

**By Georgia Prosser, Natalie Pountney and Razia Butt.**

Aaron was my baby. John stroked my baby's hair. John touched my baby's face. John wiped the dried food of my baby's face. But that's all Aaron was, my baby.

I could barely stand to see the two together. I had to blink back the tears. John loved me, and I loved John. I had let him down.

I know exactly when I fell pregnant. I had been out on a girl's night out; I had needed to get out. I believed that if I had one night away from all of the pressure, I could make the relationship work. John had been nagging about how our plan to have a baby was going, or not going. We were trying hard but had not yet succeeded, to both of our dismay. He blamed me, saying that I needed to get checked out, he never even conceived that possibly he could be the problem. He drove me mad with his narrow-minded view on the situation so I decided to organise a night out to enjoy myself and forget about the baby issues.

Bad idea.

The club was crowded and dark, deep red lighting was covering the venue, so everybody had a scarlet tinge. The dance floor was packed tighter than sardines. The smell was similar too; sweaty, damp. One of my old school friends, Jim was at the bar so I innocently went over. He bought me a drink, and we got reminiscing. We were talking about our new partners, but I closed up at the mention of John. I had come out to get away, have a good time. He noticed this, and asked to buy me another drink. Whether he was trying to get me drunk or not, I will never know.

The day I found out I was pregnant I knew it was not John's baby. I had been avoiding him, and hadn't wanted to be with him since that fateful night. When I told him I was pregnant I had conscientiously made the decision that he was never to know. Never to find out about Jim.

John thought the baby was early, premature. I felt guilty having my first born; I will never get over that. A baby should be wanted, and although I love Aaron, he's not my husband. John was so thrilled having the child, and I knew he loved Aaron as soon as he first saw him.

I will always feel guilty.

But this will always remain, because Aaron has John's surname but Jim's eyes.