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<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Seven

My first mission was to get more drunk; I was not about to survive the night without more alcohol in my bloodstream. Carly and Liam were quick to dance together; it was nice to see but did feel like he was showing off a little.

I stayed at the bar and tipped my head back a few times with a new glass each time. It was starting to affect me, and I was grateful for the fuzziness taking over. It quelled my arousal, if only momentarily because I then saw a few big girls dancing on the dance floor, they were pretty drunk themselves, a party of some kind it looked like, they had pink sashes on.

A hen party or something?

I enjoyed watching for a few minutes while I nursed one final drink before taking my liquid courage and I approached the laughing women with a confidence that I don't think a sober version of myself could ever hope to muster.

As I got closer I was able to read what the sashes said now, they were

part of a hen party, my guess was correct. There was more to this party than I had first thought, but I was just focused on the plus size women.

I don't know if the drink has helped this problem...

The sashes were one size fits all but there were some thin women part of this group who were struggling to keep them on when they were dancing about, however the five women I had my eyes on were much more on the opposite end of the spectrum.

One of them was pregnant, very clearly, her belly was big and round, the sash couldn't even get around the giant orb, it rested on top more than anything. She was obviously sober but still had the energy to dance around with the rest of them.

One of the women was just plain overweight, there was a lot on her body and she was quite tall, it was just an abundance of fat that didn't discriminate in how it spread over her body. Each movement made the rest of her shake for an additional second and the sash was not going to cover her mass.

Another was a lot curvier than the other two, closer to the woman I had seen before, her boobs were large, her hips even bigger, an hourglass for the most part but that big stomach sort of ruined that title for her, although to me, she was looking fine.

Two of them looked to be twins and their shape was more bottom heavy, wide hips, massive thighs and a decent amount of lard covered their mid sections. They were very overweight.

The last one appeared to be the bride to be. She was dazzling, her face

was extremely pretty, the smile she wore, even more so. Her face was puffy and round, years of overeating made her look like this and I didn't think for one second it looked bad. Her hips were wide, her legs and arms heavy and the butt was great, her boobs were sizable, no doubt but it was her stomach where she carried most of the weight on her frame. She was quite rotund and round looking, her stomach stuck out and dominated her frame, and she kept pressing her hand against it, like to stop it from moving unnecessarily.

I walked to the five women, pretty much ignoring the others as they danced.

“What's the occasion?” I said dumbly just to introduce myself into the group.

“Can't you read.” One of the twins said loudly with a slur.

“She's getting married!” The giant grabbed her friend and shook her about in excitement.

“Congratulations!” I said, mingling with them, just then someone came around with a tray of shots. “I'll buy the lot, for the party.”

The cheers I got were so intense and shrill that I thought my ears might've started bleeding.

The women handed the drinks around and they thanked me before drinking theirs, the pregnant woman pretended and gave her shot to the bride.

I was in...

They were loud, brash and all very, very intoxicated. However, I was horny and couldn't help but enjoy the eye candy that kept bumping into me. I

was enjoying myself, the bride to be took my fancy the most, she was the prettiest and with that big belly, I was feeling things.

I wasn't about ruining a marriage, but I was about having fun, so I decided to dance with her when I got the chance. She was a slow mover, her stomach was clearly inhibiting her movement, but I didn't mind, I wasn't much of a dancer myself. We bobbed back and forth essentially but when someone bumped into her back, she went tumbling forward.

I wasn't weak, I did lift a bit, however catching her took everything I had not to be flattened by the heavyset woman. My hands instinctively reached out, and my hands landed on the biggest part of her.

Her stomach.

She looked up shocked, she thanked me and I didn't let go of her belly.

Instead of taking a step back, or asking me to let go, she just stayed there, her eyes looking into mine, my hands moving from a firm grip for safety, to more exploring. It was so brazen, I couldn't quite believe it was happening, but it was dark in the club, the strobe lights offered us some illumination to look at each other, but I was more focused about feeling her stomach.

It was full of drink, she was bloated or at the very least her stomach felt firm to the touch, it looked big in her dress, but feeling it was something else. It was driving me insane, I could've happily taken her back to my place and made her cancel the wedding with the things I'd want to do to her, but I didn't have it in me. Despite being so taken by this woman, by the fact I was groping her on the dancefloor, albeit her belly, I couldn't stop thinking about a certain

someone.

Sally...

The lights moved over her face, and I saw the lustful eyes staring back at me from this woman and I was close to her, this was the part where usually there was a kiss.

But I couldn't.

My demeanour changed and I gave one extra cheeky squeeze before standing up straight.

“He’s a lucky guy.” I slurred before walking away.

I didn't turn around to see her again; I didn't want to see the damage I might've just caused. I tried to find Liam, but I couldn't, he was probably shagging Carly in the toilet or something.

It didn't matter; I knew where I wanted to go.

I made my way to the exit and started to walk towards Liam's.

The air was brisk, but I couldn't feel it, I was feeling no pain. I made my way up the drive and gave a knock, it was uncoordinated due to my drunkenness, I didn't even know the time, I just hoped that the one person I wanted to see would turn up at the door.

Seeing as there would be no other person at home, my shock at Sally opening the door was unwarranted. The woman before me was blushing the second she saw my face.

“Oliver...” She said under her breath.

“Sally...”

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