

MY PERFECT HUSBAND

I stared at my Perfect husband's lifeless body and his cold eyes as they started back at me. I felt a chill run down my spine as I grimaced at the thought of spending the rest of my life behind bars. I was supposed to cry and wail but I remained numb as I smiled like a lunatic gazing at the work of art I had engraved on his chest with my kitchen knife.

I could simply state that it was self defense but who was I kidding? I had always dreamt of being the one to end his life. This was forthcoming and I knew it, so why keep postponing it anyway. Regret was something I was supposed to feel yet it was absent.

I knew it wouldn't be long till his relatives came into our room as I myself had called his heartless mother to come and witness what I had done to her son.

One would think I should be utterly scared or possibly frightened of the outcome of my own deed but I was not. This was because, after four long years of torture, I was finally free. I might not be free in the next one hour or thereabout but when it came to dealing with my demon who laid lifeless on the ground, I was certainly and without a doubt, liberated.

While waiting for them to arrive, I couldn't help but reflect on Bisola's words to me the day I told her about Adeshola. How she scorned at the idea of me and him being together immediately she met him just because she claimed she had an ill-feeling about him. I laughed it off and jokingly patted her on the back while waving dismissingly at her thoughts.

"Adebimpe, you and Shola can't be together, he just seems too good to be true" she exclaimed with her arms wide open and I smiled at how dramatic she was being. She sat beside me and took the bowl of popcorn in my hands while watching me to gauge my reaction to her words.

I faced her and said "Bisola, every guy you meet seems too good to be true, it's no wonder you don't have a man yet" . She paused and started at me wide-eyed, "What do you mean by that? You know me very well Bimpe, yes, I can be dramatic at times..."

" At times? " I interrupted her while she rolled her eyes at me and continued, " Okay...fine, Most times but you know that when my guts tell me something is wrong, it's mostly wrong"

I laughed and shook my head which got her upset. "Why are you laughing?" She asked. "What do you know about relationships, you don't even have a man so how would you know is he's wrong for me", I replied confidently.

She sighed and raised up her hands defensively, "You're right I don't have a man but don't you think this Shola guy is too perfect. It makes no sense that a guy will be so perfect na".

I answered while looking her dead in the eye, "Babe, Shola and I have known each other for a while now and believe me when I say, he's perfect and he's not faking it, so you have nothing to be worried about".

I would have thought that conversation would have ended there but it never did. Bisola constantly talked to me about observing him more before making any rash decisions. I believed in love at first sight and I knew in my heart that what I felt for Shola was love at first sight. No one could change my mind especially when he got down on one knee that wonderful evening and proposed to me.

Without thinking twice, I said yes, because why not?. Shola met my parents, I met his mother who adored me and my parents loved him just as much as I did. Although my mom never failed to question me on his temperament and personality, I always assured her that there was nothing to worry about because, there truly wasn't anything to worry about. Shola was perfect in every sense. He was the 'Mr Right' that every woman desired, tall, dark, handsome and had a good paying job too.

He bought me nice things even when I told him he didn't need to. He insisted on taking me out on dates and whatnots. I used to be an introvert but ever since I met him, I became exposed to things and learnt quite a lot from him because of how smart he was, which fueled my love for him.

After sometime, Shola and I had our traditional marriage and I still can't get over the sad look Bisola gave me that day.

I ignored it and waved her off because I didn't want any bad vibes in my wedding.

Later that night, Bisola and I had a talk and she asked me why I was avoiding her. She knew the reason but she wanted to make it clear that she was happy for me nonetheless and that she would always support my decisions whether good or bad, and I made sure to inform her that this one wasn't anything close to being a bad decision. We talked it out and hugged, after which I told her she would be my maid of honor. She was delighted and I was also happy I didn't choose anyone else because of our argument.

A month after our traditional, we got married in the church and started living together. Don't even get me started on my wedding night because it was everything and some more. My perfect husband was so gentle and caring that night. It made me wonder how the rest of our lives would be.

My life was seemingly perfect till after 3 months of my marriage to Shola. Shola and I barely had dinner together because he was so busy with his work which I understood quite well. May I also mention how he somehow got me to quit my job because he wanted me to be spoilt by him. I agreed because he's my husband and has every right over me, plus whatever decision Shola took was always the perfect one, hence, he made all the decisions for us.

When he got home on that fateful night, I went to him to give him a kiss on the cheek as I usually did but he ignored me and went upstairs to change. I'm sure he didn't notice me coming or he was probably too tired so he wanted to take a shower first. I waited for him to come down but he never did.

The following morning, while he was preparing for work, I went closer to him as he stared at himself in the mirror and began to caress his shoulders hoping to get his attention. He looked at me through the mirror with disgust, no, it couldn't have been disgust. I was sure he was just in a hurry and needed to get to the office quickly which was why he removed my hands and hurriedly walked out the door.

I began to question if I did something wrong and concluded when he got back that evening, I would apologize and we would talk it out. Later that evening, he came back and I ran to him expectantly, waiting for a hug, only to be aggressively shoved out of his way.

I believe he didn't see me as I held my head that had hit the wall, tightly and in pain. He obviously hadn't noticed me when I yelped and called out his name for help. He must have been putting on an airpod, so I thought.

I was oblivious to the fact that my perfect husband was showing his true colors and I still believed we could work things out.

Not until the day, he slapped me for questioning him on what I did wrong and yelling at me to shut up.

He insulted me and told me to take whatever attention he gave me because no man in his right senses would marry an ugly woman like me. I believed his words because he was my perfect husband, hence, I submitted to him and did everything he asked me to. Even when he had asked me to abort our baby after finding out I was 11 weeks pregnant.

Shola told me he didn't want me to become uglier than I already was. I don't know why but I did as he said.

I came home from the hospital that day, tired and I even fell ill afterwards hoping Shola would see me and take care of me after doing as he asked. He watched me struggle to get up, forced me to clean the spotting blood I stained the toilet seat with and even dragged my hair when I told him I was very tired and weak.

Everyday with Shola was a day full of harsh words, countless blows to my stomach and slaps to my face for the slightest complain I would make about being too tired.

When I got pregnant again, I was happy because I knew in my heart that he would let me keep this one since his mother was coming to spend sometime with us. For sure his mom would be expecting a grandchild soon and he would certainly want to give one to her but I was wrong. His mother arrived before he got back from work. As a dotting daughter-in-law, I made sure to clean everywhere and cook some assorted local dishes but she didn't seem to like anything I did. She complained about how dirty the house was and how she was sure I wasn't taking good care of her son. I informed her that I indeed took good care of her son and she backhanded me for ' talking back ' at her.

As the devil would have it, Shola came back home at that exact moment. Expecting my perfect husband to ask why his mother slapped me, he joined her in raining insults on me for supposedly disrespecting her. When he was about to kick my stomach, I informed him that I was with a child hoping he'd stop this madness and embrace me. He did just the opposite and kicked my belly, telling me he didn't want any children with me. His mother who I could hardly hear said something along the lines of "We don't want your bastard child or do you think we don't know that you're a whore who sleeps with everyone in the neighborhood"

I tried to explain to her that I was not a whore and that her son was just making false assumptions on my infidelity to him but I was too numb to respond. I bled to sleep that night and Shola didn't bother taking me to the hospital. I regained my strength the following morning and went there myself only to hear that my baby was dead and I needed to carry out an evacuation.

I can recall how I lied to the Doctor about the cause of my baby's death and ignored him when he asked me where my husband was. I think he read the room because he stopped questioning me and simply carried out the procedures.

I went home that day but I was not the same anymore. Something changed within me, as I looked at myself in the mirror and swore that I would end his life the same way he ended my child's life.

And today, I smiled as I looked down at my perfect husband whose body had now gone cold. A scream tore through my ears as my hands were placed behind my back and cuffed.

I was led outside while Shola's evil mother screamed profanities at me. I did the only thing I knew was going to drive her crazy for the rest of her life, I smiled at her signifying that I had won. The woman remained silent as I was dragged into the police van.

While on the way to my dreadful punishment, I thought about how things would have been different if I had listened to Bisola, whom I cut off communication with, after she told me to leave Shola, my perfect husband, just because he was merely beating me and she wouldn't listen when I told her he would change. I thought about how I waved off the memory of how Shola nearly slapped me, while we were still dating, because I shouted at him for being so insecure of my male coworker and refused to tell my mother when she asked about his temperament. I thought about how Shola constantly accused me of cheating with our very friendly neighbor and I would cry myself to sleep feeling ashamed for even making Shola feel insecure about me.

In all these, I blame no one else, not even my perfect husband... but myself.