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<Cat and Mouse>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Thirteen

Defeated, I walked into the bathroom to cover my tracks for the two lovebird's downstairs, flushed the toilet and washed my hands. I didn't need to spend that much effort to cover my tracks, it seemed that they had already made good headway on the pre-drinks in my brief absence.

Carly was laughing loudly; her massive melons were shaking so much that the low-cut dress wasn't going to handle the sheer girth of her girls for much longer.

We hadn't even gone out yet

I couldn't help but stare, Carly certainly didn't mind, she never really did and Liam was staring himself so morality aside, I was free to gawk as much as I wanted.

Ultimately, I was just thinking about Sally upstairs. It wasn't because she was bigger, but it certainly left a long lasting impression, the size of her boob.

It was fucking massive...

I almost could've closed my eyes and lived my entire life remembering that moment.

I wish she would open the door...

I was dragged out of my daydream by Liam handing me a bottle of vodka.

"Drink up Ol, time to have some fun!"

Bottoms up...

I took a swig and winced at the burning sensation that flooded my throat.

Neat... Not good...

I knew I wouldn't care in a few short minutes when it kicked in a bit more but even still, I was good at handling my drink so the lightest bit off the top wasn't going to matter in the hour when I was sober again.

I probably should get some more in me... Take my mind off of Sally...

Another big swig and I winced less this time, I saw Carly looking at me.

"Woah, you are a pro." She said, shocked by my ability to just down the vodka, her small little alcopop next to her had already made her a bit past tipsy.

"He is." Liam said, "I can't keep up with him, he's a tank."

The admiration didn't mean much to me, but I decided to bow as if I had just given a performance.

"I'm surprised you're such a lightweight." I said to Liam.

He wasn't too dissimilarly built compared to me, and we had been

drinking together for years so if there was any skill to it, he would've developed a resistance like myself.

"Me? I'm not as bad as her." Liam added. "And I don't have two tanks on my chest to absorb the alcohol."

Carly screeched and laughed loudly; the comment drew attention from me and Liam to stare once again at her boobs. The huge jiggling mounds shook from side to side.

"They're not tanks!" She exclaimed through laughter.

"Could've fooled me." I added, "They're huge."

I don't know why I felt comfortable enough to comment but Liam was fine with it, although Carly looked a bit shocked that I had even mentioned her boobs.

"Come off it Carly, you've got huge tits, it's plain as day." Liam said, trying to dispel her blushing cheeks.

"Yeah... But..."

"I mean, that's why we started taking pictures isn't it?"

"Liam!!" She punched her boyfriend in the arm.

Pictures?

I raised an eyebrow; it made Carly squirm.

"It's just Oliver, come on." He nudged his girlfriend.

"Liam has been taking pictures of me. For **our purposes.**" she was very firm on that last point, Liam sighed and rolled his eyes.

There is more to this...

I decided to leave it be and took another drink, trying to let Carly retreat from her defensive stance. Liam wasn't bothered anymore; he took a drink from his glass too. It felt a bit awkward for a few seconds before Carly's phone buzzed.

"Taxi's here."

I was grateful for the exit; I was concerned that I was going to witness a fight that I was not prepared to deal with.

At least not without more alcohol in my bloodstream.

The ride was smooth sailing; I was nursing my vodka secretly through my jacket so the driver wouldn't notice. Carly downed her alcopop and Liam finished his drink too.

They were about to become rather insufferable...

My plan of being too inebriated to think of Sally was not working, mostly because I couldn't get her out of my skull, but it didn't help being squished in the back of this taxi with Carly's tits bulging against my chest because we were squished together.

They are huge... But still not as big...

We arrived at our usual club, and the darkness enveloped the three of us quickly as the sound vibrated our chests. Same as before, Liam and Carly made their way to a booth to be alone together. I didn't fancy joining them again and made my way to the bar. I took up a perch, it was a lot quieter than usual so the floor wasn't as busy, but they actually left the stools out this time. I much preferred the nights sitting at the bar.

I went through drinks quickly, again, trying to get past the events of earlier. It wasn't going to help but something inside me wanted it to be wrong.

It was ugly drinking, I must've looked quite the sight, a girl came to sit next to me, it was a pity that brought her to me and to be honest, I needed that social engagement to really bring me out of the spiral I was currently on.

"Everything okay?" She said her voice was sweet and kind but I was now drunk enough to not be in control of my inhibitions and I looked her up and down.

She was a chubby girl, I'd guess she was about the same age as me, she was dolled up with makeup and a dress that looked either like she spent her paycheck on it or Daddy bought it for her.

I was quick to judge the attire, but her body was certainly not something I was going to judge as harshly.

The dress was probably marketed through some social media site with a model about a third of the size of the girl sat next to me. It wasn't meant for someone with quite so much of a doughy middle. Yet still, she bought the dress, it was meant to be flowy somewhat, but in reality it was far more form fitting than that. Her boobs were too fat along with all of her really, for the dress, the straps sunk into the soft flesh on her shoulders, her boobs bulged over the tight hem, and I then caught her stomach.

It was far too big for the garment; it cut into her belly making her stomach have rolls as she sat there on the stool opposite me. It wasn't that big, it wasn't that fat, but it was above average, it looked far beyond the size of

someone who should be in that dress.

Denial...

I don't know how long I was looking but she naively asked "Do I have something on my dress?"

"No, no... Sorry..." I stammered. "Oliver." I smiled and reached out my hand to shake hers.

What the fuck am I doing? Do people shake hands anymore?

"Scarlett."

"Pleasure to meet you." I grabbed one of the shots I had on the bar that I was lining up for myself and I slid it over to her. "Care to join me?"

"Sure." Scarlett perked up.

I guessed she didn't get a lot of luck not because of her size, she was beautiful, but because she probably hung around the wrong crowd, probably people who were the correct size for that dress.

"What brought you over to me?" I said, knowing full well.

"Well... You were just... Lonely drinking, like you had a heavy heart and a lot on your mind."

Perceptive.

"No, I'm fine, I just have a very high tolerance to drink." I smiled; my lie seemed to work.

She took the shot well, much better than I was expecting.

Maybe she will be a bit of fun....

We stayed at the bar for some time; it was nice to talk to a real person.

She wasn't really that real per say, lots of talk about various trends and things I had no idea about, but she was somewhat comforting or maybe rather, distracting from Sally.

It wasn't long before she was far drunker than I was, she put up a good fight, but she was becoming quite loud and giggly now. It wasn't annoying, it was just distracting, something that I was welcoming.

She told me all about her life, her dad was a business mogul of some sorts and she bought all my drinks as a result.

Nailed it.

She said that I was a breath of fresh air, her friends were sometimes quite bitchy, but I was so different to them.

Probably because I don't live on my phone like they all did...

At some point we swapped to beer, I was done with the hard stuff, it was getting quite painful at this point with my throat so I wanted something a bit more refreshing, I took my time with the beer but Scarlett thought it was still a race or something, she downed two before I finished half of mine. I made a comment which made us both laugh and her reply was something that took me by surprise, a welcome one at that.

"I should definitely calm down, beer always makes me so bloated, and this dress won't handle that..."

Oh?

She sat up and I saw her stomach was in fact rather much rounder than it was when she first sat next to me, her stomach was threatening to burst out

of her expensive dress.

Oh well... She is rather interesting...

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