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A Woman Scorned

The flashing lights

His head was throbbing and the flashes of light that were cast upon his eyes weren't helping either .

All he could hear in the room were hurried footsteps.

"There's no power." A voice called out in the darkness.

"The main switch," he remembered. "Try the main switch." He spoke to the unknown footsteps in the darkness.

"And where would that be?" Another flashlight was shoved into his face.

"The basement." There were bits of details coming back to his mind about the basement as he was directing the strangers.

"What a metaphor." He scoffed.

"What?" The stranger asked him.

"This. Me. My lights are out and my mind is foggy." He laughed.

"It's actually an irony." Another stranger corrected him, his last word in sync with the lights coming on.

When he realised who the strangers were he went dead silent.

"Sir, you were reported missing. It's been a month now and we broke into your house to gather some information. We apologize." The police officer explained to him.

"A month?" Trying to think was hurting his head.

"Yes. You, your wife and a young lady who is believed to be your mistress."

The man dropped his head as his dirty laundry was aired for those who were in the room.

"Did you find them then?" He asked.

"No. But since we found you, I'm hoping you can help us." Even though the lights were on

the police officer smiled and shoved the flashlight into the man's face.

The man blocked it with his hand and shoved it slowly back at him.

"Me, how?"

"Well you're the only one who knows these two women like the back of your hand. And of course all evidence about the night of your disappearance led us back here and what did we find here?" The officer smiled again.

"Me?" The man's lips widened and his face turned into one of a child who's been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"Yes, you." The police officer pointed at him with the flash light and the man squinted his eyes.

"But I don't remember anything." He said.

"Come on, there must be something in this big head of yours. Anything. Even the smallest bit of information could be helpful." The police officer was tapping the man's head with the torch as he spoke.

"Well I remember..."

"Come on..." The police officer goaded the man.

"Dinner. With my wife and Sofia."

"Sofia is the mistress." The police officer pointed out and the man nodded.

"The three of you are the only ones who know what happened here and until I find all of you, you're the main suspect. Don't leave town Mr...?" Because he had been crouching all this time, he stood up.

"Mr Masilo" The man replied.

"Mr Masilo." The police officer nodded at him.

Puzzle pieces

A week later...

The police swarmed his house again. Their number was halved but they weren't short of the man who had shoved a flashlight in Mr Masilo's face.

He politely offered them his hospitality but their leader insisted that it wasn't a social call time wasn't on their side.

They sat down.

"Mr Masilo I'm quite certain we've given you enough time to gather your thoughts." The police officer spoke.

"I wouldn't say that." Mr Masilo dropped his head.

"Time is of the essence." The police officer sounded exhausted and exasperated.

"I'll try my best." Mr Masilo assured him and the officer nodded in response.

He took out a tape recorder and a notebook.

"Old school..." He laughed at himself.

"Now can you tell us what happened the night of the dinner." The officer took on a formal tone.

Mr Masilo swallowed hard and began to narrate;

"My wife found out about the affair. She confronted me about it but she wasn't mad. She then asked me to invite her for dinner so that we can talk of a way forward and I agreed but..."

"Baby...!" The screeching voice a woman echoed throughout the house.

"Sofia?!" Mr Masilo exclaimed gaining confused looks from the officers.

"Bay-bee!" She came to a halt when she noticed the men.

"At this rate I think I should just let you all show up on your own." The police officer rubbed his temples.

"Baby what's going on?" She sat down besides Mr Masilo.

"The appropriate question is, where have you been?" The officer eyed her suspiciously.

"I was in hiding." Her words carried an unshakable conviction.

"From what?" The officer wasn't letting on either.

"His wife. She said she poisoned us. I managed to escape and I went into hiding. It turns out she lied about the poison." She explained.

"How sure are you that she lied?"

"Duh we're alive." She rolled her eyes.

"And where is she?" The officer directed his question at both of them.

"How should we know? It's your job to find out. She's the criminal here. Drugging us kidnapping us. She should be arrested." Sofia ranted.

"Kidnapped?"

"Yes, she held us hostage. Akere baby." She kissed Mr Masilo on his cheek making him feel embarrassed.

"You two are off the hook for now but you're not out of the woods yet. Don't leave or I'll arrest you both."

Sofia was more relived to see the men leave more than her lover was.

"Good riddance." She said after they had left.

"Sofia." Mr Masilo grabbed her face and forced her to look at him. "Sofia it's just me and you now, please tell me what happened?"

"What do you mean?" Her furrowed brows accentuated her confusion.

"My wife Sofia. I don't remember anything."

"You think I did something to her?"

"If you did we have to find her before the police do."

Deja vu

Mr Masilo woke up to find Sofia scrapping away in the kitchen. The kitchen island that was full of delicacies stole his attention for a bit.

The smell of the food aroused a rumbling in his stomach. He looked around and moved around.

"You cleaned?" He asked Sofia as he walked back to the kitchen.

"Of course baby." She was now dishing up for the both of them.

"Sofia, you don't like cleaning. You don't like chores at all." He eyed her suspiciously.

"Baby." She let out a deep breath and then said, "Well I had to remove particular scents."

"It, it reminds me of my wife." Mr Masilo said.

"Well I thought if I'm going to fill her shoes I might as well start acting like it." She smiled awkwardly.

"She's still my wife." Mr Masilo said.

"Oh." She said but her reply wasn't disdainful or one of disappointment.

"It will look suspicious. It's too soon." He tried to explain.

"We don't have to publicize it." She remained impassive.

"Did you do it?" Mr Masilo voice was barely over a whisper.

"Do what?" She raised her head to look at him.

Her eyes were wild like fire. A habit that he usually noticed in his wife's eyes when she was accused of something that she was guilty of and yet the face belonged to his sweet and yet lazy Sofia, unless it was time to roll in the hay. Sofia would usually cry. But no one remained the same after killing someone.

"Did you kill my wife?" The second time, he had a newfound confidence.

"Maybe you did it. I escaped and left you alone with her." She focused on her food.

"I was out of it. Come on tell me. It's not like I'm going to rat you out or something."

"Sit down and eat, your food is getting cold. You're going to need all the energy you can get to find that body." Her instruction was like hypnotism.

He sat down and they ate in silence. He didn't even mention that the food tasted exactly his wife's cooking.

The basement

Mr Masilo and Sofia turned the house upside down in search of the body. When they found nothing they searched the basement. They were sure to conceal their hands, hair and feet as they searched.

"Did you clean down here?" Mr Masilo asked Sofia as they climbed up the stairs.

"No." She breathed out, indicating exasperation.

"You know my wife used to do that when she was very tired. I know you want to fill her shoes but you don't have to become her." He said.

"I just want to be the best for you, baby." Sofia laughed nervously.

"I'm just saying that you don't have to be like her. You know I used you to escape her, you don't want me to escape you right?" He joked.

Sofia became quiet. They were now in the garage making their way into the house.

"Right Sofia?" He turned to look at her.

"Right." Sofia forced a smile.

It was already noon. Sofia insisted on cooking but Mr Masilo had already beat her to it and ordered takeaways.

She cooked nonetheless and claimed that she wanted to do something to keep her preoccupied instead of constantly thinking about his wife.

Mr Masilo watched her as she cooked. To his knowledge Sofia never cooked, she didn't even know how. This was a surprise to him.

The takeaways came and they ate. Mr Masilo paid close attention to Sofia. She chewed with her mouth closed. He then thought about the many times he scolded her for her lack of manners.

Maybe she was really trying to be the 'perfect wife'

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he thought. So he let her be.

They agreed on calling the police in the morning and then they went to bed.

**

The next morning, Mr Masilo woke up and left Sofia in bed.

He went into the ensuite bathroom to brush his teeth.

Sofia embraced him from the back.

"Last night was amazing." She complemented him whilst yawning.

He removed her hands from her belly.

"What's wrong?" She asked, her voice etched with concern.

He gargled the mouthwash and then he disposed of it in the basin.

"Aren't you going to flush it down with the water." She asked him.

Mr Masilo looked at the basin then at Sofia. It was as if he was seeing a stranger.

"That is what's wrong. I get that you want to be my wife but it's not going to work if you're going to be such a nag." He opened the tap.

"I'm sorry baby. It's just that I'm overexcited."

"It's not just that," he began. "Last night you were like a different person. I'm so used to you taking the lead and being wild but last night you were so closed off and shy. I had to do most of the work."

"I just...just thought maybe you'd like to take the lead. I thought it would be nice." She struggled with her words.

"I liked things the way they were. And please stay out of sight when the police get here." He was curt.

"I thought were going to present a united front." She pouted.

He raised his hands in defeat. As he took a shower, he was deep in thought. Last night as he made love to Sofia, it felt like he was making love to his wife.

Was she haunting them. Did she attach her soul to his mistress in an attempt to drive them both mad?

Dead end

The police arrived an hour after Mr Masilo had called them.

Mr Masilo complained about their incompetence. The head detective mumbled something about lack of resources and being overworked and underpaid.

Mr Masilo walked with them towards the basement.

"You said you remember your wife dragging your mistress towards the basement." The detective asked.

"I said I remember my wife dragging her before I passed out. To where? I don't know but it was probably the basement." Mr Masilo explained.

"Did your mistress relay to you how she miraculously escaped from the clutches of your wife? Where is she anyway?" The detective looked around the room.

"No. She not here." Mr Masilo said.

"I'll need to speak to her and also get all three of your DNA samples for verification." The detective said and Mr Masilo nodded.

The forensic team did their work and Mr Masilo gave them. Their space.

When they were done the detective asked for the bathroom.

"Walk upstairs. Walk down the corridor. Last door on your right." Mr Masilo irritably directed him.

The detective walked into Sofia sitting on top of the toilet and shaking in her boots.

"Did they leave already?" She looked up only to be betrayed by her assumptions.

"Fancy finding you here when it was said that you weren't here." The detective raised an eyebrow.

"I wasn't." She quickly replied.

"And yet here you are."

"I just came in."

"And you decided to hide. What are hiding from when you assured me that you are innocent?"

"I wasn't hiding. I needed to use the toilet." She walked past him but he quickly grabbed her arm.

"Tell me how you escaped?" He asked. His lips were in direct contact with her ear.

"I didn't trust her dinner invite from the get go. So I switched our plates when she fetched the wine. She said she poisoned all of our plates but my poor baby was the only one to pass out."

As much as her reply carried so much emotion, it still sounded rehearsed.

The detective ended up not using the loo. But instead he held it in and followed her downstairs.

"On second thoughts!" He shouted

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"We'll just leave with your DNA's instead of you coming to the police station."

The two Love birds were prodded and poked until everything that was needed from them was extracted.

Mr Masilo produced his wife's toothbrush and comb whilst Sofia looked like she wanted the earth to swallow her whole.

**

A month later the detective paid them a visit again.

They sat down on the kitchen table and the detective began to speak;

"This is a very circle like case." He said to them.

"What do you mean?" Both Sofia and Mr Masilo asked simultaneously.

"We keep going around in circles and we can't figure out a way to break the circle." The detective looked tired and the bags under his eyes were true and honest to that theory.

"We also don't know how to solve any police riddles detective." Mr Masilo said.

"I'm sorry. I'll get to the point.

1. Your wife's DNA matches with Sofia's. We ran the tests twice but we still got the same results.
2. We found hair belonging to a Dr Wickham. He's known for illegal medical practices and his medical licence was revoked a long time ago.
3. He died two weeks ago from a car accident.
4. It's a dead end."

"Literally." Sofia said.

"So what now?" Mr Masilo asked.

"I don't know." The detective shrugged and leaned back.

"What do you mean by that." Mr Masilo asked.

"I mean, up until new evidence arises, both of you are the main suspects."

Revelations

Another month passed. The police weren't a scarce entity at the love birds' house.

In their last visit they came bearing news concerning Mr Masilo's wife. They told Mr Masilo that a lot of money was paid into Mr Wickham's account from his wife's account.

This new information led them to investigate further. Their investigation led them to Mr Wickham's wife, who denied knowing about her husband's shady dealings and had mistaken them for infidelities.

She recounted stealing Mr Wickham's burner phone to call Mrs Masilo. She had warned him to stay away from her man. This was proved when the phone records from the phone were pulled.

The new information wasn't enough however to get Mr Masilo and Sofia out of the woods but it kept them from being arrested.

"Surprise!" Mr Masilo walked into their bedroom with a tray of food.

Sofia had just woken up and she looked shocked.

"What are you doing? You've never done this for me before."
Her voice was thick from still being sleepy.

"What do you mean?" Mr Masilo asked.

She quickly composed herself as if she had forgotten how to behave.

"Oh thank you baby. I'm sorry baby, I guess I'm still feeling very sleepy and this thing with your wife. Everything is so tiring..."

"Oh just shut up!" Mr Masilo slammed the tray onto the dressing table, almost spilling some of the contents.

"What did I do now?" Sofia asked.

"Each day you're slowly turning into my wife. Complaining and nagging. When I call you out on it you return to being yourself for only five minutes and then it's her again." He ranted.

"I promise I'll do better." She said.

"I don't want you to do better. I want you to be yourself. You were fun and spontaneous. Now all you do is organise and clean all the damn time."

She didn't say anything but she had a look of a scorned woman who was being constantly compared to other women by his husband.

"Get ready. We're going on a weekend getaway we both need the distraction." He left the bedroom.

He waited for her downstairs. She came down wearing his wife's dress. She had creatively cut the hem to make it shorter and she had removed the long sleeves.

She had applied the make up perfectly on her face, matched with enticing red lips. She smelled heavenly.

"Is that... Is that my wife's dress?" The drooling Mr Masilo was stuttering. "Spontaneous." She whispered into his hear.

She escaped from his grip as quickly as she caught on to his intentions.

"Not for fast," she said. "You'll ruin my makeup. So ware rea kae? (So where are we going?)" She asked him.

"You'll see when we get there." Mr Masilo was still drooling.

"You said you wanted this," Sofia motioned to herself. "But you can't concentrate. Maybe I should go back to being boring again so we don't get into a car accident." Sofia said.

They were already in the car but Mr Masilo couldn't stop himself from devouring her with his eyes.

He slapped himself a few times. Sofia even poured cold water over his head. He didn't mind the act and they both laughed.

He finally managed to snap out of his stupid lust trance and drive.

Friday

They arrived at a five star resort at noon. With Masilo still unable to keep his eyes to himself.

"I can't wait to peel that dress from your body." Mr Masilo said when they were in their chalet. He smacked his lips seductively.

"Not so fast. I have to go to the spa first." Sofia replied.

"Come on baby. Just a quick quickie." He joined his palms as if he was praying and he even went down on his knee.

"If only you had a ring." She said whilst unzipping the dress.

His were filled with hunger and lust. He couldn't wait anymore. The dress was on Sofia's waist. He rushed towards her and pulled it down aggressively.

"Ooh, slow down tiger." She growled.

"This tiger wants to play." He also growled.

They had quick and slurpy sex. The mood afterwards wasn't what was expected.

Sofia felt quite satisfied but Mr Masilo seemed dissapointed.

Sofia spent almost the entire night at the spa and only returned early in the morning.

Mr Masilo was already awake but he didn't even show any signs of jealousy.

He was lying on the bed watching nothing on the TV. Sofia prowled towards him in an attempt to seduce him but he threw her off the bed so aggressively, she almost hurt herself.

"What is wrong with you?!" She bursted out angrily.

"Nothing." He switched the channel on the TV.

Sofia grabbed the remote and switched it off.

"Hey, I was watching that." Mr Masilo said.

"I don't care I'm talking to you!" She yelled.

"What are you saying?" His tone was indifferent.

"What is your problem?" She asked, trying to be calm.

"You want to hear it?" He asked and Sofia nodded eagerly.

"You really want to hear it?" He asked again.

"Yeah." She said and then rolled her eyes.

"Well you asked for it. You are my problem." He said.

"Me

what did I do?" She furrowed her brows.

"Everything. You're supposed to be making me forget about my wife but instead you're filling me up with her. Literally." He pointed at his penis when he said the last word.

"It's not my fault that you're thinking about your wife when you're with me." She fired back.

He remained silent.

"It's your own guilt." She added on.

"I didn't do anything to my wife. I would never do anything to my wife." He said.

"How are you so sure." She snorted, "I mean you cheated, that counts as hurting her too."

"I was out of it. I couldn't have hurt her. It's not the same."

"It is the same."

"Why do you care?" He asked her.

"I care because I'm a woman, because I don't want to end up like her."

"I didn't do anything to my wife. The last thing I remember was her dragging you away. Who knows how you escaped."

"You helped me escape but I didn't tell that to the police now, did I. Now I'm thinking twice. Who knows what happened after I left."

"What did you do to my wife?!" He yelled.

"Nothing, baby come on."

He surprised her by kneeling on the bed and apologizing. He went on to prepare a three course meal for the both of them.

The last thing that Sofia remembered was him urging her to eat as she felt her head pounding and her wrists bound to a chair.

A body of water was poured on her face and body.

"Wakey-wakey sleeping beauty. Rise and shine pretty face."

She raised her head to find Mr Masilo grinning at her.

Who's fooling who?

"Baby what are you doing?" Sofia asked Mr Masilo.

"I'm asking the questions here, not you." Mr Masilo said.

Sofia screamed as loudly as she could. Mr Masilo quickly covered her mouth with his hand. She bit him and groaned in pain.

He took a masking tape and he covered her mouth with it.

Someone knocked on the door. He quickly composed himself before attending to it. He opened the door naturally.

"Hello sir." A tall man greeted him. The man became visibly uncomfortable as he saw Mr Masilo's naked body.

He looked away and said. "I heard some screams."

"My guy as you can see, I was about to some. My wife and I are into role playing and you're disturbing us. I'm sorry for the noise we'll try to keep it down. He then slammed the door before the man could apologize.

He removed the masking tape from Sofia's mouth when he returned to her.

"You can scream all you want. They'll just thinking we're having sex." He informed her.

"You called me your wife. Are you planning to kill me like you did her?" Sofia asked.

"Sofia, I'm asking the questions." He told her.

"Will you untie me after I've answered?" She seemed genuinely scared.

"Yes my baby, I won't hurt you. Just tell me what happened."
He beckoned her

"She. She poisoned you and not all of us. She dragged me towards the basement. There was someone else with her. I was too drunk to do anything. That person helped me escape. At first I thought it was you but now I think it was the doctor."
Sofia narrated.

"The doctor? Why didn't you say anything before?"

"I was scared and unsure. My story has too many holes."

He caressed her cheek and apologized to her.

"Now, can you please untie me." She pleaded.

"What happened to my wife then?" He asked.

"I don't know. The only person who knows is dead."

He finished untying her. She kept eyeing the knife on the floor. She picked it up when he turned his back on her.

She stabbed him on his shoulder and he turned around in shock.

"What are you doing?" He asked her

"Returning the favour." She said.

"Sit down." She instructed him whilst pointing the knife at him.

She reached for the rope and started to tie him up.

"I'm not going to hurt you anymore." She whispered seductively into his ear and he relaxed. "We're just going to have some fun." She growled.

She reached into her bag and took out a gun.

She pointed it at him.

"Now this gun is in your name. If you scream. I'll shoot you and then stab myself with your knife.

The dinner

Sofia grabbed a chair and sat in front of Mr Masilo.

"You want the truth?" She asked him and he nodded.

"Can you handle it?" She asked again.

"I'm bleeding Sofia so I'm going to die. At least let me die with the truth." He pleaded.

"Just so you know, this is all on you." She told him.

He began to speak but she shut him up by placing the gun on his mouth. She then proceeded to narrate.

The dinner...

Mrs Masilo was preparing a beautiful dinner as she always did. Delicious as it was, his husband rarely ate but there she always found takeaway containers in his car amongst other things.

"Special occasion?" Her husband asked whilst hugging her from behind.

"Yes." She simply replied.

He tasted the food from the spoon that was presented to him.

"Delicious!" He exclaimed, "Can I take a lunch box?"

"Of course." She smiled at him.

"So what's the occasion? I hope I didn't forget about our anniversary." He strained as he reached out for the highest cupboard.

"Your mistress is having dinner with us." Her face was impassive but her voice was normal.

He dropped the Tupperware and froze.

"I'm sorry." He said.

"No worries love. You're a man. We're just going to have dinner and discuss a way forward. You want a second wife. You'll get one." She smiled wryly.

She picked up the Tupperware and filled it with food.

"That's too much." He stuttered.

"She eats too doesn't she? I'm sure she's tired of the takeaways." She smiled again.

He didn't reply.

Mr Masilo arrived at his home with Sofia. She didn't even show a tiny bit of remorse.

They sat down and ate quietly.

"So you two thought you'd make a fool out of me?" Mrs Masilo was boiling with anger.

"It's not my fault that you can't please your husband. Akere baby?" Sofia looked at Mr Masilo for assistance.

"Shhhhhh." Mr Masilo said to her.

She folded her arms and sulked.

"Honey, you said we were going to discuss a way forward." Mr Masilo keeps his voice low.

"Oh

right." Mrs Masilo said as if she had forgotten how to behave.

"Do want to get married?" She asked Sofia.

"Over my dead body." She said.

"That settles it then." Mrs Masilo smiled connivingly. "No one is leaving here alive!"

"What?!" Both Mr Masilo and Sofia exclaimed.

"I'm no idiot. I've poured everything into this marriage and you chose to disrespect me. I said, no one is leaving here alive!"

"The food is poisoned." She simply said.

The drugs began to take effect. Mrs Masilo dragged Sofia to the basement.

She laid her on the table.

"Dr Wickham. Are you ready?" She asked the man and he nodded.

"I want to look like her." She told him.

She laid on the table next to Sofia.

"Is she dead?" The doctor asked.

"Yes." She replied.

"Your husband?"

"No. I just drugged him. He just won't remember much." She told the doctor.

"Good." The doctor said.

"You're my wife." That was all the shocked Mr Masilo could say.

"In the flesh." She replied with her normal voice.

"Where's Sofia?" He asked.

"Really? Your slut." She angrily slapped him.

"I'm sorry, I drove you to becoming this crazy person." He sobbed.

"I'm not crazy love."

"Did you kill the Doctor?" He asked whilst stuttering.

"He was becoming a liability. Wanted more money for keeping quiet about Sofia." She waved the gun in the air, "What I want to know though is, would you have protected me the same way you protected your precious Sofia from the police?"

He seemed to be having an internal struggle before saying , " yes."

"You took too long. So here's what we're going to do. We're going to go home and live happily ever after."

He nodded vigorously.

The end

Mr Masilo pretended to go along with the plan. In his terror he agreed to everything his wife said.

He observed her carefully during their drive back home. She behaved and spoke as his wife but the face belonged to Sofia. He would never see her again and neither did he know where she was buried.

A feeling of guilt washed over him. He had ruined two women. He had driven one to madness and one to her grave. Why was he never satisfied, he questioned himself.

He got more nervous as they approached their home. It looked different for some reason. It also felt different. It didn't resemble a home at that moment. It felt like an empty shell that harboured atrocities.

"You know I read something somewhere it said 'marriages aren't happy. Marriages are a 'cut and paste' and it depends on who will cut the most" Mrs Masilo said.

Mr Masilo didn't reply as they drove into the driveway.

Mrs Masilo noticed that the front door had been tampered with but she ignored it.

She was shocked to see the police sitting in the house, with the detective along with them.

She looked at her husband but he replied by shrugging.

"Mr Masilo nice of you to come to your own party." The detective said and Mr Masilo shrugged again.

Mrs Masilo looked at him suspiciously.

"I got your message; come to my house. Break in if you must. It's urgent." The detective searched Mr Masilo for an answer.

The words instantly triggered Mrs Masilo instantly. She grabbed one of the spears that were used as decoration and she stabbed her husband. He fell to floor but she continued with her assault.

"I trusted you and you betrayed me again and again." She said through gritted teeth.

The police finally restrained her.

"That's my wife." Mr Masilo struggled with his speech.

"He did. He killed her and then he said we should lie." She told the police.

"He tried to kill me too. But then we talked about it and he said we'll come back home and everything will be normal. I guess he lied." She spoke in Sofia's voice.

"She killed the doctor. She killed Sofia." He choked.

"I'm right here you idiot. You know you killed the doctor and your wife." She cried hysterically. The detective comforted her.

The police instructed his subordinates to arrest Mr Masilo. They called the ambulance.

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At the hospital, Mr Masilo was restrained to the bed.

"Hello love." His wife greeted him.

"Are you here to finish me off." His voice was cold.

"You're already finished." She told him.

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