

The Best Husband Ever by Ina Disguise

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“He's like a total gentleman.” Erica blushed slightly as she gushed about her new husband. “He takes out the trash, I never have to fill the dishwasher, he takes real time with the kids.” Julia, Erica's sister, looked sceptical.

“It doesn't exactly fit with what I've read about Sam Redwood.” What happened to all the girls?”

“Oh, he's left all that behind him. He's really just into work now.”

“Well I guess the great thing about misogynists is that they don't really understand equality, so you can easily just role play your way through almost any situation.” Julia, the feminist in the family, smirked slightly as she adjusted her turtle-neck sweater in the mirror.

“Oh no, Sam loves women.”

“Yeah, I heard on his last podcast.” Julia had suffered listening to Sam giving his delta-male opinions on fascinating subjects such as the quality of breasts on starlets way out of his reach in an effort to please the interviewer, who had sounded unphased by his efforts. Julia was of the opinion that Erica was being had, but she stuck to dropping heavy hints rather than upset her more feminine sister.

Erica stared at her sister, unblinking. “I only know what he's like *with me*.” She was aware that she was wailing slightly. “He even slowed down for me this morning, on our run.”

“Yeah? That was big of him.” Julia, who actually got on slightly better with Sam than Erica, gave her sister a withering look. “Just make sure that pre-nup is breakable.”

“Oh no, we are so happy, we will be married forever.” Erica twiddled the beads dangling from her throat. “He is like so cool. I got a big parcel of stuff to make more macrame with this week. He really cares about my problems, ya know? He even switches his smartphone off sometimes.”

“Yeah great.” Julia was now very bored with this conversation. “Let's go, we are going to be late for yoga.”

Sam, meanwhile, was attending to his business marketing his forthcoming event in Canada on the computer. He had so far latched onto a performance artist from Toronto. He had become mesmerised by her thumbnail photograph on Facebook, which showed her in a rather tight PVC corset.

“Goofy, you seem a little goofy.” he tried “Can you answer your direct messages?” The girl had failed to realise she was talking to Sam, as she was only eighteen. “Wanna chat?” She continued to ignore him, rather frustratingly. Sam was keen to present his accessibility in this particular case.

Irritated, he turned to an older woman, who seemed a little more savvy. Although she knew it was him, she wanted to talk about herbs, which seemed rather tiresome. Sam sighed and looked at the rest of the fans commenting on his page. None of them seemed relevant to this particular campaign. Tired of this game, he turned to the bug on his window sill. He suppressed the urge to crush it, instead waving it out of the window. Nobody was watching, but he was not sufficiently irritated to express his American masculinity in traditionally violent fashion. He decided to fill the dishwasher. Maybe Erica might want to make some babies later if she didn't have too much to do. He might even ask her what she wanted to make for dinner later, if he remembered!

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