



## 18 CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

"How long will the trip last sir?" 1

"Only a few days I guess..." Mr. Joel gently walked to his car.

"A few days?!"

"Hahaha... Seun if there is something on your mind please tell me." Wearing a knowing smile as he pulled his car door open.

"No sir! Nothing." Seun replied.

"I have known you long enough to know you are thinking something." Mr. Joel stepped into the car. "It's either you are eager for me to leave or you can't wait for my arrival even before departure."

"Haha... You got me sir." Seun's smile lingered. "I want you to return quickly. There is much to discuss."

"Hmm..." Seun's strange demeanour was glaring to Mr. Joel. But Mr. Joel shrugged it off and ignited the engine before moving off.

Driving on the highway, Mr Joel listened to his favourite country songs as he always did.

Going at almost four hundred kilometres an hour, he was on his way to his getaway location.



A place he escaped the world, an isolated location where the locals there didn't know who he was. It was the perfect place for him to relax.

Somewhere that only he and Seun knew he went to often.

"I might just get there early, the road is pretty empty today." Mr. Joel murmured.

"Oh no I didn't inform Shola I wouldn't be back home today!"

Not wanting his daughter to be worried sick about him, Mr. Joel put his hand in the tunnel console beside his seat to pick his phone.

Unable to reach his phone he carelessly took a quick glance at the compartment to pick it, but before he could raise his gaze there was a huge honking sound coming from an approaching truck at high speed that smashed into Mr. Joel's car. In a split second, Mr. Joel's car turned over and rotated in quick succession.

Glass from its broken window flew all over the place, both in and out of the car. The huge force of the clash bent the car bonnet of the car and completely damaged the driver's side of the car, leaving Mr. Joel stuck in his position.

The driver of the truck, after being stunned for a few seconds, swiftly got out of his truck and entered another vehicle that was following him

closely behind and ran off.

An old woman sitting in a roadside eatery witnessed the whole thing and jumped out of her position shouting.

"Egbami ooo!!! They have kill him oooo!!!!!" She quickly ran to Mr. Joel's car, banging on to the side door.

"Somebody ooo!!!! Somebody come oo!!! Na person papa be this oo! Ehhhh!!!" The old lady continued to shout as more and more people surrounded the scene.

With his car upside down, Mr. Joel hung in his seat, blood dripping from his neck that was impaled with glass, and even more pouring out of his leg that was crushed between metals. His whole face was a mess with shattered glass all leaving their individual marks.

Rescuers around tried to get the car open before pulling him out of the car while he remained unconscious in the car - No one could stay awake after such shock and hit.

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"I am glad you brought me here." Referring to the water fountain.

Holding Shola tightly close to him by her waist as they sat on a bench, Samuel tilted his gaze at her, "Hmm... Me too."

"Tch! You don't even know why, you are saying 'me too'... olodo." Slightly slapping his chest. She sure loved to play with it.

"Hehe... okay tell me why?"

"You see... simply because my dad is rich and I am driving an expensive car, every man that tries to woo me always focuses on buying me expensive gifts or trying to spend a lot on me. And I hate it."

With a chuckle Samuel mocked, "So you like broke men?"

"Broke men like you. Yes... ahhh!!!" Receiving a pinch from Samuel before she could finish.

Never letting anything go, Shola sought to have revenge as she pulled his ear and began to pinch his arms. So much laughter filled the already humid air as they both continued their rough play.

Everywhere Shola pinched, Samuel would retaliate. Realising that pattern Shola pinched his chest to see his response.

"Hmm... you win." Samuel drew a polite smile as he stopped his fingers.

But he didn't understand. She didn't want to win, she wanted something else.

"Oh Samuel..." Shola held his hand and slowly

brought it to chest level as she shifted closer, closing the atom sized gap between them. "You are mine and I am yours right?"

"Yh..." Giving the same tone as he did when they first met.

"Good." Shola climbed at him, pressing her chest against his hand and allowing him to knead her as she kissed him.

Forgetting they were in a park, they soaked each other's essence, seeping their tongues into their mouths and allowing their tastes mix freely. Being a huge fan of cocktails, Shola loved it and so did Samuel.

Taking her lips off his, and watching them as they slowly unstuck from each other, Shola held Samuel's face. "I know you aren't broke. But I also love how you don't make money a priority."

"Hmm... one more thing. I am not olodo."

"Na you are still dumb." She let out a huge laughter, leaning on a smiling Samuel.

Stuck in his thoughts, Samuel laid in his hotel room. His phone on his chest and his right hand under his head as he looked to the ceiling.

A quick vibration brought him back to the present day as a message came into his phone.

"I can't sleep. Will you come over?" It was from

Jadesola.

With a sigh Samuel ignored the message and speed dialled Shola's number.

After a short stint of the phone ringing, she cut the call.

"Please Shola, pick!!!" He placed another call.

Same result.

With a disappointed sigh Samuel tossed the phone to the bed. Seemed like Shola was no longer interested in talking to him.

All this is mother's doing! He couldn't hate his mother, but he was more than disappointed in her. Now he would lose the one person that ever loved him because of his mother's silly superstitions.

Another message suddenly came in that quickly caught Samuel's attention.

Eager to see it was Shola, he quickly hopped to the other end of the bed to pick the phone.

"Will you?" Jadesola again.

Why not?

Shola clearly didn't want to have anything to do with him at the moment. He would rather just hang with Jadesola for the time being, after all she was very fond of him.



"I will be there in a minute." He texted back.

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After seeing the pictures of Samuel and Jadesola that Junmi showed her, Shola was broken, disappointed and in need of answers. She swiftly broke out of Junmi's hug and picked her phone in a fit of rage, about to call Samuel.

Almost immediately a call from an unknown number came in.

Samuel?!

Shola picked the call instantly, "Samuel you...!"

The caller cut her short, "Hello am I speaking with Shola?!"

The voice sounded urgent and it wasn't Samuel.  
"Yes! Yes ma!"

"Can you please come to the hospital? Your father is dying!"

"What?!!!!"

"Yes ma. I will send you the hospital address right away."

"Nurse wait I don't..."

The lady cut her short, "I am not a nurse," she said. "I am one of the people that brought him to the hospital... Please just come and I will explain."



As the phone cut, Shola held her phone to her ear as memories of her father flashed right in front of her. Then in an instant, her phone dropped along with tears that began to slide down her cheeks.

"Shola what is it?!!" Junmi shook Shola's shoulder.

Saying nothing but "Daddy!" and tears that poured out her eyes, Shola jolted off the floor and hurried to her garage.

Following her closely behind, Junmi carried Shola's phone. She could probably guess something was wrong with Mr. Joel. As she followed her to the car, a call came in that rung a little before Junmi noticed.

It was Samuel

Already upset at him and considering Shola's present state, Junmi cut the call.

Shola doesn't need any more stress as it is.

Persistent, Samuel called again. And again Junmi cut the call as she seeped into Shola's car.

"Was that the hospital calling again?"

"Yes. Let's hurry!" Junmi lied.

Zooming out into the night to the hospital address sent to her, Shola quietly prayed in her



heart that her father would be fine. She might have not been the holy type or someone that always spoke the gospel but she surely believed in a supreme being, and today she depended on him for help.

Maybe, just maybe he might hear her prayers.

Meanwhile, at the hospital...

"There is no saying for sure whether he will make it or not, but for now he is a little stable."

"What you mean dokitor?!" Her tongue not too fluent in English, the old woman tried to understand the doctor.

"For now he is out of danger, but your prayers are still essential."

"Okay dokitor. Mo fe lo gba adura!"

With a smile, the doctor nodded. "Yes go and pray."

While some were busy focusing on how to save the millionaire's life, others were seeking to end it as soon as possible.

On hearing the doctor's conversation with the old woman, a tall burly man wearing a hoodie immediately stood and slowly snuck his way to Mr. Joel's room.

Taking two swift looks behind him over his



shoulders, he entered the room and closed the door before taking off his hoodie.

"Oh Mr. Joel." Striding towards Mr. Joel's bed.

"It hurts me more than anything to see you in this state." He sniffed.

With a mournful tone he said; "And it hurts me even more that I am the one doing it to you." Reaching out to the oxygen mask and pulling it off.

"This is all your fault sir. One thing that I asked you for, one thing! And you failed me... Your own failure has brought about your death so don't blame me!" Crocodile tears filled his eyes as he held Mr. Joel's nose and mouth close.

"All I needed from you was Shola. Nothing more! But you failed. You failed!!! Now just do this last thing for me... because after your death Shola will be mine for sure."

Seun was probably going mad already. He didn't care anymore what it took to get Shola on his side. His lust for her had slowly but surely morphed into obsession. Someone who always got everything he wanted, lands, cars, gold, women, everything! He was too used to winning that he couldn't let just Shola go.

And now it had brought him to killing the one person that cared most for him in the world, Mr.



Joel.

Tears from his eyes dropped unto Mr. Joel's eyelids and rolled down to his ears as if they were his.

Seun held firm to Mr. Joel's nose and mouth, holding them closed. "I wish there was another way. I am sorry."

Mr. Joel's body jerked over and over fighting for air, but to no avail.

Slowly, his jerking reduced until he was fully still. The beeping sound from the monitor turned to a continuous high frequency sound that pierced into Seun's ears.

"Rest in peace 'father in-law'." His mission was half done as he walked out of the room and out of the hospital.

Mr. Joel was finally dead.