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<Accidental Surrogate>

by <Growing Desires>

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...”

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