

Their Bun, Our Oven: Memoirs of a Surrogate
Excerpt – Every. Single. Day.

The thought of being a surrogate was no whim for me. It was something I had thought about consistently for as long as I could remember. The idea of hearts breaking, wombs empty. Being a surrogate was my calling. And although I had mentioned this in passing to Brandon many times over the years, I made the mistake of trying to *really* bring it up for discussion while I was a hot-mess ball of hormones. Brandon was still hard on “no.” I randomly found my way back to the topic once a week, if not more, over the next couple months.

“I think it would be really weird having sex with you if you’re pregnant with another man’s baby.”

I laughed and rolled my eyes. “Wow. You know I’m not going to be having an affair, right?” We both laughed. “I’ve actually read that it’s fairly common for the father of the surrogate baby to have limited to no involvement in the process. A lot of men seem to just leave it to the ladies.”

Brandon nodded, lips pursed.

I gave the topic some space and brought it back up again when Christina was about a year old. I was driving us home from a baseball game. He was just tipsy enough, so I took my opportunity.

“So...what do you think about the idea of surrogacy?”

His face swung left to look at me, eyebrow raised. “Are you *still* thinking about that?”

I glanced right at him. “Every. Single. Day.”