

<https://linktr.ee/GrowingDesires>

1,937 words.

<Accidental Surrogate>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Three

Sat at a bar was out of the norm for me, sitting at a bar with a girl was also quite out of the norm thanks to my life dedicated to science. Sat at a bar with a woman with tits far bigger than anything I had seen other than on the front of some gossip magazine in a corner shop.

Those tits.

My inhibitions had considerably lowered, especially half a pitcher down on top of the small bottle of whiskey I had drunk in the cab. I could *not* stop staring at Claire's boobs. The busty blonde was stacked, no denying, but she was just so open about them, wanting to show them off so much and tease with them. It felt deliberate, but she was quite flirty with everyone.

It didn't really matter now because it was just me and her and she was egging me on to drink more of the cranberry vodka mix. A dangerous combo. If I was surrounded by some lads I'd imagine they might make fun of me for the drink but when they'd see the company that was asking me to drink it, I bet they'd shut up.

The cold fruity liquid was almost giving me brain freeze but it didn't matter, I just kept smiling and laughing along with Claire, every subtle movement of her body made her boobs bounce on the table, the beads of condensation would cascade down into her cleavage which would undoubtedly press together and redistribute the cold water all over her boobs. The effect just made them shiny in the light and drew my eyes to them like a magpie to a discarded piece of priceless jewellery.

“So how are you finding the drink?”

“Mmm!” I hummed; my mouth was still full of the last sip I took. “Very good! Fruity and sweet.”

Clare giggled. “And what about the bar?”

“Great, I don’t know if I would’ve ended up here, but it is quite nice, if a bit loud.” I admitted honestly.

“This is one of the quieter places.” Claire added laughing, sending her boobs into a jiggling frenzy.

I watched as her perky boobs shook and quaked in the gigantic boob window her dress offered.

More of a boob double door if you ask me.

“And what about the entertainment here?” Claire asked, smirking.

“Uhh? What entertainment?” I looked around the room.

“The juggling act?” She said, looking down at her boobs which were still spread across the edge of the table.

Oh...

I laughed nervously but still looked.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” She winked. “Finish that drink and I think we should go for a dance.”

Dance?

I was very out of my element already but to dance too.

I couldn’t...

Claire could sense the turmoil in me and gave me the biggest puppy dog eyes, before I could even cave she was presenting her boobs to me by squeezing them together again. I froze and just stared for a few seconds; Claire seemed to revel in my gaze.

I downed the last of the pitcher with gusto and found Claire standing over me, my head eye

level with her cleavage.

If I fell forward now... I'd be in heaven...

I felt very drunk at this point, when Claire yanked me to my feet, I could feel myself stumbling. I had not been this drunk, maybe ever. Thankfully Claire handled her drink with a lot more dignity and grace than I. Leading me to the dance floor, seeing as how we practically snuck into the bar, not a lot of the patrons here had seen Claire but I could notice the amount of stares she was getting in her very low cut top that showed off more boob than some of the other women here had in total.

The music was louder on the dance floor, and I awkwardly shuffled from side to side with Claire, she was much more into her dancing, lots of erratic movement which almost caused her to spill out of her top on more than one occasion. I had been glued to her jiggling cantaloupes most of the night but on the dance floor I got to appreciate her curvy rear, on more than one occasion it rubbed up against my thigh. If I was a better dancer and more confident I am sure I could've had my hand on the wicked shelf she had going on. After a few songs, I found another drink being handed to me and I was told to drink up rather quickly before the next song kicked into gear.

Time flew by and I was way past drunk, I was so drunk that I was quite unsure how drunk Claire was at this point. I just remember her hypnotic breasts bouncing and smashing into me. I thought she was doing it on purpose at one point.

Didn't she say she was going out with her friends or something?

I didn't mind and I was not about to ruin the fun I was having though. The music started to slow, and the night drew to a close but as the DJ said his goodbyes he left on a slower playlist playing before we would be asked to leave. Claire got close to me, part intimate, part to hold each other up. With the prolonged pressure of her boobs against me, I could just feel the true gravity of them. My arms wrapped around her, and I rubbed her back as she did mine. I felt a sharp squeeze of my butt and I looked at her heavy eyes before I felt her lips press against mine.

I was already drunk; I was half melted from just being in her presence but now with her lips pressed against mine sloppily I felt myself really lose myself. I gripped her tight and pulled her close,

her boobs spreading over my torso and our tongues intertwining together. After a few seconds, we broke off the kiss and Claire looked me dead in the eyes.

“I’ve been wanting to do that for two years...”

Despite the copious amount of alcohol, she sounded so sweet and coherent.

“Sorry... I... It was the drink...” Claire said, trying to push off of me, I held her close and whispered.

“It’s ok... I’ve wanted to do that for a long time too...”

She was no longer squirming from embarrassment but leaning back into me out of acceptance. We embraced again and the lights came up, startling us both. We locked arms and walked out of the bar into the dark night, most of the bars were closing so there was a large influx of people onto the street, everyone heading to the taxi ranks, Claire led me in the opposite direction.

There were a lot of wolf whistles and inappropriate comments made towards my busty date as we walked past hordes of people trying to head home.

Where was she taking us?

It wasn’t long before I had my answer. We turned down a dark alley, which at first made me very concerned but I quickly spotted the same driver from earlier was waiting for us to be picked up. A beaming smile on his face as he saw Claire’s chest shake to and fro.

She threw be in the back before skipping around the front to give the driver a quick little show before plopping herself into the backseat.

“Where too Miss?”

“Home. Gotta get this one to bed.” She burst out in laughter to her own joke.

I looked at her laughing at the driver who was smiling at her but giving me daggers. I kept looking at Claire lustfully as the driver pulled off and I had to struggle to keep my balance.

I am way too drunk.

One quick swerve later and I found my head on top of Claire’s bountiful chest, looking up at her.

Shit, she is going to kill me.

In a hushed whisper. “Not yet Mr J.”

The drive was going to be short, I picked myself up off of her warm chest and was holding myself up by the rail on the side of the door. I felt like such an idiot.

Blew your chance because you are too drunk...

But I stopped and thought again.

I wouldn't have this chance if I wasn't drunk...

I saw Claire smiling at me the whole way home, she was playing with her hair and her hand was on my thigh.

Maybe I still have a chance.

Stopping at the gate, we both got out of the car and Claire walked to the window of the taxi.

“Turn around.”

I did as I was told, I heard an excited yelp from the driver, and I was quickly dragged towards our homes.

“Thank you Claire... It was a really good night.”

“Well, you had something to celebrate right? I am glad you enjoyed the celebration.”

“I think I might've had a bit too much to drink though... How are you so sober?” I said, barely avoiding slurring my words.

“The girls all say that the drink goes to my tits.” She giggled; her words drew my attention to her breasts once more.

“Sorry.” I was drunk enough not to have a filter but still not enough to not want to apologise.

“You've said sorry a few times tonight... And each time I say-”

“If you didn't want the looks, you wouldn't be dressed like that or something. I know. But I just don't want to be one of those guys...”

Claire stopped me from walking, turned me towards her and looked at me. “You will never

be one of “those guys”, you were nothing like one of “those guys”. I had a wonderful time tonight.” She went on her tiptoes and pecked me on the lips. “And besides, you can look all you want.” She added before pulling my head directly into her cleavage.

I couldn’t breathe, they were covering my whole face, and my nose was nestled deep into her cleavage. The smell of her perfume was intoxicating but I daren’t move from paradise, lest I never return.

Alas, I was lifted out of her boobs and pushed back up straight. My face was burning red hot, and Claire had a little giggle at my reaction.

“I don’t suppose that is only looking though...” She smiled at me before continuing to walk on.

I followed, with an altered gait. Her tits took so much of my attention that it was almost a war crime that each time she turned around, I was floored by her rear. The girl was the embodiment of curves. Claire’s ass was big, round and perky, exactly what you’d want in a woman. She wasn’t at the “Rapper music video” stage but a woman of her size, she was certainly packing a lot of junk in the trunk.

I rushed to catch up to her for the final stretch before we parted ways.

Standing at the bottom of the path to her house, I was expecting her to walk into her house and me into mine before going to sleep. Claire however had some other plans.

“So... You said you were a scientist. Do you have a lab in there?”

I nodded truthfully.

“Really? Can I see it?”

I shouldn’t

“Ummm...”

“Pleeeeeease...” Claire’s words were almost agony to me; I couldn’t let her down.

She guided my arm into her cleavage and leaned in close to me. “Please Josh... I want to see what my hot neighbour has been doing every day in his house.”

Hot?

“Okay.”

* * *