



31 CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

"Remember, this doesn't prove anything. It's just a part of the investigation." Funmilayo, wearing a hidden mic on Ezekiel. 1

"What's the need for the mic again?" Feeling a little reluctant.

"In case you come in contact with him, I want to hear everything you talk about." Funmilayo gently patted his chest.

"Okay... It's time."

It was time. Ezekiel and Funmilayo had done the best they could from the little information they had about the case. But they needed more proof, it would simply be impossible for them to apprehend Seun if they didn't have solid enough evidence of his crime.

Ezekiel was very positive that Seun was guilty and wasn't ready to believe otherwise, Funmilayo on the other hand didn't have the luxury to be blinded by emotions but trusted Ezekiel's instincts - Regardless, she knew further investigation was needed.

"I hope you remember the plan." Funmilayo watched as Ezekiel got into his car.

"I do." He slammed the door closed.



“There is no need to approach him or try to question him in any way, just do as we planned and observe.” Sensing Ezekiel resentment.

“Okay?”

Turning his face to her with a dull look, “Okay.”

He turned on the car and zoomed off, on his way to the gathering that Shola had invited him for.

At times the things that we ran away from in the past are the things that we might just find ourselves wanting in the future. Mrs. Akande hated Shola so much after Jimmy’s death that it clouded her judgement about her. Unable to see that she was key to Samuel’s mental health, Mrs. Akande did everything possible to get them apart, which she was successful at. But now she wished she hadn’t.

“Aren’t you going to work today?” Esther walked into the kitchen to her friend.

With a quick shake of her head, Mrs. Akande answered, “I am not.” Focusing on the onions she was cutting.

“Why?”

She dropped her knife, turning to Esther, “I need to be at home and take care of my son. His mental health is more important than anything else to me.”



Samuel's state was no where any better, and it didn't seem like it was going to improve any time soon.

"And what hurts me most is that, even though I know what exactly would put some life back in him, there is nothing I can do." Mrs. Akande's eyes began to well and it wasn't the onion she was cutting.

"Bunni..."

"Why did I have to do all that I did?"

"It wasn't your fault, you had no choice. He threatened Samuel's life." Esther walked closer to her friend.

"I have ruined my son's life."

It's true that Mrs. Akande didn't have much of a choice but to agree to Seun's demand in sending the video, but deep inside her she knew that she liked the idea initially. If it meant Samuel and Shola were going to be separated, she liked it and did it willingly.

"I didn't stop to think for once what kind of effect it might have on Samuel." Using the counter as support as she looked to the ground.

Adamant about her friend's innocence, Esther went on to hold her hand and raise her chin up.

"Listen to me, this isn't your doing. You can't keep blaming yourself."



"No..." Mrs. Akande pulled her hands off, as stubborn as her friend was adamant, "I focused too much on the death of one son and forgot about the one that was alive, all in the name of protecting him."

"And now you are trying to fix your mistakes, that's all that matters."

"It's too late, I sent the video and that was the..." She paused as Samuel walked into the kitchen.

His aura was odd, something new. Something Mrs. Akande had never sensed from Samuel before.

"Samuel..." She shook her head rapidly with a shallow tone.

"What were your words again?" He braced himself with a step backwards. "That I should forget her and move on?"

A big mistake.

She had made a big mistake and the consequences of her mistake were coming sooner than she expected.

"It's not what you think Samuel."

"And you knew about it?" Throwing his gaze at Esther. "So much for thinking Shola was a good girl."

"No Samuel, she had no choice."



Samuel scuffed as he nodded his head, "No choice huh? So much for being a mother." Turning on his heels before running off.

"Samuel!" Mrs. Akande followed him out.

It was finally her day of reckoning. Even though it had come sooner than she had imagined, she had to handle it.

Mrs. Akande had hoped that she would sort the entire thing out without Samuel even having a sniff of what happened, but hoping was never really enough.

"Samuel! Samuel! Please hear me out Samuel!" She followed him to his room.

Without any response, Samuel pulled out his luggage and began packing his clothes in.

"Samuel please stop, listen to me Samuel. I was made to do all this." Mrs. Akande's voice was sober and shaking as she noticed the glister in Samuel's eyes.

That feeling that she had never sensed from him before, the aura that he gave off in the kitchen. She finally understood it to be disappointment.

For as long as she could remember, Samuel was always so proud of his mother and could vouch for her on anything. But she broke his trust.

Samuel tossed and threw all his clothes into his



luggage as tears slowly began to roll down his eyes. Unlike before, he wasn't going to try and hide this one. If seeing him cry because of her actions hurt her, then she deserved to see him cry.

"You did all of this because you lost a son right?" Samuel said with a sniff, "Well let's see what you will do after you lose the other." He pulled his luggage behind him on his way downstairs.

"Ehn! No Samuel please!!" Mrs. Akande held on to her son's hand pulling him back.

"Samuel, wait and try to understand what is going on." Esther joined her friend in trying to stop him.

Was this what her life was going to be now?

Losing everyone that she loved in this world. First her husband, then Jimmy, and now because of choices she had made, Samuel too.

"Samuel I can't live without you. Please!!!" Still trying to stop him from going, but all she could do was slow him down.

He continued to stride on, hauling his bag behind him. His vision was blurred as his tears continued to come, but he knew he had to leave. Not even a blurred vision could stop him this time.

Finally losing against his strength, Mrs. Akande fell to the ground watching her son leave with her hand stretched out.

"I will kill myself if you leave Samuel!!!!"

On hearing his mother, Samuel paused at the door with his bag standing beside him and heavy breaths flowing through his nose.

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