

"I was married before" she said between sobs. She looks up at him with tearful eyes. I never told you. But it's all my fault. She said shaking her head.

Mimi. CJ said in the calmest tone. Let me in, Mimi.

I look up at him, his eyes a few inches from mine. I can't CJ. I can't do this to you. It's my fault. She wipes soaked cheeks with the back of her hand.

The peals of the wedding bells rang through the church. The clamour with confusion among the guests was justified With Mimi and CJ sitting at the last row of the pew.

CJ peels his eyes away from Mimi and Mimi follows them. Yemisi, his mother, is walking through the guests with peering at them.

Yemisi said, keeping her tone even. What is all this CJ? She turns to Mimi. Mimi, is this how you plan on wedding my son today?

Mum. CJ cautioned.

CJ pulls Mimi out of the crowd. They are out of the church, the bell toll fading behind them.

CJ opens the passenger seat for Mimi and mounts the steering wheel. CJ and Mimi could see their parents through the screen with confused expressions plastered on their faces.

After a few minutes drive out of the wedding venue, CJ pulls over beside the curb of a building.

Mimi, you can tell me what is bothering you now.

Mimi's face is soaked but she manages to speak. She nods a few times.

Okay?

His name was Tunde. I met him in Lagos and we were on a honeymoon. CJ, it's not only about him. It's also about what I did.

I am listening.

Mimi sniffs and CJ wipes the falling tears from her cheeks.

Please please. My pleas weren't getting through to him.

You don't understand. Listen to me. He is already approaching me in strides. I have to tell you- I trail off. He could do worse if he finds out. Tunde! What are you doing Tunde.

Mimi, this is for you, for us, Mimi. A sinister tone in his voice.

This honeymoon, it was a trap. It wasn't a romantic getaway. Tunde isn't looking like the man I fell in love with at first sight. Not the one I went to see the sites of Lagos. Not the one whose warm smiles kept me daydreaming of life with him.

Tunde, what- he is beginning to pull down his trouser. he looked like a possessed human being. A blade clicks open pointing it towards me. I gape at it with wide eyes. Where- How did you-

You think I want this? Huh? I am tired of fucking every bitch just because my parents tell me I have to give them an heir.

Tunde please. Let's talk. Tunde.

In one swift move, I couldn't react on time, I feel strong palms push me to the floor. Pain shoots at my waist and I grab it. He climbs on top of me. My waist crushing under his powerful weight. I struggle to reach the handle of my handbag on the bed. My fingers can't reach. Tunde is working his way into me. If I dint stop him it will be too late. I swing my handbag as Hard as I could and it lands across his chiseled cheek. The contents of my bag rain and scatters around the floor behind my head. I wished I wasn't a fool to let him have my pocket knife. All this while I thought I was being vigilant and here I am in the clutches of a man I spent three years with just

to fall into his trap. Fool Mimi! That is what you are. This isn't the time to think of that. I need to get out of here.

He glares at me and I see the horror on his face. My heart is trembling in the silence between us. A heavy palm grabs my mouth so hard I feel my teeth are about to grind against one another.

Be a good girl for tonight, Mimi. It's our honeymoon, remember?  
Hotel walls are meant to be thick. No one would hear me even if I

"What would make an innocent woman murder her husband on their first night?" my defense lawyer said to a room filled with jurors and a judge.

"Mrs. Abiola loved her husband, she loved him so much she did everything just to marry him, that includes cutting her family off when they refused to let her marry him"

"Take a look at their social and economic backgrounds it doesn't match, take a look at their strengths, he is clearly stronger, Mrs Olatunji is a soft innocent lady, how do you think she could have done it"

"To answer the question to why an innocent woman would kill her husband, the answer is she didn't," he concluded his finishing statement.

I watched him lie to the court knowing fully well that I did it, I killed him on our first night, it wasn't premeditated murder nor was it an accident and I don't regret it either.

Every time I close my eyes, I remember that day, Bolaji was stronger than I had imagined, and on that day he showed me his strength. I remember everything like it was yesterday, it flashes every time before my eyes. How can I forget?

"What are you saying?" I asked, shocked by the words coming out of my husband's mouth.

"It's all you women. Why won't you give me a son?"

"Bolaji!" I exclaimed, my heart was pounding against my chest.

"My patience is running thin woman, ready or not we are going to have to do it today"

"Bolaji, Bolaji. Please please" I pleaded, fear taking over me. Who was this man, he wasn't the Bolaji I knew.

My pleas weren't getting anywhere.

"What is going on, Bolaji listen to me" I pleaded even harder watching him pounce towards me.

"Mimi, this is for you, for us, Mimi" A sinister tone in his voice.

The honeymoon was a trap. It wasn't a romantic getaway. Bolaji wasn't looking like the man I fell in love with at first sight.

Not the one I went to see the sites of Lagos. Not the one whose warm smiles kept me daydreaming of life with.

"Bolaji, what-" I began to stutter— he was beginning to pull down his trouser. He looked like a possessed human being. A blade clicks open pointing it towards me. I gape at it with wide eyes.

"When did you- " shocked at Bolaji's behavior, I started to take slow steps backwards

"You think I want this? You think I wanted to marry you, I have to give them an heir", Bolaji said.

"Bolaji's, please. Let's talk. Bolaji" I pleaded like my life depended on it.

I tried to escape his grip, but I couldn't react on time, I felt strong palms push me to the floor. Pain shoots at my waist and I grab it. He climbs on top of me. "You have done it before, you can do it again" he said, hinting at my past atrocity. What kind of man reminds his partner of her past mistake?

He knew my past, he knew my pains and here he was doing the same thing to me.

My waist crushing under his powerful weight. I struggle to reach the handle of my handbag on the bed. I swung my handbag as Hard as I could and it lands across his chiseled cheek. The contents of my bag rain and scattered around the floor behind my head.

This is what three years with Tunde has resulted. I was always told it was a fairytale to believe in love.

Fool Mimi! That is what you are. I told myself as I watched him try to have his way with me, hot tears fell down my eyes, this was the man I left everything for.

He glares at me and I could see horror in his eyes . My heart is trembling in the silence between us. A heavy palm grabs my mouth so Hard my teeth were about to grind against one another.

"Be a good girl for tonight, Mimi. It's our honeymoon, remember?"

I have been in this exact situation before, I was the timid girl once.

Demilare, he was someone I trusted and who stabbed me in the back. I could see the same look in Bolaji's eyes as the man who killed my spirit for motherhood . The eyes I used to look upon with love and trust were now emotionless. I am the prey and nothing more

"No, not again!" I struggled. I wasn't going to be vulnerable and helpless again.

I immediately break out of my trance moving my hand around the scattered objects. I need something. He is close. I won't let you. My mouth is still gripped between his palm. I try to wrestle my legs under his weight.

I reached for the contents of my bag, anything that would do that moment, anything that could make this monster get off me.

"Why are you being stubborn" he growled, using his hand to hold me further down.

The corner of my eyes catches a shiny glint Under the bed. My filer. I crawl my fingers further than I can reach for it. I slide it towards me. My arm swings and the next thing I see is the filer piercing Tunde on the neck. He holds it for a moment and I wriggle out. He looks down at the blood in his palm before he could react. I was already making another swing with all the pent up energy I had reserved. I stabbed him again on the knee. I crawled on to reach for my pocket knife and he grabbed me by the waist with his other arm.

I am so close to getting away. I crawl a few fingers again. I hate this man. I hate every moment we spend. I make a swift turn and slash a cut across his cheek. "Get off me Tunde!"

I kicked him off. He lands on his head writhing in pain, holding every part I had lunged at my attack. I look around. Something, I need something. He begins to gain his footing.

A Frame on the wall is all I could find. I grab it off and tower in front of him. He was looking at me now. His eyes pleading for mercy.

"Mimi, I love you. Really I do. Please listen to me".

I Raise the frame as high as I could. sound of shattering glass comes once it lands on his head. Blood snakes down in different places; his temple, his forehead.

"I am not done Tunde."

"Mimi" I

I looked around for the closest shard and found one good enough to do the job.

"I hate you Tunde!"

"Mimi" he calls out for help

My hands began to tremble and all I could think of was my past holding me back. He is staggers to climb to his feet with the support of the edge of the bed. I lunge the shard straight to his side and leave it there, walking a few steps back as I watch him collapse.

Blood spilled around his body. I was shaking and panting at the same time.

What have I done? My body goes limp and slides down the wall. Oh God.

It took me minutes to catch my breath, watching my husband's lifeless body on the floor.

I felt no regret that he was a monster like Damilare. I had heard about his escapades but I was too blind to believe it.

My mother warned me, she told me these spoilt rich men's sons had no value for human beings, but I argued.

If only she could see me now

After minutes of taking in the horror of what I had done I step around the shards of glass to grab my phone with trembling hands. 12:57 am. My head is foggy and all I can think of is the whirring siren at the hotel front waiting to put me in Jail by morning.

"I have to do something" I thought, looking at the mess we made, "there was no way I was getting away with this" said patting my forehead from the sweat gathering despite the Air conditioner in the room.

I was glad my mother thought to always move around with bleach I remembered, putting down my box and pulling out the gallon of bleach in it.

"Get your story straight" I told myself as I cleaned my fingerprints off everything. "he was drunk and alone, when someone attacked him" I rehearsed my story.

Tunde was an addict. He promised to change for me. I could use that to explain why he was attacked, I thought. Making sure to wipe everything I had touched.

Soaking my cloths in bleach and leaving them to dry, I washed my body off the blood before sneak out of the room in the most natural way possible. Looking out for any cameras around. There is one in the lobby. I put my phone on my ear to pretend I was making a call not to disturb Tunde having a good night's rest.

"Excuse me" I said to the receptionist making sure to get her attention and be captured by the camera, "is there a quite area I can make a call, my husband is sleeping and I wouldn't like to disturb him" I said to receptionist.

A friendly young lady behind the counter, "the pool side ma'am, it's empty" she said pointing to the door at far right.

"Thank you dear" I said trying to act as composed and natural as possible.

I dialed my friends Yalwa's number, knowing she was definitely goint to pick because she slept late,

She was the perfect alibi.

"Amarya, aren't you supposed to be with oga now" she said as soon as she picked the call,

"Don't mind him, he got drunk and fell asleep, I couldn't sleep so I decided to call you' I said, changing the call to a video call so she could see I was by the pool side and not in my room.

I needed as many people to think I was not in the room when it happened.

"Alright, let me start getting back, I am sure Tunde is missing me already" I said to her keeping her on the phone.

"Good night" I told the receptionist, I needed her to remember my face.

"Alright now let me let you go before oga get upset" Yalwa just as I got up to my room.

"He still sleeping" I said, I just needed her to still be on the call when I opened the door and scream.

"Let me quickly show you our beautiful room, then you can go" I said, anything to keep her on the phone.

"I am going to screen record it, goals when I get married" she said, Yalwa was predictable, she was playing into my plan.

"Here is our beautiful room" I said opening the door, everything was still there, Tunde's lifeless body and the mess from my struggles.

I screamed, dropping the phone to the ground, I could hear Yalwa's voice asking what happened but I ignored,

"Tunde, Tunde, what happened my husband" I said shouted, running out to the lobby and screaming for help.

"Somebody help me, somebody please help me" I heard footsteps of people rushing towards my room, as I ran back inside clutching onto Tunde's lifeless body like I wasn't the one who left him there.

"Tunde, please Tunde, don't leave me" I pleaded, hot tears began to fall from my eyes, not because I was sad about Tunde's demise but because I was angry, I was angry with the deception, what would have been a happy married turned into shambles because of Tunde and his family's selfish desire.

If only I had listened to my mother.

"All rise" they announce, "the jury had made it's verdict"

My heart began to pound, I was guilty but I didn't want to go to jail.  
Why should my life be ruined because of a wicked man, Tunde deserved what he got, he was a rapist.

"In the case of Mimi Abarshi the court find Mimi....."

"Not guilty" the judge said, I took a deep sigh, I felt like cold water was poured over my body.

I looked at Tunde's mother as tears began to fall from her eyes.

"who killed my son? " "if she isn't guilty then who killed my son? " his mother cried out.

I struggle not to smile, "You did" I whispered to myself.

"She ruined her son when she let him have everything he wanted. You should have kept your darling boy under reins. "

I walked towards her pretending to cry "