

The Antenatal Advisor

Miranda's note:

Just before the Millionaire gig, when Mick has given Romily the Pros list to help her choose between P.K. and Charlie, I wanted to show that she was in a real quandary about the decision, so I wrote this scene in the first edit of the book. It amused me to think that she had reached the stage where she would consider anything to help her decide – even consulting an unborn baby! The scene was cut during a later edit when I changed it to Romily deciding by herself - but the scene still makes me smile so I've included it here for you to see.

As an extra note, this scene is set in my favourite coffee shop in my hometown of Stourbridge, where I wrote quite a few scenes of this novel.

One thing that seventeen-year-old Romily Parker never expected was that her twenty-nine year old self would be caught in an impossible choice between two men. To be honest, it was a surprise to me. A year ago I wouldn't have been sitting in the corner of the coffee shop in Stourbridge High Street, agonising over a growing list on a sheet of crumpled radio station notepaper. I would have been in Charlie's arms feeling I was the luckiest woman alive. What a difference a year made...

'Hey, lovely. Fancy another coffee?' The friendly barista smiled at me over her baby bump. 'You look like you could do with one.'

It Started With a Kiss Deleted Scenes –

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I smiled back. ‘That’ll be your pregnancy ESP at work again, Livvi. Flat white, please.’

‘Coming right up.’ She craned her head to look at the list spread out on the table. ‘Big decision, huh?’

‘You could say that.’

‘Pros and cons not working for you?’

‘Not very well.’

‘Eek. I have to say, lists and me don’t get on. You should hear the arguments Ted and I’ve had over names for this one,’ she patted her bump and winced. ‘I swear it’s a kangaroo I’m carrying, the way it’s kicking me. It certainly has a strong mind. Yesterday we couldn’t decide whether to watch *Eastenders* or a wildlife programme on BBC2. Little ‘un kicked like a donkey until we put the soap on.’

‘Perhaps we should ask it which one of these I should choose,’ I laughed.

Livvi’s face lit up. ‘It’s worth a shot. What names do we have?’

‘Charlie – and that one should be P.K.’

Livvi lowered herself onto the chair next to mine and placed her hands on her stomach. ‘OK, junior, Mummy’s got a question for you. Get this right and we’ll take the act to *Britain’s Got Talent*.’ She winked at me. ‘Should Romily choose Charlie? Or P.K?’ She waited for a moment. ‘Probably having a rest now it’s spent all afternoon kicking its poor mum black and blue on the inside. Let’s try again. *Charlie. P.K...* Charlie... ooh! That was one. Right. P.K... ow!’ She held her hands up. ‘Sorry, hun. That’s one-all.’

I laughed. ‘Never mind. At least I know it isn’t just me who’s incapable of making a decision today.’

Livvi struggled back up to her feet. ‘I’ll get you that coffee. Whatever you decide, just make sure you’re happy. That’s the most important thing.’

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