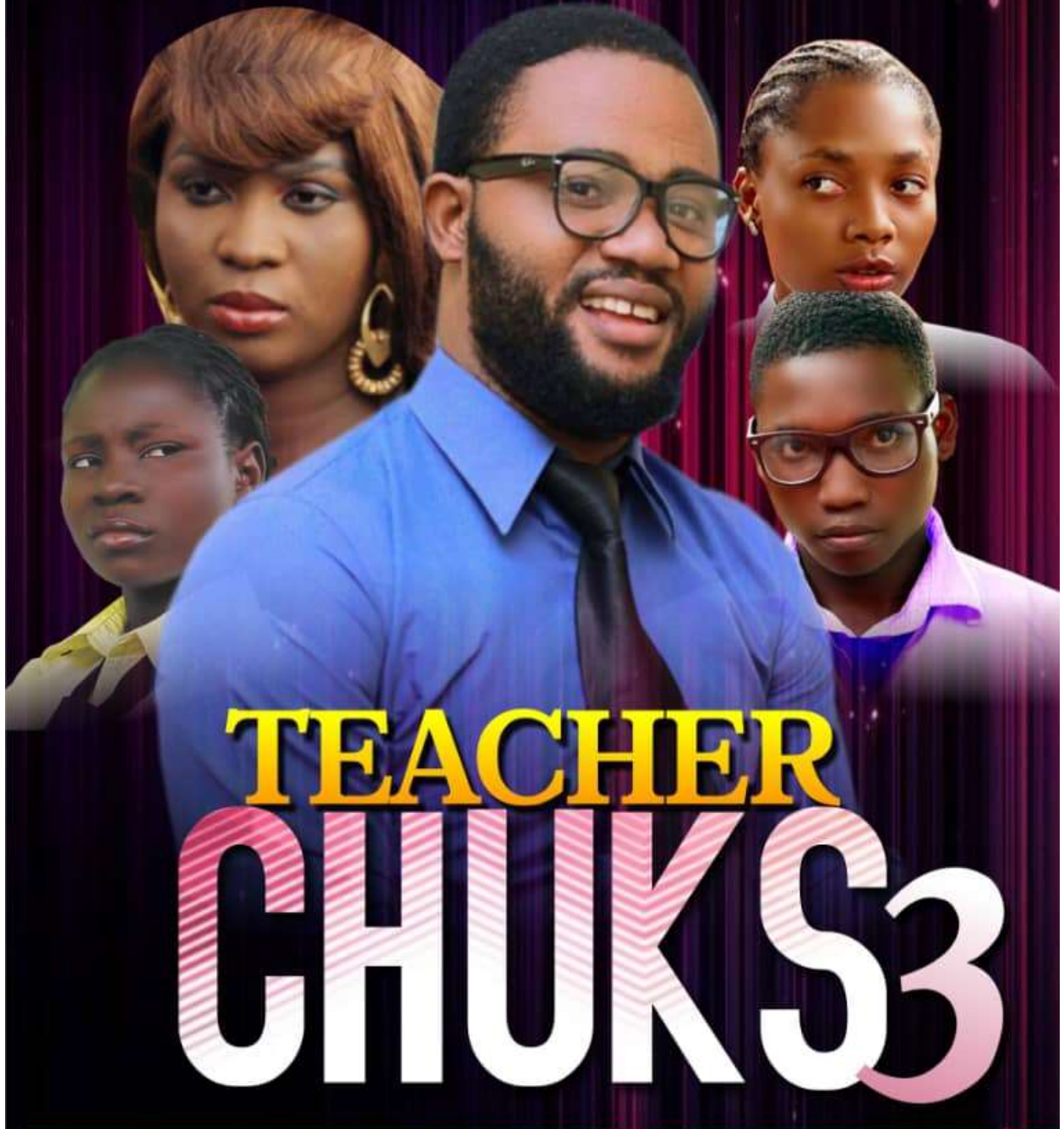


INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD

DEEP THOTS NOVELS

FROM THE AUTHOR OF
THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 401 & ISOKENE



INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD

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TEACHER CHUKS SEASON 3

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APPRECIATION

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

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

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

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

I APPRECIATE MY SPRITUAL PARENTS, PASTORS, MENTORS, ESPECIALLY, DR D.K OLUKOYA. "Daddy, thanks for your fatherly love and interest in me".

I APPRECIATE BISHOP DAVID OYEDEPO, FOR SOWING THE SEED OF SALVATION IN ME, WHILE ATTENDING COVENANT UNIVERSITY.

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

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

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

DEDICATION

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

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

I AM NOTHING WITHOUT THE TRINITY.

DEEP THOTS NOVEL

PART 1
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Chuks, so what next?” Favour asked.

“I don’t know, I will follow God everyday as it comes because this was not planned. This is definitely the move of God, so I am just meant to follow His lead,” I said.

“I know, but what I am saying is, do you have a plan for these teenagers, because I can tell you that by morning, this place will be flooded with those teens.”

Favour was right: by 7am, I felt a tap on my shoulder. Baba Agba was waking me from sleep...

“Chuks, you have visitors!” Baba Agba said with a smile.

“Visitors?” I pushed myself up because my body was aching. He pointed his hand to the door telling me to go see for myself.

I walked to the door and on opening the door, I stepped back in shock as I saw mothers and fathers with their children...

“Pastor, good morning.”

“Pastor, sorry for waking you up this early.”

“Pastor, you are God sent!”

I heard different greetings and I didn’t know who to answer. I decided to give a general “Good morning.”

I heard a man speak first.

“Sir, I believe you were sent to this environment to help reshape our children. This is my son, Prince, he has not been doing well academically so if he doesn’t go to school for a while, it won’t take away anything from him. I have brought him to you, please let him stay with you and you teach him the way of God.”

“Yes... as for her, she can resume in the morning and come back home at night... I am giving her to you for the Lord’s work. She is very stubborn and I know it is the work of the devil, because I know the prophecy I heard about her before her birth.” A concerned mother said about her daughter who had her head bowed with a rebellious look on her face.

“Her name is Helen, she can sleep with anything in trousers...” another mother said about her own daughter.

"I have put him in different training centers, but he is always running away. I paid to have him learn electrical work, he ran away. I told him to learn barbing, he ran away after four days. I even enrolled him in a fashion house, he didn't attend the class more than a week. Please, help me lay your hand on him and deliver him from these demons that do not want him to amount to anything in life." A man said about his son.

I stood there confused at what these parents wanted of me. What did they want me to do with these children? Baba Agba came to my rescue...

"He would be happy to help your children, but whatever he is going to do with them cannot be a full day job because he also needs to work. Let them return to their schools and vocational centers but resume here every day by 3pm," Baba Agba said.

By 3pm every day? What was I going to be doing with them?

The parents looked at me expecting a confirmation and with no answer from my lips, I just nodded my head.

They expressed their happiness and gratitude, with high expectations of what God was going to do with their children written all over them.

After they left, I sat down, really confused and Baba Agba sat beside me with a smile that said "I know you are afraid but God's got you."

"Why me?" I asked him.

"God's ways are not our ways, it was the same with Apostle Paul. One thing you must know Chuks is that, it is not how far we fall that matters to God, but how much we are willing to rise up tall that no one will ever remember that we ever fell that interests God."

"I want to stand tall," I said with tears flowing "but I don't know how to."

"I see our Muslim brethren have a way of teaching their children the Quran every evening after school, why don't you also start a Bible study class every afternoon. You never know what God can start from there. I have always had the passion to do something like that but my strength has been a limiting force. There is little a 74 year old man can do. These days I spend more time praying for revival and I think you are the answer to that prayer. This present day parents especially mothers, do not have time to educate their children in morals and in the way of the Lord because of the economic situation, you can be that teacher to them..."

"I am still learning the Bible myself, how can I be teaching when I am still learning?" I said, trying to run away from this big task.

"Every teacher is a student... any teacher who has stopped learning will have nothing to offer anymore," Baba Agba said.

"Where is he?" Baba Agba and I heard a loud voice.

Baba Agba rose up to his feet.

“Officer, what is it?” Baba Agba said.

“Where is the fake and demonic pastor that has turned my niece to a witch?” the Army Officer said as I saw the woman who had come to pick up Ajaara the day before, following him closely.

“Witch? What are you talking about?” Baba Agba said.

“Ajaara has not been herself since my wife brought her back yesterday. I came back this morning to find her weeping, biting herself, doing strange things and saying strange things...”

“Strange things?”

“Yes strange things and if he doesn’t find a solution to it, I will take him to the barracks where he will be beaten mercilessly. A lot of all these fake pastors everywhere,” he said with seriousness in his voice.

“Hello... yes... my house, bring some boys when you are coming, there is a stupid fetish civilian here that I want to deal with...” I heard the man say to someone else over the phone.

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PART 2
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Sir, he didn’t do anything to her, she is just under the influence of the Holy Spirit,” Baba Agba replied.

“Which Holy Spirit? What Holy Spirit is making her say nonsense out of her mouth? Imagine her saying I sleep with her... when do I have that time and besides which devil will allow me sleep with my niece?” he said.

At that point Baba Agba and I knew what the issue was: Ajaara must have confessed all her deeds and her uncle was a culprit. He was trying to cover his tracks because of his wife.

“Sir, what exactly do you want?” I asked.

“I want you to follow me right now and cast out the demon in her that is making her say things that are not real,” he said with fear in his eyes.

Baba Agba took the officer aside. I didn’t know what he told him, but I noticed the officer nodded.

Baba Agba asked them to go bring Ajaara.

Ajaara was sobbing profusely. Surprisingly, she was in her normal state, so I was confused about what the officer was talking about her acting strangely.

“Hmmm... I guess this man is behind Ajaara’s promiscuity, and he is only trying to cover his tracks.” I quickly reasoned and it felt like Ajaara was listening to my thoughts because she jumped up and started shouting at the officer...

“You caused this, you ruined my life, ever since I was brought to live with you at the age of 7 when my parents died, you started playing with my genitals and warned me not to tell anyone...” She jumped on him and started biting him.

“You want to deny it?” she said as the officer was trying to pretend. His wife was shocked and was looking at his face for answers.

“Uncle Chuks, tell him to pull his boxers down he has a mole on his manhood.”

“Jesus!” the wife of the officer shouted. “I am finished! I am finished!”

“No you are not the one who is finished, I am the one who is finished, do you know how many times I have aborted for him?” she said screaming like someone who wanted to be heard. The compound was as silent as a graveyard with Ajaara’s voice ringing loud in the air.

"The first time I aborted for him was when I was 12 years old and till date, I have aborted 7 times... I have been in pains, my piercings was a way of me having a pain greater than the one I was feeling internally..."

At that point, some military officers walked in and met Ajaara's burst of outrage. Her uncle couldn't do anything as he bowed his head in shame.

"You made me make area boys (hoodlums) friends, and when I told them what you were doing, no one could help me because you are a military man... I have been dead since a long time ago. I should have died alongside my parents. You promised to take care of me.... but no... You ended up destroying me by turning me to your sex slave... God! Why did you let me lose my parents? Why did you watch this beast tear me into pieces? I never knew you existed... I never knew you were this real..." she broke down in tears.

We were all silent, but I noticed one of the junior officers stepped out to make a call.

"These are all false accusations...!" Ajaara's uncle said in a very low tone.

"Shut up! How did she know about your mole, you useless man? So your sleeping around was not enough, you brought your nonsense to your brother's daughter. God saved you, it is not to my own niece or any of my daughters, I would have slaughtered you," his wife said.

"Says who? He was doing the same to your sister's daughter Agnes, that was why she left. I didn't have anywhere to go, that's why I became his private toilet at home..." Ajaara said crying profusely and I couldn't hold back my tears. It made me see her promiscuity in a different way, she was just a victim.

"No wonder, Ajaara manifested a lot of strange spirits in her, this was because her uncle was sleeping with multiple partners, therefore he acquired a lot of strange spirits which he transferred into the innocent girl." My heart bled for Ajaara as I watched her crying so hard.

Baba Agba was short of words as well.

"Sir, you are required to report to the Commandant's office with immediate effect," said the officer who had stepped out to receive the call.

Fear was written all over the Uncle's face...

"You made a report about this? How dare you?" he said to the officer who still gave him a salute.

"I am sorry sir, but I have personal hatred for men who take advantage of young girls, because my only sister died after being raped at the age of eight," he said not maintaining eye contact with his superior.

"You will pay for this, when I get out of this mess, Just pray I don't lose my uniform over your matter Ajaara, you will join your parents where they are" he said boldly as he was asked to step out of the compound.

The Officer's wife was crying as well.

"That serves you right, may you be punished, useless man. You spend on women, yet I don't get a penny from you. Ajaara, why didn't you tell me about it? You know I am always out during the day, I couldn't have suspected he was doing all these..." she said.

"I didn't want to destroy your marriage," Ajaara said.

"But you were destroying yourself, you should have told me or someone else about it, it would have stopped. Oh my God! Let's go in, you need to eat something, you haven't eaten since yesterday," she said with sincere concern in her voice.

"I am not going with you anymore... I am not living in your house, you know if he returns, he will kill me," Ajaara said with a loud wailing voice.

"But you can't stay here with them," she said.

"I will go somewhere else, far away."

At that point, I knew I needed to help Ajaara, but how was I going to help her? Should I ask Baba Agba to accommodate her in his house? What if the Officer returns?

"You can stay with me!" I said not knowing how that came out, especially since I was still squatting with someone. Baba Agba looked at me and gave a knowing smile...

Why? I couldn't say...

To be continued...

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PART 3
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Favour!” was what dropped in my heart, when Baba Agba pulled me aside to ask of my plan...

“I like the fact that you want to help Ajaara, and you have taken her as a responsibility, but we both are men, and though I am 74 years of age, I won’t want to be thinking of the buttocks of a 15 year old. I want to spend my last years having pure thoughts,” he said jokingly.

I understood the point he was trying to make. Ajaara will be a temptation for me should she start living with us. I racked my brain thinking of a solution, but a name dropped in my heart instead...

“Favour!”

“What did Favour have to do with Ajaara?” I questioned myself.

“She can stay with Favour, that way she will grow spiritually and Favour will be a good mentor to her,” I heard in my Spirit.

“Oh my Goodness! God was really a divine organizer. He knew Favour was going to be a great hand in my ministry... but shame to the devil who wanted to destroy that plan. If Favour and I had slept together, spiritually, we both would be in regrets and the revival that had just happened would have not surfaced.” I reasoned.

“Sir, I will talk to Favour to accommodate her, I believe it will be a way of ministering to Ajaara. Favour will be a better person to learn from,” I said to Baba Agba.

“Accommodate her?” Favour asked in surprise.

“Yes! You know she can’t stay with me,” I said.

“I know, but she will be bad company to Mercy,” she said surprisingly.

“Mercy is back from your parents’ place?” I asked.

“Yes, she will be returning to campus in two weeks so I wanted her to spend a little time with me. I am sorry for not telling you, I didn’t want you both to have anything to do with each other. She doesn’t even know you are here,” she said avoiding my eyes.

“I understand... protecting your child from the bad guy,” I said jokingly but I felt pained in my heart knowing Favour did not trust me with her child.

"I am sorry," Favour said and I could understand her, no one would see Ajaara and would want her child to have anything to do with her. I saw the way Favour occasionally looked towards where Ajaara was sitting. She shook her head in disdain at Ajaara.

"Favour, what if Mercy was Ajaara, would you want people who could help her, cast her away because of her appearance?" I asked her.

Silence permeated the air.

"Let's see how it goes for a week. If I can't cope, I will return her but first things first, she needs to take off all the extra earrings, nose ring, jaw ring and leg chain. There are certain things that cannot enter my house," Favour said.

"Thank you so much, thank you..." I said happily. "Ajaara, Ajaara come over here," I said to Ajaara who sat down curled up in a corner. She stood up and walked towards us.

"Ajaara, God has sent us an angel. This is Aunty Favour, she is my friend... she has agreed to have you in her house."

The look on Ajaara's face was epic as she rushed to hug Favour. Favour was surprised.

"I promise to be a good girl, thank you... thank you ma'am. I have always wanted to be Mercy's friend but she never answers my greetings," Ajaara said in excitement.

"Mercy? You know my daughter?" Favour asked.

"Yes, I know you very well, You live down the street beside the Tailor's shop," Ajaara said.

"Wow! So Mercy knows you?" Ajaara nodded in the affirmative. "Well I guess the reason Mercy doesn't want to be your friend is because of all these you have on you. People will have wrong impressions about you when they see you, so before we leave here, you will have to take them off. If you know you can't do without wearing earrings, just one pair is enough," Favour said.

"Ok ma'am," Ajaara said as she started pulling all her accessories off in a rush. There were some rings that were hard to pull off, so Favour offered to help her. Tears filled my eyes as the picture I saw ahead was beautiful. I saw Favour helping a lot of young girls get off the evil addiction in their lives and hopefully raise them to be beautiful women.

They both shared a smile, I was lost in my thoughts to know what they spoke about. All I heard Ajaara saying was she was going to get her clothes from her uncle's house.

She dashed off to her house.

"I told her to change into something more decent," Favour said to me.

"You really did a good job training Mercy," I said.

"She is all I have and can ever have, so I have to put my all into her. I don't have a womb anymore, remember?" Favour said smiling.

"But you could have more kids if you choose to," I said to her.

She raised her eyebrow at me giving me a questioning look like she was asking me "How can a woman without a womb have children?" but rather than give her an answer, I just smiled.

"Chuks, what do you mean?" she said poking me by the side, but I still maintained my mute mood. Ajaara came back into what she thought was a more decent wear.

She wore a crop top that was showing her belly accompanied with a long skirt.

"Is this the most decent wear you have?" Favour asked with a sarcastic smile. Ajaara nodded in the affirmative.

"Alright, let's be on our way. You won't be needing your other clothes, Mercy has more than enough to share."

"I don't share clothes with people, my clothes are fine," Ajaara said with a little rebellion in her voice, it seemed she wasn't happy with the way Favour was treating her like an outcast...

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PART 4
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Wicked forces, that want me to be a waste to my generation, release me and let me go in Jesus’ name.”

That was the prayer point I told the young boys and girls to pray when they resumed at my place by 3pm. I didn’t know what to preach to them, so I decided to tell them to pray instead, as I briefly told them the devil’s plan was to waste destinies. I told them a bit of my story.

Tunde, the boy who had been sent to different vocational centers but was always running away from there without learning anything, sat down looking very uninterested at whatever I was asking them to do. He had his trousers sagged. The teacher in me was getting really irritated, I wanted to get a good cane to whip some senses into his brain but I knew that would be a wrong approach.

Ajaara was seated amongst them. I had told Favour to let her return for the class. Surprisingly, she came with Mercy. I guessed Favour had to explain how Ajaara came about and my name and story couldn’t be hidden any more. I was happy to see her. I was happy I didn’t tamper with her life back then in her school. She greeted me respectfully and told me she was happy I had found Christ. She looked more matured as she was in the university already.

Ajaara was putting on one of the tops I was sure Mercy had given her, but Ajaara had turned it to a crop top by tying it behind. She wanted her flat fair belly to show.

I had 4 other teenagers present, plus Gloria and her siblings. As they were praying, we heard someone running towards us in tears. A woman was flogging her daughter towards the compound.

“Useless girl, so you don’t want to attend the class, witch, mermaid,” she said as I tried to stop the woman from beating her.

“Oga Pastor, I have dashed (given) her to you and Jesus. I don’t want to see her anywhere near my house,” she said and left us.

This was getting more complicated than I thought. I didn’t know much of the word of God to feed these hungry teens and just like the story of the young boy who gave out his lunch to Jesus to feed the multitude, I heard Mercy’s voice from behind me, singing a beautiful popular song...

*“If you can use anything Lord,
 You can use me.”*

Then she started changing the lyrics

"If you can change anyone Lord,

Please, Lord change me...

If you can change anyone Lord,

Please, Lord change me

'Cos

I give myself away...

So you can use me..."

Music definitely has a way of bringing people together. The teenagers joined Mercy in singing the song. She stretched her hands to the left and the right for hands and the teenagers willingly joined hands with each other as they sang.

"I know what it feels like when we do things we don't want to do, but I know God can change us if we give him our all," Mercy said as the song continued.

I joined the circle as well, and I heard myself say,

"Few weeks earlier, from my own view of life, I had nothing to offer, I was a waste, but God in His mercy felt He could still bring out a treasure from my trash. You all are my treasure in the making. I never knew God had this much for me," I said with pain in my heart. "So please, give me the opportunity to be used by God for your lives... I know some of you have been written off by friends, family but I want you to know, God doesn't write anyone off..."

Some of the teens could not hold back their tears. I told them to have their seats.

"I know some of you are wondering who I am and why you have to be here. Well, the answer is simple: God sent me here for you. I don't know how long I will be here for, but see me as a messenger of God. I am willing to be your friend, your teacher, your adviser, your uncle and the listening ear your parents don't give you," I said and I watched as some of them listened intently to what I was saying, while Tunde pretended not to listen.

The first thing I want us to have within this family is TRUST. I want you all to trust me and know your secrets are safe with me. So for the next one hour, I will be having a listening session, 10 minutes for each person. You will be free to tell me anything you have always wanted to tell someone but you have been afraid to share with anyone, Ok? So are we all okay with that?"

"Me first..." Gloria shouted as they all gave positive responses except Tunde.

“So, if you are in this journey with me, stretch your hand over mine.” I stretched my hand forward and one after the other, they laid their hands on mine. The only one who did not stretch his hand over mine was Tunde as he stood afar off.

I sat down for 1 hour and I was amazed at the deep struggles the teenagers had with their sexuality. I sometimes had to look at their faces to be sure they were the ones talking.

“Lord, teenagers are not meant to be experiencing this” my heart screamed to the Lord.

After the 1 hour session of listening to various issues, I concluded in my heart that the devil had gone so far in tampering with the lives of these young ones. Amazingly, there were some of the teenagers who had sex on a daily basis as it had become a daily addiction to them, especially Helen.

The one that shocked me most was Mercy, Favour’s daughter. I knew Favour was going to be heartbroken if she knew her saint daughter was into masturbation.

At that point, I knew I had received the mandate, but I felt I was not fully armed with the physical and spiritual knowledge to help the children.

“God, what do I do?” I asked myself as I wasn’t a pastor, an apostle, or a deliverance minister.

To be continued.

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PART 5
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I sat at the balcony for hours, pondering on the way forward. The teenagers had left to their different homes around 7:30pm, a little bit in high spirits. I believed they had hopes about getting out of their situations as they had shared their issues with me, but here was I, 4 hours later with no plan, except for the phrase I kept saying over and over...

"Lord, help me."

Baba Agba came out for his usual midnight prayer. He usually started 11:30pm till 2:30am in the morning.

On seeing him, I stood up to go inside, as I was not in the mood to pray. I was very confused and the confusion weighed me down.

"Where to?" he asked.

"I want to rest a bit, I am having this slight headache," I said.

"Ok, but what happens when they come tomorrow, do you have any meal you will serve them? You have taken their orders today, when they come tomorrow, they are coming with the expectations of being served."

"That's the cause of my headache, I have nothing to serve them," I said like a deflated balloon.

"That's a lie, you have everything. You just need to get into the store and pick the ingredients that are needed for the kind of meal you want to serve."

"Ingredients? Store? Baba Agba what are you talking about? I am lost."

"The Bible is the storehouse of the solution you need to get the ingredients from. The ingredients are the scriptures that speak specifically to people's issues."

"Ooook... Hmmm... This sounds simple, like a teacher who is given a textbook to study for the sake of teaching his/her students?" I asked.

"Exactly, but the difference in spiritual school and spiritual catering is that, you as the first contact must be fully filled with the meal before serving others, because you can't give what you don't..." Baba Agba said, implying I should complete the sentence.

"...have," I said. "Hmmm, that is why I am really confused about what to teach them because I am still a Bible student."

"Good... If you don't mind I could be of help," Baba said raising his eyebrow in a question form.

"Mind? No sir, it is an answer to my prayer," I said very elated.

“Ok then, let’s start with you first.”

“Ok sir.”

“There are three levels an unbeliever who just became born again must pass through to be fully where God wants him/her to be...”

I knew I needed a pen, so I asked for permission to get the pen, which after I was permitted I dashed off in a rush.

“...The first stage is the SALVATION / RECONCILIATION stage. SALVATION is used for an unbeliever who has never met Christ before. It is the stage of going back to one’s creator. The phase where you repent from all known and unknown sins, while RECONCILIATION is for the backslidden Christians who want to renew their relationship with God,” Baba Agba said.

“So, you must first check yourself out to know if you have passed this stage before you can do a good job of talking to the teenagers about it. Remember, you can’t give what you don’t have. These teenagers are your fruits, and if you are a half-baked Christian, you will produce half-baked Christians. If your salvation is not genuine, your followers will be likewise. That explains why a lot of churches are not on fire these days, if you check out the spiritual temperature of the Pastor, it reflects big time in the lives of the members.”

“Hmmm,” I said as I was so happy I was receiving that lecture.

“The second stage is what I call DEDICATION, DELIVERANCE AND DEDICATION stage. This phase is very important and mostly, this is where most people get hooked. A lot of people become born again, and they have a genuine salvation, but on getting to this phase they become weak.

Here, it is the ability to dedicate your time to God. It is the growth period. This is the time to nurture your new spirit man who is still a baby. At this point, you must have the spirit of determination; determination to read the scriptures, because the word of God is food for your spirit and soul. You need to start listening to messages from true men of God; you need to listen and sing good music that takes you closer to God; you need to talk to God more in prayer; you will learn self-discipline through fasting. It is while you are deep in this lifestyle that your life will be have access to the delivering power of God.

For instance, those teenagers of yours who are deep in sexual immorality, you don’t just pray for them and expect the spirit to disappear. The truth is the spirit will obey your command to step out the moment you were praying, but after you are through with their victims, they hang around looking for the right time to come in again to do something worse. Remember the Bible states that when an evil spirit is sent out of a man, the spirit will check back if the life is empty; once the place is empty, the spirit returns with seven more spirits worse than him.

This is what happens when people get delivered and are prayed for, but the victim doesn't follow up by living a dedicated life to his / her spiritual growth. They become worse than before," Baba

Agba explained very simply.

"Hmm..., but dedication to reading the Bible and growing one's spiritual life tends to be boring and difficult," I said wanting to know the right answer to give if any of the teenagers asked me.

"That is the biggest lie the devil has been feeding people with. The Scriptures is the most interesting and informative book in the world. There is nothing you are looking for that you can't get in there: you have secrets of power in there; secrets to Governance; secrets to academic success; secrets to business success; secrets to parenting; and for those who love entertainment, the Scriptures has a lot of it. You can read the Bible as a novel and get your lessons from there.

As a musician, you can get lyrics for your music... Sometimes, when I feel like watching movies, and war films being my best, I just pick up my Bible and read on David and the kings and amazingly my imagination helps as I begin to see the movie in my head as I read. I wish I could show you all that is available in the Scriptures," Baba Agba said as he laughed in excitement.

"Really?" I asked as Baba Agba was making the Bible sound like a masterpiece.

"Yes, anything and everything you need answers to is available in the Scriptures. Even information about your deliverance is there and the devil knows it is actually the Scriptures that can defeat him, so he tactically frustrates people from reading and knowing the truth in the word of God," Baba said as he bubbled with joy.

As he spoke, I knew I was still at this second phase and if I was going to help the teenagers attain that level, I needed to hasten my growth. If others were reading the Bible for 2 hours daily, I needed to make mine 5 hours.

"Let's move to the next phase, the next phase is..." To be continued.

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DEEP THOTS NOVEL

Inspired by THE HOLY ONE.

Penned down by Opeyemi O. Akintunde

PART 6
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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I had written up to eight long pages after Baba Agba explained the third phase to me. He had spoken extensively on the third phase...

"Let's move to the next phase. The next phase is the OPEN HEAVEN & RESTORATION phase. When you sign up to a new service, there should be some new benefits. That is exactly how this third stage works," Baba Agba said to me.

I was interested in this phase so I paid rapt attention.

"You see, God's plan for every believer is to operate under an open heaven. It was after the baptism of Jesus that the heaven over him was opened. The Bible states that as John was baptizing Jesus, the heaven over him opened. Also in Deuteronomy 28:12, it states that when we obey and do the will of God, God will open the heaven, the storehouse of His bounty and pour His rain of blessing on us. When you are truly saved, and you have dedicated yourself to the Lord, you will graduate to the level of operating under Open Heavens," Baba Agba continued.

"What does it feel like to operate under Open Heaven, is it like you will become super rich?" I asked for clarification's sake.

"Well, that's part of it, but your open heaven comes in the aspect you need it. As a student, your open heaven may be academic success; as a single lady, your open heaven may be God giving you a good and Godly husband; as a business man, the open heaven may be unexpected contracts; as a pastor or minister, your open heaven may be God bombarding your ministry with miracles. Open heaven is God's voice and hand in your affairs."

"Hmmm... so is it possible for me to recover my lost glory and maybe have children of my own if my wife comes back?" I asked.

"Yes... very well, that is the Restoration part of this phase. When a Christian who was initially operating under an open heaven but suddenly out of sin started operating under a closed heaven goes back to God and genuinely goes through the 1st and 2nd phases, God can help him in recovering his lost glory," Baba Agba said.

"Hmm... I would really love to have children of my own, although I told you I had a child with a married woman in the past, but she has paid me off and besides I won't want to destroy her marriage by showing up to claim the child, so it is my wish God gives me grace to father a child," I said as this recovery package was my target.

"There is nothing impossible for God, but I want to tell you, you have a handful of children already and from what I can perceive, there are still more to come," Baba Agba said.

He was right about “More to come”, because by the next day at 3pm, I had not less than 30 teens and youths present. They had invited their friends and other parents had brought their kids.

“If you know Christianity is complicated, raise up your hands.” That was the first thing I said when we started. I didn’t do the usual opening prayer and praise worship. I just went straight to it. They didn’t suspect that the class had started.

“Complicated like shit!” Tunde spoke for the first time with disdain in his voice.

“...And boring as hell!” Another young boy who I later found out was Kenneth, said.

“Too many rules...” said a lady named Abigail.

“...And restrictions!” Mercy added.

“No fun,” said Gloria.

“Yes... no fun music, no fun dance, when you dance too much in church, they say you are worldly,” said a girl named Dabira, who I later found out was a rebellious, Pastor’s daughter.

“Really?” I asked.

“I am sure you are going to say otherwise,” Tunde said confrontationally.

“Well...” I was saying and I could see all eyes were on me to hear my thoughts... my heart raced but I knew I had to say something and it had to be what will keep them with me.

“Well, I guess it is the way Christianity has been presented to you that makes you feel it is complicated. For me Christianity is so simple because Christ only gave two rules...”

“What about rules on dressing?” a girl asked from behind.

“Like I said, Christ gave two major rules, but within those two rules, men draw out many other rules to promote good living... Let me explain using dressing as an example,” I said.

“The two major laws of Christianity are in Mark 12:29-31, can someone read that?”

And for the first time, I noticed they were interested in checking through their Bibles; for those who brought theirs. Others like Tunde checked through their phones.

“Love the Lord your God and love your neighbor as yourself... these are the two basic laws,” I said.

I saw their expectant faces...

“That is to say, for everything you do, you must check yourself if it follows these laws.. Therefore, using dressing as a case study... I won’t tell you to dress this way or that way, but I will ask you right now to look at yourself and say “Does this dressing of mine show

that I love God? Does exposing my breast show that I love God? Does sagging my trousers to the point that girls can see the color of my boxers show that I love God...? If you feel you are good, then ask yourself the second question: "Does my exposed breast, belly and thigh show that I love my neighbor, because if I love my neighbor, I won't want him masturbating as a result of my exposed dressing?"

The place was quiet... I knew my point had hit home. Growing up in church made me see this loophole as a child. I noticed church placed laws without stating the reason for the laws. You hear a lot of "Females don't wear trousers, boys don't sag your trousers, if you do, and you will go to Hell Fire." Back then, as a young teen I tried to read my Bible from beginning to end to find where it was written that people who did sag their trousers would go to hell, but I never found.

Therefore, seeing these teenagers as they sat in front of me made me know where some of our parents and churches missed it, we give laws (doctrines) as a way of shaping lives but we don't tell them the underlying reason.

I continued my talk,

"So you see, I may not show you where it is written in the Bible that ladies should not put on crop tops, but I will show you that God expects you to love your neighbor and by loving your neighbor, you don't want a boy to lose his salvation by looking at your belly," I said jokingly and the teens laughed.

"I may not show you the Scripture that says guys shouldn't wear tight fitting pants that show the shape and size of their manhood, but I will tell you that it is written that you should love your neighbor... therefore, help the salvation of that sister by not giving her the brain work of imagining the size of your manhood," I said and that brought up more laughter.

"You make sense," said one of the boys from the back.

"Say to someone beside you, 'Help my salvation,' " I said.

They all chorused it to one another laughing... Ajaara who had tied her top as a crop top, loosened her top and the girls around her started chorusing...

"Go Ajaara, go Ajaara, go..." I could see joy and genuine laughter on their innocent faces. Ajaara let down her top with a smile.

"Let's give it up to Ajaara, isn't she still beautiful?" I said as everyone clapped.

"She is," they chorused.

"Very Beautiful" Mercy said.

"Can you all give me examples of dressing that will not help your neighbors' salvation and will not show that you love God?" I asked.

“Bum shorts...” a boy shouted from the back laughing.

“...Especially the ones as short as pants,” His friend said.

“Even boys wear bum shorts these days,” a girl retaliated.

“Yes... and they will be tempting girls with the hair on their legs.”

I watched in amazement as the teenagers started pointing out their fashion choices that didn't show they loved God and their neighbors.

“How can a girl who has large hips wear tight fitting leggings with a short top, is she helping the salvation of the boys around?” Tunde asked.

“How can a boy who has big arms and wide chest wear a sleeveless top or a light cotton top that shows his nipples, is he helping the salvation of the girls around him?” asked Abigael.

Some screamed... it became a debate and with their own mouths, they began to mention all the wrong type of dressing. After about 10 minutes, I spoke,

“Wow, you have really enlightened me. I actually learnt from you all,” I said smiling.

“But Uncle, these are the only kind of fashionable clothes in the market, what do we do if we want to still be trendy while dressing decently?” Abigael asked.

“That is why I am depending on you, I believe amongst you will evolve Modest fashion designers that will change the norm, but as we speak, you can be very selective when you go shopping. There are still good clothes in the market...” I said and they responded by nodding their heads, my talk was far from over because there was still an important point I needed to make.

“Now... still on why some churches are very strict on dressing and place giant bottleneck rules on dressing, there is a spiritual aspect to it... You know back then, I had these spiritual demonic goggles... and my first wife was a demonic warlord who revealed a lot to me. One day, we wanted to go for a picnic, I had dressed up and I was waiting for her in the car. She came down looking bare faced, no makeup except for a white powder on her face. She wore a modest outfit that wasn't exposing her body. That was the first time I saw her step out of the house in her natural beauty which was very much unlike her. She was the type of person who would use black lipstick or red, she would do all forms of face contouring, but on that day she dressed modestly and looked really beautiful in a different kind of way. I had to ask her why and her reply was an eye opener for me. To be continued.

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PART 7
TEACHER CHUKS 3

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"What's up, are you not in the mood for the picnic?" I asked Chinaza as she got into the car.

"Of course I am, why did you ask?" Chinaza asked.

"You are not looking your glamorous self," I said.

"Well, the glamorous self is not the real me, and on this picnic I want to be myself, besides, I don't want any distractions from evil admirers," she said as she struggled with her seatbelt.

"Oh, evil admirers!" I said laughing.

"Ok, I get, you don't want anyone asking for your card, but that shouldn't bother you, I am right here with you. Who is the man that wants to come near you when I am beside you?" I said tickling Chinaza. That was the period before Chinaza's death. That was when I saw the vulnerable part of her. The period we were preparing for our child.

"I am not talking about the physical admirers, I am talking about the invisible admirers," she said, laughing,

"What do you mean by invisible admirers?" I said as we drove out of the gate of our mansion.

"Are you with your specs?" she asked.

"I am not with it, I didn't see the need to come with it," I said.

"Stop the car!" Chinaza alighted from the car and went back into the house to get my specs and hers.

"What are we using it for?" I asked her when she got in "Are we planning to hunt down any prey today? I thought we were having today to ourselves alone!" I said as the thought of us scouting for a prey that day was not going down well with me.

"I want to show you why I decided not to look like a freaking goddess today, so keep driving."

Though Chinaza was my wife, I knew she was still my boss. I stepped on the accelerator. After driving for 10 minutes, she told me to stop the car. We parked the car and stepped out.

Chinaza took me by the hand and we climbed the pedestrian bridge. When we got to the middle of the bridge, she told me to stop.

“Put on your specs and quietly observe what happens to the ladies who look like the glamorous me, especially those who are scandalously dressed, those who expose their breasts, those who use too much makeup...”

I put on the specs and right before me I saw it play out. I could not put on the specs for long because of the fearful creatures I was seeing. I saw fearful irritating creatures hanging around like prostitutes. It looked like in real life, I saw male and female looking creatures. They were hanging around admiring the men and women walking past them. Whenever they saw a lady who looked “hot”, they will whistle the way a loose physical man would whistle when he sees a lady who is scandalously dressed. The same was happening to men, men or young men who looked at fellow humans seductively caught the attention of the feminine creature; men who had a particular hairstyle were also attracting the feminine creatures; men who sagged their trousers, men who opened their shirts to expose their hairy chest also attracted the feminine creatures.

“Who are these?” I asked Chinaza as she also had her specs on.

“These are the invisible creatures you know described in the Holy Book as the sons of God who came to have intercourse with the daughters of men... There is something I want you to notice you haven’t noticed... look closely.”

I looked closely, but all I saw was the abnormality of seeing these creatures walking around people without the people knowing what was happening. Some of the female creatures were following after men, some will jump on the men’s back and start seducing them. Some female creatures followed after women also, they acted like lesbians. As I watched on looking for what Chinaza wanted me to see, there was a change in the atmosphere.

Everywhere suddenly felt hot. An Evangelist who was preaching and sharing tracts was passing by the bridge, all of a sudden, the creatures disappeared at the appearance of the man as he had fire all over him. Chinaza and I also felt the heat as we moved away from him. As he approached us with his tract, we wove him off from a distance and in a haste, Chinaza and I left the bridge.

Chinaza immediately pulled off her specs and I did same.

“Wow, is that what really happens in the spiritual?” I said as we got into the vehicle.

“I am sure you know you have a lot of them around you, you just can’t see them yourself,” she said.

“Really? What about you?” I asked.

“Put on your specs and look around,” Chinaza said with a sad smile.

It was a norm not to put on my spiritual specs whenever Chinaza and I were together at home, and since she had warned me about using it frequently, I only made use of it during my scouting for young preys.

I carefully wore my specs and I can't describe how I jumped back in fear. In my beautiful luxurious car, I saw irritating creatures in and out of the vehicle.

"Those are my sexual baggage, the demons I have acquired over the years of sleeping with different people, and so, wearing the heavy makeup that makes me look more attractive to new sets of invisible creatures is not what I want to do anymore." I wanted to jump out of the vehicle, but Chinaza pulled me back and took off my specs.

"You don't want to do that because you may run mad," Chinaza said. "So to answer your question on why I decided to look less glamorous, you have to put the specs on one more time," she said, but I shook my head in the negative.

"I don't want to see anymore strange beings..."

"Well, you have to see this as my husband, so that when I decide not to look like all the women on the T.V screen, you don't get angry."

"Ok."

I wore the specs and looked in the direction she was pointing me to, I saw a group of invisible feminine creatures.

"How does their hair and makeup look?" Chinaza asked.

"Normal," I replied.

"No... This is not normal, this is where some of the demonic fashion icons like us get our inspiration from, the black lipstick, the colored eye shadows and so on. Most of the celebrities who are fashion icons are either consciously copying these feminine creatures or some of them are unconsciously being controlled by the feminine creature living inside of them."

This was too much exposition.

"Have you not wondered that, when most women dress and make up, their faces look different from who they really are and funny enough these days when you put five ladies together by virtue of dressing and makeup, their faces and physique all look the same, thereby making them look like a set of lookalike zombies. Chuks, I am done with this life. That is why I want this child to come quick and I will teach her the good life I have missed." That was Chinaza's eye-opening lecture to me that day.

"Uncle Chuks, are you saying using makeup is a sin or evil?" one of the teenagers asked after I narrated the reason why most churches especially deliverance oriented church frown at indecent dressing, excessive makeup and hairstyles.

"No, I didn't say that, all I am saying is, it is good to look good as a lady, but any kind of makeup that changes your identity and makes you look overly made-up not only attracts sexual advances towards you from humans, but also invisible strange spirits who see the resemblance you have with their feminine creatures."

"I believe what Uncle Chuks is saying here is modesty, which is what the Bible preaches. For instance, let's look at it physically, when a lady dresses in a sexy way, which set of people does she attract?" I heard Favour's voice from behind. She had joined us without me noticing her entrance.

"Does she attract decent men or loose men?" Favour asked.

"Loose men!" they replied.

"What of a man who has tattoos all over him, would a decent girl filled with the Holy Ghost be attracted to him?" Favour asked.

"Nooooo!" they all chorused.

"We always attract who we are. If you dress trashy, you attract trashy beings, but when you are modest in your appearance and look, you will attract the angels of goodness, Favour and blessings who do not defile human bodies like the demonic creatures," Favour said elaborately.

"Hmmm...." I heard the various 'Hmmms' amongst the ladies then Kenneth spoke up,

"Uncle Chuks, you are right about the makeup thing, I naturally don't like girls who apply too much makeup on their faces, because it makes them look different, strange and fake."

"Speaking about makeup, some of us have acnes, pimples, blackheads and one needs to cover them up to look acceptable amongst friends, so should we because we are Christians look unkempt...?" Surprisingly, Mercy was the one who asked the question and she directed her question at her mother... I could sense some tension between them...

To be continued.

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PART 8
TEACHER CHUKS
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Favour was taken by surprise by her daughter's question. It was obvious this must have been a big issue between them. I immediately jumped to the rescue...

"Motive is also very important in what we do, Mercy for those battling with acne and blackheads, makeup is not the ultimate solution. God gave us plants and nature to help our skin, so if you can work on it with the help of good healing and skin repairing creams, it will disappear in the long run. Using a very light makeup in reference to powder to make your face look cool and approachable is not what we are talking about. We are only teaching moderation, also the physical and spiritual implications of going overboard with some of these popular pop culture hideously sponsored by the invisible creatures is the problem," I said.

As I looked around the vicinity, I saw two buildings that were close to each other, the first house wasn't painted, while the other was painted white.

"Which of those two houses would you love to live in?" I asked.

They all pointed at the white house.

"Good!" But just around another corner, there was this house that was painted with about five colors that made the house look really trashy. I had been told the owner of the house had mental issues.

"What about Mr. Gold's house?" I asked.

"God forbid!"

"Arhhggggg!"

"Never!"

They gave different responses to say the house was a no-no.

"Why?" I asked.

"Too many colors...!"

"So, that is my point. No one is saying as a Christian, you shouldn't look good and approachable, but using different colors on your face, contouring in a way your face structure changes, or applying levels of foundation, concealer, blush, fake eyelashes that makes people not recognize you is the problem."

I decided to throw a joke in the air,

"How will you feel if Angel Gabriel comes looking for you to give you a long awaited blessing or maybe 30 billion Naira and on getting to you, he doesn't recognize you?" I asked.

"That one is bad ooo" a boy said from behind. They all burst into laughter.

"...And besides, pimples is a sign of puberty, it will disappear overtime... are we clear?" I said as I felt exhausted.

They all nodded in the affirmative.

This teenage ministry was going to be a serious big deal, they had a lot of confrontational questions in their hearts that if not well answered, you look like a liar.

"So to be clear, we can apply a little powder on our faces and lip balm on our lips?" Mercy asked again.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"But note, much more than looking beautiful on the outside, you need to be beautiful in character like Rebekah in the Bible."

"Yes, we know Uncle Chuks, but before people get to see your inner beauty, your outer look will attract them and thanks for giving us a detailed explanation on this face beautification talk," she said with a little sarcasm in her voice.

Something was definitely going on between Mercy and Favour! I ended the class for the day with a short prayer. Some kids wanted to see me for counseling but I asked them to come the next day as I wanted to get to the root of the issue, plus I had not informed Favour about Mercy's masturbation.

"What is happening? What's going on?" I asked both of them when the last teen left except Ajaara who had gone with Gloria to her room.

"I feel like I am in a prison, no friends, I can't look good like my friends. For goodness sake, I am in the university. I am not saying I want to look like a Jezebel, I also have a personal relationship with God, so I know my boundaries, but she doesn't want to understand that. Can you imagine Mum just told me last week, that I will start going to school from home, that she is not comfortable with me staying on campus. Just like what you said about moderation, she just preached about it, but with me, there is nothing like that. No Television except on Sundays and guess what I only get to watch, a pastor's message. Tell her to cut me some slack... It was the loneliness I felt that pushed me into trying what I should not have tried... I started watching porn on my phone to keep myself busy. I only have online friends and..." Mercy was saying in full anger that she didn't realize she had said too much. It was the way Favour turned to look at her in shock like someone who had just been swindled that made Mercy stop her words.

"What did you just say?" Favour asked in disbelief with a raised voice.

To be continued.

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PART 9
TEACHER CHUKS 3

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“Answer me....!” One could hear the way Favour was breathing really hard. Mercy didn’t say anything, I turned from them because this was not how I wanted Favour to find out about her daughter’s addiction to pornography and masturbation.

“I said, what did you just say about porn and masturbation?” Favour asked like she had been struck by lightning.

Mercy realized she had said too much...

“Chuks, what is she saying?” Favour was visibly shaking. “Chuks, is Mercy saying she is into masturbation..?”

By this time Favour was crying and Mercy was in tears as well.

I could feel Favour’s pain, she had tried to shield Mercy from all the evils of sexual immorality but apparently she went too far with it. I tried to console Favour but she was heartbroken.

“I thought I was raising a daughter fit for the King’s palace, but I didn’t know she wasn’t even close to it, where did I miss it with you? I sacrificed a lot for you Mercy...” she said with a raised voice as she was crying out loud. This attracted the attention of neighbors including Baba Agba, Ajaara, Gloria and a few others.

“Yes... that is it, you always feel I will repeat your mistake, but no, I am not you in anyway,” Mercy said.

Both of them were heartbroken and released a lot of pent up emotions.

I tried to calm things down but there was no headway with both of them. I decided to pull Mercy aside, while Baba Agba pulled Favour back.

“Mercy stop this, the more you talk the more you hurt her, and despite all that you have been saying, you can’t deny the fact that she has been a good single mother to you... by talking this way, you are hurting her,” I said.

“I have been hurting since I was a child,.” Mercy said.

“All she did is out of love for you,” I said.

“I don’t want that kind of love, I want a love that lets me express myself.”

“Ok, do me a favor by going home with Ajaara while I speak to her.”

“Fine, but make sure you speak to her very well, before she pushes me to do what I don’t want to do,” she said with all seriousness in her voice.

She left me and was going to her place, but Favour spoke up instead...

"I hope you are not going to my house, you this ingrate. Don't let me find your two legs in my house."

"Fine! All the better!" Mercy retorted.

"Favour!" I shouted at Favour.

"Ajaara, go with her. Make sure she goes home." Ajaara and Gloria ran after Mercy.

"Favour, what is wrong with you? Was this how your mother treated you?" I asked her based on her explanation of how her mother had helped her through her teenage pregnancy.

"My case was different, my mother was not available for me, but I have always been available for Mercy, even to the point that she was the one who made me lose Eugene. Having her has robbed me of a lot of good things, so is she supposed to pay me back with immorality? Now it is masturbation, very soon it will be full blown sex and before we know it, she will get pregnant..."

"I am sorry to say this, but for the first time I will say you have not acted wisely. You are not to be prim and proper when training a teen. You should be her friend," I said.

Favour broke down in tears...

"Is she condemning her for masturbating?" Baba Agba asked.

I nodded in the affirmative.

"You don't do that, when a child is going through a form of sexual problem or challenge, you are meant to be sympathetic first and then together find the solution. You better go after your daughter before you lose her," Baba Agba said.

"I masturbated for 30 years and yet I got out of it..." Baba Agba added surprisingly. "Even as a married man and father of kids, I was deep in it and I didn't like it one bit, but I was trapped and wrapped up in the terrible habit, until..."

To be continued.

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DEEP THOTS NOVELS.

INSPIRED BY THE LIVING WORD.

Penned down by OPEYEMI OJERINDE AKINTUNDE.

PART 10
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Masturbation is a terrible addiction that needs the right knowledge to get over it. When I was younger, I used to masturbate every day. It weakened me, it made me depressed to the point I took anti-depressant pills every day, because I knew the masturbation was tearing me apart.”

“Know this Favour, there is no one trapped in the act of masturbation that is proud of it and that is why most people tend to be secretive about it, which is the greatest power the devil or the masturbating power has over them. Favour, you should be grateful that your daughter has come out to tell someone about it, she is half way out of the battle.”

Favour had her head bowed in pain...

“Over the years, I have counseled people on the issue and my first advice has always been for them to open up to someone close, because it makes them accountable... In my case, I confided in my beloved wife of blessed memory about my struggles with masturbation which turned out to be the best decision I ever made as my wife showed me unconditional love and sympathy.

She didn't judge me, rather she would pray with me. Do you know how that must have felt for her as a married woman? I was so deep in masturbation that I would deny my wife intercourse, instead, I will leave her on the bed to go watch pornography DVD. She caught me red handed masturbating on several occasions. That was how badly the demon of masturbation was controlling my life.

In my case, it was my uncle who I lived with in my early days that made me start masturbating. He was a matured bachelor, who brought different ladies home. I would sleep in the same room where he would be having intercourse with different ladies. At 14, I couldn't approach any lady to make love to, so instead, I helped myself out.

I continued this for 30 years, but it got to a point when I told myself, no more. It made me a loner, my marriage was suffering. I was worse than someone addicted to hard drugs, but I eventually got out of it when I got the inspiration of the full meaning of masturbation. I coined a sentence out of it... MASS weapon of TURBulence to destroy a nATIONS. I constantly told myself that MASTURBATION was a mass turbulence the devil had sent into the world to destroy nations, and since I was a 'Holy nation' like the Bible referred me as, I was not going to let the devil destroy me.”

“MASS weapon of TURBULENCE to destroy a Nation... Wow!” I said silently as I knew that definition must have been inspired by the Holy Spirit. Baba Agba continued...

"Favour, you need to rise up and help your child to be free spiritually and physically, because masturbation tries hard to hold onto people," Baba Agba said as I was amazed with the knowledge that married people could also masturbate.

"How else can I help her? I pray for her every day and I have taught her sex education," Favour asked in frustration.

"Simple, just four steps," Baba Agba said. "If anyone can follow these four steps they can be free from masturbation, so you will have to help Mercy with these four steps."

"Ok?" Favour said with high expectations as I also wanted to learn this great insight, but before Baba Agba could say anything, Ajaara came running back, followed by Gloria who was panting.

"Mercy is gone!" she said as she came running...

"Gone to where?" We asked and I saw the mother in Favour rise up.

"Gone? Gone to where?" Favour asked.

"I don't know, but as she got home she picked few of her clothes and called someone she called

'Bae', she told the person she was leaving you for good," Ajaara said.

"Why didn't you stop her? I asked, by this time Favour was already calling Mercy's number.

"Gloria and I tried talking her out of it, but her mind was made up," Ajaara said.

"Her phone is switched off," Favour said with a shaky voice.

"Calm down... she will be fine..." I said trying to calm Favour.

Baba Agba stepped back to have his seat, he shook his head in the negative which spoke volumes

to me.

"I hope we haven't lost Mercy?" I hoped silently in my heart.

To be continued.

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PART 11
TEACHER CHUKS

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The week after that day was one of the most emotional weeks in my life. At some point I had to tell God, what I was going through was more than I expected. The teenagers had tripled, and they came with different baggage. Some were homeless and had made Baba Agba's corridor their sleeping place. They also came hungry for spiritual food and physical food. After going out to sell water, I would give them the stipends to eat as I didn't want them taking from Baba Agba's food.

We didn't hear from Mercy, she was not at her Grandparents' or at school. Favour was losing it.

She still had to go to work. She called everyone she thought Mercy might run to but no one knew where she was. Ajaara was always with Favour assuring her that Mercy will come back home.

We had a prayer time on a daily basis to intercede for her.

Ajaara's uncle got back from detention very angry. He came to see me...

"I heard you have found a new house for Ajaara, let it just remain that way, I don't want to ever see her near me, or else I will kill her. Even her parents' property in my custody she should forget it. She almost took my uniform from me," he said as he walked out of my compound angrily. Fortunately, Ajaara was not present.

The children kept coming for the daily class and the number increased also. The more I spoke with them, the better I became with the Scriptures. Whenever the children asked me questions I couldn't answer, I would sit with my Bible and find answers.

Their zeal to get closer to God strengthened me to do more. It wasn't easy combining my water selling business, the classes, the midnight prayers and the expectation of Mercy's return to her home.

Ajaara shocked me six days after Mercy left home. Favour was present during the class, but you could tell she was worried sick about Mercy as she occasionally glanced at the entrance of the compound.

"Uncle Chuks, please do I have permission to ask for a favour?"

"Please go ahead."

"Thank you, I know what it feels like to be lonely and have no one to talk to, for years I lived that way. I therefore can understand how Mercy must have felt being the only child who never had the opportunity to have friends and be social. She wasn't any different

from me... but I have a great fear... and that fear is I don't want Mercy to turn out the way I turned out, I don't want her to make the mistakes I made... Right now, she is out there trying to find love and acceptance, she will be searching for friendship, but I can tell you the friendship she will get out there, will destroy her."

Everywhere was silent...

"Kenneth said he saw her with a group of friends he was sure were into drugs. They were hanging out at the restaurant he works as a cleaner. He said he tried calling her, but she pretended not to know him. As we speak, I won't be shocked if by now, she has pierced more holes in her ears, I won't be surprised if by now in just six days she has started trying out scandalous wears... Please let us get her back before we lose her completely."

"Yesterday, I went back to reading my Bible and this verse in Proverbs jumped at me... Prov. 24:11-12. It states... "Rescue those being led away to death; hold back those staggering toward slaughter. If you say, 'But we knew nothing about this,' does not He who weighs the heart perceive it? Does not He who guards your life know it? Will he not repay everyone according to what they have done?" ...and I knew this was meant for us. I guess that was the mistake my parents made with me. They felt since they had three other good children, if I was rebellious it wasn't a big deal, but maybe if they had tried to find me, I wouldn't have become this way, sleeping from one friend's place to the other," said the rebellious, Pastor's daughter.

I was shocked and moved to tears. My heart was heavy. Over the week I had seen the teenagers whispering and talking in low tones in circles.

"What do you advise we do, because from the look of things, you all have something planned," I said as I watched Favour's reaction. She had tears in her eyes as she kept watching Ajaara.

"Kenneth noticed Favour still logs in to her social media accounts..." Ajaara was saying.

"She is even online as we speak..." Kenneth cut in.

"So, I was thinking apart from praying, I think we should reach out to her. Right now the voices of the new friends is all she can hear, but she needs her to hear our own voices telling her we want her back. We can do a video talking to her and telling her we miss her and if her Mum can talk to her also, we believe it will go a long way to bring her back. We will tag her in the video. That way, she gets to watch it and with our joint prayers, I believe she will come back."

Wow... I would never have thought about that. I looked at Favour and her face could not reveal what was going on in her mind.

Did she like the idea or not? Was it necessary for us to do a video begging her to come home?

Was that not going to give her more power and make her think that what she was doing was fine?

To be continued.

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PART 12
SEASON 3
TEACHER CHUKS
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“Wow! I am lost for words... but it just shows me how full of potentials you young chaps are. If you concentrate on the right things, you will produce a lot of great things. Wow! So, when do we do this?” I said as I was in between happiness and surprise. At that point, I understood that if teens and youths think less of sex, pornography, masturbation, boyfriends and girlfriends, we would have more geniuses. We would have more computer programmers, more deep thinkers, but the devil knows this, so he tries to divert their attention to what will not make them productive.

“Like right now...!” they said very excitedly.

“Ok, how do we go about it?” I said very excited, hoping that Favour was happy about the development.

Kenneth brought out his expensive phone. I wondered where he got money to buy that kind of phone as he was working at a restaurant as a cleaner, but that was not the right time to challenge him. They had it all planned out. They used a selfie stick on the phone...

“Who is going first?” I asked

“Me...” the rebellious, Pastor’s child said.

“No, let Ajaara go first, Mercy will recognize Ajaara,” Abigael said.

“That’s true!” the Pastor’s daughter said and everyone agreed likewise. Ajaara took hold of the selfie stick and started talking...

“I have always admired you Mercy from a distance, I was always wishing I had a mother like yours. You made me miss my mother anytime I saw you walking on the street probably to run errands for your Mum. I saw a cultured girl who I would love to be if I had the opportunity. Then suddenly like an answer from God to an unworthy sinner like me, God decided to give me a space in your house, close to you that I may draw from the same well you drank from that has made you who you are... but suddenly it seemed like history was about to repeat itself with me again.

I lost something precious. You!

I have been out there in that place where you may be now... that place of searching for love, fulfillment & freedom. Yes! You will find freedom, but you will never find love and fulfillment.

You will find freedom to hurt yourself, you will find freedom to reduce yourself, but love can only be found at home.

I wanted to have your life and now I am in it, I am happy to be in it, but I know you trying to have the life I once had, will bring you nothing but sorrow.

I hope you watch this and know home is where true love and fulfillment is,” Ajaara said and I can’t describe the atmosphere she brought in, but it was heavenly and deep... She stepped aside.

The rebellious, Pastor’s daughter was next.

“I know what it feels like when your parents want you to go to heaven by all means and thereby want you to be as holy as Angels but they tend to forget that we are humans first. They tend to forget that as humans, we also have our reasoning faculty where we want to reason out our own salvation. They push rules down our throats and let us live a religious life instead of living a life which is guarded by a personal relationship with God. In a bid to live our own lives, we break their rules and unfortunately for us, we hurt ourselves.

Yes! We hurt ourselves...

And that’s what I don’t want you to do right now, Mercy... I know you want to find out what life really is all about by yourself, but by going out on your own, you will hurt yourself. I read in the Bible yesterday after a very long time and I saw written in Proverbs that ‘A person far away from home is like a bird that is far from its nest...’

I believe you know what that means, a bird without a nest will keep jumping from tree to tree but will not find a resting place... Now I live from one friend’s house to another like a bird without a nest.

You don’t want to be like me who went out on my own some years back and yet to return home, but one thing I have realized is that much more than hurting my parents, I have hurt myself and my future, because I have done things I never thought I would do... I am not proud of my choices but someday I hope to return home... You haven’t left home that long... Turn back now, hoping you will know your way back,” Dabira, the rebellious, Pastor’s daughter said and on dropping the phone, she ran away from the compound crying.

I knew her words hit her as well...

I was out of words to say, so I decided to stay, watch and learn from the kids.

Tunde, the boy whose father complained about running away from his vocational school took the selfie stick and silently, I wondered what his proud self had to say. He was still a pain in his father’s heart, so what advice did he have to offer Mercy, but I decided not to judge his level of wisdom by his outward disposition. He said...

To be continued.

DEEP THOTS NOVELS.

PART 13
TEACHER CHUKS 3

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“Instability has been my greatest problem, I can’t stay too long doing one thing and that is because growing up, I watched my father marry five wives after my mother died. I am a product of not having stable people in my life. Mercy, out there you will meet a lot of temporary friends, who will come and go. All these will affect you psychologically... You have a great Mum who has been there for you, forget her ways of discipline but think about the fact that if something goes wrong with you, she would be there for you.

I never had a woman figure who was there for me anytime I needed her. Don’t lose what you have got...

People call me dull, well that’s because my mother wasn’t there to teach me ABC, my father was looking for love after she died and when he found, each one of them came to the marriage turning me to their errand boy. I never had time to study after school. I slept in class every day, because I was always tired. To make matters worse, I was named the dumbest boy in school. They were right because I didn’t have my mother to help me improve my brain, but girl you have a mother who is trying to teach you the way to go and you don’t appreciate that. If it was the old me speaking, I would tell you to go to hell and know how it feels, but since I joined this family last week, I have felt the kind of happiness I haven’t felt in years. I have learnt good things so I would just calmly say this to you, it would do you good to come back home,” Tunde said sharply and it was obvious he didn’t want to cry, but he moved to a corner where other boys surrounded him.

The place was dead silent.

“Uncle Chuks?”

“What was I going to say?” I thought silently as these kids had said more than I could say, but I knew my silence would discourage them, but then Kenneth helped me out...

“I have something to say!” Kenneth said. He took the selfie stick,

“Hi, Mercy... I know you pretended not to know me the day I saw you at the restaurant, but I know you know me and we have been eyeing each other since we were kids, or better still I have had something going on for you in my heart since we were young,” Kenneth said and we were all thinking about what his point was.

“I am sorry for saying this ma’am,” he said referring to Favour.

“You see when I was 12, I wrote this poem about you, that is how crazy I am about you. I have crushed over you since I was 11, when you newly came to this street and started attending our teenage church. It was my first attempt at writing a poem...

‘Yellow like sunshine

You shine like a new ray
Slim like a well sculpted piece of art
Beautiful like a new born babe with no blemishes
Anytime I see you
My heart soars like an eaglet
Who has just been taught how to fly
I want to fly with you
To a land where it will just be two of us.'

I had planned giving it to you in Church one Sunday, but you remember Uncle Francis the teenage teacher, he found it in my Bible... He didn't criticize me, rather he said...

"I understand how you feel about Mercy and it's not abnormal, but now is not the time to tell her, because she won't take you seriously. Do you know Mercy is an 100% girl?"

"100%?" I had asked ignorantly.

"Yes, she is still a virgin and one good thing about life is that you attract who you are."

Mercy, you have been my goal wife and because of you, I kept myself for you, hoping that when I graduate from University I will speak to you as a man, but I am afraid if this goal can still be achieved. Will those kind of friends I saw you with the other day still keep you at 100%?

Because I have kept myself for you all this while..."

The silence that followed his speech was loud. I thought he was through until he brought a drawing from his bag. It was a charcoal drawing of Mercy in a wedding gown walking into darkness away from Kenneth who was dressed in a wedding suit as he stood at the entrance of a small, well lit hut...

"I drew this last night when I was thinking about you... I hope this speaks more than my words," he said finally...

Some of the teens that were emotional were already tearing up.

I wanted to add my voice to their voices, so I took the selfie stick and said,

"You were able to say no to me back then when I wanted to forcefully rip you of your virtue and that was because your mother had raised a giant in a little child, however when I put in more pressure, you couldn't handle or stop me, you had to invite your mother to stop me. Your mother came around and saved you from my hands, but Mercy now that you have left home, when you face pressures that your strong self may not be able to

withstand, who will you call to be your back up, who will you call to help you fight? No one. Mercy, your mother wants you back, we want you back and I know God wants you back!" I said.

Abigael who had one of the best voices I have heard from a teenager's lips sang this song by Hezekiah Walker...

"I need you, you need me.

We're all a part of God's body.

Stand with me, agree with me.

We're all a part of God's body.

It is His will, that every need be supplied.

You are important to me, I need you to survive.

You are important to me, I need you to survive.

I pray for you, you pray for me.

I love you, I need you to survive.

I won't harm you with words from my mouth.

I love you, I need you to survive.

It is His will, that every need be supplied.

You are important to me, I need you to survive."

And they all chorused...

"We need you Mercy!"

"I believe your Mum also has something to say," Kenneth said as he moved towards Favour to give her the selfie stick, but...

She shook her head in the negative.

Followed was the look of disappointment on the faces of the teenagers and youths. I immediately rushed back to Favour and pulled her aside...

"What's wrong?" I forced myself to ask calmly.

"What are you expecting me to say on the video? You want me to beg her? I can't do such a thing! She is the one who has disappointed me and hurt me by running away to a boy's place... Forget it! I can't beg her, she is the daughter and I am her mother," she

said crying like a baby and before I could calm her down, she stormed out of the compound.

To be continued.

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PART 14
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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Favour was not planning on bending her rule. She felt we were all indulging Mercy. At first, she reluctantly agreed for us to post our own bit without her talk, but all of a sudden she vehemently told us that we shouldn't send it at all.

We didn't post the video anymore and I tried to move on with my life. She was Mercy's mother after all and possibly knew the best approach in raising her child. We didn't hear from Mercy either. No one saw her in school.

Favour had insulted me out of anger when I tried persuading her to join us in calling Mercy back...

"What do you know about raising children? You have never raised one, so don't pretend like you know jack about it," she had said.

That pierced my heart badly and I decided to let her be.

However, the incident had made me realize that the teens and young adults were highly talented and with the help of God, I could bring out something great from them.

"Like I have been saying to you all for a while, if you don't want to invest your time in the wrong things, you need to start investing your time in the right things. Now is not the time to invest in boyfriends and girlfriends. The time for that will come. That time is not far away, but now is the time to build yourself, so that when the time comes to have a boyfriend or girlfriend, you will be an asset to whoever is fortunate to have you as their partner. Therefore I want you all to write out your hobbies and talents with your names on individual sheets of paper, also write what you feel has been limiting you from using your potential to the fullest. The ladies should submit to Ajaara, while the boys, to Kenneth," I had told them.

By the time I sat down to go through their list in the hour of the night, I was dazed at the list of potentials ranging from drawing, writing, sculpturing, singing, spoken words, creative art, rapping, painting, calligraphy, photography, dancing, acrobatics, skating, running, swimming etc.

And...

The limitations were not much. In fact, it was almost the same...Pornography, masturbation, sex addiction, stealing, drinking, smoking and lack of parental guidance. Some of them had even started taking hard drugs. From their write-ups, they pointed out they wanted out of these addictions.

"Hmm... I think it is high time I went back to Baba Agba and asked him about the way out of masturbation, at least that knowledge can help with helping these teenagers." I concluded in my heart as I saw that as one of the challenges of the young ones.

“First, the person must find a good company. It is this company that will show him / her love and acceptance. This company must be a sympathetic group not a group that will condemn him / her. Meaning, this person should find a firebrand church and open up to the pastor in charge or the minister. A female minister for a female victim; a male minister for a male victim. For instance, what the Lord is using you to build right now is a community. So, I can say these kids have taken the first step towards their deliverance from masturbation, because you have started sowing seeds of the word of God which will grow to a mighty tree in their lives. It is actually the absence of the Presence of God in their lives that is giving room to all these sexual sins in their lives.

Tell them to feed themselves with the word of God, which they can start by reading a verse per day. Little drops make an ocean. A verse of the Bible per day is a great start.”

“Point taken, first step was finding the right company which could be a Church, or a Christian group where such a person could be accountable to someone and grow spiritually.” I reasoned silently as I took note.

“Because, masturbation or any form of sexual slavery is not something to be silent about. One needs to voice it out if they want to be out of it. Sexual slavery is not a battle to fight on your own. Tell the young ones not to be ashamed, but speak out and let the devil be ashamed instead. Let them take this sexual slavery as a sickness or ailment. When a person has fever, are they silent about it?” Baba asked still on the first step and I shook my head in the negative.

“It is by connecting to spiritual people that he/she will receive deliverance, because sin is like onions, the closer you draw to God, the more you remove each layer of the quest for sin that has been deeply rooted in you.

Let them know the truth that they can’t be delivered in one day. It is their consistency in saying no to the sexual slavery that delivers them in the long run.

Let them know that if they decide to stop today, the temptation to go back to the sexual addiction or any other kind of sin will be the strongest on that day, but they need to fight it through, and with God’s help, they will prevail.

Let them know life is a fight. They must fight against masturbation, pornography or other sexual sins.

They must fight with the mind to win, because the ultimate plan of these sexual sins is to destroy them. Therefore, if they do not stop and destroy the sexual sin, the sexual sin will stop and destroy them.

So once again, let them know, that the temptation will return every two weeks, but the more they overcome by fighting the battle everyday as it comes; with determination; the constant infilling of the word of God and continuous stay among the good and right company; over time, the addiction will disappear completely.

Note that as their minister, you need to constantly check on them and ask about their struggles. Their responsibility is to remain open and truthful to you so that whenever, they fall, you can help them rise again.”

“Hmmm...” I said as those words were deep.

Secondly, the victim will have to....

To be continued.

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PART 15**TEACHER CHUKS 3****©Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde**

“Secondly, the victim will have to burn the bridges... meaning, no shuttling between old friends and new friends. The person must leave old friends who encourage such acts, leave the environment that encourages all the negative acts. For those deep in masturbation and pornography, they need to burn the materials that encourage such. They need to stop watching movies that even show the slightest form of romance that can spark up the feeling of sex. The truth they do not know about sex, pornography and masturbation is that the devil has commissioned some of his agents to make erotic videos, movies that have sex scenes so that as they watch, they want to practice what they see.

It is normal to want to copy what you see and besides you are what you watch. Remember, when the Israelites were plagued, Moses told them God asked those who wanted to be healed to look up to a bronze snake and as they looked up, they got their healing. That is to say, what you look up to is who you become. The more they watch pornography, they become that. If it means some of them completely getting off the internet for a while, they can do that. Sending messages to check up on old lovers or friends is also a no-no.

Thirdly, the victim should be encouraged to be physically and socially active. Most people who masturbate tend to love their privacy; always staying alone. This is Satan's time of speaking to their hearts, so at this point, the victim must occupy his mind with other things that will benefit his or her life. That is, learning a craft, improving their talents, going for Godly shows. When a person is preoccupied with the right things, there won't be room for trash thinking.

At this point, give them targets that will keep them extremely busy and at the same time help him/her grow.

And lastly, continuous reorientation in letting them know who they are. They need materials to keep them burning for God. You must organize programs to keep them going. You build and boost their confidence. At this point you let them know the 'Cause and Effect theory'. They need to know God more and understand that God is all they need to become the best they can be. Chuks, I tell you, when they follow these steps judiciously, you will be surprised how they will emerge,” Baba Agba said.

He concluded by praying for me for grace.

The next day was a great day for me as I poured out all that Baba Agba taught me. I poured the knowledge into them and they obviously got it.

“So, how many people are willing to go on with me on this journey of cleansing and total abstinence from all forms of sexual sins...?” I said expecting few hands to be raised, but instead I saw all hands raised.

"Wow, this is good news!" I said very excitedly.

"Fortunately, over 60 of you are here and that shows that the first step has been covered, but we all need to burn our bridges," I said.

"If you know you have a problem with pornography addiction on your phone, can you raise your hands, remember we don't judge each other here," I said.

I counted and over 20 hands were raised, though some were a bit reluctant.

"Ok, so we need to burn the bridge. I am thinking we in this category need to give up our Android phones and get some phones that are not internet compatible, and whatever proceeds we have left over, we use it in doing something great that will help the community. Remember, it is just temporary till we have overcome our addictions."

"Yes... it is fine... I like the part of using it for something great, because a lot of us have expensive phones that can pay someone's rent, for instance check out Kenneth's phone... it can pay someone's school fees for a term. There are projects we can carry out in this environment that is better than wasting our time on social media all day... I am giving up my phone first... and if others are willing, I suggest we do a public borehole, for people to fetch free water," Abigeal suggested.

"Or a solar powered light on the street so as to avoid the gang rapes," a girl said from behind.

Surprisingly, they started giving different suggestions and I was so glad!

"Ok... based on all these suggestions, that means everyone is in support of my suggestion?" I asked.

"The phone I use in surfing the net is actually my mom's own, so I can't sell that!" A young boy said.

"Hmm... don't go near the phone again, because one, it is highly disrespectful of you to take your mum's phone to watch porn, two, you are destroying yourself like you know," I replied.

"So can we start?" I said with high hopes.

We collected 18 phones, some of which were very expensive. Obinna, one of the young adults had a brother who sold used phones. Kenneth and Tunde went with Obinna to sell the phones, and on their way back, they bought small cheap phones that had no internet facility. Kenneth sold his own too, but removed the memory card that had the video we made for Mercy. They also got me a phone.

The money left was more than enough to make the borehole.

We decided to do the free Water Borehole for the society and one solar powered street light.

I was elated at how God was set to use the children to do great works for Him in less than a month of assembling them together.

The environmental project became a big deal that drew attention of the Landlords of the environment to what was happening in Baba Agba's compound. A News station also came to interview me and I was happy to share the vision with them. At this point, the teenagers had started using their talents. I grouped them by their abilities. Kenneth was the leader of those who could draw and paint. Abigael was the leader of those who wanted to sing. Dabira was the leader of the Drama group, while Helen was the head of the Dance group. Austin was the head of the Footballers and all those interested in sports. Chizoba was the leader of those who loved cooking.

I told them I had a project for them which would be in the next three months.

"Light up Lagos!" It was going to be a program that will bring teens and young adults from everywhere to have fun in the presence of God.

They were excited about it and we started planning the program in full force.

Favour only dropped by occasionally, but Ajaara told me she hardly ate as she was always checking her phone to see if Mercy would call. A month had passed and no one knew where Mercy was, but we knew she was alive as she constantly logged in to chat.

One day I had two strange visitors. I knew one and the other I didn't know.

Who do you think they were?

To be continued.

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DEEP THOTS NOVEL

Inspired by THE HOLY ONE.

Penned down by Opeyemi O. Akintunde

PART 16
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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Early that Tuesday morning, Baba Agba had woken me from sleep...

"Chuks, I think we have an issue!" He said as I rose up from bed...

"Good Morning sir!" I said greeting Baba Agba

"I hope it will be a good morning, one of the landladies on the street is here to see you, she is a very controversial person. I believe she is here to complain about the youths and teens, because she is the one that stopped all churches that made attempt to establish a branch on the street. She is an ex prostitute who has connections with the high and mighty in the society, so I hope she doesn't tell you to leave here..." Baba Agba said with sadness very obvious in his voice. The woman sounded like a Jezebel to be feared...

I had previously heard about the said woman but never set my eyes on her. She was the owner of a vast unoccupied land that housed a hostel- like structure.

"Why does she want to see me?!" I asked a seemingly stupid question

"I don't know, she only requested to see the pastor who has been helping the teens and constructed the free borehole" Baba Agba said

I stepped into my flat slippers and walked out to the balcony. I felt I had seen worse things than to be afraid of a mere human.

"Good morning ma'am!" I said as I saw her standing and facing the entrance. She looked back at my greeting and for a minute she looked like Chinaza, but an older version.

"Oh! Wow, so good to see you in person! My name is Mrs. Coldwealth also known as Madame Money."

"Good Day! I am Chuks ma!" I was always very careful about giving my full name, because of the business I had owned in the past with the money I made through the SPERM COLLECTION Agency.

"Really nice meeting you, I am sorry I am bothering you. Can we please take a walk?" She said

"Take a walk?" I asked in disbelief as I didn't know her from anywhere. I looked back at Baba Agba for any cue on what to do but instead she spoke, probably reading my unsaid hesitation.

"Baba Agba can go with us!" She said

I nodded as Baba Agba agreed to go with us.

I walked with this woman who was probably in her late 60's. Her skin had the many shades of rainbow like someone who had bleached her skin in her young days.

"I believe Baba Agba or any other person in this environment would have told you half of what I am about to tell you....but I will start from the part nobody knows." She said

"I lived in Cross river with my parents, I remember being very sharp and witty. I was the delight of everyone who saw me. My mother had a local cafeteria, where I supported her in attending to the customers. My uncle had come to pay us a visit and due to my charming attitude begged my mum to let him bring me down to Lagos, to help his business... He promised he was going to help me get an admission into the University of Lagos, which was my dream and that of my mother's as well.

We fell for his lie and I followed him down to Lagos.

He had told my mother, he had a restaurant likewise, but on getting here, I discovered it was a Night club that had a small brothel behind it, where he housed young girls. He was a pimp.

In those days, there was no phone to reach out to my mother and I had no wisdom at that time to run away. The first night I got there as a virgin, I was raped by a man who had paid my uncle. I remembered my uncle telling him I was intact and a new product.

I wept till daybreak.

"Uyai, you shouldn't be crying, you are beautiful and you should use your beauty to enrich yourself." My uncle said, while trying to console me.

I can never forget those words, the meaning of my name Uyai Abasi is the beauty of God and I was indeed beautiful.

I quickly adjusted to the new life as I was a happy girl. Every man wanted to have me, I soon forgot about going to school, as I was making a lot of money, but my uncle insisted I go to school as it was going to be of help to the "business". He told me it was going to make me have elite clients as well. I went to the university and graduated with a second class lower in political science. The course was deliberate as my uncle wanted me to mix with the politicians...

His plans worked out and in no time, I had become the official Sex partner of most politicians, thereby making millions very early in life. As time went on, I started having demands from politicians to give them young girls. That was how I started the popular pimp business I am known for...." Mrs. Coldwealth.

At that point, we had reached her place. In front of us was the beautifully painted twin three story building that looked like a hostel.

"This was where I camped over 100 girls on a yearly basis for over 35 years, but you know bad things do not last. I had a terrible nightmare one night, where I saw a man who accused me of kicking against the Rock of Ages. He told me I was only hurting myself in the process. From that day everything went downhill for me. The girls started contacting different diseases especially EBOLA that spread in no time. In months, I witnessed the death of over 10 girls in the hostel. Girls started running away and just like smoke, the Word spread round to all my politician clients that I had girls who were infected.

That ended my business.

This upheaval gave me ample time to reflect and I realized I had been kicking against God, destroying the life of innocent young girls just like mine was destroyed by my Uncle. I have stopped that business over five years and through the process of letting go, I got to meet God.

It therefore gladdened my heart recently when I got to hear about you and what you have done to these youths in less than 1 month, I felt it impressed in my heart to give you this structure. Don't worry I have no kids that will trouble you over it... Having a lot of girls around me did not give me reason to get married or have kids of mine own...." she said casually.

"Jesus!" Baba Agba exclaimed

I couldn't pay attention to what she was saying anymore, what was the woman saying? She wanted to give the group a facility that could House 100 teenagers and youths at no cost...! God what is this? This is too much! I can't handle this kind of next level "

All these were flying in my head...

"Excuse me!" Baba Agba said to Mrs. Uyai Coldwealth as he pulled me aside

"Snap out of it, this is the LORD's doing, this is what the Bible referred to when it states that the "Sinners will lay up treasure for the righteous". We are to eat the riches of the gentiles. God has given you a house for the homeless children like Ajaara and the others. Here, you can train these children to become great tools in the hands of God...

I stood there transfixed to the spot...

"Should I accept this big miracle?"

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PART 17
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Should I accept this big miracle?” I asked myself as it was too big to be true.

“If you accept, I will go to my room and bring the documents”

“Yes! He has accepted, he is just shocked because this is a miracle. Do you mind if I call my lawyer so that it is official?” Baba Agba

“Very Good, I never thought of that, let me put a call through to my lawyer as well. You can come in and look around.” She said as she opened the gate...

I kept walking though I knew my legs felt numb. Baba Agba called his lawyer, while Mrs. Coldwealth went to her office to bring the papers.

I looked around and saw a well prepared place, everything was intact. Rooms with bunks, Common rooms that had Televisions, Dining room, Empty rooms which I imagined could be converted to Art studios, Dance studios, Drama studios for the teens...

Jesus! And I wept... I broke down and cried. I never knew this was the promise land and destiny God had for me, but I let the devil almost take it away. What if I had not been given a second chance? What if I had died and Satan and his agents had taken me to the red hot place, all these teens would have continued in their destructive ways...

“Do you know, you are an answer to my prayers, about 3 years ago, I gave my life to Christ and ever since then I had begged God to give me a chance to help young girls as much as I had destroyed some. I didn’t have the opportunity, but here you are. If you won’t mind, I would love if you employ me under you to help with the girls...” Mrs. Coldwealth said from behind me, as she stood beside Baba Agba and within a split second, I felt like I saw Baba Agba and Mrs. Coldwealth as a couple.

I quickly dismissed the thought and tried to concentrate on her request, fortunately for me, Baba Agba saved the day...

“Sure, we all are partners in this work, I am sure he has nothing against that, because as we speak, though you have given us the big facility, we don’t have what it takes to feed the kids and cloth them, so we will still need you to help him raise funds from the Government. This is a home for housing homeless children. You can use your connections to get foundations, government and international bodies to finance this project...”

“That won’t be a problem, I will pray about it and God will lead us on how to go about it!” Mrs. Coldwealth said.

I still had not uttered a word since and I knew that could be misinterpreted as unappreciative.

“Ma’am, I am really short of words though my heart is full of it, but all I can say is thank you and you are welcomed to the family. Let’s together Light Up the world with these little ones God has given us the opportunity to nurture to brightness. They will be the light of the World that the dark powers of this world will not be able to comprehend. I hope to share my story with you some day!” I said.

The lawyers came around and the ownership of the facility was transferred to me. As Baba Agba and I returned home I gazed into the heavens and I just wished I could see God’s face and blow Him a kiss....

“Just like that!” I kept saying. At that point I understood that it was true that some men of God got big gifts like cars, jet, houses, and huge amount of money from people whose ministry had blessed and touched. That meant if we truly serve God, there is nothing he cannot touch the hearts of men to give us to make the ministry in our hands easy and achievable.

Favour was waiting at Baba Agba’s place. I was excited to see her, I wanted to share the good news with her but I could see she wasn’t herself...I decided to keep my peace

“I am ready to do the video....” Favour said

Two Miracles in one day! But if only I knew I still had an uninvited visitor on her way to see me.

To be continued

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PART 18
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Finally! After almost 4 weeks!” I said

“I am sorry, I was hurt!”

“Hurt? But I hope the time you took to heal has not caused your daughter more harm.”

Silence happened next as the depth of that questioned hovered for the next few seconds.

“Well, we will have to wait for Kenneth to return from work. We have been using his memory card and besides we don’t have a sophisticated phone anymore. Kenneth sold his phone...” I said

“It’s okay, I will wait, but I have a memory card on my phone and besides my phone even has a higher resolution than Kenneth’s phone!” She said as she took one of the chairs at the balcony.

“Ok..., you are not going to work?” I asked

“I quit!” She said sharply

“You did what?” I asked very shocked

“I just felt I should quit and I followed my instincts!”

“Ok, I guess so that you can focus more on Mercy when she returns?”

She didn’t say anything...but instead she started weeping and I couldn’t stand her tears. I pulled her close as a sister...

“Chuks, I have failed as her mother, I have failed...” She said repeatedly...

“You haven’t, you are one of the best mothers I know...We all make mistakes, even geniuses make mistakes, just bounce back and get back your child.” I said encouraging her.

“Will, she be the same when I find her? I have a feeling she is not the same. I had a frightening dream overnight..”

“Really?”

“Yes, I saw Mercy in the midst of people were dressed as Muslims and she felt really lost...she was reaching out to me for help, but as I stretched my hands towards her, our hands couldn’t meet. As I moved closer, she was been drawn away from me. I am scared Chuks. I hope Mercy is not dead...”

“NO...don’t say that again. I reject that in Jesus name, she is not dead, she is only lost and by the grace of God, in no time we will find her... Let’s do the video right away.

I immediately saw that point as the best time to record her video, as Favour would express more emotions.

“Let me use your phone to record like you said...” I said to her, which she immediately passed to me.

“Mercy, I remember the first time I carried you in my hands even as a teenager, you looked so beautiful, I said, “so beautiful like a princess”. I knew instantly I was going to train you to be a princess, but dear I didn’t know I was training a prisoner instead who had been looking for the slightest opportunity to break free. I am sorry for trying to correct my errors through you... You are special, you are unique, and I know you can never make my mistakes because you are wise... Please come back home... I miss you!” She stepped away from the video and kept on crying, I made sure I captured that moment also...

After about 15 minutes of chatting about irrelevant things I decided to share my news with her but before I could do that...A familiar face walked into the gate. He was one of the security men from the Sperm collection Agency. I rose gently with my heart pounding. Favour knew something was wrong.

“Do you know him?” Favour asked as the man didn’t so much as say anything. He only stood like a body guard.

“I am not going with you!” I said to him but he didn’t so much as look towards my direction.

He kept looking towards the gate, and just like the way your heart will almost jump out of your body, my heart did a flip flop when Tina stepped into the gate.

“Tina! Tina in the flesh” My heart screamed in fear. She had found me out. As she walked towards me, I saw someone worse than Chinaza. I felt really sad for her, remembering she was a Christian initially.

She wore the usual SCA cloth code, An Ash and red themed dress.

Favour wanted to know who she was, so I whispered to her “Tina”...

“You are good” Favour whispered to me...

Surprisingly Tina spoke loudly in a sarcastic tone

“Yes He is good, thanks to you, but are you good and more importantly, Is Mercy good?” Tina said as she obviously had heard Favour’s whisper through her spiritual earpiece...

“How did you know about my daughter? Is she with you..?” Mercy said as she walked towards Tina. I tried pulling her back but she yanked my hands off her...

“Where is my daughter? Oh I get this, you want to take the daughter of the person who took your prey away, thereby hurting me? That’s your plan right?”

"I don't answer to anyone, I am the one who ask questions" Tina said

"I am not afraid of you!" Favour said, but Tina walked past her like she was inconsequential...

"You better be, because we are talking about your only daughter, May I remind you, that you are wombless, so should you lose Mercy, then your very existence is a waste." Tina said with the deliberate sarcastic undertone in her voice and as Favour tried to reach at her in anger, the body guard stopped her.

"What do you want Tina?" I said as I swallowed hard in fear, I didn't like the way she was taunting Favour. "I am no longer interested in the SCA." I said

"Hello, brother in law, so good to see you in person after so long... Yes! In person... You know I have been keeping tabs on you every day right?, you know how things work?... I see you have been doing a 'good' work on the little ones and a big congrats on the new facility that has just been handed over to you. Shows you still have the potential to be useful, so I have a deal."

"I don't deal with the devil anymore, I did not take anything that belongs to the SCA, that should tell you I want to have nothing to do with you "

"Well, what if what you have to do will bring back Mercy, is it not a good bargain..." Tina looked at Favour and I

Favour wanted to say something but she restrained herself. I am sure there was a Fight of Faith going on in her mind.

"What is the deal?" I asked wanting to know if it was worth compromising to save Mercy from them.

To be continued

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PART 19
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Stop it Chuks! She doesn’t have my daughter!” Favour said

“This is just a bait, we will follow the old plan... No changing of our plans because of her threat... She doesn’t have Mercy and even if she does, I cannot trade getting her back with losing all these souls God has just given you...”

“Really? I thought the shepherd left the 99 and chased after one that was lost...” Tina said in a very manipulative voice

“I mean, I thought every mother would sacrifice anything to have her child, maybe her voice would make you change your mind...”

Tina pressed a recorder and we heard Mercy’s voice...

“Mummy, I am sorry for running from home, please save me from here, this place is worse than hell” She stopped the recorder and I saw tears drop from Favour’s eyes...

I was the cause of this and I had to fix this...I was about to say something, but Favour stopped me again...

“That was not my daughter, Chuks. Don’t try to fight God battle. Let her do her worst” Favour said looking at Tina squarely.

“So you don’t plan to hear what I am offering Chuks?” Tina asked

“No, I don’t discuss with the devil, take your offer elsewhere and if truly Mercy is with you, the same God that brought me out will bring her out. “

“Not everyone is as fortunate as you were, I got in there before you, and I am still there...”

“You made the choice to stay. If you decide to leave that camp today, no one will stop you, but you are afraid of”

Tina cut in...

“Yes! I am afraid of becoming a pauper like you overnight, Afraid of becoming miserable... Yes... so why don’t you let me enjoy this miserable life while I am still alive and Rot in Hell forever...”

“And you think you know what hell looks or feels like... “I gave a sarcastic laugh “You sure don’t know, because if you did, you won’t want even your enemy to go there...” I said

There was that brief moment of silence with fear written on Tina’s face, but she quickly recovered

"Let me be the judge of that..." Tina said "I see that your girlfriend here has indoctrinated you, and there is no going back, well, just so you know, I have a spy among your teenagers and youth. The spy will help me bring down this empire you are trying to build..."

Favour and I looked at each other...

"Which of the children was the spy?" I tried using my human logic...

"Could it be Ajaara, Kenneth, Tunde, Prince, or Dabira?"

"I also have my eyes on you!" She said and walked out of the compound

I dropped on the chair rubbing my forehead...

"She is lying, my Spirit tells me Mercy is not with her. And about the snitch, there is no snitch, she is trying to make you live in fear and possibly discourage you from the teenagers. Besides, even if we have snitch here, it is the snitch's problem. It is him/her that will suffer the consequences of being a snitch like Judas."

"What do we do" I was as blank as a new sheet of paper. I didn't know what to do...

"We will do everything! Everything the devil doesn't want us to do. Hold on!, she mentioned something about a facility, what was she talking about?"

I took my time to explain in details what had happened, Favour was shocked to her core, and she had tears of Joy...

"This is what they saw in their satanic crystal ball. They have seen what God was going to do with you and they wanted to strike a deal with you... Satan knew that Jesus was coming to heal people and deliver them from his slavery, that was why he went to tempt him at the beginning of His ministry..," Favour had said.

When the young ones assembled much later, I shared the good news with all of them. First I told them Favour had done the video, they were all excited. Kenneth inserted his memory card into Favour's phone and downloaded a video Editor. He edited the videos and posted it in less than 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, I told them the second news about the facility that had been given to us. The compound was filled with screams, cries and celebrations that attracted crowd. When people heard what had happened, they said of a truth, God was with us.

We all took a stroll to the place and the children were amazed...

"You mean she gave us, as in free?" Abigeal asked

"Uncle Chuks, is this how God works?" Tunde said

"No wonder, some of those pastors have a lot of cars, houses and even private jet... It is true that God can make people give one big gifts." Prince said

"Once God knows you are in need of certain resources and He trust you enough to use it well, He will bring you resources that will blow your mind!" Baba Agba said as we all stood in the compound looking up at the structure...

I wept once again... Chuks who had nothing to feed the children, now had a house to keep them under...

The celebration mood we were in was one that lifted our spirit as we had all forgotten about the post we sent online...

All of a sudden at around 8pm, while the teens were still cleaning the compound after two hours of worship and praise, Favour walked up to me in tears. She showed me her phone.

It was a video from Mercy. She had sent it through chat.....And below the video, she had written...

"I am so sorry mum, I am in Saudi Arabia!"

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PART 20
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“Saudi Arabia!” My heart pounded... “What was she doing there? Prostitution?” My heart raced as I dreaded opening the video. I knew whatever it was, it must have been heart wrenching as Favour was sobbing profusely at a corner....

Did this happen to Mercy because of me? Did Tina send Mercy to Saudi Arabia in other to hurt Favour for delivering from the SCA?

I went far away from the noise in other to hear the sound of the video...I clicked the play button.

Mercy had lost serious weight, her eyes were swollen. She obviously had been crying...She was sobbing as she spoke...

“Hello mummy... I just saw the video while cooking for my bosses, and I couldn’t help but break down in tears, I had to rush in here to send this video to you... Mum, I am in Saudi Arabia, I was tricked down here. A friend of mine told me that I could live an independent life by going to Saudi Arabia to work in factories. She introduced me to an Aunt, by the name Aunt Tina, who showed me testimonies of people who had made a lot of money in a year. I wanted to tell you about it, but I knew you would shout at me.

This my friend had told me about it when I resumed school but I told them I wasn’t interested, but when we had our fight I saw that as an opportunity to try it out. An agent took care of all my Travelling processes, they even volunteered to pay my registration fee for me, but mum, the night before leaving Nigeria, when I couldn’t turn back, I was told I was going to work as a housekeeper.. I mean a maid... Mummy... You don’t want to know what I am going through here... I cook and care for a family of 12, including their grandmother who poops on her body. I cook breakfast, lunch, dinner and each meal is like a buffet. I have to make appetizers, main dishes and desserts at every meal... I clean the whole house that looks like a mansion. I mean mummy, I clean 9 rooms every day. I also wash cloths....Mum, I shouldn’t have left home... I know I am wasting away...” She breaks down crying

“They treat me like an animal, The only person that treats me like a human being is one of their grandchildren who is a teenager like me...” She is still in tears

“And mummy, I have disappointed you, I have disappointed people like Ajaara and Kenneth. My virginity has been taken away from me, I am no longer 100%. My boss’s son comes back home every afternoon to rape me and I dare not talk, because we have been warned by the agent that we dare not make noise about such things when it happens... Mum, I wish I could come home right away..., but I am on a two years contract, which I have only spent 3 weeks...I shouldn’t have left home... I shouldn’t have...

“Mercy, “Someone called her name and spoke in Arabic...

“Mummy, bye, please pray for me... Another thing is I can’t speak Arabic, and they mostly speak that... it is the teenage girl that mostly interprets to me in English... Bye “

The video stopped and I also felt my legs were too weak to carry my body...

Mercy was gone!, One wrong move of rebellion had taken her far away into physical and sexual slavery. Favour’s tears could not be controlled...

That day had a bitter sweet feeling!

To be continued

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PART 21
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One month passed after that day. All these happened within 3 months after my new birth. Favour had gotten over Mercy's incident. With what happened to Mercy, she was more committed to helping me with the Young ones, especially since she had quit her job.

She had insisted I played the video for the children, which I was not comfortable with. She told me it was to save them. What made her win me hands down was when she asked...

"What if Mercy had seen a video like this, would she be in Saudi Arabia now?" She asked me and I knew the obvious answer

"No, she would have been here with us... Chuks, let me save these ones ..." She had said conclusively.

The teens and youths were seriously affected by the video. Some felt pity, others understood that there was nothing on the outside world. Kenneth was hit badly especially the part where Mercy had said she lost her virginity. Kenneth had his head bowed and he sobbed for over 30 minutes crying without raising his head. Everyone tried getting him to raise his head but all to no avail. After crying for 30 minutes, he stood up and went home.

I told Favour, I didn't like what she had made us do.

Favour told me, she did that for two reasons. First, if Kenneth really loves her daughter and it's not some infatuation he will marry her regardless. Secondly, she wanted the ladies to see how important virginity was to men, especially for those who had not been defiled.

Life continued, Mercy tried to speak to us on video call every day. She was a part of us, though online. Kenneth could not bring himself to speaking to her. Whenever she was online, he would step aside. On one occasion, Mercy Specifically asked for Kenneth, but Kenneth refused speaking to her.

We had moved to the structure, about 20 of the teens who were the homeless ones, stayed with us. Mrs. Coldwealth became our matron as she got aids, donations for us. Parents of other teens who came on daily basis brought in food stuffs for the ones in the house.

Things turned around. The teens became on fire for God. Parents were happy about their wards. New teens and youths joined every day.

We nicknamed the structure "LIGHTHOUSE"

Tunde had decided to go learn Fashion Designing.

We had volunteer teachers who came to teach some of the teenagers who wanted to still continue their education. They helped them prepare for the Senior Secondary Certificate Exams.

The teens' preparation for Light up Lagos was in top gear until I received a shocking news.

GLORIA WAS PREGNANT...

Favour was the one who noticed at first. Gloria was not her usual playful self, so Favour had taken for a pregnancy test. It turned out positive. She was 2 months pregnant at 12 years old.

"Uncle Chuks, I only did it once ooo, it was a mistake, I didn't burn my bridge. It was just once..." She kept lamenting. From her story, she had mistaken fallen into sin with someone she refused to mention his name.

When her father got to know about it he was enraged. He was ready to kill Gloria...

"Is this how you will pay me back for taking care of you and your younger ones after your useless mother left me? You are just like your mother, a useless dog is what you are." her father had said.

Since Gloria and her siblings were leaving in the "Lighthouse" with us, there was little her father could do, but there was a problem: she was not opening up on who got her pregnant...or could it be...?

To be continued...

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DEEP THOTS NOVEL

Inspired by THE HOLY ONE.

Penned down by Opeyemi O. Akintunde

PART 22
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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There was someone I suspected, but I overlooked it. We didn't pressurize Gloria anymore about telling us who was responsible for her pregnancy, but her father was not going to give up easily. Favour, Mrs. Coldwealth tried to speak to her father to give her some time.

In the midst of all these and the Lighthouse growing on a daily basis to the glory of God, I received another strange visitor again...

Who? Rejoice... The first secondary school student I deflowered and turned into a Sex addict.

I was told by one of the teens that Saturday morning that I had a visitor.

The moment I set my eyes on her, I knew I was in trouble. She was Sex personified. She had grown into a fine woman with a tempting shape. I saw the way the teens looked her. Rejoice made things worse for me, because the moment she saw me, she jumped on me using her whole body to caress me...

"Mr. Chuks, I knew my eyes could not deceive me. I knew you were the one I saw on T.V" She said very excitedly...

A tissue paper was better than the type of Cloth she had on. I could literally see her entire body. Immediately, the old memories came rushing back...

All the time I made love to her in the house I had rented close to her school. In the midst of going down memory lane, I could literally hear Baba Agba's voice in my ear...

"Burn this Bridge, Don't look back so you don't become a pillar of salt, Get her out!"

But then I heard another voice...

"Don't send her away, you corrupted her, you can also save her ..."

"Which voice am I meant to follow" I searched within my heart as I took Rejoice to My office, which was a big mistake...

To be continued

PART 23
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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She was all over me in the office...

"Uncle Chuks... I have missed you, you just disappeared into thin air..., I was so happy when I saw you in T.V. Can I kiss you?" she blurted out

"No... You can't... Calm down and let's talk, now I am a Christian, a born again Christian. I don't do all that again. Now I teach young ones sexual purity, therefore I must be a good example. "

"Hmm.. then I guess I have become one of your projects because Uncle Chuks, I am so addicted to sex, I hate it. "

"God can and will help you, if you are willing" I said as I wanted to use that opportunity to preach, but she was restless and not ready to listen.

"No, it's you I want... I want you to help me out of addiction to sex, because you brought me in, in the first place." she said as she was coming close to me and stroking her lips. She remembered that was one of my weak points...She remembered how to arouse me. I quickly changed the topic.

"What do you do now? Where are you based...? I mean tell me what is going on with you!" I said deliberately in a way to lighten the atmosphere that was thick with lust.

"Not much, I am now into modeling" she said stepping away from me.

Modelling? That didn't sit well with me... That was not the original destiny I saw in my Spiritual googles. She was meant to be a leader. A female record breaker.

I felt guilty and I felt I had to correct the error I had committed in her life.

"That is going to stop! You can stay here with us, but there are rules you must obey..."

"Rules? ... Like no kissing Uncle Chuks" she said jokingly

"Yes!" I said affirmatively

"Ok... I will try"

I stood up and was walking towards the door, when Rejoice blocked me, Let me have the First and last kiss Uncle Chuks after a very long time.

At that point, my walls came crumbling down for few seconds as she kissed me. I snapped out of it and pushed her away.

“Stop it Rejoice or I will send you away from here!” I said and right there in my heart, I knew I ought to send her out immediately as she wasn’t planning on getting saved, but rather she wanted to get me back to her bed...

I noticed the teens were not happy with her presence, she came in with a lot of negative vibe. She was sassy and was trying to prove she was a big girl. Dabira couldn’t stand her one bit, but I guess our sexual past made me have a soft spot for her. I tried to give excuses on her behalf whenever anyone reported her.

Favour also couldn’t stand her guts...

“This girl should not be here, she is an elephant trying to trample on your little crops...” Favour had said

“I am just trying to help her” I said defensively

“You help someone who wants to be helped, she is making all these a child’s play. I know you feel guilty about your past with her, but you are not the Messiah to save her. She is not bending to your rules, send her away before she bends you and breaks you!” Favour had said

Truth be told, I knew the right thing to do, but I didn’t have the will to do it.

One night after everyone had gone to bed, she had knocked at my office door where I had been working late in preparation for the “Light up Lagos” program.

“Uncle Chuks! I can’t sleep, can we go out ...?”

“Go Out? This is 11:30 pm...”

“I have been in this place for 11 days and I am not used to staying in one place...”

“Where do you want to go?” I asked stupidly

“Just outside!” She said eagerly

“Ok, I will take you out and buy you some Suya (Roasted meat)...”

“Great!” She said.

I told the security man I was going to get the roasted meat for Rejoice. He looked a bit surprised but didn’t say anything...

We had just walked few meters away from the facility when a car light shone its headlamp on us and within a twinkling of an eye, hefty men had jumped out of the vehicle seizing Rejoice and I...

“What in Christ name was going on?”

"Was I being kidnapped?" I said as I tried screaming for help.

To be continued

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PART 24
TEACHER CHUKS 3
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“You think you can escape from me?” I heard a dark husky voice saying over a radio in the bus...

“Please who are you?” I asked as the faces of the men in the vehicle were covered... They didn’t respond to my question and neither did the man over the intercom say anything, but I heard Rejoice cursing...

“Oh Shit..., Oh damn..., I am finished!” Rejoice said and I suspected this had to do with her.

“Rejoice, you know these guys... Answer me? Who are they and what do they want from me?” I asked

“I am very sorry... I shouldn’t have come to you! He is my husband...”

“You are married?”

“I will explain to you later!, it’s complicated!” She said

“Oh my God!, I hope her husband doesn’t feel I am sleeping with his wife!” I exclaimed silently in my heart...

“I should have burnt the bridge, I should have sent her away when she came, but lust and old emotions came tugging at my heart. Oh my God!, Was I about to be killed?, What will happen to my teenagers , and Favour...”. I reasoned silently

“Please, I am not dating her, she only came to me for help, I didn’t know she was married, I was her teacher over 7 years ago... She said she saw me on T.V and traced me to the facility for homeless children I am managing... Please drop me off and you can take her back to her husband...” I pleaded but the men did not pay attention to me one bit.

I looked around the bus there was no sign of a gun. I decided to outsmart them. I rushed at the bus handle and pulled it. Fortunately it opened, I was about jumping out when two of the men, pulled me back. I felt a prick on my neck and that was the last thing I remembered...

“You dumped me because of your old lover” I heard the same husky voice from a distance as I was waking up from sleep.

I tried to force my eyes open but it felt really heavy but I forcefully did...

I could see laptops, I could see young boys, and then I saw a lanky middle aged man sitting on a presidential chair and Rejoice held by a man with her two hands to the back.

I tried moving my hands, but I noticed something was restricting me. I looked at my hand, and it dawned on me, that my hands had been hung up.

"Your boyfriend is awake!" The man said

"Iam....n...not her boyfriend..." I managed to say

"You are saying something?" He said sarcastically as he walked towards me.

"Yes sir, Rejoice was an old student of mine..." I said

"Really? Scorpion, play the audio!"

"Mr. Chuks... better still, let me call you Uncle Chuks like your people call you over here... I am missing you like crazy... We can do this and no one will know... Don't you miss my lips? (Followed was the sound of a kiss)"

This had happened three days earlier.

Rejoice had come to my office late at night after everyone had slept and she came in full force seducing me.

I felt I could not fall, and a part of me was having fun at her childish behavior. I knew I couldn't fall for her seduction..., but before I knew what was happening she had kissed me, of which I pushed her back.

I was wondering how they recorded our conversation. I looked towards Rejoice she was shocked as well, but the husband walked towards her and forcefully pulled a chain with a gold key pendant from her neck...

"You think I would waste 5 million naira pendant on you without having a good reason for it?" The man said...

"Oh! So her necklace and pendant was an audio monitoring device..." I reasoned

"There was no way I could get out of this, except by the help of God...I just understood the power of burning the bridge. I thought I was teaching the children on how to burn their pornography magazines and even making them drop their phones, but when it was time to send Rejoice when she came around, I didn't do anything!"....

"Gloria had not burnt her bridge and that has landed her in the big trouble of childhood pregnancy. Am I any different from her? I also could not say no, I couldn't burn my bridge, thereby making me to be out of God's will.

"Get him off the chain and lock him in the dark room..." He said but Rejoice pleaded...

"Please let Him go, He is innocent..."

"You know that's not possible sweetheart, I am not that nice to let him go...Come on, We have a lot of work to do, business has been bad since your you left..."

"I will not do anything, unless you release him at least..."

"Are you threatening me?" He asked

"Yes!, You are the one who needs me, I am your idol you have to worship, I have nothing to lose, and if you like, kill me if you want..., but I will not give you what you want unless you release him..

To be continued

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PART 25
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I was wondering what she was talking about. I looked around me again.

Where was this place?

I saw young boys with laptops. The young boys looked scruffy, and instead of working on their laptops, they were looking at the proceedings.

“Fine!, Your wish is my command, but there has to be a compromise. I will release him, but not to the outside world, because he may blow my cover. The only option is for him to join the boys as well, and that way he gets to also have a share of you.”

Rejoice looked at me and then back at her husband, then she said...

“Deal!”

I was still confused about what was happening, but I decided to pay attention. Rejoice sat on a rocking chair that was brought for her, meanwhile a boy came to me and untied my hands. I was led to a chair. I looked towards Rejoice and by this time, she had a baby doll in her arms, which she was rocking like a real baby. Surprisingly, she started breastfeeding the fake baby.

I didn't understand what on earth she was doing. A list was brought to her, and as she was rocking the fake baby, I heard her say...

“Mr. Isaac Rowlings, you have become the baby in my hands. I am your mother right now and everything I say you must obey. Jay is chatting with you right now.. Everything he demands from you, you must give him... Good boy...” she continued to cuddle the fake baby, rocking him...

I sat in shock and regret...

Oh my goodness! Was this what I had made Rejoice to become? A living idol for hypnotizing people. Her husband or whoever he was, was a Fraudster who was using Rejoice in a diabolical way...

Oh! What if I had not introduced Rejoice to Sex at her early age, maybe she won't have become this waste...

I remembered all I had seen about her through my spec back then in my art studio of what her future was going to be... I remembered seeing...

- * *She could be the First Female Governor of her State*
- * *She could be a renowned Novelist*
- * *She could be a renowned Public Speaker changing women globally*
- * *She would give birth and raise great minds, who would in turn be great influencers....*

"No..." I screamed all of a sudden..., "This is not who you were meant to be..., Rejoice!" and I broke down in tears...

I noticed the whole room was silent...

"Get him away from here!"

"To where?" Rejoice quickly responded

"To where he won't distract you from work... I am not asking them to kill him, we have a deal right?" He said

I was pulled away from the chair and led to a room. The room was like a little cell. It reminded me of the SPERM COLLECTION AGENCY...

This drew out more tears from my eyes as it felt like the devil mocking me.. I could hear in my heart...

"God brought you out of the first prison and gave you a new life, but because you couldn't burn your bridge, you found your way back to prison again. Who knows what this prison holds for you?"

END OF SEASON 3

To be continued in SEASON 4

What happened next?

Does Teacher Chuks join the gang of fraudsters?

Does he bow to the sexual pressure of Rejoice?

What happens to the teenagers and the new life they have since their leader is missing?

Will Mercy survive the daily rape in the hands of her boss in a faraway land?

Gloria blames her pregnancy on the absent Teacher Chuks... What happens next?

BELOW ARE SOME PRAYER BULLETS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR DESTINY A REALITY, BUT BEFORE THAT IF YOU HAVE GONE FAR AWAY FROM GOD, say this short prayer....

“Dear Heavenly Father, I come before you this day with an open heart, forgive me of my sins and have mercy on me. I accept Christ as my lord and Savior. Repair my life and Home in Jesus name I pray....” Look for a Bible –Believing church around you and grow in the Lord.

PRAYER BULLETS...

- 1) *Strange powers militating against my destiny, your end is here , die in Jesus name*
- 2) *Any power that says I will not rise and shine, you are wicked, fall down and die in Jesus name*
- 3) *I shall fulfil my destiny whether I or the devil likes it or not.*
- 4) *Arrow of depression fired at me to waste my time and energy, I pull you out and return you back to the sender in Jesus name*
- 5) *Light of God swallow up every darkness in my life in Jesus name.*
- 6) *Any power sponsoring sexual slavery in my life, your end is here, release me, let me go and I command you to die in Jesus name.*
- 7) *Fire of God envelope me completely and make me too hot for the enemy to come near in Jesus name*
- 8) *I shall triumph over my adversaries in Jesus name*
- 9) *Powers that stopped my parents, that wants to stop me, you are a liar, die in Jesus name.*
- 10) *Anyone anointed by the devil to destroy me, our paths will never cross in Jesus name.*

If this story and prayers have blessed and touched your life, remember to say a Word of Prayer for the Author, **Mrs. Opeyemi Akintunde née Ojerinde**, the writer of this story **as INSPIRED by the HOLY SPIRIT...** May God never depart from her Life and Home...

And for your free gift of Love to her and the ministry in other to publish or produce more of these life changing stories and movies, your gifts are welcomed in cash and Kind...

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THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 401

ISOKENE (STOP MY WIFE FROM SMILING)

STEPPING INTO MAGGIES'SSHOE

PEMISIRE",

MY FATHER'S FARMLAND",

I LOVE YOU BUT..." etc.

Please feel free to send the testimonies of how this story has helped your life and Marriage to ***deepthotsonline@gmail.com*** or ***WhatsApp +234-8151103646*** or drop them in the comment section of her Facebook post.

MOST IMPORTANTLY: Please feel free to keep Sharing the free stories as a tool of Evangelism as we have been receiving Testimonies from people Over their lives and Marriages and we return all ***Glory to GOD***, but PLEASE DON'T EDIT out any part of this post, that is, both the story line and this information that has been attached to it.

Remember the Law of Sowing and Reaping in all that you do,

“Be not deceived; GOD is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. (Gal 6:7)”

DEEP THOTS (Of the LORD)

Totally Inspired by REVELATION from the MOST HIGH

Written by OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE (née Ojerinde)

Facebook@ Opeyemi Ojerinde Akintunde

PEACE!!!!!!

ABOUT THE BOOK



Teacher Chuks is beginning to fulfil his destiny with the new teenagers around him, but Rejoice, his old lover Returns..

Read "TEACHERS CHUKS" a story that enlightens the young ones on the ills of premarital sex and enlightens parents on how to help their children sexually.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



OPEYEMI AKINTUNDE Is a Media Enthusiast. A graduate of Mass Communication from the Prestigious University, Covenant University, Ota, Nigeria.

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She is the founding president of DEEP THOTS MINISTRY INTERNATIONAL. She is popularly known for producing short gospel movies, especially "MY WEAKNESS". She is happily married to Pastor Akinwale Akintunde, who is a Regional Overseer At The Mountain Of Fire and Miracles Ministries and they are blessed with wonderful children.

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