

PRISCILLA

AND THE CAMPUS INVESTIGATION

ANTHONY IJERE

BOOKS BY ANTHONY IJERE

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AND MORE…

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Dedication

This story is dedicated to God Almighty, the One who gives strength to stand, and courage to face dangerous and difficult situations. He is the One who empowers us to rise when fear tries to silence us and to walk boldly when circumstances become overwhelming.

It is also dedicated to every person, anywhere in the world, who desires strength to stand firm in fearful seasons and to overcome situations that seem greater than them, this story is for you.

It is further dedicated to those whom God has placed in specific locations, schools, or environments for a divine purpose. To those who may not fully understand why they are where they are, yet have been positioned by God to manifest His authority, bring light, and make impact in hidden or difficult places, this story is for you.

May courage rise within you as you read. May fear lose its grip over your life. And may the Holy Spirit fill you with boldness, strength, and unwavering faith to stand and fulfill your purpose in Jesus' name.

Prologue

In Priscilla's own words

I remember clearly how it all began. I had written my JAMB with confidence. I believed I would gain admission into my first choice school without any difficulty. I had planned everything in my mind. I knew where I wanted to go, what I wanted to study, and how my life would move forward. But it did not happen that way. My first choice did not offer me admission. I waited, hoping for my second choice. I told myself it would work out. But that one also passed without any positive response.

I was confused and disappointed. Then there was the third choice. Unity University. To be honest, I did not choose that school because I truly wanted it. I only filled it in to complete the form. It was just an option, nothing more. Then one day, a message came. I was invited to come and write an aptitude test. I remember staring at the message for a long time. I did not feel excited. I did not feel hopeful. I felt frustrated. Out of everything I wanted, this was not it.

Still, I went. On the day of the test, I sat in the hall with little interest. My mind was not there. I wrote carelessly. I did not put in my best. In fact, I expected

nothing from it. But something happened that I could not explain. I passed. When I saw the result, I was shocked. It did not make sense to me at the time. I knew how I had written that exam. I knew I did not deserve that result based on my effort.

But I did not understand that there was a greater hand at work. God had already decided something. At that time, I murmured. I complained. I was not happy. I felt like life had taken me to a place I did not choose. People around me tried to encourage me. “Just go,” they said. “A school is a school. What matters is your future.” I listened, but my heart was not fully settled.

Reluctantly, I accepted the admission. I packed my things and prepared to leave. I did not know that I was stepping into something far bigger than education. I did not know that the place I did not choose… had been chosen for me. If you read this story, you will understand why.

Episode One
Arrival

Priscilla arrived at Unity University on a calm morning in Imo State, carrying two bags and a quiet excitement that settled gently in her heart. The campus was already alive with movement. Students walked in small groups, some dragging boxes, others laughing as they reunited with friends. It was the beginning of a new session, and everything felt fresh. She paused for a moment at the gate, taking in the wide roads, the tall buildings, and the steady flow of people. This was where she would study law. This was where her journey would begin.

She adjusted the strap of her bag and walked toward the hostel office. After completing the necessary clearance, a porter helped her carry her things to the hostel block. The building stood firm and simple, painted in light colors that had slightly faded under the sun. It was not luxurious, but it was comfortable enough for students who came with purpose.

A matron led her upstairs. “This is your room,” the woman said, opening the door. Priscilla stepped inside and looked around. The room was modest. Two beds were placed on opposite sides, each with a small

reading table beside it. A window stood between the beds, allowing light to fall gently into the room. It was quiet, clean, and orderly. “Two students per room,” the matron added. “Your roommate is not here yet.” Priscilla nodded. “Thank you, ma.” The matron left, and the door closed softly behind her.

Priscilla placed her bags on one of the beds and sat down for a moment. She breathed in slowly, letting the reality of the moment settle within her. She had always been a cheerful person, someone who easily connected with people, but she also knew why she was here. Her studies mattered deeply to her, and she had already made up her mind to stay focused. She stood up and began arranging her things. She spread her bedsheet neatly, arranged her books on the table, and placed her clothes carefully in the small wardrobe. As she worked, a quiet sense of order filled the room.

Not long after, the door opened again. A young lady stepped in, carrying a bag and looking slightly tired from the journey. She paused when she saw Priscilla, then offered a small smile. “Hello,” she said. Priscilla returned the smile warmly. “Hello. You must be my roommate.” “Yes. My name is Hannah.” “I’m Priscilla. You’re welcome.” Hannah stepped inside fully and closed the door behind her. She looked around briefly,

then placed her bag on the second bed. “I’m glad I didn’t meet an empty room,” Hannah said. “It feels better this way.” Priscilla laughed softly. “I was just thinking the same thing.”

There was a brief silence, not awkward, just new. Then it passed. “Where are you from?” Hannah asked as she began to unpack. “Port Harcourt,” Priscilla replied. “And you?” “Owerri.” “That’s close,” Priscilla said. “You won’t miss home too much.” Hannah smiled. “I think I still will.” They both laughed gently, and the room began to feel less unfamiliar.

As they settled in, their conversation flowed easily. They spoke about their courses, their expectations, and small things that made them comfortable around each other. Priscilla noticed that Hannah was calm and thoughtful. Hannah, on the other hand, saw that Priscilla was lively but carried a quiet seriousness when she spoke about her studies. By evening, the room no longer felt like a place for strangers. It had begun to take the shape of something shared.

Priscilla sat by the window later that night, looking out at the campus lights. Students moved in the distance, voices rising and falling in soft echoes. Everything seemed normal, peaceful, and full of promise. She did

not yet know that beneath that calm surface, something was already moving quietly, something that would soon demand her attention. For now, it was just her first night. And it felt like the beginning of something she could not yet explain.

Episode Two
The Warning

The morning came quietly. Priscilla woke up before dawn, at a time when most of the campus was still asleep. The room was dim, and the air carried a gentle stillness. She sat up on her bed, bowed her head briefly, and whispered a short prayer before stepping down. She wore a light sweater, slipped on her sandals, and stepped out of the room without making noise.

The corridor was empty. Outside, the sky was just beginning to lighten. A faint blue stretched across the horizon, and the air felt cool against her skin. It was the kind of morning that made it easy to pray. Priscilla began her prayer walk. She moved slowly along the paths of the campus, speaking quietly under her breath. Her words were not hurried. They flowed gently, rising from a place of sincerity. She prayed for her studies, for understanding, and for strength to remain focused. At intervals, she paused, lifting her eyes slightly as though listening inwardly before continuing.

Her steps carried her farther than she expected. Soon, she approached the main gate of the university. The area was quiet, with only the security post standing in

silence. A few vehicles were parked at a distance, and the road beyond the gate stretched empty. As she turned to head back, something caught her attention. A poster was fixed to a nearby wall. It was not large, but it stood out against the plain surface. Priscilla walked closer, her curiosity drawing her in. She leaned slightly forward and read the words carefully: "NOTICE. Ladies, avoid late night movement. Some ladies never returned."

She frowned. The words were simple, but they carried weight. For a moment, she just stood there, looking at the poster again as though expecting it to explain itself further. “What does this mean?” she whispered. Her mind began to turn, but she stopped herself. She did not want to dwell on it. It was her first full morning on campus, and she had already decided to remain focused. Whatever it meant, she told herself it was probably a warning that had already been handled. She stepped back and exhaled softly. Then she turned and continued her prayer walk.

As she made her way back toward the hostel, the thought lingered at the edge of her mind, but she refused to give it full attention. She kept praying, deliberately guiding her thoughts away from confusion. By the time she returned to the room,

Hannah was awake. “You went out?” Hannah asked, stretching slightly. “Yes,” Priscilla replied, sitting on her bed. “Just a short prayer walk.” Hannah nodded. “You’re serious.” Priscilla smiled faintly. “I have to be.”

They got ready for the day and soon left for lectures together. The campus had fully awakened now. Students moved in groups, voices filled the air, and the quiet of the early morning had faded into the normal rhythm of school life. Their lecture hall was already half full when they arrived. They sat side by side, opened their notebooks, and prepared for the class. The lecturer walked in shortly after and began teaching. His voice was steady, and the room settled into attention.

Everything felt normal. Then suddenly, a loud noise broke the order. Voices rose from outside the hall. At first, it sounded like a disturbance, but within seconds, it grew louder. Students began to shout, their voices filled with panic and confusion. The lecturer paused, and the class became restless. “What is happening?” someone asked. More voices followed, and some students stood up, trying to see through the windows. The tension spread quickly across the room.

Priscilla and Hannah exchanged a quick look. They stood up and stepped outside with others. A group of students had gathered not far from the building. Some were speaking all at once, while others looked visibly shaken. “What happened?” Hannah asked one of the girls nearby. The girl turned, her face tense. “Our friend is missing.” Priscilla felt something tighten within her. “Missing?” she asked. “Yes,” the girl replied quickly. “We saw her last night before we slept. She was in the room with us. This morning, she’s nowhere to be found.”

“Did she go out early?” Hannah asked. “No,” another student said firmly. “She doesn’t do that. Her things are still there. Everything is there.” A brief silence followed. Priscilla’s mind returned to the poster at the gate. She said nothing. The discussion continued around them, but no one seemed to have a clear answer. Fear and confusion moved from one student to another, settling heavily in the air.

After some time, the lecturer asked everyone to return to class, but the atmosphere had already changed. Concentration became difficult, and the weight of what had just happened lingered in the room. When lectures ended, Priscilla and Hannah walked back to the hostel

together. Neither of them spoke immediately. “What do you think happened?” Hannah finally asked.

Priscilla hesitated. “There’s something I saw this morning,” she said. Hannah turned to her. “What?” “There’s a poster at the gate,” Priscilla continued. “It says ladies should avoid moving at night. It also said some never returned.” Hannah stopped walking. “What?” she asked quietly. Priscilla nodded. “I didn’t understand it at first. I thought it was just a warning.” Hannah looked at her, then glanced ahead as if trying to connect everything. “I want to see it,” she said.

Priscilla agreed. They changed direction and walked toward the gate. The sun was higher now, and the campus was busy, but as they approached the spot, the presence of the poster remained unchanged. Hannah stepped closer and read it slowly. She did not speak immediately. When she finally turned to Priscilla, her expression had changed. “This is serious,” she said.

Priscilla nodded quietly. They walked back to the hostel, but this time, the silence between them felt different. The earlier lightness was gone. Something was not right. That evening, the campus carried a subtle tension. Conversations were quieter, and groups formed more tightly. Students spoke in low

voices, sharing what little they knew. When night came, the air felt heavier. Inside their room, Priscilla and Hannah sat in silence for a while. The fear had begun to settle in. And for the first time, the thought neither of them wanted to face became clear. Something was happening in the school. And no one seemed to understand it.

Episode Three
The Chase

That night, Priscilla and Hannah went to bed with caution in their hearts. The events of the previous day had already changed the atmosphere around them. Nothing felt normal again, especially because everything was happening inside the girls' hostel. Before sleep came, Priscilla stayed awake for a long time, praying quietly in her bed. Her voice was low, almost like a whisper, as she asked for protection and understanding. Hannah had already fallen asleep, exhausted from the tension of the day.

It was deep in the night when the silence broke. At exactly 2 a.m., a loud scream echoed through the hostel. It was sharp and full of fear, the voice of a young lady crying out for help. Priscilla's eyes opened immediately. She sat up and listened carefully, her heart beating faster. For a moment, everything became still again, as though the sound had never happened. She moved to the window and peeped outside, but the corridor was dim and empty. Nothing was visible.

She turned quickly and woke Hannah. "Hannah," she called softly while shaking her. "Wake up." Hannah stirred slowly, confused and half asleep. "What is it?"

“Did you hear that scream?” Priscilla asked. Hannah sat up immediately. “Yes… I think I did.” Before they could say anything else, movement began in the hostel. Doors opened quietly. Some students stepped out slowly, while others remained inside, afraid to come out but too frightened to stay alone. The atmosphere was tense, and fear spread through the corridors.

Priscilla and Hannah opened their door and stepped out carefully. They moved slowly, listening and observing. Their footsteps were light as they walked through the passage. Other students were also peeping from their doors, unsure of what to do. But there was no clear sign of what had caused the scream. The hostel felt strangely quiet again. Just as Priscilla and Hannah turned back toward their room, movement suddenly broke the silence.

Four boys ran through the passage at high speed. They moved from one side of the hostel corridor to the other and rushed out of the building without stopping. Their movement was quick, intentional, and suspicious. Priscilla reacted immediately. “Wait,” she said sharply. She and Hannah ran after them. They followed them out of the hostel and into the open compound. The boys were already spreading apart as they ran, making it difficult to identify them clearly in the dark.

Priscilla focused carefully as they chased them across the campus. The distance was not enough to see their faces clearly, but she managed to notice one of them. He was tall, and something about his movement stood out in her mind. “I saw him,” Priscilla said as they slowed down briefly. “The tall one.” Hannah nodded, breathing heavily. “I saw him too, but not clearly.” The boys disappeared into the darkness beyond the compound, and there was nothing more they could do that night.

They returned to the hostel with heavy thoughts. The next morning, Priscilla and Hannah began searching around campus. They moved from one group of students to another, trying to ask questions carefully without causing panic. Eventually, they identified a group of boys who matched part of what they remembered. Without hesitation, they approached them. They focused on the one they believed they had seen. “You were in the hostel last night,” Priscilla said firmly.

The boy looked confused. “Me? No. I was sleeping.” Hannah stepped forward. “We saw you. You were running with others.” The boy shook his head immediately. “It is not me. I did not go anywhere last night.” They questioned him further, but he continued

to deny it. There was no direct proof, only what they had seen in the dark. After a while, they stepped back. Doubt made them pause, and they decided not to push further without evidence. They left him and walked away, but uncertainty followed them.

Later that day, as evening approached, Priscilla and Hannah walked together across a quiet part of the campus known as the Love Garden. It was a peaceful area filled with trees and flowers, often used by students for relaxation and small conversations. They were still discussing the events of the night when something suddenly changed. From a distance, Priscilla saw him. It was the same tall boy she had noticed during the chase. Her heart tightened. “Hannah,” she said quickly, lowering her voice. “That is him.”

Before Hannah could respond, the boy looked in their direction. The moment he saw them, his expression changed. Without hesitation, he turned and ran. “Run,” Priscilla said immediately. They both took off after him. The chase began again. He moved fast through the trees, passing between paths and cutting through the garden. People around the area turned to look, confused by what was happening, but no one understood the situation.

Priscilla and Hannah kept running, refusing to lose sight of him. The boy moved out of the Love Garden and into the main campus, where the space was wider and more crowded. The pursuit became more difficult. At one point, Hannah slipped slightly on the path, but Priscilla quickly helped her up without stopping. “Don’t stop,” Priscilla said. They continued running.

The boy’s cap suddenly fell off as he ran. Priscilla saw it clearly and quickly picked it up while still moving forward. The chase continued for a few more moments until he disappeared into a crowd of students. He was gone. Priscilla and Hannah stopped, breathing heavily. The crowd had swallowed him completely. Priscilla looked at the cap in her hand. This was now their only evidence. They turned and walked slowly back to the hostel, holding on to it tightly, knowing that the investigation had just taken a new turn.

Episode Four
False Leads

Priscilla and Hannah sat quietly in their room, staring at the cap they had brought back the previous evening. It lay on the table between them, simple but important. It was the only physical clue they had. “We need to find the owner,” Hannah said. Priscilla nodded slowly. “Yes, but how?” They both fell silent. The campus was large, and many students wore similar caps. There was no clear direction, only determination.

That evening, they decided to act. With the help of a final year student who agreed to assist them, they made their way to the boys’ hostel. The young man walked ahead confidently, while Priscilla and Hannah followed closely behind him. “Just let me do the talking,” he said quietly. They entered the hostel. The corridor was active but controlled. Students were inside their rooms, some reading, some resting, others chatting. The young man held up the cap as they moved from one room to another. “Does this belong to anyone here?” he asked.

Door after door, the same question was repeated. Each time, the response was the same. “No.” They continued for a long time, moving through different sections of

the hostel, but no one claimed the cap. Eventually, they stopped. “Maybe he is not around,” Hannah said. Priscilla nodded. “We will try again.” They left the hostel that evening with no result.

Early the next morning, they returned. The same young man met them again and led them back into the hostel. This time, his expression was more certain. “I spoke to someone,” he said. “He said he knows the owner of the cap.” Priscilla and Hannah exchanged a quick look. “Take us to him,” Priscilla said. They followed him through the corridor until they reached a particular room. The door was slightly closed. The young man knocked and pushed it open.

Inside, a boy was still lying on his bed. “Wake up,” the young man called. The boy stirred and slowly sat up, still heavy with sleep. He stepped outside when they asked him to. The moment he saw Priscilla and Hannah, everything changed. His face tightened, and suddenly he began to shout. “I did not do anything! I did not do anything!” he cried. His voice drew attention immediately.

Priscilla stepped forward, steady but firm. “What were you doing in the girls’ hostel last night?” she asked. The boy shook his head quickly. “We did not do

anything. We heard a scream and ran there to check what was happening." "Who are the others?" Hannah asked. The boy hesitated briefly, then pointed down the corridor. "I will show you." He led them from one room to another, calling out the names of the other boys. One after the other, they came out and gathered in front of them.

Priscilla and Hannah began to question them carefully. "Why were you all there at that time?" Priscilla asked. "We were on patrol," one of them replied. "We are part of a student security group. We move around at night to watch the environment." Another nodded. "When we heard the scream, we ran toward the girls' hostel. That is all." Hannah looked at them closely. "So you do not know anything about the missing girls?" They all shook their heads. "We have been trying to understand it too," one of them said. "Everyone is confused."

The first boy brought out his identification card and showed it to them. "This is who I am," he said. "We are not involved in anything like that." Priscilla studied the card carefully. Everything he said seemed to align. There was no fear in his explanation now, only urgency to be believed. She handed the card back to him. "Alright," she said quietly. They stepped away. As they

walked out of the hostel, both of them felt the same thing. The situation was getting deeper than they expected. “This is not ordinary,” Hannah said. Priscilla nodded. “No, it is not.”

That afternoon, they decided to take a different approach. They began to move from one office to another, speaking with lecturers and staff members. They asked careful questions, trying not to sound alarmist but determined to get answers. “Do you know anything about the missing girls?” Priscilla asked one lecturer. The man shook his head. “I have heard the rumors, but I do not know anything concrete.” Another lecturer gave a similar response. “We do not have full information,” she said. “It is being handled.”

But one office felt different. A female lecturer sat behind her desk, watching them closely as they spoke. Her expression did not change as they explained why they were asking questions. “We are concerned,” Hannah said. “Girls are disappearing, and no one seems to understand what is happening.” The woman leaned back slightly. “Why are you involving yourselves in this?” she asked. Priscilla answered calmly. “We want to help. We want to make sure students are safe.”

The woman's eyes hardened slightly. "You came here to study," she said. "Focus on your studies. Leave this matter alone before you involve yourselves in something that will bring you trouble." The room became quiet. Hannah glanced at Priscilla, then back at the lecturer. "But what if it happens to us?" Priscilla asked. "What if I am the one taken one night?" There was a brief pause. The woman looked at her without emotion. "So be it," she said.

The words fell heavily in the room. Priscilla and Hannah looked at each other. Neither of them spoke immediately. The response was not just strange. It was cold. They thanked her quietly and left the office. As they walked back to the hostel, their minds were unsettled. "That was not normal," Hannah said. Priscilla nodded slowly. "No, it was not." They walked in silence for a while, each thinking deeply. By the time they reached their room, one thought had begun to form clearly between them. "That woman knows something," Hannah said. Priscilla sat down and looked ahead, her expression firm. "Yes," she said. "And we are going to find out what it is." The investigation had taken a new direction.

Episode Five
A Nightmare

That night, Priscilla and Hannah did not take anything lightly. They prayed with focus and intensity. Their voices were low, but their hearts were fully engaged. They asked God for guidance, for revelation, and for clear direction. They did not rush their prayers. They stayed with it until a quiet calm settled in the room. Afterward, they lay down to sleep.

Some time passed. Priscilla opened her eyes. The room was dim, and everything looked normal. Hannah was still asleep on her bed, breathing steadily. For a moment, nothing felt unusual. Then a soft knock came on the door. Priscilla sat up slowly. She listened again. Another knock followed. She stood up and walked toward the door. When she opened it, no one was there. The corridor was empty and silent.

She was about to close the door when she heard a voice. “Priscilla… come.” The voice was low, almost gentle, but it carried a strange pull. “Priscilla… come.” She stepped out into the corridor. Her movement felt natural, but she was not fully aware of herself. It was as though something was guiding her steps. She

followed the direction of the voice, moving through the passage and out of the hostel.

The campus was quiet. She kept walking. The voice continued, drawing her forward, leading her beyond the familiar paths. She moved toward a part of the campus she had not noticed before, where the ground sloped slightly and the surroundings became less structured. Then she saw it. A narrow opening, like a hidden tunnel. Without hesitation, she entered.

The path led downward, deeper into the earth. The air grew heavier, and the light faded. Still, she continued, following the voice without resistance. The tunnel opened into a wider space. It was like a cave. Inside, a group of women stood dressed in dark clothing. Their laughter filled the space, low and unsettling. The sound echoed against the walls, creating a strange atmosphere.

At the center stood a woman. Her hair was long and fell over her shoulders, but her face remained hidden. She was the one calling. “Come,” she said again. Priscilla moved closer. The women surrounded her slowly. Their laughter did not stop. “Lie down,” the woman instructed. Without questioning, Priscilla lay down at the center of the group. The ground felt cold

beneath her. The woman stepped forward, holding a dagger in her hand. The laughter grew louder. She raised the dagger.

Just as she moved to strike, Priscilla screamed. Her eyes opened instantly. She was back in her room. Her body trembled as she sat up on her bed. At the same moment, Hannah also woke up suddenly. “I had a scary dream,” they both said at the same time. They looked at each other. Silence filled the room for a moment.

Then they began to speak. Priscilla described everything she saw, from the voice to the tunnel and the cave. Hannah listened carefully, her expression growing more serious with each detail. When Priscilla finished, Hannah spoke. “I saw something similar,” she said quietly. “A dark place… and a woman. I could not see her face clearly.” They both went silent again. The connection was clear. “The woman,” Hannah said slowly, “the one we saw in the office…” Priscilla nodded. “It could be her,” she said.

The thought settled deeply in their minds. For the first time, their suspicion began to take a more defined shape. The next day, they returned to campus with a new determination. They began asking questions

again, this time focusing on the female lecturer. They spoke to different students, careful not to reveal too much. “What do you know about her?” Hannah asked one student. “She is a good lecturer,” the girl replied. “She explains things very well.” Another student added, “She even advises us on our career paths. She is very helpful.” “And her personal life?” Priscilla asked. “I heard she is a Christian,” someone said. “She attends a church around here.”

The responses were consistent. Everything they heard about her was positive. No one said anything suspicious. Priscilla and Hannah walked away, more confused than before. “This does not add up,” Hannah said. Priscilla nodded. “Something is hidden.” Later that afternoon, they found a quiet place under a tree. The shade covered them from the sun, and the environment was calm. They held hands. “Holy Spirit, help us,” Priscilla prayed softly. “We need direction,” Hannah added.

They had not even finished praying when someone approached them. A young lady stood before them, smiling slightly. “I have been watching you,” she said. Priscilla and Hannah exchanged a quick glance. The girl continued, “I like what you are doing. I know you are trying to find out what is happening to the missing

girls.” They remained silent, observing her carefully. “I want to join you,” she said. “I want to help.”

There was a brief pause. The timing felt unusual, but something about it also felt right. They had just prayed for help, and now someone had come forward. Priscilla looked at Hannah. Hannah gave a small nod. “Alright,” Priscilla said. “What do you know?” The girl smiled slightly. “There is something I want to show you,” she said. Priscilla and Hannah stood up immediately. The investigation was about to take another turn.

Episode Six
The Ancient Scroll

The young lady led Priscilla and Hannah away from the open paths of the campus. She walked with caution, checking her surroundings from time to time, as if she did not want to be followed. “Where are we going?” Hannah asked quietly. “To somewhere safe,” the girl replied. “I cannot show you this in the open.” They followed her until they reached a quiet and hidden part of the school. It was a calm place, surrounded by trees, where students rarely passed.

The girl stopped and looked around once more to be sure no one was watching. Then she reached into her bag and brought out a long, folded paper. It looked old and worn, with parts of it darkened as though it had been touched by fire. She handed it to Priscilla. “Look at it carefully,” she said. Priscilla and Hannah opened the paper slowly, and what they saw made them freeze. There were strange drawings on it. One of them looked like a star shape, a pentagram, with marks at each corner where candles were meant to be placed. Around it were symbols they did not fully understand.

Then they noticed the dates. Different dates were written across the paper, each one marked clearly.

Beside each date was a sign, as though each one represented something planned. Priscilla's heart began to beat faster. "These are not just dates," she said slowly. Hannah leaned closer. "They are scheduled," she said. "Each date is for a girl." Silence fell between them. The paper was not ordinary. It carried something dark and deliberate. It was clear that whatever was happening in the school had been planned carefully.

The girl spoke again. "Hide it. Do not let anyone see it with you." Priscilla folded the paper immediately. "Where did you get this?" Hannah asked. The girl hesitated briefly, then began to explain. "The day my roommate went missing, I went out to look for her. I could not just stay inside." She paused, then continued. "I saw them. A group of people dressed in black. They were taking her away." Priscilla and Hannah listened without interrupting.

"I tried to stop them," the girl said. "I picked stones. I threw them. I shouted. But they did not stop. It was like she could not even respond. It was as if something had already been done to her." Her voice trembled slightly as she continued. "They hit her. She fainted. Then they carried her away. I followed them as far as I could, but I could not reach them. After they left, I saw

this paper on the ground. It must have fallen from them, so I picked it up." She looked at them with a serious expression. "I have kept it since then. I did not know who to trust. I was afraid."

Priscilla nodded slowly. "You did well to bring it." The girl leaned closer. "I also know something else." Priscilla and Hannah moved closer immediately. "What is it?" Hannah asked. The girl looked around again, scanning every corner carefully. "I know who is behind it," she whispered. Priscilla's voice became urgent. "Tell us." "Yes, please tell us," Hannah added. The girl drew a breath. "I hope no one is hearing me." Then she began. "So, there is.."

She stopped suddenly. Her eyes shifted. At a distance, a figure had appeared. A girl stood watching them. She did not move or speak. She only looked at them with a strange, unreadable expression. The moment felt wrong. Then, just as suddenly as she appeared, she turned and slipped away. Priscilla and Hannah both saw her, but it happened too quickly for them to recognize her face. The girl in front of them stepped back immediately. "I cannot say it now." "What?" Priscilla asked. "Why?" "I cannot," she repeated. "It is not safe."

They tried to persuade her, but she shook her head firmly. “Tomorrow,” she said. “We will meet tomorrow. I will tell you everything.” Before they could say anything else, she turned and hurried away. Priscilla and Hannah stood there, holding the paper, their minds unsettled. They returned to their hostel in silence. That night, neither of them could rest. They spread the paper again on the table and studied it carefully. The dates, the symbols, and the pattern all pointed to something organized and intentional.

“But who is behind it?” Hannah asked. Priscilla shook her head. “We thought it was the lecturer, but now…” They could not complete the thought. Confusion filled the room. They lay down, but sleep did not come easily. Then, in the middle of the night, a scream broke through the silence again. Priscilla and Hannah jumped up immediately. They rushed to the table and checked the paper. It was 12 a.m. One of the marked dates.

Their hearts began to race. They ran out into the corridor. The hostel was tense again. Doors opened cautiously. Some girls cried softly, while others stood frozen, unsure of what to do. Priscilla and Hannah looked around quickly, but they saw no one. Then Priscilla noticed something. “A shadow,” she

whispered. On the wall, a shadow moved. It was not clear, but its shape was visible. It looked like a man. Hannah stepped closer. “Can you see where it is coming from?” They tried to trace it, but the shadow moved strangely along the wall, shifting without a clear source. Then, suddenly, it slid away and disappeared.

Just like that. Priscilla and Hannah stood still, breathing heavily. After a moment, they returned to their room, shaken. Morning came slowly. The hostel was filled with noise, but not the usual kind. Girls had gathered in groups. Some were crying, while others sat quietly, unable to speak. Priscilla and Hannah looked around, confused. “What happened?” Priscilla asked. No one answered. The silence felt heavy.

Then Priscilla turned to Hannah. “The girl. Let us go to her room.” They hurried there. The door was open. Inside, the room was empty. The bed was untouched, and her belongings were still there. Hannah’s voice dropped. “No…” Priscilla felt a cold weight settle in her chest. One of the girls nearby finally spoke. “It is her. She is the one missing.” The words landed heavily. Priscilla and Hannah stood still. The very girl who had brought them the paper was gone.

Tears filled the room around them. Fear spread again, deeper than before. Then, as Priscilla turned slightly, she saw something that made her stop. At a distance stood the same girl who had watched them the previous day. She was looking directly at them. Her face was calm, but something about it felt wrong. A chill moved through Priscilla. This was no longer just an investigation. They were now inside something dangerous.

Episode Seven
The Separation

That afternoon, while lectures were ongoing, a student came into the hall and called Priscilla and Hannah. The interruption drew attention, and both of them stood up quietly and followed the student out. They walked straight to the office of the female lecturer. As soon as they entered, the atmosphere felt tense. The woman looked at them with a hard expression. “I have warned you before,” she said firmly. “You must stop these useless investigations immediately, or you will be suspended from this school.”

Priscilla’s expression changed. She was not pleased. “Suspended?” she asked. “How? Why?” The woman’s tone became sharper as she shifted her attention fully to Priscilla. “You,” she said, pointing at her. “You will be expelled if you do not stop this nonsense.” The words were direct and heavy. Hannah stood quietly, already feeling uneasy, but Priscilla did not back down. She looked at the woman with calm boldness. There was no fear in her eyes. Without saying another word, she turned and walked out of the office. Hannah followed her quickly.

As they came down from the office building, they saw the same strange girl who had watched them the day before. She stood close to the front of the building, her eyes fixed on them. There was something unsettling about her gaze. It carried suspicion and quiet anger, and it felt deeper than ordinary human emotion. Priscilla and Hannah slowed slightly as they passed her, and a chill moved through both of them. The girl said nothing, but her presence alone left a heavy feeling.

They continued walking back toward the lecture hall. After a few steps, Hannah spoke. “I do not want to be involved in this again,” she said. Priscilla stopped and looked at her. “What do you mean?” she asked. “I mean I am done,” Hannah replied. “You heard what she said. It is not just suspension for you. You will be expelled. I do not want trouble. Let us focus on our studies.”

Priscilla’s face hardened slightly. “So you want to ignore everything? What if tomorrow you are the one taken?” Hannah’s expression changed immediately. “That will not happen,” she said quickly. “And even if anything happens, this is not the way to handle it.” Priscilla shook her head. “You are afraid.” Hannah’s voice rose. “And you are careless.”

The tension between them broke open. What started as concern quickly turned into anger. “You are the one that will be taken if you continue like this,” Hannah said sharply. They began to argue openly, exchanging words that neither of them had planned to say. Before long, they stopped walking and faced each other fully. “I will not stop,” Priscilla said firmly. “And I will not follow you,” Hannah replied. That moment marked the end of their unity. They walked away from each other, even though they were heading to the same place.

From that day, everything changed. They stayed in the same room, but they did not speak. They did not greet each other. Silence replaced their friendship, and days passed like that. One night, Priscilla sat by the window again, unable to sleep. The campus was quiet, and the darkness felt heavier than usual. As she looked outside, something caught her attention. A cat stood at a distance. She watched it for a moment, intending to look away, but something felt unusual. The cat did not move like an ordinary animal, so she kept watching.

Slowly, the shape began to change. The cat grew larger, and Priscilla’s heart began to race. Before her eyes, the cat transformed into a woman. The woman had long hair, but her face was not clear. Still, something about

her form reminded Priscilla of the female lecturer. The woman looked around briefly, then lifted her head. Their eyes met. Fear rushed through Priscilla's body, and she almost lost her balance as she stared. Then, suddenly, the woman changed again. This time, she took the form of a bird and flew into the night.

Priscilla stepped back, shaken. Hannah noticed her movement and looked up from her bed, but they were no longer speaking, so she did not ask any questions. Priscilla tried to communicate through her expression, but Hannah did not understand. The distance between them had grown too wide, so she kept everything to herself.

The next morning, around nine o'clock, Priscilla was called again. She went to the office. The female lecturer sat behind her desk, calm and unmoved. She brought out a document and handed it to Priscilla. "You have been expelled from this school," she said. Priscilla took the paper and looked at it. For a moment, she said nothing. Then she lifted her eyes and looked directly at the woman. Anger rose within her, not just from the expulsion, but from what she had seen the previous night.

“You may expel me from this school,” she said slowly, “but you cannot me from the truth.” The woman’s expression changed immediately. “What nonsense are you saying?” Her voice rose sharply. “Get out,” she said. “Leave here immediately. Pack your things and go.” Some of the other lecturers present tried to calm the situation, but the woman refused to listen.

Priscilla turned and walked out. She returned to the hostel with the letter in her hand. As soon as Hannah saw her, she understood. “That is the letter,” she said quietly. Priscilla said nothing. “I warned you,” Hannah continued. “I told you to stop.” Priscilla looked at her, her eyes steady. “I will never stop,” she said. “I will keep searching until I find the truth.” Hannah shook her head. “You should go home. Just leave it.” Priscilla picked up her bag slowly. There was pain in her heart, but there was also determination. She turned to Hannah one last time. “I will return,” she said. Then she walked out of the room.

Episode Eight
Revelation and Return

Priscilla arrived home with a heavy heart, holding the weight of everything that had happened. Her parents were not happy when they heard the news. “Why did you not focus on your education?” her father asked with disappointment. “Why are you involving yourself in things that do not concern you?” Her mother shook her head. “Instead of you to settle down and beg the school, you chose this path.”

Priscilla stood quietly for a moment, then spoke with calm determination. “I want to help them,” she said. “Girls are disappearing. People are dying. If I do nothing, tomorrow it could be me.” Her parents looked at her, but they did not agree. “This is not your responsibility,” her mother said firmly. But Priscilla did not change her mind. “I will find the truth,” she said. “No matter how long it takes.” Her mother sighed deeply. “And you still want to go deeper into this?”

Priscilla did not respond. Instead, she withdrew and began to seek God more seriously. She started fasting. During the days of her fasting, she prayed intensely for direction and clarity. At the same time, she began to research everything she had seen. She brought out the

paper, studied the symbols again, and searched for their meaning. She used every available resource, including online platforms, asking questions and comparing information.

Gradually, answers began to come. The symbols pointed to an ancient occult group, a dangerous and long-standing society. From what she gathered, the group existed before the school was built, and the land on which part of the university stood originally belonged to them. Somehow, a covenant had been made. According to the information she found, the agreement allowed the group to continue their practices without interference. They were permitted to take people at intervals for sacrifice.

Priscilla sat still after reading it. “That is why the dates are marked,” she said quietly to herself. “It has been planned.” She continued her research, reaching out to former students of the school. Some of them responded and shared what they knew. One particular response stood out. A lady explained that there was a secret group among female students on campus. It was not just ordinary friendship. It was a hidden cult structure. According to her, many girls joined the group for protection. “The only way to be safe,” the

lady wrote, “is to be part of them. If you are not part of them, you are a target.”

Priscilla read the message more than once. Her mind began to connect different pieces. “Could it be…” she whispered. She remembered the girl who had brought them the paper and how she had refused to speak when the other strange girl appeared. “Maybe she was part of them,” Priscilla thought. “Maybe she was afraid to talk.” Then another thought came to her. “But she said she picked the paper from them after they took her roommate.”

The story did not fully align. “Was she telling the truth?” Priscilla asked herself. Confusion returned, but this time it was mixed with clarity. She now knew that something real and organized was happening. She also began to think about the female lecturer. “Does she know about this, or is she part of it?” Priscilla wondered. There were too many unanswered questions, but one thing became clear to her. “There are people inside that school who are involved,” she said firmly. She continued researching, gathering as much information as she could. The more she learned, the more determined she became. Finally, she made a decision. “I am going back,” she said.

Back on campus, the situation was growing worse. One afternoon, the strange girl went to Hannah's room and knocked. Hannah opened the door slowly, and the girl stepped in, looking at her with a serious expression. "That your friend is gone," she said. "The one disturbing things is gone." Hannah's heart tightened. "You should be careful," the girl continued. "Your time is coming."

Fear spread through Hannah immediately. "Please," she said, her voice shaking. "I do not want any trouble. I do not want to die." The girl watched her calmly. "There is a way," she said. Hannah looked at her quickly. "What way?" "You join us," the girl replied. Hannah stepped back. "I cannot do that," she said. The girl moved closer. "If you do not join, you will be used," she said plainly.

Hannah's eyes filled with fear. She did not know what to do. She did not want to join them, but she was afraid of what would happen if she refused. Over the next few days, the girl kept coming back. She pressured Hannah repeatedly, trying to convince her. Then one night, everything changed. It was around 9 p.m. when the strange girl entered Hannah's room again, but this time her expression was different. There was no

calmness in her face. There was intent. “You have delayed enough,” she said.

She brought out a knife. “Tonight, you will die if you do not join us.” Hannah froze. “Please,” she said, trembling. “Please do not do this.” The girl stepped closer, raising the knife slightly. At that moment, a voice came from the door. “You will do no such thing.” Both of them turned. Priscilla stood at the entrance. The girl’s hand shook. The knife fell from her hand. And for the first time, fear appeared on her face.

Episode Nine
Into the Tunnel

The strange girl ran out of the room immediately. Priscilla did not hesitate. She rushed after her at once, while Hannah followed behind, her steps slower and filled with fear. The girl ran fast, heading toward a part of the campus that was quiet and rarely used. It was the same direction Priscilla had seen in her dream.

Hannah felt uneasy as they moved. “Priscilla, stop,” she called softly, but Priscilla did not listen. She held Hannah’s hand and pulled her along. They kept running until the girl suddenly disappeared into an underground tunnel. Without stopping to think, Priscilla entered after her. Hannah followed, though her heart was pounding heavily.

The tunnel was dark and narrow. Their footsteps echoed as they moved deeper, chasing the girl without fully knowing where they were going. After some time, they came out from the other end of the tunnel, but they did not realize they were no longer inside the campus. They found themselves in a bushy area that looked like a forest.

Still, the chase continued. The strange girl ran ahead and entered a dark cave. Priscilla and Hannah followed closely behind. Inside the cave, the air felt heavy and still. At last, they caught up with her. Priscilla grabbed her, and together with Hannah, they held her down. All three of them were breathing hard, their chests rising and falling quickly from the long chase.

“Who are you?” Priscilla demanded. The girl said nothing. “Speak,” Hannah added, her voice trembling. The girl remained silent. Priscilla reached down and picked up a knife. It was the same knife that had fallen from the girl’s hand earlier in the room. She pointed it toward her. “Talk now,” she said firmly. The girl’s expression changed. “Please, calm down,” she said quickly. “I will speak.”

Priscilla did not lower the knife, but she waited. The girl opened her mouth to talk. Before she could say anything, they heard it. Footsteps. The sound was coming from outside the cave, slow but steady. The girl’s eyes widened. “They are coming,” she whispered urgently. “Run.” Priscilla frowned. “Who is coming?” Hannah looked around nervously. “Who are they?” she asked.

But before the girl could answer, figures appeared at the entrance of the cave. Four men stepped in. They were dressed in black gowns, their presence sudden and unsettling, as if they had appeared from nowhere. Priscilla and Hannah froze. Shock held them in place.

Episode Ten
Cave of Bones

Priscilla and Hannah turned and ran deeper into the cave, but in their panic they did not realize they were moving further away from safety. The four men did not follow blindly. They knew the cave paths very well, and they split through another route, moving faster and more strategically. The cave grew darker as Priscilla and Hannah moved forward. The air became heavier, and the ground felt uneven beneath their feet. After a while, they entered a wide space inside the cave where something strange covered the floor.

At first, they could not understand what they were stepping on. The place was too dark to see clearly. Priscilla quickly brought out her phone and switched on the torchlight. The moment the light came on, both of them froze. Hannah almost screamed, but Priscilla quickly placed her hand over her mouth to silence her. All around them were bones and skeletons. Human bones.

The realization hit them at once. These were not ordinary remains. They were the remains of missing students, the girls who had been taken. Fear filled their hearts as they understood where they were standing.

It was a burial ground hidden inside the cave, a place where the victims had been discarded. Before they could process it fully, footsteps echoed from a distance. The four men were coming.

Panic rose again. Priscilla acted quickly. She pulled Hannah down, and together they hid under the pile of bones and skeletons. There were enough remains scattered around to cover them partially, allowing them to conceal themselves. The men arrived shortly after. They stopped and looked around the area carefully. Their eyes moved over the skeletons with suspicion, as if they were expecting something unusual. But they saw nothing at first. Everything appeared still and silent.

After a moment, one of them spoke quietly. “Nothing is here.” They began to turn away. Then a slight sound broke the silence. A faint movement came from the bones. Hannah had shifted slightly, unable to hold her position properly under the weight and fear. The bones made a small noise. The men stopped immediately. They turned back sharply. “What was that?” one of them asked. Another leaned forward slightly, observing the area. “It might be a rat,” he said. “Something small is moving there.”

They hesitated for a moment, still watching closely. Then, just as they were about to leave again, a sudden sound came from Hannah's phone. It rang. The noise echoed through the cave. Silence followed immediately. The men froze. Then slowly, all four turned back toward the skeleton pile. Without speaking, they moved forward again, this time more carefully. They began pulling away the bones one after another, searching deliberately.

Within moments, they uncovered the hiding place. Priscilla and Hannah were pulled out from beneath the skeletons. They stood face to face with the four men in black robes, trapped with no escape.

Episode Eleven
Truth Uncovered

The four men moved in quickly and tried to carry Priscilla and Hannah away from that part of the cave. But Priscilla resisted strongly. She struggled against them and refused to be dragged without a fight. Hannah, on the other hand, was overwhelmed by fear. Tears filled her eyes as she cried out. “I am the only daughter in my family,” she begged. “Please do not harm me. Please let me go.” Her voice shook as she continued crying, her fear taking over completely.

One of the men looked at her and spoke coldly. “So you are the only daughter in your family,” he said. “And yet you came into this place. You are the only daughter, and you are still doing investigation. You will die tonight.” His words broke her completely, and she cried even harder. The men began to move them deeper into the cave, toward a sealed area where they intended to lock them up until the time of sacrifice.

As they walked, Priscilla suddenly slowed down. Something about one of the men’s voices felt familiar to her. She raised her head and looked directly at his face. In that moment, she froze. She recognized him. A flashback hit her mind immediately. She remembered

the night in the hostel when they first chased the group of boys after the scream at midnight. She remembered how they ran across the compound and how she had clearly marked one of their faces.

She remembered how they later searched for him in the hostel and did not find him. Then later, they were led to a boy who claimed he was a security member. He had even shown them identification, and they believed him. Now everything became clear. The same face, the same voice and the same group. Priscilla stared at him with shock. “So you lied to us,” she said firmly. “You are working with them.”

The men did not deny it. Instead, they laughed. One of them spoke with anger and satisfaction. “Yes,” he said. “We were the ones who came that night. We are the ones who handle those who get too curious. And you, Priscilla, have become a problem.” Another stepped forward. “You refused to mind your business,” he said. “We warned you in your own way, but you did not listen. Tonight, both of you will be used as sacrifice.”

They continued laughing among themselves, speaking as if everything had already been decided. One of them added that the girl who had brought Priscilla into the cave had deliberately led her there, knowing she would

follow without fear. Now, they said, she had succeeded in bringing them directly into their hands. The men tied Priscilla and Hannah together with a strong rope. They bound their hands tightly until they could no longer move freely. Then they turned them back to back and secured them together, making escape impossible.

After that, they dragged them and threw them into a sealed section of the cave. The area was horrifying. Bones were scattered everywhere. Skulls lay on the ground and some were stacked in corners. The place carried a strong, unpleasant smell of decay and dust. It was dark, cold, and filled with the remains of past victims. Priscilla and Hannah sat tied together in the middle of the cave, surrounded by death, with no clear way out.

Episode Twelve
The Escape

The small section of the cave where Priscilla and Hannah were locked was cold and unbearable. The air felt wet and heavy, and the walls carried a deep smell of decay. Bones and skulls were hung in different corners, making the place even more terrifying. Hannah sat close to Priscilla, trembling. Her eyes moved around the room in fear as she struggled to control herself.

“I should not have followed you,” she said bitterly. “If I had focused on my studies and stayed away from all this investigation, I would not be here now.” Priscilla turned sharply at her words. “If not for your phone that rang in that place, we would have escaped,” she replied angrily. “Why did you not put it on silent?” Hannah shook her head quickly. “Even if it was on silent, we did not know the way out,” she said. “We were already lost inside that cave. We would still have been caught.”

Silence fell between them for a moment. Then Priscilla lowered her head. A thought came strongly into her heart: *Men ought always to pray and not faint.* More scriptures began to rise in her memory. “He that dwells in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under

the shadow of the Almighty." "They that trust in the Lord shall be like Mount Zion, which cannot be moved." "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding." She began to speak them aloud, her voice growing stronger with each word.

Hannah looked at her in frustration. "Is it these things you are saying that will save us?" she asked. "We are about to die." Priscilla did not stop speaking the scriptures. At that moment, footsteps began to echo outside their cell. A group of people dressed in black passed by slowly, holding candles. Their movement was calm and organized, as though they were heading for a secret midnight gathering. Hannah's fear deepened. "They are coming for us," she whispered.

After they passed, silence returned for a brief moment. Then, unexpectedly, someone approached their cell. The footsteps were careful and controlled. A figure dressed in black stood at the entrance. The person wore a dark covering that concealed the head and face, along with a raincoat-like garment that covered the entire body. Without speaking, the figure unlocked the cell quickly and stepped inside.

Priscilla and Hannah froze. The figure leaned closer and whispered urgently. “Come with me. I will take you out of here.” Confusion and fear filled them, but there was no time to question. They followed immediately as the figure led them through a hidden path inside the cave. They moved quickly through dark passages until they finally saw light ahead.

When they reached a safer distance outside the cave, the figure stopped and spoke again. “Run. Follow this tunnel back to the campus.” Hannah hesitated. “Who are you?” she asked. The figure paused. Slowly, she reached up and removed the covering from her head. Her face was revealed clearly. It was the same strange girl who had once led them into the cave.

Priscilla and Hannah stepped back in shock. “You…” Priscilla whispered. The girl looked at them calmly. “I only want to help you,” she said. “We will see again.” Before they could ask anything else, she turned and went back into the cave. Priscilla and Hannah stood still for a moment, stunned by what had just happened. Then they followed the tunnel back toward the campus. When they finally reached their hostel, exhaustion overwhelmed them. Without speaking, they fell onto their beds and drifted into deep sleep.

Episode Thirteen
Revealed

Back inside the cave, the strange girl was trying to return quietly to the meeting she had left earlier. She intended to rejoin the gathering without drawing attention to herself. But before she could enter fully, she was stopped by the same four men who had earlier captured Priscilla and Hannah. They stood in front of her with suspicion.

“Where are you coming from?” one of them asked sharply. The girl hesitated and tried to lie, but her voice was not steady. They repeated the question again, more firmly. “Where exactly are you coming from?” This time, she could not respond properly. Their gaze hardened. Then they asked her another question. “Who released the two girls?” She shook her head quickly. “I do not know,” she said.

They pressed her again, but she kept denying it. However, they were not convinced. Without warning, they grabbed her and dragged her into the inner part of the cave where the secret gathering was taking place. There, she was presented before the leader of the cult. The leader was a woman with long hair and a

commanding presence. Her expression carried authority and cold control.

The girl still tried to deny everything. “I did not release them,” she insisted. The leader did not respond immediately. Instead, she raised her hand and pointed toward the wall. In an instant, the wall changed. It became like a screen, and images began to appear clearly, showing everything that had happened. The girl’s movements, how she opened the cell, and how she led Priscilla and Hannah out of the cave were all displayed like a movie.

The entire room watched in silence. The truth was fully exposed. The girl fell to her knees immediately, trembling. “Please forgive me,” she cried. “I am sorry.” The leader looked at her coldly. “Do you remember the first rule of this covenant?” she asked. The girl lowered her head. “What is the first rule?” the leader asked again. The answer came firmly: “No mercy.”

The words fell heavily in the room. The girl knew immediately that she was finished. The leader continued. “You have broken the covenant. For this, you will be sacrificed. But you will be given forty-eight hours.” She paused. “Within forty-eight hours, you will

be brought back here. You cannot escape. There is no hiding place for anyone who belongs to this covenant."

The girl shook violently in fear. "You may go," the leader said. "Prepare yourself. Say your goodbyes." The girl left the cave shaken and broken. The next morning, she rushed to Priscilla and Hannah's room. She told them everything that had happened. Because she had nowhere else to go and feared returning to her own room, she asked if she could stay with them. Priscilla and Hannah agreed. For safety, they stayed together.

That night, the girl finally decided to speak openly. She said she could no longer hide anything, since her time was limited. She began to explain everything about the cult. She revealed that the leader of the group was the female lecturer in their school. Priscilla became silent for a moment. Then everything began to make sense. She remembered the lecturer's warning, her anger, and her resistance to the investigation. She also remembered the strange girl who had always appeared around them, watching them closely.

Now the pieces were fitting together. The girl continued. "The four men are her workers," she said. "They help in the collection process. Some girls are

called spiritually, while others are taken physically when they resist." Priscilla listened carefully. The girl also spoke about the young lady who died the night after giving them the paper containing some information about the cult.

"She was part of us," she said. "But she wanted to leave. She was tired of everything. That is why she was killed after revealing some secrets." Priscilla frowned. "But she said she picked the paper from the people who took her roommate," she said. The girl shook her head. "That was a lie," she replied. "She said it to protect herself. She did not want others to know she was involved."

Then she explained her own story. She had joined the group believing it was a secret association meant to help students succeed academically. She thought it was harmless. But later, she discovered it was a blood covenant group, controlled by the female lecturer. New members were initiated and then instructed to bring in others. Priscilla and Hannah listened quietly. The truth was clear now.

Episode Fourteen

The Plan

That afternoon, Priscilla, Hannah, and the other girl walked out of the hostel and moved to the Love Garden area of the campus. The place was quiet, surrounded by trees, and rarely used by students. Priscilla had already changed her appearance; she wore a dark raincoat-like covering that hid her head and ears, and she added a pair of dark sunglasses to conceal her identity. Since she had been expelled, she did not want anyone to recognize her on campus.

They sat together under the shade of the trees. Hannah looked at the girl for a moment and spoke softly. “We do not even know your name,” she said. The girl nodded slightly. “My name is Jennifer,” she replied. Silence followed for a short while as they all settled into their thoughts.

Jennifer then broke the silence. “Please,” she said quietly. “Talk to me. I do not have much time left. I will be sacrificed in less than two days.” Her voice was heavy with fear, but also urgency. “We need to plan what we will do.” Priscilla immediately reached for her hand. “You will not die,” she said firmly. Then she held Hannah’s hand as well, and the three of them joined

together in silent prayer, asking for the help of the Holy Spirit.

As they prayed, a soft wind suddenly passed through the garden. It was gentle, but noticeable. Priscilla lifted her head slowly. An idea came to her mind. Hannah and Jennifer noticed the change in her expression. “What is it?” Hannah asked quickly. Priscilla looked at them with seriousness. “We will disguise ourselves as members of the cult,” she said. Hannah’s eyes widened. “What if we are caught?” she asked. Priscilla remained calm. “God will help us,” she replied.

They sat quietly for a moment, then stood and began walking slowly around the campus, thinking deeply about the plan ahead. The mission felt dangerous, but it was their only option. As they moved, some students began to stare at them. The atmosphere felt different, as though people were observing more than usual. Because of this, they returned quickly to the hostel.

That evening, Jennifer brought two black gowns that covered the head and face completely. They were similar to the ones used by cult members. She handed them to Priscilla and Hannah. “These will help you blend in,” she said. “You must also learn how they speak and how they behave.” She then taught them the

rules and patterns of the group, including how they moved, how they greeted, and how they were expected to act during gatherings. “Do not be late,” she warned. “Even one minute can bring punishment.”

They practiced carefully, learning everything they needed to survive inside the system. That night, Priscilla prayed silently in her bed. “God, help me,” she whispered repeatedly. Hannah lay quietly beside her, lost in thought. Her mind moved between fear and uncertainty. She thought about her family, her studies, and the danger they were walking into. The reality of death felt close.

She quietly picked up her phone and called her mother. She did not explain anything. She only wanted to hear her voice one more time. “Mom,” she said softly, trying to hide her emotions, “how is Daddy?” “He is fine,” her mother replied. Hannah nodded silently, tears filling her eyes, though her mother could not see her. After the call ended, she lay back in silence and could not sleep.

Jennifer, on the other hand, lay on the floor beside the bed, wrapped in a cloth. She stared into space, thinking about everything she had escaped and everything she was still facing. At least, she had made

it out of the cult for now. After a long silence, Priscilla turned to her. “Jennifer,” she said gently, “are you born again?” Jennifer hesitated. “I do not think so,” she replied.

Priscilla nodded and reached out to her. “Repeat after me,” she said. Jennifer listened carefully as Priscilla led her in prayer. “Lord Jesus, come into my heart. Be my Lord and personal Saviour. Forgive me for all my sins. Cleanse me from all unrighteousness. Make me new. Thank you for forgiving me.” A quiet peace filled the room after the prayer. And so the night moved closer to their next step.

Episode Fifteen
Final Mission

That night was the appointed time. It was the night Jennifer was meant to be sacrificed. Earlier, she had warned them that they must arrive at the front of the cave before midnight. Any delay could expose them. Priscilla, Hannah, and Jennifer prepared themselves carefully.

Jennifer walked with a heavy heart, silently thinking about what could happen if their plan failed. The thought of death stayed close to her mind. Hannah was visibly afraid. Her body trembled as they walked, and her thoughts were filled with fear. Priscilla, however, was different. She was calm, but her calmness carried anger and determination. She remembered everything the female lecturer had done to her, how she had been threatened, humiliated, and expelled. She remembered the missing girls, the fear on campus, and the innocent lives that had been taken. She had made up her mind; this would end tonight.

They arrived at the cave and joined the others who were already gathering. Everyone was dressed in black garments that covered their faces. Each person held a red candle. Priscilla and Hannah lit their candles and

joined the line quietly, keeping their heads slightly lowered so their faces would not be seen. They moved deeper into the cave in silence, passing through different narrow paths until they reached the main gathering place.

The ritual began. Strange recitations filled the air, and everyone repeated them together. Priscilla and Hannah followed carefully, remembering everything Jennifer had taught them. Then the next phase began. A calabash containing blood was passed around. Hannah became tense immediately and tapped Priscilla lightly, unsure of what to do. Priscilla gave her a quick signal to remain calm.

When the bowl reached them, Priscilla lifted it to her lips as if she was drinking, but she did not swallow. She allowed the blood to touch her lips and then lowered it. Hannah did the same. But as she did, she almost lost control. She coughed slightly and struggled to hold herself. A few heads turned. The leader watched carefully for a moment, suspicion rising in her eyes, but she said nothing and allowed the ritual to continue.

More chants followed. The atmosphere changed completely. A heavy, dark presence filled the cave.

Thick smoke spread across the space, and the air felt unnatural, as though something unseen had been summoned. Priscilla held herself firmly, controlling every reaction. Hannah struggled, but she forced herself to remain steady. Soon, the chanting turned into singing and dancing. The members began to move rhythmically. Hannah, who naturally loved dancing, found herself moving more than expected. For a moment, she forgot the danger and danced with energy. Again, a few people looked at her strangely.

Then everything slowed. It was time. Jennifer was brought forward. They removed her outer covering until she was left in minimal clothing. She was made to lie down on the place of sacrifice. Hannah held Priscilla's hand tightly, her heart breaking as she looked at Jennifer. Priscilla closed her eyes briefly and prayed silently.

The leader stepped forward. Before proceeding, she paused and looked across the gathering. "I sense new presence among us," she said slowly. "Is there anyone here who wishes to join and be initiated?" There was a moment of silence. Then Priscilla stepped forward. Hannah followed her. The leader watched them closely. "If you are ready to join," she said, "you must prove it." She handed Priscilla a dagger. "One of you

will stab her," she said, pointing at Jennifer. "The other will finish it."

The cave became silent. Priscilla walked slowly toward Jennifer. Jennifer looked up at her with fear in her eyes. "Please..." she whispered. Priscilla raised the dagger. For a brief moment, everything stood still. Then suddenly, she turned and threw the dagger hard against the wall. The metal struck the rock with a sharp sound. "I will never do this," she said firmly. In that moment, her covering slipped off, revealing her face.

A loud reaction spread through the cave. "Priscilla!" someone shouted. The leader's face hardened instantly. "Seize them!" she commanded. Chaos broke out. Priscilla moved quickly, grabbing another weapon nearby. She began to defend herself, striking against anyone who came close. Hannah, though afraid, picked up a stick and joined the fight. Fear turned into courage as she fought with everything she had. Jennifer quickly stood up, covered herself, and joined them as well.

The cult members tried to overpower them, but the struggle created confusion. The leader attempted to escape, shouting orders as she moved toward the exit. But before she could get far, a loud sound echoed from

outside. Gunshots rang into the air. Security forces stormed into the cave. Police officers and soldiers entered swiftly, overpowering the guards at the entrance. The four men who had been working with the cult were captured immediately and restrained.

The rest of the members tried to flee, but there was no escape. One by one, they were arrested. Priscilla, Hannah, and Jennifer stepped back, breathing heavily. They had already informed the authorities earlier and gave them the exact time to intervene. The plan had worked. In the process, Priscilla and Hannah sustained minor injuries, but they stood firm.

As the officers searched the cave, they discovered a hidden section where several girls were being kept. They were weak, hungry, and waiting for their turn to be sacrificed. They were rescued immediately. That night, the entire operation came to an end. The cult was dismantled. The victims were saved. And for the first time in a long time, the darkness over the school began to lift.

Episode Sixteen
The Reward of Courage

The next morning, the atmosphere in the university was completely different. What had once been a place filled with fear and confusion was now calm. News of what happened in the cave had spread across the entire campus. Priscilla was called by the school management. When she arrived, the atmosphere was formal, but there was a sense of humility in the room.

The management spoke to her with sincerity. “We want to apologize,” one of them said. “We acted on the wrong information. We did not know the truth about that lecturer.” Another added, “She appeared good to everyone. We did not know she was hiding something so dangerous.” Priscilla stood quietly and listened. “She was a wolf in sheep’s clothing,” one of the senior staff members said. They officially withdrew her expulsion and restored her fully as a student of the university.

After that, she and Hannah were invited to a larger gathering. Students had already gathered in large numbers. The moment Priscilla and Hannah appeared, the atmosphere erupted with applause. Cheers filled the air. Students who once lived in fear

were now celebrating. Priscilla stood calmly, while Hannah stood beside her, smiling. The fear that once filled her heart was gone. In its place was a deep sense of relief and joy.

She turned to Priscilla. “I have never regretted being your friend,” she said sincerely. Priscilla smiled slightly. “And when you stopped talking to me?” she asked. “When you made me your enemy because I was trying to help?” Hannah laughed softly, shaking her head. “I understand now,” she said. “Courage matters.” They both smiled.

Soon, the school management and lecturers gathered on a raised platform that looked like a podium. The students became quiet as the provost stepped forward to speak. He looked at both of them with approval. “For your courage, your determination, and your role in exposing what was happening in this institution,” he said, “the school has decided to honor you.”

There was a pause. “You are both hereby awarded a full scholarship for the rest of your years in this university.” The crowd erupted again. Cheers, clapping, and excitement filled the air. Priscilla and Hannah looked at each other, overwhelmed with joy. They stepped closer and embraced tightly. What began

as a simple journey to study had turned into a mission that changed lives. And in the end, courage and faith had prevailed.

Epilogue

In Priscilla's own Words

I spent the rest of my years in the university studying law on a full scholarship. Everything was covered. I did not have to worry about fees again. What once looked like a painful interruption became a door that God Himself opened. My parents were happy with me in the end. At first, they did not understand why I chose that path. They were afraid for me, and they wanted me to stay safe and focus only on my studies. But when everything was revealed, they saw clearly that God had a purpose for placing me there.

The truth came out fully after the arrest. The female lecturer was questioned, and she confessed. She explained that the cult was not something she started by herself. It was an ancient system that had been passed down through generations. According to her, it was handed over to her by her mother, and she became responsible for continuing it. She admitted everything. She confessed that she had been involved in the killing of female students. She explained how they carried out sacrifices and how deeply rooted the covenant was. In the end, justice took its course. She was sentenced to life imprisonment.

As for me, I moved forward with my life, but I never forgot what I learned during that time. If there is anything I will say to you reading this, it is this. Be courageous wherever you find yourself. You may not understand why you are in a particular place. You may have desired another school, another city, or another path entirely. But sometimes, God places you somewhere for a reason that is beyond your comfort. There may be something there that needs to be corrected. There may be lives that need to be saved. There may be darkness that needs light.

Do not ignore the leading of the Holy Spirit. Listen carefully. Trust Him completely. Follow His direction even when it is not easy. You do not just go to school to study alone. Sometimes, you are sent there to make a difference. May God guide your steps, strengthen your heart, and lead you into His purpose. In Jesus' name. Amen.

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.

Account Details (Nigeria)
Account Name: Macanthony Ijere
Bank Name: Sterling Bank
Account Number: 0138431203
SWIFT/BIC: NAMENGLA
Bank Address: Lagos, Nigeria.

Account Details (United States)
Account Name: Macanthony Meniye Ijere
Bank Name: Wells Fargo
Account Number: 406302318512941 96
Routing Number: 121000248
Account Type: Checking
SWIFT/BIC: WFBIUS6SXXX
Bank Address: 651 N Broad St, Suite 206, Middletown, 19709 Delaware, US

Contact Him on
WhatsApp: +2349133400801
Email: anthonyijere@yahoo.com
Facebook: Anthony Ijere
Instagram: @anthony.ijere

Please feel free to send testimonies of how any of these books have helped your life to anthonyijere@yahoo.com or WhatsApp +2349133400801

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.

