

Roi Fainéant Press submissions roifaineantpress@gmail.com

Published Lucky Unlucky Couple,

The Lucky, Unlucky Couple

A thirty-year-old couple, Lori and Ben, couldn't get pregnant. They wished to have four kids in stair-steps like Lori's brother and his wife.

They went through fertility testing. Nothing seemed wrong with either of them. Doctor Newnuts shook his head. "You might try herbs and acupuncture."

Straight to a Chinese doctor, they asked for everything he could offer. And he offered a lot. For months, they ate different formulations of Chinese herbs which had worked well for other couples. She went through acupuncture, then he submitted to the tiny needles as she continued to suffer through the cold sessions, laying on her stomach, embarrassingly naked as the doctor twisted, tinged, and tickled the needles with electrical currents. A year later, no luck.

Back to the fertility clinic in Denver, the drive taking a couple of hours each direction from their small town in the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Newnuts suggested that Ben shoot her in the stomach with fertility medication because it was a sure way to cause several eggs to form.

They ultra sounded his testicles and her ovaries. No cysts, no tumors, no reason. Dr. Newnuts said, "We can use your husband's sperm and insert it directly into your eggs. Come back when you are ovulating."

A month later, they handed Ben a plastic cup and a nudie magazine and showed him the sterile room with a little door to pass the cup through.

The nudist magazine did nothing for him. He walked out and handed it to the nurse.

Lori went into the small sterile restroom with him and helped him successfully fill the plastic cup.

They paid for four rounds of artificial insemination three months apart. The clinic had never failed to produce the desired result with three rounds of artificial insemination. If four didn't work, the doctor would then try IVF, invitro fertilization, where he would remove Lori's eggs and insert one lively sperm and then reinsert two to three fertilized eggs into her womb.

Again, Lori helped him produce a cup of wiggling little spermizoids. Presenting it to Doctor Newnuts, he shook his head. "I don't understand why Lori isn't already pregnant."

The nurse led the lucky, unlucky couple into the surgery room. Ben got to hold the dripping syringe while the doctor explained how he was going to use a small tube with an LED light to penetrate through her cervix opening and then gently explore until he found the two to four eggs he was sure were lodged in her womb, waiting to spring to life.

Lori willingly spread her sweet legs as everyone watched.

Dr. Newnuts said, "Lori, how many babies do you want to carry? You have four fat eggs inside your womb."

"All of them," the couple said simultaneously.

The nurse handed the full syringe to the doctor, and he started in. After feeling around for what seemed quite a long time, he eventually withdrew his gloved hand. "Well, congratulations, Lori and Ben, I'm sure you're going to have quadruplets."

They exhaled mightily.

Everyone hugged and patted each other's backs, excited to have participated in this divine mission.

The happy couple waited the required six weeks and then reported to the doctor's office. A tech did an ultrasound. In Dr. Newnut's comfortable office, listening to the soft love ballads in the background, they sat erect, expecting good news.

As if not believing it, he read the report three times. He looked up. "I'm sorry, none of the eggs took."

Lori burst into tears so Ben held her close, patting her shoulders. "Don't worry, Honey, we have three more sessions. We'll come back when you are ovulating next month."

Her cycle was off, despite Ben injecting her sensitive tummy with the fertility drugs like clockwork. The doctor said that sometimes when there is spontaneous miscarriage, her system could take up to three months to reset and become normal again.

Ninety days later, they were back.

This time the procedure was more clinical. Everyone held their breaths as the couple left.

They went through the remaining unlucky cycles without success. The only choice was IVF. They prepaid for four rounds. Ben's sperm were frozen. It could be kept

in a freezer for years for a small fee and would be just as fresh as if just produced. The doctor was absolutely certain Lori would get pregnant. "You'll be lucky this time." As he reinserted her four eggs, he said, "It's interesting, women your age generally get pregnant much more easily if she has actual intercourse."

Ben stared at his wife because her eyes were scanning something in her mind as if she was searching for the right male candidate.

After the third round didn't take, Dr. Newnuts talked to them in his office with soft romantic music playing in the background. "I'm sorry to inform you, but the doctors have decided you aren't eligible for a fourth round. We have re-examined your eggs under a scanning electron microscope and each has a small deformity. We're sorry, its highly unlikely you will ever become pregnant."

Ben stood angrily. "We paid over forty thousand dollars for four rounds of two different types of fertilization. I want a refund."

"Of course, the clinic will refund your entire fee. Had we examined the eggs under the scanning microscope initially, we would have given you this news at that time. Under a regular microscope, they look perfectly normal. I've very sorry."

On the long ride back into the Rocky Mountains, they couldn't talk. They were too depressed.

The couple had enjoyed learning to speak at Toastmasters. Ben asked Lori, "I wouldn't mind it if you had sex with another man. Maybe he would get you pregnant."

She was quiet for long minutes.

Ben poured them glasses of wine. "Let's sit on the deck and talk about it."

Several hours later, a little intoxicated, Lori asked if he had anyone in mind. "I'm thinking maybe Wayne, the leader of Toastmasters. He and I look enough alike we could be brothers. I wouldn't mind it if you had sex with him. We wouldn't tell anyone."

"He's married, wouldn't his wife object?"

"Maybe, but she's from Holland and they aren't prudish about sex like Americans."

The next week, Ben took his good friend to lunch and told him of their situation. Wayne said he would talk to his wife who had become friends with Lori. A week later, he agreed. They thought it best if Lori and Wayne spent the weekend at a romantic hotel in Breckenridge. Wayne's wife, Fredrenkia, agreed it was only fair if she and Ben got to spend at least a night together in Aspen. When Lori was ovulating again, they would drive separately to share a romantic weekend, hoping the couple would be lucky.

Ben was excited when he told Lori that Wayne and Fredrenkia had agreed.

Lori's face twisted and she broke into tears. "No, I can't do that. It's immoral. I won't commit adultery."

He tried to talk her into it. "It's perfectly up front. Adultery is when one person is cheating and lying about having sex outside of the marriage."

Wayne and Fredrenkia were disappointed. She said, "Well, tell us if Lori changes her mind. We were dreaming of helping you raise the baby."

For the next six months, the couple wrestled with the option of adoption. They attended an American adoption center class. It was twenty thousand to apply. They would pay for the girl's hospitalization plus another large fee. They paid the deposit and waited and waited, and waited. The pregnant teenagers kept choosing other couples.

The director said, "Maybe it's because you are older than the other prospective parents." More bad luck. After three years, the agency terminated their involvement. No refund.

Back to the beginning. They looked into foster adoption. The social worker asked very intimate questions to determine if they were eligible. They were certified and began looking online. A very cute blue-eyed girl was available. Their social worker called the girl's social worker. She advised against it because the child had been sexually abused and had failed three placement trials. "She's very sexualized and runs away."

"Okay."

They watched every week, but all of the available children had been badly abused. After a year of this, they decided foster adopt children were simply too challenging to take on. When they were teens, they might get tossed in prison, or worse – try to kill them.

"What about international adoption?" Ben asked.

Initially, Lori said no, but realizing it was the only option, she relented. They paid an enormous fee to an international adoption agency and flew to Peru. The orphanage was large. The each of the available babies had some kind of birth defect which is why the mother had given them up. The older children seemed wild and unattached with discipline problems. The director of the program said, "You have to take who ever the agency offers. Since you are in your late thirties, the youngest you are eligible for is a four-year-old." Her brown eyes were sincere. "I'm sorry, you won't eligible for a baby."

Since they had been through the foster adopt program, they knew the child would be unattached and a handful. Lori said, "No, I want to have a baby naturally with you. We will remain childless."

Lori sometimes felt guilty and was so angry at Ben for not getting her pregnant that she found herself criticizing him for stupid things. They had horrific fights. She often yelled, "Just Divorce!"

They moved down three thousand feet to Louisville hoping that a lower altitude would help. No luck. Their communication became stilted. Their dreams had been crushed. They became more like room mates who didn't particularly like each other. They didn't cuddle at night when they slept. She caught him masturbating to porn. She read him the riot act and cut him off sexually.

Ben grew suspicious that she might be having an affair. He checked her emails and cell phone but found nothing to confirm she might be seeing someone.

After a long while, they made love and for a few weeks, things mellowed out, then the pattern started back up. For the next five years, their once romantic, ideal marriage went through cycles like an old washing machine that rattled and wobbled.

Ben was sick her moodiness, her mocking of him, and her sarcastic tone of voice. He became suspicious that Lori was having an affair and researched what a wife often acted like if she was having sex outside the marriage. An article from Psychology Today identified different behaviors that were signs. He sat reading through the long list and checked them off. Lori hit all thirty-five of the behaviors identified in the article. He felt like a total fool. It had probably started with his friend, Wayne. They may have snuck around and tried to get her pregnant. When that didn't work, she seduced her

handsome Italian boss. He remembered that at a staff Christmas party, her boss had grabbed Lori, and they had kissed passionately, his hands on her cute ass. Lori had a pink flush on her neck when Ben asked her about it in the kitchen. "Did you see Matteo's wife looked at you with hatred?"

"No."

At that moment, the wife stomped into the kitchen and shouldered Lori, then she yelled, "You leave my husband alone! I know you're having an affair and it needs to stop!"

"What was that about?" Ben stared into Lori's guilty eyes.

"I don't know."

"Why did you and Matteo make out like that?"

She shook her head and looked at the floor as if guilty. "He's just like that. He's a lady's man. He totally shocked me."

Ben thought, *Yeah, right. You responded like you've been doing him in the office.* He was sure they were having an affair and thought about calling Matteo's wife for a revenge fling.

In January, Lori was fired because Matteo's wife insisted she had to go. More evidence they were having an affair. Ben shook his head without sympathy as Lori wept. "You need to get another job." He wanted her to be employed or he'd end up paying her maintenance if she continued having affairs.

Her next job was for a man who had a home office. She enjoyed working with him and reported that his young beautiful wife had moved out because her husband refused to move to California where her family lived. She threatened divorce.

Ben drove past the man's house while Lori worked there. He couldn't see inside and it was impossible to sneak around to peek in the windows since they had blinds. His jealousy was intense. She came home very tired, claiming the boss was demanding. She always took a long hot shower, washing her panties out by hand, hanging them in the bathroom as if mocking him. Her criticism and mocking increased. At least once a week, she threw a tantrum and yelled, "Just divorce!"

Out of nowhere man's wife came back and Lori was fired. She moped around the house when her former boss moved with his pretty wife to California. She joined a fitness center, and soon, she was much happier and energized. Ben noticed what appeared to be a sex flush on her face after her so-called workout. He went to the club to participate in her dance class. The manager looked a little scared when Ben told him his last name and asked where his wife was dancing. The young man was a weight-lifter. Ben got that same glitchy feeling as he had when Matteo and Lori had kissed passionately.

In the class, Lori nervously ran over. "What are you doing here?"

"I just wanted to see why you love this class." The female instructor was a redhead and very sexy with blonde hair.

Guilt splashed all over Lori's face. She moved away to dance on the other side of the mirrored room.

More proof.

Again, he tried to check Lori's email. Surprisingly, he got in. To his amazement, after he had visited her dance class, Lori had dumped everything. Inbox, sent, trash,

and spam. Only three female contacts where there, plus her last boss's name, but no email address. That did it.

Ben made it his goal to have sex with as many women and as many times as he believed she had had sex with men. In five years, he calculated Lori had probably had sex an average of three times a week, times 52 x 5 was 780 times. He needed to have sex a thousand times with three hundred different women to get even. He didn't want to fall in love with another woman because he truly loved Lori. This was revenge sex, and someday, it would all come out. She would confess and he would confess. They would cry and forgive each other, and then they could put their unlucky marriage back together and be in a childless monogamous marriage. The idea of having sex outside of marriage with so many different women was overwhelming. He couldn't enjoy looking at the porn videos.

For the next year, Ben just took it with Lori unleashed her hostility on him. He shrugged it off and added one more woman to his list. Other than her cheating, critical attitude and weekly tantrums, he enjoyed Lori. She was hard-working, smart, and pretty. She cooked, cleaned, and did his laundry, making sure that he was healthy. She seemed to love him but damned, she was having affairs.

Lori wasn't logical like he was. Had she told him about her affairs at the beginning, they would have had a open marriage and by now, may have had sex with so many others, they were bored with it and settled back into a childless, monogamous marriage.

On a trip out to Nevada on business, Ben let his buddies men talk him into visiting a legal brothel. "Heck, your wife is having affairs so you deserve to at least have

sex with a woman you know is clean. It's an honest transaction and you don't need to sneak around. Lori will never know."

There was a lovely young woman in the line-up who looked a lot like Lori when she was in her early twenties. Ben went to her room where they negotiated a price for an hour. He paid her and while she went to give the money to the manager, he left. He simply couldn't have sex outside of marriage, no matter if his wife had.

He had to divorce her.

Ben told himself, "Enough of this game. I want to have an honest respectful relationship like the sex workers have with the men. I hate not trusting her. Respect and honesty is where it's at." He would confront Lori and if she owned up, he would forgive her, make love with her again, and they would have an open marriage. He would still have to divorce her because he didn't want to commit adultery, but heck, they could live together in an open marriage if she was willing. He thought of how much he loved her. It was heart-breaking to imagine living with her and knowing she was having sex with other men, but at least they would have an honest and respectful relationship. Maybe her guilt-induced rages and criticism of him would stop. If she denied she had been having affairs for the last five years, he'd divorce her. He was done with the game.

He spent the two days driving back to the Denver area, mentally rehearsing his speech while the other married guys talked about the sex worker they had sampled. He went over his speech until he had every word and gesture memorized. He would ask her not to tell him any sexual details, but he wanted to know who it was, how they met, where they did it the first time, and how the relationship was broken off. He didn't want

to know about any one night stands, only about the men she had sex with more than once.

He imagined that once it was out in the open, he'd pull her, relieved and crying, into his arms and they would make love.

He started with, "Lori, blanket forgiveness for everything."

To his shock, she denied his allegations completely. She wasn't angry that he had tried to check her email and phone. They had the first open conversation in five years. She had refused to have sex with Wayne because she just couldn't. She was shocked when her boss kissed her at the Christmas party. Her neck was red because she was embarrassed. The other boss was a slave driver and she didn't like him at all. That's why she was so exhausted after working at his dining table all day with the boss criticizing her. No, she wasn't having an affair with the rec center manager. He tried to get all the hot women into bed and she hated that type of man.

She put her arms around Ben. "I love you. You're very ethical and faithful. Have you had sex with another woman since we were married?"

"No."

Damn, he was happy he had walked out of the brothel.

The next evening, they went out for a romantic dinner. It was like when they first started dating. Lori said, "I was reading about surrogate mothers. Would you be interested?"

"You mean where the husband has sex with another woman who agrees to bear his child for a fee?"

"Yes, I'd be willing for you to do that. I wouldn't be jealous, please."

“No.” He thought for a few minutes. “What if we paid to have a healthy woman’s eggs harvested, then inserted in your womb?”

That felt right.

They went through the process and a year later, Lori had triplets. They were a little upset that Dr. Newnuts had not suggested this option after the IVF failed, but it was easy to forgive him.

The unlucky couple was lucky because the babies were beautiful.