

## Scorned

~~~*Benedicta Egbo*

He had always said that he would love to spend eternity with me. This young man who makes my heart go thump thump. We have had those kinds of conversations - those kinds that would make you go to sleep, dreaming of that perfect wedding.

What did I not do? I always cooked for him or is it because I use too much pepper? I satisfied him in bed or is it because I have a bad hip and can't spread my legs wide enough? Okay, I get it. It's the money I gave him monthly - it's too small. I have no sense of direction anymore; he got married last Saturday and it's not to me.

He came back though— two days ago, to say that he misses me and regrets ever leaving. I believe him and I've forgiven him. I've accepted my fate and I'm ready to be his mistress; it's better than nothing. He is coming over today and the reunion will be magical.

Hummmm! Shush! Hummmm! Shush baby, don't try to fight it. Do you remember this dress? We picked it out together - I bless this union in the devil's name, for we are both going to hell. Hold my hands and enjoy the smooth ride - till eternity. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

~~~*Benedicta Egbo is a Nigerian writer whose vision of the real makes a glaring mark in fictional representation.*