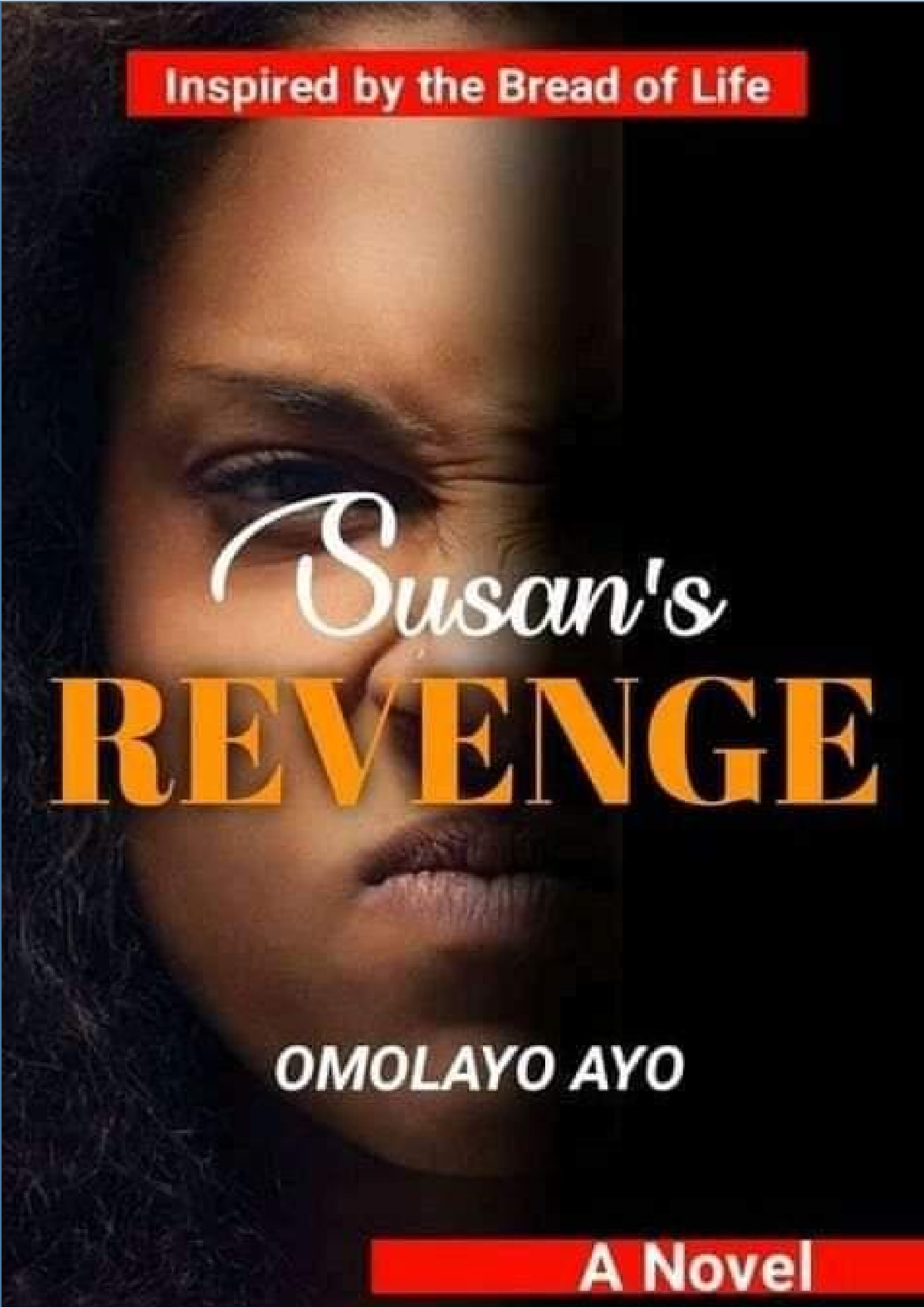

Inspired by the Bread of Life
Susan's
REVENGE
OMOLAYO AYO
A Novel

SUSAN'S REVENGE

INSPIRED BY THE BREAD OF LIFE

WRITTEN BY AYO OMOLAYO

APPRECIATION

I want to start by appreciating God the giver of the inspiration, without him, none of these would have been possible.

I want to appreciate my parents, Mr and Mrs Omolayo. Their labour of love has really
paid off.

I want to appreciate Mrs Opeyemi Akintunde Ojerinde, Abugu Precious Ukazim Obialor, Ife Grace Dada, Esther Ezekiel and other writers whose Christian works have greatly inspired me.

I also want to appreciate Mr Samuel Patrick, for his labour of love, mentorship and
relentless effort to see that I grow spiritually.
God bless you sir.

I want to appreciate my friends, Abunimye Grace, Bosede Fagbemi, Victory Arinze, Victor Ojo, Princess Dogoh and Victory Gordon.

God bless you all.

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to God Almighty and to all believers who desire to represent God
in this dark world as his ambassadors

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER ONE

I looked around as I was waiting for my turn for the interview. How my friend ended up being stupid I don't understand.

Chioma was my high school bestie. We had everything in common. Why did Chioma allow her Boss to end things between the two of us?

I remembered how I warned Chioma about this guy, but she ignored all my warnings. I don't like bringing up such painful memories, but I'll tell all that happened.

Chioma was a school teacher just like me. She saw better opportunities at Queen's international high school and left where we were both working for her so called greener pasture.

We were both roommates and were paid 25 thousand at the high school where we worked. We had to save a large amount of our income to pay the rent for our one room apartment, which was 70k.

I didn't want her to leave but the pay was juicy, 50k. One hardly got such opportunities to work in such standard school. Queens international high school, needed a French teacher and that's where she fitted in.

She had the working experience and the other qualifications they needed. It was a chance of a better life for both of us.
She went for the interview and glory be to God, it was successful. The young man incharge congratulated her and told her that she got the job.

I was surprised to find such a young man in his late twenties as the proprietor of the school. But Chioma revealed to me that it was passed on to him by his deceased father. Being the only son, Mr George Oluwagbade took over the property and runned the affairs of the school.

OMOLAYO AYO

I was happy for her, but sad we no longer got to see each other often, like we did before. Anyway, the fat salary consoled me. We could buy new dresses, cook expensive meals, pay the rent with easy and lots more.

Chioma was so generous. Infact she was like a mother to me, being 6 years older than me. We both enjoyed ourselves untill the day Satan came for us.

Chioma didn't come back with salary anymore. Why? Her boss had stopped her salary for no other reason but to have his way with her.
What the Nonsense? I was mad! Chioma! Quit that school we don't need his filty money anymore! You never told me he had been making advances towards you?

"That's why I didn't want to tell you. I know you would tell me to quit the job immediately", she answered, looking sad.

"Of course I will tell you the quit the job. Why wouldn't you want to quit it? That George or whoever he calls himself, is a stupid brat! So he's using his father's wealth to oppress the people he's supposed to help? Is that how he oppresses all the ladies over there?" I asked, obviously irritated.

"Susu! Calm down! You can be as angry as Jemima the mother hen, when it comes to issues like this", she said smiling and tried to grab my waist.

"Stop it!" I beat her hands off.

"We ought to be serious right now. I am not even happy with you for keeping such information from me", I said frowning.

"Don't worry! I believe he'll come back to his senses. I'll beg him and make him understand that as a Christian, I cannot sell him my body".

"Chioma! I feel like slapping you right now!"

Her eyes widened in shock.

"Why?"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Just look at the trash coming out of your mouth? Beg a sinner? Chioma! A princess begging a pauper? Have you forgotten so soon who you are?"

She sighed and nod in affirmation.

"Don't tell me you would make him feel high. Please sir! Please sir! Pay me! I cannot do it sir! I'm a Christian sir! Try and understand sir! Then he will touch your cheeks and say. 'Oh! My beauty! Don't cry! I love you so much!'
Then you will tell him.
'Please sir don't touch me like that'. Rubbish!

Look here girl! I can work things with Mr Kola. We can have you back in Cranfield in no time. Or better still, we can try some other schools.

This is a good opportunity to preach Jesus to that idiot! If at all his ears are still working".

"Aah! Susan! You really hate this man!"

"I don't hate him sis. I only hate the wickedness he's upholding. Forgive my choice of words. I just wish I was the one. I would have talked some sense into his head".

"Susan, no be mouth them dey use talk to human being oh. You know as human being stubborn?

Man sturborness pass the one of goat oh! If you no fit pray, forget am oh! Na prayer dey change man oh no be ordinary mouth oh", Chioma started her pidgin English sermon.

I don't know why she uses pidgin to preach, but talks normally with English. But when it comes to preaching, she codeswitches.

"I've heard you Mummy G.O.", I said and I got the reaction I needed. She hated been called after that preacher who also uses pidgin English to preach on her pulpit.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Na me you dey call Mummy G.O.?" She rose from the bed and went after me.

To be continued.....

Brethren, it's true oh!
Man sturborness pass goat oh. Even goat as stubborn as we claim it is, obeyed God and entered Noah's Ark. While men were busy claiming smartness. You cannot change men by words if they aren't backed up with prayers.

Only a praying man can speak and even the most hardened criminal will be forced to obey.

*So what happened between Susan and her friend?

*Why was she seeking revenge on her friend's boss?

*What's her mission in Queens international high school?

Find out

It's going to be a fun ride.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWO

I came back one day and found my friend was not the person I used to know. She was just keeping to herself. Her mind was always wandering off. I was the one doing all the talking that evening.

She told me she was invited for a programme at a particular church by a fellow staff. She honoured the invitation and came back a completely different person. Who were these people? What was the name of the fellowship? How would my friend attend just one of their meetings and come back a depressed person?

These were the questions I wished for an answer. The most painful part was that my friend won't talk. We never kept anything from each other up until now.

"What's going on Chioma? Talk to me!"

No, she won't.

"Don't worry Susu! I'm fine!" She replied.

"At least tell me the name of this Church that makes its members depressed after a meeting. What's the name of the fellowship?" I insisted.

"Susan, I said forget about it!" She said angrily.

I was shocked. What's going on? It's so painful to care about a hurting soul, who refuses to open up. If Chioma had decided to keep her so called fellowship to herself that was fine.

But the most painful part of it was her moodiness.

"Chioma, if at all you have decided to keep it to yourself, that's fine. Please, stop tormenting me with your withdrawn attitude. I cannot endure it!" I complained to her.

She never responded. She acted as though no one was in the room with her.

OMOLAYO AYO

Soon, I noticed I was the only one observing quiet time in the room. Chioma was now snoring away her time with God. On several occasions, I woke her up, but she always went back to sleep.

At a point, she told me to stop disturbing her sleep.

"Chioma, do you mean I should stop reminding you of your appointment with God?"

"Please I need my sleep!"

"Is this part of what they taught you guys at that fellowship of yours?" I asked, obviously pissed off with her attitude.

"I don't know!" She replied and turned the other way.

I was so worried about her, but more than worried, I was angry. This anger made me push aside the thought of interceding for her.

"Susan, pray!" The inner voice whispered.

"I can't waste my time praying for someone who is not serious. Someone who is not willing to open up. With all my insistence, she ought to know I care about her. I don't know why people are so stubborn at times.

If she doesn't want to talk, then let her be on her own. Afterall, she's the one with the big salary. I'm the one who needs a better job, so I've got lots of things to pray for.

To be honest, I was angry with her. But was my anger just?
Was not praying for her a way of punishing her?

I couldn't justify myself either but I was not ready to admit my wrongs. I kept my distance from her and she kept hers.

We continued living like this untill one day, I stumbled on a text on her phone.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Meet me at Diana's palace, let's talk about the pregnancy".

My head swelled. I knew what was going on. Mr George had gotten my friend pregnant. Oh my God! How could this be? So Chioma decieved me? She fell for the guy and decided to sell her body. Oh no! Despite all my warnings. How could she have disappointed God at such a time like this? How did she end up compromising her faith?

I was so sad, I decided to do something crazy. I decided to spy on them. So immediately, Chioma left the house, I followed her. I took a bike and overtook her cab on the way. I wore dark shades to hide my identity.

I was at the restaurant before her. I even saw the Devil waiting for her. He was already occupying a seat awaiting her arrival.

I sat down and ordered for a meal, taking a seat where my back was turned towards them. I figured out if I watched them, it would be difficult to be unspotted.

Chioma sat down as soon as she came in and almost immediately began the conversation.

"Sir! You told me it would only be once. But soon you threatened to get me fired if I don't comply. Now you've turned me into your slut and gotten me pregnant. The reason why I came here is to discuss our agreement on the child care".

"What child?" The guy interupted.

"What do you mean by that question? I told you I'm pregnant", she replied with an angry tone.

"Of course, pregnancy is a normal thing. Anything can get pregnant. A goat, a dog, a hen and even a Christian hen", he replied and chuckled.

OMOLAYO AYO

I felt like smashing the bottle of Sprite in my hand on his head. But that would only mean spending the rest of my life behind bars or hanging lifeless between heaven and earth.

"Sir what are we doing about the child?" Chioma asked.

I was shocked. My Friend could not challenge her Boss for insulting her. She was too tolerant.

This is not the Chioma I once knew. The friend I grew up with would give this idiot a piece of her mind for such insult.

"The normal thing", he replied casually and siped his acholic wine.

"Don't tell me you want me to murder someone?" My friend replied.

"No! That's exaggeration! It's not a human. It's called foetus. It's yet to become human. Besides, it's unwanted!" He chuckled again.

This guy is getting on my nerves. I didn't know where I got the strength to restrain myself.

"No! An innocent child will not pay for my mistakes".

I was happy to hear my friend saying that. But I never knew this Devil in human form was so eloquent.

"Then go and announce to your church pastor that you are a mother to be. Announce to the members of your congregation that you were such a good example of a Christian lady by birthing a child out of wedlock", he paused and with the corners of my eyes, I saw him bringing out his phone from his trouser pocket.

"Please may I have your pastor's contact. I'd love to give him a call telling him I'm the proud father of the church Sunday school teacher's baby. I'm sure that would be a good start".

OMOLAYO AYO

This guy was a Devil. Those words were more than enough to break my friend's resolve. Even if Chioma wanted to keep the baby, he had spelt out all the reasons why she cannot do that.

"You are the cause of my problems".

"Point of correction", he interrupted.

"You are! I never raped you did I? I never forced you into bed with me did I? You saw my terms and conditions and complied as good girl you are!" He said and laughed victoriously.

"George, I'll kill you. With every breath in me, you'll pay for doing this to me and my friend!" I said in my heart.

I could hear Chioma crying and my heart felt it.

"After you must have finished crying, go and flush that thing!"

"I..... can't! I'm a Christian!", My friend said admist tears.

Then this Devil incarnate received a higher dimension of anointing to deceive from Lucifer his Master.

"Did I hear you correctly? A Christian? You? What a joke! What does your Bible call the act of sleeping with someone you are not married to? Fornication right?

I don't care to know what you call yourself, but if truly there is anything called a Christian, you are not! You are an idiot! A disgrace to God! Even Muslims are far better than you. They obey Allah and do all his bidding. Look at you! What a disgrace!"

Oh my God! What training in the kingdom of darkness did this guy receive. This guy was actually playing the role of a demon of depression. This is exactly what an unclean spirit from Hades would say.

OMOLAYO AYO

"George, I don't care whether you are a human being or a spirit, but you'll have me to deal with in this life. I promise you, I'll kill you and later tell God I'm sorry". I muttered under my breath.

"So, I guess we have arrived at a conclusion", George said and stood up.

Chioma rose and spoke in a low tone. I had to strain my ears to hear.

"Mr George, I believe getting this job was a mistake. I regret everything and now, I'm going to fix my mess".

My ears tingled as it heard the unexpected.

"I'll abort the pregnancy, tender my resignation letter and move on with my life.

To be continued.....

Truly Satan is blameless. No one can actually blame the Devil for the choices we made. All the Devil did was to whisper a suggestion and we accepted it.

I saw a scripture that really touched me

Romans 2:24 For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you, as it is written.

Would sinners blaspheme God because of your life or will your light so shine that they would see it and glorify your father in heaven?
May Satan never see an occasion to mock God because of you and I in Jesus name.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER THREE

I was waiting patiently for my friend. Waiting for her to return. I was going to tell her everything.

I was ready to reveal to her that I was at the restaurant. Yes I was ready.

I was not ready to watch her make the biggest mistake of her life and say nothing. Truth be told, I was nervous. I was pacing around the room unable to concentrate on any thing at the moment. Constantly checking the window at the sound of a footstep.

I came back from the restaurant, waiting for Chioma. I thought after the meeting with Mr George, she would return to the house.
Mr George, that Devil left my friend crying. I couldn't walk up to her to console her.

I had to sneak out without being caught. As soon as I successfully got out of the restaurant, I took a bike home.

All I was doing now is to wait for my friend. What's taking her this long. Even if she had to schedule an abortion, it won't be today. At least she would come home and prepare for it properly.

I had rehearsed some of the lines of my well constructed presentation."SAY NO TO ABORTION".

Chioma would not be able to go ahead with the abortion after hearing what I had to say. If it meant calling the pastor or going down on my knees to beg her. Whatever it would cost me to stop her, I would do.

I was prepared to convince her not to do it. All I was doing was waiting for her to come back. What's taking her so long? I had dialled her number severally, she wasn't picking her calls.

OMOLAYO AYO

"What's wrong with this girl?"

I dialled for the umpteenth time, yet there was no response. I was so worried at this point.

"Lord! Where is my friend? Don't tell me she has already aborted the child oh!" I said inwardly.

My eyes were blurry, something told me the abortion had already taken place, but I was not ready to believe it.

"At least, the doctor will schedule a date for the abortion".

"Who told you that you need a doctor to have an abortion? Any drug specialist out there is competent enough to do the job?" My heart replied me.

"No I'm not ready to believe that!" I said convincing myself it had not happened.

Chioma had left the house by 8am, now it was 7pm and she was not yet back.
Pick your calls, Noway!
What am I going to do? Where do I start looking?

I didn't know who to call or any one who could tell of her whereabouts.

I kept begging God to show us mercy when Chioma's call reached me.

"Thank you Jesus!" I jumped and answered the call.

"Chioma! what's your problem? Why are you doing this to me why? Is it fair? You just do things on your own, go where you want whenever you like. Have you forgotten I'm the first person everyone would ask if anything happens to you? Why are you treating me like this?"

I was still talking when she interrupted me.

"Susan I'm dying!"

OMOLAYO AYO

My heart almost jumped out of my chest. Thank God for ribcage.

"You said what?"
Her voice was almost gone. She was gasping.

"I don't know how I got to this stage without telling you, but I fell!" She said and began to cry.

"I gave my body to George, not once, not twice, but countless times. I got pregnant and went to this particular woman, known for aborting babies.
It didn't work out as I planned. I have bled beyond remedy and the woman took some of her valuables and fled.

I'm left alone to die. Susan, I'm so sorry I never told you about all these. I so sorry. Please help me beg God to forgive me! I cannot pray right now. I'm in pains".

My heart pumped faster.

"Jesus! Please have mercy! Don't allow the Devil to mock us! Please save my friend.

"Where exactly are you?"
"I don't know! Some motorcycle brought me to mama nurse's house".

"Mama nurse! Thank you Jesus!" I breathed down.

"I know the place!" I replied.

"Don't worry, I'll be there soon", I said and ended the call.

I raced out of the house not realising I wore two different types of footwear. I stopped every bike I saw whether it had a passenger or not.

All the bikes I saw had passengers. Some who were empty refused to stop for me because my drama was so extreme. Why were bike men running away from me at such a time like this? Satan is a liar.

OMOLAYO AYO

Fifteen minutes passed, before a bike picked me. We were on the road when a traffic occurred.

"Jesus! What sort of Devil is this?" I wept in frustration.

"How could the Devil be this wicked? George! You will definitely pay for this!" I muttered.

For over fifteen minutes, we were looking for every little opening to overtake a vehicle. That was how we got out of the traffic.

Finally, we arrived at Mama nurse's house after one hour and were greeted by a crowd of people.

"What's going on here? Where's my friend?" I yelled.

"Are you a relative to the dead girl?" A woman asked me.

"What dead girl? I spoke with my friend on the phone and she told me to meet her here! Where is she?" I was almost screaming.

She held my hand and lead me admist the crowd to a heap of sand.

"Yes, how does this heap of sand look like my friend?" I asked here, trying to believe this was a prank.

"She was discovered dead. Since we don't know who she is and where she came from? With no one answering for her and willing to take her to the community mortuary. We had to bury her immediately".

This had to be a joke. Yes I had to clear my eyes and suddenly, I'm with Chioma in the room and we'll discuss about the pregnancy. Yes it was a joke. Don't tell me Chioma is gone forever?

I stood at the grave side and wept bitterly.

OMOLAYO AYO

I remembered how Chioma and I met. It was in high school. She was a fresher just like me looking for the room she was assigned to.

"That's exactly what I am looking for right now. Can we search for it together?" I asked.

"Okay!"

That was the beginning of our friendship. We both discovered we were assigned to the same room.
We bonded so well and had everything in common.

Our stay in school was a unique one. We finally met again during our NYSC. Miraclously assigned to the same post. It was after our service we decided to start life together and got an apartment. Since we both grew up in Lagos, we came back from Kaduna and got a teaching Job in the same school.

We left the first one when we discovered Cranfield was looking for teachers and had a higher pay to offer. That was how we both became teachers again in the same school. Not until she left to join Queens international high school and lost it all.

"Chioma! So you left without saying goodbye! We're are you?
Are you in heaven, or burning in hell?" I muttered.

"We have sent someone after the woman that killed her", said the woman who led me to the grave.

"No that's the wrong person! I'm sending myself after the real Devil that did this!" I said inwardly.

When the news got to our church, it got everyone devastated.

I just couldn't tell them what really happened. I told them she was sick and we took her to this specialist for treatment, but the sickness had gone too far that she couldn't make it.

OMOLAYO AYO

"May her soul rest in peace!" Our pastor said.

I was just looking at him with contempt in my heart.

"Which peace? Someone who died aborting a child? Chioma is burning in hell. George sent my friend to a place of torment. Chioma was screaming day and night in the fires that will never quench.

I will avenge you. Leave that thing vengeance belongs to God. I won't rest untill this wicked man is down.
Since he sent your soul to hell, I will send him there also. I don't care if I'll have to end up in hell too.

To be continued.....

Brethren, the scriptures warns us in 1 Peter 5:8 Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour:

The next scripture that follows said something we ought to pay attention to.

1 Peter 5:9 Whom resist stedfast in the faith.....

Resist steadfastly. Resist without giving him a dime. Resist without giving up or giving in. Resist and don't accept defeat.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER FOUR

I was still waiting for my turn when the receptionist received a call. I knew the hour had come. I was going to meet George face to face for the first time.

"Okay sir!" The Ebony lady said and hung up.

"Young lady", she turned to me.

"He's waiting for you".

I quickly rose up.

"Thank you", I replied and in a few seconds, I was inside the office.

"Take a seat young lady!" Was his first word to me.

I hoped in my heart they would be his last.

I sat down and waited to answer every question he would love to ask.

"Miss Susan Adeola. I'm sorry, we can't have your kind in this school", He said bluntly, sorting through some files on his table.

Was he starting another round of insults. Please someone should tell him I don't take nonsense from anybody. I'll be forced to murder him right here in his office if he doesn't control his tongue.

My plan was to make him fall in love with me. Lure him into a good spot here no one would find us and kill him. I had to play my game very well or lose at the beginning.

"Sir, I don't understand!" I politely replied.

OMOLAYO AYO

"You don't have a masters. You only have three years working experience. And those schools you worked in are not as standard as this school. I'm sorry but this Job is not for people like you".

I knew I needed to act fast.

"Sir, I know it would be difficult to believe, but I have great believe in myself. I believe I can also be of help to you not only as a staff. I know you have every right to ask whatever you want especially by helping a young orphan girl like me. I promise you, you'll have everything you ask", I said and reached for his hand across the table.

"I mean anything! I smiled as I caressed it.

"Just give me the job and your body will never regret it".

I couldn't believe myself. Was I really saying this or was something else speaking through me? This was not me.

A bit of remorse sprang up, but I was not going to back out of the mission.

I was dressed in my most beautiful red dress. I didn't have those immorality appealing dresses, but what I was putting on was breath taking.

His eyes were now on me. Sure, he was scanning my body. I felt irritated by the act, but I tolerated it.

"I'm doing this for you, Chioma!" I said inwardly.

"How sure am I that I won't regret it?" Mr George asked.

I almost thought I was the one asking myself those questions.

I quickly drifted out of my thoughts and answered him.

"I am a woman of my word".

OMOLAYO AYO

"I'm not talking about your body. I'm talking about business. How sure my school would produce brilliant students under your supervision?"

"I'm the most skilled English teacher you can ever trust your students with. I studied it in school and I had a 2nd class upper in the course. I was the 2nd best in my set", I replied confidently.

He paused and took a long look at me.

"And you're going to be giving it to me?"

"Sure! You just need to call! You deserve it sir. This Job you are giving me is an answer to prayers".

He was quiet for a while, observing me. I saw a hint of excitement in those eyes which he was forcing himself to hide. I knew I had succeeded already.

"Susan! You're such a genius!" I congratulated myself in my heart.

"Alright! Congratulations Miss Susan", he said and stretched his out his hand towards me.
I smiled and took it.

"I won't let you down, I promise!"

I leapt in victory as soon as I got out of the office. The receptionist looked at me and smiled.

"Thank you so much ma!" I said waving at her.

She nod her head in response and returned to her work.

It was Thursday and Mr George had informed me to resume work the following week. I kept walking till I arrived the school gate. It was still very early that morning so students were arriving.

OMOLAYO AYO

As I got to the gate, a girl of about 15 or 16 stared intently at me. I was wondering who she was and why she gave me that sort of look.

I am here for revenge, not for kids like you. I had not lost all about my relationship with God. I still had the gift of perception in me, so I discerned her Spiritually. She was a growing Christian. A real Christian. Her gaze lingered for a while, before she passed.

I felt a pang of sadness. I knew this was where I belong, but my ambition had driven me away from my God. I loved praying so much. "Locomotive machine", was what my friends called me.

I decided to walk home since Queens high school was not far from where I live. The walk home was a moment of decision making.
Was I really going to become George's mistress? Would I give him my body after all these years of keeping myself chaste?

Those were not the most important part. What I loved so much had left me. My prayer life. I don't know why of all things in this world, it was prayer I loved so much. I could stay in the place of prayer for hours as a teenager. I remembered my high school days. I was so fund of praying that it drove me like hard drugs. I won't be able to concentrate on anything untill I spoke in tongues.
What am I doing? No! This is not right. But I had gone too far. I've left Cranfield. They begged me to stay.

I remembered how Cynthia was asking me if God was the one leading me and I lied to her. They even told me that, it was the same place Chioma went to and lost her relationship with God. I told them that I would not fail Jesus. I told them that Mr George would meet a completely different girl for the first time.

I told them that I would slay him for Jesus. Hmmmm! What a big lie! I'm the one being slain here and if I am correct, Mr George had succeeded in slaying Chioma and I.

Who sent me here? Why am I here? If someone had told me that I would one day seduce a man like a harlot, I would not believe it. I was almost talking like a prostitute to Mr George. Advertising myself to him.

OMOLAYO AYO

What is wrong with me? So this is how far bitterness can lead me?
My eyes became blurred with tears. I looked ahead of me and saw someone sitting at my doorstep. I recognised her immediately.

It was Emmanuella Abayomi. My mentor's daughter. If there was anyone I could call my biological sister, that was her.

I was an orphan girl who had lost both parents in an aircrash, when they took me.

We were three girls, Emmanuella, Juliet and I. We burned for God during our high school days. All the boys that were crushing on us were crushed and won onto God's kingdom.

I remember how Ella would carry herself out there and tell us she was going to hunt down a prey. We were best friends back then.

As I got closer, she stood up. A broad grin on her face.

"Fire sister!" She hailed and ran to give me a hug.

If only she knew I was not the person she was referring to.

To be continued.....

What's going on right now?
Is Susan coming back from her walking in the imagination of her heart?

Sometimes we do some stuffs that we never imagined that we would ever do at one point of our lives.

We must always remember, that our flesh has a way of taking advantage of every opportunity to fulfill it's desires. It's sorely our duty to keep it under subjection.

*What do you think is about to happen?

OMOLAYO AYO

*I so much love that comment Susan made about crushing all her crushers.

Yes ooooo! Sister crush those crushes.

It's either they crush you into immorality, or you crush them into Holiness.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER FIVE

"Susan! What is the meaning of this?" Ella asked paused from the hug she was about to give me.

I didn't understand. I was confused at the moment. What was she talking about?

"The meaning of what?" I asked.

I was in for the greatest shock of my life.

"Who is this holding hands with you?" She asked.

Perhaps my friend had gone crazy. I came alone and there was no one else. Not to mention holding my hand. I quickly took a look at my hands.

"Susan, what are you doing with a demon as your partner?"

My head swelled. I jerked back. My heart racing.

"A demon? Walking side by side with me?"

"Yes! A demon of bitterness. I see a knife in your right hand. Who are you planning to kill?" Ella asked.

I looked at my hands again. There was no knife. Where was all these coming from? I think something was seriously wrong somewhere.

"Ella! I don't understand!" I said with fear in my eyes.

"Let's go inside", she said and pointed at the door.

I quickly reached for my bag and brought out the keys.

I opened the door and rushed inside, hoping she wouldn't say the demon followed me inside.

OMOLAYO AYO

"My God!" She said looking around as she entered.

"Will you all get out of this place!" She shouted at the empty room.

Ella has gone nuts. First, it was me and Satan walking hand in hand. Now, she's talking to an empty room.

"Susan, they have note books with them. What have they been teaching you?"

I wished I had answers to all these questions. But soon, understanding dawned on me. These demons were the source of the ideas I was pulling out recently. They were the reasons why I could map out a plan and carry it out on my revenge mission.

That demon she claimed holding hands with me was the bitterness I held on to. Oh my God! I had made my house an habitation of Devils.

"Susan! Someone did something bad to you and you have decided to kill that person in return. Who is that person?" Ella asked.

I broke into tears and dropped down on my knees.

How did I get here? Demons were having a free ride on me, coming and going as they please. I yielded myself to the Devil and I became his tool. What a foolish ambition!

Ella knelt beside me and wrapped her arms around me. I wept in her arms for about 10 minutes before I spoke up.

"I wanted to avenge Chioma's death. I wanted to kill the guy responsible for her abortion. So I lost touch with God, intending to reconnect with him after my mission was complete.

That was so stupid of me. Satan would do everything in his power to ensure I do not return back to God.

He would do whatever he can to keep me in sin or kill me before my time".

OMOLAYO AYO

Ella patted me on the back and I looked up at her.

"Are you ready to reconnect?"

Do I need to be asked? I missed my old self so badly. Ella had grown so much Spiritually that she sees both humans and spirits at the same time. She didn't have this gift before.

My mates are busy attaining Spiritual heights, while I was busy stepping down from mine. No! It's time to go back and burn for God.

Thank God I had not lost much to the Devil. My purity. My priceless irreplaceable innocence, reserved till I am wedded.

I decieved myself into believing I had a plan. But Satan had his own plans as well. And I bet you, he's so smart.

"I surrender my bitter heart to you Lord! Help me forgive Mr George! Help me love him, even though he is an enemy. Lord transform me within", I wept.

"Thank you Jesus!" Ella said, waving her hand in appreciation to God.

"Susan! He's here!"

I wanted to open my eyes, but I knew I didn't have the gift Ella was manifesting. So I shut them tightly and continued praying.

"Lord I step back. Do what you want to do with your precious daughter", Ella said and moved a few steps back.

I really wished I could see like Ella. I was really missing out on what was going on Spiritually in the room. So much for revenge. I'm so glad I'm done with it.

Suddenly, I felt my body shaking violently all over. Like an electric current. I screamed and jumped violently, hitting myself on the floor. I found myself speaking in tongues and rolling on the floor.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Yes Lord! Thank you Jesus! Restore her prayer life!" Ella decreed.

I felt something heavy pressing on my chest. I screamed loudly and that was all I could remember.

I woke up to find Ella sitting at my study table, reading her bible.

"You're awake!" She smiled.

"How long have I been like this?" I asked.

"This is 12pm. It's been up to three hours", she said, looking at her phone.

I was surprised. It had been a long time since I had such experiences. It felt good to enjoy God's presence again.

Ella and I spent the rest of the day together. We discussed the Bible and the next step to take. I told her I was going to resign and she agreed with me. She gave me some money and food items before she finally left.

Early in the morning the next day, I woke up by 3am to observe my quiet time. I was glad I could do it again. I hadn't done it since Chioma's dimise.

I picked up my Bible to study it and opened to Matthew 10:16 Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.

As I read this passage, my decision to leave Queens high school came back.

"No God never sent me there. I sent myself. I wanted revenge and allowed my hatred to blind me. How can God tell me he sent me there.

This is the voice of Lucifer. Oh I see!" I said and snapped my fingers in excitement.

OMOLAYO AYO

"They have shifted strategy. They want to start using Bible to decieve me like they tried to decieve Jesus when they told him to jump down from the roof of the temple. Satan, I'm not your fool!"

I began to feel that inner tumult. It was not my first time and I knew what it meant. This was the voice of God. I quickly turned in my spirit to hear what that inner still small voice was saying.
"SUSAN! I AM THE ONE SPEAKING HERE" The inner voice spoke.

This is a joke! So I go back to Queens high school and become George's mistress. Defile myself and commit abortion for him! Never! It's better to be safe than sorry".

"SUSAN! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO KILL MR GEORGE. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHO YOU ARE ?" The inner voice whispered.

I was almost smiling, but I quickly maintained a straight face.

"IS IT ME YOU ARE DOING THAT PRETENSE FOR? YOU ATE IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR FATHER AND YOU ARE HIDING YOUR FEELINGS FROM ME? RELEASE THAT LAUGHTER MY CHILD!"

I didn't know how I started laughing. It felt so good having my bestie back in my life.

That was how I regularly found myself laughing in the spirit during Bible study in the past. Thank you Jesus for restoring me.

"Susan you loved killing back then didn't you?" The inner voice whispered.

I smiled. I remembered how a boy called James wrote me a love letter. I wrote him a short sermon as my response. After reading it, the guy came looking for me a week later.

He told me he could not sleep without those words echoing in his head. That he wanted to be free of the spell I cast on him. I told him I never cast a spell. But he must give his life to Jesus before he can be free.

OMOLAYO AYO

That was how I won him.
Me and my gang of sisters called it ,"slaying". We called ourselves "THE JESUS SLAY QUEENS".

We were the most beautiful girls in our school and that made guys flock around us. We decided to become actual slay Queens.

Our mentor told us to bath ourselves in power, so our preaching could be effective. We made prayers our hobby. We would lock ourselves in a room and spend one hour speaking in tongues everyday.

By the time we open our mouths to preach, people are trembling. I was the prayer engine back then. Ella and Juliet would leave me praying in the prayer room and go out to win souls.

They would come back and still meet me praying.

"SUSAN! YOU WANTED REVENGE. ARE YOU READY TO LAUCH OUT INTO THIS WONDERFUL REVENGE MISSION?" The inner voice asked.

I smiled and slowly knelt down.

"If you're looking for someone who can kill, then I'm your best assassin".

To be continued.....

Wow! Susan is about to pick up her Spiritual sniper rifle. The Lord's assassin.

That's awesome.

Sisters, I want to challenge you.
That beauty was not meant to be a weapon of immorality in the hands of the Devil. God made you beautiful to expand his kingdom.

If the beauty queens of Lucifer are using their beauty to expand immorality? What are the beauty queens of the Lord doing with their beauty?

OMOLAYO AYO

Go and kill oh!

There are ladies out there that are heavily endowed with demons. If they enter a place, everyone , even some Christians begin to feel sexually aroused.

I don't know if you have noticed it.

And also there are some Christian brothers or sisters that so much carry fire. If they enter where smokers are smoking, even without Bibles. Smokers begin to hide their cigarettes.

That figure eight, slim waist, nice straight legs, long hair, pointed nose and beautiful sing song voice was not to make you feel on top of the world.

Go and use it to attract sinners to righteousness.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER SIX

It was my first day in Queens high school. I was a little bit nervous to be precise. It was strange being in a new environment. You had to ask questions about everything.

"Excuse me! Where do I find this and where do I find that? Sort of!

So, here we go! I was introduced to the principal, who introduced me to all the staffs. Actually, meeting the principal was a relief. I was not sure of what to do if I met Mr George again.

To be honest, I was scared about meeting him. What was I going to tell him if I saw him? I would lose the job before I even started. I was not ready to go through such conversation. Since God wanted me in Queens high school, I guess he had to take care of not getting me fired. Because, I was sure to get fired anytime soon.

The principal, Mr Wilson was a nice man. Broad shoulders, neatly shaved beards, dark skinned and of average height. He was easy to talk to and fun hanging around with.
Anything to keep me from meeting Mr George. Why am I so scared? Geez!

He showed me around and introduced me to all the staffs. He also showed me the classes I would be teaching. Upon introducing me to the classes, I met the girl at the gate again.

I saw a smile on her face and wondered what it was doing there. It was later during recess that she approached me and told me that we lived in the same neighbourhood.

Her name is Lola.

She said she had seen me several times and was glad to have me as her teacher in her school. When it was closing hours, we walked home together. That was how she showed me her house and introduced me to her entire family.

OMOLAYO AYO

My first day in Queens high school was awesome. The students were really nice and respectful. The only thing I was uncomfortable with was the cold stare the lady beside me was throwing at me.

We sat side by side in the staffs room and only told each other our names. Her name was Sophia and I fell in love with the name. It was almost the same as mine.
But as work continued, she was always throwing me that uncomfortable glances. It made me wonder if I had committed any offence.

One thing I also noticed about her was her scornful glare at the Bible on my table.

Does she hate Christians that much?

I ignored her and focused on my job, untill it was closing time. So I quietly bowed my head and whispered a word of prayer to God.

Although she was busy putting her stuffs together, I could feel her eyes on me.

When I opened my eyes, it was a confirmation. She was watching me.

"Sophia! How was your day?" I said, just to break the silence between us.

"Fine", she said under her breath. She slid the rope of her purse on her shoulder and turned to me.

"If you are a Christian, my advice to you is to quit the job. This place is not for Christians".

She made to leave, but I was curious.

"Why?" I asked.

"It's because there are two things involved. It's either you lose your job or you give up your Jesus and satisfy your boss on his bed".

OMOLAYO AYO

I was shocked to hear that. Do you mean all the female workers in this school had been intimate with Mr George? That guy is a real Devil. How could he be this stupid to share his soul with over 20 or more female staffs? I need to slap some sense into the guy's head. Please, someone take me to his office.

Suddenly, the fear of losing my job engulfed me. I just got the job, I can't lose it too early. If it means playing hide and seek with Mr George, then so be it.

"Sister Susan!" Sophia called me out of my thoughts.

"Please quit the job to save yourself the embarrassment of becoming a side chick".

I was dumbfounded. My heart was racing. God, I don't know what to say. I am sure you sent me here. Chai! Na me send myself ooh! See wahala wey I use my leg waka go meet.

"SUSAN, SAY SOMETHING!" Th inner voice whispered.

"What am I going to say?" I asked within me.

"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND I WILL FILL IT". Came the response.

"Sophia!" I began.

"I don't know what happened to all the Christians that came here and dropped Jesus to keep their jobs. I'm not here to tell you I'm better than them. Far be it from me, but this is what I have to say. I will be the only Christian here who would not be fired and will not compromise".

What did I just say? I can't believe I just said that. How was I going to keep the job and still keep my relationship with God? Surely Mr George would come for me and I must not budge. So how was this promise going to be possible?

"Let's see how you'll achieve this! Henceforth, I'll be watching you. If you disappoint Jesus, don't say I didn't warn you like I warned Chioma", she turned and hurried out.

OMOLAYO AYO

My shoulders jerked. Was I repeating the same mistake Chioma made? Oh my God! I'm so scared.

When I got home that evening, I sat down on my bed and pondered on that brief discussion with Sophia.

Fear ate me like a hungry Lion.
This was how Chioma was warned, but she was sturborn. She was confident that she would never give in. Now she's in the grave. I myself out of stupidity, let my place and put my head in the lion's mouth and expects the lion to lick my face.

I left my peaceful dwelling. I left Cranfield, in search of trouble. They asked me if God was leading me and this idiot said yes. Oh my God!

Cynthia reminded me that Chioma came here and lost her relationship with God. She backslided and ended up commiting abortion. This idiot said she would never compromise.

Look at me! Susan, can you see your stupidity? Thank God I still have a chance at Cranfield. It's better to be safe than sorry.

I started looking for writing materials to tender my resignation.

My heart was pounding heavily.

"SUSAN! OPEN TO JOB 3:25". The inner voice spoke clearly.

"Yes sir! But let me finish writing my resignation letter", I replied audibly.

"DO IT NOW!" Came the gentle response.

I knew my letter had to wait. I had two bibles. The smaller I carried with me, while the bigger one never left my study table.

So I sat down and flipped till I arrived at the passage.

OMOLAYO AYO

Job 3:25 For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.

I paused and breathed down.
"Lord what are you saying to me?"

"SUSAN, FEAR IS A CALAMITY MAGNET. IF YOU ARE SCARED OF GETTING SICK, THAT'S WHEN SICKNESS WOULD COME. IF YOU ARE SCARED OF LOSING A JOB, THAT'S WHEN YOU ACTUALLY LOSE IT. WHATEVER YOU ALLOW FEAR TO DOMINATE IN YOUR THOUGHTS, BECOMES A REALITY.

JOB WAS ACTUALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT BE FELL HIM BECAUSE HIS FEAR BROUGHT HIS DISASTROUS IMAGINATION INTO REALITY. AS A RICH MAN, HE FEARED THAT HE WOULD IN A SINGLE DAY, LOSE ALL HIS WEALTH. AS A FATHER, HE WAS AFRAID HE WOULD LOSE ALL HIS CHILDREN IN ONE DAY.
HIS IMAGINATION, CAME ALIVE AND CAME TO PASS.

REMEMBER, GOD IS ABLE TO DO, EXCEEDING, ABUNDANTLY, ABOVE ALL WE CAN ASK OR WHAT?

"Think", I replied.

"SO YOUR THINKING IS ALSO A PRAYER REQUEST. AND TOUR IMAGINATION IS PART OF YOUR THINKING. CAN YOU SEE REASON WHY I SAID THIS?

MY PEOPLE PERISH FOR LACK OF UNDERSTANDING".

"Oh my God!" I said as tears ran down my cheeks.

I was sending a prayer request to God through my imagination and thoughts and through my fear, I was asking God for something terrible.

"SUSAN, REMEMBER THAT SCRIPTURE, PHILIPPIANS 4:8".

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are

OMOLAYO AYO

lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things".

I recited with a smile on my face.

"CONTROL YOUR THOUGHTS MY CHILD! DON'T ALLOW THOSE UNCLEAN SPIRITS FILL YOUR HEART WITH FEAR".

"Thank you so much Lord!" I said and went on my knees in appreciation to God.

To be continued.....

Who loves Susan's Bible study life?

This is how Bible study ought to be. A check at the mirror, examining your own life not newspaper or a story about Tortoise and the pot of wisdom. This a moment where God points at your life and tells you what you are not doing or doing wrongly.

This year, I told myself I was going to finish the whole Bible. But these days, I find myself on one verse for one hour.

Who dares flip to the next page when Baba is still talking

Have God ever sent you somewhere and the moment you got there, someone spoke to you and it was as if no be God send you?

It's a common experience. Satan would do everything in his power to break your convictions. Some ladies today who were so sure that God told them to go into that relationship with that Brother had backed out because they are not sure anymore.

Challenges must definitely come, because Satan is still Anti Christ. His job is to destroy what God is about to do. But he will fail in our lives in Jesus name.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER SEVEN

I couldn't explain how excited I was when I received my first salary. Oh my goodness! I was on top of the world. I had survived one month in Queens high school and Mr George never knew I existed. It was awesome.

Thank God for the spiritual mask. It was really doing alot in hiding me. Who am I kidding? Someday Mr George would definitely come for me and the best thing I could do was to prepare myself.

Truth be told, I was confused on what God was doing. First, I thought I was on a mission and the next thing. I'm simply making money. Yeah! Cool money.

Four months had gone and yet, Mr George was yet to approach me. Sometimes we saw each other. He wasn't interested in me one bit. He had a flock of girls around him.

Thank God for that.

I went shopping and bought some beautiful gowns and skirts. When I appeared in school, my female collegues were all over me.

"Suzy! You look so breath taking!"

"Baby girl! I'm falling in love with you already!"

"Where did you get that dress?"

I was on top of the world. I remembered how I was a beauty queen during high school. I was so happy I still am.

"Susan! I've got to admit, you look so beautiful in this blue gown", Sophia said to me.

"You haven't seen anything yet. Wait and see the gown I would put on tomorrow", I replied.

OMOLAYO AYO

"You need to show me the place where you got all these pretty gowns. They're so colourful!"

"Thank you!" I chuckled.

I didn't know Holy Ghost was looking at me from a distance. I was feeling unrest within, but I comforted myself with the fact that I pray for Mr George everyday.

Baba, I have really tried. I pray for my enemies. It's not easy, at least congratulate me for that one first.

The inner voice was silent and the stupid me waved him off. I knew what he wanted. But I was not ready to walk into trouble. He was telling me it's time to share God's word with Mr George. No be me oh.

I'm still enjoying my salary. I have more fancy dresses on my achievement list to buy. If I start a war with Mr George, my salary and other yummy privileges may go AWOL.

The next day, God proved to me he was smarter. I dressed to finish everybody that day. I wore the gown I promised Sophia and cat walked into the staffs office.

Unluckily for me, Mr George was there. See me see trouble. He don see me ooooo! I'm in soup! I've been hiding myself all these while, but my fashion sense had given me away.

"He was having a word with Mr Wilson in the hallway, when I walked in. My dress was so beautiful and colourful that you needed to look a second time.

"Wow! Who's this beauty?" He said grinning.

The Devil is smiling at me. Na me do myself. It won't be long before he comes looking for me.

"Susan, get ready to lose your job!" I said inwardly as I bent my knees slightly in greeting.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Good morning sir!"

"Hello beautiful! How are you doing?" George smiled.

"Fine!" I said with eyes facing the ground.

"Please look up so I can see your face!" Came his reply.

"Please, can someone tell this guy I'm here to teach? Which one is look up so I can see your face? Am I Television?" I did inwardly.

Slowly, I lifted my head to face him.

"Wow!" He grinned.

"Please come over! What's your name beauty?" He asked stretching out his hand for a hand shake.

All through the intro, Mr Wilson was silent. He was frowning at Mr George, but the guy was not bordered by it.

As I got close, I reached out to shake his hand, but Mr Wilson stopped me, grabbing my wrist.

"George, this girl is not one of your side chicks. She's a special one. A Christian! A real one! Leave her alone!" He said.

I could hear George's laughter filling the hallway. What was amusing in what Mr Wilson said? I felt like giving this man a slap across his face, but that would be the end of my job.

"I'm so glad you said a real Christian, because a bunch of you are fake. Infact, all of you are fake!" He said and continued laughing.

Mr Wilson and I watched in silence until he regained himself.

"Mr George! She is not one of those girls you use for pleasure. She's....

OMOLAYO AYO

"Enough of this nonsense!" He interrupted.

We both flinched and looked at him. His eyes were burning with hatred and anger.

"Let her prove it herself. I've see too many crooks. If she's real, nobody needs an intro", He said and walked away.

I don enter trouble oh! Lord, I'm tendering my resignation letter".

"SUSAN, RESIST THE DEVIL.
I HAVE NOT GIVEN YOU A SPIRIT OF FEAR, BUT OF BOLDNESS, OF LOVE AND OF A SOUND MIND", came the gentle whisper.

Those words were like fuel. They stirred up a boldness within me. I smiled and turned to Mr Wilson who had a worried expression.

"Chioma!" The name escaped his lips.

"What about her?" I asked resisting the my sadness.

"She stood! She resisted him, but gave in when the pressure was too much. I thought she was going to prove Jesus to that man. I thought she was going to make him see we are not a bunch of pretenders. I thought she was going to pull him to Jesus, but she lost the battle".

I looked at him with shock written on my face. It dawned on me that God sent me to finish a battle Chioma started.

"I started praying to God to send one more. Lord send one more to shut the enemies that mock you day and night. Lord send one more to put an end to this shame and disgrace".

He blinked his eyes and tears cascaded down his checks. He turned and faced me. Taking my hand, he looked into my eyes.

"And then, you came", He said and walked out leaving me in the hallway.

OMOLAYO AYO

I was surprised beyond words. I came into a battlefield. A war where God and the Holy Angels were watching every move. But I came and started thinking it was a fashion show. I came to represent the constitution of heaven and bring glory to the name of God, but I was wasting precious time.

To be continued.....

Brethren, do you think you are there to have fun? Are you thinking the only reason why God gave you the job was to make money?

Do you think God gave you that thing you asked him, for your pleasure or to aid you fulfill his will on earth.
Let's go back to the old paths, where we were always hunting souls through any medium. Let's go back and resume our number one duty

GO INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL

We have limited time.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Miss Susan!" Lola called as she and her friend Tessy, ran to catch up with me.

It was closing and I was heading home. Lola and her friends always walked with me. I waited for them and soon we were all walking together.

"How was your day girls?" I asked with a broad smile.

"It's was fine ma!" They replied in unison.

"Miss Susan", Lola began.

"Last week, a man came to look for Mummy. He said he was an old friend. So I went to inform Mummy that one Mr Kunle was looking for her. Mummy asked me if I had told her she was in, and I said no. I told her I told the man at the door I'll be back.

She told me to go and tell him that she wasn't home. I was shocked. Mummy always taught me never to tell lies. Infact, she punished me whenever she caught me lying to her. Besides, as a Christian, my conscience did not agree with what she was asking me to do.
'Go and tell him I'm not home and stop giving me that face!' She yelled at me. So I went and did what she asked me to do".

"Why!" I asked Lola.

"I'm sorry ma! I just had to do it and avoid trouble. I didn't know why I was so scared of doing the right thing. I'm such a failure", she said almost crying.

I placed my arm around her and pulled her to my side.

"It's okay darling. Have you asked God to forgive you?"

"Yes ma!"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Then stop feeling guilty. Sometimes, we fail God. But that doesn't make God hate us. You need to make up your mind and do better next time, okay!"

She nods in affirmation.

I was still talking when Mr George drove and caught up with us.

What does he want? It was already late to start a conversation. Besides, there were kids around.

"Hello Miss Susan! Hi kids!" He waved.

"Hello Mr George!" We said in unison.

Without shame, he went straight to the point.

"Miss Susan, get into the car and join me for a ride!" He said grinning.

"Thank you so much for the kind gesture, but I'll prefer to walk home with my friends over here", I replied politely.

I saw a frown on his face. Who cares? Did I ask for a ride?

"Why? What's wrong?" He asked.

"Was this guy deaf? I just told him the reason why. Nobody should get me angry oh!" I said inwardly.

"Sir! I said I'm with friends, I can't leave them for a ride".

I hoped he heard me, if at all he's not deaf. Please start going what's your problem. At least come for me when nobody is around.

"That's ridiculous! Can't you wave your friends goodbye and hop in?" He asked staring at me with those dark eyes.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Na by force? Oga, carry this your motor commot from my front!" I screamed within me.

"Sir! As you said! It's a ride. Just a ride and I beg to differ!" I said struggling to be calm.

I was already boiling inside me. This guy was getting on my nerves.

Perhaps he would drive me to an hotel and have his way. Hmmmm, he's messing with the wrong slay Queen.

"Your plea is not granted young lady! Hop in!" He said authoritatively.

What is wrong with this man? Leave me alone na. I go shout oh!

"SUSAN, BE CALM!" I heard the inner voice whisper.

I remained silent and immediately an idea came to me.

"Sir, since you are so eager to give me a ride, why not give my friends and I a ride home? We live in the same neighbourhood. It would be fun riding home together", I said smiling.

"No! It's you I want!" He said bluntly and I was taken aback by his request.

This guy is something else. I was speechless immediately.

"Miss Susan!" I felt a tap on my shoulder.

I turned to see who it was and found it was Tessy, Lola's friend.

"What is it?"

"Please go with him. He'll fire you if you don't", she said with pleading eyes.

I understood the girls knew what was going on. It wasn't just a ride.

OMOLAYO AYO

They knew what happens when Mr George asked a staff to hop in. So even if nothing happens, the fact that I joined him in the car was enough to make everyone that saw me conclude I was a slut.

That meant getting into the car was a no no.

"It's alright girls. Don't you worry about me. I'll be fine".

I turned to Mr George.

"Mr George! I don't understand what sort of ride this is, but I have rights as a human being to refuse your generous offer. So please get your car out of my sight!" I said and walked away, pulling Lola and Tessy along with me.

We had not walked too long when Mr George caught up with us.

"Did you just told me to get out of your sight?" He called out to me.

My heart skipped. My anger had given me away. I had used the wrong words. But surprisingly, I turned to him and said.

"Let's do this more privately! There are too many people around!" I grinned.

He studied me for a while and nodded his head. I guess he assumed, I was not happy he was approaching me in public. Maybe he was thinking I would be more coporating when approached secretly. He'd better stop thinking in that direction.

"We'll see tomorrow", He said with a smile and zoomed off.

I was relieved. Finally, he was gone. So much for one day. But tomorrow is not going to be a child's play. He was seriously ready to defile me and he meant it.

"Wow!" I heard Lola's exclamation.

"I can't believe you just did that", she said.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Did what?" I asked, curious to know what she was referring to.

"You turned him down", she said.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Everyone knows who Mr George is. We know what he does with women. He does evil things to them, oppressing them with his position".

"That's okay Lola!" I said not wishing for her to go further.

"That was great!" I heard Sophia's voice from behind us. We all turned and looked at her.

"Get ready! You just stepped on the lion's tail. Tender your resignation or lose your purity!" She said and walked past us.

It made me realize I was being watched.

Thank God I didn't budge. It would have destroyed my reputation in the school.

I smiled and turned to the girls.

"Let's go, shall we!"
When I got home, I sat down on my bed and sighed deeply.

"Lord! I won't border about the resignation letter. Once I say no, I'll get fired.

Thank you for opening my eyes to the truth. Lord I definitely know I would face him tomorrow. Grant me the wisdom and strength I need to make you proud.

Lord so many ladies came here and disappointed you. I don't know why you chosed me? Somehow, I feel you picked the wrong person. I am not worthy for this task. I've failed you several times, yet you chose me.

OMOLAYO AYO

I pray you give me the strength to say no. I pray you'll take away fear from me. I pray you'll help me share your word with him. And if I get fired, glory be to God!"

To be continued.....

Hmmmm, Susan is picking up her rifle. It's time to shoot down the prey.
Is she going to stand firm?
Is she going to fail like her predecessors?

Listen, dear believers. It's easy to say like Peter, "Lord I am ready to die for you and enter into prison with you". But if you don't back up that determination with prayer, you may find yourself doing what you never planned to do.

Prayer remains the only thing that keeps us. Jesus said men ought always to pray, because if they stop praying, they are going to faint Spiritually. That's how it works.

You only become more powerful and firm, when you are prayerful. A prayerless Christian will always remain a powerless Christian. Don't forget that.

Christianity, no be by mouth.

*How many of you experienced what Lola experienced with her mother when you were kids?

Would you like to share

The next episode is gonna be something else

Get ready.

The battle has just begun.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER NINE

"Miss Su, Miss Su!" George said tauntingly as I sat down on the chair.

Just as expected, I was summoned into his office. I was only waiting for the moment to come sooner. I can't figure out why it took so long.

My heart was almost pumping fast, but I resisted the fear that fought to possess me.

"The Lord has not given me that unclean spirit of fear! Get ye behind me!" I decreed inwardly and a stillness possessed me.

I smiled to myself, wowed by the power in God's word. I placed my back on the chair and swung it slightly, like a princess that I am.

"Susan! Here's your moment! Make us proud!" I said to myself.

"Yesterday, you insulted me!" George began but I interupted.

"It wasn't intentional".

"Wait, let me finish!" He held up his hand.

"You were not considerate of the kids around".

"No you were the one who should have considered the kids!" I interrupted again.

"Susan, be quiet!" He said with a mischievous smile and I held my peace.

What was wrong with me? All he asks is to keep silent. Susan, calm down please.

"So I've made up my mind", he continued.

OMOLAYO AYO

"You are not going to work here anymore. That's my final decision". He said and turned to the laptop on his desk.

That's it? I mean he didn't even ask for my body before sacking me. This must be a joke. I can't lose without giving him a piece of who I am.

"SUSAN! BEG HIM!" Came the gentle whisper.

"Beg? Me? That's ridiculous!" I replied.

"BE FAST ABOUT IT", Was his reply.

I knew the war had started and I was
not going to lose it. I must follow every single instruction from my commanding officer.

"Sir! Please don't fire me. I promise to do anything you want!" I said and jerked at what I had just said.

He looked up and smiled at me.
That was what he was waiting for. That was what he wanted to hear all these while. I can't believe it. This guy is a genius. It dawned on me that there was no sack letter given. It was a trick to trap me into fulfilling my deal with him. Wow! What a player!

"Actually, I wasn't going to fire you", he said grinning.

I smiled and pretended to be so excited.

"Thank you sir! I'm so grateful!" I said gasping in joy.

My drama was so real. Hmmmm, this guy doesn't know I'm also a player. Let's fool ourselves Mr George! I'm loving this game.

"I won't fire you if only you can pay the price to retain your job", he said and silence fell in the room.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Sir, I don't have enough money", I said with a feigned sadness on my face.
Susan, you're such a genius!

"Who's talking about money here? You should know what I'm referring to". He replied.

"What are you referring to?" I asked, smiling inwardly.

"Susan, stop wasting my time. We had an agreement!" He said frowning slightly.

"Really, I can't remember signing a contract with you. Are there any documents to remind me?" I feigned an ignorant face.

"Susan, you promised to be giving it to me".

"Giving what to you?" I asked smiling inwardly.

He banged his fist on the table in anger. It made me flinch, but my laughter roared loudly within me. I didn't know when a smile escaped my lips.

"So you are doing this on purpose?" He looked at me with a blazing eyes.
Sorry Mr George, you can't scare me with those eyes. WOW! Jesus I'm so happy to be here. I never knew revenge is so sweet.

"Doing what on purpose?" I asked, maintaining my feigned surprise.

"So you decieved me, huh?"

"I'm not a liar! I'm a Christian!" I grinned.

"Shut up!" He barked.

I smiled at him and remained silent.
He smiled and looked into my eyes.

"Let's make this game interesting. Do you want to keep your job or not?" He asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Of course! I want to continue working for you and only you!" I said smiling and he laughed.

"Wow! I never knew you were so smart. In that case have this", he said and threw a card at me.

"Pleasure spark hotel!" I read.

Suddenly, memories flashed. That was the same place Chioma went to the day she committed the abortion.

"Yes! Meet me there by 7pm".

"Mr George, I'll be very busy by that time. I don't think I'll be able to meet up. Besides, why teach your students in an hotel?" I said grinning.

"Susan! Don't take me for a fool!"

"God forbid!"

"Shut up!"

"Yes sir!"
"I said shut up!"

"I'm shutting up already".

"Shut up!"

I remained silent. God! I never knew this revenge would be so sweet. I'm having so much fun.

"Susan", he smiled mischievously.

"Don't start a war you cannot finish. Many of your kind came here and ended up on my bed. You would not be able to survive in this place".

OMOLAYO AYO

I grinned and sat up.

"Let's see who would survive. Me or you! What you're asking of me cannot happen. I have been bought by someone. Therefore, I glorify him with my body and my spirit which belongs to him".

He have me a mock applause.

"Fables! Nice one! Now listen to me", he said and stood up.

"I give you the whole of this week to flush your head of this stupidity and comply with me or else you would regret stepping into this school".

I smiled and gave him a mock applause. He was surprised.

"Baba God! You no go carry last!" I said inwardly and stood up.

"On the contrary sir. You have the whole of this week to give your life to Jesus. Drop this baggage of sin you are carrying and be free. You're suffering badly and it's telling on you!" I replied.

"Young lady! I didn't bring you here to insult me".

"Come on! Don't be so dramatic. Who's insulting you? I'm telling you the truth about yourself, Mr George".

"Truth! Nonsense! What do you know about me?" He grinned and sat down.

"George", I said softly.

"Your are not who you really are. You want to help people. You want to love and stop hurting others. But you just don't know how to get there.

Deep inside you, you're a good man. You love being able to put smiles on the faces of others. But you just don't see it happening.

OMOLAYO AYO

So you settled for less. You began to gain pleasure in inflicting pain on your staffs and those around you. But deep inside of you, you cry for freedom.

That's where Jesus comes in. He can make you that person you so yearn to become. You can be who you truly want to be. His grace is sufficient enough to help you".

I saw softness in those cold eyes. Those blazing eyes, look blurred with tears as I spoke. I saw remorse on his face. Wow! God was at work.

Suddenly, it changed and the Devil inside him resurfaced.

"Now get out of my office!" He said pointing at the door.

"Sir!"

"I said leave!" He shouted.

I turned and walked towards the door, but felt my spirit nudging me to speak on. So I turned and went back.

I placed my hands on his table and leaned forward.

"Sometimes, you feel sorry. Yes! you do!"

"No!" He shook his head and turned his face away.

"Stop struggling with your creator. He's been knocking on your heart for a long time. It's time Mr George! It's time to open that door".

He looked up at me, with those eyes, showing remorse.

"Yes! Thank you Jesus!

"It's time! Please let him in! He gives peace. He can free you from that guilt that weighs heavy on you. You try to ignore him, deep within you, you know he's there. He's been knocking for a long time".

OMOLAYO AYO

I looked into his eyes and saw tears welling up. I was taken by those innocent looking eyes. I stared into them until all I could see were only his eyes.

"Thank you Jesus! I never knew this was why you sent me. He's such a confused soul. And all I wanted was to kill him. Lord, you are truly merciful", I said within me.

Suddenly, he threw a book at me. It landed on my face, striking my left eye.

"Jesus!" I groaned.

Where did my mind travel to. How could I had been out of this world not to notice a book was thrown at me.

"That serves you right", he chuckled.

I covered my eye with my palms as the pain eased. I turned to look at him and saw a bit of worry in his expression. Immediately our eyes met, he hid it and grimaced.

I smiled and wiped the few tears that escaped my eyes.

"Like I was saying", I continued.

"Are you mad?" He shouted.

"No! Please calm down! I don't bite".

"Get out!" He said and threw another hard cover book like the first one at me.

I ducked and he missed. I had to leave now. So I ran for the door as I saw him picking up another book.

"You have this week to make up your mind!" He said as I shut the door as though I didn't hear him.

I smiled and exhaled.

OMOLAYO AYO

"That was awesome!" I said in a whisper.

"Mr George! You've just met a slay Queen! A different kind of slay Queen!" I said as I walked back to the staff's office.

To be continued.....

Kudos to Susan I love you sis! Make us proud!

She's doing it.

She's slaying this guy gradually.

Revenge sweet oh

Watch out for the next episode.

The fight's becoming really interesting as Mr George strikes back.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TEN

It's been 2 months after my clash with Mr George. The guy was so determined and truth be told, it wasn't a joke. He summoned me to his office the following week and asked me if I was ready to comply with him.

Instead of giving him an answer, I began to preach to him. He dismissed me immediately and told me he was giving me another week to decide.

What was he planning? Fire me and let's go our separate ways. At the end of the week he gave me, he never asked after me. He left me to myself, which was a relief on my part.

But the problem was when the month ended, there was no alert. I was like, God what is happening? Was there a mistake somewhere or not? I asked some of my colleagues with style if they saw alerts. They all gave me a positive response. Why was I the only one left out?

"God! No salary! I'm finished!"

No wonder why Mr George gave me enough time to make up my mind. That's why Christians were not in Queens high school. When their salaries were stopped, they resigned and left.

I don enter be that. Everyday, my savings kept diminishing. That meant one thing. I had to leave for peace to reign.

I picked up my pen and tried to write a resignation letter. I felt restless in my spirit.

"Lord what is it?" I asked.

Then my mind travelled back to what I told Sophia. I told her I would be the only Christian who would not compromise, and yet not quit the job.

"Na wetin make me talk that kain thing! See me see problem!"

OMOLAYO AYO

And from the look of things, the Holy Spirit wants me to stay. I'm running out of money. I don't have anything left. But if you want me to stay, I will stay.

The next month came and they were yet to pay me. It looks unbearable.

This was why Chioma gave in when the salaries stopped coming. Working without being paid can be so frustrating. And the most annoying part of it was that God wanted me to endure it. Each time I thought of resigning, I would lose my peace.

I remained, thinking God would make a way. But things got worse. I wanted to ask my colleagues for money but I felt no peace about it. Even Mr Wilson, never gave me a dime. So much for send another one.

"Lord, revenge is not sweet oh! I'm starving here!"

So arriving in school today, I was informed Mr George asked to see me. I quickly dropped my bag and hurriedly left to meet him.

"SUSAN, STOP!" The voice said authoritatively and I paused in my tracks.

"IN ALL THESE THINGS, WE ARE MORE THAN CONQUERORS THROUGH HIM THAT LOVE US"

I felt revived and refreshed by those words.

I was almost going to beg Mr George for a penny. I was almost going to tell him I was sorry for the way we spoke to each other months ago. He would have laughed and asked me if I had learnt my lesson.

I was going to plead with him to be merciful unto me. God forbid! A princess, begging a pauper. It's a big error. I would have disgraced my maker in front of him. Thank God for those words.

I knocked and entered with a smile on my face.

He was smiling too. A mischievous one to be precise.

OMOLAYO AYO

"How are you doing?" He asked grinning.

"I'm doing great!" I replied and sat down.

We were both silent for a while.

Both of us looking intently at each other. I guess he was looking for any hint of sadness in my expression.

"Habakkuk 3:17. Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls:

Verse 18. Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation".

Those words echoed in my heart and produced a smile on my face.

I was even asking myself why I was so excited? Oh the joy of the Lord is my strength!

Mr George kept watching me.

Probably looking for a woman that will beg him. He watch for something to gloat about, but my god was such a genius.

"Kudos! Holy Spirit!" I said within me and used my imagination to give him a high five. He's such a darling.

"They that trust in the Lord shall never be disgraced!" I said inwardly and threw a smile at Mr George.

"Do I amaze you?" I asked.

"Why do you say that?"

"You have been staring at me without saying a word, or telling me why we're here?"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Oh!" He raise an eye brow.

"Actually, someone must be wondering why she has not been paid", he said and paused to look at me.

I smiled at him and saw the confusion it gave him.

"Anyway, I was expecting her to show up to at least ask why. But she didn't seem interested, so I decided to tell her myself".

"That's so thoughtful of you!" I said grinning.

"Susan, are you insane? You haven't been paid for 2 months and you are here smiling?" He asked.

"That's what Jesus can do".

"Don't!" He raised a finger.

"Say all you want, but don't mention Jesus to me. I don't want to hear a word about him. I'm only here to help you get your money!" ,

I giggled and shook my head in astonishment.

"George! I'm not sure you know me. I told you I'm a Christian and you kept thinking I was an ordinary girl. One thing about Christians is that we are always strange, different from normal people".

"That's enough!" He said and stood up.

"I called you here to inform you that you would not be paid untill you comply. Untill then, you are free to tender your resignation letter whenever you get tired of this school. Also, have this!"

He threw an envelope towards me on the table.

"That should put food in your stomach. I'm not a wicked man!" He grinned.

OMOLAYO AYO

I looked at the money and back to him. I knew nomatter how tough things were financially, I was not supposed to touch that money.

"Mr George", I said as I rose up.

"I will never give you a resignation letter", I said.

"That's interesting! I've got a free teacher!" He said mockingly.

I smiled and shook my head.

"You are the one who would get tired
of me. You are the one to send me away".

"Young lady, can I also shock you?" He said grinning.

"I would never give you a sack letter! I love employees like you. I wish I had more of your type in this school. That would make me richer. No salary! Sounds cool don't you think?"

He asked and burst into laughter.

I smiled back, watching him intently.

In the midst of his laughter, I could see sadness in those eyes. He's such a confused man. He doesn't know what he is doing. He is only pretending to be strong.

"Let's see who would back out!" I said and turned to leave. I wanted to preach to him, but I felt the nudging inside me not to.

"Are you leaving already?" He asked.

I paused and turned.

"Do you have anything else to say?"

OMOLAYO AYO

"What about your money?" He asked, surprised I hadn't touched it.

"Oh that's not mine! It's yours", I replied.

I saw the shock in his facial expression.

"How are you going to survive without your salary?"

"Good question!" I smiled and turned to face him.

"The birds of the air do not sow, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet my heavenly Father feeds them".

"Crazy woman!" He said and shook his head.

"Stop following that book. It's no good. You can't survive on the words written on a book. Those words would not put food on your table".

"A princess doesn't starve. She's got a rich dad who's so rich that his birds do not go hungry. So how can his princess go hungry? It cannot happen!" I said with conviction welling inside me.

"I thought you said you were an orphan?"

"Yes I am, but I was talking about my Lord Jesus".

"That's enough!" He said, raising his hand in protest.

"I think you are high on something and it's affecting the way you think. I guess by the time it wears out, you would come back to your senses and comply. I wish you happy foolishness!" He said and sat down.

I smiled and turned to leave.

"Susan!" He called.

"What? I turned to look at him.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Are you sure you want to do this?" He asked.

There was a hidden concern written in his expression.

"Let's see who would lose!" I said and walked out.

As I left his office, my stomach growled loudly.

"Oh Jesus! I'm so hungry!"

To be continued.....

WOW! Can you imagine? It's not easy for Susan. But she's doing it. I'm so proud of you sis.

Dear readers, Susan is hungry oh! You people should come and give her food. Lol.

Sometimes, God sends you somewhere and as you go, you encounter challenges. At least, we always feel since God is with us and sent us, it's going to be a smooth ride. Not at all.

If you're in a football team as a player. You may roam the stadium as you like. You can even go and shake hands with the fans cheering you on while the game is on. But once you are sent into the game and the ball is passed to you, all eyes are on you.

The defenders, the midfielders and the entire opponent are upon you. So you are a marked man.
So many believers don't understand.

They would start thinking, why all these attacks? God aren't you the one that sent me?

Well the footballer never says that. God why did you send me the ball?
Instead, he fights to keep possession of the ball. He dribbles. He presses on till he scores the opponent.

OMOLAYO AYO

That's how Christianity is. Infact, your Christian life has not started untill God calls you from the bench and sends you into the field.

That your coach sent you into the football field doesn't mean there won't be opposition. Infact if nobody is trying to stop you, you would pause and ask.

"Are these guys okay? Who plays football that way? I'm heading to the goal post and no one is attacking me?"

I'm only revealing to you how normal opposition is to any God sent assignment. Having this at the back of your mind, would make you stop asking the question,"Why all these opposition?"

Instead, learn to dribble. Be resilient. Don't doubt your convictions. Keep pressing until you put that ball in the devil's net.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I threw myself heavily on the bed. My stomach growled loudly again.

"God! I'm hungry! What am I going to eat?" I asked, obviously tired of starving all day.

My eyes were almost teary.

"Lord, please provide for me. I can't starve like this. Please help me!" I said, my eyes were almost teary as I said those words.

I could fast very well. But I don't know why I go extremely hungry when I'm not fasting. And when I'm fasting, I always reduce my work load. I do so in order to avoid stress and focus on prayers.

Today's hunger was extreme. There was no money. There was no food left in the house. I look for water and drank. It was all I had left. I drank and drank till I was full.

Then my hunger became worse. I rolled from one end of the bed to another.

"God! Can't you do something! I'm in pains. I can't go out there and beg. I'm ashamed to do so. Please help me."

I never knew revenge is not sweet. This is too much to bear. When am I going to eat again? Where would the food come from?

Lord why are you doing this to me? I wanted to resign, but you didn't allow me. Do you take pleasure in my pain?

These were the thoughts in my heart when this scripture came like an angel.

"Matthew 5:10-12. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

OMOLAYO AYO

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you".

I smiled and sat down.

"SUSAN! I WANT YOU TO DO ME A FAVOUR?" Came the gentle whisper.

"Ah! God! You want me to do you a favour? That's too much Na! I'm your girl! Just command me. I'm your slave! Why ask a favour as if I'm one big woman sitting on an office chair?"

I felt my stomach shaking. I knew what it meant. The Holy Ghost was laughing. It didn't take long, I started laughing too.

"God! See person wey never chop since morning dey laugh".

"YES! THE JOY OF THE LORD IS YOUR STRENGTH".

I grinned and moved to the edge of the bed, placing my feet on the floor.

"SO ABOUT MY FAVOUR!"

"Ah! Stop teasing me Holy Spirit!" I said bubbling with excitement.

"Just tell me what you want?"

"DANCE! SING AND DANCE!" Came the whisper.

"Sing and dance? Do I even have the strength?" I asked, as if I was talking with someone in the room.

"THE LORD IS THE STRENGTH OF MY LIFE!" Came the gentle response and I grinned.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Yes! But why am I dancing?"

"FOR GREAT IS YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN"

How I got the strength, I cannot explain. I jumped to my feet and began to sing and dance.

"All the days of my life I'll praise You.

Everything that I have na you gave to me Baba.

Lord I say for your Love I'm grateful.

Jesu you love me plenty, you came to die for me.

Jehovah Rapha Jehovah Nissi.

I Am that I Am, The Great provider

I searched around, there's no one else like you.

Lion of Judah: You're the mighty Man in battle.

Aiyee! God has given me victory

Aiyee! He has given me victory

Hallelujah eh (Halle)
Hallelujah eh! Halle
Hallelujah eh! Halle
Hallelujah eh!

Come and see what the Lord has done for me.

He has taken away my sorrows and now I'm free!

Agam e buru hallelujah e buru (I will carry hallelujah)

OMOLAYO AYO

Agam a para hallelujah para o (I will carry my praise)

Because of Jesus everyday na shakara I dey do.

Double double heavenly blessings na him I dey receive.

God Your Grace and mercies always dey follow me".

Sweat broke out on my face as I continued dancing. I was so excited beyond words.

Suddenly, a knock sounded on my door.

"Chai! Holy Ghost! Why do you allow a visitor to interrupt our fun?" I mummured and went for the door.

I opened it and was shocked by who I saw.

It was Sophia.

I had questions written all over my face. What was she doing here? What does she want? How did she find me? Well, questions could come later.

"Hello Susan! Please, I'd love to have a word with you", she said gloomily.

I knew something was wrong. She was here to seek my assistance. So

I quickly brought her in.

I offer her my only plastic chair and sat on the bed. She is thanked me and dropped her hand bag which was looking heavy on the floor, sitting down.

"I know you must be surprised why I'm here. I'll go straight to the point. Susan, I was once like you. I was called lady Apostle by my Christian friends.

I was a preacher. I loved Jesus with all my heart".

OMOLAYO AYO

She sniffed and tears cascaded down her cheeks.

"But when I got here, I disappointed God. I allowed Mr George defile me. I lost everything. I had no boldness to preach anymore. I lost touch with God completely.

George promised we would do it just once. But soon he would stop my salary and ask for my body. I starved for weeks and when it was unbearable, I returned to my vomit.

That continued untill, I got used to it.
I stopped going to church. I lost my conscience and became one with the Devil.

But since you came, I had been watching you. Everytime Mr George asked to see you, I followed you. I eavesdropped on all your conversation with him.

I've never seen such boldness, determination and consistency. I knew you were everything I wasn't. It made me desire God again. But I feel like I've gone too far!"

She bent over and broke into tears. I felt her pain too.

I remembered how I promised myself to avenge Chioma's death. I was not the best of Christians. I had my own ups and downs. I'm a product of God's mercy and grace.

I stood up and took her hand. I looked into her eyes and said with conviction.

"That's the Devil speaking. Would you love to hear the voice of God?"

Sniffing, she nod her head in affirmation.

"Whosoever comes to me, I would in no wise cast away. That's what God says", I said, smiling.

She threw herself on her knees and wept bitterly.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Susan! You don't understand! I did it not once, not twice. I even aborted three babies for him".

"Hebrews 8:12 For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more", I replied.

"Susan, you don't understand!"

"Sophia! I don't need to understand, because I understand one thing. God is not a man that he should tell lies.

My God is not a liar! It's too impossible for him to lie! I don't need to understand, because God's ways are not man's ways".

"What can I do?" She groaned and went down on her knees, hands bracing her from the floor.

"Come, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

I don't care to know how many abortions were commited, come. I don't care how many times you sinned against your body, come. I don't care to know if you're the worst sinner on the planet, come!"

Suddenly, she screamed aloud

"Lord I'm sorry.....!"

"Thank you Jesus!" I said as I waved my hands in appreciation to God.

"What can wash away my sins?

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

What can make me whole again?

OMOLAYO AYO

Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Oh! Precious is the flow,

That makes me white as snow.

No other fount I know.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus!" I sang as she rededicated her life back to God.

It was awesome. I rejoiced in my heart having a Christian sister in Queens high school. Yes! God is truly at work.

After the prayers, we spoke for a while and because it was getting dark, she hurried back home.

I walked her to the door and waved her goodbye.

I shut the door and turned, only to see a polythene bag on my bed.

I rushed to see what was inside and brought out its contents.

The first take away contained rice. The second one contained salad. Last, was a drink of cold Hollandia yogurt.

"Jesus Christ!"

"SO WHO WAS HUNGRY?" The inner voice whispered.

I burst into laughter.

"Thank you Jesus! I'm so grateful!" I said as I opened the jollof rice.

To be continued.....

Susan! Don't border about spoon, I have spoon oh. Please invite me na

OMOLAYO AYO

Oh my God! This God is too good.
Anybody falling in love with Jesus

Susan, don't finish the food Na! We are here!

I praise God for Sophia. There are so many things we can do for God when we yield ourselves completely to the Holy Spirit

There are so much we can accomplish for God, even when we stand alone. Soon, others are moved by our faith and are drawn to join us.
That's what happens when we stand for Jesus.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWELVE

I went to work the next day with so much excitement in my heart. I felt like a princess. I felt like I was on top of the world. An overwhelming joy from within engulfed me.

I met Sophia that morning and we looked like siblings. We had a he same excitement on our faces. It was so glaring that others had to ask what was going on.

We found ourselves giggling without control. It felt good to have a sister in Christ around you. We could talk so easily and feel the same way.

Everything was completely beautiful, untill Sophia walked in unhappy. I studied her expression and knew something was wrong.

So I decided to ask her what the Devil had done to steal her joy.

"I never believe the Devil would come back so quickly. Just when I started laughing again, he came back to destroy me", she said almost weeping.

I was moved by her sorrow.

"Sophia, we are now sisters under the same father. Please share with me. What happened?"

After a brief silence, she spoke.

"He wants me!"
I was completely lost. What was she referring to?

"Who wants you?"

"Mr George!" She answered and was almost crying.

OMOLAYO AYO

Is that why you want to cry? I can't believe it!

I felt like giving her a slap across the face. Oh my God! This is an opportunity to show him the new life you have received.

"Sophia! Stop those tears!" I said softly.

"I don't know why it's like this?"

"Like what?" I asked.

"Anytime I try to rise, I fall again!" She complained bitterly.

"Sophia stop that!" I said angrily and she looked at me in surprise.

"What did you tell him?" I demanded.
She sighed.

"He told me to meet him at the spot where he usually parks his car after closing hours".

"And what did you tell him?" I asked.

"I told him yes sir!" She answered.

My anger boiled within me. I felt like giving her a knock on the head. I wish she had given him a hard time like I did. I so much loved my biff with Mr George. I enjoyed my revenge so much.

"SUSAN! SHE'S STILL A BABY IN THE LORD! SATAN WANTS TO CATCH HER YOUNG. HANDLE HER GENTLY", Came the gentle whisper.

My anger faded immediately and I felt compassion for her. I placed my hands on her shoulder and looked into her eyes.

"It's okay dear! The Lord will help you!"

OMOLAYO AYO

She nod her head in affirmation and looked down.

"I wanted to say no, but I was so afraid of him. I wish I had your strength", she said and shook her head.

I patted her shoulders.

"Psalms 27:1 The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Verse 2. When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Verse 3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident".

She looked up at me and nodded.

"My sister, stop being afraid of Mr George. He cannot eat your body anymore. It is now the temple of God. Don't be afraid of him. Tell him you are a Christian. Tell him you are a child of a King".

She sighed and stood up.

"I know it's going to cost me my job, but I'll do it. I won't lose this opportunity to make Jesus proud of me", she said.

"That's the Spirit sis! Not that crying lady you were displaying earlier!" I said and we both burst into laughter.

After closing hours, she walked up to Mr George with boldness.

"Get into the car!" He said like he had a right over God's property.

"George you were not there when Jesus bought me", she replied.

I stood at a distance watching.

OMOLAYO AYO

"What do you mean by that?" He asked grimly.

"I've been bought. I cannot give you another man's property. It was well paid for. Do you have a higher price to counter his payment?" She asked.

"I don't understand you. I said get into the car! What's all these I've been bought all about?" He asked, with a confused expression.

"Mr George! I'm a Christian. I cannot do those things any longer with you. Jesus owns my body and he decides what I must or must not do with my body. And in this case, he says no!"

George's laughter stung my ears. He laughed and laughed, but I saw Sophia smiling confidently.

"So, after giving it to me for three years. Suddenly, you became a Christian", he said mockingly.

"Yes sir! I am not ashamed of who I am. Neither am I ashamed of the saviour who was not ashamed of receiving a sinner like me".

George laughed loudly.

"Why are you Christians so stupid?" He asked with a mischievous grin.

"We are not. A man without Jesus in his heart is the biggest fool on earth. He is a slave to his passions and a captive of his own schemes.
Mr George, enter the car Jesus offers you. Let him drive your life to the right destination. Jesus
would....."

"Enough!" George screamed.

"I've tasted you several times. You're not even sweet anymore. I just wanted to manage you and you are here talking nonsense.

OMOLAYO AYO

You have one week to make up your mind. I'm sure you wouldn't love to starve anymore. So think about it very well. By the time you get really hungry, you'll come to your senses".

He entered his car and drove off.

Sophia stood transfixed. She covered her face with her palms for a while.

I had to leave my position and catch up with her. Getting to her, I hugged her tightly.

"I'm okay!" She said and lowered her hands. Her eyes were burning with determination.

"I thought you were crying?"

"No, I was just saying a word of prayer to God", she answered.
I breathed down in relief. Thank God for her solid faith.

"Susan, if God could give you such boldness in the face of persecution. Then, I'm ready to face anything. I'm not going to ever fail him again".

I looked into her eyes and smiled.

"Susan, it's getting late. We need to start going" she said smiling and drew me along with her.

Usually, she took a cab home, but today she walked with me. As we got to a nearby restaurant, sh pulled me aside and told me to wait for her.

I waited outside while she went in and bought what she wanted. She came out with two polythene bags.

"Here, this is yours", she said and turned to leave for her house.

"Hey, I thought you were following me home?" I asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I only went this far because of my hidden agenda", she replied and winked at me, raising up the bag in her hand.

Before I could say thank you, she hurried off.

"Wow! Thank you Jesus!" I said as I turned for the street that led to my house.

I sat down and ate. It was already 5pm when I got home. She bought jollof rice with big chicken lap on top.

"God is good!" I said as I finished my meal.

I climbed my bed and laid down tired. I kept thinking about all that had happened till I drifted away.

It was dark in my room, when the man in a tall white shining robe walked in at sat down.

"Daddy!" I smiled as I saw him.

"OH MY BELOVED SUSAN!" He said. His voice was so gentle, filling me with overwhelming joy and peace.

"You came to my room?" I asked.

"YES! I CAME TO SAY WELDONE! IM SO PROUD OF YOU MY PRETTY GIRL!" He said and I felt like Daddy's pride.

I felt if anyone touched me or tried to harm me Daddy will crush that person.

"SUSAN! YOU HAVE PUT SMILES ON MY FACE. YOU HAVE MADE ME PROUD! YOU BOASTED OF ME BEFORE YOUR BOSS. THANK YOU SO MUCH DARLING!"

I was blushing.

"Daddy, you don't need to say that. I'm your slave. How can the Almighty God tell a mere mortal like me thank you!" I asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

Though I could not see his face because of the brightness. I knew he was smiling.

"WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?" He asked.

"Daddy!" I answered, surprised by the question.

"DO PARENTS THANK THEIR CHILDREN WHEN THEY PUT SMILE ON THEIR FACES?" He asked.

"Yes, but yours is different", I wanted to argue.

"AM I YOUR DAD?"

"Yes!" I grinned, feeling on top of the world.

"SUSAN! BECAUSE YOU HAVE MADE ME SMILE! I WILL IN RETURN, CAUSE YOU TO SMILE!" He said.

I woke up and stared around. My plastic chair where he sat was exactly at the same position it was in that dream.

To be continued.....

I'm speechless..... I feel like shedding tears of joy.

The man without Jesus is the biggest fool.
That's a good one sophia. I'm so glad you caught the Spirit.

Brethren serve God. Jesus is sweet. Don't compromise because of the pains your faith in Christ would bring on you. Endure hardship as a good soldier and watch if God would not turn your story around.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPETR THIRTEEN

I woke up the next morning. Hmmmm! The rice was delicious. But as a matter of fact, my hunger was larger than the food I was offered. So digestion was so rapid and the body was still asking for more.

As usual, I observed my quiet time. I prayed and studied the word. I never missed that for any day. Thank God it was weekend. I was lost in reading the Scriptures.

As I studied, time kept on running. It was almost 9am. As I studied, my stomach growled several times. Soon, my mind wandered from the word.

What would you eat this morning? Is this how you would continue to starve everyday before God shows up? Must God allow you feel hunger pangs before he provides? Is this how you would continue living?

I know God was wonderful providing for you last night, but God was too slow. Does he delight in starving you? Must you roll from one end of the bed to the other before he gives you breakfast?

I was nodding my head to everything this strange voice was saying. I was beginning to get scared. I was scared of starving the way I had starved yesterday.

"SUSAN! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?" That gentle voice I recognise without stress spoke.

"Oh my God!" I gasped in realisation.

"Hmmmm! Lord I know who I am. I'm a princess of the most high God.

The Scriptures says that a man who cannot provide for his household is worse than an infidel. Lord, you are not an infidel and will never be.

OMOLAYO AYO

Lord! I'm a member of your household. Breakfast is my right. As a princess, I'm entitled to lunch. As your daughter, I'm not supposed to roll from one end of the bed to another before I eat dinner.

Food is my right in this kingdom. If the birds do not starve before they eat, why should the princess starve? No! This is an error from the pit of Hell!

Lord you said I should not be worried about what I would eat. You said I'm of so much value to you than the birds. So, Where's my breakfast?"

A knock landed on my door.
I stood up and walked over to open the door.

It was Lola and Tessy. They were dressed in pretty gowns. They looked so beautiful.

"Hello girls!" I smiled.

"Hi Miss Susan!" They greeted in unison.

"Miss Susan! What's keeping you? Have you forgotten?" Lola asked.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, with no clue about what she was referring to.

"Today's my mum's birthday!"

I realised she had told me during the week. But I had completely forgotten.

"I'm so sorry Lolly pie!" I apologized, rubbing my palms together.

"That's okay! You were not there when the cake cutting and everything happened. But I don't want you to miss the food aspect. So get dressed let's go and eat!"

My heart jumped within me at the mention of that.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Lord! Breakfast!" I smiled.

"Girls wait out here. I'll be back in ten minutes!" I said and rushed inside.

"God is this how loving you are?" I said as I rushed to take my bath.

I quickly brought out one of my pretty gowns and got dressed. It was not up to ten minutes, I was ready.

I left with the girls to the house. Truth be told, the food prepared was too much. I ate two plates, no shout for me!

I was even given some in a food flask to take home so that it doesn't get wasted. Trust me, it won't get wasted.

I stayed and played with the girls till it was 4pm. That was when I stood up to leave. With my cooler in my hand and a grin on my face, I walked to my house.

I was surprised to see who I met. Oh my God! Who was I seeing?
It was my mentor, Evangelist Toyin Abayomi and her daughter, Ella. But there was also a third person. Aunty Peju, my father's sister.

WOW! Today Is something else oh! This one that these people drove cars into my compound, hope I'm safe.

"Susan! So Na food you go chop wey make you no dey pick your calls?" Ella began.

"No vex! I never chop well for a long time", I said within me.

"I'm sorry!" I apologized instead.

"Susan! So you can forget me like this Abi?" Mummy Toyin asked.

"No ma!" I said with innocent eyes.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Come and open this door for me, before I punish you!" She threatened playfully.

"Yes ma! I said and knelt slightly to greet aunt Peju.

"She responded with a smile and beckoned on me to open the door.

As I went for the door, Ella snatched my dinner from my hand.

"This one Na we go chop am!" She smiled.

I wanted to protest. But I felt the inner voice nudging me to calm down. So I mourned my food in my heart, as the three ladies sat down devouring it.

I served the rice, but made sure there was a little left for me in the cooler.

"This is so delicious! Is there more? Ella asked.

I wanted to say no, but the word hanged in my throat.

"Bring that cooler for me!" Ella said authoritatively. That's how she is sometimes, especially when she's happy.

I handed it to her and she made sure she scooped out the last grain of rice. My rice was gone.

"We have been waiting for you for the past three hours. We drove for two hours to get here. Thank God for this food", Mummy Toyin said.

I sat down and watched them with a smile on my face.

"Lord! I know you have not gone powerless. You are still going to provide my every need!" I said within me.

As soon as they were done eating, I cleared the dishes and sat down with them. I had only one chair and my mentor sat there. The rest of us sat on the bed.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I guess you must be wondering why we are here?" Mummy Toyin asked.
I nod in affirmation.

"Well, your aunt would explain that", she replied.

Aunty Peju sat up and leaned forward.

"Susan, first, I would love to apologize for neglecting you. We were supposed to have been the one to raise you after your parents dimise, not some strangers. Please forgive me!"

I smiled and nodded.

"I'm glad for everything. God was really at work in my life. I lost my parents at 16 in SS 3. But luckily for me, my school gave me a scholarship immediately. I was one of the best students they had back then. I represented them in quiz competition and debates. I won all the three debates I went for.

I was second in the maths quiz I represented. So, they helped me at that stage of my life, when the plane crash that took my parents occurred.

But, I lived with Mummy and her family after school. They sponsored my education in UNILAG. I'm grateful to God for everything that happened. I have no grudges against any of you".

Aunty Peju smiled and nodded her head in affirmation.

"Then let's get to the reason why we are here", she said and opened her bag to bring out a brown envelope.

"When your father died, you were supposed to inherit all that belonged to him. But we were too greedy to allow his company and cars go to you.

We share the 5 houses your father built and the cars. We also sold the company. Each one of us made a fortune for ourselves, but it was wrong. I was given 10 million as my share from the of selling the company.

OMOLAYO AYO

The truth is this. I've made a fortune out of the money and the car. I used the car and sold it later when I had no use for it.

But I was wrong. I stole what was rightfully yours. Recently, I accepted Jesus as my Lord and he kept bidding me to restore what I've stolen from you".

She dipped her hand into the envelope and brought out a piece of paper.

"Here's a cheque of 10 million naira. I'm restoring what I stole from you. I'm glad I never sold the house and it's not too far from here. Have the keys", she said and dropped a bunch of keys on the bed.

I was still trying to wake up from the dream when she brought out some documents and another bunch of keys.

"Since I sold your car, I got a new one for you. Here are the keys. Your new ride is waiting for us outside".

Please I need to faint can someone shift for me.

To be continued.....

This must be a dream. A car owner, a landlord and a millionaire overnight.

That's what God can do.

Psalms 126:1. When the LORD turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Please help me tell Susan to share the money reach me ooooo

Do you see how Satan wanted to decieve her into thinking God was too slow? Truth be told God could give her 3 square meals a day, but instead, he gave her just one.
It's just for a purpose.

OMOLAYO AYO

Humility!

When a man has everything at his disposal. He tends to disregard the provider of all things.

Take for example, a father who has a little boy but spoiled him with money. That boy can get whatever he wants, whenever he wants. He may not see a need to regard his dad or the wealth he's swimming in, might get into his head.

But when the child has to meet the father for his needs, even if he gets angry with his father. He would cast his anger aside as he realises he depends on him for survival.

Deuteronomy 8:3 And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the LORD doth man live.

How many of you also noticed the way Susan challenged God to provide for her through his word?

Isaiah 41:21 Produce your cause, saith the LORD; bring forth your strong reasons, saith the King of Jacob.

God does not joke with his word. Praying with the word has great effect. It gives speedy answer.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER FORTEEN

It was a cool Saturday morning. I always loved weekends. I had washed all my dirty clothes and brought them outside to dry.

My new house was a storey building, painted white. It had 4 bedrooms, a big kitchen, two sitting room and furnitures. Even a TV set was in the two sitting rooms. All the bedrooms had mattresses, with a beautiful bed frame.

The house was too big for me. I was asking God what to do now that I no longer needed my teaching job in Queens high school. But he told to me remain a teacher for the meantime.

He said the mission wasn't over. So I began to ask God for what to do next. He didn't give me an answer. It seemed all I could do was to continue interceding for Mr George and teaching.

Even my mentor called to ask me if I had an business in mind. I told her what God said and she encouraged me to obey. In the meantime, Sophia was giving me driving lessons.

I was yet to drive my car into the school. For now, my car was parked at her house. I was expecting her to come with it and pick me up this morning by 11am.

Life was completely different for me. I could buy anything I want. Eat anything I want and go wherever I wanted to go. Jesus sweet ooh.

After washing my clothes with my washing machine. Why I go use hand before?

I gathered them in a big plastic bowl and took them outside to dry. I had already prepared omlete, bread and honeyed tea for breakfast.

I just needed to hang clothes outside and enjoy myself.

"Inside Jesus na so so enjoyment everyday.

OMOLAYO AYO

Inside Jesus na so so enjoyment everyday.

Enjoyment on Sunday.

Enjoyment on Monday.

Enjoyment on Tuesday.

Enjoyment on Wednesday.

Enjoyment on Thursday.

Enjoyment on Friday.

Enjoyment on Saturday.

Enjoyment Everyday!

Inside Jesus na so so enjoyment everyday!"

I sang as I spread the clothes outside.

Suddenly, a car drove into my compound and parked. As the door opened and the owner stepped out, my eyes widened in surprise.

It was Mr George.

"God what is he doing here? What does he want?"

I stood afar off, looking at him. I was on a Chelsea jersey and a black knee length skirt. My hair was not looking presentable enough.

"Is he here to rape me?" A fearful throught overwhelmed me.

"SUSAN, RELAX! YOU HAVE A VISITOR. SHOW SOME HOSPITALITY!" Came the gentle whisper.

OMOLAYO AYO

My fears dissipated and calmness overwhelmed me. I dried my hands with a towel and walked up to meet him.

"Good morning sir!" I grinned, stretching my hand for a hand shake.

I could see the unmasked confusion on his face. Yes oh! My God will confuse those that mock me.
He stared at my house and then at me.

"Do you live here?" He asked.

"Yes! This is my house!" I answered.
He laughed.

"Susan, stop being ridiculous. You can't own this large place as a single lady and a school teacher. This is a family house!" He argued.

"Sir, I once told you I was an orphan".

"Oh! Now I get!" He interupted.

"You should have said, this is my father's house. That would have been a more detailed explanation.
That would have made more sense", he said and walked towards my door.

This guy is so annoying. Well, I'm not his puppet anyway. I followed behind.

He opened the door by himself and looked inside. The interior was so breath taking. He stood at the doorway looking around, blocking the entrance.

"Oga commot for road make I enter my house", I said within me as I cleared my throat to call his attention.

"Wait outside Jor!" He said grimly and continued looking around.

I was like, see this guy oh! But the Spirit within me was calm. So I waited for him.

OMOLAYO AYO

Satisfied with keeping me outside my own house, he moved out of the doorway. I knew he intentionally kept me waiting behind him but pretended as if nothing happened.

He sat on the couch and crossed his legs. What an arrogant fellow.

"You may have a shelter, but do you have food in this house?" He asked abruptly.

"Won't you offer me something to drink at least?" He asked, smiling mischievously.

Chai! My God has disgraced all those that mock me.

"Sir! Would you love to join me for breakfast?" I asked and pointed to the dinning table.

"Bring the food here! If at all there is anything in this house", he replied, thinking I was joking.

Oh my God! I was laughing within me. I can't explain how Holy Ghost helped me to control myself.

I entered my kitchen and came back with a tray in my hand.

I placed the food on a stool in front of him. I opened my omlete and allowed the aroma to slap him on the face. The sitting room was filled with the appetising meal. The bread and the tea was there. I even added a bottle of non acholic wine.

Holy Ghost! You too much!

He looked at the food in front of him and then at me, who was fighting the urge to laugh.

"If I eat this food, you won't have anything left to eat", he said shamelessly.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Sir please go ahead!" I said respectfully and went for my kitchen.

I came back with another tray and sat beside him on the three seater couch. I placed my food on another stool. My tray contained omlete, bread, tea, blue band, and a plate of stew with two chicken laps.

Today Na today! Talk say my God no good.

He looked at my food and then at me.

"Oh God! Holy Ghost! Why are you resisting me from exploding in laughter?" I asked in frustration, as everything in me wanted to laugh so badly.

"Sir please eat my food!" I said to him.

"If you like chop! If you like no chop. That one no concern me!" I said inwardly.

To my surprise, he took the cutleries and began to eat.

Our breakfast lasted up to 10 minutes before we both stopped. I stood up to clear the dishes. He barely finished his meal.

Throughout the period we ate, I caught him staring at me with a confused look. But immediately our eyes met, he quickly looked away.

"Thank you!" I said as I came back from the kitchen.

"For what?" He asked.

"For eating at my place", I said.

I saw the frown on his face.

"Are you saying I'm a beggar? Are you trying to tell me I don't have food in my mansion?" He asked as his muscles tightened in a frown

Na wa oh. This guy is too pompous..

OMOLAYO AYO

"No sir! Just that I want you to stop acting as though I bite. That's all!" I said with a smile.

He looked away and said nothing.

I sat down at the couch opposite him this time.

"So how are you doing?" I asked, trying to break the silence.

"I should be the one asking you that!" He said and turned to face me abruptly.

"Why?" I asked with a calm smile.

"Susan, you have not been paid your salary for the past 3 months. Where did you get all these?" He asked frowning.

"Oh!" I raised an eye brow.

"Birds of the air do not sow or reap, yet your heavenly father feeds them...."

"Stop!" He shouted.

"Don't tell me a book gave you food!" He yelled.

Chai, this guy was a frustrated man.

"My Jesus has been taking good care of me. He's such a loving father", I replied with a calm voice.

He went silent. We both stared at each other without uttering a word.

So I decided to break the silence.

"Sir, why did you come to see me?" I asked.

He turned his face away and hissed.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I came to remind you that you have not been paid for the past 3 months and to find out how you're doing?" He said grimly.

I chuckled, placing my hand over my mouth.

"Awwn! That's so sweet of you!" I said softly.

He sensed the mockery in those words and grimaced.

"So when are you coming to get your salary?" He asked.

"What salary?" I asked feigning surprise.

"Susan, don't you want to be paid anymore?" He asked.

"You can have my salary. Afterall, you said it makes you richer".

"Susan!" He said with a calm voice.

"Actually, I have a better offer for you", he leaned forward.

"I'm giving you the sum of two hundred thousand naira. If only you can comply with me", he said in a hushed voice.

"SUSAN, CAN WE LAUGH?" The inner voice asked.

I threw myself on the cushion laughing. Oh my goodness! This is unbelievable! George! You're such a loser! Thank you Jesus! Thank you for putting shame on those that planned to mock me.

George stood up and walked towards the door. His pride had been hurt. He stood at the doorway and turned to look at me.

"Susan, you're such a fool! How can you work in a school for 3 months without being paid?" He said angrily.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Mr George, stop all this. Surrender your life to Jesus. He has been whispering his love into your heart all these while. He's been knocking for so long".

"Susan!" He shouted.

"You are crazy! By the time you have nothing left to eat, you would come back to your senses!"

"Sir please, don't forget to come here when next you're hungry!" I replied.

I saw the anger in his eyes. As he turned around and slammed my door loudly. He turned around, came back to my door and gave it a hard kick.

Oga George, Na wetin the door do you?

To be continued.....

Oh my goodness! I was just laughing as I wrote this episode.
Susan you too much

Collect five

May God disgrace all those who planned to mock us in Jesus name.

Mr George wants to seduce a millionaire with two hundred thousand naira. Shame!

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

"Wow! Sophia, I never thought it would be that easy", I said as I parked the car in my compound. I was taking driving lessons from Sophia.

Today seemed to be the best ever. I was ready to drive myself anywhere.
Like I said before, the Lord wanted me to remain in Queens high school.
So I began to ask God for what to do next. He didn't give me an answer. I didn't know he was going to speak through Sophia.

She met me one day and suggested I throw a party for all the staffs in the school.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Invite them to your new apartment to celebrate God's faithfulness in your life".

It sounded like a show off to me. A party in honour of God's faithfulness.

Sounds funny to those invitees. Since everyone were not serious believers, that would upset their stomachs.

"No! That would be awkward!" I said and waved it aside.
Then she asked.

"Fine, but when is your birthday?"

"Two weeks time", I answered.

"Then it is settled! Throw a party", she said.

"Sophia! Throwing a party for unsaved people won't be such a good idea. The music, the food and most especially the drinks".

"Yes! What about them?" She asked.

"I just don't want to create too much awareness", I replied.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Susan, I know you very well. You won't call them out there for a disco night or serve them alcohol. Rather, you would draw your sword and slay them all for Jesus.

You would get them drunken in the Holy Ghost. You would win them out of the Devil's grasp. A birthday party would be our little disguise".

I was wowed. That was how I got the idea of what God wanted me to do. So I began to prayerfully prepare. I invited everyone in the school except Mr George. Why? God asked me not to.

And if I went further to ask why, he wouldn't say anything. So I decided to leave that one for him and focused on the bigger plan.

Today's the day, Sophia and I had driven to get some of the items we needed. Lola, Tessy and her younger brother, Dan were already helping us arrange the place.

Soon our guests started pouring in. Mr Wilson and his wife. Some other staffs and officials. Yeah, they all came in nice outfits. They all looked beautiful and stunning. Soon the house was filled with my colleagues.

They had gifts with them and wished me well. But I was not in that place one bit. I had done prayer walk for three days in that sitting room.

I had spoken to the cushions and the entire house, setting the entire place on fire. I had bought the food items on Friday and in the night by twelve midnight, I spoke into the food items. Commanding the concience of all who ate of them to come back to life, nomatter how tough.
Soon, they were all seated to hear what I had to say. The moment had come. Susan, you're a killer! I drew out my rifle.

"I'm so glad you're all here to celebrate with me. Truth be told God has been so faithful. That's why we are all here. But in the midst of everything he gave us a responsibility.
You are the light of the world", I said and looked around.

OMOLAYO AYO

"We as believers are sent to be light to this dark world, but Satan came to trade. A trade by barter.

He exchanged our lights for darkness and we signed the documents by an act of sin.

Rueben was supposed to be a light to his generation. He was supposed to take the mantle of leadership from his father Jacob. Satan saw the light he was carrying. And came to him with a pot of stew, like he did to Esau.

Sell me your glory!"

I could see remorse on the faces of the people in front of me. God was at work.

"Rueben! I have a lady here. She's everything you want in a woman. Let's exchange your glory for this lady's bed. That was where the exchange happened.

The mantle was lifted from him and fell on Simeon and Levi, but they failed God. They killed innocent men because of their sister.

God said what of Judah? Judah slept with his daughter in law and got her pregnant. God said no! This thing is not meant to be handled casually. The whole earth was in darkness. God needed a man, but he found only Joseph.

When Satan saw he was carrying the light of his generation, he came to trade.

Why would a same woman prefer intimacy with a slave? It was beyond normal. There was something so precious to gain from this
transaction the woman was not ashamed to be in bed with a slave".

Some of the people present were already crying.

"Joseph! Give me this glory on your head. Joseph said no. Satan kept coming everyday. Give it to me.

Never! Ha ha ha ha ha!

OMOLAYO AYO

Give me your glory!

We collected Dinah's glory, we collected Rueben's glory and we have turned Judah into a man that chases after prostitutes. You are the only one left. Joseph said never!

Satan was so frustrated that he tried to take it by force. And Joseph was so determined that he had to keep it by force.

How much did you sell your own?"
Sounds of people crying, filled the room.

Some of my colleagues laid on the floor weeping.

"Joseph so carried God in him that even the Gentile Pharaoh said, 'THE SPIRIT OF GOD IS IN HIM'.
And I sought for a man!"

"Lord have mercy!" I lady screamed.

"Jesus, I've lost it! I've failed you!" One said from another end.
I smiled.

"Yes! Yes! The Lord is said in Ezekiel 22:30. And I sought for a man among them, that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none.
I sought for you.

But today he has found you. Because, if you take away the letter N from the word NONE, you'll have ONE.

Yes! The Lord has found you.

Take me back to the place where I started.

Break the chains and let me go free.

OMOLAYO AYO

I just can't stay away any longer.

Take me back Lord to Calvary", I sang as all over the place, souls were reconciled back to God.

"You were supposed to be a light to your generation, but you traded with the Devil. You were carrying the kind of grace Joseph carried.

The world world would have died of hunger if Joseph had not stood for God. The seven years famine was enough to finish the human race. All the nations of the world came to Egypt and bowed down at Joseph's feet, to buy food.

Satan knew what he was bargaining when he offered you that money. It's time to return. Yes! Who's returning to her maker? His arms are outstretched. He's waiting to embrace you. He's here to restore what the Devil stole from you.

Yes! For this reason, the son of God was made manifest that he might destroy the works of the Devil. Go ahead and pour those tears before him.

Oh! Wasted years! But God is here to rewrite stories!" I looked around as everywhere in the sitting room, souls were being reconciled to God.

To be continued.....

Susan is doing it. She shooting her rifle ooo. She's so full of surprises. Ride on sis!

Let's see what happens next as Queens high school is set on fire for Jesus.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I pulled into the parking lot and turned off my ignition.

"Thank you Jesus!" I breathed down in relief.

It was my first time driving into the school. I had a little bit of first timer's fear.

I took my purse and stepped out.

As soon as I shut the door, I saw Mr George watching me. I didn't know he was there. He had this shock on his face that refused to disappear.

Oga George, you never see anything.

"I walked up to him to say hello. Of course na. My keys dangling in my fingers.

"Good morning sir!" I greeted politely with a smile.

He looked at me and then to the car behind me.

"Look at me sir, I'm over here!" I said inwardly.

"Who owns that ride?" He asked.

"Oh! That's mine!" I said casually.

I saw the colour of his face change.

He looked at me with angry eyes and nodded.

"Seems like you are doing fine without your salary. What's keeping you here? He asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I gave you my word. I told you I would never tender a resignation letter and I will keep my word. I also told you that you would be the one to give me a sack letter".

"So let me guess! I'm the one keeping you here?" He asked bluntly.

"If that is how you see it", I answered.

He chuckled.

"Then, I must be really lucky to have free workers like you. May I remind you that I promised never to fire you. Do you remember I promised you?" He asked.

I smiled and looked at him.

"My memories are completely retentive. I don't need your reminder".

"Good! So get to work!" He said pointing towards the staffs building.

"Don't forget I told you that you would be the one to sack me. I guess you would be doing that very soon", I grinned.

He looked at me with a frown.

"What gives you such confidence?" He asked.

"No more fun for you!" I said and hurried off.

I looked back at him and saw the confusion on his face. But I was not ready to start explaining myself.

"I never lose Susan! Do you hear me? You would serve me for the rest of your life!" He yelled after me.

"God forbid!" I said to myself.

"Rather you would lose to my Jesus and serve him", I added.

OMOLAYO AYO

Classes went on as usual.

I had been about my duties when Tara, one of my new converts came to meet me.

"Susan please forgive me!" She pleaded.

I was struck with fear. What has she done? Why is she asking for my forgiveness?

"What happened?" I asked.

"Mr George is so mad and he wants to see you", she said with pleading eyes.

George is so mad! Who cares? Let him do fast and fire me. Infact, Holy Ghost, teach me all those things that can easily get him angry so he can get me fired", I said within me.

"But how does Mr George getting angry has anything to do with you?" I asked her.

"I was too careless. He asked me to join him in his car after closing hours. I knew what he meant and told him I was not going to comply.

He asked why and I told him Miss Susan invited me to her house and preached to me. She told me to stop my immoral lifestyle and I agreed. So I'm sorry I can't".

I saw the fear in her eyes.

"I was so stupid. I should have told him I was born again and reconciled back to God. I knew he was going to laugh at me if I said that. I was too scared to tell him my new identity. I just offered you as a Lamb.
He got angry and screamed that I leave. As I left, he ordered me to send for you. I'm so sorry!"

I smiled.

OMOLAYO AYO

"That's okay! I know how to handle Mr George. It's not my first time. Cheer up sis!"

I patted her on the shoulder and drew her close. I look into her eyes.

"The Lord is so proud of you!"
Those words lifted her Spirit. I saw the sadness in her eyes fading away.

"But I got you into trouble!" She said worriedly.

"Relax my dear, God is in control", I grinned.

I hugged her and left for Mr George's office.

I knocked and entered.

"Susan what is wrong with you?" He asked fumming with anger.

I smiled and say down like a princess.

"Good afternoon sir!" I greeted calmly.

He looked at me for a while and sighed.

I grinned broadly and saw how it angered him.

"So this is your handwork?" He asked.

"Sir! Please I'm a free teacher. Allow me do my job!" I smiled.

"So you are spreading your virus? Infecting everyone in this place, right? He asked.

"Not virus sir. I'm actually spreading the light of Jesus and chasing away the darkness of immorality in this place", I said.

"Enough!" He said and stood up abruptly.

OMOLAYO AYO

"You are not allowed to preach in this school. You must not preach your useless religion to any staff in this school. You will not be permitted to hold prayer meetings with the students anymore".

"Or what?" I interrupted.

He paused and looked into my eyes.

"You'll seize my salary or what? Fire me?" I smiled.

"No you won't fire me. You promised not to. So I'm left with one option. I'll be the second boss here and turn this place upside down".

I saw the shock in his eyes. He looked at me and was completely blank.

I chuckled and stood up.

"Mr George! Get ready to seize more salaries and get richer. But I promise you one thing. You'll never get my sisters in Christ on your bed of immorality ever again", I said with red eyes.

He clapped his hands in mockery.
I smiled watching him.

"Sisters in Christ! Rubbish! The same ones who climbed my bed to retain their jobs. Do you deserve to call them sisters? Ive got a better name for them. Harlots, prostitutes, fools, cheap women".

"Sorry sir, but I disagree with you. 2 Corinthians 5:17. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

So I'll call them, the redeemed, the justified, the purified, the...

He picked up a book and threw it at me. I raised my hands to my face in defence, shielding myself.

OMOLAYO AYO

I moved back and stood at a distance.

"George, why are you doing this to yourself?" You know he's there! You hear his voice! Why do you harden your heart?" I asked.

I was shocked by what I saw in his eyes. Tears! Oh my God! Was he crying? I took a step forward and the Devil in him resurfaced.

"Get out!" He screamed.

I moved back. I wanted to say one or two things, but I felt the Holy Ghost nudging me to leave.

I opened the door and met 4 of our staffs eavesdropping.

I smiled and placed a finger on my lips.

They all grinned at me and dispatched to their various duties.

I laid my hand on the door of Mr George's office and prayed.

"Lord! He's one of your lost sheep. I have sowed the seed, go and continue from where I have stopped".

To be continued.....

Mr George, whether you like it or not, you must serve Jesus oh

One thing we must not forget when preaching to a soul is, we are not the soul winner.

We are only farmers. We plant and that's all we do

After the farmer finish planting, he begins to beg God for growth and increase.

OMOLAYO AYO

That's exactly what we do. Once we preach, we sow. The same way God makes the seeds to grow is the same way he makes the word we spoke convict the sinner.

Please sister, "I WILL MARRY HIM AND CONVERT HIM", Be careful.

You are not a CONVERTER!
You are a PREACHER!

You don't make the seeds grow. You only put them in the soil, expecting growth. It is God that will do the rest.

This message is for somebody.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"So I want to advice us all to stand firm in the Lord. Let us light our lamps and set those around us on fire", I typed and sent on the WhatsApp group.

I created a WhatsApp group for all my Queens high school converts. We met online to study God's word and strengthen one another, just like we are doing right now.

"Like I said, let's set those around us on fire. There are people around you. Truth be told, not all the staffs in Queens accepted Jesus at the same time in my house. But we all have work to do.

If you go after the one next to you and I go after the one next to me? In no time, we'll have an army of believers.

So I want you all to get to work. Tara, go after the person next to you. Sophia, preach to your bestie and don't relent".

"Yes ma!" Sophia sent her reply.

Another sent a sticker of the word,"Yes".

"The Lord will help us", came Tara's response.

"Okay then! Is there any of us facing a particular challenge?" I asked.

"I am!" Sophia replied.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Please share it with us?" Another lady typed.

"I've been struggling financially. You know very well Mr George has stopped paying us for our refusal to meet his demands. I have a bulk of debts to settle.

OMOLAYO AYO

I'm the only child of my parents and it had been my habit to send money to them at the end of each month.

For the past two months, I've been unable to do so. They have been asking me why I stopped looking after them. Just as Susan advised me, I can't tell them the reason.

They are not believers. They will tell me to go on and give my body to my boss. So I gave them stories to keep them busy. Please, I need God's help so much. I will never compromise my stand, but I need his intervention. I need him to supply my needs.

Please, include me in your prayers.
I was touched by her lack, but I knew God was at work. Sometimes, we end up destroying his good work.

I remembered what Mr Wilson had told me a few days ago.

He called me into his office for a brief word and told me some things that made me gasp in surprise..

"Do you remember when I told you I was praying to God to send someone to us?" He asked.

"Yes", I replied.

"That was not all! I as also aware of all the things Mr George did to break your walls of conviction. I was there when he stopped Chioma's salary. I knew how painful it was to her.

I wanted to support her financially, but the Lord told me not to. I was shocked. Someone was in lack and needed help, but God said, don't.

When I asked why? He told me that I would be spoiling what he is doing.
I was wowed. What did he mean by that?

OMOLAYO AYO

He told me he was teaching Chioma to depend on him for provision and not on her salary. He said that she had made an idol out of her salary as her one and only source instead of him. So he wanted to turn her attention to him and not her salary.

He was only breaking her into a worthy vessel, but she didn't understand.

Your case was not any different. He also told me to back out. I know you were wondering why I never rendered any assistance?"

"Yes sir!" I said in awe.

This God is so awesome. Look at what he was doing at my back? I was asking why all these things were happening to me, but he never gave me the answers. He was busy telling someone else about me.

"All he allowed me to do was to offer you words of encouragement. I know sometimes you were like, why is this guy not giving me money?" He said and chuckled.

I started laughing too.

"Sometimes, we are moved to give, but God's hand is not the one stirring us. We are just moved by that morality in us. But we must not ignore the leading of the Holy Spirit in all we do. He is there to guide us.

Just because something is the right thing to do doesn't mean God wants us to do it. He has a perfect plan and we must follow all his instructions to achieve this plan".

That was one of the biggest lesson I had ever learnt.

So as Sophia narrated all that happened to her, I was calm. I asked the inner voice if I was permitted to help her.

"SUSAN! I WILL SHOW YOU HOW YOU MUST DO IT !" Came the gentle response.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I WANT YOU TO HIDE YOUR IDENTITY", he added.

"How?" I asked.

"CALL ELLA AND TELL HER TO HELP YOU DELIVER IT TO HER. YOU ARE GOING TO TELL HER NOT TO REVEAL WHO SENT HER OR WHY SHE IS HELPING SOPHIA. SHE IS TO APPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY AND DELIVER IT TO HER, THEN LEAVE IMMEDIATELY".

I was amazed. God is such a strategist.

"Let me get this straight. Ella walks up to Sophia and says. The Lord sent me to you. Take this, he asked me to give this to you. Then when Sophia collects it, she leaves. Wow!"

"YES!" I felt him smiling and smiled back.

"But why all these process? Why can't I just walk up to her and give her the money?" I asked.

"I'M WORKING ON HER. I'M TEACHING HER TO TRUST IN ME. IF YOU APPEAR BEFORE HER WITH WHAT SHE NEEDS, SHE WOULD MAKE AN IDOL OUT OF YOU. SO SHE MUST NOT KNOW THE PERSON HELPING HER. THE NEXT TIME SHE NEEDS HELP, SHE WILL TURN TO ME FOR HELP AND NOT MAN".

I smiled and continued typing with my phone as others consoled her. We prayed together online and brought the meeting to an end.

After the meeting, I called Ella and told her my plans. She agreed with me and we planned our manner of approach.

On a particular day, Sophia called me. She was completely excited on the phone.

"Susan! God is so good! She said laughing.

"What happened?" I asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I was wondering what I was going to eat this morning when someone knocked on my door. I opened it and found a complete stranger.

I was like, who are you?

"Are you Miss Sophia?" She asked.

"Yes!" I answered, a bit frightened.

"The Lord wants you to have this", she said and handed me an envelope.

"He said I should tell you he's so proud of you. He said you should continue trusting in him, that he will never disappoint those that trust in him.

Psalm 20:7. Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we trust in the name of the LORD our God.

Take away your trust from people. They will definitely fail you, but God will not".

Those were they words the mysterious lady told me.

She suddenly turned and left.

"Excuse me ma! Who are you?" What is your name?" She didn't respond.

She entered her car and drove off.
When I opened the envelope, it was Five hundred thousand"

I was shocked. I gave Ella one hundred thousand naira. How did the money increase? Also, I never gave Ella those Scriptures to share with Sophia.

"Susan, I never knew God loves me this much! I will serve this God till I die!" She said admist tears of joy.
I smiled and told her all was well.

"Keep on obeying God and trust on him. He will not disappoint you", I said.

OMOLAYO AYO

When our conversation ended, I quickly called Ella and poured out my questions.

She laughed and told me those were the instructions God gave her. She also added that God put the words in her mouth to share with Sophia.

I was happy. God was at work. That was a great beginning. Sophia's testimony inspired more staffs to dare God and obey him. Soon we had 95% of the staffs as our converts.

We kept preaching God's word online and meeting there to strengthen our faith. Soon more and more testimonies of mysterious provision sounded. God was moving in our midst as we all strengthened each other's faith with our testimonies.

Soon, more of George's immorality partners turned from him and became rebellious. They accepted Jesus and refused to allow sin in their lives.

When George could not bear it anymore, he decided to fire me.

To be continued.....

Watch out for the next episode as Susan finally gets fired.

*Wasn't George determined to keep her in the school?

*Didn't he promise her he would never lose?

Sometimes, we are moved to give, but God's hand is not the one stirring us. We are just moved by that morality in us. But we must not ignore the leading of the Holy Spirit in all we do. He is there to guide us.

Just because something is the right thing to do doesn't mean God wants us to do it. He has a perfect plan and we must follow all his instructions to achieve this plan.

As many that are led of the Spirit, they are the sons of God.

OMOLAYO AYO

I'm not encouraging us to be stingy, but I'm encouraging us to be more attentive to the Holy Spirit, even when it comes to helping people.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

I opened the door and entered the office.

He was standing at the window, his back turned to me.

"Sit!" He said in a calm voice.

I smiled and sat down quietly.

Both of us didn't say anything for almost two minutes. All I could hear was the sound of his heart beat, sir pressing his anger.

"Lord, what's going on?" I asked.

"DON'T BE AFRAID! I HAVE PUT MY WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH!" Came the gentle whisper and I relaxed.

"Susan!" He finally broke the silence.

"Getting you into this school was the biggest mistake of my life. Allowing you stay when you refused to comply with me, was even worse. I have come to a conclusion. Two captains cannot lead the same ship".

"They can sir!" I grinned.

"All they need to do is to take turns".

"Susan!" He banged his fist on the table. I jerked, but threw a smile at him.

He opened a drawer and brought out an envelope.

"Your services, or should I say, your virus is no longer needed here. You are fired!" He said, placing the envelope on the table.

I smiled and looked at him.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I thought you said you would never fire me?" I asked.

"I did, but now I realise that decision was a mistake. I regret every bit of it. So I have willingly decided to lose. Please make sure you celebrate your victory when you get out of this office", he said and turned to a file on his table.

I sighed and leaned forward. He was avoiding my eyes. He just didn't want to look into them. Whenever our eyes met, he looked away.

"So why have you chosen not to lose to him?" I asked in a soft voice.

"Who?" He asked.

"Jesus!" I replied.

He hissed and looked away.

"Christians are all fake. They are decievers. My Dad was a Christian, but he did whatever he wanted with women. I was not even ready to believe there was anything good in being a Christian.

Years ago, I was in a garage when an elderly man met me. He told me he wanted to preach to me, but I waved him off."

"Thank you Jesus! Finally, he's talking", I said inwardly.

"He kept following me around and preached to me. He told me that I would be meat for Hell fire if I don't repent. Angry, I turned and slapped him. I believe that as a Christian, what he was commanded to do was to turn the other cheek for a second slap. But this guy dropped his Bible on the ground and grabbed my shirt. 'Two of us go die today!' he shouted.

I was so disappointed in him. I got so angry that I began to strangle him. It was the intervention of the garage boys that saved him. I would have sent that idiot to his ancestors.
Susan, Christians are fake. They are people who think they can be better, but are only pretending they are. Forget this Jesus stuff or anything".

OMOLAYO AYO

I sighed and looked at him. I drew my chair closer and leaned forward.

"George!" I called.

"What is it?" He asked looking at the file in his hand.

"Look at me!"

"Why?"

"Just do it", I said pleadingly.

He looked at me and our gaze held.

"Tell me that Jesus is not real! Look me in the eyes and tell me he is not real!"

He opened his mouth and was not able to utter a word. He looked away and bowed his head.

"George! How long will you keep hardening your heart? Please give Jesus a chance. You are tired of this life. I know you are",

He stood up and walked towards the shelves. He searched for what was not missing for a few seconds and leaned his head on the shelf.

I stood up and walked to meet him. I placed my hand on his shoulder and saw his shoulders rise. He didn't turn to look at me.

His heart was racing fast.

"George! I know you feel you have done the unpardonable. You feel so dirty and unredeemable. No, God is bigger than all your problems. You have hurt alot of people, but God is ready to forgive you. If only you can accept him. If only you can lay your burdens at his feet.

Please George, accept his offer of mercy and be free. You have been carrying this weight of guilt for so long. It's time to be free".

OMOLAYO AYO

He sighed and shook his head.

"George, deep inside you, you're a good man. There's a kind soul inside you. You love people so much, but you cannot explain why you see yourself hurting others. Only Jesus can help you truly love.

Yes George, my God is love. He can teach you how to love. Just give him the opportunity to make things right. Accept Jesus!"

He turned and looked at me. His eyes were clouded with tears.

"Thank you Jesus!" I said within me.

Suddenly, he drew out one of the hard cover notes from the shelf and made to hit me. He had a little difficulty in pulling out the tightly arranged books, so I had enough time to escape. But I stood.

He hit me with the book. I made no effort to block him. He hit me a second time on the head and I took it.

He hit me real hard the third time and I gave a cry of pain.

When he stopped, I looked up at him, expecting more hits. I saw the shock on his face. He was surprised I made no effort to defend myself.

But his hand was hanging in the air, about to make a fourth hit. I shut my eyes in expectation, making no effort to defend myself.

He threw the book away and screamed loudly.

"Get out!" He shouted.

My tears rolled down my cheeks as I turned to leave.

I looked back and saw him watching me. Our eyes met and we held our gaze.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Romans 5:7. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

Verse 8. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us", I said with a sad smile.

Those words had an effect on him. He moved back and hit his back on the shelf, sending some of the neatly arranged books crashing in the process.

"Get out!" He screamed.

I was almost touching the door knob when I heard him say.

"I cannot escape the consequences of what I have done. Nomatter the forgiveness Jesus offers, I will never be free from the consequences. So what's the point?" He said to himself.

"SUSAN! TURN BACK!" Came the gentle whisper.

To be continued.....

*Hmmm George stubborn ooooo.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER NINETEEN

I walked as quietly as possible that he could not hear my footsteps.

When I noticed he sensed my presence, I quickly spoke.

"George", I called softly.
Of course, pregnancy is a normal thing. Anything can get pregnant. A goat, a dog, a hen and even a Christian hen", I said and saw his eyes widened in shock.

"What do we do about the pregnancy? The normal thing!" I continued.

"Don't tell me you want me to murder someone? She replied and you told her she was exaggerating! It's not a human. It's called foetus. It's yet to become human. Besides, it's unwanted!

Then you told her to announce her immorality to her church.

Announce to your church pastor that you are a mother to be. Announce to the members of your congregation that you were such a good example of a Christian lady by birthing a child out of wedlock", I said.

"Susan! Who are you?" He asked drifting backwards.

"Did I rape you?" I continued, ignoring his question.

"I never forced you into bed with me did I? You saw my terms and conditions and complied as a good girl you are! Did I hear you correctly?

A Christian? You? What a joke! What does your Bible call the act of sleeping with someone you are not married to? Fornication right? I don't care to know what you call yourself, but if truly there is anything called a Christian, you are not! You are an idiot! A disgrace to God!

Even Muslims are far better than you. They obey Allah and do all his bidding. Look at you! What a disgrace!"

OMOLAYO AYO

I poured out all he said, word for word. I walked up slowly to meet him. One step at a time.

"Oh my God! Susan what is happening?" He whispered.

"You are beginning to sound like...

"Chioma!" I interrupted.

His eyes widened in shock.
"You're her Ghost!" He asked and went on his knees.

"I'm not a Ghost Mr George!" I said and looked into his eyes.

"I only knew a lady who was so determined to kill you at all cost, because Chioma was her friend. You said you would never be able to escape the consequences of your actions. But I'm here tell you that if it were not for Jesus, you would have been a dead man by now.

Jesus told this lady to forgive you and she did" I looked into his eyes and smiled.

"George, he can help you escape the consequences. If only you allow him",

His breath was rapid. He was already sweating despite the air-conditioning.

"Who is this lady? He asked.

I wanted to tell him, immediately, I felt a restraint in my spirit.

So I kept quiet.

"Susan! He said and stood up quickly.

"Since you have chosen not to leave my office, then I'll have to leave it for you", he said and walked out, not giving me the opportunity to reply him.

"Why is this so difficult?" I ask in frustration.

OMOLAYO AYO

"HE HAS MADE UP HIS MIND AND WANTS TO KEEP IT AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS SOUL. THE TRUTH IS CLEAR TO HIM, BUT HE REJECTED IT. HE HAS SUCH A STRONG WILL. IMAGINE IF SUCH A MAN HAS A STRONG WILL TO SERVE ME?" The inner voice whispered.

"So what can I do? My mission here is over! I've been fired!" I replied, still in his office.

"WHO TOLD YOU THAT? DON'T PICK THAT LETTER! IT'S NOT FOR YOU! I NEED YOU TO GO HOME AND PRAY!"

I quickly rushed out of the office and went for the staffs building. I took my bag and all the stuffs I came with and rushed out.

"Susan!" Sophia called running after me.

"Why the rush? What's going on?" She asked.

"I'm fired!" I wanted to say, but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth.

"SUSAN! I TOLD YOU THAT YOU ARE NOT FIRED!" Came the gentle reminder.

"Oh! I'm so sorry! But what do I tell her?"

"TELL HER SOMEONE IS CALLING YOU! DON'T TELL HER IT WAS ME", He replied.

I turned to her.

"I got a call from a friend. Don't worry about me. I'm fine!" I smiled and saw her tension eased.

"Okay!" She said and left.

I quickly rushed to where my car was parked and got in. I was already blasting in tongues as I drove. The burden to pray was so heavy on me that I felt like bursting on the way.

OMOLAYO AYO

As soon as I got to my house. I hurriedly took off my heels and ran bare footed to my door. Someone who saw me would think I am crazy.

I opened the door and locked it behind me. Throwing my keys, heels and bag on the floor, I burst into tongues.

I was like someone who was pressed and needed to go to the restroom. Chai, I was groaning fervently. Beads of sweat were dropping from my face. I prayed until all the energy in me was almost gone.

"SUSAN! GO AND COOK! Came the instruction.

I was surprised. Hot prayer sections was going on and instead of giving me prayer point, he was telling me to go and cook.

"SO YOU ARE MORE SPIRITUAL THAN ME ABI? GO AND COOK FOR ME!" He teased.

Laughter and joy bubbled within me as I rose up and went into the kitchen.

"COOK BEANS OH! IT'S BEANS WE ARE EATING TODAY! I'M TIRED OF EATING NOODLES!" He said.

I started laughing.

"Daddy, you don't eat physical food Jor! Which one is we are eating? I'm the only one eating here", I replied.

"BUT I'M INSIDE YOU! SO ANYTHING YOU DO TO THE LEAST OF MY BRETHREN, YOU DID IT TO ME!"

"Wow!" I chuckled.

"So when I give a cup of water to myself, it's also the same as when I give one of your children a cup of water?"

"YES! AND I LOVE BALANCED DIET!"

OMOLAYO AYO

I almost threw myself on the floor laughing.

"Daddy, stop teasing me jare! You are talking as if you eat physical food!"

"BUT I DO!"

"Give me an instance where you ate
physical food in the Bible!" I said while preparing the food.

"I ATE AT ABRAHAM'S HOUSE. DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN ME AND TWO ANGELS WERE ON OUR WAY TO SODOM?"

"Wow!" I smiled.

"INFACT THE MILK WE DRANK AT ABRAHAM'S HOUSE WAS SO DELICIOUS!"

I burst into laughter. I leaned on the kitchen counter and laughed so much that my stomach tighened.

"Daddy! Stop making me laugh. I'm supposed to be in a serious mood. I need to be praying in the spirit. We need to stop gisting about food", I said, trying to pull his legs.

"YOU WANT TO TELL ME YOU ARE MORE SPIRITUAL THAN ME ABI? IF I CATCH YOU!" He threatened.

I laughed and was about to send the food on fire, when he said.

"ADD MORE TO IT! MAKE IT DOUBLE OF THE ACTUAL AMOUNT YOU COOK ", He said.

"Okay!" I replied and did as instructed.

My gist partner did not leave me alone oh. He kept telling me stuffs about food and would tell me when to go back to the kitchen to check what I'm cooking. He would also tell me when to put ingredients and when I get there, it was just as he said.

OMOLAYO AYO

After the food was ready, I served myself and ate. After eating, I leaned on the couch and decided to rest.

Mr George was driving his car when another car double crossed him.
He was still in shock when a bunch of hoodlums rushed out. They had clubs in their hands and used it on him. He took several hits and fell into unconsciousness. But they kept hitting him to make sure he was dead.

I jerked on the couch.

"Jesus! What was that?" I asked. I was panting heavily. I placed my hand on my chest and breathed down.

"It is well!" I said in whisper.

Soon my phone began to ring. I picked it up and checked the caller. It was Mr Wilson. It was strange of him to call me, except on serious matters.

"Hello sir!" I said as I answered the call.

"Mr George was attacked".

My heart almost jumped out of my chest. Thank God for ribcage.

"What happened?" I asked.

"He was attacked by hoodlums. He was almost killed if not for the intervention of a police patrol car. He's been taken to the hospital".

"Which hospital?" I asked.

To be continued.....

*What happened to Mr George?

*What's about to happen?

OMOLAYO AYO

Find out in the next chapter.

How many of you loved the way Susan was gisting with the Holy Spirit?

Have you experienced what she did. I'm talking about when the Holy Ghost would tell her to go and check the food on fire.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY

"SUSAN, WAIT!" The inner voice commanded and I paused in my tracks.

"TAKE SOME OF THE FOOD YOU PREPARED ALONG WITH YOU!" He said.

"Okay!" I replied and went for the kitchen.

After packing the food and putting a few things in order, I got into my car.

I arrived at the hospital and saw Mr Wilson and Sophia walking out of the building.

"Susan! Thank God to are here!" Sophia said and ran to me.

"What's happening now? How is he?" I asked.

"The doctors want to give him some drugs, but he told us to get him food. He has not eaten anything today", she answered.

"Thank you Holy Spirit!" I smiled within me.

"That would not be necessary. I came here with food", I said and turned to my car.

"Wow! You're such an Angel!" Mr Wilson said as I came back with the food.

We returned to the hospital, but only Mr Wilson was allowed into his ward. So Sophia and I waited in the common room.

Soon, Sophia left to take care of some important stuffs and Mr Wilson too. I was the only one left, waiting for him.

Actually, I wasn't really the only one. My gist partner kept me company. I found myself smiling without control. The nurses who passed, were staring at me strangely. Because I found myself giggling several times.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Daddy! Please stop! You are embarrassing me publicly!" I said within me, grinning.

"LET THEM BE EMBARASSED. FOR GOD HAS CHOSEN THE FOOLISH THINGS OF THIS WORLD, TO RUBBISH THE WISDOM OF THIS WORLD", He replied.

Soon I brought out my phone and logged on WhatsApp. I entered the WhatsApp group for my Queens high school staffs and typed.

"Beloved! This is a wonderful opportunity to show that God is love to a lost soul. I know he must not expect anyone of us to come and visit him. But Jesus wants us to love despite the evil he did to us.

I'm not saying this to prove a point, but I'm saying this to everyone that would have to resist the spirit of paying evil for evil. Let's put the Devil to shame and show our boss the love of God. The love that pardons.

The love that forgives and forget.
We have taught on this topic several times. Now's the time for Bible study practicals. Jesus said, I was sick and ye visited me. See it as a deed done to Jesus and not to a mere mortal.

I want all of us to come in our numbers and say hello to George. He's only a soul that does not know the Lord yet.

I think I'm talking too much. Have a nice day. I'll be expecting you all. I love you all, my family in Christ".
I posted it and waited for a few minutes.

Those who were online at the moment, began to reply my text.

Someone replied my text with a scripture.

"Matthew 5:43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

OMOLAYO AYO

Verse 44. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

Verse 45. That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

I replied with a smiling emoji.

"God bless you sister Susan! We are definitely going to be there", came someone's reply.

"We would not disappoint God! Sweet Jesus is on the hospital bed! I'm coming my darling!" Came another's response.

I replied with laughing emoji.

"That's the Spirit sis!" Came another's response.

"It's difficult sister. Sometimes I remember the two babies I aborted for him. But with God, all things are possible, including forgivenesss. So, I won't give bitterness a room in my heart", someone replied.

I smiled and replied her.

"God bless you sister!"

"I LOVE YOU SO MUCH SUSAN!" Came that voice I was so familiar with.

I smiled and felt butterflies in my stomach.

"Daddy, I know you do. You don't need to say that!" I said inwardly.

"SUSAN! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH FOR THE WORK YOU ARE DOING ON THOSE SOULS. YOU HAVE FED THEM WITH MY WORD DAY AND NIGHT. THEY HAVE

OMOLAYO AYO

GOTTEN REAL STRONGER AND BETTER. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! CAN WE HUG?" He asked.

I started laughing silently. I was smiling like a newly wedded bride.

An ebony nurse stood watching me, but I ignored her.

"Yes!" I said. I wrapped my arms around myself and with my Imagination, I pictured him hugging me.

Instantly, I felt joy. Indescribable joy. My smile was so evident on my face.I can't explain how I was feeling, but I didn't want the feelings to stop. It felt as if someone was actually hugging me, but cannot be seen physically.

"You!" The nurse pointed at me.
This woman has distracted my fun.

I opened my eyes and saw her glaring at me.

"Why are you smiling like a mad woman?" She asked.

Her colleagues around started laughing.

"You won't understand!" I said with a smile on my face.

"I'm so happy! So happy I have Jesus in my life. All my life he has been so faithful. He has been so good to me. He's been my father ever since I became an orphan".

She looked at me like someone who had gone insane. But I smiled at her.

"If you don't understand me, you can go ahead with your work", I said and turned to my phone.

She walked away from me, leaving me to myself and my loving Daddy.

OMOLAYO AYO

A few minutes later. The doctor came to speak with me about George's condition. He told me I was free to see him.

I stood up immediately and thanked the doctor. I whispered a few prayers on the way to George's ward.

I entered and saw him sitting up. A bandage was wrapped around his head. His left eye was swollen and half shut.

My memories flashed back to when he threw a book at me that collided with my left eye.

Truth be told, God had a way of avenging those who wronged us. But instead of being happy he was dealing with him for all the pains he had cause me and my friends, I was feeling sorry for him.

Yes, he had caused people pain and he was getting what he deserved. But now I saw why God was so slow in revenge. I felt like weeping for him. I felt like telling God his punishment was too much.

He looked at me and bowed his head on in shame.

I sat on the chair beside his bed and stared at him. There was silence for a few minutes.

"Susan!" He called in a pain choked up voice.

I looked up at him. I desperately wanted to start a sermon, but God wasn't putting words in my mouth, so all I did was to listen.

"You fed me Susan! You fed me when a while ago I was hitting you with my library books".

He was close to tears.

"Susan, I never paid you a dime for the past 5 months, yet you could treat me like this? Despite the evil I have done, you have shown me kindness.

OMOLAYO AYO

My question is, why are you kind to me? I don't deserve it".

I smiled and took his hand. The Lord is seriously at work.

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

God loved you, even when you were still living in sin. He didn't wait till you were a better person before sending Jesus to die for you. George, he loves you so much.

He sent me to you. He sent me to help you understand that his love is unconditional. You don't need to deserve it. All you have to do is to accept it.

"Susan!" He said softly.

"If Jesus could love me this much, even in my evil ways, what does he want in return?"

"Accept him! Accept his love. Surrender to him",

"Susan, you don't know the things I've done. I've been a...

"I don't care what you did Mr George. God's mercy does not only pardon your sins, it justifies you. It declares you innocent and makes you completely a free man", I replied.

He looked into my eyes and sighed.

"You mean God will justify me, despite all I have done?" He asked.

"Yes!" I answered.

"What about the consequences of my sins?"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Hebrews 8:12. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

George God is ready to cleanse you. He is ready to save you from judgement and condemnation. Are you ready to accept him?"

He placed his hand on mine and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"I want this Jesus".

I felt the Holy Ghost within me dancing. Joy filled me like air that I wanted to explode.

Like a dream come true, I watched Mr George say the sinners prayer.
As soon as he was done, he looked up at me and smiled.

I almost wanted to scream

"CONGRATULATIONS SUSAN! YOU HAVE JUST SLAIN MR GEORGE! NICE REVENGE MY GIRL! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!"

I was about to scream in excitement when I remembered George was still looking at me. I stood up about to scream in excitement.

"Sir! Please excuse me!" I told him and didn't wait for his permission before rushing out.

Getting to the common room, I met all my converts waiting.

They stood up and saw me holding my mouth.

"What happened?"

"Is he okay?"

"What's wrong with him?"

OMOLAYO AYO

The questions came from different angles.

"He's born again.....!" I screamed.

"Yesssssss!!!!! They all screamed along with me.

To be continued.....

There's a new name written down on glory

And it's mine, oh yes it's mine

And the white robed Angels sing the story.

A sinner has come home.

There's a new name written down in glory.

And it's mine, oh yes it's mine

With my sins forgiven I am bound for heaven.

Never more to roam.

At last! The iroko tree has fallen.
Finally, it's no longer Mr George but Brother George.

How many of you loved the way Susan was enjoying God's company whIle waiting to see George?
When God is punishing those who wronged you, how do you feel about it?

Do you say,"serves you right! You deserve it! Thank you Jesus!"
Or sympathize with them and use the opportunity to win them for Jesus?

We are called to love unconditionally, just like our saviour.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY ONE

It's been three months after Mr George became Brother George. An experience I will never forget. I'm so glad for my sisters in Christ. They all made Jesus proud that day.

One by one they had a moment with George and told him how Jesus saved them and commanded forgiveness.

They all forgave him and treated him like a completely different person. Even when George tried to bring back memories and failed to resist the spirit of guilt, they waved his wrong doings aside.

I added George to our WhatsApp group and he got to learn alot. It's so wonderful to watch Jesus transform a man. A man I once hated and wanted to kill. Funny me!

I was so taken by bitterness and sought revenge at all cost. But God was so merciful that he didn't allow me to destroy myself with my actions. He sent Ella to me and restored me back to himself.

I was the most happiest person on earth. Because, George was truly a disciple to the call. All of us started receiving alerts.

I was surprised when I saw the alert of two hundred and fifty thousand naira. It was then I recalled he was making his restitution to me. If he had told me, I wouldn't have permitted him to do so. I had more than enough to take care of myself.

I spent alot of my free time during working hours with Bro George, teaching him God's word.

He had a lot of questions and I was so glad I knew the answers. He once told me he was struggling to believe he was actually a new creation.

OMOLAYO AYO

"What's really different about me? It's still the same George. Those people who see me in the streets still look at me as a foul stinking man. They don't see anything new. All they see is the man they once hated and still hate".

I smiled and nod in affirmation.

"Months ago, I moved into my dad's house. I packed all my stuffs. Anyway, I had so little. After a few weeks in my new house, I discovered something was missing.

There's a particular cup my mentor gave me when I left for service.
It was a treasure to me. I never played with it. Of all the cups I had, it was my favourite and the best.

When I searched the house and could not find it, I decided to check the former house where I lived.

On getting to the house, I had to cross the street to reach the compound. As I crossed the gutter, Something caught my attention. I stopped to see what it was, and there was my missing cup.

I remembered when I was leaving. Some of my stuffs fell around that area. We had to stop the vehicle to get them back. I never knew this cup rolled over and sank there.

My mentor cannot give me something and I leave it in a gutter. God forbid! How can a pastor give you something and you leave it in a gutter? I took it out and went home with it.

I gave it thorough washing and restored it back to its rightful place.

The Holy Ghost started a Bible class as soon as I was done washing it.
He said that was how the life of a man who newly gave his life to Christ looks like. He's like that cup.

The contents in this cup was once dirty water. But now it has been washed, cleansed, purified, justified and made Holy.

OMOLAYO AYO

Anyone who saw the cup before, would still assume that it's the dirty cup holding dirty water. But they are wrong. What changed was not the cup. No, the cup was not changed.
What actually changed about the cup was it's content",

"Wow!" He chuckled.

"Yes!" I grinned.

"The cup was once containing filthy water. But the cup surrendered itself to the dish washer and he cleansed him. Now that cup holds clean water.

George, you are that cup. You once had the Devil living inside of you. He made you do the filthy things you did in the past. But now you have surrendered yourself to the Lord Jesus. He has cleansed you. You are now holding clean water.

So forget about those who still assume you are dirty. The transformation happened in your Spirit and in not your body. Don't worry, it wouldn't take long before they see that this is a changed man".

"Thank you so much Susan!" He said smiling.

"You have really been a blessing to me! May God bless you!"

"Amen!" I said smiling.

George was really growing fast. Just after two weeks of his conversion, he got baptized in the Holy Ghost.

He told me he was observing his quiet time that morning, when he suddenly felt like there was a burning in his chest.

He opened his mouth to pray and that was how the tongues started coming out. I could see how excited he was that day.

OMOLAYO AYO

Hmmmm! It's amazing! Discipling my boss. Everyday was one testimony, one revelation from a scripture or some testimony of God's faithfulness.

Everyday brought smiles to our
faces. Mr Wilson was not left out. He was so happy for him. He told me that George's salvation have been his prayer point a long time ago.

The only thing that made me a bit sad was when my converts, one after the other started leaving Queens high school.

Some them told me that though they had forgiven George, seeing him everyday was enough to remind them of the past. Mostly, their immoral affair. Having a fresh start meant they had to leave.

Some told me that they had planned to leave only when George gets born again. Now that he was, they had to. Although Sophia didn't leave of her will, but she did anyway. She got married last month and left for Enugu with her husband.

Some told me God instructed them to leave that he had an assignment for them. The point is, they all left. I was the only one who was not permitted to leave.

"Lord! When am I leaving Queens high school? What am I still doing here?" I asked as I prepared to leave for school.

"YOU HAVE A SOUL TO TAKE CARE OF!" He replied.

"But George seems to have grown faster. I think he's better off without me", I replied.

"SEE YOUR MOUTH!" He replied.

I started laughing. I could also feel the spirit within me laughing.

"I never knew George was such a kind soul. Truly, there was a good man hiding inside him. He was struggling to come out, but held down by the Devil. Hmmmm! Now he's the most nicest person I've ever met",

OMOLAYO AYO

"YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!"

"Daddy stop! I'm serious!" I chuckled.

"But I'm curious! What else make you keep me here, apart from taking care of your son?" I asked.

Come and see God giving me suspense.

"Daddy say something na!" I said, almost shocked he wasn't saying anything.

Whenever God was acting this way it meant two things. One, either he was expecting me to figure it out by saying that thing that he's suggesting as a feeling in my heart. Or it would become clear in a few minutes.

I had an idea of what I was feeling. But I was so afraid of saying it.

"No it cannot be true!" I said bluntly.

"WHAT CANNOT BE TRUE?" He asked.

"Are you trying to tell me that George, never mind!" I said.

"NEVER MIND WHAT? YOU ASKED ME A QUESTION AND YOU ARE RUNNING AWAY FROM THE ANSWER!"

I grinned and took my bag.

My phone started ringing. It was George calling. I smiled broadly.

"HMMMM! WHY IS SOMEBODY SMILING?"

"Leave me Jor!" I chuckled.

"Is it a crime to smile?"

OMOLAYO AYO

"NO! I WAS JUST CURIOUS WHY YOU WOULD SMILE WHEN IT IS MY SON CALLING"

I laughed so hard that my stomach tightened.

"Daddy! Stop oooo!"

I swiped the green bar and placed the phone on my left ear.

"Hello!" I grinned.

"Susan! Please I need you here in the next few minutes. As soon as you get to school, meet me in my office", he said.

He wasn't sounding his usual self. He sounded angry which increased my fear.

"It is well!" I whispered to myself.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked.

"Yes! And we cannot discuss it on the phone, so start coming please!" He said and before I could say anything further, the call ended abruptly.

"Lord what is going on?" I asked.

"WHY ARE YOU AFRAID? BE AT PEACE. GO AND MEET HIM. HE'S WAITING TO MEET YOU".

I breathed down and took my bag. I drove calmly to school. God helped me to resist my fears.

"I know all is well!" I said as I walked towards the door of George's office.

As soon as I was about to open the door to George's office.

A police officer, opened it and walked out.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Jesus! Police! What's going on?" I asked.

The police officer didn't look at me. He just walked away.

I opened the door and found George pacing around in his office.

"No! No! It can't be!"He muttered loudly.

"Lord what's happening?"

To be continued.....

2 Corinthians 5:17. Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.

Brethren, we must learn to treat a new creature like one. Sometimes, we always see the person who once offended us, rather than the new man he is now.

Satan keeps reminding us of who the man was, than who he is now.
And because of that, we stay afar. We don't come close. We maintain distance, trying to play safe.

That's not what God expects of us. Let's learn to embrace those with ugly pasts. God sent Jesus to the earth for their sake.

Let's not push souls into the devil's hands through our attitude.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY TWO

"What happened?" I asked.

He sat down and leaned forward.

"Susan! Please have your seat", he said in a calm voice.

I sat down and stared into his eyes.
He breathed down heavily and began.

"It was an attempt on my life!" He said abruptly.

"An attempt on your life? Sorry sir, I don't understand!" I asked, completely confused.

"Someone sent the hoodlums after me. He had just been apprehended by the police".

I was shocked. So the attempt on George's life was planned by someone?

Wow! This is unbelievable!

"Do you know who it was?" He asked.

How would I know?

"Who did it?" I asked.

"Raphael!" He banged his fist on the table and stood up.

"Who is Raphael?" I asked.
He walked a few steps away from his seat.

"He's my cousin", he said dryly.

I was shocked beyond words. A cousin killing his cousin, for what purpose?

OMOLAYO AYO

I think he was seeking revenge too, just like I once did.

But this guy was more skilled than me. Perhaps I would have killed him before this guy succeeded. Now I understood why God instructed me to go home and pray.

I .was pleading for George's life to be spared. That's why, a police patrol car met them on the spot. They would have ensured he was dead that day.

God had truly shown him mercy. So much for revenge. The guy is now in the police custody. He would have received some rounds of torture from them.

That would have been me. I sighed in relief and thanked God in my heart for being merciful.

"They want me to appear in court and ensure the prison remains his home. I'm going to make him pay for what he did to me. I almost lost my dentition that day!"

"Look at this guy! You could have lost more than your teeth", I said within me.

"George, please calm down!" I said in a calm voice.

"Please take your seat!" I said softly.

Sometimes I wondered if I was actually the boss. It's so wonderful mentoring my boss. I just unleash commands and he follows.

He sat down and stared into my eyes.

"Do you love your neighbour as yourself?" I asked.

I guess that was a mistake.

"God forbid! Raphael is not my neighbour and would never be! I reject l a Devil like him as a neighbour", he said, obviously irritated.

OMOLAYO AYO

I saw agitation written in his expression.

"Wow! Lord help me!" I whispered in prayers.

Instantly, my eyes spotted the Bible on his table.

I was seriously blasting in tongues within me as I flipped the pages. Arriving at the passage I was searching for, I read aloud.

"And the Lord called Brother George Oluwagbade and said unto him. George, you wicked servant! I forgave you all your debts because you pleaded with me. Should you not also have compassion on your fellow servant, just as I had pity on you?

And the Lord was angry and delivered him to Satan the tormentor, till he should pay all the debts he owed".

I paused and looked up.

His eyes were blurred with tears. Those words and the pattern the Lord instructed me to read with, had pierced his heart.

"So also", I continued.

"Will my heavenly father do to you bro George, if you do not forgive your cousin Raphael, from your heart!"

I looked up at him and saw his anguish, his frustration and pain.

"Susan! It's so difficult. I'm not like you. You're one of the best Christians I've ever met. Not everyone can be like you!" He said.

I grinned and shook my head. He only reminded me of how much of a failure, I was to God. He succeeded in bringing back memories of bitterness.

"George, I'm not the best. In fact I'm the worst. I am what I am today by God's mercy and grace", I replied.

OMOLAYO AYO

"No Susan! You were the only one who stood for Jesus. You have always stood for him ever since I've known you. Stop trying to deny it", he argued.

"But I'm not denying anything!" I said.

"Yes you are! If not for your strong faith in Jesus, I would still be a slave to sin by now. You are a perfect example of a Christian. Just like I read last week. Be ye perfect, just as your heavenly father is perfect. You are just as perfect as God!"

I shook my head in disbelief. I knew it was time to share with him my little secret. The mission that brought me to Queens high school.

"Lord help me!" I whispered in prayers.

"I'M RIGHT HERE SUSAN!" Came the gentle voice.

I smiled at God's reassurance and looked up at the man sitting before me.

"George, do you remember when I told you of a lady who was so desperate for revenge?" I asked.

"Yes!" He answered with rapt attention.

"It was me!" I answered.

I saw the shock in his eyes. He let his tears drop and quickly wiped it with a handkerchief.

"Chioma was my best friend and roommate. We lived together in the same house. Everything happened so fast. She died aborting the pregnancy you gave her.

I was so bitter! So angry! I was at the restaurant, because I followed her there. I heard every single word you both discussed about the unborn child. I heard every insult you threw at her. It only served as fuel for my rage.

OMOLAYO AYO

So my plan was to become your mistress. Make you fall in love with me and lure you into a place no one would be able to find you. That's where I would end it all".

His eyes widened in shock as he heard my plan. Sure, it was so perfectly arranged. No one could have survived that.

"But I thought you were a strong believer!" He said in a choked up voice.

"George! Jesus arrested me and took the knife out of my hand. He placed his love in my heart and taught me to forgive.

So I came here to kill you, but the Lord made me kill you with a completely different sword. The sword that gives life, the sword of the Spirit".

He looked up at me and said softly.

"Sometimes! Following Jesus can be so demanding", he said.

I giggled and watched a flicker of smile appear on his face.

"Yes it is bro. You just have to let go of self. You have been bought by Jesus Christ. He is the one in charge of your life. But as in charge as he is, he won't force you to allow him.

He allows you to do it willingly. God is a principled king. His people follow him because they love him and willingly chose him. They were not forced to serve him. No! He's not a tyrant.

John 14:15. If ye love me, keep my commandments. What's before you right now is only an opportunity to prove how much you love him".

I stood up and leaned forward.

"Do you love him?"

"Yes I ...."

OMOLAYO AYO

"Don't say it!" I interrupted.

"Let what you do speak it. Let your obedience to his word do the talking!" I said and headed for the door.

"Susan!" He called.

I paused and turned to look at him.

"Thank you!" He said with a smile.

"God this your son is handsome oh!" I said inwardly.

"OF COURSE! MY CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS THE BEST!" He replied.

I giggled, but quickly stopped my laughter in its tracks.

"What's funny?" He asked.

"Oh don't bother yourself!" I quickly responded and left.

George did exactly what the Spirit led him to do.
He called me back the following day and told me all that happened.

"Susan! I could'nt believe myself. Sadly, my cousin was unapologetic. But that was not the amazing part. I offended him two years ago and he promised to take his revenge.

That was the cause of all the drama. But he was such a drama king. He talked right from the police station where I bailed him, till we got to his house.

What was he saying? He was justifying his actions. Giving me 5 reasons why he was right and I was wrong. The Holy Spirit was really at work in me. He gave me a meek and quiet spirit. I was just smiling at him at the face of each accusation he threw at me.

OMOLAYO AYO

It was tempting but God was using to help me. We got to his house. You need to see the fear in his wife's eyes. She was so embarassd by her husband's behaviour and pleaded with me on his behalf.

I smiled and told her it was no big deal. Before leaving, I counted twenty thousand naira and gave it to her. She was looking at me like a zombie.

I was about driving out of the compound, when she came to my window.

"George, are you a Christian?" She asked.

I smiled and nodded in affirmation.

"No wonder! This is not you! This is Jesus living his life through you!" She said and left.

Those words brought tears of joy to my cheeks.

I bowed my head and whispered thank you to God.

To be continued.....

How often did the Lord visit that fig tree in the vineyard.

Oh brethren, how often did he go there year after year seeking fruit and found none.

John the Baptist told the Pharisees.
"Bring forth fruits of repentance.
Some translations said.

"Prove by the way you live that you have repented".

Beloved, it is not enough to say the sinners prayer. Many of us have answered altar calls countless times and still see the need to answer it one more time.

OMOLAYO AYO

Why? We are yet to produce fruits of repentance. Can sinners testify to the transformation that occurred in your life since you accepted Jesus. Or do you always have to say it to them to prove a point.

Let your light so shine that men may see, not necessarily you announcing it. Even a blind man without eyes can notice when a burning and a shining light is close by.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE

I tried the engine several times but it didn't work. Hmmmm, it gave me a little trouble in the morning. But when school closed, it started immediately I turned it on.

Now it suddenly stopped on the way. Lord what do I do? I can't just leave my car in the middle of nowhere.
I was worried and for a few minutes, God wasn't saying anything. I was surprised, because he was always speaking to me.

I continued to try the ignition till my fingers began to ache. My eyes were getting blurred with tears.

"God please help me!" I whispered in frustration.

"SUSAN WHY ARE YOU WORRIED?"

I breathed in relief.

"Daddy where have you been?" I asked.

"I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT A SMART GIRL. SHE'S SO SMART THAT SHE CAN SOLVE ALL HER PROBLEMS. SO SHE'S ACTUALLY WORRIED RIGHT NOW. AND HER WORRIES IS GOING TO MAKE THAT VEHICLE START WORKING", He replied.

I saw my mistake and bowed my head.

"Daddy I'm sorry! I got so worried without even knowing! Please forgive me!"

"SUSAN! DID I SUDDENLY BECOME POWERLESS?"

"No sir! I'm so sorry!" I apologized.

"OH! MAYBE I WAS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO PROVIDE THE CAR, BUT TOO POWERLESS TO FIX IT, RIGHT?"

OMOLAYO AYO

My tears dropped. I knew I had made an idol out of the car. God was still breaking me through what was happening now.

"Lord please!"

"DID YOU ASK ME WHAT TO DO, WHEN THE ENGINE STOPPED WORKING? DID YOU?"

"No!" I replied.

"SOME PROBLEMS CAN BE HANDLED BY GOD. SOME ARE TOO MUCH FOR HIM. I'LL WORRY ABOUT IT AND SOLVE IT MYSELF. HAVE YOU FINISHED SOLVING IT?"

"Daddy please!" I said in a choked up voice.

He was silent for a while, then replied.

"IT'S OKAY MY GIRL! I FORGIVE YOU!"

Immediately he said that, my peace returned. I breathed down a sigh of relief.

Wow! God's word is so powerful. But why did he have to take my little worry so serious.

As that thought dropped in my heart, a scripture echoed in my head.

As many as I love, I chastise. Hmmmm! God can tolerate worry from others, but in my case, he will not. Even my slightest mistake would not be treated lightly.

That was the level of my relationship with him. Just giving in to the spirit of worry and anxiety was enough to get daddy angry.

"Lord help me! I don't love this side of you one bit!" I prayed grinning.

I could hear him laughing in my spirit.

OMOLAYO AYO

Joy bubbled within me. I was so excited about our reconciliation. And I had to caution myself to be careful with my thoughts next time. I had serious work to do.

"So what do I do now?" I asked within me.

"CALL MY SWEET BOY!"

I started laughing immediately.

"Daddy hope you are not setting me up?" I asked giggling.

"IS IT YOUR SET UP?" He replied.

"Aah! Daddy, it's not fair oooo!" I said as I picked up my phone and dialed George's phone number.

"LOOK AT THE WAY SHE'S SMILING? I'M GETTING JEALOUS OH!"

My stomach tightened as I laughed, unknown to me, George had picked my call.

It was when I felt vibration from my phone that I realised myself.

"I'm so sorry sir!" I quickly apologized.

"What was going on?" He asked.

"Don't worry about me bro, I'm fine. I just need some help with my ride. It stopped along the road. Please can you help me get a good mechanic?" I asked.

"Don't worry! I'm turning around to meet you right now!" He replied.

"That won't be necessary sir! Just help me get a good mechanic. The guy who worked on my car the last time was a big cheat. He really took advantage of my ignorance about cars.

OMOLAYO AYO

My mistake was not seeking someone's help or advice before picking up that guy!"

"Susan, you need not worry. I'm coming already".

"Sir, you must be so busy. I won't love to take some of your time".

"SUSAN! MY SON SAID HE'S COMING! WHICH ONE ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"

"Daddy leave me oh! Allow me do my woman thing", I replied within me.

I could hear him laughing and it brought a smile on my face.

"Susan, I still have something I need to tell you. Something really really serious!" He said.

I gulped down, eyes widened.

"Okay sir!" I replied and ended the call.

Five minutes later, George drove in and came out of his car.

"Sir, I really appreciate you for sacrificing your time for me", I began.

"Susan, it's nothing", he said with a wave of hand.

He opened my car bonnet and told me to try the ignition. I tried it for a while. Then he told me to stop. He touched some few things in the engine and told me to try the ignition again.

The car roared to life. I was so excited.

"George! You never told me you are a mechanic?" I teased.
He smiled and closed the bonnet.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I'm not! I just had a few idea on cars. And about mechanics, I'll take you to my personal mechanic. He's so good and he's not a cheat. He'll be the one to work on your car from now henceforth".

"Thank you so much sir!" I said heartily.

"You're welcome! He smiled.

I felt like giving him a hug.

"DON'T EVEN TRY IT!" Daddy said.

"Why Na?

"I DON'T OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION!" He said, dismissing the topic.

"So you said you had something to tell me. What are your could that be?" I said, my heart was already rejoicing.

He started looking at the ground as he talked.

"Guy, which one is this ground you are looking at?" I asked inwardly.

"Susan, there are some things I would not believe can be possible. I can't imagine it because you are my mentor. And as your mentee, I'm supposed to to to.....
Let me come again".

"Please do!" I said inwardly.

"I believe I have this respect for you and it the respect to deserve as a vessel God used for my life. I'm sorry! Let me start afresh!"

"Chai! See Brother oh!" I said within me.

"STOP LAUGHING MY SWEET BOY!"

OMOLAYO AYO

"I'm not laughing! It was merely a comment!" I grinned, still giving him my complete attention.

"Susan! You have such a clean record. Unlike me! I don't deserve you! No no I meant to say, I don't deserve to be, you know, around someone like you.

What I'm trying to say is that. I'm trying to tell you that I was trying to make myself clear. I was trying to tell you that even if I try to tell you what I'm trying to say. All I will be trying to say will only be a try. So I want to try to tell you that I want to try to tell you that I am trying to say".
He paused and looked away.

"Chai! Daddy, you get boys oh!" I teased.

"YES! MY BOY IS SO SCARED OF YOU. SEE WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO HIM?" He replied teasing.

I was just laughing within me.

"Lord should I help him?" I asked.

"HELP WHO? HE MUST SAY IT OH! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO SAY IT FOR HIM!"

"Okay oh! Please tell him I don't bite oh. My teeth are not sharp!" I leaned my back on the car and crossed my legs, standing.

"Hi George!" A young man greeted as he pulled over. He parked and came down to meet us.

"Bro George!" He said spreading his arms for a hug.

They hugged each other and exchanged laughter.

"George, who is this Angel? Is this your wife to be?" He asked pointing at me.

"Jesus! No oh!" He screamed.

OMOLAYO AYO

"She is my mentor!" He said with fear written all over his expression.
Why is this guy like this?

"But George! People dey marry mentor na! This one fit you die!"

"Please help me tell him oh!" I said within me.

"Susan please, don't be offended by my friend's attitude!" He pleaded.

"Your friend Sabi level pass you!" I wanted to say.

"Oh! It's nothing!" I said instead.

"George hurry up and propose Jor. Me I want to do the best man oh!" He said and I laughed.

George was the only one hiding his humour.

The guy continued talking till we all got tired of the marriage subject. Finally, he waved us goodbye and drove off.

"I'm sorry for wasting your time!" George began another round of apologies.

"That's okay!" I said.

"I guess we should discuss this another day! Hope you are not angry with me?" He asked with a sorry face.

"No!" I grinned.

"I'm really sorry for taking your time!" He apologized again.

"Chai! George, na wa for you oh!" I said within me.

"I should be the one saying that! I took your time because of my car. Please forgive me!" I said to ease his tension.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Oh don't worry about it!" He said and smiled for the first time.

I got into my car and turned on the ignition.

I drove home laughing at the drama George acted that afternoon.

To be continued.....

George you fall brothers hand oh
Brethren, worry is not a problem solver. It only makes the problem linger.

In that hymn, WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS
There's a line that says;

Oh what peace we often forfeit.

Oh what needless pain we bear

All because we do not carry.

Everything to God in prayer.

Learn to take everything in your life to God in prayer.
Nomatter how insignificant it may seem. He's always interested in all that concerns his children.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY FOUR

"SUSAN! WAKE UP NOW!" I heard the voice from my sleep and jerked up.

I breathed down and sensed the war at hand. Something was happening in the spirit realm.

"START PRAYING FOR GEORGE!" Came the instruction.

I got down from the bed and began to walk about praying aggressively.

George was with a lady in bed. They were just finished having a round of immorality. They sat down talking.

"George! It's been 3 years now. My parents have been asking me when am I bringing a man home?" The lady asked.

"I don't understand? What are you talking about?" He asked frowning.

"George, what do you mean by that? All these years, I've been giving you my body. I've been so loyal and close to you. You even told me that you are considering settling down. Don't tell me you plan doing that with another woman?" She asked frowning.

"I still don't understand. When did I propose marriage to you?" He asked.

"But you said you love me!" She replied, almost crying.

"How does that look like a proposal?" He asked.

"But....."

"Hey don't tell me that trash! Even if I was going to settle down. It can't be you. You are not wife material. You're just a side chick!"

The lady turned and tried to slap him, but he caught her hand.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I was only enjoying your stupidity. Afterall, who doesn't love free food?"

"You Devil!" She screamed and tried to break free, but his grip was firm.

Soon I saw the lady in another room, weeping and all by herself.

"George! You'll pay for what you have done to me. I swear you will pay!" She muttered.

Next, I saw the lady in a shrine.

"Woman, make your request to the gods", the priest demanded.

She knelt down before the idol and spoke.

"I have come to seek revenge on a man who has wronged me. I gave him my body for three good years and he betrayed me.

He used me and dumped me. I want you to strike him dead!" She demanded.

The priest hummed as he searched for something in a Calabash. He raised up a small bottle and began to chant.

"Take this!" He stretched the bottle to her.

She took it and stood up.

"By twelve midnight, sprinkle the powdery stuff in your room then lay on your bed. You'll have a dream, but everything you see in that dream is real.

Remember to hold your knife in your hand before laying down.
When you meet him in that dream, stab him to death. He will not wake up the next day. That would be the end of the idiot!" He said and laughed hysterically.

Then I found myself in my room. I opened my eyes and looked at the clock hanging on the wall.

OMOLAYO AYO

It was 5 minutes to 12 midnight.

"Ha ha ha ha ha!" I laughed.

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his anointed, saying,

Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the LORD shall have them in derision.

Lord I come against every plans of the Enemy. I nullify all their attacks in the name of Jesus!"

I began to blast in tongues and groaned aggressively.

Suddenly, I was leaving my house in such speed I cannot comprehend. I was faster than my car. I passed through the doors without opening them.

I saw myself on the streets, moving at the same speed. Soon, I entered someone's house. In the speed of light, I arrived at the bedroom and met him sweating in prayers.

I smiled as I watched.

It was not too long, the lady appeared with a knife in her hand. She started walking over to meet George.

Immediately, a sword from nowhere appeared in my hand. I stepped out of the shadows and stood in her path.

"Who are you?" She asked.

"I should be the one asking that question", I answered.

OMOLAYO AYO

She grimaced and muttered some words impatiently.

"I came for revenge. I came to kill him for what he did to me. I have no business with you!" She said and tried to advance towards me.

I raised the sword in my hand to strike her.

Light filled the whole room as I lifted the weapon.

The lady paused in her tracks, struggling to move her body. All her efforts to move were futile.

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father", I quoted.

The lady screamed at the mention of those words.

"Tell me! Who are you?" I asked authoritatively.

I saw her shaking violently. Her knees buckled and knelt down.

"I am Nneka! I seek the life of the man who used and dumped me. I have no business with you. Please don't hurt me with that weapon in your hand!" She pleaded.

I grinned as I took a look at the sword I was holding.

"Sorry to disappoint you young lady. The man you are looking for is already dead!"

She looked at me and then looked a bit forward at George praying.

OMOLAYO AYO

"That's him over there!" She said.

"No, he's not the one. He's been dead long ago. The guy praying over there is my innocent brother in Christ. He cannot be killed for the crimes someone else commited.
So therefore, I command you in the name that is above every other name! Get out in the name of Jesus!" I shouted and pointed the sword at her.

Immediately, she disappeared out of the room.

"Thank you Jesus!" I smiled and took a glimpse at George who was still on his knees praying.

In a second, I was in my room again, speaking in tongues.

I smiled and began to sing praises to God. That was completely awesome. I started dancing as I sang. I felt joy within me. God had just delivered his son from death.

I was still singing when my phone began to ring. I looked at who the caller was and I guess everyone knows.

I had a principle of not picking up calls late in the night from the opposite gender. So I left the phone ringing and continued singing.

"SUSAN! MY FINE BOBO IS CALLING YOU AND YOU DON'T WANT TO PICK ABI?" Daddy teased.

"Which fine Bobo? Bobo that cannot propose! I've told him that I don't pick late calls from the opposite gender, but he is still calling. Infact, the Bobo is going to serve punishment. Sheybi I'm still his mentor?"

I could hear Daddy laughing hard.

"SUSAN! TAKE IT EASY ON MY FINE BOBO OH! DON'T PUNISH HIM FOR NOT PROPOSING!"

OMOLAYO AYO

"No I'm punishing him for calling me this late!" I said laughing.

"ANYWAY, ENJOY YOUR MENTORSHIP AUTHORITY WHILE IT LASTS! POWERS WILL SOON SHIFT. VERY SOON, HE'LL BE YOUR HEAD! OVERTAKING IS ALLOWED!"

I burst into laughter.

"Then let me punish him very well oh. This one may be my last opportunity", I said within me all smiles.

"IF YOU TOUCH MY SON EHN?" He threatened playfully.

I laughed so hard, lost in excitement.

Early in the morning the next day, George's call came. I picked it up, ready to lash at him for calling me late in the night.

"Hello Susan! Good morning sister!" He greeted in an excited tone.

"George, you know I'm not happy with you! Just look at the time you were calling yesterday?" I began, but he interrupted me, apologizing.

"Let me finish!" I smiled to myself as I was still ready to dish out one Spiritual exercise as his punishment.

"You won't believe what happened last night? Susan, have you ever been to my house before?" He asked, super excited.

"No, what would I be doing there?"

"You came into my house with a sword! Jesus! It was so awesome!"

He said and started laughing.

I was smiling where I was. God had also showed him what transpired between the lady and I.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Please start coming! Start coming! I can't wait to share this testimony with you!"

"Okay sir!" I said and ended the call.

He was now the one commanding me abi?

I grinned and dropped my phone.

I got dressed and headed for school that morning. As soon as I dropped my bag in the staffs office, I quickly headed for his office to see him.

That was how he narrated everything I did in the dream to me. I wanted to tell him I saw it too. Infact, God showed me what inspired Nneka to seek for revenge. But daddy told me those stories were to come much later.

We continued talking for close to 30 minutes, until I excused myself to go back to work.

"Susan", he called me.

"Yes!" I turned to look at him.

"I ...I .... Want to say that, that. I was going to say I'm so grateful for, for, for. I mean I'm so grateful for having you as a sister in the Lord".

I looked at him and smiled.

"Please be grateful to God", I said and headed for the door.

I opened it and turned to look at him.

"Is there anything else you wanted to tell me?" I asked, laughing within me.

"Yes! No! I mean, I'll tell you later!" He said, with fear written in his expression.

"Okay sir!" I replied and shut the door.

OMOLAYO AYO

To be continued.....

I serve a living God oh

Even the Devil knows

Say na true oh

Please nobody should laugh my brother oooo. It's not easy to propose oooo. Brothers, E dey easy?

When I was a much younger Christian, people used to tell me that
You can repent, but you must surely suffer for the evil you did.

Though hand join in hand a sinner will never go unpunished.

I got frightened. But God made me to understand something.

IF ANY MAN BE IN CHRIST?

Excuse me, no sinner will go unpunished. Are you still a sinner? No!

You may repent, but you will suffer from what you did. Then why was Jesus punished for our crimes?

This mentality of guilt has eaten into so many believers that Satan would be oppressing them and they would tell themselves.

"It's because of my past sins which I committed".

Sins that God had said
"Hebrews 8:12 For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more".

Some people would say
"What about the things we lost to the Devil through our past sinful lifestyle?"

OMOLAYO AYO

Here's God's answer to you
"Isaiah 43:18 Remember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old.
19; Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert".

Also, in Joel 2:25 And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpiller, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you".

God did not only forgive us, he justified us. Do you know what that means?

Why a man is justified in a courtroom. The judge announces to the entire congregation that this man was innocent!

Not just Forgiven, but innocent.

Can you imagine?
So a man that God sees as an innocent man, is telling himself, God is punishing me for my past sins. Chai!

Satan is a big time deciever!
Brethren, enjoy your new life in Christ and declare to the ears to the Devil.

"I am Justified!"
This message is for someone!

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY FIVE

We were having our weekly prayer meeting. We called it end of the week prayer meeting. Since George got born again, it became compulsory for everyone in Queens high school.

It became a great avenue and platform for winning more souls. I won more staffs, especially the new ones. I shared God's word with the students too and won them in numbers.

George was not left out. Infact, he obeyed every instruction I gave him. Sometimes, people wondered if I was the real boss or not. Well, I partially am.

He preached in the school prayer meetings and shared testimonies with us. He often told us how God transformed his life and gave hope to those who listened.

He was such a good preacher. He preached with passion and had his audience's full attention. He was also the student's best friend.

Today, I was the speaker. I preached and lead a the some few points of prayers. I rounded up everything and gave the mic to George for the closing remarks.

As I handed the mic to him, I discovered his hands were shaking. Hmmmm! Why is this guy so scared of me? I acted as though I didn't notice.

He took the mic and turned to the congregation of staffs and students. The hall was crowded with people.

"Tessy and Lola! Please, I need you both on stage", he requested politely.

The two girls joined us on the stage
What was he doing?

My spirit warned me what was coming but I could not believe that was exactly what was about to happen. Not the Bro who was so scared and began to tell me nonsense. He can't summon this sort of courage.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Bring it out!" He told the girls and there it was.

They were holding a tray and in the middle of it was a small box containing what you all know.

George took the ring and stood before me in front of the crowd.

"Jesus! This is too much! There are so many people watching us!"

"SHEYBI YOU TALK SAY MY FINE BOBO IS VERY SHY? I GO SHOCK YOU TODAY. YOU GO KNOW SAY MY BOBO NA BETA BOBO!" Came the gentle whisper.

"Daddy, what did you just say? My God! Holy Spirit! So you can speak pidgin English?" I asked, completely bewildered.

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU OOO! WHO CREATED THE LANGUAGES IN THE FIRST PLACE?" He asked.

"I know you did, but hearing you speaking pidgin English is unbelievable! It's not your kind of language. You are supposed to use ancient and you know, King James English!"

"SO I CAN'T USE ANY LANGUAGE I CHOSE ABI?"

"No oh! It's just that! Imagine if someone hears that God spoke pidgin English. Sounds weird!"

I could hear him laughing and grinned as George went down on one knee and presented the box to me.

He looked into my eyes and his gaze spelt it all. He had never looked at me that way. We held our gaze as he spoke with the mic for all to hear.

"I'm in love with Susan! I'm not afraid to let my world know I am in love with her",

"My stomach was already doing flip flops.

OMOLAYO AYO

I saw the numerous eyes staring at me and became shy. I've never been this shy in my entire life. How could George do this to me? I'll make him pay for it. I'm still the mentor.

"Susan!" He looked up at me with those strong emotion filled eyes that shook my insides.

I was struggling to maintain his gaze.

"Getting to know you has been one of the greatest luck that ever happened to me in this world.

A world where people are hardly lucky. Getting to know you was a privilege I cherish. But knowing you was not enough. God has revealed the future to me. He has set my feet on the path he wants me to follow.

But he told me who would go with me. You are the lady he wants me to go into this next phase of my life with. To love and to cherish for the rest of my life. Susan, I love you!"

Now when was the last time I heard those words?

My head spurned around at those words and my vision doubled.

"So I'm asking you the most important question of my life. Will you marry me?"

He took my hand in his so gently that my head could savour the feeling.

Aah God! I used to speak with this guy for hours without an iota of emotion. Why's all these happening so fast?

I know I love him, but today's own is too much. How can the love you have for God's will in marriage grow so rapidly. If there was anyone who can control her emotions, I had A^1. What's all these?"

"MY LITTLE GIRL HAS FALLEN IN LOVE!" I could hear his laughter.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Lord, this was so fast!"

"MY BOBO IS WAITING! GIVE HIM YES IN CAPITAL LETTERS!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" The crowd cheered.

I look at them and smiled shyly.

Turning from them and starring at the man crouched before me, my insides melted.

My eyes were blurred with tears. I only gave a nod.

The students rose to their feet and applauded. Whistling and sharp screams filled the hall.

Mr Wilson ran to meet us on stage and took the mic from George.

"What did she say?" He asked to the hearing of everyone.

"She said yes!" Some people in the congregation answered.

"No! We didn't hear her voice. I'm going to put the mic to her lips and we would all hear her declare it to everyone here!" He replied.

"Jesus!" I screamed within me.

"SHEYBI YOU WERE THE ONE SAYING THAT MY BOBO CANNOT PROPOSE? SHEYBI YOU TALK SAY MY FINE BOBO IS SHY? TODAY IS GEORGE'S REVENGE!"

I laughed and laughed so hard that I almost fell.

"Daddy, it's not like that oooo!" I replied inwardly and made to dodge the mic as Mr Wilson held it up towards me.

"Daddy! It's me you are doing like this oh! Me! Susan ooo! Your baby girl!" I replied inwardly.

OMOLAYO AYO

Daddy was having so much fun laughing. He was also enjoying the way I was teasing him.

"I will!" I said, when Mr Wilson and the students wouldn't give up.

"YAY!" Their shouted in excitement.

"THAT'S MY SUSAN!" The inner voice cheered.

I rolled my eyes and could hear him laughing.

"SO WHO'S THE SHY PERSON? WHO WAS TOO SHY TO SAY YES TO A PROPOSAL? He asked.

I rolled my eyes in response, grinning.

"NEXT TIME, DON'T LAUGH MY BOBO AGAIN!"

"Your bobo no dey shame!" I dared him, laughing uncontrollably.

George was smiling confidently. But nobody knew my gist partner was seriously engaging me.

That day was completely remarkable. I was just waiting for when George and I would be alone.
I was going to lash at him and give him a piece of my mind.

I was glad when he walked me to my car and began his apologies.

"So you know you owe me an apology right?" I bad eyed him, grinning.

"I'm sorry!" He started.

"Why did you have to go that public?" You know I'm not a crowd kind of person?"

"Yeah! That's why I'm sorry!" He said, palms rubbed against each other.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I'm going to punish you for that. I'm still your mentor right?" I asked grinning.

"Susan!" He called loudly laughing.

"Power has changed hands ooo!" He said.

I burst into laughter.

"Then I take back my yes!" I threatened playfully.

"Yeh! I was only joking oooo! How many hours do you want me to pray?" He asked.

I smiled and nodded.

"I was only kidding!" I grinned.

He looked into my eyes and spoke passionately. My insides melted and the way his voice sounded.

"Susan, I don't really deserve you. When God told me you were the one for me. I told him no. I told him to change it. I told him to get me a defiled but repented lady.

I told him Susan was too pure. A virgin that had never sinned with her body. No! I don't deserve it.

But God asked me something. He asked me who I was? I'm George Oluwagbade. 'When was he born?' He asked. I was born 1992. I'm thirty years old. Then he asked me, when did I die? It was then I understood what he was referring to. Then he replied me.
'I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT. THE GEORGE I KNOW WAS BORN A YEAR AGO AND EVER SINCE I KNEW HIM. HE HAS NEVER BEEN DEFILED WITH WOMEN. I KEEP ASKING MYSELF WHEN DID I SEE YOU FORNICATING, BUT MY MEMORIES HAVE ALSO BEEN AFFECTED BY THE BLOOD THAT WASHED YOUR SINS AWAY.
I CANNOT REMEMBER ANYTHING ABOUT WHO YOU WERE!'

OMOLAYO AYO

Susan! I wept that day. God is truly love! Susan, God is love!" He said with watery eyes.

I looked at him and smiled. I felt like going into his arms to hug him, but I could see daddy giving me that warning look. So I restrained myself.

"George! I want you to also know I find it a privilege to become your wife. When I started the mentorship stuff. Hmmmm! It wasn't as easy as it sounds. There were times, my flesh tried to take advantage and thoughts came.

But God showed me a Scripture that helped me. Delight in me and I will give you the desires of your heart. I was shocked. Then I knew God was ready to give me what I wanted, but he needed me to focus on him.

You were my heart desire. But I couldn't just grab you. I needed him to send you. George, I'm not the best of ladies out there. I also have my flaws. But I'm ready to spend the rest of my life loving you!"

I've never been this emotional with a guy. Hmmmm I felt I was like a butterfly in the wind. Indeed, love was worth waiting for.

I saw the look in his eyes. They expressed his feelings completely.

I drew back and opened my car door.

"So! expect me to call you as often as possible! Calling you to know if you've eaten or slept well. Calling to know when next I'll see you. Stuffs like that",he said and winked at me.

"Hey, mind the way you call me oh. I don't want to end up thinking about you too much", I said grinning.

"Susan! Uncle Dare had given me a lot of books on Christian relationship.

I've been studying in preparation for marriage. I'll spoil you with love", he said grinning.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Daddy, I can't wait to journey into this stage of my with this man. I'm so fortunate to be his wife to be!" I said within me.

"I'LL BE WITH YOU ALL THROUGH THE JOURNEY!"

"So you think you can spoil me?" I asked.

"Bet me!" He said, holding out his tiny finger.

I burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"Susan, there's one thing I love about you", he said with a serious expression on his face.

"What's that?" I asked, curiously.

"Your smile! It's beautiful!"

A smile appeared on my face, but I quickly God my face in my palms.

"Daddy this your son will finish me ooo!"

"YOU NEVER SEE ANYTHING!" Came the inner voice.

To be continued.....

At last!!!!

Those of you who were laughing at my brother, Oya come and laugh now!

Today is GEORGE'S REVENGE.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY SIX

Today, George and I were on our way to see his uncle, Mr Dare. Yes he's Raphael's father and the only Christian left in the family.

Yes the courtship had started and it's a funny one to be precise. Sometimes, George will be doing shy shy like what I don't know. Next he will be so bold to express himself.

Well marrying your mentor is not easy.

So it was time to see the Family of the man I intend to marry. First impressions matters alot when meeting with strangers. Especially those you are going to bond with in time.

The drive was not a quiet one as we kept ourselves busy with gist. Soon, we arrived at Mr Dare's house. I was a little bit nervous to see him.

George took my hand and led me up to the door. After knocking on the door twice, it was opened.

"Look who's here!" He said and gave him a warm hug.

"And this must be Susan Adeola!" He said, walking towards me.

"Yes sir!" I said and bent my knees slightly in greeting.

He pulled me into a warm fatherly embrace.

"I'm so happy to meet you!" He said and took me to the sofa.

He sat beside me, still holding my hand like a little child.

Looking at me, he turned to George and spoke.

OMOLAYO AYO

"George, you have truly met the missing bone God took from you when you were sleeping carelessly".

He leaned closer to me and whispered in my ears.

"George is a deep sleeper!"

I giggled, hand over my mouth.

"George, the moment I saw her. I knew she is your missing rib, your Eve, your Sarah, your Rebekah, your Rachel, your Asenath, your Zipporah, your Ruth, your Hannah, your Esther...."

"Oh my goodness!" George screamed interrupting him.

"Uncle, I never knew you were so familiar with lovers in the Bible?" He asked, staring at his uncle as though he were a stranger.

"George, I've been reading this Bible every single day for the past 47 years", he answered.

I didn't know when my mouth opened on its own accord.

"Wow!" George and I exclaimed, as though we planned it.

This man had really spent a lifetime serving God. Four decades of reading the Bible. I don't think I've made it up to straight ten years of consistent Bible study.

I gave my life to Christ at the age of 16 and right now I'm 26 years old. But, I don't think my consistency in studying my Bible every single day can be up to 10 years. There were times I missed my Bible study with God.

But here was a man who had spent four decades under the word of God. I have so much to learn from this man. Thank God he is my uncle-in-law, if at all there was anything like that.

"Uncle!" George called from where he was sitting.

OMOLAYO AYO

We both looked towards his direction.

"Among all the women you just mentioned, there's only one I don't know. Who's Asenath?" He asked.

"You mean you don't know Asenath?" He said in surprise.

"Yes!" He answered.

"Susan!" He gave my fingers a light squeeze.

"Tell him for me", he said authoritatively.

I smiled and looked into George's expectant eyes.

"She's Joseph's wife", I answered.

"George, clap for the bride!" Uncle Dare said as he applauded.

"No that's wrong. Joseph's wife is Mary, not Asenath", he argued.

His uncle started laughing.

I struggled to restrain myself from laughing at my fiancee, but my lips betrayed me. Soon I joined him and we both laughed.

"George! How many Joseph do we have in the Bible?" His uncle asked.

"Two! Joseph the carpenter and Joseph the governor of Egypt", he answered.

"And you expect both of them to marry Mary, right?" He asked.

"Oh!" George exclaimed as he realised who we referred to.

"Don't mind George my dear!" He said to me.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I was the one who asked him how old he was? When he said 30, I was shocked. What are you waiting for? Why aren't you married? He was like, sir, I'm ..... I'm....."

We both started laughing.

"That was when he told me about you. I told him to go ahead and propose, but this boy was behaving like a baby. Several times he called me and told me that he was too scared to propose".

I burst into laughter and turned to look at George, who shyly hid his face.

"Do you know the question I asked him?" He asked.

"No!" I answered grinning.

"I asked him if Susan had sharp teeth? Like if she bites", he said and we both burst into laughter.

We had a wonderful time at uncle Dare's house. He was truly a man of the word. I was tempted to call him a mobile Bible. He could call out scriptures accurately.

He accepted me into the family and prayed for us. He also gave us some advice on our plans for the wedding.

When we finally left his house, I was curious to know more about him. So as we drove back, I started pouring out my questions.

"George, you had an uncle like this and you refused to give your life to Jesus all these while!" I said.

He laughed and replied.

"I had never been around my family for many years. I had lost contact with them. All I thought about them was they would want to boss me around. Try to help me spend my money. So I avoided anything family.

OMOLAYO AYO

But uncle Dare was a fervent soul. He told me of how he continued praying for me unceasingly. He said the reason why alot of sinners die in their sins without repenting, was because there was no intercessor.

He said the ministry of interceeding for lost souls is the first Spiritual covenant that binds the lost souls to a life of hunger for God. It is intercession that first draws the soul to God and draws God into the chase to win that soul.

That's why some terrible wicked men cannot die. Even when they are almost killed in terrible situations. They survive it, because someone is praying for them".

He turned and looked at me.

"You were an answer to his prayers and that of Mr Wilson".

"Wow!" I exclaimed and chuckled.

"Interceding for lost souls!" I said

"Yes!" He replied.

"That reminds me! Have you gotten the answers to what I asked you to pray about?" I asked.

George and I had discussed about our future together. And of course, we talked about how many babies we wanted.

He said he wanted 4 kids. Two boys and two girls. As for me, I struggled to tell him what God showed me, but my silence got him curious.

I just couldn't hide it from him.

"Susan, you're not saying anything. What's your opinion? How many kids do you want?" He asked, staring at me intently.

I sighed and spoke up.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Well, God has plans for everyone of us. And recently when I was reading my Bible, I stumbled upon the parable of the talents.

God gave one of his servants 5, another two and the other, he gave one. And the Bible made a comment. He gave to every man according to their ability. Then God told me he was giving me one.

I was like, one? What do you mean? Then he told me his name and told me the assignment he will be arriving the earth to fulfill. He told me that he is a big project that the host of heaven had selected three ladies to carry, but after much deliberation, I was chosen to bear this child on earth.

The child is going to be a great minister on earth, who would tour the world, preaching the gospel. He will be a man of prayer. That's what God said and I wrote it down in my journal".

"Wow!" George exclaimed.

"So, it's just one boy!" I said.

"If that is what he said, then I agree with you!" He said at once.

I looked at him and smiled. He returned the smile.

"I asked him why he had chosen to give me just one child. Then he told me that he had a big assignment for me. That I was going to be a preacher to serveral secondary schools. He said that so many responsibilities will be placed in my care. So because of that, my Spiritual capacity and ability to parent a child would not be able to contain more than one", I answered.

"That's absolutely true', George said.

"So many couples never took out time to seek God during courtship. They didn't know God had plans for them. They went ahead to make plans that God was never involved or consulted.

OMOLAYO AYO

They ended up birthing children they lacked the Spiritual ability to cater for. This has resulted to the rapid increase of wayward children in Christian families. Children that are born in Christian homes, but are living like people who do not know the Lord".

I was marveled by his insight. My George was turning into a Spiritual big boy.

"George that's amazing!"

"Susan, parenting is a great Spiritual responsibility. It is first Spiritual before physical. The souls of those young lives placed under your care will be required of you by God. It's not something to be taken lightly.

You are to defend those children, teach them, train them and help them know God and genuinely follow him. All these must be backed up with fervent prayers.

So many Christian mothers do not have prayer altars. Some do not even have a consistent quiet time with God, not to even talk about prayer altars. They give excuses of bodily tiredness and being busy with work. They don't know the enemy, hunting for the destinies of their children is not ready to know whether they are tired or not.

At the prayer altar, the parents shape the destinies of their children. They also defend their destinies from destiny hunters. That's why some children can be born in a Christian family and be masturbating secretly. And their parents will never know. Some girls will be disvirgined and their parents are completely unaware. So many Christian families are failing God in this area", he added.

"Sadly, it's true!" I concurred.

"So what's the name of the boy?" He asked.

"I'm not giving it to you for free! Go and seek the face of God and tell him to reveal it to you. If what you saw matches the name I received, you've passed the test. But if it doesn't, then you'll go back and pray". That was my response.

So right now, I was asking if he had gotten his answer from God.

OMOLAYO AYO

He smiled and looked at me.

"I've gotten the answer. Infact God told me that he's going to be a great intercessor. He would carry double portion of your praying spirit", he said.

"Daddy, you didn't add that one when you were telling me oh", I whispered inwardly.

"YES OF COURSE! ALLOW MY BOBO TO GROW!" He replied.

"It's cheating! You're supposed to tell me everything!" I teased and I could hear him laughing within me.

"His name is Anthony!" George said.

That was the same name I wrote down in my journal.

To be continued.....

Brethren, courtship is not just a period of ransacking your brain and making plans. It's a period of seeking the face of God for direction and instructions on how your lives should be patterned after wedding.

Before Joseph married Mary. He already knew the name of his son. The mission he was to accomplish on earth and his Spiritual identity.
Before John the Baptist was born, his parents already knew his name. If they had not known his name, the neighbours in their compound would have given him a wrong name.

They called him Zachariah Jr. We would have not known anyone called John the Baptist, but Zachariah Junior, The Baptist.
Names are important to one's destiny. Remember this scripture

Proverbs 3:5-6. Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.
In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

OMOLAYO AYO

Allow God to guide you in every decision you take. You would never regret it.

Brethren, been a Christian parent is not a position to take lightly. Those children were placed under your care by God. Those destinies were handed over to you to watch over.

Satan must not be allowed to successfully steal out of your garden. Those little ones are a project from God. Feed them with God's word and ensure you train them to know God.

God will require the souls of every child at the hands of their parents.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY SEVEN

I woke up that morning to the sound of my phone ringing. It was Friday morning and the next day was my wedding. It was my special day for seeking God's face. I was using my last day as a single lady to seek the face of God.

I had spent the night studying God's word and praying all night. When I got extremely tired, I decided to rest for a while and continue.

I had told George not to call me till it was evening. Everything had been bought in preparation. Ella and Juliet, our high school friend had done all the necessities. I had set apart this day to seek God's face. It had been my lifestyle right from time and I did not intend to change it.

I had refused to put my phone on silent because of the alarm I fixed. So I picked up the phone and checked the caller's ID. It was one of our former staffs from Queens high school, Genevieve. She was one of my converts and one of those who left when the others did.

I smiled and swiped the green bar.

"Hello Susan!" She greeted.

"Hi Genevieve!" I said smiling.

"How are you doing?" She asked.

"I'm great! And you?"

"I'm fine too!

"Susan! I've been hearing rumours about you and I decided to call you and confirm".

The word rumours made my heart skip.

OMOLAYO AYO

"TAKE IT EASY DEAR! I'M RIGHT HERE WITH YOU! Came the gentle whisper.

I breathed in and then exhaled.

"Lord help me! I don't want to be scandalled", I whispered in prayer.

"Susan, is it true that you're getting married to Mr George?" She asked.

I paused to look at the phone, then placed it back to my ears.

"Is that the rumour you were referring to?" I asked almost laughing.

"Yes", she answered.

"Of course! I'm getting married to Bro George, not Mr George. That's absolutely true. Why did you think it was all rumours?" I asked inquisitively.

"Susan! You of all people! I'm so disappointed in you!"

My heart almost jumped out of its ribs. This was a lady I mentored. She was speaking to me rashly.

"Susan! I can't believe you would go for such a man like Mr George".

"Bro George you mean", I said interupting.

"Mr George! I don't think he's even born again!"

Wow! She's thrown another bomb. That was enough. No matter how she believed I was now a fallen soldier by her standards, she had no rights to address me in this manner.

"Susan, you should know better. This guy tricked us to be born again. I knew from the very beginning his eyes were on you. The moment he got born again, he was doing all he could to get close to you. And you were so carried away with the notion that, he's a new creation.

OMOLAYO AYO

Can a leopard change his spots? You allowed him get close to you and fill your head with love for him. You know that once a lady loves a guy, she cannot think straight anymore.

Susan, you need to open your eyes to reality and think like a real lady. This is an unfinished mission. You were a trophy he was willing to do anything to win. And what he's doing now is completing an old assignment from his master Lucifer...."

"Enough!" I shouted.

"Genevieve! What's the meaning of this? If you have issues with the man I intend to marry, does that mean you should insult him?"

"Susan, I can't believe you would go for such a man. That man has shared his body with so many women. I can describe what he looks like when he's naked".

"Will you keep quiet!" I shouted furiously.

"Let me finish!" She said authoritatively.

I quickly ended the call and threw the phone on the table.

"What nonsense!" I muttered under my breath.

Soon my phone began to ring. I hissed as I saw it was her.

I turned to go out of my study room, but felt a restraint in my spirit.

"PICK THE CALL!" Came the gentle command.

"Daddy, she's....."

"WHEN YOU PICK IT UP, COMMAND HER TO BE SILENT IN THE NAME OF JESUS!" He said interupting me.

"Okay!" I replied and swiped the green bar on the screen.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Susan, you deserve someone better. Not this trash you call your fiancee.

"Genevieve!"

"Yes!"

"I command you to be silent in the name of Jesus!" I said authoritatively.

She went silent. I waited for over 50 seconds, thinking she would say anything, but she didn't.

"Now listen to me Genevieve. By the humble grace of God upon my life, I led you to Christ. I mentored you in the Lord. If by any means, by your own standards, you think I have fallen. Can't you respect the grace and anointing of God upon my life and speak to me like a good daughter speaking to her mother? Can you talk to your biological mother this way?

How much more a woman who raised you Spiritually?"
The Bible said, speak the truth in love. I guess this is the reason why God said that. A lot of people have the truth with them, but the pattern of communicating the truth is horrible. Any way, what you are saying have no truth in them to start with.

Galatians 6:1 Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

Genevieve, in the spirit of meekness. Do you hear me? In the spirit of meekness. Not this arrogant and insulting spirit you have displayed just now.

I don't owe you an explanation. The last time I checked, I never invited you to my wedding. So no one begged you to call me and tell me this trash. In fact, I would give your name and pictures to the security officers, cause you are now a threat to my family.

I don't want to see you at my wedding and I don't want to receive any calls from you. You are now a mentor and you are very capable of doing everything right.

OMOLAYO AYO

So please, if you cannot respect the man I intend to marry, don't bother coming to my wedding. Have a great day!"

I ended the call and dropped the phone on the table. In few seconds, the phone began to ring. I checked the caller ID and hissed. That was how my phone continued to ring till I put it on silent.

My phone kept receiving calls and text messages. So I kept the phone aside and returned to my Bible, but the flow was cut off.
I knew what it meant.

"Okay dad, what is it?" I asked.

"PICK THAT CALL!"

"You still want me to talk to her?"

"IT'S NOT HER, IT'S MY BOBO!" He replied.

"You and this your bobo!" I chuckled.

"Tell your bobo to stop interupting my Bible study oo30oo!" I said jokingly.

"GIRLS TOO LIKE TO SHAKARA! AS IF YOU HAVE NOT BEEN CHECKING YOUR PHONE FOR HIS MISSED CALLS!" He said and I burst into laughter.

"Me ke? Allow me to do my Shakara Jor. Is it your Shakara?" I asked admist laughter and could hear him laughing too.

"YES IT IS MY SHAKARA TOO. I LIVE INSIDE OF YOU!" He replied laughing.

I grinned, swiped the green bar and placed the phone on my ear.

"Hello Sweet!" I said immediately and got the coldest response of my life.

"Hi!" He said glumly like someone who had just lost a relative.

OMOLAYO AYO

My legs shook in fear, but I knew better. Fear is only a spirit that disguises itself as a feeling. The same way a spirit of immorality will visit you and take advantage of your body. That's the same way fear operates and takes advantage of our body.

"You spirit of fear, I rebuke you in Jesus name!" I said inwardly and immediately, my breath was normal.

"Thank you Jesus!" I said in a whisper, as I felt a rising surge of boldness, engulfing my entire being.

"Sweet! What's going on?"

"Nothing really!" He said and we were both silent.

"Daddy, what happened to my bobo?" I asked within me.

"SHE CALLED HIM. HER WORDS HAD PIERCED HIS ARMOUR. I NEED YOU TO PULL OUT HER ARROWS", Came the reply.

I smiled and sat down on my study chair.

"She called you?" I asked.

"Who?" He asked.

"Genevieve", I answered.

"How did you know?" He asked.

"You are asking me how I got to know? Have you forgotten me and my Daddy are together listening to this conversation?"

He started laughing.

"Susan! I dey fear you oh!"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Na the woman wey you say you must marry be this oh!" I replied laughing.

"KEEP IT UP SUSAN! YOU'RE DOING A GOOD JOB. CHEER HIM UP. THE JOY OF THE LORD IS OUR STRENGTH, REMEMBER!" Came the gentle whisper.

I smiled and said.
"So because of that small girl, you were acting drama for me this morning?" I asked.

"Susan, she's got a point. Everyone feels like I'm trying to get what I wanted in the first place. They feel, I've been on the old mission all these while and I'm fooling you into thinking this is love", he said.

"So what's the solution?" I asked smiling to myself.

"I don't know! Perhaps there was a way to make people understand. A way to make them stop feeling I'm still Mr George the women predator", he replied.

"Sweet!" I called in a soft feminine voice.

"What does God say about you?"

"Susan, I know what he says about me. I still remember everything. But is there a way to tell the whole world that Mr George is a changed man?"

"So what God feels about you doesn't matter? Is that what you're saying?"

"No that's not what I'm saying!"

"Are you trying to tell me that one with God is minority?" I said smiling, accusing him.

"No! I'm not".

"Sweet, complete this Bible passage. If God be for us?"

"Who can be against us?" He replied.

OMOLAYO AYO

"So cheer up! One person shall chase how many people?" I asked.

"One thousand!"

"Then two shall chase two thousand, right?"

"No!"

"Maybe three thousand!"

"No!"

"How about 4?"

"No!"

"Then how many will they chase when they've got the Almighty God on their side?" I asked.

"Ten thousand!" He answered in an excited tone.

"So relax! We would overcome them all together. Many are the affliction of the righteous, but my sweet Daddy will deliver us out of them all. Sweet, relax! Dad's got this!" I said smiling.

"SUSAN IF I SAY IM BLUSHING WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?" Came the inner voice.

I burst into laughter, forgetting I was on the phone with someone.

"I'M SERIOUS MY PRINCESS. THE WAY YOU TALK ABOUT ME, MY HEAD SWELLS WITH EXCITEMENT. THE WAY YOU DESCRIBE MY ABILITY TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE MAKES ME FEEL LIKE GIVING YOU THE WHOLE WORLD!"

"Ah daddy!" I laughed so hard.

"Susan! Are you okay?" George asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I'm fine!" I replied.

"That must be dad again!" He chuckled.

"Yes ooooo. He didn't even wait for me to end the call", I added.

"Susan, I'm glad I spoke with you. I can't explain how I feel right now. I feel like arrows were plucked off me!" He said in excitement.

I looked towards my study table and grinned as though I was flashing a smile at someone standing there.
For a few seconds, I could hear George's voice on the phone, but I couldn't hear a single thing out of what he was saying. Then he ended a long line of words with a question.

"What about you?"

"Yeah, me too!" Escaped my lips.

"You what? Wait, did you hear what I just said?" He asked laughing.

"Sorry, what did you say? I wasn't paying attention! I'm so sorry!" I apologized immediately.

"Oh don't say that dear. I should be the one apologising".

"No, I'm the one who owes you an apology. As a good wife, I ought to be very attentive when my husband is talking".

He started laughing.

"But I wasn't saying anything serious!"

"I know you were saying something. Even your silence is a message". I replied.

"Hmmmm! Okay! So will you be attentive this time?" He asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Yes my sweet!" I said softly.

For a few seconds, there was complete silence. I was waiting for him to say something, but he didn't. Suddenly, he finally spoke.

"So what did I say?"

"Oh my goodness! Are you serious? How do you expect me to know? I'm not good at guessing".

"You said my silence is a message, so what was I saying?" He asked.

"I don't know! I'm not good at guessing games", I answered laughing.

"I love guessing games alot and you have to get used to it", he replied.

"Noted sir!"

"So do you need an interpreter?" He asked.

"Yes please! I don't have an idea about what you were saying".

"It's only a sparkle. It's only a tiny pinch. It's only a mustard seed, so small, but mighty. Mighty enough to move my mountain heart and cast it into the sea of love.
The mountain of my heart has been lifted and thrown into the sea of love, by this woman".

I burst into laughter.

"Oh my God! Daddy can you see what your bobo is doing?" I said admist laughter. I could hear Daddy laughing hard within me.

"George do you know what I feel like doing right now?" I asked.

"What!" He asked giggling.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I feel like kissing you. But I resist you by thunder by force. My goodness! You are tempting a virgin sister in the Lord. I refuse to fall on my wedding eve".

I could hear him laughing hard.

To be continued.....

Susan you better fall oh this kind of fall na beta fall

Falling in love

Tomorrow is the wedding day

I want you use this opportunity to talk to us.
Spiritual parents, deserve our respects even when it seems that they have compromised their standards.

No matter how you feel they are a disappointment. Never insult or speak rashly to the person who fed you.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY EIGHT

"Can you imagine my wife calling herself my sister in the Lord?" George commented.

I was laughing so hard that my stomach tightened.

"You are lucky I wasn't recording the call. I would have sent it to uncle Dare on WhatsApp", he added.

"Ah! My Tommy! Do you want my tommy to burst", I said admist laughter.

"There is so much love for me hidden in that stomach. So let it explode and splatter love on me",

George go kill me oh. I never knew daddy's bobo was such a poet.

"Pity me na! If my belle burst, who will born the baby?" I asked jokingly.

"Mine is here! I'm donating my tommy. It's even bigger than your own!"

I almost fell off my chair out of laughter.

"George, you are not serious! Thank God this is a phone conversation. I would have fallen before my time. I'm so happy the only time I would see you is when I walk down the isle tommorrow. You are one in a million. I'm so happy I didn't reject God's will for my life. This is how I will be smiling and laughing everyday in my marriage".

"Susan, I should be the one saying that. I never deserved a lady like you. My past was such a mess".

"George!" I called in a serious tone. The mentor tone.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Not another word about your past. All I know is that, I'm getting married to a man who ever since he was reborn, had not known a woman. A virgin in Christ". I replied.

"Yes Susan!" He replied.

"Anyway, sweet, we have been talking for the past one hour. If we don't end this call soon, we would end up spending the entire day talking. The talk dey sweet me die!"

"If I'm not Sweet, then what am I?" He asked and I burst into laughter.

"Then you will be sugar!" I said admist laughter.

"Anyway, remember I told you to call me in the evening. But here you are calling me this early morning. If not that Daddy told me to pick your call, I wouldn't have touched it oh!"

"Hmmmm, are you sure?"

"Yes na!" I answered grinning.

"Are you sure if daddy had said don't pick it, you wouldn't beg him to pick it. Are you sure you wouldn't beg him to pick pick it and at least say good morning sweet!" He said mimicking my voice.

"Yes ooooo! I wouldn't have picked your call", I said laughing.

"Susan, admit Jor", he said and I burst into laughter.

"Go away from my phone jor! Bye bye!"

"Bye Susan!"

"I'll miss you!"

"Yeah, me too", he said and with that, the call ended.

OMOLAYO AYO

I grinned as I dropped the phone on the table. Smiling all to myself, I sat down and pondered on how much my love for George had grown rapidly.

This was a man I wanted to kill. A man I called a Devil. A man I desperately wanted to give up my relationship God to destroy. This was actually the love of my life. God is truly awesome. What would have happened if I had chosen to disobey God? I would have ended up killing my dream husband and be on the streets looking for someone to marry me.

The day was completely different for me. I had so many people calling and opened my door to so many visitors, including Genevieve.

Surprised huh? Yeah, she came to apologize to me. And of course I did forgive her. She said she didn't know what came over her that made her to say such words.

"The moment you commanded me to keep quiet. I felt as though something jumped out of me. Mama, I'm so sorry!"

Mama was the word she usually addressed me with. I was happy to have my daughter back.

"Genevieve, remember what the Bible says in
Proverbs 4:23 Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Your heart must be guarded 24 hours of the day. That's why Jesus said WATCH. Yes, he expects us to watch very well, because while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

You slept off and unknowingly allowed Satan to plant seeds of hatred and bitterness. As Christians, we must not be negligent. We must resist the Devil steadfastly. We must not give him any opportunity to take advantage of us",

She thanked me and spent some time with me in the house, before she finally left.

OMOLAYO AYO

I was happy I was winning souls at my wedding eve. Ella and Juliet with some other friends also came to check on me.

Calls and texts stormed my phone, almost draining it of battery life. The bridal train and my dressers were to come and get me ready by 7am tommorrow.

I was completely overwhelmed with joy. I sent the last visitors home by 9:30pm and returned to my study room.

I sat down and smiled tiredly. I had not eaten all day, but I hardly noticed. Happiness made my hunger disappear. Even though my body told me that my stomach needed food. Happiness would not allow me.

"Daddy! This is my last day as a single lady. What do you have to say to me?" I asked as I flipped open the pages of the scriptures.

My eyes caught glimpse of a particular verse, so I paused to take a look.

Proverbs 14:1 Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.

"Hmmmm! Lord help me not to be foolish!" I said inwardly and tried to turn the page, but I felt a restraint in my spirit.

"Okay sir! This is it. What do you have to say?"

"SUSAN! A WIFE IS A GATEKEEPER. YES I TOLD ADAM TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN, BUT HIS WIFE WAS THE GATEKEEPER OF THE GARDEN".

I quickly brought out my Bible study jotter and began to write down what God was teaching me.

"THE HUSBAND IS THE HEAD, GOOD AND FINE. THE HUSBAND IS THE ONE GOD PLACED TO BE IN CHARGE. THE HUSBAND IS APPOINTED AS THE LEADER OF THE HOME BY GOD, BUT THE GATEKEEPER IS THE WIFE.

OMOLAYO AYO

THE WIFE IS THE ONE WHO STANDS BETWEEN THE MAN AND ANY PERSON WHO TRIES TO ENTER THE CHRISTIAN HOME. THAT WAS WHY THE SERPENT HAD TO MEET WITH EVE BEFORE HE COULD HAVE ACCESS TO ADAM AND HIS GARDEN.

"Wow!" I exclaimed as I paused to read through what I wrote.

"IF YOU CHECK THE BIBLE, EVERY GREAT MAN THAT FELL IN THE BIBLE FELL BECAUSE THEIR WIVES ALLOWED LUCIFER INTO THE HOUSE. THEY FELL BECAUSE THEIR WIVES GAVE HIM PERMISSION, EITHER THROUGH IGNORANCE OR DISOBEDIENCE.

LOOK AT SAMSON! HE WOULD NEVER HAD BEEN DEFEATED IF NOT FOR THE PERMISSION GRANTED BY HIS WIFE. HE WAS SO POWERFUL THAT MEN COULD NOT KILL HIM. BUT THE MOMENT HIS GATEKEEPER WAS BRIBED BY THE ENEMIES, HE CRASHED.

LOOK AT KING SOLOMON. HE WAS SO WISE THAT SATAN COULD NOT PULL HIM DOWN. ALL HE NEEDED TO DO WAS TO CONSULT WITH HIS GATEKEEPERS.

SATAN IS SUCH A STRATEGIST. HE KNOWS HOW TO PENETRATE. WHEN HE WANTED TO BRING ADAM DOWN, HE KNEW THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PRESS. HE WENT FOR THE GATEKEEPER OF HIS GARDEN AND COLLECTED ACCESS FROM HER.

"Lord! What do you expect we Christian wives to do? How do we prevent the Devil when he comes for our family?" I asked.

"THE REASON WHY SATAN SUCCEEDS IN GETTING ACCESS FROM THE GATEKEEPER IS DECEPTION".

"Deception?" I asked.

"YES! BUT SATAN'S DECEPTION IS CALLED DISGUISE!"

"Hmmmm! Disguise! How does this work?" I asked as I penned down everything he was saying.

OMOLAYO AYO

"SATAN MAKES HIS VICTIMS SEE HIM AS A FRIEND. HE MAKES HIS IDENTITY LOOK SO HARMLESS AND FRIENDLY. REMEMBER WHAT APOSTLE PAUL SAID, SATAN IS DISGUISED AS AN ANGEL OF LIGHT. SO WHEN HE STARTS SUGGESTING TO MUMMY SARAH TO GIVE HER MAID TO ABRAHAM AS A WIFE. IT SOUNDED LIKE A GOOD SUGGESTION. THAT IS HOW SATAN OPERATES.

"So how do Christian wives overcome him?" I asked curiously.

"STOP GIVING THE DEVIL LISTENING EARS. SATAN DECIEVES THROUGH FACTS. WHEN HE COMES TO DECIEVE, HE LOOKS FOR FACTS TO CONVINCE YOU".

TAKE FOR EXAMPLE, MUMMY SARAH. SATAN DID EVERYTHING TO CONVINCE HER INTO BELIEVING SHE COULD NOT BEAR ABRAHAM A SON. YOU ARE TOO OLD. ITS OVER FOR YOU. WHY WASTE YOUR TIME WAITING FOR GOD? CAN'T YOU SEE GOD WAS RIGHT? HE PROMISED TO GIVE ABRAHAM A SON, BUT HOW WOULD IT HAPPEN? GOD IS WAITING FOR YOU TO TAKE ACTION.

SUSAN CAN I TELL YOU A SECRET?" He asked.

"Yes please!" I answered.

"ONCE SATAN CAN SUCCEED IN CONVINCING THE WIFE, HE CAN GO AND SLEEP. THE WIFE WILL CONTINUE FROM WHERE HE STOPPED AND EVEN PERFORM A BETTER JOB THAN LUCIFER HIMSELF, IN BRINGING THE MAN DOWN. AND WHAT'S PAINFUL ABOUT IT, IS THE FACT THAT SHE DOES IT IGNORANTLY.

ONCE SATAN CAN SUCCEED IN MAKING THE CHRISTIAN WIFE A VICTIM OF HIS DECEPTION. THE CHRISTIAN MAN IS IN TROUBLE. IT WOULD ONLY TAKE THE GRACE OF GOD TO SAVE THAT MAN FROM FALLING".

"Wow! So without the woman, the enemy can never bring a home down?"

"YES! DO YOU REMEMBER THAT PROVERB. WHEN THERE'S NO ENEMY WITHIN, THE ENEMY OUTSIDE CANNOT DO US ANY HARM. SO GUARD YOUR HEART. THAT'S THE ENTRY POINT FOR THE ENEMY. YOU KNOW HOW SATAN TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE HUMAN BODY? DON'T ALLOW SATAN'S DECEPTIVE WHISPERS TAKE ROOT IN YOUR HEART!"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Yes sir!" I replied.

"OKAY THEN! ITS BED TIME!" He replied.

I turned to take a look at my clock on the wall. It was past 12am.

"Wow! This is one of the best Bible study I've ever had since I was a single. Daddy, so you kept the best wine untill now?"

I could hear him laughing hard.

I went down on my knees and thanked him for the revelation of the word.

If someone had told me I would write two pages out of that common scripture, Every wise woman buuildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands. I would not believe.

As soon as I was done I left my study room for my bedroom. I changed into my nigh dress and lay down on the bed.

"Daddy!"

"YES PRINCESS!"

"Where's my wedding gift?"I asked and grinned as Daddy laughed.

"ARE YOU SERIOUS?"

"Yes ooooo!" I replied immediately.

"ACTUALLY, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!" He replied.

"Really? Where is it?" I asked, eyes widely opened.

"CLOSE YOUR EYES!" Came the gentle whisper.

"Okay!" I said and shut my eyes.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Daddy, they are closed. Where's the gift?" I asked inwardly.

"KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED!"

"Okay!" I replied.

Five minutes passed, ten minutes also passed, yet nothing was happening.

"Daddy!"

"RELAX DEAR! KEEP YOUR EYES CLOSED. I'M GOING TO SURPRISE YOU!" He replied.

So I kept my eyes closed till I slept off.

To be continued.....

I thought today would be wedding day. But God had something else in mind. So the wedding has been shifted till tomorrow

Dear Christian lady. Yes the man is the head of the home, but the gatekeeper is you. Both the destiny of your husband and your children are hanging under your watch.

Will you allow Lucifer into your garden, or kick him out?

Please share with me what you have learnt from this story.

God bless you as you do so.

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

The gate opened and some tall beings on wings welcomed me. I was amazed by the beauty my eyes beheld. It was the most beautiful place I've ever seen in my entire life.

What was this place? Where was I? I kept walking with these winged tall men as my escorts when I looked forward and saw a lady coming towards us.

Soon my escorts stopped moving and I followed suit. As the lady got closer, my eyes widened in shock.
Was I dreaming? Who am I seeing?

She was dressed in a white beautiful gown. She was so beautiful than she looked when I knew her. I was usually the most beautiful one between the two of us, but today, she surpassed me.

"Susan!" She shrieked in excitement and ran to embrace me.

"Chioma!" I cried out for joy as we clung tightly to each other in a warm embrace.

"So you made it? Oh thank you merciful Lord". I said in gratitude.

"Our Lord is indeed merciful!" She said with so much excitement in her eyes.

"I was such a fool Chioma. I decided to throw everything away to seek revenge. I lost touch with God and his Holy Spirit just to kill the man who caused your untimely death. But I was such a fool.

You were here in the presence of God. Basking in his glory and majesty. While I was busy running errands that the Devil decieved me into.

Wow! The Lord is indeed merciful. How did it happen?" I asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Actually, it was mercy that spoke for me. I was almost slipping away that day. I was at the verge of sinking into Hell. I had lost all hope of ever getting forgivenesss from God. I only remembered how many times I resisted the Holy Spirit. The only thing I kept remembering was my sturborness.

I was depressed and ready to leave the earth. But right there, mercy came for me.
If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

That was the scripture that saved me. I began to tell God I'm sorry for letting him down. I began to confess my sins to him and in a few seconds, it was over. I saw myself coming out of my body and in that room were demons. Horrible ugly looking creatures ready to snatch my soul to Hell.

Immediately they tried to advance, a bright light shone in the room announcing the arrival of the angels of God.
That was how I was saved at last. Forgiven at the slightest minute of departure. Merciful God!" She said and shook her head in painful regret.

"If only I had known that this God was so loving? If I had known he could save a sinner like me? Someone who willingly disobeyed him. Grieved the Holy Spirit and ignored his whispers of love. And made him cry several times on the bed of immorality. If only I had knew he would not turn his back on me when I needed him?
I would have served him with all my heart. I would have preached the gospel with so much passion like never before.

Susan, he actually sent me to do what you did. To win Mr George, who is one of his chosen instruments. But I never understood. Susan, it's so painful to find out all the things you have missed when it's already too late.

Mr George was supposed to know about you through me and there the love story would begin. You were sent to accomplish what I failed to accomplish through compromise.

OMOLAYO AYO

Susan, I'm so proud of you. The hosts of heaven knows you very well. You are popular here among us. The day George gave his life to Christ on earth, you needed to see how Jesus was dancing in excitement".

"Do you mean Daddy dances?" I asked smiling.

"Susan, you haven't seen anything yet. Jesus is so sweet and full of surprises. Eternity is too short to know him more. Susan, it's fun up here".

She paused and looked behind me. I had to turn and see what got her attention. The angels were standing closer than they were earlier. I had a feeling it was time to leave.

"Before you leave, please remember this. You still have so much to do for the Lord. Your assignment has gotten bigger. Remember this, maintain your relationship with the Lord", she said and moved back.

"I'm not going anywhere!" I just got here. I haven't seen the whole of heaven!"

Those were the word in my mouth when I woke up. It was all a dream.

I sat up on my bed awe struck. I looked around and saw I was in my room. I remembered how I laid down and slept. This was a revelation of heaven.

"Wow! Chioma is in heaven?" I asked rhetorically.

"SURPRISE! SURPRISE!" Came the gentle whisper.

I froze in my thoughts as realisation dawned on me.

"Wait! Was this the wedding gift? Wait a second!" I said and jumped out of my bed.

"Daddy you don't mean it! Was this the surprise you said I should close eyes for?" I asked.

"YES PRINCESS!"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Wow! That's the biggest surprise I had ever seen! Thank you so much Dad!" I said blushing.

"OH, YOU'RE MOST WELCOME!"

"Wow! Chioma's in heaven! Thank you Jesus!"

"HAPPY MARRIED LIFE!" Came Daddy's reply.

"Really?" I asked and looked at the clock on the wall. It was 6am already.

"Wow! It's my wedding day!" I said and spurned around, dancing.

Wow! It was so amazing. God was the first person to congratulate me on my wedding day. The thought of that alone filled me with overwhelming joy.

"Daddy, can I ask you something?"

"GO AHEAD!"

"You're giving me out in marriage today. Won't you send me away with fatherly blessings?" I asked.

"THE MEN OF GOD IN YOUR CHURCH WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!"

"Daddy no! I want you to do it now!" I said like a spoilt brat.

"IN FIVE MINUTES, YOUR BRIDAL TRAIN WOULD BE HERE. I DON'T THINK WE HAVE ENOUGH TIME FOR THIS".

"Daddy, bridal train can wait. I need your fatherly blessings".

"OKAY! SUSAN, THE POWERS OF DARKNESS WILL NEVER SEE YOUR BACK ON THE GROUND.
YOU SHALL RULE IN THE MIDST OF YOUR ENEMIES.
YOUR MARRIAGE SHALL BE HEAVEN ON EARTH.
I BLESS YOU FROM MY HEART DAUGHTER!"

OMOLAYO AYO

"Amen I replied and soon I heard the sound of my door bell.

I stood up and went for the living room. I opened the door and met smiling faces, staring at me.

"Congratulations!" They screamed in unison.

I smiled and spread my arms as they rushed to give me a crowded hug.

Ella, Juliet, Sophia and some girls I did not know were here to get me prepared. When I asked who they were, most of them said they were Ablazers. I didn't know what that meant, but all them same, I was happy they were here to celebrate with me.

My Bobo had been calling me all morning. Me being a shy person struggled with picking his calls in presence of those girls. But when the calls became to much to ignore, I was forced to pick it.

"Please put it on speaker", Ella requested and that got me blushing as the girls laughed.

"Hello sweet!" I said with a soft voice.

"Hello Angel! It's finally here!" He said cheerfully.

"Yes it is! I'm the most excited person in the world. Sweet can you believe what happened to me last night?"

"I was about to ask you", he answered.

"I don't understand. Ask me about what?" I asked.

"I mean Daddy told me he showed you something that you want to share with me", he answered.

"Aah! Daddy! You are gossiping about me with your Bobo abi?" I teased inwardly and he started laughing within me.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Then I would tell you much later", I replied my Bobo.

"Why can't you say it now?" He asked.

"Now's not the right time. I have so many people around me. I don't want them to hear what I have to say", I replied.

"Hmmmm! What does she want to say that cannot be said in our presence?" Juliet asked.

"Yes ooooo! Say it, we want to hear it!" Ella concurred.

"Susan! Say it!" Sophia added.

"Please be silent! I'm talking to my Bobo. We don't need noise!" I said grinning.

They all burst into laughter.

"Susan! I'm so happy. God was indeed merciful. I just don't know how to describe my gratitude to him. For everything he has done, most especially, sending you into my life", he said.

I smiled shyly and left the girls in the sitting room for my room. They laughed at my action, but that didn't stop me.

"Me, I'm just waiting for when the celebration would end and it would just be the two of us. I wonder what first night would look like", I said laughing.

"Susan, stop talking about that. You are a Spiritual sister for goodness sake. We are supposed to use our first night together for revival programmes. We are supposed to do alnight and series of fasting and prayers", he said jokingly.

"Which prayer? If you have prayer points bring it out now oh! What sort of Spirituality is that? Don't try that rough play with me ooo!" I threatened playfully while he laughed.

OMOLAYO AYO

"When you are supposed to be chasing me around the room. When we are supposed to be doing pillow fights, you want to turn my honeymoon to Spiritual retreat abi? Don't try it oh! What kind of Spirituality is that?" I asked.

"Susan! Are you done talking with Bobo about your first night together?" Ella's voice sounded from the door.

"Oh my goodness!"

That meant they were eavesdropping. I quickly ended my conversation with my Bobo and opened the door. The sound of girls giggling, greeted me.

Some ran back while others were bold enough to ask me if I was going to use my first night for hot prayer sessions.

"Na your wedding night we go use do revival meeting!" I said to Toochi, the lady who asked me that question. Everyone laughed.

Soon they started getting me ready. The wedding dress was distinctively beautiful and modest. My hair was neatly and beautifully arranged by the hair stylist.

Infact, these Ablazers were awesome. They made me look extremely beautiful. Ella was my chief bridesmaid. She was by my side all through the preparation.

As soon as we were ready, we got into the car. Come and see the way the train of my dress filled the room as I walked like a princess.

We had a little bit of delay in the Lagos traffic. I don't know why there would be a traffic on my wedding day. But that was completely bearable as Daddy and the girls teased and cheered me up all through the traffic.

When we got to the church and I stepped out of the car. My Bobo was standing at the window watching out for me. Joy bubbled within me.
I blew a kiss and him and giggled when he stretched his hands forward to collect it and saved it in his pocket. He acted like he caught it and kept it safe in his pocket.

OMOLAYO AYO

Mr Abayomi, my mentor's husband was waiting to walk me down the isle.

The church played a melodious intro for me as we walked gracefully.

My Bobo was already standing at the altar. Ayo one of our brothers in church was by his side as his bestman. Our eyes were locked up in each other. We were both smiling. Though I was veiled, I could still see his face clearly.

We said our vows and exchanged rings. Then my Bobo unveiled me as the pastor said those words.

"You may kiss the bride!"

My insides shook as I awaited my first kiss from a man.

To be continued.....

Happy married life Susan!"

Congratulations
Finally they are married.

Ablazers, Susan said I should thank you guys on her behalf.

How many of you loved Daddy's surprise?

I have news for the house. Yesterday I met one of my Ablazing Christian stories readers in church.
She was busy telling me about a writer she follows online that bears my name. I was surprised, not knowing she was talking about me.

I was curious to know who had my exact name and was also a writer. Especially when she said this writer was a female writer. I was like "Another Ayo Omolayo? A female writer? Maybe she would teach me more about writting!"
She quickly opened her Facebook account and showed me Susan's revenge

OMOLAYO AYO

CHAPTER THIRTY

"Good morning Angel!" My husband's voice called me out of my sleep. A gentle tap I had gotten familiar with repeated on my arm.

"The only good thing that happened to me in life apart from Jesus, wake up!" He called softly.

I opened my eyes slowly and met his. I smiled tiredly. He bent over and planted a kiss on my forehead.

"It's 10am Susan!" He said and burst into laughter.

My eyes widened in surprise. My mentor had called promising to visit us.

We just had a baby after two years of our union. Though my mentor had visited several times, today's visit was official. She was bringing the entire family. Even Ella was bringing her husband with her.

I had told George I would be the one to wake him. We had been talking about my too much sleep. I had promised to wake up earlier and get everything ready for our guests.

Our baby boy was much demanding. Little Anthony was so adorable. But it's tough being a mother. Especially, when the baby is so tender and needs you to do everything.
I'm so glad my mentor called often, buttressing on the importance of maintaining my relationship with God in the midst of marital responsibilities.

I've got to admit, I wasn't perfect. There were times when my spiritual life seemed to go down and I had good reasons for it. But they were still not an excuse.

Thank God for his mercy and grace that kept me consistent. But being a mom was so new to me.
"Oh no!" I said and tried to get up.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Calm down Angel! I've been so busy in the kitchen. You only need to come and see them downstairs when they arrive".

I heaved a sigh of relief and smiled at him.

"You're such a darling!" I said, all smiles.
"You're welcome", he replied admist laughter.

"Why are you laughing at me?" I feigned an angry face, because I knew he was laughing at me for oversleeping.

"Do you think it's easy to give birth to a child that is as handsome as his father?" I asked.

"Oh! Is that true? I'm so sorry. I wasn't told handsome baby boys make their mummies oversleep!" He said and we both laughed.

I pushed myself into a sitting position. He took my hand and smiled at me.

"So, when would you love to eat?" He asked, obviously to get me reacting.

"See my husband oh! I resemble who wan fast Abi?" I asked rhetorically.

"Okay then, let's go!" He said grinning and stood up. Taking a few steps towards the door, he turned to look at me, who was still sitting down.

"I'm just too tired to walk", I complained like a baby.

"Okay! Shall I carry the dinning table to you or carry you to the dinning table?" He asked, putting on a funny look.

I shook my head laughing.

"Between your dinning table and your adorable, exceptionally beautiful loving wife, who deserves a ride in your arms?"

OMOLAYO AYO

"I prefer to carry my one and only Susan!" He said and came back to carry me. Instead of carrying as expected, he tickled my waists.

I jerked and moved away.

"I said carry me! Not this trouble you are looking for!" I said.

"Perhaps that was a mistake! Come!" He said and made to carry me, but tickled me harder this time.

"Sweet! Stop! I don't have strength ooh!" I squealed and made to run, but he grabbed my leg and pulled me back.

Though he didn't tickle me, only threatening to tickle me was enough to get me laughing.

"Stop na!" I pleaded admist laughter.

He was somehow sturborn today.

"Sweet! You know I'm not supposed to laugh too much! My stomach!"

He stopped, but frowned at me.

"Why would you say such a thing? You must laugh for me in this house!"

"Yes sir!" I said giggling, just wishing he would stop tickling me, though a part of me wanted him to continue.

He rose up and made to leave.

"You like rough play too much!" I said.

He turned and smiled.

"Start apologizing now!" He said feigning a serious face.

OMOLAYO AYO

"Apology my foot!" I dared him.

"What!" He yelled and made to rush at me.

"Please sir! I'm sorry sir!" I apologized immediately, seeing how swift he was to grab me.

"Apologize again!" He demanded.

"But I just did Na!"

"I need another one!"

"I'm not giving you another one. I'm your mentor. I will punish you if you misbehave!" I grinned.

He charged towards me. I threw a pillow at him to distract him and made to climb out of the bed, but he pinned me down.

I squealed and laughed out loud as he tickled me all over.

"Oya sorry!" I apologized, when I couldn't bear it anymore.

"Say it again!"

"I'm sorry my sweet, sweet George!" I said, my cheeks aching from laughter.

"That's better!" He said and stood up.

I was so glad my noise didn't wake the baby. That would mean another round of work.

"Please go and get me the food. I don't even want you to carry me sef! You like rough play too much!"

George who was already at the door turned and shook his head.

OMOLAYO AYO

"I'll pretend I didn't hear that!" He said and I laughed victoriously.

"Do you think I'm afraid of you? You cannot do anything to me!" I threatened.

He only laughed and left, because it was obvious I wouldn't allow him to leave.

Soon he came back with a tray in his hands.

"Can you guess what I cooked?" He asked.

George still enjoyed his guessing game and as a good wife, I had learnt to become good at guessing.

Marriage takes one into a life of learning more about your partner. And since that was something he loved, I had to learn it.

"Susan, guess! What did your sweet cook?" He asked.

"Hmmmm! I'm familiar with that smell. That's the smell of spaghetti. So, my answer is spaghetti!" I answered grinning.

"Who told you to inhale the aroma? You were supposed to cover your nose. That's examination malpractice", he replied, causing me to laugh hard.

I made to take up the cutleries, when he told me he was going to feed me

"Yay!" I gave him thumbs up and sat back.

He took a spoon full of the meal and placed it gently in my mouth.

I was still chewing when he brought a larger spoon full and forced it into my mouth.

I grabbed a pillow and hit him with it.

"Is that how to feed your Angel?" I asked.

OMOLAYO AYO

He laughed and apologized, then continued feeding me.

I was almost done eating when the door bell rang.

They are here. George helped me up to my feet and waited for me as I carried the sleeping baby out of the cot.

We both went downstairs to meet our visitors. It was a great reunion. Ella and her husband, pastor Henry, got married 7 months ago. Her protruding belly proved a baby was on the way. Juliet and her fiancee, Robert. My mentor, Mrs Toyin Abayomi and her husband, Mr Tunde Abayomi were all present.

We were all grateful to God for the reunion. Most importantly, the blessings that came with it.

"George! I can see you are taking good care of my daughter!" Mrs Abayomi said, grinning.

George looked at me and smiled.

"It is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our sight", he replied.

"When are we expecting the next championship?" Henry asked.

We all burst into laughter.

"Look at this guy oh! We are not done with one tournament. You are already anticipating the next. You no dey pity the goal post wey dey recieve all the shots?" Mr Abayomi said.

"Please! My daughters are not goal posts. They are virtuous women so difficult to find!" Mrs Abayomi said.

"But at least! Virtuous women still win championship Na! Abi wetin be virtue without winning world cup?" Robert said laughing.

"You are there my brother" Henry concurred.

OMOLAYO AYO

Juliet bad eyed her fiancee, feigning annoyance.

"Hmmmm, bro Robert, this one my daughter is bad eyeing you. Hope you have concluded on how many world cups you guys would be winning?" Mr Abayomi asked and we all laughed.

"Well I'm considering 7 championship!"

"What!" Mrs Abayomi shouted at him and he started laughing.

"I was only joking oooo!" He said ad-mist laughter.

"Don't turn my girl into a factory oo!" She added.

"Mummy! God will bless you!" Said Ella, grinning.

"Juliet this one you are not saying anything. Hope that was not the agreement?" Henry asked.

"God forbid!" She replied.
Turning to George, he asked.

"So when are we expecting the next baby. I already have a nephew. I also need a niece!" He said and George only grinned.

"The Lord holds our future", he replied.

"Bros this one no be Bible study. This is world cup!"

"Henry! Leave my sweet for me oh", I attacked him and everyone burst into laughter.

The chattering went on. Each of us laughing and sharing our experiences with one another.

I cuddled my baby in my arms and looked at his father beside me. His right arm wrapped around me. I smiled and leaned my head on his shoulder.

OMOLAYO AYO

A few years back, this was the man I wanted to kill. A few years back this was the man I hated so much and called a devil. A few years back, I didn't care if I go to hell in the process of ending his life.

It's amazing how God changes the lives of men. From a complete sinner, into a man I loved with all my heart.

The way I loved George, sometimes I had to ask God not to love him more than Jesus. Everyday of my life was like heaven on earth.

Indeed God was merciful. The Susan that left her Jesus behind, seeking for revenge. The Susan that obtained mercy from God and was restored. Then she was sent on a completely different sort of revenge mission.

She was sent to slay with a different kind of sword. A sword that cuts men who are dead in their trespasses, and brings them back to life.

God was indeed so merciful. Here I am today, with my baby boy and the man of my dreams. Surrounded by Abba's love, so indescribable and overwhelming.

"Daddy! I'm so grateful!" I said inwardly.

"SUSAN! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU! THANK YOU FOR YIELDING TO THE HOLY SPIRIT. YOU HAD A WILL OF YOUR OWN, BUT YOU SUBMITTED IT TO ME.
ONCE AGAIN MY GIRL! I WANT TO SAY, THANK YOU! THANK YOU SO MUCH!"

I smiled and closed my eyes, lost in daddy's love.

"Daddy! You don't have to say that! Who am I that you should take knowledge of me?"

"I WILL SAY IT AND SAY IT AGAIN! YOU HAVE MADE ME SO PROUD. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH MY PRINCESS. THANK YOU FOR OBEYING ME. EVEN WHEN YOU WERE CONFUSED.

OMOLAYO AYO

SUSAN, THOSE DAYS WHEN YOU WERE HUNGRY. YET, YOU NEVER TURNED AWAY FROM ME. THOSE DAYS WHEN YOU WERE SURROUNDED BY TEMPTATION.

YOU WERE TEMPTED TO BETRAY ME AND HAVE FOOD ON YOUR TABLE, BUT YOU CHOSE TO STARVE.

SUSAN, I WAS SO TOUCHED BY THE MEASURE OF LOVE YOU SHOWERED ON ME. HOW COULD THIS GIRL, LOVE ME SO MUCH AND STAND FOR ME?

I WILL HONOUR THEM THAT HONOUR ME. AND I WILL KEEP MY WORD.

SUSAN! THANK YOU! THANKS FOR MAKING DADDY SO PROUD!"

THE END

OMOLAYO AYO

I'm grateful to God for this story. I don't know how the inspiration came, but I was in the sitting room when the story came strongly in my spirit. I picked up my phone, wrote it and posted it the same day.

I want to thank all my friends for the support. You've really been wonderful

SUSAN'S REVENGE has ended. But I'm announcing to you that Susan's story has not ended. Susan, will be back in a story titled
THE GATEKEEPER.

Though I'm yet to write it, but the Lord has given me the inspiration on how the story would look like.

If you have been blessed by this story, don't just pass by.

Please say a word of prayer for your brother **Ayo Omolayo**.

God bless you all

INSPIRED BY THE BREAD OF LIFE
WRITTEN BY AYO OMOLAYO
YOUR BROTHER IN CHRIST

If you want to share your testimonies, send a WhatsApp message to +**234 811 311 5140** or message (inbox) him on his Facebook account @**Ayo Omolayo**
You can also call +**234 811 311 5140**.

OMOLAYO AYO

ABOUT THE BOOK

Susan is set to avenge the death of her best friend Chioma. Her death could be completely linked to her boss, Mr George Oluwagbade.

Determined to carry out her revenge mission, she works her way into becoming on of his employees. She had her hidden agenda in her heart.

But God intervened and saved her, giving her a new revenge mission. What could that be?

A revenge mission? Find out in this story.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ayo Omolayo is a young writer, who wishes to spread the word of God through stories.