

Plan B Excerpt

A credit card.

With my name on it.

"What is this?" I fan the card in front of him, pinched between my fingers. "Are we doing a Daddy thing now? Like, 'call me Daddy,' instead of baby daddy? Because I'm not into that. And that's really something you should talk about beforehand."

"What?" Kyle looks confused about my outburst, then he looks pissed off. "No, don't call me Daddy. For fuck's sake, Daisy. It's for expenses. For the baby," he adds, before I can interrupt. "You mentioned shopping the other day and I want to pay for whatever the baby needs. If that's okay with you." He says that part sarcastically, as if I'm being ridiculous.

"Oh." Well, sure, that makes more sense. Did I mention that I'm cranky? "I guess. I don't know. Maybe we could split the expenses?"

"We could." He nods. "But it's hardly an even split. I can't help you gestate. I can't help you breastfeed. I'm kinda behind the eight-ball here in terms of doing my share, so helping financially seems like the least I can do."

"Hmm." He's not totally wrong. He should be in charge of breastfeeding, but biology means I'm responsible for everything so I guess I can use his card to buy a pink astronaut cat blanket for Tubbs. "They do need a lot of stuff," I agree, thinking about that kid on the plane and the gate-checked stroller and the diaper bag and Colechester the stuffed kitten. "Hey, do you know anyone who can implant a tracking device?" I had the worst nightmare last night that I lost the baby's favorite stuffed thing. There's got to be a way to ensure that never happens, right?

"A microchip only works if you scan it. Anything with GPS tracking would require a cellular receiver and a battery so it's not really ethical. Or possible, even."

"Oh, my God, you weirdo, I wasn't talking about for the baby. I was talking about their teddy bear. Or stuffed dog. Or whatever their favorite stuffed thing is that we can never ever lose."

"Right. That's what I meant too." He tugs on his ear and I don't think that's what he meant at all, but I'm mollified that it's not technologically possible to embed a GPS tracker so I drop it. I've got other things on my mind right now.