

<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 jiggle 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?

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