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<Accidental Surrogate>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

Claire laughed every time I took a swig from the small bottle, I noticed there was a plaque on the back of the chair that said “No drinking” based on the amount of glances the driver was taking at Claire, especially when he would go over a speedbump, I suspected he was happy to let her do almost anything back here with me. My head was getting a bit fuzzy already, it wasn’t uncommon for me. I wasn’t much of a drinker so when I did, I was usually way past tipsy way too early.

Claire seemed rather adept at handling her drink. By the time I had swigged half of the bottle she handed me, she popped another two bottles from her bra and downed them both and seemed far more in control of herself than I would be if I had drunk that much.

“OO!!” Claire squealed at the driver. “Here! Here is perfect.”

The driver pulled in and Claire quickly jumped out of the car and knocked on his window. He rolled it down and I watched in awe as Claire lifted her tits and let them hang over the edge of the door, they were almost touching the driver’s arm.

“Thank you...” She cooed at him before giving him a wink and bouncing away.

I got out of the cab and almost stumbled as I did so. I rushed to catch her up.

“Sorry for dashing, but I don’t think he noticed that I didn’t pay.” She giggled mischievously. “I guess something distracted him.” Claire moved her biceps together and was squishing her boobs, so they bulged together. “Maybe the same thing that is distracting you right now.” Claire added with

a laugh.

It was hard to deny, even if I was sober, I just nodded.

“Sorry...” I said, taking my eyes off her boobs and looking at her smiling face.

Claire took a step towards me and leaned to my side to whisper towards my ear.

“If I minded, do you really think I would be wearing this dress?”

Before I could answer she pulled herself back and grabbed my wrist and pulled me towards the bar she had been pointing at from the rear seat in the taxi. I looked around at all the scantily clad youngsters all singing and drinking in the warm summer night and I couldn't help but get a sense of guilt. Guilt that my time spent in the lab had meant I had missed this part of my life. Yet. Here I was being dragged by a busty blonde into a bar on one of those very nights. I caught my reflection in the window of another bar and despite me looking like I was geriatric compared to the boy trying to use his ID to get into the bar, I felt good knowing I wasn't here alone.

Claire finally slowed down, she turned and shot me a smile. “Follow me, stay close and follow my lead.”

I didn't really notice that we had just skipped the queue and she was tapping on the brutish bouncer's arm.

“Heeeey Mac...” Her voice was so sweet.

The massive man looked at her and despite his grumpy demeanour, his eyes warmed when he saw Claire.

“Hey Honey, you want to come in?” He moved aside to let her in.

“Oh, and him too please, he is old enough, I swear.”

Mac laughed at her joke before making a snide comment. “You think it is a good idea to bring your dad out?”

“Oh, he isn't my dad. He's my date.”

Date???

Mac looked confused. “Well, if you like older men, you could've let me know.”

“Mac, that is so sweet, but what would your wife say?” Claire said innocently, pushing her chest up.

“My wife doesn’t have those...” He murmured.

“See you later Mac.” Claire blew him a kiss before she pulled me past the semi hypnotised giant.

“Sorry, he will only let me in and my dates.” She giggled. “Don’t need to blush too much.”

Finding myself in the dimly lit bar, the music was blaring through speakers, I could barely think, let alone hear what Claire said next. She noticed that I was struggling, and she led me through the crowded bar towards the back, where it was quieter.

“Let’s sit here in this booth. It is a lot quieter here.”

I stumbled into the booth and sat down and watched Claire fish something from her boobs once more. Her phone this time, she looked at me and thought for a second before typing a few more taps into her phone and stuffing it back into her bra.

“I’ve ordered drinks, hope you are thirsty.”

I am in for a long night...

“So, Josh... Tell me more...” Claire slowly said, she was moving at the table, slamming her boobs on the table, leaning over them and holding up her head with her arms resting on the table.

I stared at her looking at me from the other side of the table, my eyes darting between her beautiful face and large boobs.

“Well... I guess I’ve not spent much time with you... Certainly in this setting.”

Claire giggled. “Well, I mean you seem pretty loose so... What do you do, I know you are in there all day.”

“I am working on a formula that is a secret, it is paid for by the government, well, a few actually...” I was thinking about how to phrase it.

“Oh yeah?” Claire added, leaning closer, making her boobs spread over the surface of the luckiest table I had ever sat at.

“Yeah... I can’t talk too much about it, but it has been 10 years in the making, that is how I can live in a house of our size, it pays for everything.” I knew she was from money so she might not have even considered that.

“That is so cool.” She smiled.

There was an awkward silence.

“Oh! Sorry, where are my manners, what about you?”

“Well, my parents are both very wealthy. My dad bought the house for me for my 21st. He said I needed to get out of the house so that I could learn some responsibility.” Claire frowned a little.

“Didn’t want to move?”

She looked at me a bit shocked, as if caught off guard. “Oh... Sorry... Ummm, yeah well, I love their house... And the butlers...” She laughed. “I am not that spoiled, I swear.”

Maybe it was the drink talking but I laughed back. “I’m sure you aren’t.”

“I see that the whiskey from the taxi has gone to your head, look out, here comes the rest.”

The waiter placed two pitchers on the table of varying fruity colours.

“Have you ever had a cocktail before?” Claire asked.

I stared at her dumbly.

“Well, they are super nice.” She said, pouring a tall glass for me.

As she was doing so, it was really hard for me not to stare at her boobs as they jiggled and shook on the table. I could feel myself getting turned on by her. I had always preferred women with larger breasts but until now I had yet to ever really meet one and Claire was bigger than what I even thought possible in real life.

“Josh?” She called me. “Are you going to take it or are you just going to stare all night?” She didn’t sound too angry.

“Sorry.” I quickly grabbed the drink from her outstretched hand.

“I told you already.” Placing her glass in her cleavage, she pressed her hands either side of

her boobs and pressed them together. “If I minded, I wouldn’t be dressed like this... Plus I wanted to show you my party trick.”

Claire lowered her head and lifted her chest to tip the drink into her mouth. Arching her back she managed to down the drink in one motion before letting out a sigh of content and dropping her boobs on the table again.

I gawked.

“It’s ok, you can clap.” Claire joked as she slid the slick glass from her cleavage, the condensation leaving her cleavage wet.

I slowly started clapping.

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