and it illuminated the house wonderfully, a bad thing for me and Sally in our current state but Sally certainly seemed much more accustomed to the light. I however was not. I winced and as my eyes slowly came into focus I saw Sally standing with some dirty clothes in a basket, which was resting against her torso, her boobs bulged over the top of the basket and were covered up pretty well by her sun dress, but not well enough for me not to notice their immense size and for her to blush.

“Morning...” Her playfulness was muted compared to last night, there was a nervousness and concern, she was acting like she overstepped.

*Let's try to help her with that...*

“Good morning.” I smiled, trying to convey joy, everything was normal, everything was okay.

Apparently I'm not a great actor because she wasn't immediately swayed, she looked away.

“About last night...” Sally started.

“Hey... Don't worry about it...” I tried to soothe her. “We were drunk, it's fine...” I downplayed it, knowing that my words would help her more than maintain this strange new world where there would be more playful situations in my future.

“I'm your best friend's mum... I'm not your Carly... I'm a...” There were tears filling her eyes.

“Stop.” I reached out and put my hand on her shoulder. “We're adults, we

didn't do anything wrong." I think my acting skills were improving on the fly because when Sally looked me in my eyes she let out a single tear, instead of the onslaught of self-deprecating blubbery that was no doubt moments away from happening and she let out a smile.

"You really are going to make some girl very happy one day."

I smiled and blushed.

"Thank you Sally." I made sure to use her first name, something that I wasn't exactly used to doing.

She noticed and smiled back.

"Bacon's cooking... You want some? I bet your head is pounding."

I nodded.

"Same." She made for the stairs. "Come on... No word from Liam so it's just us this morning." There was a sly smirk on her face, and I felt my morning wood twitch.

We made our way downstairs and the table was already made, Sally's house was beautiful and homely, the effort she put in to keep it looking so nice was great alongside her full time job, she was a one-woman household.

I sat down and we chatted about studies, work and just general chit chat. It wasn't awkward, I was grateful for her getting past it, I was worried when I woke up that it might've remained awkward after the morning interaction, but it was fine.

We ate food together, just the two of us, my keeping my eyes to her face as much as I could, however I did find my gaze dropping from time to time. I

don't know if Sally noticed it or not, but she certainly didn't say anything about it.

The food was delicious and after I had finished my sandwich I wasn't expecting her to offer me another, let alone for her to have already started a second. I didn't think someone as small as Sally would destroy two sandwiches like that; she was fairly dainty previously.

I politely declined and stayed at the table keeping my busty best friend's mum company. It was nice, it wasn't sexually charged, there was just something nice about being around her. She was a great woman, and I didn't really know her, but I felt like there was a lot under the surface to get to know.

We stayed at the table for quite some time. After the sandwiches there was tea and biscuits. I had one or two, but I was surprised to see Sally scoff down what felt like half of the tub she had placed on the table.

"I need you to take these away honey..." She asked in full seriousness. "I feel like if I eat anymore I might pop." She said with a nervous chuckle.

I closed the tub and took them back to the side where she got them from and took my seat once more, looking at the blushing woman sitting opposite me.

"Sweet things are my downfall..."

"We all have our vices." I chuckled, trying to make light of it.

"And what's yours?"

"Busty women." I said without missing a beat, it wasn't a lie per say but my quick wit took over in that moment and I saw her laugh, a genuine laugh

that I hadn't seen from her, ever.

“Well... That explains last night.” She said, looking down at her melons that were resting on the table.

It was my turn to blush again.

“You're funny Oliver.” She looked at me with a dreamy expression that screamed to me she was thinking a few more things other than that. “Have you always had that... Vice...?” Her tone is much more serious now.

“For as long as I can remember, yeah. I think us males are conditioned that way or something.”

“Must be.” She twirled her hair around her finger.

“And you?”

“Well... I've always had a sweet tooth; I used to have to limit my regular food just to be able to eat as much sweet food as I would like... It's how I didn't really put weight on... Except for... Ya know... Here.” Sally patted the top of her breast, and I saw it jiggle under the floral dress. “Maybe that's how they're so big?” She giggled.

“Are you sure I couldn't get you some more biscuits?”

Sally burst into laughter with me again, we chuckled for a good few seconds before we calmed down.

“Bigger... You're funny... They're already huge... Not sure they could possibly get any bigger.” Sally said with a sense of pride. “Right... That's enough about my boobs.” She pushed the chair back and stood up to clear the plates away.

She didn't notice, acknowledge or maybe she just didn't care to comment on my gaze but standing up I saw her comment earlier about popping wasn't that far off, the dress, which was meant to be loose and flowy, was no longer that, it was bunched up under her boobs, already taking a huge amount of strain thanks to her breasts, but her stomach now was joining in, it was like she was pregnant.

*A food baby...*

The heavily stuffed gut sat on her frame with such authority that it held her tits up like a shelf. It was a sight to behold, and I found that my already stirring cock was now fully formed, thankfully covered, as I watched her jiggle around the kitchen to the sink to wash up.

Her turning around showed me her ass, something that I knew she had but now seeing her from behind doing the dishes, her stomach pressed against the countertop, her butt was sticking out, wide and much bigger than I remembered.

*She looks like a fertility statue or something...*

I could've happily watched her all morning but then we heard the front door open.

*Liam was home.*

My friend joined me and his mother for a late breakfast, Sally quickly whipped up another sandwich for him, and she hounded him for staying out all night but there was a smirk on her face because I had already let her know what he was doing.

After food he wanted to go to bed, he said he didn't get much sleep, and Sally had to hold back a giggle before letting him go.

"I guess I'll head off too, I've got to go do some coursework before work tomorrow..." I trailed off, feeling the awkwardness coming back over me.

"Thank you for letting me stay here."

"Don't be silly, I will always let you stay here if you ever need to." The comment was said with something a bit extra. "Plus... Last night was fun..." The beautiful woman before me didn't feel like Sally anymore, it felt like someone I was trying to flirt with.

"Yeah... We should have drinks again..."

A wave of shock crossed her face and she smirked. "How very tempting." She smirked. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say you just want to see me in that nightie again..."

I turned crimson because, yes, it was true but so much more.

"Guilty." I admitted, making the older woman blush.

"Vices, huh..."

I looked down at her boobs, noticing her stomach too and then looked back at Sally's face and gave a nod.

"See you soon... Don't be a stranger..."

I smiled and walked to the front door letting myself out a smile plastering my face.

*Vices...*

\* \* \*