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1,037 words.

<Cat and Mouse>

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Chapter Three

It took me a minute to remember why I was even here, the heavy assault from the subwoofers around the club were not helping me remember what I was supposed to be doing, nor was the lingering horniness I still had deep within after meeting that big beautiful girl.

Then it came back.

Liam... Carly...

I rushed to the bar and grabbed the drinks I had promised many minutes prior, rushing back, only spilling a little.

By the time I returned to the booth, I could see Liam and Carly were making out, his hands were being overwhelmed by Carly's big boobs, and I realised that despite not being there, it had gone okay.

I placed the drinks down and tried not to interrupt the two, but I couldn't help, in my horny state, at looking at Carly's tits as my best friend fondled them.

That girl... She was bigger...

Then I started to wonder if she was bigger than Sally. It was certainly hard to tell, the corset certainly helped her in the top department, but who knew what she would look like topless.

Topless...

I was getting turned on all over again, a renewed vigour was coursing through my veins, and I turned away from the two of them, taking a seat on the edge of the seat and facing into the club, desperately hoping that the pale goddess would return.

I was not so lucky.

But I was lucky enough to get another shot for my woes.

I don't know how long I was there with my sorrows before Liam and Carly finally snapped out of their make out session, but Liam tapped me on the shoulder, I hadn't even noticed him stand up, I was far too gone.

"We're going back to Carly's place..."

"What about me?" I said dumbly.

"Take these... Stay at mine..." He handed me the keys to his Mum's.

I was too fucked to get back to my place, I lived quite a bit further out, but Liam's wasn't too far from the club.

The fresh air might do me well...

I didn't have a lot of questions, nor a lot of thought going on in my brain, but I gave him a fist bump before he left with the girl he had been after for quite some time. He awkwardly walked out due to his boner and Carly was

too flustered to say anything to me, her thick nipples were very clearly visible through that dress.

And so, I walked, the frigid air couldn't touch my alcohol induced warmth and after stumbling for a while, I made it home without falling over and breaking anything. I fumbled with the key, trying to be as quiet as I could but I had the shock of my life when Sally opened the door in her nightie and robe.

"Oliver!" She gasped.

I smiled back. "Hey Miss M." I think it was quite easy to tell I was quite drunk; the smell of whiskey and other spirits probably oozed from me.

"Come in, it's cold out there..." She said, covering her chest with her arms.

Her chest...

Seeing her covered up in her robe, I could still see that her boobs were just so big. My mind was mush already from the drink but seeing this beautiful woman. I had no hope.

I wasn't the steadiest on my feet, despite the walk sobering me somewhat, I tried to hold it together and took a step inside, standing a bit awkwardly in the hallway before she led me to the front room, exactly where we had left her earlier.

"Where's Liam?" she asked, a little concerned.

"He's with a girl." I felt a bit like I was snitching so I looked away.

"Oh? That Carly from school?" Sally's eyes lit up.

I nodded.

“Oh, and he left you to come back here... What a sweetheart... Well, you’re welcome to crash here with me.” Sally smiled, taking a seat on the sofa.

I noticed that there were two wrappers on the table, clearly those two chocolate bars were indeed consumed, I noticed a new addition to the side of the sofa too, a bottle of wine. The glass was half empty, so it appeared that she was just pouring it straight into the glass while appeasing her late-night sweet tooth.

The TV was on in the background, but Sally was quick to turn the volume down and pat the sofa next to herself.

“Sit down honey, keep me company a bit, you shouldn’t go straight to bed after drinking, let it settle first.” The words came from a place of maternal wisdom that I just accepted.

Spend time with just her. Absolutely.

“So... Tell me about your night...” Sally turned in the chair slightly after I had sat down and she picked up the glass and brought it to her lips and leaned against the arm of the sofa.

The way she was looking at me was very telling at how much she was a bit past tipsy herself, I looked at her and tried not to stare at how her robe was coming apart slightly, showing off the thin silky material beneath the fluffy robe.

“Well... We went to that new club, Carly was there so Liam wanted to meet her, I was the wingman so...”

“Mission success!” Sally laughed holding up her glass to toast, then realising that I was without a drink. “Oh! Where are my manners...”

With that she lifted herself up from the sofa, I got a good view of how much her body moved under the robe, more jiggle than I was expecting.

She isn't wearing a bra...

Standing and walking away I saw her legs, long and slender with just enough meat on the bone to make me think she wasn't starving herself. I sat back, my cock already stirring in my jeans.

“Whiskey right?” her voice came from the hallway; she came in with two tumblers and started pouring from the bottle before I could answer.

“Let me just...” She downed half a glass of wine in an instant, throwing her head back inadvertently thrust her tits out and I bit my tongue.

She's... Incredible...

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