

**EZEKIEL VENANT
MILLINGA**



**THE
LOVE ECLIPSE**

-LOVE IS NOT A FEELING, IT IS A CHOICE-

A NOVELLA

THE LOVE ECLIPSE: LOVE IS NOT A FEELING, IT IS A CHOICE.

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EZEKIEL VENANT MILLINGA

DEDICATION

To my grandmother—

Even though you are no longer here, you often cross my mind. I hope you are in a better place.

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THE LOVE ECLIPSE SERIES

LOVE IS NOT A FEELING, IT IS A CHOICE— BOOK 2 (FINAL PART).

EPIGRAPH

“Somewhere, someone is being punished for loving.”

— Love eclipse.

CHAPTER ONE

TANZANIA SCHOOL OF TALENTS (TST), 2020

“You have made a grave mistake!” Patrice said as he dashed into SJ’s office. SJ wrapped her files and looked at Patrice. He wasn’t wearing his necktie. That was odd. His shirt was wrong buttoned. That too was bizarre. His nose wrinkled. The two were staring at each other.

“Panicking is not good for a 63 years old man.” SJ said.

“What have you done?”

SJ stood. “What?”

“Sending Leo after the cards...”

“He won’t find out.”

Patrice shook his head.

“Relax!” She poured coffee into a mug. “We are different people now.”

“We were supposed to protect him.”

“We are protecting him.”

“By sending him after the cards..?”

“Coffee is getting cold.”

Patrice pulled away the mug. "If he finds out the truth about Leo, he will stalk and kill him."

"To end this, we need to get that file before him."

"Innocent people will die."

"If we don't end this soon, more innocent people will die."

"Why don't we go after the cards by ourselves?"

"You know that's dodgy."

"Same to Leo..."

"You fret too much about Leo."

"We avowed to protect him."

"Your son, Daniel is there. My daughter is also there."

"You made a hasty decision."

"I trust them!"

"Forgotten why we ended up like this?"

SJ sipped the coffee.

"We trusted that man and because of that trust, here we are today."

"99% of the things people worry about don't even happen."

“You are getting old, Sonia.”

“Aren’t you tired?”

“Of what..?”

“Hiding...”

“I am but—”

She walked closer to Patrice. She had to tilt her head above to see Patrice well. “We’ve been hiding for long enough. Enough of that shit. It’s our time to attack.”

“This is strange, isn’t it?” Baraka said, standing 20 meters away from the burnt library. A place where a prohibited library was now full of rubbles. A place that was well guarded by proficient guards, 24 hours was now surrounded by constructors. The question about who burnt the library wasn’t answered yet, Leo remained the prime suspect.

“What?” Isla said, watching laborers removing rubbles.

Baraka yawned. “A document that can save the school.”

Daniel sniggered. “A document buried under the library...”

Baraka giggled. “If it falls on immoral hands, the school will crumble.”

“And we are the expendables...” Daniel smiled. “Hired to haul out the document before the enemies do.”

“What a myth!”

“I’m curious.”

“So am I!”

“Maybe we should have a bird-eye on the document after we get it.”

“That’ll be cool!”

Isla grunted. “You idiots!”

“What?” Baraka said.

“We get in, we get the document, and we get out.” Isla said.

Daniel sighed. “Isla, don’t blot the funny.”

“Sure, this was going to be funny.” Baraka said.

“We get the document, we give it to SJ. Over..!”

“Don’t be so straight Isla, bend a bit sometimes.” Baraka muttered.

“Just want to know what’s so out of the ordinary with the document.” Daniel said.

“Yeah, what if it is contrary to what SJ says?”

“I said no!” Isla snapped.

Baraka turned to Leo. “Hey, you’ve been hushed for some time. What’s wrong?”

Leo stared at the men carrying rubbles from the library.

Baraka patted Leo. “Leo, say something...”

Leo gasped. “It’s always funny till someone gets hurt.”

Baraka placed his hands on his head. “Don’t tell me you are with Isla?”

Leo pointed his index finger. “Have you seen that man?”

“There are about 20 men there!” Daniel said.

Leo turned to Daniel with a flushed face. “It's better to shut up and give the impression that you're stupid than to say something and erase all doubt.”

Daniel clenched his fist. He stood, his face growing red. Isla hurried and stopped him.

Baraka turned to Leo. “Yes, Leo. Who’s the man?”

Leo squinted, “The one without a helmet.”

“The engineer...?” Baraka said.

“I saw him wandering around the library the night before fire exploded.”

Baraka smiled. “What are you trying to formulate?”

“If you are expecting funny, there is no funny tonight because someone is going to get hurt.”

CHAPTER TWO

DAR-ES-SALAAM, 1982

The window was bare, maybe she forgot to close the curtains. Latricia was spying on the president's bedroom.

Latricia, a TISS special agent was working as a part of the retired President, secret security team. Raising Ross Solaross binoculars on her eyes, she had a clear view of Christos's bedroom which was in a separate building, 20 meters away from the building she was.

"I think Rahyan is having a death wish." Latricia said, still looking on binoculars.

Saleem, the other special agent rolled around the bed. "He's a special agent, don't worry."

"He's in Christos's bedroom, with his wife."

Saleem rose from the bed. "He said he rebuffed Nailah."

"He's crazy."

Saleem fell to the bed. "When a child cries for a razor give it him."

"Ooh my God!" Latricia snapped.

"Lat... will you let me get some rest please?"

“Christos is back!”

Saleem jumped out of bed.

Latricia pulled her Ross Solaross outside Christos’s house. A black jeep CJ 7 stopped and a retired president, Christos dropped out. She raised the binoculars to Christos’s head. He was smiling as he whispered to his bodyguards. His face looked younger than 52. She lowered the binoculars. He was carrying a briefcase. He walked towards the front door. It will only take a minute to reach his bedroom.

She pulled the binoculars back to Nailah, a young lady of 24 years old. She had a slim, hourglass figure. Her bliss-blue eyes were globe round. Her mouth was glossing Rayhan’s neck. Off with her blouse.

Christos was on the front door. His bodyguards remained on the door as he entered. Forty seconds to his bedroom.

Nailah slithers out Rayhan’s tie from his collar and whips it across the room. Rayhan’s tongue grazes on her ear.

Thirty seconds left. Christos looks around the quiet sitting room, a briefcase swinging in his hand.

“Call Rayhan...” Latricia mumbled.

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