



39 CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

"What are you doing here?" shock driven, Shola gawked at the man in her presence. 1

"The same reason you are here."

"And what is that?" Her shaky demeanor couldn't be any clearer.

"I have been thinking." He replied.

"Thinking?" She stopped herself from moving closer, "About what?"

"About you"

Shola felt a little warmth in her belly, "And?"

Fully coming out, the man walked closer to Shola and gently took her by one hand, "About us, Shola. No matter how much I want to get upset at you for what happened, for not trusting me, I can't. I tried hard to move in and kill whatever thoughts I had but I was always able to go so far, in the end I find myself still wanting."

"Samuel-"

He cut her short, "What did you do to me?" Samuel's gawk at her was met midway with a stare of equal intensity, "Every moment you were not around, it felt like I was going crazy but I knew I wasn't. I knew I was just lacking



something, no... someone."

Slowly blurring her vision, Shola's eyes began to well with tears as she listened to Samuel. She had been through a lot lately, all she needed at the time was a little bit of love from someone that really cared.

"Samuel I am-"

"Sorry?" Raising Shola's hand to his lips and bracing it with a gentle kiss, "What matters to me most is that we are both here."

She meant more to him than an apology, all that mattered was that they were able to find their way back together. He had hoped for a time like this, a chance to talk with her and bring things back to how they were. He wasn't going to ruin it with endless apologies.

"Come..." He motioned her, as both walked to the seat that faced the water fountain. Their favourite spot in the park.

"I am coming!" Funmi responded to the knock on her door.

After the case with Samuel and Seun, she decided to take some days off before fully going in search of whoever gave Seun the hint and allowed him to escape.



"The way you knock the door self ehn!" She complained in solloquy before opening the door.

Stepping out, she didn't see anyone or notice anyone leaving either. "Ahan! I am sure I heard the door knock."

Convinced that she was probably hearing things, she turned to return back into the house. That's when she noticed a note on the doormat.

"Hmm... that's strange."

Not that she wasn't pretty, but she wasn't accustomed to receiving letters from secret admirers, or maybe this was something.

"My dear Funmilayo..."

Hmm...

"...Ever since you got into the police force, I saw something in you that really made me realise that you were very suited for the job. There was this fire within you that reminded me so much of your father and how strong he was. He served the country with all that he had until the day he took his last breath, he was a true Nigerian unlike the rest of us.

That's when I made the promise to look after you and treat you as I would treat my own.

But now things have turned around and my own



deeds have forced you into a case that involves me. Yes, I helped Seun get away and I will lie about it to everyone but never to you.

Just like I shared a strong bond with your father, so did I with Seun's father. But as time passed, what was once just a loyal friendship slowly turned into corruption as I hid plenty of Seun's misdeeds.

I am not writing this letter for you to cover my trails, nor am I asking for forgiveness, but you deserve to know what kind of person I am from myself, rather than find it in an investigation.

I have taken the liberty to leave Nigeria, but I implore you to continue the investigation and prove me guilty, continue doing what is right. Your father would be so proud.

Goodbye.

- Mr. Grey.

As her eyes remained fixated at the paper, tear drops slowly made their way down her cheeks and soaked the paper with each drop. Funmilayo knew from the start that Mr. Grey was responsible for Seun's escape but she never knew how she was going to react to it after getting evidence.

It was her duty to investigate the case, and she was going to do it anyway.



Heavy drops of water endlessly poured from the dark clouds, and strong winds whistling in the air created tides from the ocean that rocked a docked boat.

"You don't want to do this!" The boat keeper held on to the boat firmly as she warned.

Without any response, Seun continued making his way off the boat, staggering from left to right with the rocking motion of the boat.

Persistent as Seun was stubborn, the boat keeper tried to stop him, "This is the last boat going out of the country this month" Coming face to face with Seun, "Save yourself and leave!"

She had no idea why Seun was trying to smuggle his way out of the country but she knew it had to be something serious or life threatening, like every other criminal she worked with.

Slowly pushing her hand off his shoulder with a rather stern and upset look in his eyes, Seun finally answered, "I change my mind and I am not leaving, not without Shola."

Stunned by him, she stood and watched as he struggled off the rocking boat. Regardless of whether Seun left with her or not, she already had her money and payment was the least of her problems, but for many years she had made it



her business to smuggle different kinds of people out of the country, and never had she seen anyone with the kind of nerve that Seun carried.

Her lips slightly drew wide to the sides as she released a soft chuckle that was neither of awe nor a ridicule, but maybe just a little of both.

As desperate as Seun was to escape from the police, the pain of losing Shola to Samuel was far stronger. He knew she was never going to love him the way it was with Samuel, but the satisfaction of having her with him was more than enough for him.

Didn't he care at all about how she felt?

He had always known her to find satisfaction with almost any position she found herself, and he was more than willing to put her through this one too.

"Hello!" Seun pulled out his phone after getting off the boat. "I need to get to Lagos as soon as possible." His connections with the police force might have been terminated already, but the police wasn't the full extent of his reach.