

BESTWILL ESHIMOKHAI

Loving Adesunwa

A story of bed of roses and the
pins that clip the roses



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Book cover Photo by [Godisable Jacob](#) from [Pexels](#)
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Steal this work if you got balls!

April 30th, 2020.

To the beautiful lady who dedicated her MSc project and heart to me.

To those who have loved with all their heart and got heartbroken.

To those who have 'awwned' at beautiful love stories.

To those who have been rejected for being hopelessly romantic.

To those who love and are being loved.

To those who seek love.

To those in love, but at war..

WARNING

I wrote this story, and made it into an ebook myself. I did my best in editing and used some help too. I'm a meticulous person. However, in a hurry to publish for my 2020 birthday, I may have made one, two or even thirty grammatical blunders. See them as stones that escaped the sieve and try not to dwell so much on them. I'm sure you'll have a great read!

Bestwill.

ONE- Today

“Been with you over 7 years and I still feel like you don’t understand me”. She looks away from me and fixes her gaze on the teacup standing beside a saucer on the parlour table that separates us. She places the brown china teacup on the white saucer. Mismatched. The saucer belongs to another cup that I sent to an early grave while cleaning dishes some weeks ago.

I feel an itch close to my elbow. I scratch impulsively and feel relieved. If only I can scratch the itch in my soul.

“I’m sorry Su. I didn’t mean to go off on you like that. Been under a lot of stress lately and I just...”

The gentle tap of her footsteps and the dramatic sound she makes, to let me know she is walking out on me, drown my words.

I stare at the empty couch she stood from, a bit longer as if to make her reappear.

I rest my head on my hands. My mind races through thoughts faster than a rat being chased.

I flashback to some of my earliest memories of loving Adesuwa. Disconnected memories. Some blurry. Some

incomplete. Some clear, unlike the turmoil in my heart.
I begin from the days of fried yams.

TWO

That night, I had dinner early. Yeah. Having dinner at 7pm was early for me.

I had strolled to the junction to get slices of fried yams. My earphones on, so that my head nodded rhythmically to beats from Asa's Maybe.

I had changed my mind about putting on my black sweatshirt. It was night, and I wasn't ready for any neighborhood drama. My neighborhood could never be mistaken for peaceful. Gunshots every couple of days. Bars and clubs filled with boys drinking, boozing, and screaming rubbish at the top of their lungs. Occasional bloody fights. It was in the neighbourhood I saw my first corpse. A bloody messed up pile lying on the corner of the street. At first, I didn't think it was a body.. And I regret till now that I eventually realised it was. Anyways, that's talk for another day.

Changing my mind about wearing the sweatshirt, I put on a white round neck shirt instead. Put on my knee length brown Khaki shorts. Slipped my feet into a pair of slippers I had no idea who owned, lying beside my door. Perhaps it was Susan's. Susan was our neighbour.

I met Adesuwa at the junction, pouring the fresh slices of yam from a steel bowl into the big pan of boiling oil

resting on three huge stones with flat edges. The fire burned with glee.. It seemed as though the glee reflected on Adesuwa's face.

Wasn't that one of the reasons I was head over heels for her?

Beautiful undergraduate who still enjoyed helping her mom fry yams most of the evenings in spite of the latter's unending protests.

The knack she had for ridiculing insecurities just made Cupid's arrow wound ever fresh in my heart.

On a normal day, Adesuwa could pass for a wealthy daughter who schooled abroad but visited town on holidays. Her effortlessly glowing light skin, pointed nose, beautiful figure with curves as perfect as though delicately chiselled. Not excess. Not invisible. Just perfect.

But here she bends.. A nicely spotted wrapper carefully tied to her waist. Face moist and shiny with sweat. Brows rough from too much sweat cleaning. White top on.

"Hi Adesuwa"

"Hey... Whats up?" she returned with a smile. She fixed her gaze on me for a few moments, and even though ice

melted in my stomach, I forced mine on her too.

"Sell yam for me abeg, I no go sleep here" was the shout that interrupted the moment.

I'd kill that man, I thought.

I waited impatiently for the buying to get to my turn, and at the same time wished it wouldn't, so I could have more time to stare at the object that had held my heart to ransom.

It did eventually get to my turn and ignoring my protests, Adesuwa went ahead to add a few more slices of Yam to my money's worth. She stared at me, and let out her signature beautiful smile that habitually revealed her little dimples. Her eyes glistened, as though they suddenly got wet.

"Eat, so you can have strength to call me at 10pm" she whispered.

I smiled and nodded, then pinched her arm in the shady darkness, as I stepped into the dark street.

The yams were extra delicious that night, even though I wished it was the seller of the yams I had eaten instead.

THREE

"If una no put AC tomorrow, I go close down this shop!", he said, rather loosely. His weight rested roughly on the plastic chair so that the legs curved to form an arc.

"I no even get wetin I wan tell you", the girl replied with a wry smile. She was sitting on a plastic chair opposite him. She would be free for the next few seconds. Her freedom would be interrupted by either someone who would walk in and whom she would have to go ask, "What will I serve you?" or a customer who would order her to get toothpick, serviette, 'pure' water... Or any other thing they gave at these low budget restaurants.

She rested very well on the chair. Like she was trying to adequately maximise the few minutes she had. Beyond her, a flatscreen TV rested on the wall. With the way it stood, I feared it would fall. And I imagined it falling on her head and she racing to the pharmacy opposite. I nudged my mind out of the imagination.

My eyes stayed glued to the TV, and since I had to look straight at her direction to view the TV, I hated to think she assumed I was staring at her. Girls like this could be really quick at assuming such things, and I wasn't ready for any of such drama.

A young couple walked past, cuddling as they walked. I imagined them rushing home and the guy undoing his zip so quickly in the heat of the moment. The girl eager... Room scarcely lit... Soft music in the background... Punctuated with moans...

Crazy me! I tapped my head softly back to reality. For all I knew, they could be siblings or the guy could be seeing her off. There were a thousand scenarios to it. What was my business anyway?

The last imagination brought my mind quickly to Adesuwa. I had avoided her in my thoughts as much as I could these past two days. Wasn't it in a bid to avoid thinking about her that I came to this local restaurant to eat? I didn't want to eat at Ultimate Taste, even though I was dying to have their yam and sauce. That place brought me good memories of her. Our hands holding... She, feeding me spoonfuls, ignoring onlookers and me doing same. The hugs, the laughs, the banters... etc.

To add, that was where I had my last fight with her two days earlier. I recalled how she drew the chair backwards, took her bags, waved her left hand as she always did when really upset, and walked away. I remembered sitting and watching her hips sway as she walked, observing every detail, and suddenly being paralysed and unable to follow her to plead as I would

have normally done.

Maybe I shouldn't have told her what I did. But I felt so guilty. But now I felt empty. Guilt or emptiness which is worse?

The guy talking loosely was hitting his chair noisily and laughing at something.

I sighed.

"Give me another bottle", I called out to the girl.

Finally, I had been the one to interrupt her minutes of rest.

FOUR

"I love your eyes. Wow!", I blurted out before I could stop myself.

"Thanks, I'm blushing", she said, brushing her cheeks mildly with her index finger.

"I see no cheek redness though", I teased.

She laughed. I chuckled. Our eyes met. Unusually, she held the gaze for a little longer than usual and when she eventually took it off, she fixed it on a spot for some moments.

I met Lola on Instagram a few weeks earlier. The conversation had flowed as though we were meeting after losing contact for years. There had been a striking connection from the very first minute.

She easily released the "lols", "lmaos" and those emojis of laughter with tears.

If I had one superpower I was sure of, it was in making ladies roll out those, online. And even though I never wanted anything serious, and knew they could catch serious feelings from such connections, I couldn't help it anyway. I loved holding the conversations. I loved

that they seemed to make me feel like I still had it.

The uneasiness started that Sunday night when I deliberately ignored Adesuwa's calls cos I didn't want it to interrupt the chat.

Susu would never call more than twice. But that night she called four times, and sent a message telling me she missed my voice and needed to hear it.

I supposed she had had a fall out with her dad again as usual. In those days, he was a thorn in her flesh. Churning out insults and stern rebukes at slight provocation. Words that would easily shake even the toughest self esteem.

I would spend hours on call trying to get her out of the terrible moods her dad had put her. I enjoyed it though. I love her. Also, it made me feel very relevant.

However, that night, for some funny reason, I didn't want to interrupt Lola's chat.

For days, Susu would call and complain about how I had dropped the level of attention I gave. I wasn't one to lack words, so I would use words to reassure and assure her that everything was fine.

I got very intimate with Lola that my head would feel

numb sometimes from worrying about Susu finding out. For all I knew, she didn't deserve this. I didn't plan for this. I had never done this before. Why did it feel so bad and yet so good?

The feeling... Of having two lovely ladies call one after the other routinely. It felt like tasting different Cold Stone flavours.

One would call to ask, "Who were you talking with when I called before?"

I'd tell her I was talking with a male acquaintance.

On and on... The lies went... The games...

And all that stuff I see on Telemundo was gradually playing out in my life.

Then the guilt filled up and spilled. I told Adesuwa. She left.

Here I was sitting in an eatery, meeting with Lola... And hoping she would fill up the emptiness, she was doing quite the contrary.

Our gaze met again. I smiled.

"I love you", she said.

My heart jumped. I stared at her blankly. What do I reply to this?

FIVE

Two men in pale coloured oversized shirts stood between me and the table. The table had the tray that held very attractive slices of yams.

The man just ahead of me concluded his deal and moved. I stepped forward. I thought I heard the man beside me say "Give me eight hundred naira own". I looked at the quantity of slices remaining in the tray. My heart skipped a beat. I dreaded the thought of having to wait for the next batch.

When ten slices were neatly placed in the black plastic bag and tied, I realised I had mistaken his hundred for eight hundred. I exhaled.

Adesuwa wasn't here. I wasn't expecting her anyways. She only came here on Saturday nights. Her mom hated to have her help out. Mom hated to see men with pale clothes say nice words to her daughter. And even if Adesuwa always found the whole thing funny, mom thought otherwise. I sided with mom.

Infact lately she had sternly warned her to stay clear. Personally, I had always been puzzled at how Adesuwa was able to happily stay there at night, frying and setting the yams. A smile set on her face. For me, it made falling in love with her easy.

We hadn't talked for two weeks and a day. Frankly, it seemed like three months.

"Broda, how much should I put for you" Grace interrupted my flow of thoughts. I wanted to ask her how she was and talk casually, but the impatient face of the man standing behind me corrected me.
"Put two hundred"

Grace was Adesuwa's younger sister. She was nineteen. She didn't look nineteen anyway. She looked like the bigger version of Adesuwa. Tall. Broad shoulders. Chubby cheeks.

After handing over my stuff to me, I beckoned on her to see me briefly. She told a little boy to cover up for her. I wasn't able to identify the boy and I didn't care anyway.

As we stepped beyond the reach of the lantern's light, I exhaled slowly.

"Have you talked to her?", I asked.

Grace couldn't hold my gaze. While she bent down staring at the sand, she told me that Adesuwa had shouted her off and told her not to mention me again. I thanked her coldly and left her in the dark.

Some anger welled up within me.

What was wrong with me?
Why was I so bothered about her anyway?
Why did I fall so deeply in love with her in the first place?
It's obvious she never cared.

If she did, how could she sulk for this long?
As the anger rose, guilt came with it.
I stepped on a sachet water that had been pumped with air. It made a sound that toggled me back to reality.

Nobody by Joeboy boomed from the speakers in the bar beside me.
My phone beeped. I thought I had left it at home. The number wasn't in my contact list.
The number was a bit familiar. Very familiar. Very very familiar. Then I remembered I had deleted Adesuwa's contact from my phone in a fit of rage days ago.

SIX

Skrrrrr...

The cranky sound her slippers made as she walked. I'd normally get irritated by the sound, but not today.

She was a pregnant woman. I observed that when I raised my head to observe my environment. Her stomach protruded so much, one would think her husband was in there.

I supposed her water was about to burst. I took my attention off her. I had problems of my own.

Unusually, the air wasn't distorted with the smell of iodine and other hospital materials. Maybe because I was sitting on the benches outside. Benches that looked like they had been hurriedly formed. I was not comfortable. The discomfort in my soul exceeded the one my body felt anyway.

There was no time I visited the hospital without battling sadness.

From the women who would sit out on the bare earth, scattering their nicely stitched dresses, wailing over the sudden death of a loved one... To the saucy nurses who would sit on the desk and roll out statements that showed indifference.

I did not blame them anyway. I guess they had seen too many disheartening cases that had locked their

emotions in.

The doctor on Adesuwa's case walked down the passage and approached the room she was in. I stood up to join him. He protested with a wave of his hand. I watched him step into the room and shut the door.

Adesuwa had been ill for the past one week. Her mom had rushed her there three days earlier. I had been spending the better part of my days with her.

My blogging suffered.

A company had threatened to give a writing 6 figure contract I was about hitting, to someone else. After failed attempts at pulling out something for them, they had gone ahead to fulfill their threat.

I was depressed. Battered. Broken.

I would hold her hands that had reduced to almost half their size, look into her swollen eyes, smile and tell her she was the best thing that ever happened to me. She would let out a weak smile that even though wasn't very beautiful, was worth ten worlds to me.

Why Adesuwa?
Why sickness?

That a soul pushing for survival and wrestling despair would suddenly be imprisoned by disease, was something that I just couldn't understand. It reminded me of the line in Fela's song: "Double wahala for dead body".

The silver lining in the whole episode was how it made it possible for us to get past our differences. In the face of problems, we needed each other not each other's ego. I apologised and made a personal commitment to quit the foolish chat charades. She forgave me and smiled so broadly from the bed, I felt the effort.

From where I sat, I could hear a preacher's voice blare out from the speakers. It was a church across the road. The voice was faint at first, but as I listened, it became a bit clear.

"I have never been sick. I can never be sick. Anywhere sickness sees me, it runs!"

He was screaming. I sighed.

SEVEN

"I'm getting me a new boyfriend..", Adesuwa's voice trailed off in laughter.

"I'll love to see you try. Just a few hours without my voice, you'll be wailing like a chicken", I replied, with a wide smile on my face. Smile so wide, it could be 'heard'.

"Do chickens even wail?", She retorted. It was her usual way of throwing a serious question suddenly inside a trivial conversation.

"Whatever!"

I stretched my hands and picked off a strand of hair that was dancing above her eyelids. I noticed several others and attempted taking them one after the other, instead of together. The fan's breeze would bring back the strands I had already taken off. My efforts seemed unnecessary, but I wouldn't take my hands off.

Adesuwa reached out and grabbed my hand. Her palms were soft but had some little rough edges. She had a bad habit of biting her palms when idle.

Her stare fell on mine. Like the meeting of two lasers and an explosion following, our gaze stayed fixed to

each other. My right hand on her warm brown forehead, with my thumb pretending to be busy.. And her palms on my hands.

"I love you", she said. She said it very softly. Her eyes glowed as she did. Like she wanted to cry. She looked too innocent.

This feeling was the best feeling in the world. I felt like jumping up, grabbing her in a tight hug, and swallowing her lips in a soul drenching kiss. But what the heck! We were in the mall.

Hundreds of people about us. Some busybodies staring intensely, as if they hoped their stare would make it all stop.

"I love you more", I replied, very firmly.

I took her hand and held it with both of my hands.

"Susu, you mean worlds to me.."

A guy of average height in a pair of jeans, leather jacket and sneakers approached us.

He brought out a camera from the small bag he was holding.

"See as una fine. Make I take una one shot"

I hesitated. Adesuwa said "Cheese". I obliged.

EIGHT

As I chuckled, just about to drop the next unexpected "I love you", the operator voice said, "One minute remaining". I hated hearing that voice. "Have they warned you?" Adesuwa asked in her usual soft tone, immediately the call continued.

"My airtime never finishes. Not when I'm talking to you"

"Let me call you", she replied calmly.

"If I see your call in my phone, we are done! Wait jor, let me recharge and call you back."

She chuckled.
I ended the call.

Quickly, I tapped *919#. UBA better not stress me today. "Your transaction is in progress" was the response I got on my screen.

After five minutes, the airtime still hadn't topped up.
Adesuwa called.
I picked.

"Poor proud man", she said laughing.

"I don't know what's wrong with my bank."

"Baby, I have more than enough airtime for you", She replied.

I sighed.

There we were, talking on the phone at past 11pm..
After just leaving each other about an hour before.
We had gone to see a late night movie at the cinema.
Boring movie I must say, but all the boringness would
cease as I placed my left arm around her in the dark
hall.

She allowed her head rest on my shoulder a bit and
warmth flowed mutually.

Warmth from the cold in the hall... And from the
pressures in our soul. It seemed like our hearts
mingled, like milk would mingle with choco in hot
water.

We both knew we weren't really watching the movie.
For at intervals, we found ourselves staring at each
other's eyes, helped by the little light coming from the
screen.

"I love you", she said.

"Why do you always say it before I do", I replied.

"Cos I love you more", she retorted.

"Susu, making you happy is a full-time job. And I have been employed for life.

I love you. I love your everything"

A shade of light from the screen rested on her cheek. I noticed the bulge on it. A smile.

I brushed the cheek with my finger, and then pressed a kiss on it. She shut her eyes.....

A loud gunshot sound from the movie, took our eyes back to the screen, but it couldn't keep it there.

NINE

The night was cold.

But my right palm was wrapped in soft warmness. That hand was pressed tightly against Adesuwa's left hand.

She had my big sweatshirt on, while I shivered secretly in my light buttoned dotted shirt. She shouldn't find out.

The night was cold and dark. A few stars appeared every few moments, dotting the sky, then disappearing quickly.

It was my best weather. My best nights. And I loved to spend them with Adesuwa sitting on old newspaper pages carefully placed on the entrance steps of the church in my street.

"..Na you wey go chop all my money o..", a line from a music playing in a club streets away, waved past our ears.

Adesuwa suddenly turned.

The night was dark, but I could see her eyes glow as they fixed on mine.

"Do you really have to make this trip?", She whispered. Sadness entrenched in every word.

"oh baybee, I thought we've been over this.", I replied, gently tugging her left cheek.

"I know.. I just wish you didn't have to"

"It's two months. I'll be back before you know it. You make it seem like we are living in the age of letter writing. We will talk every night... every time"

She looked away and said nothing.

I let go of her hand. Stood up. Gently took her up and grabbed her in a warm embrace.

Lost in that embrace, I think I would have forgotten about going home, about life, about the future, if not for a scornful "See love o." chant by a passerby.

TEN

"Stop", she screamed, holding mouthfuls of laughter, as she pushed my hand slightly forward.

I was writing her name on a rough piece of paper lying on the table. Our usual playful ritual. As usual, I omit the 'w'. She held onto that letter like a robber held onto his gun.

"How many times will I teach you how to spell a simple name?"

"You know I do that intentionally".

I got distracted a bit, dropped the pen and checked a few messages that had piled up on WhatsApp. After some minutes, I noticed she had been unusually silent. I double tapped my screen, placed my Gionee phone on the table, and put my arms around her shoulders.

"Baby, what's on your mind?"
My fingers playing with her hair as I quiz.

"You"

There we were, sitting lazily in a fast food after having full meals.

Our table had plates littered on it.

I had fried rice, salad, plantain, and a piece of beef.
Adesuwa had jollof rice, moimoi, and chicken.
From time to time, she had interrupted my flow, by forcing spoonfuls of her jollof rice down my mouth.

"You'll finish your food on me", I did say, after the third spoonful.

"As well as my heart", was her reply.

Her eyes sparked again as they stared at mine, and once again I felt it. That emotional feeling love gives. That feeling that very 'sensible' people may never completely grasp.

A middle aged lady gave the attendant a dramatic signal, and Davido's Assurance filled the room.

ELEVEN

"...I'm just not feeling us anymore", Adesuwa replied.

Coincidentally, her last statement dropped just when the music video showing on the TV screen ended for another to begin.

Just about five seconds.. Felt like an hour.

For the first time since we entered Kilimanjaro, I noticed the unusual cold air rushing from the huge AC against my skin. Most of my hairs stood. I had on, this black round T-shirt. I was cold. Only now, more cold inside. Like something had died and gone stone cold.

Another music video began. This time, Duncan Mighty's Fake Girls.

I didn't like that the screen display shook a bit, distorting the view, so I turned back to Adesuwa.

Her eyes were slightly hidden inside the round pair of glasses that rested on the bridge of her nose.

Adesuwa never wore glasses. It seemed like this was a plot... To make this unpleasant statement and avoid being stared directly at.

I hated those glasses. It gave more life to Darey's Not The Girl I Used to Know song in my heart.

The air was cold outside as we stepped into it.. Almost as cold as it was inside. So the AC wasn't over working as I thought.

Cold and quiet.

Sounds of vehicles, excited people, chats, and blaring music filled the road.. But it was awfully quiet to us.. Or maybe just to me.

Susu didn't seem to really want the quiet. It seemed like she was putting it up because I wanted it. Her face was expressionless. She must have been thinking about this for a long time. The cruel devil!
How could she do this?

"Here", I handed the cab driver some change, " Drop her off at Estate junction ".

There was no goodbye. No wave.

I just stood there staring at the car till it disappeared from sight and my relationship with it.

TWELVE

The Night Before The Breakup

I was trying to balance on this red couch.. With an empty couch directly opposite.

The leather of the chair was torn mercilessly.. Like there had been a fight between two lovers that had gotten out of hand.. But the beauty and royal air of the eatery sufficiently made up for the tear.

The brilliant white light reflecting beautifully on the tiles. The beautiful red theme of the place... Wallpapers, sets of chairs, everything...and the sophisticated looking people trooping in and out.

Three ladies walked in, dressed in very revealing clothes. The clothes they had on put together would barely sew me a pair of undershorts. They had exaggerated lashes.. Their skin reeked of chemicals.

One of them came to sit beside me. I said hello, and she was disappointed when I told her that someone was on the seat. She probably expected a wooing attempt. You could tell from the straight face she gave me when I said my hello. The face they give to test your

'manliness'. Rubbish. I'm not single!

I looked at my watch. 7:46pm. The watch could be untrustworthy sometimes, so I checked my phone. Screen light showed 19:49.

Adesuwa was supposed to be there at 7:30.. What's with the delay?

The delay seemed like the kind of delays ladies gave on the first date... perhaps to heighten the expectation.

The sexy lady beside me left. I exhaled.

I tapped my phone screen and went on Facebook.

A lady had made a long post about feminism. I yawned.

I shut down my screen and glued my gaze to the TV screen. The shaking of sensitive body parts in the music videos disturbed me, but I had nothing else to stare at.

I got so distracted that I didn't hear my phone ring.

I saw a text almost immediately.

"Hey, I'm sorry I won't be able to make it today. Let's see tomorrow at Kilimanjaro, and I'll explain everything to you. We need to talk."

My heart skipped a beat.

Adesuwa had been acting strangely lately. I had been so optimistic that I got blinded to it.

First, the missing of calls without returning. And now, not turning up for a Friday evening date. That's a religion. We never missed our Friday evenings.

I pressed my power bank and chord into my pocket. I held the phone on one hand and stood up.

THIRTEEN

It was very cold that morning. I was still wrapped in the sheets like a hard boiled egg in flour ready to be rolled into a snack. My head was out of the sheets though, and my feet. It's how I liked to cover. Exposing both feet and head.

It had rained all night. The roof screamed like a child being flogged. Torrents! It was a downpour. I didn't know there was a hole in the ceiling till the rain. Very tiny drops of water hit my forehead several times for me to notice this. I staggered through the darkness like a soldier who had been hit, scampering for my solar rechargeable torchlight. When I found it on the table in the corner of my one bedroom self contained house, I pointed it directly to the ceiling where it revealed a brown circle that got pregnant with drops of water every few seconds and dropped on my mattress.

I hissed. Pushed my mattress to the other side of the room, close to the curtain, and dragged a miserable looking bucket directly underneath the hole. It was a very noisy and wet night. The kind of night couples form twins or triplets. At some points, very tiny, almost unnoticeable drops of water hit my face, and I didn't have the will to check where they came from.

As I tucked in my left foot into the sheets to feel warmer, the thought of Adesuwa came flashing in. And it was the stupid putting left foot into sheets that brought it back.

I and Adesuwa used that "foot back in the sheets" thing to mean an entirely different thing. And this act brought back sweet memories that were now sore.

It was morning soon. I was lazy. I wanted to stay in the sheets all day and do nothing, eat nothing, talk nothing. I wanted to stay tucked into the sheets of the woman who once rocked my boat, brought me all the happiness I could find, and promised to stick with me forever. I wanted to stay lost there.

I was tired of stepping out of the sheets and being strong even though it was the only option I got served.

FOURTEEN

I sprawled on the couch like the guy in the "I cannot come and go and kill myself" meme.

I yawned uncouthly. No ounce of courtesy. And why would I exhibit courtesy anyway? I was in my house, alone!

I heard my phone ring. Uncle Suru by John Oga was my ringtone. The sound came from somewhere afar. Tired as I was, I couldn't remember where I had flung it, while in a hurry to dive into the couch.

It had been a stressful day. From sending out over 20 long sales copies for clients to dropping over 10 blog posts on random websites that booked me for ghostwriting. The hustle!

I was determined to lay on that couch, away from my laptop, phone and the world itself for a few hours.. Not even a fire alarm would make me stir.

The phone rang again..

I yawned noisily. My body vibrated in restful pleasure. The breeze from the left window caressed my bare chest.

I lodged my hands into my shorts and brought it out

immediately as though reprimanded. I won't get addicted to doing that!

The phone rang again.

My eyes stayed widened.

Could it be an emergency?

A fire alarm for real?

Or the rapture had taken place in some states and a good friend was calling me to be sober and vigilant?

Or my house was haunted?

Phone rang again..

"Only Adesuwa calls me four times".. This voice spoke from somewhere close to my right ear.. It sounded mystical.. As though it wasn't my mind.

I waved it off immediately.

Stress is enough trouble already. Couldn't afford to add sadness.

When I eventually got to the phone after about 7 minutes of hesitation. I saw 4 missed calls and one new message.

The message read: "I miss you.. Want to talk? Meet me

at the lounge @ 5.. *blanket*

As if under a spell, I found myself sitting at the lounge under Adesuwa's beckoning stare at 5pm.

FIFTEEN - Today

Sitting with my forehead resting on my palms right now, I'm supposed to be confused, sad or even depressed, but I'm not. Not anymore.

Our sitting room is well lit, and the colours of everything in it are white, gold, and every shade in between, as Adesuwa prefers.

Adline is in school. I will drive to pick her soon. Today is her 5th birthday, and we have a surprise waiting for her. I'm hoping our latest fight won't kill the mood and ruin Ady's surprise.

I don't know exactly why I am not depressed I just had a fallout with Susu, but I'm guessing the confidence is stemming from an aerial view of the long list of disagreements, arguments, and fights we've had since we first exchanged "I love you", to when we exchanged vows, till now, and how we've made up, settled, laughed over them as quickly as we could.

It's suddenly beginning to dawn on me that we may never really stop having these fights and disagreements. And that's okay, as long as the love and forgiveness stay unflinching. Our relationship has been like a bed of roses. Roses clipped together with pins we can't remove without altering the beauty. So we have to lay on this bed and be careful with the pins.

I step into our room, I ignore Susu's moody and unwelcoming stare and plant a kiss on her forehead, then I go lower, then my lips hit hers. The kiss goes slowly and then fast, like a lister generator that has just been turned on. My white Louis Vutton Tshirt she bought me last week, is the first thing that is flinged to the other side of the room from the bed. Her navy blue satin dress receives a similar fate.

THE END

ABOUT THE CREATOR



I'm **Bestwill Eshimokhai**.

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I love you.

Thanks for reading.