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# CATASTROPHIC DEVASTATION

## THE ANCIENT ONES

Abdullahi Salihu-Ahmed

# Acknowledgement

I personally recognize and appreciate the powers that holds the heavens above the earth with no visible pillars, for granting me a chance to make this project work. I hope same mercies come upon this work to make it and other works a success.

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I would also like to appreciate a classmate of mine at the University, in person of Opeoluwa, who was one of the first to review the work and gave corrections where necessary...

Cover art: Author

#### **Author's Note**

This is my very first attempt in compiling a 'Novel Verse' series. The 2020 pandemic really did a number on my soul, and when loneliness caved in from the lockdown, I resulted to my only friend in pen, writing.

As you might have known by now, I'm a Nigerian biochemist, this means that English Language is not my strongest course, plus, I wrote and edited this whole work on my Infinix hot 8 Android phone. As such, you will have to ignore few grammatical errors that you might not even find, cause you would have been teleported to my head and living there comfortably.

If you're a fan of Quentin Tarantino movies and other great works of horror, mystery/thriller and historical fiction, welcome to a new idea that might shape your thoughts on life for good. The full series move you through the lives of the ANCIENT ONES, the first settlers of Earth.

This work is a depiction of my wildest imaginations, made for entertainment purpose. So if you're a freak like me, that loves to live in the beautiful world of their head, then you've come to the right place. And if you are about to read this with the hope of reading a good book, well drop that idea, because you're about to watch a great movie play out in your head.

All these being said, you must trust me when I say, you've done the right thing by reading this work.

I dedicate this to you reading it...

## prologue

They say every generation is given the power to either save the world or help end it...

Since the beginning of our world, civilization has been on an endless loop of rising and falling and nature always brings forth a driving force for this great effect. We had the Spanish flu, The first world war, Hitler's world war, The great depression and what have you...

It might seem insane to you when I tell you our world is slowly revolving to its end. We have risen too high and our fall this time might be greater than anticipated. You might be thinking we've got science to save us from all the mistakes made in the past. But our fall will be made by science itself, the powerful people and first beings of our world.

It will sting differently this time when the disaster that hit us will be fueled by our own hands. It might even be the end of it all.

It will be the end of us all...

One

Some year, the 15th of July...

In a military hospital, somewhere in Nigeria, West Africa. Echoes of unending screams filled out the totality of the stormy night.

In one part of the hospital, was Aisha, a tall, slender woman, of the Hausa-Fulani descent, fair in complexion, with dark silky hair. she held tightly onto the sides of the bed, with all the strength she had in her.

A doctor stood at the end of the bed, as well as three midwives, who were active participants in the hostile ousting of a living form whose head was beginning to appear, just below the depths of the agonizing woman.

"It is a boy!" Shouted the doctor. But the baby was mute, as it stood, it was a still birth. A vigorous struggle ends in distraught.

The medical personnel hazed about, trying their best to recuperate the baby, but all their effort was seeming useless, as the baby was not showing any sign of life in it, neither was it responding to their efforts to revive it.

The doctor pronounced the baby dead, placing it on the rack, lifeless. He walked out and came back in with Abubak'r, a young military lieutenant, who was the husband and father of the child. The midwives hovered around the baby's mother, saying words of encouragement, in view to try in consoling her.

Suddenly, a spark of lighting from the thunder storm outside, filled the room with an almost blinding light, followed it shortly, was a loud thunder cry.

The baby jerked, as though it been woken up with fright from a supposed sleep by the sound of the thunder, it screamed and the sharp, deafening cry of a new born, filled the cold air as everyone in the room watched in amazement at the event that just unfolded.

The mother, in a flash, picked up her child, with tears in her eyes, named him "Muejizhan" meaning "Prodigious" in Arabic.

\* \* \*

It was a huge celebration at the home of Abubak'r, whose wife was delivered of a miraculous child seven days back. A naming ceremony was in place for

the newly born (as it is a law in Islam to name a child seven days into its birth). Family, friends and well-wishers were all present at the event to share in the new bundle of joy of the Abubak'r's family.

The ceremonial rites were concluded at the early hours of the morning, Aisha, the mother of the baby, took the child upstairs in her room to get some rest and change up for the after party, slated for later that evening.

The room to which she and the baby was, suddenly started to grows dark slowly, as it got a bizarre covering from a dark, cloudy shape. The baby followed suit and cried out uncomfortably.

Downstairs, Abubak'r, in a fulfilled spirit, was entertaining guests when the voice of his wife, from upstairs, screamed for help horrifically. Dropping everything, he ran upstairs like his clothes were on fire.

The door to the room the screaming came out from, shut close immediately he got near it, keeping him and few others who ran up with him out. he shouted frustratingly for his wife to come help open the door.

Inside, an ugly, demonic, shadowy figure appeared close to the baby's nursery. Aisha on seeing this monstrous apparition, quickly shouted at the ugly demon to stay away from her baby, as she ran towards her child, carried it in her chest and started chanting Arabic prayers, asking God to protect her child.

The whole Place became silent. Shortly, several sharp, scratch marks and cuts began to manifest on Aisha's body. She screamed in pain and chanted some more Arabic prayers, requesting for her child to be saved. A strange light illuminated the room and It all became quite.

The door to the room came wide open, as the baby's father, their first child Zainab (an eight year old girl), other family members rushed into the room, only to see Aisha sitting on her bed carrying and petting her child. All looked surprise, with some asking "What happened Aisha?"

She quickly waved her left arm, dismissing them with a mild laugh saying, "Nothing. I just got scared when the baby started crying funny. You know the experience during his birth is still getting me all shaken up."

The room became lively with laugh and funny murmurs, some started to head back downstairs, taking along Zainab, the first child, leaving the couple and their new baby.

Aisha dropped from her bed, walked to the child's nursery and placed the baby in, as he is now sleeping soundly.

"Are you okay honey?" asked Abubak'r, as he walked up to Aisha.

"Yes I am She sharply answered, faked a smile and properly covered the wounds on her body with her big scarf she had tied around her back.

Abubak'r, now standing behind his wife, turned her around, so her face could meet his, he smiled at her and held her close to his arm in a loving hug.

"I promise you, after all these, I will take you, Zainab and the baby out on a tour in any country of your choice. Who knows, we might come back with you carrying our third child." He said, jokingly.

Aisha, still under her husband's arms, just hummed. She raised her head towards his face, "You know I love you and our kids right? I will always love you..." She managed to confess with tears in her eyes. She then hid her face back in her his arms.

"I love you too dear. But why are you crying?" Abubak'r asked, as confusion painted on his face.

"Was it because I said you'll be carrying out third child when we come back? That was just a joke. I'm contented with the three of you, You are all I have in this life He added humorously, with a huge smile of content on his face.

"I Know and I'm very glad and lucky to have met you in this lifetime." She confirmed, holding him tightly.

Abu'bakr exhaled hard, kissing her on her head and said emotionally, "I'm the lucky one."

That same night, at the Abubak'r's home, his wife Aisha woke him up at around 11:15 pm. They've gone to bed early due to the stress from the celebrations they had earlier that day.

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" She said softly, tapping Abubak'r gently on the shoulder.

Abubak'r fumbled on the bed for a while, scratched his sleepy eyes while stretching his body like a snake. He sharply took up a sitting position on their bed on seeing his wife holding their baby with tears in her eyes.

"Honey?! Is everything okay?" He asked, with fear in his eyes.

"I want you to hold our baby and listen very carefully Aisha said stretching out the child to her husband.

"Some people are born lucky, some are lucky to be born but few others like our child, the world is lucky they were born She continued. "Our child is one of the three prodigies, born on the same day, saddled with the responsibility of deciding if our world should keep existing or be destroyed. According to the prophecy, they are called the **Holy triplets** She spat, as Abubak'r held the child, listening like he's being told the secret to immortality.

"Abubak'r, we are blessed to have this particular child. Earlier today, I lied when you all ran up, upon hearing my cry for help while I was inside with the baby. Something tried to attack our child. The reason was that, amongst all three of these said children, ours is one of the ancient beings that has lived beyond humanity itself, going through an endless cycle of life after life **Since The Beginning** of life itself."

"She?" Abubak'r cut in sharply as he looked, in shock, at the child in his arm, to be sure he's still holding the baby boy his wife gave birth to.

"Yes She Aisha continued. "You know how I told you that some people are blessed with the ability to be reborn after their death?"

Abubak'r shook his head in agreement to him remembering the question.

"Well, certain members of my family are blessed with such ability to come back as many times as they want. And just as my mother had earlier said, our child is the reincarnation of my grandfather, my grandfather was the reincarnation of his grandmother who was the reincarnation of her grandmother and so on. The truth is, that chain of reincarnation traced back to one of the first beings on earth, one of the first witches in history She narrated.

"Witches?" Abubak'r cut in again, this time, looking more confused.

"Look I know you always mock and talk about how there are witches in your family and mine as well. So what's all this tonight, Aisha? Look can we just sleep? We'll continue this joke tomorrow He said and laughed hysterically.

"Abubak'r!" Aisha shouted furiously "This is not a joke. I'm trying to tell you our child's life is in danger. I traded my life to keep him safe for now, because he has to live to save the world from destruction. Listen to the following instructions cause I won't live pass tonight. So I want you to promise me you will ensure to keep him and Zainab safe she said, bursting into tears.

"Aisha! what are you talking about?" Abubak'r asked, now feeling scared of his wife's reactions.

"You are wasting precious time which we don't have. So just listen she said sternly.

She then started to whisper to him some words while he listened.

\* \* \*

"Those are exactly what you must do through the course of our children's life. You are going to have a fun filled life with them. You'll be blessed from this day till you breathe your last. Too bad I won't be there to share all these with you all she said, after instructing him on what to do while patting the head of their baby in Abubak'r's hand.

Abubak'r burst into tears and his wife followed suit.

"You'll be fine and I will always be here with you all the way, I promise She assured, exhaling hard with a smile.

"Go get me Zainab. Let me hold my kids one last time she demanded, collecting back the baby from Abubak'r.

Abubak'r hurriedly rushed out, came back in shortly, with ZAINAB on his shoulder and laid her close to his wife, who was now on her back, with baby Muejizhan on her chest.

"Come over here and hold me too," Aisha said to Abubak'r.

Abubak'r laid closer to his wife, putting his hand over Zainab and the baby, as he drew himself close to his family and sobbed like a deprived child.

"I will miss you all till we meet again," She stuttered, closing her eyes with a smile on her face.

#### Two

Years later...

Two females and a male on hooded cloaks, were on their knees, in a dark room illuminated by candles decorated at strategic places, like an alter. They were

chanting a spell to find someone. Their hands were interlocked, outstretched towards the picture of a map placed on the floor, in front of them. Blood dripped from their interwebed hands onto the map.

Shortly, airy breeze filled the room, blowing out all the lights from the candles.

"Santafey Texas. Found her" Said the male voice.

"Let's get going," Answered one of the female voices.

The three individuals slowly stood up, still holding hands, as they chant and then vanished.

\* \* \*

At a hospital facility at night. Gloria, A young, light skinned, very beautiful, red haired female doctor of about twenty-five years, walked out of the hospital building to the parking lot where her car was packed. She entered her car and drove to the gate.

She greeted the three security guards at the gates as they checked her out.

"Hey Eddie!" She called to one of the guards she was familiar with.

"Good evening Doc. How was your day today?" Replied Eddie, an elderly looking security guard at his mid fifties, with a smirk.

"Well, I would have said fine, but some young lady just died on me in the operating room so. It's never a good one for us Doctors experiencing such things. It's just too stressful," Gloria responded.

Eddie gave Gloria a remorseful look, then replied "Stress sure looks good on you, I must confess. I mean, you still look beautiful as always," In a bid to cheering her up.

"Oh common Mr! What's next? You are going to invite me on a date?" She mocked.

"Maybe, if you feel up to it," Eddie replied with a grin.

"Ain't you too old to be flirting with me?" Gloria said and they both burst into a loud laugh.

"But thanks anyways, I will consider our date when I'm less busy," She added, throwing a wink at him. "Good night dear Eddie," She completed and zoomed out of the hospital compound.

Gloria got to her estate house, parked her car in front of her home and went inside

When inside, she turned on the lights, then went up, straight to the bathroom, took a shower. After which, she came down stairs to the kitchen and got herself a hot cup of tea and went back upstairs to her room.

Gloria was busy staring at the view of the city around her through her window, while she sipped her tea, when suddenly, lights went out, building after buildings, till it got to hers and the whole town became overwhelmed with darkness.

"Oh God! What's all this tonight? Is today the anniversary of the day the Devil betrayed you?," She lamented.

She gulped the last tea from her mug and dropped the empty mug on the bedroom table, picked up her phone, as she tried checking out, online, as to what might have caused the blackout, but there was no cell reception.

"Of course! It's definitely today," She said humorously.

She crawled unto her bed and dived under her blanket to try and catch some sleep.

At exactly 3 o'clock in the morning, She was woken up by the sound of shattering glasses and some movements downstairs. She hurriedly got off her bed in fear, the whole place still dark, she took a torch from the bedside table and went downstairs, carrying a baseball bat on her left hand.

As she reached downstairs, her light got hold of some broken glasses on the floor. She tried looking round the environment, but her light blinked and went off. She rained curses as she hit and shook the torch in distress, trying to fix the torch to light up again.

The baseball bat fell from her hand and rolled down, only to stop shortly as though something stopped it from moving further. She looked up and met a shadow standing before her, at exactly the spot the bat stopped rolling. She tried straining her eyes to see what's in front of her and the torch, immediately, lit directly at the face of a young, handsome, blonde man on cloak. Gloria trembled in fear dropping the torch as she ran for the kitchen on the other side, only to bump into a lady figure at the kitchen's entrance.

Confusion and panick engulfed Gloria, as she ran back to the sitting room, trying to go up the stairs to her room, but this time, she stepped on the broken glasses on the floor. She shouted screams of pain and immediately, all lights came back on.

She navigated the environment with her eyes, trying to find some means of escape. Her eyes came upon a wide open French window, whose glass was broken by the burglars while coming in. Knowing she's currently in danger, she headed straight for the window, ignoring the pain, with the only instinct in her head, to escape her house and her burglars, as she stepped on more broken glasses going out.

Gloria ran through the trees and bushes as fast as she could, straight out of her estate, into the street. Standing outside, She touched her body, trying to reach for her phone to call up the police, but remembered she left it back in her bedroom.

In that confusion of how to get her phone, a car rushed towards where she stood. she waved for the car to stop and it did, just after driving few meters from her position. She moved closer and saw a young, beautiful, dark haired lady, in a party dress. Gloria quickly jumped into the car and told the driver to speed off.

"Hey are you okay? What happened to you, and where are you off to looking like this?" The lady who picked up Gloria endlessly asked, as she drove off.

"Will you stop blabbering and just drive straight to the hospital!" Shouted Gloria. "Can I have your phone please? I need to call the police," She asked again, looking worried.

"Wooh! calm down," Replied the lady, sternly.

Gloria felt calm, immediately the lady commanded her to, as though she was injected with heavy antidepressants. She then looked at the lady surprised, and almost immediately, two people, the same people in Gloria's house, suddenly appeared at the back seat of the lady's car.

"Good work as always little sister," Said the handsome blonde guy, to the lady driving.

"Who the hell are you people? What do you want with me?" Gloria, still calm, but now in tears and shocked at the turn of event, managed to stutter in fear.

"We are what I believe you all now call The ancient ones? The ancestors? or whatever name this generation might have cooked up for the first settlers of Earth," Replied the lady who appeared together with the blonde male.

She was a light skinned, very beautiful, young lady, with long, silky red hair, almost having a striking resemblance with Gloria.

"And we want a lot with you," giggled the male in the car.

"You want to have a deep sleep now Gloria, so sleep dear." Said the lady who picked up Gloria.

Gloria immediately slumped off to sleep.

"Celeste, you and your parlor tricks, I pray you are careful enough to not use them on the wrong being again." Said the lady with the red hair to the lady driving. "But I must commend you for all this. You did a great job little sister," She added, smiling at her younger sister, the driver.

Celeste, the driver, beckoned to the red haired female. "You know me to be doing this for eons Fey! Besides a few mistakes, when have I ever gone wrong with my powers?" She asked rhetorically.

"Well, Thank you both for the compliments," She added, smiling sheepishly, as she was enjoying their compliments.

"Now let's make this work this time. Mother will be pleased," The blonde male spat.

"Of course Luke, no mistakes this time," Fey replied him.

\* \* \*

"The situation of missing persons happening across the state of New Orleans and the recent breaking in and abduction of Doctor Gloria Brooke, from her residence in Texas, has caused an uproar in the country..." A news presenter was reporting on TV.

".....So far, they've been a significant number of missing persons across six counties in New Orleans, in addition to the recently abducted doctor from Texas. Police are saying they've not yet established any possible connections to the cases so far. Gloria is the daughter of Professor Wayne Brooke, a wealthy and well renowned Scientist and CEO of Brooke's Biotech Laboratories..." The TV presenter continued narrating in the background.

\* \* \*

Inside Wayne's office, in the Brooke's Laboratory building. Wayne Brooke, Gloria's father, was in a heated up agitation with a man, who was one of his partners.

"Is this what this is about John? I said no to you and your people and you kidnapped my daughter?" Wayne fired fiercely.

"So you think we did this? Look, Wayne, our organization don't go about abducting people cause they said no to us. We brought you a deal, you said you don't want in on it so we moved on with our deal and that's it," John replied, innocently.

"I swear, if I don't get back my daughter in the next forty-eight hours, I will get my lawyers working round the clock to expose you and your organization," Wayne threatened.

"You need to relax she's probably just fine..." John said, trying to calm Wayne down

"Get out of my office! We're done here," Wayne cut John off in anger, with a gesture, asking for him to leave his. "Forty-eight hours, forty-eight Goddamned hours, it's all you've got," He added as John reached the door to leave.

\* \* \*

New Orleans at night...

In an ancient looking cemetery, fourteen figures, three of whom were the people who abducted Dr. Gloria. While the other eleven were on hooded cloaks that covered their faces.

They stood in a crypt containing a swimming pool structure, some skulls, sigil and symbols, inscribed on the walls and floor of the crypt, signifying a ritual altar. Bodies of the missing persons, over fifty bodies, were arranged round the pool symbolically, with parts of their bodies cut, as their blood moved into the pool, filling it up with blood.

The whole place was lit with countless candles and few fire torches in designated places.

"Bring the girl!," Luke commanded.

Four figures on hood, brought in a depressed looking Gloria, her hands tied and mouth taped.

They striped and tied her to a table altar. She cried for help as her abductors embalmed her with chalk in preparation for a ritual.

Fey brought out a dagger, seeing it, Gloria began to beg for her life.

"If we want you dead we won't bother going through all the stress of bringing you here. You don't even know what you are, do you?" Fey expressed.

"We won't kill you, not yet." Luke said, making a funny, yet surprised face as Gloria cried the more.

Celeste carried in, a new born baby of less than a week old. The child was placed next to Gloria as it wailed bitterly.

The three siblings, Celeste, Luke and Fey, made a cut, with the dagger, on their palm. Their blood dripping hand was then used to hold the dagger, jointly, as they stabbed the chest of the infant, carving out it heart. They raised the heart and body up, over Gloria, and it blood dripped all over her, while the three siblings chanted in magical tongue.

The other figures moved close, lifted Gloria and dipped her, deep into the blood filled pool. Then all fourteen figures chanted, as Gloria drowned.

Gloria tried to swam out of the pool, but it seemed as though, she was floating powerlessly, deep inside an ocean. She kept trying hard until she began to loose her breath.

Her last moment inside the pool of blood, she shut her eyes, but immediately opened them wide, as they became bloodshot under the pool.

Above the pool, the flames on all the candles and torches increased insatiably. The three siblings slowly drew back from the pool. A loud monstrous voice echoed in the room and all the lights went off. The whole place transformed into stern darkness.

A demonic figure suddenly appeared, filling the crypt, as it tore through and slaughtered all the people above the pool. Their screaming filled the cold dark night.

\*\*\*

Couple of policemen came trooping in and found a naked Gloria sitting on the floor, covered in blood and crying. They covered her up and take her to an ambulance outside.

The medics took a look at Gloria, while two police men and a detective stood beside her, asking her some questions.

"I was put to drown in a pool of blood, they were muttering something I don't understand, when suddenly, I heard a loud noise and the voices of the people who abducted me, screaming, after that, I can't really recall, it was all blur..." Gloria explained difficulty, as the officer noted it down.

"....Doctor Gloria was just found at a crypt in the New Orleans cemetery, with what seemed like a ritual gone wrong by some occult group. It's sheer luck that the Doctor is still alive and she is the only one that survived the incident. We are sorry to announce that other missing victims whose bodies were also found inside the crypt didn't make it including the body of an infant. we are also getting report that the eleven cultists or abductors were all found dead..." A journalist was reporting at the background, behind the marked tape. There were other reporters and spectators too, trying to get a first hand tale of the whole event.

Three exotic cars, in convoy, moved in and parked. Wayne Brooke, Gloria's father, came down from one and ran to where his daughter was, Gloria on seeing her Dad rushed to hug him tightly.

Wayne asked to take Gloria home and was granted permission.

"Miss, we'll be coming to visit you later on for more questioning if you don't mind," asked one of the detectives, politely.

A worn out Gloria, managed to stutter the words, "Sure I.. I.." when Wayne angrily cut in.

"Of course not officer. Or better still, maybe you should call her up to address Congress on what happened. Uh no! I was thinking she should also attend the United Nations' next General Assembly and brief them too." He exclaimed frustratingly.

"My daughter just went through trauma. If you didn't get the information you needed in this place, don't you dare show up your ugly face at my place to question my daughter for any reason whatsoever." Wayne fired angrily, as he walked out on the officer, with Gloria in his arm. They went to his car and his convoy of three, left the premises with Gloria.

#### Three

A young, lanky boy of Mexican descent, about the age of seventeen, stood, collecting mails from the mail box of an orphanage, in Mississippi, when one letter caught his eyes.

He ran down the hall of the orphanage cathedral, holding the letter in his hand, shouting at the top of his voice, "Mother Superior! Where is Mother Superior?" He asked the other kids around.

"Miliagro?! What is it darling? Is everything okay?" The Mother Superior called out to the boy, from a distance.

"See for yourself," Miliagro, the young lad, said, as he handed her the letter with smiles on his face.

"Blessed Virgin Mary! Miliagro, you made it! I'm so proud of you," She exclaimed in amusement, after reading the content of the letter. She hugged him close, as tears filled her eyes.

"Nancy!" The Mother Superior beckoned to a young Nun in her mid thirties, to come and share in the good news.

"Wow! You've been admitted to Harvard on scholarship! I never had one single doubt thou." Nancy said, after reading the letter with eyes opened in amazement.

"Uhn?! You actually told me not to take the exam cause there's only a ten percent chance they will pick me. And that, the ten percent is shared with like a million others," Miliagro replied Nancy, making funny faces at her.

"Oh common, that was just to see how motivated you are," She said with a smile

"And also not to watch you cry in disappointment if it didn't go your way." She added, whispering this time.

"Of course!" Miliagro answered, giving another weird glance, this time, at the mother superior and they both burst out in laughter.

He collected the letter from Nancy and hurriedly ran down to show it to the other kids.

That night, as they gathered at the table to eat dinner at the orphanage, the mother superior, after the food, congratulated Milli (the nickname given to Miliagro by the other kids).

She dished out some encouraging words and prayed for everyone, while declaring that they will all follow him to the airport, to see him off.

\* \* \*

A seventeen year old lady of Indian descent, walked around aimlessly. She suddenly stood afloat, with the Earth under her feet.

She then started to fall down to Earth. She appeared in the modern day city of New York, but it looked isolated. She kept walking, trying to find someone or some meaning to her new environment.

Every tall buildings and world class constructions were dilapidated and abandoned. She walked few meters and started to see blood and bodies lying everywhere on the ground.

She saw an old, raggedy person walking towards her, suddenly, the person started to cough out blood and fell to their back, stretching their hands towards her, trying to reach for some sort of help, for their extinguishing life.

Almost immediately, an helicopter hovered above her and the radio from the chopper, called out, "Prisilla Anav! Stay where you are, do not move or we will put you down! Put your hands above your head. Prisilla! Prisilla..."

"Prisilla!" A female voice called out angrily, waking up the young lady.

"Prisilla! Hurry up and get down here!" The voice commanded again, in Hindi.

"Yes Grandma, I will be downstairs in a minute," Prissila replied in English.

She looked round her environment, realising she just had a bad dream, and she's still in India, not New York or above the earth for that matter, as supposed by the weird dream.

"Give me a minute let me freshen up, she's taken a whole year upstairs in her room, all she does is look at that cursed phone of hers. That American mother of hers have spoiled this girl rotten. And now she's going back to America for more disrespectful education. She doesn't even speak Hindi anymore. Yes Grandma! Yes Grandma! like a wild dog," The grandmother lamented endlessly to herself, in small muttering sounds, in Hindi, while making funny, distressed faces.

"Hey Grandma, I'm here. Sorry I fell asleep," Prissila interrupted, coming down the stairs from her room.

"Oh yeah Miss World, don't forget the pilot won't bring the plane here to pick you up. You'll be late for your flight if you don't hurry." She mocked Prisilla, who was now downstairs and attempting to kiss her on the cheek.

"Hmmmmmn! too bad for him. I think we should fire the pilot if he can't do that, right?!" Prissila whined jokingly.

"I will miss you Grandma." She added, this time, emotionally hugging her Grandma.

"I won't miss you one bit. So unhinge me, weird lady I call my granddaughter," Grandma said laughing and trying to free herself from Prisilla's hug.

"Hey Prisilla, are you set?" A male figure said, as he entered the room. He picked up Prisilla's luggage and dragged it outside.

"Yes uncle Arjun," Prisilla answered, as she and the grandmother followed the Uncle out, with Prisilla closing the door behind them.

\* \* \*

A young, light skinned, black boy of seventeen, ran barefooted as though he was running from someone, running for his life. As he ran through a thick bush, he turned his face backward to check for his pursuers.

He then bumped into someone and fell flat on his back. Raising his face quickly to look, his face met a scary looking, demon-like figure of a man with maggets dripping from all over him, holding a blood stained dagger.

The boy tried getting up to run, but the ground became muddy and started to swallow him bit by bit, as though someone was drawing him deep into the ground below, like a quicksand.

The demon figure above him raised the dagger to stab him. The boy struggled and screamed hard, trying to break free but the maggots from the demons body, began to fall into the boy's mouth, filling it up as he choke and kept struggling.

"Muejiz! Muejiz!" A bold male voice, called out.

It was the voice of an older Abubak'r, as he tried to wake up his son who is struggling in bed from a nightmare.

Muejizhan, now a tall, black haired lad with hazel brown eyes and slim body, typical of a handsome, Hausa-Fulani boy, of the Northern Nigeria descent, woke up, all sweaty with fear in his eyes.

"It's just a nightmare dear. I'm right here. You're okay!." Abubak'r said, hugging his son.

"Get ready quick, let me drop you off at the airport." He added and stood up to leave the room.

Muejizhan, now awake to the realization of his surrounding, looked at the table clock,

"It's seven in the morning already?" He thought to himself, as it wasn't up to a minute he slept, after praying the early morning Muslim prayers.

He hurriedly rushed down from his bed and maneuvered his way to his bathroom and quickly got prepared.

Seeing as his son climbed down the stairs, with the helps carrying his luggage, Abubak'r was moved to tears as he smiled proudly.

"Ok Dad, you've either got an amazing tear duct that pours out at every moment, or you're too emotional for an army General. And that's too bad if you ask me, I mean, did you cry your way through wars?!" Meujizhan humorously said to his father, as he met tears in his eyes.

"Muejiz! I will miss you and your disrespectful jokes!" Abubak'r said stretching his hand to engulf his boy in a lovely hug.

"Oh! I know you will." Muejizhan, now under his father's arm muttered.

"Alright, let go of me. We will continue this emotional moments when you walk me down the aisle, sometime in the future." He mocked and broke free from his Dad.

"Don't try to play tough, you better cry all you want now. I'm saving you the embarrassment of not crying on the plane or when you land and I'm not there." Abubak'r said in defence.

"Save me from what now?! I mean look at the bright side Dad, I'm not getting married to an Arabian Prince and leaving you for good, to go live in UAE like Zainab." Muejizhan fired, jokingly.

"I've just been admitted into the university and it's a good thing I accept the admission and go. Unless you want my education to stop at High school level. That, I'll gladly do." He mocked and tried to turn back, as if not going through with his journey again.

"That's not fair, bringing Zainab into this. I'm happy she's married and has a family of her own now. Though they're far away, but I am still a happy and proud father," Abubak'r defended again.

"I also want you to go to school and attain the highest level of education possible. It's what your mother would want, it's what I want." He said, with a prideful smile this time.

Muejizhan moved close and hugged his Dad, "It's also what I want. I will make you proud I promise!" He said emotionally.

"I'm already proud," replied Abubak'r.

A soldier walked in and announced to them, "Sir the car is ready. We should leave now."

Inside the car, the driver, an army lieutenant, looked through the rear view mirror and his face caught that of Muejizhan.

"So, Muejiz, Biochemistry in Obafemi Awolowo University huh?! Africa's best University." The lieutenant said.

"I'm really proud of you for meeting the admission quota. Our boy, now in the one and only Great Ife! Keep making us real proud dear. Although we are all gonna miss you badly." He added with a smirk.

"I know you all will, Sir Ali." Muejizhan replied beaming with smiles and threw a wink at the driver through the rear view mirror.

\* \* \*

Miliagro, Muejizhan and Prisilla were being checked in, at the airport, in different locations.

Miliagro stood at the Mississippi airport, wore a dark shade, with a proud, boastful face, pressing on his phone, trying to shy away from the noise and tantrum from the other orphan kids.

Prisilla, at the New Delhi airport in India, smiling and waving at every stranger. She kept hugging her grandma and uncle at intervals, with the grandma trying to break free of the lady every time. She shook her head and laughed at the scene her granddaughter was creating.

Muejizhan at the Nnamdi Azikiwe International Airport Abuja, Nigeria. He sat with his Dad and the driver, smiling with joy, as though can't wait to be on his way to his new destination and adventure.

"All passengers to the Obafemi Awolowo University Airport should please board their plane right now..." A female voice announced on radio.

Muejizhan quickly jumped, made a salute at his Dad and Lieutenant Ali, the driver. And ran off to the runway waving them goodbye, as his father and Ali smiled at him leaving and waved back.

### Four

In one of Wayne Houses in Southern California, Wayne heard whispering sounds coming from Gloria's room as he climbed up the stairs.

He stopped at the doorway to Gloria's room, opened the door and walked in. The room was dark and the whispering persisted. He quickly flipped on the light switch, illuminating the room, but there was no single soul inside.

"What the..." Surprised Wayne exclaimed in fear.

He hurriedly turned to leave, but bumped into Gloria, and was again, startled to shock.

"Dad? Are you okay?" Asked Gloria with little or no emotion on her face.

"Uhmmmn... Ahhn.. N.. No. I.. I mean Yes! Thought I heard voices in here, but..." Stuttered Wayne.

"Common Dad there's no one here," Gloria interrupted.

"What are you doing up here in my room anyways?" She asked.

"Oh yes!" Wayne exclaimed, adjusting his glasses and smiling flirtingly at his daughter.

"I made some nice dishes and lots of popcorn," He said still smiling. "I want us to spend the night together watching Hansel and Gretel. You used to love that movie," He added, sheepishly.

"Yeah, I do?" Gloria asked as though not remembering the movie at all.

"Remember how we always act it up? I was Hansel and you, Gretel. You've always wanted to be Gretel when you grow up" Wayne said trying to remind himself and his daughter of the good old times.

"Honey, I'm sorry I wasn't always around for you. I'm sorry I wasn't there when you needed me," He added, now sounding remorseful as he moved closer and hugged Gloria.

"Dad?" Called Gloria, under her father's arm.

"Yes?" Answered Wayne.

"Are you here to apologise for not being with me when I was kidnapped?" She asked and Chuckled.

"Hmmmmmn..." Wayne hummed with guilt in his voice.

"Oh Dad!" She exclaimed, breaking the hug for a while, looked up at Wayne's face, then went back to hugging him.

"Really it's nothing. What happened was never your fault. I mean, not that you can stop it from happening if you were there. I'm just happy I'm right here with you now." She expressed, with tears in her voice.

"Now can we go down stairs and be Hansel and Gretel. She added and they both burst out in laughter, broke out the hug and started to head downstairs, with Wayne leading the way out.

At the sitting room, They both folded themselves in a couch with a huge bowl of popcorn in their midst, as they enjoyed themselves, engrossed in their movie.

"Baby, can you go get me my wine from the dining?" Wayne requested of Gloria politely.

"Sure," Gloria answered as she stood up and left to get the wine.

"You know Dad," She called out from the dinning.

"Yeah?" Wayne answered.

"Don't you think it's sad you had to dismiss all the helps, just so we could spend time together?" She asked sounding concern.

"Why? I mean, I didn't fire them, I just gave them a break." Wayne said, defendingly.

"Oh! No, I meant it sad for us not them," She said confirming her reasons.

She was now returning from the dinning with a tumbler and bottle of wine in her right hand.

"The food we've been making and eating these days are bluuuh!" She continued. "Unlike the one that maid made for us the day we came here."

"Dorothy you mean?" Wayne said trying to confirm the help's name.

"Yes her," She confirmed. "I mean, look for instance, tonight you made popcorn enough for an entire village," She added, mockingly.

"Oh that?! I was thinking we gonna eat them for the next couple of days, you know, microwave the left-overs and all." Wayne tried to defend.

"No way!" Gloria, now in the sitting room and handing her dad the wine, shouted at his idea of microwaving the leftover popcorns. She went back to her sitting position beside Wayne.

"Yeah..." Wayne said laughing.

"I see what you're doing, you know we are both bad cooks, so it's best we just make popcorn and eat it for the rest of our lives," she fired jokingly and they laughed their guts out.

Wayne brought his face closer to Gloria's, as the laugh disappeared from his face. He looked sternly at her and popped up the question, 'Who are you?

Gloria laughed more, taking it for another drunk joke. She stopped laughing when she saw Wayne not laughing.

"What do you mean Dad?" She asked looking confused.

"The events that happened since the day my daughter was kidnapped, till now, still doesn't make any sense to me," Wayne said, now standing up.

"You've been acting strange since I brought you back from New Orleans." He added.

"Strange how?" Gloria asked looking mischievous.

"I thought the whole event changed you somehow, that you are now calmed, more gentle, nice and all," Wayne continued.

"But the changes I've been observing are totally off point. I mean, you don't even know Dorothy's name? your very own Nanny?! I don't know who you are or what you've done to my daughter, but I know this, all these? is not my daughter," Wayne fired.

"H-How... What do you mean?" Gloria stuttered.

"My daughter and I never get along. She blames me for what happened to her mother. She never calls me Dad, but Wayne, since, when? I can't remember." He fired, now shouting.

"Gloria was left handed. When I asked you to go get me my wine I wanted to confirm, and coupled with other times, you've proven to be right handed. I'm a Scientist, and I know that doesn't just change overnight. So I'm going to ask you for the last time, Who are you?" He asked in rage, pulling out a gun and pointed it directly at Gloria's head.

Gloria slowly stood up, looking very surprised at her Dad holding a gun over her head.

"Woooh! Dad calm down. I don't know what you are talking about, I'm Gloria. This is Gloria your daughter," She tried to defend.

"Jesus! Don't mess with me, I will pull the trigger. Look, just tell me who the hell you are and what you've done with my daughter!" Wayne spat out in anger.

"You need to stop this madness Dad, I don't know what you're talking about I'm Gloria." She said trying to act scared.

"Alright cut the crap! you caught me." She confessed, now looking emotionless with an evil grin on her face.

Gloria closed her eyes and started to chant some incantations in a strange language. Airy breeze filled the room, the electricity became static as light bulbs blew out.

"What are you doing?" Wayne asked looking scared.

Gloria stopped chanting, opened her eyes and gave a smirk, "Calling my children," She answered.

Immediately, the three people who earlier abducted Gloria, appeared in the room, beside Gloria.

"Holy darkness!" Wayne exclaimed.

"Darkness is unholy, dear Daddy," Gloria fired.

Her facial expression changed into some angry demon like figure, as she made to rush close to Wayne.

Wayne pulled the trigger, but there were no shot being fired. He tried severely with hands shaking, but it seemed as though there were no bullets in the gun.

Gloria stopped walking towards him and laughed demonically. "Humans! How dumb you will always be." She said, with her voice sounding like a thousand other persons talking at the same time.

Luke, the male abductor, rushed close to Wayne, with a speed as fast as light and collected the gun from him. He pointed the gun towards the roof, pulled the trigger and the sound of a fired gun echoed in the room.

Wayne in shock, moved backwards, only to be stopped by Celeste as he bumped into her. He jerked and turned in fear of how she got behind him that fast. His thoughts were immediately halted, as he heard her voice in his head.

"You're having a heart attack" Celeste said to Wayne with her mind, not moving her lips.

Wayne, immediately, held his chest crunchingly. He fell flat on the floor in pains, raising his other hand as though trying to reach for help.

"Now, You have stroke." She added sternly, with her voice sounding loud in his head as Wayne immediately passed out.

#### **Five**

Muejiz landed at the Obafemi Awolowo University Airport. Having his luggage by his side, he stood, trying to board a taxi into the university campus.

While he waited, he saw a very beautiful, young lady with long, permed, brown hair, struggling with her overweighted load. He quickly rushed to help her, but she dismissed him with a snare.

He followed her slowly back to the taxi stand, watching all the while as she struggled with her luggage.

"Well I must say you're a very strong woman," He tried to compliment her.

"I see, so you are one of those who think women can't do it themselves?" The lady, now sweating profusely, responded angrily.

"Uhhhm... No! I'm just admiring you that's all," He said, defending himself.

"I see," The lady replied sternly.

"Plus you're a really beautiful lady." He added, complimenting her beauty. "I'm Muejizhan you can call me Muejiz, or Zhan, or Muej or..." He tried to introduce.

"Ok I see where this is going," Tomi cut him off.

"You see a beautiful lady and you're trying to woo her. Look, I might be a freshman but I'm not new to this environment. And by the way, I have a boyfriend, so just piss off." She spat fiercely.

"I wonder where all these Taxies are today!" She complained, now murmuring to herself.

"Nigerians, we will never change. You Nigerian ladies will always pick offense on everything. If no one compliment you, you become sad, if someone tells you, you look good, you become mad. Do I look like one of those guys that want to woo you?" Muejizhan expressed.

"What differentiates you from others. Are you not a guy?" The lady asked finely.

"Yeah that's a point," He replied thoughtfully.

"But I'm not into you, I'm just admiring you that's all. Plus FYI, I'm kinda, more into guys than ladies!" he whispered as he moved close to the lady.

The lady's face lit up became apologetic. "Uhhh! I'm sorry. I'm just frustrated right now. I mean I've been frustrated since before I left home..." She said in defence.

"Wanna talk about it?" He asked in concern.

"No please!" The lady fired. "God! Do you talk about everything?" She asked looking at him in awe.

"Anyways I'm Maureen. You can just call me Tomi, short for my middle name Tomison." She introduced.

"Or T, or Tom or..." Muejizhan started optioning for soothing nicknames, but stopped as he noticed Tomi giving him a stern look.

"I guess not. Tomi will do just fine then!" He finally dismissed.

Just then, couple of taxies started to head their way, they made move to stop one for themselves.

"Faculty of Science residence" they both announced and immediately looked at each other in amazement and laughed.

They boarded the same taxi. Chatting and laughing like old friends who got reunited after a lifetime apart. They even got to know they've both been admitted into the same department.

At the faculty residence, the taxi stopped and they alighted. Some fellows came and helped them in lifting their luggages to their destination.

"I hope the female wing is as nice as everyone speculated it to be," Tomi said to her new friend, Muejiz.

"I don't want to think about the male residence. I mean, the entire campus have bad mouthed it already, online," Muejiz replied meekly, lamenting about the speculated plight of his own residence.

Tomi laughed, putting her hand over Muejiz' shoulders, "Hey Don't worry, you can always come to my room to chill," She said in bid to comfort him.

"Oh! That reminds me, are you coming to the freshmen party tonight?" She asked.

"Really! We just got here and you're talking of a party already?!" Muejiz said, surprised.

"You're coming anyways, right?" She pushed.

"Uhnn..." Muejiz stammered

"Why am I asking? Of course you're coming." She finalized.

"Ahnnn... I don't..." He tried to defend.

Tomi gave him a stern look, shook her head and commanded saying, "That settles it, you're coming."

"Okay mum, I am. But I swear, I will ensure you regret making me," He confirmed and they both laughed.

They got to the road splitting the male wing from that of the female and both parted ways.

\* \* \*

Back at the crypt at Lafayette cemetery in New Orleans...

Gloria rose up and majestically walked towards the edge of the pool of blood trying to come out of it. the other eleven figures chanting the ritual with her three abductors, knelt down, as two of them dropped down their hoods, revealing two middle aged women. "Queen Lilith," spoke one of the women.

The three siblings, with terrifying looks on their faces, slowly moved close to Gloria, in the pool.

Gloria's face on seeing the siblings lit up. "My children!" She exclaimed.

"Mum?!" Luke inquired.

"And who are these people?" She asked, looking round at the other eleven people on hood.

"The coven we hired to help get all these done," Fey answered.

"What's next mother?" Celeste asked, moving close to Gloria, who the three now claimed to be their mother, trying to cover her with a cape.

Gloria stoped Celeste from covering her, took another look round, at the eleven members of the said coven and smiled evilly. "Cover our tracks?!" She replied Celeste's question.

The place became totally dark. Ugly shadowy figures, filled the crypt, tearing through the coven members. Their blood splashed all over the place as cry of anguish filled the air from the eleven membered coven.

"Attention all passengers on board, we've reached New York and the plane will be landing soon. Fasten your seat belts please!"

Prissila jerked, waking up from her supposed nightmare of the crypt by the voice of the flight attendant, on the plane she was aboard.

\* \* \*

At the freshmen party in Muejiz school...

"Welcome newbies to your initiation party into the great citadel of learning. Tonight you are going to be having a lot of fun and magic..." The host of the party welcomed everyone in the background...

"Tonight is going to be awesome!" Tomi said, entering the venue with Muejiz holding her hand like her date.

"Yeah you wish," Muejiz replied.

"Damn! This is beautiful..." He stammered on entering the venue with eyes wide open. "-ly stupid!" He completed, changing his expression as he saw Tomi staring at him.

"Don't...! I see what you're doing..." Tomi fired at him.

"What?" He asked funnily.

A tall, built, brown-skinned, handsome guy, walked towards them. Tomi engaged the guy in a warm hug and then, in a kiss.

"Uhhhm... Hello? I'm right here," Muejiz interrupted.

Tomi, now separating from the guy, faked a cough. "Hey Muejiz, this is my boyfriend Fred. Fred, meet my newly found bestie Muejiz!" She introduced.

"Hey bro what's up?" Fred said, stretching for a handshake.

Muejiz looked at his hand distastefully. "What's that? Come over here and give me a hug," He said, as he dragged Fred in, and embrace him tight in a hug.

"He's cute, I'm gonna steal him from you," Muejiz lip synced to Tomi who's behind Fred.

Tomi frowned and lip synced back, "Try me and you'll be dead by sunrise..."

Fred in an uncomfortable position under Muejiz's arm, stretched and broke free from the hug. Tomi and Muejiz both faked a smile to cover their lip syncing actions behind his back.

"You are energetic and playful. Do you hug everyone like that? I mean you're a guy and..." Fred said looking at Muejiz strangely.

Tomi moved close to Fred and whispered to his ear, "He's gay! He's gay! Don't..." Interrupting Fred from spitting more words.

"Oh!" Fred exclaimed.

"Nice to meet you Muejiz," He said, smiling at Muejiz.

"The pleasure is all mine," Muejiz replied, winking at him.

"Okay, come with me guys. I've reserved a table for us," said Fred, As they moved in, to the sitting area of the party.

At the table, Fred, Tomi and Muejiz were in a heated conversation, laughing and grinning in enjoyment...

"Wait! Your father is Gen. Abubak'r Salihu-Ahmed?" Fred inquired with eyes wide open.

"Yeah?!" Muejiz replied.

"You must be shitting me. Your family is like Royalty in this country. You are like the real owners of Abuja. 'Awon owo Abuja' (Yoruba term for - the owners of the money in Abuja)," Fred said, hailing Muejiz and his family fortunes.

"I don't know what you're saying, but that's not my money. Look, it's not even my father's, it's family money. Like, old, ancient, family money that is passed down to heads of the family," Muejiz replied.

"Bitch! You didn't tell me who you are all this while we are together, why?!" Tomi said to Muejiz, surprised at her new discovery about him.

"Cause you didn't ask" Muejiz replied her. "Plus I'm trying to...." He continued, when a tall, handsome, light skinned guy, on big nerd glasses, interrupted him. The guy appeared from no where and bent beside Muejiz.

"Hi! Sorry to interrupt. I'm Khalifa Ademola Seun, my friends call me King," The boy introduced.

"So? Ni bo loti ja wa na? (Yoruba term for - Where the heck did you fall from?)" Tomi fired at the boy before he could complete his introduction.

"Again, I'm sorry," King said, now sounding apologetic and meek.

"But my friends over at that table," He continued, pointing to the direction of his friends. "....are daring me to kiss you for five thousand naira."

"I think you are all crazy at that table. Do I look like..." Tomi fired, but was interrupted again by King.

"Not you ma'am. Him!" King said nodding towards Muejiz, smiling.

Fred choked on his wine and whispered in laughter, "Someone's got an admirer."

"Me?!" Muejiz asked, looking surprised.

"Please! You don't have to be into it. Just a peck on my lip will do. We can even share the money after I've collected it from them." King begged.

"It's okay. For you, I'll do for free..." Muejiz replied, as he turned to face King, but was interrupted by Tomi.

"Bitch shut the fuck up. I need the money if you don't," Tomi fired at Muejiz angrily.

"Hey look here Mr," She continued, now addressing King. "We are splitting the money thirty: seventy. Thirty for you, seventy for me."

"Whaaaat?!" Shouted Muejiz and King, together.

"Yes! You want my boy to kiss you, then you've gotta pay huge. Cause he's a hot sauce," Tomi said in defence, patting Muejiz on the hand.

"Sixty: Forty! Sixty for me forty for you. Common, it's just a peck on my lip," King said, bargaining with Tomi on the percentage to be shared.

"The hustle is real bro..." Tomi said, shaking her head in disagreement with King.

Fred and Muejiz were now laughing uncontrollably, as Tomi and King bargained for the price of Muejiz's kiss. King's friends were giggling too at their table.

"Tomi please stop. I will pay you your cut personally. Free the poor boy please." Muejiz finally chipped in, saving King from Tomi's trouble.

"Thank God for him, else? No kiss, no money for you," Tomi said to King, accepting Muejiz' offer.

Muejiz shook his head in laughter. He turned, to a now depressed King, dragged his shirt by the collar, pulling King to his level and engaged him in a hot, French kiss. King's eyes opened wide in shock.

Everyone close, turned, as some were clapping in excitement of the fun from the view, others were laughing at the funny sight of two guys kissing.

The host announced out loud on mic, "This is the kinda fun we're talking about. No dull moment abeg!"

King's friends kept shouting at the top of their voice "It's a bet o! It's just a bet please!"

Muejiz broke free, "That should do it. They should pay you more than your earlier bargained price," He said to King, whose eyes were now shut and was somewhat stuck in fantasy land.

"Uhhm-Ahhhn-hmmm... Th-tha-tha- I mean, thanks. I-I," Stammered King.

"We get it, just go..." Fred fired at King.

Muejiz, Tomi and Fred all roared out in loud laughter.

"Ok guys I can't stand the heat, I gotta go," Muejiz said in frenzy.

"I'm tired from my trip and we've got departmental orientation in the morning." He stammered looking at the watch on his wrist. "Fuck! It's 1:15am," He completed in shock.

"What?! Please let's go, I need to sleep o!" Tomi exclaimed.

"Let me walk you guys down you hostel," Fred requested as they all got their things and left the premises.

Muejiz got to his room and his roommate was not in yet.

He picked up his phone, opened Facebook. He scrolled through the news feed and saw a post from the New York Times that interested him.

It was about an orphanage in Chad that was hit by flood and 3 kids were found dead, with twelve others missing, yet the Government and NGOs had not reached out to aid these people.

Muejiz commented, "Shout out to all the orphans, the poor, homeless and hungry people in the world who strive hard to survive in this cruel world of ours where the people and the government care less. May life smile at you sometime soon."

Few seconds after, he heard the Facebook pop sound twice. Indicating someone liked and commented on his post.

"People don't sleep again these days or what?" He asked rhetorically as he scrolled to check.

The comment read, "Amen and thanks brother! We may be orphans with no family of our own. But I believe we'll conquer all the challenges of life."

Muejiz smiled and sent a love emoji to the reply.

Immediately, he received a friend request from the person who replied his comment

"Milli O.?!" Muejiz complained, reading out the person's name.

He checked through the boy's profile and was about declining the request in disappointment, as there were too much clout editing. And the fact that the boy wrote 'Studying Engineering at Harvard' pissed him off as he thought the boy was fake, until the spot for 'things in common' caught his eyes.

"Birthday-15th July, 2005?!" Muejiz asked rhetorically. He immediately clicked 'confirm' on the request. He went through Milli's pictures for the second time, this time, with a smile on his face and a clear heart.

"Damn! He is cute," He said in compliment.

Again, he remembered his ordeal with King Khalifa Seun Ademola that night and smiled dreamingly. He Turned off his bedside lamp and off to dream world he went.

## Six

"....Wayne Brooke was earlier announced to have come up with a severe stroke and is in coma. Leaving his daughter Doc. Gloria Brooke, the heiress and princess of Brooke industries as the interim head of the organization, pending the time her father fully recovers. Gloria is just twenty six and heading a multi billion dollars science research facility. She's the only..." A TV presenter announced on air.

\* \* \*

Wayne's convoy parked at the front of the company's building. Gloria came down from it and walked straight into the building with Luke, Fey and Celeste behind her, all dressed in expensive black attire except for Gloria wearing an all white outfit.

Inside the building, Gloria sat, talking to John, the same man Wayne was having an agitation with when she went missing, and four others who were members of John's organization, the same organization Wayne was accusing of abducting his daughter.

"I've reviewed the proposal you sent to my father, and I want us to start immediately on your plans. I've got a little twist on the plan myself," Gloria said to the party in front of her as she chuckled evilly.

"Well my dear I'm glad you've got a better foresight than your..." John replied, but was soon interrupted before he could finish his statement, as the office door opened.

Dr. Raphael, a very close friend of Wayne and partner at the company, walked into Wayne's office and saw Gloria having a meeting with John and his organization.

Raphael was an elderly white man at his late fifties, he was tall and has a very young structure of someone at his mid thirties. His green eyes sat perfectly on his handsome oval shaped face. He wore a lab coat with the title 'Enzymologist' and his name 'Dr. Raphael' inscribed at the chest plate area.

"Gloria?! What is going on here?" He asked, surprised.

"What does it look like?" Gloria asked rhetorically.

"I'm having an important meeting that could change this world for the better," She answered finely.

"And you never thought it's wise to invite me?" He asked. "Your father and I are partners in this company. We built this place from the ground up. You can't make such decisive meetings without carrying me along. And besides you're new here and need guidance, how would you know what's best for this company let alone the world?" He fired at Gloria.

"Doctor Raphael Johnson!" Gloria called out Raphael's full name and title.

"Do I need to remind you that my father owns this company, and you're only privileged to be a part of it at the beginning because you were his favorite

lecturer and role model back at the University? This should be the last time you confront me regarding the decisions I make in my own father's company! My company!" She fired back at Raphael.

"I'm sorry," Raphael said apologetically, in shock at what just happened. "Forget this ever happened." He completed.

As he made to leave, he noticed Gloria's coffee mug was on her right side, she is as well holding her pen on the right.

"He was right" Raphael murmured to himself.

He left the room and heard John and the others laughing out loud behind him. Realizing something is wrong somewhere, he quickly rushed down the stairs pulling off his lab coat, leaving the building.

Gloria gestured to Luke, he came close and bent towards her "He knows. We must take him out!" She whispered into his ears as Luke nodded and left the room.

\* \* \*

It was evening already when Raphael got home. He called out to his wife "Honey?!"

"In the Kitchen Dear!" His wife, Mary replied.

Raphael entered the kitchen smiling, "Don't you think you're becoming too old for this?" He mocked as he moved in, turned her around to face him and kissed her on the forehead.

"Cooking?" Mary asked.

"Ahan!" Exclaimed Raphael.

"You're joking right?" She asked again.

"Just saying, so you won't cook a very spicy meal or a meal without salt and say 'I forgot to add the ingredients," Raphael said, laughing, as he mocked, mimicking Mary's voice.

"Ok Mr! You've done it this time, no dinner for you tonight," She fumed furiously.

Raphael rushed and hugged her. "I'm kidding, you know your meals are always delicious. I wouldn't have survived this long and strong without your food," He said apologetically to sooth her.

"Uhun...!" Mary exclaimed with a smile

"So please make dinner for your husband will you? And I will make it up to you later," He said with a wink.

"Get away, you old player. Over twenty-five years and you're still flirting with me," She said, laughing.

"Oh yes! Lest I forget. Honey" Raphael jumped, now sounding serious.

"Yes?!" She replied still busy with her cooking.

"I have something very important to tell you. You know I've never paid attention to your superstitions? But right now, I think something is..." He explained but was interrupted by Mary.

"No! No! Not now. You know the rules, no such discussions in the kitchen or the dinning. So wait while..." She complained but was turned down by Raphael.

"Just listen to me Mary!" He spat angrily.

"Ok this must be serious." Mary said, as she turned her face to her husband, indicating she's ready to hear him out.

"Remember Gloria? Wayne's daughter?" He asked.

"The one that was saved from a ritual ordeal with the occult group?" She asked back.

"Yes!" Raphael responded and continued. "Well, after she was rescued, Wayne had severally complained about how his daughter had changed and some strange events happening since he brought her back home, from the event. He claimed she's not the Gloria he knows."

"It could just be PTSD!" Mary cut in.

"I said exactly the same thing. But he debunked that, he said he believed it's not just him and her alone in the house. That he was having a lot of strange, abnormal, unexplained feelings."

"So? It could be stress, I mean it's the first time, since his wife died, Wayne is taking a real break to spend some time with his daughter that went through a life threatening event. Anything can happen," She defended, turning back to check on her cooking.

"I would have believed you if I hadn't seen Gloria today myself," Raphael exposed. "She came to the office and was having a meeting with John's organization, the same organization Wayne and I said 'No!' to for proposing that our lab create a virus that will wipe out half the world's population, in order to conserve and preserve resources to create a better future for the planet and so on..." He explained.

"Okay, that's suspicious. You know I told you I suspect foul play in Wayne's sudden development of stroke overnight," She expressed.

"That doesn't even begin to do the trick. What is Gloria's strongest hand?" Raphael asked.

"Her left." Mary confirmed.

"Are you sure?" He asked again to confirm.

"What do you mean by am I sure? Ever since her mom died I've been close to that girl like my own daughter I know her like the back of my palm. Gloria is left handed!" She assured.

"Well the Gloria I met today is right handed and very rude. It was like she doesn't even know me," Raphael explained.

"That's not possible. Is it?" She asked in surprise.

"I'm a scientist and I know that does not happen overnight," He confirmed.

"Well that doesn't prove anything dear. The girl is going through a hard time," She defended

"Is that the reason why she's accepting John and his organization's proposal to end the world?" He fired.

"Wait! Explain to me again how they found Gloria at that crime scene." Mary requested, turning to face her husband, with a serious look on her face.

"Well, the police came in and met her naked covered in blood, with the floor littered with bodies of the culprits." Raphael explained.

"How many bodies?" She asked again.

"About seventy, including that of a new born." Raphael answered.

"Oh my God! This can't be happening..." Mary responded in fear, as she dashed out of the kitchen, forgetting her food on the cooker. She ran up the stairs and headed straight towards their bedroom.

Raphael nagged, running after her, "What's going on? Is everything alright honey?"

In the bedroom, He caught up to Mary as she tore through the wardrobe and brought out an old book.

"You are getting me worried, what in heaven's is going on?" He asked with fear in his eyes. Mary ignored him as she scanned through the old book.

"They were trying to do a resurrection ritual," She finally spoke out.

"Who was?" Raphael asked, confused.

"The people who abducted Gloria were doing a resurrection ritual. They were trying to bring back a dead person inside of Gloria's body," Mary explained.

"What are you blabbering about? Whatever they were trying to do, they failed right? I mean they were all found dead," Raphael asked in worry.

"What if they didn't," Mary said as she stopped at a page in the old book. Seeing what she was looking for, she gestured for her husband to come closer.

She opened up the page as it unfolded wide into some kind of a pamphlet

"Every Generation is given the power to either save the world or destroy it. In a generation where triple powerful sibling souls shall be born at the same time. The Queen of darkness and Mother of all Demons shall rise in the vessel of one who saves lives, she shall spread her plaques around the globe. She wi..."

She read the inscriptions but was interrupted half way by Raphael.

"Wait! What the hell are you saying? How in God's name did you..." He asked in surprise but was cut short by Mary who made a gesture for him to keep shut.

Mary made movements with her nose, sniffing round, as though trying to smell the air for something.

"Get down!" She said to her husband.

"What?!" Raphael asked not understanding her.

"Get down now!" She shouted at him and they both bent over, by the bed side.

A dark smoky figure broke through the window pane, entered into the bedroom and manifested into four ugly beings..

Raphael and Mary were flat on the floor below the bed on the opposite side of the demonic figures.

"Did someone just broke into our house? And what's that horrible smell?" He asked stupidly.

"Shhhhhh! Demons," Whispered Mary.

"What?!" Asked Raphael again.

Mary stood up and directed the pendant on her neck towards the ugly demonic figures. A bright blinding light emanated from it, as the figures were caught on fire, turning into black smokes and disappeared.

"What is going on?! Oh my... Oh no... This is not real this is false! There's no science that explains what just happened! Am I dreaming? Of course I am dreaming. Someone just stab me already! Mary what is...!" Raphael screamed, stammering at intervals.

Mary used her hand to cover Raphael's, now panicking, mouth and whispered into his ears.

"Raphael! You need to calm your balls and listen to me carefully. Everything you think you know, all the science, all of your education, you need to throw it in a trash and burn that trash to ashes. This is the real world. Everything I've been telling you and you've called superstition and believed was fiction? Are real. All real! Our house was just attacked by Demons and they'll be back soon. We have to run now! We need to find those three sibling souls. The world as we know it is about to burn."

Raphael mumbled through Mary's hand covering his mouth, "How the hell do you know all these things?"

"What?!" Mary asked, not getting what he said.

He pointed at her hand covering his mouth.

"Oh Sorry!" She begged as she uncovered his mouth.

"How did you know about all these things?" He repeated.

"I've always known and I've been trying to tell you but you've never cared to listen, calling me too spiritual and superstitious," Mary fired.

"I'm scared to death already at what I just saw and you're making me shit my pants right now. Who are you?" Raphael said in distress.

"Don't you think it's too late to be asking that? Mary insinuated. "Grab your passport and important things we need to leave this minute!" She expressed.

Immediately, a loud wave hit their house. The house shook like it was being hit by an earthquake, throwing almost everything to the floor.

## Seven

Some conversations in this chapter were written in pidgin (an unofficial but common language in Nigeria, West Africa).

Both couple struggled to stand up as they hit the floor real hard and were covered with all the glass from the windows of the room.

Raphael, struggled to get to his wife location. "Mary get up! Are you okay?" He asked as he reached her, raising her up.

"We are too late," She complained. "I need you to do something."

She picked up the old book and handed it over to her husband. Dragged him to the wardrobe and brought out all the clothes in it. There was a strange mirror sitting in the wardrobe compartment, she brought out a map, took a shard of the broken glasses on the floor and cut her palm with it. She chanted in strange tongues as her blood dripped on the map and gathered in a spot.

"That is the location of one of the three siblings. seventeen years ago a woman sent a mystical energy to the earth exchanging her life to protect that of her child. I tracked it and found out the child has the fate of the world in it palm. I've been tracking down the child ever since," She narrated.

"In that book you're holding, you'll find a lot of guides including the whole prophecy, predicting the end of our world and how we might be able to save it."

As she explained, she was busy going round the room picking one thing or another into a bag, she placed the map on the mirror in the wardrobe, chanted some words and the mirror immediately turned into a pathway.

"Here." She said as she pushed the now stuffed bag into her husband's arm and dragged him into the pathway created by magic, from the mirror and the map.

"Go straight through this path, no matter what you hear, no matter what happens, do not look back." She instructed. "You will find yourself in the location of the house where that child lives," She said, pushing him into the pathway.

"No.. No! This is crazy. I can't do this. I-I- ca.." Raphael stuttered.

"You must do it. Look at me! Look at me Raphael. You have to. For the sake of the world. For all those who have made one sacrifice or the other to ensure our world doesn't perish. You must!" She confronted, begging him to do it.

"Mary! Come out here, both of you. There's no where to run." Gloria's voice called out from downstairs as her footsteps were heard climbing up the stairs.

"Wait! Is that Gloria?!" Raphael asked, surprised.

"Shhhhhh! You need to go now Raphael! You need to run!" Mary commanded at her husband.

"No I can't do this without you. I don't even know what to do," He begged.

"You are smart. You know what to do," She complimented.

"Come with me." Raphael requested of his wife.

"Get going I'm right behind you." Mary said as she pulled off her necklace and hands it over to him.

The bedroom door blew up, as though a bomb was placed on it. Mary pushed her husband deep into the pathway and it immediately turned back into the mirror. The map fell down and was caught on fire. She hit the mirror hard as it broke into shreds.

Gloria, appeared at the front of the bedroom, "There you are." She said smiling.

Immediately, Mary was flung across the room, and was pressed to the wall via levitation.

"Where is your husband, the genius scientist?" Gloria asked.

"You'll never know." Mary muttered, struggling under her breath.

"You know, I've met a lot of Marys in this world. I must say, you all have a lot in common. You're all strong women that believe you can change the world. I must admit you are all blessed with some favors that could, one way or the other, indeed change the world. Take the Virgin Mary for example, You know, I met her during her time. First in Jerusalem when she delivered the Messiah, and again on her way to Galilee when the Messiah was being prosecuted. The looks on a woman's face when being blessed with a bundle of joy and then watch it taken away from her very own eyes, is priceless," Gloria expressed, gave an evil laugh at the end.

"I knew it. Lilith!" Mary exclaimed.

"Finally! someone sees the real me. Now, where is your husband?" Gloria confessed, as her voice doubled demonically.

"I will never tell you. Go back to hell you monster." Mary, now choking, coughed out. She twisted her wrist as the flame from the burning map on the floor surged and caught the whole room.

"I am hell!" Gloria exclaimed angrily, as her voice became monstrous. Shadowy figures emerged from within Lilith and hit Mary, tearing her piece by piece. At the same time, the gas in the kitchen exploded, blowing up the house to climax. Mary's screams of severe pain went out with the blast.

Raphael was in a dark, shadowy ally, running towards a light. He reached the light and jumped into it. As he jumped out, into the light, he heard his wife's voice crying out in excruciating pain. He tried to turn back and almost got hit by a moving truck.

The truck driver honked angrily at him. "Comot for road, Oyinbo drunker! You no dey see?" Shouting at Raphael, at the top of his voice, in pidgin, as he drove pass him.

Raphael staggered and tried to balance himself, as he found himself in the middle of a road, in an entirely strange environment. He quickly got off the road.

The pendant on his hand lit up and the light directs straight towards a path.

"Okay? I guess I'm supposed to follow the light?!" He asked rhetorically as he moved, following the direction of the light.

He walked for a while wearing the bag, packed by his wife, on his back. He held the pendant in his hand like a compass, as he followed the light emanating from it.

He reached a street having blocks of beautiful mansion-like houses in form of state residence. The light pointed in the direction of the buildings, directing him to go through the gates.

"No! No-No-No! I'm not going in there. There are like military personnel with guns at the gates," He complained.

"Mary, I don't know what this is, but I'm done. And where exactly am I? Salihu-Ahmed Estate?!" He said, as he read the sign post at the gate. "What the..."

He stared at the pendant and his wife's voice came to his mind. "You have to do it. For all those who have made one sacrifice or the other to ensure our world doesn't perish. You must do it!"

"I have to do this," He said and then put on the necklace, sighed deeply and walked towards the estate gate.

He passed through the gates and the soldiers guarding the gates didn't notice him as he walked pass them.

"I'm not surprised you all can't see me. I've seen worse today!" He expressed, as he walked pass them.

The light from the pendant pointed at a house, he moved close to the house, the pendant stopped glowing.

"Here?!" He asked, frustratingly.

"You must be joking. This is like the most guarded house in this place. On a second thought, they can't even see me, so..." He thought and walked in, through the gate of the house.

"Hey! Stop there. Who are you?!" Commanded a soldier, standing atop the roof of the building close to the gate, serving as the gate keeper's house.

The soldier pointed his torch and gun towards Raphael who just walked in through the gate of General Abubak'r's house.

"Wooh!" Raphael exclaimed, raising his hand to the air in fear, "I come in peace. I'm here to see the owner of this house."

Two other soldiers on the ground walked close to Raphael.

"Oyinbo. Who you be? Wetin you find come here?" Asked one of the soldiers that walked close to Raphael, in pidgin.

"What business do you have with our Oga at this hour?" Asked the second soldier standing before Raphael.

"Believe me, I don't want to be here either. And you won't understand, even if I explain to you how I got here," Raphael expressed.

"Yahaya! Wetin dey happen for there?!" Asked Lieutenant Ali, in a commanding tone, as he came out of the Abubak'r's mansion to confirm the commotion.

"Nah one Oyinbo say him wan see Oga!" Replied Yahaya, one of the soldiers standing by Raphael.

"Carry am come." Lieutenant Ali requested.

The soldier, Yahaya, walked Raphael to front of the Mansion, where Lieutenant Ali was standing.

"How can we help you Sir!" Asked lieutenant Ali to Raphael.

"I need to see your boss," Raphael replied.

"Is he expecting you?" Ali inquired.

"I don't think so. But it's a matter of life and death. And it's regarding his son."

"What?! Ali exclaimed in confusion. "What happened to Muejiz?" He asked, as he moved close to Raphael with fear written all over his face.

"Nothing really, but I need to see your boss now please!"

Ali nodded, gestured to Yahaya who started to search through Raphael's body with his hand. This made Raphael uncomfortable as he tried to break free.

"Oyinbo calm down!" Yahaya commanded at Raphael.

"It's normal protocol Sir!" Lieutenant Ali revealed.

"Okay no problem," Raphael said, now relaxed as Yahaya continued with his search.

"Oga, nothing dangerous dey him body," Yahaya said after completing his search.

"Follow me Sir," Lieutenant Ali commanded as he walked into the Mansion.

Raphael, following behind him, asked, "If you don't mind me asking, where is this place?"

Lieutenant Ali stopped, turned and looked at Raphael in surprise and continued moving. "Abubak'r's mansion, Salihu Ahmed estate," He replied Raphael.

"I know that already. But where is this place? What state and What country?"

Lieutenant Ali, Now in the ball room of the house, froze in shock, "What?! Excuse me sir, are you okay?!" He asked, not getting the reason for Raphael's questions seeing as he walked into their compound himself.

"You're in Abuja, the capital of Nigeria," Replied Zainab, Muejiz's elder sister, coming down the stairs.

"Welcome sir! We've been expecting you. You are about," She stopped and looked at the gold watch on her wrist, "30 minutes late. Take a seat, my father will join us shortly!" She completed.

Raphael moved to take his seat as he looked round the exotic, well furnished environment in awe. He looked at Zainab and stuttered, "wh-wha-what, who are you? and what's going on?" He asked confused at the way Zainab chipped into the room, as though knowing he was coming all along.

"I am Princess Zainab Abubak'r Idris-Khan," Zainab introduced fully. "And you're about to tell us what is going on and what brought you here," She completed.

"Ali! It's okay we were expecting him," Abubak'r chipped in as he walked into the room.

Lieutenant Ali saluted his boss and motioned for all others in the room to leave.

"Ali you can stay," Abubak'r said to Ali. "Sir, You can tell us everything now." He said, addressing Raphael.

## **Eight**

Muejiz walked, dragging himself beside Tomi, with a big, dark, designer shades on. He was hungover from the party, the previous night.

"Why didn't you get yourself a coffee and now you're looking like a widow who cried all night?" Tomi inquired, feeling sorry for him.

"It's your fault I'm hung over. You and your boyfriend gave me too much to drink and no time to sleep. My eyes burn and my head feels like it's holding a convention." Muejiz complained as he walked in front of Tomi, leading the way to the hall where the departmental orientation is to take place.

"....If I die today He complained, walking backwards into the hall, facing Tomi as he kept lamenting. "....I'll let the whole world know, you and Fred caused..." He continued, turning towards the doorway of the hall to enter but stopped halfway.

"Shit!" He exclaimed and rushed out, pushing back Tomi, as he sited King with two, amongst the friends on King's table at the previous night's party, sitting on the last table, at the back of the orientation hall.

"W-Wa-What... What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Tomi lashed, as she was being pushed back beyond her control.

"I can't! Oh God I can't do this today. I just..." Muejiz panicked

"What's the heck are you blabbering about?" Tomi cut in furiously. "Are you okay?!" She asked, this time, with concern.

"Do I look okay to you? Why did I meet you in this lifetime?! You're ruining my life," complained.

"Of course baby, it's my job as your friend! So what is it?" She asked inquisitively.

"King!" Muejiz called.

"What King?" Tomi asked confused.

"Last night's King!" He said, almost shouting at her in anger.

"Wait he's here?" Tomi asked, drawing her neck into the hall to check. "You must be kidding me. Has that mother fucker been following us? Is he in some kind of gang that wants to kidnap you and..." She asked continuously.

"Chill Grandma! He's in our department and a freshman like us too," Muejiz confirmed.

"Wait! Are you stalking him? You only met him in an unfortunate incident last night!" She inquired strangely.

"It's a long story but I just can't go in. Not after what happened last night, I can't face them..." Muejiz responded as his anxiety grew.

"That's strange. What happened to the 'I'm a free spirit' vibe you've always had?" She asked looking surprised. "Unless... Huh! You did not!" She commented with eyes wide open.

"What?!" Muejiz asked confused.

"You slut! Now I get why you didn't get enough sleep," Tomi confirmed, grinning evilly.

"Wait, What...?! Nooo! What the hell are you thinking, dirty soul?" He stuttered defending himself. "Look, I only slipped my contact in his chest pocket during the kiss last night," He revealed.

"How did you...?" Tomi asked, eyes rolling in surprise. "Never mind. Common, let's go in, it's no biggie... I mean it happened like what, few hours ago? He might not even notice the stuff you dropped in his pocket!" She completed as she held his hand, dragging him into the theatre hall.

"Hey yo! King's boyfriend!" One of King's friend hailed as he saw Tomi and Muejiz entering the hall.

King dropped his head down shyly. While Tomi turned towards them and gave the middle finger, 'fuck you' sign, in their direction.

"Woooh!" The whole class shouted.

All through the two hours of the orientation, Muejiz was unease, cursing Tomi silently. King was busy staring down at Muejiz and smiling.

After the orientation, Muejiz got his things ready in a hurry to leave quickly. "You're right. He probably didn't notice," He whispered to Tomi.

"Notice what?" She asked, not getting his statement.

"The contact I slipped into his pocket of course," He answered.

"You mean this contact?" King, now standing behind them, responded, holding a piece of paper to the air.

"It says, call me if you're interested," He continued, reading the content of the letter.

Muejiz froze.

Tomi looked at her phone and faked a surprise look, "Oh look! Fred is calling me. I gotta go."

Muejiz lip synced to Tomi, "You're dead to me!"

"Uh! Who cares?! Enjoy... Okay bye!" Tomi said, rushing out.

"You know, it's a bitch move writing your contact on paper and instead of giving it to me, you placed it in my pocket. What if I had washed it off without noticing?" King continued as Tomi left.

"Then fate doesn't want us to happen," Muejiz responded sharply and started to leave the hall.

"Fate huh?!" King inquired, following him outside.

"What makes you think in the slightest I'm into guys?" He asked, surprised.

"Hmmmmn, let see, cause you were watching the guys in the party instead of the ladies, and when your friends throw a bet to kiss a random chick for a thousand naira. You raised the stakes up to kiss a guy instead for five thousand..." Muejiz fired as King's eyes opened wide in surprise.

"How did you know that?" King asked, cutting in at Muejiz in awe.

"Wait, do you have like a tracker on me or something?" He asked jokingly, pretending to search his body and they both laughed.

"I guessed." Muejiz defended.

"That's a weird guess, I mean, you know you could've guessed wrong, or something close, not being exact about everything," He said.

"And by the way, that doesn't even prove anything, I could just be staring randomly and only raised the stakes to kiss boys cause of the money involved. Plus, you know it's kind of a bad thing for a guy, having feelings for another guy. I mean, our society frowns at the idea of Homosexuality. It's believed to be morally wrong." King expressed.

"Well, Our society lives based on what it believes to be right and true. But sometimes our truth might be a lie and our believes, false! They don't understand nature and whatever humans don't understand, they rule-out to be totally wrong. Not to worry, our people will wake up to the reality and join the rest of the world soon," Muejiz explained. "And, I never guess anything wrong..." He completed.

"Hmmmmmn! Interesting. I mean you're interesting," King complimented.

"Do you mind getting a drink and a bite with me I'm famished," He requested as they approach a cafeteria.

"I need just a caffeine spiked drink, I'm a little hungover from last night," Muejiz replied.

"Oh! Now I see why you're wearing the shade," King responded and they both laughed.

They entered into the cafeteria and took a seat. Muejiz was served a bottle of 'Fearless', an energy drink with a considerable amount of caffeine content. While King took a minced pie with a bottle of Pepsi.

"So, about our topic..." Muejiz continued.

"Mmhmm?!" King mumbled.

"You didn't clarify what your stand was on loving another guy," Muejiz inquired.

King smiled and winked at Muejiz...

\* \* \*

They next went to King's apartment he rented off the campus. Inside, Muejiz and King got encroached in a hot, romantic love making session, with both sweating profusely, yet ignoring the heat from the environment and their bodies, they ribbed off their clothes, rubbing and romancing their genitals and sensitive body parts. They dropped and rolled themselves on the bed as they went down low on each other, hard.

The next day, Inside Abubak'r's home...

"I can't believe we've been unable to track down any of the other kids for two days now." Abubak'r lamented frustratingly.

"I keep telling you Sir. We need to get your son here! He alone can find the others. We are just wasting more time while the world is being led to the slaughter house," Raphael pushed.

"I think he's right Baba. We need to trust that Muejiz will handle it all as Mother had predicted," Zainab said, agreeing to Raphael's suggestion.

"Hmmmmmn! Go get your brother then!" Abubak'r instructed Zainab.

"Will do so in morning." Zainab confirmed.

\* \* \*

It's an early Monday morning. Tomi and Muejiz were in class early, as students trooped in, in groups.

"You did not! So let me get this straight, You met this guy from a gamble kiss at a party, like Friday night? And the next night you had sex with him?!" Tomi inquired, with surprise in her voice.

"Shhhhhh! You're too loud. It's still fourteen years in this country," Muejiz begged.

"Oh! Just shut up. You and I know in this country, the fourteen years is for the poor. You're like the African version of 'The Crazy Rich Asians', you'll only end up with just a slap on your wrist..." Tomi lamented.

"Really?! You think? Even if I do, what about King?" Muejiz asked, frowning.

"What about him? Keep that aside jhor. Tell me everything, was it good? Is he big down there? You know where..." Tomi fired inquisitively.

"Okay, I'm not doing this... Tomi! It's a Monday morning and the weather is cold for such talks..." Muejiz said, pushing her off.

"Weather for two you mean? I bet your head is filled right now with images of him going down with you..." She continued pressing on.

"Speak of the devil!" She commented as she saw King walking into the class. "Oh God! My ovaries are popping, he's cute. He's like a frigging cute fairy. Your babies will be awesomely cute..." She complimented.

"What babies?" Muejiz asked in awe. "And wait till I tell Fred what you just said about King, looking cute like a fairy." He completed.

"Bitch I'm not falling for him, I'm only admiring God's beauty in him," She defended.

"You know, I felt naked immediately I walked in through that door," King exclaimed as he got close to Tomi and Muejiz.

"You should go naked. I believe it makes someone mad," Tomi said, shrugging at Muejiz.

"Really?!" He asked humourously winking at Muejiz. He then gestured to Muejiz to make space for him to sit.

"Tomi! can you please don't kill me twice?!" Muejiz begged.

"Tell me King," Tomi said, lowering her head and whispered, "How was my boy in bed?"

King whispered back, "He was heaven. But I want you to, please, not upset the cutie again," King begged adjusting his glasses flirtingly.

"Ok Professor! But we ain't done talking about this..." Tomi feigned.

The lecturer, Dr. Mrs. Funke Olaitan, came in, talking about microorganisms and how they invade and relate with the human body, she was so lively as everyone was being carried along. She asked a question about the actions of disease carrying viruses once they get into the human system.

Muejiz stood up, answering the question, when suddenly, everything started to slow down and the world stopped. Everyone stoped moving except for Muejiz.

Zainab suddenly appeared, walking into the class and headed straight for Muejiz.

"I thought as much. What brings the all powerful princess of Arabia to my little shrine of a school," Muejiz complimented, bowing to his sister jokingly.

"By princess, you mean the next Queen of UAE?!"

Muejiz, with eyes wide opened, "You must be ki..." He exclaimed but was interrupted by Zainab.

"That's not why I'm here... It's time. They've come for you, just as mother said they would. The prophecy is true..." Zainab revealed.

"What? No! I mean not now? I'm still too young! I've got a life here now. I can't just leave and go on a crusade to save the world? I'm..." Muejiz said, panicking.

"These aren't excuses you're giving right? Our mother died for this course...
You can't..." Zainab stuttered angrily.

"What the hell?! What's going on?" Shouted King, as though waking up from a sleep.

"That's not possible. How did he..." Zainab asked in surprise.

Muejiz chanted a word in a strange tongue that immediately knocked King out.

"I see, a fairy huh? You've got yourself surrounded with lots of supernatural creatures..." Zainab said scanning through the class with her eyes.

"Well you must be back home latest tomorrow, General's orders!" She reported and left just as she came.

Everything returned to normal. It was like time and everyone on earth froze all the while for Zainab and Muejiz.

Muejiz pretended to still be answering the lecturer's question as things came back to normal. No one noticed what happened but King, who's now sleeping. Muejiz kicked him, waking him up.

"What happened?" King asked, looking sleepy.

"Hey fine boy, is my class that boring for you that you're sleeping?" Dr. Olaitan inquired from a drunk-looking King.

"Not so ma. He had a very long Saturday to Sunday morning," Tomi responded.

King held his head, like having a slight headache. "Shut up!" he feigned then winked at Muejiz.

Muejiz smiled at him, knowing King totally forgot everything he saw during the time freeze, as his sleep spell included a memory wipe too.

\* \* \*

Later that night, Fred, Tomi, Muejiz and King were having dinner at an eatery as they discussed...

"So, your family have an emergency and wrote, directly to the chancellor, who then wrote directly to the VC demanding that she gives you time off school for as long as you want?!" Fred asked, surprised at the level of connection.

"God! Where was my family when you were sharing this kind of Power, Money and Fame?" He completed mockingly.

"Seriously? You find this interesting?" Muejiz responded.

"It is. If you ask me..." King replied.

"You know how Fred is. He's fascinated about things like that. He's aiming to own 40% of the world's wealth before he leaves the Earth," Tomi revealed.

"Wooh! Man, that's too much. Why can't you just aim for riches that will make you contented and comfortable?" King asked.

"Look at Muejiz! That's the real definition of content and comfortable. Being able to bring us all to Banwill (the name of the eatery they were in) and sponsor our dinner, that's content and comfortable." Fred expressed, replying King.

"Wait you're paying for all these Presidential dishes we're eating right?" He asked Muejiz with anticipation in his eyes.

"I called you all here, so of course I'm paying. Take this as our last supper," Muejiz replied.

"What?! Last supper? Oh! You better not be dropping off this school to go school abroad, cause bitch, I will hunt you down, and kidnap you back here..."

Tomi fired, with mouth stuffed with chicken.

"Ahhn! No, I'm not doing that for all the money in the world. Y'all just won't understand. But I hope this ends well and I'm back before we know it." He said, faking a smile.

"I've got to go get ready for my trip tomorrow. Here's the money to foot our bills," He completed, handing Fred some money.

"Let me walk you down to your room." King said, standing up to also leave the table.

Fred and Tomi looked at each other and giggled as the love birds left the table...

"I will see you before you leave tomorrow," Said Tomi, to Muejiz.

"And king, take good care of my boy tonight." She instructed at King, who smiled and nodded in agreement.

## Nine

The next day at Abubak'r's house. One of the house helps brought in Muejiz' luggage as he walked in behind her.

"I'm here! So who requested that my life be placed on hold cause of some doomsday prophecy?" Muejiz, now in the ball room of the house, shouted at the top of his voice.

Raphael, coming down the stairs, "Hi! You must be Morjiz" pronouncing the name wrongly.

"Muejizhan!" Muejiz corrected in anger. "And who the hell are you?" He asked, feigning.

"Is that the way I thought you to talk to your elders?" Abubak'r fired at Muejiz, as he came down the stairs.

"Dad!" Muejiz cried, rushing to hug his father as tears filled his eyes. "What is going on? Why me? Why now?" He asked inquisitively.

"Shhhhhh! It's okay. You'll be fine. You can do this, it's what you've been trained for all your life. And we will be with you every step of the way."

Abubak'r consoled.

Muejiz, now relaxed, asked, "So what are we up to?"

"Believe me we didn't want to bring you in yet. But I've been here for like five days now... We've been trying to track down your other 'soul siblings' but all to no avail." Raphael revealed.

"What exactly is your deal? I mean, who is this white dude?" Muejiz fired at Raphael.

"My house was attacked by demons, my wife saved me and I don't even know what happened to her, don't know if she's still..." Raphael lamented, bending his head in frustration. "Look, she sacrificed all that, just so I can find you..." He completed.

"I'm sorry about that." He said, apologetically to Raphael.

"So, you think one is Mexican and the other Indian?" Muejiz asked, moving to the wall where all the track plans were laid out.

"Yes! Your family believed you've met them before..." Raphael exposed.

"What?! How?" Muejiz asked, surprised.

"According to your sister..." Raphael explained but was cut short by Zainab who was now in the room as she continued with the explanation.

"We went on a vacation at the Mississippi beach twelve years ago as instructed by mom. You were just five. During that vacation you went missing and we had to look for you. I met you sitting with two other kids, a boy and a girl holding hands and watching the stars... It was my first time experiencing magic. I saw bright lights radiating from your direction. You kids didn't noticed but it was there and it was beautiful..." As Zainab narrated, Muejiz began to have flash-backs

\* \* \*

A five year old Muejiz walked to where a little girl was sitting and sat next to her...

"Want some sweet?" Young Muejiz asked the girl as he directed some bunch of sweet at her.

"No! My mom says sugar is bad for my body," The girl replied.

Young Muejiz, putting the sweets back in his pocket, replied, "I see. I'm Muejiz."

"I'm..." The girl tried to introduce but was interrupted by another young, lanky boy, who wore oversized clothes and a jacket for the cold.

"I want sweets." The boy requested.

Young Muejiz, again, pulled out the sweets and gave them to the boy.

"Where are you from?" Muejiz asked the boy.

The young boy collected the sweet and sat beside them.

"The orphanage" he replied.

As they sat there, the young girl mumbled in cold. She was wearing nothing for the cold.

"You're cold?" Muejiz asked, as he struggled to unbuckle his cardigan for her.

The other boy from the orphanage, pulled out his Jacket first and handed it over to her

"Thanks!" The young lady said, appreciating the boy for his jacket.

"You're welcome. But next time, you should wear something for the cold if you're coming out to the beach." The boy advised, intelligently.

"I'm Milli by the way..." He introduced.

The name "Milli" echoed, bringing Muejiz back to the present...

"That's not possible!" Muejiz shouted, bringing the attention of everyone in the room to him, as they were busy checking the map plan for new leads.

"What isn't?" Raphael asked.

"This might sound crazy, but, I think I know who one of them is," Muejiz replied as he opened his Facebook on his phone and went straight for Milli's profile. This time, checking it carefully. "As a matter of fact, I know exactly where to find them..." He confirmed.

\* \* \*

Muejiz, Lt. Ali and Raphael got to the Mississippi orphanage home. They met the Mother Superior of the orphanage who told them Milli wasn't present at the orphanage.

"I never thought this day would come. You know, his mother is from Mexico, she put to bed here and died shortly after delivery. She begged me not to let anyone adopt her son. That his real family will come for him. She explained it to be just as you came for him. But we are sorry to tell you that he's currently not here!"

"What do you mean he's not here?" Asked Raphael in worry.

"Well, you see, Miliagro is a very bright child. Just last week, he got a scholarship to Harvard. He's there now..." She explained.

"Woo! The Harvard thing is true? " Muejiz cut in.

"You know he's in Harvard?" Lieutenant Ali asked.

"Yeah, No, I mean, not really. He wrote that on his profile on Facebook..." Muejiz explained.

"And you didn't bother to say so? why?!" Raphael asked in anger.

"Because Sir, most people write things on their Facebook profile just to get attention. These things ain't true. They're doing it for clout!" Muejiz confessed.

"Miliagro doesn't lie about his life. He does lie about other things sometimes but only for a better course. Everything Miliagro does is for a reason!" The Mother Superior expressed.

"Hmmmmn! I see..." Muejiz murmured.

"Thank you very much ma'am," Lieutenant Ali said as they made to leave.

As they left the orphanage, walking to their car, Raphael stopped half way.

"What is it?" Muejiz asked.

"I'm sorry, but I need to go check out my house. I need to find my wife," Raphael responded, looking worried.

"I understand. If you can, meet us at..." Lieutenant Ali expressed, but was interrupted by Muejiz.

"We will take you there?"

"What?!" Asked Ali.

"Yes! We will take him there', Muejiz replied, finely.

"It's a long way from here and your destination. I will go get Mary and we'll meet you up..." Raphael explained, but was interrupted by Muejiz.

"I insist we go together. Besides, your boss's daughter is still looking out for you." Muejiz said, leading the way to their parked car, and made hand gestures for Raphael to follow him.

"Thanks! I appreciate it." Raphael confessed, following Muejiz, as Lieutenant Ali followed behind

They drove and made a stop at the neighborhood of Raphael. The three observed from the car, what used to be the home of Raphael. It's been burnt down to the ground.

There were wanted posters of the doctor everywhere around the district he lived.

A poster read, "Wanted for killing his wife and burning the house down. He's nowhere to be found. Please report to the police if you see him. He's considered highly dangerous."

Raphael was moved to tears as he realized his wife died that night saving him.

"Let's get out of here." Muejiz opened up to Ali who drove them out..

They drove to a bar, sat down, and were having a conversation in order to comfort Raphael for his loss.

"You knew what has happened didn't you?" Raphael asked, inquisitively.

"I guessed..." Replied Muejiz.

"Huh! I'm done with all this madness. I don't care anymore if the world burns..." Raphael lamented as the Lieutenant chipped in.

"You can't start something you wouldn't finish... I don't think your wife would want you to chicken out of this now." Ali expressed.

"My wife?! What wife? You mean the one who's dead and the whole world seemed to think I killed her?" Raphael fired.

"I lost my mother to this same people, do you know what her family thought of me? They carried me, a motherless infant, in their minds as the reason they lost their daughter. They saw me as a bad luck. Do you even know what it feels like growing up without a mother and yet her family blamed it on you?" Muejiz spat furiously in tears.

He then sighed deeply and wiped his eyes. "My mother, your wife, and like you said earlier, countless others have sacrificed their lives to ensure our world doesn't burn. I don't care if you want to quit on all this, but have some respect for the love you have for your wife, and fulfill her dying wish of ensuring our world doesn't perish in the hands of the same people who took our loved ones away from us." He completed calmly, bowing his head down, placing it on his hand.

"Where again did you say Milli is?" Raphael replied, placing his hand on Muejiz' shoulder. Muejiz rose his head and smiled gleefully.

\* \* \*

In Havard. Milli was busy playing American football at the field. It was a match against the freshmen and the school team, It was set to pick qualified freshmen to join the school team. Milli was very good as he was everywhere on the field and thanks to him, his team was in a close up goal with the school team.

Moments later, Muejiz, Raphael and Ali walked into the vicinity of the school. As they looked round strangely, trying to get a hold of something to lead them to Milli.

"How on Earth are we going to find one boy in a place like this?" Lieutenant Ali asked, looking devastated.

"It's like finding a needle in a desert except this needle is supposed to save the world so..." Raphael said looking round the school buildings.

"We won't find him, he'll find us." Muejiz confessed, sharply.

"Then why search for him?" Raphael asked, surprised.

"Were we?" Muejiz asked, as he turned and gave Raphael a smirk.

They got to one of the school's Café as Muejiz entered and the others followed suit.

"How are you sure we'll find him here?" Raphael asked as they took their seats.

"Cause he had posted this place like three times on his profile, advertising that they sell good coffee and give the best WiFi service. I believe he works here part-time..." Muejiz explained, showing them the pictures on his phone.

"Yeah, their coffee is so good that your throat will dry out before anyone comes to ask you if you want one. But their WiFi is good though..." Lieutenant Ali lamented, as he pressed on his phone.

"Hey! what can I get you guys?" Milli said as he approached Muejiz' table.

Muejiz gave Raphael a side look and smiled. Then turned to Milli, "Actually we are here to see you. If you don't mind sitting down," He begged.

"God! You look cuter in person." Muejiz whispered to himself.

"Wait! You're that cool dude from Africa that owns a philanthropic foundation that helps disabled kids." Milli expressed, recognizing Muejiz.

"We're friends on Facebook, I follow you on Twitter and Instagram but you didn't follow back." He added painfully.

"My bad. I've been really busy." Muejiz replied, apologetically.

"Yeah I get it. I guess all rich people are always busy, brushing their teeth, taking a cruise, having manicure..." Milli complained in his Mexican accent.

"Ok! ok! Milli, sit down!" Raphael said, cutting off his complains.

"Sorry boss. I can't. I'm working..." Milli replied.

"How much do they pay you here? I don't care I will pay you double if you can just sit down and listen." Muejiz expressed, frustratingly.

"Really? Do I look like I care about your money?" Milli said, acting angry.

"Of course I do, money is everything in this life." He added and winked, loosening his apron as he sat down next to them.

They talked for a few moment. All the while, Milli stared at them like they were comedians.

"So, you mean to tell me I'm like some kind of Superman that will save the world?" Milli asked funnily.

"Not really Superman, more like X-men cause you ain't doing it solo. It's a team effort," Lieutenant Ali expressed.

"Did you even listen to all we've been saying? This ain't some movie, The world is being led to it doom as we speak..." Muejiz fired in anger, realizing Milli is taking it all as a joke.

"You know what? I love your story, it's great. I mean, Netflix can buy it, package it and then make cool cash from it. But I'm too poor and I'm working my ass out to even live comfortably. So I've got no time to listen to this let alone understand it." Milli concluded as he made to leave.

Muejiz looked round to check if anyone was watching, he then quickly grabbed an empty coffee mug on the table.

"Hey!" He said, calling back Milli's attention.

Milli turned and Muejiz immediately threw the mug at him.

Milli tried shielding himself from being hit by the mug, with his hand.

Milli raised his head and opened his eyes, which he closed by reflex in fear, to check what must have happened. As the mug had not hit him, as it should have, by now.

He saw that the mug stopped halfway and was levitating in mid air.

"Holy shit! How did..." Milli muttered as he froze, startled at the realization that he stopped the mug somehow. The mug then dropped hard on the floor.

"Do you believe me now, Superman?" Muejiz asked with a stern look.

"Wow! How did you know he will do that?" Raphael asked, whispering beside Muejiz in awe of what just happened.

"Real recognize real!" Muejiz replied, standing up.

"Get your things and follow us now. This train won't come back for you," He said, this time, to Milli. "The enemies will!" He concluded, walking out the door of the Café

## Ten

Inside a Laboratory, at Wayne's industries. Gloria stood at the showroom of the laboratory, watching the scientist inside the lab.

"How much longer before it's ready?" She asked John standing beside her.

"We are ready," John replied.

Luke walked in. "They are here," He whispered to Gloria's ears.

"Good!" She responded. "You know the drill," She said, turning to John.

"I will get right to it." John said, as he nodded and left.

"Bring them in here." Gloria said to Luke as John left.

Luke left the show room and returned shortly with the Chief of Staff of the US Army (CSA) and two other Generals.

"Generals!" Gloria called out emotionally, as she hugged and pecked them on their cheek

"What is this all about?" Asked the CSA

"General. I see you're a straight shooter. Well, I will get right to it. My company has created a virus that could change the tides of war. A virus strong enough to put the world on hold, destroy world civilization and even end the world economy as we know it." Gloria exposed

"Imagine using such a weapon on enemy territory while we sit and watch as the epidemic wipe them all out..." She expressed boastfully.

"Is this a joke?" One of the Generals spat in surprise.

"You care to see a demonstration on some little subjects?" Gloria asked and the Generals nodded.

Gloria signaled the scientists inside the laboratory, who then brought in five persons, injected one with a serum on the neck and all scientist left locking the door.

The injected victim started coughing, squeezing his chest in pain. He coughed out blood, fell on the floor as black veins drew on his face and all over his body. His eyes turned white, as he slowly slipped off and died.

The other four, who were not injected, immediately started to cough, following similar pattern of the injected victim.

"In less than five minutes, the target will be neutralized. the virus survives for as long as three hours outside its victim. This means that the virus can be contracted by anyone via ordinary contact of the victim, anything or anywhere they've been and touched even after three hours of the incident," Gloria narrated smiling.

Fumigation fumes were automatically sprayed in the test room. The scientists, fully covered in protective garment, went in, wrapped up the test subject and cleared them out the room as the Generals watched in amazement...

"You see Generals, interesting fact is that It's also air and water borne, meaning you can apply it on air vents as fumes or mix it in a drink, food or any edibles. Once inside the target, for sure death awaits them," Gloria boastfully explained.

The Generals clapped and smiled in mischief.

"This is the first time your company is producing something soothing to protect the interest of Americans." The CSA complimented. "What will it cost us to get this?" He asked.

"Are we making the president aware of our recent discovery?" Gloria asked, pretending to be concerned.

"The president is too busy with other issues it's why he appointed us to take charge of defending and protecting our country from enemies..." Answered one of the two Generals that came in with the CSA.

"Wait till this hit the French, Russian and Chinese borders. Trade wars, Cold wars, all gone in a week!" The other General said as they all roared in laughter.

"Can you make some adjustments so the victims take a little while before showing symptoms or dying? Let them spend all they have on their health sector before death takes them..." Asked the CSA.

"Woooh...!" Gloria said pretending to shiver in fear. "I see what you mean General, A little twist into the dark huh?" She complimented, smiling evilly.

"When can we get them ready?" The CSA inquired.

"How many of it do you need?" Gloria replied with a wink.

\* \* \*

Six days later, on a train, somewhere in China. A woman was sweating and shivering profusely. Black veins began to appear on her hands, and up her neck it went, as she started to cough out blood. She fell on the floor from her seat on the train and coughed till she died as people on the train tried to revive her, touching her and all...

"Can someone explain to me what I just saw? I've got the Chinese government calling me asking me questions I can't give answers to," The American president, inside his office, asked, turning to the individuals in the room, as he switched off the TV showing the incident.

"Sir! The lady is Wun lee, a Chinese business woman, she came to America for a business trip and left four days ago for China," The chief of staff, A young lady in her early thirties replied.

"My question is, what happened to her and why is the Chinese government calling me?" The American President inquired.

"The CDC and CIA are on their way as we speak Sir, they'll brief us later this afternoon," A male presence in the room responded.

"Tell them I need answers now!" Commanded the President. Everyone in the room nodded and made to leave.

"General Ross!" The president called to the Chief of Staff of the Army. "I want you to check if this is some terrorist attack or some political game," He requested.

"I will get back to you on all this Mr. President," The CSA replied.

"Thank you General!" The president commended.

\* \* \*

Two days later, under a heavy downpour. The CSA's car parked. Inside, The CSA sat with Gloria, alone, with the car glass wind up to give them total privacy. He held up a file containing pictures of the Chinese woman's incident.

"Can you explain what exactly is happening?" He asked, frustratingly.

"You mean you didn't do that?" Gloria asked, acting surprised.

"Are you trying to mock me? You gave the weapon to me and in two days this happened. How was I supposed to use it if the symptoms take close to a week to manifest?" He charged, furiously. "And currently we have over three

thousand cases worldwide with ten on American soil! So explain to me how that is possible?" He fired.

"General... I, I-I'm afraid to tell you this but..." Gloria pretended to be frightened to say what's going on as she stammered

"No! You didn't. You..." He cut in fiercely.

"I've been meaning to tell you," She continued. "Over a month now, one of our lead researchers, stole a sample of the virus and sold it in the black market to the Russians. We believe the Russians used it on the Asian woman to seem as though we did it so it will spark up a war between us and China, to cripple us. We've been tracking down the researcher and his activities so we can get him prosecuted for betraying his country," She narrated, acting remorseful.

"What?! And you're saying this now?" The CSA, now in rage, shouted.

Gloria touched him seductively, taming him with magic, as she spoke, "Look at the bright side General, if this becomes a biochemical war, the country will look up to you to help resolve it... You could even be made the President," She finished.

"We already have a President," He confirmed.

"Leave that to me," Gloria said as the CSA smiled mischievously.

She moved really close to the General. Used her index finger to run through his shirt, from his chest, down to his groin area. She stopped at his pelvic region and grabbed his manhood, massaging it seductively until he had a full erection.

She brought her mouth close to his ears and whispered, "I suggest you use the virus on France and frame Russia for it. We need to prove to the Russians and the world, once more, how powerful we are."

"I will do exactly that, Immediately!" The General, now under her charm, managed to mutter.

"You can do that once we are done here," She spat, as she engulfed him in a kiss, romancing all sensitive areas of the old man.

The CSA got wild, tearing off Gloria's clothes as he pulled out his manhood, forcefully inserted it into her vagina and made love to her hard, like he was raping her.

Gloria moaned in the cold air, as the intense love making session continued in the car...

# Eleven

Muejiz, Ali, Raphael and Milli walked into the Abubak'r's home, back in Nigeria...

"Woow! This is a castle of Gold." Milli exclaimed, looking round in astonishment, at the beauty of the interior decoration of the house.

"Nana, please take his luggage to one of the rooms upstairs," Muejiz requested to one of the helps.

"Muejiz" Abubak'r called, coming into the ballroom.

"Dad!" Muejiz replied as he moved close and hugged his father.

"Is this him?" He asked, pointing to Milli.

Milli stared at Abubak'r with mouth wide open in surprise, "No way! Your father is the African billionaire and philanthropist Abubak'r Salihu-Ahmed? It's... I-em-it's a pleasure meeting," He stammered, stretching his hand for a shake.

"Come here," Abubak'r commanded, as dragged Milli close and hugged him instead. "We are big huggers in this family," He completed.

"So this is what a father's hug feels like," Milli muttered under Abubak'r, as tears filled his eyes.

"What?!" Abubak'r asked, breaking free from the hug.

"Nothing..." He replied with tears in his voice and faked a smile.

"Hate to break the hih-hop reunion, but em, how do we find the third person," Raphael spat.

"I think I know what you need to make it easy this time..." Abubak'r revealed.

"Mother's grimoire..." Muejiz confessed.

"She said to give it to the three of you when you're together, so," Abubak'r explained.

"We'll be needing that of your wife too..." Muejiz said, asking Raphael.

"No problem! All yours," Raphael responded.

"We gotta find our soul sister," Muejiz said, turning towards Milli.

"Now? I mean, we just got here. And how do we even find someone we don't know?" Milli asked.

"We are doing a locator spell," Muejiz replied.

"Get ready Superman, it's witching hour!" Lieutenant Ali mocked, raising eyebrows at Milli.

\* \* \*

In the basement of Abak'r's house. Muejiz, Milli and Abubak'r were drawing a big sigil, from Aisha's and Mary's grimoire, on the floor, with chalk, when Muejiz's phone rang.

He checked the caller and the name 'King' made him jumped up and excused himself from the premises.

"Hey cutie" sounded King's voice over the phone.

"Hey Mr." Muejiz responded.

"How's your family emergency coming? Hope it ain't nothing to be worked up about?" King asked, sounding concerned.

"No. It's fine. Everything is under control," Muejiz replied.

"Really? Seems we'll be seeing you sooner than anticipated. You know, Tomi has been awfully quite this days," King revealed.

"You are kidding right?!" Muejiz asked, surprised.

"Not at all. And I've missed you too, badly!" King lamented, emotionally.

Muejiz's countenance changed. "Is that why there's someone else at your door coming to spend the night with you?" He asked angrily.

Immediately after Muejiz statement, there was a knock at King's door.

"How did you...?" King said, terrified. "Excuse me..." He added, and the line cut

Muejiz frowned at his phone and went back inside, devastated.

Inside, the sigil is all set with candles at strategic places. Muejiz and Milli walked into the sigil's circle. Muejiz took a dagger, cut his left hand and that of Milli. They sat crossing legs in yoga position, facing each other and cross held their hands, so the blood dripping, cut hands, touched.

As the blood dropped on a map in front of them, they both chanted an incantation in ancient tongue, with their eyes closed.

Muejiz was not concentrating as all he could think of was the idea that King might be cheating on him with someone else.

"It did not take this long when my wife did it, so what's happening?" Raphael lamented, as Muejiz and Milli chanted for a long while with no effect whatsoever.

"Well, it's the first time we are seeing something like this. They are not doing what your wife did. This is something different," Lieutenant Ali described.

"Yes. They are trying to find someone without any lead where they might be, whatsoever. They are just following the instructions on the books," Abubak'r explained.

"Wait! They are just following some things written in a book? Fuck! this thing might not even work out?! Why are we trying it out anyways?" Raphael said frustrated.

"Because if it truly works, they are our only option to find that out. Just have a little faith," Abubak'r pushed.

Muejiz opened his eyes, looked at Milli and smiled, with the realization that he has got something bigger than his boy problems right now. He then closed his eyes and exhaled deeply, continuing with the chanting.

Immediately, Milli found himself at the front of a club in New York.

"What the hell?" He stuttered, confused as to how he got to the new environment in a split second.

Again, his environment changed immediately, he found himself inside the club.

"Give it up for the lady of the house," Shouted the Dj, on the microphone.

A young teenager walked up to the stage and was about to perform a karaoke.

"That's my girl. Go Prissila!" Shouted a middle aged woman.

"Prissila?!" Asked Milli, in shock. And immediately he was brought back to the basement of Abak'r's house.

"I found her! In a casino, a club. I dunno, in New York!" He stammered, shouting at the top of his voice with anxiety, as he stood up from his sitting position.

"What? You mean you saw the location?" Muejiz asked, surprised as he looked down on the map and there were just blood droplets on various places, unlike what happened in Mary's case, where the blood gathered to a location, showing where the individual is located.

"Yes. I was literally there..." Milli answered, surprised as to how they didn't notice him leaving the premises.

"You did not leave this place," Abubak'r assured.

"Yes he did. He astral projected from..." Muejiz explained and was interrupted by a surprised Milli.

"Wait, What?! I left this place but my body was still here like a ghost thing?" Milli asked and chuckled.

"Wow! This is becoming fun," He added gleefully.

"Of course it is," Muejiz replied with disappointment in his voice.

"Let's go get ready to meet her then," Abubak'r said as they all made to leave the room.

"I will clean up here," Muejiz called after them.

They all left. But Abubak'r stayed behind with Muejiz, he watched as Muejiz fumbled to clean and arrange the grimoires.

"What is it?" He asked.

"What do you mean?" Muejiz answered.

"I know you, and I know you were thinking the spell went wrong. Instead of the map, the boy got a vision of the place. You're thinking it should be you not him..." He accused.

"Not really. I mean it's my fault actually, I was distracted. But I'm glad we got the location," Muejiz defended.

"What's on your mind? Boy trouble?" Abubak'r asked inquisitively as he moved close and pushed Muejiz lightly with his shoulder.

"Dad!" Muejiz cried shyly.

"What? You think I don't know these things?" Abubak'r exposed.

"Well, it's fine Dad. I can't get my mind worked up on things like that right now!" Muejiz expressed.

"True. But do not get carried away with saving the world and end up not living your own life. Just be happy while saving the world, because the world will always need saving even long after you're gone from it," Abubak'r said, encouraging his son.

"Hmmmmmn! You know, you have a way of making a big problem into a minor stepping stone. Now I see why all your friends and boys stay loyal to you..." Muejiz praised and they both laughed.

"I love you Dad!" He confessed.

"I love you more!" Abubak'r smoldered.

"Now go get some rest. You leave in the morning," He concluded.

They both stood up, leaving the basement.

Muejiz walked into Milli's room, saw the light on, yet Milli asleep. He walked in and turned off the light.

"leave it on. I'm scared of the dark," Milli voiced out.

"I see, darkness is your kryptonite, huh?" He responded, as he turned the light back on.

"We all have our weaknesses," Milli replied. "You know I envy you, you're very lucky," He added, taking a sitting position on the bed.

"You think? Everything is not always as you see it..." Muejiz said, walking closer to Milli's bed, as he drew out a chair and sat down.

"You have a Dad that loves you no matter what. I don't know what having a Dad even feels like. I will give anything to have a family," Milli expressed, meekly.

"Well you're right. my Dad and sister are my world. Everyone in this house are my family, they mean everything to me. Even though my sister and I always disagree on everything." Muejiz confessed, smiling dreamily and they both laughed.

"If you want, you can be part of my family too... We can arrange with the sisters to adopt you as our own!" He proposed.

"Yeah?!" Milli asked, as though thinking about it. "That's a mouth watering offer, I will think about it," He added and they both laughed again.

"So what, your Dad knows you're gay and supports you? Doesn't your country frown on such acts? I mean even your law is against it," Milli asked, surprised.

"Well, my Dad is an open minded person like me. And I'm not entirely gay, I love ladies too! I prefer to think of myself as pansexual," Muejiz narrated.

"And about my country frowning on homosexuality, currently, they are reviewing their laws and rulings on the LGBTQ community. I believe this time they'll do the right thing!" Meujiz said, hopefully.

"Hmmmmn! Like I said earlier, you're just too lucky. You're like the luckiest person on this planet," Milli complimented and they burst into another wave of laughter.

"You know, I actually never gave you my own kind of tour of this house," Muejiz said, raising his eyebrows and wearing a smirk on his face.

He went out and came back in with a basket, filled with wine and small chops.

He and Milli then played and danced to Nigerian Jazz music, while they drank and ate different goodies, celebrating into the night.

\* \* \*

In the morning, Abubak'r, lieutenant Ali, Muejiz and three other plane attendees, were on the Abubak'r family's private plane. Milli and Raphael entered last with Milli looking drenched and hung over. Ali and Abubak'r looked at Muejiz and simultaneously asked, "The tour?!" Muejiz nodded and the three laughed.

"I see," Milli said, staring at them. He shook his head and smiled back at them.

"Bid you all, a safe trip," Abubak'r said as he stood to leave the plane.

"Thank you very much Sir! For everything," Raphael said, appreciating Him.

"Please be careful. And take care of the kids," He demanded and made to leave.

"We will. Take care too Dad." Muejiz replied, as he hugged his Dad and bade him goodbye.

"What do you say the club is called again?" Lieutenant Ali asked Milli as the flight proceeded.

"Uhmmmn! Club Arabia?," Milli replied, as though not sure.

"What?!" Muejiz asked in shock.

"That's the name, Club Arabia!" Milli said, sounding sure this time.

"Interesting" Lieutenant Ali replied.

"You guys know the club?" Raphael asked, concerned.

"My sister owns the club. It was a gift from her husband, back when they were just dating," Muejiz revealed.

"Wow! I guess it's gonna be easy getting in," Raphael exclaimed.

"Well, that's the problem. Currently, her partner controls the club and you'll need some kind of reservation or membership to get anyone in. It's a VVIP club. This is done so they can be someone to hold responsible when anyone causes trouble in the club," Ali explained.

"Wait! Then how do we get in?" Milli asked looking worried.

"I've got that covered!" Muejiz said with a smile.

\* \* \*

At the entrance of Club Arabia, they all stood, waiting for someone.

"Who exactly are we waiting to get us in again?" Milli asked as they've been waiting for quite a while.

Immediately, two exotic cars parked, as Zainab stepped down dressed in a full regalia of an Arabian princess.

"Who else but the owner of the club?" Lieutenant Ali replied Milli on seeing Zainab.

"The Queen herself!" Muejiz completed.

Milli stood speechless, looking at Zainab and her entourage as she walked towards their direction, close to the entrance of the club.

Zainab, to Muejiz and the others, "I will help get you-all in. But, in there, I don't know any of you.", She completed and walked pass them, gesturing for them to follow her and they did.

The bouncers at the club, seeing Zainab, stood at attention, ordered for the path to be cleared for her and her entourage as they all walked into the club.

Inside the club. Katie, a young, beautiful, American woman at her late thirties, with her silky brown hair, dark green eyes and dimpled face, on seeing Zainab entering the club, smiled gleefully. She ran to engage her friend and partner in a warm, welcoming hug.

"Madame Katerina!" Zainab called, in French accent as Katie rushed towards her.

"Zainab! Queen of all Arabia!" Katie praised on getting close to Zainab.

As Katie moved closer and attempted to hug Zainab, Zainab's guards moved, surrounding her, trying to block Katie from coming any further to the princess. She then gestured for them to pave the way for Katie.

"Woooh big fellas! Chill out! I'm only following our traditions, before she even became your princess!" Katie fired at the guards. She and Zainab laughed at Katie's joke.

"Let's go somewhere to catch up my dear. It's been long," Zainab said.

Katie dragged Zainab off in agreement as they went out to get some privacy.

Muejiz and his crew, In one part of the club, trying to find the whereabout of Prissila as she was no where to be found.

Milli came to where Muejiz was standing and announced "found her Jizzy! But there's a problem."

"Jizzy? What kind of shitty nickname is that? And where is she?" Muejiz fired.

"There!" Milli said, pointing to the bar corner, where Prissila stood, working as the bartender

"Wow! She has grown into..." Muejiz expressed, moving towards the bar.

"Chill bro. Look at the sign post at the bar stand," Milli announced, holding him back.

The sign post read "For the good of everyone, do not approach this table if you ain't legal. We may ask for some IDs!!!"

"Damn! Where the heck are they?" Muejiz asked, looking round, trying to find the whereabouts of Ali and Raphael.

"Look, we have got to go over there and try talk to her," He demanded.

"Ahhn! You know at first, your story kinda sound crazy. She's going to call the guards on us, and they are gonna kick us out before..." Milli complained but was interrupted by Muejiz.

"Grow some balls, chicken with beards..." Muejiz mocked as he moved towards the bar confidently.

"Really?! We're doing this? Fuck!" He lamented, and followed Muejiz.

"What can I get you gentle men?!" Prissila asked, smiling at them.

Milli stared confused not knowing what a grown up will order, "Uhmmmn! I think water?"

"A Martini will do. Two Martinis!" Muejiz cut in.

Prissila stared sternly at them. "I'm afraid I might have to see some IDs" she demanded.

"Fuck!" Cried Milli.

Raphael chipped in as he and Ali got to the bar, "They are with us."

"Finally you're here! Thank God!" Milli exclaimed.

"Actually Prissila, we are here for you," Muejiz revealed.

Prissila with confusion in her eyes, "Here for me? Ok, I'm afraid you all have to leave else I'll call..." She complained, stretching her hand in a bid to call out a guard.

"I gave you my jacket twelve years ago on a beach, under the moonlight," Milli interrupted.

"And I offered you sweets that night! Which you declined," Muejiz added, with a disappointed look. "Actually that's not why we are here..." He continued.

"What the Hell...!" She exclaimed, staring above them.

"I know right?!" Milli said, thinking she was referring to them.

Prissila, with fear in her eyes, "No, What the hell is that?" She asked, pointing behind them.

They all turned to meet a dark smoke, flying Into the club and headed towards the bar area.

The club slowly transformed into stern darkness with only flickers of light from the bar table, Dj table and glow sticks. The smoke split into three giant, shadowy figures with faces and hovered above the club.

People became unsettled and started to shout, running for their lives, but the exits have disappeared. Pandemonium filled the club.

"They are here again?! We need to hide," Raphael said, understanding what's about to happen.

"Oooh! You don't need to tell me twice!" Milli said as he quickly dived down to hide himself under tables.

As though the figures spotted what they were looking for, they started heading down and moved in one direction towards Raphael. They reached Raphael and tried to hit him, but as though they hit a hard wall, they were repelled back by his wife's pendant on his chest.

The shadows retreated and continued to hover round the club. They combined into one huge, smoky figure, trying to gather momentum to strike again.

Muejiz, noticing what just transpired, reached for Raphael's necklace, pulled it off, rushed to where Milli was, and dragged him up, holding one of his hand.

As the figures started to come down for the second strike, Muejiz raised the neckpiece to the air and screamed out a chant in Latin. Immediately, a blinding light filled the room as screeching sounds engulfed the air, followed by a huge blast.

\* \* \*

Somewhere, in some kind of dark encroached throne room setting, Gloria sat on a huge, beautiful throne made of skulls, with her eyes closed.

"Anne Marie?!" She called out, opening her eyes in shock, as she had been watching the whole incident happening at the bar.

Fey, Luke and Celeste, with surprise on their faces, together asked, "What?!"

Gloria faked an evil smile, "Raphael! Oh Dear Raphael! He has gathered the chosen ones. Find them and end them all before it's too late," She said to the three by her side.

"On it immediately!" Luke responded as he and Celeste moved out.

"Mother?! You woke up calling Anne Marie. Did..." Fey asked, as Luke and Celeste were gone, but was interrupted by Gloria.

"We've got work to do dear!" Gloria finalized, as she closed back her eyes again.

\* \* \*

Back at the club house. The club, now looking in a tragedic state. people were severely injured, some part of the roof blown off by the blast and the rain outside, now poured heavily into the club, drenching it.

Milli and Muejiz stood unharmed, as the blast started off from their location, as such, were not hit by it. The two started looking round, trying to find Prissila and their partners.

Katie and Zainab rushed in quickly, in panic. Katie kept calling out for her daughter, and Zainab, her brother.

Prissila got up from under the bar table, covered in shattered glass and drenched by the heavy downpour of the rain, rushed to meet her Mom, Katie, hugging her.

Zainab reached Muejiz, grabbed him and hugged him passionately in tears saying, "Please, don't die on me too kiddo."

Muejiz turned and saw the way Milli looked at them in envy, he stretched out, dragged Milli into the hug as Zainab opened up, hugging them both tight.

Raphael, appearing from a distant with an injured Ali, "We need to live now. The second wave is worse than what we just experienced," He explained.

"What the hell is going on here?!" Katie shouted to Zainab, as she got close to where they all stood.

"It's probably a gas leak somewhere," Zainab said, trying to cover up.

"Actually, her daughter is the one we are looking for," Milli revealed to Zainab.

"What?! Ok Zainab, who the hell are these people?" Katie fired, inquisitively.

"We need to live this place now!" Raphael reminded, as airy breeze slowly filled the room.

"Let's get out of here. I'll explain it all to you on the way," Zainab pressed Katie, and they all rushed out, leaving the club.

# **Twelve**

At Katie's home, Zainab and Katie sat at a corner discussing, while Milli, Muejiz and Prissila were on another corner. Raphael is with Ali as his injuries were being cared for by one of the medic from Zainab's entourage.

"You see, the past weeks have been insane, even I won't believe what I've experienced," Milli narrated frustratingly.

"This is crazy! But I know. I mean, I actually knew you all were coming tonight..." Prissila explained but was interrupted as Katie and Zainab walked over to them.

"I never believed this day will come. A psychic once told me, my daughter is part of a big project for the world. Saying, she will find her sibling souls and must unite with them to save the world. I thought it was just bullshit..." Katie expressed emotionally.

Raphael, leaving Ali, now approaching where Muejiz and the others were, "Don't worry, they'll be kept safe ma'am!" He professed.

"Of course they will, I'll make sure of it..." Katie confirmed.

"So tell me, what are we dealing with?" Prissila inquired.

Raphael, now sitting down, brought out a picture of Gloria that he had with him. "Her!" He said, pointing to the picture.

"Queen Lilith?! Prissila called, in surprise.

"Whaaaat?" Muejiz asked.

"You know her?" Milli inquired, looking surprised.

"Not really, I had a dream, some scary people drown this woman in a pool of blood, in some sort of occultic ritual, then moment later, just like magic, she came out of the pool shortly after dying and the people called her Queen Lilith!" Prissila said, narrating the dream she had on the plane.

"I see. You've got the gift of sight," Muejiz whispered to himself.

"You're kidding right? Lilith is like a biblical myth?!" Milli said, laughing.

"You think?" Muejiz asked sternly.

"Well, according to Bible and historical codex, Lilith is the first woman..." Milli narrated but was interrupted by a confused Raphael.

"Wait, I'm not good at religion but I thought Eve was the first woman?," inquired Raphael.

"Not entirely true. Lilith was created from clay same time as Adam but Eve was created from Adam. Eve is mother of all humans so..." Milli continued. "Back to Lilith. You see, according to history, she's the first human to meet Lucifer, when he and his fallen Angels landed on earth, she's the most beautiful woman some say the goddess of seduction, the first witch, mother of all demons, the true Oueen of Earth and future Oueen of hell..." He narrated.

"If this is true, this is like what? Billions of years ago, then how is she here now?!" Prissila asked, confused.

"Well the thing is. It's believed that she and her four kids were not in the garden when God cursed humans, hence, they're immortal..." Milli explained and again, was interrupted by Prissila.

"Four kids?" Prissila asked thoughtfully. "In my dream, I saw three teenagers who called her mother..." She explained.

"You're shitting me right?!" Milli asked, in shock.

"What?" Zainab inquired.

"Well, Lucifer killed one of Lilith's kids. Angry Lilith and her other three kids, then banished him to hell..." Milli narrated, as Muejiz, who had been quietly listening all the while Milli was explaining the story, chipped in.

"Lilith killed her child because she believed the Devil was in love with her daughter. She then pinned it on Lucifer..." Muejiz explained.

Zainab, cutting in, "How do you know these things?" She asked in surprise.

"I grew up in a monastery remember? I've got enough time to read through these things and..." Milli replied.

"Not you Milli. I'm asking my brother," Zainab revealed.

"I don't know. It's just..." Muejiz stuttered, standing up uncomfortably.

Milli sited a jacket on a couch, "Wait, is that my jacket? I want it back!" He fired, changing the subject, as everyone burst into laughter, in surprise at the way Milli requested back the jacket.

"Really?" Prissila responded, as she moved to the couch, picked up the jacket, and threw it at him, in anger.

"Dude! You're unbelievable..." Muejiz expressed.

"What?! It's my mom's and it's the only memory I've got of her..." He revealed and the room became silent, as they felt remorse for him.

"And besides what kind of person goes out to the beach at night without something for the cold? Were you planning on committing suicide?" He continued. "You're lucky I was there, and was in a good mood too, cause of the sweet Muejiz gave me, else I wouldn't have cared less if the cold destroyed you..." Milli expressed.

"Unbelievable!" Answered Prissila, as the whole room was filled with laughter again.

Suddenly, a weary knock was heard on the door as everyone scampered, trying to find something to defend themselves.

"No way! They didn't follow us here..." Cried Raphael.

"Relax all," Prissila said, walking to the door. "A murderer won't be knocking on your door so you can open it for them to just come in and kill you" She pointed out.

On opening the door, Prissila saw a weary figure standing in the dark of the night. "Hello who are you?" She asked, as the figure stood in the dark, shaking wearily.

"Prissila sweetie! I have no where else to go..." Prissila's grandma's voice broke, as she appeared in the light, looking weary and ugly, with black veins all over her face like some monster from hell. She fell and started to cough and gasp for breath.

Prissila rushed to her, calling. "Grandma?! What happened..." She asked. She was about touching her grandmother, but Muejiz stopped her.

"Don't touch her," He shouted at the top of his voice.

"Someone call 911!" Katie shouted.

Prissila, was in tears as she stood close to her Grandma who was slowly slipping off to death, but couldn't touch her for fear of contracting the strange disease.

"Someone please call 911...!" Her screams echoed in the cold air of the night.

Prissila and everyone from their home where kept on quarantine as they got to the hospital. Medics came in, one at a time, examining them.

They were isolated in a room, after they found no symptoms of contamination on any of them.

"We are only lucky cause we didn't go too close to her or touch her," Raphael revealed.

"What's going on? What the hell...?" Prissila said, confused and still in tears.

"Lilith's plague," Muejiz, who had been somewhat quiet since the incident at the bar, said. "She's planning on using a pandemic to destroy the world again..." He continued.

"That's not possible! It's too fast. How the hell did they create the virus and is already on transmission in less than a month?!" Raphael asked in confusion.

"She's using magic and demons to spread it round the world, fast like a wild fire," Muejiz revealed. "Lilith is about to cause World War zero and end civilization again just like before..." He exposed.

"We need to stop that bitch!" Prissila expressed, angrily.

"That's like Mission impossible-ten. Cause she's literally the most powerful being in the world," Milli lamented.

"Yes but in a human body. They must be some kind of weakness right?" Raphael inquired, thoughtfully.

"Yes, that's the advantage here. But even that is insignificant to what's in play right now. It's insignificant to what Lilith is truly capable of..." Muejiz depressingly addressed.

Zainab walked close to where her brother was sitting alone, at the far end, and sat next to him.

"Hey kiddo! Are you okay? I noticed you've changed since what happened at the club..." She asked into his ears.

Muejiz looked at his sister in tears and poured, "No I'm not!" As he hugged her. "I'm devastated. I never knew this is what we are dealing with. How can we win this? This is too much for me.. I-I ca.. I can't handle this..." He stuttered.

"You can. Mother believed in you and gave her life for us all, Raphael's wife, and countless others who have lost their lives for this course, are counting on you. Our father, Me. I believe in you Muejiz. If anyone can end this, it's you. You're all powerful and all knowing. You're Supreme, just like your name suggest, Muejizhan. I believe you can do this," Zainab praised, in bid to motivate her brother.

"You told me you conquer any huddle you put your mind to, so I know you'll conquer this and we'll do it together as a family"z Milli, who had been listening to them chipped in.

"Remember, we are brothers now right? Besides, we have to survive this so your family can adopt me," He added with wink.

"Really?!" Zainab asked inquisitively.

Muejiz, still in a tight hug with his sister, laughed and sighed deeply. "Yes we can. And we will." He said, confirming the adoption to his sister.

Muejiz raised his head to meet Milli and Prissila standing, holding hands and smiling beside him. He stood up and held hands with them too. Immediately, a doctor at his mid forties, dressed in protective overalls, opened the door to the isolation room

"You're all free to go. But you must not waste time to call us if you feel any form of..." The doctor explained to them, but Prissila jumped at the doctor, asking, "Can we see my grandma now?"

"I'm afraid we can't let you do that now dear. But not to worry she's stable now. Oh, and you've got someone here who's waiting to take you home." The doctor explained, apologetically.

"What?! Who?" Muejiz asked in surprise. as they walked out.

They met Abubak'r and his convoy outside, waiting for them in the waiting room.

"Dad?!" Muejiz called out in surprise, as he ran and hugged his Dad!

"How did you get here...?" Zainab asked, as she got close to them.

"Ali briefed me" Abubak'r explained.

"Where's Ali? We were separated when we came into the hospital," Raphael inquired with concern.

"His wounds were being properly tended for at the casualty ward. He has now been moved to the private jet," Abubak'r revealed.

"We need to run back to Nigeria now. Because this madness is becoming..." He continued firing but was interrupted by Muejiz.

"You should both go with him" Muejiz said, talking to Katie and Zainab. "We can't go now. We've got to stay and strategize how to defeat our enemy..." He confirmed.

"What?! No, We will do that back in Nigeria. I can't..." Abubak'r pleaded anxiously.

"Dad! Once, just this once, please listen to me. There's no time to debate anymore, we need to act now." Muejiz said.

"Hmmmmmn. You've grown much in the last few weeks," Abubak'r hailed.

"Take everyone else with you Sir. My crew and I will stay," Muejiz commanded, like a soldier preparing for a mission.

"Ok Soldier! Anything you say," Abubak'r agreed.

"Dad, We can't..." Zainab complained.

"He can handle himself Zainab," Abubak'r interrupted.

"Don't worry I will be here to keep them safe," Raphael promised.

"Thanks!" Abubak'r appreciated.

"Don't we need like a hideout or something to plan for our attack?" Milli asked with concern.

"I know exactly what you need..." Abubak"r revealed, as Muejiz smiled, raising his eyebrows.

#### **Thirteen**

Muejiz and his crew planted their hideout at one of Abubak'r's farm house in Louisiana, America.

"Let's go over this again. All we have to do is go into Wayne's laboratories undetected, grab a sample of the virus and head out?" Muejiz asked carefully, to be sure.

"Yes. And when you bring it I will study the virus and with your help make a vaccine and cure for the plaque. Mystery solved!" Raphael said hopefully.

"It's easier when you say it that way," Milli coughed

"I think we're ready, I mean we've spent the last ten days practicing the blueprint of the company like we are some sort of archaeologist," Prissila expressed. "We've read and mastered almost every spell in those books," She completed, pointing to Aisha and Mary's grimoires.

"It's not enough, we need to learn more, even create our own spells and learn to sync our powers together as one," Muejiz revealed, disappointedly.

"Yeah? And while we are doing that my grandma and a lot others in the world will die," Prissila fired, furiously.

"Your grandma is fine. Muejiz did a reverse effect kind of healing spell on her. She's healing quite well," Milli consoled.

"Fine?! What about countless others who couldn't get the chance to have Muejiz's healing touch on them?" Prissila fired again.

"Get ready. We are going there tonight." Muejiz concluded.

That night, under a heavy thunderstorm, inside Wayne's industries. Muejiz, Milli and Prissila sneaked into Wayne's industries from a vent outside, through an underground tunnel that lead to the facility. While inside, they walked through every door using Raphael's key card.

"We are lucky they haven't disabled his key card," Milli praised.

As they got to the location of the secret laboratory, they used the key card to enter.

Once inside, they held their hands together, and chanted a spell to direct them to where the virus, or a blueprint of how the virus was made, is kept.

They found a vial, containing the virus in serum form, on a rack. Milli rushed and picked it from the rack. Immediately, an emergency alarm started to blare.

"Shit!" Cussed Prissila. "Why did you just pick it without checking for any booby trap, trick wire or something?" She complained.

"We need to go. Now!" Muejiz commanded.

Milli placed the vial containing the virus in his pocket and they left the laboratory, trying to sneak back out of the building, as they heard guards moving around the whole place trying to find the intruder.

"Well! Well! Well! If it isn't the chosen ones..." Gloria's voice called as she appeared before Muejiz and his crew.

"Oh-my-God! She-She... Queen Lilith!" Milli stuttered at the top of his voice.

"You're right little one. I'm Queen Lilith, the most powerful, First woman and witch, Queen of all worlds, and future Queen of hell, mother of demons..." She proclaimed. "And of you!" She completed, turning to Muejiz, as she claimed to be his mother

Gloria angrily stretched her hands forward and a powerful whirlwind extended from her, towards them. Muejiz grabbed the hands of Prissila and Milli, and chanted a word as the wind diverted, hitting the wall nearby, breaking it, and created an opening to a staircase. They ran for it, climbing up the stairs, as Gloria followed them majestically.

As they were running, Milli was suddenly hit by someone on the chest with full force, he flew over board, crashing to a wall.

"Luke?!" Muejiz called out, running towards Milli and searching round for someone.

Prissila, following behind him. "Who's Luke?" She asked surprised.

"What? I don't know," He replied.

They got to where Milli fell and met him standing up and already trying to keep running up the stairs. Muejiz and Prissila followed suit.

As they got close to an opening, to the top of the roof. a powerful lightning bolt flashed in their direction. Milli rushed forward, stopping it with his left palm as the force from the lightning pushed him out the doorway, straight up the top of the roof. With the lightning still in his hand, he redirected it back to the location it was coming from.

Muejiz and Prissila quickly climbed to the rooftop and stood beside Milli. The arm of his clothes were burnt and torn off from the lightning strike.

A figure ran like the wind towards them, Muejiz simultaneously gave it a high kick and it went, flying back with the same speed it came.

Luke struggled to land on his feet from the kick. "How did you do that?" He asked, with surprise in his eyes.

Celeste and Fey were levitating above them. Fey stretched her hand, and a huge fire blast emanates from it towards them. Almost immediately, Milli again, summoned fire from his palm, blocking Fey's fire half way.

The blast from the two fires meeting, blew a huge wind, throwing things apart. Muejiz summoned water from the rain and the ones on the floor extinguishing both flames

Gloria, now appearing from the doorway to the rooftop. "I see you've trained well. But..." She complimented.

Before the word 'But' could completely echo out of her mouth, she was already standing in the midst of Muejiz, Milli and Prissila.

In fear, they jumped high to flee from her. She used a powerful magnetic force, pulling them back close to her. At the same time, she moved her hand in a gesture that suggest raising something from the floor with levitation. The floor itself, broke, rising upwards like spikes, to hit the bodies of Muejiz, Milli and Prissila being drawn close to meet it. All happening in a flash.

"I am God of all Magic," Gloria said, completing her last statement.

Muejiz eyes immediately turned white blank, as though he had been possessed, he stretched his hand and screamed a chant in an entirely old and different language. The spikes were immediately destroyed to dust and the wave pushed Gloria off balance, as she flew overboard, giving Muejiz, Milli and Prissila, a safe footing to land.

Celeste landed from the air, and as her feet touched the ground, a loud screeching sound caused migraine to Milli, Prissila and Muejiz. Prissila eyes changed, becoming all black and the screeching stopped, as Celeste was hit by a wave, reverting her own magic against her, she flew overboard, landing on her knees and holding her head down in severe pain.

"Dear Celeste! You always forget your powers are useless against one with the sight," Muejiz, still looking possessed said.

Immediately he finished his last sentence, like a distraction, Muejiz appeared right behind Gloria, in the midst of Luke and Celeste. He was also standing in front of them with Milli and Prissila. He was literally in two places at once.

Prissila, in shock, "How is he..." She lamented

"Damn! I don't know what's going on," Milli cried.

Gloria immediately turned in surprise to the Muejiz behind her. He gripped her by the belt and chanted the same word that turned the rocky spikes into dust. Celeste and Luke jumped high to the air, before the spell could take effect, avoiding it's destructive nature.

It became clear to Milli and Prissila that the spell is like a bomb that turns everything around it into shreds, as tiny as dust. But the blast starts few meters from the person casting the spell. As Muejiz still stood gripping Gloria by the belt and are both not affected by the blast. The blast expanded out, as far as it can go, as the other Muejiz close to them stopped the blast from hitting them, by stretching his palm towards it.

Muejiz made the same gesture Gloria made earlier, as rocky spikes rose upwards and stabbed Gloria severally, killing her.

The apparition of Muejiz standing beside Prissila and Milli immediately vanished, leaving only the one standing beside Gloria's body. He sighed deeply as he became himself and no longer looking possessed.

Suddenly, a hand touched his shoulder from behind.

"I taught you all you know..." Gloria's voice spoke out behind him.

In a flash, the body of Gloria in front of Muejiz disappeared. Muejiz turned in shock to meet another Gloria standing behind him, with no scratch whatsoever.

"Not all I know!" Gloria finished, as she gripped him by the collar and threw him, with brute strength, off the roof top.

As Muejiz flew down many stories in mid-air, a thought came out loud to his head.

"They say our whole life flashes right in our eyes before we die. Our plans for the future we now can't see, our hopes and dreams. Everyone keep asking what it feels like to be dead. When the real question is, What happens when you die?"

Rocky spikes rose from the floor and met his body halfway, piercing through him at positions of various vital organs. His eyes became white blank again as they slowly close in death. And his hair immediately turned all grey.

Prissila and Milli with eyes wide open in shock of what just transpired in their very eyes. Their eyes and body followed Muejiz's body emotionally as it fell down several floors of the company's building, landing on the spikes that killed him.

"Nooooo!" Prissila and Milli screamed together and cried in agony at the realization of what was happening. Muejiz's death.

"Wooohf!" Gloria sighed disappointedly. "So much for your prophecy of preventing the destruction of the world by stopping me." She completed.

"Killing you two will be a lot easier," She proclaimed, facing a devastated Prissila and Milli.

Milli opened his eyes wide, as though he stumbled upon an interesting discovery. "Wait the prophecy!" He cried

"No Milli it's over," Prissila replied in tears.

"No! The prophecy, I-I, it was referring to us not Lilith. 'One by one, respectively, they shall fall, they shall change their course in the form of betrayal and they shall dessert their part out of confusion. But the three must find themselves and end it all..." He narrated, quoting the prophecy.

"What?" Prissila asked, confused.

"I'm sorry!" He said apologetically.

Milli moved close to Prissila, hugged her, and then pushed her off the roof.

Gloria and her three children, who were coming towards Milli and Prissila's direction, stopped, as they saw Milli pushing Prissila off the building.

Gloria stepped forward towards Milli, as he fell on his knees with his head bowed.

"Spare me. I will use my powers to serve you, I'm ready to change course and join you on your mission. I've never had any real family in life, I will be honored to be a part of this one." Milli said, remorsefully, in tears.

"Oh poor boy!" Gloria said, as she used her right index finger to raise Milli's chin up, facing her.

"I see. Well, you're now the last of the chosen. Of course it'll make sense if you use all that power towards my course," She said, looking through Milli's eyes. And as though, seeing something interesting in him, confessed, "I will spare

you. But one tiny mistake, you're gone like the others," She completed, as she turned and started to walk back inside the building.

As Gloria and her children walked back inside the building, Milli stood up to follow them, he then turned back and looked down as lightning stroke, brightening the place where Muejiz had fallen, but the body of Muejiz had disappeared from the spike, he looked round again, trying to find that of Prissila too but was interrupted by Fey's voice.

"Are you coming or what?" She called out to him.

Milli hurriedly ran and joined them. Leaving the now drizzling rain and heavy thunder...

### Fourteen

Six months later

"Over six months since the biochemical warfare between countries of the world has turned into a world-wide pandemic, now termed Lilith's plaque. With over two hundred, million people dead, and close to two billion people infected, with nine hundred, million in critical condition and no cure, people around the world are still being asked to stay home and stay safe" TV presenter reported, on live TV.

"Up next is the acting President's speech," An advert announced.

Prissila, dressed raggedy and tattered, walked down, what used to be the beautiful and lively street of New York, now looking dilapidated and abandoned, as one of the spoils of war.

Just like her dream, helicopters hover above, looking for deserters and anyone disobeying the stay at home order. She ran to a dark creek as she waited for the choppers to pass. She sighed and walked away, into the dark.

\* \* \*

Someone walked into what's left of club Arabia, looking tattered and stained with black mud. The place is now a lousy bar filled with demons and strange looking, monster-like people.

The person ignored everyone in the room, walked straight to the bartender and ordered a martini.

"What happened to this place?" Muejiz voice sounded, as he was the one who just entered the bar. But the bartenders ignored him.

"What about the owners of the bar, and everyone working here?!" Muejiz asked again, this time, at the top of his voice.

A bartender looked at him strangely, "Boy, are you from around here? Who are you?!" He asked. "I'm afraid You must leave now," the bartender begged.

The demons in the bar stood up and turned towards Muejiz, as though ready for a fight, two of them started walking towards him furiously.

Muejiz gulped his martini and his eyes immediately became blank white. His apparition turned into a darkness possessed version of him. The two demons walking towards him, immediately fell to their knees in excruciating pain.

Muejiz turned to face them and asked "Where is mother?!" In anger.

"No way!," Other demons muttered in fear, as though they saw something terrifying.

Muejiz closed his eyes and smiled devilishly. He opened them back, as though he read their minds and got the answer to his question, "Thank you!" He said, smiling. "It's time to go back home to hell boys!" He commanded, widely opening his eyes.

Immediately, all the demons in the bar, burst into flames and turned into dark shadowy figures, disappearing into thin air.

Muejiz turned to the two, now frightened, human bartenders left.

"Fix this place up, will you?!" He commanded, as he walked out of the bar, majestically.

\* \* \*

Lilith sat, alone, on her throne made of skulls, in her throne room.

Muejiz voice spoke behind her, "Miss me mother?!"

Lilith, with eyes wide open in shock, jumped off the throne to face Muejiz, but before she could land, she bumped into him in mid-air. He gave her a kick on the back and she fell to her face.

Rising to look up, she saw him now sitting on her throne.

"I now see what happened," Lilith said, standing to her feet and smiling evilly.
"I want you out of my throne!" She commanded with a stern look.

Immediately after her last sentence, Muejiz disappeared from the throne, landing on his knees, where she was standing, as Lilith now took his place on the throne.

"You'll never learn will you? I made you everything you are today, you can't defeat me alone," Lilith proclaimed.

Muejiz dragged Lilith off her throne, in the air, to himself, via levitation. He formed a fist and immediately, his eyes turned blank white again, as fire from hell ignited his fist. He hit her hard with it and she went flying back. Another apparition of Muejiz appeared where she was about to land, and again,

gestured via levitation, hitting her hard to the ground, breaking the floor and causing a loud crash sound.

As the dust from the broken floor settled, Lilith wasn't found on the floor. But the two apparition of Muejiz levitated in the air, as though being hanged on the neck by a rope, they struggled to be released holding their necks.

Lilith appeared before them, "What will I do with you?" She asked looking at them thoughtfully.

Muejiz, still struggling under his breath muttered, "You may have thought me all I know..."

Immediately, another apparition of him appeared behind her and stroke the air with a huge lightning bolt, hitting an apparition of Lilith cloaked in the air and it came crashing down.

The third Muejiz redirected the lightning towards the body of Lilith hanging the other apparitions of him in the air. Lilith blocked the lightning with her palm, breaking her concentration, as the two apparitions of Muejiz hanging, fell down to the floor.

As Lilith was busy being distracted by the battle with the third Muejiz directing lightning bolt at her, one of the Muejiz on the floor, stood up and stabbed her to the neck with an injection filled with blood-like serum.

The lightning battle stopped, as all apparition of Muejiz turned into one and Lilith fell to her knees holding her neck.

"But Eons, going through an endless human cycle of life after life, has given me experiences and powers, making me almost equal to God," Muejiz said, completing his earlier statement.

He stood close to Lilith, "How do you like a dose of your own plaque, Mother?" He said, smiling mischievously at her.

He kicked her and she flew overboard, landing to the door of the room, passing out. Immediately, Milli entered, followed by Luke, Fey and Celeste.

"I knew it..." Milli, with eyes wide open, exclaimed.

Muejiz eyes turned blank white as Milli disappeared and appeared right behind him

Luke kicked the floor with his leg, and it started to break like an earthquake, Fey threw ice crystals in form of sharp daggers, Celeste levitated shattered glasses from behind Muejiz, and they all aimed their attacks towards the direction of Muejiz and Milli.

Muejiz dragged Milli, almost pulling him to the ground and used his other hand to wave around him, like clearing the air. With that gesture, He and Milli disappeared, just before the attacks from Lilith's children could hit them.

Muejiz and Milli appeared at a cemetery. Milli looked surprised as to how their location just changed in a whim.

"Woa Woah! Muejiz. Calm down. It's not what you think. I did what I had to do to save the prophecy and..." Milli lamented in fear, as he noticed Muejiz staring sternly at him.

"I know," Muejiz confirmed, dismissing Milli's fear. "What I don't get is how things changed this much in less than a week," He confessed, looking confused.

"Well a lot happened since you... Wait a minute, What?! Did you just say a week? Fuck! Dude You've been out for over six months!" Milli shouted in surprise.

"Six what?!" Muejiz asked, looking more confused. "I was out for few days and then... I see," He concluded, as though understanding what happened. "Do you know where Prissila is?" He inquired.

"I like what you did to your hair by the way, all grey and shiny like an old-young, all powerful..." Milli praised, staring at Muejiz's hair. His face then met Muejiz's giving him a stern, evil look. "Oh, sorry, Prissila?" He confessed, remembering Muejiz's question.

Milli placed his hand on Muejiz shoulder and start to whisper the same spell he and Muejiz chanted, to find Prissila the first time in the basement. He received

flashes of Prissila at an old abandoned trailer park now occupied by poor homeless people.

"Found her!" He shouted. "O yeah I uhm... I've learnt and mastered my powers on a new level, training with Lilith and the others. Sorry I had to channel your energy to concentrate, I'm currently worn out. Don't ask..." He kept rambling as Muejiz gave him a strange surprise look, held his hand and their location changed. They immediately appeared close to the trailer park in Milli's vision.

"Wait. How's did you know I found her here?" Milli asked, with surprise written all over his face.

"I just know. I'm also on a new power level now." Muejiz replied as his eyes turned blank white and back to normal, almost immediately. He then started to walk towards the trailers.

"Of course, you are all knowing now. I guess... " Milli said, following behind Muejiz.

All this while, Muejiz looked like a darker version of himself, as though his body is being possessed by someone, or something else.

"Why exactly will Prissila be living here? This place doesn't look like..." Milli said, as Muejiz interrupted.

"A lot doesn't look like anything..." Muejiz replied. "Where exactly did you say she is, in this place?" He asked Milli.

"Well, uhhhm, That's the thing. I didn't really see her. I just saw the destination. There was like a block or something on my vision," He replied.

"I see..." Muejiz said, smiling in deep thought.

"But I'm sure we can ask someone." Milli interrupted Muejiz thought. "Let me try and find someone to..." He suggested.

"Ask her!" Muejiz said, pointing to a raggedy looking lady far from them.

"Okay?!" Milli replied in disgust as they walked towards the lady.

"Excuse me ma'am! I'm looking for this lady" Milli asked, bringing out a picture of Prissila and showed it to the old lady. "Don't know if you've seen her around, I mean anyone that looks like her..."

"No!" Dismissed, the raggedy lady.

"Look at the picture properly ma'am it's kinda urgent we..." Milli begged.

"Of course not," Muejiz interrupted Milli. "How could you have seen her when you are her." He revealed, as he held her by the arm. Immediately, the old lady turned into an untidy looking Prissila.

"Oooh! Icy..." Cried Milli.

"Nice disguise by the way," Muejiz acclaimed.

Prissila, in anger, turned to Milli, as Milli fell to his knees in pain. She gave him tormenting visions, putting him in an illusion of turmoil and pain.

Muejiz snapped his finger, breaking her concentration and putting her torment of Milli to a halt.

"He did that to save you..." Muejiz revealed. "He had no choice. You both would've been dead if he hadn't done what he did," He completed.

Prissila then had flashes of that night and her expression changed. She got a hold of everything that have been going on. "It's what you were trying to tell me that night! I thought, I, you tried to kill me. I thought you betrayed us all," She cried.

"But when I landed, it was like you levitated me down without a scratch, and I saw the vial of the virus in my pocket too, I got so confused... Now I see clearly what you did," She confirmed, as she walked to Milli, raised him up and gave him a warm hug, apologizing.

"Wooh! That was intense. I didn't see that coming but I was expecting something..." Milli said funnily.

"Mind telling me how is it you're still alive and was out for like six months?" Prissila asked, facing Muejiz sternly.

"It's a long story. Right now we need to find Raphael and the others. We need to end this disease before it ends the world..." Muejiz replied, but was interrupted by Milli.

"Uhmmmn. About Raphael," Milli stammered.

Prissila laughed mockingly. "You don't know do you?" She asked still laughing. "Raphael tried to create a vaccine and our hideout was raided by Demons. The whole place got burnt to the ground. Experiment and all, gone,!" She lamented.

"Seriously, why did you leave for this long?" She asked and started to cry. "They took our parents and loved ones, Raphael is in the wind, the world has ended, economy, civilization, humanity, all gone! I tried so hard to save our families but..." Prissila revealed.

"They took who?" Muejiz asked in anger.

"My Mum, your Dad, your pregnant sister and her husband. Everyone..." Prissila confirmed.

"Where are they?" Muejiz cut in furiously.

"I think we need to chill out... We need a solid plan to get this right this time. We can't afford any mistakes like last time..." Milli cut in, suggesting.

Muejiz closed his eyes and sighed deeply. "You're right," He coughed. "We need to find Raphael!" He proposed.

"Yeah but first we need to change our outfits. We've got to look like the real saviors of this world," Milli said. "And not some trash," He added, looking at Prissila. "Or some hell bound, old-young Daddy," He continued, now, looking at Muejiz. "And of course not like the villain," He shrugged at himself.

As he was busy lamenting, Muejiz snapped his finger and all their outfit changed, to something great, like he knew what was on their mind. While Muejiz himself was dressed in all black, like a dark, evil Assassin.

"Better?!" He asked when done, with the voice of a thousand people talking at once. And his eyes all blank-white.

"What the fuuu! Dude your new found powers are way cooler than I thought," Milli said giggling.

"Wow!" Prissila commented in admiration of herself. "Well, how do we find Raphael?" She asked.

Muejiz smiled, held their hands and they vanished.

### Fifteen

They appeared in an old town in Mexico near an eatery!

"Wooh bro! You need to stop doing that unannounced," Milli cried, as he moved close to a nearby trash site in a bid to throw up.

"Wait, how's this place not hit by the war?" Prissila asked, as she looked round the environment in awe

"Cause this place is hidden from the world," Muejiz confessed.

They walked into the eatery and saw Raphael serving as a chef. Meujiz was about running towards him when Prissila pulled him back. She motioned for them to sit at an empty table.

"Why aren't we going to meet..." Milli asked, but was interrupted by Prissila, who knew what his question would be.

"Cause he'll come to meet us and take our orders in... Now!" Prissila said and before she could finish, Raphael stood beside them to take their orders.

He looked younger and nerdy with a mustache and beard on.

"Good day guys," Raphael greeted them. "How caaan I..." He asked, as his speech slowed down and his voice broke on seeing Muejiz, Prissila and Milli.

"Hey!" Called Milli.

"No! Nooo... Leave this place this minute," Raphael cried out. "All of you, before I call someone to throw you out!" He commanded.

"Prof!" Prissila called Raphael in the usual nickname she calls him. "You need to chill. We've got a solid plan to end all this..." She revealed.

"No! What you've all got is destruction. You destroy everything that comes to your path. Together you're all toxic to anyone and everything you touch," Raphael ramped. "And that traitor with you, oh that Devil who helped to make the world the way it is today..." He accused, pointing at an already devastated Milli.

"Look Ralph, I'm sorry," Milli begged.

"Calm down. I know how you feel but there's an explanation to all of this..." Muejiz reasoned to a furious looking Raphael.

"See who's talking. So, because you're all grey now, makes you what? All knowing? You know how I feel you said? Where in heaven's were you when the world was lit on fire? Where in God's name have you been for the past seven months?" Raphael fired at Muejiz, angrily.

"You have no idea what I've been through this past few days - Uhmmmn, or months as you've said," Muejiz defended. "I've been through hell! Literally. So you better calm the fuck down and listen, if you still care about helping us save the world," He fired back at Raphael.

"What world?" Raphael asked, laughing mockingly. "Wait, what world are you talking about? You know I can't do this right now. And definitely, not here. You need to leave please," Raphael begged.

"Let's go guys!" Prissila beckoned. "See you around Prof," She hailed to Raphael.

"What?! Wait, How are we..." Milli asked inquisitively.

"Never mind, let's just leave," Prissila said.

Muejiz stood up first and left without saying goodbye as the other two followed behind him

Outside, Milli ran after Muejiz, who's far in front of them, and walking at a high pace. "Hey Jiz, wait up!" He called. "Shouldn't we talk about this?" He inquired as he reached Muejiz.

Muejiz stopped walking and turned to Milli and Prissila. "There's nothing to talk about..."

"What do you mean there's nothing to talk about?" Milli cut in. "He's part of the plan. How are we gonna find a scientist that understands everything the way he does?" He inquired.

"Oh relax dum-dum! He's coming with us..." Prissila fired at a confused Milli as she continued walking forward.

"What?!" Milli asked, with confusion on his face.

"What?" Raphael asked behind them. "And by the way, you guys walk fast," He commented smiling.

Milli and Prissila engaged him in a friendly hug.

"Don't strangle the old man." Muejiz, who was watching them all the while, complimented

"Please unhinge me you crazies," Raphael said, pulling out of their mad hug. "And I haven't forgiven you yet Mr. I'll be watching you closely this time," He said, this time, to Milli.

"Whatever you say boss!" Milli said in agreement, with all smiles.

"Muejiz, Why aren't I receiving a hug from you? Your families are big huggers..." He beckoned to Muejiz in surprise.

"Well, I've grown and things have changed," Muejiz fired.

"Are you okay? What's wrong with..." Raphael asked, concerned.

"Do you want my hug or you wanna help save the world?" Muejiz fired again at him

"He's not himself, He's like a dark and furious soul right now!" Prissila whispered into Raphael's ear.

"Hmmmmmn! I see," Raphael said chilling out. "So, what's your great plan?" He asked.

"You'll have to recreate that vaccine of yours," Muejiz confessed.

"Well, that might not be easily accomplished. I need a lot of equipments most especially I need a vial of the virus to start wi..." Raphael spat and Muejiz brought out a syringe, filled with a blood-like serum.

"You mean this?" He cut in, holding the syringe to the air.

"Wooah! How did you get that?" Asked Milli in surprise.

Raphael grabbed the syringe from Muejiz. "You mean you've been walking around the globe with this? You do realize it's airborne right? If it breaks that's..." Raphael lamented.

"Relax Prof. It didn't break," Prissila concluded.

"Ok! We'll be needing a place and some equipments to..." Raphael said inquisitively and Milli interrupted again.

"Let's go to the safe house then." Milli revealed. "Oh! not the burnt one, we've got a new one," He hurriedly added, as he noticed Raphael looking at him strangely at the mention of the word 'safe house'.

"So, you're are what? A cook now...?" Prissila questioned Raphael, as they continued their walk

"Actually, I own the place. It's a long story," Raphael expressed.

"Oh tell me everything," Prissila pushed.

"Well..." Raphael continued narrating, as they walked...

\* \* \*

In the Oval office, Luke and Celeste sat, as the Chief of staff of the US Army, now acting president, stood facing them.

"What do you mean we need to speed up the process?" The CSA asked.

"General, do you know what happens when my mother gets irritated? Trust me you don't want to know." Luke fired at him.

"What do I care if she gets irritated? And where is she by the way? I was supposed to be meeting her not you. Or are the rumors true about her incapabi..." The General spat and Celeste looked at him sternly as he started to choke, running out of breath.

"Mind your choice of words, one wrong syllable and America will have a new acting President," Celeste expressed as she released the General's mind and he stopped choking.

"I hope our mother's message reached your ears and stuck to your dead brain," Luke fired as he stood to leave.

Luke and Celeste walked out of the office leaving a dejected Army Chief.

\* \* \*

At the safe house. Muejiz, Raphael, Prissila and Milli moved about, from one scientific machine to the other, working on some chemicals.

"So let me get this right. The President became ill few weeks after the biochemical war and the CSA took over as acting President? Where in the world is that even logical?" Muejiz asked, confused.

"Uhhhhmn... Actually, Celeste..." Milli tried to explain.

"The mind control freak girl?" Prissila asked inquisitively.

"Yes," Muejiz answered.

"Of course," Replied Prissila.

"Well, she's not that bad when you get to know her. She's sweet on the..." Milli praised. "Sorry!" he quickly cut his speech as he saw everyone looking at him with angry eyes of discomfort.

"So, when the President refused to cooperate with Lilith's plan, she ordered Celeste to visit him and make the President, in her own terms, incapable to rule. The President went under. The VP and Speaker tried to take over, Celeste weighed in again and instill fear in their minds, they stepped down, yada yada yada... You know the rest," He narrated.

"Wait a minute, y'all weren't even paying attention to the story and you allowed me to keep blabbing about," Milli fired at them, angrily, as he noticed they weren't listening to him but concentrating on their science project.

"We thought by now you must've realized that no one cares about politics in our team," Prissila replied.

"Uhhhhn! speak for yourself. Muejiz family's lifestyle is all about politics. And seeing as he's heir to their family's seat of power I think he's..." Milli defended, but was cut short by Muejiz.

"You talk too much. I'm still wondering how you survived living with Lilith and Fey without a single scratch," Muejiz said, dismissing Milli.

"His mouth is like a basket, always leaking. He only stops talking when there's food in that mouth or when he's asleep." Prissila fired.

"Oh dear, Shocker! he talks in his sleep too," Raphael exposed.

"I do?" Milli asked, surprised, and they all burst into a wild laugh.

Raphael closed the lid on the machine he placed some serum he just created.

"So now what?" Prissila inquired.

"Now, we wait. After the machine is done, you can add your magic, and then we can..." Raphael explained and stopped halfway as though remembering something important. "Damnit!" He cussed.

"What?!" Asked Prissila in concern.

"We need to publish it," he revealed.

"So?" Muejiz asked

"We can't do that and get approval for the use of the vaccine in months. We need a powerful force to say yes to our research to speed up the approval and use of the vaccine, to like, let's say a week..." Raphael explained.

"When you say a powerful force, you mean like the President of the United States?" Muejiz inquired.

"Yes like that. So we need to find a way to take out the acting President," Raphael said.

"Lilith's pawn you mean?" Prissila asked, rhetorically.

"I think I know a way," Muejiz said with a grin. "An efficient one at that," He added, turning towards Milli who's now quiet since the mockery they made on him for always blabbing.

Raphael and Prissila did same and they all stared at Milli.

"Why are you all staring at me?" Milli asked surprised.

"Well, now we wanna hear the story of how Lilith took down the President," Muejiz said, sounding apologetic.

"Well I'm definitely not saying..." Milli fired.

"Come of it! We need to bring him back. so we want to know exactly where he is and what happened to him," Muejiz begged.

"Well..." Milli said with a wink and a huge smile as he started to narrate again, endlessly.

At a national healthcare facility in America, Prissila and Raphael disguised as medical Doctors, Milli and Meujiz as nurses in practice, as they try to sneak into the hospital the incapacitated President is being cared for.

They met five secret services to the President, guarding the door to the ward the President was being kept.

"Please, tell me there's a plan to get pass them," Raphael asked inquisitively.

"Don't fidget, just move." Muejiz demanded.

"I'm doctor Prissila and this is doctor Raphael. We are here for a routine check." Prissila explained to the secret service as they got to them.

"And the two behind you?" Asked one of the guards, a built, black man, who seemed to be the team leader.

"Oh! They're Nurses," Prissila commented.

The guard motioned to the others as he started to lead the way to the president's room, followed by two other guards behind them.

As they got to the door to the room, the two guards waited outside while the lead guard entered with Prissila and the others.

Inside, The President was on life support, and indeed, incapable to do anything, like an overcooked vegetable.

"You may want to excuse us," Raphael said, addressing the lead guard.

"What do you mean?" The lead guard asked with his voice raised.

Prissila, sensing a rising danger, chipped in, "What he meant is that you need to excuse us. Doctor Raphael here doesn't like being monitored why he does his thing." She demanded apologetically.

"I will be at the door if you need me," The guard finalized as he left.

"So what are we supposed to do?" Milli, after the guard was out, asked curiously.

Muejiz already stood close to, and placing his hand on the president's head with his eyes closed. "I see. They messed his mind up He said, opening his eyes, turning to Milli and the others.

"So, what do we do to save him?" Prissila inquired.

"That's up to you," Muejiz replied her, smiling.

"What do you mean it's up to her? You're the one with the awesomely cool powers. And besides, you're the lost fourth child of Lilith, as such, you know how all their powers work and how to counter them," Milli narrated.

"True!" Raphael agreed.

"Yes, I know how their powers work, but I can't counter them. Lucifer is one of the few that knew exactly what God's power truly looked and felt like. So when Lucifer was giving us powers, he shared it in proportion, such that together, we posses powers equal to God herself!" Muejiz narrated.

"Wait! Hold up! God is a woman?" Milli cut in. "I knew Ariana Gran..." He continued, but stopped blabbering, as he noticed everyone looking at him with discontent.

"So to be exact, our powers don't cancel out the other. They are complimentary to each other," Muejiz explained.

"Celeste might control one's mind to make them believe they're sick," He said, looking at the president "But you, Prissila, you possess the power to get into someone's head and make them see and believe whatever you want them to see. You've got the power of sight, the only power that cancels out the power of mind compulsion," He revealed to Prissila.

"I see. That explained how I stopped her the other time," Prissila expressed. "But I don't even know how to do that," She confessed.

"Of course you do. Just believe in yourself," Milli hailed.

"Place your hand on his head and his chest, and imagine sending in your visions to his head" Muejiz directed...

\* \* \*

Outside, two female doctors, walked towards the other two secret service posted outside the ward.

"We are here for his routine check," Answered one of the doctor.

"What?!" Shouted one of the guards in fear. The second guard was already passing communication on his earpiece to other agents, as they just realized that the ones who walked in first, were fakes.

The lead guard who escorted Raphael into the President's care unit but was asked out, and all the other secret service, badged into the room, with the lead guard in front, opening and almost breaking the door into the room.

His eyes opened wide in shock to what he saw. The other four secret service, and the two actual doctors, walked in to see a shocking sight, as the tray on the hand of one of the doctors dropped.

The president sat on the bed in a comfortable manner looking pissed, and Raphael stood by him with a syringe in hand, as though cured the president of his ailment.

The secret service anchored Raphael to the ground. Prissila and the others were not in the room as they've somehow vanished into thin air.

"Let him go," The president ordered and the secret service, immediately freed Raphael. "Take me to the White house immediately!" He commanded...

"Today, I'm back hale and hearty as your President. And I've got even more better news that may bring an end to to our current pandemic. Thank you all for your prayers and good wishes. God bless you, God bless the United States of America." The American president, addressing the nation in a press conference, ok TV, with Raphael beside him. He left immediately after his speech as the press tried to ask more questions.

The CSA met with the president on the hall way, "Mr. President!" He called, stretching his hand to shake him.

The president stretched his hand to accept the handshake, "General!" He called.

"Thank you for keeping America safe and running while I was away," He said, in an appreciating tone and drew close to the General, as though giving him a hug, he whispered, "I know what you did and everything that's going on, but now is not the time to be treating that." He exposed, tapping the general on the arm and left with his secret service, to his office.

Raphael winked at the General mischievously and followed behind the President.

\* \* \*

At the hideout, Muejiz, and Prissila stood with Milli sitting, watching as the president gave his, back to office, speech.

Milli, switching off the TV after the speech asked, "What's our next move?"

"We wait on the president to announce Raphael's vaccine and ok it for immediate clinical trials." Muejiz explained.

"Yes. But the pandemic won't stop as demons are still spreading the virus with magic," Prissila confessed.

"About that, I think there's a way to stop every demon activity with one quick blow." Milli suggested. "Lilith opened a portal to hell where demons come out from to do her dirty biddings," He exposed.

"What?! And you're telling us this now, why?" Prissila asked, boiling hot.

"Yeah, there's a way to draw everything that comes out, back into hell and seal off the portal for good." Muejiz revealed.

'The problem is, I don't know where the portal is..." Milli confessed.

"I do. And I will be going there to close it myself..." Muejiz acclaimed.

"What? Are you insane? We need to go there together. Lilith..." Prissila lamented.

"I won't worry about Lilith. Muejiz has handled her..." Milli said with a wink, interrupting Prissila.

"Then, we're supposed to sit back and watch?" Prissila asked, concerned.

"No, I need you both to go free our families, cause if we don't, they'll use them as leverage against us, to stop us from sealing off the portal," Muejiz narrated.

"Wise decision," Commended Milli.

"We'll do that quick and join you in sealing off hell." Prissila proposed.

"That is if you still meet me there." Muejiz said with a low tone.

"Don't get ahead of yourself. You can't seal off hell all by yourself." Milli responded, as he heard what Muejiz said.

"Yes we can." Muejiz spoke in multiple voices, and his eyes turned blank white, and back normal, all in the dark version of Muejiz.

"Hmmmmmn? Wha-wo-what just happened?" Milli asked, confused at Muejiz multiple voice and referring to himself as we.

"I know you can. We believe in you," Prissila said in confirmation. "Let's get ready to go save our family," She said, this time, turning to Milli.

"You said you've tried numerous times and failed?" Milli asked concerned.

"That's because I had no help then, no solid plan and no advanced powers." She said with a wild grin.

"So what's the plan?!" Milli asked, curiously.

Muejiz and Prissila smiled mischievously and Milli nodded in agreement with a smile, as though he understood the plan.

\* \* \*

In the oval office, the American President and Dr. Raphael, beside him, in an online press conference with powerful leaders of the world.

"We have manufactured a new vaccine and will be starting clinical trials immediately. I wanted to bring you all to speed and recommend that you try the vaccine as well." The US president revealed.

"Ehn! Excuse me! Try what in where?" The Nigerian President spat fiercely, as she removed her scarf to show her provocation.

"We don't care if you try it in your country and kill what's left of your people. But Russia is saying no. Was that why the Secretary General called this conference?" Russian President fired.

All leaders, after many argument, disagreed with America on the cure, considering the part they played in starting the biochemical war. They were about disconnecting when Raphael, who was silently watching all the while, spoke out.

"Over the course of history, the world has faced battles leading to it destruction, but was saved by the actions of important and history making leaders who come together, working, to achieve a common goal of peace and what's best for their people and the world. I know you all think this cure is a hoax because you can't trust America for the role we played in this war, but I beg you to please think of your people first, think of those that are dying everyday because we've got no lead on how to stop this strange pandemic. This ailment is our common enemy and I beg you to give a green light and try out this vaccine and cure. And Yes America will try it out first on our soil. We just need the green light to go." He spat heavenly, begging the world leaders

"And if it doesn't work?" The UN. Secretary General asked inquisitively.

"I, Dr. Raphael Michaelis, agree to take full responsibility if this cure doesn't work" Raphael professed.

"It will work. You all know I was in coma for months now, this cute saved me and brought me back to my people."

"Even if it does work, you all have a lot of explaining to do." China spoke out.

"I believe saving the people comes first before any explanations should be made, your excellency. And Yes, if the vaccine works, I promise to brief you all at the UN's next General Assembly, which I'm positive will hold cause the vaccine will work." Raphael finalized.

"With that being said, I personally apologize on behalf of every country that put us where we are today. We all have suffered, one way or the other this entire year. So again I beg you all to reason with the American President setting aside every prejudice and grudge. Let's all try to take a step forward together, as we've always done to end world problems, for the good of our people and humanity entirely. Give your feedbacks in less than a week." The UN Secretary General begged, as he dismissed everyone.

The US president thanked them all and the conference ended as leaders went offline.

"I hope we get positive responses." The American president said, hopefully.

"I know we will Mr. President. I'm positive we will." Raphael said proudly.

"Thank you for saving my neck just now." The president said, appreciating Raphael for chipping in.

"It's a pleasure sir." Raphael dismissed.

As they speak, the press secretary walked in moments later. "Mr. President!" He called. "I think you should see this." He said as he turned on the TV.

On the TV, a broadcast announcing that Russia, China, France, Isreal, Nigeria and five other African countries, have just announced the approval for the trial of a new cure for Lilith's plaque, Produced by an American scientist Dr. Raphael Michaelis. And other countries to give their decision on the use of the vaccine soon.

"I knew it!" Raphael shouted in amazement.

The President jumped from his seat and hugged Raphael. The folder on the hands of the press secretary fell off his hand in shock. The President

immediately separated from the hug and gives Raphael a handshake thanking him.

### Sixteen

Some cities in Nigeria were mentioned in this chapter, to which I would advice you check them out online. Though used for fictional purposes, these cities are popularly known for their great, cultural, traditional and historical values...

Milli and Prissila, on their mission to free their family. Muejiz, also on his way to the location of the portal to hell, to seal it off.

Prissila and Milli walked towards the gates of a psychiatric infirmary, where their families were kept.

"There are demon guards at the gates how do we get pass them?" Milli asked in concern, holding back Prissila as they walk to the gate.

Prissila smiled and kept walking towards the gate. "Just follow me," She beckoned.

She closed her eyes and walked towards the gate, an imaginary wave hit through the gate as they walked through it, unseen, like wind. The six guards at the gate were engrossed in an argument like savages, as in their demonic nature.

"Wow! You made them not see us. I thought we'll have to put them down somehow, like fight them or something," Milli poured out in awe.

"Oh brother! Not every problem is solved with violence," Prissila replied. But as she vomited her last sentence, Milli pushed her out of the way, as a huge fire blast came their way. He immediately stopped it by creating fire from his palm, directing it towards the incoming fire blast.

\* \* \*

Muejiz entered a dilapidated factory building with electricity buzzing statically, and light bulbs flickering. He walked through creeks upon creeks, as the air

was filled with dark airy wind. He came upon a spacious room with shadowy figures afloat the ceiling.

The figures began to descend, as though they sensed an enemy. They got down and started hovering around Muejiz, whose eyes were now closed. He opened his eyes, now blank white again, to an ugly monstrous apparition facing him. Immediately, the monster drew back.

"Too late," Muejiz said, speaking in his multiple, demonic voice form. He made a motion as though drawing back the monster, then snapped his fingers and the shadowy monster, was caught on fire, bursting into flames. It made screeching, wailing sounds, as it flew high up the stairs, from Muejiz, into the dark. Muejiz followed it direction and kept walking up the stairs into the dark.

\* \* \*

Milli and Fey, ending their fire battle, as the flames stopped radiating from their palms and finally, the fire fight stopped. Prissila stretched her hand towards Fey, and she immediately stood frozen, as though petrified, with her head facing the sky.

Moment later, Fey dropped her head, facing Prissila and Milli mockingly, laughed and spat, "Parlor tricks don't work on me girl. Ain't that right Celeste?" She asked.

Immediately, Prissila was stabbed with a dagger in the back by Celeste who planted herself behind Prissila and Milli while they were distracted by Fey.

Milli, in anger, formed lightning from both his palm, and directed it towards Fey and Celeste. Fey blocked hers, and Celeste quickly dodged hers by changing direction, and then retaliated immediately, by tormenting Milli's mind with her powers, breaking him down.

Prissila, now on the floor, bleeding from her wound, stretched her hand and reached for Celeste's leg, who was now standing close above her head after changing position from dodging Milli's lightning. Prissila, immediately closed her eyes and Celeste screamed in severe pain falling down holding her head as though haunted, plagued and scared, by a terrifying, life-threatening nightmare.

Fey immediately appeared behind Celeste, grabbing her before she reached the ground and they both vanished.

Milli rushed to where Prissila laid, with her eyes now closed as though passed out. "No, no, no... Prissie! Come on wake up. Don't do this to me right now... Don't..." He stammered emotionally, as he bowed in tears.

"Do what to you?" Prissila's voice asked shakily, and Milli laughed, hugging and pinning her to the floor.

"Dude, get the fuck off me and let's go rescue our family," She managed to command.

Milli let go of her and helped her up. Prissila got up, resting on Milli's shoulder as they hop on, through the facility, to the location of the dungeon their families were...

\* \* \*

Muejiz got to a wide open space and the air shifted to a hot, uncomfortable one. He entered a room full of gruesome demonic figures. They saw him and angrily started to surround him. Muejiz laughed evilly, closing his eyes again.

"You all know you can't land a scratch on me, but I love the fact that you always want to try," He said, opening his blank white eyes as he end his last sentence. He raised his hand in a gesture that suggest raising something from the floor. Every figure in the room, rose afloat in the air and froze, petrified, following the gesture.

Muejiz twisted his wrist and a blue, green and red mixed flame burned all over his hand, immediately, all the petrified demons in the air were caught by the same type of flame. They burned in pain, turning into a shadowy dark smoke, flying up into the dark, making screeching noises.

\* \* \*

The door to a dungeon burned up and was pulled out. Milli's face appeared, entering the now, a bit smoky room where an eighth months pregnant Zainab, her husband, The mother superior from Milli's orphanage home, Lt. Ali and a young woman who was one of Zainab's entourage, were chained to a pole and the wall.

"Miliagro?!" Cried the mother superior, calling out Milli's name in full.

"Milli?!" Zainab called.

Prissila stretched herself faintly into the room, as Milli rushed back and supported her to stand properly.

"Milli?! What's wrong with Prissila?" Zainab asked with concern drawn on her face.

Prissila struggled and stretched her hand towards everyone in chains. with her eyes closed, the chains broke into several pieces freeing the captives. Prissila fumbled and fell to the floor with Milli struggling to hold her.

The Mother superior and Zainab rushed to where Prissila and Milli was. Zainab placed her hand on Prissila's wound and it started to heal gradually.

"You can do Magic?!" Prince Ameer, Zainab's Husband asked, surprised. "Then why the heck are we tied up here all this while?" He fired.

Zainab sighed deeply as she finished healing Prissila and spat. "Because we were chained with Damascus steal. It binds magic and as such, I couldn't use my powers," She explained, to a still amazed Ameer.

"Wait! Where is Sir. Abubak'r, Katie and the others," Milli cut in, looking round the room.

"In a dungeon somewhere here. I don't know..." The prince coughed.

"They are directly above us," Prissila revealed and tried to sit, in a bid to stand, but couldn't, as she was very weak.

"No dear you're still weak. I only healed your wounds not replenish your energy," Zainab explained.

"Let's go get them!" Lieutenant Ali beckoned.

"We will join you when we're done here," Zainab answered, as Lieutenant Ali, Milli and The lady in Zainab's entourage, left the room to go rescue the others.

\* \* \*

Muejiz walked out into a space like the rooftop. only that, there was a huge ring of fire of different colors. Dark, shadowy, smoky, horrific figures roamed inside and around the ring.

"Home sweet home," Declared Muejiz. Immediately, his phone rung in his pocket, breaking his attention.

"Hey Jiz! We've freed them. How's everything on your end," Called Milli, from the other end of the phone.

"I just got there," Muejiz revealed.

"Let me talk to him," Abubak'r, on the other end of the phone begged. "Muejiz?!" He called out.

"Dad!" Muejiz cried, as his eyes immediately, became full with tears and his expression changed from a dark version Muejiz, to the real Muejiz with the 'an always smile on his face' expression.

"My boy!" Abubak'r hailed, as his voice broke, as though in tears.

"Dad?! You remember when you told me that Mum said a time will come when I have to make a decision to either please myself or save the world?" Muejiz asked unto his Dad.

"Yes!" Replied Abubak'r

"Well, I think the time is now Dad," He confirmed.

"What do you mean? Wait, are you okay?" Abubak'r asked curiously.

"I saw her Dad!" Muejiz said as he broke into tears, "I saw Mum when I died...' Muejiz revealed.

"What?!" Abubak'r asked, shocked.

Muejiz narrated, in flash backs, of when he was killed, by being pushed off the rooftop by Lilith and was stabbed by Rocky spikes.

\* \* \*

Muejiz hairs turned grey as his eyes went blank white and closed. Lightning filled the area as a white blinding light engulfed Muejiz's body and it vanished from the spike.

Muejiz stood freezing, in a cold environment, similar to *the ancient city of Ile-Ife Nigeria*, only this time, it was more beautiful, as though the houses, which were few, were newly built, filled with light and almost empty. Only for few voices here and there with no one around. He checked his wounds and they have all healed.

"Muejizhan?!" Aisha's voice called out behind a cold stricken Muejiz.

"Mom?!" Muejiz called as though learning to call 'mom' for the first time. He recognized Aisha from the pictures of her they have at home.

Aisha rushed and hugged her son. "You have grown so big and handsome and tall and..." She praised as she soon burst into tears.

Muejiz held his Mother, tight. Speechless, as he joined her in crying.

"Come, I need to show you something," Aisha said, as she broke from the hug, held his hand and dragged him along.

Aisha, holding Muejiz hand, walked few steps, as a bright blinding light filled the place and they appeared in *the ancient Benin city*, Nigeria, also looking beautiful as new, and very well illuminated, only that, it was littered with some strange figures and substances like dirt.

"What's this place Mom?" Muejiz asked, curiously

"It's our ancestral realm," Answered Aisha. "The soul of every righteous supernatural, mostly witches, that dies anywhere in the world, carrying the blood of our forefathers, is being pulled back here. This realm is created by our ancestors and you, in your past life. It serves like a prison world, with the apparition of our original west African kingdoms, majorly the current day Nigeria, to trap souls of supernatural descendants. So that future generations can draw power from here and the ancestors can as well guide them." She explained.

"Like in the movie, The Originals..." Muejiz thought out loud.

"What?!" Asked Aisha.

"No, nothing. Just that I've seen something like this before in a movie," He confessed.

"oh I see!" Replied Aisha, "Well dear, this is not any movie," She confirmed.

"Lately we've been having some problems. Some kind of doorway opens up into this place in various locations and demons come in here to torment and drag some of us to hell. We've been trying to trace each doorway and seal it off. But recently, they've been opening in more than one location at a time, causing mayhem," She narrated.

"All of hell have broke loose and no one is safe, even here..." Muejiz cried.

"Exactly!" Aisha confirmed. "I know you can't stay here for long cause your mission is important to save humanity. I just want you to remember that, when the time comes to make a decision, I believe you'll make the right one that is best for all of us." Aisha expressed, positively.

"Mom I died. Like I'm dead..." Muejiz confessed.

"Yes we know," Aisha confirmed. "It's why, unlike others, we dragged your body in here. We've got a plan to resurrect you back in your full glory similar to your original self," She revealed.

"What do you mean?! I mean How? And who's we...?" Muejiz asked, confused.

"All your ancestors and past lives." Aisha confirmed and immediately, some people appeared beside Aisha and started to chant in old tongues. Few of them moved towards Muejiz, stretching their hands. One after the other, as they close in and touch him, they entered into his body. He fell on his knees screaming in excruciating pain, but they entered him regardless. After the last person entered Muejiz, he raised his head towards the other ancestors and his Mom Aisha, his eyes glowed and return to normal, as he smiled mischievously.

Suddenly, the portal Aisha talked about, opened up once more where they were and shadowy figures emerged from it. Muejiz stood up, stretching his hands wide as though surrendering for them to take him.

As they moved close to him, Frightened Aisha stretched her hand, trying to cast them off her son, but immediately they touched Muejiz. The smoky figures dispersed like sandstorm being torn apart by a heavier wind.

Muejiz turned and looked at Aisha who is now smiling proudly. He turned back, facing the ring-like portal and ran, jumping into the now closing portal.

Muejiz appeared in hell, an ungodly place filled with the smell of burning flesh and filth. The whole place looked gruesomely horrific and filled with patches of flames here and there.

Muejiz, still looking strangely at the place, was pulled up, unable to move, and dragged down, miles, through some sort of doorways, he fell down flat on the floor, in a fiery place. He stood up and started to look through the flames to make meaning of where he was.

He saw five figures in cloaks, forming a pentagram and burning in flames, as they surround some kind of box on the floor...

A figure stood, smelling Muejiz from behind him, and again, he stood, petrified.

"Intriguing body and power. I can't wait to get hold of it." Said a voice, sounding like the feminine version of Muejiz.

A hand grabbed Muejiz's shoulder and the figure entered him as Muejiz screamed in pain again, opened his eyes, as this time, they looked evil and blank white.

\* \* \*

Muejiz, back on phone with his Dad. "I had to see, and go through hell, to come back from death, dad." He narrated. "So if I close the portal to hell, I will go back to being dead!" He exposed.

"What?! How...?" Abubak'r argued confusingly.

"Listen Dad! I have to close the portal now. It's the choice that I have to make to save everyone including Mom wherever she is," He said, turning and looking at the ring of fire behind him, now getting more gruesome. "And I have to do it Like now!" He concluded.

"No dear, you must stop and listen to me. You have to calm down and make a decision that will benefit everyone. So wait for me to get there and we'll talk about it. We'll find a better plan together" pleaded Abubak'r.

"Uhhhhmn! Sorry Dad I have to go now." Muejiz said, cutting off the line.

The ring of fire became horrifying and the dark shadows hovering inside it were bulging out of the ring, like a baby coming out of it's amniotic sac.

Three shadows tore out of the portal, headed towards where Muejiz stood, close to the edge of the factory building's rooftop. He stretched his hand, motioning as though throwing something towards the shadows. A huge wave hit the shadows halfway, resisting them from moving further. He twisted his wrist and fingers rhythmically as though pushing back the shadows.

\* \* \*

Abubak'r broke down in tears after his conversation with his son. Katie moved close to the broken Abubak'r and hugged him in a bid to console him.

"He's going to be fine. All is going to be well." Katie said, hopefully.

"No he's not. He's trying to kill himself. He, he's trying to..." Abubak'r tried to narrate but was gripped with tears, as he cried the more.

Prissila rushed into the dungeon. "Milli, Muejiz is in danger, we need to go and help him out now!" She cried.

"I was about coming for you let's..." Milli confessed as he was interrupted by Katie.

Katie, breaking free from Abubak'r and rushing to her daughter, "My baby! What happened to you?" She asked, devastated, on seeing the blood stain on her shirt.

"I was stabbed but I'm..." Prissila tried answering her mother but was interrupted again, by her now pissed off mother

"Wait! What?!" Katie called, observing her daughter closely.

"Oh relax! It's fine. I healed her," Zainab, now entering the place, supported by her husband, revealed to an already mad Katie.

Katie rushed to hug her friend, who was now heavily pregnant

"Easy, she's pregnant!" Fired, prince Ameer, Zainab husband, blocking Katie from going hard on his wife.

"Yeah I can see that your majesty," Katie fired back.

"We need to go," Prissila cried.

"Let's use a little travel trick I learned from Muejiz," Milli said to Prissila.

"Take us all along," Abubak'r called.

"I'm sorry. Unlike Muejiz, we are only powerful enough to carry ourselves," Milli revealed. "You'll have to follow us by driving there yourselves." He begged.

Milli came close to Prissila as they held hands. He closed his eyes as they both chanted and vanished.

Katie again moved to Abubak'r, holding both his hand and drawing him close. "We've gone through a lot these past months and have survived it all together. I know our children will come back to us safe and sound." She professed.

Abubak'r, engrossed in Katie's hug, muttered "Thank you!" He broke free from the hug, and stood close to her face as they stare at each other like lovers.

"Oh great! You're both in love, that's good news, but I hate to be the bearer of bad news to this emotions you're both feeling right now. We need to go help the kids save the world," Zainab lamented, as she turned leaving the room, with her husband holding her hand.

Katie and Abubak'r broke free from each other and followed everyone out of the dungeon.

\* \* \*

Muejiz, with both hands now stretched to the ring. As he continued twisting his wrist, as though trying to close up the portal. Various shadows began to appear from nowhere and were being drawn into the ring.

Muejiz started to choke and cough out blood. Freeing his right hand, he used it to feel the fluid dripping from his ears and nose. He brought the hand to his face and noticed it was blood.

"I'm too weak. I can't even completely seal off the portal. I can't... I can..." Muejiz lamented as he was still looking like his normal self and not the possessed version. "I can't do this alone..." He muttered with his eyes closed

"Who said you're alone?" Answered prissila, who just appeared and standing by his right. She took hold of his hand beside her, and stretched out her right hand towards the portal. Milli appeared by Muejiz left and interlocked his right hand with Muejiz's outstretched left hand, holding it down. Milli then, stretched his left hand towards the portal.

A bright fiery light radiated from around them, as they begin to chant, while stretching their hands towards the portal, in the gesture of closing something up, the portal began closing up, bit by bit with their gesture.

The portal was about to close completely, when huge fire emanated from it towards them. Prissila and Milli closed their eyes in fear, as all three screamed, outstretching their hands towards it. The fiery light from around them illuminated the whole place, closing the portal finally and extinguishing the flame

The space became clear, as it was only a dilapidated top floor of the building, with the roof off. Muejiz broke free of their hands, moved forward to check round the environment.

Milli opened his eyes to check, as Muejiz broke free from his grip, "We did it! Damn! We saved the world." He shouted joyfully.

Prissila opened her eyes too, to a cleared environment. "Yeeeah! We did it!" She screamed excitedly, jumped, and hugged Milli.

Muejiz, standing some feet from them, sighed, "Huh!" He coughed with a smile.

Prissila and Milli turned towards Muejiz direction, only to notice, there were patches, of spark, of fire, falling off Muejiz body, like he was on fire and his ashes were dropping from the air. The two became pale with fear and pain as they try to rush close to him and know what exactly was going on.

Abubak'r, Ameer, Katie and Lieutenant Ali, rushed into the place. Only to find Muejiz in serious flame outburst, with Prissila and Milli trying to get close to him.

"Muejiz!" Abubak'r called at the top of his voice.

Muejiz, on seeing everyone, smiled at them all and fell down the edge of the building on his back. From afar, It was like a huge fiery meteorite falling off the top of the Eiffel tower, as the flame burned out and vanished before it could reach the ground.

Milli in pain, rushed to the edge trying to save and catch him from falling. He cried, almost falling off the building too, as he couldn't catch Muejiz. Ameer got to him and pulled him back.

Lieutenant Ali gripped Abubak'r who was also on the verge of falling off the building with his son too.

Everyone was holding everyone from falling off or doing something stupid after Muejiz. As they were all in pain of the death of Muejiz for the second and possibly last time.

# Seventeen

Two nights after the tragic event, Luke stood in the bloody crypt at Lafayette cemetery, lighting up candles and torches, in preparation for a spell.

In the pool of blood at the crypt, there was a body floating on it. Luke cut his hand with a dagger and placed it inside the pool of blood, the body immediately sank into the pool of blood, as Luke started to chant. The whole place started to shake, the light from the torches flickered, as wind blew around the area almost putting out the flames.

Luke stopped chanting with his eyes closed and hands still immersed in the pool. The flames immediately became intense as the body rose from beneath the pool.

Luke walked into the pool, close to the body, as he stared at it. Muejiz opened his eyes in a sudden and shocking manner, as it was his body Luke was reviving all along.

Inside the University teaching hospital,, Ibadan, Nigeria. Muejiz dizzily opened his eyes. His first sight was a blurry vision of someone in blonde hair sitting beside him. He blinked his eyes to get a better view, only to his surprise, it was no other person but Luke. In fear, he tried to get up to defend himself but could barely move.

Luke, pretending to be busy with a magazine, spat, "I wouldn't move if I were you. You just went through a major rebirth ritual and you're just like a new born."

He dropped the magazine, stood up and walked towards Muejiz, "It will take you weeks, maybe month to fully recover to your old self," He completed.

Muejiz shivered in fear as Luke stood next to his head.

"Relax!" Luke said, bending to adjust the pillow under Muejiz to a more comfortable position. "You know if I want you dead we wouldn't be here having this conversation. I did the rebirth ritual on you after your death," He continued

"Even as hard as I want you dead, I can't even bring myself to see you die. And besides you know all this is far from over." He revealed, his face now very close to Muejiz. "Hell! You look ravishing no matter the body you are in." He praised, looking lustfully at Muejiz. "I just can't believe all this while you've been alive and you never seek to find me." He completed.

Muejiz stared into Luke's eyes, yet he used his hand to find some sort of weapon, in fear, as his mind made up various options on how to put luke down.

"You still hate me that much, don't you? Thinking of ways to put me down." Luke said, knowing what Muejiz motives were. "I wouldn't blame you. I mean, after what I did to you and your unborn child." He added, now rising to his feet and moving back to his seat.

"Our unborn child you mean?" Muejiz cut in as though something came over him.

"What?!" Luke asked, turning in shock of the revelation.

"Eons and you still haven't figured it out?" Muejiz spat, laughing mockingly. "The child was ours. And to free your guilt, nothing happened to the child. Thanks to the coven you and I created..." He explained.

"God! Why am I saying these things that I know nothing of?" Muejiz, now back to himself, asked.

Luke drew his chair and sat very close to Muejiz in admiration. "Huh! I can't believe, I..." He stuttered, caressing Muejiz on the head, then moved close to him as though wanting to kiss him, but then stopped. He looked towards the door and sighed, "Your boyfriend, and your friends are here." He revealed as he rose and stood beside Muejiz.

"My friends? Where exactly am I?" Muejiz asked, surprised.

"Oh! I brought you back to your country. Close to your school? Your family too are on their way here." Luke revealed.

"What?!" Muejiz exclaimed.

Immediately, the door to the room opened, as King, Tomi and a lady from their class, badged into the room. Tomi rushed and pressed Muejiz down the bed in a huge, friendly hug.

Muejiz ignoring Tomi's weight on him, turned to the side where Luke was standing but Luke was not there anymore. He tried to look round the room for any sign of Luke but it seemed he had vanished into thin air.

"Omo mi (in Yoruba, meaning 'My child). I can't believe the next time I'm seeing you will be in a hospital!" She lamented as she burst into tears.

Muejiz, now brought back to the room by Tomi's sob, "Hey ma'am chill. At least I'm not dead." He professed.

"Well, That's the real shock. Seven days ago, I called your home on your birthday and someone told me you died early that morning. My heart was torn to shreds I felt I was also going to die. Loosing you too after... after..." She lamented as she bust into tears.

"Wait, that incident was on the 15th of July?" Muejiz asked, surprised. "Waow! How iconic." He thought out loud. "Well, I'm okay love, it was just a minor accident." He dismissed.

"By the way how is Fred?" He asked trying to change the subject. Only for Tomi to burst into uncontrollable tears.

"He's dead!" King, who had been watching all the while, finally spoke. "He died two months back, from the plaque." He revealed.

"Muejiz! They wouldn't even let me see his body before they cremate it. They didn't even..." Tomi stuttered in sobs, as she couldn't hold back her pain. "Where were you all this while? Why weren't you there when I needed you the most?" She asked, still crying.

"We lost a lot of friends. The last six months was hell for all of us..." King revealed. "Obviously, it was hell for you too. You're a shadow of yourself Zhan!" He said, referring to Muejiz.

"Tomi, I can't promise you it will be better from here on. But I know we'll all smile in the end. I believe we'll all be fine..." Muejiz consoled, ignoring King.

The door opened wide as Lieutenant Ali, led four military men in. Shortly after, Milli, Abubak'r, Katie and Prissila burst into the room and was startled with shock. Echoes of screams and cry filled the air. Prissila, Milli, Abak'r, Lieutenant Ali and Katie rushed towards Muejiz, all giving him a big family hug and crying as everyone in the room was filled with tears and praises.

"My boy! My boy!" Abubak'r kept chanting in tears, as he hugged Muejiz from different angles.

A nurse walked into the full room and politely asked everyone to leave the room, for the patient to rest and be comfortable.

"I will like to see the doctor in charge." Abubak'r requested, as he stood up to meet the nurse.

Lt. Ali gestured to the four military personnel, including Muejiz friends to follow him out.

Muejiz asked for King to stay back as everyone started to move out of the room. Milli didn't make a move as Tomi looked at him sternly, went back, gripped his hand, dragging him out.

King, sitting close to Muejiz, in the chair Luke just stood up from. "Hey! How are you? That's a stupid question, you're hospitalized..." He stuttered

"Hmmmmn!" Muejiz hummed.

"Look! Nothing happened that night you called. I swear I don't know what came upon me that made me call my ex girlfriend that night, but after I talked to you I couldn't do anything. I promise you nothing happened that night and nights after that and..." King explained emotionally.

"I know." Muejiz confirmed. "It's why I wanna talk to you, to clear your guilt..." He expressed.

King sighed, hugged Muejiz and whisper in his ears, "I love you!"

"I know." Muejiz replied, smiling

King breaking the hug and giving Muejiz a funny look, "Hmmmmm?" He responded, as that was not the reply he was expecting from Muejiz.

"I love you too!" Muejiz, understanding the misconception, replied and they both laughed.

At the hospital corridor, outside Muejiz ward, Milli and everyone sat in the waiting room as Abubak'r and Katie went to meet the head doctor to inform him of their plans to move Muejiz back to a hospital in Abuja.

"So pretty girl," Milli said to Tomi in his Mexican assent. "How do you get to know my soul sibling?" He asked with a smirk on his face.

Tomi looked at him in confusion, not getting his question.

Milli, on realizing her confusion, clarified. "Oh! I'm talking about Muejiz. He never mentioned he has a beautiful friend like you. He said as he consumed her with his eyes.

"Are you normal? Tomi asked, looking at him strangely.

"Common ma'am it's nothing personal. I just want to know you. What's that phrase again? I'm a friend to my friend's friend..." Milli pushed

"A friend of my friend is also my friend you mean?" Tomi corrected.

"That's it!" Milli confirmed. "So?" He inquired.

"Well..." Tomi, now in a friendly mood, as she narrated her friendship with Muejiz.

Abubak'r, Katie and the doctor, in his mid forties, came out of an office, smiling.

"We'll be discharging him tomorrow. We've examined him and found nothing wrong with him. He's just drained of energy and needs to rest seriously. Besides that, nothing else is wrong with your son. So when you take him home

by tomorrow you must allow him rest well. It might take a while before he get back to his old self." The doctor explained.

"Thank you very much doctor. We appreciate everything you've done so far." Katie thanked.

"Oh! We did nothing really. Thank God and the young man who brought him here at the right time." The doctor expressed, appreciating Luke's effort.

"The man didn't leave any details as to how to get in touch with him?" Abubak'r asked, concerned.

"Not at all. But he paid all the bills and has been here since the day he brought your son in, five days ago. Didn't you meet him inside?" The doctor revealed.

"Uhhhhn?" Abubak'r murmured, confused as to who that could be.

"Sure! Sure I, I mean, we did!" Katie dismissed, to avoid raising questions.
"Thanks once again." She added, thanking the doctor.

"It's nothing. We are only doing our job." The doctor declared.

"Thank you still, for everything. I will ensure to see you before leaving." Abubak'r said, as he and Katie, now left the doctor's presence.

"No problem General. My office is always open." The doctor concluded.

Abubak'r and Katie exchange further pleasantries with the doctor, as they leave, and joined Milli and the others.

"So, can I have your number before I forget?" Milli inquired, engrossed with an interesting conversation with Tomi, as they were both lost in laughter

"Sure! Why not? So long it's not personal," Tomi said. Smiling.

"Oh! This is..." Milli confessed.

Tomi burst into another laughter again, as Milli smiled at her saying, "Seriously, I won't lie it is personal this time..." he begged and their laughter filled the air

### epilogue

A month later...

Muejiz, Milli, Prissila and Abubak'r, laid on the floor, in the sitting room of the Abak'r mansion, watching the TV, with huge cans of popcorn, giggling as a happy family should.

Katie's was on the phone, shouting joyously, at the top of her voice, "Congratulations dear! We will be flying in to meet you guys soonest." She continued, as she came in to join them, with a huge smile on her face. "Say Hi to little Ameers for me." She finished, dropping the phone.

Everyone in the room sat upright with the mention of 'little Ameers'

"Who was that?" Asked Abubak'r.

Katie, with a huge smile on her face, replied, "It's Ameer, he said he's been trying to reach you but you're not picking up. Zainab was just delivered of twin boys!" She said, shouting joyously, and everyone in the room, shouted with joy and praised happily.

Moments later, Katie and Abubak'r on the sides, as Milli, Prissila and Muejiz laid between them respectively. They now watch Dr. Raphael, being honored two Nobel Prize titles, one for scientific breakthrough, and the other, for peace, by the United Nations and other bodies responsible.

"I can't believe we actually did the work while he receives all the honor and glory that comes with it." Prissila lamented, as everyone burst out in another round of laughter.

"He deserved it. I mean, he made it all possible." Muejiz praised.

"Yeah! You're right." Milli said in agreement. "You know, this time last year, I was at the orphanage, with no clue as to what my life would be. But today, I'm owned by a real family that truly loved." He continued. "I must say, I think, I'm the luckiest person alive." He muttered, giggling.

"I'm proud to have you all as mine." Katie said, as she stretched her hand across the three of them, holding them tight to herself.

"So, can I start calling you guys Mom and Dad now?" Milli asked mockingly.

"Oh Christ! Can you just shut up and not ruin this beautiful moment for us all?!" Prissila fired at Milli. "Thank you!" She completed and everyone rolled in a loud laugh.

"So, what do you think Luke meant about all this not being over?" Prissila asked curiously, to Muejiz.

Muejiz sighed deeply and replied, "Well, it's highly possible Lilith is still alive. And knowing her, what we saw the past months were nothing, compared to what she's truly capable of."

"How can a woman be that evil?" Katie asked inquisitively, looking surprised.

"Trust me, she's not all evil," Muejiz replied. "Lilith always have her reasons for what she does. I only don't know what this one is about." He completed, and they all stared quietly in thoughtful poses.

\* \* \*

At one of Wayne's secret laboratory, The show room, designed in the form of a throne room. Someone sat in the dark, on a throne, similar to that of Lilith's, designed with human skulls. Fey, Luke and Celeste stood close to the person, and the throne

"Hope our next plan will be bigger and undefeatable?" Fey asked. "Mother!" She completed, turning towards the person on the throne.

"Oh dear!" Called, Lilith's voice. "What they just witnessed was a tip of the Iceberg. This right here, is the real deal!" She confessed, as the throne illuminated. Lilith sat on it, looking unharmed and radiating with glorifying beauty as always.

Lilith and her children, all turned towards the Laboratory, watching the scientists, through the show glass, working in the Lab.

The scientists, suddenly, started to mutter and roam about inside the lab, as an object placed in some sort of cocoon, made a rhythmic movement 3 times, like the beat of a heart. Indicating the end is is still not near...

The story continued...

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