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Life after graduating from the university to the poor and average is one of the most challenging phases in their lives, mine wasn't far off. Job opportunities are thin and in order not to fall to the underdogs of the society and the unemployed I had to keep on the search for a decent job.

The story of my life changed drastically from that very day, 25th September, 2011. After waking up and stretching out to full length all those lazy bones in me, saying my daily prayer which I tended to take more seriously than I formally did; tidying my room and dressing as corporate as I could possibly manage, I left my rented home carrying along with me hopes of finding a job today.

After more than ten hours of unfruitful search, I decided that that was enough for the day and hoped for better luck tomorrow even if I was certain I would not still be fortunate to find one.

About going home filled with anger, anguish and disgust, suddenly SPLASHHH. The anger in me which was actually now at a rate of seventy-five metre per second drove me like an angered zombie without thinking to the car making me look

more frightening than I originally looked; developing imaginary fangs, canines and claws. I was about pounding on the driver, who was most probably shaking in the car already but the protective shields were dark so I could make out a face or the reaction which he/she was wearing, really I didn't care (I was really boiling with rage). Other than the mud which had practically stained both me and the beautiful range rover, it was spotlessly clean and sparkling as the street light just above us worked some magic on it.

I was actually expecting a man with high taste to come out and even at the state of my anger I couldn't stop staring at the car's exterior half hoping the person behind the wheel would be less than my size so as I could beat him senseless and then have a quick look at the car's interior which I know would be eccentrically beautiful and chic.

My wish did come through though but I almost felt like screaming at the top of my voice when I saw a glimpse of the driver "*a woman ...?*" I was furious and my face had to bear the consequences as I was frowning inflexibly.

“Oh my God” she was such a drama queen I thought as I she said those words stepping speedily out of her car. I wasn’t going to let this get me less shaking, but when she finally appeared to the rear end of the car where I was standing boiling ferociously, I was forced to eat back my words. I don’t actually know which out of these two reasons made me so speechless when she showed up; was it because of how charming she looked? Not just that, she was actually like the kind of girl you wish to only see in dreams because she was just too beautiful to be real. Or is it because she looks really familiar?

Running gawkily in haste to my side and trying to wipe off the stains the mud imprinted on me, even though it obviously wasn’t helping. “I’m so sorry. I don’t know what got over me, I was so busy trying to balance my speed, forgetting the roads are bad and how muddy they can become on wet days like this”

“Damn” I said to myself “her face looks familiar, her voice too? Where have I heard it from?”

“I’m so sorry dear ...”

“*Dear ...?*” smiling awkwardly as I assimilated the words with poise, then snap, I remembered “Excuse me miss, do you happen to be related to Lolade Durojaiye?”

Staring at me with a disbelieving look “and how do you know Lolade?”

“We were friends in high school”

“High school...?”

“Yeah, please are you related to her?”

“Hmmm, I think Mr Akpan and Mrs Eze can easily answer that for you Demola”

“*Mr Akpan? Mrs Eze? And she knows my name too? Wait a second; are you Lolade?*” speaking his thoughts out loud

“I think I have answered that already” smiling broadly

I couldn't believe my eyes, after more than eight years, I never thought we could ever meet. I was pleased from head to

toe and as sweet unforgettable memories forced its way into my present mental state I could have sworn that it tickled.

“It has been ages Demola” smiling broadly and warmly at me “look at you, you have finally become a man”

“...and you a woman; you are sparkling, dazzling and smoking hot, if I must say”

Lolade blushed lightly but quickly controlled herself before I could notice and linger my thoughts on it “Demola...? Always carrying your sugar coated tongue wherever you go, huh?”

I laughed rather quickly forgetting completely my mud drenched cloths “Haha! I don’t take it everywhere; it just found its way in, I’m still wondering how”

Blushing hard “I bet you say this to ALL your girls”

My laughter was firm as I replied “I wish”

“Don’t tell me you aren’t a player or gigolo, b’cos you seriously look like one”

“Maybe when I’m stained from head to toe with mud, but I’m neither of the two”

Feeling guilty for what she did all over again “I’m sorry”

“It’s alright. You are forgiven but on one condition”

“What’s that?”

“Don’t see me as a player and most definitely not a gigolo”

“Noted sir” laughing lightly as she responded

I laughed back “good then ma”

We spent about half an hour in her car in spite of how I was, though I insisted but she always shoved them off saying “I’m not complaining”. I wasn’t happy staining the thick cream leathered seat I was sitting on but I would have cursed myself if I eventually won and she and I went outside the car anyway.

After what seemed to be a lifelong moment, we parted ways, exchanging our contacts and phone numbers. Lolade Durojaiye was heading over to the better half of Victoria Island,

while me, Demola Oladayo was heading back to the better half of Lagos Island where I happen to live in a rented self-contained apartment with one room, a sitting room, bathroom and a kitchen.

Although I was living comfortably and never for once complained about the environment or apartment but that faithful day, seeing Lolade again made me realise how much of a loser I had turned out; comparing her father's mansion in the Victoria Garden City with that of my self-contained apartment was actually nothing to write home about, and her range rover which was actually sparkling than the best of the best of my shoes ... gush, I was in truth envious of her and I really hated the feeling.

* * * * *

Expecting my torment to be over the next day after a disturbed night in which Lolade constantly entered my thoughts in both conscious and sub-conscious states, but hell no, I was to face another round of blissful torments.

Waking up a little later than I usually did and performed my daily routine which as always started with prayers and

ended with ensuring my house was in perfect shape before heading out. I was about leaving when I was stopped by my mobile's ring tone informing me that I had a call. Expecting it to be one of the offices I had approached the day before but to my greatest surprise it was Lolade "*What happened to the typical girl rule 'the guys must call first'?*" I wondered. My phone was nearly out of airtime and the ones I borrowed (thanks to MTN and Etisalat for that) I was yet to pay; I was broke to my bones and Brother Taiye had failed in his promises to keep me as comfortable as he could manage for the past three months now.

To clear out curiosity, Brother Taiye is my only brother, in fact family that I have got at the moment. My parents and elder brother, Kehinde died in a ghastly motor accident six years ago. It still pains me remembering those moments and all the pains we had to face growing up with a total stranger that claims to be our dad's brother. Enough trips down memory lane ... Receiving the call, I was struck by one of the most adorable voice I have ever heard, if not the most adorable.

"Hello!" the voice from the other end struck my ear

“Hello Lolade”

“Demola, good morning”

“Good morning! How was your night?”

“Blissful thanks, yours?”

“It was short”

“I would like to know what or who made it short”

“Are you still thinking I’m a player or gigolo?”

Laughing heavily “No, not at all”

I couldn’t contain my smiles as her beautiful laughter struck my eardrum in pleasant cadenced ways “I thought as much”

The laughter now had transformed into a wonderful smile she couldn’t control as they vibrated with her voice into the receiving end of my mobile phone “what made it short then?”

“I was just pre-occupied with your thoughts”

“Oh really” the smile was even more profound now. I could have sworn than she was blushing heavily.

Not wanting to stop because as funny as it sounds, I was enjoying it “yeah really”

“I bet you have used this line on ...” before she could complete the statement I quickly interjected “Lolade...?”

“But I’m saying the truth” she sounded a little off key

“You absolutely are not” I was sounding defensive, as if it was actually a crime to be a flirt

“And why aren’t you?” she was sounding more like a reporter now. She actually was a reporter anyway, to begin working with Channels Television next Monday; part of the many unforgettable conversations we had the night before.

“Nothing really, I just don’t have time for that at the moment. Some years back maybe, but not now” I was speaking the truth so plainly and the feeling of insecurity and distrust never even thought of entering my head at all.

“But you are in a relationship, are you not?” she fired back eagerly and quickly this time around

“After the one we were in, I never had another, if the truth be told” speaking without much thought of the reverberations it might leave

“WHAT?” Lolade was obviously shocked to the bones

“It isn’t so bad, is it?” I tried defending myself the best way possible

“Yeeeeaaahhh – we broke up six years back for crying out loud”

“Yeah we did, but you never bothered trying to find out what happened and what made me stop getting in touch while you were in Australia”

“I was deeply hurt Demola”

“So was I Lolade, so was I”

“But it wasn’t my fault, was it?”

“Absolutely not; something terrible happened then and it kept breeding terrible events afterwards”

“What happened?”

“We would talk about it later; I have got to go now, I have an interview to catch right about now” I checked my time to be sure I wasn't late already, I wasn't, still had about twenty minutes.

“Oh okay. I'm sorry for delaying you”

“You don't have to be sorry”

“Aren't you late already?”

“No, I have exactly nineteen minutes left”

“Okay”

“Take care of yourself”

“Thanks; before you hang up, can we meet up in the evening at my place”

“Hmmm, I would love to”

“Thanks dearie, best of luck with your interview”

“Thanks sweet”

“Time to hang up now; bye” As the call was disconnected a new flush of happiness found its way into my heart. I knew the reason why she asked me to come over, if Lolade was still the same girl I have always known her to be, she would want me to clear her mind of all those dark clouds that were perched around them. Her direct approach to problems were one of the many quality traits in her that made me fall in love with her ten years ago and still hooks me to her now.

How time flies; I never thought I would be seeing her again after all these years (even if our meeting was in the worst possible manner), but it did happen and we were now after a long dark road, hoping and seeking eagerly for light to take us back to the road we were once familiar with. Deep down I knew from that very moment when I was back to the present that I was still in love with Ms Lolade Durojaiye and funny enough, I felt like I was back in heaven after dropping off and wandering

the wilderness for a very long time now, times I wish to always forget but unfortunately never happens.

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By 4 p.m. I got to the Durojaiye residence and as expected it was what I pictured in my head. The building which was as grand as its owner's name 'Durojaiye' stood enjoying the immense work only extreme wealth could provide. Sparkling clean and white (evidence of being recently painted), well cultivated garden, with well decorated flowers surrounding the whole compound, well trimmed carpet grass all around and the pavement leading to the front door being spectacular, front door gigantically marvellous making the two simply marvellously spectacular in a gigantic way. I'm not really into houses as compared to cars but with the short trip I took through Victoria Garden City, I can argue with anyone to when we both get exhausted that this is by far the best house within the locality, if not within the state.

I totally forgot myself as I kept staring at the castle-like house when a voice suddenly made me almost jump out of my skin "Enjoying the view?"

“Oh, it is you” controlling myself almost immediately but I knew she had sensed the fright and was about bursting out into laughter so I quickly interposed “lovely place you got here”

“Thanks to mum for her ideas on how best to make a place as homely as possible” trying to be modest

“Yeah, her credits can’t be out placed”

“Sure, they can’t” She was really smiling this time.

She was more recognisable now than she was the night before b’cos of the little make-up she wore; Bovi once joked about ladies and make-up saying “*too much make up fit make some ladies lose their blessing ...*” As the thoughts entered my head, I couldn’t control the laughter as they gently erupted from within.

“What’s with the laugh?” Lolade seemed to be a bit taken aback by the sudden psychological change

“Nothing; I just remembered something a friend told me earlier this week” It wasn’t entirely a lie though, Badmus told me first before I watched it afterwards

“Oh I see” not sounding convinced

I didn't want to push further so I just simply responded
“yeah”

“C'mon let's go inside, enough with the admiration”

“I wasn't ...”

“Huh?”

“So you did catch me in the act?”

“It isn't bad, I do so myself when I'm out sometime”

“But if it were to have been your dad or mum that caught me here, it would have been a different story”

“Mum...? Not at all, she might even invite you in for tea, if your timing is right. But dad, I'm not sure which he would do, he might either release the dogs or simply call the police. He could be really security conscious at times”

Hope he isn't in? I would gladly check back another time if he is"

"No, don't do that" she pleaded

Chuckling hard "Just kidding"

"You haven't changed Demola. You always know how best to make me smile and indubitably laugh as well" smiling directly at me with our eyes locked together, for more than ten seconds we were still in that position till it felt as if my body was moving forward against my will, not until someone came to our rescue, very annoyingly though.

"Madam Lolade, sorry to disturb you but Chief requests your presence with that of your guest immediately, he is spent and needs to rest." She was in her late middle age, wearing a nurse outfit and rather cute than pretty, I examined her as she stood by the front door.

My gaze were still on her when Lolade replied "Thanks Adanma, we would both be there shortly" and as she walked back gracefully into the house, I had to admit, she was well

shaped and had one of the best postures I have seen for someone her age.

“Dad’s nurse?” I asked when she was gone

“Yeah”

“You didn’t tell me I was to be introduced to the whole family; I would have worn something better”

Smiling as she checked me out with a teasing look across her face “you are just fine and handsome as always”

Before I could see the expression her face wore as she said those words she turned (though I could swear that she was blushing) “shall we?”

“After you, my lady” opening the door and watching her as she gracefully walked pass me entering into a long hallway which was marbled from base to roof. She ushered me in and then surprisingly held my hand, pulling me close to her but I knew it also meant pulling me close to her heart. We had a history together and at that moment, I wished I was back at Lagos State Model College, Badore not for any other reason but

just because I wanted to bring back the old times which time and events had caused its weathering and exfoliation.

Reaching the corridor at the back of the house after passing through a rather massive but breathtaking sitting room which has been spoilt to the point of no rescuing with elegant and stylish furnishing. Mrs Florence Durojaiye was an interior home decorator and she made her home show in every way what she really is capable of. Truly, the Durojaiye's were a mouthful.

Chief Badamosi Durojaiye was an elderly dark tall and handsome man though sparingly. He was most probably in his sixties but tended to look a lot younger if he actually cared to smile some more.

As courteous as I could get sometimes, immediately he was turned to us on his wheel chair by nurse Adanma, I knelt to greet him like any proper African child would do. From the delay in his response as well as the coldness which followed, I knew he hated my approach but I wasn't ready to give up that easily. I stood now staring at him *"you want a tough guy? I can be one, trust me"* I said to myself pushing aside whatever made me an African born at the moment.

The interrogation proper started after about a minute but before then Lolade and her dad exchanged glances, I didn't quite picture what it meant even when Chief Durojaiye laughed out softly and Lolade as refined as she was just emitted from within hot red stains across her cheeks.

“Tell me about you?” answering that as briefly as possible, he fired on without delay “What do you do presently?”

I paused a little before answering and when I finally answered shamefully “I'm still searching for a job sir” hot sweat immediately started forming inside me ready to explode if he fired on

As if he sensed my uneasiness “Hmmm, I wonder how bad this country can get. Here is a guy with a decent certificate yet he still searches for a job like a labourer”

Although the words were soothing and my temperature cooled down a little but when he gave me an invitation “would you like to come for an interview in my company tomorrow? I'm looking for a personal assistant” I nearly jump out of my skin with excitement. The news almost made me grow crazy. I

wanted to dance myself to coma, but instead I just made my words suffer the consequences “I don’t... I don’t know what to say?”

“That is fine by me; don’t say anything” Chief Durojaiye was smiling now and he actually as expected looked much younger and quite handsome as well “see you by ten a.m. prompt. No African time”

Laughing at the joke he pulled “Yes sir, I would be there exactly by ten”

“Good”

“Thank you very much sir, I’m so grateful” I truly was grateful not just to him but to Lolade as well. The glances they exchanged then, I think I now know a bit of what it was about, and as always I’m indebted to her.

“You don’t have to be. Just promise me to do your best tomorrow and if it turns out positively, pay me by being devoted to your job”

“Absolutely sir”

“Good. Time to go have my rest, let me leave you two so you could both catch up on old times”

“Thanks dad” Lolade went over and gave her dad a hug. I was also tempted to but I controlled myself of course and instead stood and just extended a hand. He took it gracefully and using his left hand to pat my hand gently three times, he headed to his room looking satisfied

Still recovering from the shock the excellent news I heard had brought “you planned this, didn’t you?”

Not really” Lolade was smiling broadly and blushing heavily at the same time. Gush, I was in heaven I kept reminding myself. The Earth isn’t this kind and beautiful nowadays.

“Hmmm, thanks a lot” was all I could say

“For what”

“For everything and for not being mad at me after being away from you all these years”

“I was mad, if the truth be told, but I later learnt to forgive and forget”

“Hope the forgetting didn’t involve you forgetting me as well”

“It did, but seeing you yesterday made me remember again and ...”

“And what” pushing her towards the wall so she could bounce back with the answers my ears were really itching to hear

“We didn’t complete our talk in the morning, I would like we do so now”

Laughing inwardly as she obviously showed her want to diverting the question I was eager to hear the answer “okay”

“Now tell me the reason why you didn’t get in touch again, and don’t dare lie to me I would know” smiling as she saw the comical look I wore on my face

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The following day I dressed at my best and left home as early as I could; sacrificing my normal morning routine for a big opportunity like this, I'm glad I did it.

I got to the office by 9:30 a.m. and learnt Chief Durojaiye had been expecting me (weird). I got to his office and after exchanging a hand shake and small talks he handed me a letter "that is your letter of appointment, welcome on board Mr Oladayo"

I couldn't believe my eyes, I wanted to cry... no, laugh and scream at the top of my voice all the joy in me "but sir ...?"

"Yes, what's the problem?"

"What... What about the interview sir?"

"You just passed it"

"Sir...?"

"Anyone who actually seeks a job badly shouldn't be told when to arrive. I told you ten but you surprised me and came thirty minutes earlier"

“Wow” I could hear the words escape from my lips

Chief Durojaiye looked at me for a few seconds, laughed lightly, shook his head and went back to a pile of documents neatly stacked in a file that he was reviewing. After a minute he addressed me again “You are starting tomorrow, hope that is okay with you?”

“Definitely sir; I can start today, I won’t mind at all”

Chief Durojaiye looked up again, this time smiling as his head rose “I like your zest Demola. Tomorrow will be a good time to start; use today to celebrate with Lolade, she would love to hear the good news, I’m sure of it”

“This is actually working out perfectly” I told myself
“Thank you sir, I would resume as early as possible tomorrow. Thank you very much sir”

“Don’t mention it; I’m glad you came anyway and I’m sure you will be one of my best staff that is if you work towards it”

“I will try to be the best or among the best sir”

“I’m sure you will. Have a lovely day”

“I will thank you. Bye sir”

“Goodbye. See you tomorrow”

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After three years of working for the Managing Director of Durojaiye Enterprise plc as his personal assistant and also engaged to his daughter, I decided to take further steps into making my life better.

Gaining an excellent recommendation from my employer who was sad but also pleased for my tireless duties in which I had performed with zeal and passion. I applied for the post of general manager in the McSawyer and sons Nig Ltd and was giving the job almost immediately, resuming my new office at Ilorin the coming week. I and Lolade had a long talk over this issue and she was glad I was finally ready to settle down properly both with her and my career.

The company sales in Kwara although was immobile if I probably used the right words due to lack of ideologies for

developing the company sales within the state more broadly. After a few months, we were able to tackle those issues and develop new strategic ways of making the vast population rush more on the products we had in stock and those that were still promising to surface. Everything was soon to be perfect, it was conspicuous.

Things started crumbling on this fateful day (Hell could look like heaven if we decide to turn a blind eye towards its direction). One beautiful sunny day, I went for a stack during my lunch break at a nearby cafeteria which I planned on eating later on when I finally got hungry. Just entering the cafeteria I laid my eyes on a goddess (or so to speak) – extremely beautiful and fair, long silky dark hair, and a body which won't want to make you wonder who her parents were. She was absolutely gorgeous and when she turned towards my direction I had to check properly if by chance I hadn't teleported to heaven. She had the most angelic smile on her lips with a face like Aphrodite herself (I do believe the Greek mythology sometimes) I felt totally drawn to her.

Expecting that was over and done with, she happened to swing her head towards the direction I was standing and that

look she gave actually penetrated my soul. I was drawn to her completely and even drawn more when she gave a knowing smile that definitely melted my heart and said “hello” with a voice only I could here (I know I was only imagining things but, gush, it felt so undeniable). I don’t know how long I had been looking but I knew I had all my concentration focused on her; I knew I had to do something and I had to do something fast.

The look, smile and whispered hello were all I needed (even though three-quarter of it was my imaginations at its peak); I quickly rushed to her side and with shaky knees introduced myself. I’m sure she sensed the uneasiness in me because she had quite a smile on her face that was mocking at the same time charming and amiable, the kind of smile I term “wicked”.

Totally forgetting the fact that she might have been with someone, I asked “hope I’m not disturbing you Ms...?” hoping grimly she wouldn’t say what was in my mind at the moment.

“Wunmi ...and you are not disturbing me at all” the smile she gave gingered me up and I couldn’t stop myself from thinking a gravelly pattern

“Ms Wunmi do you mind if I get a table for two” I asked half hoping she won’t say ‘no’ or worse ‘sure; but don’t have it in that sorry mind of yours that I will be sitting with you’, wearing a silly smile on my lips which my eyes didn’t fail to capture as well

“Not at all, I would love it”

That was more than enough; the next moment I was ushering her to a table for two at the far left corner of the room, setting her after she had seated, ordered for food and drinks and then settled in myself as soon as I could possibly get.

“Nice to meet you Wunmi” I began hungrily

“The pleasure is mine. Nice to meet you too”

“Do you happen to be living in the neighbourhood?” I pushed on not wanting to slack on our conversation

“Yeah” she replied

“That’s nice; so we actually are close and I haven’t seen you before, hmmm”

“If you didn’t just move in, I’m sure we might have seen somewhere, maybe you just can’t remember”

“With a face like that...? I’m sure I would have easily recognized you anywhere, anyhow”

She still wore that perfect smile on her lips which actually made her cheek red on alert “if you say so”

“I’m sure I’m going to be the envy of the town, even though it will just last briefly”

“Envy...? Why did you say that?”

I’m sitting with Aphrodite herself, which guy won’t be envious?”

“Aphrodite...?”

“The Greek goddess of beauty”

For the first time since the beginning of our conversation she blushed and if the truth be told, I was totally captured by it. The soft laughter she emitted from within took a couple of seconds to subdue, when it finally settled she looked at me with glittering eyes and flushed skin “you really are funny”

“I’m glad I am”

“For a second I thought you will flop but you really have got my attention”

“I guess a lot of guys do fall into the flop list, right?”

“You just said it all”

“And your boyfriend...?”

“And what makes you so sure that I have a boyfriend?”

“You are a rare gem; many guys will be in line, so I’m sure you will have a boyfriend to scare the lots away”

“What makes you so certain I’m shying away from the crowd?”

“Huh? So am I wrong then?”

“Not really”

“So I’m actually good at guessing?”

Laughing hard “you don’t have to flatter yourself pretty boy”

Laughing too “If I don’t, who will?”

“Hmmm, give me a second to Google search it out for you”

I just couldn’t believe my luck; the beautiful Wunmi wasn’t only just beautiful but beautifully hilarious as well, my God “how would you get to search when you don’t even know my name?” I was chuckling like a two year old kid who just got his first bicycle.

“Oh, right” faking a pensive look “what’s your name again?”

“I don’t recall telling”

“You don’t?”

“Hmm, hmm” shaking my head and smiling as if I was just offered a lollipop

“Okay, do you mind tell me now?”

“If you promise to add me up on facebook, I will tell you my name in full”

She stared at me wearing a bantering expression “all because of my pictures?”

“Did you read my mind?” the shocking expression I wore on my face mad her giggle “Okay, I’m Demola Olatunji Oladayo”

“Okay Mr Oladayo, one friend request coming right up” now she was playing with the screen of her Samsung S4 and I had just one silly thought up my mind “*couldn’t this have been me?*”

“Drop the courtesy please, Demola would do. My friends call me Demo”

“Demo...? Funny”

“I guess I have funny friends then”

We chatted for more than thirty minutes but I had to regretfully stop the moment because I had to return to the office. We exchanged contacts and walked out of the cafeteria together before parting ways, walking in opposite directions with promises of me calling later on.

That promise was one I fulfilled and now I’m still regretting why I did it.

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It has been five months since I have been dating Wunmi and about six months I moved to Ilorin. Things were moving smoothly with my new relationship because she was such a lovely person. I was the envy of the town, wherever we go, I was eyed and she was ogled upon with fascination. Guys on a couple of times tried intersecting me to steal her attention but

Wunmi was such a sweetheart and she knew how best to handle irresponsible approaches thrown at her which always made me giggle at the disappointment settled on their faces.

One Sunday morning I decided to take my babe out to a place of her choice so as to make up for missing out on her friend's birthday bash I couldn't attend the week before now. We were off to Offa to go see her family just as she wanted and I just couldn't say no because deep down I wanted to push what we had going on as far as possible.

On our way she suddenly became dizzy and wanted to rest a bit so I had to stop. Few minutes later she started complaining about not being comfortable enough. Luckily for us we hadn't gone far, I was familiar with the area and a hotel was close by. We lodged into the nearest hotel I could find taking all our belongings for security reasons especially the brief cases in my trunk which had about thirty million naira. I was supposed to have deposited the money two days back but I was actually delayed when I had a disturbing call from Wunmi saying all sort of things about Lolade and my engagement with her, how she found out, I still wonder.

I took the money wherever I went from that day onward so as to be security conscious because trust was really hard for me to give out readily.

That is how the money accompanied me to the hotel and accompanied Wunmi to God knows where now. I generally have poor senses when I'm asleep, so I think that was how she ran away with every dime in me, every penny including the thirty million naira. My God, I was such a fool.

Waking up from my deep slumber to find Wunmi wasn't in bed; I felt awkward about it at first but shoved the thoughts away. Got tired of waiting for her to come, I went into the bathroom for a quick shower. I was still taking my bath when I remembered the money and even though I kept telling my mind, she won't dare, I still had that funny feeling that something might have trespassed between the money and Wunmi. To clear my troubled mind of every doubt, I left the bathroom tying a towel around my waist, but BEHOLD no sign of the briefcases. I searched for them like a mother in search of her child; I was reckless, confused, and very angry at the same time. I checked everywhere almost turning the room upside down but there was no sign of it. With the towel still on my waist I left the room

shouting at the top of my voice “Wunmi, Wunmi”. I got no response only angry and worried looking faces popping out from closed doors looking inquisitively at me. I was confused, completely perplexed, not knowing what to do or say. I entered my room in a totally confused state after pacing the hallway a couple of times trying to wake up from this bad dream.

Inside the room I now searched for my phone furiously, nowhere to be found, searched for hers, nowhere to be found as well. I checked for my wallet, gone and her belongings, gone as well. I couldn't still accept the fact that I had just been fiddled “*coned by Wunmi, my Wunmi....? No way*”, I was in a state of shock for more than twenty minutes. When I finally got a grip of myself just but a little I noticed a paper lying just between my legs. I rushed to pick it slightly relieved that she did leave a note also hoping the note will be able to explain to me her whereabouts as well as the money.

It was exactly like this, I could never forget even if I wanted to

“You betrayed me and ruined my life; played with my feelings and toyed with my heart all because

of what...?

I do hope you spend the rest of your life in jail.
You don't deserve to be loved at all. Loving you
so deeply was the biggest mistake I have ever
made in my life, it will be only fair if dating me
was also your biggest mistakes.
Thanks for the millions Demola”

After reading it all I could do was run out of my hotel
room shouting “Wunmi please don't do this to me, WUNMI”

I was brought abruptly back to my senses as a man quickly
drew me away from the place I was standing in.

I just can't believe I nearly died, I was looking at the trailer
which almost crushed me like a zombie forgetting completely
the person who saved me and the current state I was in until
when a towel similar to the one I was wearing was being drawn
in my face. Checking down as if to confirm but BEHOLD, I
WAS STARK NAKED.

Everyone just kept staring at me as if I was a ghost; others
wore sympathetic faces while many were actually mocking me.

“I actually deserve this” I thought to myself as I walked shamefully back to the hotel with the receptionist directly at my side trying as much as he could to calm me down.

“I’m sorry Lolade, I fucked up. I’m so sorry Lolade” that was all my head could conjure.

* * * * *

Six month later I’m here reminiscing on old times and checking out the headlines of some of the papers that were printed out on Tuesday, 14th December, 2014. Reporters know how best to make a man suffer for his sins right here on earth. Headlines like; *“A man follows beauty to the point he chokes on it”*, *“Man gets duped of thirty million naira”*, *“Forgot his fiancée and ended up with the devil”*, and the most painful of all *“A fool’s gold and its aftershock”*.

Like the saying goes “all that glitters are not gold”, Wunmi came into the picture turning me a fool and blindly following her deceptive path to the point I nearly lost everything; I lost my job and had to live Ilorin, thanks to Chief Durojaiye and my soon-to-be wife, Lolade for their support after the whole ordeal.

Lolade was mad at me, really mad at me but after a few days she made me realize something after saying this to me *“For six years you were off, I tried all possible means to contact you but were all abortive. I was really angry at you after all those years but when you explained to me what really happened, I forgave you totally. Today you have disappointed me once again and I accept the fact that I’m also mad but I shouldn’t be. You had a thing going on between with Wunmi and you paid gravely for being so lost in your emotions. Life is a teacher; learn from it even though it is the hard way.”*

Like Lolade said *“Life is a teacher ...”* Life has taught me so many things, some came in almost easily, some I had a small price to pay, and some did cost a fortune; but among the many things life has been teaching, it always taught me how to be satisfied with what I have. I made a mistake because of infatuating desires I had for Wunmi, now I have learnt my lesson from Lolade’s hurtful words months ago and am here saying this story for the tenth time and keeping in place a lesson I would have to hold on to for the rest of my life. That’s how life flairs anyway.

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