

# **A DREAD IN THE SPINE**

**They saw visions. Now, they are being kidnapped.**

*A Thriller Novel*

**Akintayo Akinjide**

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## **Read First**

The story happened in Fortunecity, a private island in Nigeria. In The Year 2016.

The private Island is divided to Greencity, Brownvalley, Blacktown, and Suncity.

## 1 A Grand Reunion

Nosa checked the message that made his phone vibrate and hissed.

*Nosa Obaigbenwen answer your phone. A lot is at stake. People are dying. Money is involved. Huge money. And you need to save the world. – Mr. Johnson Owojobi.*

Nosa hissed again as he pocketed his phone and banged on the door. ‘Let me in’.

‘No. You’re a pastor’s son, Moriah yelled from within the house.

‘Let me in’, Nosa shouted as he stared at the make of the door and repeatedly pulled the doorknob. On a normal day, he would have kicked it in, but he wouldn’t want to do anything reckless in her presence anymore.

‘No. You’re not coming in. Hop away and be a good boy before your bee of a father comes to pull your ear and drag you away’.

‘Moriah, open this door’, he said through clenched teeth. ‘Open this d...Open this door’.

‘Nosa, you’re not coming into my house. Haven’t I given you space enough? Don’t want you in my life’.

‘Never. I know you do. I know you just want to be like your all-righteous reverend father. You want to be a bee like him. No. You shouldn’t be like your father. Your mighty-in-holiness father’.

‘You see? You...see? We are pastors' children for Pete’s sake and shouldn’t be seen together. Not the way you want’.

Nosa backed the door and slid down to the ground. There was no way he would leave her compound without seeing her. She was the reason he was still sane and still went to church regularly. For eight years, the only prayer on his lips and the only desire in his heart were to have her back. Thinking about her had invaded him and his marriage, and the intensity of his matrimonial rough bed.

‘Why did you leave the gate ajar if you were bent on not seeing me? You would have shut it the moment you saw me. You wanted me. We both know that’.

He hit the back of his head on the door repeatedly and waited for her response. His phone rang. He brought it out of his pocket, saw the name of the caller, and hissed: Mr. Johnson was calling his private line again. That could only mean one of two things: there was a mini-war somewhere in someone's life or something beyond the Police’s control was happening. He should pick up the call, but he wasn’t in the mood to listen to the words of anyone that wasn't Moriah.

If the police were that desperate, all they had to do was to call-back Shayla: his mistress, their most respected investigator, who was on probation for torturing a witness. The Fortuncity

Police Force was such that didn't allow mishandling of suspects. According to the Inspector General, Keisha Olajoku, the private island would be a role model to the Nigerian Police as a whole. So, Shayla had to be placed on probation for such act.

Seeing that Mr. Johnson's disturbance was getting to its height, Nosa changed the phone's audio profile to vibration.

'Moriah, you have to open this door. You are not your father. You're not a Bee. I know'.

'Nosa, an apple doesn't fall far from its tree. I want to be recognized as a Pastor's daughter. I started changing my lifestyle. I love my Bee's way now'.

'No, you don't. Open this door'.

He sat still, expecting her to open the door. She was assertive, but, he knew she would budge. She always did. Maybe never to others, but to him, she always did.

'Nosa. I'm the bad child here. We both know that. My own Bee calls me Jezebel. Can you imagine that? A father calling his own daughter Jezebel. Even your Bee called me a whore; that I came to destroy your life. He said... What was that he said...? Err... Yes... "How did you find me?"'

Nosa remembered the day his father called Moriah a whore, he felt like removing the old man's teeth and ramming them down his throat. Whenever they talked, his father still always rejoiced that he married Chloe and not Moriah. But, Moriah was his choice and she would forever be. She had lived in his heart ever since he knew her, and would remain in his heart till he gave up the ghost. In his heart, he had built a mansion for her. Every other lady that came into his life had lived in the quarters of this mansion, but would never be allowed to take a single peek at the interior of the mansion.

'I will put the man to death one day. One shot to the head, and one to the chest. To take him away. I'm not like my Bee of a father. You know me... Moriah... You...know...me'.

'Nosa, you have a wife, Chloe. She is good for you. She is even rich. Damn rich. She is good for you. I'm not the type of woman for you. I heard she is buying all the lands in the Fortuncity. That's a good woman for you. I never was. I never will be. Both of our parents saw it, and they made sure we weren't together. They knew I would ruin your life. I wouldn't want you to go to church regularly, and they were right'.

'I wouldn't want to go church before too. Who cares about the secret abode of hypocritical Christians?'

'You see? That's what I'm saying'.

'Don't tell me that crap. Our parents didn't run away. Did they? They weren't the ones that spent a lifetime to escape from me. The only time I saw you was when my children died'.

His phone rang again. Mr. Johnson was calling again. He returned the phone to his pocket.

'Nosa, my boyfriend would soon be here. Do you know I have a boyfriend? An actual boyfriend. Not virtual reality'.

'Let me see you and I'll leave'.

‘No. Don’t want to see you...’

‘You’ve seen me today’.

‘Didn’t you see the way I ran back inside the house when I saw you? It could only mean one thing - Don’t want to see your onerous, reckless face’.

He was angry at her right now. He got up, rested his head on the door, and banged the door repeatedly. ‘Mo...Ri...Ah... Open this door’.

He rested on it, and they were both thrown into an awkward silence. There was no way he would leave without seeing her, touching or even hugging her. Then, Mr. Johnson called again. Whatever the Police force was calling him for was definitely big. And he knew Mr. Johnson, he esteemed his money and his time over any agent. If Nosa didn’t pick up his calls, he would pass the job to someone else. However, there was no way Nosa would receive any call or even leave that place until she opened the door. What was money when one's mind wasn't in the business of making it?

For eight years, he had searched everywhere for her. But, since she was the most-wanted hacker in Fortunecity, it was easy for her to erase all of her information, and everything that pertained to her. He had spent a lot of money on searching for her and would have continued doing so if they didn’t find her. Her father, after two years, believed she was dead, but Nosa never gave up on her. He hired a lot of computer geeks, who kept doing his bid, to find her. But to no avail.

So, when one of them called him that morning that he got wind of her, Nosa left his breakfast in a hurry as if he was being chased by a police dog. When he got to her place, he knocked the door repeatedly, and then he hid behind walls. His informant had told him about the number of cameras focused on the street and the house. So, it was easy to start spotting the hideous gate, which he escaped like he did those crazy traps she used to set for their practices and games when they were still together years before; before he finally proposed to her and asked for her hand in marriage.

When she got to the gate, she was looking perplexed, but he remained in hiding, watching her and hoping she wouldn’t run away like the criminals he always chased before he quit being regarded as a policeman.

‘Wow...’ she said as she looked everywhere in the street. ‘Whoever you are, you are very good. How you did it that all my cameras didn’t even catch a shadow of you is intriguing. I know someone that was reckless but could still manage to escape all cameras. He was good at counter surveillance, and I would give him the credit for that any day. Yet, he can’t find me right now. So whoever you are, let me see your smelly face. At least, to know who could beat Nosa’s record’.

He waited a bit and watched her top hour-glass, almost red, body shift from side to side. She didn’t change a bit in her dressing. Her artificial long lashes blinked repeatedly, making him wish he could run to her and hug her like a baby, whose mother was returning from a long journey. Her hair was cut into a Galaxy style of low-cut, with the middle portion dyed gold, and a parting adorning the side of the hair. She wore a very short black skirt and an armless yellow

blouse that had the drawing of a tongue sticking out of a mouth. Those were enough to make her look sultry, but she loved to make it very glaring. Her lips were brushed with a little pink lipstick.

For some unfathomable reason, she just felt it would do her no good if the world knew her as a geek. She preferred to be termed a bimbo, sassy, or prostitute. But being seen as a geek, wearing glasses, or having a drooling look wasn't her thing.

After watching her for a while playing with her black choker with her hand that was adorned with a wing bracelet, Nosa swaggered out. Upon seeing him, she screamed and sprinted into the house. He pursued her, making sure he bolted the gate behind him. Since then, he had been trying to gain entrance into the house.

After a while of refusing to open the door for him, she opened the door and rushed to hug him. She giggled as she did so. He also smiled. Then, he planted a kiss on her lips.

'Nosy', she whispered as she kissed him as if the meteors from the skies were burning the earth, and they were having their last kiss. 'You are turning to a bad person. You're married. You shouldn't be kissing me. I don't want that for you. I want you to be good'.

'I thought we reserved being good for Chloe'.

Moriah swallowed hard and wanted to continue talking about how he was recklessly throwing the perfect world he had, but he placed a finger on her lips. Nosa wasn't ready to think of anything or anyone. At that time, he wanted to be a zombie or like a member of an agitated crowd- he wanted to be led by his desire. He lifted her, and carried her into the room, to the bed. She was definitely going to hold him bound there with her ravenous way of kissing. He was ready to give up the world for her.

However, the moment he climbed the bed after her, her phone rang from the other end of the room. She paused, panting hard. They stared into one another's eyes for a few seconds.

'I know that ringtone. I have to answer this call', she said as she rolled off his body. For the first time since they entered, he noticed that she had unbuttoned his red checked-shirt.

'Don't... It's like that bottle of urine'

'Yuck! When did you become Raphael?'

'I never became Raphael, we only changed roles. He became me'.

'Yes, he suddenly became the bad boy and you turned to a good daddy's boy because of Mr. King's daughter, which is good for you anyways'.

'Maybe you're right. But if you pick up that call you will be opening that bottle of urine', he said as he pulled her hand. It was soft and was worth holding till eternity.

'Have to go', she muttered and let her hands slip off his, and inhaled louder.

All of them in the clique could never forget the bottle of urine. When he first met Chloe during their secondary school days, they all loved her because she was the only daughter of a flamboyant and wealthy father, unlike their own fathers. Despite their own fathers' wealth, despite being the children of respected, popular and rich Pastors, they weren't given enough

pocket-money to their school. Nosa's father even made sure he gave him the same amount as that of the son of the poorest woman in his church. His father ensured Nosa was with him, when he jokingly asked the woman, who was too happy to reply such question, the amount she gave her son as feeding allowance.

At the advent of Chloe's immaculate arrival, she was generous and lavished them with the money her wealthy father gave them, which they all loved. However, when Nosa began to hang out more with her than with Raphael and Moriah, Raphael decided to teach him a big lesson.

He urinated in an opaque bottle, sealed the bottle with shoe gum, and hid it for two weeks. When he was sure he would get the effect he needed, he excitedly handed the bottle to Nosa, telling him to check out his newest experiment. Raphael wasn't known for conducting experiments. So when he received the wrapped bottle from him, Nosa was excited that his friend was finally becoming dedicated to something other than fantasizing about girls that he was too timid to talk to. More so, he would have never suspected that Raphael would be capable of doing such crazy things since Nosa was the one with the evil schemes. When he opened the bottle and was faced with the content of the bottle, he yelled in horror. The stench made him feel like vomiting his intestine, so he recklessly dumped the bottle on the floor. Everyone around ran away, including Chloe.

'That's for deserting your friends', Raphael shouted as he and Moriah ran away, giggling. Later that night, they all made out and laughed at people's reaction.

He smiled on the bed as he reminisced about the event of that day. However, as Moriah returned from making the call, he knew from her face that something was wrong. She picked her cloth and wore it.

'I told you, it's a bottle of urine.'

'Yes...My boyfriend is your opaque bottle of urine. He is coming'.

'Tell him I'm here with you', Nosa said as he began to button his shirt.

'To gain what? To what end? I don't do married men. I can't lose in two ways'.

'I can leave all that for you. I can leave Chloe, my bee, my blind, loyal mother, and my siblings. I will leave them all'.

'That's rash, reckless and... If you do that, my eight years of running away from you would be in vain or what are you talking about?'

'But I can. I just want to marry you. I didn't say I won't wait. I asked you to marry me, didn't I? But, you said no...'

'Yet, you won't leave me. You didn't follow your heart to Chloe. She was your choice. You need to be with her'.

'Are you mocking me? So, you seriously thought the best option was to run away?'

She straightened her cloth and turned away from him to watch her desktop computers beep continuously. There was no way he would understand what she loved about programming and all

the stuff that followed it. It was too boring. The only thing he loved about computer was the action and crime games, which she made him love.

She turned towards him as she grabbed her makeup bag. 'I did the right thing. It's time to go'.

'Don't give me that crap. You could have asked for...'

'I'm not getting younger. That's by the way, I'm going shopping for Christmas'.

His phone rang, and this time it was Chloe calling. Only a few people had that number and they knew it was his emergency number.

'Chloe...?' He said as he hurriedly picked the call.

'Mr. Johnson had been trying to find you?'

'Okay'.

Moriah mouthed that he shouldn't let her know that she was near him.

'I sense this would be another big explosive case. If you need any money just tell me'.

'Yes dear', he said as he disconnected the call. She never cared about the money he would rake into the family's account. She had the money to feed hundreds of generations from their family. The only thing she had always wanted for him was to have the name, the popularity as one of the best private investigator in town. She hoped to help him achieve his dream of starting a world known Private investigating company. But, as he told her, he loved all of his team working in the shadow, and not displayed like a signboard.

He dialed Mr. Johnson's number and listened to him ramble about how he had been trying to reach him all this while. Moriah was bent on her computer, and she pointed five fingers at him to indicate that he had five minutes left to leave her house. He nodded as he moved towards the door.

'We have a job for you. It's a big pay. Some organizations are coming together to pay big and I thought it had to be you. You will get what we need within a few days. I don't know how you do it but you just do', Mr. Johnson said the moment their phone got connected. Those were some of the reasons he loved Mr. Johnson - he was always hungry for the money, and always had a way of making the agents working for him feel they were the best in the world.

'I know. How much is your cut this time?'

'Ah ahn! You're too blunt. As if I live my life for the money'.

'As if your blood is not made of currency'.

'I don't. I live to save lives. If I live for the money, I would have been the kidnapper and the company to find them. But no. I work honestly and have the best sets of guys at my beck and call'.

'How much are we talking about here?'

'Thirty percent...'

‘Let me talk to the people myself’.

‘No... You talk to me. They think I’m the investigator. You talk to me. Thirty percent is not too much’.

‘That’s because they are all fools. Or I’ll send hackers to get the message off your phone, and probably leave a lot of viruses to tell you that you can’t be reaping off people all year while staying in your office, growing bigger than the world’s population’.

‘Nosa Obaigbanwen... You don’t want to try rubbish with me. You don’t want to try it. I’m a typical Nigerian. I will show you the true meaning of life. What’s always wrong with you men, you don’t even trust us, your agents, again?’

‘Just say something’, Nosa said as he walked out of the house, and sighted Chloe’s bicycle parked in a corner. A lot of memories flooded back and brought a smile to his lips as he remembered how they all would race with their different bicycles. He had a feeling that in a short while he would make his way back to Chloe’s house, the bedroom, and probably her life.

‘Two million naira’.

‘Tell me the truth’.

‘Do you see me as a joker? I’m a businessman, I don’t joke with my time, my life with anything. I tell the truth’.

‘I know. And such lifestyle would kill you soon. Just tell me the truth’.

‘It’s two million’.

‘What the... You mean to say... What are we looking for?’

‘Have you been following the news?’

‘It’s depressing’.

‘That implies that you have been tracking the cases of the kidnapping of some people’.

‘Yes. Chloe had been feeling really sad for them’.

‘Yes. I feel their pain. I understand her own pain too. I’m sorry about those beautiful women being kidnapped. I cried too, you know. I cried. They should have brought this case to us soon. I cried that the world is not seeing what we at Eagle Eyes can do. That they are neglecting our help. It’s such people that neglect God almighty. But at least, they came back to their senses. That is where we come in. They called me. I was happy at last. We would be the hero. You, Nosa, would be their knight in shining armor’.

‘That’s what you always wanted. You are nothing but a...’

‘Your money bag... Be calm and let me finish my sentence. Don’t be rude to your source of wealth’.

‘Provide the details’.

'I'll send the details to your email. The name of the recent one is Victoria Akachi Amadi... She saw heaven too and has just been kidnapped. You need to be her prince in shining armor, and remember, whose company and name you are representing. They are paying us to find all the missing women. Bear our flag. Let them know Eagle Eyes Security is the best'.

Nosa hissed and disconnected the phone. Moriah hurried after him as he trudged away. Then he remembered the bike, turned and pointed at it. She turned towards the place he pointed to, turned to him, smiled, and covered her face. Then, she winked and burst into their favorite song- 'Four Years' by Nigerian musicians 'Stylplus'.

'Yeah! Seriously. Oh! I miss those days'.

'Me too'.

'How's Chloe by the way?'

'Chloe is there. Reverting to her corner'.

'Hiding in her *Chloeset*', Moriah said and nodded. 'What of her psychiatrist, she still sees him, right?'

'Not for long now'.

'Well, Mr. King is dead'.

'Even before his death'.

When he got to the gate, he turned to plant a kiss on her lips, but she withdrew. 'Don't come back to this house this week. You're married. I have a boyfriend and we are both doing fine'.

'No, we are not. We are two stupid lonely fools, who couldn't leave their deceptive life to enter the real ones. We are DiCaprio, we are living in our inception, in a dream...'

'At most, twice a month'

'Twice a week...'

She stared at him longingly. 'Twice a week and nothing more. Not even a friendly call. Must we even see?'

'Not necessarily. I will just have to call you daily'.

'Kay. I support two days. And as for Raphael, I haven't forgiven him'.

'Me too. I can't take the news off my mind. The next time I see him I'll let him know he has no right to see you'.

She shook her hands at his face as if she wanted to smash his face with the hands. 'I was invariably telling you not to let him know where I stay, that I'm back'.

Nosa nodded and winked as he hurried to where his IVM Fox- made by Innoson - a Nigerian, was parked. It was high time he went home. Just as he entered the car, someone shouted from the end of the street. 'Repent! For the kingdom of God is at hand. Heaven and hell

are real. The end time is near. Get your copy of this vision about hell. You need to see how people are dealing with sins. Come to Jesus’.

‘Indeed’, Nosa murmured and started the car and hissed.

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Moriah slumped on the door to her house when she returned to it and slid down to the rug, smacking her lips repeatedly. It took her a great effort not to jump over Nosa the first time she saw him that day. Every moment of the eight years of living away from him, she had had to restrain herself from typing his name into her giant computers because he had warned her right from the time that he never ever wanted her to be his guiding angel and that was her fault. With the level at which she tracked everything about him, he had to tell her to stop. Those days, she was always calling him whenever someone was following him for more than ten minutes. She had set her computer's algorithm to take minute-count of everyone around him, and she got a beep the moment anyone had spent more than ten minutes around him.

Seeing him alone made memories crowd her head as she remembered those days on the road, together in the university, the rituals, the little fights, and the fun they shared. She burst into tears and shook her head. If she hadn't been stupid, she wouldn't have lost him to Chloe.

As she was still deep in her thought, someone knocked again. She sighed and hissed as she flung the door open, moving all cylinders to the gate. Nosa was back again after she told him, her boyfriend was on the way. Although she had friend-zoned Dennis, she preferred to flaunt him as her boyfriend, any day, anytime. Luckily, he also kept at being called her boyfriend, with the hope of her agreeing to be his girlfriend, which was totally impossible.

As she marched towards the gate, she jiggled and chuckled. Then, she inhaled and made sure she stabilized herself and her emotions.

‘Nosa, why are you here again? The sight of you alone disgusts me’.

Just as she touched the door, her alarmed blared. Moriah was so surprised. The alarm didn't blare when Nosa was there the other time. That meant someone was coming with something harmful like a gun. She hurriedly pressed the monitor system on the gate, and Shayla's face popped on the screen. The dark shades she wore couldn't make Moriah decipher her expression at that time, but what else could she have wanted than to get some things that were beyond the government's system?

‘The authority has found me again’, Moriah murmured as she opened the gate, shifted to a side and gestured towards the compound. Shayla clicked her lower lips and entered, her stomach shooting out a bit like someone that had just finished eating three plates of food. She fidgeted, glanced about, and removed her shades as Moriah locked the door. Shayla was a slim lady with short dark hair, who walked as if she was skipping. She wore crazy jeans trousers, tennis boots, and a striped shirt that she rolled at the arms. She had around her neck a silver round cable chain, one that Moriah had always desired, but have never gotten the effrontery to buy.

‘What the hell was Nosa doing here?’

‘You know Nosa...’

‘I'm his mistress’.

‘Oh! The home wrecker’.

‘How dare you call...? He loved me first... But that’s not a concern for now... Was he here to find out about me?’

Moriah shifted back as she stared at her for a while before hissing. ‘What do you see yourself as? So, you think you’re the special one here that Nosa would run down here just to ask about you as if he is foolish? No. Don’t ever think of yourself as special. You’re just a bottle of urine’.

Shayla's hands danced on the handle of her bag. ‘Bottle of? I want to know if he has something on me...’

Moriah spun twice and felt like slapping Shayla, but knew there was no need to do that. ‘He came to see me. Just me. Not for any business... Before you became his mistress, I was his only love. Even till now, I’m his goddess. He worships me’.

Shayla batted her. ‘You this stupid bimbo... I will crush you... I will crush you... Who are you? I know Nosa, he doesn’t deal with...’ Shayla flipped her hands up and down with the fingers pointing to Moriah.

Moriah burst into laughter. ‘Do you want me to show you my wet rough bed or the parts of my body he pressed? Or if you so wish, I can let you go to him now to get a look at his lips. The lipstick stains would still be there, imprinted on his cloth. He loves everything about me. So if you don’t have anything to do here than to gloat about being a mistress, leave right now’.

Shayla’s hand dusted invisible dirt from her jeans as she stared at Moriah with starry eyes. She swallowed and panted repeatedly, and Moriah hoped she would leave before her silence turned to rage. After what seemed like ages, Shayla placed her hand into her bag and withdrew a pistol. Moriah shifted back and raised her hands.

‘Hey! I’m the good guy here. I told him to leave me for all its worth. He is just like a virus, the more I block him the more he finds his way back to me’.

‘You have to stop seeing him’, Shayla said as she strolled towards Moriah. ‘But that’s for that, I need information from you’.

Moriah dropped her hands, straightened and allowed herself to have a bit of confidence, despite the gun with Shayla, she moved closer. ‘Why the gun? You know the deal. Money on the left, your information on the right’.

‘I can get your money and would fund you any day any time and would still give you more’.

Moriah smiled brightly. ‘Now, you’re talking. Spit it out’.

‘I need information on your subject...’

Moriah frowned. ‘My subject? I don’t have any... No, I can’t give you anything on him’.

It was Shayla’s turn to have a creased face. She lowered her gun and raised it again. ‘Why? What’s stopping you? Are you now placing your feelings over money now? Hot, busty, geeky Moriah would put her emotion before money’.

'He made me promise not to ever track him'.

'Then, you're both mad. He wants to ruin something for us. For all of us'.

Moriah stared at her for a while as she watched the eyes of the silent Shayla. 'What do you mean by ruining something for us? Who and who are the us? Me and you? When did we become 5 and 6?'

'I think he is going after the missing women'.

'I don't have anything to do with that. We have a non-disclosure agreement. I have my lawyers on my speed dial'.

'Idiot. Some of the things we are using for our operations would be discovered if Nosa is involved. He is brute at this job. He is ruthless and reckless and would make sure he finds every little detail. We can't let him go on. I need something. I mean anything to just be on the safer side always'.

Moriah had made that promise and even her own freedom or life would never make her back down from it. She shook her head. Shayla got the message and brought the gun to Moriah's head.

'Give me something. I have goons around me, but you are the one with the microchips things. Ones I can use on him. I need those to succeed. Not some whatnot. I need to get Nosa's playbook'.

'Then, kill me'.

Shayla looked perplexed. Her eyes roamed on Moriah and she was sure Shayla could see the defiance in her. Nothing in the world would make her go back on her word, especially the one she made to Nosa. Shayla turned and shrugged. She bagged the gun and removed a knife. Moriah shifted back.

'You want to use a knife where your gun failed', Moriah shouted and dashed for the door of her room. Right now, Shayla was planning to hurt her, and the only thing she could do would be to escape from her. Indoor, she had the best advantage over anyone, no matter how powerful.

'If you don't give me what I need, I'll hurt his baby. I will kill his last baby and I will make him believe you did it. Your subject would detest you. You said he worships you. He would destroy your shrine and would scorch it to the ground', Shayla shouted as she raised the knife.

'You can do nothing. You are about to open a bottle of urine. Come on, don't want what would cost you, your life and that of the baby's, Moriah said as she edged towards the door. She was sure that Shayla wouldn't be stupid. Even if she was, she wasn't as reckless as Nosa and she would do the right thing, regardless of what she needed.

However, Shayla was true to her word; she brought the knife to her stomach and creased her face to show she was putting a lot of effort into making sure she was injured. Moriah thought she was joking, but edged forward. When Shayla winced, she knew it was true, after all.

'Stop all these... I will find a way. I will get something to help you monitor him'.

'Soonest?'

‘Soonest’.

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