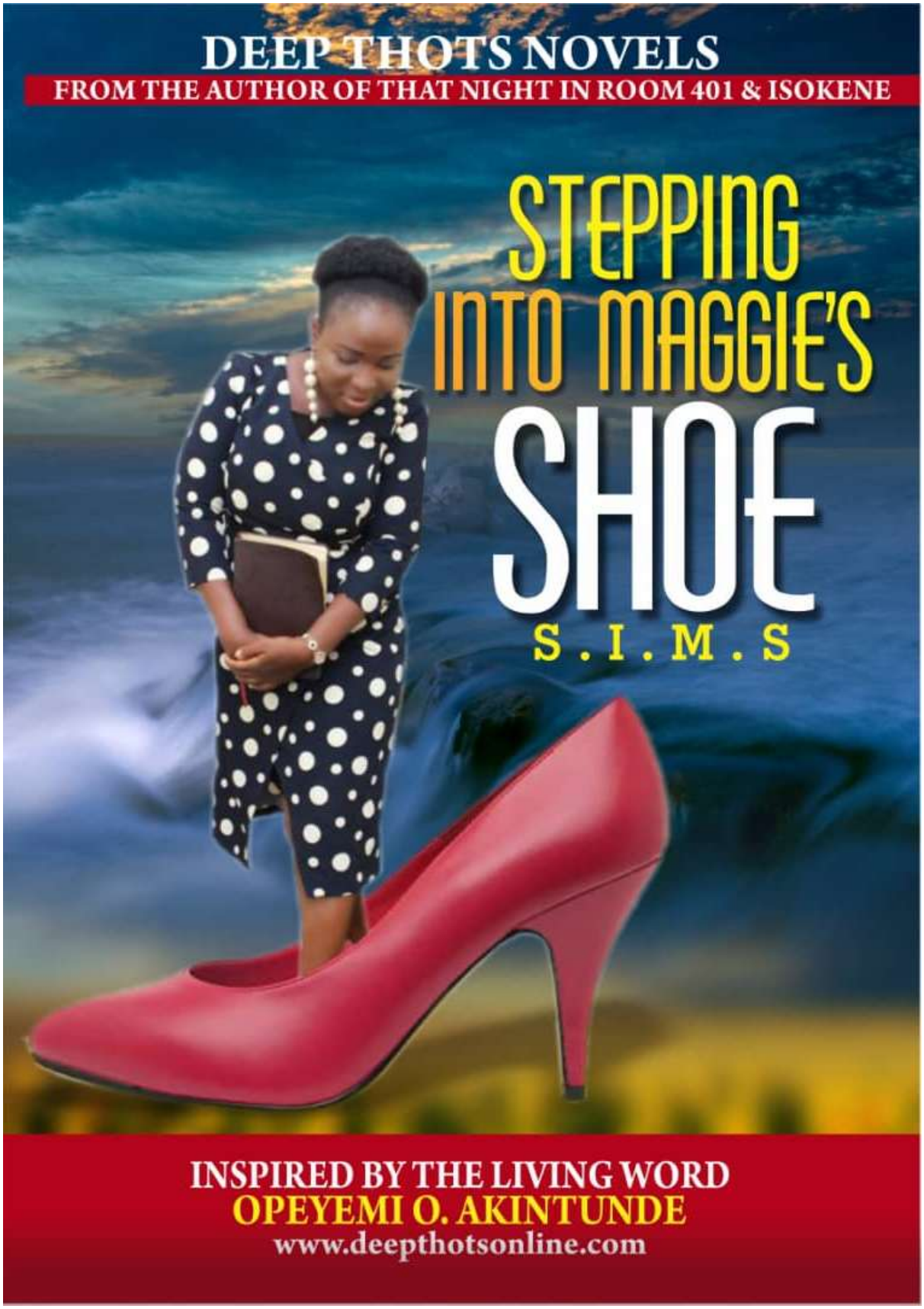

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
FROM THE AUTHOR OF THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 401 & ISOKENE
STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE
S.I.M.S
INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
OPEYEMI O. AKINTUNDE
www.deepthotsonline.com

S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)

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TEL: 07064779596
08151103646
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deepthotsonline@gmaill.com
Website- www.deepthotsonline.com
Facebook: @Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Instagram@ opeyemiakintunde
YouTube Channel: DEEP THOTS FILMS

THIS WORK IS PURELY THE INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

APPRECIATION

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

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

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

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

I APPRECIATE MY SPRITUAL PARENTS, PASTORS, MENTORS, ESPECIALLY, DR D.K OLUKOYA. "Daddy, thanks for your fatherly love and interest in me". I APPRECIATE BISHOP OYEDEPO, FOR SOWING THE SEED OF SALVATION IN ME, WHILE ATTENDING COVENANT UNIVERSITY. I APPRECIATE PASTOR GBESAN ADEBAMBO, PASTOR ADEMUAGUN, EVANG MIKE & GLORIA BAMILOYE, PASTOR JOSEPH, PASTOR DELE., PASTOR AUSTIN…GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

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

TO PROFESSOR LANRE AMODU, THANK YOU FOR CREATING THE OPPORTUNITY TO FIND MY PURPOSE.

I APPRECIATE MY FAMILY MEMBERS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT, APOSTLE & DR FOLASADE POPOOLA, OPEYEMI & TITILOLA ADEJOJU.

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

DEEPTHOUGHTS NOVELS

DEDICATION

I DEDICATE THIS NOVEL TO MY SOURCE, MY INSPIRATION, MY FOUNDATION, THE GIVER OF THE OIL UPON MY HEAD…

TO GOD THE FATHER, THE SON AND THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I AM NOTHING WITHOUT THE TRINITY.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 1
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE's SHOE)
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Her name was Margaret; she was my pastor's wife. She was popularly referred to as Pastor Maggie. My pastor's name was Apostle Raymond, but he loved us calling him Pastor Ray, because we the foundation members had always referred to him that way. It was just recently the title "Apostle" surfaced.

Pastor Ray was handsome, tall, anointed with a capital "A." He was way too young for the level of anointing he carried: my pastor was just 38 years old and his eight year old ministry had swallowed up most ministries that were up to 25 years and above in terms of popularity, crowd, branches and influence.

It therefore didn't make sense one bit, that he would have married a woman like Pastor Maggie.

She was not in his league. As I sat in the taxi on my way back from church that Sunday, I couldn't help the level of anger I was feeling towards my Pastor's wife.

"How on earth would she dress that way?" I was literally screaming in my heart. Pastor Maggie had worn a blue chiffon flowery loose long top that looked like a canopy with a black and white striped straight skirt with a cream hat and a cream sandal matched with a blue bag...

"Who does that?" I shook my head for the umpteenth time...

"If only I was in her shoes, my goodness, with a trendy and anointed husband like Pastor Ray, I would be the talk of the town, I will surely represent Christ in a big and classy way." I thought to myself as I remembered how over 50 people in church had complimented me that day for looking top notch in my black themed wear. I didn't have a lot of money but I always made an attempt to look classy, meanwhile with the money Pastor Ray has, his wife could do better than what she was doing...

"A million naira for your thoughts?" Nneka, my friend said. Nneka, Joke and I were going home. We lived in the same axis, so we always took the cab home every Sunday after service. Nneka was my best friend, while Joke was just a church friend.

I blurted out without thinking...

"I don't like the way Pastor Maggie dressed today!"

Joke burst into laughter.

"My thoughts exactly, I thought eight years is enough to have an upgrade, but the woman keeps getting worse and the annoying thing is she doesn't wear a welcoming face. She wears the look of a lioness that cannot be approached, at least I would have

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approached her to be her personal stylist. Did you see the rainbow effect she pulled today? Blue flowery top with over six colors on it, with a striped black and white skirt... She needs help" Joke said.

"I wish I was in her shoes, my goodness..." I said bitterly again.

"Long throat, you can never be in her shoes, whether she dresses well or not, she is the woman fortunate enough to be Pastor Ray's wife, let's concentrate on our own lives. At least you both have your men, I am still the single one" Nneka said jokingly.

As she was concluding her statement, my phone rang. It was Julius, my fiancé calling.

I decided to focus truly on my life. My wedding engagement ceremony was coming up in 3 months' time, so I had better leave Pastor Maggie and her catastrophic dress sense...

"Hello Julius..."

Before I go on with my story, I need to ask you, was it right for my pastor's wife to be fashion senseless because she was a pastor's wife and was it wrong for me to have wished to be in her shoes, because to me, she was not representing Christ well?

To be continued...

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Written by Opeyemi O. Akintunde
+234-8151103646 Facebook@OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 2
S.I.M.S
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"Apostle is the handsome one, you all know I am not as good looking as he is, so young ladies, when on the lookout, make sure you look well..." Pastor Maggie said with a dry smile.

"Why?" I almost screamed out.

"This is official: my pastor's wife needs help! Why would she be applauding her husband and making a mess of herself on the Altar? Who said Apostle was better looking than she is? I hope this is not how she carries herself at home, telling her husband he is better looking than she is?"

I blanked out from the watery message she was trying to preach which she made worse by creating a bad brand of herself. This was two Sundays after her catastrophic dress episode. It was the Women's week and it was mandatory as the Mother of the church to be the one to minister, but here she was, pouring out the wrong words. For starters, she could have done better as regards her appearance, but to add salt and pepper to her already terrible case, she was a making mess of herself.

"I wish I can get close to this woman, but the security around her alone would ask me a million questions." I thought bitterly.

Not that I was a stranger, seven years in the ministry was not a joke, but she wasn't the social kind of person as she had created an invisible wall around herself.

My name is Happiness, but Happy for short and I have always tried to put smiles on people's faces. God, I feel this woman needs help and I really want to get close to her, before she loses her husband to some wolves out there.

I shifted my gaze to Pastor Ray, and you didn't need anyone to tell you, he wasn't comfortable with his wife on the Altar. His body language said everything, as he kept checking his wrist watch.

After about 35 minutes, Pastor Maggie delivered us from the torture of listening to her watery than water speech she called a message.

I made up my mind I was going to get close to this woman no matter what. I felt there were things I could contribute to her. For starters, she needed to start seeing herself differently and speaking about herself differently. It wasn't wrong of her to compliment her husband but not at her own expense, like one of those comedians who make a mockery of themselves to make people laugh.

After service, I waited and prayed to God about the step I was about to take, I told God how passionate I was about helping Pastor Ray's wife.

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I believed God heard me and got a go ahead.

“I hope you prayed for me as well” I heard Pastor Ray’s masculine voice from behind me.

“Jesus!” It had been so long I stood really close to Pastor Ray, he was looking really fresh, his cologne was out of this world, my heart did a victory jump like a thousand times in less than a second. Pastor Ray, Pastor Maggie and the security were on their way out, I must have prayed for close to an hour without knowing, (I prayed about other things as well) so the church was close to empty.

I guessed Pastor Ray seeing me praying at the Altar an hour after service had caught his attention.

“Yes... yes sir, I actually included you and Pastor Maggie in my prayers” I said beaming with smiles and instead of getting an appreciative smile from Pastor Maggie like the one Pastor Ray was giving me, all I got from her was a cold stare that spoke hatred, disgust and bitterness in volumes.

“Thank you daughter, we appreciate it, you are blessed” Pastor Ray, his wife and the security left, but I couldn’t help but reason why Pastor Maggie gave me that cold stare.

“Or is she psychologically disturbed?” I wondered.

Julius, my fiancé who had been waiting rushed towards me after Pastor Ray left...

“Did you tell him?” he asked with so much excitement.

“About?” I asked looking blankly at him.

“About? What do you think I am talking about?” Julius retorted as he knew I was trying to feign ignorance.

“The financial help?” I asked the obvious.

“Of course” he replied.

“Julius, so you expected me to open my mouth to tell Apostle that my husband to be needs financial assistance to pay my dowry as he is jobless? Brother, I have too much self-worth.”

“What’s there? Apostle helps people and asking him to help us...” he said.

“I should beg him to pay my bride price, Julius you need help, excuse me...”

I couldn’t stand to hear any of his annoying statements anymore. If not for several heartbreaks, Julius was not even the kind of man I would have settled for in marriage.

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Out of anger, I walked out on him, or was I wrong to have walked out on him? Or better still I think the right question I should ask you dear reader is, was it right for a man to borrow or beg for money in order to pay his wife's bride price?

Secondly, was it right for my Pastor's wife to talk less of herself, while exalting her husband???

To be continued

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INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Fb@OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde -Official.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 3
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Pastor Maggie was dead!

My mother woke me up to the shocking breaking news of the day. I rushed to the living room to watch the news myself. Was I dreaming or was this real? What happened?

"Wife of popular Man of God, Apostle Raymond was found dead in her room in the early hours of this morning. She was confirmed dead by the State hospital. It has been confirmed that she died of drug overdose. The question on the streets is "Was this a staged assassination or a deliberate suicide by the deceased to save face from the recent money laundering scandal she has been associated with?" More reports will be coming your way. In all, we pray her gentle soul rests in perfect peace and our condolences go out to her family and church. We hope to bring you more report as the story unfolds. I am Irene Coldwealth" the broadcaster said.

I collapsed into the chair...

"Why? Pastor Maggie? Why did you commit suicide? I knew you were going through something but I couldn't place my hands on it and even this scandal I knew you were innocent!" I cried out in the living room as I watched her picture being displayed on screen.

Scandal? Yes! About a month ago, which was a month after her catastrophic dress episode, a woman surfaced online saying Pastor Maggie and a man duped her of 55 million naira. She said a man who was working for Pastor Maggie told her the ministry wanted to sell one of the church properties and he was their agent. She said she only met Pastor Maggie once in the man's house and they had exchanged pleasantries.

In her words, she had said "The man told me, he was the one handling all the church properties and Pastor Maggie had affirmed it right there in his house, although she left immediately I got in. However, before she left I asked to take a picture with her out of excitement, which we did. This is the picture here. After she left that day, the man and I signed the deal as I was assured it was genuine having seen Pastor Maggie.

After the man collected the 55 million and some fake papers were signed, he disappeared into thin air."

The woman began to harass Pastor Maggie on air calling her a swindler, everyone expected her to respond, but Pastor Maggie never made a public statement for over 2-3 weeks.

Suddenly, other reports started popping up, that she was actually having an affair with the man and that the man actually used her to swindle the woman. The noise,

DEEP HOTS NOVELS

backlash, criticism, name calling was out of this world as people and journalists would not talk on any other thing.

Now, she had committed suicide....

I cried uncontrollably, I suddenly felt pained in my heart like I was the one in her shoes. My phone rang... It was Nneka.

“Hello Nneka… I don’t want to believe this is true!” I said crying.

“Babe, its true ooo” she said laughing.

“Nneka, you are laughing?” I asked.

“Happy, you are crying? Why?” she asked still smiling.

“Why? Are you seriously asking me why I am crying after hearing the news that my pastor’s wife is dead?”

“Aww, babe a lot of people saw it coming, it seems Pastor Maggie had it coming, you have not been reading peoples’ comments online, in fact it is a celebration online” she said heartily.

“Celebration? How? When did someone’s death call for celebration?” I asked.

“Babe ask the internet, just type “Reactions about Pastor Maggie’s death” and just to hint you, the race has started ooo and I am sure going to be the winner.”

“Race? What race?” I asked still in the dark of what was going on.

“Happy, are you still on the bed?”

“No!”

“Then why is your brain not fully charged? Don’t you know we single ladies have found a new available husband on the shelf and the highest bidder gets him?” she said seriously.

My heart dropped...

Pastor Maggie’s death was barely 3 hours and people were already thinking of entering her shoe....

“Babe, you know you are settled with Julius, please pray for me as I enter into Pastor’s Maggie’s shoe...”

“Nneka, you are heartless” I managed to say.

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“Happy, I wasn’t expecting less from you, but babe this is the reality, Pastor Maggie is gone, she didn’t use her time well. Remember Queen Vashti had to leave for Queen Esther to reign to help the people of God. I have what it takes to be a better wife and Mother in the Lord.”

At this point, my tongue was on temporal vacation...

I was surprised these words were coming out of Nneka because she was a bit close to Pastor Maggie and was always defending her whenever we spoke negatively about her dress sense.

Hmm! What a life!

Pastor Ray? What about him? I wondered how he was taking the whole situation. Was he devastated or was he also happy he had been set free from his unhappy wife?

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

+234-8151103646

Facebook@OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 4
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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"I never knew my wife was suffering from depression, I never knew she was taking depression pills, so hearing the result of the postmortem carried out on her that she died of depression pills overdose still strikes my heart sharply and painfully. Maggie was a good wife who loved God and loved me. She was so passionate about me fulfilling my ministerial assignment, she gave me her all, but I guess I failed in my responsibility to her, I wasn't there when she needed me the most... She smiled when she gave me my food, she personally washed my clothes, and she made sure I was always looking good, she was God sent...."

I was seriously tearing up on Sunday as Pastor Ray was addressing the church, but he made a statement that didn't sit well with me...

"I have promised God, that when he gives me another woman, I will nurture her and be there for her" he said and I instantly rolled my eyes. Hmm, he was already thinking of another wife, but what irritated me the most was the reaction of most ladies in the church.

"Awwwnnnn" You should have heard the charade of "awwws" from the single desperate ladies in the congregation.

"And that is going to be me" Nneka said in a whisper but she thought she whispered it to me, only for Christabel and Darasimi, (the spoilt and arrogant divas in church) to look back and give Nneka the look that spoke disgust. Christabel especially checked Nneka out from head to toe and without saying anything, we knew what she implied was "You are way too cheap."

"Somewhere in my heart I know why Maggie did what she did. She had given up on the chances of ever having a child, but I had always told her, God was the giver of kids.... (He broke down) ....I want to appreciate all those who have stood by me... God bless you..." he said as he could not help his tears.

As much as I felt sorry for him, why the early talk about getting a new wife who he will nurture? Hmmm....

Pathetic for Pastor Maggie, she had lived the life of taking care of her husband despite suffering from depression and in less than a week of her death, her husband was already implying he will marry someone else...

After service, Nneka told me she wanted to get to the rest room. Julius walked up to me and as usual started telling stories...

"I promise I will nurture and take care of you, it's just this job search that is not making you see the best of me" he said proudly.

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“Tomorrow starts today, Julius if you cannot go all out to look for money to pay my dowry, then you won’t be able to go all out to take care of me in marriage” I said staring him in the face.

“Looking for where to borrow money is me going all the way out to make this marriage possible” he said trying to justify himself.

“Julius, I have agreed to support you in paying for all the other wedding expenses including renting a bigger apartment for us, but the one thing I cannot help you with is paying my dowry!” I told him affirmatively.

“Happy! Happy!” Joke was calling me from a far distance.

“Julius, is there something else you have to say before I attend to Joke?” I asked him but he shook his head in the negative and walked away.

I knew Julius very well, that was his sign of throwing tantrums like a baby. He would not speak with me again for another one week till I go begging him, but it’s high time I started making him understand I was special and should be taken as serious priority. Apostle Ray had lost his wife and he was already thinking of a new wife. That shows that if a woman does not enjoy her life before she dies, another woman will enjoy it in her place.

“Julius had better work hard to get the dowry so he would appreciate me in marriage” I said to myself.

I also walked away towards Joke.

“Joke, what is it?” I asked as I got close to her.

“There is big fire on the mountain” Joke was pulling me towards the toilet direction, but instead of entering the toilet, she pulled me towards the back of the toilet building.

As soon as we got close to where she was taking me, I started hearing voices...

“You are trash... If Pastor Ray is ever going to remarry, you can’t even get on the top 100 list...” Christabel was saying.

“So Nneka the village girl, go and join the league of your friends who follow after jobless bachelors who are still going around begging members for money to pay the dowry of their fiancée” Darasimi said looking towards my direction as I had surfaced in their midst.

“Were you just referring to me?” I asked.

“I didn’t mention names, or do those words describe you?” Darasimi asked me.Darasimi eyed me and pulled Christabel away from us, but Christabel was far from being through as she said in a low voice…

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“Nneka, I always clear anything or anyone that stands in my way of getting things I want, Pastor Maggie was one good example... Ray is mine.”

“Jesus!” Joke and I exclaimed simultaneously but to my utmost shock, Nneka moved closer to Christabel and spoke in a low tone too…

“So you think you were the one who got Pastor Maggie off the scene? That shows you think too highly of yourself... Well, I don’t clear people who stand in my way, I am way too busy for that, rather I have bulldozers who help me crush them. After they are crushed, I get to walk over them.”

With that, Nneka walked away.

Christabel, Darasimi, Joke and I all stood in shock as Nneka never came across to us as a killer or anything close. She was the happy girl that joked around a lot.

Was Pastor Maggie killed? And if yes, was it Nneka or Christabel? If it was either of them, how did they go about it?

These were the questions in my heart as we all sat silently in the Taxi on our way home. Nneka the chatter box was not saying anything, Joke also maintained her lane... and I kept wishing pastor Ray had not said anything about having a new wife or what do you think?

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Facebook@ OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde -Official
Instagram @OpeyemiAkintunde
+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 5
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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The atmosphere in church was so tensed it would take the Holy Spirit to sweep away or unseat the competitive spirit that had come to take its seat in the front row of the church.

Single ladies went shopping, everyone was dressing to kill. Ladies started coming to church early, fighting for the front seat. The single ladies in the ushering department started making their skirts tighter and shorter.

Sisters started struggling to give testimonies in order to get noticed by the Apostle. You would always hear words like this...

"Apostle said it and so was it."

"The God of my Apostle worked wonders for me... Apostle is the man sent personally for me..."

"I wonder how my life would have been if I had not met My Apostle..."

I would always shake my head in pity at most of the girls especially those who were breaking up with their long standing fiancés, with the hope they would stand the chance of being the next Apostle's wife.

Mothers started advertising their daughters before the Apostle. A particular woman who was very close to the Apostle actually told her daughter to return to the country. It was very obvious Thelema came back to be the Apostle's wife.

As for me, I endured my humiliating relationship with Julius, even though we had to postpone the engagement ceremony for another 2 months for Julius to get the money for my bride price.

However, at this point my mother was already getting frustrated and irritated at the sight of Julius whenever he came to our house.

My father was a bit friendly to him, encouraging him that God would provide for him.

Nneka and Christabel were always trying to outshine each other. They both suddenly joined the Ushering department in order to market themselves very well. I noticed Nneka was always going to the Apostle's office for counseling every Sunday and she would spend hours with him.

It got to a point, we could no longer go home together and therefore our relationship wasn't as close as before.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

****

“Hello, Happy!” That was Joke waking me up from my sleep with her phone call.

“Yes! Joke. Good morning” I replied.

“Happy, have you heard?” Joke was the Minister of information in our church and all her information was always accurate because she was dating one of the pastors. Therefore, she always got first hand information.

“What?”

“Christabel was attacked yesterday night and the attacker poured acid on her face.”

“JESUS!” I jumped from the bed.

“Babe! This fight is real ooo, I heard she has been shouting Nneka’s name and that the police are on their way to arrest Nneka.”

“Ha!” Speechless was my state.

“Babe, is it by force to marry Apostle? Now both of them have landed themselves in trouble.... Christabel’s face can never be the same again... but she is from a wealthy home anyways, she might be able to afford a face reconstruction surgery” Joke said laughing.

“The face can never be the same, Joke. My Goodness, after all the wasting of money on expensive face primer, contouring, Botox and all that, Christabel can no longer flaunt her face as the million dollar face as she calls it” I said, remembering Christabel’s face and her arrogant way of calling her face, ‘the million dollar face.’

“Yesooo, by now her million dollar face will not even be worth a kobo. Babes, thank God we are satisfied with our own struggling boyfriends instead of fighting over what is apparently bigger than us... I will talk to you later ooo.”

Joke hung up and I thought of Nneka... Nneka couldn’t have done this, or could she?

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Facebook @ OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde-Official
Instagram @Opeyemiakintunde

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 6
S.I.M.S
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"Happy, if anyone doesn't believe me, you should, there is no big thing I do that I don't tell you" Nneka said over the phone.

"I know, I believe you, I know you couldn't have done it, but those words you spoke that day at the back of the toilet were too powerful and implicating. You said you have bulldozers who work for you. If Darasimi or Christabel mentions that to the police, it could be concluded that you hired someone to pour the acid on Christabel on your behalf." I said but I noticed Nneka was panting hard like she was running fast.

"Happy, that was just an empty threat, I was just bluffing..." Nneka said still panting hard.

"Nneka, where are you and why are you panting?" I asked.

"I am being smart, I am running away, before the police gets to my place, Joke called to inform me." Nneka said.

"Run? No... Nneka that makes you look guilty... You don't run in times like this, you quickly contact a lawyer and tell him your own part of the story" I said in apprehension.

"Really?" She asked as she sounded obviously confused.

"Yes, right now do two things: first go back to your house now, don't let the police get there before you and secondly call a lawyer, preferably call the church Lawyer and explain all you know about the case... make sure you are 100% truthful." I said.

"Ok, I will do that! Are you sure I won't be imprisoned? Oh my goodness, to think I was just joking over this Apostle's matter." Nneka said.

"Joking? Babe you did not sound like you were joking and for the past one month with your change of dressing and perfume, you have not been acting like you were joking... Don't try to tell that lie, just remember to tell the lawyer, the WHOLE TRUTH." I said before hanging up.

I followed her up, made sure she called the lawyer.

The case ended up being messy as it made the headlines and Christabel's family members were not ready to let Nneka go unpunished.

Nneka was detained in the police station for a week under serious torture to confess to the crime but she kept saying she was innocent. When there was no concrete evidence against her, she was eventually released.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

After she was released, Nneka told me she was leaving the church as she could no longer worship there again. She relocated to Enugu.

Christabel's family also flew her abroad to have her face worked on.

In the midst of this, I realized I was happy within my heart and a part of me kept saying "2 down, more to go." I would always silence that voice whenever the thought crept up in my heart and head.

Then the unexpected happened: one fateful Sunday, I was invited by the marriage committee for a meeting. I suspected what it was; I suspected it had something to do with Julius changing our Engagement dates. I walked towards the marriage committee office shamefully, but surprisingly I met the usual frowning faces SMILING at me.

That was NOT normal, but I suddenly remembered that was exactly how my mother was smiling sheepishly at me that morning on our way to church...

"Mummy, what's with this smile and this look you have been blessing me with since you woke up this morning?"

"Nothingooo" Mum had said

"Now, I know there is something, because whenever you add 'ooooo' to your 'Nothing', it shows there is actually something... Mum spit it out. You are hiding something."

"Well, I am just amazed at the wonders of God... All I can say is God is good... I won't say anything more." She had increased the volume of music in her car to tell me the conversation was over.

Dad and Mum were not members of Apostles' church, but Mum followed me once in a while when we had special programs. Surprisingly, that day was not a special Sunday, so I was a bit surprised when she told me she was going to church with me.

Therefore, seeing the exact smile I saw on Mum that morning on the faces of the marriage committee members, my instincts told me something was up.

After exchanging all the pleasantries, they went straight to the point...

"Blessed are you amongst women, Sis Happy" said one of the women and immediately my eyes widened, my heart started racing at 150km...

"Like you know, ever since the ugly situation between Sis Nneka and Sis Christabel, the entire church has been praying seriously for the Apostle for God to give him a woman that will take the place of Pastor Maggie in his life to avoid more casualties among the single ladies in and out of the church."

"Ok now, how this one tey concern me?" (How does that concern me?) I instantly started thinking in pidgin; my knowledge of English went on sabbatical leave as I stood looking like a zombie listening to a foreign language that had no meaning to me.

DEEPTHOTS NOVELS

“During our prayers, your name came up and the Apostle also confirmed to us by mentioning your name as the name the Lord had given Him” said the only man in the committee.

“He said the Lord told him, He is sending HAPPINESS into his life and we believe that is YOU, Sis Happy, knowing how unserious your fiancé has been, we want to let you know that God has chosen you to step into Pastor Maggie’s shoe...” An elderly woman concluded.

I stood like a robot that had been glued to a spot and then suddenly I ran out of the office and I just kept running and running. I knew I heard people calling my name and chasing me... I knew I heard my mother’s voice, but I couldn’t stop my legs from running.... I stopped a taxi and jumped in...

“Where madam?”

“Anywhere far from here.... just get me out of here.” I screamed at the Taxi driver.

This had to be a dream, God forbid!

I would never enter Pastor Maggie’s shoe... It wasn’t going to be my size, it wouldn’t fit me one bit.... Julius was my perfect size.... I refuse to enter her shoes and get killed with all the acid pouring and silent rivalry in the church...

“God, please if this is a joke, abeg ooo, I am not smiling.... I reject this shoe in Jesus’ name.”

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
Facebook@OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde
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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 7
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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"Madam, we have been driving around for the past two hours, where exactly is your destination? Are you on the run?" the taxi driver asked through the inner mirror.

"Yes... I am running away ooo." I said trying to make a joke out of my serious situation.

"Then I am sorry ma'am you may have to alight from my cab" he said with a very serious tone.

"Haha! That is so insensitive of you, at least you could have asked me why I am on the run." I said very irritated at his sharp response.

"I am sorry, it's not in my nature to meddle in the affairs of my passengers. Moreover, I don't know exactly why you ran out of the church before jumping into my cab, who knows maybe you committed a crime and by driving you around aimlessly, I could be helping you in your crime..."

"For a taxi driver, you are quite knowledgeable."

"No food for a lazy intelligent man, I don't have a choice, I need to take care of my family and very soon I plan on getting married so I need to work for money.... and that being said, ma'am your bill is N5000" he said sharply.

"5 What?" I asked but I checked my wristwatch and I realized we had been driving for close to 2 hours 30 minutes, as I kept telling him to go from one location to another.

"You know what? Never mind, just stop the car" I counted his money and gave to him.

After alighting from the cab, I stood on the main road not knowing what to do... I removed my heels and started walking... My home was about 3 hours journey from where I was, so I didn't know where exactly I was going.

"Julius, you caused all these, if you had gathered money for my bride price, all these talk about marrying Apostle won't come up" I muttered to myself...

"Do I love Julius?" I asked myself.

"Well, I like him enough to want to spend the rest of my life with him" I replied.

"Julius has a good heart, he is only unambitious and partially lazy" I told myself.

I kept on analyzing Julius as a potential good husband as against the Apostle. I knew Julius didn't have the inner push to get what he wanted, he believed too much in miracles.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

But Apostle was a life of paradise, being the wife of the General Overseer was tempting but sudden fear gripped my heart as I imagined being the center of focus. No, that didn't sit well with me; Apostle was a no no.

I brought out my phone and saw 72 missed calls. My mother, Julius and two other strange numbers had been calling... I decided to return Julius' call…

"Hello, Happy.... Happy where are you?" I heard concern in Julius' voice...

"I am fine, I am around Badagry"

"Bada - what? What on earth are you doing there?" He voice sounded like an alarm in my ears.

"I wanted to escape the evil conspiracy" I said.

"What conspiracy? Is it about you marrying the Apostle?" He asked sounding very calm about it.

"You know about it?" I asked very dumbfounded.

"Yes, I just came out of the marriage committee office. After I saw you running out of the church and I chased after you fruitlessly, I went to them to find out what happened?"

"And so?" I asked.

"They explained everything to me and made me see reason why you have to marry the Apostle" he said and he kept quiet.

"And..?"

"And.... I agreed to let you go since like they said I have nothing to offer you, I am jobless, I don't have money to pay your dowry and your clock as a lady is ticking fast" he said sounding like a defeated baby.

"Julius"

"Yes"

"I don't understand what you just said, can you try saying it in a way I will understand?" I asked as I found myself sitting on the floor in front of a closed shop.

"Happy, I know it doesn't sound good to the ear, but I guess this is destiny. I have always known you were meant for something greater, you deserve to be the wife of a General Overseer than a poor church member like me" he said and hot tears dropped down my cheeks.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Stop it Julius, stop it” I was screaming and crying... “Why don’t you have the nerve to always fight for what you want? Why do you give up easily? I am not getting married to the Apostle. Listen to me, I am getting married to you, so get that into your thick skull” I said and hung up.

“What kind of a man is Julius?” I said to myself.

A strange number was calling...

“Hello, Happiness” the familiar voice said...

“Hello, please who is this?”

“Raymond”

“Raymond? Sorry I don’t know any Ray....” then it suddenly clicked.

“Pastor Ray... I mean Apostle...?”

“Yes!”

I didn’t want to hear anything, I immediately ended the call and dropped my phone on the concrete floor beside me as the phone appeared to be hotter than fire in my hands...

The phone rang again, and the level of respect I had for Apostle made me pick up...

“I am sorry sir, I guess it’s the network sir...” I had to lie.

“Ok, I know that was a lie” he said laughing and his laughter warmed my heart but I had to concentrate on what he was saying....

“Please just give me two minutes of your time!”

“Ok Sir!”

“Sis Happiness, I have always loved your personality and dedication to God therefore when your name dropped in my heart, I was really grateful to God. Your running away further shows you are not like any of the other girls who are power and wealth driven... I would love you to consider my proposal and really bring back happiness into my life just like God said” I heard him say.

I didn’t have any reply to give him...

“Are you there?”

“No...” I said and I hung up... I wasn’t there...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

I knew what I was going to do...

I was going to borrow Julius money to pay my dowry....

Or what do you think?

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 8
"S.I.M.S"
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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"So, you eventually decided to come home?" My mother said when she opened the gate of the house for me.

I didn't have the strength to reply, I had walked for close to two hours with two voices fighting in my head. I eventually had to take a cab an hour earlier to bring me home...

I crashed on my bed, but my mother was at my doorway... my father joined as they both stared at me...

"What?" I asked

It always felt bad been an only child, as my parents were always in my business...

"What's your decision?" my father asked...

"You know I would never force you to do what you don't want to do" he said.

Knowing my father, I could read the undertone of his words; he was trying to tell me to be patient with Julius.

My mother also got the hidden message...

"Let her speak, don't lure her into saying what you want her to say..." my mother barked at my father...

"So?" she asked and I knew my mother would not let me be if I did not answer her...

"I am getting married to....."

"To who?" my mother asked angrily...

"To… To... To Ju... Julius" I replied.

"Ju - what? Are you sick? Or sickness has gotten a hold on you? The same Julius that has shifted your engagement date twice, the same Julius that has never deemed it fit to buy us a pin, talk less of a bottle of wine..., what is wrong with this child? You want to end up like me?" She said those words, eyed my father and left the doorway...

I knew what my mother meant by saying "Do I want to end up like her?"

My father was just like Julius, he wasn't ambitious. My mother was the Jack of all trades, working hard to take care of the family. My father was a Civil Servant, but after

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

he lost his job 10 years ago, he refused to rise up; he was satisfied with whatever my mother was able to bring home.

I stood up and followed my mother to the living room...

“Mummy, I don’t want to die, something keeps telling me, if I marry the Apostle I will die” I said trying to make my mother see reason with me...

“You can’t die as long I am your mother.”

“Mummy, don’t despise Julius, honestly Julius is a good man, do you know that he is the only graduate his family has produced, and he is trying to see to it that his younger ones also go to school. His background is very poor... one of the reasons he is yet to make our marriage happen is because of his younger sisters, he wants to see his youngest sister through university...” I said trying to justify his actions.

“So how does it affect him paying your dowry?” My mother asked with irritation in her voice.

“He said he doesn’t want them to hate me as being the one who will not allow him take care of them, so he is trying to settle them before our marriage or even if our marriage will happen now, he won’t want to tamper with the money he has set aside for their education to pay my Dowry” I said.

“Why are you talking like a fool? Happy... all you just said doesn’t make sense and I don’t want to hear it, and the one about you being afraid of death if you get married to Apostle, throw that thought to the trash, I am solidly behind you like a rock... Do you know what I have done?”

“What have you done?” That last comment from my mother was questionable... My mother was not someone who threw words around carelessly. She must have done something....

“Mummy, what have you done?” My voice tone had increased.

My heart was panting, I was not sure if I was ready to listen to what my mother was going to say, but I wanted to hear it....

“Nothingoooo” she said and once again knowing who my mother was, her ‘Nothing oooo’ meant ‘Something’.

“Mummy, there is something, tell me now or else I will kill myself.” I was shedding tears as there was this strong knowing in me, my mother must have done something to make me the sudden interest of the Apostle... I ran towards the kitchen and I took a knife....

“Happiness, don’t, please.” My father who saw my seriousness said, trying to take the knife from me.... “Mimi, answer her, what did you do? You know she can do what she is saying” my father shouted at my mother.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

My mother knew I was serious and based on my history of me having bipolar and a little bit of psychosis (Yes! I had a little psychiatric background), my mother knew I was serious...

“I am sorry, I was just trying to find you a good home as my only child, the day you came home lamenting that your pastor’s wife was badly dressed and you wished you were in her shoes.... I decided to to....”

“To what....?”

“To ...To...”***To be continued***

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Facebook@ OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde-Official
Ig@Opeyemiakintunde

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 9
S.I.M.S
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"To… To what?" I was moving so close to her with the knife in my hand...

"Happiness, listen.... my intention was not for her to die...We just wanted her out of his life...!" Mum said.

"Die? We? What are you talking about?" By this time my voice was so loud and I was weeping uncontrollably to the point I was beginning to have hiccups.

"You see, it was Julie's fault, she encouraged me" Mum said.

"Julie? Aunty Julie?" That was Mum mentioning my favorite aunt's name, Mum nodded in the affirmative.

"The day you came back from church and you were lamenting about your Pastor Maggie's dress sense, you remember Julie was here?" She asked.

"Yes, I met you both here, so what happened?"

"After you went in, she said....

*******MONTHS EARLIER**

"That woman's dressing is really pathetic you know, and Happy is right, if she were to be in that woman's shoe, I trust my niece, she would be making a statement with her dressing!" Aunt Julie had said.

"You are right, but if wishes were horses, I would be the richest" Mum had said.

"Wishes? Do you also like the idea?" Aunt Julie had asked.

"Of course, anytime I go with her to her church and I see that young man ministering, I would always wish my daughter was his wife, that way I would have been the happiest. You know Happy needs a man who will be spiritual and be able to stand by her because of her bipolar and psychosis. She needs a man who is wealthy who can buy her pills, but the unfortunate Julius she is carrying about doesn't even possess any of the qualities I just mentioned, so yes, I have also wished for it, but it is only a mere wish" Mum had said and she said she had intended to close the matter by going to check the food she was cooking, but aunt Julie had pulled her back...

"Mimi, Mimi, what kind of a mother are you?" Aunt Julie had asked.

"I am a good mother who wants the best for her only child."

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“So why don’t you clear the obstacle and create space for your child.”

“Clear which obstacle....?”

“The Pastor’s wife.”

“What? Clear? As in kill her…? Julie!”

“No who is talking about murder here, we need her to walk out of the marriage herself.”

“How?”

“There are several ways, but the one that comes to mind now is using the Queen Vashti method...”

“Queen Vashti Method? What’s that?”

“We don’t kill her, but we project the Spirit of Error and Mistake into her that will make her do the wrong thing which she will do openly and the world will see it. That way when the Apostle divorces her or sends her packing and marries your daughter, no one will blame him or your daughter...”

“Julie!”

“Mimi, it is Biblical ooo, Vashti committed an error and she was replaced...”

“Julie... You and the way you twist the Bible to suit your situation.”

**********PRESENT DAY**

“So, I took to her advice since it didn’t have anything to do with bloodshed. She told me to get one of Pastor Maggie’s pictures and begin to speak the spirit of error and mistake into her... So I was doing that every morning for two months on one of the church fliers that had her picture. It was a shock to me when I suddenly heard she committed suicide. I am sorry Happiness, I didn’t know she will commit the error of killing herself, we thought it was the affair she started having with that man that will lead to the Apostle divorcing her.... I did this for you.” Mum said as she started crying in regret.

My legs gave way as I fell to the ground, my hands lost their ability to hold, as the knife fell from my hand..My mother killed Pastor Maggie!

I felt the room was turning and the last thing I remembered was crying as I remembered Pastor Maggie’s face…

And I passed out. To be continued

DEE THOTS NOVELS

PART 10
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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I woke up few hours later on the hospital bed.

The moment I opened my eyes and realized I was in the hospital, I jumped from the bed thinking I was on the bed of the psychiatric hospital I had spent most of my childhood days. The thought of being there again made me cringe. I looked around and noticed the roommates were not on uniforms and neither was I.

"OK... I was not at the psychiatric hospital." That was a huge relief... I looked around and saw Mum...

"Mum, where am I?" I said.

"You... are in the hospital, you fainted…"

Fainted…! What happened…? Everything came rushing back to my memory... Mummy, Aunt Julie, Pastor Maggie's death...

"What? Mummy what are you doing here? I don't want to see you..." I screamed.

One thing about bipolar and psychosis was whenever I got angry, it could trigger a state called Hypomania (A state where I become irritable and I would start overreacting).

Mum always avoided me getting to that state...

"I am sorry, Happiness, all I did was to try to give you true happiness."

"True happiness by praying against someone else? What am I even saying? Praying? You didn't pray because I know God would ever have answered that prayer, you spoke negative words into someone else and the evil forces picked your words and acted on it..." I said.

"I am sorry" Mum said.

"And yet you still expect me to marry her husband?" I asked in total disbelief.

"Hmmm..."

"You don't have anything to say again…? You know what Mum? You have to be the one to bear the guilt of your crime."

My phone rang... It was a number that was not stored on my phone, so I picked up thinking it was one of my clients... It was already 7:30am in the morning; it was only my clients that usually called that early.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Hello, good morning...”

“Good morning Happy...” It was the masculine voice of Apostle Ray... My body shivered the moment I heard his voice and my heart started pounding seriously out of fear and guilt; I ended the call. That was my way of trying not to say the wrong thing whenever I was on the phone having a conversation. Whenever I ended a call, it gave me time to think through.

The phone rang again. I took a deep breath and picked up...

“I guess you have a habit of ending calls if you don’t like someone” he said humorously. “Well I am getting used to it and hope you won’t do that often when we get married” he said jokingly.

I gave a sarcastic laugh in my mind.

“Marry you my foot!” I said in my mind...

“I am sorry Apostle Sir, I did that out of respect for you sir, please sir... I am sure you know I am engaged to be married, I cannot leave my fiancé” I said very bluntly with a respectful voice... I noticed my mother stood up in disappointment.

“Is He the will of God?” He asked.

I could not answer that question because I had asked myself that question uncountable times but I had no answer for it... I just knew I was marrying Julius because he was the only serious minded guy I had at the time and since age was not being friendly, I choose to settle with him.

“You don’t have an answer to that?”

“No...” At times I could be very honest “…but, I am fine with him.”

“Ok... If you say so, guess I will be looking elsewhere.”

Finally! “Yes sir, and I pray you find the right woman who will fit into pastor Maggie’s shoe” I said.

“Thanks.”

I ended the call without the courtesy of saying “bye”

My phone rang almost immediately...

“You have done it again” he said laughing. His laughter was making me feel guilty as I was hearing the voice of a nice man who had just been widowed looking for comfort...

“I am sorry sir, I thought we were through.”

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“I just remembered I had a revelation about you, are you fine? I saw you on a hospital bed...”

What! Is this what marriage with him will be like? He will be able to see everything about me? Then after marriage, he will discover my mother had a hand in the death of his first wife!

Never!

“I am fine sir!”

“Ok, let me pray with you.”

He eventually prayed for about five minutes before I patiently ended the call.

The moment I ended the call, I knew within myself what I needed to do.

I asked to be discharged. I didn’t say a word to my mother. I was communicating with my father who had walked in during my phone call with the Apostle.

We drove home in silence. I took my bath and stepped out. I went straight to the bank, withdrew 90 percent of my savings and went straight to Julius’s house.

****

“Have it, from it you can pay my dowry and still have enough to get us a better accommodation...”

Julius was shocked; he looked at the bulk of money I had pushed into his hands...

“Who borrowed us?” he asked with excitement on his face.

“No one, it’s my money!”

“Your money?” he asked and I nodded in the affirmative. He stood on the same spot for few seconds very quiet while looking at the money in his hands....

“I can’t use your money to pay your dowry...”

“See it as if you borrowed it from me, I believe when we get married, you will get a job and you will pay me back” I said.

“This is not right!” Julius said pushing back the money at me.

“Please Julius, do this for us, I cannot marry the Apostle... It’s you I want to spend my life with.”

I said crying and Julius couldn’t stand my tears. After a brief moment of silence, he said

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Ok, on one condition,”

“Anything!”

“This stays between us, I will tell everyone who cares to know, that I got a loan from a friend...”

“Very fine with me” I said.

He wiped my tears as I felt relieved.

“How soon are we getting married?” He asked as he tickled me.

“Like now...” I said smiling.

“Let’s have it by weekend, we have postponed this engagement for too long.”

The idea sounded OK, since that day was Monday. I had five days to get every other thing done.

But somewhere in my heart, I felt someone was eavesdropping on our conversation...

Who it was I didn’t know.

Hope what I did was right? Julius had promised to refund my money...***To be continued***

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INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

God bless you.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 11
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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The Engagement was a super success, I was looking very beautiful in my Engagement attire. Julius was looking dapper as well, even though I was responsible for the wedding financially, to the point of buying his sisters' and grandparents' attires.

A day before the wedding, Julius had broken the news that we had to stay in his one room self-contained apartment for a while as he was yet to secure the 2 bedroom flat I gave him money for. At first, I wasn't happy with the development because I was not planning to live with my sisters in-law, but I felt I should overlook it and focus on the wedding. I encouraged myself that after the engagement, I would settle down and look for the apartment myself. We planned to have our Church wedding much later. All we planned on doing was to have the engagement and a Pastoral blessing.

My mother wasn't happy throughout the process. I had given her the shock of her life when I got back home that Monday and told her Julius was ready for the engagement.

You could see fear and unhappiness on her face. She tried talking me out of it, telling me even if I wasn't going to marry the Apostle, I should at least be calm enough to let God give me someone better than Julius, but all that fell on deaf ears.

I had a special guest at my Engagement ceremony that left my mouth opened. Apostle Ray came for the wedding and even blessed us.

After the engagement ceremony, we went to a cheap hotel for our honeymoon for two days. On getting there on the first night, Julius pecked and kissed me a bit, but begged me he was so worn out he could not make love to me, but he promised we were going to have fun the next morning. He slept off.

I told myself not to take the matter seriously as he had been working tirelessly in the past 6 days for the preparation of the engagement.

I woke up the next morning to discover Julius was not in bed. I checked the toilet, but he wasn't there; I checked the doorway, he wasn't there either. I went back into the room and searched for my phone. I dialed his number, and thankfully it rang...

"Hello, Baby" he said in a low tone.

"Julius, Where are you?"

"At the hospital... I am sorry, I got an urgent call and I thought it was nothing serious, that's why I didn't wake you up" he said.

"What's wrong?"

DEEPTHOTS NOVELS

“Grand Mummy just suffered a stroke.”

“What?”

“I guess the excitement and stress of the wedding was too much for her...”

“Which of the hospitals?” I asked as I was literally shaking.

“General Hospital, Ikeja.”

“Ok, I am on my way.”

That was the beginning of my marital journey with Julius.

We spent a lot of money on his Grandmother’s illness; we had to spend the money for the apartment on her treatment. My bank account suffered, I spent all I had; I took money from my business and spent it on her illness. I even went further to borrow from my friends to pay her hospital bills.

For those two months, Julius did not even touch me romantically. We couldn’t make love, as he was not emotionally balanced. Also, his sisters living with us were not helping matters. There was no way we could make love without them hearing our sound.

My Grandmother in-law was finally discharged and I got another shocking news from Julius...

“Happy, Grand Mummy is going home with us, she cannot return to her place, she has to be catered for and she needs to take an injection on a weekly basis.”

“You mean in the same SMALL apartment? Where will she be sleeping?” I asked very shocked at that suggestion.

“In our room; I will vacate the room for you and her, I will manage in the living room with my sisters.”

I had to say something.

“Julius, what is happening? Since we got married, you haven’t touched me!”

“Touch you…? With all that has been going on? My Grandmother is dying and all you can think of is sex... Is it that you don’t have feelings? My Grandmother was hale and hearty, but the rushed impromptu wedding you forced me into shot her B.P up and resulted in a stroke and all you are thinking about Happy, is sex, sex!” he said looking at me like I was a devil.

I broke into tears, as it hurt me that Julius was turning this table against me. Despite how I had pumped my money and energy into his Grandmother’s sickness, he had the nerve to talk to me that way.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

Julius hissed and pushed me out of the way.

Julius got a cab to take his Grandmother home; he made his Grandmother lie down on the back seat, while he sat in the front seat with the driver. I was planning to find a space in the taxi but he punched me with his words...

“You have to take public transport, I won’t want to inconvenient mama.” I stood transfixed on the spot as I watched the taxi zoom off. Julius had left me stranded, with no money.

I called a friend of mine who lived in that area, I had to lie that I lost my purse. My friend said she was out of town but used a mobile App to get me a taxi to pick me up from there to the house.

Obviously, Julius and his sisters were not expecting me to return that early as they were talking seriously about me...

“I told you the girl was possessed, now you can see all she has done... Can’t you see she has a bad leg? She walked into your life and on that same day of your wedding, my Grandmother developed a stroke.”

“The day she came to propose to you here on Monday and bribing you to marry her, what did I tell you brother after she left?”

“I know what you told me, you told me only desperate girls give men money to support the man in paying their dowry, but the truth is I had a plan!”

“I know, but it seems the witch girl has found out your plan and is bent on aborting it!” said Kate, Julius’ sister.

“I now believe she is a witch and that’s why I am trying to be very smart in my actions so I don’t have blood on my hands...”

“You better act fast before she finishes you, especially with her psychiatric problem.”

I was torn into a thousand pieces; I was shaking and crying at the same time. My legs couldn’t move. This level of betrayal was beyond me...

To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 12
"S.I.M.S"
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Hypomania was about to have a full expression in me. I knew I was just walking. Hypomania made me walk long distances without being tired. I was so heartbroken by Julius' betrayal that I wanted to run far away from him or kill him.

My phone was ringing, but I wasn't ready to pick up any call. A lot of thoughts were flashing through my brain... I thought of killing Julius and it seemed like a good idea because I won't be jailed for it. I was a medically insane person and if I killed anyone, I won't be punished for it.

I thought of how to go about it, I thought of strangulating him but I knew I didn't have the power or strength to do it.

I thought of poisoning him, all I needed to do was to go back home and pretend all was ok. I would look for the best time to poison his food...

"No! Happiness, you should not do this?" I heard the second voice in my head saying this...

At that point, I knew the voice I was to listen to, I should listen to the latter voice that just spoke, because the last time I listened to the first voice, I did something terrible...

What?

I poured Acid on Christabel...!

Yes! That was my doing... I broke down in tears on the road thinking of how it had happened...

I was in my room that day, and I heard the strange voice in my head...

"Christabel and Nneka are after the Apostle, but you know, you are the one that should step into Pastor Maggie's shoe... Nneka will be easy to eliminate because she is your friend, but Christabel will be a hard one, unless you do something else."

"What? I asked the voice.

"By pouring acid on her face... All you need do is to wear a mask over your face."

I obeyed this voice and traced Christabel to her house on Sunday evening on her way back from House fellowship. I knew she didn't drive to the fellowship center as it was close to her house. She had mentioned it during one of her bluffing moments...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“I don’t walk, the only time I ever walk is on Sunday evening when I go for house fellowship.”

I had waited for her to show up. As she waited at the gate of her house for her security to open up, I ran towards her and poured the acid on her face.

I was not happy after I did it, but it wasn’t my fault, it was the other voice in my head.

Now, the same voice is telling me to kill Julius...

My phone kept ringing, I looked at the caller ID and I discovered it was Apostle. I sensed God had told him something, I ended his call. Almost immediately he sent a text...

“I don’t know what is going on with you, but don’t do anything you will live to regret...You have the strength to control the devil’s choices, don’t let the devil control you...”

How did he know what was happening to me...? I wanted this Apostle to let me be...

I replied in capital Letters “LEAVE ME ALONE, I HATE YOU!” I guessed that would make him back off, but Instead I got a text…

“YOU ARE LOVED...”

I replied instead…

“No, everyone hates me, including God.”

“Where are you?” He replied.

“On my way to hell, because I am about to kill someone” I replied...

I barred his number from calling or sending me a text. I called my mother instead…

“Mum, I feel I am in my hypomania mood” I said.

“Where are you?” She said in a panic.

“I am about to kill someone.”

I ended the call and barred her from reaching me too.

The next person I needed to call was my Doctor/Therapist. I called him as well.

“Hello Doctor, my head is all over the place. I am hearing voices” I said.

“Have you taken your pills?” he asked in a rush.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Yes... but I feel like killing someone right now” I ended his call and barred him also.

I did all this routine call so that when Julius was dead, I would have people who will stand for me, that I did it under my psychosis or bipolar state.

I know Christabel did not deserve what I did to her, but Julius deserved what I was about to do to him or what do you think...?

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

God bless you.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 13
"S.I.M.S"
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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I walked back towards my new home with a beautiful smile. I didn't have money on me to buy the rat poison, so I planned on getting home and asking Julius for some money in a very calm way.

To my utmost surprise, I met my mother at my home already. She was sitting and shaking her legs in anxiety, while Julius and his sisters were seated too, waiting for me to return.

I must have walked for 2 hours. Julius and his sisters were not aware I had been at the house earlier so I didn't want to give myself away so easily. I gave a generous smile to everyone in the room...

"I know that smile, it is very fake" she said as she pulled me out of the house.

"What smile? I am happy to see you, is that bad?" I said to my mother...

"You can pretend to everyone else, but not to me, we are going to see your doctor, before you do what you will regret..." she said pulling me to her car.

Julius stepped out to join us.

"Mum, what is wrong? You came here asking of her frantically, now you can see she is fine... I hope..."

"She is not fine, she needs medical attention urgently..."

"What's wrong?" Julius asked.

"Nothing is wrong, Mum is just over reacting over a joke I made" I said trying to shut my mother up...

"You call killing someone a joke?"

"She is planning to kill someone? Who?"

"I don't know!"

"Happy, what is going on? What is happening? Did someone hurt you? Tell me who the person is and I will fight that person" Julius said.

I felt like slapping him...

"Julius, seriously it was a joke, Mum... I can't kill anyone..." I said laughing.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

Mum left much later.

I noticed Julius and his sisters were a bit edgy and they were talking in low tones.

My therapist eventually called me with another number three days later and begged to see me.

For those three days I maintained my cool, I had a plan...

****

“Happy, do you know greed is a form a madness or insanity...? When we desire something and we go all out to get it, it pushes us to do things we ordinarily would not want to do... Tell me, what have you done?” My therapist asked me.

I broke into tears, knowing the other part of me that was ruled by greed had done so much, the real me was trying to run from the greedy me.

“I know, I allowed greed to push me to this point, I am not insane I am just greedy… I have a confession .....”

“I am with you.”

“I... I... was the one who hired the man who Pastor Maggie dated... I wanted her out of the way, my plan was to make the man deceive her into divorcing the Apostle, but the man had other plans; he swindled her and another woman instead. The good part of me was happy that the greedy part of me didn’t have her way, since Pastor Maggie did not get out of her marriage but little did I know my mum was also up to something, which eventually led to her committing suicide....”

“When did this greed start?”

“As far back as I can remember... You know as an only child I always got whatever I asked for, but on getting to secondary school, I was faced with the harsh reality of not getting everything you desire. That was when I started stealing and craving other people’s things...

“Hmm...”

“This same greed made me pour acid on Christabel.”

“But since you did all these to marry the Apostle, why did you run away from marrying him when you got the opportunity?”

“I have two parts to myself, there is the greedy Happiness that is insane and there is the good Happiness that wants to do what is right, and the good Happiness doesn’t want to marry the Apostle so that the greedy part of me doesn’t feel that she has won” I said crying in total honesty.

DEBTHOTS NOVELS

“Everyone has two parts to themselves, but what proves our sanity is when we choose to listen to the good voice, so far, you have been listening the wrong side of you.”

I wept uncontrollably as the reality hit me, the reality that “Anyone who lets greed of any kind control them is actually MAD.”

I ended my session with the therapist with a resolution that I was going to confess to the Apostle and make my marriage with Julius work.

However, I got back home to meet an empty house with a note on the floor...

“It may have worked out between us if you had been patient enough for me to get the money to pay your dowry. As it is, I am however grateful that I didn’t get the money to pay for your dowry because that would have had me tied to a psychiatric patient forever. You and I are not married, as you paid your dowry by yourself. I never paid, so please feel free to go marry the Apostle if he is still available... My regards to your mother for hinting me on your plan to kill someone, I know without an Iota of doubt, that person is me. Do have a great life, I plan on relocating to Ghana, so don’t bother looking for me, Julius.”

I wanted to grab something, but there was nothing to grab, instead I screamed so loud I knew everyone in our noisy compound would hear me.

My greed had taken everything from me, my wish and action to be in another woman’s shoe had landed me in shame.

I thought this was the end but....

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 14
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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I was on the floor throwing tantrums; I was using my legs to scatter things, my hands to push things...Why?

I was 8 years old at that time and mum had taken me to the shopping mall to get some groceries. I had seen a beautiful Barbie doll and wanted it at all cost. Those were the days when there were no credit cards, so Mum didn't have extra cash to pay for the doll.

I wasn't going to take no for an answer, I fell to the ground and started throwing tantrums at the shopping mall. Mum tried to calm me down, explaining to me that she was out of cash and would buy it next time, but it was like pouring kerosene into fire; I cried the more.

Mum, eventually had to drop some groceries in order to buy the doll. As we got out to the parking lot, an elderly woman walked up to my mother...

"Ma'am good afternoon, I am sorry for interfering, but you need to work on your child. I am sorry, my manners, my name is Mrs. Tilewa Brown. I have been a child psychologist for over 30 years. Ma'am you are building a fake life for your child, the life of getting whatever she wants. Now it's okay, because you are very much around to give her what she wants, but someday as she grows up and leaves home, she might have serious issues letting go of things, she might have other issues which may escalate to a lot of psychological problems. For example, she may later suffer from Obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD), which is an anxiety disorder in which people have recurring, unwanted thoughts, ideas or sensations (obsessions) that make them feel driven to do something repetitively (compulsions), she might also suffer from..."

"Madam, please, with all due respect there is nothing wrong with my child. She is just being naughty and for what she has done I will spank her when we get home. Thanks."

My mother had walked away, but she didn't fulfil her word of spanking me. I was the only child and that made me get away with everything I did...

As I sat on the floor in Julius' empty room, that episode of the shopping mall was what flashed through my mind as the words of that woman finally made sense to me...

Mum had always gotten me everything I ever needed, which explains why she went to that extent of wanting to get me Apostle, but a time had come that I was not with her, so she couldn't get me Julius back.

VERA'S NOVELS

“What next?” was the bell ringing in my head, as I laid down on the concrete floor of Julius’ house. I couldn’t go back to my parents’.

“My mother will mock me badly” I thought silently....

“Julius I will kill you the day I ever set my eyes on you...You were just smarter than I was this time around…” I said as I started throwing tantrums like a child once again. This was one of my habits since I was a little child, I always threw tantrums when denied anything, but here was I with no mum to give me what I wanted.

“What do I really want?” I asked myself and I couldn’t find the answer.

For the first time since I was a little child, I decided to be calm to know what I really wanted...

“Did I really love Apostle?”

“No....” the answer screamed very loudly in my heart...

“So why did I go all out to get him?”

“Greed! I just always have my eye on anything that isn’t mine” I said truthfully to myself.

“I am sorry, God, I am really sorry... please forgive me, for the spirit of greed that has ruled my life since I was a little kid. You know whenever I don’t get what I want, my body begins to vibrate, I throw tantrums, but I didn’t know it will lead me here. God, you know I am a good girl, I am sorry for wishing to be in Pastor Maggie’s shoe, I didn’t know the devil was around eavesdropping on my wish. I am sorry Lord... I will confess my bad deeds and I am ready to face the consequences of my actions.”

“You are forgiven” I heard a voice behind me.

As I turned around, I didn’t see anyone, I became scared. I jumped up from the floor, looked out through the window, I saw no one. I became suddenly cold, but then I heard again...

“But you have to enter her shoes, you wished for it, and your wish has been approved.” The voice was so loud and real. I didn’t know whether it was God or the devil who spoke or the insane voices in my head. I ran out of the house and started running.

I walked, and I kept walking for close to 3 hours before I found myself in front of Apostle’s church.

“How did I get here?” I asked myself. I was standing at the entrance of the church looking lost when I heard a loud horn behind me. I turned to check who it was, it was the Apostle.

DEEP THOUGHTS NOVELS

The security men rushed to open the gate, I moved away from his front to make way for him to drive into the church compound. The moment he parked his vehicle, he got down in a rush, asking the security to tell me to come in... I saw a beautiful lady alighting from his car.

As I walked towards him, I knew what I wanted to do. I was going to spill the beans and tell him everything....

“Happy, what is wrong?” Apostle asked as he looked at how dirty I was looking.

“Can I see you privately?” I said referring to the presence of the lady as a problem.

“You can tell me whatever the problem is, this is Chaba, she is my fiancée, she is a South African.”

What…? Was this Apostle ok? It was barely months he was saying God told him I was his wife, did God quickly change his mind…? A fiancée from South Africa?

I said hi to her and calmly said “You are welcome ma, but I insist sir, that I need to speak to you privately.”

Apostle didn’t agree to have his fiancée leave, so I decided to spill the beans. He told us to go with him to the office. There was something about his new fiancée that wasn’t right, but I couldn’t place my finger on it.

****

“Julius has left me, and I am not surprised because I am medically insane, also I want to let you know, I have a hand in Pastor Maggie’s death, not directly but through my actions, also I was the one who poured acid on Christabel’s face. That’s all.”

Apostle and his fiancée were so shocked that they looked speechlessly at me...

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

PART 15
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Apostle bent his head on the table, obviously shocked at what I had just said... I saw him raising his head and picking up his phone. I knew what was next... he was about to call the Police on me, I didn't care, my life was of no point...

"Hello ma'am, good afternoon ma. Happy is here with me and she is acting quite strangely and saying things she has not done. I will keep her here so she doesn't say the wrong thing to the wrong people... Ok ma... Very well ma..."

"Apostle, I am not insane, I did all these things."

"Chaba please can you give me some minutes" he said to his fiancée.

"So finally, he wanted us alone" I thought silently.

After the strange Chaba left us, Apostle walked up to me and held me by the shoulders and looked me straight in the eye...

"Are you saying you did all these things?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Why? You love me?"

"No, I don't love you, I did it out of greed!"

"Then why did you marry Julius instead?"

"Like I said, I don't love you, I was just fascinated by the idea of being your wife, Julius was where my heart was, I never knew the feeling wasn't mutual" I said.

"And you are not afraid, that by confessing I will hate you and have you arrested?"

"If you hate me, I can deal, but if God is not happy with me, I can't deal with that."

"I need you in my life..." he said as he hugged me so tightly like someone who was hugging his mother. The Apostle Ray I held in high esteem suddenly felt like a baby, but back to what he had just said about needing me in his life...

"What?"

"I need you in my life" he said again, and this time around I pushed him away from me.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“I am married and you have a fiancée sir, besides what exactly are you looking for? Your wife died barely 6 months and you are out to get a new wife by all means.”

“That’s why I need you...”

I was scared at the way the Apostle was acting; at that point I didn’t know who was actually psychotic, me or the Apostle?

Chaba barged in on us. Thank God I had pushed him away from me...

“Ray, I am really famished, are you not through with your counselling?” Chaba said.

“Really? Are you planning on being the Apostle’s wife, because if you are ma, you will need to learn some patience when your husband is having a counselling session” I said as I stepped out.

“Happy… Happy...” Apostle said, calling my name, but I wasn’t in the mood to answer him. I had made my confession, and I was free of any guilt.

God had forgiven me, and I needed to start a new life.

My phone rang and obviously it was my mother...

****
“I said you are going home with me” Mum had come over to my place with the hope of taking me back home.

“I am in my matrimonial home.”

“Matrimonial home indeed!” My mother gave a ridiculous laugh... “So you think you actually got married? No sweetheart, you didn’t..., you are as single as you were few months back...” My mother was already packing few of my stuffs and I knew I couldn’t win this battle.

My phone beeped, indicating I had a text message...“Happy, now that you have no man in your life, please let me be that man. You don’t know how much this means to me, that God is giving me another chance with you. And if you don’t plan on marrying me, I can make do with a secret affair...”

“Secret Affair?” my eyes popped and I said it loudly...

“What?” my mother responded...

“Nothing” I hid my phone as I began to think about the text silently...

“Apostle Ray was definitely psychotic...” I concluded in my heart.

Or what do you think? To be continued

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 16
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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I started living with my parents and in the process I picked up my business back. I was into selling of fabrics.

After I had left Apostle's office that day, I avoided picking his call. Whenever, he used a strange number in calling me, I would always hang up whenever I realized he was the one.

He stalked my phone for over two weeks calling every day, but I guess he got tired.

Next thing I was hearing and seeing in the news was that he was preparing to get married to Chaba. They were all over the news. I was happy for him and happy for myself. At least, I believed I could no longer enter Pastor Maggie's shoe.

Chaba had started going with him to public functions, and underneath his smile in the pictures, I could tell he wasn't happy one bit.

I never heard from Julius but I later heard from a close friend of his, that he actually had a girl all the while we were dating. His friend told me, Julius said I was crazy and he couldn't just break up with me, for fear of me killing him. He also told me, that Julius was actually lying about him not having money for my dowry. It was actually a ploy to make me frustrated so I could be the one to break up with him. He said that Julius purposely didn't want us to do the church wedding and court wedding so he could run away whenever the opportunity presented itself. I was told Julius referred to me as the 'Crazy babe.'

You can't imagine how heartbroken I was that day. His friend advised me to move on, since in the actual sense I was not yet married to him referring to the payment of the dowry by me... He told me, Julius had told everyone who cared to listen that he had danced to my tune of getting married so as to save his life.

I stayed indoors for days, and though I tried to hide my emotions from my mother, but you know mothers... She was on my case asking me what was wrong.

My wall of defense eventually came crumbling down when she mentioned if I was missing Julius...

"Missing Julius? May God punish him wherever he is, May the Lord not make him smile. Mummy, can you imagine after everything I did for Julius, to the point that I emptied my account to pay for my dowry and to get us an accommoda..." I managed to say before Mummy cut in

"Wait...you did what?" Mum asked in disbelief.

DEB TINS NOVELS

I went mute.

“You paid your dowry? Oh my God!” My mum collapsed on the bed and started sobbing... That act of mine really hurt her.

For days she didn’t speak to me, so I was surprised when she woke me up from my sleep very early on Monday morning....

“Happy,Happy... breaking news oooo, this God is too much ooo, Lord I thank you...”

“Mum, what is it?” I said as I sat on the bed...

“Apostle Ray is no more getting married to Chaba, the engagement has been broken! I just heard it in the news...”

I ran to the living room, but the news was over. I picked up my phone to check one of the gossip sites, and true to my mother’s word, it was written that Apostle had broken his engagement to the lady on mutual understanding, and the lady had returned to South Africa...

“God, thank you! Thank you for giving her another chance!” Mum said dancing all around the living room...

“MUM!”

“Yes!”

“Mum, you want me to get married to Apostle?”

“Yes, my dear, I will be the happiest one on earth.”

A beep on my phone indicating a text message and I didn’t need anyone telling me it was from Apostle...

“I am sure you must have heard the news about Chaba and I, I got rid of her, so we can be together. Please I need you in my life.”

I collapsed into the dining chair and as expected, Mum took my phone and read the text message. You should have seen the joy and surprise on my mother’s face...

What do you think should be my next action, as Julius was gone with no hope of him coming back and honestly thinking about it, I was not married to Julius in the first place as he didn't pay my dowry?

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 17
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Our Wedding was the talk of the town. It was the wedding of my dreams. I had to pinch myself over a hundred times to be sure I wasn't dreaming or hallucinating.

I believe you are wondering what happened so fast, well let me take it slow...

After Chaba left, Apostle became a thorn in my flesh; he cared less about his status, class and popularity. He was always at my home, business place virtually every day, sometimes with his aides and at times especially at night he came on his own.

The "song" he always sang repeatedly in my ears was that before he lost his wife, he had always had a soft spot for me. He told me, the moment the Lord told him I was his wife, he was excited, but his heart was broken when I got married to Julius.

"Out of the love I have for you, I wanted you to be happy with Julius, since that was where your heart was. It was one of the women in the marriage committee that tried to match make Chaba and I, you know, the elders in the church feel I should not be alone not to give room for fornication..."

"But Apostle..."

"Ray… Happy, please call me Ray."

"Hmmm… That feels too heavy on my lips... but I will try it someday. What I wanted to say is, Julius and I have done a traditional engagement"

"Your Mum has told me, about you paying your dowry, that has annulled the marriage. It is not in our culture for the woman to pay the dowry and God respects culture, besides, scripturally, a man is to pay his bride's dowry not borrowing from her to pay... I am ready to pay your dowry and even more. Happy please say yes to me." His smile was charming and I fell for it without restrictions.

We started hanging out, having fun. For an Apostle, he was romantic. He was completely different from the man I saw on the pulpit ministering. We chatted all day; we spoke all night doing midnight calls; I became madly in love with him. He also was in love with me to the point that he almost made love to me at my parents' house....

"No... Stop it Ray..., we shouldn't do this..."

"Please... Just this once, your body has been driving me crazy..."

"No, I am not about to destroy your ministry by making God angry with you... Until we get married, doing this will be fornication."

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

He eventually calmed down and thanked me for helping him during his 'Insane moment' as he called it.

After about 4 months of serious courtship, with the church knowing about it, we got married on the 25th of April.

My wedding gown was ordered from Dubia; my wedding ring from France. The wedding was classy. Apostle was all smiles... He was grinning from one ear to the other. In his eyes, I looked like a precious gift.

Our wedding had dignitaries from all over; my mother was in high spirits; Aunt Julie was not in this world either. They were both glad I was getting married to the Apostle.

Apostle danced very excitedly at the wedding reception, he beat me hands down. I saw joy in him, but somewhere in my heart, I felt unhappy for Pastor Maggie, at how her husband was already moving on.

We retired to a 7 star hotel, with the hope of travelling to Barbados for our Honeymoon as planned. When we got in, Apostle got down to business and did his husbandly duties. The moment he was relieved, he slept immediately. No sweet words, no looking into my eyes like I had fantasized....

The next morning, I woke up with the fantasy that Apostle was going to be looking into my eyes, but I met him looking out through the window...

"Hey!" I said.

"Good morning…" he said as he turned to look at me, trying to force a smile...

"Guess you are an early bird" I said trying to start a conversation.

"Yes, you can say that…"

"Thanks for the wedding, I felt like a princess yesterday."

"You deserve more..." he said still standing far away from me. I stood up from the bed and walked towards him trying to get sexy with him, but as I got closer, he moved away not wanting me to touch him...

"I need to get to an impromptu meeting today, I am not sure we will be able to go for the Barbados trip anymore."

"Ok, no more Honeymoon" I said jokingly.

"Well, there is nothing special about the Honeymoon, since I have had a taste of the honey already" he said sarcastically.

Something was wrong!

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Are you ok? Did I do anything wrong?”

“Why are you asking?” He asked.

“You are acting strange.”

“Strange? Well this is me! I am strange, guess you need to cope and accept me that way” he said and after which he started packing his box, silently.

I silently packed my things as well wondering what on earth has happened.

We got to his home and I was met with a lot of shocking things....

For starters, Apostle told me we couldn’t share the same room and also I was to stay in Pastor Maggie’s old room.

When I opened the door to her room, I ran back as a result of what I saw...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 18
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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"I have this phobia of sleeping with someone else on the same bed with me, so you have to stay in Maggie's old room." Ray had said to me, and based on the atmosphere that had been the order of the day since we woke up at the hotel, I didn't say a word, as I obediently followed him upstairs to the room he was referring to...

As I opened the door, I saw a messed up room, everything was upside down. Drugs were on the floor, the bedsheet and duvet on the floor. I stepped back in shock, and was even more shocked when Ray said "You need to clean up the room; ever since she died, I have not been able to step into the room. One, because she hurt me, and two because I feel her presence there, but I know you are a prayerful person, you will be able to cast her presence away" he said.

With that, he left me at the door way... I didn't know what next to do as Ray's behavior was still baffling and seeing him leave Pastor Maggie's room the way it was didn't make sense.

What did he mean by she hurt him?

I turned and followed him to his own room...

"Ray, why on earth are you acting strangely? We just got married yesterday and you are acting like I forced you to get married to me. This was not the Ray I have known for months. If you know you have a phobia of sharing your bed or room with someone else, why get married...? I can't cope ..." I said in anger.

"Maggie coped...we never slept on the same bed for 12 years, you will be fine!" He said as he opened the door of his room with a key. That was weird, as I wondered why he locked his room in his own house...

"Well, I am not Pastor Maggie and besides what about the maid or housekeeper, I mean you should have someone who cleans this big house for you" I asked looking around.

"No, that was Maggie's work, I don't like having strangers in the house. We never had anyone living with us" he said as he dropped his travelling bag on the bed.

"What? You mean Pastor Maggie was the one cleaning this big house of about 6 rooms and 2 large living rooms, a giant sized kitchen..." I was saying before he cut in…

"Yes... like I said I am a private person, so I don't like strangers around me..." he said with a tone of finality.

DEB TWOTS NOVELS

I was dumbfounded to say the least, then it began to make sense, this was probably why Pastor Maggie was always looking tired and exhausted.

I looked around in his room and it was a beautiful sight... I wondered what kind of phobia he had that would not allow me to stay with him.

I eventually retired to Pastor Maggie's room and spent the rest of the day trying to sort things out. As I arranged the room, I perceived there was more to the scattered room, but what it was I couldn't explain. The arrangement of the room took me about two days.

I planned on giving Pastor Maggie's clothes and shoes to an orphanage. I treated her things with caution in respect to her and I kept talking to her like she was there...

"Pastor Maggie, I am sorry to have judged you too quickly, I am sorry for setting you up. I am really sorry for everything."

I came across a small book under her bed, where she wrote poems. I kept it among her books I was planning to also give out.

For those two days, Ray stayed indoors, anytime I went to his door to knock, he would reply that he was busy.

This continued for close to a week after our wedding... he didn't open the door until Sunday morning. At this point I was broken and distraught. I was wondering why the attitude, but also at the same time, I felt probably I was under a test.

I felt Apostle was trying to know if I could persevere, so I kept calm till that Sunday morning when he came knocking at my door.

I had knocked at his door the previous night asking if we were going to church and he replied No!

"Get up Happy! We are going to church; change of plans, you have just 8 minutes, I will be waiting in the car." I was still sleeping when he was saying those words so how on earth did he expect me to take my bath and get dressed in 8 minutes, I suspected he was joking...

I walked to the door of my room and as I opened the door, I was surprised to see Ray completely dressed.

"Are you serious?" I asked looking at him from head to toe.

"Yes… please make it snappy" he said with a smile as he turned to leave.

"You expect me to be through in 8 mins... but I asked you yesterday if we were going to church and you said no."

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“That’s the way of a pastor’s wife... Impromptu events, one of my special members will be coming for counseling today” he said smiling as he kept moving away. His responses were really irritating.

“But you could have woken me up earlier, I don’t like impromptu events, I plan my life…” I said

“You will learn soon, Maggie coped well...” he said.

“Indeed...” I muttered under my breath. “No wonder, she was always wrongly dressed” I said realizing maybe this was one of the reasons why Pastor Maggie’s dressing was always catastrophic.

I had a quick bath and dressed in a gown I would ordinarily not have worn on the first Sunday after my wedding. Throughout the service, I was unhappy at my look and how Ray was treating me.

I could see a lot of young ladies admiring me and I could read from their expressions that they wished they were in my shoes, because Apostle kept praising me on the Altar, as bringing him happiness and comfort in such a short time.

I managed to give smiles at intervals but the question that kept running through my mind was

“What is happening? Am I under some form of test or is this the life I will be living forever? Would intimacy with my husband be once in a week?” This were some of the questions torturing my heart as I kept a fake smile plastered on my face throughout the service...

What do you think?

To be continued...

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INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 19
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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The Church driver was the one taking us home, so I couldn't blurt out my feelings. I did not like the show of pretense Ray put up at the church. I didn't know what was really eating him up, or was it because I was not a virgin?

The moment we got home and the driver left on foot, I said in submission, kneeling in front of him "Apostle, what have I done? Ever since we got married a week ago, you have not touched me except once; you have not eaten my food; you lock yourself up. Are you disappointed I am not a virgin? I told you I lost my virginity during my days of ignorance... or is there something else?"

"Hey, Happy... there is absolutely nothing you have done to me" he said very kindly. "You are not the problem, I am the one who has the problem."

"What problem?"

"It's personal, I am seriously working on it, and that was why I got married to you, I felt marrying you will solve the problem, because of the strong attraction I had for you, but I guess the problem is something I have to live with for the rest of my life, I guess this is the thorn the Lord put in my flesh."

"The Lord put a thorn in your flesh?" I asked.

"Yeah... you know the type Apostle Paul wrote about and how he prayed several times to have it removed but God told him His grace was sufficient for him…"

"OK…" I said expecting him to tell me what the problem was

"Hmm... are you sure you are ready to hear what it is...?"

"Yes!, I am your wife!"

He held me by the hand and guided me to a seat...

"Ever since I was a little child, I have had this problem, I always crave for something, but the moment I get it, I lose interest in it and I begin to crave for something else. For instance Anytime Mum took me to the mall and bought my siblings and I different biscuits, I might have been the one who choose my biscuit, but the moment I have it in my hands I lose interest in it. I will be interested in taking my siblings biscuits. Growing up, I always had my way as the only son among four girls, but now it has become a big problem...." he said and took a long pause, he looked very sad...

"OK?" I said as I didn't understand where the story telling was heading to...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“I believe you understand what the problem is? Right?” He asked.

“No!” I said because truly I was blank...

“OK... how do I say this? The thing is, my problem is that the moment I have something I have always craved for in my possession, I lose interest in it....” he said and kept quiet.

I still did not get it, but I looked at his eyes deeply and like a brain jolt, I got it. Ray had a problem of liking what he owned. He no longer had interest in me because he was married to me...
I didn’t know what to do, I had tears flowing down my cheeks and the only question that came out of my mouth was “ Was it the same with Pastor Maggie?”

“Unfortunately yes! Maggie had to cope for those years, she was a strong believer who did not believe in divorce, so she stood by me. We only made love to have children which never came!” he said looking ashamed of himself.

“How would they have had children?” I thought madly in my spirit.

“Maggie knew this about me and knew all the women I had interest in, but the bad thing about this challenge of mine is the fact that my attraction is always towards women who belong to other men. I don’t get attracted to single ladies, but those who are engaged and married. That was why I was attracted to you in the first place. The fact that you belonged to Julius made me crave for you, but now that you are mine, I don’t find you attractive anymore” he said.

“Jesus!” I screamed as I started walking around the living room in circles. My head was pounding and I heard voices laughing in my head.

“It is not as bad as it sounds, Maggie was able to cope, she was my best friend, I even encouraged her to have a boyfriend, but she would not bulge. She kept telling me I could overcome this... I prayed and she prayed but I am still the same. Happy, the reason I choose you above other girls is because I believe you will be able to cover me...you are the best person who can fill Maggie’s shoe” he said with a plea in his eyes.

I felt like I had been cheated, I felt like I was duped, I felt I was defrauded. To think that Apostle married me to find a good accomplice to cover his sexual sin and not out of love tore my heart into pieces. I climbed up the stairs and went to my room. He did not bother to follow me...

I locked my door from within and cried all day long. I couldn’t sleep either. He came knocking at my door early in the morning but I refused to open.

Later that day, I decided I needed to have a cup of coffee to clear my head. I was shocked to see Apostle and Mrs. Beecroft in the kitchen. Mrs. Beecroft was the wife of the church treasurer, a well respected member of the church. She was in a very

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short gown. She was preparing coffee for Apostle... I didn't understand one bit what was happening...

"Hello, Sister Happy, good morning..." she said.

"Good morning Ma!" I replied as I looked at her skimpy gown. I had never seen her in such a skimpy wear before.

"Apostle said you were a bit ill, so I offered to come help you the way I used to help Pastor Maggie" she said.

"OK ma, thanks… but I am better now!" I said implying she should use the door and get out of my home.

"You need a lot of rest!" Apostle said as he moved close to me as if to whisper something, Mrs. Beecroft understood he wanted her out of the kitchen, so she left the kitchen and walked up the stairs to Apostle's room...

"I wanted to inform you earlier she was coming, that was why I was knocking, she is one of the women."

My legs buckled like someone wearing a high heel sandal, that broke unexpectedly... This Pastor Maggie's shoe was beginning to show its issues, apart from it not being my size, it was showing tendencies of it being unreliable. I concluded the shoe had a faulty heel that was going to break my leg soon....

My God!***To be continued!***

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 20
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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I sat in the living room for close to twenty minutes listening to the moaning sound and screaming of Mrs. Beecroft and my husband. I shut my ears most of the time, trying to tell myself I was probably hallucinating or hearing voices. I kept walking around in circles, I went into the kitchen to take a cup of coffee, but it did not drown the voices coming from Ray's room...

I wanted to be sure if what I was suspecting was real, I walked cautiously to Apostle's room. I saw the door was not locked. I peeped through the open door and met Apostle and Mrs. Beecroft in the very act...

"Jesus!" I screamed.

I ran down the stairs...

I stayed in the living room for another 5 minutes before Mrs. Beecroft came down.

"I can't believe you, Mrs. Beecroft, to think you are one of the Executives of the Women of Virtue, this is crazy... I can't believe this... Oh my Goodness! How I am so sure Pastor Maggie was not murdered by you and Him..." I stood in her way.

"Get away from me, I wasn't doing anything with the Apostle, we were only discussing something really personal" Mrs. Beecroft said.

I felt I was going to run mad in the real sense of it...

"You said what?" I asked

"We were not doing anything out of the ordinary."

"So you are telling me I am crazy or I don't know what I saw!"

"Exactly, we all know you have bipolar and psychosis, this is probably one of your hallucinations, don't you think so?" Mrs. Beecroft said sarcastically.

"I am not CRAZY..., oh! I get it" I clapped my hands in applause to Apostle and Mrs. Beecroft. Apostle was sitting on the floor of the last stairs bare chested.

"Happy, I think you need to take your pills, you are imagining things." Apostle said with a sarcastic smile...

"Really Ray?" I said clapping "I give it to you, you are one hell of a smart guy, so I get the plan, you knew I had psychosis and you saw that as a way of blackmailing me... I get this... Tell me I am right... You married me because you know if I try to talk about

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

your private life, you and everyone will say it's not real and just a figment of my imagination."

Apostle gave a knowing wink instead of answering me... With that, Mrs. Beecroft pushed me away from her front. I was so weak by the realization that I was tricked into the marriage.

My weakness was being used against me...

"But I am not mad, I am not mad" I said repeatedly to myself as I saw Apostle walking her to the door.

I picked up my phone and called my mother. I narrated in a rush, all that had happened in a week, but my mother didn't believe me either.

"Happiness, are you planning to walk out of that marriage? If you do, I will disown you...your husband has called me to inform me on how you have been acting strangely of recent to the point that you do not allow him to have sexual inter course with you..."

I hung up, because it was plain to me that Apostle was smarter than I thought. He had played a smart one on me. He had called the only person who could fight for me.

I sat down in the living room, expecting him to come in. He had escorted Mrs. Beecroft to her car and stayed another 10 minutes in her car.

When he came in, I calmed myself down as I needed to ask him some questions...

"Why did you marry me? Honestly" I asked.

"I needed a wife for public reasons."

"Are you a man of God?"

"Surprisingly, yes!"

"And you feel God is not angry at what you are doing?"

"I know He is, but there is nothing I can do about it, it hurts me that I am doing this, but I can't help myself."

I didn't know what else to ask, but I had a request...

"I can't stay here and watch this sin, can I relocate to another country?"

He was quiet...

" I like you happy, it's just that I am not content with you, you can still stay here and if you accept me the way I am, I will be the best friend and husband you will have..."

DEEP THOUGHTS NOVELS

“What are you proposing? So you expect me not to have sex again?” I asked since he said he was no more attracted to me in that regard.

“You can have a boyfriend, who I will pretend I don’t know, we can keep this our little secret and continue the work of God” he said.

Words to express my emotions at that point may not be found in the dictionary, then just like a whisper from behind my ear, I heard.

“Greed...”

I looked back and saw no one...

“Was this a show of greed or something spiritual?” I asked myself.

Out of the blues, I saw Apostle prostrating and pleading...

“PLEASE! Happy don’t leave me and don’t take away my women from me!”

I had never been that shocked in my life... but what made me more confused was why God had not punished him for this act of His... Apostle was highly anointed and God was proving Himself in his ministry...

I stood up and found my way to my room, I had no answer to his request, I had to think about it....

****

In the course of 3 months after the wedding, I had seen about 7 married women in our home, and each time we saw in church, we pretended all was well. Annoyingly, each of the women thought she was the only woman Apostle Ray was sleeping with... he was that smart.

I started getting used to the system as I couldn’t say a word to anyone for fear of being tagged insane.

At some point, I came to the conclusion that it was his problem and I was going to give him 6 months to one year, before relocating to somewhere else, probably Kenya...

It dawned on me, why Pastor Maggie was not friendly with all the women in the church, I believed she felt betrayed by them as they were sleeping with her husband. No wonder people didn’t respect her; no wonder her messages were always watery. No woman in that shoe will be mentally okay to prepare a sermon...

I told myself unlike Pastor Maggie, I was going to enjoy my life to the fullest. I was going to dress to kill; I was going to make the stupid married women look like fools.

I started exploiting Apostle Ray for money, which I was pumping into my business.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

Anytime any of the women came around and were on their way out, I would give comments like...

“Thanks for doing my job for me, please make sure you take some pain relievers when you get home and some anti-aging pills.”

Most of the ladies will just leave without saying anything, but Mrs. Beecroft was highly audacious. She was the only one who would give smirking remarks like…

“I like it that way, I know you are just talking out jealousy; I know he hasn’t touched you since you got married, so pathetic...”

I always felt like throwing something at her, but I had a joker up my sleeve.

Apostle had told me I could have a boyfriend, guess who I had my eyes on? Mrs. Beecroft‘s only son! He was 30 years old, single and handsome.

Apostle and Mrs. Beecroft were about to get the shock of their lives. They thought I was crazy! I was about to show them crazy in capital letters...

To be continued!

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God bless you...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 21
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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I had seen Gabriel with his mother one Sunday afternoon after service. He was looking dashing: nice haircut, well ironed outfit and good looking.

I made some findings and found out he was the only son of the Beecrofts' who had returned from studying abroad.

My brain went to work and I knew this was payback time for Mrs. Beecroft. I had gotten home that Sunday and searched online for him. I opened a fake social media account in order to chat him up.

I started chatting with him as a secret admirer...

"Hey handsome... I attend your church and I must tell you, I am simply crazy about you... I am not a stalker, just wanted to let you know how handsome you are... Bless you!"

He didn't reply my chats for two days, but on the third day, he simply replied…

"Thank you, bless you too."

I continued sending him prayer messages every day, till he eventually chatted me up one night.

That one night sealed it up as we chatted for 4 hours nonstop.

From that night, we chatted every day. We even spoke on phone. He didn't recognize my voice. He became smitten with me.

Meanwhile, Apostle continued his escapades especially with Mrs. Beecroft and on one occasion when Mrs. Beecroft was leaving, I told her

"Say me hi to Gabriel, please inform him his secret admirer says hi."

She was shocked...

"What did you say?"

"Never mind, it's none of your business anyway..."

"What have you done to my son?"

"What have you done to my husband?"

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

I saw fire in her eyes as the meaning of my words sank into her....

I needed her to think about what she was about to do.

“If you try anything funny, I will let everyone who cares to listen what you have been doing with my husband, so use your brain when discussing with your son.”

She ran out of the house really fast.

I had a very good laugh.

Apostle dragged me by the shoulder…

“What have you done?”

“Exactly what you have been doing and you advised me to do, I also have a history in liking what belongs to other people, so I like Mrs. Beecroft’s son, is there a problem with that?”

Apostle was shocked...

“What’s wrong? Have I done something wrong?” I said giving the most innocent look ever and when I noticed he couldn’t say a word, I continued...

“You think you are greedy? Welcome to my world.”

I picked up my phone and called Gabriel...

“Hey handsome, how are you doing? I have decided to give you what you have been asking...yes... a weekend together, yes...” I continued talking as I walked up the stairs...

I knew Apostle must have been wondering if he was dreaming. He stayed in the living room till I came down with a box of clothes. I wore one of my glamorous dresses, highly tempting with a well-made up face...

“You are not going anywhere” he said blocking my way.

“Sorry, that part of English sounds like French in my ears, which unfortunately I don’t understand.”

“You are my wife and you shouldn’t be prostituting yourself around.”

“Oh oh, well the last time I checked, you are my husband and you shouldn’t be prostituting yourself around.”

“I am a man, and so it is allowed.”

“Oh, well I am a woman and I have emotions too.”

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

"Over my dead body will you go out of this house" he said.

"Well, that is a good option, I can kill you and in your words, they will think I was having one of my psychotic crises."

With that he stepped out of my way...

"I may not be attending Sunday service, because I intend enjoying myself to the fullest, you know you have really starved me for months."

I saw that little boy that he told me he was, you know the kind of child that loves to have what belongs to others and yet was not ready to let go of what was in his hand... Well, it was time to get even.

As I stepped out of the gate, I stopped a taxi and asked him to take me to the hotel Gabriel and I had discussed about. I heard His voice...

"Do you love me?" I looked around and I didn't see who spoke.

I got into the taxi not giving the voice a second thought.

As we journeyed, I kept hearing that voice asking all over again…

"Do you love me?"

I wasn't ready to listen to that voice. I had been cheated and I wanted to get even, besides I also needed some manly touch and Gabriel was going to give it to me. I knew it was going to be tough the moment Gabriel discovered I was the one, but I would make him do what I wanted...***To be continued!***

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 22
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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"So where are you at?" Gabriel asked me over the phone.

"My Cab is Just driving into the car lot" I answered.

"Finally, I get to meet my sugarrrrr... I am in Room 218" he said with a bubble of excitement.

"Ok! See you soon, I just hope you don't get disappointed when you see me" I said to myself unsure of what was going to happen soon. I paid my taxi fare and hoped the taxi man did not recognize me because I had my shades on and a purple wig to hide my identity.

I walked into the very beautiful reception and asked for a room for three nights. The plan Gabriel and I had, was to book different rooms so as to avoid anyone who might know us suspect us. I was the one who insisted on that.

Fortunately, I was given 219, just opposite Gabriel's room. He called me immediately I got the room and was excited when I told him my room number. I noticed one of the receptionist was trying to check out my face properly, but he somehow lost interest when I gave him a wrong name.

I walked up the stairs, instead of using the elevator as it gave me time to breathe. The voice kept asking…

"Do you love me?"

"God you know I love you, but I love me too, and I also want to be happy, just let me have this fun once and afterwards forgive me... I have had two heartbreaks in less than a year, Julius made a mockery out of me, Apostle also took me for a fool and is using my challenge against me. So dear Lord, I am human and I want to be happy... Please let me have this comfort, please!"

By this time I was already walking close to 219, I was hoping I would not see GABRIEL yet, but my hope was dashed as Gabriel opened his door as I stood in front of my door to open it.

My back was to his door when he opened his door, I couldn't bear to turn and see his expression knowing his secret admirer was the wife of his Pastor.

"I knew it was you, my heart did not deceive me, thank you for coming!" Gabriel said, but instead of turning to see his face, I rushed into my room and shut the door behind me...

DEE THOTS NOVELS

I started crying... I had made a mess of myself. He knew I was the one all along. Definitely, I had been fooling myself. My phone rang and on checking the screen he was the one calling. I ended the call.

He called me using the hotel intercom, I refused picking up...

Finally, I heard him knocking at my door. I knew I had to open up to avoid unnecessary attention.

I opened the door and stepped back with my head bowed in shame...

“I am sorry, for bringing you into all these, I am really ashamed of myself, I have just been unhappy of late and a lot of things have been happening to me, so I just wanted some happiness for myself... I am really sorry” I said with sincere tears flowing...

“My heart always told me you were the one, hey...” he moved closer to me but I stepped back. He understood I didn’t want him close to me, so he stopped making attempts to come close to me...

“OK. I will stay far away, if that’s what you want, but would you at least listen to me?”

“Huh huh” I said nodding in the affirmative as I still couldn’t look up at him.

“The first day I ever set my eyes on you in church was about two years ago, I had come for a brief holiday. I was just in town for a week; it was my Grandpa’s burial. I had attended service on Sunday. You sat down in front of me in church and throughout the service I couldn’t concentrate. I wanted to speak to you after service, but I felt it wasn’t necessary, because I wasn’t ready for a steady relationship at that time. I silently hoped I was going to see you again when I came back after completing my degree. It was that same Sunday I got to know your name was Happy.”

For the first time, I looked up and saw his genuine eyes...

“So it came to me as a disheartening news when I returned from school and I found out you were the new wife of the Apostle, I cried for days, because what I feel for you is very strong, Happy.”

“And out of the blues, two months ago, a strange lady started sending me messages, at first I didn’t want to give a response until, a little voice told me in my head it was you, I followed my instincts and I started responding to the chats.”

“Most times in church, I lose it, I often have to go the gents to get some water on my face, because of how beautiful you look.”

The day I eventually got my suspicions right was when I asked you after service one day, what you wore to church and you told me exactly what you had on... so Happy, I always knew you were the one, and I don’t see you as a bad person... I am ready to marry you if you divorce the pastor. We could go start a new life together outside the country...I couldn’t say a word, as all I kept asking God were questions...

“God... Why did you let me enter Pastor Maggie’s shoe when there was still an available unworn shoe?” I cried and cried, till I had no strength in me, by this time Gabriel was sitting on the bed with me, wrapping his arms around me in comfort.

I narrated almost everything about my past including what Julius did to me, but omitting the part of his mother being one of my husband’s mistress. I just told him Apostle had only made love to me once since we got married. I didn’t tell him the reason. I just told him, Apostle didn’t love me...

“Happy, do you want to stay unhappy all your life?”

“No!”

“Then come out of this cage and be with me. I have never had a girlfriend all my life, all through my life I have been focusing on my career. That didn’t give me time for dating, and the first lady that really touched a special place in my heart is you...”

“Gabriel, our Christian faith doesn’t support divorce, this is not the same as the fake marriage I had with Julius, Apostle paid my dowry, we did our church wedding and court marriage. Besides, we have become one flesh by virtue of consummating our marriage on our wedding night!”

“You are the one seeing divorce as a big deal, over there in the advanced countries, divorce is not a big deal, even ministers of the gospel file for divorce when the marriage is having problems.”

“But the advanced world ought not to dictate our way of life but the scriptures.”

“Happy, look me in the eye, and tell me I should leave here” he said and I couldn’t because even the mere hug I was getting from him was enough warmth for my cold soul...

“Stay with me for a while please” I said and we both laid on the bed, as he wrapped me in the comfort of his arms...This was what I had missed for months... Julius didn’t give, Apostle also failed me but Gabriel was making me talk to God in my heart...

“God! Julius was an undersized shoe I forced myself into, I got out of it in pains; Apostle’s shoe was oversized, I have been unable to fit myself into but God of Israel, Gabriel would have been my perfect size, if I had not gotten married to Apostle... God can you rewind all that has happened and make all these a dream?”

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646 God bless you..

PART 23
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Gabriel was stroking my hair and I was enjoying every bit of it, but at the same time the voice in my head was loud repeatedly saying

"Do you love me?"

"Yes Lord, you know I do!" I replied in my heart...

"I am not a wicked guy who just wants to snatch you away from your husband, but I feel this is what you should do, your husband is an adulterer and the BIBLE permits divorce based on that..."

I gently removed my head from his shoulder in shock as to how he knew my husband was committing adultery. I also tried to feign ignorance.

"He is not!" I said in defense.

"Happy, you know he is, you think I don't know he sleeps with my mother at your house? Happy, how do you cope staying in that house knowing that your husband is sleeping with another married woman..."

"It's my cross I have to bear."

"No, you are not Jesus. You shouldn't bear any cross."

"Who told you?"

"No one, I have the password to my mother's phone which she is unaware of. I read her chats with the Apostle."

"What I don't understand is why your mother is doing this? Adultery is a sin against God. She commits it every week and yet raises her hands in church on Sunday."

"My father hardly has her time."

"That doesn't mean..."

It felt like I was preaching to myself. I became irritated with myself for staying in the hotel with Gabriel...

"I need to go!" I stood up and wore my sandals back.

"Go?, we just got here!"

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Listen Gabriel, as much as doing this makes sense and is justifiable, if I let this happen, I am no less like your mother. Let me see this as a cross I will bear... I have made a lot of mistakes in my past out of greed, I am not about to compound issues by adding this to the list. You are a good person and if wishes were horses, I would have loved to divorce my husband to marry you, but divorce was allowed by Moses because of the hardness of the heart of people to let go of hurts, but I know God would rather want me to stay in this marriage and work things out.”

“Are you sure this is what you want?”

I nodded in the affirmative.

“Ok, can I at least get a last hug” he said.

I drew close to him and gave him a hug, but all hell was let loose. The emotions could not be controlled, we both lost our sense of reasoning, but just at the point of making the everlasting mistake I would have regretted all my life, God gave me the strength to push him off me as I ran into the bathroom crying profusely...

“God this is not fair, not fair one bit, I know I wished for this, but if you knew this was how complex it was going to be, you should have cautioned me... God I want to have sex, God I really want to, please, please.”

“Do you love me?”

“Yes Lord, I love you...” and the depth of that question broke me down.

“If you love me, you won’t do what will hurt me, and adultery hurts me.”

I cried and cried and cried uncontrollably in the toilet throwing tantrums before God, knowing God was not giving me Gabriel. He was telling me to stay in the marriage with Ray. Gabriel kept knocking at the door apologizing but I didn’t answer him. This was between God and me.

After about 15 minutes, I heard the door of my room open and close. I knew Gabriel was out.

I stood up, washed my face and came to a painful resolution.

“Apostle, I won’t let what you are doing affect me one bit, you have your ways to settle with God, I will be the best housemate I can be and the best mother in the Lord in the church. Mrs. Beecroft and the other women you are in for trouble...”

****

Gabriel kept calling my number on my way home, I decided to do what I knew how to do best. I barred his number from calling me.

DEEPTHOTS NOVELS

As I stepped out of the taxi, I met Mrs. Beecroft driving out of my gate. I wove her car down but she refused to stop. Apostle was standing in the compound surprised I was back.

“Guess your lover boy disappointed you, not everyone is good at this game!”

I felt really hurt at his show of stupid pride doing what was wrong. I didn’t have an answer for a baby like him, but I needed to clear the air...

“On the contrary, I disappointed him because I suddenly remembered I was not a woman of easy virtue like his mother and most importantly I remembered that nothing should separate me from the love of God, not even the emotional pain my callous husband inflicts on me every day.”

He was shocked and didn’t say a word as I went into the house. He followed me and asked in the living room “So you didn’t sleep with him?” He said like a little boy who had just won a victory.

“How is that your business? Apostle Ray, you have brought me into your life and your home, I have certain rules if you want this home to be peaceful.”

“OK?”

“Our salvation is personal and since you are not passionate about keeping yours, mine is very important. First and foremost, I don’t want to ever see any of your loose women in this house again, you can make a better arrangement elsewhere, but as for my home I don’t plan on condoling it here. The atmosphere here needs to be cleansed. Secondly, I will prepare your food everyday which you must eat from, the day you don’t eat my food will be hell.”

“Are you crazy?” He said not believing the audacity I had.

“That is exactly the right word to describe me right now, and you know crazy can be deadly...” I said.

He hissed and walked up the stairs like a little child who has been refused what he really wants...

“You think you are a naughty child, well I used to be a naughty child too, who knows exactly how to get what she wants. Apostle Ray, you will give me exactly what I want” I said and had a very good laugh.

To be continued.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 24
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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For a week, I didn't see any of the women and neither did he eat my food. I wasn't bothered about the food, because at least I had achieved the part of the women not coming over. He kept malice with me for that week, whenever I greeted he gave me silence for an answer.

When I saw Mrs. Beecroft in church on Sunday, she didn't pretend to be happy with me as she eyed me anytime our eyes made contact.

"Shameless woman!" I thought to myself as simultaneously I saw Gabriel walking towards me on the Altar. I quickly moved away from the person I was speaking to and made way to my office. I could perceive he was following me. As I got to into my office with the hope of shutting the door behind me in a rush, he put his leg in the door way…

"What do you want?' I asked.

"You started this whole thing making me crazy about you, and suddenly you think you are just going to discard me like that!"

"I was trying to get back at your mother for sleeping with my husband!"

"Then let's say I am trying to get back at your husband for sleeping with my mother!"

"Stop it Gabriel! This is not you, don't try to play dirty like what I was trying to do, please don't make the same mistake I made, other people's shoe have always been attractive to me, and out of greed, I have found my leg in one that is way too big and uncomfortable for me. Don't try to get me by all means, you might hurt yourself. Just accept things the way they are. See me as the woman you could never have, and I will see you as same. Move on and let God find you a good girl who deserves your undiluted and drama-free love."

"I don't want any other woman, it's you I want." he said

"And you can never have her, because she is my wife" Apostle said as the door to my office opened.

Gabriel jumped up from his seat and you could still sense some respect for the Apostle as he had his head bowed.

"Good afternoon sir!" Gabriel had said

"Good afternoon Gabriel, have a seat…." Apostle said to Gabriel who obediently sat.

DEEPHOTS NOVELS

“Gabriel, I know what it feels like, when it’s another man’s wife that interests you, so I don’t condemn you, but you are about to end your life, because my wife is off the rack. I can sleep with other women, but no other man can sleep with my wife, you know just like the kings of old, like King David…” Apostle said this and pulled me closer to himself, which was a way of silently telling Gabriel, I belonged to him.

“I strongly disagree sir, if you can commit adultery what stops your wife?”

“I can’t and won’t commit adultery not because of him, but because of Him who is God” I said as I rid myself from Apostle’s hands.

“With all due respect Apostle, I would love to be left alone” I said as I went to my table.

“I know exactly how to get Happy out of your grip, I will have your story told on every newspaper” he said threatening Apostle.

Apostle laughed out loud “Remember to include your mother’s name in the story, and watch how you will be labeled as the son of the woman sleeping with her pastor.” He said walking out laughing.

There was a brief moment of silence as Apostle’s threat made sense to Gabriel and I. Exposing Apostle was like causing damage to Gabriel’s personality as well. I shook my head in pity at how cocky Apostle was sounding.

Gabriel stormed out of my office colliding with Mrs. Jaiyesimi, one of my husband’s sleeping partners.

“Good afternoon Pastor Happy” she said trying not to maintain eye contact with me.

“Yes Mrs. Jaiyesimi, how may I help you, are you here to insult me?”

“No, I am here to apologize for what I have been doing with the Apostle. It was my husband who pushed me into this; his lack of care made me close to the Apostle. It started casually by way of me calling to report my husband to him. I started finding succor in him, till one thing led to the other. When Pastor Maggie was alive, she was very supportive as she would prepare food for me anytime I was at your place, I felt I wasn’t doing what was wrong since it was my husband that pushed me out, but looking at how you handle the situation calmly despite seeing me coming to your home every week to have intercourse with your husband, you are still sane and on fire for God... I really feel ashamed of myself and stupid for letting my husband’s lifestyle push me into sin. Please forgive me, pray for me and I promise to stay away from him.”

“Hmmm..., it’s ok ma... I am not the one who should forgive you, once you make your way right before God, you are free of guilt.”

“Please keep this as a secret between us.”

“It is fine!”

HER THOTS NOVELS

I stood up and gave a sisterly hug, as I understood no one was a saint.

We drove home with the church driver, with no words said in the car. This gave me time to think about the statement Mrs. Jaiyesimi had made about Pastor Maggie supporting Apostle in having extra marital affairs under her roof...

“Was that Christian-like?” I asked myself. “Was that been a good wife?”

I was ruminating on this in the car, so I didn’t know when we got home, until Apostle touched me...

“Honey, we are home.”

The moment the church driver left, all hell was let loose...

“So you have taken Mrs. Jaiyesimi from me right? You will regret this” he said angrily like someone having a fit.

“Me, take Mrs. Jaiyesimi from you? How?”

“Yes!, she just sent me a text in the car, telling me she had spoken to you and it was over between us.”

“OK, so is that a bad thing?”

The next thing I felt on my face was a loud and painful slap....

Emotional pain was one thing, but I didn’t know physical abuse was part of what Apostle had for me in this shoe called Marriage. Hmmm… maybe this was one of the reasons Pastor Maggie kept quiet, and maybe this was why Sapphira in the Bible lied alongside her husband, Ananias...

Should the fear of my husband make me condone and support evil?

To be continued

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Ig@Opeyemiakintunde

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INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 25
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Big Daddy had slapped Big Mummy in my presence, and all Big Mummy did was to walk away. She went into her room and locked herself up.

Big Mummy was my mum's elder sister, I had gone to spend the holiday at her house, when I was 8 years old. She didn't have kids of her own at that time, so she always wanted me at her place during the holidays.

When Big Daddy slapped her, I expected her to return the slap or fight him, but Big Mummy didn't do either. I later asked her some questions...

"Big Mummy, why did Big Daddy slap you?"

"We had a fight just like you have fights with your friends in school."

"Then why didn't you slap him back?"

"Well, fight in marriage is very different from every other kind of fight, fight in marriage has to do with a lot of emotions and when not managed it can be disastrous even to the point of death... If I had slapped Big Daddy back, it would have fueled him more to keep fighting. So the best thing to do when one's husband or wife is ready to fight, is to leave their presence because at that point they are mad and can do anything."

The moment Apostle slapped me and I was about to reciprocate, the Lord brought back to my memory this scene from my early age, and just like Big Mummy did, I ran to my room and shut the door.

Big mummy was right, Apostle was stronger than I was, if I had slapped him, it would have infuriated him to slap and beat me further. A lot could have happened and somehow on the headlines it would be written that "Pastor Happy died of domestic violence."

Even if Apostle would be prosecuted, my precious life would have ended. It was time to avoid the lion in Apostle, so I won't be devoured. Whatever he wanted to do with his life was his business. Big Mummy had told me back then, that most men and women who were victims of domestic violence could have avoided such if they were not trying to get back or fight the person abusing them. She told me the best thing to do was to run away from the scene and avoid doing things that might aggravate the violence.

I avoided him like a plague for about two days. I set his food on the dining table and retired to my room before he came out of the room.

On the third day, around 6pm in the evening, I noticed some movement in the living room, I decided to peep. I saw Apostle lighting some scented candles on the dining

DEEP HOPE NOVELS

table like someone setting up a romantic dinner. My heart did swell up in gratitude... Finally, he was back to his senses and he wanted to make up for his error of physically abusing me.

I rushed into the toilet, I freshened up, applied little make up and wore a tight fitted short gown waiting to be called upon. I didn't want to spoil his fun, so I stayed in my room waiting to hear a knock at my door...

I waited and waited, but suddenly I heard the sound of a car driving into our compound. I peeped through the window and to my utmost shock, it was Mrs. Beecrofts' car.

My heart dropped. So it was Mrs. Beecroft my husband had planned this dinner for?

"God, why is this happening to me? Why are you watching the wicked prosper?" I wept bitterly.

I stayed in the room not knowing what to do, but very quietly, I started hearing the soft blues from the living room. I opened the door to the room very quietly and I saw my husband and Mrs. Beecroft dancing....

I walked down the stairs quietly...

"Do you care that God sees you?" I said as tears flowed voluntarily down my face.

"Leave us to God and let God be the judge" Mrs. Beecroft answered.

That got me mad... and then a scripture dropped in my heart... that was it... even JESUS reacted once in a violent way...

I went into the store and brought out a very sharp cutlass...

"What are you doing?" Apostle asked

"Exactly what Jesus did, when people were buying and selling in His Father's house... Since God has not been talking to you, I plan on standing in gap and speak some senses into your brain... Mrs. Beecroft or whatever your name is, if you don't get out of my house now, I promise you I will use this cutlass on you, and guess what, I will have nothing to lose, because you will be the one that will have injuries on your body. Number 2, you will have to explain to your husband and the society what you are doing at my place at this time, which of course will be a surprise to your husband who doesn't know that you are here, so make your choice!"

"I told you not to marry her, I told you to look for a village girl, but you told me she looked calm, and since she is psychologically imbalanced, she won't be a problem... can you see?" Mrs. Beecroft said as she picked her purse.

As she was moving out of my house, I took a broom with my left hand and was sweeping her feet...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Lord, I sweep away the spirit of buying and selling from this house in Jesus’ name.”

Apostle was enraged; he was coming close to me...

“Apostle, don’t even dare, you slapped me and I have not been able to reciprocate, don’t force me to reciprocate with this machete in self defense.”

“You are crazy!”

“That was exactly why you married me.”

Instead of him coming towards me, he ran after Mrs. Beecroft. She was not ready to listen to him as she insisted he opened the gate for her.

I knew what was best for me, I ran into my room and locked myself in. I didn’t want any physical abuse.

He came in shortly and started banging my door, but I refused to open up...

“Apostle don’t waste your time, I am not opening this door” I said.

Then the unexpected happened....

Apostle started weeping like a baby.

I decided to be human and open the door....

On opening the door, I met him sobbing...

“Why? Happy, please I know what I am doing is wrong, but my not doing it drives me crazy. I know I am going to hell, but I pray daily for mercy. I can grant you a divorce if you are not going to cooperate with me. My life is dependent on me having intercourse with other women.”

“Why? Are you in a cult?”

“No, God knows I am not diabolical, this feeling is a part of me I cannot control. It is a spiritual force that is stronger than me.”

“No, if you surrender to God, He will help you overcome this force.”

“Happy!, you can’t be preaching to me, I have read the complete Bible 12 times.”

“But the Spirit behind the words of the scripture is not existing in your life, the Bible without the Holy Spirit is just a mere story book in your hands.”

Then he suddenly raised his voice like someone possessed by a demon...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“I said, don’t preach to me.” Out of Anger, he started pushing me out of the house. He pushed me out of the house and just like Big Mummy had taught me...

“In marriage, you don’t struggle with an enraged man, at that time he is more deadly than a hungry lion.”

I obediently let him push me out till he completely pushed me out of the gate...

“Apostle stop this, stop it” I said but the lion in him was not listening. He shut the gate as I stood outside my gate barefoot in a skimpy gown and a made up face looking like a cheap call girl.

I had no cash on me, no phone to call a taxi, nothing.

I decided it was time to go visiting my mum, her place was about 2 hours trek from my home and since walking was a hobby for me, I started walking...

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 26
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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It took me about 2 hours 30 minutes to get to my parents' house. I was grateful that it was already dark as that was able to keep my identity hidden from people. The alone time gave me space to think about my life and the next step to take.

Apostle wanted a divorce already, but was that good for me? Was I not going to be seen as the one with the problem?

That will be 2 husbands in less than 2 years. No one would believe I was just the victim in both cases.

My guess about what people would say was actually proved right when I got to my mum's place as she didn't believe a thing I said.

"Happiness, you better say the truth as to why your husband sent you out of the house! With the way you are dressed, are you sure you were not prostituting yourself with some boy and the Apostle caught you?" My mother said .

"Prostituting myself? Mummy!, even when I was single, did you see boys around me? I just told you the simple truth, Apostle is sleeping with a church member, who I tried chasing away with a cutlass today. That got Apostle angry and he locked me out of the house" I said to my mother who was obviously not convinced as she continuously raised her nose to indicate she was not buying my lie.

"So you are telling me, your husband who is a man of God is sleeping around? Happy have you been using your pills of recent, are you sure you are not hallucinating? When last did you see your therapist?" Mum was saying...

That was it for me, there was nothing I was going to say that would convince my mother, so there was no point trying anymore. I left her and was heading towards my room...

"Where to?" My mum asked.

"To my room, I need to rest, I trekked here" I said.

"Unfortunately, you have no room here again, I don't have a space here, you need to go back to your husband's house now."

"Mummy, what is this? Mummy please I am not ready for any drama, I just told you my husband locked me out!"

DEEPTHOUGHTS NOVELS

I noticed my mother picked her phone and was dialing a number. It rang at first, but after about 3 times. The call was dropped. Mother kept calling but the person was not picking up.

“The only condition I can let you stay in this house is if I hear from the Apostle himself” my mother said.

“Well, he is not picking...” my father who had been a silent observer said.

“Then I will get to her house tonight... let’s go” my mother said as she eyed my father.

My mother picked up her car key and was on her way out. It was obvious I had to go with her, her word was final.

“OK Mum, but please let me have a change of dress, I feel really dirty and sweaty.”

“Make it fast” she said as she went out towards her car.

I rushed into the room I lived as a single hoping to have a change of outfit since I still had some old clothes there. I freshened up in a haste and searched through my locker for a dress.

As I was rummaging through my clothes, my old diary fell. It was a diary where I wrote my dreams, wishes and fantasies. I sat down and skipped through till I got to a page that tore my heart... I wrote it on one of those days I was taken over by my greed...

“I just wish Pastor Maggie would just die, so I could be Apostle Ray’s Wife. I wish I was Apostle’s wife, where people would refer to me as Mama, I would be able to travel around the world, waving at people, I would have a private jet, people will give me gifts of cars, money, e.t.c. I hope to have three kids with him and travel round the world.
God please, Pastor Maggie is not wearing her shoe well, I just wish I was the one in her shoe…”

I dropped the diary like it was a plague, just then Mum came in...

“The car is not starting, We will have to take public transport.”

“Public transport at past 9, Mum it is late, we can go tomorrow, maybe your car not starting is a sign that God doesn’t want us to go.”

“ Indeed.Get dressed and let’s be on our way” Mum said with her bossy tone.

****

We had stayed at our bus stop for about 10 minutes before we got a bus. I was really angry at my Mum, so I made sure I didn’t sit close to her, and I didn’t utter a word to

DEEPTHOTS NOVELS

her. A woman with three babies (she had placed one at her back and she had carried two in her hands, one on each hand) entered the bus, taking the seat beside me. Out of compassion for her, I offered to help her carry one of the babies who she gladly placed in my hand.

A female evangelist was preaching over the radio about God's love...

"It's not everyone that God loves, God has his favorite" the mother of the babies said as we all were paying attention to the broadcast.

"Aunty, don't say that, a father loves all his children, and since God is our father, he loves us all" I said to counter what she said.

"Then why calamity? Take for instance look at me. My husband died 2 months ago on the day of delivering these children. He was so excited when he heard I had given birth to a set of triplets,that he went drinking. It was when he was coming to the hospital he drove into the carnal."

"Ha!" Everyone in the bus exclaimed.

"So stop saying God loves us" the woman said.

"But what you just said shows that God is not to be blamed in this matter, your husband died because of his own sin, he died out of his error and foolishness. He drove when he was drunk..." a man said from behind.

"But God could have protected him" She argued.

"My sister, it is well, God will watch over your children, at least part of God being merciful to you, when your husband destroyed himself, God has given you 3 babies" the man said with no sympathy in his voice.

"I like being truthful... a lot of people blame God for their foolishness" the man said.

"When we act foolishly and get the consequences of such action, we should brace up, accept the consequences and find a way to live with it" the man said.

Suddenly, the woman shouted...

"Please I need to ease myself, driver stop please..."

The driver hissed and stopped, telling her to make it snappy. The woman dumped her remaining two kids with me, making it three babies on my laps. As they were a handful, I passed the first baby to my Mum who was seated at my back.

The woman rushed into a dark place to avoid being seen while trying to ease herself....

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Madam... madam, make it snappy, do you have a tanker load of water in your system?” the driver shouted.

This was about 5 minutes after she left, but no one responded. Someone got down from the bus to call her...

“Madam, Mama Baby, do quick....” the man shouted but he got no response.

The driver got down also and checked for her with this torch, the woman was nowhere to be found.

At this point, everyone alighted from the vehicle.

We started searching for her in the dark....

“Where was this woman who had dumped 3 babies in my hand” I thought in apprehension.

To be continued

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+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 27
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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It was about 10:30pm and the search party had returned. Everyone except my mum and I had gone in search of the mother of the triplets but no one found her.

When all the passengers came back, it was obvious I had become the mother of the babies…

"Madam, it seems you are now the mother of the triplets" someone said jokingly.

The driver asked us to get back into the vehicle, but I couldn't get back into the bus. Confusion had taken over me, my mother was also confused. We refused to join them in the vehicle, then out of the blues, someone who had recognized me said...

"Please Ma, are you not Pastor Happy, Apostle Ray's new wife?" she asked.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"Ma, God dropping these babies in your hands is not a mistake, you will be able to take care of them better, I believe they are glorious children..." the young lady had said.

The number of "Really?" that sprang up in the vehicle was uncountable as people started flashing their phone torches to have a good look at my face... They saw it as a miracle and the act of God.

After all the exaltation of God as being a great God, the driver sped off with the other passengers leaving my mother and me at the spot.

"Mummy, what are we going to do?" I asked Mum.

For the first time my mum was short of ideas as she nodded in the negative.

"Mummy, I think we should go to the nearest police station" I suggested as I knew that was the right thing to do. Mum nodded in the affirmative to indicate her support.

"But, how do we leave here right now?" My mum asked.

"I don't know, you see mum, that's why I told you to get one of these cab apps on your phone... God! I don't understand what is happening to my life right now, but just lead me out of all these problems."

At that point it flashed through my mind, "MY WISH" to have three kids with Apostle Ray... I almost dropped the two babies in my hand.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“God! I don’t have the capacity to care for these babies. No, please don’t grant that wish this way... No please, I am sorry for everything I have wished for that is not according to your will” I said screaming in my heart.

I watched as my mother was dialing a number on her phone...

“Julie, please come and pick Happy and I at.....”

****

Aunt Julie had driven us to the nearest police station. We had lodged our complaint and stated the real situation of things... The D.P.O had recognized me as Apostle’s wife, so he treated me with respect.

After explaining everything to the D.P.O, his comment further dampened my spirit...

“Ma, I believe these children should be kept with you, if we take these children from you, we will hand them over to the government and this I tell you will not favour these babies. First they will be separated and put in different orphanages. Number 2, they may not receive the kind of care you could have given them. Ma, I suggest you take these children as souls God has just added to your husband’s ministry.”

This comment did not sit well with me, one bit, but my mother as usual jumped to ask…

“So you mean, if we keep the children, there won’t be a problem?”

“Not at all ma, I will write a letter stating the police is aware of the situation” He said.

My mother jumped up and started dancing...

“Thank you Lord, for years I have cried that I had just one child, but in one night, you have given me 3...”

All the necessary statements were taken and together with the babies, I returned to my mother’s house with Aunt Julie.

Early the next morning, my mum came to wake me up that she was going to the shopping mall to get some baby items. You should have seen the excitement on her face, but I guess she was missing something...

“Mum, are we no longer going to my husbands’ place?”

“See, forget that, Aunt Julie and I have spoken at length and she has said if half of everything you told me is true, you shouldn’t return back to that Apostle. God has been faithful to you by giving you these children, we will help you nurture them, while you live your life.”

I watched my mother in amazement at how inconsistent she was in her decisions; she was always carried away by the situation at hand.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

I heard the cries of the babies from the living room. I really wanted to see how they looked like in the daytime. I followed my mum and the sight I saw was beautiful, Mum had taken care of them and had wrapped them in some of her wrappers. They were all girls and they were beautiful...

“We have given them names” Aunt Julie said in excitement.

“Mary, Martha, Melody” my mother said.

“Okkkkk!” I said laughing.

I carried the one whose name was Melody... she was the fairest of them all...

“She is my favorite too, but she cries a lot, and that is why I gave her the name Melody, I hope she uses that voice of hers to sing beautiful melodies when she grows up” Mum said cheerfully.

Dad walked in and said while switching on the T.V

“I hope her husband accepts them.”

“If he doesn’t we will keep them.”

“We?” my father asked

“You and I, can’t we take care of our grandchildren?”

“Well, let me inform you, I don’t have the strength to start running after little children at my age” my father said.

“That is not a surprise, you have never had the strength for anything good, the only good thing you have ever produced in this life is Happy and that is because I co-produced her with you” Mum retorted.

My mum’s phone rang, and surprisingly on checking the screen, it was Apostle calling. I looked at my mother who encouraged me to pick up...

“Hello!”

“Yes”

“Where are you and what’s this talk about you having three babies?” he said.

I was so shocked....

“What... I mean who told you?” I asked

“Maybe you need to check the NN news station, your face is plastered on the screen and people have been calling me, asking me questions I have no answer to” he said.

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Without hanging up, I took the remote from my Dad's hands and changed it to the station Apostle was referring to...

True to his words, my picture was on the screen with the caption...

TRIPLETS FIND NEW HOME.

A lady was the one anchoring the show, as I looked closely at her, her face seemed familiar...

"The woman literally dumped the babies in Pastor Happy's hands and thereafter disappeared." the lady was saying.

"At least, we are grateful she didn't kill them, obviously from the way you described her, she must have been suffering from depression" the other presenter said...

"Possibly, Pastor Happy, in case you are watching, I was in the same bus with you last night when the triplets were dropped in your hands, we know God doesn't make mistakes and I am so sure this is a divine act. It shows you are a good woman and God believes you can take care of those babies. May God strengthen you for this great task, we hope to see them emerge as great vessels in God's hand..."

I dropped the remote and sat down gently. My Mum's phone rang again...

"That was a very good act of yours, I suggest you start coming home, because Co-pastors are calling and wives of general overseers are calling already... They all want to come and see the babies. Soon, I know the press will be here as well... Where are you, so I can ask the driver to come pick you up...?"

****

I returned home and true to Apostle's word, our home was filled with visitors. The triplets became the center of focus, because days later the corpse of the woman was found, as she had committed suicide in the bush.

Men of God came to our home and prayed for the children. People made promises to sponsor their education. Even the United Nations reached out to us as the story went viral. All these happened within the space of two months. Apostle was behaving like a proud father. I was seen as a heroine.

However, my joy and pride was short lived. I received a strange call.

"Hello" I said.

"Hi, Pastor Happy, you suddenly have become a heroine all of a sudden without people knowing your wicked past."

"Sorry, who is this?"

“This is Chaba, who you stole Apostle Ray from... Listen, I don’t have much airtime to waste on a wicked soul like you, here is my proposition, you pay me 300 million NAIRA, and I will keep quiet, but failure to do that I will tell the whole world how you poured acid on your church member’s face in order to marry the Apostle, plus my own version of how you were the one who murdered Pastor Maggie. That way, they will know you are a beast and those babies shouldn’t be left with you... I will be sending my account details shortly...” Chaba said before ending the call...

To be continued…

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 28
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Due to the presence of the triplets in our home, Apostle could not have his sexual escapades for two months as Mum was practically living with us. I couldn't handle the triplets all alone.

Mum's presence made her realize the truth about all I had told her as she noticed Apostle and I did not share the same room as husband and wife.

On one occasion, Mum tried speaking with Apostle...

"My in-law, I want to find out if your wife has offended you, I notice you hardly talk and neither does she share the same room with you. You leave home very early to church and return late after we all must have slept, what is happening?"

" Nothing ma, it's just that as much as I love the triplets, it's a bit strange having three new babies at our home without prior preparation, coupled with having you here with us. I am not a "people" person, as I totally adore my privacy."

"Ok.. If that is the problem, I can take the triplets home with me, while you and your wife can have your home to yourselves."

"Ma, I would gladly appreciate that" he said.

I was eavesdropping on that conversation and deep within me, I knew what Apostle's real problem was: he was missing his time with Mrs. Beecroft and the other women.

I took a bold step by confronting him as I knew he couldn't beat me up, while my mother was around. I went into his bedroom...

"You and I know that the reason you want the triplets out of here is to have my mother out, so your loose women can come in" I said with irritation in my voice.

"I have always known you to be smart." He said giving a mischievous smile.

"You are pathetic!"

"I am sorry I am, but you are right, get your mother out of this house, the triplets can stay. Let's have a deal, you keep your babies and I get to keep my babies too."

I looked around for something really harmful to throw at him, due to the level of hatred and disgust that rose up within me towards him, but I thought otherwise. I made a turn to leave his room but just like an oversized unreliable shoe that he was, he said...

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“I believe Chaba has called you, I have the power to make her keep quiet, 300 million is nothing, but you must be ready to rub my back, so she doesn’t let out your secret to the world, I mean your psychosis.”

This was two days after Chaba had called. I had not informed Apostle out of fear, but with the way he was speaking, it looked like he knew more than what he saying...

“Why do I have a feeling you hatched this plan?” I said walking towards him.

“A man has to do what a man has to do, to defend his territory” he said proudly.

I saw that I couldn’t fight this. Apostle was really the master game player. He had brought Chaba up to silence me.

“So what do you want from me, I mean what is the plan?” I asked very defeated.

“Very simple, let your mother return to her home, she will have days when she is permitted to come in assisting you to take care of the triplets. The other days will be for my own babies.”

I knew I had to accept this; Apostle and I were not intimate so, I was no longer bothered if he was sleeping with a thousand women. My triplets were giving me all the joy I needed.

“Fine! I thought you wanted to be out of your sin, but I guess you have become a slave to sin.”

I stepped out of his room and went ahead to narrate all that happened to my mum. This time around she believed me and for the sake of the triplets, she agreed to return home.

Chaba didn’t call back.

The same day my mother left, Mrs. Beecroft came back some hours later. We had no words for each other. I was tired of fighting. It then made sense to me why Pastor Maggie didn’t put up a fight against the women. Apostle was the one possessed of the devil and not just the women.

This way of life continued for months till my triplets were about 9 months, they were beautiful and highly energetic, except Melody who was always falling ill.

One day the triplets were playing in my room and scattering the whole room. Melody was pulling out a wire from a corner. I took it from her hand and I tried to tuck it in. In the process of tucking it in, a key fell to the ground. I picked it up, the key was like one of the keys of the cupboard. Instantly I suspected it must be for one of the cupboards in Pastor Maggie room, that I was unable to open. I had left the cupboard when I didn’t find the key months ago. It was the topmost locker.

I inserted the key in the keyhole and it was the perfect key.

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On opening I saw a small Tablet, with its charger. I brought it out and tried switching it on. Fortunately, the light on the screen popped up.

To my surprise, there was no password required. When the Tablet was through with the booting process, the home page surfaced, but surprisingly the home page was blank with only one folder titled “My Cinderella Shoe.”

I clicked on it and what my eyes saw gave me assurance I had found the solution to my problem**To be continued**

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 29
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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The folder had several video files and Word documents. I clicked on one of the video files and I saw Apostle's bedroom being filmed.

Apostle was in the very act of committing adultery with Mrs. Jaiyesimi. It was a very gross sight. The camera angle looked like a camera was placed in between the shelves of his books. I heard Pastor's Maggie's voice...

"So, today I was able to get Ray and Mrs. Jaiyesimi on tape. Ray you are so going down for this you have done to me, I have been silent for 12 years covering you up, but you betrayed me by not defending me when this scandal about me having an affair sprang up, instead you have been calling me names. For 12 years, I never cheated and I can count by hand the number of times you have made love to me. I will expose you to the world and let them see how dirty their Christian Apostle is. Can you imagine? Take a look at your Apostle, sleeping with the married women in his church."

That video ended. I clicked on a new video; this time around it was Pastor Maggie herself facing the camera...

"Living with my husband has shown me Christianity is a false and fake religion, how can you be committing adultery and yet climb the altar every Sunday, yet the God of the Christians has not deemed it fit to be angry with such a man. Well, my intentions are clear, I will post these videos on every social media platform to show the world who he is, so I can divorce him and marry the love of my life."

I sat for over an hour, while the triplets dozed off one after the other. Pastor Maggie had a plan, Apostle Ray thought she was just quiet for no reason, but Pastor Maggie had filmed Apostle with all the other women with the intention of making it public.

If this had happened it would have been a big blow to the body of Christ, the marriages of the seven women would have crashed as I couldn't imagine how the husbands of these women would take the videos of their wives trending on the internet; the children would also have been deeply affected. A lot of people would have backslidden. It would have been a big mess.

The temptation to continue from where Pastor Maggie stopped was overwhelmingly strong on me. I wanted to get back at Mrs. Beecroft for stealing the heart of my husband from me, because out of all the women, she had more grip on Apostle. I imagined how her world was going to crash and how she could possibly kill herself

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out of shame should the video get out.

“Hmmm..., but I am not going to be like Pastor Maggie, I am not going to do more harm to the body of Christ, as I may think I want to expose evil, but at the end of the day, do more evil than good.” I thought silently to myself as I remembered the Bible verse that states that if eating meat will cause other brethren to fall into sin, then I should avoid eating such.

I knew publicizing those videos like some of those social media bloggers did, will end up causing more evil than good, it could cause a lot of people to fall into sin.

I shut down the tablet and kept it hidden. I needed a good plan. I needed to use this evidence of mine wisely. I was not planning to tell Mum about this because, I knew what she might advise me to do with it...

After two days of praying and asking God what to do with it, I suddenly came up with an idea. I hoped and prayed it was going to work.

I sent a text to all the women, except Mrs. Jaiyesimi who had stopped sleeping with the Apostle and had left our church.

“Hello ma, good day. I would love to have a brief meeting with you at my home on Saturday morning, it is very important.
Before Pastor Maggie died, she had an implicating material that involves you which I just found, and instead of making it public, I wanted us to see and discuss. If you are interested, be at my place Saturday morning. It will do you good not to inform my husband about it, because if you do, things might become uglier. God bless you.”

About three of the women called me back, but I refused to disclose what the implicating material was. Mrs. Beecroft didn’t call or acknowledge the receipt of the text.

On Friday night around 9pm, I sent a text as a reminder to the six of them. I gave the six women, different time, with 10 minutes difference between each of the women. I also pleaded with my mum to come take the triplets out for the day.

Fortunately, Apostle was not around that Saturday as he had gone for a crusade in another city.

At exactly 10am, 5 of the women were around, each of them looking at one other suspiciously and giving fake smiles as courtesy demanded as co church members.

By 10:15am, Mrs. Beecroft showed up very proudly, but surprisingly with her son, Gabriel who I had avoided like a plague for months. Seeing him stirred something on the inside of me...

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Why on earth did she bring her son? She was about to make this thing not go as planned!!!

To be continued

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 30
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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On seeing Gabriel, something stirred up on my inside and no other name for it than 'Lust'. The temptation to flirt with him came straight to my heart as I had been deprived of affection for months, but the good voice in my head spoke to me loudly this time...

"This is a distraction tactic from the devil, rebuke the thought."

"I rebuke you this evil thought in the name of Jesus Christ, you the spirit of Lust, catch fire in the name of Jesus Christ." I prayed silently as I walked towards Gabriel and his mother.

"Mrs. Beecroft, good morning. Please Gabriel cannot be in this meeting with us, it is strictly for women..." I said affirmatively trying humanly possible not to have eye contact with Gabriel.

"Women? What do you mean? I thought this meeting was between you and I alone, that explains why I brought Gabriel with me, in case you have plans to kill me" she said with so much arrogance.

"Well, I have no intentions of doing such, this meeting is for about 7 of us" I said as I was determined to see to it that Gabriel left us. Mrs. Beecroft peeped into the compound at the different cars parked by the women.

"OK then!" Mrs. Beecroft said as she discharged her son to stay outside in the car. Gabriel wanted to say something to me, but I noticed he restrained himself.

"Better!" I said to myself.

We both stepped into the house.

There was the usual exchange of pleasantries among the women which was obviously hypocritical. At about 10:22am, I took the stage.

"I want to appreciate every one of you for supporting us in the church, thank you for the show of exemplary leadership in the church, but painfully I have realized that we all are far from who we present ourselves to be.
Please I will crave your indulgence to watch this video..."

I switched on the T.V, and played Pastor Maggie's confession video. I started with Mrs. Beecroft's sex video with my husband. Mrs. Beecroft jumped from her seat...

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“You are wicked!, Why couldn’t you call me privately, instead of making a public show of me...” she said, weeping profusely but to her surprise she noticed the other women were not condemning her, some of them had their heads bowed in shame, while others paced around.

I didn’t reply her, instead, I played the other videos. It came as a shock to all the six women that Apostle was actually sleeping with all of them. Each one of them had thought she was the only one.

“This is bad, this is bad!” Mrs. Beecroft said as she kept lamenting.

“My life and marriage will end if my husband sees this” said one of the women.

“My in-laws will finish me!” said another.

“My children will never forgive me” said another.

“My Husband will kill me and kill himself, if he sees this” the woman who had visited the toilet over 5 times in less than 5 minutes said as she was sweating profusely.

At that point, I knew this was the best time to strike, like the adage that states “It is good to strike while the iron is hot.”

“No one has to see this, if we decide to do the right thing!” I said.

“Pastor Happy, please we beg you, please don’t expose this” Mrs. Beecroft and the others took turns in kneeling in front of me, apologizing...

“Please, have your seat, I would like us to discuss this maturely” I said.

They all took their seats, though some sat on the floor while others sat at the edges of their seats.

“What has happened today has shown me that sin thrives in secrecy, and there is a subconscious part of us that knows this is not right. I know the problem lies with my husband. He is the one that has the demonic craving, but sisters if you all did not make yourself available, that craving would have naturally died. Do you know that the reason immorality and unfaithfulness from married men is highly rampant is because these men have found accomplices in women? Let’s imagine if the women folk decide today to eradicate affairs with married men, the desire of these men will naturally die, because there won’t be anyone available.”

“Unless they will be sleeping with dogs” said one of the women....

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

“Exactly! If men do not find married women and single ladies to feed their cravings, they will come back to their senses” I said.

“Honestly, I never saw myself doing this, but it was when my husband started having extra marital affairs that I decided to pay him back in his coin” the woman who had visited the toilet 5 times said.

“We can’t pay evil with evil and think good will somehow prevail, sleeping with my husband to get back at your husband will never let God intervene in your marriage. God will see you both as unserious people” I said trying to tell her she had no excuse.

“Pastor Happy, no right thinking married woman wants to commit adultery, but when she has responsibilities and unfortunately for her she is married to an irresponsible man who has also become one of her responsibilities, she has no choice than to look for help outside. I am not sleeping with Apostle for sexual satisfaction but for financial help so I can cater for my four children, husband and siblings” the woman who said her children would not forgive her said.

“The Bible tells us that woe to those who look up to man as our help, you should have asked God for help rather than sleeping your way to get money that has its roots in sin” I said...

“I am sorry, Pastor Happy, my husband doesn’t like and have time for love making, which is hard on me, because of my past. Before I became a Christian, I was a call girl; my sexual drive has always been high. I had come to Apostle for counseling on the matter, it was during the counseling session Apostle made a joke about helping my husband out. Pastor Happy, that is how and why your husband and I have been together for 8 years” Mrs. Beecroft said.

“Our desires can be subjected to the Holy Spirit, Mrs. Beecroft, you could have told God about your desires and about your husband’s disposition to it. God is the one who created us, he can reduce your sexual drive and increase your husband a little in a way you both will be on the same level sexually…” I said.

Another lady was about to give her own excuse, but I cut her short as I was not doing all this for confession sake, I had a motive...

“My sisters, this meeting was not called to humiliate you or have you make your confessions to me, rather I wanted to show you where you all have missed it. It is a sad thing that our own pastor has a problem and the women of his church are the ones adding pepper to his open sore. The amazing thing about God is that He might be giving His servant a long rope, but what about us who are aiding him in his act, do we have that length of rope of Grace?
Pastor Maggie thought she could expose the decay of her husband, but she didn’t

DEEPHOTS NOVELS

live to tell the story. That tells me something which is written in the scripture “God is not after the destruction or disgrace of a sinner but repentance.” Therefore, I don’t intend disclosing this material to anyone, but rather I want you all to retrace your steps back to God and help our pastor by being unavailable to him” I said.

At that point, I could feel the presence of the Holy Spirit in the room, as my sitting room became a small revival ground, the 6 women laid on the ground weeping and asking God for mercy....

Together, we wept and prayed. I wept because I knew I was not a saint either as I was also led by greed in the past...

We were together for up to four hours under the mighty hand of the Holy Ghost.

The women returned to their homes, and Apostle returned later in the evening.

The next day, during Sunday service, I looked around for the women, only two of them came for the service. I knew instantly we had lost some members, but I was not bothered as that was better than the hypocrisy in the house of God.

We returned home as usual after service, without saying anything to ourselves, but the moment we stepped into the living room, all hell was let loose as usual...

“What have you done or said to my women, they have not been picking my calls or replying my chats since yesterday and just now, Mrs. Beecroft sent me a message that she was no longer interested in me! What have you done?” He said screaming at top of his voice.

“God led me to speak to them on your behalf” I said.

“You did what?”

To be continued

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PART 31
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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"God led me to do what you have not been able to do by yourself" I said.

"You are still not answering my question, what did you do?" he said in a fury.

I moved away from him...

"I showed them a video Pastor Maggie had made to destroy you."

"What video?" He was literally shaking in anger.

"Give me some minutes" I ran up the stairs and brought the flash drive which I inserted into the USB Port of the Television.

Apostle staggered the moment he saw the first scene of him and Mrs. Beecroft. He held his chest and sat down as he watched Pastor Maggie reveal a lot. The video lasted about 45 minutes to 1 hour.

Ray watched every bit of it, with tears flowing down his face...

"Why didn't you take this to the social media?" he asked ridiculously.

"You want me to do that?" I asked.

"No, I mean despite everything I have done to you, this would have been a great opportunity to nail me, just like Maggie was going to do before she died."

"I am in no shoe to ridicule you in public, apart from the fact that you are my husband, you are a man of God and fighting or disgracing a man of God is like fighting God. When Miriam tried condemning Moses in the Bible as regards his Cushite wife, God struck her with leprosy, showing that whatever a man of God does is between Him and God. God knows how He deals with them. All I can do is advice and pray, but sharing this online can bring down God's wrath on me" I said.

"You are more righteous than I am, Happy can you pray for me? Can you tell God to take away these crazy feelings from me? Just watching this video shows how dirty and useless I am. What if this had gone out, my ministry would have ended, I would have also brought disrepute to the name of the body of Christ."

Apostle wept and wept. We sat down on the floor in the living room for hours as I sat down encouraging him, that we all had our shortcomings but we must be ready to

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

drop them at the feet of God.

I told him, we needed a Spiritual Retreat, which he agreed to.

The spiritual retreat was to happen in our home, we wanted to settle it with God together on our knees. I knew it was time to step into the shoes and find a way of filling the big space.

It was a fasting and praying retreat of 7 days without food. We took only water in the evening around 6pm.

For those days, all we did was ask for mercy for our individual greed. We knew greed had led us to the point we were.

Apostle cried more than he prayed telling God he didn't know how he got to where he was, he told God he had always been passionate and in love with God, but he didn't know what happened that changed everything...

As he was praying, I just heard a scripture in my heart; Ecclesiastes 7:26. I was not familiar with that part of scripture, so I picked up my Bible and read through…

"I found something more bitter than death, the woman who is like a trap. The love she offered you will catch you like a net, and her arms around you will hold you like a chain. A man who pleases God can get away, but she will catch the sinner." (Good News Version).

I understood the woman in the scripture referred to the spirit of immorality, but the part that struck me most was "A MAN WHO PLEASES GOD CAN GET AWAY (from sexual seduction and sin), but she will catch the sinner."

God spoke to my heart that, He was not pleased with my husband and that was why the spirit of seduction and sexual immorality was able to capture him.

Now the next question was "God what did he do that displeased you?"

I shared this scripture with Apostle and our prayer point changed, we started praying enquiry prayers from God to know where he had displeased Him.

We heard nothing even after the seventh day.

Apostle returned back to his church duties. He reduced his counseling with the opposite sex, he referred the women to me. At home, he became a different man, making deliberate efforts to be a good husband and father. He went to the extent of asking my mother to return to our home in order to help with the triplets.

DEEPTHOTS NOVELS

I tried moving close to him with my sexual advances, but he would smile gently and say

“Please just give me some more time, let me get a hold on myself completely.”

Everything was going on smoothly as we kept praying to God to show us what Ray was doing that displeased God.

In the midst of these, Chaba returned, but this time, without Ray bringing her in. The devil brought her to tamper with what God was doing.

“I am going to expose you to Christabel if I don’t get my 300 million” she had said on the phone one afternoon.

This time around she was blackmailing Apostle and I.

I knew this was the best time to silence this blackmailer forever. Instead of giving her what she wanted, I did what she never would have imagined I could do...

To be continued

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Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

PART 32
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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On Sunday after service, I walked up to Christabel's Mum....

"Good afternoon ma" I said smiling.

"Pastor Happy, good afternoon. To what do I owe this special greeting?"

"I am sorry ma if I am disturbing, I just need sister Christabel's number" I said.

"Why? My daughter is fine, you don't need to call her" she said defiantly.

"Mum, I just have a little information for her, please ma..."

I pleaded for about 10 minutes before she finally agreed to give me.I went to my office and locked myself in.I dialed the number given to me and in just about 3 rings, she picked up...

"Hello, happy Sunday, who is speaking?" Christabel said with a very beautiful voice.

"Hi... Hi..." I suddenly lost my boldness, but I knew it was then or never...

"Hello… Hello" she said.

"Hi, Christabel, this is Sister Happy from Nigeria, Apostle Ray's new wife" I introduced myself.

"Wow, Pastor Happy, good afternoon sis. I believe you should be in the afternoon over there in Nigeria..." she said laughing heartily.

"So good to hear your voice after so long and congratulations on being the new Mummy General Overseer, can you imagine Nneka and I fighting over what God had chosen you for?" she said laughing.

"It is well, thank you" I said as I realized Christabel was making this confession a hard one…

"So to what do I owe this call, Sis Happy? Sorry it ought to Pastor Happy now!" she asked with laughter.

I told her about my medical condition as regards bipolar and psychosis. I explained that it drove me to do crazy things, which pouring acid on her face was one of the

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things I did in the past.

Christabel was quiet but later regained her voice...

“You mean you are the one who did that and not Nneka?”

“Yes...! I am sorry, I did it out of ignorance and most importantly I let my bipolar and psychosis take control of me... I am really sorry... I know sorry doesn’t do justice to what I did, but I feel I should let you know so I can be free of the guilt I carry about... I don’t know if what I am doing is right but...”

There was a brief moment of silence as neither of us had nothing to say..., but Christabel broke the silence…

“It is ok, Pastor Happy, you were just faster than I was. This shows that we all are sinners and it’s only the knowledge of God that can help us and save us from evil. Do you know that I had paid to have Nneka assassinated before the acid incident? The hit man was supposed to eliminate her the day after the acid encounter, but they couldn’t find her because she was in police custody. So you see that we were the same back then. I hold nothing against you, because as we speak I am a better person. The months I spent in the hospital gave me time to dwell in the presence of God. All this while, I had been a fake Christian, going to church to show off my beautiful face, my designer shoe and bag, but now all that is in the past... I cannot even see all those things now... Do you know I am now blind...?” Christabel said.

I felt like something hit me on the chest.

“Blind…? What do you mean blind?” and right there my tears came pouring down.

“Yes!, the acid destroyed my eyesight.”

“Noooooooo” I screamed and the phone dropped from my hands, as I looked at what I had cost Christabel because of the desire to step into Pastor Maggie’s shoe that was not really worth it.

I cried and cried in my office, I didn’t know where to start, my phone kept ringing but I was too overwhelmed to pick up. It was Christabel’s number that was calling back. I deemed it fit to pick up.

“I am sorry, I didn’t know the extent of the damage I caused...”

“It’s ok, God has written a better story out of this disaster of mine, that’s why I called you back, I will be getting married next month. I met my husband at the hospital where I did my face reconstruction, he is a doctor. He helped me regain my confidence and love for God. God has dealt with me better than I deserve. Pastor

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Happy, nurture the ministry God has placed in your hands, you may have walked your way to that position but one thing I want you to know is God permitted it for His Glory, so don't disappoint God."

I spoke to Christabel's fiancé who was seated beside her. He was a soft spoken person and obviously a child of God, because it was perceivable in his words.

I was free of my guilt. At this point, I didn't care if Chaba wanted to tell the world about it. I knew the scandal would be too much to bear. People would call me names, but I was ready for it. I was ready to face the consequences of my actions, but I said a short prayer…

"Lord, I know you are the one who has the heart of the kings in your hands, you can turn it in whatever direction it pleases you, please touch Chaba's heart not to make this public, not for my sake alone but for the sake of the body of Christ. If this goes out, people will say a lot of things against Christianity. People will judge other Christians by my past action and generalize this... Please ABBA Father, Ancient of days who can go in time to wipe out our errors, go back in time and erase this error from Chaba's memory in Jesus' name."

The next morning, Apostle got a phone call from the church that he was urgently needed in the church, that Chaba was around and she was acting strange...

To be continued

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PART 33
S.I.M.S
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"Strange? What do you mean?" I asked Apostle after he dropped the call.

"I don't know, but I hope she is not talking about Christabel's case."

"Well, let me go with you, it's my matter, let me face it."

"The triplets?"

"I will take them with us, but drop them off at Kike's place."

Kike my friend was living close to the church. We went to the church after dropping the triplets off and just as we had been informed, Chaba was around but she was looking lost like she was trying hard to remember something…

"Apostle" she ran towards him.

"Chaba, what is wrong? What are you doing here? You didn't inform us you were coming!" Apostle said.

"Apostle, I knew I left South Africa to come to Nigeria for a purpose, like I have something I came here to do, but the moment I got to Nigeria, I have been trying so hard to remember what it is, but I can't... it's like someone just wiped it off my memory..." Chaba said.

From where I stood, I had tears flowing down my eyes, because I knew this was God at work. I became hysterical, laughing and crying at the same time, the Ancient of days had wiped my scandal from her memory. She couldn't remember anything...

"Where is your wife? I don't think I have met her before, I have just seen her on screen."

Apostle was confused at this point, he felt Chaba was being dramatic...

"Chaba, stop this and tell me exactly why you came here."

"I am serious, I cannot remember."

"Are you saying you don't remember meeting Happy before?"

"No..."

I moved close to Chaba and offered her a handshake...

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“Good afternoon Sis Chaba, it’s a pleasure meeting you!”

“Oh my goodness, you are so beautiful in person, my goodness! Apostle you have a beautiful wife, you see I told you, I told you months back, you will find a good wife” Chaba said hugging me tightly.

Apostle was very speechless.

Chaba told us she was returning the next day as she couldn’t remember her purpose of coming to Nigeria. Apostle told one of the pastors to lodge her in a hotel for the night.

On our way back home after we picked up the triplets, Ray kept looking at me without saying a word, but when we got home, he came into my room and sat on my bed for the first time...

“What did you do?” He asked looking at me “Chaba doesn’t remember anything, she spoke like she only remembered my friendship with her before I even proposed marriage to her.”

“I prayed, and I never thought that God could answer in that way..., but that shows that God can wipe our errors no matter how many they are.”

“Do you think mine can be erased?” Ray asked innocently...

“He has done that already Ray, we have prayed for mercy and I believe God has forgiven you, because our God is a God of mercy, who, as long as we acknowledge our sins, is ever ready to forgive and erase our errors from His memory... Just like He did show us with Chaba, He forgives and forgets...”

“Hmmm... but we are yet to find out what I did that made God to be displeased with me, which gave the devil the legal ground to keep me in this prison of sexual immorality.”

“We can find out if we persist” I said.

“How?” Apostle asked innocently.

“By praying just this one prayer point!”

“Which is?”

“Oh lord show me the secret behind the problem of my life and the way out in Jesus Christ’s name”

Apostle and I prayed this single prayer for about two hours nonstop and the result was amazing...

When the Lord revealed the source of Apostle’s problem, we knew it was only God

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that could have revealed it and it kept us in awe of God....

What was the problem?

To be continued

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PART 34
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I had woken up from a deep revelation, after my prayer time with Ray. He had slept off on my bed for the first time since we got married. The triplets were asleep on their baby mattresses, beside us.

I sat up to analyze the dream I had.

In my dream, I had seen myself searching for Ray all over the house, but couldn't find him. I walked into the living room and found the triplets watching cartoon with Apostle's Mother.

In the revelation, Martha, the second of the set spoke and asked me...

"Mummy, are you looking for Daddy?" She asked

"Yes, have you seen him?" I asked

"Yes!" The trio replied giggling

"So where is he?"

"He is in the belly of the fish like Jonah" they said pointing to the Bible Animation they were watching on the screen. It was the cartoon version of Jonah in the belly of the shark...

"What?" I said very afraid "What is he doing in the belly of a shark?"

"He disobeyed God by going to the wrong place to preach, so God allowed a big shark to swallow him!" Mary said

Apostle's mother who I had only seen twice since we got married as she had returned to their hometown after her retirement spoke after the triplets had spoken...

"I warned him and I told him not to leave the place where God wanted him to be, but out of greed he went elsewhere, see now the marine sharks have swallowed him up" his mother said lamenting....

It was at that point I woke up from my dream.

"Holy Spirit, What is the interpretation of this dream?" I muttered to myself

"Yes sir, Yes sir, I will return" Apostle was saying from his dream weeping....I tapped him so he could wake up from his dream

On opening his eyes, he saw me by his side...

“Happy, you are here?” He was surprised thinking we were in his room

“Yes, I am sorry, you slept off and I didn’t want to disturb you...”

“Happy, I saw Him again after 8 years!” He said

“Who?”

“The Holy Spirit, Happy, the prayer we prayed was highly effective. God has shown me what is wrong and what I must do to make things right, but it is highly difficult for me to do!”

“Does it have anything to do with you returning to somewhere?” I asked

He became startled and gave me a surprising look

“Yes, how did you know that?” He asked

“I just woke up from a revelation after our prayers...”

“Tell me about it!” He pleaded

I narrated the dream to him and midway, he stood up, pacing around and crying....

“It is the same message. In my dream, I saw the Holy Spirit in form of an elderly man of God talking to me... I was complaining of how I was being tormented by the devil, in response to my cries , He told me to return back to my master just like Hagar returned back to Sarah. He told me, I was not meant to be a master, but a close servant to the master. He told me I was in problems because I left where I was planted. He said I was experiencing dryness and thirst because I left my master.” Ray said

“Do you know where this place is? I mean where God wants you to be?”

Apostle broke down in tears and between sobs, he said...

“I know, it is with “Baba Fire”....”

“Baba Fire, Who is Baba Fire?” I asked....

“I met Christ through Baba Fire during my Service year, after university”

“Service year” was a year volunteering program by all Nigerian university graduates where they serve their nation for one year. These graduates are posted to different states across the nation which is mostly far from their state of origin and state of residence. It was this period in Apostle’s life he was referring to... These university graduates are usually referred to as “Youth Corp Members”.

Ray took a side stool and faced me;

“I had been posted to Osun State, Ikeji-Arakeji town to be precise. I came into the town with no spiritual fire whatsoever. I was more of a bookworm in my university days…

To be continued

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PART 35
S.I.M.S
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"My Landlord in Ikeji-Arakeji was a pastor popularly referred to as "Baba Fire" because he was a Fire brand General overseer of a growing church. He was genuinely called of God. Despite being a Yoruba speaking church, Youth corps members like me, attended "Baba Fire's" Church, because of his depth in the Word of God and Healing Anointing. He was a man in his late forties.

Baba Fire picked interest in me and would ask me to come for prayers anytime he was at home. He told me he saw a light in me that would draw nations to the light of God. Through his persistence, I became genuinely born again. I also caught the fire. I got baptized in the Holy Ghost. He taught me how to pray for long hours...

In no time, I was on fire for God. Some Yoruba non speaking Corp members walked up to me and pleaded with me to stand in as Baba Fire's interpreter. They wanted me to be the English interpreter.

I tendered their request to Baba Fire who gladly embraced the idea.

I became Baba Fire's interpreter, this made his ministry experience a boom, as almost all the Youth Corp members started attending his church. Even the non-indigenes who did not understand Yoruba like the Igbos, the Edos, those from Benue who were all in Ikeji-Arakeji and its environs started worshipping in Baba Fire's church because of the English interpretation. God used me to expand his ministry.

By the time my one year of service was coming to an end, Baba Fire called me to his Prayer Room on one faithful Saturday morning...

"Raymond, your coming to Ikeji Arakeji was an answer to my years of prayer. God told me He was going to make this ministry go all around the world, but I kept telling him I couldn't speak English. He told me He was going to send me an Aaron that will help my speech to be heard everywhere including in front of kings and nobles" Baba Fire said in Yoruba Language

"I believe you are that person God told me about, I would like you to be more than my interpreter, I would want you to be my Assistant so that this work of God in my hands can light up the world." He said

Baba Fire was asking me to give up a good life in Lagos as a potential Civil servant to become a "Village Pastor".

I didn't know what to say!

Baba Fire told me He was not in a rush and he wasn't trying to enforce his will on me, he advised I should go pray about it.

At that time, Baba Fire had trained me in the act of praying and receiving from God, so I went on a personal retreat for some days.

One sunny afternoon after returning from the primary school I was serving as a teacher, I slept off very exhausted.

In what looked like an open vision or trance, I saw the Late Apostle Joseph Babalola who was a revivalist in the 1930's (whose ministry could be traced back to the same town of Ikeji-Arakeji) tapping me from sleep and speaking to me in the Yoruba Language...

"Raymond, you are to assist Gabriel in his assignment, you will be his voice where he may not be heard, rise up and follow him, don't betray him and don't stop following him, for this purpose were you created, ask your mother"

It was a very short trance, but very powerful. I had goose pimples all over my body like a high spiritual power was in my room, I broke into tongues and laid down in the room. I didn't know how long I spent in that position, until I rose up and found out it was dark. From my estimation, I had spent four hours slain in the Holy Ghost.

When I stood up and went out to join my other Youth Corp members, the moment I got to the corridor, they all fell to the floor like an electric wave from my body hit them. Some of them burst into tongues, while others who were not born again started weeping under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Baba Fire met us there and started praying with us. A little crusade started that night, as neighbors joined us.

The next day, I called my mum and explained in details all that happened...

"I am not surprised, that is your destiny, accept it son. You know, when I was looking for a male child after having enough daughters, I told God if He gave me a son, I will give him back to Him, so the trance you saw is correct, you were created for God's Glory." My mother had said

That was how I agreed to be Baba Fire's Assistant….

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PART 36
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After my set had left Ikeji-Arakeji, I stayed behind for another 5 years working passionately for God under Baba Fire.

In no time, Baba Fire's church had grew from 130 members to close to 2000 members. We were able to build a small cathedral of about 2500 members. We had started having Elites in our church, even to the point of having the First Lady (Governor's Wife) as a member of our church. All these were possible because of the level of exposure I brought into the ministry.

Baba Fire started having international ministrations which I had to follow him to, because I had to interpret in English Language...

He was getting blessed with cars, houses, money and a lot of gifts. At this point, the Spirit of Greed took over me. I felt I was the one pulling the crowd to his church and should be in charge of all that he was in charge of.

I felt He was using my glory, and I decided it was time for me to pull out and start my own ministry. My mum was not happy with the idea, but Maggie who at time was my fiancée, gave me strong support. She was also of the opinion that I had what it took to be the General overseer of my ministry and not laboring for another person, who someday will hand over the baton of the ministry to his children.

Maggie and I got married after my fifth year under Baba Fire. We settled in Ikeji-Arakeji but Maggie and I were not content with the life over there. I would come back home every Sunday lamenting over how the church members were blessing Baba Fire more than they were blessing me. Maggie would also add to my misery by telling me it was obvious I was just been used by my G.O.

We both decided in the second year of our marriage to move to Lagos and start my ministry there, whenever the opportunity presented itself. Not long after our resolution, a woman who usually came for prayers all the way from Lagos became our source of motivation. She was always encouraging me to come over to Lagos...

"Pastor Ray, your anointing is underutilized and not appreciated here as it should be, you should come to Lagos or go to somewhere like Abuja or Port Harcourt, I tell you sir, under a year, your church will be the talk of the Town."

"I know, but God asked me to assist Baba Fire here"

" Well you have done a great job so far, maybe God just wanted you to learn under him, Pastor Ray I think this is the time you should launch out, Bible says we should go and preach to the uttermost part of the earth, not just in Ikeji-Arakeji town" She said laughing...

“Honestly Pastor, if you are interested, my husband and I will be willing to invest in you financially to start up your church"

I was so excited about the opportunity and on getting home to Maggie I discussed the development with her. She was excited as well, and encouraged me to take up the offer. She even asked me to call her immediately to accept the offer.

On calling her, she was excited as well and she asked me to come over to Lagos to see her husband over the weekend. She said, she would want it to seem as if I came over to pray for her family and from there she would take care of the rest.

I travelled to Lagos for a prayer vigil at her home. On getting there, her husband and children were not at home, she told me they would be home before the vigil. She lodged me in her visitor's room and inside the room, everything I needed had been arranged there including food and drinks.

Around 11:45pm, she called me over the intercom, that she would join me in the Living room for the vigil.

On getting to the living room, the place was empty. Her supposed husband and children were nowhere in sight. As I sat wondering, she walked out of her room in a see- through net gown, and underneath she had nothing on. My heart raced and right there I lost my strength, I couldn't resist her. I slept with her and that was the beginning of my woe. I believe that was where I got the strong attraction, for married women.

She kept to her word, and set me up in Lagos. But I hid my affair with her a secret between us. I didn’t tell anyone, not even Maggie or Baba Fire.

On returning to Ikeji-Arakeji, Baba Fire called for me, asking me what I had done. I acted in denial, he asked me the question 3 times….

“Raymond, what have you done?” and my answer those three times were “Nothing Baba”.

Maggie and I moved out of Ikeji-Arakeji around 10pm 4 months later to avoid being noticed. We didn't inform Baba Fire, we only dropped a letter at our missionary home that had been provided for us. I stated in the letter that I was led by God to go start my ministry. I apologized for leaving without prior notice as I knew he (Baba Fire) would not want to release me.

We immediately changed our lines to avoid calls from Baba Fire, when we got to Lagos.

“Are you saying, you have not heard from him since you both left there" I asked Ray who sat in front of me narrating the issue to me...

“I only heard from him, after about 2 months of starting my ministry. Till date I don’t know how he got hold of my phone number.

"Ray, you made me an object of ridicule, you brought me disgrace, may you forever be caught in the web of shame and disgrace. You will continually see shame in your ministerial work" Ray recounted the exact words Baba Fire said to him over the phone

“Ha! My God! He said all these and you never went back to plead?" I asked Ray.

“No, Maggie told me, it was just an empty threat” At that point I understood why Pastor Maggie was able to cover and condone Apostle’s sinful lifestyle, they both rebelled against God.

It all made sense to me, Apostle was never meant to be an Apostle or a founder of a ministry, he had been called to Assist a founder instead. The Marine powers and the spirit of immorality was able to swallow him up, because he was not in the perfect will of God…

The question in my heart as we both became silent were the first words that came out of Ray’s mouth…

“Is it possible for me to close down my church that I have invested so much in and return to Ikeji Arakeji to become the Assistant of an illiterate?”

To be continued

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PART 37
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Ray kept to himself for two days, as the thought of losing everything he had was too much for him to bear. He told me he was going to ask for the Mercy of God and permissive will of God, to let him Continue with his ministry.

I tried talking him out of this, telling him it was better to obey the will of God 100 percent. I was not planning to be like Pastor Maggie who acted as a Jezebel of a wife, who made her husband sin against God. For those two days he locked himself indoors, I was fasting, asking God for a second chance for him. I cried unto the Lord telling him, I knew I got into this shoe of marriage thinking it was going to be glamorous, but on getting in, it felt like stepping on broken glass. I told God I was going to stay in the marriage, but I needed him to help me work on Ray, so that I could still make something meaningful out of the oversized shoes…

On the third Day, Ray came out of the room and told me he was ready to go to Ikeji Arakeji, and he would love me to go with him. I was excited God had done what I prayed for. I put a call through to my mum, asking her to please come stay with the triplets, but she told me she was very ill.

There was no one we could trust the kids with, I suggested his estranged sister who was living close to us, but he refused. We decided to take the triplets along, but drop them off at his mother's place at Sagamu. On getting to his mother's home, we explained all that had happened and what we were about to do, his Mother was excited, she started jumping and praising God. In excitement, she said she was going with us, she said for years she had been unhappy about the church he established, she saw what happened as God's show of Mercy towards her.

We couldn't go to Ikeji- Arakeji that day anymore. Early the next day, we set out and got there in peace alongside my mother in law and the triplets.

On getting to the Church Premises, Ray kept exclaiming "Ha! Ha!" repeatedly. When I asked him why, he said the church had become bigger than how he left it. He said it was 6 times bigger than how he left the church. We asked the church secretary on how to see Baba Fire, but she told us, we had to book an appointment with his P.A for over a month, as there were people from all over coming to see him, but on seeing the triplets, she showed compassion on us by giving us a way out…

"There will be evening service today, the moment Baba is rounding up his message, go and stay around where he parks his vehicle. The moment you see him coming, start shouting his name and your name telling him the reason why you are here to see him, if he is interested in seeing you, he will ask his security to call you."

I could see that Ray felt belittled by that Approach, but I held his hand and gave him a smile of encouragement.

We stayed in the church premises till the evening service, few old members recognized Ray and they exchanged greetings. Some shared their condolences about Maggie's death. Others praised him over his ministry as they confessed they watched his T.V broadcasts anytime they were in Lagos.

The service was a glorious power packed service, and the icing on the cake was Baba Fire's ministration. At that Point, I knew why they called him Baba Fire, he was a mobile fire carrier, and I could see who Ray took his preaching style from. Baba Fire was a thorough Bible teacher. At some point, Ray could not help his tears, he kept crying in the auditorium, he was attracting a lot of attention, I had to pull him out.

"Happy, Baba Fire now speaks English, even though he still uses an interpreter" Ray said in tears with disbelief and regret in his eyes. Baba fire was still preaching in Yoruba language with the help of an interpreter who interpreted in English, but at intervals Baba Fire spoke fluent English. From that I learnt no one was indispensable…

We followed the advice of the secretary and stayed around his car. The moment Baba Fire came out, Ray started shouting

"My Father, Baba Fire, I am back, it is your first Son Raymond, Just like the Prodigal Son, please I am back" Apostle said in Yoruba, and I couldn't help but cry, I felt the shame, I knew it took a lot for him to say those words, he had gotten to a high point in his life and ministry, but all of a sudden, he realized God was never with him… Baba Fire stopped in his tracks, he recognized the voice, he looked around and saw Raymond, but you could see pain and hurt in Baba fire's Eyes. He turned away from us and entered his car….

To be continued

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Ig@Opeyemiakintunde

DEEP THOTS NOVELS
INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD
Written by Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde
+234-8151103646

PART 38
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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Baba Fire refused seeing us, even after staying a week in Ikeji-Arakeji. Different people had gone to speak to Baba Fire on our behalf, but he would not set his eyes on Raymond. Raymond's mother had found her way to see him on one of the counselling days, but he respectfully told her to please leave his office. Baba Fire had been deeply hurt. I heard he was always around Saturday morning for marriage counselling, so I decided I was going to go see him.

I prayed before leaving and I asked for the Wisdom of God…

When it was my turn, he didn't recognize me. He asked me what my challenge was. I told him about my marriage…

"I got married over a year ago, and my husband has only touched me once, it hurts knowing that my husband satisfies his sexual urge with married women under our roof. Sir, do you know how hurting it is, when someone who ought to give you joy brings you tears that is how I feel. Sir, my husband is back and genuinely born again and is asking for my forgiveness, do you think I should forgive him?" I said in Yoruba language

"Yes, it is a must that you must forgive him, to err is human, to forgive is divine, meaning it is normal for human beings to offend us, but if you are a genuine child of God, you must learn to forgive... You must forgive your husband and accept him back…"

"Thank you Baba, but why are you finding it hard to forgive my husband?"

There was a moment of silence, and I didn't need to explain who I was and who my husband was…

Baba Fire was in pain…

"I trusted Raymond too much, and he stabbed me in the back"

"He is human Baba, and it is normal for us as humans to err. Please Sir, forgive my husband and let him come back to you. We are ready to serve under you. We are ready to move to Ikeji-Arakeji. My father, God has fought for you, he has brought him back to you to fulfil his initial assignment" I wept knowing this was not also my dream, I wanted to be the wife of a general overseer in the city wearing heels, but I didn't know that was not the will of God for the one who would be the wife of Pastor Ray, she was to be the wife of an Assistant Pastor in Osun state.

"That assignment has been given to another, there is no more space for him here"

“You can create one for him”

Baba fire knew I was not going to let him go unless he blessed my husband.

“Where is he?”

“He is at the hotel”

“Bring him” he said

I didn’t want to take any chances, so I called him instead, to rush down to the church.

He came along with the triplets and his mother.

The moment Raymond stepped in, he laid on the floor sobbing…

“Baba mi (My father) please forgive me, because ever since I left you, my life has been a mess, please accept me and let God use you to straighten my life.

With tears in Baba Fire’s eyes, he lifted Ray up and hugged him tightly, praying for him with tears pouring from their eyes…

“I pull you out from the grip of the strong woman of immorality, you are rid of all curses I placed on you in the time of anger and bitterness in Jesus name.”

The prayer lasted about 30 minutes. He later told us to see him the next day.

When we returned later to the hotel, Ray and I sat outside at the balcony

“I have not felt this good in years, Happy I am indeed very happy. You have brought me happiness…”he said holding my hands in his…

“I am happy, God gave me the privilege, despite the rough beginning”.

We sat outside for hours talking about the relocation plans…

“Thank you for agreeing to move here with me…”

“You are welcome”…

Ray went in earlier than I did, I sat and had time to reflect, If I had my way, I would have wanted a better shoe that would have been my perfect fit, but I wished for another woman’s marriage and I got it.

But it now made sense to me, What John the Baptist said about not been worthy to even untie the rope of the sandal of Jesus Christ. That means there are some shoes that we are not worthy to put on, but out of greed we force our legs into them. Most times, the pain is immediate and noticeable like mine, while others will not be

noticeable but would be causing internal pain for the person wearing it, like that of my husband.

Apostle wanted to be in the Shoes of Baba Fire, but he found himself in the mouth of the Marine sharks, because God was not pleased with him, therefore making him an easy prey for them.

We returned back to the city and did the needful.

We closed down Apostle's Church.

The Sunday service when Apostle announced this move was highly emotional, it was a Day of tears. I saw Mrs. Beecroft crying in the congregation. Apostle confessed his Sin to the congregation without mentioning names. He asked for their forgiveness for harboring them under a church, God did not ask him to Establish. He told all the branch pastors who knew God had genuinely called them to continue with their Branches asking the Lord for the name of the Ministry He wanted to them to bear. He also converted some of the branches to Baba Fire's branches.

After the service, Mrs. Beecroft walked up to me…

"We thought we were bringing in an emotionally unstable wife, who we could push around, but we didn't know God hid a warrior, a savior, a life helper in a bipolar patient. Thank you for everything you have done, I will forever be grateful to you, and also thank you for not paying me in my own coin, by destroying my son. He told me everything". Mrs. Beecroft gave me another hug weeping profusely.

Gabriel walked up to me…

"I wish I had said something the first time I saw you seated in front of me in church, maybe I would have had the privilege of having you as my wife. You are a goldmine I missed."

"And you are a goldmine I wasn't patient enough to have, Gabriel, I wish you good luck, but that is a lesson, life is an opportunity, use it well…God bless you" I also gave him a final hug and deep within my heart, I knew Gabriel was the man I should have married, if I had been patient enough.

To be continued…**Feel free to share the free episodes of our E-novels but do not edit the credits of the author. That is stealing and scripturally there is a curse upon the household of anyone that steals. Check it out in the Scriptures.To follow this series and other inspiring stories written by the author, follow her on Facebook @ OpeyemiOjerindeAkintunde-Official**
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EPILOGUE
S.I.M.S
(STEPPING INTO MAGGIE'S SHOE)
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From that moment, our lives experienced a new turn around. But, with a bitter sweet feeling. Baba Fire received us back after we closed down our churches in Lagos. It raised a lot of comments online with different views. Ray could no longer interprete for Baba Fire, as he had to start from scratch. He was posted to a branch as a branch pastor in another town in Osun. I encouraged him to accept it and he did with so much excitement.

We were still able to get a very good accommodation for ourselves as we had enough money. We didn't lose our wealth he had gathered for years as an Apostle, but rather, he sowed majority of it into Baba Fire's ministry. He confessed to me that in Ikeji-Arakeji, he felt at peace and he didn't feel oppressed. He no longer had that sexual longing for married women, rather he had a thirst to grow spiritually.

The bitter sweet feeling I wrote about earlier was as a result of what happened a week after we had settled in Osun State. Ray was terribly sick, and I thought it was the change of Environment. I took him to the hospital and in the process of carrying out different test on him, it was discovered he was HIV positive. They carried out a test on me, and I was negative. I was devastated because this was the point I had been looking forward to Ray making love to me as his wife, but all that was not visible anymore as Ray refused to come close to me for fear of infecting me with the virus.

When he returned home, he apologized to me and told me, I could walk out of the marriage so that he would not infect me with the Virus.

"I wished for the shoe, I must manage everything that comes with it, the goods and the "bads". God knew I had wished for 3 kids, he gave me the three at once, so if HIV comes with the wish package, I must be willing to face it." I said to Ray telling him I was going nowhere.

Ray and I later became intimate as husband and wife, based on my persistence but it had to be with a form of protection or the other… I was ready to Use Protective Condoms or PrEP (a daily HIV Protection pill) all the days of my life.

Pastor Maggie's shoe was beautiful, but painful too. With all my experience, I have cautioned myself and the triplets never to wish to be in another person's shoe, because you never know if the person is hurting, and if it will look good on you.

So far, we thank God for his faithfulness, that in the midst of it, he gave us MARY, MARTHA and MELODY, as a way of comforting us. They have brought us so much Joy. Martha is a Medical Doctor, Mary is a journalist and Melody as speculated since birth is a Gospel Musician.

Ray, my husband finally got his position as the Assistant of Baba Fire after 14 years of returning back to him. We lived with our HIV status, because along the line, I also contacted it, but we lived our life serving God till, My Husband who is now late passed on at the age of 64.

God was Merciful to Him and he is still merciful to me. I decided to write this story as a gift to mankind before I go on to Glory very soon. God bless you.

My Candid advice to Singles, GOD is the one who knows our perfect Fit in marriage, Let Him choose for you, because sometimes the one we desire may not be our perfect fit, and also Let every man or woman know his/her place, don't out of Greed go for another man's place. It opens you up to attacks.

God bless you.

If you have gone far away from him and you want to return back to him, Say this Short Prayer:

"Dear Heavenly Father, I come before you this day with an open heart, forgive me of my sins and have mercy on me. I accept Christ as my lord and Savior. Repair my life and Home in Jesus name I pray...."

If this story has blessed and touched your life, remember to say a Word of Prayer for the Author, **Mrs. Opeyemi Akintunde née Ojerinde**, the writer of this story as INSPIRED by the HOLY SPIRIT...May God never depart from her Life and Home...

To contact her,

Mobile Phone no: +234- 7064779596

WhatsApp: +234-8151103646

Email:deepthotsonline@gmail.com

Website: www.deepthotsonline.com

Facebook@Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

Instagram@ OpeyemiAkintunde

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS

Marriages and we return all ***Glory to GOD***, but PLEASE DON'T EDIT out any part of this post, that is, both the story line and this information that has been attached to it, so that the LORD doesn't permit the enemy to tamper with your testimony...

Remember the Law of Sowing and Reaping in all that you do,

Remember....

"Be not deceived; GOD is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. (Gal 6:7)"

THE END

DEEP THOTS (Of the LORD)

Totally Inspired by REVELATION from the MOST HIGH

Written by OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE (née Ojerinde)

Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PEACE!!!!!

NOVELS



ABOUT THE BOOK

Pastor Maggie, who is the wife of Handsome Apostle Ray dresses so shabbily she is the concern of most young ladies in the church. Most of the single ladies in the church wish to be in her shoes, but they never knew how big the shoe was.

Read S.I.M.S and learn more about "WISHING" to be in another person's shoe.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE Is a Media Enthusiast. A graduate of Mass Communication from the Prestigious University, Covenant University, Ota, Nigeria.
A Writer, Actress, Presenter, Song Writer, Script Writer, Film Producer, Film Director And Film Editor.
She is the founding president of DEEP THOTS MINISTRY INTERNATIONAL.
She is popularly known for producing short gospel movies, especially "MY WEAKNESS".
She is happily married to Pastor Akinwale Akintunde, who is a Regional Overseer At The Mountain Of Fire and Miracles Ministries and they are blessed with wonderful children.

CONTACT: 08151103646, 07064779596
IG: OPEYEMIAKINTUNDE FB: OPEYEMI OJERINDE AKINTUNDE
YOUTUBE: DEEP THOTS FILMS