

Title: The finally not “Mr Right”

“Cry your heart Out”. For the 15th time of the day, Ohinané’s iphone played that song while she was literally crying her heart out laying on his bed that smelled atrociously good and unfortunately his perfume. Of course, it was his bed. Then, she looked for her phone and went through the whole Adele’s Album and pressed “Woman like me”.

It was more sad and depressing and this was the mood she needed. Besides, since the unfortunate event happened, she understood perfectly every single piece of that song, it was like Adele wrote it for her. She, also felt like he was missing something by not choosing her and running back to his useless and manipulative ex after swearing he was definitely done, she also felt like he was lazy by not fighting for her, and she also put her heart in the line for him because he asked her to.

“Definitely, they all act the same” she thought. Whether you were a big superstar like Adele or *an emerging writer with a bright future* just like Marie Claire Magazine named her, it seems like we all go through this thing called *goumin* which means heartbreak in the vernacular language in Ivory Coast, her beloved country.

But for now, she was far away from home. Far from her parents, her siblings and most of her friends were scattered all around the globe: Canada, Cabo Verde, Ethiopia, Ivory Coast, Portugal, South Africa, Togo, USA, ... and for those who were in Brazil like her, nobody except few of them knew about what she really had with Noham. To them, they just had this ideal friendship, even though they all suspected something was going on and kept saying: “you should date”, “you look so cute together” “you are the perfect couple”.

Thinking about that made her more upset and she wished she never paid attention to what they said. But, can you hide the sun with your hands ? Even strangers thought they were made for each other, just like that time when the jeweler runned to them as soon as they walked into her boutique and asked them if they were looking for a wedding ring.

“Knock, knock”, it was him, “Can I enter ?” His candid and deep voice asked. She quickly jumped off the bed, wiped her tears, removed her airpods, pressed pause on her phone and took her bible to pretend she was reading the words. “Yes” she calmly answered.

Noham opened the door and looked at her, intrigued

“Are you crying ?” He asked

“No it’s okay, I’m just thinking of everything the Lord has done for me, I’m so blessed and it made me cr—”

She couldn’t finish her phrase and started to cry like a baby again. Concerned, he took her in his sweet and strong arms to comfort her. What an irony ! The heartbreaker and now the consoler, all that in one man. But the irony wouldn’t stop there, she was supposed to write a heartbreak scene for the next chapter of her book but couldn’t find the inspiration, now it seems that she was her own inspiration, “the screenwriter in charge of my life must have a lot of fun” she thought.

She hated the fact that she was still loving him after what he did to her but she hated even more the fact that he was acting like he did absolutely nothing to her. He acted like he did not promise anything, like them going on vacations to Cancun, him moving to her city because “I know it is the only place where I can be truly happy” he once told her while they were facetimeing, he even applied

for a job there, him laying on her legs and caressing her hands that particular night after they came back from the carnival, him being jealous of her other male friend or her ex long time crush, at a point she couldn't even mention his name anymore, or him saying "let's get married" in that fancy restaurant on christmas day.

That day on Christmas, he was pretty serious when he said they should jump on the broom next year and his beautiful shy smile made his declaration sounds so adorable. Still, she laughed and moved on to the next topic but if she knew things will turn this way, she would have laughed harder and sang to him this line "*we can live without IT, just a beautiful lie*" from this iconic song of Beyoncé and Shakira. As always when she does that, he would have laughed too and said "you are such a perfect juke-box " and that would have been the end.

Now, not only their potential relationship was dying but their friendship also seemed to have reached its expiry date that is what pains her the most. She stills remembers that day when they first met in high-school, without knowing that the little weird nerd he was will turn into her sexy and smart best friend. Over the years, their friendship has blossomed like a beautiful and delicate flower they both make sure to take care of with laughter, joy, trust, attention and dedication. And in this foreign country they were both living in, he felt like home to her. He used to move mountains for her, be there in her darkest and happiest moments, buy her the most expensive gifts, fly to her city to see her or do the most random and annoying things just to please her like watching over and over again *Coisa mais Linda*, her favorite brazilian show on Netflix, every time they will share the same house for a few days.

"Feeling better now ?"

"Yes, thank you" she answered breaking free from his embrace

"Are you okay Nene ? You look really sad"

"I'm fine Noham, thank you"

"...Cool then, I made us dinner, should we eat now ?"

"No, Afonso booked a table for us tonight, he wants me to meet his girlfriend, she is in town"

"Oh, you're going out with him?"

"Yes, is this a problem ?"

"Of course not" he laughed

"Cool, I'm going to the bathroom to get myself ready then"

"But why didn't you mention that earlier ?"

"Just as you didn't told me you were back with your ex, oh no sorry, now girlfriend"

"Oh please, she's not my girlfriend, what are you even talking about ?"

"Are you kidding right now ? Okay if she's not your girlfriend, then who is she for you ?"

He took a deep breath that felt like an eternity to her and said "It's complicated Nene and you know it".

He couldn't even confess that they were back together. If Louis, his roommate hadn't mentioned that earlier, she would have never known just like she didn't know that the outfits she helped him choose yesterday were the ones he wore to go on the date with Bianca later that night.

While she was getting herself ready, showering like a diva, making up like a star, combing her shining big afro with that shea moisture cream and wearing that sexy little black dress that drives men crazy because of her curvy body, she gave a whole concert in the bathroom and sang with her full chest.

From Beyoncé's, "Don't hurt yourself", "Sorry" "Break my soul" to Fanny j's "Je l'aime", she did a whole show and made sure she screamed when the lyrics related to her situation:

*"When you heart to me, you hurt yourself, try not to hurt yourself"*

*"Middle fingers up, put them hands high, Wave it in his face, tell him, boy, bye"*

And yes, it was the time to say bye to him, she had cried enough over him and she deserved better than all of this. In the living room, she found Bianca trying to kiss Noham and by the time he realized she was standing in front of them, he immediately pushed her back. Ohinané knew that was her moment so she decided to be as petty as possible.

She then hugged vigorously Bianca and said :

“Oh hi “it’s complicated girlfriend” ! I’m so happy to finally meet you. He says such bad things about you, but sometimes he says good things though. Guess what ? He forgot to mention that you were back together and I’m wondering why ? Oh ! I know ! It’s because he plays games with me and doesn’t want me to move on from this situationship but don’t worry I’m done so keep him. I used to be sad for him because of everything you did to him like the cheating but you two are good manipulators so you made a perfect match.”

She could feel Noham staring at her with his eyes and mouth wide opened so she added before leaving his apartment:

“And Noham, you are NOT MY MR RIGHT, I’m glad this is over so I won’t have to pretend anymore I like your disgusting dishes.”