



30 CHAPTER THIRTY

Slowly driving into her garage and parking her van beside Samuel's bike, Mrs. Akande took a quick look to her side at the bike as a flash of memory came to her from her conversation with Ezekiel. **1**

'How do I manage to keep everything from Samuel?'

Knowing fully well the kind of person Samuel was, Mrs. Akande didn't want to risk giving him all the information that she had gotten about Shola from Ezekiel. He was a very sporadic person and she couldn't predict how he would react, especially now that he was depressed. So she had to keep the investigation secret.

She took a deep breath before she clunk the car door open, and stepped out before making her way to the living room.

Greeting her with an embrace and a plate of food in her hand, her friend, Esther collected her bag, "How was it? What did Ezekiel discover?"

Shaking her head from side to side without saying anything, Mrs. Akande sat on a sofa.

"What is it òré mí?" she said, "Ehn my friend, what is it?" She became even more worried by Mrs. Akande's demeanor.



"I have been a fool." Mrs. Akande answered, covering her eyes.

"Ehn?"

"Fine, Samuel being around Shola is very dangerous for him at the moment but the way I treated Shola for something she knew nothing about was horrible."

"Bunmi look, you are not making any sense to me oo."

Looking up to her friend with teary eyes, Mrs. Akande answered, "Ezekiel discovered that Shola has never been related to a case like my son's death before, and that whoever told me was trying to cover up a trail"

Esther's eyes tore open with a gasp, "The inspector?!"

Mrs. Akande nodded her head in agreement.

"Is the food for Samuel?" She said before getting up.

"Yes... I have been trying to make him eat all day but to no success." Esther handed the plate to her friend.

Samuel's state was deteriorating. He had lost interest in everything around him, food, sports, the gym and even his bike. Staying all day in his room and not talking to anyone was bothering

enough for his mother, but his recent lack of interest in food made her scared for him.

He sat in his room, head bent with his full attention on the book in front of him. A trait that often showed his depression.

With a gentle knock on the ajar door, Mrs. Akande took a second before walking in.

"I didn't say you could enter." His voice was shallow.

"It's your mother."

Did it make much difference to Samuel at the moment, who it was?

Not really.

Mrs. Akande walked in, moving closer to his reading table, where he was stationed. "What are you reading?"

"Aurora's Scroll..." He curt, sounding very uninterested in a conversation.

"Oh I remember." Mrs. Akande poked her head to see, "But you seem to be on the same page since I last saw." trying to draw a casual conversation with her son.

"Mom what do you want?"

"Samuel I am worried for you." She dropped his plate on the table.



"I am fine mom."

"Samuel you are not!" She knew him too well, denial wasn't unusual of him. "You haven't been eating for days now, please talk to me."

With a gloomy tone, he turned to his mother, "You were right mom," He sniffed, "She was just using me to have fun."

His mother placed her hand on his cheek and rubbed it before pulling him in for a hug, "Oh Samuel."

'I wish I could tell you what is really going on Samuel, I was wrong about Shola and I am the reason why you are going through all this pain but I will fix it. I promise.'

"I saw her last week, mom."

"You did?" Shock driven, she broke the hug, "Where?"

"We met and..." He stayed quiet for a second before continuing, "And she is getting married." He said, forcing his tears not to come out rolling.

With a puckered brow and twitching eyes Mrs. Akande was surprised by Samuel's revelation, "Married?!"

"Yes mom, why?" He could read her confusion.

Quickly remembering Samuel couldn't know



about what was going on, she pulled herself together with a quick sniff, "Urr... umm... please eat your meal and forget about that girl. I know it's not easy but please do. I have to go now."

Even if she didn't remember all the things Ezekiel mentioned to her, Mrs. Akande was very certain he didn't mention anything relating to Shola's marriage and she had to inform him now.

'I will be sure to fix back what I have already ruined.'

If she was going to have any chance at redemption, it was going to be now. There was no way she could allow Shola to get married to anyone else but Samuel anymore.

Seun can't win.

"So in other words we can't report the case anyhow to the police even if we have solid proof."

"Yes, since he has someone on the inside, it's going to be hard. We need someone we can trust."

"Wow!" Funmilayo exclaimed, "We always knew that inspector Jeje was corrupt but not to the point of taking part in and covering a murder."

"So what do we do now?" Ezekiel asked.



They both sat at the balcony of Ezekiel's house that night, sipping cool air into their lungs as they tried to figure out the best course of action. Things had gotten more complicated that they had expected it to be. If Seun had an inside man with such a high rank, their work was going to be a lot more trickier than usual.

How to prove Seun's guilt and how to do it without inspector Jeje getting a sniff of it.

"If Seun has one person in the police force, there is no saying how many more he has." Funmilayo worriedly remarked.

"Hmm... maybe that's not such a bad thing."

"Why?"

"When I and Shola spoke about Jimmy's death back at her house, Seun couldn't stand it. He left." Ezekiel said while rubbing his beardless chin, "So if we can somehow make him feel agitated by facts of the incident, he will be tempted to come in contact with people associated in the murder to know what's going on."

With an impressed smile, Funmilayo snapped her fingers, "Then when he does, we can closely observe to find out all that are involved in the murder. So not only will we have evidence that he was the murderer but we will also know who



and who not to contact regarding the matter, it would be a secret investigation.”

Wearing a rather smug smirk on his face. Ezekiel replied, “Yes!”

“But then there is one issue... how do we stir up this tension in him?”

Ezekiel leaned on his hand, thinking of a proper plan just before a huge humming sound came from his phone.

“Oh it’s Shola... I am putting it on speaker.”

Ezekiel picked the call, “Hello Shola.”

“Hi how are you?”

“I am good, you?”

“I am great,” she replied, “umm... there would be a little gathering at Seun’s place in three days, Seun’s going to be very busy and I don’t feel comfortable alone around all those people. I would love to have a friend to keep me company, can you come?”

“It’s no problem, what’s the theme?” He asked with a smile.

“Just be simple.”

“Okay.”

“Thank you very much, bye.” She said before cutting the call



"I think we have our chance." Funmilayo winked at Ezekiel, who in return chuckled.

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