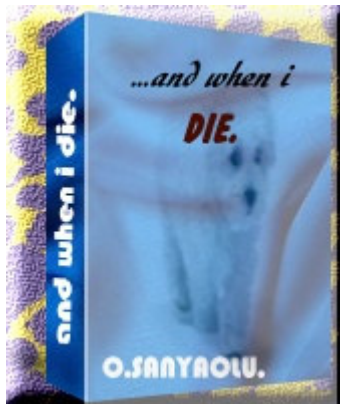


...and when I

DIE.



Wunmi-Ibukun-Sanyaolu.

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.....to live in the heart of those who love you is not to die.

DEDICATION.

This book is dedicated to late Isabella.

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One.

"Goodnight JohnI mean, goodbye forever."

Tinuade Philips stood facing the audience, with her arms folded tears dripped continuously from her eyes. The audience was moved with emotions some ladies were seen struggling to fight back the tears.

"Lisa can you ever forgive me?" Emeka McCauley knelt behind her holding on to her right leg.

"I'm so ashamed of my self Lisa, even if it's goodbye forever, can you please forgive me?"

His head stood bent and his arms glued to her right leg. Tinu exhibited pain in her voice as she gazed at the sky,

"To forgive is divine".

The audience watched with rapt attention the theater hall was quiet as a graveyard, no one was sure of what to expect next, tinu bent slightly occasionally hesitating, and then suddenly, faster than the speed of light, she picked him up holding his wrist firmly, pulling him to herself, his eyes seemed to have grown larger, he looked so surprised as she kissed him.

The audience shouted, giggling loudly, some whistled they wished the play would not end, the large blue stage curtains closed up covering the kissing couple.

The theater lights went on and the audience stood to leave.

They were seen in two's holding arms, some kissed as if to continue where the actors stopped.

Back in her hotel room, Tinuade Philips quickly got rid of her stage clothes, she felt sticky after three shows on that day; she rushed to the bathroom naked and hurriedly got under the shower.

She gradually applied soap and let the shower run for a very long time, caressing her slim body she was glad the three days of stage play was over.

Very early the next morning she'd be on her way home to see her charming dad, although she enjoyed every bit of her stay in Port Harcourt, she longed to see her dad.

The cold bath worked like medicine to her soul, she wished she could be under the shower till morning, reluctantly she turned off the shower and although she should have toweled her body she opted to get back to her room naked and wet, put on the air conditioner and hide under the cream duvet. She imagined how cold would run through her spine, how sweet her sleep will be like a baby's.

Tinu strolled naked out of the bathroom hugging her wet body, she made straight for the air conditioner wanting to turn it on.

Emeka McCauley sat calmly on her bed not sure of what to say or do, however he tried to comport himself, he brushed past a shocked Tinuade Philips, who stood still like she had just being electrocuted, he picked the large white towel and wrapped it round her cold body stylishly caressing her, tinu thought she had never being so electrified by the touch of any man, in fact she wasn't sure she could recall the last time a man touched her.

She fought hard to keep her eyes open wishing he'd draw her closer, kiss her deeper, repeat what had happened on stage, maybe it would be real this time, she wished he'd make her sleep sweeter by sharing her bed tonight.

Emeka noticed what he was doing to her body, he was always confident of his magical touch, however he was in her room to commend her for her near perfect performance on stage tonight and ask if she would like to co-star with him in his next movie **"black**

star," already Emeka was chewing more than he could bite, he had taken more than enough ladies to bed during this outing and more than any thing all he desired was to be alone tonight.

"May be some other time"

Emeka realized he was thinking aloud,

"Well I have to go; tinu may be we can think of bed some other time."

He pecked her on her fore head and strolled out of the room, just as he made to shut the door, he turned back winking seductively.

"Maybe just maybe some other time "

Tinu could not believe what had just happened, she bit her lips painfully fighting hard to hold back the tears, she had just portrayed herself as a common whore, and she had just joined the list of countless women who were easy lays for Emeka McCauley.

"He didn't sleep with me"

She fought hard trying to defend her self.

"What difference did it make?"

She asked herself, Emeka would have easily had her if he so desired.

For long she had seen Emeka as a proud unruly chauvinist, indeed he was a prolific actor any day, he had featured in Nollywood and Hollywood films and he always delivered, he was no doubt charming, she also found him truly sexy, however tinu hated the way ladies threw themselves at him, before now she never seized to wonder what charmed them, maybe she knew better now.

Tinu rolled under the duvet closing her eyes, wishing sleep will come soon, and take her away and it will be morning soon when she would be on her way home to see her lovely dad.

Tina.

Tinu drove slowly down the third mainland bridge; she made a left turn and was on her way to Victoria Island. Singing along with Tu-face she nodded calmly enjoying African queen.

She was exceptionally happy, not that there was a reason why, she ran her long nails through her braids occasionally checking out her pretty face, she turned right into *James Solomon close* and then left stopping in front of the large office complex where Babajide Cliff's office was situated.

Jide Cliff was a film producer she had closely worked with for about 5 years, he was a good friend and an exceptional person, and he always made her feel good. She packed her script into a large brown envelope as she adjusted her hair and added a light make up. She straightened her short skirt and sleeveless blue blouse as she strolled into Jide's office.

"Hi Tinu, you look radiant as ever, how are you today?"

It was Peju, Cliff's secretary, Peju was one of the reasons why Tinu always looked forward to visiting Cliff, she was not only beautiful she had a way with words and made everyone feel important and loved.

Tinu hugged her smiling,

"Sweetheart you are not looking bad either, is Cliff in?"

"Yes, but he's with some people, I'd let him know you are here"

Tinu sat calmly looking around, there was always something new about Cliff's office, he always made sure he amended his office

interiors and it always looked more beautiful, Tinu thought the large painting on the wall was royal.

The door to Cliff's office opened, a slim dark lady strolled out, tinu thought she was very pretty, she had this African look and her low hair cut made her look ageless.

Emeka McCauley came after her running his long fingers over the lady's bare back, spotting a black body hug and a pair of blue jeans Tinu found his perfume sexy and thought he looked really charming, she tried not to look at him but her face seemed to be glued to him as she noticed hair on his chest, she imagined what his bare chest will look like and what it will feel like for her to run her slim fingers through them.

Emeka coughed mischievously, pulling his girlfriend close to him and kissing her passionately, for a second time Tinu bit her lips painfully because of Emeka, she picked her scripts as she rushed past the kissing couple into Cliff's large office.

"Hi tinu so good to see you"

Cliff stood to hug Tinu,

"You look charming,"

"Thanks Cliff, good morning."

Tinu slumped into one of the large cushions, her emotions seemed to get to her, she fought to hold back tears, and more than anything she was very angry wondering why she was crying.

Was it because she saw Emeka kissing another woman or because in less than one month she had being caught foolishly lusting the proud Casanova or that she was simply scared that except in some other movie or stage play she might never have the opportunity to have

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