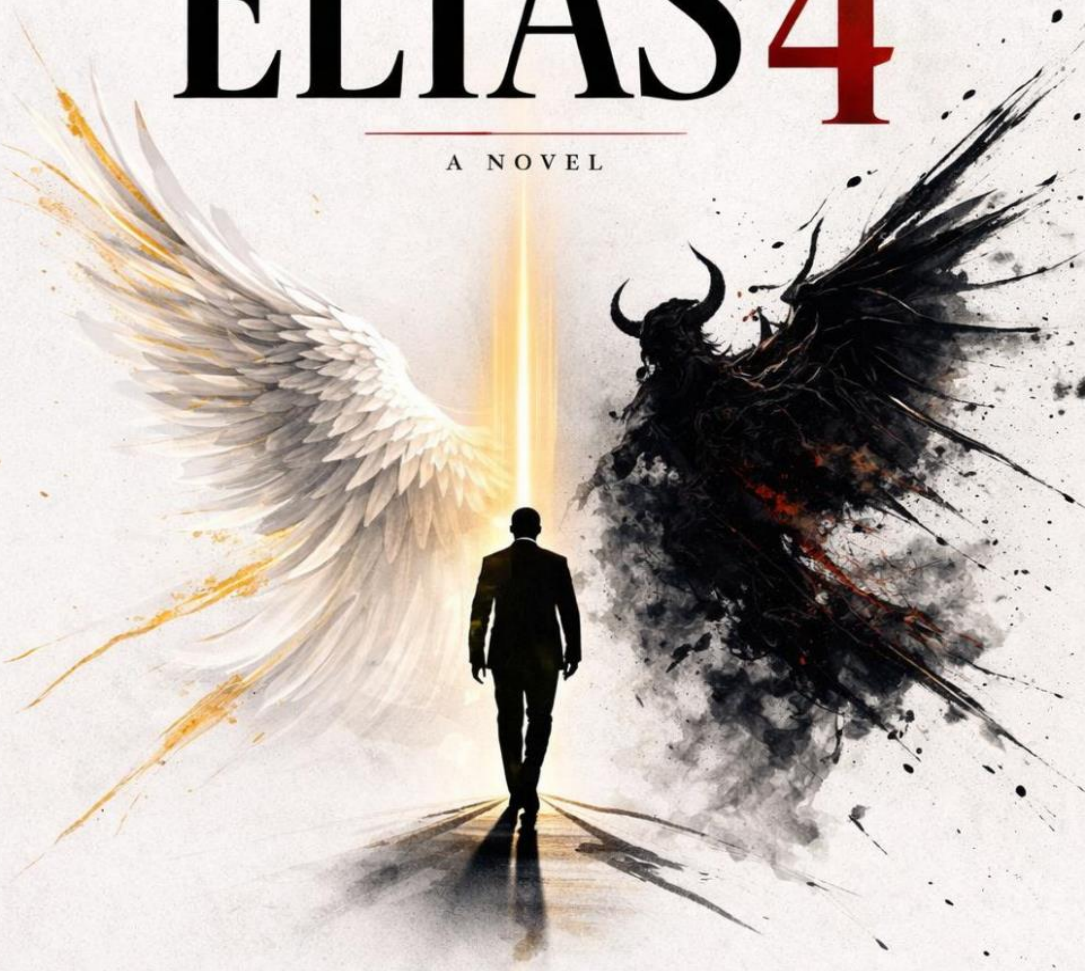
MINISTER ELIAS 4

A NOVEL



THE FINAL BATTLE

WRITTEN BY

ANTHONY IJERE

BOOKS BY ANTHONY IJERE

SHADOWS AT MIDNIGHT
TWELVE HOURS 1
TWELVE HOURS 2
ALTARS IN THE DUST
SHOW ME MERCY
QUENCH THE FIRE
MINISTER ELIAS PART 1
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BLOOD COVENANT 1
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SPIRITUAL SENSATIONS
GAME OF FAITH
CHAINS OF GRACE
PRAYING INTO GREATNESS
THE MYSTERY OF DELIVERANCE
LINDA'S DIARY
DEATH IS A SPIRIT
BROKEN
PRISCILLA
And more...

MINISTER ELIAS

Part 4

Written by
Anthony Ijere

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Dedication

This novel is dedicated to the Lord Jesus Christ, who calls every man into his prophetic and divine destiny, and who sustains him through the process of becoming.

It is also dedicated to spiritual fathers, mentors, pastors, teachers, and apostles who labor faithfully in shaping lives, raising men, and guiding them into their divine calling and ordination.

May their sacrifices, teachings, and prayers continue to bear fruit in generations yet to come.

Acknowledgement

I give all glory, honor, and praise to God Almighty, the giver of life, wisdom, and redemption. Without His mercy, grace, and patience, this story would not exist. He is the God who restores broken men, heals wounded hearts, and turns failures into vessels of purpose.

My sincere gratitude goes to everyone who believes in the power of truth and transformation. To the men and women who have shared their stories, struggles, and testimonies openly or in silence, thank you. Your lives inspired the depth, realism, and honesty found in these pages.

I acknowledge spiritual fathers, mentors, and teachers who labor tirelessly to raise men of integrity and purity, especially those who confront difficult subjects with love and courage. Your teachings and examples continue to light the path for many who are searching for freedom.

To families who pray behind the scenes, who intercede through tears, and who never give up on their loved ones, this work honors you. The prayers of a mother, the discipline of a father, and the covering of family are powerful forces that shape destinies.

I also appreciate every reader who dares to journey through this story with an open heart. May this book challenge, heal, warn, and restore you. May it remind you

that no chain is too strong, no pit is too deep, and no soul is beyond redemption.

Finally, I acknowledge the grace to write, to tell hard truths, and to point broken lives toward hope. May this work serve as a mirror, a warning, and a testimony that light always has the final word.

Prologue

Two natures were born into the world at the same time, though no one in the hospital understood what had entered the earth that day. One carried the weight of the flesh, and the other carried the breath of the Spirit. Before they took their first cry in the physical world, they had already been commissioned in a realm beyond human sight. Yet when they entered human bodies, they came without memory, without awareness, and without understanding of who they truly were.

The one who bore the nature of the flesh was given a simple name, a name that sounded ordinary to everyone who heard it. She was called Princess. There was nothing in the name that revealed her origin, nothing that suggested the depth of the assignment tied to her existence. She grew as any child would grow, surrounded by laughter, routine, and the quiet rhythm of human life. But beneath that normal appearance, something ancient and deliberate rested within her, waiting for the appointed time.

The other child was named Samuel. He carried within him the nature of the Spirit, though no one could see it at first glance. Like Princess, he came into the world unaware of the weight he carried. He was born with a calling already placed upon him, a prophetic grace that existed before his first breath, yet hidden beneath the limitations of human understanding. He cried, he slept,

and he grew, just like every other child, not knowing that his life would one day stand at the center of a battle far greater than himself.

The flesh wars against the Spirit, and the Spirit wars against the flesh. This is not a distant truth written only in sacred texts. It is a living conflict, one that breathes within men and women, shaping choices, directing paths, and determining destinies. It is a war that does not announce itself loudly at the beginning, but it reveals its intensity as time unfolds.

I know this war. I have walked through it. I have fallen and risen more times than I can count. I have seen darkness up close, not as a story told by others, but as a reality that nearly consumed me. I have known what it means to carry grace and almost lose it. I have stood at the edge of destruction and found mercy waiting where I least deserved it.

Now I stand at a different place. Time and experience have carved understanding into me. What once confused me, I can now discern. What once trapped me, I can now expose. I have come to a level where spiritual mysteries are no longer hidden behind shadows. I see them, I understand them, and I recognize their patterns. And because of this, I have made a decision.

My son, Samuel, will not walk blindly into the traps that once held me. He will not fight battles without knowledge. He will not carry fire without understanding

its purpose. What almost destroyed me will become the very thing that prepares him.

There is already a battle in the spirit. It has begun long before Samuel and Princess will become aware of it. Forces are moving, positions are being taken, and assignments are already in motion. Yet both of them live without this knowledge. Princess does not yet understand who she is. Samuel does not yet know what he carries.

He was born a prophet, but he does not yet see it. This is how it is for many. They enter the world carrying gifts, mantles, and graces placed upon them by God, yet they live unaware of what rests inside them. They walk through life like ordinary people, not knowing that there is fire within them waiting to be awakened. It is through training, through process, through discipline, that what is hidden begins to rise.

Samuel is not perfect. He is strong-willed, and at times, stubborn. But even that stubbornness is not wasted. When guided correctly, it can become strength. When directed properly, it can become endurance. What could have destroyed him can instead become a tool in the hands of God.

My name is Elias. What you are about to read is not just a story. It is the final part of my journey, and the beginning of my son's. It is what I have seen with my own

eyes, what I have learned through pain, and what I refuse to allow to be repeated.

The battle has begun.

Episode 1
A Fatherly Advice

Elias's Point of View

I will speak to you as I have always spoken when truth becomes too heavy to hide inside silence. I will speak about my son, Samuel, and about the woman who once came into my life under a name that was not her own.

Her name was Cynthia then. That was what the world called her. But I know now that names in this kind of matter are only coverings, thin layers placed over deeper assignments. She was not sent by chance. She was sent with intention. The marine kingdom had already marked her path before she ever stepped into the earth realm, and she was directed into Mrs. Okafor's family as part of a larger plan that I did not understand at the time.

At the same time, my son Samuel was also entering the world with a different kind of assignment. He was ordained by God, already separated for purpose before he could speak or think. While one was assigned as an instrument of opposition, the other was carried as a vessel of destiny. And both were placed on a collision course that would not make sense to ordinary eyes.

You may ask how I know these things. You may question how a man can speak with such certainty about spiritual realities and hidden lives. I will only say this for now:

there is a depth of sight that comes through suffering, obedience, and divine mercy. I did not always see clearly, but I have been taught to discern what lies beneath the surface of human life. In time, you will understand how I came to see what I am telling you. For now, listen to the story as it unfolds.

Samuel had completed secondary school and was stepping into the next stage of life. He was young, strong, and deeply stubborn. That stubbornness was not hidden. It showed itself in small ways that gradually became patterns. When I called him, he would delay or avoid the call. When I sent him on errands, he would return later than expected. When I asked him where he had been, he often responded with silence rather than explanation.

It is one thing about children. They often believe they are already grown before life has truly tested them. They feel they understand direction, discipline, and freedom, but they have not yet encountered the weight of consequences that shape real understanding.

So I called him one day, and I sat him down with his mother, Sarah. We did not raise our voices. We did not speak in anger. We spoke as parents who understood that guidance is part of love. We told him plainly that as he moved forward into higher education, his focus had to remain intact. We warned him not to be distracted. We told him to focus on his studies, to focus on God, and to build his life with discipline.

I remember the words I used because they came from experience.

I told him that in life, there are patterns of temptation that repeat themselves in different forms. If a young man is not careful, he will mistake them for ordinary encounters. I explained to him that distraction often does not look like danger at first. It appears attractive, normal, even harmless, until it has already taken root.

I spoke to him about caution, about awareness, about the need for spiritual strength. I told him that the world he was stepping into would not only test his intelligence but also his character and his purity. I reminded him that strength is not only physical or academic. It is also spiritual discipline.

At that time, I used examples to help him understand the seriousness of what I was saying. I spoke about different patterns of temptation that appear in a man's life in different forms. I told him that some temptations appear gentle at first, drawing a man slowly until he no longer recognizes the direction he is going. Others are more direct, more aggressive, confronting him openly. And some are destructive in ways that are not immediately visible until damage has already been done.

I reminded him that discernment is necessary. I told him that not everything that appears good is safe, and not everything that appears harmless remains harmless over

time. I urged him to be careful, to be prayerful, and to remain grounded in what he had been taught.

But even as I spoke, I understood something deeper. Instruction alone is not enough. Words can guide, but they cannot replace personal conviction. Training must accompany instruction. Experience must follow warning. And grace must cover what human effort cannot preserve.

So I told him something more important. I told him that before he steps fully into the world that is waiting for him, he must be prepared inwardly. Not just academically prepared, but spiritually strengthened. Because life is not only about opportunities. It is also about battles that are not visible to the natural eye. And I asked him a simple question. I asked him if he was ready.

Episode 2
The Training

Samuel's Point of View

I am Samuel Clinton, the son of Elias Clinton. My father asked me a question that day, and I answered it too quickly. He looked at me with a calmness that always made me feel like I was missing something important, then he asked, “Samuel, are you ready?” I did not think deeply. I did not weigh the question. I simply nodded and said, “Yes, I am ready.” I said it with confidence, the kind of confidence that comes from youth and intelligence, not from understanding. At that time, I believed readiness was about willingness. I did not know it also meant endurance, breaking, rebuilding, and surrender.

I had just finished secondary school. I was sharp in my studies. I was not struggling like many of my peers. Physics, chemistry, mathematics, further mathematics, all of them came to me easily. Sometimes I wondered if it was only effort, but deep down I knew something else was at work. There was a pattern in my thinking that felt too precise to be ordinary. My father noticed it too, but he did not praise it in a casual way. He treated it like something that needed shaping. The training began almost immediately.

“Six to twelve,” he said one morning. I frowned slightly. “That one is very easy now.” He smiled, but he did not

respond with words. That smile was his way of telling me that I had not yet understood what I was stepping into. For three days, we fasted from morning until noon, six a.m. to twelve p.m. I managed it easily. I even felt proud of myself. I thought I was already strong. The next week, he increased it. “Six to four,” he said. I paused. “Six to four?” “Yes,” he replied simply.

We did it for three days every week. One month passed like that. It was structured, controlled, and consistent. I began to understand that my father did nothing without intention. Every stage had a purpose, even if I could not see it. The following month, he increased it again. “Six to six,” he said. I looked at him for a moment. “Morning to evening?” “Yes.” That was when I started to feel it. Not physical exhaustion at first, but pressure. A slow stretching of my comfort, my appetite, and my patience. Still, I obeyed. I had no real choice. He was my father, and there was something about him I could not question easily.

We were fasting three days every week, and I was not working. He had stopped me from taking up any job or distraction. He said I needed full focus. At times I was not happy with him. I would sit quietly and wonder if all of this was really necessary. But I did it anyway. There were moments I tried to resist in small ways. I remember sneaking into the kitchen once before the fasting time was over. I thought no one had seen me. I ate quickly and quietly, then returned to my room pretending nothing had happened. But later that day, my father called me.

“Samuel,” he said. “Yes, sir,” I replied. He looked at me for a long moment. “What did you eat?” My heart dropped. “Nothing,” I said quickly. He did not raise his voice. He only sighed. “You will learn that deception does not survive in the presence of training.” Then he disciplined me. Not out of anger, but out of correction. That was the first time I truly understood that obedience was part of the process, not an option within it.

After that, I stopped sneaking food. There was another period when I complained. “I have ulcer,” I told him one morning. “It is painful. Maybe I should pause the fasting.” He looked at me with a strange calmness. “That ulcer is part of what wants to stop you,” he said. I blinked. “Stop me from what?” “From becoming who you are meant to be,” he replied. “Continue. It will pass.” I did not fully believe him. But I continued. And strangely, after some time, the pain reduced. Then it disappeared completely. I did not understand it. I only experienced it.

After that, the training increased again. Twenty four hours fasting. Then another week of twenty four hours again. Then forty eight hours. During those forty eight hours, I would pray for hours. My body would weaken, but something inside me felt like it was waking up at the same time. It was confusing. I could not explain it. Then midnight prayers began. “Twelve to three,” my father said. Every night. Fifty nights at a stretch. I thought I was simply increasing discipline. I did not know something deeper was forming inside me. At a point, I noticed a strange pattern. I would eat once at four in the evening,

and then not eat again until the same time the next day. It became routine. My body adjusted in ways I did not expect. It was not easy. But it was consistent.

And then something began to change. The first time it happened, I did not even understand it. I started having dreams. I would see things chasing me. I would wake up with my heart racing. At first, I was afraid. I complained to my father. “Why am I having bad dreams when I am praying so much?” I asked him one morning. He smiled slightly, as if he had been waiting for that question. “That is the first stage,” he said. “First stage of what?” I asked. He leaned back. “When Jesus fasted for forty days, what did He encounter first?” I thought for a moment. “Satan.” “Yes,” he said. “And after that, what came?” “Angels,” I replied slowly. He nodded. “Good. You are learning.”

I did not fully understand it then, but I accepted it. So I stopped being afraid of the dreams. I began to see them as part of a pattern. I would sleep, I would see darkness, I would wake up. Over time, even fear began to fade. It became normal. Then came a night I would never forget. I did not know if I was asleep or awake. It felt like both states existed at the same time. I was in a place that was not a place, and I saw a hand. A large hand. It was holding something. A paper. My exam result. My future. My entry into school. I woke up suddenly, breathing heavily. I ran to my father the next morning. Before I could even speak, he said, “The Lord has taken your school ahead of time.” I froze. “What does that mean?” “It means,” he said

calmly, “your journey is not ready yet. You are still being formed.”

I did not like the interpretation. I wanted to move forward like everyone else. But I had learned by then that his words carried weight I did not fully understand. So I stayed. The second year became even more intense. I thought it would reduce, but it increased instead. Fasting became layered. Prayer became longer. Night sessions continued. My body began to feel strange, like something was moving inside me that I could not explain. Sometimes I would sit quietly and wonder if I was losing my mind. But my father would always say the same thing: “You are not breaking down,” he would say. “You are being built.” And I believed him. At least, I tried to. This was my life with my father, Elias. And at that time, I did not yet understand that what I called discipline was actually preparation for a war I had not seen.

Episode 3
A Life of Confusion

Princess's Point of View

My name is Princess Okafor. I was born into the family of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Okafor, and for most of my early life, I tried to live like any other girl who was growing up in a Christian home in Anambra State. But something was not normal about my life, even though I tried very hard to make it feel normal. It started with voices. At first, they were faint, like thoughts that were not fully mine. Then they became clearer. Then they became constant. “Princess,” the voice would say, sometimes gentle, sometimes firm. “You have been sent. You have a mission. Do not fear. Do not fear.”

It was always the same voice. A woman’s voice. I never saw her during the day, but I always felt her presence at night, like someone standing very close to me even when my eyes were closed. I began to have dreams that I could not explain. In some of them, I was floating on water. Not swimming, not struggling, just floating, as if the water was carrying me somewhere I did not choose. In others, I would see snakes. I would wake up in fear, or sometimes I would see them while I was still awake.

It happened even outside my home. There were times I would be walking on the road and suddenly I would scream, because I saw a snake right in front of me. People would gather around me, confused, telling me there was

nothing there. I would look again and it would be gone. Just like that. As if it never existed. I began to question my own eyes. At night, it became worse. I would wake up suddenly and see a snake lying beside me on the bed. I would jump up immediately, screaming, running out of the room. My parents would rush in, turning on the lights, searching everywhere. But they would find nothing. No snake. No sign of anything unusual. Only me, shaking and terrified. After a while, I stopped sleeping in that room for days. Fear became easier than rest.

Then there was the woman. She would appear in my dreams, standing in white light, carrying a crown on her head and a staff in her hand. She did not always speak, but when she did, her words felt like commands placed directly inside my mind. “You have a mission,” she would say. “Do not forget. You were sent.” And I would wake up with my heart beating fast, trying to understand what she meant. My family was Christian. We prayed every morning. I joined them. We held morning devotion, read scriptures, sang hymns. I prayed too. I truly did. But something inside me always felt divided, like I was standing in a place that did not fully accept me.

I would kneel and pray, but my mind would drift. I would speak to God, but I would feel as if something else was pulling at me from another direction. Not always in a way I liked. Sometimes it felt like confusion. Sometimes it felt like resistance. Sometimes it felt like another identity trying to form inside me. There were moments I even

questioned myself. Am I truly part of this faith? Or am I something else entirely? At times, I found myself drawn to things I could not explain. Music I was not supposed to enjoy. Thoughts I did not want to think. Then guilt would follow, and I would return to prayer, asking God to help me understand who I was. But clarity did not come.

I was beautiful. People said it often. They called me names I did not fully understand at the time. Some called me Mami Water. Others called me different names that made me feel both admired and uncomfortable at the same time. We lived in Anambara State, and I was preparing for university admission. I had chosen the University of Lagos as my first choice, without fully understanding why I felt drawn there. It just felt like the direction I was supposed to take. Even my choices sometimes felt guided by something I could not see. I was not interested in many of the boys around me. Many of them tried, but I kept my distance. I did not understand relationships, not because I hated people, but because something in me felt detached, as if I was waiting for something else I could not name.

Yet, there were strange moments. One day at school, I saw a boy and I called his name without thinking. “Claudius,” I said. He turned immediately, surprised. “How do you know my name?” I froze. I did not know how I knew it. I had never been introduced to him. I had never heard anyone mention him before. Yet the name came out of me as if I had always known it. That was

when I began to fear my own mind. There were other moments too. Moments when I would look at people and somehow know things about them. Their names. Their struggles. Things they had never told me. I could not explain it. I still cannot explain it. Sometimes I thought maybe it was imagination. Other times it felt too accurate to be imagination.

I was trying to live a normal life, but nothing about my life felt normal. At home, my mother once became angry with me. It was a small thing at first. She had asked me to warm the food and wash the dishes. I forgot or maybe I was distracted. I cannot fully remember. She raised her voice. “Princess, I told you to do this!” Then she slapped me. It was rare. My mother did not usually hit me because I was her only child. But that day, her frustration was stronger than usual. The food had been expensive. The preparation had taken time. And I had ruined it without meaning to. I felt anger rise inside me. Not just sadness, but something sharper.

My mother turned away to prepare something else. She picked up a knife to cut onions, and in that moment, something strange happened. The knife slipped and cut her finger. Blood came out immediately. I froze. I did not understand what I was feeling. I was not even close to her at that moment, but I had been looking at her hand with anger just seconds before it happened. My heart dropped. I began to wonder if there was something inside me I did not control. Something connected to my emotions in ways I did not understand. I started noticing

patterns after that. When I became angry, things around people seemed to go wrong. Small accidents. Strange reactions. Things I did not consciously cause, yet somehow seemed connected to my emotional state.

I also began to know things I was not taught. It frightened me. I would sit alone sometimes and ask myself questions I could not answer. Who am I really? Why do I see these things? Why do I hear that voice? And what is this mission I keep being told about, over and over again, without explanation? At night, when the dreams return, I still see the water. I still see the woman in white. I still hear her voice calling me by name. Princess. You have been sent. But sent for what, I do not yet know.

Episode 4
A New Environment

Elias's Point of View

I trained my son in prayer until prayer became part of his breathing. But there came a point where I understood something deeper. Prayer alone was not enough. A man can pray and still be misled if he does not understand the voice of God. So I brought him into the next stage of training, the Word. When a man becomes spiritually sensitive, he becomes open. That openness is dangerous if it is not guided by truth. Because at that stage, anything can speak and he may assume it is God. So I knew Samuel needed to be grounded in Scripture, not just in experience.

I took him through months of intense Bible study. Eight months. There were days I watched him read while I listened quietly. There were nights I fell asleep and woke up to the sound of his voice still reading, still pressing through the pages of Scripture. Slowly, the Word stopped being something he studied and became something that lived in him. That was the goal. Not knowledge alone, but formation. By the end of those months, he was not only skilled in prayer, he was also grounded in the Word. He knew how to discern, at least in principle, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to act and when to wait. He was still young, but he was no longer empty.

Then I received confirmation. In a vision, I saw it clearly. The time had come. Samuel had to go into the world. Timing is one of the deepest mysteries in destiny. Nothing can replace it. A man can be gifted and still fail if he moves before his season. But when the season arrives, even obstacles align without resistance. Everything worked out easily for him. Admission, process, movement. Doors opened without struggle. That was how I knew it was not ordinary. When timing is correct, resistance reduces.

Before he left, my wife and I spoke to him one last time. We gave him counsel that came from experience, not theory. I told him to be careful. To remain disciplined. To not allow distraction to enter quietly into his life. I told him that destiny is often not destroyed by obvious enemies, but by subtle distractions. And I told him something I knew would stay with him. I said, “A woman will come your way. Be prayerful. Be discerning.” He did not like that part. I saw it in his eyes. He was already becoming confident, already feeling strong in himself. That is natural for a young man who has been trained and begins to see results. But I also knew confidence without caution can become weakness in another form. He left that day with that word in his spirit. And I let him go.

Samuel's Point of View

I moved from Port Harcourt to Lagos. The journey felt normal at first. Roads stretching forward, vehicles

moving, people going about their lives as if nothing in the world was spiritual. But I remember the moment we entered Lagos. Something about the atmosphere felt heavier, like stepping into a place that already knew you had arrived. Then our car broke down. Right there on the road. We waited. One hour passed. Then two. We called mechanics. Some did not answer. Some were too far. Others promised and never came. Eventually, people began to leave the car. They had places to go, things to do. I stayed.

I stayed alone inside the car that night. And I slept. That night, I dreamed. I saw a woman standing near me. I was still inside the car in the dream, but she was outside, looking at me through the glass. She pointed at me and spoke. “You have left your father. You have left your mother. You have left those who know you. You have entered a land that does not know you. Here, you can die.” I woke up immediately. My body was wet with sweat. I sat there in silence, trying to understand what kind of dream that was. I told myself it was nothing but stress.

Morning came. The mechanics finally arrived and fixed the car. We continued the journey. When I entered the school environment, everything felt alive with movement. People everywhere, noise everywhere, new faces and new energy. It was overwhelming, but also exciting in a strange way. That was when I met him. A young man approached me and asked, “Are you new here?” “Yes,” I replied. He smiled. “I can help you settle.

Accommodation, registration, everything." I believed him. I gave him money. Fifty-two thousand naira. He told me to wait. I waited. He never came back.

That was the first time I truly understood something my father had once said in a different way. Not everyone who offers direction has intention to help. I called my father that night. I told him what happened. He was quiet for a moment. Then he said, "Open your eyes, Samuel. That is how the world works." He sent me more money later, and I found accommodation. But something inside me had already changed. I was no longer just entering school. I was entering reality.

Princess's Point of View

I entered university in Lagos. Everything looked beautiful on the surface. The city was alive in a way I had never experienced before. People moved fast. Life moved fast. Everything felt like it was happening without waiting for anyone. I was twenty years old now. Not a teenager anymore. I made a few friends, but not many. I was not someone who easily opened up. Even I did not fully understand myself. It felt like I was living in two worlds at the same time, and neither of them felt fully real.

That night, after I settled into school, something happened again. I found myself standing on water. The water carried me as if it was solid ground. I could not explain it. I stayed there for a long time, maybe an hour,

maybe longer. I did not sink. It was peaceful and confusing at the same time. Then I saw them. Women dressed in white. They were standing around me, but they were not ordinary. Their presence felt different, like they belonged to another place. And in the middle of them, I saw her. The Queen. She walked toward me and placed a ring on my finger. Her voice was calm. “It is time.”

I woke up. And I did not understand what time she was speaking about. But I felt something shift inside me. Something I could not name.

Episode 5
Love at First Sight

Samuel's Point of View

After one month of trying to settle down, I realized something. I was not sent to school just to study. There was something inside me that refused to be quiet. The training my father gave me would not allow me to live an ordinary campus life. So I began to look for people. Not just any people. People who were hungry. People who believed in prayer, in intercession, in seeking God beyond surface level. It was not easy at first, but I found a few. Then a few became more.

We started small. Very small. We gathered on a part of the school field every Tuesday and Thursday evening, from six to eight. There was nothing special about the place physically, but something always happened when we began to pray. At first, it was just intensity. Then it became something else. The presence of God became strong. Not imagination. Not emotions. Real presence. Tangible. People would stand and suddenly fall under the power. Some would begin to speak in tongues without being taught. Some would cry. Some would shake.

I did not try to control it. I only led the prayer. As time went on, the gathering grew. The chaplain noticed and gave us permission to use the hall. That was when everything expanded. What started as a small prayer group became a fellowship. People came from different

places. Some came out of curiosity. Some came out of hunger. Some did not even know why they came. But when they entered, something would happen to them.

One Thursday evening, the atmosphere was different from the beginning. I stood before them and felt something rise inside me. “Spirit of prayer,” I declared, “enter this place now.” The moment the words left my mouth, the atmosphere shifted. It was immediate. People began to fall. Not one, not two. Many. Some cried out. Some began to speak in tongues. Some shook as if something was leaving them. “Let the fire fall,” I said again. And it did. It was not noise. It was not drama. It was power.

A girl suddenly fell and began to shout, “I will not go. I will not go.” I stepped forward. “You spirit,” I said, my voice firm, “leave her now in the name of Jesus.” She screamed, then suddenly went quiet. I bent down and lifted her gently. “You are free,” I told her. “That spirit is gone.” There were others. Some were moving on the ground like serpents. I looked at them and spoke again. “Every spirit operating here, come out in the name of Jesus.” And they stopped. Silence followed. Then healing began. People came forward, complaining of sickness, pain, weakness. I laid hands on them one after another. “Check your body,” I said. They checked. And then the testimonies began. “I am healed.” “The pain is gone.” “I can move again.”

It continued like that. That day, I knew something had fully started. I stood before them again and said, “This is

no longer just a gathering." I paused, then continued, "This is the Holy Ghost Network." The name came naturally. Because that was what it was. The Holy Ghost had taken over completely. From that day, I began to teach more. To preach more. To guide them. But even as things were growing, I did not know that something else had already entered the environment. Something I was not prepared for.

Princess's Point of View

That Thursday evening, I was lying on my bed, trying to rest. Then the voice came. "Stand up." I ignored it at first. I did not feel like moving. "Stand up," it repeated, stronger this time. There was authority in it. Fear rose inside me. 7It felt like if I refused, something bad would happen. I could not explain it, but I knew I had to obey. So I stood up. "Walk out," the voice said. I walked out of my room. "Go right." I turned right. I kept walking.

It was not like I was thinking anymore. It felt like I was being guided step by step. Sometimes I would feel a signal inside me, and I would change direction without questioning it. Then I saw a hall. "Enter," the voice said. I entered. "Sit at the back." I sat down quietly. And I watched. There was a young man at the front, preaching. I did not know him, but something inside me reacted immediately. It was not ordinary attraction. It was recognition. As if something in me already knew him. As if he was part of something connected to me.

I could not explain it. He was speaking about the power of God. About prayer. About spiritual authority. The people around me were responding. Some were crying. Some were falling. I watched everything carefully. After the meeting ended, I stood up and walked toward him. “Greet him,” the voice said. I obeyed. “Pastor, greetings,” I said. He looked at me. There was a pause. I saw it in his eyes. He was looking at me, but not just looking. Something had caught him. “What is your name?” he asked. “Princess,” I replied. “Is this your first time here?” he asked. “Yes.” He nodded. “You are welcome.” He asked for my number. I gave it to him. We exchanged contacts.

Then I turned to leave. As I was walking away, the voice spoke again. “He is looking at you.” I did not turn immediately. But I knew. I could feel it. I walked slowly, aware of myself, aware of the effect I had on him. It was not new to me, but this time it felt different. I knew he was watching me. And for some reason, I did not mind.

Samuel's Point of View

I watched her as she walked away. There was something about her I could not explain. It was not just beauty. I had seen beautiful women before. This was different. This one pulled. Something inside me responded to her without permission. She was walking, and I kept looking. Then suddenly, she turned. Our eyes met. She smiled. It was not just a normal smile. It felt like she was giving me

a go-ahead order. Then she turned back and continued walking.

I stood there for a moment, confused. “What is this?” I muttered to myself. Then I heard a voice say to me: “My son, do not look upon her beauty, for by means of a harlot a man is reduced to a piece of bread” (Proverbs 6:26). I froze. The words settled inside me immediately. This was not ordinary. I turned away and left the hall.

Episode 6
The Spiritual Gift

Princess's Point of View

After the day I went to the hall, everything changed. For two weeks, I did not hear the voice. At first, I was confused. Then slowly, I became happy. I convinced myself that it was over, that whatever had been troubling me had finally left me. I began to live like a normal student again. I attended lectures, read my books, laughed with the few friends I had. One month passed. Then two months. Still, there was silence. I relaxed. I thought I was free.

During that time, Samuel and I grew closer. We spoke often on the phone. Sometimes he would come and meet me under a tree on campus, and we would sit and talk for a long time. I felt safe around him, though I could not explain why. One afternoon, during the second semester, we were sitting together again. He looked at me and asked, “How are you really?” “I’m fine,” I said, smiling. “I’m good.” He nodded slowly. “I want to know you more.”

So I began to talk. I told him about my family, my background, the small details of my life. We laughed and joked. For a moment, everything felt normal. Then I said something I had never fully explained to anyone before. “Sometimes I see things,” I said quietly. He leaned forward. “What kind of things?” “Snakes, shadows and

sometimes a cat at the window. Things people don't see." He became more attentive.

"And... there was a woman," I continued. "She used to talk to me. She kept saying I have an assignment." "What assignment?" he asked immediately. I paused. "I don't know," I said slowly. "I've forgotten." He frowned. "How do you forget something like that?" I shrugged slightly. "School has been stressful. Reading, exams... maybe I just lost track of it." He studied me for a moment. "You're not hiding anything?" "No," I said. "If I remember, I'll tell you."

Then I added something else. "Sometimes I know things before they happen. I see names. I just... know." His expression changed. He became excited. "That is a gift," he said firmly. "A strong one." I looked at him. "A gift?" "Yes," he said. "And it can be used for God." He began to explain how such things could be used in ministry. In evangelism. In helping people. In drawing them closer to God. I listened. But deep inside me, my reason was different. I had already fallen in love with him. From the first day I saw him, there was something about him that drew me in. I wanted to be close to him. I wanted to spend time with him. So when he suggested we go for evangelism together, I agreed immediately. Not because I understood the mission. But because I wanted to walk with him.

Samuel's Point of View

That day changed something for me. Before then, we had spoken casually. But that day, we talked deeply. When she told me about her experiences, I did not see confusion, I saw potential. A strong prophetic gifting. I was excited. “This is good,” I told her. “Very good. God can use this.” I explained to her that it was a gift of the Spirit and that it should not be wasted. I told her we could go out together for evangelism, preach the gospel, and allow God to use her in revealing things to people. She agreed.

So I fixed a day. “Saturday,” I said. “By four in the evening. The sports field. That’s where people gather.” She nodded. “I’ll be there.” That Saturday, we went. I began with preaching. “Jesus loves you,” I told people. “He is calling you. Give your life to Him.” Then I turned to her. “Over to you.” What happened next shocked me. She stepped forward and looked at one of the boys. “As I look at you,” she said, “I see a name. Success.” The boy froze. “That’s my name.”

She continued, calm and precise. “You are from Enugu.” He nodded slowly. “Yes.” “Your mother died two years ago.” The boy broke down immediately. I stood there, watching. This was not guesswork. This was accuracy. She spoke again. “Within one week, someone you have been expecting help from will remember you and favor you.” “Amen,” he said, still crying. We invited him for fellowship. Then we moved to another person. A lady. I began preaching to her. “Jesus is calling you. Give your

life to Him." But Princess interrupted. "Wait," she said. I stepped back.

She looked directly at the girl. "You have a boyfriend. He is short. Dark. His eyes are slightly yellow." The girl's eyes widened. "Yes… how do you know?" "His name is Chibuike," Princess said. The girl gasped. "What about him? Is he okay?" Princess's expression became serious. "He wants to kill you." The girl shook her head. "No. That's not possible." "You had an argument one week ago," Princess continued. "You caught him with another girl. He apologized." The girl's face changed. "That same girl has convinced him to poison you," Princess said calmly.

The girl's hands began to shake. Immediately, she brought out her phone and called him. "Why do you want to kill me?" she shouted as soon as he picked up. I stood there, watching everything unfold. She ended the call, crying. I stepped forward gently. "Jesus loves you," I said. "Will you accept Him?" "Yes," she said immediately. We prayed with her. She gave her life to Christ. We continued like that. One after the other. Many people gave their lives to Christ that day. Her gift was undeniable.

But as we began to leave, something happened. We were walking back slowly, talking lightly. Then suddenly, she stopped and collapsed. I froze. "Princess!" She did not respond. Her body became weak. Her breathing became unstable. Panic rose inside me. I shouted for help. People gathered. Someone brought water. They poured it on her. I knelt beside her, my heart racing. "What is happening?"

I said under my breath. This was not normal. Something was wrong.

Episode 7
The Assignment

Princess's Point of View

When I fell to the ground that evening, I did not feel pain. It was as though my body was left behind, and I was drawn into another realm. I found myself standing again on the surface of a vast river. The water stretched endlessly, calm and silent, yet alive beneath my feet. I knew this place. I had been there before. Then they appeared. Figures clothed in white garments emerged from the distance, moving toward me with quiet certainty. At the center of them was the queen.

I looked at her, confused and unsettled. “I thought you were gone,” I said. She laughed, a low and unsettling sound that carried across the water. “Gone?” she said. “How can I go?” Her eyes fixed on me, sharp and knowing. “I can see you have started doing well with Samuel,” she continued. “Preaching and moving around together.” She smiled, but there was danger in it. “Good. Very good. It is part of the plan. You are getting used to each other.”

Something inside me tightened. “What plan?” I asked. Her expression changed. It became firm, deliberate. “Your assignment,” she said, “is to terminate his destiny.” The words struck me deeply. “To abort it completely. To make sure he never fulfills what he was

sent to do." I shook her head slowly. "How... how am I supposed to do that?"

She lifted her hand slightly, as if presenting options that had long been decided. "There are ways," she said calmly. "You can delay his destiny until old age. Marry him. Become part of his life. Bring him pain, confusion, and distractions. Let him chase survival instead of purpose. Let him forget ministry and begin to pursue money." She paused, watching my face. "Or," she continued, "you can weaken him through lust. Draw him into fornication until he becomes bound by it. Let him depend on it. Even when you are not there, he will seek it elsewhere. His focus will be broken. His strength will fade. If he continues like that, he will destroy others as well, and his assignment will collapse."

My heart was beating fast. She stepped closer. "And if he refuses all of this," she said quietly, "then remove him completely." Silence followed her words. I stared at her, shaken. "I cannot do any of that," I said. Her expression hardened instantly. "You cannot?" she repeated. "I'm sorry," I said, my voice trembling but firm. "I cannot. I... I love him."

There was a sudden stillness among the others. Then the queen laughed again, louder this time, and the others joined her. "Love?" she said. "Do we love in this kingdom?" She moved closer to me, her presence pressing heavily. "Do you even know who you are?" I said nothing. Her voice became deeper, more commanding. "You have lived for many years," she said. "You are not

what you think you are. You are a spirit. A being that has carried out assignments for generations."

As she spoke, something began to shift inside me. Fragments of memory started to rise. "In your last mission," she continued, "you were known as Cynthia. You were sent to destroy the destiny of his father." My head began to ache. "You entered a body," she said. "That is what you do. Sometimes you enter woman's womb from birth. Sometimes you possess ladies, you influence and control them."

Images began to flash before me. "In your previous mission, you possessed a lady called Cynthia in her secondary school days. In this present mission, you entered your current body from birth," she added. "The original child was removed. They called it a miscarriage. They did not understand what happened." My thoughts became unstable. Then the water beneath us began to move. It was like a mirror forming within it. Scenes appeared. I saw moments from my previous missions play before me like a movie.

"Your mission has always been tied to this family," the queen said. "From generation to generation." The images shifted again. "Their weakness is known," she continued. "Pride and sexual immorality. Those are the doors." I watched as scenes unfolded within the water, like silent evidence. "If they become proud, they can fall," she said. "But there is still mercy for them. Their God can show them mercy. They can be corrected."

Her voice became sharper. “But when they fall into sexual immorality, their strength is drained quickly. Their focus is broken. Their spiritual fire weakens. It creates an opening that continues to drain them.” I could not look away. “It is the fastest way,” she said. “The most effective.” My chest felt heavy. “Do not let feelings distract you,” she added. “Do not forget your purpose.”

The images continued to play, and with them came a growing awareness. I began to remember. Her final words came with weight. “If you fail this mission, you will be replaced. You will die on earth and your spirit will return back to us and another will complete what you refused to do.” The moment she finished speaking, everything vanished. The river disappeared. The figures were gone. And suddenly, I opened my eyes.

I was lying on a hospital bed. And beside me was Samuel. The moment he saw my eyes open, relief filled his face. “You’re awake,” he said. The room was quiet. A nurse stood nearby, watching closely. And in that moment, I knew that my mission required urgency.

Episode 8
Confusion and Deception

Samuel's Point of View

I took Princess to her hostel gate that evening. She was still weak from what happened at the field. Her steps were unsteady, and her face carried a kind of exhaustion I could not explain. I wanted to ask her what exactly she saw when she collapsed, but I stopped myself. Something in me resisted pressing her. So I only walked beside her in silence. When we reached the gate, she went in quietly without looking back. I stood there for a moment, watching until she disappeared into the hostel compound. Then I turned and left.

As I walked away, my mind was not at rest. I kept asking myself what had really happened. But there was no clarity. And that disturbed me more than anything else. I had always been able to perceive spiritual things. I could interpret dreams, discern situations, and sense direction in prayer. Yet concerning Princess, there was nothing. No impression. No warning. No understanding. It was as though my inner sight had become blocked.

That night, I received a call from one of the young men in my fellowship. He asked me to interpret a dream he had just woken up from. As he spoke, interpretation came instantly. I did not struggle. I did not search for meaning. The understanding was immediate and precise. When I finished explaining, there was silence on

the other side of the call. Then he spoke with surprise. “That is exactly what I saw.” I told him to pray further about it and ended the call.

But I remained unsettled. Why was I still sensitive to others and completely blind regarding Princess? I began to wonder if something was interfering with my perception. I considered whether my emotions had become a barrier, whether what I felt for her had clouded my spiritual clarity. I did not want to accept that possibility. Later that evening, before I slept, another call came in. It was a lady from the fellowship. Her voice was unstable. She said she had seen something in a dream. She described how, in the dream, she saw a woman come into the fellowship after a meeting and stop my preaching. The woman took the microphone from my hand and led me out of the place, and I followed her without resistance.

As she spoke, a thought formed in my mind: Princess. But I rejected it immediately. I told myself it could not be her. I was strong. I had been trained. No influence could move me away from my assignment. I reassured the girl and ended the call. Yet after I hung up, my thoughts became divided. Part of me said it was nothing. Another part of me suggested caution. But then I shifted the blame in my mind. I told myself it was jealousy, that people were reacting because I had gone out with Princess instead of focusing on others in the fellowship. I convinced myself that it was emotional misunderstanding, not spiritual warning.

I even laughed at the thought. But the laughter did not settle anything. Instead, something deeper kept pressing inside me. Why was Princess so different? She was not even prayerful. She does not speak in tongues. Yet, she was very prophetic. Her expressions, her knowledge, and the things she said did not fit what I understood spiritually. I told myself I would test her to find out if what she carried was truly of God.

Princess's Point of View

It was time for fellowship again. That evening, the Queen of the Coast appeared to me more clearly than before. Her presence was no longer distant or rare. It had become frequent, as though something had opened completely. She told me that Samuel was planning to test me. He wanted to confirm if my gift was real. She said he would watch me closely, especially to see if I could speak in tongues. Then she gave me instructions. I was to imitate it. I was to act it. If I failed, everything would be exposed, and the plan would collapse.

I agreed. When she left, I practiced quietly. I repeated sounds I had heard before, shaping them into what I believed would look convincing. I prepared myself to appear spiritual enough not to raise suspicion. When I arrived at fellowship, the atmosphere was intense. Prayer was already ongoing. The sound of voices filled the room. I observed Samuel closely. He was watching. Carefully. When it was time for prayer, I joined in. I raised my

voice. I moved with the others. I began to speak in the patterns I had rehearsed, making sure it sounded natural, flowing, and convincing.

I noticed his attention shift toward me. That was enough confirmation. He believed it. After a while, I sensed that he was satisfied. I continued until the prayer ended, maintaining the appearance of spiritual depth. Then I received another instruction inwardly: Leave immediately after the service ends. Do not wait for him. Let him look for you. So I left without hesitation. As I walked away, I sensed confusion behind me. I heard people asking questions. I heard Samuel searching. I heard voices calling, but I did not stop.

I continued walking until I reached a distance from the fellowship. Then I heard something faint. Someone speaking about me. A girl's voice. I could not see them clearly, but I could sense the tone. It carried jealousy. It carried resistance. I did not fully understand it, but I felt it. I continued on my way. As I moved closer to the hostel area, I began to notice something unusual. I could hear fragments of conversations from far behind me, as though the distance was not affecting what I could perceive.

I did not understand it. But I accepted it as part of what I was becoming aware of. When I reached my space, I saw missed calls from Samuel. He had been trying to reach me. The instruction came again: Do not respond. Let him miss you. Let him desire you. I followed it. Shortly after, arrangements were made for me to move out of the

campus hostel. A self-contained room was secured outside the school environment. It was presented as convenience. But I understood the reason. Distance would increase influence.

That night, I thought carefully. The options were still before me: to abort his destiny through marriage, through fornication, or to end his life. So I finally decided to go with the second option, which is fornication. As soon as that decision formed in my mind, I felt her presence again. The Queen appeared through my mirror. Her voice was calm but firm. “Begin now.” Then she vanished.

Episode 9
Temptation

Samuel's Point of View

That day began like every other day, but it did not end the same way. Princess called me and said she was not feeling well. Her voice sounded weak, almost breaking, and she said she needed someone to stay with her. She sounded serious, not like someone exaggerating. I told her I would come immediately. I had just finished praying, and as I stood up to leave my room, there was a quiet resistance inside me. It was not loud, but it was clear enough to notice. Something within me was not comfortable with the decision. But I ignored it.

What I felt for her was stronger in that moment. I convinced myself it was compassion, that I was only going to help someone who needed care. As I stepped out, I hit my left leg hard against the edge of the door. The pain was sharp, and before long, I noticed blood coming out. I went back inside to clean it. I did not think much of it. After that, I set out again. As I passed by the field on campus, some students were playing football. Suddenly, the ball flew out of nowhere and hit me, staining my clothes. I became irritated. “What kind of careless play is this?” I said.

They began apologizing immediately, but I was already upset. I turned back for a moment, considering whether to cancel the visit entirely. Two interruptions. One after

the other. But then my phone rang. It was Princess. “Are you coming?” she asked, her voice sounding even weaker than before. At that moment, every hesitation disappeared. “I’m on my way,” I told her. I left again, this time without turning back. I went outside the campus to her new place. When I arrived and the door opened, I stopped. What I saw unsettled me.

She was not dressed like someone who was sick. Her clothing was revealing, and it exposed more of her body than was appropriate. It did not match the condition she had described over the phone. For a moment, I stood at the door, unsure. “Come in,” she said softly. Her voice still sounded weak. I stepped inside. I sat down where she directed me, still trying to understand what was going on. She began to talk about her condition. She spoke about how her body was hurting, and how she occasionally coughed. I brought water for her and helped her drink.

Then she said her back was hurting. “Can you help me massage it?” she asked. Without thinking deeply, I agreed. I started gently, focusing only on helping her feel better. But as I continued, she began to guide my hands to different parts of her body. Her waist, her shoulders, her neck. Something began to shift. My thoughts were no longer as clear as they had been before. Then she handed me a cream and asked me to continue. As I did, her reactions became unusual. The sounds she made were not consistent with someone in pain. They carried a

different meaning, one that began to affect my mind and my body.

A strong pull rose within me. It was sudden and intense. Before I could fully process it, she pulled me toward her, and I found myself too close, closer than I should have been. For a brief moment, I understood what she wanted. And I knew what could happen next. But something within me resisted strongly. It rose up without warning. I pulled away immediately and stood up. “What is this?” I said firmly. “What are you trying to do?” She looked at me, then lowered her voice. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I just… I love you.”

Anger replaced what I had felt earlier. “Is this what you call love?” I asked. I was no longer confused. I was alert. “Do not try this again,” I told her. She tried to come closer, trying to explain, trying to calm the situation, but I stepped back. “I thought you said you were sick,” I said. “You could not even stand, but now you are moving freely. What is going on?” She continued to apologize, but I did not stay. I walked out and shut the door behind me. As I left, I felt a deep sense of relief. I knew I had escaped something. Something serious.

Princess's Point of View

The moment he left, I stopped pretending. The apologies, the pleading, the emotional display, all of it ended instantly. I stood still for a moment, then smiled to myself. So that approach did not work. I thought

carefully. If he could resist that level of pressure, then it meant something was holding him back strongly. It meant he still had a boundary he would not easily cross. So I changed strategy. If he would not fall quickly, then I would take a longer path.

The path of Marriage. If I could not draw him in immediately, then I would bind him gradually. Through the covenant of marriage, I will have more access over his entire life. I will cause him trouble in his own house and he will give up on his mission on earth.

Samuel's Point of View

After that day, I avoided her calls. She tried several times, but I did not respond. Still, I saw her in fellowship. She would come, pray seriously, and leave immediately after the service ended. She no longer waited, no longer tried to speak with me. She would just greet me casually and leave. At first, I was cautious. Then gradually, I began to think differently. Maybe she had realized her mistake. Maybe she had changed. One evening, she called again. This time, I answered.

Her voice was soft and filled with regret. “I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean to act that way. I was carried away.” Before she could say more, I stopped her. “It’s okay,” I said. “Don’t worry about it.” I also apologized for how I reacted. Then she explained herself again, saying her feelings had overwhelmed her. I listened. And then,

without planning it, I said something unexpected. “I care about you too,” I told her.

There was a pause. “Really?” she asked. “Yes,” I said. Then I added, “But we cannot do things the wrong way.” “What is the right way?” she asked. “We get married,” I said. There was silence again, but this time it felt different. She agreed. We spoke briefly about the future and agreed that it would happen after our graduation. When the call ended, I felt settled. I believed I had made the right decision.

Princess’s Point of View

After the call, I stood in front of the mirror and declared: "Samuel! Samuel!! Samuel!!! Your destiny will be cut short. Your assignment will never be fulfilled. You will keep striving in vain until your time runs out. It is done!!!" Then I turned away and lay down.

Episode 10
Confrontation

Elias's Point of View

I have lived long enough to see many seasons pass. My body has grown weak with age, and my physical eyes no longer see as clearly as they once did. Yet my spiritual eyes has not failed me. The years have not taken away my spiritual awareness. Some years after my son Samuel finished his studies at the university, he moved to Lagos and began working. From everything he told me, his life appeared to be in order. He had a stable job that paid him well, and alongside that, he remained active in the work of God. He assisted a pastor in a church and was responsible for the youth. He also continued the fellowship he had started during his time in school, moving it outside the campus and organizing regular meetings. On Saturdays, they held revival gatherings, and on Sundays, he served in the church.

Each time he spoke about these things, I listened with quiet satisfaction. I believed he was walking in the path I had prayed for him to follow. Then one Christmas season, he informed us that he would be coming home. My wife and I prepared for his arrival with joy. We arranged the house, cooked his favorite meals, and waited eagerly to receive him. When he finally arrived and opened the door, I saw that he was not alone. He came in with a young woman. At first, there was nothing

unusual about that. A man bringing a woman home is a normal thing. But the moment my eyes rested on her, something rose within me with force and clarity.

I stood up immediately. The way I rose surprised even me. Strength entered my body in a way that did not match my age. I was no longer moving like an old man. I stood as someone alert, someone who had recognized something serious. Samuel noticed my reaction and became confused. I looked at the young woman, then back at my son. “Who is this?” I asked. He answered without hesitation, smiling slightly as though everything was in order. “This is Princess,” he said. “The woman I want to marry. I brought her to introduce her to you.”

His words settled heavily in my heart. I turned fully to the girl and fixed my eyes on her. “Who are you?” I asked. She tried to remain calm, though I could see uncertainty in her eyes. “Sir, my name is Princess,” she replied. “I am from Anambra State.” I shook my head slowly. “That is not what I asked you,” I said firmly. “I am asking you again. Who are you, and where are you coming from?” She glanced at Samuel, as if looking for help, then back at me. At that point, I stepped forward slightly and spoke with more authority. “Stop pretending,” I said. “Do not treat this as a joke. I am not a child, and I know what I am seeing.”

Samuel became uncomfortable. I could feel the tension rising in the room, but I did not withdraw. I pointed directly at her. “I know you,” I said. “You are not who you claim to be. You are operating through a human body,

but you are not human. You have been sent to interfere with his life and destroy what he carries." Silence filled the room. The girl held herself together and spoke carefully. "Sir, I do not understand what you are saying," she said. "I think I should leave." Without waiting for permission, she turned and walked out.

Samuel followed her immediately, trying to calm her and apologize. I called him back sharply. "Samuel," I said, "are you thinking clearly?" He turned to face me, and I could see anger building in him. "After everything I taught you," I continued, "you cannot discern what is before you? Is this what you have become?" His face hardened as he listened. "Dad," he said, "you have gone too far this time." There was pain in his voice, but it was mixed with frustration. "I have respected you," he continued, "but this is too much. Not everything is what you think. You cannot turn everything into something spiritual."

At that moment, my wife came out from the kitchen, drawn by the raised voices. Before she could even ask what was happening, Samuel spoke again. "Mom, I'm leaving," he said. She looked confused, but he did not wait for her response. He turned and walked out of the house. I stood there, watching him go, and a deep grief settled in my heart. When the house became quiet again, I sat down slowly and explained everything that had happened to my wife. I could see concern in her eyes as she listened, but what weighed on me most was not what

I had seen. It was the fact that my son could no longer see it.

Princess's Point of View

I walked quickly until I was far from the house. The atmosphere inside that place had been too intense for me to remain there any longer. There was a force in that man's presence that pressed against me in a way I had not expected. Even at his age, he still carried authority. The way he spoke, the confidence in his voice, and the certainty in his words made it clear that he could see beyond what others saw. He was not someone to take lightly. For a brief moment, I realized how close everything had come to being exposed.

If Samuel had listened to him without hesitation, the situation could have changed completely. But he did not, and that gave me an advantage. I understood something clearly in that moment: Samuel could still be influenced. His emotions were the opening I needed. As long as that connection remained, I could reach him and guide his decisions without resistance. Not long after, I sensed him coming after me. Immediately, I adjusted myself. Outwardly, I appeared hurt and offended, as though I had been deeply embarrassed by what happened. But within me, I was calm and observant. Everything was still under control.

Samuel's Point of View

I followed her outside, trying to catch up with her. I felt deeply embarrassed by what had happened in the house. I kept apologizing, trying to explain that my father did not mean harm and that he had misunderstood the situation. She remained quiet for a while, and her silence made me more uneasy. After walking for some distance, I suggested we go somewhere quieter to talk. She agreed, and we found a place where we could sit.

For a moment, neither of us spoke. Then a thought came to me, clear and undeniable: I had not prayed about this. All along, I had been moving based on how I felt, convinced that my emotions were enough to guide me. But I had not taken time to truly seek direction concerning this relationship. I turned to her and spoke carefully. “I need one week,” I said. She looked at me, confused. “One week for what?” she asked. “To pray,” I replied. “I need to pray about us and about this decision.”

Her expression changed slightly, and I could tell she was not comfortable with what I said. “You don’t need to pray about this,” she said. “You already know how you feel.” But I shook my head. “I still need to pray,” I said firmly. That was something I could not ignore. No matter how I felt, I could not remove prayer from something this important. After a brief pause, she agreed, though without enthusiasm. We parted ways later that evening. As I walked away, my thoughts were no longer settled. For the first time in a long while, I realized that I needed

clarity, not from my emotions, but from a place I have always known—the place of prayer.

Episode 11
The War Between Good and Evil

Elias's Point of View

That same day my son left the house in anger, my wife and I sat together in silence for a long time. What had just happened weighed heavily on both of us. She was deeply shocked by everything I had said and by the way Samuel reacted. I could see fear in her eyes, but it was not fear of me. It was fear for our son. When I finished explaining what I had discerned, we both understood that this was not an ordinary matter. It was not something we could handle with casual prayers or light concern. It required urgency, discipline, and spiritual focus.

We agreed that night to set aside seven days for a fruit fast. Each day, we would eat only once, in the evening, and only fruits. The rest of the day would be given entirely to prayer. We did not approach it as a routine exercise. We approached it as a battle for the destiny of our son. From the first day, we gave ourselves fully to it.

We prayed with intensity and with clarity. We declared the word of God over Samuel. We called his name before the Lord again and again. We asked for mercy, for protection, and for divine intervention. We spoke against every form of manipulation, every hidden influence, and every force that was working to divert his path. We asked that light would break through any confusion

surrounding him. We asked that his spiritual understanding would be restored. We called upon God to surround him with protection and to frustrate every plan that had been set against his life. Day after day, we continued without weakening. By the sixth day, there was a deep urgency in my spirit. It was as though something was reaching a turning point.

Samuel's Point of View

I began my 7 days fasting and prayer. It was a fruit fast, and I followed it strictly. Throughout the day, I stayed away from food, and by evening, I broke the fast lightly with fruits. More than the fasting itself, I gave myself to prayer. At first, my mind was unsettled. There were too many thoughts, too many emotions, and too many conflicting impressions. But as the days went by, something began to shift.

By the sixth night, after I had spent time in prayer, I fell asleep. That night, I had a dream. In the dream, I saw myself living in a house with Princess as my wife. Everything appeared normal at first. The house was quiet, and our children were present. There were four of them, two boys and two girls. Then I prepared to leave the house. I told her I was going for a program abroad, in the United Kingdom, where I was invited to minister to young people. Immediately, her expression changed. “You are not going anywhere,” she said.

Her voice was firm, and it carried a kind of resistance that was difficult to ignore. I tried to explain. “This is not just any trip,” I said. “God has sent me. I need to go.” But she refused. “You will stay here,” she insisted. “You have children to take care of. You cannot abandon your responsibilities.” Her tone grew harsher with each word. I felt uneasy, but I held my ground. “Before all this,” I said, “I had a calling. I cannot abandon it.”

She became angry. Her face changed, and her eyes carried a strange intensity. “If you step out of that door,” she said, “you will regret it.” Despite her warning, I picked up my Bible and walked toward the door. The moment I stepped out, everything changed. She grabbed a bottle and struck my head with it. The impact was violent, and the bottle shattered instantly. I felt a sharp pain as blood began to flow down my face. I cried out. Before I could recover, she came at me again and forced me to the ground. She pressed her hands tightly against my neck, choking me.

I struggled, trying to breathe, trying to call for help. The children were there. They stood watching. But instead of helping, they laughed. Their voices echoed around me as they shouted, encouraging her. “Kill him.” Their words filled the room. I tried to shout for help, but my voice weakened. My strength began to fade as the pressure on my neck increased. Then suddenly, I woke up. My body was shaking. Sweat covered my skin, and my heart was beating fast. The dream felt too real to ignore. I sat up, trying to steady myself. “This is not ordinary,” I said

quietly. Deep within me, I already knew what it meant. It was not just a dream. It was a warning.

That morning, I did not call Princess. I could not. My hands trembled whenever I looked at my phone. Fear had entered me, not the kind that comes from confusion, but the kind that comes from realization. Before long, my phone began to ring. It was her. I stared at the screen, unable to pick the call. Then suddenly, there was a knock on my door. When I opened it, she was standing there. I froze. “How did you get here?” I asked. She smiled faintly. “I was already on my way,” she said. I stepped aside slowly and allowed her in. My mind was no longer at rest.

“What is it?” I asked. She looked directly at me. “Your fasting is ending today,” she said. “I need your answer.” Her tone was calm, but there was pressure behind it. “I will come to your place in the evening,” I said. “Let me finish the fast first.” She shook her head. “I’m not leaving,” she said. “I will wait here.” Before I could respond, she moved and locked the door. I felt a sudden tension rise within me. “Why did you lock the door?” I asked.

She did not answer immediately. Instead, she turned to me. “Tell me your answer,” she said. My throat felt dry. “I had a dream,” I said slowly. “Tell me,” she replied sharply. Her tone made me uneasy, but I continued. I explained everything I saw. As I spoke, her expression changed. When I finished, she looked at me with intensity. “So what are you saying?” she asked. “Are you

saying you will not marry me?” Something rose within me. Despite the fear, I found the courage to speak. “Yes,” I said. “We cannot continue.”

Her eyes widened. “Because of a dream?” she asked. “It is not just a dream,” I replied. “It is a revelation.” The moment I said those words, everything changed. Her calmness disappeared. She began to shout. She grabbed objects around the room and threw them violently. The television crashed to the ground. Chairs were overturned. Tables were broken. I tried to stop her, but she pushed me back with a force that shocked me. Her strength was not normal. I stumbled and hit the wall hard. Pain shot through my body. I stood up again, trying to calm her, but she struck me, and I was thrown back again.

At that moment, I knew. This was not human strength. I looked at her, and what I saw unsettled me completely. Her eyes had changed. They carried a strange redness that did not belong to a normal person. Her voice changed as well. It no longer sounded like one person speaking. It echoed, as if multiple voices were speaking through her. “If one plan fails,” she said, “another will work.” Fear gripped me. She produced a knife. I did not see where it came from. One moment her hands were empty, and the next moment, it was there.

“This is the final option,” she said. I ran toward the door, but it would not open. I tried the back entrance, but it was locked as well. Panic rose inside me. I turned back, pleading. “Please, don’t do this,” I said. “We can talk.”

She moved closer. “There is nothing to talk about,” she said. I tried to call the name of Jesus, but my voice failed me. It was as though the atmosphere itself had become heavy. My strength left me. I could not move. She raised the knife. And in one swift motion, she drove it into me. The pain was unbearable. In few seconds, I dropped dead.

Princess's Point of View

When it was done, I stood still for a moment. There was no struggle left. The mission was complete. Samuel was now dead and his destiny aborted. I felt a strange satisfaction settle within me. It was calm and certain, without doubt. I cleaned myself carefully and arranged the place in a way that would not immediately raise suspicion. Then I stepped out as though nothing had happened.

Later, in my room, I allowed myself to relax. I played music. I moved freely, without tension. Then she appeared. The Queen. “Well done,” she said. Her voice carried approval. “You will be rewarded.” She told me I would be promoted to a higher level in the marine kingdom for accomplishing the mission. Then she disappeared. I continued as if everything was normal. That evening, I went out. The night was alive with noise and movement. I blended into the crowd easily, moving from one place to another, speaking, laughing, and dancing as though nothing had changed. And no one knew what had been done.

Episode 12
The Final Battle

Elias's Point of View

On the final day of the fast, my wife and I rose early and set our hearts fully on prayer. The burden in my spirit had not lifted. If anything, it had grown heavier with each passing day. I knew we had reached a decisive moment. We prayed with focus and intensity, not allowing distraction or fatigue to weaken us. My wife stood beside me, her voice steady, her faith firm. Together, we called upon God for our son.

But at a point, I separated myself and spoke directly from the depth of my heart. “Lord,” I said, “do not let my son end up like me. Do not let him fail you. Strengthen him. Restore his fire. Open his eyes. Let him remember who he is. Let him stand in his calling. He shall not fail. He will not fail.” I repeated those words with conviction, as though I was pushing them into the spirit. There was no doubt in my heart that something significant was happening beyond what I could see.

Samuel's Point of View

I became aware of myself in a place that did not feel like the physical world. There was no ground beneath my feet, yet I was not falling. I was suspended in a vast space filled entirely with light. There were no walls, no

boundaries, and no shadows. The light was not harsh, yet it was overwhelming in its purity. For a moment, I did not understand where I was. Then I heard a voice. It did not come from a direction. It surrounded me, echoing through the light itself.

“Samuel… Thou art fire. Lo, I have sent thee forth into the world to burn and to shine. Thou art a burning and a shining light to thy kin. I have called thee to be a prophet. Arise and take thy place, for the hour is come to manifest thy destiny.”

As the voice spoke, something within me awakened. Then I began to see. Scenes unfolded before me in rapid succession. I saw my childhood, the moments my father trained me in prayer and discipline. I saw the days of fasting, the long hours in the Word, the instructions, the corrections, the shaping of my life. I saw my time in the university, the fellowship, the souls that were reached, the hunger I once carried. Then I saw where things began to shift. I saw myself meeting Princess. I saw every step, every decision, every compromise in perception, every moment I ignored what I should have seen.

Then I saw the moment she stabbed me. The memory was clear and undeniable. Everything came together at once. And in that moment, my understanding returned. At once I knew who I was. I knew what I carried. Something like fire rose within me, not physically, but in a way that I could feel with certainty. My awareness became sharp. My authority became clear. Then I saw something else. I saw my father and my mother praying.

They were not in the same place as me, but I could see them clearly. Their voices were intense, their hearts fully engaged. “Lord, open his eyes,” my father was saying. “Let him see who he is. Do not let him fail.”

Their prayers reached me. And suddenly, everything disappeared. I opened my eyes. I was lying on the floor of my kitchen. There was blood on my clothes. The pain returned to my body, but it did not control me. I saw the knife. For a moment, I stood still, processing everything. Then I stood up slowly. “So this is what has been happening,” I said. There was no confusion anymore. Without hesitation, I left the house and went straight to her place. When I got there, I knocked on the door. She opened it. The moment she saw me, her expression broke completely. She stepped backward and fell to the ground, her eyes wide with fear. She had not expected to see me again. I stepped forward. “It is over for you,” I said calmly. “You will not continue here.”

Princess's Point of View

When I opened the door and saw him standing there, I lost control of myself. Fear struck me immediately. I had seen him die, yet he stood before me, alive. I fell backward, unable to hold my balance. “You do not belong here,” I said, my voice shaking. “You are dead.” He looked at me steadily. “I am not dead,” he said. “I am alive.” My mind could not process it. “But I killed you,” I said.

He stepped closer. “You have done enough,” he said. “You will now return to where you came from. You spirit from the water!” The words he began to speak unsettled me deeply. He spoke with authority, not confusion. He spoke as someone who understood. I stepped back slowly. Something had changed. He was no longer the same. Then he began to declare words that carried weight. As he spoke, I felt pressure build around me. It was not something I could resist. It pressed against me, weakening me, exposing me.

Then it became unbearable. I felt heat, like fire, rising against me. I screamed. My body lost control, and I fell to the ground. Movements I could not control overtook me. I tried to resist, but I could not. For the first time, I understood clearly: I had failed. This mission was no longer in my control. Fear replaced everything else. I got up suddenly and ran. I did not look back. As I ran toward the road, a voice echoed around me. It was her. The Queen. “You have failed,” the voice said. The words struck deeply. Before I could process anything further, I got hit by a car and everything ended.

Samuel's Point of View

I returned to my house after the battle. The place was still in disorder from what had happened earlier. I began to arrange what I could, putting things back into place. Some things were beyond repair, but I focused on restoring what was possible. After a few days, I received

the news. Princess was dead. She had been hit by a vehicle on the road. I asked for the time it happened. When I heard it, I paused. It matched the exact period she ran out of the house during the confrontation.

I remained silent for a moment. There was no confusion in my mind about what had taken place. People began to reach out, and eventually, her family was informed. Her mother was devastated. When I spoke with her, she cried deeply. “My only daughter,” she said. I tried to comfort her, but I could not explain everything that had happened. There were things she would not understand, and there were things I could not say. So I kept it to myself. After some time, when everything had settled, I packed my things and prepared to travel. I needed to go home. I needed to see my father. There were things that had to be said. And things that had to be understood.

Episode 13
The Good Fight of Faith

Elias's Point of View

I was seated in the quiet of my home, studying my Bible, when Samuel walked in. My wife had stepped out to the market, so the house was still. I did not expect him, and for a brief moment, I simply looked at him in silence. Then he rushed toward me. Before I could speak, he fell into my arms, weeping deeply. His words came out broken at first, but I understood him. He was apologizing. He was sorry for how he had spoken to me, for how he had acted, for how he had walked away.

I held him firmly and lifted him up. “No,” I said gently. “It is all right. You are home.” I embraced him for a while, then guided him to sit. I could see that his heart was heavy, and I knew there were many things he wanted to say. We remained quiet for some time, allowing the moment to settle. Then he spoke. “The girl… she is gone,” he said. I looked at him carefully. “Gone to where?” “She is dead,” he replied.

He went on to explain everything. He spoke about what had happened, about the confrontation, about the accident, and about the call to her family. He spoke about her mother’s grief, how she cried, how she could not understand what had happened to her only daughter. Then Samuel asked me a question that revealed the weight in his heart. “What will happen to her parents

now? They do not know the truth. They think they lost a child."

I remained quiet for a moment before answering. "My son," I said, "there are things in this world that many people do not understand. Not everyone walking in a human body is truly human in origin." He looked at me, listening carefully. "There are spirits," I continued, "that operate in human form. Some enter through invitation. When a person gives themselves consistently to certain habits, they open a door. A life of sin is not just a moral issue; it is a spiritual gateway. When a person repeatedly obeys a destructive influence, that influence gains ground until it begins to control the person."

I paused, allowing him to absorb it. "There are also deeper operations," I said quietly. "There are cases where a spirit takes the place of a child before birth and grows within a family as though it belongs there. The parents may never know. They will love the child, raise the child, and mourn that child, not knowing the true nature of what they carried."

Samuel's expression changed as understanding settled in. "That girl," I continued, "came into my life years ago under a different name. She tried to destroy me, but by the mercy of God, I escaped. Now she came again, this time after you." I leaned closer to him. "You must understand this clearly. Your life is not ordinary. There are forces that will always attempt to resist your purpose. That is why you must remain strong. You must stay in

prayer, in the Word, and in discipline. You cannot afford to be careless."

He nodded slowly. "What has happened now," I said, "is not just deliverance for you. Something has shifted in this family. A pattern has been broken. What affected previous generations will not continue through you." I lifted my eyes briefly in gratitude. "Your children will walk in a different dimension. They will not struggle the way others struggled. They will know God early. They will grow strong in Him."

Then I placed my hand on his shoulder. "Fight the good fight of faith," I said. "Hold firmly to what you have received. Do not lose your ground." I paused, then added quietly, quoting the words that had carried me through many seasons: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." I looked at him again. "I may not have done everything perfectly in my time," I said, "but I thank God that I raised you strong enough to stand where I could not." Emotion filled my voice, but I kept it steady. "Come," I said. "Let us pray."

Samuel's Point of View

After that conversation, something settled within me. There was peace where confusion had once been. Life moved forward. In time, I married. The woman I married was someone I had known from fellowship, someone I once misunderstood. What I had earlier thought was jealousy was simply concern I had failed to discern.

Our marriage was stable and peaceful. We grew together, both spiritually and in understanding. In time, we were blessed with children. We had twins. Two boys. They were full of life, and as they grew, we watched them closely, guiding them in the ways of God. One morning, when they were about five years old, I stepped into their room quietly. I did not want to disturb them, but what I saw made me stop where I stood.

They were holding hands. They were praying. Not casually, but with focus and intensity. Then I heard them speaking in tongues. I remained still, watching them in silence. There was no confusion in what they were doing. It was natural to them, as though it had always been part of their lives. Then they began to speak words from Scripture, clearly and confidently, words we had not yet taught them.

I stepped back slowly and returned to my room. “My wife,” I said, “come and see something.” She followed me, and together we stood quietly at the door, watching. When we returned to the room, she looked at me in amazement. “This is not ordinary,” she said. I nodded. “It is the result of what God has done,” I replied. “The oppression that followed this family has been broken.” I stepped outside the house and looked up at the sky. “Thank you, Jesus,” I said softly. “Thank you for your mercy.” There was no pride in my heart, only gratitude. “My generation will know You,” I said. “And they will walk with You without struggle.”

Princess's Point of View

I found myself again in the realm I once belonged to. The consequences of failure were not light. I was punished severely for failing in that mission. The devil does not forgive. Time passed in ways I could not measure. Eventually, I was brought before the assembly once more. The queen stood and addressed me. “You failed in that family,” she said. “You will not return there again. Their path is no longer under your influence.” Her words were final.

“But your assignment continues elsewhere,” she added. “You will go again. You will find another opening. You will work through those who invite you.” I understood what that meant. There are always doors. There are always people who choose shortcuts, who embrace compromise, who open themselves to influence without understanding the cost. And through such openings, operations continue.

Elias's Point of View

In the quiet of my later years, I sat and reflected. My body had grown weaker, but my spirit remained alert. As I prayed one evening, my understanding opened, and I saw something ahead. A generation was rising. A people who would not easily fall. A people who would carry conviction, strength, and authority.

They would not be easily entangled. They would not be easily deceived. They would stand firm, and through them, many would return to God. They would carry fire in their bones. The altar of prayer will be their dwelling place. They would confront darkness without fear, and they would prevail. I rested in that vision. That was enough for me. That was the end of my journey.

END OF MINISTER ELIAS

To God be the Glory

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***

If this book has blessed your life, remember to say a prayer for the author, Anthony Ijere, that the fire of God will continually burn on his altar. Also, as a free gift of love to him and the ministry, to help publish or produce more of these impactful books, your contributions in cash or in kind are warmly welcomed.

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Most importantly: Please feel free to continue sharing these free books as a tool of evangelism. We have been receiving testimonies of how lives are being touched, and we give all glory to God.

About the AUTHOR

Anthony Ijere is a contemporary Nigerian Christian author, novelist, and spiritual teacher dedicated to inspiring believers through the written word. Based in Ahoada, Rivers State, he combines deep biblical insight with engaging storytelling to encourage spiritual growth, faith, deliverance, ministry and godly living.

Anthony's works explore themes of prayer, destiny, spiritual warfare, obedience, and personal transformation, offering practical guidance for living a life that glorifies God. His writing reflects a unique blend of narrative creativity and devotional teaching, making complex spiritual truths accessible and relatable, particularly within the Nigerian context.

A passionate servant of God, Anthony draws inspiration from sermons by notable ministers such as Apostle Joshua Selman, infusing his books with principles that strengthen faith and awaken spiritual potential. Beyond writing, he mentors young people, ministers in local communities, and leads initiatives that cultivate prayer, purpose, and Christian character.

Through his books, Anthony Ijere seeks to equip believers to fulfill their divine calling, walk in excellence, and leave a lasting legacy for Christ.

