



22 CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Shola dashed out into the parking lot of the hotel unlocking the car with her remote. Her face was dry, her eyes beginning to swell and her breathing short. Sadness overwhelmed her completely, first her father's death, now this. 1

But she wasn't going to cry any longer, she was done crying. This was her new reality and she was going to face it. No more showing people her tears, no more showing people her pain, no more running. She knew she had to grow and move on, to understand that life gives back to you what you give it. So now, unlike before she was going to give it her all and toughen up.

"Shola!!!" Samuel's voice called from behind, finally catching up to her as she continuously strode to the car.

Getting closer, Samuel grabbed her hand from behind. "Please hear me ou-"

With a quick spin on her toes and a heavy swing of her hand, Shola slapped him, "Don't you dare touch me again!!" Her voice echoing in the empty parking lot.

"All I ever did was to care for you Samuel. I loved you so much and I thought you loved me too."

"I do love you!"



"LIES!!!" She yelled.

"The fountain, the proposal, everything was a lie Samuel. All you wanted was to fuck me... Tch! I should have seen it coming."

"None of it was a lie Shola, my very existence yearns for you Shola. And fine, having sex with you was great but that's not all Shola. I really love you, trust me."

"Trust you? Ha!" She scoffed. "What did you say again? Umm... 'even if nothing happens between us I will make sure I tap those buttocks', that was what you said."

Even though she tried so hard to stifle up her tears Samuel could still see her eyes glisten.

"Shola..."

"Enough 'lad'" She sassed with a smile. "Get out of my life Samuel, you got what you wanted." She turned to the car and entered.

"Shola nothing even happened between me and that lady."

"Goodbye Samuel." She zoomed off after igniting the engine.

Falling to his knees Samuel had his head down with his eyes closed. He brought this upon himself and he knew it. No one else was to blame, no one but him. If only he had been more



careful with...

Jadesola!!

His eyes drew open as he threw his head upon realisation.

Who sent those pictures and recordings to Shola?

It had to be her, but he wondered why.

Back in his suite Samuel took Shola's phone and dialled the number into his phone but it wasn't Jadesola's number.

He then attempted calling the number to know who it was but it didn't go through. After numerous trials he finally gave up, there was nothing more he could do.

Unable to identify the source of this information Samuel thumped himself into his bed with his hands dangling under him. He couldn't understand what was going on or why, but one thing he was sure of was that whoever sent this was surely against he and Shola being together. And at the moment there was only one person he knew of.

"Mother?"

Arriving back at Seun's home Shola pulled over



just beside the gate, noticing a familiar structure standing by it.

"Hello?"

"Hey Shola!" It was Ezekiel.

"H-How are you?"

"I should be asking you that," he walked closer to her. "Jumoke told me about your father... I am so sorry."

"Thank you I am fine." Nope, she was still going to cry her eyes out when she was alone inside.

"You are here to see Junmi?"

"Umm... actually you. I spoke with her this morning and she said you would be here."

"Oh okay great... thank you very much. I would be happy to see you at the burial." She gave off a soft smile before turning to the car.

"Urr... but I am worried."

"Worried?"

He nodded his head, "Yes... I have been calling her number since and she isn't picking, which is very unusual of her."

Shola chuckled, "She is probably sleeping. Come, let's go in together."

They both got into the car as Shola unlocked the



gate with a remote before driving into the compound.

Walking into the house Ezekiel's gaze kept on moving from angle to angle, picking out things about the house that attracted him. Now he was also wealthy but Seun's wealth was a whole different level.

"I will go get her." Shola pointed to a sofa for Ezekiel to sit.

A few minutes passed and she returned with a piece of paper with a note written in it.

"What is it?" Ezekiel collected it.

"Oh..."

"Yes... I am sorry. We had a little disagreement and she left." Shola hoped she could apologise.

"It's okay she is probably at home, when I see her I will talk to her about you two. Thank you Shola." Ezekiel left to meet Junmi but had no clue he would never find her.

Whenever Seun did a job he did it well. Junmi's death would be left unsolved for a while.

"Yh..." Shola turned around. Now she could finally stop the pretence of being fine. Her heart was aching inside and she needed to cry the pains out.



It was the first time Samuel ever left home because of a dispute with his mother. In fact it was the first time he had a real dispute with his mother. Other times when returning home he always had a huge smile on and was always very excited to see everyone, but this wasn't like other times. This time he was mad at his mother.

He got off the Uber ride and slowly walked to the front door of their house. On getting to the door Samuel paused a little and took a deep breath. But before he could ring the bell the door was opened by Esther.

"Samuel!" She was happy to see him, but shocked too. "H-How are you my son?" She asked, constantly rubbing his face and his arm to see he was fine.

"I am fine ma." He wasn't.

"Quickly, come in. Your mother has been worried sick about you Samuel."

"Is that my Samuel?!" Mrs. Akande ran from the sitting room. With a huge embrace she jumped on Samuel, hugging him tight.

He might have been mad at his mother but seeing the state she was in, he couldn't do anything but to hug her back. Seeing her like that only reminded him of how he felt without her too. Yes, he also missed being with his mother.



Besides he needed someone's comforting hug at the moment.

"She left me mother." The tears he had held all the while from the hotel slowly but surely began to flow.

"Look it's okay Samuel no need to cry." There was no need for her to rub it in his face that she was right. At least that's what she thought.

"Did you do it mother?"

Slowly loosening her hug, Mrs. Akande stood back, "Do what?"

"Mother please don't..." Samuel shook his head from disbelief. "You know what I am talking about."

"Know what Samuel?"

Esther walked to him holding his arm, "Look Samuel why don't you rest first before..."

"No..." Samuel slowly took her hand off. "The pictures mum, you know what I am talking about."

Bursting into further tears, Mrs. Akande went back into the living room, leaving Samuel alone with a disappointed Esther.

"What is wrong with you Samuel?"

Without a response, Samuel took his bag and left



for his room.

The mood in the Akande family house was not like it used to be, the jovial Jimmy was no more, Samuel's usual charms were all locked up inside and Mrs. Akande had no idea what to do.

It was hours after Samuel's arrival and the sun had given way to the rising moon. Mrs. Akande and her friend sat alone in the living room as Esther tried to help her feel better.

"It's okay Bunmi. He will come back to his senses."

"I was the one who did it."

Confused by the revelation Esther puckered her brows and looked closely at her friend. "What?!"

"Yes Esther..." she tried to stifle her moan. "It was me."

"What exactly was the image?"

"They threatened to kill him if I didn't send it to Shola." Not answering her friend's question.

"They?"

"Yes. The ones that sent that letter after Jimmy's death." Mrs. Akande covered her face with her palms.

"Samuel doesn't want to understand."

"Then make him. Let him know..."



She quickly grabbed Esther's hands, "No! You don't know Samuel. He will want to challenge them."

"But..."

"Please these people are very dangerous. I fear for my son."

Coming from the stairs and sounding pretty curious was Samuel's voice, "Which people?!"

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