



24 CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

After a terribly horrific week, Shola was beginning to accept her life the way it was. After losing absolutely everyone close to her within the space of one week she probably began to think she didn't deserve to be happy. Her father died in a car accident, her closest friend at the time also supposedly died in another accident and her so called lover was nothing but a scam that just wanted to have a taste of a virgin, at least that's what she thought. 1

Alone at home, she just laid in her room with random thoughts flashing through her memory. Betrayal, lust, pain, sorrow, comfort, everything mixed together in one thought. Showed how messed up her week was. At least things couldn't get any worse from there.

Ding Dong!!!

She lazily tilted her head on hearing the doorbell, no more Junmi to answer it. She slowly got off the bed and on her way out of her room, felt a little dizzy as she braced herself against the wall.

"Tch! Not again?!" She leaned her shoulder on the wall and rubbed her head gently before continuing to the living room door.



Ding Dong!!

The bell went again just as she arrived at the door and opened it.

"Hey! You are here already, come in."

"Yes. As soon as I heard you called the hospital, I left right away." The nurse walked into the house.

As soon as they both entered the living room, Shola and nurse sat on the same couch with the nurse holding on to her hand, "I heard about your father's death and I am truly sorry."

"It's okay."

"When is the burial?" The nurse focused on bringing out her tools.

"Tomorrow." Shola kept her replies short. She didn't want her mind going deep into it again or she might just start crying.

"I will be there for sure."

"Thanks."

Drawing a faint but caring smile, the nurse pulled her hand closer; "Now let's see what's wrong with you."

Quietly and patiently waiting and watching the nurse conduct all her tests, Shola just sat there trying not to breathe too heavily.

"Hmm..."



"What is it nurse?" Getting curious all of a sudden.

"Well... it's a little too early to tell."

'Early to tell what?' Shola's brow raised a little

"Just make sure you eat good food and not stress yourself, you will be fine." She smiled before getting up. "I will take my leave now, I am busy."

"Oh okay nurse. Thank you very much." Seeing her off to the door.

'What does she mean? I hope it's not what I am thinking.'

"Edvard Munch, eighteen ninety three," A strange voice said, coming from beside Junmi.

With her ears erect and a brow raised, Junmi turned to the direction of the voice.

"'The Scream' is a masterpiece created by the Norwegian artist to illustrate the primal response to the excessive pressure of modern life." The man stood close to Junmi, staring deeply into the painting before slowly returning his gaze at her with a smile. "Ezekiel." He said with his hand stretched for a shake.

Junmi in return shook him with a gentle smile, "Junmoke, but everyone calls me Junmi."



"I see." Ezekiel said before turning to the painting again. "It was originally inspired by a feeling that Edvard himself experienced. He said he sensed a scream passing through nature and he seemed to have heard the scream. The painting was originally titled... "

"The Shriek of Nature..." They said in unison before turning to each other. Junmi especially, wearing a cunning smile.

"I know." She said.

"I can't say I am surprised." Ezekiel smiled with one side of his lips anchoring.

Perceiving an awkward stare from him, Junmi wrapped her scarf around her neck, covering her cleavage with a gentle cough.

Ezekiel jerked in response, "Oh! I... urrr... am so sorry. That was not intentional."

"It's okay... I was just about to take my leave anyways." Junmi trailed off.

"Emm... can I see you again Junmoke?" Rushing after her.

"I don't think so I am always busy." Waving off his request.

Adamant, Ezekiel followed on, "I know you come here every Friday evening to seek new paintings if any..."

Junmi's ears perked from his quite accurate remark, a remark that made her pause a little in her trail.

"I never mustered the courage to talk to you before... Please I just want to know you." Ezekiel added with a huffed breath.

Without any further response Junmi just strode out of the art gallery.

Scrolling through pictures of he and Junmi at different galleries in town as tears slowly dropped from his eyes - some onto his screen, Ezekiel's thought drifted far into the past. Remembering the time he and Junmi first spoke and how they got to know each other. Beautiful memories of times they spent together, how her lovely smile lingered when he was with her and the way his heart felt warmth with her around. It was beautiful, probably the best period of his life. A period that was harshly snatched away from him by the cruel touch of fate.

Fate?

Not quite!

He couldn't just accept she had died like that, he had to find out how his beloved died. That cooked up scene stunk to him and pissed him off even more when he thought about it.

'An accident my foot!'



But where was he going to start from? There were obviously no clues in her house or else the police would have seen them.

Where would his investigation start? It's been more than a week now and the trails might have all faded away by now. Maybe it was time to give up his denial, maybe he should just accept his fiancée's death as an accident and move on, maybe...

"No!!" He wasn't going to allow his thoughts to discourage him. But who could he point at, the only people he last knew Junmi was with were Shola and Seun, and neither of them could be a suspect.

Could they?

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