

EPISODE 04 — *The Voice in the Night*

That night, Precious sat quietly on the edge of her bed, holding her phone as though it carried the weight of her entire life. The room was dim, and the only light came from the faint glow of her screen, which reflected softly on her face. Outside,

> *"I am preparing your husband to meet you. And I am preparing you to meet your husband."*

— THE VOICE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

Lagos had settled into its usual night rhythm. The distant sound of moving vehicles and occasional voices floated in and out, but inside her room, everything felt still. In contrast, her thoughts moved restlessly, refusing to settle.

Peter's words repeated themselves in her mind with disturbing clarity. He had spoken without hesitation, as though what he was asking was normal and expected. He wanted her to meet him at a hotel by nine that night, and if she refused, she should return every naira he had spent on her.

She leaned back slowly against the wall and lifted her eyes toward the ceiling. Her mind was far away, tracing the path that had led her to this moment. Peter was not a stranger to her life. He had been present in ways that mattered. He came from a wealthy background, and money was never a problem for him. Over time, he had stepped in to help her whenever she struggled. He sent money without delay. He paid for things she could not afford. He made difficult days easier to manage.

Yet, beneath all that generosity, there had always been something unspoken but clearly understood. His kindness was not without expectation. Even when he did not say it directly, she knew what he wanted from her. He wanted more than her attention. He wanted her body.

Precious closed her eyes slowly and drew in a deep breath. She had known this from the beginning, even when she tried to ignore it. She had told herself that she could manage the situation, that she could take the help without giving anything in return. Now, that assumption stood before her as a problem she could no longer avoid.

She opened her eyes and looked around her small room. Her belongings were few, and everything spoke of limitation. Her wardrobe held only what she needed. Her kitchen had little left in it. Her finances were so low that even checking her balance felt like an unnecessary reminder of what she already knew.

A quiet frustration rose within her. "*I don't even have money,*" she said softly, more to herself than to anyone else. She stood up and began to walk slowly across the room, her arms folded tightly as though she was trying to hold herself together. Each step felt heavy with thought. "*I cannot go,*" she murmured. Almost immediately, another thought followed, sharp and unavoidable. "*I cannot pay him back.*"

She stopped moving. The weight of that truth pressed deeply on her chest, making it difficult to think clearly. For a moment, she simply stood there, caught between two choices that both felt wrong.

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WHAT SHE HAD KEPT

Precious had not come this far in life without values. She had been raised in the church, and her understanding of purity was not shallow or casual. It was something she had chosen to believe and to live by. She had guarded herself carefully over the years, even when it was not easy. There had been pressure from different directions, moments of weakness, and opportunities to compromise, but she had remained firm. She was still a virgin, not because she was afraid, but because she believed in what she had been taught.

Now, that conviction stood in direct conflict with her situation. She sat down again and placed her hands over her face. "*So why is it now like this?*" she asked quietly. Her voice carried a mixture of confusion and pain. Tears gathered in her eyes, but she held them back, blinking repeatedly as if that would keep them from falling.

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THE VOICE

Then something shifted. It was not loud or dramatic, but it was unmistakable. A gentle stillness settled within her, calming the storm of her thoughts. In that quiet moment, she became aware of a voice, not heard with her ears, but clear within her spirit.

"*Don't go.*"

She froze instantly. There was no doubt about it. She knew that voice. It was familiar in a way that left no room for confusion. It was the Holy Spirit.

For a few seconds, she said nothing. Then her expression changed as frustration rose within her. "*Don't go?*" she repeated, her voice carrying a hint of bitterness. She stood up again, this time with more agitation than before. "*God, is that all you will say? Don't go?*" she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

Tears slipped down her cheeks as the emotions she had been holding

back began to surface. "*Do you know what I am going through?*" she continued. "*I have waited. I have kept myself. I have tried to do things your way.*" Her voice broke under the weight of her own words. "*But where is my husband?*"

The question hung in the air, heavy with longing and disappointment. It was not just a question. It was a cry that had been building over time. She wiped her face quickly, almost as if she was angry at herself for crying. "*Other people are doing whatever they like and they are fine,*" she said. "*I am here trying to be holy, and this is what I am facing.*"

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THE ANSWER

Silence followed her words, but it did not last long. The same voice returned, calm and steady. "*I am preparing your husband to meet you.*" Precious slowly lifted her head. "*And I am preparing you to meet your husband.*" Her breathing began to slow as she listened. "*You cannot meet your husband the way you are now.*" Those words settled deeply within her.

"*This version of you does not fit into the man I am sending into your life. Allow me to make you a wife that is fit for him.*"

Tears filled her eyes again, but this time they came with understanding rather than frustration. She lowered her gaze as a quiet realization formed within her. For the first time, she saw herself more clearly. She saw not only her struggles, but also her impatience. She remembered how casually she treated relationships and how easily she dismissed serious intentions. She thought about her words, her attitude, and the choices she had made without much thought. She did not argue this time. She simply sat in silence, allowing the truth to settle.

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GLORY'S SECRET

At that moment, her phone rang. She picked it up and saw the name on the screen. Glory. She wiped her face quickly and answered. "*Hello.*" "*Precious, where you dey?*" Glory's voice came through, lively as usual. "*I'm at home.*" "*How far? You sound somehow.*" Precious hesitated briefly, then sighed. "*Something happened,*" she said. "*Tell me.*"

Precious explained everything carefully, from Peter's messages to the

demand he had made. When she finished, there was a short silence on the other end. Then Glory spoke. "*So what are you waiting for?*" she asked. Precious frowned slightly. "*What do you mean?*" "*Go na. Just go meet am. Everybody dey do am. No be big deal.*"

Precious became quiet for a moment, then asked slowly, "*Glory, are you a virgin?*" There was a brief pause, followed by a soft laugh. "*No.*" Precious blinked in surprise. "*No?*" She had never expected that answer. Everything about Glory suggested otherwise. The way she carried herself in church, the way she spoke, the way she prayed, all pointed to a life of discipline and purity. "*Wait, you mean you are not?*" Precious asked again. "*No,*" Glory replied, this time more calmly. There was a noticeable change in her tone. The lightness was gone, replaced by something deeper. "*My name is not even Glory,*" she added quietly. "*My real name is Omasi.*"

Precious said nothing. She simply listened. Omasi began to speak slowly, her voice steady but filled with a quiet pain that could not be hidden. "*I was thirteen,*" she said. "*I was in junior secondary school. They were in senior secondary.*" Precious held her breath. "*They called me, and I thought it was something normal. But it was not.*" There was a short pause before she spoke again. "*They raped me. Three of them.*"

The words fell heavily into the silence. Precious closed her eyes, her chest tightening as she listened. "*I shouted and cried, but nobody came,*" Omasi said. Silence followed. "*After that day, something changed,*" she continued softly. "*I did not even understand what it meant to be a virgin again.*" Precious could not speak. Her throat felt tight.

"*Later, during school holidays, when other students had gone home, I had boyfriends,*" Omasi said. Precious opened her eyes slowly. "*And they all took turns,*" Omasi added quietly. The weight of the confession settled deeply in the room. "*But in church, I became Glory,*" she said, with a faint, sad laugh. "*The good girl. The one everybody respects.*"

Precious wiped her face slowly, her heart heavy with emotion. She felt pain for her friend, a pain that went beyond words. "*Precious,*" Omasi said gently, "*life no be like all these things we dey hear for church sometimes. People dey survive.*"

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Precious swallowed slowly. But deep within her, something remained firm. She remembered the voice again. "*Don't go.*" She closed her eyes briefly, then spoke with quiet resolve. "*I hear you, but I cannot do it,*" she said. There was a pause. "*For me, it still matters,*" she added. Omasi remained silent for a moment, then sighed softly. "*Okay,*" she said.

After the call ended, Precious placed her phone beside her and lay down gently on her bed. The room returned to silence, but something inside her had changed. The pressure was still there. The lack had not disappeared. The situation with Peter remained unresolved. Yet, her heart felt different.

For the first time that night, she felt a sense of clarity. Not because everything was fixed, but because she knew what she would not do. As she stared quietly at the ceiling, a deep, quiet peace began to settle within her, steady and reassuring, as though something greater than her situation was holding her together.

> *"Not because everything was fixed — but because she knew what she would not do."*

NEXT EPISODE *Peter will not let it go. And the man God is preparing for Precious is closer than she thinks.*