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<Accidental Surrogate>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Five

We both left the room, and I locked it up, setting all the codes. Spent, drunk and exhausted, we made our way to my bed. It was a welcome reprieve from our nightly activities and to be truthful, it was nice just to lay down and cuddle her. Feeling her bubble butt pressed against me was rather erotic despite the fact I was still coming down from my high of a few minutes ago. She snuggled against my chest and took my arms and wrapped them around her tits.

“They are quite the good snuggle buddies, or so I am told.”

“Yeah...” I said, feeling myself fall asleep.

The next morning, I woke up, feeling a little worse for wear, facing away from Claire. I could feel the warmth of her body, I turned around, hoping to cuddle her again before she woke up.

I gasped.

I was met with her boobs. During the night she had taken her clothes off, she was entirely naked before me now. I had slipped down the bed somewhat and she had moved herself up, so I was practically eye level with her huge jugs. I already had a semi from the morning wood but now I was rigid and wanting. Claire was entirely exposed at this point; I could see her with my sober eyes.

My gasp seemed to rouse the busty blonde and she smirked, looking down over the swell of her boobs at me.

“A good way to wake up huh?” She teased; her leg rubbed against my throbbing dick which

was still in my jeans from yesterday.

I wish I had taken my clothes off in the night.

I whimpered as she continued to rub my aching cock. I leaned forward and she met me for an impassioned kiss. My hands started to roam down her back to that wonderfully full ass, but she stopped my descent. Not breaking the kiss fully, she spoke out the side of her mouth.

“Not yet.”

Most people would probably feel rejected at this point but the fact I had her at all was more than enough for me. I took her decline, and we naturally finished our kiss.

“Not sure how you are feeling but I need to recover a bit.” She spoke. “Definitely need some water and maybe some breakfast.”

“I can make us something. Pancakes? Bacon Sandwiches?” I offered.

“Oooo! Pancakes! I’ve not had pancakes for breakfast in ages!” Claire excitedly bounced.

I barely heard what she said, I was just staring at her boobs shaking around. Claire lifted them and pressed them against my chest and leaned in close to whisper to me.

“Last night was fun...” She pecked me on the lips before slipping out of the bed and stretching.

I was in awe, just ogling her naked form. She looked like a goddess, even more so naked. Her curves were insane, she had a figure that most women only dreamed of. Despite her family’s wealth it certainly didn’t look like she had done any work at all. She was all natural.

“Like the view?” She teased, turning to the side.

Her tits stuck out so far from her chest, they were very perky for their size, her butt was exactly the same. It looked like someone had inflated them or something, they were just so big and perfect, made only better by her relatively slim waist. Claire wasn’t a stick, but she was still thin, and it just made her proportions look even more insane.

I could only nod in reply.

“Well... Maybe after breakfast you can join me in the shower.”

I felt my cock throb, because the blanket was off of me, Claire saw how hard I was in my trousers. It was her turn to gasp.

“I remember you were big but Josh...” Claire’s demeanour changed, like she was under my spell now.

She bounced towards the bed and crawled over the bed to get a better look at my appendage, and she lightly stroked it. She felt the warmth from it no doubt and how thick and throbbing it was for her.

“You flatter me Josh.” She slowly wrapped her hands around it for just a second before recoiling. “Right! Breakfast.” She snapped, seemingly breaking herself from the spell my dick put her under.

I got up and stretched, my eyes not leaving Claire. She was still naked but picking up her dress. I decided to let her put the dress on in peace, so I made my way to the kitchen and started making the pancakes. I could hear her moving around upstairs, freshening up in the bathroom before she came down. I turned around as she entered the kitchen, and I was amazed once again. She had sorted out her messy hair from bed, reapplied make up and looked ready to go again in her dress. I had lost my boner over the course of making food, but I felt the blood pumping back into it at a rapid pace as she jiggled towards me.

Her boobs stopped millimetres before my chest, and she looked at me with heavy eyes.

“You’re going to burn that pancake if you aren’t careful...”

I barely registered her words, but I saved the pancake, giving it a quick flip to return my gaze to Claire, only to find she was sitting herself down at the breakfast bar. With a thump, I heard her breasts slam into the bar and rest on the table. I couldn’t help but glance.

“When you have boobs as big as mine, you’ll take any chance to support them you can.” She giggled.

“Except wearing a bra?” I replied, noticing her nipples were hard and clearly visible through her dress.

“Touché” Claire laughed.

I served up the pancake. “What do you want on the pancake?”

“Maple syrup if you have any.”

I drizzled some of the sweet sticky nectar over the pancake and rolled it up for her, placing it before her with a glass of orange juice.

“I heard orange juice is good for a hangover.”

Claire smiled at me and started to tuck into the food. I made mine and sat down opposite her and started to eat, taking glances at her deep cleavage from time to time.

“You can’t keep your eyes off them, can you?” Claire smirked.

“No.” I admitted.

“You’re obsessed.” Her hand reached over the table and held my hand. “You can look all you want...”

“How big are they?” I blurted out. “Sorry... I just... They are so beautiful and big, I am curious.”

Claire smiled proudly. “Well, when I cage them up in a bra, they are 32J.”

J!

I gasped.

“In other words,... Pretty damn big...” She teased, running a finger down her cavernous cleavage.

I was starting to feel myself get turned on again.

“Before you lose yourself... I was curious to see your lab again, my memory is pretty foggy, but I’d love to see it sober.” Claire laughed.

“Sure thing.”

I finished up the last bite of my pancake and then led Claire to the metal door, entered my details and we both entered the lab. Immediately I noticed the mess we made in here last night during our escapades.

“Oh...” I said with a worried frown.

“What’s wrong?”

“Well... There is a reason I don’t get this place messy and... Well...” I pointed to the desks that had their tools thrown about and there were smudges about where we were going at it. I rubbed my finger across the surface and felt my finger run through some thick gloopy liquid.

Is that cum...

“I mean you can always clean up right?” Claire said softly and cautiously.

Before I could answer, I saw the vial I had painstakingly worked on for years a bit too close to the edge of the desk. I rushed over and grabbed it quickly and let out a big sigh of relief.

“What’s that?” Claire asked.

“This. This is the thing I was wanting to celebrate last night.” I held the vial up into the light and saw the vial was still intact and airtight. “Thankfully this is still fine.”

I turned to Claire and felt my foot slip from under me. My natural reaction was to try and balance myself, but the movement was too sudden and like a cartoon character slipping on a banana, I flung my arms up into the air. My palms came crashing onto the desk behind me and I managed to save myself from falling to the floor.

Thank Fu-

There was a smash, it wasn’t loud, but my heart knew immediately what it was. I lifted my head and saw Claire’s face covered in the pink liquid, a slow drip from the ceiling was splatting on her head. It was obvious to me that she would’ve ingested some. I stared at her in shock and awe.

My life’s work...

She wiped the broken shrapnel from her face, thankfully without cutting herself and wiped the pink contents of the vial onto her arm before looking at me wide eyed.

Claire...

“It went in my mouth... What was in that vial...”

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