

Megan's baby: John's surname, Jim's eyes

"I'm home"

She told him that she was away on business, and he trusted her completely. After all, it's been 4 years, married for 5 months, so who wouldn't? He was upstairs painting the baby blue walls of the spare bedroom, sketching the various clouds and the central aero plane. Pretty soon, their family would be complete. Standing in front of the mirror, she turns to the side, inspecting the large bump now formed on her stomach. She mutters to herself worriedly. John walks in with a tape measure. They've been recording the progress of the growth of the bump for the past 8 months, ever since she found out the news. Good or bad.

"Grown 3 inches since last time, I must tell Jim" John walks out with a proud grin on his face. Megan can hear him on the phone from the landing. The boastfulness of his voice was unbearable to hear and now all she could do was hope. She loved John.

In the beginning, they'd met at the local groceries, Megan buying the cabbage, John selling the cabbage. John, not a very classy man due to his low-pay job and quite obvious bad dress sense, intrigued Megan and her grocery shopping became a day-to-day activity. Strange, how opposites seem to attract. The friendship, consisting of exchanged gestures and occasional "how are you?" rapidly changed in to a steamy one night stand at the local club. The two were too drunk to remember the house they'd bought that evening and how John had foolishly given up his job and spent the remainder of his earnings on that pointless holiday. He wanted her, her support and genuine attraction.

May 5th, 11.32pm. Jim. Just last week John has introduced Megan to his best friend, the male model, originally from Australia. They'd been friends for 10 years, worked together, cried together, and lived together. They shared everything. Maybe some things aren't meant to be shared. That bottle, 2, maybe 3 all to one person, enough to kill someone. But not her. She may not have killed herself that night, but killing doesn't necessarily need to be directed at the person being put directly into the picture. John had no idea. Jim had every idea. And then disappeared for 8 months.

John was completely oblivious. Even after the 8 months departure of his friend, suspiciously coincidental after his wife's and his night out. Once a month, he made the call to Jim to tell him of the news, while Megan rang Jim once a month to tell him of the worry.

January 5th, 11.32am. London. The "business" trip. This is when Megan would break all connections from Jim, after all, she loved John, she was married to John, and that wasn't going to change. Of course, there was still the worry. Maybe, it would be fine. Jim just had to go, relieve any slight suspicion from John. Not that he was suspicious.

Feb 5th, 11.32. Baby. Megan's baby: John's surname, Jim's eyes. Oops.

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