

<Accidental Surrogate>

by <Growing Desires>



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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter One

Years of work, an age to perfect the formula, my life's work. Finally, I held in my hand a single vial of the cure for infertility. I toiled tirelessly to finally realise my dream in helping people finally get past the roadblock they faced when they were trying to conceive. I looked at the pink liquid in my hand and could feel myself being overwhelmed with emotions. I had been working on this for ten years now and the relief I felt after finally being able to say that I have made a stable formula that I could finally start to test. The theory was all there but I had yet to test it. There were a lot of steps from this vial to hospitals, but this was the hardest part.

Finally done.

I placed the vial on the table and stood up, looking at myself in the mirror and I was taken aback by what I saw. I was past my prime now, I started this journey when I was 25 and who I saw before me now wasn't bad, but I could see that the youth had trickled out of me over that time. I lifted my goggles off and I could see clearer what ageing had done to me, I had a bit of salt and pepper in my hair already. Other men in my family went grey early, if not they went bald, I was grateful for my full head of hair.

This work had taken so much of my life that I didn't even afford myself the time to meet anyone, single and looking at 40 I opened my lab coat. I was at least thankful that I had kept myself in some sort of shape, many peers I had worked with over the years threw themselves into their work so much that they neglected their body too. I placed a hand on my trim stomach and walked

towards the door to my home lab and let myself out, locking the room up for the next steps to take place tomorrow.

For now, I wanted to get some food and celebrate.

I lived in a lovely area; it was a gated community but that was more for the security of my work. I had been given many grants over the years by many nations as a few places were concerned about their birthrates. That money paid mostly for the work I conducted but it also meant I could live well, not that I got away from my work long enough to enjoy it. I changed into some jeans and a shirt, and I threw on a jacket and walked out the door.

My friends were hundreds of miles away, so I knew I couldn't expect them to turn up tonight.

I will keep this to myself for a bit... I can celebrate with them when it is done.

After locking the door, I turned around and saw the next-door neighbour just leaving her house, Claire.

Claire moved in a few years ago, she was quite outgoing and still quite young. Her parents were loaded; they bought her house for her for 21st birthday. She was now 23 and looked incredible. She spent a lot of time on herself, that much was clear to see. Her hair was always done up well with extensions and different styles often. Her nails were always colourful and vibrant, and she spent a lot of time looking after her figure.

What a figure.

She was slim for the most part; she would often jog around the community in just a sports bra showing off her toned stomach as a point of pride for the work she put in. In direct contrast, she had a bit of a bigger butt, not fat, just full and firm. In those rare mornings where I would see her running, I found my eyes drawn to her rear before I would scold myself. Claire's other assets were a lot harder to miss and ignore.

Claire was busty, very much so.

I wasn't great with sizes, but I knew when I saw her jogging I was always fascinated first by her large bosom but secondly by the absolute marvel of engineering on display by her top to contain

her round and perky breasts. Easily bigger than my large hands, she must've been the bustiest person in her friendship group. I had seen them assemble once at her place, all thin and dolled up girls.

Claire had just left her house, she looked ready for a night out. Her blonde hair was curled and formed large ringlets that stopped just before her impressive chest. Speaking of which, her girls were very much on show for this evening, whatever lucky target she selected would be in for quite an eyeful. The dress she had was form fitting and despite the attention that it brought to her chest, it did just as well with accentuating her curvy ass.

She looks like a model...

I walked to the pavement and caught eyes with the jiggly chest of Claire before catching her eyes staring at me, a smirk forming on her plump lips.

Shit... She caught me.

"Mr J, hey." She called.

Claire waved her arm above her head in a very over exaggerated manner, I wondered why for a millisecond before I saw the effect her flailing arms were causing. An explosion of movement on her chest, I couldn't help but stare. Again, Claire smirked.

I felt like prey at this point because she skipped over to me, again her boobs quaking with each slight movement.

She can't be wearing a bra...

I glanced again and saw her thick nipples were very visible at this close distance now that she had stopped before me. I was a good foot taller than her, so I was looking down at her, Claire's chest was almost pressing into my abs.

"Hey Claire." I smiled.

"Look at you, jacket and jeans, where are you headed off? It is past your bedtime isn't it?" She giggled teasingly.

"Funny." I smirked. "Well actually I am headed to a bar, I just finished something big, and I want to celebrate."

“Oh! Congratulations! This calls for a drink!” Claire jumped to my side and linked her arm around mine. “Let’s go!”

Before I knew it, I was being dragged down the road to a taxi waiting at our gates.

“I was going out with my girls, but they can wait.” She winked. “We have to celebrate your big brain.”

Why did she wink?

I have had very few interactions with Claire, mostly because I was quite reserved anyway and she was clearly so outgoing, but I had divulged that I was a scientist, but I had not discussed the nature of my work. It was quite strange she was acting this way to me but at the same time I wondered if this is how outgoing popular girls acted regularly. Before I knew it, I was in the back of the taxi and being driven to a bar of Claire’s choice.

“It is so nice to finally be taking you out somewhere Mr J.”

Was she flirting?

“Please, call me Josh.”

“Maybe.”

What does she mean maybe?

“Why is it nice to take me somewhere?” I was confused by the sudden situation I found myself in.

“Well.” She slapped her hand on my thigh, giving a little bit more of a squeeze than I was expecting. Claire leaned forward, letting her boobs hang and I got a complete eyeful of her deep and seemingly bottomless cleavage. “I have lived here for... ages now and this is the first time we are hanging out.” She smiled so sincerely.

“Oh, I am very sorry, I get told that I focus on my work quite a lot...”

“It’s Okay, I’ll take your mind off all of that for tonight, it is a cause to celebrate after all? You did the thing right?”

To save the explanation I just smiled at her. “Yes, I did the thing.”

She let out a huge screech and fished her hand into her dress and fished out a bottle of whiskey and handed it to me.

“Drink up Mr J, tonight I’ll show you how to let your hair down.”

I threw back the bottle and winced. Claire laughed.

“This is going to be fun.” Claire clapped enthusiastically, making her boobs bounce in her top, drawing my eyes to the motion that is barely contained in her top. I felt a bead of sweat forming on my brow.

Is this going to be fun?

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.

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.”

Chapter Four

We, well more I, drunkenly stumbled up the path to the house and fumbled with the door, as soon as I entered there was an awful loud alarm ringing. In my stupor I forgot to disable the alarm. I rushed towards the panel and deactivated the alarm with my eye and fingerprint.

Thankfully it disabled and despite the ringing in my ears, it was back to silence.

“Sorry... I forgot...” I said lamely. “They get rather antsy, so I am expecting a call...”

On cue, my phone rang in my pocket.

I answered and confirmed that it was an error and the security team wished me a good night.

“Sorry... Again, the work I do is very important and highly monitored.” I laughed.

“Oh... So, I guess showing me would be a bit naughty?” Claire said with a smirk.

I lifted my fingers to my eye and pinched the air. “Just a little...”

The alarm had dispelled a fair amount of my drunkenness. I was alert, mostly from the adrenaline that was now coursing through my veins.

“So welcome to my humble abode. Very similar to your house I’d guess in structure other than this.” I walked her to the metal door that sealed off my lab. “Unless you have a safe room with a lab in it...”

Claire was fascinated. She looked at me with wondrous eyes. “You really are a scientist;

you must be super smart.” She looked at me with a smile and tapped the metal door hearing the clang. “Pretty cool, can we see inside?”

I was feeling quite proud, so I entered my details into the security panel and the door slid open with a satisfying hiss.

“Woah, that is some sci-fi ass door!” Claire said, half amazed and half laughing.

“Sorta.” I chuckled at her response.

I took the first steps into the lab and turned around to see the busty blonde step into the room with a look of pure wonder on her face. The room itself was rather large but it did have an airtight sterile section in the corner. The computers and various machines on the side did make it look rather futuristic but to me it was quite normal, the governments that paid me also supplied the highest tech equipment for my work.

Watching Claire soak up the whole room was rather strange, I had never taken anyone into this room before, mostly because my work was so secretive. I felt this odd swell of pride within me showing her my work.

Who'd have thought I'd have anyone in here, let alone a girl.

My eyes lowered down from her face to the vast swell of cleavage that she still had on show, my horny brain taking over.

Especially one so... Busty.

Her boobs rose up with each breath, swelling and filling the boob “double door” in the dress and fell so softly back into the dress. Each huge breast settling on her frame, I couldn't help but feel my arousal picking up.

“Ahem...” Claire cleared her throat. “Aren't you going to show me what we were celebrating?” She smiled and shook her chest teasingly.

“Oh yeah, So-”

Before I could apologise she thrust herself towards me and pinned me against the wall and I felt her boobs pressing into my torso, I looked down at her and felt her finger press against my lips.

“Don't say sorry anymore...” She spoke. “If I wanted you to apologise, I wouldn't let you

do this...”

Claire’s hands grabbed onto mine and moved towards her breasts. Taking a slight step back and thrusting her chest out, she placed my palms on the sides of each impressive boob. They filled my hand and then some. The air left all my body and I just gasped.

Claire’s voice lowered, a very heavy hushed tone. “They’re pretty *big*... Aren’t they...” She moved my hand around her boobs, “I get this reaction quite often... People just don’t know what to do with them...” She planted her lips on mine and gave me a quick peck before she finally added. “Do you?”

I was mush at this point, there was no other word for it, I had lost all of my vast intellect in less than one second. Claire’s boobs are just so big and full, so perky but they yielded to my hand when I pressed into them. My cock was rock hard, I was blushing profusely at this point, I was just glad that she couldn’t see the tent in my trousers thanks to her boobs blocking the view.

I took over, Claire lifted her arms above her head, and she thrust her chest into me, and I was feeling her breasts on my own. She was cooing lightly with each squeeze and rub; I could feel her stiff nipples against my palm.

“I think you have a good idea on what to do...” She moaned before pressing her leg against mine. “*Oh~*”

She felt my cock!

“I know what to do with this,” Claire said, rubbing her thigh against me.

“C-claire...”

“Shhh... You might be an expert in here... But I am an expert with what you’ve got there...”

Claire took half a step back so that her boobs were no longer squashed against my chest, she then reached down my torso with her hand and I felt her firm grip around my throbbing erection.

“Wow... Who’d have thought *you’d* be so big...”

It might’ve been a line that she thought I wanted to hear but I could tell from her reaction on her face that she meant her words. I never thought myself as particularly well-endowed, but Claire

was starting to lose her cool now as she was losing herself to her growing arousal. Her spare hand was pinching her nipples, and she was gasping as she was stroking my dick through my trousers.

Over and over again she jerked me, and I had to hold onto the desk to hold myself up.

“Enough playing!” All control she had was now submitted to my appendage between my legs. She spun around and backed her big butt against my lap. Grinding my cock was driving us both wild, feeling how firm and big her butt was.

I need more.

Claire had the same thought as she threw herself over the desk and pulled her trousers down.

“Take me Josh...” She cried.

I pulled out my throbbing member and guided it to her awaiting sex. Placing my hands on her hips and feeling her ass cheeks in my hand, I slowly let myself slide into her slick folds. It took some coercing to fit in, but Claire didn't seem to mind.

“Holy shit! You are so hard and big!” She placed her head on the desk and bit her arm between moans.

I kept pushing until she took my whole girth, and froze, every few seconds I felt myself throb deep within her.

“P-ple... ease... Stop playing... Fuck me... I've waited long enough...”

Feeling her cheeks in my hand I started to thrust into her.

Heaven.

I was still drunk, living out a wild fantasy of a situation, I never expected to really have sex whilst I was still working on this project, I had been so engrossed in it that it had been years. Something about this ultra busty 23-year-old thrusting her huge perfect butt against me in my lab as I drive us both closer to release.

It was unbelievable.

I thrust a few times before I heard her wails fill the room, she was clenching down on me as I slowed down to let her orgasm subside.

“F-fuck... I-... I never thought that... The scientist would have... Such game...”

I ignored her words but slowly started up again. I was getting dangerously close.

“Come here...” She beckoned.

I leaned over her, bringing my hands up her back.

“Seeing as you loved them so much... Grab them...” Claire said, leaning up and guiding my hands to her boobs again before lowering herself back down slightly.

I started to thrust again, this time, my hands were filled with her boobs that I was holding on for support but also it was driving me crazy. I thrust a few more times before I felt her approaching her second orgasm. It was too much for me and I exploded deep inside her.

“Fuck!” Claire screamed as she clamped down on me as she fell down onto the desk, spasming on my dick.

We both were panting for a few seconds before I pulled out of her and steadied myself on another surface as I saw some cum drip onto the floor. I tucked my cock back into my pants and looked at Claire as she rose from the desk and turned to face me. Her face red from the activity, her nipples hard and visible through her dress.

“Oh... I think *you* know what to do with that better than I do...” She panted.

I smiled, blushing from the compliment.

“I guess this is...”

“Do you want to stay?” I cut her off, offering before she could suggest the alternative.

She nodded with a smile.

“I’d like that...”

I led Claire out of the lab, it was quite the mess, a few things on the floor and some contamination from our activities. I wasn’t too worried.

I’ll clean it in the morning.

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...”

Chapter Six

Shit... Shit...

“Josh... What was in that vial...” Claire said, a bit more nervous now, my expression probably wasn’t helping.

“Take a seat...” I pushed the chair from my desk towards her, she moved it away from the still dripping liquid on the floor.

“You are part of this now... I’ll have to tell you...” I took a deep breath. “I’ve been hired by a number of governments around the globe to help their countries with their fertility rates, for the last ten years I have been tirelessly working to get a stable formula.” I pointed to the pink liquid puddle on the floor. “Last night, the call for celebration was that...”

Claire’s face dropped; her eyes went wide. I understood at that moment, she knew what I was getting at.

“I... Ummm... Well, I mean... I just don’t have sex right? The effects will wear off and I am fine. Right?”

“A good theory, I suppose it is only intended to boost fertility and conception rates, so you’d be right, as long as you don’t have unprotected sex, you should be fine.”

Her face dropped again.

“Last night!” She yelped, clamping her hands over her mouth.

“Don’t worry.” I lowered my tone, a secret that I hadn’t told anyone yet was on the tip of my tongue and I felt a bit of shame or embarrassment, although in this instance, it is the desired outcome. “I’m infertile.” I took a pause, having just told her so openly. “It is one of the reasons I started working on this project. I always wanted kids.”

Claire stood up and wrapped her arms around me. “I mean... There are things like IVF right?”

“Not even that works...” I said solemnly.

“You could adopt.”

I nodded; my eyes were filling up. Claire must’ve sensed it; she gave me a tight squeeze.

“I’m sorry Josh...”

“No Claire, I am sorry...” I cleared my throat. “I don’t know what this serum will do to you... I am going to need to monitor you... I mean, if you don’t mind?”

She nodded, “I think it would be much safer that way.” She gripped my hand and gave another squeeze. “I hope it works, for the sake of your work at least.”

“Me too.”

I wasted no time getting some vitals from her, I didn’t even know if the formula had made its way around her bloodstream at all, no way to tell if even ingesting it would be an applicable way to take the right dosage. Then there is the question of dosage, when I asked Claire, she believed about a teaspoon’s worth of it got into her mouth. Impossible as these conditions were to work with, I started synthesising another two vials, it would take quite some time but I wanted to make sure I could have a vial ready should this one prove to be successful and the second vial would be used to help me make some sort of reverse or “Antidote”. I just had no way of knowing how long the effects would be active. I took her bloods and vitals and despite an elevated heart rate, everything seemed normal, especially her FSH levels.

“I’ve taken all your vitals, everything seems normal, well within normal ranges.”

“Thanks!” She joked.

“At least the humour has come back.” I laughed. “In all seriousness, I think the formula mustn’t be affecting you, the dosage seems low, I don’t know if ingesting it through your mouth will be enough for it to take and get around your body. There are just so many different factors.”

She nodded, after a brief delay. “Does that mean your work didn’t... Work?”

“Hard to say, for now I remain hopeful, I just think it comes down to the dosage.” I put the chart I had made for her down and placed her hand in mine. “I am very sorry for scaring you, I think we might be out of the woods though. To be safe, can I check your vitals this evening and again tomorrow.”

Claire nodded.

“Ok.” I nodded back. “How about we get cleaned up and if you aren’t busy, did you want to go out shopping, I ruined your dress, I guess it is only fair that I replace it.”

She smirked. “Well, that was awfully forward of you Mr J. Certainly have got some charisma there.” She giggled. “I bet you just want to see me try on some clothes, get a good view of my girls again.” With that she shook her chest from side to side.

I blushed and backed down, remembering who I was talking to.

“Sorry...” I said, glancing at her girls as they slowly started to stop jiggling.

“You goof.” Claire added, jumping out of her seat and nestling her boobs around my head.

I could feel myself getting lightheaded, my cock was throbbing, and I wrapped my arms around her. She straddled me on the chair, feeling my girth pulsating against her eager sex.

“I think I said something about going in the shower first... Right?” I perked up and lifted her up and started to walk out of the lab with her in my arms, her boobs covering half of my face.

My shower was a big, huge walk in, plenty of room for both of us. Lowering Claire onto the sink, I released her from my grip, I watched her move the straps of her top apart and her gigantic boobs popped out free. I noticed how thick and hard her nipples were, they were just so big and dark. I hadn’t lost my erection; it was desperate to be free once more.

Claire put her hands under her boobs and jiggled them for me. “It is so hot seeing you get a rise out of these...” She moaned, pinching her nipple and letting out a yelp before she eased off.

“Always...” I whimpered, lowering my pants and exposing my thick and hard cock.

I leaned back and turned the shower on, letting it warm up. I pulled my shirt off and walked towards her. Claire wrapped her legs around me once again, I leaned in and started to nuzzle her neck, her boobs squishing against my chest, she was moaning from my kisses. Our passions were flaring up as I picked her off the side and carried her into the shower. The water was nice and warm on our bodies, the added sheen the water added made her glorious curves feel even better. She took my hard cock in her hand and started to jerk me at pace. I played with her boobs which elicited as many moans as winces, I decided to ease off and I guided myself into her, Claire was bent over and I was taking her from behind again, the wet slaps from her tits slapping together was oddly erotic. My hands couldn't leave her hips, my hips crashing into her firm cheeks was driving me wild. I could feel Claire start to shudder beneath me as she approached orgasm.

“Fuck... You feel... So good...” She said between breaths.

I exploded deep in her again, thankfully my impotence was something that I saw as a benefit in times like these. Claire stood up, slick with water, she looked incredible. I leaned to kiss her, and she winced when I laid a hand on her breast.

“Sorry, was I rough?” I asked.

“No... That isn't it... I think maybe they've had too much attention or something...” Claire said, cupping her boobs in her arms and shooting me a smirk when she could see me staring. “You can't get enough of them can you...”

I shook my head.

“I could never get enough of you...”

Chapter Seven

After showering, we dried off and Claire made her way to her house to get changed so she could take me up on the offer to go shopping. A task that I would normally hate but with someone like Claire, it sounded more than enjoyable. I got dressed and left the house, walking up Claire's path, no sooner than I placed my foot at her door did it swing open. Claire was standing there in a comparatively reserved choice of clothing compared to her dress.

She was wearing a T-shirt and jeans. The shirt was meant to be form fitting, tight even, but this looked even tighter than it should. Her boobs were straining the fabric to breaking point. The top was so stretched that it had ridden up and was revealing her cute and petite stomach. Her jeans also looked tight; her wide hips were stretching the denim almost to ruin. She looked incredible, so curvy and beautiful, I felt the blood drain from my brain. She opened the door without looking and didn't even see me, so I noticed her fighting with her bra and looking a bit angry before her eyes met my stares and she suddenly burst into a big smile.

"Oh, Josh, I guess you like what you see, if your gaze is anything to go by." Her giggle was light and cute.

"Sorry... Just... Wow..."

"You flatterer." She punched my arm lightly.

The motion of her moving caused a quake in her bra. I couldn't help but notice her boobs bounce and jiggle, but I also noticed something else. Her bra.

She looks like she is outgrowing that bra...

Claire had told me that she was a J cup, a staggering size on her small frame, but even that seemed to be not quite right, I could see the straps digging into her skin and her boobs were billowing over the top.

Claire started to blush before she walked past me.

That isn't like her to blush...

The woman was oozing confidence and pride in her figure at all times, to see her do act this way was mildly concerning. I turned and followed behind her, noticing her big butt in her jeans, I almost fainted. I knew she had a great ass but in these jeans, she looked incredible. With each step I saw her thick cheeks sway and shake from side to side.

I had to jog a little to catch up.

“Everything ok?”

“Yes.” I could tell she was quite annoyed by her tone. “My bra shrunk in the wash... The things are so hard to get and then expensive...” She grumbled.

“Well... I guess we can go bra shopping...” I said with a positive and optimistic tone in my voice.

She grumbled, missing my point because of her anger.

“I will buy them; I would gladly do that for you.” I offered.

Despite her family being rich, from previous interactions with Claire, she had told me that despite the house, the rest of it is up to her to get paid. That would explain why she was annoyed about the price.

Hopefully, my words will warm her up.

“That is so sweet but... I am just annoyed that this keeps happening, it is quite annoying getting bras.”

“I don't mind... I will gladly help you find bras.”

Her smile returned, finally getting my point. “Oh, you don't? I suppose it has nothing to do

with me modelling bras for you?" She laughed.

"Maybe..." I said quietly walking beside her.

"You goof." She bumped her hip into me, almost sending me flying.

We walked to the gate of the community and her driver was there again. Claire didn't flash him this time, but she did take a slow walk around the car, really showing off her butt. Sitting in the back, I saw her lower herself into the car and I noticed that she was struggling a bit with the seatbelt, the clip was stuck under her butt. I must admit, seeing just how big she was like this, it was quite the turn on.

Claire noticed the attention I was paying her, and she smiled at my reaction. She placed her hand on my dick and just let it rest there for the ride, every now and then she would lightly rub it, nothing too much but just enough to keep me hard. Every time it throbbed, she exhaled.

Claire leaned in and whispered. "We can't do anything... But it feels so good to know how much I affect you." She pecked me on the cheek.

I stayed hot and bothered for the duration of the ride, much to Claire's approval. We arrived and quickly made our way into a shop. It was Claire's favourite place, quickly I found the clothes piling up over my arm and I was wondering first, how much is this going to cost, second, how long are we going to be here.

The questions were inconsequential, I was about to have a private show from Claire. The changing rooms in this place were huge and they had a bench inside. Claire snuck me in and sat me down, I placed the clothes in a pile beside me and Claire started to try the first dress on.

Each article of clothing was more revealing than the last, she looked incredible in each thing she put on. Being inside the changing room had its benefits, I got to see her strip off and change. Her body naked in all its glory, it was too much for me to resist. I felt the uncontrollable urge to reach out and touch her, especially when she got too close. Claire was good at deciding when I could or couldn't. She regularly slapped my hand away and moaned when my fingers did meet her skin.

I was noticing something though, during the try ons, she was struggling with two areas, her bust and hips. It was becoming more of an issue as we went on.

I guess struggling is taking its toll on her.

Claire had some leggings on when she turned around to show me and apart from being hypnotised by her huge ass, desperately wanting to touch them, I noticed that I could see her panties through the fabric. It wasn't because her pants were bright and came through the material, it just seemed the material was too thin.

"I don't know if these ones will be alright."

Shocked that I commented something negative about her choice, she looked over her shoulder at me. "Why?"

"I can see your pants; it is very transparent... Not that *I* am complaining."

"Not that you are complaining..." She muttered under her breath.

She looked confused, not quite understanding what was going on, she moved so she could see her butt in the mirror and gasped. "Oh yeah! Wow... I wonder if..."

Claire bent over to see what that might look like, I was getting an eyeful and then suddenly.

A loud rip filled the changing room.

Her ass billowed out between the split in the seams and the leggings completely gave up and split open. I gasped as her butt looked to be swelling out of her clothes before me. Needless to say, I was rock hard. I couldn't resist and Claire was in far too much shock to slap my hands away. I spanked her ass, the loud slap filled the changing rooms and she moaned, mostly out of shock. Grabbed her by her hips and moved her so that her butt was in front of my face. I started to kiss and rub her giant ass like a fanatic worshipping their deity.

"Fuck!" She gasped.

I continued to rub and worship her and after a minute or so she gave up her resistance and pulled her panties aside and guided my hard cock into her. She bounced on my dick as discreetly as possible, gasping on each thunderous crash of her ass onto my lap. She came really quick; I wasn't done but she was approaching her second.

"I love... Your... Ass..." I whispered; my fingers spread on her huge cheeks.

It's so big...

I rubbed the wide expanse and had a fleeting thought zip through my head.

Was she bigger?

I looked down and dispelled the strange thought before building up to my release, it came just after her second.

Panting and leaning back against me, I moaned softly in her ear.

“You are perfect...”

“You are insatiable...” She joked.

“You make me like this.” I answered truthfully.

Claire stood up, and turned around and faced me. “Well...” She leaned in, planted her lips on mine and gave me a big kiss.

“You are like an aphrodisiac,” I said.

“That was pretty lame.” She laughed.

“Maybe... But it is true.”

“Well... Stud.” She giggled at her own joke. “I think it is time I get fitted...” she gestured to her boobs, which were overflowing the bra she had on.

Were they... overflowing more?

“You’ll have to leave for that... But first...” Claire lifted her top off, the boob drop, despite being in a bra, was immense, I thought it might topple her.

My dick twitched, still exposed. Claire laughed.

“Seems like I didn’t do a good enough job.” Claire unclasped her bra and let her boobs bust free from their lacy confines.

There were no words to say when presented with her bust. I stared and ogled her massive and full bust. Her dark nipples were stiff and begging to be touched, they rested on her stomach, and they looked so perky.

Looking at them never gets old.

“You... You are a goddess...”

“Oh? A goddess of what?” She smiled, pressing her tits into one another.

“Like Venus, you are just so beautiful and sexy.” I blurted out, all charisma disappearing from my body when staring at her boobs.

“Venus was also the goddess of Fertility right?” She said, placing her hands on her hips.

“Well, I think I have the curves for that.” Claire teased.

I looked over her outrageous curves and couldn't help but agree.

Fertility...

I stared at how womanly her hips were, how full and heavy her tits looked and her nipples, they were so dark.

Fertility...

Chapter Eight

There was a knock on the door and we both yelped.

“Everything Okay in there? You’ve been in there a while; can I get you anything?”

“Do you do bra sizing here?” Claire called through the door.

“Yes we sure do, I’ll grab Suzanne for you”.

“Thank you.”

Turning her attention back to me.

“I’ve got to put them away now.” Claire frowned at me. “I think you have to leave too.”

I stood up and went to walk out as Claire struggled to cover her boobs in her shirt, forgoing the bra as it was likely digging into her too much.

“Where are you going?” Claire said with an urgent tone.

“Out there?”

Claire pointed to my hard dick. It was still exposed and standing at full attention now.

“Shit!” I burst into laughter.

“I don’t know if Suzanne would appreciate it or not.” Claire said laughing too.

Covering myself up, I walked out the door, just in time to avoid bumping into Suzanne. She was a woman who was in her late 50s and as soon as she opened the door to the changing room I heard her gasp.

“Well... You’re blessed aren’t you.”

It was hard to hear what was said but I was outside just long enough for my erection to subside before the door opened and Suzanne walked away, rolling up her tape. I slowly got up and peered around the corner into the changing room. Claire was standing there, her boobs were absolutely filling her top, her nipples stiff and she looked at me with a mild amount of shock on her face.

“Everything Ok?” I asked.

“She said I was a 34K.” Her voice was hollow.

“I don’t know much about bra’s but... K seems... er... Big.”

“Big?” She snapped. “Huge.” She cupped her boobs; they dwarfed her hands. “The increase in cup size wasn’t the shock, it was the band size. That means I have gone up more than just one cup size...”

Claire shook her chest, side to side.

“Well... You’re a growing girl?” I said whimsically.

“Since last week?”

I froze and stared at her boobs. I said no more words and I took a step forward and placed my hands on them. Claire let out a pained moan.

“What about since yesterday...” I added looking at her with a mixture of glee and horror on my face. “And...” I gave a testing squeeze and Claire gasped. “Do they feel a bit... Sensitive?”

Claire nodded, wincing slightly.

“It works...” I said under my breath. “It’s working...” Louder this time, enough to get Claire’s attention.

“What’s working?”

“We need to get you back to the lab... Asap.”

“What about the clothes?” She asked.

“I don’t think you will need them in a few we- No, days.”

My cryptic response didn't put her at ease, it just raised more questions, many more questions. I couldn't answer them in front of the driver, and I certainly wasn't going to spook her with my wild speculations. I focused on the ramifications of what I thought was happening. Racing through my front door and into my lap I stopped and looked over Claire's body.

Her clothes, even since racing back, looked to fit her differently.

Maybe it was all just in my head...

I couldn't help but think her boobs looked...

Heavier...

There was something about them, they looked much fuller and bigger.

She was bigger, Suzanne did say...

Even since then, it looked even more than that. I traced my eyes down her body, and I saw her slim frame looked mostly the same, but further down there was another change happening. Claire's hips were always wide, they were so wide to hold her huge ass but now they looked even more womanly, I reached out and placed a hand on her shoulder and turned her around.

"Josh... You're freaking me out here..."

Her ass was certainly bigger, her pants strained to hold her ass inside their confines. I reached out slowly and gave it a prod, unsure if it was real or not. My finger met resistance from her firm cheeks but there was enough resistance that my finger squashed against her fat ass.

"This too..." I muttered.

"Josh... Can you now please tell me what is going on? I am starting to feel a bit sick here..."

"Sickness... Makes sense..."

"Josh!" She snapped.

"I need to take your blood and a sample of your pee."

"JOSH!" Claire screamed now.

"Sorry!" I sunk my head; I was too engrossed in my hypothesis. I slowed down my racing

brain and looked her in the eyes.

“I think... I think my serum is doing something to you...” I pointed at her heaving bosom, threatening to burst out of the top she had on.

It wasn't something that had crossed her mind, it was clear by her reaction, she looked confused by the words that I had just said.

“Don't worry, it'll all be fine. Let me just take some blood and check something.”

One small prick later and I was running tests on her blood to check for the presence of some hormones. It only took a few minutes, but I could tell that her blood was different. My hypothesis was confirmed. I continued to run some more tests as there was something else I needed to test, this test took a few minutes, I set it up and turned to Claire, who was leaning back in the chair, looking at her boobs with wide eyes.

I wheeled my chair over to her and placed a hand on her thigh.

“It's ok.”

“They're so big... I don't see how I didn't notice it...” Her hands were roaming her breasts. “They're just so... full...”

With that she arched her back and there was a loud ripping sound as the fabric gave up its valiant defence of her modesty. Claire let out a huge sigh of relief, the constraint of her tits was over. Me on the other hand, was rock hard. Claire just burst her top and her tits were now fully on display. I stared at their huge size and gasped. Even from earlier, they seemed bigger.

Impossible...

Her nipples looked thicker, longer and darker, they certainly looked like a pregnant woman's now. The shape on her breasts seemed to have changed, they just looked like they were full. She had perky tits already; this just really took them to the next level. Claire took the tattered remains of the top off, exposing her torso. Claire saw my eyes fixated on her boobs and for the first time in over an hour, she was smiling.

Smiling wasn't right, she was smirking now.

“Seems that I have my own observation to add...” She points at my throbbing cock. “My

instruments though are a bit... old school. If you don't mind?"

I freed my cock and it stood to full attention for Claire.

I watched as she got off the chair and turned around and showed off her ass. It was something that I kept missing but every time I saw it, it was certainly bigger. Now it was no different. The curves on her hips, they had exploded even since we were at the clothes shop. Each cheek was irresistible. I slapped her huge ass cheek; my hand was minuscule compared to the majesty of her rear. I placed a hand either side of her butt and I could tell immediately the size difference, Claire slowly lowered her ass to my cock, teasing me with her cheeks for a few seconds. My throbbing member was desperate now, ever advance I tried to make she would tell me to remain seated.

Just when I thought I was going to get what I wanted, she turned around and I was greeted by her boobs once more, even in the space of a few minutes they too looked larger. I lifted my arms to touch them, but Claire slapped my hands down playfully.

"You shouldn't touch the tools, they've been calibrated..." She giggled at my raised eyebrow.

Her mountainous boobs lowered as Claire dropped to her knees, my knees were covered by her heavy bosom.

They are so heavy...

"Now... Let's get some readings..." Claire spread her boobs with each hand and thrust her chest forward.

My cock was now in the parted sea of flesh, and I suddenly knew what she was doing. When her breasts wrapped my cock up, I nearly came instantly. Claire knew that was a risk, so she remained still.

"Hmmm... Hmmm..." She mused. "I think you might love my curves, the reading I am getting is that you might be slightly aroused."

I didn't have enough air in my lungs to even speak properly. "I... Need..."

"What?" Claire said, she started stroking my dick with her tits.

My feet curled and my eyes rolled into the back of my head.

“I didn’t think I’d make you disappear... I guess my tits have been growing...”

My dick twitched.

“Do you like that Josh? Imagining my huge tits growing?”

Again, I throbbed, this time I let out a moan in agreement.

“Well... Your serum has done that already... It hasn’t even been twenty-four hours and look at me... I’ve gone up probably three or four cup sizes...” She let out a moan as she could feel me reaching my orgasm. “Who knows how big they’ll get?”

Fuck!

I felt myself pass the point of no return and explode between her breasts. I yelped as I felt possibly one of the biggest orgasms of my life wash over me. I leaned back panting, trying to recover myself. I felt the warmth of Claire’s boobs leave my legs and I opened my eyes to look at her looming over me.

“You really do want them to get bigger don’t you...” Claire said she sounded aroused by the prospect. “I wonder how much you’d lose yourself to me each time I took my top off...” She started to play with her nipples lightly.

Standing up now she was squeezing her boobs and pinching her nipples and my mouth went wide when I saw her nipples start to drip.

Is that... Milk...

Claire was moaning, her eyes closed as her over sensitive breasts were being kneaded by herself.

That doesn’t fit in my theory... Unless...

I turned around in my chair, rushed to the desk and picked up the final test, it was done, it had been long enough, and I saw the familiar two lines on the test strip.

How...

I swivelled back around to Claire who was still playing with her boobs and from this far back I could see it clear as day. Claire’s body was an exaggerated version of itself, her hips were wide, her tits were huge boulders being played with, every squeeze was making more milk drip out

of her thick nipples but there was one more thing.

My cum was started to drip out of her cleavage and down her body, slowly following the course that gravity was setting out for it, it was the terrain that caught my eye.

Claire had been very thin since I knew her but now I saw something I never thought I would see on her.

A belly.

Chapter Nine

Her stomach, formally concave almost, non-existent really, was now a slight bulge. It was as if she had eaten a sizable meal, the strip in my hand confirmed that it was more than that. The trickle of my cum made me wonder how this happened.

I am infertile...

I reached forward and grabbed a sample of my cum and started to run a test on it. My scientific mind was taking over and I just left Claire to pleasure herself for a few minutes whilst I set it up.

After setting it to go, I turned my attention to Claire and saw her hands had moved from her boobs to her clit. She was working herself at a fever pitch and spasming. Leaning back in the chair, I could really make out the bulge of her stomach and I felt myself becoming hard.

With a deafening yelp, she came, hard.

I watched her panting in the chair and desperately trying to recompose herself. Looking at me with heavy eyes.

“Sorry... I am just... So... Horny...” She panted.

“I think that might be the serum.”

“This serum is pretty good...”

I nodded, casting my eyes over her growing frame.

“Bigger tits, bigger ass, hornier...” She paused for effect. “What more could you want?”

“Milk?” I added.

“What?” Claire looked at me confused.

I just pointed to the floor and Claire gasped. “Is that...”

“Yes... You’ve been lactating since I came.”

“I guess that would explain why they feel so full.” Claire took the news rather well; she jiggled her boobs side to side and noted my growing erection. “I guess you don’t mind...” She teased.

“Claire... There is something else...” Despite my growing arousal, I maintained a serious tone.

I could see that I had her attention, I picked up the strip from the side and held it up. Two pink lines on the paper, I saw her eyebrow raise.

“Is that...”

“A pregnancy test...” I confirmed her suspicion.

“And it’s...”

“Positive...”

Claire’s face dropped. “No. I. I Can’t be... You said you were infertile...”

“I know...”

Claire held her head in her hands, a bit difficult with her massive milky breasts taking up so much space, when she lowered her head she felt a strange resistance under her breasts. To someone like Claire, who had always been thin, this sensation was entirely alien. Her hands moved from her head, and she reached under her impressive shelf of breasts to see what it was, and she screamed when she felt something she had never felt before.

Her belly.

“What the fuck!” Claire jumped to her feet, and she spread her boobs and saw the bulge of her stomach. She looked like she was approaching the second trimester, the little belly was still filling

out.

“B-belly!” She cried, overtaken by shock.

I rushed to her side and wrapped my arms around her. “There, there, we’ll get through this.”

“Together?” She said, her tears wetting my top along with the milk stains also forming.

“Yes. Together.” I gave her a tight squeeze.

We cuddled like that for a few minutes before I decided to take her to bed, to get her off her feet and plus it would allow me to monitor her changes a bit more accurately.

The weight was starting to pile on now as her boobs continued to grow and expand and her ass grew bigger, as if counterbalancing her swelling front. Walking through the lab door was a bit of a close call as her hips nearly wouldn’t fit through. Her gait was altered, a pronounced waddle already taking over her frame. Something about the change in her walk was arousing to me, her girthy assets were causing so much disruption to her centre of gravity that she had to waddle.

I silenced my thoughts and laid her down on the bed. Her huge ass made the bed creak and for a second I wondered if she might actually break it. Laying back, I propped up some pillows behind her, mostly because her shape wouldn’t allow her to lay back on the bed because her tits would smother her.

Sitting half upright, half leaned back made her look so much bigger. Her stomach was relatively small, compact and round compared to her gigantic melons that were being propped up by her growing bump.

I sat next to her and kept her company, but I could tell that the events of the morning were taking its toll on my growing neighbour.

“I think you should get some rest.”

“You’ll... You’ll fix this right?” Claire pointed to her still growing body.

I nodded. It was a lie, I had no idea what to do but I knew that for her to get some rest was likely the best thing, so soothing her mind before she tried to sleep would be key.

I played with her blonde hair for a few minutes before I was sure that Claire had fallen asleep. I slowly removed myself from the bed, standing up I cast my eyes once more over her on

the bed and felt my dick twitch. Even though she was covered in a blanket, I could still see the amount of growth she had gone under.

I left the room and headed to the lab, not wanting to waste any time. I rushed around trying to do as many tasks as I could, desperately trying to work out what was going on, but it wasn't yielding a lot of results. The antidote I had started yesterday wasn't done, the extra vials were still spinning, and her blood didn't give me a lot of information that I didn't already have. I was frustrated, I caught a whiff of myself and decided that I needed to give it a break.

Maybe some time away will help, I could certainly use a shower.

The shower was mostly relaxing, yet I couldn't help but think of Claire's naked body the last time we were in here. My dick was standing at full attention, I wrapped my hands around it and started to stroke. It was impossible to resist Claire, she was incredible before but now, now she really was a goddess.

I came quickly, thinking about how big she had already grown. I dare not think about what growing she has done since I left her in bed, lest I rush in there and lose myself to my growing fantasy. I came hard into my hand and in my post nut clarity, I had an idea.

What if I add my semen to the new batch...

I rushed out the shower, barely drying myself, with just a towel on, I headed into the lab. The idea was a bit crazy, but it was all I had. Time was of the essence, so I knew I needed to rush.

I took my load and placed it into a vial, mixed in some of the serum and watched under a microscope as my semen was now active and rushing around, there was something else going on, the shape of the sperm was changing, morphing in real time, tendrils were growing from the head and another tail grew, as did the size of the sperm. It grew about 30-40% bigger.

“Unbelievable...”

I looked around the dish and saw the same reaction happening throughout the sample.

“But... How did...” I stood up and felt a sharp pain in my foot, I yelped and tended quickly to my foot, covering the thick red blood coming out of the small hole in my sole. I was too caught up in stopping the bleeding that I didn't notice what had caused the puncture.

I covered the cut with a plaster and looked on the floor to clean up the blood when I saw the culprit of my cut.

Glass?

There was a small collection of glass on the floor, likely from when I broke the vial yesterday.

“Huh?”

I noticed something on the glass, I carefully picked up a piece and inspected it.

Is that...

A slightly pink tinged liquid with the same consistency of.

Semen.

My mind started racing. Piecing it together in real time.

I had cum on my hands... I held the bottle... I slipped... It smashed...

It was so obvious now seeing that liquid on the glass on the floor. Painfully so.

Surely it couldn't work with such a small amount...

My mind recalled the image of Claire, reclined on the bed, her gigantic breasts leaking milk onto the mattress, being held upright by her swelling stomach.

I looked again at the liquid, and I gasped.

That just entered my bloodstream...

There was no way to tell what was going to happen, if anything. I knew one thing, I needed to start monitoring my vitals immediately.

I got to work, taking my own blood, hooking myself up to every machine I could to monitor everything. Thirty minutes passed me by, and I felt no different. I wasn't put at ease by this, I knew not to take that as a win.

I heard a noise coming from the hallway, loud thuds.

It sounds like footsteps.

Every step was loud, and only getting louder. I could hear some groaning and I stared at the

doorway and watched as three fleshy orbs rounded the corner and turned to greet me. Above the vastly swollen orbs was Claire's face, it was red, and she looked rather flushed in the face.

“Josh... I'm still growing...” She let out a gasp. “This baby is kicking up a storm too...”

I could see her stomach writhe and move; the movements weren't subtle.

“There is something else...” Her face turned from an exhausted shock to more of the look of a predator eyeing up her prey. “I'm so fucking horny...”

Chapter Ten

The door was already a squeeze but since I laid her down to nap she had grown considerably. Her boobs were a few cup sizes bigger once more and were in the latter half of the alphabet. Giant milk filled melons resting on her belly. Her belly stuck out so far now that it was a shelf for her massive melons. She hadn't really gained much weight; she was just so pregnant her stomach was like an orb. It swayed from side to side in tandem with her jiggling breasts. I watched as she took a step towards me and her tits brushed against the frame of the door, barely squeezing in themselves but the real issue was her hips.

Claire was so curvy before that she wasn't tens of inches away from this happening before but since her body took to the fertility serum, she had only grown curvier, and her hips were now too big to get through the door. She stopped suddenly when she realised this. Her eyes were on my thick cock.

"I need it... But I am too big to get in here... I bet that turns you on... Seeing me all huge and swollen like this." Claire pressed her hands on the sides of her tits, and I stared as her nipples started to fire milk into the room.

I started to reach for my cock, slipping my hand through my towel.

"Yes... I knew I turned you on... I know you are powerless to *these*." Claire slapped her boobs.

Each impact made her wince, they were still so sensitive, and they fired short bursts of milk.

I started to walk towards the trapped Claire, feeling myself becoming consumed by my growing lust. The pain in my foot was a long-gone memory, so were the worries of the possible exposure I was under.

I got closer to Claire, and she was practically panting like a dog.

“You smell... Amazing...” She cooed. “Touch me... Please...”

I stopped stroking my shaft and placed a hand on the smooth skin of my obscenely expanded neighbour.

So big... So smooth...

Her skin had very little give to it, she felt taut all over. Her tits were beyond anything I could ever fathom in real life, I certainly had seen bigger tits online, but a two-dimensional image does no justice compared to the real deal.

The huge jiggly, milk filled, real deal.

My towel had been discarded, I didn't know at what point, but I could just feel my dick pressing hard against Claire's full-term belly. She looked like she was about to pop at any moment. The head of my engorged prick felt amazing rubbing against her round middle, apparently my arousal was fuelling Claire's. She moaned and rubbed her hand on my throbbing lust.

I lowered my face towards her boobs and started to kiss and knead them. I quickly found myself having another shower, this time in milk. Every touch to her gigantic breasts caused Claire to moan or wince. The duality of her over sensitive breasts was driving her wild.

Finally, I made the next move, I latched onto her nipples and started to suckle. Her sweet nectar filled my mouth and I just started to swallow. Claire was screaming above my head, every soft tug at her teat, every subtle movement of my tongue over her huge nipples made her scream in ecstasy. My hands were needing to hold the side of the one mammoth boob I was draining but I found that it wasn't enough, I needed to give her more. My fingers roamed over her distended middle, savouring every second my hand glided over the surface, feeling the inhabitant wriggle beneath my hand before I plunged my fingers into her soaking opening.

Claire's wails filled the air, my fingers quickly found her throbbing clit and within seconds she

was cumming. She was so ready to release that she came three times in ninety seconds. The only reason she was still upright was because of her current predicament with her hips.

“P-Pl...” She murmured between heavy breaths.

“What Claire?”

“I...” She winced. “I can feel something...”

Does she mean...

“I need one more thing...”

“Anything Claire.”

“Cum on me... Cover my huge belly... I love how much it has turned you on... I need you to show me...” Her words were filled with arousal, her eyes were rolling into the back of her head and as I let go of her, Claire’s eyes watched me stand before her, stroking my dick.

“You look... Incredible Claire...”

“I bet I do... So, fucking big and fertile, look at me... I am a Goddess.” Claire lifted her breasts and showed me her stomach. “It feels... So, fucking good... To be this big... Knowing that you love it too...” Claire was now unable to control her moans. “I’ve grown so huge... I’ve always loved being big and busty but... Feeling myself grow this quick...”

“I’m close.” I yelped.

“Good. Stroke it for me, cum on my huge belly... I want you to cover me in your cum, cover your Goddess in your seed.” Claire was getting off on the fantasy of being worshipped. Who was I to deny this insanely busty and curvy pregnant beauty.

I increased my pace and stared at Claire’s swollen frame, and I felt a tugging at the base of my shaft, my balls were aching, throbbing. I just worked my way faster towards my finish.

That is when I saw something change.

Claire let out a scream, her body started to jiggle and shake.

She just orgasmed.

Then I saw her boobs start to surge forward. This time in real time. Every second half and

inch, but it was visible. I looked down and saw her stomach grow too, the skin was becoming so taut and tightly packed that her belly was just a perfectly round sphere. I saw it drop on her frame, indicating the end was near. The growth wasn't for long, but the changes were drastic. I looked at Claire's face of ecstasy.

“Hurry... Please... Before I pop... I am getting so big...” She screamed.

I exploded in a huge eruption. My load covered her belly and most of her tits, spurt after spurt I fired. I had never cum so much in my life, it was like a hose. The cum covered her front as I kept ejaculating. Claire screamed as her body was taken by another orgasm of her own.

Finally, when I had stopped cumming, I stumbled backwards against the desk and felt a pain below, as if I had just been hit in the balls. I looked down and saw that my testicles were vastly swollen, easily double their normal size, they ached and contracted as they rested against the cold surface of my lab bench.

I didn't have time to take in what was happening because I heard a strange new noise fill the air. My head shot towards the direction of the sound.

Claire

I gasped at what I saw, her hips were half in the room and half out, the door was deforming from the immense pressure her growing body was putting on the frame. Claire's face was still filled with bliss as she continued to swell. I looked over her cum covered body and saw her stomach start to distend and swell downward as well as outward.

She's dropping...

With a massive crack, the door frame snapped, and Claire fell backwards onto her rear, thanks to her expansion she was still over a foot off the floor, each cheek acting as a cushion for her fall. She leaned backwards onto her ass cheeks, and I saw her belly rise high above her face, her tits were gigantic mountains looming over the massively swollen middle. Then there was a loud splash, and a pained scream filled the air.

She's going into labour...

Chapter Eleven: Epilogue

A few weeks have passed, and I was still studying mine and Claire's bodies. I somehow managed to help with the birth and despite the rapid onset pregnancy, Me and Claire decided to keep the baby. With our wealth we employed the help of multiple Nannies to support us as the baby was a complete surprise and shock obviously. I did a DNA test to confirm my suspicions and realised that I was correct. The cum from the vial mixed with my semen and it mutated, when it landed in Claire's mouth, it got inside of her body, and she started to rapidly gestate.

I was still so confused about many aspects of it. How did it get from her digestive system to her ovaries, how did such a small amount of semen do that, why was it so rapid and what about the other changes. I have yet to discover many solid reasons.

As for myself, I was now dealing with my own changes, my balls had remained at double their size, a few tests proved to me that my loads were at a much higher potency than the average male, a complete one eighty compared to my infertility issues. I was also producing a huge amount of semen, almost a pint each time on average.

Claire too was still blessed with her new figure, some of her gains had reverted after she gave birth, notably her stomach, she was now almost flat as a board again. Her tits lost about a cup size, but they were still producing milk at an inhuman rate. We bought her an industrial milker to make sure she wouldn't get in too much pain from being too full. Her hips didn't shrink but her ass did lose some weight after a few weeks. I chalked her losses up to the increased calorie

consumption of her body thanks to the milk production.

I was no closer to working out a way to reverse it or even really understanding the exact mechanics of the serum.

Overall, everything was fine, just some permanent changes to live with but my serum, my life's work, was seemingly delayed because I couldn't crack the code to try and make a new batch that was safe for human use.

I walked out my lab, slightly frustrated and saw one of the Nannies rocking the baby to sleep in the front room. I didn't want to disturb the little one, so I headed to bed. I didn't have much of an appetite when I was frustrated, and I just wanted to go to bed.

I opened the door and threw myself on the bed in a slump.

"Honey?" Claire's voice called out from the on-suite bathroom.

"Yeah..." I said in a sad tone.

"What's wrong?"

"I can't crack it... I think we might be stuck this way... And I might not be able to complete the work..."

"You got this far, I am super sure you can work this out, maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but I know you can do it babe." Claire's words of encouragement uplifted my mood.

I heard her footsteps rumble the floorboards and I lifted my head just in time to see my ultra curvy girlfriend enter the room. Claire was wearing some very revealing black lace lingerie; it would've been custom made thanks to her enhanced proportions thanks to my serum. All sense of sorrow was quickly forgotten, and I felt myself become immediately hard staring at my massively busty girlfriend. Despite the money she spent on the garment it was struggling to contain all of her.

"Besides... Who said it was a problem if we stay this way?" She took long strides over to me, each step she gave an exaggerated jiggle of her chest. Her boobs were sent into a frenzy of motion. "Do you *not* like what you see?"

I sat up and moved to the edge of the bed, her boobs looming over my head like two blimps sailing through the sky. I could just about see Claire's lust filled eyes.

“You know what today is right?” She said with a heavy breath.

I shook my head, unable to form words.

“I’m all healed after the birth...” Bending forward, the massive boobs hung before my face, Claire’s beautiful face was next to my forehead. “So, we can...” She didn’t finish the sentence, instead she buried my head between her gargantuan tits.

The soft embrace of my girlfriend’s milk filled tits was like heaven, I became frenzied and started kissing, licking and rubbing her melons. My cock ached in my trousers, I tried pulling her to the bed, but she resisted, which gave me pause.

“Unless... Unless *you don’t want to?*” Her voice teased.

I went to open my mouth, but I found her index finger on my lips.

“Shhh...” She said softly.

Her finger traced down my chin, neck and chest.

“You don’t need to answer...”

Lower still, her finger danced down my abdomen before reaching my waistband. That didn’t stop Claire, it never had before so why should it now. Her hand slipped into my pants, and she gripped my dick and let out a soft moan.

“Fuck...” She whispered.

In a flash, my pants were off, and I felt her boobs against my calves as her mouth latched onto my cock and she started to swallow my dick. Her hands were on my thighs, and it wasn’t long before she moved a hand to my balls. Ever since *my* growth, she loved to play with my over inflated sack.

“Fuck...” *I* cooed.

Claire’s appreciation of my dick didn’t go unnoticed by me, I felt that she might have a thing for it just as I do for her curves. With a pop, she released my member from her lips, and she looked up at me panting.

“You are so fucking hard...” She moaned. “Enough playing...”

With an aggressive push, I was laid out on my back over the bed, my erection pointing to the ceiling. Claire admired the view for a second before her legs landed on each side of my hips and I felt her huge rear crash onto my legs. She guided my cock into her desperate pussy. She ached every day for this since she gave birth. I knew that she was perpetually horny but all the other fun we had was never enough.

I was so desperate for my own release, since the changes I had undergone I was needing to cum at least twice a day lest I succumb to my primal urges. Today however was particularly bad and I didn't take that time to find my release myself. I never let Claire touch my cum since the day she gave birth, I was too afraid of the consequences that might happen if I did, the serum was still affecting me and her, there were traces of it within our bodies still and in my case, my testicles seemed to be almost perpetually creating this enhanced sperm.

All of that was nowhere near the forefront of my mind at that moment. The heavy crashes of Claire's ass slapping on my legs, her massive breasts clapping against each other, threatening to crush my skull. I had no hope of logical thought.

Claire spasmed and I felt her grip my dick, still she was grinding, albeit much slower now. Her sweet voice filled my ears as she moaned out loud as the first of what was sure to be many orgasms. Again, she started up and quickly found a second and third. Her pauses as she let the orgasm wash over her body offered me the stay of execution that I sorely needed to keep myself from cumming.

After her third body shaking orgasm she needed to get off. Her body flopped beside me, her huge ass spread out on the bed and when I stood up over her laying back on the bed I could see so much of her ass flanking her torso. Her massive tits covered her chest, and I felt my cock throb again.

"My turn..." I said.

Claire's eyes went wide, and she reached out to pull me into an embrace. I guided my cock in and filled her wholly before I found my body being squashed against her torso, her tits getting in the way, almost stopping us from kissing. The sweet and tender moment was very sweet, but I

flexed my cock deep inside her, letting her know that I wasn't here for a cuddle.

I started to thrust, slowly at first, making sure that she was alright before I felt myself becoming a rabid animal to my growing desires. Each thrust sent shock waves over her body. Grabbing onto as much of her tits as I could, I felt my release rapidly building.

“Fuck...” Claire moaned. “You're so hard for me... I can see it in your eyes...”

She was right.

“You made me this...” Claire's hand gripped my wrists, making sure that I wasn't about to break contact with her huge tits. “You deserve to enjoy them...”

“I'm... Close...”

“Good.” She grunted as her own orgasm mounted. “I want you to cum... I've been so desperate to drain those huge balls... I want it all...” Claire's words rang in my ears, and I followed the command, thrusting a few more times, hard. I felt myself start to explode deep in her.

“Shit!” She yelped, her pussy clamping on my cock as I pumped her full of my cum. “There is so much!”

I continued to cum, each thick wad being pumped into her was making her moan more.

Then I felt it.

Her stomach, I felt it pressing against my abdomen.

It can't be...

I shot up, still cumming, unable to stop, I looked at her stomach. The fact she had one was a red flag that my brain didn't quite comprehend. Claire followed my gaze, parted her sea of breasts and screamed in pleasure as she saw her stomach starting to swell. Another orgasm made her eyes roll into the back of her skull.

I watched on as Claire's thin abdomen was quickly growing to resemble someone approaching their second trimester.

Thankfully, I stopped cumming, my orgasm had subsided.

Holy shit...

I prodded her protruding gut and felt a firm resistance beneath my fingertip.

Is that... All cum?

Claire looked down again at her bloated stomach and looked up at me. “That... That was a lot...”

I was just about to comment but then I felt something, something familiar.

It can't be...

Claire's body started to shift beneath me. I could feel it happening in real time. Claire could too.

“Oh...” She moaned.

I stared in awe as her tits started to bulge up, perkier and fuller on her chest. The bed creaked as her ass started to swell into it and I could see her hips spreading wider before my eyes.

That isn't what had me so stunned. It was her stomach.

My massive load had filled her up, made her swell even, but now she was growing for real.

So quick this time...

I watched as my girlfriend's belly started to round, even more than it was, it was clear there was something growing beneath the skin.

Her womb...

Suddenly it picked up in speed, her belly was rising up my torso as her belly soared past the second trimester and my formerly thin girlfriend was now looking like she was rapidly approaching nine months pregnant.

Nine months pregnant... But somehow bigger...

I couldn't quite place it in the moment, I was too taken back by the shock of it all. It took me a few seconds to realise that her belly was wider on her frame, like her body had already grown so large before, it was more prepared this time or something.

It wasn't ready for what was happening.

Her stomach didn't slow, it just continued to inflate beneath me. I pulled out of her and

stood back and watched as Claire's stomach surpassed full term with twins in size and still she grew. Claire propped herself up and moaned when she felt her giant belly spread over her thighs. The pregnant fertility goddess shot me a smile just as her growth slowed.

I saw her exaggerated body on the edge of the bed, and she shot me a smirk.

"Well... I always wanted more than one..." She cooed as she rubbed the side of her stretched skin. "Wasn't sure that I wanted them at the same time though..." Her hands continued to dance over her rotund pregnant belly. "Although... I must say this feels good..."

Is she real...

"I can see I am not the only one enjoying..."

I looked down and saw myself standing at full attention.

"Maybe we can see if we can't make it bigger before I pop again..."

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