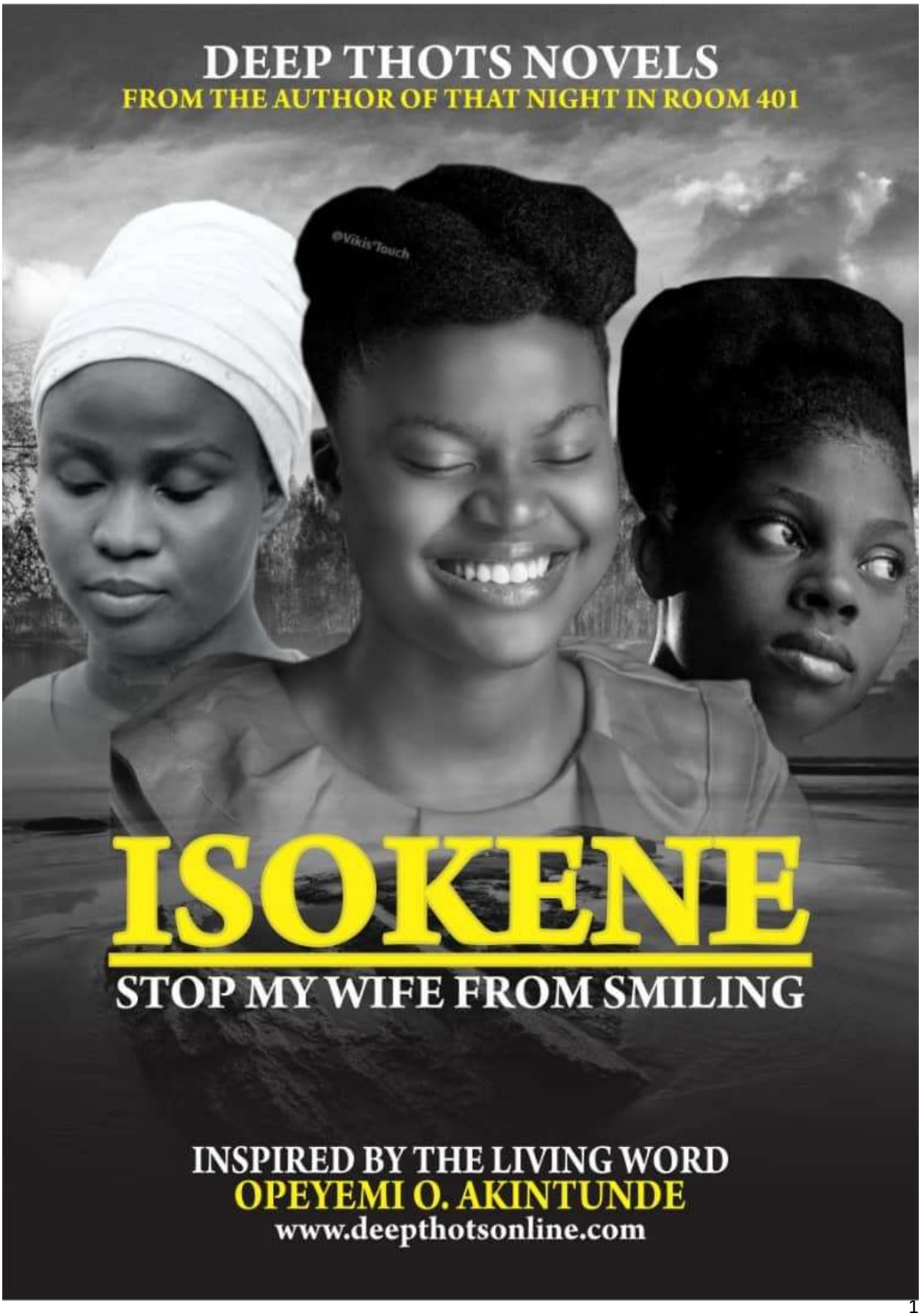

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
FROM THE AUTHOR OF THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 401
@Vikis'Touch
ISOKENE
STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING
INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
OPEYEMI O. AKINTUNDE
www.deepthotsonline.com

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ISOKENE
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)

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TEL :+234 7064779596
+234 8151103646

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deepthotsonline@gmaill.com
Website- www.deepthotsonline.com
Facebook: @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Instagram@OpeyemiAkintunde
@ Opeyemithinksdeep
YouTube Channel: DEEP THOTS FILMS

This book was written under the Inspiration of the HOLY SPIRIT. NO PART OF THIS BOOK IS TO BE REPRODUCED OR REPRINTED WITHOUT THE AUTHOR'S PERMISSION.

APPRECIATION

I APPRECIATE THE ALMIGHTY GOD FOR THE PRIVILEGE GIVEN TO WRITE THIS MASTERPIECE… ALL GLORY TO GOD…

I APPRECIATE MY WONDERFUL HUSBAND, AKINWALE AKINTUNDE, YOU MAKE MARRIAGE LOOK AND FEEL SO SIMPLE, YOUR UNFLINCHING SUPPORT TOWARDS MY MINISTRY EVEN BAFFLES ME… IT MAKES ME KNOW THAT GOD'S EYES ARE ALLOVER ME.. THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND, MY TEACHER, MY MOTIVATOR, MY LOVER…AND EVERYTHING YOU HAVE IN YOUR CAPACITY TO BE TO ME…

I APPRECIATE MY PARENTS DEACON & EVANGELIST F.O OJERINDE FOR BELIEVING IN ME RIGHT FROM MY YOUNG AGE TILL DATE… You are the best parents any child could ask for…

I APPRECIATE MY SWEET IN-LAWS, PASTOR & PASTOR MRS ABRAHAM AKINTUNDE. YOU GIVE ME PEACE OF MIND, THANK YOU, DADDY AND MUMMY.

I APPRECIATE MY SPRITUAL PARENTS, PASTORS, MENTORS, ESPECIALLY, DR D.K OLUKOYA. "Daddy, thanks for your fatherly love and interest in me". I APPRECIATE PASTOR GBESAN ADEBAMBO, PASTOR FEMI ADEMUWAGUN, EVANG MIKE & GLORIA BAMILOYE, PASTOR JOSEPH, PASTOR DELE., PASTOR AUSTIN…GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

TO THE WONDERFUL GIFTS GOD HAS GIVEN ME… MY CHILDREN, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, THANK YOU FOR UNDERSTANDING THAT MUM HAS TO BE ON HER SYSTEM FOR LONG HOURS WRITING STORIES. GOD BLESS YOU AND MAKE YOU GREATER THAN I CAN EVER BECOME.

AND TO YOU, MY READERS, IF I HAD NO ONE TO READ, THERE WON'T HAVE BEEN THE NEED TO WRITE.. THANKS FOR ALWAYS READING. GOD BLESS YOU…MY PRAYER FOR YOU IS THAT AS YOU GO THROUGH THIS BOOK, YOU WILL FIND GOD ON THE PAGES OF THIS BOOK IN JESUS NAME.

TO PELUMI TAIWO OF VICKI'S TOUCH, MR FREDERICK RICHARD, DORCAS OLUWAPELUMI, ITORO EDET BASSEY, SHOLA TAIWO PHOTOGRAPHY, QUEEN ESTHER OBASI, LONG PHOTOGRAPHY… GOD BLESS YOU ALL FOR YOUR INPUT IN THE BOOK COVER
AND APPRECIATION TO THE OWNER OF THE FREE STOCK IMAGES USED IN COVER DESIGN AS WELL

PART 1
"ISOKENE"
(I DON'T WANT MY WIFE SMILING)
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I was at my family house for the Christmas festivities, which was the only time I literally saw my parents and relatives, it was always a beautiful Reunion.

As a marriage counsellor God was helping, my travelling itinerary for the year was always filled, ministering from one Women's program to the other, From one marriage seminar to the other, and my message was simple..."No matter how terrible your marriage could be, it was WORKABLE...." but my encounter with Isoken and her husband got me thinking if this was true!

A beautiful lady walked up to me at the Family Reunion, she looked a bit familiar but I couldn't place the face. She greeted me like a well cultured lady, and I replied her, asking about her sister as she looked like one of my old friends. I obviously was mixing her up with someone else. She called my attention to that, and told me her real identity, she was one of those "extended extended" younger cousins of mine...I noticed she had a sparkling wedding ring on. I made a compliment about that, but her smile was not impressive enough, but I couldn't help but admire her dimples.

"I wish I had one of those dimples" I said, trying to make her smile...and that she did...Her smile was beautiful, her smile could make anyone who was sad become happy, her smile was like light, I had never seen a smile as pure, interesting and beautiful as her smile, I wish my smile could have that kind of Effect....

"This smile could be a ministry you know" I thought to myself, her smile could give hope to a dying person...Her voice brought me back to reality...

"Thank you ma, you just made me smile for real for the first time in two months"... She said...

"What's your name again?" I asked wanting to connect with her...

"Isoken".... Almost immediately, I heard another voice..., but this time a male voice from behind me...

" Isokene, my beautiful wife I call her Isokene to personalize her name, the world can call her Isoken , but I added "E" to customize her name....Ma, do you know the meaning of Isoken, It means "Contented with my destiny"...She is my ISOKEN, I am content having her as my destined wife"

I turned to see who was speaking, it was a lanky dark skinned young man who was an opposite of his wife in terms of complexion and composure...

“Oh, Young man, how are you?" I said with a smile

"I am not a young man, I am an old man in a young body" he said jokingly

“Ok, old man, how are you?" I also replied smiling...

" Very fine ma, it is a pleasure meeting you, when Isokene told me you were related, I didn't believe her, I agreed to come with her to this party, just to see you and ask you for a favor"...

“Ok, what is the favor?" I asked thinking they wanted to invite me to speak at a program

“Before, I ask for the favor, I want you to say a word into our lives"... He knelt down pulling his wife with him

“Isokene will be a great wife to you in Jesus name and you will also be a Super husband to her in Jesus name, You both will always make each other smile in Jesus name "

“Jesus!" He exclaimed... “You are a real woman of God, How did you know about my wife's smile, Isokene, did you tell her anything?"

Isoken shook her head in the negative...

“Ma’am please I need you to help me tell Isokene to stop smiling, I only want her to smile for me, when she is outside, she should maintain a straight look"...the husband said

I was shocked to my bones, I was not sure if I was hearing correctly, the young old man continued...

" Because, her smile is really seductive, it was her smile that attracted me to her, her smile can make a man have a hard on...You understand ma, so now that she is married to me and me alone, she should stop smiling in public but reserve the smile only for me in the bedroom"

"Jesus!" was all that came out of my mouth, in all my years of marriage counselling, I had never heard this....He wanted his wife to stop smiling...

Before I go on, please what advice should I have given to give this couple who had just tied the knot two months ago...? To be continued…..

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Inspired by the TRUTH REVEALER
Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde.
+234-8151103646

PART 2
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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Isoken (or better still Isokene pronounced as ee-so-kene as she is being called by her husband, though according to him, he was the only one who had the license to call her that) and I never saw after that day again, although Ibidolo (her husband) got me laughing that day...I jokingly told Isoken to reduce her smile if that was going to make her husband happy... Ibidolo was excited I had granted his wish...but ever since that day my mind had no peace...

I kept asking myself was it right for a man or woman to give up what made him or her smile, because the other spouse was not comfortable with it?

I looked inward and asked myself, what if my Husband asked me to stop my counselling and homebuilding ministry, because he was not comfortable with it, would I give it up, just the way I told Isoken to reduce or give up her smiles?

I picked up my phone and made some calls to some of my cousins who knew Isoken better, to have her contact...

****

"Her name is not Isoken, it was her husband that gave her that name when they got married, you know he is an Edo man, Her name is Mobolaji..." Aunty Lara said

"I was wondering how the Edo blood entered our lineage" I said jokingly to my favorite aunt...

"From the look of things, Betty, that girl is not happy, because before marriage she used to smile a lot but at this years' Reunion ,she was a bit reserved and since that is your specialty, help her"

"I will try... by the Grace of God" I assured my aunt...

****

"Mobolaji, good morning" I said when she picked up the call

"Oh my God! I can't believe this, I can't believe you actually called my phone"

"Do you know who is speaking" I said trying to be mischievous...

"Of course ma, I have your number, I just never had the boldness to call you" She said with so much excitement, I could feel her smile, it was so tangible,

“My goodness, this girl was made to put smiles on people's faces" I thought to myself as her energy and sound of laughter was fueling me for a good laugh, I felt I was speaking with an angel...Now how can someone want to stop this kind of smile? I asked myself

"Who are you smiling with, who is calling you?"

I overheard her Husband Ibidolo shouting. It seem like he grabbed the phone or something but the next thing I heard was the beeping sound...

What would be going on in their house? Was what I was thinking throughout that day...Isokene's phone had been switched off, I tried over fifty times but unreachable...

"I just hope this man is not beating up this girl" was the phrase playing in my head all day...

Hmm...in this case, What was I meant to do to help Isoken because Fortunately for me Isoken picked up her call very late at night and guess what I heard her say...

"Aunty, I am ready to give up smiling if that would keep my marriage" I unbelievably heard Isoken telling me over the phone amidst sobs, it was obvious she was crying...At that point, I didn't know why, but I found myself crying....

As a marriage counselor, I was beginning to doubt my convictions, Should wanting to stay in marriage stop Isoken from smiling, Just like her name meant, Should she be content with this new destiny of not smiling outside her home? Her smile was only to be limited to the confines of her house....

“Ibidolo (her husband) is definitely a devil” was my conclusion and even though I am against divorce, Isoken should begin to consider it.

Was I wrong to have thought of this or should Isoken truly sacrifice her smile to keep her marriage?

To be continued

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www.deepthotsonline.com

PART 3
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"Aunty, I am ready to give up smiling if that would keep my marriage" I unbelievably heard Isoken telling me over the phone amidst sobs, it was obvious she was crying...At that point, I didn't know why I was crying but I was crying...

"Isoken, you can't stop smiling..." I said using my counselling voice...

"Aunty, I have all your messages back to back, and one of the things I have learnt from you is that every marriage can work...Is that not true?"

For the first time in my life I wanted to take back that comment...

"Yes...but your case is different... I mean your husband is literally asking you to kill yourself, whatever that wants to take your smile from you, wants to kill you" I tried persuading her to see sense in what I was saying at least if she wasn't going to divorce her husband, she could threaten him with a separation

"No...Aunty...he can't kill me, what he is asking of me is just a little sacrifice I need to undertake to keep my home...You have always said in your messages that Marriage is all about sacrifice..."

I became speechless and powerless, as words failed me and I didn't know what else to say other than

"You are right" since she was just quoting all my messages back at me...

"But Aunty, you know my challenge, I just discovered of recent that Ibidolo has a lot of girlfriends... Aunty, why would he want me all to himself and yet he is not ready to give me all of himself...Isn't that unfair?"

"Yes. Very unfair and that is why I am not totally comfortable with your husband...How did you meet in the first place?"

When she told me how they met, my jaw literally dropped....

She had followed a friend to a pastor's place....

"Aunty, I know I was tricked into marrying my husband because it was after our marriage that Ibidolo explained the whole process of him marrying me"

"What was the Process?" I asked

“My friend Kikelomo and I were getting tired of our single hood, although I was not desperate as Kikelomo being a Christian, but Kikelomo kept pressurizing me to go with her to a certain pastor who was good at telling people the exact location where they would meet their husband or wife to be...”

“Ok?”...This was getting interesting as I put the phone on speaker knowing this was going to be a very long talk....

“We attended the pastor’s programme but unfortunately we were unable to see him for Counselling or better still consultations, we were told we had to attend his program for a month before we had access to him” She said

“So you started attending his church and that was where you met Ibidolo “ I cut in as I obviously thought I knew where the story was heading....

“No ma, it was more cleverly orchestrated than that....” she said

“So how did Ibidolo come into the picture?”.....

And when she told me how, my mouth was wide open for some minutes....It was her continuous “Hello Ma, Hello ma, Are you still there” that brought me back to life....

You want to know what I heard, make sure you read up the next part....To be continued

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the Truth Revealer
Written by Opeyemi O. Akintunde
+234-8151103646
Fbk@Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 4
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"You will meet your husband on a Thursday Evening at Alakashi bustop, He will have a red "V" neck top on, with blue jeans and white Tennis shoes on. You have to be at that Alakashi at exactly 5pm waiting for your bus, You both will bump into each other and instantly something will tell you both you are soulmates" the pastor had told Isoken

"Aunty, that was what the pastor told me during my consultation session with him and prior to that I had heard a lot of testimonies during the service of how "God" had connected people to their spouses through the pastor's prophetic gift of seeing where their husbands or wives were...It was too real to be doubted. Though the pastor told Kikelomo that her own husband was still far away in India and she needed to do 14 days marathon fasting or pay to have one of the church pastors do the fasting on her behalf....so..." I became lost in all what Isoken was saying. I couldn't believe how gullible she was, but I had not heard it all...

"Aunty, you would not believe that it happened exactly as the pastor prophesied, I was at Alakashi bus stop at exactly 5pm and suddenly a young man bumped into me, he was just the exact description .red V neck top, blue jean, white Tennis....."

"Hmmm"....Was all I could say, but after a brief moment of silence I asked

"But don't you think this was arranged or you think it is co incidence or destiny?" I managed to ask

" Aunty, Arranged ooo, big time ooo, Ibidolo confessed to me after marriage that he is a member of the pastor's church but as the head of the technical Unit, he was always in the Technical room mixing the camera shots during service, he said it was on one of those services I attended he saw me on camera smiling... He said his heart melted at my smile and that very instant, he didn't know how it came out of his mouth, but he heard himself say

"That is my Wife"

"You like her?" Ibidolo colleague had said to him, "If you like her, you better go and tell papa before he receives her for someone else"

Isoken continues her surprising "How we met" tale....

" Aunty, apparently in their church, it was a norm for the pastor to be the one to choose their partners for them and since I was not their member the pastor had to use that prophecy trick on me. Ibidolo told me he had shown the pastor my smiling footage and

the pastor assured him I was going to be his wife, so Aunty that was how I entered into this marriage ooo"

I was on temporary mute with mouth wide open....I could hear the echo of her voice saying "Hello ma...Hello...Are you there ma? But 1001 things were going on in my head. Can you guess any of these questions? Let me ask you the first one ringing in my head so loud," Was it right for the pastor to have done that matchmaking under spiritual deception? Other questions kept flying around in my head. Questions like.....

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
+234-8151103646
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PART 5
"ISOKENE"
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"I said, I don't want you smiling when we go out! " Ibidolo was barking at Isoken. Isoken told me they had just returned from a wonderful Day out. Isoken said she had tried keeping a straight face throughout the event, she only smiled at Ibidolo, Which was unlike her. Her normal self would have had her smile plastered on her face smiling at everyone including the security, cleaners, sales attendants but all these she tried to avoid, but she had an exception...She couldn't help but smile at him.....Who was he?

"Ibidolo, I smiled at a beggar, a beggar, an old beggar on the street, besides that smile was to give him hope, I couldn't give him money, but I could give him a smile "

"Isokene, I would have preferred you gave him money, I wouldn't care if you gave him my entire money, but not your smile..." he said very frustrated

"This is not going to work, I am getting out of this thing we are calling a marriage....I am done"

"You said what?".... Ibidolo asked Isoken
****

Isoken was at my place narrating what Happened at her place earlier that day.

Although the day before was the day she narrated the whole story about the pastor who had match made her with Ibidolo. After narrating her "HOW WE MET TALE", I had passionately told her the foundation of her marriage was wrong and based on falsehood. Out of insane passion and irritation for her husband called Ibidolo who was against his wife smiling, I had told her if she wanted out of the marriage, God was not going to be hold it against her. Here she was, less than 24 hours telling me about her outing with her husband.... Seriously I was mad and the marriage counselor in me went on vacation, but the woman in me and feminist Spirit I never knew existed in me shouted....

"This marriage was never God's idea and I have a feeling the perfect will of God for you in marriage is still out there, you are below 30 for Christ sake," I said with passion but you would not believe that Isoken literally shut me up by making excuses for her husband...

"Aunty, you know what? ... His countenance changed when I told him I wanted out of the marriage, I was afraid he was going to hit me, I started moving backwards but what he did next is still baffling me Aunty and that's why I came to see you, he started talking like a baby, with tears flowing from his eyes, He moved so close to me like he wanted to swallow me up. He said..."

“Isokene, you can’t leave me, you are the first real thing I have had to myself, and I never want to lose you to anyone, you are my first real possession and that is why I am so possessive of you”

“Possession? I am not a piece of asset...I am a human being that has a life of her own...”

“No no.... Isokene baby, I don’t mean it that way...What I mean is you know, I never had anyone growing up, I am not a beast asking you to stop smiling for no good reason , the thing is I don’t want to lose you to someone else.. You know I told you that I was raised in an orphanage from birth, I never knew my mother or father, I was picked from the street in an abandoned vehicle....”

“I know all that and I have promised you I will be your family” Isoken said

“ Isokene please just hear me out....I never had anything that was mine, I always had to share things with my orphanage brothers and sisters, all the clothes I ever wore was either passed on to me or brought by well-wishers... I never had anything I could tag mine....I grew up using what others had used, Used school bags, borrowed text books, even till I got into tertiary institution..., Everything I ever used was borrowed , I lived off my friends, I slept on the floor of my friend’s room, all the textbooks I used were always borrowed.... Aside from my house and car, You are the first thing I can call MINE or better still ...First possession I have...I am sorry I am using the word possession, but that’s how I feel...Isokene please...What I am asking from you is little....You know you asked me to stop getting drunk after marriage, and because of you, I stopped....Tell me something else you want from me and I promise to give you ....Please just keep your smile for me, just me alone....

“Trust me, Trust that I will never leave you” Isoken said

“I trust you so much, but I don’t trust other people with you, they may take you from me”
****

“Aunty, Ibidolo hugged me like a baby that didn’t want to lose his precious possession and at that moment, I was touched, I saw a boy who never had anyone and now he has one special to his heart he was not ready to lose... Aunty, what do you suggest I do?

Please if you are the marriage Counsellor and you are in my shoes, what would be your best advice to Isoken, LIKE SERIOUSLY????

To be continued

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+234-8151103646

PART 6
"ISOKENE"
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"Isoken, Are you mad or something has gone wrong with your senses?"

Speechless, agitated, mad, going bunkers, terribly infuriated are some of the words to describe what I felt when I saw Isoken after 2 weeks of complete silence and disappearance. I had tried her number several times, but her line was unavailable, and neither did she call for two weeks.

My security man had told me I had a Strange Visitor and he wanted me to come see her first before He could allow her come in. Mathew, our security man was a very security conscious person, he was so security conscious that at times when my husband and I were driving in, he would make sure he checked if we were bringing in strangers and if we had strangers, He would ask the strangers to get down to be checked and screened. Although, I found it strange, my husband was fine with it.

Therefore, For Matthew to have tagged this person a strange visitor, something must definitely be wrong.

When I got out of the house, I saw a lady figure dressed in a beautiful pink gown, but what was strange about her was that she had a black and grey covering Like the Muslim Purdah on her head that covered everywhere; the only thing visible was her eyes.... The eyes looked familiar...

"Good Afternoon ma, please can I help you?" I asked moving close in caution

The lady in Question burst into outrageous laughter and unveiled herself to be Isoken. I literally wet my pants....

****

"Isoken, What do you mean you are doing this to keep your marriage, this is wrong? And besides are you denying your Christian faith to become a Muslim by dressing like one of them to keep your marriage....This is wrong. I mean dressing like a Muslim is wrong when you are not one, assuming Ibidolo is a Muslim it would have been understandable..." I said

"Aunty Betty, I know Wrong can never give birth to right, but I am trying to be the right person in my marriage, two wrongs can never make a right. Now I realize Ibidolo is selfish, uncompromising, and not a Christian I thought he was, but do you expect me Ma to also do what is wrong by running out of the marriage, No! I am going to be right and I know Right gives birth to right...And may I add, my dressing this way has nothing to do with my religion, I don't think there is anywhere in the Bible where you are told you can't dress this

way, It is a choice I have made, Let's think about this, What if I had a massive scar on my face, and I decided to do this, Would you have frowned at it?" Isoken said with all seriousness. It was obvious wherever she must have gone for those two weeks had done a lot of mindset restructuring....

"I guess this is Ibidolo idea?" Asking just for confirmation sake...

" No....100 percent me, Ibidolo is yet to see me, he went on a work trip to set up a Studio in Abakaliki ...Aunty I had two weeks of reflection to myself and this is what I came up with....Self-denial that will give birth to love "

I was speechlessly speechless but I asked a simple question after a long break

"So you are ready to sacrifice your smile for your marriage"

"Love is sacrifice, For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son....Aunty, God let go of his only son to gain the whole world....Aunty I have a plan"

"Isoken what plan? Your smile is a message to people, your smile heals a lot people" I said as I could wrap my head around what was happening

"I don't want to heal a lot of people, I want to heal my husband, Of what value is my ministry of smile to the world, If my smile doesn't win My husband, For instance Aunty take a look at you and your husband, You know it will be a great failure if after repairing other people's marriages with your powerful marriage ministry and we suddenly hear your marriage failed, Of what value was your message...?"she said.

At that point, Isoken had hit me on a sore spot....My husband and I were having it rough in marriage , We were not fighting in the sense of physical abuse or emotional, we were just drawn apart. We had not had intercourse for over 9 months and none of us bothered...And yet I go around preaching about how compulsory it was to have intercourse in marriage....The truth is I hardly have time for it myself because of how busy I had been, jumping from one state to the other preaching to women on them keeping their homes at all cost, but was I keeping my home....???

"And besides Aunty, Who says I am sacrificing my smile, behind this veil, I smile a lot without people seeing...Aunty let me use my smile alone for my husband to pull him out of the valley of the feeling of being unloved, abandoned and not cherished. Aunty, Noah saved his family, even though he couldn't save the world....I will keep my smile for my husband alone if that will help me secure a good place in his heart, which will further help me to achieve what I want to achieve with him"

"So you mean you are planning to wear this veil all your life to make your husband happy"

"Yes, If I have to, but I assure you, something good is coming out of this" Isoken said as she smiled under the veil, but how did I know she smiled? Since she was wearing the

thick veil. I saw it in her eyes, her eyes were shining, the eyes don't lie , I saw the joy in her eyes even though I couldn't see her mouth....

As a marriage counselor of over 15 years, I had never seen a wife who saw her marriage as more important than her purpose even though it was built on a wrong foundation but Isoken did, because she realized something I didn't realize on time that was tearing my own marriage apart...

What was that? Find out in the next part, because seriously speaking, Was this step by Isoken a wise one? Let me hear your opinion

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
+234-8151103646
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PART 7
"ISOKENE"
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After Isokene left my home, I was not the same again, heavy guilt poured on me, I sat down to evaluate my life and marriage, If my husband backslided and was no more as spiritual as he was, "Can I be like ISOKENE? Can I drop all my ministerial engagements and responsibilities to make sure he gets back on his feet? "I asked myself....

Isokene was treating her husband like a lost child whose mother was willing to do anything for in order to have him back. She was playing the fool, I was not sure I could do that even though I was a marriage Counsellor. Just as I was ruminating over all these, my husband walked in and I ran towards him in guilt like a prodigal wife.

"Honey, Welcome...." I took his bag from him, an action I had not done in a very long time, probably years back. I could see the Look of shock on his face

My husband was a good man who never stressed me, he didn't mind cooking for himself when I am far away on "ministerial Journey" ...At that point I knew I had not been fair to him...

After he settled down on the bed, he kept looking at me strangely suspecting something was up with me...

"Betty, what's wrong? What about the children? Are they fine?" He asked looking very disturbed. Due to my busy schedule, we had agreed to have the girls in the boarding school.

"They are fine, I just need to ask you some questions"

Surprisingly my husband moved away from me and placed his hand on his head like someone who had been caught doing something... I wasn't sure why but I asked my question that was born out of guilt...

"Henry, I want you to be honest, have I been a good wife to you, I hope I have not made anything more important than you, I hope you are not hurting?"

I did not know what came over me as I kept blabbing, my husband was giving me a look I wasn't comfortable with, he moved farther away from me...

"Who told you?" He asked

"Nobody, I just figured out I had been too involved with my life matters and I was not fulfilling my wifely duties"

“Kemi told you, I knew she was going to...Betty, I am sorry, I let this happen. I didn’t want to disturb you or be an opposition to What God was doing with you. Honestly we just started as casual friends, but since she is a widow, she started misinterpreting my compassion towards her, and one thing led to another.... Betty, I don’t know how I fell in love with her, but the Truth is I love you more than I love her..., I knew kemi was going to tell you after she saw Margaret and I at the hospital.”

“Margaret! Who was Margaret? No one close to us bore that name!” I did a mental scan as fast as possible…

It looked like my life was crumbling...I was saying one thing and My husband Henry was saying another thing, confessing about a woman I didn’t even know existed....I almost passed out, but I needed to be sure I was hearing him correctly....

“So what are you really saying?” I asked

“I don’t want a divorce, I still love you, but I don’t know how it happened, I feel something for her also and we have gone too far for me to hurt her...” he said on his knees

“Could someone wake up from this terrible nightmare, if I was hearing my husband correctly, he had a mistress who is a widow. He was in love with her and couldn’t leave her....” I thought to myself

Whose case was worse, Isokene’s husband who had turned her into a veiled woman to hide her smiles, or my very wonderful husband who had suddenly taken away my smile.... which I didn’t know if I was ever going to get it back....Then he said it again...

“I can’t lose you Betty, You are my first love but I love her too, she has become a lover and most importantly a friend I can’t lose or hurt, She has helped me through a lot, We have been together for close to a year, there are things you could not help me with, which I totally understand is because of your busy ministerial schedule, but Margaret has been there. For instance, she is the one helping me with my poultry business, She Is a good person I can’t hurt”

I died and woke up, a million times over....How? My husband was in an affair for close to a year and I never suspected....It was official, this was the end of my smile....Now, whose case was worse? Mine or Isokene?

To be continued
For more inspiring stories like this follow the author on facebook @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde.

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING TRUTH
Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
+234-8151103646

PART 8
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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For days, I couldn't sleep, I cried till my eyes were tearing up on their own because It never would have crossed my mind that my husband was cheating on me....How? I thought I was the perfect wife. I knew and had taught several women the 100 LAWS of keeping a good marriage, but what happened to mine...? I thought I had kept Henry where I wanted him to be.

Henry however was prostrating at any given opportunity telling me he was sorry, he was just lonely and he didn't know how it happened with the widow.

All he could say was that, they had met on a flight to Abuja. She was reading one of my motivational books and out of pride, he told her that was his Wife...

That was where they exchanged contacts and from there the rest is history....

All my teachings about getting your man back came back at me but at that moment they seem useless....

The painful part of the issue was the part where he said, he couldn't stop seeing her and yet he wasn't ready to let go of me either.... How could a man be telling his wife of 15 years, he was in love with another woman; a widow with two kids for that matter!

All that was coming out of my mouth was "Ha, Ha!" and if someone was able to check my Blood pressure at some point, I am sure they would have called me a living dead....

I saw Isokene's calls for days but I couldn't pick up...I couldn't take my bath for three days. On the third day while still trying to recover from the shock with Henry cuddling me still asking for my forgiveness, his phone rang....

"Hello Margaret, Good morning....." There was a long pause and then he said "I am on my way"....

I turned with a questioning look

"I am sorry Betty, one of her sons just fell ill and you know she is a widow, I have to help her" Henry literally flew out of the house

It felt like someone hit me on the head with a big sledge hammer of reality.... My husband was gone, gone from me and gone from God...

My options were clear, it was either I gave up on the marriage and continue my marriage ministry but this time around my message was going to change so as to hide my shame. Now, I could validate divorce

Or

Better still I could get over it and accept the fact that my husband had a mistress that could become his wife anytime soon, because the night before that day Henry had said something that shook me to my marrow. His statement made me know, this mistress was going nowhere, she had found a comfortable space in my husband's heart.

The night before, out of feminine rage, I started cursing the mistress when I was talking to Henry...

"Henry, I can't believe you did this, I know that lady bewitched you, she must be a witch, can't you see, who knows? Maybe she was the one who killed her husband and you are the next targ...."

"Stop it, Betty, Don't let me turn this table against you, I don't want you to ever insult her, curse her or say anything negative about her and don't even try praying against her, because if anything happens to her, I will know you caused it and I am telling you for a fact, I will so hurt you...." he said violently

My mouth was so wide a full egg could have entered at once....Now, not only did my husband have a mistress but a mistress he was ready to hurt his wife for if anything happened to the mistress....

So with this situation, which of the options was best for me...

Divorce him, move on with my life and know that my ministry would not preach the message I believed God gave me that "God hates Divorce"

Or
Just stay in the marriage, pretend all was well even though my husband had a mistress somewhere and keep preaching Godly marriages....

What do you think?

To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646
Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Email: deepthotsonline@gmail.com

PART 9
“ISOKENE “
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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Henry did not come back home that day after he practically flew off to his mistress’s place and I didn’t bother to call. Good riddance to bad rubbish.

I had just woken up from a dream, a dream about one of my younger cousins, a boy sleeping on my bed, but I was trying to get him to stand up from the bed, but he refused to stand up telling me he didn’t have a bed to sleep on.....I think I went about trying to get another mattress or something....

The dream was very vague and I thought to myself

“Right now was not the time for dreams about other people..... This is not the time to help someone who has accommodation problem, my life needs some sanity right now.... “

I ditched the dream and tried to get back to sleep...

It was the early hours of the fourth day, and as I was trying so hard to get some sleep, my phone beeped, it was a message from Isokene....

“Aunty, what is happening? You have not been picking up for days, a lot has happened in three days to me, I can’t wait to share with you. Love you so much” Isoken cares...

I sent a reply that she could come over, I needed to get this recent happening off my mind...Maybe having someone around would not let the thought of suicide trying to gain entrance into my heart have its way...

With shaky legs, loose joints and pains all over my body like someone who had been working very hard, I stepped down from the bed to have a shower.

I never knew that emotional pain could actually have effect on one’s physical body. As I stood in front of the bathroom mirror, I looked messed up and lean, probably because I had not eaten in three days. It was time to shake off and think of the next thing.

Maybe it was time to relocate to the United States, my sister had been telling me to relocate with my family, but unfortunately the family will be minus one. I would be relocating with my two daughters. It seemed like a perfect plan....

Isoken got to my place but to my shock, she had no veil on again.

“Right thinking“ was what I thought . I was grateful her myopic thought of sacrificing her happiness for one stupid husband had been erased from her mind.

She was beaming. Her smile made my heart bleed knowing I couldn't smile anymore....but I encouraged myself that there was already a way out....RELOCATION

"Your veil? What happened?" I asked

"God happened!"

"What do you mean God happened!?"I rolled my eyes still trying to act calm and collected... I wasn't ready for any churchy microscopic talk

"Divine Orchestration...." She said literally jumping...

"I told God, I wanted to Obey His word to be submissive to my husband and yet still be happy on my own...Aunty God did it in three days just like He did it for Christ, I got my life ,my smile and my freedom back"

How? Was it that she had finally separated from him? I was hoping that was that was the case, so that my separation from my husband won't be hard on her... I will just let her know that "Men are all the same", a phrase I had always preached against in my messages. I always told women that all men were not the same, but unfortunately all that was going to change now.

"My failed marriage is about to change the course of my ministry". I thought silently to myself "Hmm... So the Success of my ministry was actually based on the Success of my marriage..." Too late I was just discovering that truth now...

"Aunty, Aunty, you are not listening to my freedom testimony!" Isokene shook me back to reality as I was just staring at her blankly...

"I am sorry, I Was thinking about something, Ok I am listening"....I said partially absentminded, because I was wondering what my husband was doing with the widow....Was her son really ill or she just looked for an opportunity to have him to herself, since Henry had not left my side for three days?

I was wondering what she looked like? Was she more beautiful? Probably light skinned or dark.... Maybe they were even on her bed making out, I felt my brain vibrating....Was that insanity knocking at my door, No, I was not going to let a man run me mad, My father died after 10 years of insanity.

" Betty, It is not a good sight..." I told myself . I decided to focus on Isokene and her story....

"...So he came back....." Isoken was saying

"Isoken, please start all over ... I am a bit Lost"

“Aunty, are you ok?”

“Yes I am ...the story” I managed to give a fake smile I knew I needed to start getting used to...

I hope you feel my pain, Dear DEEP THOTS reader, my heart felt like someone was tearing it into pieces, my brain was heating up so much as the thought of losing my husband to another woman was unbearable , I felt like I was losing my mind. I believe you will agree with me that RELOCATING was the best option....In the meantime, Let’s focus on how ISOKEN got her veil off and got her smile back....What happened?

To be continued!

To read other parts of this inspiring novel “ISOKENE” as written by Opeyemi Akintunde, the author of “ THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 401”. Check her timeline on Facebook @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646
Fbk@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 10
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"Aunty, You know I told you Ibidolo was to return three days ago which was exactly a day after I came here, but I didn't know he wanted to give me a surprise.

Ibidolo returned the morning I was coming to your place, he said the Taxi was close to our house when he saw me coming out of our gate. He had told the Taxi man to stop immediately as he was surprised when he saw me coming out of the house all wrapped up.

He said, he knew the body was mine but why was I wrapped up?. He said Instant Anger rose up in him, thinking I was going out to meet a man. He told the Taxi man to trail me. Ibidolo said he was fuming in the Taxi wondering where I was going. He trailed me till I got here. He said he was quite shocked when he saw you coming out of your house to meet me at the gate....Aunty Betty, you won't believe Ibidolo stayed in the Taxi for the 3 hours I spent at your place..."

After I left your place that day, I went straight to the market to get some food items all still wrapped up, my thought was since Ibidolo was to return the day after, I wanted to get his best meal prepared and have the house really clean.

I was still wrapped up, even though I was all sweaty and uncomfortable, all I kept telling myself was. "I am playing the FOOL now, so that my Joy can be FULL".

"I am playing the FOOL now, so that my Joy can be FULL!
I am playing the FOOL now, so that my Joy can be FULL".
I must have said this like over 100 times though the hot sun was telling me what Iwas doing all wrapped up was a wrong thing...

I got to my junction and waited for over 15 minutes to get a bike home, but I couldn't get one.

Ibidolo parked at a far distance and gave me a phone call...

"Did you suspect He was around?" I asked Isoken as the story was quite intriguing

"At all, even when we were speaking on the phone I didn't suspect a thing...So Aunty, please let me continue my story" She laughed heartily

"Hey Isokene my dear" Ibidolo had said when he called

"Ibidolo, my love how are you? How is Abakaliki...? I am really missing you...."

“I miss you more, I Will be home soon, don’t worry”

“Tomorrow is not soon ooo, It is too far for me... Because I have a big surprise for you, something that will make you smile”

“Really? Tell me...I can’t wait to hear it” Ibidolo said

“It won’t be a surprise anymore if I tell you”

“Come on... do you want me to tickle you over the phone” Ibidolo said laughing

“Now, You are making me laugh, Ibidolo”

“Wait ooo, where are you that you are smiling this way, hope it is not where everyone can see you?”

“I can assure you that no one can see my smile, because I have found a lasting solution to it,”

“What?”

“That’s the surprise... doesn’t my voice sound deep”

“Yes it does like you have a cloth over the phone!”

“That’s it, I am not saying anything again”

“Aunty, I laughed and hung up but little did I know that Ibidolo waited till I got a bike and trailed me till I got home. “

He said his heart almost burst, he saw a woman who loved him so much and was ready to sacrifice her smile for him...He didn’t know when tears fell from his eyes and the taxi man said..

“Oga, (Sir) despite your wife is a veiled woman, you still don’t trust her?, but thank God you have seen that She doesn’t have a boyfriend....Sir, please trust your wife, it will give you peace of mind... I have been in this cab business for 30 years and my wife is a beautiful hairstylist, my friends told me I should keep her indoors since Most times I am always on the road and I only get to see her for few hours in a day, but I choose to trust her... and till now she is still my wife after 35 years”
Ibidolo said he wanted to explain to the Cab man that I wasn’t a veiled woman but he couldn’t find his voice yet. He paid his fare and walked in....To be continued....

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Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Akintunde +234-8151103646 Fbk @ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 11
"ISOKENE"
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"I didn't close the door behind me as I rushed into the kitchen to drop all the foodstuffs I had bought. I literally forgot about the door, So Aunty you can imagine how my heart must have felt, it almost jumped out of my body when I felt Ibidolo's arm around me from behind. I jumped and turned and there he was looking at me. His eyes were bloodshot red, he hugged me so tight and was weeping like a baby and kept saying...

"This is not what I want for you, I am not that wicked, I know I am selfish, but not wicked, I am sorry"

I kept telling him it was ok and I was fine doing it, to make him happy....

"How can I be happy when I am putting you in bondage?"

Still weeping, he unwrapped me by himself

"Please, don't you ever do this again, you can smile to the whole world if you want. Your smile is not just for me, it is for you as well... I won't allow my insecurities affect you"

Ibidolo sat on the floor, sobbing. I knelt before him wiping his tears and I said...

"I did this to show you I was committed to you, though the foundation of our Marriage was wrong but I decided this marriage was going to work. Please don't feel bad, because even if you want me to be a veiled woman, I won't resist it, but thanks for giving me back my freedom and I promise you today that I will not give you cause to regret giving me the liberty to smile... I love you"

"I love you so...."

Ibidolo covered his face as more tears flowed. I hugged him and I was wondering what Kind of God I was serving who through the wisdom he gave me broke my husband down and made him see things clearly.

Aunty, we had fun, we cooked together and did some loving up...You know....." She said smiling

"And guess the highlight, the day after he took me out and he was so comfortable with me smiling in fact there was a point I was not smiling, he jabbed me playfully by the side and said

"Why are you not smiling?" And out of Joy I gave one of those Epic smiles of mine of which Ibidolo just shouted "Don't stop that smile". He brought out his Mini camera and

took a picture of me. Aunty, can you believe after we got home, Ibidolo did a panting of that picture overnight....You know he paints right?

“Huh...Huh, I think you mentioned it to me once”... I said

“Aunty, I have been over the moon for the past four days.... I obeyed the rule of being crucified by the one you love, I killed my personal interest in obedience and God Himself resurrected me. Surprisingly, afterwards came my victory, Just like Jesus!”

I found myself clapping for Isoken and telling her a big congratulations.

“So no more divorce or separation for you?” I asked

“Aunty, do I need it anymore? God has healed my marriage, a little playing the fool and my joy is full”

“Well, not everyone can play the fool!”

“You are so right ma! And that is why a lot of people lose their marriages and other good things, so where is Uncle?”

“With his mistress” I blurted out before knowing I did....

And there was silence in the room for about a minute, I know Isoken was wondering if she heard me well and I was also wondering what came over me...

To be continued

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Facebook @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 12
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"His mistress? What do you mean ma?" Isokene asked in a very soft confused voice, a voice that broke me into uncountable pieces.

I must have wept for over 10 minutes as I recounted everything to her. She was as shocked as the word shocked.

"Jesus!" was all she kept saying...

After about 30 minutes, she asked me the million Naira question...

"So what you planning to do, Aunty?"

"I ...I am planning to relocate to the US, start a new life with my children and watch what God will do. If Henry returns back to his senses, all well and good but if not, still good. The end of a marriage is not the end of the world"

" Just like that....You plan on giving up just like that on your 15 year marriage, Aunty all those messages you used to preach, did it ever register with you or you were just giving people like us Spiritual food and starving yourself" Isoken asked

"Isoken, this is too much, Henry loves the woman and he has threatened me that if anything happens to the other woman, he will hurt me.....To avoid problems, Let me just be on my own"

" No you can't be on you own, God didn't create couples to live separate lives, but as husband and wife....So we just need the wisdom of God, Yes we are going to pray, but more of wisdom and submission...."

"Sub… What?" I thought to myself ..."How can I submit to a man who was hurting me" .Isokene didn't know what she was talking about. At that point, I just tuned off, I didn't hear a bit of what she was saying anymore, her mouth was just moving....

After about 45 minutes, she told me she was leaving. After she left I called my sister just to say hi and I mentioned that it was possible we were coming for a short break at her place in Texas.

Days passed, Henry didn't come back home and my pride didn't let me call him either. Isoken, (now Officially Isokene since her husband spoke to me over the phone telling me he was now over his insecurities and now everyone was permitted to see his wife's smile

and even call her Isokene which was His personal way of calling Isoken) was always calling me on a daily basis asking how I was doing....

After 8 days of Henry's absence from home, I officially became enraged. I picked my phone to call him to give him the blasting of his Life....

"Hello, Henry so the witch has officially caged your brain? You left me broken and not even a phone call to check if I was ok. What if I had committed suicide?" I said boiling in anger...

"I know you can't do that...Betty I am sorry, Margaret is the one holding me down here, she has refused to let me go, she said now that you know everything, you might stop me from seeing her"

"Jesus! Was this my husband speaking or a 5 year old boy....?" I thought as I wanted to scream out but rather I just said

"Give her the phone" and just like a baby Henry handed over the phone to the She-devil....

" Hello Ma"...the husband snatcher/She-devil said with the most beautifully alluringly textured voice I have heard in my life....If the circumstances were right, I could have fallen in love with her voice....

To be continued

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Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 13
"ISOKENE "
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"Hello Ma"...the husband snatcher/She-devil said with the most beautifully alluringly textured voice I had heard in my life....If the circumstances were right, I could have fallen in love with her voice....,

"And why the unnecessary "Ma"? Was she trying to give me a fake impression about herself that she was respectful? Or trying to act like a good girl before Henry....Please she should give that to fools like my husband that she had tied down with her charm" I thought as I blurted out in anger the next few words....

"Hello Margaret or whatever you are called, I don't have much to say to you, because I believe you and I are not in the same league.. I just want you to think of how callous you are and do the needful, before I ask God to punish you..."

"Ma, I know God Can not punish me because I am also a Christian, I am a born again child of God..." She said VERY CALMLY

"Christi...or what did you just call yourself? Please what brand of Christianity is yours? The type that steals other people's husbands or the one that supports polygamy? If that is it, then it must be a new brand one from the pit of hell you practice" I said angrily

"Ma, the Christianity I practice is the very one you practice, the one Abraham the father of faith practiced that made him have more than one wife"

"What?" My tongued became automatically tied, The She-devil continued

"Yes, the type David practiced and made him have more than one wife and yet he was the man after God's own heart,"

I was as quiet as a graveyard as I unbelievably was listening to this devil quoting scriptures to me, scriptures she knew so well, she cited so many scriptures to me backing up her point, then just like a dream she said...

"Ma I am not a devil, neither am I an agent of darkness sent to destroy your home, I am just a woman who has found true love and is not ready to lose it.

I am not asking you to leave your matrimonial home, all I ask is just share your husband's heart with me.

I don't even plan on destroying your ministry. This can be our little secret. Nobody has to know.

I just love Henry and He is the first man to show my children and I genuine love after I lost my husband. Ma, God bears me witness that I am not using anything diabolical on Henry, we just love each other and like I said Ma, I don't plan on taking him from you, We can share him Ma, and I promise to be a good girl....Please ma, don't take him away from me, because if you try, I might be forced to act back...." she said very calmly pleading

I had never been that tongue-tied in my life before....

"Hello Ma, Are you there? Hello..." Henry took the phone from her...

" Hello, Hello Betty, Hello Honey...I know you are there, please don't do anything crazy especially for the sake of the kids...I love you and God knows, but I also love Margaret tooo...So are you willing to share me with her, If you say yes, I will come home right away!"

I couldn't say No or Yes or what do you think I should have said?

To be continued

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PART 14
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"Ding Dong, Dong Ding" was the sound I was hearing in my brain...I couldn't even press the end button on my phone. All I did was to gently place it on the Table beside me. It was official I had lost my husband. The girl sounded so well cultured, articulate in her points, even though if the circumstances were right, I could have given her the right answers to her biblical citing...

I could have told her it was never in God's plan for man to have two wives, or else he would have made Adam to have two wives or better still when Eve messed up, he could have created a new Eve for Adam.

I could have told her about David, that he been the man after God's own heart had more to do with his relationship with God not his acquiring of wives.

I ought to have told her that David suffered a great deal for having so many wives. God's intention was for him to build a dynasty; a dynasty where his generation will rule Israel from generation to generation, but because of his polygamy it stopped along the way.. I should have told her in capital letters that IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR A MAN OR HIS GENERATION TO MISS OUT IN GOD'S PLAN FOR THEIR LIVES as a result of polygamy....

I ought to have responded as regards Abraham that it was never God's idea or intention for him to impregnate Hagar, and even when the opportunity came God asked him to send Hagar away....

"Yes! Hold on..." I thought to myself " "That is it....I need God to speak to Henry to send Margaret away., Just like he spoke to Abraham to send Hagar away for Sarah's sake" ....I said to myself as I jumped up so glad I had received the rhema to deliver my marriage or so I thought.

"That is the solution..." I kept saying to myself....

I was not going to accept the evil proposal.

I didn't call Henry again as I set myself on a 40 days fasting and prayer asking God to speak to Henry to send Margaret away....but Nothing happened.

Henry neither called, but rather on the 40th day of my fasting he came back home. I was super excited as I felt God had answered my prayer but...

“Betty, I am sorry, you didn’t accept Margaret’s proposal. I thought things were going to work out among us, but guess you are proving hard... I am sorry, I will be moving in with Margaret, because she is pregnant with my baby and it is a baby boy and you know how much I have asked you to let us have another baby, maybe it will be a boy, but you refused. So I need to be by her side....
I am purposely telling you she is pregnant so that you can pray for her, because if anything goes wrong with her or the baby, I will ruthlessly hold you responsible “ He said before walking out of the house...

I couldn’t say a word, I just crashed into the floor and Wept....

God! Why? Why are you doing this to me...Please wake me if this is a dream, but unfortunately God didn’t wake me up, because it was reality?

For another month, I didn’t hear from Henry....

I took the best step for me to avoid depression and ultimately insanity that was knocking at my door vehemently...

I took my two daughters from school and we relocated to Houston, Texas to start a new life...

Wasn’t that better? Since prayer and fasting did not work for me...

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 15
"ISOKENE"
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Life in Houston was great, the first month was welcoming. My sister and her husband who were living in a two bedroom apartment told their kids to vacate their room to accommodate my children and I Which was the usual anytime we went visiting for weeks.

I hid my relocation plans from them, even my daughters didn't know we were relocating, all I told them was we were going to Houston for a short break.

I didn't hint them on what was going on with their father. I just told them I needed a break and since that was not the first trip to Houston, they didn't suspect any foul play.

However, when it was about the sixth week, I started hearing my brother in law and Sister arguing behind closed doors. I didn't know what it was about until when my brother in law confronted me about it around the 8th week. (2 months).

"Aunt Betty, my wife and I are just managing and it's unlike you to come to Houston and spend two months. We are running low on cash...What's up Aunt, Are you planning to relocate?" You know how blunt Nigerians who live in America can be....

"Well..." I said while trying to find a convincing answer...

"Aunt Betty, I just want the truth" Richie said

"My husband and I are having it rough, so yes I am thinking of relocating"

"I guessed as much, it's unlike Uncle, He would have called to thank us for hosting his family" He said

"Hmm...Aunty...I think you should go back to Nigeria and sort things out, because living in America as a single black mother with two daughters is not easy!, For starters we won't be able to accommodate you for long ,because even as we speak the bills are way too much"

"I can always support in the bills, like I did when I first came in from Nigeria, at least I gave your wife 1000 dollars to support during my stay"

"Aunty, we have exhausted it, you know how things are here....the mortgage, the...." He said

"Ok Richie...What do you want me to do?"

“ If you plan on staying in America, I am sorry Aunty, You might need to start looking for your apartment, possibly get a Job, but my best advice is for you to go back to Africa, because even we that are established here, we wish we could return home, but the shame of going back to Africa with virtually nothing is what is keeping most of us here, imagine me Richard, a First class Graduate of Micro Biology working in a Hand car wash , washing cars in Houston...., Aunty, think very well about what you are about to do” He said

I followed the most convenient Option and used my hard earned money, my savings to be precise to buy a house in Houston. I am sure you know what it cost to buy a house in America, it was my life savings but my thought was, if accommodation was settled, every other thing was secondary.

I had little or close to nothing left.

My daughters began questioning why we were not returning to Nigeria and why dad had not joined them for the holiday as I initially said. I told them Dad was executing a project in an area where there was no network coverage. They believed that because it was not out of the norm.

As regards staying in America, they were excited as their fantasy of attending college in America was going to come to pass. All thanks to all the Hollywood college movies and series they had watched on T.V, so this was going to be living their “AMERICAN DREAM”

Isokene kept calling me to return back to Nigeria, but I kept telling her I was thinking about it. The day I bought my house in Houston, I called her very excited to share my good news with her, but she said...

“Why waste all that money in buying a house for yourself, when you have a home you need to save in Nigeria... A house in America can never be a home, if the major ingredient is absent, your husband is not in that house....If your husband was dead, it would have been understandable...

Aunty Betty, What is happening to you? my heart breaks everyday knowing you are going far away from God’s ordained plan for your life, It’s all over the news, people are asking about you as you have been missing all the programs you were invited to....Also, your disappearance from the scene has given the mistress the boldness to come out, She and your husband now walk hand in hand in public....and people are asking questions as to who she is?”

I hung up on Isokene....I didn’t want her to dampen my spirit any more than it was....My mind was made up. I was going to make America my new home, even if I didn’t have a husband. I intentionally changed my number so none of my pastor friends could reach me, the only friend I kept in contact with was a Female minister like me who had divorced her husband.

“My sister, marriage is not by force ooo, avoid the calls of hypocritical people, I mean some of our fathers and mothers in the Lord who are not also enjoying their marriage, they will tell you “for the gospel sake, pretend everything is fine”.....Abeg, won’t I live my own life?...My sister, you have made the right choice...Settle in America and if God is merciful, you marry someone else!”

This led me into looking for a job as a School counselor, as that was my area of specialization but I looked tirelessly as I never got one....

I decided to call my sister for help as I was seriously running low on cash...

“ Aunty, you can’t find such jobs here, when the real Americans are yet to get Jobs, then you a Nigerian will now get one....Aunty before I went to Nursing School to become a nurse, I did all sorts including washing plates.... I suggest you start looking towards that area”

“What? Me? Wash plates in America?” ....I said in disbelief

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING ONE
Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
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PART 16
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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Henry and I stopped by a canteen to eat, I refused eating. He ate a whole lot.

When it was time to leave, Henry was being sluggish, I stood up and left him, telling him he should catch up with me. After I left him behind and was already close to the main road, I decided to look back but he was nowhere in sight. I didn't see him anymore, I tried going back to look for him but I couldn't find my way back.

The routes I saw didn't match where I had just passed, it all looked confusing....

I woke up from that dream and I was sure I heard God when He said....

"You left him behind a long time ago, Daughter, You are far ahead of him spiritually. Are you going to leave him lost in the world? Or will you go back and find him?"

I broke down in tears, I knew what this meant. God wanted me to go back to Nigeria to get back my husband, but God! This was not going to be easy! Just like in the dream, I didn't know the route back to my husband's heart... He was like a stranger. We had not spoken in months. His mistress was pregnant. He was in love with her... I had used the route I knew best...PRAYER... But it didn't work out!

I asked God again screaming in the empty room of my new house...

"God do you want me to go back to Nigeria?"

God didn't say yes or No, I felt God was saying..." I am not a talkative" rather I heard my first daughter's voice as she stood by the entrance of my room...

"Yes mummy, If you can't hear God, You sure can hear me....I don't like it here... I want us to go back to Nigeria, the movies painted America to be some kind of paradise, but now that I am here I am not feeling this place... I want to go back home and besides I had a dream just now...."

"A dream?" I asked

"Yes I saw we all running a race but Dad started slowing down till we couldn't see him anymore. At some point, I told you Dad was no longer with us. You stopped and we all went back to get Daddy... Then I woke up... Mum, I think Daddy may be in some form of trouble in that village where there is no network for him, let's go back home and find him"

My daughter didn't know she just preached to me, as I broke down in tears. She sat down beside me crying and she said almost the same words Isokene had said to me

“Mum, although we have a beautiful house here in America, but it doesn’t make it our home... Home is where you, Dad and us are....Mum, Let’s go back home.”

Home! Where was home and did we still have a home?

I called my brother in law and I told him I was returning home. He was excited and he said

“Aunty, making mistakes are bad, but what is worse is when we don’t try to correct them”

Before the dream ,I had started working as a Dishwasher in a big restaurant, I had given myself a new look, I went on low cut to avoid spending money on braids and all that. I was ready to start a new life in America but here was God sending me back to Nigeria.

I stayed back for another two weeks to have the house sold so I could have my money back though it was at a lesser price. I lost some money.

My children and I returned back home and as we got to the security post, we were met with the shock of our lives...

The mistress had made my house her HOME.... She was now in charge, there was a new Security man who didn’t know who we were, the color of our house had changed, there was a new maid, and new furniture...My home had become her HOME....

I stood in total shock at how beautifully she had transformed everything and everywhere in my home and had made it hers....

Just like the dream I had, I couldn’t find the way to my home again, this was Margaret’s Home, Was there any hope of making it mine again? Why did God bring me home? She had moved into my home and had become the boss.

As I stood transfixed, I told myself that she had every right to throw my children and I out...We were the ones who left our place in the first place before she took over....

Was there hope for my marriage?

My children stood in shock not understanding a bit of what was happening....

To be continued

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the TRUTH REVEALER
Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 17
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"Mum, what is happening? I heard my daughters saying as we were looking at a strange house that used to be ours and the new security man...

"I don't know either" I said as I watched the new security man approaching us in the Taxi...

"Good Afternoon ma, please who are you here to see?" The security man said

I swallowed hard as I tried to say something...

"We are not here to see anyone, this is our house, who are you?" ....My first daughter, Gold had jumped down from the car to challenge the security man...

"Gold, stop it, we need to talk nicely to the man, he is only doing his job" I said with the little strength in me...

"Sir, please tell your boss, it is his wife and daughters that are at the door "I said very calmly

"His wife?" The security man asked very confused.

"I am sorry, maybe you are in the wrong house, this is Mr. and Mrs. Henry Majekodunmi's house and The Mrs. Majekodunmi I know is upstairs..." He said...

My daughters were confused, my second daughter who is highly emotional was already crying....

"Mummy, Is Daddy married to another woman? Mum what is happening?" Gold, my first daughter said....Just then the security intercom rang and the security picked it in a rush, I saw him looking up at something, I followed his gaze, it was a CCTV camera that had just been installed.

Apparently the new Mrs. Majekodunmi had seen us. Instead of having to face the embarrassment, I beckoned on Gold and Emerald to get back into the taxi, but I was surprised when I heard,

"Ok ma, I have heard you ma, I will open up for them, Yes ma..."

The security man pressed a button to open the new automated gate...

“Hmm... So Henry had this kind of money to make all this kind of beautiful changes, and he never showed it” I thought silently as hatred filled my heart for my husband....

My children and I carefully walked into the compound as the taxi driver drove into the compound. Just then, a fair skinned beautiful lady walked out of the apartment with a beautiful smile, I could see that she was pregnant....

“Welcome Mama, Gold and Emerald welcome... Mama you didn’t inform us you will be back, I would have asked the driver to come pick you up...” she said smiling

I looked at her very strangely, my instincts told me she was Margaret, but I wanted to hear it from her....Finally she said it...

“Mama, I know you have not met me, Yes I am Margaret, it was Henry who told me you didn’t accept our terms and that you had relocated to America... I was the one who suggested we move into this place since he built it, rather than wasting money on rent where I was staying....” She said like she was giving a friendly chat

I was very speechless....

But my first daughter wasn’t....

“Sorry, please who are you? And what are you doing here?” Gold had asked

“ Gold, your dad told me you are very outspoken, I can see he is right... but I believe family matters should be discussed indoors, Why don’t we all step in” She said pointing towards the new door

We all followed the direction of her hand, but on stepping inside I wanted to run back, everything and I mean EVERYTHING had changed, my wedding pictures were no longer there, her pictures had replaced mine, and her two sons’ pictures had replaced my Children’s pictures.

“Where are all my pictures? “ Gold had screamed out....

“She has even replaced mum’s pictures with hers” Emerald said....

I just couldn’t say a word, but what kept ringing in my head was...

“God, when you knew all this had happened, why did you ask me to come back here?” I said as tears were dropping from my eyes

“See girls, I am not a devil, I am just Dad’s new wife, Your dad fell in love with me and he wanted to make me his second wife, but Mum was not willing to share Dad with me...!, Honestly I was not planning to take over, but I did when I felt Mum wasn’t interested any more... You see that’s a lesson for you girls, when you know you are not done with

something, you don't leave them where others can pick it up...." She said as she suddenly became the adviser, then she continued....

"But you see like I said I am a very nice person, if Mum is still ready to share, You guys are welcome back... All your stuffs have been neatly packed into your mum's room.... Once again you are welcomed".... She said smiling

I sat there crying as she walked away, but Gold was not through I heard Gold screaming at her...

"You are just a thief, a thief, a gold digger, a prostitute"

I didn't even have strength to stop her as we all were crying.... Margaret turned and walked back to us...

"No sweetheart, I am not, thank God you are a lady, and soon you will grow up and understand. Listen Gold, part of the truth your Mum may not tell you is that, she neglected your dad, and I was just passing by.

Unfortunately for your Mum, at that time I was hungry and desperate for a male figure in my life, and on seeing your loveless dad, I decided to pitch my tent with him.. Gold I want you to be very honest with me, if you are so hungry and famished and by chance see a chocolate that has been dropped by someone else who appears not to need it, won't you pick it up to save yourself from dying of hunger?" She asked

And for the first time in my life I thanked God for training my children in the way of the lord....Gold gave an answer I never thought she had the wisdom to give...

"That is the difference between you and I ma'am with all due respect, only a child who was not well trained or probably did not wait to receive proper training from her parents would take what does not belong to her, regardless of how hungry she is. Ma'am, to steal someone else's chocolate because of hunger has no other name for it than Gluttony, indiscipline and Theft... I would never steal out of Lack. Why, because my mother didn't teach me that, My guess Ma is that your Mum didn't teach you that taking another woman's husband even when he is lonely is still call theft, or maybe she taught you, you just didn't listen...."

The silence that rent the room was thick, Margaret stared at Gold who was staring back at her and I feared for my daughter. I stood up and pulled her back, but Gold pulled away from me and walked in...

On her way in, she stopped in her tracks and looked towards the door, she shook her head and ran up the stairs....She had seen her father....

“ Daddyyyyyy” Emerald said running towards the door, Margaret had been hit by Gold’s words as she ran upstairs too...

To be continued
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DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
Fbk@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 18
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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Henry walked in and practically pushed Emerald away from him, he gave me a look that told me, he was not happy to see me. Without saying a word to me, he ran up the stairs to meet his mistress...Emerald ran up to me shattered....

"Mummy, Daddy did not even hug me, Mummy....She has taken away my daddy's love from me....My Daddy doesn't love me anymore...." Emerald said crying so loudly

"No don't say that Emerald, things are just complicated right now, things will get better I promise and if it doesn't, there will always be a way out"... I said comforting Emerald. Emerald was her Dad's Egg so she felt really bitter he treated her that way...

Gold! Where was she? I pulled Emerald and ran up the stairs, I didn't want her doing anything terrible to herself. As we got upstairs, I heard Henry shouting at Margaret...

"What I am saying is you shouldn't have let them come in, you should have let them stay outside till I came, I would have gone to look for another accommodation for them, I wasn't the one who asked her to leave, she left on her own" My heart shattered hearing the love of my life saying this about my children and I, the charm Margaret was using was definitely a strong one, but on the contrary I heard her say

"Henry, we had an agreement, you are not to leave your wife because of me...I am a Christian and I have a conscience. If I was in her shoes, I wouldn't want to be thrown out of my husband's house because of a new woman... Henry, this can work out...

My father had three wives and I have learnt from his mistakes.... I know how dehumanizing it is when a man Favors one woman more than the other...Just be a good father and husband to us all and I will be fine "I heard Margaret saying....

"It is easy for you to say, is it possible for me to have two women I love under the same roof looking at each other as rivals, it will run me insane!"
Henry said angrily as he walked out.

He bumped into Emerald and I. He gave me a long stare that said "I hate your guts"....

I walked towards my old matrimonial room with every step like a brick was on my body...Margaret had the decency to keep My matrimonial room untouched, while She converted Gold's room to their Matrimonial room....

As I stepped into my room, Margaret followed me, and she spoke to Gold

“ For a 14 year old girl, you spoke wisdom, If I was not pregnant maybe your words could have made me leave your happy family, but unfortunately I am carrying your father’s baby and that has given me a permanent place in your lives....I am not as evil as you think I am , I am also just looking for where to lay my head, I also want to be happy ” as she said this I saw tears flowing from her eyes, to avoid us seeing her tears she ran from the room....

I cautiously moved further into the room where Gold was seated on the floor in a corner...

“Mum, why didn’t you tell me?” Gold sounded unbelievably calm

“I was trying to save and keep you from this kind of trauma” I said sitting beside her on the floor

“But which is worse Mum? We could have prayed together, maybe it won’t have gotten to this level”

“I didn’t want to disturb your academics”

“I am not going back to school until that woman leaves this house, this is not her place” Gold said affirmatively

“That is not going to happen any soon, you heard her, she is carrying your father’s baby and that has given her a permanent stay in your father’s life and may I add, it is a baby boy, your father’s greatest desire...”

“ I am not angry at the baby, in fact I have always wanted a baby brother too, she is only helping you to carry the baby, she has to leave and just like Jacob, my education is on hold till God sends her out” Gold said like she was the boss

“Gold! I am not going to let you tamper with your academics because of my mistake “

“Mum, we all make mistakes, you remember you once told me, when you were helping me with my take home and I made a mistake while using a pen... I cried saying the mistake could not be erased because I was using a pen, You said “No matter how indelible a mistake is, there is always a way to erase it, all you need is to have the right corrector” Mum, you brought out an ink eraser and erased my mistake, I was able to write the correct answer afterwards... Mum, I was just in Primary 3, when that happened, but it never left me”

As she said those words I broke into a thousand pieces, my loving Henry was gone, he hated my guts, and my children were in pain. Could all these be corrected? It seem Gold was listening to my innermost cry, because she said

“And Mum don’t bother about us, we will walk our way into Dad’s heart back, No matter how much he loves another woman, the woman can never take the place of his own blood”

Emerald and Gold sat beside me on the floor wiping my tears....Then Gold gave me the best suggestion ever ...

“ Mum, do you remember when the parents of Jesus left Jesus behind, they had to go back to look for him, Mum, Dad is lost, we need to go back and get him...Do you have someone you can trust who is spiritual who can join us in this search, like a Prayer partner....”

I wept, I wept and I wept, My Daughter was stronger than I was, she knew the right thing to do....

Isokene! That was the first and only name that popped into my heart... Yes, she was a trusted friend... I had to call her to inform her I was back. At this point I didn’t need hypocritical Christians who would pretend to be prayer partners and yet would be the first one to tell everyone what I was going through....

I nodded...

“Who?” Gold asked

“Isokene “

“Who is that? I don’t think I know her” Gold said

“She is my distant cousin, but she is a good person” I said vouching for Isokene...

“Ok Mum, because we don’t want fake friends....Let’s call her”

“ I am taking you out of here now, please get your things” We heard the voice of Henry as he stood by the doorway, looking straight ahead trying not to maintain eye contact with us....

To be continued

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 19
ISOKENE
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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“I am taking you out of here now, please get your things” We heard the voice of Henry as he stood by the doorway, looking straight ahead trying not to maintain eye contact with us.. Gold stood up very gently and walked towards her Father...

“Daddie Daddie” That was her fun way of calling her father, and for the first time since we got back few hours earlier, she broke into tears...

“Daddie Daddie, Are you sending us away from our own house because of the new woman, you know you told me, my husband was going to come and marry me from my father’s house, You said , that is the pride of every father, now Daddie, where do you want my future husband to pick me up from?” She said using a daughter to father seductive voice, but Henry was not cajoled

“Where I am taking you to is still one of my property, it is the small boy’s quarter I built at the outskirts of the city and besides, I am not asking you or Emerald to leave, I am only asking your mother. I cannot have her in the same house with Margaret. It is not safe, they may injure or poison each other and Gold, I don’t want to be responsible for someone’s death” He said holding her firmly

“ We can’t leave Mum to go live somewhere else, Besides Dad, Mum is your first wife and should be given the better privilege “ Gold said as she fought for me

“ The first wife who didn’t have time for her husband?, who didn’t care that she and her husband were not intimate for over 9 months, the first wife who didn’t care about her husband’s feeding, clothing.. What was on her mind was her teaching ministry and Counselling to wives. She was traveling around teaching what she was not...” Henry retorted staring at me hotly for the first time

“Mum will change, She is very sorry, Daddie Daddie, please send the other woman to the boy’s quarter at the outskirts....She is just a gold digger”

Gold’s last words definitely got Henry angry, as he pushed her back...

“Gold, I love Margaret, Just as I loved your Mum...”

Loved! Henry was using past tense to describe his love for me. It was obvious he wanted us out of the house....

“Gold, there is no point begging him, His mind is made up, let’s pack our stuff” I said angrily and just out of the blues, Margaret surfaced and said to Henry...

“Henry, If they leave this house, I am leaving as well, I have told you to be a good man that you are, and let them stay”

“Really? “ Henry said looking very angry. He drove out of the house angrily and didn’t come back....

To be continued

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Fbk @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 20
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde.

" Henry, If they leave this house, I am leaving as well, I have told you to be a good man that you are , and let them stay" Margaret had said

"Really? " Henry said looking very angry. He drove out of the house angrily and didn't come back...

Till late that night, we were expecting him. We stayed in my room like hostages who couldn't move around in my own house. Margaret sent the maid to bring us food which I refused, but Gold jokingly said

"Mum, she can't kill three of us at once, Mum we need food for this Battle" ....We all laughed as Emerald rushed at the food...

"Mum, we haven't called the Aunty Isokene..."

I suddenly remembered I had not called her, but it was about 11pm, knowing who Ibidolo her husband was, I couldn't call her at that time.

"It's really late, I will call her in the morning"

"Although, I am surprised I have never heard anything about her, can you describe her?"

I decided to give Gold and Emerald the full story of Isokene, how we met and what she faced with her husband..,

I noticed Gold stopped eating, especially when I told her Isokene sacrificed her smile to make her husband smile... I was surprised to find Gold crying when she said...

"Mum, you mean she covered her face in order to stay in marriage, you mean she decided to stop smiling to stay in Marriage..." She stood up and walked towards the window. Gold was a very good mathematician, so I was wondering what Math, she was solving in her brain...

"Mum, the best way to solve a math is look at the example, I believe God gave you the example of Aunty Isokene so you could solve your own challenge"

"How?" I asked

"Aunty Isokene's husband wanted to be happy at the expense of his wife's happiness, just the same way, Daddy wants to be happy at your expense. Dad wants to take away your smile and still be able to smile, he doesn't want you to show your face in public

anymore, because what testimony does a marriage counselor have when her husband is married to someone else" Gold was saying as she was seriously solving a math in her brain

Gold was right , Ibidolo had told his wife with his WORDS to stop smiling, but Henry through his own ACTIONS was telling me to stop smiling...Any man who was cheating on his wife or plans on taking another wife was telling his wife not to smile anymore... Hmmm.. Henry was just like Ibidolo

"Mum do you get?" Gold was saying, all I did was nod, because I didn't know where the conversation was heading.

" So Mum, we need to apply the same Formula Aunty Isokene applied, which is playing the fool till your Joy is full, and giving Daddy exactly what he wants to make him happy..."

"Which is?" I asked

"We leave his house for him and his mistress!"

"Ha!" What kind of counsel was this? At that point I was beginning to sense it was possible she was beginning to talk like a child that she was...

"How does that help me in getting back my family back together? Gold, if I leave this house for the mistress, It is over, this is my matrimonial home"

" Mum, it's not the building that makes the home, it is the people in it, we can make that little boys' quarter become home for Daddy as time goes on, if you do what I think God wants us to do"

"It's not the building that makes the home, but the people in it" Those words hit me so hard... Was Gold right? Was I going to get Henry back even if we were not in the same house...?

"Gold, I built this house with your father!"

"If you play the fool Mum, and our Joy becomes full, you both can build another one together..." Gold said reassuringly

There was silence in the room... Gold took my phone and dialed her fathers' number, it rang several times but he didn't pick up...

Gold and I had a sleepless night and I suspected Margaret was also not sleeping as we heard a lot of movement from her room....

For two days, Henry did not come home, Margaret was becoming tensed as she kept making different phone calls. By the evening of the third day, Gold walked up to me where I was lying down....

“Mum, Stand up! We are leaving, I don’t want things to get worse than it is, the lady is so tense she might lose that pregnancy and if that happens Dad will never forgive us....” Gold said authoritatively...

I honestly did not know why I started behaving like the child and Gold behaving like the mother. She and Emerald were parking our boxes already.

“Mum, Your phone?” Gold took my phone and sent a text to her father which she showed me before sending

“We have agreed to move to where you want us to go, please come home, your pregnant wife is worried sick, we don’t want anything going wrong with our Baby, From Betty and the kids”

I felt I swallowed a very hot meal as hot tears dropped from my eyes...

You wouldn’t believe Henry came back in less than 15 minutes. Without saying anything to me, he asked the driver to transfer all our stuffs into a big Jeep.

As we were about leaving, Margaret and her two sons about 6 and 8 years old respectively came close to us, her eyes were so red, it seem like she had been crying, I couldn’t contain my hurt... I faced her and said

“God will judge you...” Before I could finish my statement, Gold had covered my mouth...

“Mum!” Gold scolded me and she faced Margaret

“Aunty, I am sorry for the way I spoke to you the other day, forgive my Mum too and my manners as well, please take care of my brother, I name him Diamond and Emerald wants Vinyl, but I told her humans don’t bear that. Anyone you choose will be fine... Gold had tears rolling down her eyes as she spoke. Emerald ran into the Jeep....

I walked into the Jeep really hurt and broken, as Henry tried not to maintain any eye contact with me...
As we journeyed to the outskirts... I cried all throughout the Journey....
To be continued

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi O. Akintunde
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PART 21
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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We travelled in TOTAL Silence, and coincidentally, Henry was playing a song in his Jeep "Only You can do what no man can do" by Nigerian Gospel Artist Ada. This was bringing out more tears from my eyes.

There were moments my eyes and that of Henry's met in the mirror, but it didn't last long. There were moments I want to blurt out at him, but Gold had her right hand locked in my left hand as a way of cautioning me. Whenever, I made the move to speak, she would clutch my hand. Gold felt like the Holy Spirit was living in her and was working through her. We travelled for over two hours before we got to our destination. The outskirt was a very local place, with lots of potholes and lousy people shouting each other's name in greetings. Was this my new abode? I thought silently, this was playing too much of a fool.

Henry dropped our bags, gave us the key to the house and got back into the car without entering. All he said was

"I promise to come and see you once in a while"... A promise he never kept....

He got into his Jeep and zoomed off, even though when he zoomed off, he stopped some meters away like someone who was reconsidering his actions, he reversed a little but stopped and zoomed away again...

That was the last I saw of him for two months, but a lot happened within two months....

For starters, when we got into the BQ (Boys Quarters), I started crying, but Gold started Praising God... She was thanking God for all the amazing things we had and indirectly referencing me...

" God, I thank you for what you have been doing, Thank you for Emerald and I, thank you for Mum and Dad, thank you for Mum, because I know according to your word which Mum taught me, We should always give thanks in all things. I am so happy because I know you are with us"

And surprisingly, Gold brought out her small music box and started playing some gospel songs. Gold was a dancer, so she started dancing...Emerald joined her, they pulled me to join them but I was not interested.

"Isokene!" Yes, it was about time I called her. I took my phone and stepped out of the BQ. As I stepped out, I saw the large expanse of land, Henry was yet to build on...

"Hello, Aunty....You are back?" Isokene said the instant she picked up

“Yes! “

“Oh Jesus!” She also burst into a song of praise...” Thank you Jesus!, Thank you for answering my prayers, halleluya... Aunty, I am so on my way to your house right now”

I had to tell her everything that happened and how I was no more living in the city... I told her to come over the next day, but she insisted she was coming over immediately...I insisted because of Ibidolo and she saw reason with me. I hung up and I felt relieved.

The house was really dusty, so Gold and Emerald spent the rest of the day cleaning the house, while I sat outside in the compound. Once again, I looked at the land that had been unused. Maybe Gold was right, I could build an edifice here with my savings... No! That was not right! What if Henry never came back...Hmm...? What if he just came here to dump us... what would happen to my dream of Gold having her university education abroad...? I asked myself....

The best thing I thought of was to go fix my money in the bank for my children’s University education. And find something doing temporarily to keep body and soul together....I thought of a lot of things I could do, but the environment we were, was not business friendly. A boutique would be a failure, a supermarket would be a failure as well.. I was still at my thought when I heard Gold shouting...

“Mum, Emerald is having her attack!”
I had totally forgotten about Emerald’s asthma, the dust must have been too much for her. Her inhaler was nowhere in sight! When I asked Gold to search Emerald’s bags we realized Emerald had left it in the former house 2 hours away from us....

I couldn’t Lose Emerald... No God! Please God!

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Akintunde
Facebook @ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
WhatsApp: +234-8151103646

PART 22
“ ISOKENE”
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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I was sweating profusely, Emerald was gasping for breath. I had to think, there was no car.

That was the moment it dawned on me that my car was actually at the other House. Was I so dumb not to have taken my car? It was half past nine in the outskirt that had no electricity. I was not even sure of where the nearest hospital was. I suddenly remembered a home remedy I heard was good for kids with asthma....

“Gold, get me the coffee we brought back with us...and boil water as well”

“Boil water? With what? Mum there is no power!” And at that same instant I knew God was on the throne.... A miracle happened

The power company supplied us light....Gold shouted the obvious...

“Jesus!”

She dashed into the kitchen to boil the water. I carried Emerald and pulled along with me one of the dining chair outside the house. I knew she needed fresh air. I placed her on the chair and made her sit upright...

“Emerald, I know you can hear me, try to breathe slowly, baby... I give you the blood of Jesus Christ to drink...You shall not die in Jesus name. My marital crisis will not affect you in Jesus name... God, please have Mercy Lord.... I am sorry for not taking care of my home front ... I am sorry for leaving my husband behind “...

Ever since this whole marital drama started, I had not completely accepted the fact that I was the one to be held responsible for my marital problem, but here I was asking for Mercy when the reality of another member of my family slipping off my hand hit me...

Gold brought the warm coffee and I gave to Emerald in little drops, as she swallowed, she was getting relieved....

****

“So Betty that was how you would have lost Emerald? I said trying to talk sense to myself...

“So because a woman took your husband, Should that end your life? Shame on you Betty...”

“Really? So this is all the strength you have in you? And so what if, Henry says he is no more interested in marrying you, should you become a piece of vegetable, lose your children and self-worth... So should you also lose your ministry...Oh Preaching about Christ should be when all things are rosy? No Betty? Even in this state, you ought to brace up, this is another phase of ministry telling other women not to neglect their homes, not to ignore their husbands, not to give room for the mistresses, because when they come in, it’s always hard to get them out... Your life is a perfect example...
Betty! Get a grip on yourself!”

I didn’t care if anyone could hear me yelling in the compound, but I knew Gold was standing somewhere behind me... Emerald was asleep and Gold had slept earlier, but I guess my voice woke her up....

“So Mum, what’s your resolution!” I heard her saying

“I will take a day as it comes, you might need to change your school, as I may not be able to pay the fees for your school.” I said

“I appreciate the fact that you are taking charge of your life back, but are you losing hope on getting back your husband?”

“What is the point of a husband if I am not mentally ok...? Gold, as it is, right now, I have forgiven your father and the mistress... in fact they will be in my prayers and if it is the Lord’s Will for Henry and I to come back together, all praise to God!”

With those last words I went to sleep and for God to know I was truthful to myself ....I prayed this prayer on my knees beside my bed

“Father, I thank you for what happened today, I know it was a wakeup call for me and sincerely from my heart I forgive Margaret and Henry. I pray that Henry truly finds you back and knows your perfect will for his life and Margaret, I really don’t know the kind of prayer you expect me to pray for her, but ...”

And just like a flash the dream I had months back flashed through my mind...

The dream where I saw a male cousin of mine sleeping on my matrimonial bed and when I asked him to stand up from there, he told me, he wasn’t going to get up from my bed since he didn’t have another bed... In the dream, I went through the stress of looking for another room for him and started laying the bed for him... It was until I found a new bed for him that he left my bed....

I stood up from my kneeling position as the interpretation of the dream became clear and I heard the voice of the Holy Spirit....

“Most mistresses are not evil, they are just desperate to find a resting place, if you want her out of your home, help her find another home!”

“Jesus Christ!” Was all that came out of my mouth... God was asking me to pray or help my husband’s pregnant mistress find her own husband....

You should have seen the big look of shock I gave to God in my room...

Was this right? Praying for my husband’s mistress....CAN YOU DO IT? HONESTLY?

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS
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Facebook@Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 23
"ISOKENE"
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I laughed so hard...

"Like seriously Father, you want me to pray for my husband's mistress? Like intercede for the woman who has caused me so much pain? God, how? I said to God

I didn't wait to hear God's reply, I jumped on the bed ready to sleep

Arrggg... My body hit the hard wood of the bed, the mattress was really soft...

" God is this fair?, Margaret took away my hard mattress that massages my back after a long day, and you expect me to pray for her, the best prayer I can pray for her is to die with the pregnancy so I can recover my home...." I said murmuring to God

"God please I know we are meant to pray for our enemies but not the enemies that know what they are doing... Margaret knows exactly what she is doing... Jesus prayed for His enemies because they knew not what they were doing...but Margaret knows exactly what she is doing".... I continued trying to justify my bitterness

I slept off really exhausted not giving the prayer thing anymore thought...

****

I could hear the loud bang on our gate, very early. The Spirit of God told me it was Isokene... I wondered if she slept throughout the night to have gotten to the outskirt so early...

******

"Aunty, do you know that it is possible for a company to allow one of its best staff to go on study leave in other to equip such staff for the progress of the company..."

"Yes!" I didn't know where Isokene was heading in her talk, was it that Ibidolo was going on a study leave?

" Aunty that is exactly how I see what you are going through, You are going through a professional course that will increase your experience as regards your ministerial knowledge in building more homes" Isokene said Jokingly...

Isokene played with us for the whole day...She bought the idea of playing the fool, just like Gold had suggested.

****

After about a week of staying in the outskirt, I started getting tired of staying indoors... I decided to take a stroll with my daughters... As we walked around, I noticed the outskirt was not as bad as I thought.

My daughters told me I needed to have my hair done. I agreed since I wanted to be out of my misery.

Right there in the salon, I overheard the ladies talking about their husbands, some women said they didn't care about their husbands and just like Isokene had said, my experience was to be a saving Message for others.

I found my way through talking with them and telling them my story...

"My dear sisters, that husband you have that seem like a tissue or an irrelevant person, wait till a desperate single, or a divorcee or a widow lays her hand on him. By the time she enters into him fully, you won't be able to recognize him again" I told them

"Hmmm.... Aunty, but are you trying to say women should accept all the mess and shit from their husband?" a lady asked

"When you give birth to a new born and the baby poops every time, do you beat that child?"

"No...!"

"So that is how you should treat your husband...They are Babies... Over time you will learn how to get them to do what you want them to do, I learnt the hard way... Margaret the mistress treats him like a Baby... if I ever have the opportunity, I will treat him more than a baby".... I said

The ladies were blessed with my salon sermon and one of them in particular asked for my phone number. We exchanged contacts...

****

"Mum, so when will you start treating Dad as your baby? Gold said on our way home... I started smelling trouble

"If I ever have the opportunity to go back to the house"

"You don't have to wait till that time, you can start now" Gold said

"How?"

"Start sending him daily messages, Imagine there is nothing wrong between you two and you are just in different countries"

I laughed so hard...

“Gold... remind me again, how old are you?”

“I am ageless...” She said very seriously and as I looked at her closely, her countenance had changed, Sudden Fear gripped my heart, that moment felt like the air in the atmosphere seized... That was not Gold who just said those words....That was the Ageless God speaking to me through Gold, but it didn’t last long...

“Mum, Mum...., Hello ...Mum” Gold and Emerald jerked me back to life as I stood staring at her on the road on our way back from the salon....

“Yes...Gold, Emerald ... I am fine”

“So Mum, Are you going to send a love message to Dad...?” Emerald asked with a plea in her eyes... I could understand that my children wanted to see their father but I wanted to scream NO! NO!

I was hurting, I was in pain, Henry had betrayed me and now God wanted me to pray for his mistress and also start sending love messages to him...

What kind of Christianity was this? or better still in Isokene’s words , what Kind of Professional course was this...?

I picked up my phone grudgingly, with misty eyes, I found myself typing...

“Good morning Henry”

“No mummy use “My sunshine” just the way you used to call Daddy...”
Gold said

“ He is not my Sunshine anymore...” I said in anger

“Mum..., you told me Pride is not a good virtue” Gold said...

I hated it when Gold used my words against me and she was really good at it...I decided to use “my sunshine” and have peace of my mind...

“Good Morning my Sunshine”

Arrhggg... It felt like I was given something sour to swallow, but Gold was not letting me go...

“Mummy, Write “Good Morning My Sunshine, Just to let you know I love you. I am sorry for the part I played in this whole issue. Despite all that has happened, I love you regardless, Regards to Margaret.” Your Betty...

“Jesus! Me send that? God forbid!” ...but before I could say Jesus is Lord, Gold had taken my phone, ran really fast ahead and obviously sent that text...

Because...

In 10 secs, Henry’s line was calling me back... Gold rushed back to give me the phone... I started shaking because I didn’t know what to expect. Gold pressed the receive button...

“Hello” ...Alas! It wasn’t Henry, it was Margaret...

To be continued...,

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DEEP THOTS
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Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 24
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"Hello Ma, are you there?" Margaret was saying, but I was too tongue tied to say anything. Out of Anger I ended the call.

"You see, your father showed his mistress the text, you just made me lose my self-worth, Margaret was the one calling" I said angrily at Gold...

"I am sorry Mum" She said also very disappointed at the turn of events....

"But Mum, that doesn't change anything, the fact that one fails a test doesn't mean you should stop trying. You keep at the test, till you succeed mum...Those were yours words to Uncle Soji when he came crying to you that he had failed his entrance test for the professional course he was applying for four times....Remember Aunty Isokene said this was your own professional course....." Gold said

"Shush.....Sh....I don't want to hear anything about your father AGAIN....I am the mother and you are the daughter."

Gold knows whenever I use that tone. It was final....Gold entered her shell too...

****
I swallowed my pride and kept sending daily text to Henry and praying for Margaret for her safe delivery (that was the best my spirituality level could handle as regards praying for her).
Henry never replied for once, I was wondering if he ever saw the messages or Margaret was the one using the phone....

****
Isokene was always at my place at least twice a week and one day while she was eating, she made a comment that gave me a big business idea...

"Aunty, your meals are simply off the hook, I must learn how to cook like you and besides why don't you start a restaurant in this area, there is no such thing around this area, except for local food joints. You sure will make your money!"

Later that night, I reflected on it, this was already a month out of Henry's house. He had not called us for once to ask how we were fairing and I was spending money. I had fixed my savings like I initially planned for my children's education, so I had little change left. We were majorly surviving on the money paid into my account from my book sales, so I was thinking that ISOKENE's idea could actually fly...

I brought up the idea when Gold and Emerald were eating the next day and they totally bought into it. They even agreed to be my sales girls....

******

Within a month, My restaurant was the official stop for almost everyone in the vicinity from school children who bought their food in the morning, to housewives who didn't want to cook, to husbands who were always complaining their wives were bad cooks...

That was how I met Mr. Gbesan....The tall, dark handsome and mind blowing wealthy widower who had just recently retired from his company. His Cologne alone was enough to make a woman fall. He told me he purposely chose to move to the outskirt so as to be free from the busyness of the noisy city. He was always coming to eat at my restaurant on a daily basis and he always had me blushing....

Gold was not finding this funny....but I was having fun, because I was getting my smile back, the smile my husband had taken away, Mr Gbesan was restoring it...

To be continued

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PART 25
“ISOKENE”
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I was seated around 11:30am in my new restaurant which was just in front of our house. That was about the only time I was usually free during the day. The traffic was always less. I was blushing at the thought that Mr. Gbesan was going to show up soon. I knew his timing. He also knew that was the time of the day he could ever have my undivided attention...

I didn't know my smile was so obvious Gold noticed, but before I could ask her why the strange look she was giving me, she snapped her fingers in front of me and said...

“Mum, if that man keeps doing this to you, I will poison him real soon!

“What?" I said pretending to be clueless...

“Mum, I don't like this Mr. Gbesan, he is giving you false hope"

“Gold, Your father has not called me in two months, but he has a woman warming his bed and you want me to die of loneliness? It’s not like I am planning to do anything stupid with Mr. Gbesan, I can’t commit adultery...All I need is just a friend “

“Mum, I am your friend, Aunty Isokene is your friend, Emerald is your friend, you don’t need any other friend...I am not...” she was saying

I had to cut her because Mr. Gbesan’s car had just parked in front of us, Gold noticed my shift in attention and she followed my gaze...

“Talk about the devil and he shows up, Mum I am so going to poison this man soon” She said walking towards the entrance of the restaurant

“And you will spend the rest of your life in jail” I said jokingly

“I don’t mind, even if I lose my life, it will be worth it...”

But I didn’t understand why she was going towards Mr. Gbesan until it was too late...

“Welcome sir!”

“Good Afternoon Gold”

“We are still in the morning sir, and that’s why I came here to block you from entering sir... Mum is quite busy”

“Gold!” I shouted at her as I pushed her away from the entrance “You don’t talk to our customer like this, I am very sorry Mr. Gbesan”

“Our customer?... Mum? Mr. Gbesan, please help me clarify your intentions so my Mum knows why you are here. Are you here for the food or for her?” Gold asked very bluntly

“Which one do you think?” Mr. Gbesan said talking in an understanding way and with a mischievous smile

“With the way you look at her, it is obvious you are here for her!” Gold said

“You are very observant, but I guess you have a problem with it?” He asked

“Sir, you are highly observant too, yes! I have a big problem with it... You are distracting my mum from the real thing...She is always blushing, she...”

I was about to cut in, when Mr. Gbesan said

“So you mean your Mum likes me too?”

Gold gave Mr. Gbesan an Epic look that said “No, like seriously?”

“Even the flies in this canteen are already discussing it sir, with all due respect....Please sir, my father is not dead, he is just emotionally and psychologically lost and we are in the process of finding him, Please sir stop distracting my Mum from this search....”

And there was silence in the restaurant...as we were the only ones there....

“You are one hell of a smart 14 year old child and knowing that it was your mother who trained you to be this smart, you just made my love and respect for her increase... I am sorry Gold, I don’t think I can grant you your request but as a business man I will like to be fair, let’s have a deal”

“What?” Gold asked as I watched in silence as Gold stood face to face with the domineering Mr. Gbesan...

“ I will give your father two years to get back your mother, if he doesn’t within those two years, I would gladly get married to your mother and be happy to have you as my step daughter “ he said grimacing

Another some moment of silence, Gold stretched forth her hand to accept his handshake to seal the deal

“Accepted, but that is because, TWO years is TOO much for God to do WHAT I KNOW HE WANTS TO DO...” Gold said with a smile of mockery

I watched in amazement as my daughter was acting like she was my mother...and Gold added

“But, you must be careful not to cloud her within those two years”

“I will try my best, so that means I have the permission to date her”

“No, just her friend”. At that same instant my phone beeped and it was a text message from Henry. He simply wrote

“Thanks for all the messages you have been sending, I appreciate them. I miss you, I hope you are fine?”

I don’t know why I quickly deleted the message, maybe I didn’t want Gold seeing it or maybe I was already falling for Mr. Gbesan...

To be continued

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PART 26
"ISOKENE"
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Mr. Gbesan was spoiling me silly, with gifts, text messages and Love. Henry had started replying my early morning text to him, although it didn't mean much to me, as Mr. Gbesan was the real deal.

One day he invited me over to his house so I could know where he lived, although no one could say they didn't know where Mr. Gbesan was living in that vicinity as his house stood tall among all the houses in the environment. I knew he meant something deeper, my desires and little devil in me, felt "What the heck? Just once won't hurt, at least that way, I will get even with my husband, he is having sex outside marriage, having once won't hurt"....the little devil in me called self was telling me.

I had started having deep longing for Mr. Gbesan, so His invitation was a long awaited one…It happened one evening after the day sales. Gold and Emerald were packing up and washing up. I told them, I was going for a stroll.

I went to Mr. Gbesan's house instead. Obviously, Mr. Gbesan had seen me through his CCTV camera, because he was the one who came to open the gate by himself. You could see he was so excited to see me as he ushered me into his house. The living room was not tastefully furnished as I expected, but as he took me upstairs to his Private Living room, it was literally heaven on earth.

We chatted and chatted about different things, he told me how much he loved his dead wife. He said he had not fallen in love with any other woman after her death, and I was going to be the first after seven years.

That brought up all our pent up emotions, as he moved close to me, I was gone, no form of caution. We kissed, Kissed, Kissed and I was so wanting more. We had done roughly 10 minutes of deep kissing and romancing before he started unbuttoning my shirt which I didn't oppose too, but he stopped suddenly….

"No….I made a promise to Gold…I don't want to hurt her" Mr Gbesan said

And unbelievably I said,

"She won't know" I was enjoying the evil thing...

"I always keep my word Betty, I love and respect you, I am giving your husband 2 years" He said looking at me straight in the eye

Suddenly, I felt ashamed and buttoned up my shirt. I looked at my wristwatch as an excuse not to look into his eyes. 10:30pm….

Oh my God! I had spent over three hours without knowing the time was far spent, my daughters must be worried sick as I just told them I was taking a stroll… I jumped up, ready to dash down to my house.

“I will drop you” He said

“Gold will suspect….” I said as I rushed down his staircase

“That’s true, I will drop you off some blocks away from your place” He said running after me

I smiled to myself as I was amazed at how my Precious Gold had created her fear in the heart of a big man like Mr. Gbesan…

******

As we drew close to my house, I noticed a small crowd in front of my gate, what was happening? My heart started pounding, What was wrong with my girls?, Did Emerald have an asthma attack again? I told Mr. Gbesan to stop the car as I raced to the house, I pushed the crowd aside only to find my Precious Gold on the floor.

From what Emerald was saying, when they had waited for me for over an hour and I had not returned from my stroll, they decided to go look for me, but Gold insisted Emerald should stay behind. It was just now, a group of women brought her back saying they saw her on the floor in a dark corner crying…I saw red blood on her dress…

Oh No! My Precious Gold had been RAPED, because of my stupid longing for intimacy and thirst for wanting to get even with my husband...

To be continued
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PART 27
"ISOKENE"
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"I want you to be honest with me mum. Where were you?" Gold had asked for the umpteenth time as she sat on the bed after cleaning up herself, but I couldn't summon up the courage to say where I was...

"You were with Mr. Gbesan?" Gold asked. I burst into tears knowing I had made my angel lose the most important thing she had, her virginity.

"I knew it…So you let him have his way with you?" Gold was tearing up seriously

"No…NO…we only kissed"… I said at least to save my face…

"That was all?" Gold asked and I nodded affirmatively

"Then I forgive you, let's see this as just an evil along the way, a distraction … let's focus back on getting Dad back" She said wiping her tears even though the tears was flowing on its own...

And that broke me….Her words broke me, She forgave me after being the cause of her been raped. I stared at her amidst tears asking myself, "Who was this girl I called my daughter?"

"Who are you? Where is my daughter? you can't be human and be like this?" All she did was stare at me blankly and she said the following words I have never recovered from till date

"Life's too short to dwell on bad happenings when there are countless opportunities to experience goodness in the nearest future if we push forward" Gold had said

We both heard the beep, a text from Henry, I actually thought it was from Mr. Gbesan who had been bombarding my phone with apology text messages for coming into my life and disrupting my life even more… It wasn't his fault, I was the one who got carried away

"Mum, Your phone, Dad just sent you a text?" ....I was not in the mood to hear from Henry, he was the least I wanted to hear from, but Just to make Gold happy, I read the text

"Margaret just had a baby boy, I am so happy, we have a son Betty, Thanks for your prayers, you are a good wife"

I didn't know why my own life turned out this way, Henry was committing adultery and God gave him exactly what he wanted; a SON, but I TRIED to commit adultery just once and my precious angel was Raped…

Gold took the phone from me, on seeing the text, she shouted in joy forgetting her pains

“Thank you Jesus, Thank You for giving mummy and Daddy a son, thank you Jesus!”

Another text came in…This time Gold read it aloud…

“Betty, I will love to have you and the kids back home…I have missed you so much, Margaret is right, we can work things out, please consider it , so I can come over to pick you back home”…

Gold started crying...

“It has happened, God has done it...We are going back home” She was all over the place

But as for me, I just laid on the bed wondering IF I WAS meant to be happy or sad? I didn’t just know how to feel….

Gold sent ä reply to Henry impersonating me..

“Praise be to God, I am so happy to hear the good news, we will definitely love to come home to see both mother and Child, I miss you as well, Congratulations my sunshine...”

I didn’t even have the strength to tell her not to send the text as she read it aloud to my hearing, but almost immediately Henry replied

“Thank you my Heart”…

“My Heart”....That was what Henry used to call me when things were still good….

Gold slept off much later…..

I couldn’t sleep, a lot had happened that day, I had fallen like a park of cards, which resulted in my daughter being raped.

It dawned on me, I was just as human as Henry and Margaret who were being controlled by their emotions and desire…

Now I believe the popular saying, that “You can’t say you can never fall until you are faced with serious temptations behind closed door”. I wondered if Mr. Gbesan had not applied the brakes, I would have committed adultery, which would have made me no less better than Margaret and Henry…

“God! Is it your will for my husband to have two wives, is this a cross I have to bear?”

And for the first time in my life, I heard the voice of God Audibly

“Go back home and play the fool just like Isokene did, and do all I have asked you to do´

I cried and cried all through the night and I Forgave my husband and Margaret wholeheartedly knowing they were not evil but also human like me. I just needed to set them aright....

The question in my heart was “How was I going to get full ownership of my matrimonial home and get the mistress her own home...”

Follow the simple but complex journey I had to go through...

To be continued....

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

PART 28
" ISOKENE"
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The next morning, Henry got to the outskirt at around 6am, I wondered what time he must have left the city.

All through the night, my phone was on fire, Mr. Gbesan was calling. I imagined him not sleeping and blaming himself for what had happened, so I decided to call.

For stepping on the brakes the previous day, he was a good man.

"Hello, Mr. Gbesan…" I said

"Betty, I know you don't want to speak to me, but I just want to apologize, I am sorry" he broke into tears….

"I don't know why evil always follow me, Gold is too much of a precious soul for that to have happened to her because of me" Mr. Gbesan said amidst tears and sobbing like a child

"It's ok sir, I am the one to be blamed, but the good news is Gold has forgiven me, so I hold nothing against you sir. Thanks for being a good friend. I just wanted to let you know that we will be going to the city in the morning, my husband's mistress has had her baby and my husband wants us to come back home" I said trying to end the conversation as fast as possible

Mr. Gbesan broke into tears…..

"Meaning it is all over? Or are you coming back here?"

"I don't know"

"Ok…May God be with you, Please don't change your mobile number, please…"

"I won't"

"My time of happiness with you was so short lived, I love you Betty, I really do"

"I love you Mr. Gbesan, but God loves us more and he knows what is best for us…"

I hung up and sat on the bed. That was around 4:30am. I didn't sleep till around 6 am when I heard the loud bang on the gate. Henry was around.

Gold jumped from her sleep

“That must be Dad”

My phone rang and Henry’s number was the caller ID…Gold knelt before me

“Mum, Please let what happened to me be our little secret, don’t ever mention it to Dad, I will be fine…it’s just one of those things that could have happened to anyone who lived in the outskirt. It is an experience I have added to my experiences of life. I will not let it control or shape my life, rather I will control it effects on me… Mum, God has started restoring your home, don’t let this be a distraction….” She said

Gold gave me a big hug and ran to the gate, though I could see she was in pains. Over the years, Gold had been a very strong girl as regards dealing with pains...

The moment Gold opened the gate for her father, he literally carried her from the ground….

“Dad, congratulations”

“Yes, Gold, you have a brother, where is your sister and mother?”

Henry saw me standing at the balcony of the BQ, He walked really fast towards me...

“My heart, Good morning, I am very sorry”

“Shush…It’s ok, Old things are passed away, let’s go home and see our Baby” I said as I just saw life in a new way, through the eyes of Gold. Life was forgiveness…

Henry gave me a very big hug, but Emerald let the cat out of the bag…

“Why are you here now, after you let Gold to be raped?”

Henry’s body immediately became very stiff …he stepped back from me and looked at the three of us, but Gold being as precious as she was , cut in

“Emerald, don’t be a mood spoiler, it’s not Dad or mum’s fault, I was the one taking a stroll at the inappropriate time of the night, not to worry, I will heal soon” Gold said trying to make it sound very light

“You were raped? By who? When? Betty, where were you? Henry asked as he rested his back on the wall really weak by the news…

Gold quickly covered up again

“Mum, had taken a stroll, so when I was through with my plate washing, I decided to take a stroll as well and that was when some hoodlums raped me!”…

Gold didn't mention me going to Mr. Gbesan's house and Emerald didn't say anything about it, since she didn't know I was with him. That was between Gold and I.

"Oh God!, this is all my fault, I shouldn't have brought you here, I am so sorry Gold" You could see that Henry was so angry at himself, but Gold moved closer to him and said

"It's ok Dad, bad things happen, but I don't like to dwell on them, Let's dwell on the good things that God does, like the birth of Diamond....I am more concerned about that, it's bad enough I was raped, but dwelling on it is raping myself of joy and happiness"

I was just speechless at Gold's maturity in handling the whole situation.

"So Dad, should we just pick up some few cloths" Gold said

"Few? No all your cloths, you are no more coming back here" Henry was distraught

Gold was so excited at the news of not returning to the outskirts that she screamed but Emerald was not showing any form of excitement, even when her father drew her close apologizing to her.

******

At about 8:30 am, we were through packing, Henry was surprised at my restaurant business, as people had started knocking at our gate as early as 7am to buy food. I told them we were parking… the news had spread like wild fire, people came out of their houses, the little friends I had made came crying and telling me how much they would miss me… Wives I had given free counselling were also around weeping. They all assumed it was because of what had happened to Gold that had caused the relocation.

As we were leaving, at a far distance, I saw Mr. Gbesan's car, when I looked towards his direction, he flashed his car light at me. I was about to go meet him, when Gold pulled my hand. Henry noticed the move, which made him look at the executive car but he didn't say a word…..

****

Margaret was so happy to see us at the hospital. An elderly woman was with her, who I later found out was her Step mum.

"His name is Diamond, just Like Gold wanted" Margaret said as she stretched the baby towards me. He was a total replica of my husband. I was so happy to carry him. I saw the Joy in Henry's face. This had been his heart desire for a long time but I had been scared to give birth to another child, because of our genotype issue. We were both AS and one of the girls had the SS genotype and for years, I Had the fear of giving birth to another child with the SS genotype..

I didn't know what made me ask but I popped out the question before knowing

"Genotype?" I asked

Henry answered quickly "There won't be anything to worry about, Margaret has the AA genotype, so it's either he is AA or AS".

Gold took him from me...

"Welcome Diamond"..

Emerald also wanted to carry him.

As they were struggling over the Baby, I noticed something was not right with Margaret's step Mum,I didn't know what it was but I knew she was strange....

Very Strange.....Unfortunately I was told she would be staying with us to take care of the baby....Was she not going to be a stumbling block to what God wanted to do as regards my marriage?

To be continued
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DEEP THOTS
Inspired by THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi O. Akintunde
Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 29
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

We stayed with Margaret at the hospital for some hours. She had Diamond through caesarian Operation, so she had to stay back at the hospital while we all went home except her Step Mum...

When we got back home, I resumed my wifely duties I had not been doing for a long time. I was ready to play the fool BIG TIME…I informed Isokene I was back, you can imagine her scream.

Throughout that day, I made different dishes, I even made the local pepper soup for new mothers for Margaret. By the next morning I sent the maid and the driver to take it to her. Emerald and Gold insisted they were going with them to see the baby, which I agreed to.

When they had left, I became bored so I decided to check if there were other chores I could do. I checked the laundry room and saw a lot of Margaret's and Henry's washed clothes but yet to be ironed. I guessed the Maid had a lot on her hands…

I decided to have them ironed, that was part of playing the fool. I had ironed few of Margaret's cloth, I was ironing Henry's shirt when I heard his voice behind me…

"If you had this little time for me about a year ago, maybe all these won't have happened" he said

"I am sorry" was all that came from my mouth…

At that same instant, a text entered my phone…Henry picked up my phone….

"Hmmm..... Mr. Gbesan… Who is Mr. Gbesan? Never heard his name before" I was about to collect my phone from him, but he dodged playfully.

"I have to read this, so I know if I have a rival I need to contend with" he said smiling

I tried collecting my phone from him, but he had started reading...

"You have not been picking my calls since yesterday Betty, I have been wondering maybe I should have made love to you, maybe it won't have been this easy for you to forget me, I miss you and the kids, Is your husband treating you well?....If not my offer still stands, I will love to marry you. Please reply me"

I didn't know what to expect from Henry, so I stepped back a little

“Hmmmm I believe that must be the man with the fancy car that was flashing his lights at you yesterday…” he asked raising his eyebrow

“He is a widower, he is just my friend…I…”

I said trying to explain things to him, but instead I received a slap…..

No! Just kidding!

That was what I thought Henry was going to do, so I was busy trying to explain that nothing had happened between us, instead he walked closer to me, and placed his fingers on my lips….

“Sh….SH… old things are passed away, I don’t need your explanation, go and do your confession to the pastor, you are a beautiful woman, so I don’t expect men not to ask you out... So once again I am saying it, I don’t need to hear your confessions, tell it to a pastor who is ready to listen”...he said jokingly and he continued

“I just need you to reply him of how well I am treating you the moment I have treated you so nicely” Henry came really close like he had a mission

“I miss you…Betty”…I was breathing so heavily, but the next 30 minutes of my life in the laundry room was the best treatment I had received in a long time, if you understand what I mean… I had gotten my husband back, but I just needed the mistress completely out of our lives….

The next three months were the best time of my life, Henry spent more time in my room and I won some major battles but something happened that changed everything... I received a phone call....

“She is what?” I asked the doctor very confused… the doctor was telling me, Gold was pregnant, I felt my world was crashing, the past three months had been fantastic, and we were living like a happy family, though it was three people in the marriage instead of two.

To think that before this sad news I had fought some major battles and won, this news was a joy spoiler…. Part of the battles I had won was that, Margaret’s step mother had confessed to witchcraft and this had brought about a huge miracle....

What Miracle?Let’s rewind a bit, I guess I am jumping some important details… Let me explain in detail how all that happened, before writing about Gold’s Pregnancy.To be continued

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DEEP THOTS

Inspired by the LIVING WORD

Written by Opeyemi O.Akintunde

PART 30
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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"She is what?" I asked the doctor very confused… the doctor was telling me, Gold was pregnant, I felt my world was crashing, the past three months had been fantastic, and we were living like a happy family, though it was three instead of two.

I had fought some battles and won….

Part of the battles I had won was Margaret's step mother had confessed to witchcraft….

Let's rewind a bit……let me take it slow and steady before talking about Gold's Pregnancy.

After Margaret had her baby, her step mother officially started living with us in the name of trying to take care of the Baby and Margaret but one day the maid, Idara said something very strange while we were cooking…

"Mummy, Diamond would have died if not for you ma, honestly you are strange ma.. I give it to you that you are a genuine Christian, you love and pray for your enemies"

I was confused….

"Mummy, I am a witch" She said smiling

The knife in my hand fell…

"Not to worry ma, I can't hurt you, you have fire all over you…but the love in your heart has won my heart and I am willing to help you, even though I know I will get whipped at the next witches meeting for doing this, but if only there was much love like yours in the world, evil won't prosper this much…." Idara said as she continued chopping the onions

"You are a witch?' I asked again

"Yes, I got initiated by my grandmother, and I have been in it for 12 years, so I know my way around" She said boastfully like being a witch was a good thing...

"But you can be saved" I said trying to help this girl out of her ignorance

"Saved? I am far from salvation, Ma do you know how many human blood I have drank, I have done a lot of evils" She said and I could sense a little bit of regret in her voice

“But you didn’t do it intentionally, you were initiated…Idara, do you know that God is a Merciful God, in the old testament, God instructed the Israelites to build cities of refuge where people who unintentionally killed people could hide and not get punished for murdering people but Now, we are in the new testament era, where Jesus Christ is our refuge, Idara, you can get refuge in Christ Jesus, you can see him as your city of refuge and he will keep you from getting punished for your witchcraft killing which you did under witchcraft influence, all you need to do is to genuinely give your life to Christ , and locate a real deliverance church for your total deliverance”

“I could die” She said

“Not if you hide in Jesus, our city of refuge…” I said

“Hmm…mummy, this is exactly why I want to help you, you have too much love in your heart” She said

“You see Ma, Margaret is not the enemy, her step mother is the one manipulating her, Margaret is like a tied goat in the hands of her step mother, who gives her food, yet ties her down.
The Step mother was the one who killed her first husband, and pushed her into this error of being a second wife. She is hell bent on making Margaret’s life hell… For days, she has been trying to kill the baby, she even asked for my help..But the fire you have put around that boy is too much… I have been surprised at how much you pray for your rival’s son”

“Wow…Now I see why God told me to pray for Margaret” I murmured under my breath

“What did you say ma?” Idara asked

“Nothing…I mean…Excuse me…”

I left the kitchen and went into my room literally shaking...

Emerald and Gold had returned to school for their exams, they had missed a lot, but the school agreed that they could come write their promotion exams to the next class, so I was alone with Idara at home. Margaret and her step mum had taken Diamond for his immunization.

As I sat alone in my room, I reflected on what Idara had said, no wonder Margaret had a good heart, she was just a victim, no wonder Margaret’s step mum was always leaving the Living room anytime I came around, I thought it was just a form of respect…

So Margaret was under manipulation by her step mum. She didn’t want a good life for her….

The prayer points started pouring out of my hearts, thanks to Men of God, like DR. D.K Olukoya who I had read His books on Spiritual Warfare, it was time to fire Prayer…. I was angry at the level of wickedness, doing evil to a person and yet befriending that person....

What got me angrier was the realization that my family was just caught up in the battle we know nothing about... Margaret's step mum was punishing my family in order to punish Margaret....I started screaming....

"You the power that is energizing the strange woman against me and my marriage die in Jesus name

Powers punishing me as a way of punishing someone else be disgraced in Jesus name

The evil back bone of the strange woman, I break you in Jesus name….

My father, my father, I begin to uproot the love of Margaret from my husband's heart and I begin to uproot the love of my husband from Margaret's heart. God, the original man you have in mind for Margaret, that the household enemies are blocking her from accessing, let him locate her….

Wherever, the husband of Margaret is, whether in the north, east, west, south, let him locate her. If he is outside the country, let him find her speedily….

I got angry in my spirit, as I realized my family was just a victim, Margaret was the real person the step mum was dealing with…

That meant if only some single ladies or widows or divorcees knew that being the side chic, mistress or second wife was actually becoming less of what God originally had in mind for them, many will spend their time praying more than scheming their ways into the heart of another woman's husband ….

I prayed night and day and gradually I was seeing the effect...Margaret and henry were not Seeing Eye to eye over issues, it seem like Margaret was getting tired of Henry. I caught the step mother eyeing me on several occasions but I cared less.

There were times Margaret threatened Henry she was leaving and Henry told her to go ahead, but the step mum was always settling their quarrel.

I intensified my prayer one night, and suddenly, we all started hearing the step mum, shouting from her room.

When we all got to her room, which was Emerald's room, the elderly woman said, the entire room was too hot despite the air conditioner that was turned on. That was when she confessed to witchcraft and said she could no longer stay in our house….She

confessed to killing Margaret's first husband and how she had made Henry fall in love with Margaret….

She said she got to know about Henry when he called Margaret asking about her wellbeing. She said she had projected Margaret's love in his heart, making him think about Margaret affectionately...

Margaret wept as she kept cursing and literally beating the woman. She called the real daughter of the woman, who came to pick her up…

Without Margaret saying anything to Henry and I, by the next morning She packed some of her things and called a friend to pick her up.

Henry did not object one bit, even though she was going with Diamond.

He kept to himself all through the night and after Margaret left I went into his room…

I met him crying….

"I knew it, Betty, I knew something was wrong, I love you too much to want to wrong you"

"We all had a part to play, if I had not neglected my role as your wife, I would have been sensitive to know when you were getting close to her, Henry, we will pick up the pieces of our lives back"…. I encouraged him

That was the first time I got back my smile , as I laid my head on his chest, I smiled with all of my heart for the first time in a very long while…. God had restored my smile

But,

My Smile was short-lived, because I didn't realize, It wasn't over….

The next day was when I received a call from Gold's school...

Can you see how God got the mistress TEMPORARILY out of my home, but I had to face the consequences of my few minutes of impatience of trying to get even with my husband....

A lot more still happened...

To be continued

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi O. Akintunde
Facebook @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 31

"ISOKENE"

(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
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That was how the Lord won my battle and I was about to celebrate, when I was given the worst news of my life… The school had called me that Gold was terribly sick. At first, I thought it was her normal crisis. As someone with the SS genotype, Gold usually had her crisis, but the school they were attending was a top notch school where they had a standby Doctor and qualified Nurses who took care of children with Special medical cases.

Besides, one of the things Gold and I had agreed on was to never dwell on her genotype as a big deal. She was just like every other person. I made her know this right from childhood and she bought into it. That is why she knew how well to manage her pains....

But it seem like Gold's crisis this time was beyond what the school could handle. When I got the school, the school doctor was so furious when he heard the pregnancy was as a result of rape.

" Madam, you should have informed us, We would have done a thorough investigation on her and given her an Emergency medication for the prevention of unwanted pregnancy, and provide prevention of and screening for STDs...." the doctor said bitterly....

" We were all so busy after the birth of my brother and I didn't want to be a joy spoiler, so I just let the whole incident fade away like it never happened " Gold said trying to defend me again

"You don't hide rape from your doctor, especially you Gold, you have a medical history.....Madam, I suggest we terminate this pregnancy, because of her health condition, she is too fragile and more importantly too young to bare the pain of carrying a child with the history of her Genotype"

"No, I will carry the baby"…Gold objected

I didn't know what to say, I was speechless and weeping....

"Gold, this is to save your life and besides you don't even know the father of the child" the doctor said

Gold turned to me instead, she was no longer listening to the doctor, she held me by the shoulders and said...

“Mum, I know what you are afraid of and I have told you times and times again, that I am not afraid of death, I am more afraid of life after death, if I die, I want to die doing the righteous thing, that way I know I will meet God and not the devil”…She said with so much courage in her voice

“You were raped, it was an evil committed again you” I managed to say

“And I don’t intend joining the association of evil doers by also terminating the pregnancy”… Gold said

“Mum, you have always taught me that abortion was murder and God hates murder, is the standard of God changing now because I am pregnant?” She asked me a question I had no answer to give

Gold did not listen to us, she didn’t listen to her father, her faith was so strong but when her pregnancy was about 5 months, I Lost my Gold….

I lost my friend....

I lost my adviser.....

I lost my daughter who acted like my mother....

I lost an angel God blessed with me…

Guilt of knowing that if I didn’t go to Mr. Gbesan’s house, maybe Gold would have still been alive, would have made me commit suicide , but before Gold passed on , she asked to see me privately and these were her last words I still hold so dear….

“Mum, You once told me that it’s not the number of years we spend on earth that matters , but it is the number of great things we do on earth while we are here that matters. Mum, amongst all the fantastic I did the most important one to me is the one I did in my last moments.... That is, making sure you got back your home...I am happy knowing I achieved that.

Mum, You were a good mother,, despite the trouble I came with at birth as a sick baby, You molded me into this strong girl through your words, belief , love, and commitment to me....I thank God for the Privilege of being your daughter…

Mum, please live everyday like it’s your last... That has always been my secret....

Please Make Dad happy, and please make sure Emerald marries a good man….It’s a pity I won’t be around to see her get married...”

I didn’t have the will power to tell her to stop saying all those negative words... I knew it in my spirit, her time was up, she came for just a short time... For the first time I saw

Gold's sickle cell that day differently, I felt she was an angel God had sent, when he sensed my marriage was going to be in problem. He sent her to me in form of a sick baby, he hid a gem in a sick baby.....He hid an angel in a sickly child so the world wouldn't take notice...

Gold continued as her breathing got harder. "And most importantly Mum, be very close to God. He owns the whole world….Wow, mum…I can see the Angels, they are so huge and beautiful…."

I saw a new twinkle in her eyes, as I looked into her eyeballs I could see lights flashing like a reflection of light, but I looked towards the direction she was looking I saw nothing...

I was crying, asking God not to take my friend away, not to take my sister, not to take my Gold away, not to take my daughter away, I wanted my angel to stay with me, I didn't want the angels to take my confidant away….but I knew she had to leave…Angels don't stay long…They were messengers of good news….

"Mum, don't cry… I will be happier with God, I will be looking forward to seeing you, just make sure you don't miss heaven...and remember this was not your fault in anyway, my time was up...." She said indicating I give her a hug and finally she whispered in my ears

"Don't forget to get Margaret her own home and take care of Diamond, he will be your consolation"… She breathe her last breath as her hands dropped from the hug...

And I must tell you, I knew when her Spirit ascended, I knew when her spirit left her body on that hospital bed as I hugged her body tightly....

What was life? Nothing….Why then all the hate? Why all the envy and bitterness? Life was too short to make others unhappy...

I made up my mind, to live like Gold, to love my family more, live everyday like it was the last and take Margaret as a sister who I had to get a bed for....

The day after Gold's death, something unexpected happened

To be continued…

If this series "ISOKENE" has blessed you thus far, and you will like to continue reading the story and other life changing stories....Follow the author on Facebook @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde or WhatsApp +234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the HOLY ONE
Written by Opeyemi O. Akintunde
Facebook@Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 32
"ISOKENE"
(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

The day after Gold's death, we had a lot of visitors including reporters. How the journalist knew, no one could tell. Mr. Gbesan also came around. People expected us to shed tears but we were all smiles. Even Henry was smiling, Emerald was smiling. That was because Gold spoke to each of us individually before she passed on. Henry told me she had told him, he was the best dad in the world and that she forgave him, but he should please not let the mistake repeat itself….He said, they had played scrabble together….

Emerald said, Gold had told her she was the best sister in the world. She had told Emerald to always have her inhaler with her always. She told Emerald, God wanted her to come home to rest and she even made a joke about going to heaven to tell God about Emerald's Asthma… They had danced together for the last time…..

I was told Margaret was waiting outside to see me, I was told she was scared to come in as I may see her as the cause of Gold's death…I remembered Gold's words about living life with no hatred in my heart. I asked myself "What would Gold do if she was here". I knew Gold would have accommodated Margaret to listen to what she had to say... I told them to let Margaret in....

As she walked in, I saw a woman who regretted her actions.... I swallowed hard, because the moment I saw her, I missed Gold the more... everyone was in the living room including Mr. Gbesan, Isokene and Ibidolo, and few ministerial friends.

"I know you don't want to see me but I have to do this.... You raised an angel named Gold, the world saw her as a sickler, but she was a healer... I am sure she didn't tell you, the day before she died, she called me begging to see me at the hospital and these were her words to me... She said...

"I don't blame you for what you did, Aunty Margaret, I blame the death that took away your husband... No right thinking person wants to cause another person pain, but sometimes out of desperation we find ourselves doing that... I don't blame God for being a sickler, rather I thank God for the limited time he gave me to speedily fulfil my destiny... Do you know Geniuses finish their exam on time...i guess I am a spiritual Genius and that's why I had to finish my exam on time and I think I will get an A, but what about you Aunty Margaret, what score do you have now on your score sheet, will marrying my father be a plus or a minus for you?"

The whole room was quiet as we all listened to Margaret as she narrated her encounter with Gold and unexpectedly she did something strange....She said

"Gold and Diamonds are precious materials, although Gold may be more valuable but overtime if well worked on, Diamond can also become more valuable... Mama, I took

away your Gold through my selfish action, now I am giving you my Diamond. I know you are a great miner, you brought out something great from Gold, and I know you can bring out something more beautiful and spectacular from Diamond. Have your SON... I will never ask you for him... with this I hope to get a pass on my score sheet just like Gold said “Margaret said

Margaret placed Diamond in my hand and I remembered Gold’s words loud and clear…

“I am not angry at the baby, in fact I have always wanted a baby brother too, she is only helping you to carry the baby”

I looked towards where Gold’s portrait was and it felt like I saw her smiling....

I gently sat on the chair, still dazed and guess who spoke...

Mr. Gbesan, the business man in him spoke…

“Are you ready to put that into writing with a lawyer present and we all as witnesses?” he asked… “It is going to be stated that you gave the baby Diamond willingly to the family, and no matter what the child becomes in future, you will never try to claim being his mother…

Margaret nodded, and at that point I realized God doesn’t make mistakes, we as humans just need to be patient to find out why certain people came into our lives…Thank God for Mr. Gbesan who was around to make things official. I saw Henry crying so hard. Mr. Gbesan went close to him and gave him a manly hug...

Isokene had read law in school but was not practicing because of Ibidolo her husband....I just heard her say

“Maybe this was the only reason why I spent all those years studying law so I can be useful on a day like this... Madam Margaret, if I prepare the necessary documents now, are you ready to sign?. Plus we will need someone from your end who will be your witness”

“My friend is outside”

My tears kept flowing with no limit....Gold was gone, but God was giving me a second chance to start a new journey with Diamond.....

All papers were signed in less than two hours, pictures were taken as proofs of the official handing over to Henry and I, with all the witnesses present.

Henry, Emerald, Diamond and I started a new life and life became sweeter than what we had before. I could end this book here, but it will make the story incomplete, I am yet to tell you how I got Margaret her own bed…..

TO BE CONTINUED …..**Find out in the concluding Part…**.
God bless you….

DEEP THOTS
Inspired by the GREAT STORYTELLER
Written by Opeyemi O. Akintunde
Facebook@Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PART 33 (CONCLUDING PART)

"ISOKENE"

(STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)

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Isokene had invited me for a celebration party at her house because Ibidolo had submitted Isokene's smiling painting he made for a painting competition. Out of all the paintings submitted, Isokene's Portrait took the first position. Ibidolo won a lot of money because of Isokene's smile...

" Attention everyone, I want to appreciate everyone for coming ... My wife has brought me great fortune and I have decided to celebrate her to keep her smiling...I just have one thing to say... Any man that tries to stop his wife from smiling is actually sending Favour away from himself... I am a living testimony... Now I understand better the Bible verse that states that "Whoever finds a wife findeth a good thing and obtains Favour from the Lord" Isokene's smile has brought me fortune... So all my friends here, in all your doing make sure you make your wife smile.... When you make her smile, she will bring you fortunes"... Ibidolo kissed Isokene and I saw that Isokene deciding to play the fool had made her joy full...,

When it was time for the menu menu and the guests were eating, Isokene and I stood at her balcony chatting while Diamond was trying to shout Halleluya; his first word… but Out of the Blues, Isokene asked

"When last did you hear from Margaret?" she asked

"When Last? Or you mean to ask how often does she call me? Isokene, She practically calls me every day…" I said

"Well, Aunty that's because you have not done what God asked you to do…" Isokene said bluntly

"What?" I asked very confused

“To pray for her to be settled in her own home, Aunty, don’t you know what you have done, you have successfully sent her out of your bed room, but she is hanging around, because you did not create a new place for her like God told you to do…Aunty, this is even more risky, I advise you to act fast, remember, when the stranger is sent out of a body, he comes back to see if he can return and you know ma, the return is always worse…”

“Hmmm…but I don’t have any available man around me….?”

“Are you sure? What about that wealthy widower?”

“Mr. Gbesan? How? He can never marry Margaret, he is a very disciplined man and besides I don’t want to light old flames by calling him…Forget it…” I said

“Ok, let’s try something else? Isokene said

“Like?” I asked her

“Interceding for her… let’s pick a day of the week for her, when we can do joint prayers on her behalf…” Isokene suggested

“Ok…that’s fine, I am usually free for Wednesdays, if that’s ok by you…” I said

“Very Fine”… Isokene said

****

We maintained Wednesdays as a day of intercession for Margaret and we did it for three months consecutively, before I had the leading to invite Margaret for a surprise birthday Ibidolo held for Isokene at an executive hotel beside her house.

Margaret was excited when I invited her for the party as she told me of how bored she had been and how things had been difficult…

****

Margaret and I sat together at Isokene's Surprise birthday party and were having little chats when Diamond messed his diapers up. I was trying to clean him up at a corner with Margaret's help, when a handsome huge man walked up to us…

"Good evening Ladies, "he said with a deep British accent

"Good evening…" We replied without looking up as we thought it was one of those loose men who had come to the hotel. My thought was he was trying to hit on Margaret..., but we looked up when he mentioned Margaret's name

"Margaret ?" he said like a question

Margaret looked up and looked intently at the man before screaming

"Jesus Christ! Oluwasegun Kolawole Ajani?" Margaret said screaming so loud

Margaret and the handsome man with the British Accent hugged in excitement…

"What are you doing here?, you also came for Isokene's Birthday…" Margaret asked

"No, I own this place..." the man said

"Its a lie ooo, Wow... God has really blessed you, but I was told you were fully based with your family in the UK"

“Yes, but after I lost my wife, UK was not the same for me…” he said with a sad smile

As I sat there, attending to Diamond’s diapers …I heard in my Spirit very clearly....

“THAT’S HIM, YOUR PRAYERS BROUGHT HIM FOR MARGARET”

I almost screamed in tongues but had to caution myself but I knew I needed to act fast…

I jumped into their conversation…

“No introductions Margaret..? Is he an old friend or an old lover, because I can sense some current around here” I said jokingly, the man smiled and said

“She left me for a rich man, She was my first love, but my future didn’t look so bright back them, so she ditched me for someone else….” We all laughed

“Well, unfortunately and fortunately, it seems, there may be a second chance…” I quickly started marketing Margaret

“Auntieeee” Margaret said shyly

“What’s that ma?, she is not with her husband any more, I thought this was her baby?” He asked with sudden interest

“No, this is my baby, Diamond and Yes, her husband left her, she is Widowed like you “ I said…

The man stood for some few seconds, and the next thing he did surprised us…He moved closer to Margaret and hugged her deeply

“So, you are still going to be my wife….finally….”

Just then two adorable twin girls ran up to the man…

“Daddy…Daddy, why are you hugging a girl, you said it is not good to hug the opposite sex” one of the girls said…

“Well, that’s because she is an old friend”

“Wow, she looks like mummy” the other twin said…

“You are so right…” the man said

Olusegun later told us, the first day he saw his first wife, she reminded him of Margaret and that was the major attraction….

3 months later, Margaret found her new Bed, as she and Olusegun became one. They had a very beautiful expensive wedding.

Together as a family, they had a son again, making Five children in their family: Margaret’s two Boys and Segun’s two girls with the new Baby….They later relocated to Michigan....

Just like Isokene said, Margaret became occupied with her new family that she hardly had time to call me except for calls during festive periods to wish my family and I Well and there was no time she called that she didn’t say these words....

“ Auntie, thank you for this new space you created for me, thank you for giving me my own home...because sometimes I ask this question ”What if you didn’t invite me for Isokene’s birthday, I might never had met My Oluwasegun... Thanks ma... Thanks for the love and forgiveness”

Isokene was a gift from God to me and that was why I decided to name this book after her, because through her, I discovered my weakness. Also through her I learnt the solution (PLAYING THE FOOL TILL MY JOY WAS FULL) and finally, it was through her my husband's mistress found her own matrimonial bed....There are certain people that might not be up to us in age, status, wisdom but might be the carrier of what we need... Isokene was that for me....

****

EPILOGUE.....

25 YEARS LATER

I sat my handsome Diamond down to tell him his Birth Story….and guess what my son said..

"Wow, this will make a good movie" he said laughing

"Movie? Is that all you are going to say? I asked

"Yes!, or what were you expecting me to say Mum?

Emerald spoke instead... Emerald was already married with three kids, She named one of them Gold.... We were at her place in Dallas as Diamond just graduated as the best graduating student of his university., a Medical student. The dream I had for Gold...

"Mum, I told you this story telling was not necessary" Emerald said laughing " But you said you wanted to clear your conscience, Well you have seen it now that your son doesn't see it as anything, he even wants to make a movie out of it" Emerald said laughing

“Wait Big Sis, What was Mum expecting me do ? Like start crying and looking for a woman I don’t know… Mum, you are my mother…I don’t need to know whoever this Margaret is….She was just privileged to carry me in her womb, she is not my mother…” Diamond said walking to the Fridge to get himself a drink...

Diamond was a complete replica of Gold in character, he never took life too seriously… he had too much love, there were times I wondered if God put the Spirit of Gold into Diamond….

My son Diamond had just graduated as a Medical student the day before and I felt it was necessary to tell him the truth about his birth, but here he was taking the matter so lightly….

“Mum, have you ever heard of surrogate mothers. This Magaret must have been my spiritual Surrogate mother.. God used her as a gate to bring me to the earth.. she was just a GATE...nothing more, but you ....Mum... You are the sweetest , loveliest, most beautiful mother of mine…Mama give me a peck and a smile....Mum, remember, I hate worries,I live everyday like my last…” Diamond said as he sat down to eat his pop corn and juice

Emerald and I looked at each other very shocked…

“ What? “ Diamond asked when he saw the surprises on our faces

.”You just spoke like Gold” I shouted…

He laughed heartily and he said

“ And I have always told you, God didn’t want you to miss Gold too much, so he still put a little Gold in your Diamond, You know how beautiful that combination is “ By this time, Diamond was already by my side giving me a peck when his father walked in...

“ Hey MISTER, How many times have I told to leave my wife’s cheek for me alone?” Henry said jokingly with a fake frown

“ The jealous man is back” Henry started chasing Diamond around Emerald’s living room and that sight was just beautiful. I looked around me and I thanked my God with all of my heart because he gave me strength to obey him, We had relocated to Houston Texas some years back, the same town God sent me from to go get back my husband...

Just like the dream Gold and I had, we had gone back to get our Missing Henry....The dream of over 25 years has manifested in a positive way ...

LESSON LEARNT: No matter how bad your marriage has turned out, If you can Locate God, he can turn the worse case around in your favor... I was able to continue my ministry but with DISCRETION....My story has become my message, Like Isokene said, I went through my professional course to be a Professor in teaching others about Marriage, My name is BETTY and God has made my Life BETTER than it used to be, but I am still expecting His BEST, sing this song with me....”

“Who is like unto Thee

O Lord among the gods?

Who is like unto Thee

Glorious in holiness

Fearful in praises

Doing WONDERS

Who is like unto Thee?

Who is like unto Thee”

God turned around my captivity and my life looks like a dream...

Life is complex, but in all its complexities, it cannot be smarter than the Very ONE who created it... Take your complex life back to God, your creator and let him Fix it....He fixed mine....I am a living Testimony.....

If you have gone far away from him and you want to return back to him, Say this Short Prayer:

“Dear Heavenly Father, I come before you this day with an open heart, Forgive me of my sins and have mercy on me. I accept Christ as my lord and Saviour. Repair my life and Home in Jesus name I pray....”

Before reading the beautiful and conclusive part of this story, PLEASE READ the Very Important information attached below from the Author of this Life changing Novel. Please read to the end, so you can read a very beautiful ending to this story.....of what happened between Isokene and I..... (Read that after this information)

If this story has blessed and touched your life, remember to say a Word of Prayer for the Author, Mrs. Opeyemi Akintunde née Ojerinde, the writer of this story as INSPIRED by the HOLY SPIRIT...May God never depart from her Life and Home...

To contact her,

Mobile Phone no: +234- 7064779596

WhatsApp: +234-8151103646

Email:deepthotsonline@gmail.com

Website: www.deepthotsonline.com

Facebook@Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Instagram@ OpeyemiAkintunde

or@Opeyemithinksdeep

To watch over 40 of her FREE interesting and Life changing Short movies visit and subscribe to her **YOUTUBE channel @ DEEP THOTS FILMS**

For new and previous life Changing Story series ***like ISOKENE (Stop my wife from smiling)*** remember to follow her on Facebook @ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde.

To buy Soft and Hard Copies of her NOVELS, like **“THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 401”** Contact her through any of the means listed above.

Other DEEP THOTS NOVEL Series COMING SOON are "TEACHER CHUKS", " PEMISIRE", " MY FATHER'S FARMLAND", " I LOVE YOU BUT...", etc.

Please feel free to send the testimonies of how this story has helped your life and Marriage to ***deepthotsonline@gmail.com or WhatsApp +234-8151103646*** or drop them in the comment section of her Facebook post.

And for your free gift of Love to produce more of this life changing stories and movies, your gifts are welcomed in cash and Kind...

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MOST IMPORTANTLY: Please feel free to keep Sharing the free stories as a tool of Evangelism as we have been receiving Testimonies from people Over their lives and Marriages and we return all ***Glory to GOD***, but PLEASE DON'T EDIT out any part of this post, that IS, both the story line and this information that has been attached to it, so that the LORD doesn't permit the enemy to tamper with your testimony...

Remember the Law of Sowing and Reaping in all that you do,

Remember....

"Be not deceived; GOD is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. (Gal 6:7)"

NOW TO THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.....

Isokene's son and Diamond my son became best of friends and together built one of the biggest Private Hospital in our home country, Nigeria with major preference for people living with Sickle Cell Anemia They are achieving great things for mankind.

Is this God not the MOST HIGH, the Great PUZZLE FIXER, the ALPHA and OMEGA , the RESTORER and He who is Great at ORCHESTRATING all things in our Favor ?... I salute HIS ROYAL MAJESTY....

AND DON'T FORGET IF YOUR SPOUSE TAKES AWAY YOUR SMILE WHETHER PHYSICALLY OR EMOTIONALLY, REMEMBER YOU HAVE A FATHER WHO CAN RESTORE YOUR SMILE….

God bless you...

THE END OF ISOKENE (STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)

ALL GLORY TO GOD

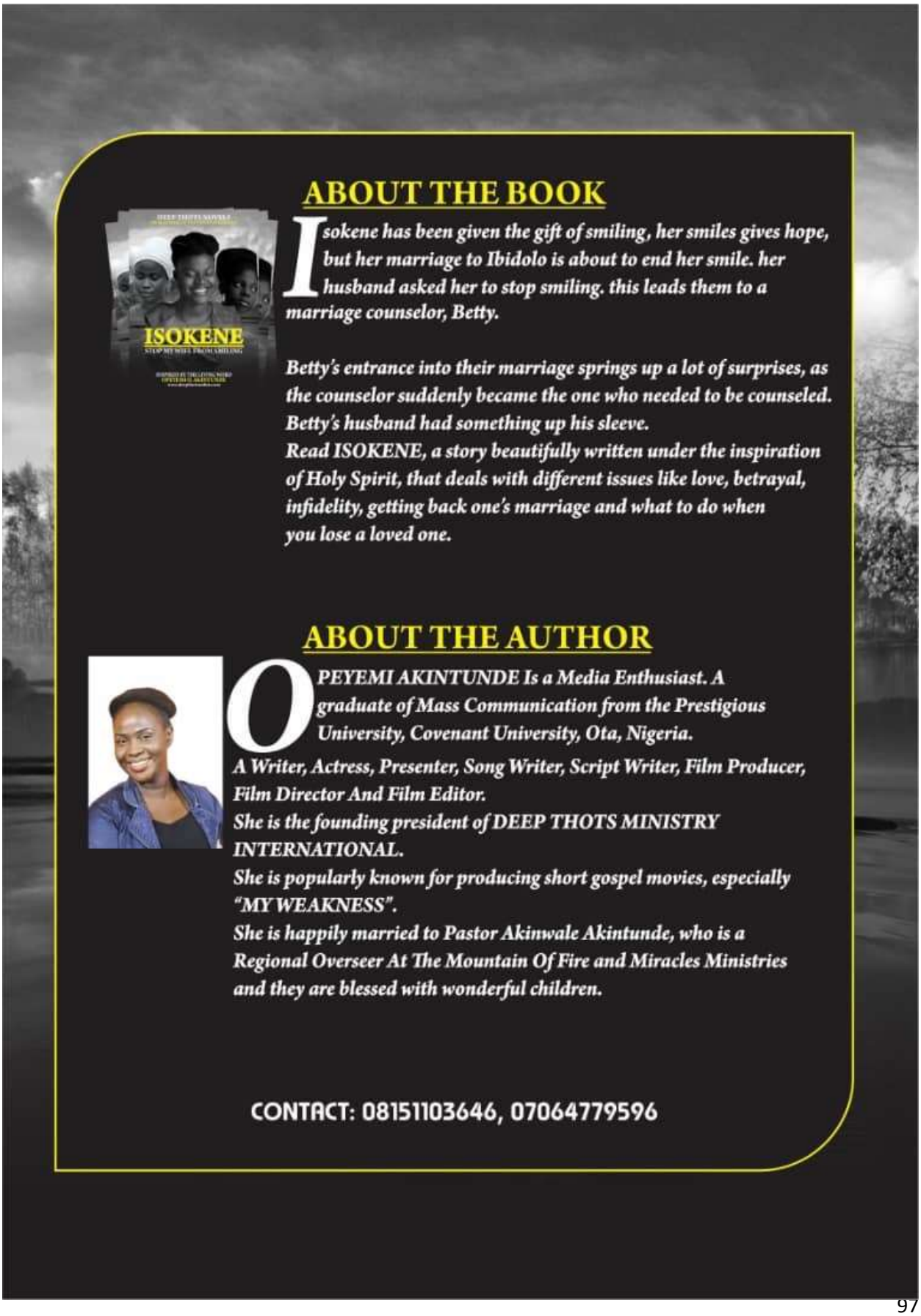
DEEP THOTS (Of the LORD)

Totally Inspired by REVELATION from the MOST HIGH

Written by OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE (née Ojerinde)

Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PEACE!!!!!


ABOUT THE BOOK
ISOKENE
Isokene has been given the gift of smiling, her smiles gives hope, but her marriage to Ibidolo is about to end her smile. her husband asked her to stop smiling. this leads them to a marriage counselor, Betty.
Betty's entrance into their marriage springs up a lot of surprises, as the counselor suddenly became the one who needed to be counseled. Betty's husband had something up his sleeve.
Read ISOKENE, a story beautifully written under the inspiration of Holy Spirit, that deals with different issues like love, betrayal, infidelity, getting back one's marriage and what to do when you lose a loved one.
ABOUT THE AUTHOR
OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE Is a Media Enthusiast. A graduate of Mass Communication from the Prestigious University, Covenant University, Ota, Nigeria.
A Writer, Actress, Presenter, Song Writer, Script Writer, Film Producer, Film Director And Film Editor.
She is the founding president of DEEP THOTS MINISTRY INTERNATIONAL.
She is popularly known for producing short gospel movies, especially "MY WEAKNESS".
She is happily married to Pastor Akinwale Akintunde, who is a Regional Overseer At The Mountain Of Fire and Miracles Ministries and they are blessed with wonderful children.
CONTACT: 08151103646, 07064779596