two versus one

Simon went home. Again. Amy knew he would, because he always did - about three months in. It was like a game, and one she had to admit she enjoyed playing. It was a manipulation between Susan and her. Susan would throw the tantrum and the tears which would drive Simon closer to Amy. They’d play the lovey dovey couldn’t be closer ‘us against the world.’ But then Susan would pick herself up and get on with things. Simon and Amy would become complacent and suddenly Simon would think things were better on the other side of the fence again.

By this time, Amy had enough of playing a twosome and longed for her single life again, her toilet seat down, her cutlery in their right drawers, her milk in the fridge - cold. Then she’d get lonely and orchestrate an accidental meeting, and the whole thing would start over again. They had been in this cycle for two years and had all become quite accomplished at manipulating each other.

‘But when will you be back?’ Simon looked up into Amy’s face as he zipped up the suitcase she was sitting on. ‘It’s very sudden, isn’t it?’

‘Simon, you’re only fretting because you don’t want to go back to Susan,’ Amy sighed as she looked through her handbag. ‘You know you only want what you can’t have, and it’s why you flit between us all the time.’

‘Well, I must admit you’ve been a bit hard to live with at the moment anyway. You’ve been very snappy, not your usually bubbly self.’ He snuggled into her neck as he said this.

Although briefly enjoying the skin contact, she snapped at him, ‘Well it might be best that I’ll be away for a few weeks then, won’t it!’

Seeing his crestfallen face, she immediately went over and gave him a hug.

‘I’m sorry Simon, I have been crabby lately. It’s why I need a holiday, away from everyone. You understand, don’t you? Now, let’s get going or I’ll miss the plane.’

Simon drove her straight to the departure gates, jumped out, and unloaded her bags.

‘I won’t see you off. All your family will be there. Let me know your return flight and I’ll pick you up and treat you to dinner though.’ Planting a huge kiss on her cheek, he hopped back into his car and drove off.

Settling into her seat, Amy put on her headphones to listen to some music. It relaxed her, and she started to think. The pregnancy test had shown positive, both of them. She’d used the second of the tests this morning to be sure. Looking through the app on her phone, she figured she was only a few weeks pregnant. But boy! Had the hormones kicked in! Crabby with Simon and teary with her family. Her sister had given her a knowing look too, as she’d gone to the toilet for yet another wee.

Although Amy had already planned this holiday, she felt it was serendipitous timing. That it might be the last as a carefree single woman. As Amy’s bladder made itself known she made her way down the aisle to the toilet. Waiting in line was Susan – what a surprise!

She and Susan had a strange relationship. They effectively shared the same lover, exchanging him between them as they tired of him. Over an occasional coffee meeting, they had discussed the pros and cons of the relationship and had both decided that with Simon’s ‘over the top’ personality, it was an excellent system. But had agreed that for his ego they would continue to play the game.

‘Ames, I didn’t know you were heading on holiday? Are you ok? You look a bit green.’

‘Hi Susan, just between you and me, I’ve just found out I’m pregnant! I’ll be due in 8 months – around Simon’s birthday.’ Amy felt strange telling Susan about her news, but in fact, it seemed right to do so.

Susan looked at Amy and then started giggling.

‘Oh Amy, I’m thrilled for you. I have another reason for Simon to split his time between us. I'm pregnant too! I'm four months along and due before you.’