

The Enchantress: Angela's Tale

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ANGELA'S TALE



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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to the Almighty, who has blessed me with the incredible ability to write and speak on behalf of others and myself. I am grateful for the gift of crafting imagery that captivates the minds of readers.

To my beloved students of Wise Gate International Schools,

Your attentive ears and warm hearts have been the inspiration behind my stories. Your positive reviews have been a guiding light, encouraging me to write this book. I am especially grateful to my literature students, whose enthusiasm pushed me to explore the world of storytelling more. A heartfelt thanks to my teachers, especially the English educators, who taught me the art of playing with words and instilled in me a deep love for literature.

Lastly, I dedicate this book to myself. I acknowledge the challenges and moments of writer's block I faced along the way. Despite the difficulties, I persevered and brought this book into existence. This dedication is a testament to the passion and determination that fueled its creation.

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INTRODUCTION

In a world where enduring friendships defy the test of time, Anthony and Uche's bond remained unbreakable. Despite their diverging educational paths, they remained inseparable. Anthony found love in Angela, a woman of unmatched beauty and intellect. Their union sparked intrigue and raised questions about the compatibility of a modern woman with a man who embodied a different era. However, as their journey unfolds, Angela's life takes an unexpected turn, leading her down a path of loss, hatred, and a newfound spiritual power that transforms her into a fearless goddess.

As Angela faces profound challenges and experiences the loss of something dear to her, her once gentle spirit is consumed by rage and revenge. In her newfound power, she becomes a force to be reckoned with, tormenting the world and leaving a trail of destruction in her wake. What will become of Angela as she embraces her newfound abilities? Will she succumb to her dark desires or find a way to reclaim her humanity?

Prepare to embark on a gripping tale that explores the depths of faith, power, love, loss, lust and the transformative power of anger. Join Angela on a journey that will captivate readers and leave them yearning for more.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I want to acknowledge myself for the dedication, resilience, and unwavering commitment that brought this book to life. From overcoming obstacles to embracing moments of inspiration, this journey stands as a testament to my determination as a writer. May this acknowledgment inspire others to pursue their creative endeavors with self-belief and tenacity.

In acknowledging myself, I recognize the strength and resilience it took to navigate the highs and lows of the creative process. I celebrate the moments of inspiration that led to the birth of ideas and the unwavering dedication to see them through to fruition.

To my past self, I express gratitude for not giving up, for pushing through the moments of self-doubt and for embracing the challenges as opportunities for growth. The completion of this book stands as a testament to my own determination, passion, and unwavering belief in my abilities as a writer.

chapter 1

Happiness and echoes of loss

"You better stop shouting, there's no work outside o!" Uche warned; after witnessing Anthony screaming his lungs out while matching towards the end of the pitch. The Army officer took offense at Uche's statement and asked him to repeat it, Uche did; and was given a very tight slap on his face. Uche held his instantly swollen cheeks and said: "But you know when we're done with this 'NYSC' thing, there's really no job outside, you slapped me because I spoke the truth."

"Are you talking back at me? Don't worry, I'll clear your doubt. Sit down there, you bloody civilian!" The army officer angrily responded. Sweat trickled down Uche's skin after several punishments, and when Anthony noticed this, he pleaded with the officer to forgive and let Uche go. Anthony and Uche had been best friends even before they got admission; they had been childhood friends that shared the same ambition and goal. The dichotomy between the university and polytechnic didn't get in between their friendship as they were extremely close to

each other in their year of service. Uche studied Law in the University of Lagos, and Anthony studied Mass Communication alongside Law & Ethics at Yaba College of Technology.

When they were done with their service and awarded certificates, Anthony got married to the love of his life, Angela. Angela was the talk of the town back in school days; she had a perfectly shaped figure, an enticing fine-textured skin color, and an adorable smile. Her eyes were a deep brown, and her naturally long curly hair was a sight to behold. She was blessed with a soft, oily pink lip and freckles underneath it. She was a perfect representation of beauty with brains, tall with a firm posture. Anthony, on the other hand, was an old man according to his friends. He had a fine moustache he wouldn't shave off for years; without this moustache, Anthony was incomplete and unrecognizable. The moustache wouldn't grow; it was as if it begged Anthony not to grow more than that. Anthony loved wearing baggy jeans with vintage t-shirts or hoodies, then placing a big cigarette or fake smoke on his mouth even if he wasn't smoking them; it was fashion to him. The dressing was complete with a timberland shoe, and even more complete with his modern girl next to him, Angela.

Their wedding sparked a lot of reactions from everyone who knew them, especially some of their male classmates who thought it was a forced union and questioned why a modern woman would choose a man whose behaviour relates to the 90s. Nevertheless, many girls would have loved to be in Angela's spot, as Anthony was intelligent, handsome, successful, and ambitious. Uche, a close friend of Anthony, contributed greatly to the wedding and was emotional on the day, as he was already missing his friend. Anthony reminded him that they would always be together and advised him to look for his own "Angela".

On a Friday, Angela called Anthony, and though she wasn't very specific, Anthony knew it had something to do with her pregnancy. He hurried home to take his wife to the hospital, and on their way, Angela bit and pinched him, reminding him that she had told him to take it easy on her those days, but he hadn't listened. When they finally reached the hospital, a few nurses assisted Anthony in putting his wife on a stretcher and pushing her to the labor room. Anthony didn't leave her side, instead he held her hand and said: "My love, look at how beautiful you look even in pregnancy. Remember how I used to wear your clothes and dance in front of you? I'll do much more than that after you bear this child. I promise you'll be the husband and I'll be the wife. Look at how glowing your skin is; the Lord must have created you at night when other angels were sleeping so they wouldn't be jealous of your beauty. I pray it's a girl so another man will be as lucky as I am. I love you so much."

Angela smiled into the labor room, confident she had found the right man. She gave birth to a set of identical twins, as expected by Anthony, and they were both females. He was overjoyed to see two smaller female versions of his wife and spoiled her with many gifts. They were named Taiwo Precious Aladesheso and Kehinde Princess Aladesheso. Anthony was a total simp for his wife during this time; even his father called to ask if she wasn't using some sort of spell on him, as everyone was suspicious of Angela. But Anthony reminded his father that he did the same for his mother too, exhibiting these traits from his father.

Years later, Anthony had gotten gifts for his wife and kids; he was eager to get home to see his beautiful family. He called his wife and said, "Prepare my favorite meal, I'm coming home soon."

Tell the kids to go have fun somewhere." As soon as Anthony finished this statement, he ran into a container and was tragically crushed. He died instantly, and his body was found the next day. Everyone was present at the funeral, and Angela was grief-stricken, unable to let go of his body.

Tragedy struck the once happy home of Angela as curses and blames reigned down on her. The family who once respected her now called her a witch and threatened to take away her properties and her daughters. Despite the family's attempts to take everything away from her, Angela remained strong and focused. Anthony's junior brother kept attacking Angela spiritually, but she won the battle with her prayers and gained custody of her children.

It had been over a year since Anthony's death and Angela was still numb inside, empty and full of pain. Taiwo convinced her mother to attend church that day so they could pray that such bad things wouldn't happen to them again. On their way there, Angela stared at Anthony's picture and kept murmuring: "I'm sorry, I really am, I'm so sorry my love; if only you were here, if only you waited for me to show you how much I love you. I couldn't help you, you always told me you love me; I never told you back. But I always loved you more than you can imagine, please forgive me." Taiwo took the picture away from her mum after noticing her grief and promised her mum that today would be different. She said she would pray to God and sing for her mum so she could be happy again. She also reminded her mum that her father wouldn't be happy seeing his wife sad.

When they got to church, the pastor gave Taiwo the microphone and instructed her to sing as the church loves Taiwo's voice. Taiwo sang and the congregation rejoiced and danced at the melodious voice of Taiwo, the song worked magic. Angela was happy, and she danced as well. At exactly 10:30, Taiwo suddenly fell ill and passed away on the alter. Her heart had been beating irregularly since she began singing, and the pastors prayed and anointed her with oil, but it was all to no avail. Angela rushed to the alter and raised curses.

It was later discovered that Taiwo had suffered a cardiac arrest which caused her to fall and die instantly.

CHAPTER 2

BENEATH THE VEIL OF DESTINY

After Taiwo's death, a significant amount of time passed, and Kehinde, despite the impact on her mental stability, managed to keep her studies unaffected. She pursued history and archaeology and successfully graduated with scholarships, grants, and excellent grades. However, tragedy struck when Kehinde had an accident on her way back home and was unable to return. Angela,

Kehinde's mother, anxiously awaited her beloved child's arrival but never got to see her again. Not only did Angela fail to see her daughter's lifeless body, but she also made missing posters without any leads or information about Kehinde's whereabouts. It felt as though Kehinde had simply ceased to exist.

Angela's grief consumed her to the point where she neglected her basic needs. She stopped eating, drinking, and sleeping. Her physical appearance deteriorated rapidly, as she grew increasingly thin day by day. The world that once held joy and beauty now appeared repulsive to her, and she found solace in the company of depression. A haunting voice echoed in her mind, urging her to take the ultimate step and leave this world behind. Angela listened intently, obediently following its instructions. Clad in black robes, she made her way towards the third mainland bridge.

The taxi driver bombarded her with questions, but her mind was distant, lost in her own thoughts. She managed to utter only two words to him: "STOP HERE." The bridge was within close proximity to where she disembarked the taxi. After paying the fare, she embarked on the rest of the journey on foot. Standing on the edge of the bridge, she gazed intensely at the water below. The depths reflected her entire life, reminding her of the loss of her parents and the hardships she endured to make ends meet.

Memories flooded her mind, including the time she met Anthony, the love of her life. He always brought her happiness, and she reminisced about the moments when he would playfully dress up like her, twerking and showcasing various girly styles. Laughter, love, and joy filled her recollections. Tears streamed down her face as she delved deeper into the past. With a parched and bitter throat, she managed to utter, "I can't endure this any longer."

The bittersweet memories held a special place in her heart as she tenderly embraced Anthony's clothes, reminiscing about the time he was away for days and asked her to send him pictures. She had questioned his motives, and he playfully replied that he wanted to use them to scare someone because she was ugly. A smile formed on her face, accompanied by the continuous flow of tears. Another memory resurfaced, back to the days when Anthony was still trying to win her over. She had teasingly asked him, "Where does all the money you claim to have disappear to?" In response, Anthony playfully swept his hand across his stomach, causing her to erupt into laughter. As the memories of their occasional arguments resurfaced, the pain within her became unbearable. The hurtful words echoed in her mind, like when Anthony criticized her hairstyle with a remark that her forehead made her look like she was constantly nodding at a wall. A complex mix of joy and pain intertwined in her thoughts.

Overwhelmed by her anguish, she envisioned Anthony and their twin daughters standing in the lagoon, outstretching their arms as if beckoning her to join them. With a heavy heart, she prepared to leap into the water. However, in that moment, her tears fell into the lagoon, and something unexpected and drastic occurred.

The lagoon's water turned insipid as Angela's tears fell into it. Thinking that humans were polluting the lagoon, the enchantress grew angry and decided to investigate the source of the filth. Upon finding Angela crying by the bridge, the enchantress was surprised to see the profound impact of her tears. She watched as Angela, in despair, jumped into the lagoon, and she swiftly rescued her from underneath. Angela awoke in a shrine, frustrated that she had not perished. "Anthony, is that you?" she asked the enchantress in anger. Confused, the enchantress inquired, "Who is Anthony, and why did you leap into my lagoon, young lady?"

Overwhelmed with emotion, Angela wept and surveyed the shrine, convinced of her perpetual misfortune. "So, you plan to exploit me for your magical powers because I can tell you're a witch, right? My decision to jump into the lagoon is none of your concern. Life is challenging, and I wish to end it where I choose. Return me to the lagoon and let me meet my fate."

The enchantress laughed sarcastically at Angela's statement. "You're a rude little girl. I could just as easily offer you to the gods as a disobedient and insolent brat! Do you even realize to whom you're speaking like a bleating goat, young lady?"

"Excuse me, are you God?" Angela retorted, folding her arms. "I am the god of this world, the wielder of power, the teacher of lessons, the shaper of destinies! I am the enchantress."

"Good for you, can I leave now? None of this will bring back my Anthony," Angela stated.

"It appears you don't comprehend the extent of my power. I govern everything in the material world. I hold sway over people's destinies, even the mermaids pay homage to me. I am not merely the enchantress of the lagoon; I am the enchantress of all things water. You could call me a River Goddess or Goddess of the Sea, but I am worth far more than that." After the reassuring words from the enchantress, Angela started opening up. She expressed regret for her earlier impolite behavior towards such a formidable individual. The enchantress pardoned Angela's rudeness and attentively absorbed every detail of Angela's narrative.

"My days are limited, and soon I will perish. This is your destiny; it is not by chance. You will become the next enchantress. It is time for me to pass on my powers to you, young queen," the enchantress declared after hearing Angela's sad story. "But what exactly does it entail to be an enchantress? What does the role involve?" Angela inquired.

"An enchantress is an exceedingly beautiful woman, a wielder of charm, adept in the art of magic. Simply put, the world was unjust to you, and now it's your turn to reciprocate. End others' children and ensure they don't find success. Shatter marital bliss, just as it was shattered for you. Take back from the world what it took from you. Let everyone experience failure as your children did, and let everyone be on the same level," the enchantress responded, placing her hands on Angela's head.

No, God wouldn't condone that; it's not right," Angela firmly rejected.

"The God you believe in, didn't he allow your daughter to perish while she praised him in his own church? Think about it, be wise! Stand up for yourself," the enchantress skillfully manipulated the narrative.

"I suppose you have a point. This is what I will do, but I need some time to consider it. How can I reach you?" Angela inquired.

"We are always linked wherever there is water. Chant my name seven times and say, 'I summon the god of this world, the wielder of power, the teacher of lessons, the shaper of destinies, the enchantress.' I will appear," the enchantress explained.

Angela bid farewell to the enchantress and found herself magically transported back to her bedroom.

CHAPTER 3

Unveiling Shadows: A Dark Revelation

"Hello! What's going on? Oh my goodness! How could you be so careless? Ensure you locate the package no matter what!" – sighs.

Angela awoke at the sound of these words. She had previously been able to hear the ticking clock, the footsteps outside, the sounds of cars, and the honking of bikes, but everything had stopped when the man made that statement. She opened her eyes to see the shadowy figure of a man seated on a chair. "Is this yet another dream? Is there another enchantress in my room?" she pondered, stretching her hand toward the bowl of apples to grab the sharpest knife, prepared to confront whatever lay before her.

"Wait! Hold on! It's me, Uche, remember? Anthony's best friend," Angela slowed down upon recognizing the voice. "Oh my goodness! I apologize, Mr. Uche, or is it just Uche now? How have you been?" she asked, concealing the knife behind her back. "I've been good. I came to check on you. Look at what you've turned into; this isn't the same Angela I knew," he responded promptly. "Cut the nonsense. How's your wife and kids? Oh, and is there anything specific you'd like to have?" Angela retorted, cutting him off. "Yes, could you prepare Anthony's favorite dish, please? Even if my body doesn't cooperate, I want to remember my friend today. We'll both have it," he requested. Angela sighed in disappointment upon hearing his response but managed to force a smile and steer the conversation toward another topic. "By the way, I overheard you mention a missing package earlier. Is everything okay?"

"Yes, my dear. Everything is fine. By the way, I don't have a wife or any child yet. I'm still waiting for you," he responded. "Waiting for who? It's like you're living in a dream," she sarcastically questioned, bustling around the kitchen while preparing food. "Sorry, um, I mean, I'm still waiting for my Angela," he replied, scratching his head.

"Stop evading the topic! I know you have someone. You've always been the silent type. Must I pull words out of your mouth? Pass me a towel from the cupboard, please," Angela demanded.

"Angela! When did you enter the bathroom? You're quite perceptive. Here you go! Open it up," he responded.

"Close your eyes, old man. Thanks. Help me check the meat I'm boiling. I can't cook while looking so unkempt. I'm almost finished here," Angela instructed, maintaining the banter.

"Anthony was a very fortunate man," he remarked, delving into his pocket to search for something while he stood facing the pot in the kitchen.

"Hey! I told you to check the food, not pilfer it. You can eat the meat and stop stashing it in your pocket. That's impolite! Come on, leave this place," Angela scolded.

Uche remained motionless, mesmerized by Angela's beauty as he scanned her from head to toe. She was clad in a butter-colored nightgown, and the fragrance of her deodorant filled the air enticingly. He eyed her like a lion eyeing its prey, but he controlled himself and retreated to her marital bedroom.

A few minutes later, she approached him with a tray of food. Suddenly, she drew very close to him, her soft pink lips and the freckles beneath her eyes clearly visible. The enticing scent of her hair and body overwhelmed him, leading him to impulsively attempt to kiss her. Using his sheer strength, he tore off her beautiful gown. However, she merely placed the tray on the table and tapped his head.

"You're already licking your lips, when you haven't even started eating. Wake up and have your food. Why are you acting so strangely today?" she inquired. "Gosh! I was just imagining things," he murmured with disappointment. "Imagining what? Hahaha! Hunger can play tricks on the mind. Eat your food quickly before you start imagining something else," she teased, offering a smile.

"Thank you for being here. I haven't smiled in a while. I find it hard to open up to you or anyone else, except for Anthony. I treasure the memories of our time together. Now, we all have to go our separate ways. If you stop hearing from me, know that I've found peace and have somehow reunited with my Anthony. Don't try to find me or worry about me. I can take care of myself. I've been doing that since my parents passed away. I wish you all the best. You've been a great friend to Anthony and me. Even before your visit, I had this terrible dream. I don't even know if it was a dream or not, I dreamt that..."

"Shhhh, I was thinking the same thing a while ago. We're meant to be together," Uche declared, brushing her lips with his finger. "I know you want me, and I want you too. Anthony was a loser. Don't worry; I'll take better care of you, and I won't meet my end like a coward, as he did. Let's get married, and I'll help you forget about him."

"Are you out of your mind?" she exclaimed. "It's only been a few years since his death, and you're already thinking like this? He was your best friend. How disgusting! I didn't expect this from you," she added, pushing him away. "The reason I came here was to have my way with the love of my life. I've always loved you more than love itself. I've sacrificed a lot and committed numerous sins just to be with you. I always gave you signs. Why are you so blind to see them?" he confessed, persistently reaching out to her. "What do you mean by committing multiple sins? I didn't ask you to do anything, so please, just leave me alone. It's unfortunate you didn't express your feelings sooner, but I'm sure you'll find the one for you. She's out there. Can you please go away?" Angela urged firmly.

"It seems we'll do this the hard way," he angrily retorted. Ripping the bedsheets, he used them to restrain her. He swiftly grabbed a knife and dragged her off the bed. She felt her body pressed forcefully against his thigh as he forcefully wrapped his arms around her neck. Through the reflection on the knife, she saw her own desperate expression and began to comply.

Before he could tear her gown, she managed to kick a vital part of his body and hurried to the bathroom, locking herself inside. He screamed and made life-threatening statements. Remembering the instructions given by the enchantress, she attempted to summon her. Lo and behold, the enchantress appeared. "Oh my goodness! You're naked, old woman!" Angela exclaimed. "I didn't ask you to summon me while I was about to take a bath or have my breakfast!" the enchantress retorted. "So it was true. I actually saw a sea witch," Angela realized. "Yes, what's the matter? Why did you call upon me, young enchantress? Have you considered my proposal?" the enchantress inquired.

"I am ready to achieve remarkable feats with the power you bestow upon me. I will embrace it and never be defenseless again, as I was when this man attempted to violate me. Anthony's family is coming to visit me tomorrow. I want to demonstrate who holds authority over his prosperities! It wasn't my fault he died without a will. They've been harassing me, plotting against me behind my back. It's time to reveal the truth. No, it's time to show the world that an enchantress exists," Angela explained, as a smile played on her lips.

"Very well then, we shall commence the rituals tonight, my beautiful one," the enchantress declared proudly, gently running her fingers through Angela's hair.

"You're truly beautiful. I didn't notice this allure back in the shrine. You're old, yet captivating. Who would think you're a witch?" Angela complimented the enchantress.

"That is precisely why we are known as the enchantress, the femme fatale," the enchantress explained.

Meanwhile, Uche overheard a conversation between the two women in the bathroom where Angela had gone, and it terrified him. He quickly dashed out, hopped into his car, and drove off as fast as he could. Because he was sure it was only Angela that was in the room with him before.

cHAPTER 4

Ravenous Revelation: The Enchantress's Dilemma

The forces of satanism were present at Angela's witchcraft coronation, where she successfully acquired the potent abilities of an enchantress. Transferring all her powers to Angela, the former enchantress now handed over the responsibilities of overseeing various supernatural forces associated with water to her. With Angela's predecessors identified as water descendants, she inherited the deepest mystical and archaic powers. Reveling in the euphoria of her newfound abilities, she found each moment with her newfound power exhilarating. Embracing her role as an enchantress, she patiently awaited the arrival of her first meal: Anthony's family members.

Despite being the most powerful being on Earth, certain abominable acts must be avoided, as they can provoke strong condemnation from the goddess of water. It is forbidden for an enchantress to consume their own child, their own flesh and blood. While it is permissible to feed on other human flesh, it is strictly prohibited to consume seafood or any creature living underwater.

There are some exceptions to these rules, where sacrifices and appeals can be made to the river. If accepted, the enchantress will continue to live. If not, the enchantress will perish and neither ascend to heaven nor descend to hell. Instead, the soul will be trapped in water or passed on to the next enchantress, who may choose to release the soul to hell. In essence, an enchantress can never enter heaven, and consuming one's child will result in death.

Angela was also informed that being an enchantress doesn't solely revolve around wickedness; one must also exhibit kindness in exchange for prayers and a prolonged life. Whenever she encountered flowing water, whether a river, lagoon, or any unclaimed water body, she was advised to swiftly assert her dominance over it and designate it as the territory of an enchantress. Those who used the water from her claimed territory to seek a child or other things would be granted their desires but at the cost of sacrificing half of their lifespan, leading to an untimely death.

Although humans would perceive the water as natural, its utilization would result in their premature demise. Divinators also took people to rivers or streams for spiritual purification, where if the water belonged to the enchantress, the individuals would receive what they desired for a short time before meeting their end.

Claiming territory was a simple process; the enchantress only needed to place her hands in the water and declare, "I hereby claim this territory. Whoever believes in it shall have their needs fulfilled, and their soul, half of their life, and faith will be mine." Finally, Anthony's family members stormed in, hurling insults at Angela.

This time, they brought along hefty women to restrain her, forcing her head onto the table and incessantly tapping her to sign the papers. In particular, it was Anthony's younger brother who had persistently harassed Angela for his brother's properties. He had a history of colluding with other illiterate family members, manipulating them to join him in pressuring Angela to relinquish the properties. And now, here he was once again, causing trouble.

Aware that he hadn't informed anyone of his visit, Angela was certain that no one would be able to trace the incident back to her. Standing up, she declared, "I am no longer your brother's wife

or that helpless woman. I am a god, and today, I'll feast on all of you." She then conjured the former enchantress, binding her visitors spiritually. They were immobilized and struggled to breathe, although no physical chains were visible on their bodies. The former enchantress appeared after Angela's call.

"Bravo, Angela, you have..."

"Excuse you? I'm the enchantress, mind your manners." – Angela interrupted. "You're joking, right? Have you forgotten I was the one who made you who you are now?" – The former enchantress retorted, annoyed.

"Let's cut to the chase. I'm not in the mood for a lecture. Can I feast on them? I've eaten noodles this morning and I'm full, but there's room for some human flesh. I want to taste blood. Is this part of the cravings for an enchantress? Can I eat them without breaking the rules, considering they are my husband's family members?" – Angela inquired, her arms crossed.

"Hunger made you rude to me, it's okay. You can eat them; family members are the sweetest!"

"Thanks, you're dismissed."

"But wouldn't I...?" "DISMISSED!" – Angela yelled.

"I'm begging you in the name of God, please let me go, and I won't tell anyone your dirty secret. I didn't know you've become a monster." – Anthony's brother begged for his life.

"Are you pleading or are you threatening me? Anyway, it's a waste, you're going to die." (She cuts off his ears).

Placing the ears on her tongue, she chewed it until it was swallowed and then aimed for other parts of his body. All of them were fatally killed and eaten. That was their first and last time seeing the enchantress in her true colors.

For months, Angela had been unknowingly worshipped and prayed for by some people worshipping waterfalls, rivers, lakes, and streams, which she had claimed. She had obtained thousands of years from so many people's ages. She had been tormenting happy families, ensuring she brought them to their downfall, enticing men with her beautiful face, storing a lot of food by trapping people, and spiritually consuming them. She had become a fully grown enchantress.

On a Sunday when Angela was taking a walk, a mother with two beautiful identical twins approached Angela and gave her an invitation flier to their church. Angela politely told them she wasn't a Christian, and couldn't take her eyes off those kids. At first, she imagined herself in the shoes of that woman, having two beautiful twins that could speak so fluently, they so much looked like their mother. She almost cried when she touched both faces of the identical twins, the woman's husband appeared and said: "Enough evangelism, let's go home."

Angela then noticed they were all happy, and she stopped feeling remorseful. As she was about to whisper some incantations to make the man fall in love with her, she spotted someone wearing the type of cloth Anthony's brother wore before he died. The person quickly ran into a nearby shop and did not come out. Angela avoided looking at the person, unsure if it was Anthony's brother, as making eye contact with the soul of someone she had consumed could endanger her. According to the rules, if someone is meant to die in their fifties and they were consumed by the enchantress at the age of forty-five, their soul would wander about until the appropriate time of death, when it would be immediately claimed by the enchantress. However, even the powerful enchantress must wait for God's time. If the person's soul doesn't gain salvation, isn't prayed for, or isn't claimed before their actual death, the enchantress will claim it, and the soul will be in bondage forever.

She passed the scene gently, avoiding any eye contact. Letting out a sigh of relief, she felt fortunate to have escaped successfully. Nearby, a woman was laughing at her son, jokingly telling him he watches too many fictional movies. The son then ran to approach Angela when he saw her passing by. He held her hands and said, "Aunty, my mum doesn't believe me but I know you will."

Mummy asked me to get some foodstuffs in the market, including fish. I managed to get everything except the fish, so I didn't go back to the market since there's a shop nearby where I bought the fish I wanted. Another man was there buying a lot of things. While we were at the shop, a woman parked her car nearby when she spotted the man buying things. She swiftly rushed down from the car and faced us to claim she was just coming back from church, praying that her husband's soul would rest in peace. She mentioned it might be a sign that his soul didn't rest in peace and asked the man beside me if he was alive or dead. The woman seemed to be his wife.

The woman and the kids who got down from the car were so excited to see the man and jumped on him, but he warned them not to step closer to him. He mentioned the enchantress, saying she didn't let his soul rest in peace. He then entered the shop and vanished. The owner of the shop searched for him and couldn't find him, even checking inside the fridge." – The boy concluded.

"Aunty, don't listen to him! How can somebody vanish? And what is an enchantress? Does that word even exist? Don't mind him and go your way, aunty. He's just a naughty boy who loves fiction. I apologize if he wasted your time," the boy's mum complained from afar.

"Do you believe me now?" the young boy questioned. Angela left the scene immediately and hurried home. She began vomiting a lot, feeling like she was dying. She visited a nearby river to ask for forgiveness, knowing she needed a man for a sacrifice. She wondered why she came so close to death, considering she didn't see Anthony's brother face to face. She started thinking maybe it was because the boy mentioned the enchantress to her.

She contemplated using Uche as a sacrifice to the water but then decided that Uche would be hers to devour. After offering the sacrifice to the water, she felt well again. She returned home and called Uche, informing him that she had agreed to his proposal. Uche jumped up in excitement and promised to pay her a visit.

CHAPTER 5

The Unveiling Confessions OF UCHE

Angela eagerly anticipated the arrival of her new meal, wondering how he could still accept her after so many years.

Meanwhile, after receiving a call from Angela the previous night, Uche had a dream in which he was swallowed by a massive python. In the morning, he dreamt again that he was drowning. However, he disregarded these dreams and prepared to meet the love of his life.

Subsequently, he received another call from his associates informing him that a certain "package" had gone missing. Uche, a serial killer, often referred to his victims as "packages." Engaging in various illicit activities under the guise of being a businessman, he was known to be involved in many of the country's misdeeds.

His phone continued to ring, but he ignored it, not wanting any interruptions as he prepared to meet Angela. After a few minutes and over 29 missed calls, he finally picked up the phone and shouted, "What? Can't you guys do your job without bothering me?" His tone softened immediately when he heard the voice of his daughter, Angel, named after Angela, crying and begging for her life.

"Who are you? How dare you kidnap my daughter? I'm in the game, alright? Please release her. I'm the founder and leader of the TAKE gang. I'm sure you're one of my comrades, so let her go, please," he said with confidence.

"Well, well, well, I didn't know you're the founder of the notorious TAKE gang. Well, I'm the founder of the GIFT gang, and I'm gifting your daughter away to be used as a toy in the United States. I bet your biggest competitor will buy her for a worthy price. I'm not interested in bargaining for her anymore after knowing that you're the founder of that stupid gang. You took my brother, in fact, almost all my family. Don't worry, I shall repay you well. Goodbye, my friend," the caller concluded.

Uche became tense instantly as he realized his only daughter had been given away. He began calling the number repeatedly but received no response. Instructing his men to search for his daughter, they were caught and arrested by the police. Fortunately, none of them mentioned his name as the leader. He received another call from his mother-in-law, who informed him that his attention was needed somewhere.

Upon arriving at the specified location, he found his wife in a very bad state. She had been sick for weeks, and the priest placed the blame squarely on Uche. The priest stated that it was the curse of the people he had wronged that was currently affecting his family. He advised Uche to confess his misdeeds before confronting someone he had greatly offended, someone from whom he needed forgiveness before his family could be reunited.

It was an incredibly dreadful day for Uche, as he lost nearly everything he had in just one day—his possessions, his daughter, his money, and his dying wife.

"I'm so sorry, it's true that I had done some terrible things. And I'm willing to change, it's just that I lead these people and there's no way I can leave. A man once told me that my daughter will be used for the same thing I used his daughter for. I travelled to the village and promised a young girl a better life in London, her parents agreed and I took her with me. I had my way with her multiple times after intoxicating her and sold her to a human trafficker when I grew tired of her. Now my daughter is enduring the same fate, or perhaps even worse. I received a call informing me that she has been kidnapped. I'm so sorry."

Uche's voice trembled with remorse and despair as he admitted, His words carried the weight of his deep regret and the helplessness he felt in the face of the unfolding tragedy.

"If you don't speak on what bothers you the most, you'll still be wrapped with the thread of curses," the priest said.

Uche's voice quivered with the weight of his confession. "My best friend, Anthony. I was the one who killed him. I ordered one of my men to pay a mechanic to tamper with his car before he left for his house. We were together in the office when he was mentioning Angela, my own Angela. The Angela I had a deep desire for. He kept tormenting me by boasting about his possessions, his cars, houses, wife, and kids. I envied him so much. Despite having a high self-esteem, his way of life bothered me. I didn't like his old-fashioned style, and the fact that people still admired him made me resentful."

Angela, whom I killed Anthony for, seemed to find solace in those children, which filled her with hope. I was the one who should have been giving her hope and support, the one who should've been there for her. So I decided to eliminate the ones bringing her joy, hoping that she would turn to me for comfort. I followed them to the church and coerced Taiwo to have a cup of coffee, which I had already laced with poison backstage.

She didn't hesitate because of the trust she had in me, she drank it and didn't die eventually, she just fainted on the alter. Quickly, I informed Angela that she had passed away and bribed the doctors at the hospital she was treated, to falsely report it as a cardiac arrest. I substituted another person as Taiwo and buried her with Angela.

Taiwo was in my custody until my men informed me that she had disappeared when I last visited Angela. They told me that the 'package' was gone. Kehinde was always the more serious and untouchable one, but I managed to get to her on the day of her graduation. I sent someone to orchestrate an accident for her, whether she was walking or in a cab. I'm truly sorry, I didn't realize I was turning into such a monster. Can you hear me?"

"She's dead, you have to visit the grave of your friend and ask for forgiveness," the priest said.

"Oh no, my wife too is gone? I won't die, Angela has a very pure heart, it can be manipulated. My friend is gone, but his wife is alive, I will go to her instead," Uche instantly responded as he gets

to his feet and runs away. "Wait! I never told you to go to his wife," the priest yelled. But Uche was long gone.

CHAPTER 6

The Fall of the Enchantress: Unveiling Secrets

Angela's makeup had worn off while she slept, waiting for the arrival of Uche. She heard knocks on the door and was certain it was her snack, she rushed to the door holding a knife in her hands and gently opened it. "What took you so long?" she asked while opening the door. Uche walked in grief-stricken and went down on his knees. "Angela please, I have a confession to make, it wasn't what I thought it was. I'm really sorry I'm telling you this, how do I even begin?" he said.

"I know what you want to say, it's okay, you're sorry right? Then I forgive you. Get up and hug me," Angela responded. In her mind, she just needed him to get closer and die as soon as possible so she could feast on his blood. It was nighttime, the time to circulate the human blood to all the shrines of the enchantress. "You really do? I'm so grateful, but how do you know what I was about to say?" Uche said as he jumped up to give her a hug.

"It's none of your business you moron," Angela replied, setting a knife directly to his chest and stabbing him repeatedly. He lay on the pool of blood lifeless. She then summoned the former enchantress to feast on his blood together with her. They both enjoyed their lunch as the former enchantress asked, "Who's this? A random guy?"

"Nope, he's the man that wanted to rape me that day when I called you. His name is Uche, such a tedious man, he was about to give some lectures to the hungry me, I killed him immediately, hahahaha!" Angela replied.

"What? Uche? What's his last name?" "His last name is Francis. Why are you suddenly so anxious? Cheer up!" Angela responded.

The former enchantress dropped what she was holding and exclaimed, "He's my son!"

"Oh my! Are you serious? Well, family can be the sweetest, sounds familiar?" Angela sarcastically replied.

"I am not permitted to consume my child. Enchantress, please save me. My body is no longer responding. Is this the end? I had thousands of years left to live. I cannot perish in this manner. Please, find a place in your heart to forgive Uche and spare his life. He is my only son. I do not know the whereabouts of my other child. I implore you to save me."

"Save who? I was planning to eliminate you earlier. Just perish and let me remain the sole powerful individual on Earth. Stop touching my legs. Touch your deceased son, I shall indulge in both of you. I bet you taste as exquisite as you look," Angela said, smiling while crossing her legs.

The former enchantress's body began to wrinkle, shrinking by the second, and her once alluring beauty faded. She wept deeply, holding Uche in her arms as she whispered, "What have you done, Uche? What have you done to yourself? You have killed me."

Despite being the most powerful person on Earth, I am unable to do anything to awaken you. I should have given up this power and focused on taking care of my precious child instead of wandering and doing harm to others. Is this how it ends? I am the most vulnerable person on Earth right now. This devilish power means nothing. Life is fleeting. What can I do to save us now?"

Angela couldn't contain her joy at the sight of the two of them dying in front of her. She continued to laugh and watch them both perish. The enchantress pleaded, but Angela paid no heed. She was warned that she could end up in the same position if she didn't relinquish her power, yet she turned a deaf ear and kicked them both. Climbing onto the bed, she prepared to sleep.

"Wait! let me tell you how I became the enchantress. It all started when my mother was a dry cleaner, a skilled one at that. We were extremely impoverished. One day, my mother received a request for a home service to wash clothes for some people.

However, she forgot to buy soap. She left me at the place where she typically bought soap and instructed the lady there to take good care of me as I was still a baby.

She obtained the soap and left to wash her customer's clothes. The grandmother of the shop's owner approached me, giving me a wicked look and attempting to breastfeed me without my request. I wasn't hungry, nor did I cry. When my mother returned, she was furious to see an old woman breastfeeding me, and snatched me away from the old woman's arms. Since then, my behavior had changed drastically.

According to my mother, the old woman's breast was not natural; it was an attachment that resembled a breast. One day, I cried and my mother rushed in to check if someone was causing my distress. She was dismayed to see me crying just like an old woman. This frustrated her, leading her to take me to various diviners, most of whom refused to provide assistance to someone older than themselves. I may have looked small physically, but I was way more older than them, and didn't need help, they could see what my mother couldn't.

In the end she passed away, running frantically for my sake. Even my teacher offended me one day, and I caused his hands to swell. He pleaded with me before the swelling disappeared, and the principal subsequently suspended me from school. I have indeed done many harmful things to people.

I witnessed an old woman tying a baby with ropes on the road, and though I wanted to cry out, the old woman's gaze was terrifying. Meanwhile, other people saw her tying some firewood, not what I was seeing. I felt so trapped from that moment onwards, I knew the baby she was tying was me.

My father mistreated my mother before she passed away. When he invited me to his birthday party, I spiritually took away his eyes, leaving him blind until his death. That was the beginning of my extreme ferocity.

My true name is Amaka, and I never even knew I would give birth. It was a miracle that I had two children, but sadly, I only managed to raise Uche. And now everything is gone. Let my story be a lesson; you still have time to give up your powers."

"You can see I yawned after your boring story. Sadly, I have nothing to lose. Everyone I know is gone, and you managed to convince me to give up the hope I had in my religion as well. So I hope you rest in peace," Angela bluntly responded to the woman's story.

Amaka awoke in a stunning garden-like place, captivated by its beauty. Ahead, a grand gate exuded brilliant light, promising life within. She marveled at her newfound ability to move freely, her body no longer constrained. The numbness that had plagued her vanished. Surprisingly, she wasn't wearing the enchantress's gown anymore.

A man behind her hurled insults, angered by the narrow road. He told her to move forward or else she's not going to like his next move. Despite his aggression, she calmly insisted he pass ahead. This newfound patience was a stark contrast to Amaka's previous nature; she would have instantly retaliated, by killing him.

Suddenly, two enormous, vividly colored creatures emerged as gatekeepers. Their scent, colors, and appearances were awe-inspiring. Human-like but far more vibrant, their white was an otherworldly shade. They held long, white sticks and had blurry faces, with larger bird-like coverings on their backs.

With an imposing presence, they demanded, "Who is your God?" Trembling, the man who had insulted Amaka stuttered, "YOU SIR!" They repeated the question twice, eliciting different, unrelated answers from the man. These beings began recounting the man's woeful tale, detailing his disastrous rule in his homeland as a President, concluding with his gruesome assassination. He realized his heinous crimes barred him from entering this peaceful realm; the cries of his victims haunted him. Judged by these creatures, his ego shattered. Pointing to the gates, they declared, "The Almighty is the one and only God, the supreme being and father." Desperate, he tried to bribe them, offering vast sums of money. "Shameless, money can't buy everything," they retorted. Suddenly, dark, menacing creatures appeared, eagerly carrying the man away to a sinister, narrow place.

It was Amaka's turn. As she stepped forward, she began recounting the emotional chapters of her life, starting with her demise at the hands of a goddess. The creatures took over, narrating her story. They revealed that despite possessing a potent spiritual weapon, she embraced evil, killing men she courted and even robbing her own father of his sight. God sent people to help her, but she ignored them. Despite her damaged womb, she bore two children whom she neglected, consumed by her godhood. Her focus remained on causing harm, refusing to separate from the power she held. Amidst this chaos, her child was stolen from the hospital but found safety in the hands of an old woman who named her Angela. The old woman died when Angela was five. Orphaned, Angela grew up fending for herself, eventually finding love in school. Tragically, her brother's lust led to the murder of her husband. Uche, driven by desire, killed Angela's spouse and attempted to assault her. In a turn of events, Angela inherited her mother's powers and ended her brother's life.

Amaka, unaware that Angela was her own daughter, met a gruesome fate. In a horrifying twist, Amaka met her demise after feasting on her son. In the end, a dark irony prevailed as Amaka's daughter, Angela, feasted on her mother, closing a chapter of tragic darkness.

Amaka stood in stunned silence, her hands pressed to her head in remorse. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she whispered, "I'm sorry." The creatures, unmoved, declared it was too late. She was led away by some dark creatures, similar to the ones that took the man, to a dark, scorching place. Amidst her confusion, she questioned the creature holding her, but received no answers. She managed to glimpse its blurry face, noticing a twisted smile, a sign of victory for having claimed another soul for its kingdom.

Behind her, a familiar voice argued with the creature. She turned to see her son, Uche, pleading in vain. Though she longed to cry, she couldn't. Amaka knew their fate was sealed. She waited in

silent resignation, aware that they both will pay for their sins.

CHAPTER 7

The Lost days of Taiwo: Memories

Taiwo had become a talented photographer who specialized in capturing historical or ancient tools and materials. The family that had adopted her all these years had been searching for her. This time, the children searched her room and found her diary. Excited, they took it to the parlor to inform their parents.

"Mum! Dad! Look what I found. It's a book titled 'My Diary.' Let me read it aloud for you!" the little girl yelled in excitement.

"Okay, go ahead and read it for us. We just hope she's fine," the little girl's father responded.

"My life was and still is full of ups and downs. I had such wonderful parents. My father was the best man in the world; he was my hero and made my sister and me his priority. I was a twin, and Kehinde was the best thing that ever happened to me. Unfortunately, the one who showered the whole family with endless love was the one who passed away first. He had promised us a lot of things, and we awaited his return home, but he never came.

It wasn't long after my dad died and we were all still in grief, I decided to cheer my mum up by persuading her to visit the church so I could sing for her and the Lord. I was very sure my mum would be happy again, at least when she heard me sing.

My dad's best friend dragged me before I could grab the microphone backstage. He emotionally forced me to have a drink, which made me feel nauseous by the end of the day. I fell unconscious on the stage. When I woke up, I had already been kidnapped. My mental health deteriorated day by day as I struggled to sleep, constantly thinking about my dad, mum, and sister. Later, the gang's leader informed me that they had all passed away. On the day I was supposed to be sold like some kind of merchandise, I managed to escape. Luckily, the police were not far from that area. As I began narrating and describing my ordeal, they arrested the culprits, but they never disclosed the identity of their leader. The policeman was kind enough to let me live with him, and

I started to recover under his care. He had the most caring wife one could ever ask for, along with his beautiful and accommodating daughters.

I made progress with my studies and mental health, traveling to various places within and outside the country to capture images of unfound and undiscovered locations across the globe. I eventually became one of the world's finest photographers, with my photographs telling compelling stories and fetching high bids from buyers. I made the family I stayed with millionaires; they deserved it for their generosity towards me. What continues to haunt me is the profound longing for my entire family—my father, mother, and sister. Though they are no longer with me, they will always reside in my heart. If only I could capture their essence in a photograph, I would be the happiest person in the world. I pray the Lord guides me as I embark on this quest to rediscover my lost self. It may be my mental health playing tricks on me, pressuring me to find what is already gone. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that one day, I will capture the essence of the happiness I lost. Amen. I remain Taiwo Precious Aladeseso."

The entire family was in tears, including the one reading Taiwo's diary. "I never knew this young girl endured such a dreadful life. I pray and hope she finds peace. We will all pray for her continued success and a good life. Come to think of it, Taiwo and I once visited the house she referred to as her father's, but we found nothing. It was as if no one had ever lived there. There was no gatekeeper, and there were even restrictions indicating that the house was owned by the government—how absurd. We will pray that God gives her a sign, a clue, or a glimmer of hope. I'm saddened that she had to leave without telling us, because we never chased her. And you kids, you will pray for your Aunt Taiwo, won't you?" the little girl's father asked, wiping away his tears.

"Yes, Daddy, we will," the young girls nodded in agreement.

CHAPTER 8

Unearthing journey: Memories OF KEHINDE

Kehinde was the talk of the town, having spearheaded a series of daring discoveries and earning a place among the top archaeologists globally.

She delved deep into her studies before encountering an accident, which eventually led to her being granted an opportunity to study abroad. Kehinde relished exploring the intricacies of various cultures and traditions, as well as uncovering ancient treasures. She unveiled numerous findings to the world, ranging from buried dwellings and mountains to ancient gold, mummified remains, sculptures, spiritual realms, etymology, and much more.

During an interview, Kehinde was asked to summarize her entire life, to which she responded, "My life is a mess, and I'm still cleaning it up. Before, I had everything I ever wanted: a loving father, mother, and sister. I almost forgot I had a twin sister when life hit me hard. She was my study buddy, my best friend, and my coach. We were alike in nearly every way. I loved Taiwo with

all my heart, and I still do. If I had known that life would throw such harsh stones my way, I would have prepared better before stepping foot on this earth.

My purpose for being on this earth became suddenly meaningless when I lost the people I cherished. It's too much for me to endure.

My father was life's greatest gift to me. He embodied the perfect representation of love for my mother, my sister, and me. He was willing to do anything for all of us, not just because we were a family, but because of his genuine kindness towards others. It's baffling that he, of all people, had to die in an accident on his way home. That day continues to haunt me.

My mother loved him deeply and devoted herself entirely to him, only to mourn him later. My mother was an exceptional woman—her heart was pure, as was her beauty and smile. She treated us all equally and managed the family with the grace of a good mother.

My sister experienced a cardiac arrest in church as she attempted to lift Mum's spirits following Father's death. Mum danced and laughed that day, but her joy turned to sorrow upon seeing her child lying lifeless.

My mother was expecting me at home to see my certificates on the day of my graduation. I passed very well, you would've thought I wasn't bothered with the fact that my family was incomplete. The fact is, I was very bothered, I didn't just let it affect my studies, it was a very difficult phase for me. On my way home, I was hit by a car.

I endured numerous injuries from the accident, which damaged my brain. However, my memory remains intact because I am as resilient as my mother. My father's best friend convinced me that my mother had committed suicide, showing me persuasive pictures that still haunt me to this day. Learning of my mother's death shattered me. I snuck out of the hospital, crying profusely, and narrowly avoided getting hit by a car again.

A white man saved me; he was also an archaeologist exploring Nigeria. Now, we work together as a team, traveling to various places and uncovering numerous hidden secrets. I am proud to call him my friend. Jake Robinson, I love you, buddy!

Sadly, I am the only one left in my family now, and I hope that one day I will be happy again. I discover things that bring joy to people and take some of them to the museum.

Visitors see them and feel happiness, and I wish the same for myself. One day, I hope to find something that will bring me joy as well. Something extremely precious, something my life is missing, I hope so, Amen. I remain Kehinde Princess Aladeseso. Thank you for having me, folks!" Kehinde concluded, rising to sign numerous autographs and answering countless questions from the media before she departed.

CHAPTER 9

The reunion: a blissful loss

Angela discovered a new unclaimed lake and decided to stake her claim immediately. Upon visiting the lake, she was mesmerized by its beauty; it was truly captivating. Angela was pleased that she had ventured this far to acquire a lake, and its size didn't disappoint her.

The lake is situated in Oyo State and appears suitable for irrigation, fishing, and tourism. Angela felt as though she had obtained a rare gem that would attract numerous admirers, given that the lake is a popular destination for birdwatching and boasts a serene atmosphere and picturesque beauty. Numerous legends surround the lake's origin. One story suggests that it was a gift to the community from the local gods. Another tale narrates the story of a princess who leaped into the lake to evade an arranged marriage. However, the most common legend speaks of a giant who supposedly excavated the lake using his bare hands. Regardless of the true origins of the lake, it's evident that it is a unique and esteemed acquisition for the enchantress.

However, a popular rumor about the lake was that it could unite people while also revealing their true colors. Angela dipped her hands in the lake and recited the incantations. She heard a shutter sound and became angry at whoever was taking a picture of her. She warned the person to leave the vicinity, but the camera continued to click. "Maybe I'll have you as my lunch. Wait till I'm done here," Angela whispered to herself.

With a mix of disgust and fury, Angela began searching for the person taking the picture, relying on her heightened senses to track them down. "This image is so beautiful. I'm sure that woman would love to have it. I wonder why she's so angry. Maybe I should just make a run for it. What was I even looking for in this dull location anyway? Gosh!" said the photographer as she readied herself to flee.

The photographer accidentally stubs her foot on a stone and cries out in pain as she makes her escape from the scene. Nearby, a researcher hears the voice of someone in distress and rushes to provide assistance. The researcher keeps shouting to inquire if the photographer is alright and is seeking precise directions to her location to offer help. Meanwhile, the photographer continues to yell in pain as she flees from the wrath of Angela.

Angela follows the trail of the photographer's blood and continues to lick it, causing an insatiable hunger for more blood. She becomes fixated on feasting on the photographer, completely disregarding her original intention of visiting the lake to claim it. As her body temperature rises and she starts feeling nauseous, it becomes apparent to her that her powers are waning. Convinced that she needs blood, she rushes toward the photographer and grabs her hands to take a bite.

The researcher intervenes, pushing Angela away. Quickly tearing off a piece of clothing, the researcher uses it to staunch the photographer's wounds and asks, "Does it hurt?"

The two of them gazed at each other for several minutes, tears streaming down their cheeks, as the photographer whispered, "Kehinde." The researcher exclaimed, "Taiwo!" The sisters embraced each other, overjoyed at the unexpected reunion.

Angela glared fiercely into the water, seething at how an ordinary human had managed to push her away. She was preparing to rise and attack the photographer when she noticed her body was deteriorating. The reflection in the water revealed a hideous female monster, and the water itself seemed to speak, saying, "Do you still wish to claim me? In the end, you're just a killer. You are no powerful enchantress. Nature exists, so does God. Look behind you."

Angela spotted her twin daughters embracing each other, and her heart swelled with joy. She attempted to run towards them to envelop them in a warm hug, but her decaying body prevented her from doing so. Having tasted the blood of her child, which was considered a taboo for an enchantress, her body continued to deteriorate rapidly. The sisters watched as their mother called out their full names, her body perishing before them. They lifted her up, embracing her one last time, and pledged to lead better lives once they left the fateful scene. Angela recounted the story of her life as tears of remorse streamed down her face. The beautiful, identical faces of her daughters were the last things she beheld on this earth. The final sound she heard was the call, "Mother."

Don't cry, Taiwo. When we are in despair, the devil often finds his way into our lives, luring us with persuasive offers or false hopes, especially when we're at our most vulnerable. We must not forget our faith. As long as there is life, there is hope. We should never be in haste; the Almighty, our destiny, or life itself isn't in a rush, considering what is reserved for us. Above all, we should treat others as we wish to be treated, for we will always receive the same in return. Let's go, my dear sister," Kehinde advised, gently patting her sister's back.

"I know just where to bury Mum. She will receive many visitors once they hear that she was an enchantress. Her story, or rather our story, will serve as an inspiring and captivating tale for the entire world," Taiwo replied, wiping away her tears.

THE END.

GLOSSARY

Abominable – Causing moral revulsion; very bad or unpleasant.

Acquisition – The act of gaining possession of something, typically as a result of one's actions or efforts.

Bittersweet – A term used to describe a situation that involves a mixture of both happiness and sadness.

Boring – Not interesting; tedious.

Cardiac Arrest – Sudden, unexpected loss of heart function, breathing, and consciousness.

Consume – Eat, drink, or ingest (food or drink).

Coronation – The ceremony of crowning a sovereign or a sovereign's consort.

Deceased – No longer living; dead.

Despair – The complete loss or absence of hope.

Deteriorating – Becoming progressively worse.

Dismayed – Cause (someone) to feel consternation and distress.

Euphoria – A feeling or state of intense excitement and happiness.

Evangelism – The spreading of the Christian gospel by public preaching or personal witness.

Ferocity – The state or quality of being fierce, savage, or relentless.

Filth – Dirt, impurities, or unpleasant substances that make something unclean.

Fixated – Cause (someone) to acquire an obsessive attachment to someone or something.

Founder – A person who establishes an institution or settlement.

Grief-stricken – Deeply affected by sorrow or distress.

Illicit – Forbidden by law, rules, or custom.

Impulsively – Acting or done without forethought.

Incantations – A series of words said as a magic spell or charm.

Kidnap – To take (someone) away illegally by force, typically to obtain a ransom.

Mental stability – The state of having a healthy and sound mind, often characterized by emotional and psychological balance.

Mesmerized – Captivated or fascinated by something; spellbound.

Misdeeds – A wicked or illegal act.

Missing posters – Notices or announcements put up in public places to seek information about a missing person.

Muster – Collect or assemble (a number or amount).

NYSC – National Youth Service Corps, a one-year mandatory program for Nigerian graduates.

Origin – The point or place where something begins, arises, or is derived.

Package – A term used by Uche to refer to his victims.

Parched – Extremely thirsty.

Perceptive – Having or showing sensitive insight.

Pondered – Thought about or considered carefully.

Relinquish – Voluntarily cease to keep or claim; give up.

Remorse – Deep regret or guilt for a wrong committed.

Repeatedly – Over and over again; constantly.

Resentful – Feeling or expressing bitterness or indignation at having been treated unfairly.

Sarcastically – Using irony or mockery to convey contempt.

Serial killer – A person who murders three or more people in a short period, with cooling-off periods between each murder.

Simp – A slang term referring to a person, typically a man, who is perceived as being overly attentive and submissive to someone they're attracted to.

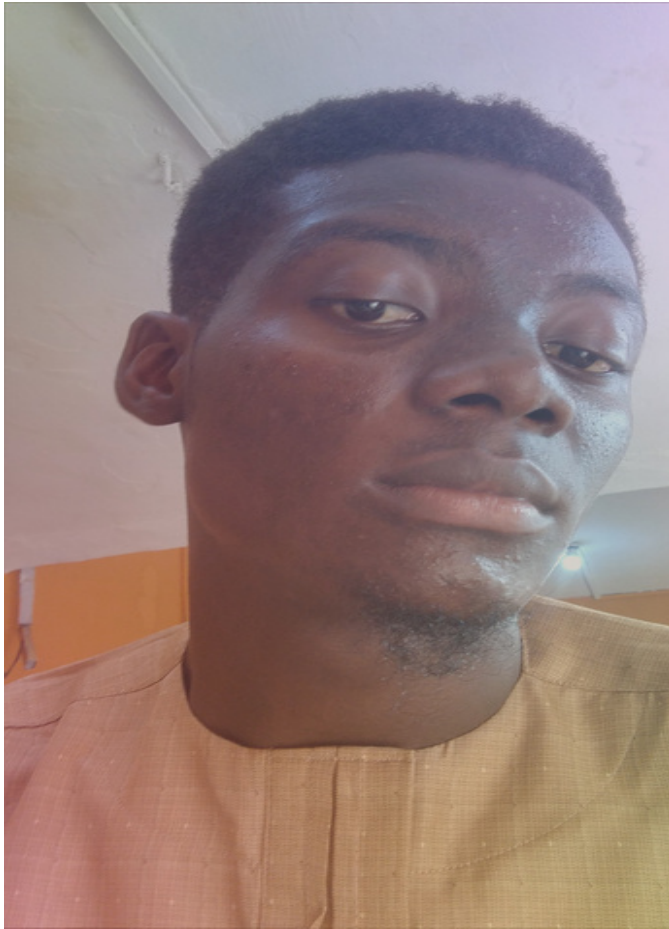
Take gang – A group of criminals led by Uche, involved in various criminal activities.

Tragedy – A disastrous event, usually resulting in great suffering, destruction, or distress.

Trembled – Shake involuntarily, typically as a result of anxiety, excitement, or frailty.

Waning – Decreasing in vigor, power, or extent; becoming weaker.

Witch – A person, typically a woman, who is believed to have supernatural powers and practices sorcery.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kolade Philip Ogunlana is a storyteller, web designer, teacher, and Writer, with a passion for creative pursuits. His Instagram page, @koladesworld, features daily stories that explore the human experience, while his writing blends insight and imagination to create unique and engaging narratives. He studied Mass communication at Yaba College of Technology. He's constantly learning new skills and expanding his knowledge, with a focus on creating AI bots and building websites that are both functional and visually appealing. His diverse skillset and dedication to lifelong learning makes him a compelling figure in the world of technology and writing.

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Study Questions

- 1) Who is Uche in the story?____
- 2) What were the names of Anthony and Angela's twin daughters?____
- 3)What tragic event led Angela to the bridge?__
- 4)How did Angela attempt to summon the enchantress?_____

- 5)What did Angela request from the enchantress after she was attacked by Uche?_____
- 6)What was Uche's reaction when he overheard Angela and the enchantress talking in the bathroom?_____
- 7)Why did Uche leave Angela's house in a hurry?_____
- 8)What was the event where Angela acquired her enchantress powers?_____
- 9)What were the responsibilities transferred to Angela by the former enchantress?_____
- 10)What are the forbidden acts for an enchantress according to the text?_____
- 11)How does Angela claim a territory as an enchantress?_____
- 12)What event led to Uche's daughter being kidnapped?_____
- 13)What did Amaka witness the old woman doing on the road?_____
- 14)What was Angela's reaction when Uche was about to confess his misdeeds?_____
- 15)What happened to Amaka and Uche in the afterlife?
- 16)What is Taiwo's Profession?_____
- 17)Who adopted Taiwo?_____
- 18)What is Kehinde's profession?_____
- 19)Where is Angela's discovery location in the last chapter?_____
- 20) What is the name of the former Enchantress?

Theory Questions

- 1)Analyze the transformation of Angela's character from a grieving widow to an empowered enchantress, focusing on the events and decisions that led to this transformation.
- 2)Discuss the significance of the enchantress's proposition to Angela and how it influenced Angela's actions and decisions in the story.
- 3)Explore the theme of empowerment and revenge in the story, highlighting Angela's journey and the choices she made to reclaim control over her life.
- 4)Evaluate the role of Uche in the story and how his actions and intentions impacted the plot and Angela's character development.
- 5)Reflect on the symbolism of the bridge in the story and its connection to Angela's emotional state and decisions.
- 6)Discuss the impact of grief and loss on Angela's mental and emotional well-being, and how these emotions influenced her interactions with other characters and the enchantress.
- 7)Analyze the themes of manipulation and power dynamics in the relationships between Angela, Uche, and the enchantress, examining how these themes are portrayed and resolved in the

narrative.

8) Explain the rules and responsibilities of an enchantress as described in the text.

9) Describe the events that led to Uche's downfall, including his involvement with Angela and his criminal activities.

10) Discuss the transformation and eventual fate of Amaka and Angela, highlighting the choices they made and the consequences they faced.

11) Discuss the theme of resilience and hope in the face of tragedy, as portrayed through Taiwo's life journey.

12) Analyze the symbolism of the lake in Angela's story and its connection to her descent into darkness.

13) Explore the motif of family bonds and their impact on the characters' actions and decisions in the narrative.

14) Discuss the transformation of Angela's character from an enchantress to a remorseful mother, highlighting the themes of redemption and forgiveness.

15) Analyze the role of faith and spirituality in the characters' lives, especially in moments of despair and loss, drawing examples from Taiwo and Kehinde's experiences.