

SURROGATE

By Olivia Evans



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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CHAPTER ONE:

“That damned no good husband of mine knocked me up!” the slim, attractive blonde said to an equally attractive woman sitting beside her at the restaurant table.

“You're what! Susan, are you sure?” she gasped. Her surprised gasp had been more from her friend's crude statement than the substance of what she had said. “How far along are you?”

“As sure as our new product, ‘Special Pregnancy Indicator Test’, can be. I'm not more than 6 days along, probably only three. We only had sex once last week,” Susan explained, reflecting on the week before.

“SPIT? You used SPIT?” she asked in surprise, using the company jargon for the product. “I thought that SPIT was restricted for use only in the embryo transplant program by Biotermex.”

“Yes it is, but you know how accurate that test is. It can detect a pregnancy as soon as the third day. I test myself every Monday morning, just before I shower. I have been, Janet, ever since Jerry started staying home. All he wants to do is mess around and I had to do something to protect myself! Damn him anyway!”

“But, Susan,” the slim dark haired girl noted, smiling. “Aren't you forgetting that it takes two for something like that to happen? And there is the pill, if not a condom.”

“I know, Janet. I misplaced my pill box and just didn't think that I would become fertile so quick, before I could get a refill,” Susan sighed, conceding the obvious. “It's probably just as much my fault as it is Jerry's. It's just that I don't want to have any kids right now.”

“Why not?” Janet asked. “I mean, you're young, healthy, and at the right age to really enjoy kids. Why wouldn't you want children?”

Susan looked out the restaurant window at the passing traffic for a minute before answering. How could she explain that she had an almost pathetic fear of being pregnant? Her twin sister had died giving birth, and she had no intentions of doing the same.

“For a lot of reasons. I can't afford it. I'd have to give up my career and stay home with the children and even if I took a leave of absence, I'd lose my chance for the promotion. I'd lose my figure and... Well, for a lot of reasons.”

“Now, wait a minute. Let's take those one at a time. Why would you have to give up your job? Lots of women work full time and are mothers too.”

“Yeah, and look how their kids turn out. Snot nosed little brats, most of them.” Susan looked at Janet. “Now don't get me wrong, I love kids and I want children. At least three of them. I just don't have time for them right now.”

Janet had to concede that one point, most working mothers she knew, the ones down in the labs, had little monsters for kids. At least it always seemed that way whenever they attended the Biotermex picnic. She shuddered at a particularly bad memory of a nasty little boy at the last company picnic.

“You know,” Janet reflected. “It's too bad you can't have someone else carry the baby for you. You know, like the purpose the test was designed for; to allow enough time for doctors to safely remove the embryo, and transplant it into another uterus.”

“Great idea! You want to volunteer to carry my baby?”

“What? And ruin MY figure? No way!” Janet protested with an amused thought. “Hey! How about Jerry? He's got a lot of time on his hands, and who cares if his figure is ruined? He sure doesn't seem to care.”

“As fat as he's getting just sitting around the house, who would ever know the difference?” Susan agreed with laughing delight at the image of poor Jerry waddling about the house in a maternity dress with bloated belly and sagging tits. “Too bad it can't be done, it would serve him right.”

Susan looked at her dainty diamond crusted wrist watch. “Oh, oh. Time to put your shoes on and go back to work, Janet.”

Janet sighed, slipped her heels back on, and walked out of the restaurant with her just slightly pregnant coworker.

Susan watched the cars on the street far below her. The view from the windows in her corner office on the 32nd floor of the Biotermex Building had always managed to cheer her up. But not today, she had just finished reading a report from the detective agency she had hired to watch her husband.

It wasn't good. According to the reports, Jerry had an average of four girls a week staying with him while she was gone during the day. What really hurt was at least once a week, all four were there at the same time!

Susan had always been a little disappointed that Jerry had never been able to satisfy her more than twice a day. No wonder he couldn't, the bastard was keeping three girls on the side!

She had suspected something was going on when she found the long red “stick on” finger nail partially hidden under their bed. It wasn't one of hers, hers were naturally long. First his infidelity and now the pregnancy! A divorce was out of the question. She loved him so much that it sometimes hurt. Besides, divorced women did not go far in the company.

She was deep in thought, reflecting on the conversation she'd had with Janet. Without realizing it, Janet had come up with the solution to both of the problems. A surrogate mother wasn't too bad of an idea. It might just buy her time enough to bring Jerry back to her.

All she had to do was find a surrogate that fit her standards. The surrogate would have to love kids, work in a job that didn't cause any stress or strain, and have someone who lived with her to help care for her during the pregnancy. She would preferably be a housewife, maybe even one with a family of her own. Someone who loved being pregnant.

Susan shook her head ruefully; why anyone would actually like being pregnant was beyond her comprehension.

Finding the right woman would take time, time she might not have if she allowed the pregnancy to continue. She walked across to her bright pink executive telephone and dialed a number.

"Dr. Harrison? This is Mrs. Marks, Director of Budget Planning on the 32nd floor," she began in introduction, to pause for the usually anxious response, followed with a desire to do anything that the Budget Director wanted, since she controlled the future, "are you still doing work with the frozen embryos transplants? Good! I wonder if you could do me a personal favor. I just found out that I'm pregnant... Yes, it was the SPIT test, no more than three days. The time isn't right for me to have a baby..," she paused, listening to his earnest desire to be of help. "Thank you, I knew that you would understand. Next Friday at 3:00? I'll be there. And doctor? Thank you again."

Susan hung up the phone and thought for a minute. She would have all the time she needed now, the next step would be to find the prospective birth mother.

'Where will I find the right girl?' she wondered.

Shrugging her shoulders, *'why not?'*, she reached for the telephone book and its Yellow Pages. During the rest of the day, she had called dozens of agencies, hospitals and lawyers, with no success.

Susan was getting a little worried as she rode the elevator down to the underground garage. She was used to getting fast results and so far her search for a suitable surrogate wasn't going well. By 4:00 P.M. the following Friday, her embryo would be safely frozen, waiting for a surrogate mother and she hadn't found one yet.

Her limousine, provided to all of the executives on the 32nd floor, pulled smoothly away into traffic. Susan watched it turn the corner before she walked up the steps to their restored Brownstone. It had been Jerry's home before they married and had been on the verge of being run down.

They had spent a small fortune restoring and refurbishing the three story home. The commercial style fixtures in the kitchen alone had cost over \$75,000. The kitchen, which would have been at home in any of the best restaurants in town, was Jerry's pride and joy, and his "office".

Delicious smells assailed her as she closed the ornate front door behind her. Jerry was cooking again. She knew just from the delicious smell, that it would be one of his famous rich gourmet dinners.

Testing a new recipe for the latest of his cookbooks, she thought. Sighing, she hung up her coat and purse.

'If he isn't cooking 10,000 calorie dinners, he's knocking me up. You'd think that it was a conspiracy to get me fat!' she said to herself as she walked to the kitchen.

She stood in the doorway to the kitchen for a few minutes, watching Jerry working at the center work table.

Jerry was an atypical chef.

Most of the chefs she had known had been generally tall and heavy set, if not down right fat. Jerry on the other hand, was short and, except for a slightly wider than average pelvis, as thin as a rail. Despite her joke about him being fat, his waist wasn't much larger than her own.

Unfortunately, when working on a new cookbook, as he was now, he also tended to be somewhat of a slob. Frequently he would forget to get a haircut, and shave only intermittently.

Susan always knew when a book was ready to be taken to the publisher. Jerry's hair would be shoulder length one day and almost a crew cut the next. The book he was working on now was going to be a long one. Already his hair was inching below his shoulders. In order to keep stray hair out of the food he was preparing, he had begun to wear it in a short pony tail fastened by a leather strap tied in a square knot. Susan had no idea what it was, or where he had found it, but suspected that it might have been one of the laces out of a pair of boots.

In the five years she had known him, and the three they had been married, he had averaged two haircuts and three books a year, providing a good addition to her already substantial income.

She hadn't really minded the hair. Even pulled back it gave his face a certain childlike beauty.

He always kept it well washed and combed as neatly as possible. It was when he forgot to shave that she objected. His heavy dark beard grew fast, often requiring two shaves a day just to look like he had shaved once. When he forgot, Susan reminded him by locking the bedroom door until he did.

"Hi, Honey," Susan called out to him as she walked to the refrigerator for a martini.

Jerry glanced up, busy stirring something in a glass bowl.

"Hi, yourself. How did work go today?"

"Not bad. One of the account executives retired, and we had a small party. Other than that, just another day in the humdrum, high powered world of corporate management." She took a sip of her drink. "Hummm, good. You know, I've always been amazed at how you manage to get these just right, especially since you don't drink."

He leered at her.

"It's the special ingredient I add. It's made from a secret recipe handed down from bartender to bartender."

"What's in it?" she asked out of curiosity. She took a careful sip. Jerry was always trying strange recipes, some good, some even the dog wouldn't touch, if they'd had a dog. She hadn't tried this one before, but it was excellent.

"Its an aphrodisiac." He glance at the clock on the oven. "It should start working right...now!"

Susan knew that there wasn't anything out of the ordinary in her martini, but she really didn't need anything to get worked up. Just seeing him was enough to get her started sometimes, like now. She giggled, and walked over to Jerry. Throwing her arms around him, she gave him a big kiss on the forehead.

"You're right, it is working. That was nice. Want another?" she purred, rubbing her body against his, her arms draped over his shoulders.

"Yup. but this time take your shoes off. When I slip my girls an aphrodisiac, I want to be kissed on the lips not the forehead!"

Susan slipped off her high heels, and kissed him again, this time on the mouth. It was quickly followed by several more from both of them.

"Ah, nice..." Jerry said softly. "If only I hadn't married such a tall woman, life would be so wonderful."

"Tall?" Susan exclaimed in mock astonishment. "I'm only 5'7", same height as you. Besides," she laughed, "you know what they always say about tall girls don't you?"

Jerry did, but this was part of their nightly ritual, so he smiled and shook his head, no.

"We're all the same height lying down." She began to unbutton his shirt.

Jerry gave her a quick kiss and gently removed her hands from his shirt.

"What's the matter?" Susan asked, slightly hurt.

"Susan beloved, I'd love to play. But right now, I've got something in the oven. I have to watch it so it won't fall. Maybe later, OK?"

Sighing to herself, she picked up her shoes and walked upstairs to their third story bedroom.

He didn't know that she had seen the faint blush of lipstick on his shirt collar. It wasn't her shade.

The more she thought about it the angrier she became.

So much so that she ran her nylons as she pulled them off. Swearing under her breath she stuffed them into the waste basket by the bedroom bureau only to feel the familiar shape of a little plastic container as she withdrew her hands to discover that she had found her birth control pills. Somehow, they had been thrown away into the waste basket."

Was it really possible that Jerry had thrown her pills away in hope that she might get pregnant, even though he knew how frightened she was about being pregnant? Or had it been one of bitches that he kept about for fun and games. Maybe she tossed them into the waste basket out of spite?

"So, you've got something in the oven, buster? Well so do I," she mused to herself, looking sideways at her slim profile in her full length mirror. It would be another cou-

ple of months before she would begin to show, if she allowed the pregnancy to continue.

Wearing only a pair of sting bikini panties and a demi bra, she walked back to the dressing table and sat down.

Susan sat thinking for a long time about her relationship with Jerry; and now, how he had thrown away her pills just to get her pregnant... Since the detective's report had said that one of the girls in his little `harem' was also pregnant, she wondered how many others there were.

Finally coming to a decision, she picked up the bedroom phone, and called the Director of Embryo Research at Biotermex, Dr. Harrison. As she listened to the phone ring she mused to herself, *I think that the time has come to make the bastard realize that we women can make the punishment fit the crime!*

She had found her surrogate.