

Running away was only the
beginning...

Dangerous Thirst

Prince Musau

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APPRECIATION

I would like to thank Abdulahi Bulle for the role you continue to play in giving self-published authors a platform to sell their books. We can only pray that Nuria Bookstore grows bigger with time.

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I wish to also thank the team at CLMC for your role in this not forgetting the entire team at Alliance Francaise for offering self-published writers a platform to hold book events and so much more.

Lastly, I wish to thank my faithful followers. Had it not been for you, we wouldn't be launching my fourth book. May God bless you and everyone else who has played a part in my development as an author.

INTRODUCTION

Most girls fail to listen to the advice from their parents. They go ahead and admire lavish lives that they see other girls on social media purporting to live. However they wish to get these lives the fastest way possible, frequently using their bodies to lure high end men who have no purpose with their money. These men often turn out to be high ranked government officials and successful business men who are only in a quest to fulfill their lustful desires.

This book helps the reader to understand the possible consequences of such acts.

I take you through the life of one of the characters in detail to help you appreciate your position in life and not to admire the get rich quick schemes. The views expressed in the book are theoretical and do not relate to any person at all. This book is not in any way intended to taint the view of women in our current society, however, it's aimed at educating and creating awareness to accept our status in life.

Enjoy as I take you through this amazing piece of art.

Chapter One

FAMILY LIFE

FAMILY LIFE

"Tiffany, I may never get up from this hospital bed," her mother started. Over the previous months, Tiffany and her sisters had watched helplessly as their mother's health deteriorated as the days passed. They had been in and out of hospital and despite the hope that she would get well, her health continued to worsen. Tiffany had watched how her father, a pastor, had been earnestly praying for her mother to get better. Several members of their church had also joined in until this day that their mother had been taken back to the hospital in critical condition. She had been put under life support for several days before being taken back to the high dependency unit.

"You have seen how I have lived my life. I have always upheld my dignity and character before men and God," her mother continued. "Now that I am about to pass on, I pray that you emulate the kind of life that I have lived. I beseech you to uphold godly character and always remember that the pleasures of this world profits a man nothing. I have brought all of you up in a godly manner. I pray that none of you ever deviates from the way of the Lord. If you continue serving the Lord, He will abundantly bless you and will never forsake you. You are at an age where the whole world is before your eyes and it's upon you to make a choice on the kind of life you will live. If you choose to live a righteous life, you will

never be put to shame but if you choose to pursue the pleasures of this world, you will certainly be destroyed."

After she had finished uttering these words, her mother breathed her last. A sombre mood engulfed the hospital ward. As the hospital staff were wheeling the body of their mother out of the hospital and into the morgue, Tiffany and her sisters were inconsolable. Their father tried so hard to put on a brave face for the sake of his children but they could see that he was completely heartbroken. The family later left the hospital in the company of their church members, friends and other relatives to go start the burial preparations.

All this while, so many questions raced through Tiffany's mind. Did their mother have to die that young? Why would God take the life of their mother yet she had served Him her entire life? How would life be without their mother? Tiffany found herself getting angry with God as she couldn't get the answers she desperately needed. Instead of mourning her mother, her heart was filled with bitterness. She had not accepted the fact that their mother had passed on and being her mother's favorite child, this hurt her even more.

During the day of the burial ceremony, Tiffany could not hide her tears; they rolled down uncontrollably down her cheeks. "She is gone! I shall never again set my eyes on her," She wailed. Everyone who had attended the burial was dull as Tiffany's mother was still young, and had left behind very young kids. Tiffany tried closing her eyes as she could not believe that her mother was gone, every time she tried

closing her eyes, all she could was the broad smile that her mother expressed most of the times while she was exhilarated. Everyone tried to console the bereaved.

Months after her mother had passed on, life started getting back to normal. Her father decided to remarry and the wedding plans were in top gear. Tiffany had been cagey about the whole decision although she was too young to express her reservations. She often wondered how their step-mother would treat them. She had heard stories of how step-mothers used to mistreat their step children and this was the last thing she wanted to happen to her and her sisters. Tiffany was the eldest of the sisters yet she was barely 10 years old. She knew if their step mother decided to mistreat them, they would have no one to defend them as they were still very young. Her young sisters didn't understand all that was going on and the impact of their father's decision should their step mother turn against them.

Tiffany watched helplessly as her sisters were overjoyed about the wedding. She wished she was able to make her sisters understand her reservations about their father's decision. At times she would coil herself up in her bedroom and cry bitterly. She knew that if her mother had been alive, her father couldn't have made the decision to remarry and as such, she wouldn't be staring at the prospects of being raised by a cruel step mother. She had enjoyed life with her mother. Her parents had brought them up in a loving environment and she couldn't imagine the opposite happening.

At the wedding, Tiffany had refused to play the role of a flower girl or any other role given to her. She sat at the back and all throughout the ceremony, she was in deep thoughts. She had dreaded this day and hoped it would never happen. Her father pretty well understood her reservations and knew that the step mother had a lot to do to win back the trust of Tiffany.

Tiffany's step-mother turned out to be exceptionally kind towards her and her sisters. Within a very short period, she had been able to win over the trust of Tiffany and the two bonded very well. At some point, Tiffany apologized to her step-mother for the retaliation she had shown during their wedding. Their step-mother took them up as her own children and this greatly helped her father as she was now able to concentrate on her fatherly and pastoral duties. He thanked God that he had found a new wife who bonded well with his children.

Years had passed since her mother's death and Tiffany had transitioned to high school. She had been a bright and disciplined student while growing up but the death of her mother had started taking toll on her. Her relationship with God had been greatly affected. Tiffany had never come to understand how God took the life of her mother at such a young age. She had a lot of bitterness in her heart since her mother's death.

Although a bright student, Tiffany had numerous run-ins with the school administration during her high school life. While in form two, Tiffany got suspended from school for missing three Sunday services without any valid reason. It

was mandatory for every student to attend Sunday services in school. Her father was hugely shocked and disappointed by this incident as he had brought up his children in church and couldn't believe that any of his children would come to hate church. During the fort-night she was at home, she continued to express unprecedented resentment towards church activities. Going to church or even meeting fellow church members no longer excited Tiffany. Her parents took this to be a phase she was going through in life and hoped that she would soon reconsider her ways and change.

Tiffany chose a path that put her in a collision course with her younger sisters and the entire family. The youngest sister, Favor, would constantly confront her sister concerning her errant ways. With time, Tiffany labeled Favor as her number one enemy and would hear nothing from her. Her parents tried to discipline her but she was turned out to be a truant. By the time Tiffany was finishing her high school education; she had stopped going to church completely. Her behavior greatly put her father to shame, who was a respected man in the society and in Christian circles. Her father couldn't believe that his child had grown to be as rebellious as Tiffany had turned out to be.

One day, Tiffany decided to attend a school leavers party that was to be held in town without her parent's consent. She eloped from their home for two days without a trace. Her mobile phone had been off during these two days which left the parents with no choice but to make a report of their missing child at the nearby police station. Her parents prayed and hoped that she would be found safe and sound.

Tiffany had now turned out to be a stumbling block to the entire family. His father got more worried as he was concerned about the whereabouts of her eldest daughter. Since they had called Tiffany's phone over the last few days in vain, this made her father to get more troubled. Peace was the last thing that existed in her father's mind. Her mother made efforts to find the whereabouts of her daughter but this bore no fruit. Her sister Favour tried to reach out to some of the few friends that would accompany Tiffany but all this was in vain. The police had tried their best to trace her but that didn't work either. They gave up and all they could do is sit down and wait for her safe return but neither could they cease praying for her safety. Every evening before they went to bed they spent some time praying for Tiffany's safety. The entire period of tracing her had been very traumatic to the family.

Two days later, Tiffany staggered home in a drunken stupor. Her parents looked at her in disbelief. "Tiffany, where have you been the last two days and who taught you how to take alcohol?" her father asked. "I am grown up enough to take care of myself, you people should get a life and start minding your own businesses," Tiffany rudely replied. In a fit of rage, her father hit her hard and reminded her that she was still his child and had no right to talk to him in such a disrespectful manner.

"Enough of this nonsense! You people have taken this joke too far and it is time I leave this family and start my life afresh," Tiffany angrily retorted as she dashed to her bedroom to pack her clothes and banged the door. There

was a pin-drop silence in the living room. Things had happened so rapid that everyone was trying to process the events of the last few minutes. Everyone in the room could see the grief that was all over their father's face. It had been long since they last saw their father in such pain, probably the last time they had seen him in that state was during the demise of their mother, his first wife.

Favor, Tiffany's youngest sister quietly walked out of the living room into Tiffany's bedroom. Her room was pretty big with clothes scattered all over the floor. She had no organization skills. Tiffany was busy collecting clothes from the floor and carelessly packing them into her bag. Favour for a long time had not step a foot into Tiffany's room and she could not believe her eyes. After she had closed the door behind her, she sat down on the edge of the bed and tried to converse with her sister. "Tiffany, even if you can't listen to anyone else, remember the words of our mother on her dying bed before she passed on," Favor started. She went on to remind Tiffany of how their mother had instilled godly character in them and how she had hoped they would grow in the fear of the Lord. "Tiffany, do you think our mother is happy in heaven seeing who you have turned out to be? Do you think God is happy with you?" her sister asked.

"Never mention to me anything about God! Where was God when our mother was in so much pain? How could God let our mother down when she badly needed him yet she had faithfully served Him her entire life?" Tiffany shot back. "You know that God didn't let our mother down. He took mum because she had finished her work on earth," her sister

replied. "Get out of my room right now!" Tiffany retorted. As Favor stood up to leave, she held the door frame and looked at her sister and while in tears told her, "even if you don't respect anyone else in this house, I pray that you will think about our mother's last words and change your ways." She closed the door behind her and left as she knew she was not ready for the response Tiffany would give her at that time.

"What has your sister told you?" Their father asked Favor. Instead of responding, Favor broke into tears. Everyone in the room could guess what had transpired inside Tiffany's bedroom. Their father hugged Favor and her other sisters and reassured them that all was well. By this time, Tiffany had finished packing her clothes and hysterically walked out of the house. She had waited for this moment for so long or so everyone thought. Her parents couldn't believe that their own daughter was walking out on them. Everyone wondered how she would be able to survive in the outside world without any identification document let alone any qualification. Her mother pleaded with her not to leave but all fell on deaf ears. "Calm down my daughter, lets talk about this," her mother said with despair. Tiffany didn't want to listen to her mother. "I'm a grown up girl now, can't you see that my chest is full and my bulging hips," she shook her hips as she was lifting her bags ready to take a french leave. Favor rushed towards her sister to persuade her to change her mind one last time. This time, they almost battled and her other sisters had to intervene to separate them. Dejected, she gave up and watched helplessly as her sister walked down the road with her bags, not knowing whether they would ever see her again.

Chapter Two

LIFE WITH HER BOYFRIEND

LIFE WITH HER BOYFRIEND

All along, Tiffany had gotten her first boyfriend, Kelvin while in high school. Kelvin was five years older than Tiffany and was a high school dropout who earned a living from drug trafficking. With the proceeds from the drug's trade, Kelvin managed to lead a luxurious life, drive lucrative cars and was living in one of the upmarket estates. For the time she had known him, Tiffany had never questioned him about his source of wealth or what he did for a living. All that mattered to Tiffany was that Kelvin was able to pamper her and give her all that she asked for.

After leaving her home, Tiffany took a taxi and went to Kelvin's house. She found Kelvin had thrown a big party for his friends and she gladly joined in. On the table were all kinds of assorted wines and expensive liquor and everyone was taking their preference. "What more can one ask for in life?" Tiffany thought to herself as she took one of the assorted wines on the table.

After a few hours of binge drinking, a sumptuous *nyama choma* delicacy was served to the delight of Tiffany. At the back of her mind, she couldn't imagine missing the kind of lavish life that Kelvin was introducing to her . She badly wished that this could last a lifetime! At some point during the party, shisha was served. The sight of huge smoke emanating from the mouths and noses of the people that were smoking shisha and the happiness it brought to them

greatly enticed Tiffany and within no time won her over. Since Tiffany wished to fit in the group, she requested her colleagues to pass the shisha to her so that she could puff as she had never tried it before. No sooner had she passed than she started feeling dizzy, she had intoxicated herself and she lay down unconscious. Her friends who were drunk to a stupor tried to give her first aid but it did not bear any fruits. Instead kelvin opted to carry her to their bedroom.

"Hey, what happened yesterday? How did the party end?" Tiffany asked Kelvin on waking up the following day with no recollection of the events of the previous night. She had passed out the previous night after smoking shisha only to wake up the following afternoon in Kelvin's bed, stark-naked. All this while, Kelvin still lay in the bed without uttering a word, dead asleep and naked. She felt a bit of pain in her genitals, which was unusual. Her mind rushed hysterically as a lot of questions criss-crossed her mind. What might have happened to me last night? Did Kelvin rape me?

"Why did you do this?" Tiffany asked Kelvin angrily as she violently shook him to bring him back to his senses. At this point, she knew that she had lost her virginity. It was one of the least things she would have expected to happen to her at this point in life. "Why? Why Kelvin? I thought you loved me all along? Why would you do this?" She continued amid sobs. "What's the matter?" Kelvin asked?

"You raped me! Am going to report this to the police!" Tiffany replied. "But I thought you are my girlfriend? What is the problem with us having coitus if we love each other?" Kelvin wondered. "This was not consensual! You didn't ask

for my opinion but rather chose to take advantage of the fact that I was intoxicated to do this. This is rape Kelvin!" Tiffany shot back. "Hey, enough of this bickering! If you are not ready to do what adults do, don't join the party!" Kelvin rudely replied.

"Very well then, see you at the police station," said Tiffany as she got out of the bed to dress up. She couldn't come to terms with the fact that she had lost her virginity at the age of seventeen, through rape by a man who she had all along believed loved her. The bitter part was the fact that Kelvin didn't seem bothered by what he had done rather it seemed normal to him. "Once at the police station, say hi to the officer commanding the station and tell him that I need to see him today at our usual place," Kelvin responded as he returned back to his sleep. Tiffany was taken aback by this. She wondered how Kelvin didn't seem bothered by the local police and figured out that he must have been doing something illegal and giving the police bribes for protection as this would only be the logical reason behind the same.

As she was dressing up, she stumbled on some powder hidden in one of the drawers. After carefully examining it, she figured out that this must be a hard drug. All along, she had always wondered where Kelvin managed to get all the money from yet he didn't seem to have a job. Over the time she had known him, he would disappear for some time only to come back with loads of money. She had once harbored the thought that Kelvin was probably a hardcore gangster or something close to that. With the powder in her hands, she now came to the realization that

she was dating one of the notorious drug dealers in town. At this point, Tiffany took some of the powder and hid it in her handbag.

"Very well then. I think the anti narcotics unit would want to know what kind of powder this is. See you some other time," Tiffany told Kelvin as she threw the container that had the powder to him. Kelvin dashed out of the bed trembling. "Where did you get this from?" he asked Tiffany. "That is none of your business! Don't worry I have a sample of the same in my handbag. I just want the antinarcotics team to determine what kind of powder this is," Tiffany replied as she closed the door behind her and stepped out of the room.

Kelvin hastily wore his clothes and followed Tiffany out of the house. "Babe, let's talk about this please. You can't do this to me. You know that I have always loved you and I will always do," Kelvin pleaded with Tiffany while on his knees. "I am sorry for what happened last night. I did that out of love and never knew that it could offend you this badly. Please find it in your heart to forgive me," Kelvin continued.

"But why did you do this to me in a drunken stupor Kelvin if you really love me?" Tiffany asked amid sobs. "Like I said, I did this out of love. You are the queen of my heart and will always be. I would never do anything if I knew it would hurt you. Please forgive me and give me one last chance. I will make it up to you on this dear," Kelvin responded. With the situation back at home, Tiffany knew that if she left Kelvin's house, the only other option that she had was going back to her parent's house. She wasn't ready to eat the

humble pie and accept defeat. With kelvin being remorseful, she chose to forgive him and let the ordeal slide.

"Okay, I forgive you but there are a few things we have to discuss and agree on." Tiffany said to Kelvin. "Please let us go back to the house and discuss this matter," Kelvin replied as he stretched out his arm to Tiffany who took it and together they went back to the house. Many questions raced through the minds of both of them as they walked back to the house. "Will I be able to fully trust her again now that she knows that I am a drug dealer? What if she hasn't forgiven me and secretly calls in the antinarcotics team to arrest me? What can I do to win her love and trust back fully?" Kelvin's mind was going full throttle on the possible scenarios that this incident could cause.

"What if he chooses to kill me in order to destroy the evidence? Will our life ever go back to normal? Does this man really love me? If he did, would he have raped me? Supposing I turn out to be pregnant, will he take care of the baby? Tiffany's mind was equally at loggerheads. Her greatest fear was losing her life in the hands of a man she walked out of her parent's house to come and live with, out of love. She had watched several fascinating movies and seen how drug cartels operated and how they terminated anyone who posed a threat of exposing them to the authorities. How special would she be for Kelvin to spare her life after threatening to expose his drug deals? These questions greatly disturbed her mind. She had watched the news over the recent past of how young girls were being killed by their boyfriends after petty arguments, and had become a matter

of national concern that no one could overlook. The government and non-governmental authorities had been carrying out a vigorous campaign to end gender-based violence.

The most critical question racing through Tiffany's mind was what would happen if she turned out to be pregnant. She knew that she had failed her parents terribly and disgraced them by leaving their home to go and live with a man she had not been joined to in holy matrimony. She could only imagine the pain in her father's heart. Her father was a man of good moral standing in the society and with his position as a senior pastor, she could only imagine of the shame her actions would bring him. Tiffany had been a bright student while in high school. She knew that she would easily make it to the university. She wondered how a pregnancy at this time would affect her studies. The government had scrapped the two year waiting period before students could join universities and this meant that she would be required to report to campus a few months after her results were out.

"Who will I leave my child with when I go back to school? How would the society view me? What would my age mates think of me?" so many questions were racing through the mind of Tiffany at this point. She knew the stereotypes that existed about young single mothers. It was almost a taboo to have a child before one had been given over to marriage. She also had questions on whether Kelvin would stand by her or abandon her if he came to know that she was pregnant. The thought of having contracted a

sexually transmitted disease also tormented her heart. She was too young to die or so she thought.

"What do you do for a living Kelvin? I want you to be honest with me if you want me to forgive you or if you really love me as you claim," Tiffany asked Kelvin as they settled down in the living room. "Well, if you must know, someone introduced me to the world of drugs trade when I was in form three and that is what I have been doing ever since," Kelvin replied. "So is this the reason why you dropped out of school?" Tiffany asked. "Yes, there are so many times that my errands would collide with my class timetable and at some point I had to choose between the two and I chose drug trafficking," Kelvin answered.

He went on to explain to Tiffany how they carried out the trade and laid bare everything. "I remember while I was in form two my uncle was a drug addict." Kelvin started. "Many a times, I sneaked and followed him to where he would go to buy the drugs. I was curious about who was selling the drugs rather than using them. One day as I was trying to sneak into where they were being sold I was caught by one of the guards and taken to their boss" He continued. By this time Tiffany was very curious in hearing the whole story. "Please continue," Tiffany said. "After much interrogation from the boss, he found out that I was just a student and was harmless to their dealings, I pleaded with him to teach me the trade. He was pretty hesitant at first but after a few days he called me and told him that I would be helping him in the transportation since I was a student and the police could not search or even doubt me whatsoever.

During my first task to deliver I was pretty tensed and I remember sweating profusely as I went to deliver the same, but after a few more deliveries I was now confident enough and could now be sent to deliver even larger amounts of the drugs." Kelvin posed and looked at Tiffany who was now leaning forward curious to listen to more of the story. "I think I should stop at that," Kelvin said sarcastically. "You must finish what you started so continue," Tiffany responded angrily. "What went on after that," she continued.

"After I could now transport larger amounts of drugs, I was not contented enough with the pay that I always got from the trade, one day I decided to ask my Boss about the one who supplied him the drugs, he gladly showed me and recommended my services to the same, within two years I could now transport a lot of drugs all around the country, and as I had previously done I began using high school kids to transport the same for me and that was the major secret to my success to this date"

"So is this the reason you chose to ruin my education by raping me and probably impregnating me? What becomes of me? Or you added me to the stats of the young people whom you have destroyed their lives by selling hard drugs to them?" Tiffany angrily replied amid sobs. "Please calm down dear. I would never do anything to harm you and you can always be sure of my love for you," Kelvin replied, "I will take full responsibility should you turn out to be pregnant. This will be our child, and you can be sure that I will take care of it. You can always pursue your education to the level you want. You have my full support."

"Do you take the hard drugs?" Tiffany asked. "No I have never taken any hard drug," Kelvin replied. "So why do you sell the same to young people knowing very well that you are destroying their lives? You are an animal! You have no heart! How can I even to trust you with my life? What if you come to introduce me to the same?" Tiffany angrily retorted. "Please calm down babe. I do this to earn a living and besides, I don't sell drugs directly to the end users, nonetheless am only involved in transporting them from country to country," Kelvin replied. "But this is not right Kelvin. It is the lives of young people that are at stake here. Was the shisha that I smoked laced with any hard drug? Tell me the truth!" Tiffany asked anxiously. "No, I never give my friends hard drugs unless on their own volition," Kelvin replied.

"I have seen how drug cartels eliminate anyone who is deemed to be a betrayer. Going by what happened today, what assurance do I have that at some point you won't kill me?" Tiffany asked. "I can never harm you Tiffany. Even if we parted ways, you can always be sure that I would never take your life. You can take my word for my bond," Kelvin replied. "These are just mere words, people do change. I need an assurance that I am safe with you," Tiffany shot back. "What assurance do you need?" Kelvin asked.

"I will confide in my friend everything that happened and what I know. Should anything happen to me, my friend can walk into a police station and reveal to the police all your dealings and your hand in this, what do you think? Tiffany asked. "That would be jeopardizing my freedom and safety.

What guarantee do I have that your friend will keep this secret? What if she chooses to go ahead and share the same with her friends? That is how people get caught and I hope this is not what you want to happen to me," Kelvin replied. "Very well. We can draft all this, have it signed by both of us in the presence of a lawyer and deposit the deed to a local bank. All I will have to tell my friend is that if I lose my life mysteriously, she can go to the police and tell them that there is a deed deposited at a certain bank that contains details that can help them unravel the mystery behind my death. I am doing this to protect myself and I believe that this will be fair enough," Tiffany said while in deep thoughts. "That is okay with me, I will keep my end of the bargain," Kelvin replied.

With a truce reached, Kelvin gifted Tiffany a sleek Mercedes Benz Convertible as a sign of his love for her. Tiffany was over the moon as she was living a life that many girls her age envied. She forgave Kelvin for the rape incidence with time but the ordeal took with it a bit of her. Her respect for the sanctity of her body was gone and she started viewing sex as a way of getting her way out or getting anything she wanted. Tiffany's conscience was gone and the endless parties that Kelvin threw only served to worsen the situation.

Three months later, Tiffany woke up one morning vomiting. After 2 days of the same, Kelvin suggested that they should visit the hospital. Tiffany wondered for all this period whether she was pregnant. She did not want to go to the hospital as she definitely knew that her fears would

definitely be confirmed. "My love let's just go the hospital for a checkup," Kelvin pleaded with her. Tiffany agreed to go to the hospital for a checkup but she was in desperation; she was shivering and knew that this was to be a very tough day for her. At the hospital, the doctors ran some tests on Tiffany and they sat down in the waiting lounge looking forward to the results of the test. "Congratulations, you guys are expecting a child....." the doctor announced what she presumed would be good news to them. Tiffany's heart sank. Her fears had been confirmed and she knew she wasn't ready to be a mother. Her biggest fear was whether Kelvin, her boyfriend, would keep his word or he would disown her and the baby. Tears were all over her face. She wished to scream out, but her voice did not come out. She burst out into blames with her hands above her head, "Kelvin, Kelvin," she shouted angrily. "All this happened because of your carelessness! Are you happy now? See how you have ruined my life," she angrily shouted as she ran through the hospital corridors. All that ran through her mind was regret. She even regretted ever meeting Kelvin let alone falling in love with him. She came to a halt when she bumped into Kelvin. Apparently she had ran all around the hospital and came back to where she started. Kelvin hugged Tiffany reassuringly as they took the results from the doctor and stepped out of the hospital into their car. "This Gen-Z" the doctor sighed as he shook his head.

"The next few months will prove to me whether you really love me or not," Tiffany said to Kelvin, looking at him straight in the eyes. "You know that I will always love you," Kelvin replied as he gave her a kiss on her forehead. As they

drove home, Tiffany thought of how heartbroken her father would be seeing her in this state. The results of her KCSE examinations were due in two months and she knew she would have to go home to discuss the same with her father. By this time, her baby bump would be visible and she wondered how she would be able to hide the same.

All her worries would always be neutralized by a bottle of whiskey. With time, she had graduated from a wannabe party girl who could only take sweet wines to become an ardent lover of fine whiskey. As they downed an eighteen year old glenfiddich whiskey later that day, she threw all her cares through the window. Kelvin had mustered the art of winning her over and this he would do it effortlessly. The last thing on Tiffany's mind was how the lifestyle she was leading would affect her unborn child.

"How about having a baby shower?" Kelvin asked her one morning. "That can never happen! You know the status of my family in the society and how much this would hurt them if they saw the pictures circulating on social media. Besides, do you want me to become the laughing stock of the town?" Tiffany replied. "Sorry dear. Don't get me wrong. I thought this would excite you but if you are not okay with the idea, let's drop it," Kelvin replied. "We can't do that now. Even though I know you love me, we both know that what we are doing is wrong. Let us worsen the already bad situation," Tiffany continued. "Your wish is my command dear," Kelvin replied.

Two months later, the Education Cabinet secretary announced the KCSE results. Tiffany was anxious to know

what she had scored but the short message service from which the results were to be received from was not working. "I will have to go to the school to get my results," Tiffany told Kelvin as she hurriedly dressed up. She picked her car keys and left the house in a rush headed to the school. Tiffany later found out at the school that she had passed her secondary education very well and was posted to join the university to pursue one of the prestigious courses out there. Tiffany was fathomed after she realized that she had passed her exam greatly. Her face glittered with joy. Her results were appealing and she knew she had a bright future ahead of her despite the fact that she was pregnant.

As she stepped out of the school compound, she noticed that the school's female teachers were staring at her suggestively, seemingly looking at her baby bump. It was then that she realized that her baby bump was visible. She badly wanted to give the results to her father as a way of salvaging herself. "I will go buy an oversized sweater and put it on it to hide the baby bump," she said to herself as she hit the road. "Have you seen what I've seen?" One of the teachers curiously asked her colleagues. "I think Tiffany, our best student, is pregnant," she continued. They went ahead to discuss about how Tiffany had always been a good student and seemed to have a pretty promising future ahead. She had always been a bright student, both in class and in co curriculum activities since she actively participated in tennis. They all hoped that all this was all an illusion and Tiffany wasn't pregnant since this could possibly alter her bright future. At the clothes store, she got an oversize sweater that she felt would hide her baby bump and headed

to her parents' home. On the way, she wondered how her father would receive her. "I can handle whatever my sisters throw at me, but what about my father? Will he accept me back? What if he realizes that I am pregnant?" Many questions raced through her mind as she headed home.

At home, her family was exhilarated to see her and welcomed her back happily. As Favor hugged her, she was met with a pungent smell of alcohol. Apparently, Tiffany had been partying the previous day before heading to school to pick her results. "So nowadays you take alcohol? What has become of you Tiffany? What changed you? Favor asked her sister as they settled down in the living room. "When will you stop poking your nose in people's affairs you poor fellow?" Tiffany rudely replied her sister. "I may be poor right now, but I have not lost sight of my walk with Christ and I am sure he will perfect my ways with time," Favor continued, "there is a way that looks good in the eyes of man, but in the end it leads to destruction." "Enough of the preaching madam pastor! I didn't come home for this," Tiffany dismissively replied.

Turning to her father who had been silent all this while, she handed him her results slip. "Where have you been the last five months Tiffany? Are you happy about the kind of life that you are leading? Is this how I brought you up?" her father asked. "Well, I have been living with my boyfriend....." Tiffany managed to respond. "In what terms? As husband and wife or in what capacity?" her father asked. There was silence in the room. It was evident that Tiffany had not prepared herself for this kind of discussion.

"Besides, why do you take alcohol? Who are you taking after? Have you ever seen me, your father, drunk? What did I do to you as your father to deserve all this shame that you have put my name to?" her father asked.

"I see that you have passed very well in your exams, what are your plans for the future?" Tiffany's father asked her. "Well, I plan to pursue a bachelor's degree in law at the university," she replied. "I have no problem paying your fees although you have hugely disappointed me and the entire family, but am concerned whether you can be able to go through university with the kind of life you have chosen to lead," her father told her. At this, Tiffany remained silent. "Think about your future very seriously. God has placed the ability to choose life or death in your hands. Despite being a pastor, I cannot make that choice for you," her father said as he stood up and walked to his bedroom.

After a while, Tiffany developed some complications while in the sitting room and passed out. Her sisters raised the alarm and her father and mother hurriedly rushed her to hospital. The doctors carried out tests on her as they tried to stabilize her. "Pastor, your daughter is five months pregnant." The doctor told Tiffany's parents. Tiffany's sisters and the hospital staff could see the grief in their father's face. They had dreaded what was now happening to him. "How will I be able to stand before people? Why my daughter would put me through such pain?" Many questions were lingering in his head.

"What made her collapse?" Tiffany's father asked the doctors. "She had worn a heavy sweater probably to hide the

baby bump and most likely her body reacted negatively to the increased temperatures she had been exposed to. After a few hours of rest and observation, she will be okay and free to go back home," the doctor replied. "Does she have any underlying illness? Kindly do a HIV test on her," her father said. "Pastor, it is against our practices to carry out an HIV test on a patient without their consent. She can easily sue us and have my practicing license revoked by the board," the doctor replied. "But am her father, I thought I can authorize that," Tiffany's father wondered. "She is of legal age and thus her consent is needed in such a matter," the doctor replied. As Tiffany's father walked out of the doctor's consultation room to wait for his daughter outside, the doctor could feel the father painfully being let down by his own child.

"I have never thought this could be happening to me. I brought all of you up in a godly way and I never thought any of you would disobey my teachings and choose to lead such a despicable lifestyle," Tiffany's father said to Favor and her sister. "But dad, we have followed your advice and have not disappointed you and we promise not to. Please don't count the mistakes of Tiffany on us. We are equally disappointed and I promise to take good care of myself and be a role model to my other sister." Favor replied. "My prayer is that none of you chooses to follow the path that your sister has chosen. I pray that God opens her eyes and delivers her out of the bondage she walked herself into."

After a few hours, Tiffany woke up. "Have my parents been told of my pregnancy? If yes, how will I be able to face

my father?" Many questions lingered on in her mind as the doctors discharged her. All this time, her parents and sisters had not uttered a word to her. They drove back home in silence, every person in the car evidently in deep thoughts. "Whatever the outcome, it is my life after all." Tiffany thought to herself. She also figured out that it would be unwise to tell her father that the pregnancy, in case he had known about it, was a result of rape as this would jeopardize the freedom of Kelvin, her boyfriend whom she viewed as her only hope in life.

"Tiffany, why are you doing this to us? For the second time, what have I done to you as your father to deserve the kind of shame that you have put me through? Who is the father of the baby?" her father asked after a long silence. Her worst fears had been confirmed. "I am sorry dad, it was a mistake" was all she could manage to utter as a response. "Why did you leave home? Which other child around have you seen behaving like you?" her father continued. "This old man is becoming too much. What makes him think that he can control my life?" Tiffany thought to herself.

"What are your plans for the baby and school?" Tiffany's father asked her. "I have been thinking of procuring an abortion but the doctors told me that is not possible at this point," Tiffany replied. "How can you think of such a thing? What if you die during the process of abortion? You don't correct a mistake by committing another mistake! I have always taught you that killing is a sin, the situation you are in is not exempted from that," Tiffany's father angrily shot back at her. Tiffany had never seen her father in such fit

of rage. Everyone in the car was dead silent. "You have to carry the pregnancy to term no matter the amount of shame it will bring me," Tiffany's father told her.

"What about school? Do you still plan to pursue your university education?" her father asked her. "Yes dad. After the delivery of my child, I can go back to school, only that I will have to defer school for one academic year as joining this year will be too soon. My child will be one month old by the time we are supposed to report to school," Tiffany replied. "You see how you have ruined your life? You will have to waste a whole year out of school due to your decision to disobey my advice," her father said.

"I don't want to see you ever leaving that gate unless you are going to church. Do you understand?" Tiffany's father asked her pointing towards their gate. "Yes dad," she hesitantly replied. Tiffany knew that this was not the time for arguments. As she stepped into the house, she wondered how she would be able to live without her clothes. What would become of Kelvin? Where was he? Was he looking for her? What of the car? So many questions yet very few answers.

Life at home was becoming unbearable for her. Although no one treated her badly, her guilt was hitting her up. She longed going back to Kelvin's house. She longed being in a place where no one constantly reminded her of the life she had chosen to lead. Her sister Favor had made it a habit to come to her bedroom and share the word of God with her. The more Favor did this, the more Tiffany hated her. Where was this God when our mother was dying? Why did He

have to forsake her yet she had served Him her entire life? The pain of the loss of her mother continued to haunt her. She had been angry with God all these years. How she wished Favor could understand that she was not in the mood for this. On the other hand, Favor wished that Tiffany realized that her only hope at this point was turning back to God. This she kept reminding her that it was the only way she could redeem her life.

One day as the rest of the family left for church, Tiffany was left behind. She figured out that this was the opportune time to go back to Kelvin's house. She packed her few belongings into her car and drove off to Kelvin's place. Her family was hugely disappointed to learn that Tiffany had walked out on them again, the second time. Favor and her father continued praying for Tiffany to denounce her ways and return back to God. They had not yet given up on her and believed that she would one day encounter God and return back to Him.

Meanwhile, at Kelvin's house, she was met with a shock. Kelvin was angry at her for being away all that long without communicating with her. "Where have you been all this time? And wherever you were, you didn't see the need of communicating or even returning my car?" Kelvin angrily asked her. "Is your car more important than the mess you have put me into? Do you know how much I have suffered because of your actions?" Tiffany shot back. Kelvin slapped her hard on the face. "Who gave you the right to talk to me this way? Nonsense," Kelvin said as he stormed out of the house. Tiffany lay on the sofa shocked and shaken. She had

never thought that Kelvin would be violent on her. If he behaves this way now, what will he do when the child comes or when I become his wife? The reality that she had feared was happening to her and it hit her hard.

Tiffany called her best friend and confided in her what Kelvin had done to her. "Was he drank? I have never seen Kelvin act like this," her friend Keziah asked her. "No he wasn't drunk. I am equally shocked too. I have never thought that Kelvin would ever hit me," Tiffany replied. "Well, let's wait for Kelvin to come back so that we can have this discussion. Don't worry Tiffany, all will be well," her friend reassured her.

"Why did you hit Tiffany? You can't respect the fact that she is carrying your child? Do you have an idea of the pain this girl has gone through in order to keep your baby?" Keziah asked Kelvin on his return. Has she told her the whole story of how she became pregnant? Has she told her about the drugs issue? To what extent does she know this story? Kelvin's mind had endless questions. He knew the danger this posed to him if he didn't handle the matter calmly.

"Keziah, you very well know that I love Tiffany and would never harm her," Kelvin calmly responded, trying hard to bring down the tempers in the room. "Do you love me or your car? You can have the keys, I no longer need it," Tiffany interjected throwing the car keys to Kelvin. "Please calm down Tiffany. I know what I did was wrong and I am sorry about it," Kelvin pleaded. "I can entertain any behavior from you but I can never condone you being violent on me. That is how young girls end up being killed by their partners in this

town," Tiffany responded. "Partners? Did I just talk about a partner? My father has always taught me about a husband, not a partner....." Tiffany thought to herself.

"Kelvin, what you did is not right. You owe Tiffany an apology. It is only a fool who raises their hand on a woman," Keziah interjected trying to find a truce. "I am sorry about the incident and I honestly regret. You can take my word for my bond that it will not recur," Kelvin replied. After several hours of push and pull, Keziah was able to reconcile the two and as usual, they celebrated this the only way Kelvin understood celebrations to be, partying hard. The following day Keziah woke up and left after having an early lunch with the two. "I hope I won't hear of any more fights between the two of you," Keziah said as she stepped out of the house.

Life returned back to normal. Tiffany continued attending her antenatal clinics at the hospital until she was due. After checking herself in at the hospital on that particular day, she was ushered into the hospital's maternity ward where she delivered a baby boy several hours later. Kelvin was overjoyed and couldn't figure out the perfect gift to his girlfriend for giving him the title of a father. Tiffany on the other hand could not figure out a good name to give to the young one. She remembered that at one point her father, a pastor, had once preached about the appropriate names to give to a baby as it carried a lot of meaning on the baby. Neither once or twice did she think of calling her father but she tried as much as she could to refrain herself from the same as she was not ready for the lecture that would come in handy. She tried looking online for a suitable name but all

the names that she came across seemed too basic to her, she wanted a name that could stand out. She tried consulting Kelvin, his boyfriend, but he too had no idea of a suitable name. She settled for **Leon** as the name for her son. She went ahead and dialed her phone so that she could inform her family of the not so good news.

"Hello dad, I hope you are fine!" She began, "I am at the hospital, I have your first grandchild dad," she continued. Her father was in a big dilemma, he didn't know whether to be happy or disappointed. He shared the news with the rest of the family and they later proceeded to the hospital to see Tiffany and her son.

While in the hospital, Kelvin came to meet Tiffany's parents for the first time. "So you are the person who eloped with my daughter and had no respect enough to come and meet her parents?" Tiffany's father asked him. From the look on his face, Kelvin knew that Tiffany's father was not only hurt by the whole incidence but also he didn't approve of him. "What do you do for a living? Where do you live? What is your highest level of education? Why that funny hairstyle? Who are your parents? Your dressing mode depicts thug life," Tiffany's father continued. "This old man is going overboard. Who does he think he is to lecture me?" Kelvin thought to himself. "Do you have morals enough to handle my daughter and her son?" Tiffany's father roared further. "*Mzee sipangwingwi* (Old man, I am not bossed around)," Kelvin angrily retorted as he stormed out of the hospital.

"Tiffany my daughter, please listen to me. You are destroying your life with that young man. There is no way you

can ever have a future with him. Listen to us for once and come back home," Tiffany's father told her. "Our God is full of grace. If you turn away from your wicked ways, He is merciful enough to forgive your sins and restore you," Favor said to her sister. The anger written all over Tiffany's face was enough to tell Favor that this was not the kind of conversation that her sister wanted at the time. "Why did you develop such disdain for God from?" Favor asked her sister.

"For how long will you keep preaching to me and following my life? Since when did God appoint you His deputy?" Tiffany angrily confronted her sister. "No one has appointed me Deputy God but you can't keep on running away from the reality. It is time you owned up to your mistakes and changed your ways. God is giving you a chance to mend your ways while your future is not yet destroyed," Favor replied. "My life my choice, whatever I do with it is my own business not yours, get busy kindly," Tiffany replied to her sister. "I have always told you that God has place the decision to choose life or death in your hands, it is all up to you. May the Lord have mercy on you," Favor responded as she stepped out of the hospital ward.

"I have been keenly listening to what your sister Favor has been telling you over the years and I can confidently tell you that your sister deeply loves you," Tiffany's father told her. "There is nobody who will be so much concerned about another person's life except it be out of love. I pray that God opens your eyes before it is too late. As a family, we will never give up on you and will continue praying for you," he

continued. By this time, Tiffany had had enough lectures from her family and wished she could find her way out of the hospital. She wondered where Kelvin had gone to. "Please dad, this is not the right time to have this discussion. I need peace of mind right now," Tiffany told her dad.

On the day of discharge, Tiffany found Kelvin waiting for her at the hospital's car park. Her parents had hoped that she would go back home with them ready to start a new life. She chose to go with Kelvin to the dismay of her parents. "When will you ever learn?" Favor asked Tiffany as she boarded Kelvin's car. "When I grow up," Tiffany retorted sarcastically. "Does the pain and shame that Tiffany has brought to us made her happy?" her father wondered. All this while Tiffany had really loved Kelvin but he knew that Kelvin was a no nonsense person. He would rarely make time for her since most of the time he would be out for days carrying out his trade. She had really wondered about how Kelvin would react once they were in their home alone with the baby. "Will Kelvin really help me in raising the baby? Will he hold the baby when I am busy? Does he know how to hold a baby?" She wondered to herself. Within a few days, Tiffany began to see Kelvin change, he became a family guy and he would mostly spend his days at home to Tiffany's dismay, he grew to love the baby even more as the days went on. He generally loved holding the baby and from time to time he found himself making the baby laugh. This came as a shock to Tiffany since she had expected the exact opposite.

Within less than a month Kelvin had learnt how to change the baby's diaper and would generally enjoy doing it.

He also learnt how to feed his son when Tiffany was away or busy, and calming the baby down when he was crying became his favorite thing to do. One day she decided to ask him why he had drastically changed and to her shock Kelvin said, "I am very happy to be a father and I really love being around my son," To Tiffany life was all good and she began getting used to her new role as a mother. They really enjoyed life until one day their happy and lavish lifestyle was one day rudely cut short by the ringing of their door bell.

Chapter Three

ARREST BY THE ANTI-NARCOTIC POLICE

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It was still very early in the morning and they rarely got visitors at that time. The persistent ringing of the bell signaled them that this was not their normal visitors. "Who could that be?" Kelvin asked as he rose from the bed and walked towards the door.

On opening the door, four plain clothes officers forced themselves in. They identified themselves as officers from the antinarcotics unit. Kelvin almost collapsed in the sitting room. The day he had dreaded most came. Apparently, the officers had been tracking him and his cartel down for several months although he was lucky enough to have escaped their dragnet all along. "On your knees young man," one of the officers ordered Kelvin as he handcuffed him.

By this time, Tiffany had dressed up and came to the living room to find out what was happening. "Who are you and what is your relationship with this notorious drug dealer young lady," one of the officers asked her. "eeeh, uhmmm am eeeeh ," Tiffany couldn't find the right answer to give the officers. "Speak up young lady! We don't have the luxury of time here," the second officer shot back at her. "I.... a....m h..i...s girl....friend," Tiffany replied hesitantly. "In that case, you are also under arrest. You will have to accompany us to the police station so that we can ascertain your role in this trade," the first officer calmly told her. "But officers, I am

always left in the house. I swear I know nothing about my boyfriend's dealings and besides I have a 3 month old baby with me here," Tiffany pleaded. "Our interest is only ascertaining whether you are a member of this drug cartel or not. Once we are able to clear your name, we will release you but should we find you are one of their proxies, we will definitely charge you with drug trafficking," the officers responded. "We will be gracious enough to allow you take some clothes, bedding's and other necessities for the young child," the officers continued.

"Kelvin what is this that you have brought unto me? Do I deserve this? Is this how you repay me for loving you?" Tiffany shot at Kelvin, almost strangling him but luckily the officers came to his rescue. "Calm down young lady, we have given you time to pack what you may need for the child while at the station, not to confront your boyfriend," one of the officers said to her. Tiffany couldn't believe how fast her world had crumbled. "Where do I start? What if the officers decided to implicate me in the drug cartel and charge me with drugs trafficking? What will my family think of me once they found this out?" she thought to herself.

All this while, Tiffany had been fighting the idea of telling her parents and family what had happened. She wondered how her parents would take the news but knew that this is not something she could hide from them for long. "What if the news of this arrest is broadcasted in the local channels? What if I go to prison?" Many questions were racing through her mind. The words of her sister were also recurring in her mind. She wondered whether her sister

would feel vindicated by the turn of events or how her reaction would be in general. She had always felt agitated by her family but at this point she had no choice but to call them. She borrowed a phone from one of the officers escorting them, she was pretty hesitant at first. "Will they pick my call? Will they hear me out? Would they come to the station to save me?" these were just but a few question that were racing through her mind. She dialed her father's number and called him.

"Dad, I have been arrested together with my boyfriend on suspicion of drugs trafficking and we are headed to the police station right now," she told her father over the phone after mustering the courage to break the news to him. "Are you kidding me? When did this happen? I am coming to the police station right now," Tiffany's father responded as he woke up from his bed. He went on to break the news to his family. Everyone in the house was in disbelief as they hurriedly dressed up and stepped out to head to the station. "Tiffany has brought enough shame to us dad," Favor told her father as they got into the car. "I agree but let us not overreact at the police station. The most important thing right now is to find a way of getting her out of that mess together with her son. We can talk about the other issues once she is out," her father responded. As they drove to the police station, their father made a few calls to close friends and a member of their church who was a renowned lawyer and broke the news to them. The lawyer agreed to join them at the police station after a short while.

"Good morning madam, we are here to see one young lady called Tiffany who was arrested approximately an hour ago," Tiffany's father told the officer manning the report desk at the police station. "Oh that drug trafficker? She has been taken for questioning at the anti-narcotics unit. It is the third building on your left," the officer responded. Their hearts sank on hearing the officer call Tiffany a drug trafficker. They dejectedly walked out of the report office and headed to the offices of the anti-narcotics unit.

The officers at the anti-narcotics offices barred them from seeing Tiffany until they had finished questioning her. Only her lawyer could be allowed into the questioning session. Luckily, the lawyer friend of her dad arrived in time and was ushered into the questioning session. The other members of the family could only but wait outside for a chance to see their daughter and know the outcome of the interrogation. The session lasted a whole eight hours and this was probably the longest wait the family had been subjected to in a long time.

After the long wait, Tiffany, her boyfriend, her lawyer and the interrogating officers finally emerged from the anti-narcotics unit offices. By this time, members of the press had milled around the stations to get a few clicks on the newest drugs cartel in town. "Let us not go near them. Instead let us remain here and wait for the members of the press to leave so that we can get a chance to see Tiffany and hear her out," her father advised the other members of his family. As her daughter was being led to the cells, tears flowed freely down

his cheeks. This was apparently the most painful time for him as a father.

Tiffany's lawyer came to them and told them that the officers had decided to present Tiffany and Kelvin before court the following day and request to be given more time to continue holding the suspects as they concluded their investigations. "But how can they arrest a suspect without enough evidence to charge them? What becomes of the defamation should the officers find that Tiffany is not involved in the drugs trade as earlier thought?" her father asked the lawyer. "Well, that is the sad reality of our criminal justice system. We will try our best in court tomorrow to see that she is not detained for long, and that we get a favorable ruling," the lawyer replied. "Thank you so much. My family can't repay you enough for the help you rendered us today," Tiffany's father told the lawyer as he bid him goodbye.

After the members of the press had left, Tiffany's family was allowed to see her. She was brought to the report office without one shoe on and in a sorry state, with her son in hand. "I know I have offended you and I am sorry for the pain I have inflicted on you," Tiffany told her parents. "It is okay. We will talk about all that once we are able to get you out of this place. Have you taken anything since morning? What is the state of your son? What is the condition of the place you are sleeping?" her father asked her. "How is the baby doing? Is he in good health? Can I see him?" Her mother continued. "I was allowed to carry some bedding for my son as he is still exclusively breastfeeding so I couldn't have left him. I have not had any food since I left home. The food they

serve here is too pathetic," Tiffany replied. "The baby is very much okay, he is in good health, you can't see him for now because he is asleep." Tiffany continued, looking at her mother.

After getting a nod from the officer manning the report office, Tiffany's father brought her food and other necessities. "We have to go home now. Just relax and don't stress yourself over anything. We will meet tomorrow morning during the court session and we pray for the best. I only request you to cooperate with the officers. Be honest with them and everything will be okay," Tiffany's father reassuringly told her. "I know am young but what am sure of is that the truth will always set you free. It is even written in the Bible." Favour told her sister. "It is even written that 'Tell the truth and it shall set you free' see you in the morning during the court session," she continued. "Please take care of the baby my daughter." Her mother told her. After exchanging the pleasantries that they could cope up with the situation at hand, her family left and she was ushered back into the cell.

The following morning, her father arrived at the law courts at 7am, long before the suspects were brought to court. He managed to get the state prosecutor through Tiffany's lawyer. "The file before the court is just to request for more days to continue detaining the suspects for investigations to be completed. From what is in this file, the reason for holding Tiffany is so that she can shed more light on the illegal deals of Kelvin, the key suspect. If she decides to cooperate with the police, she will most probably be let

off the hook," the state prosecutor said. As they walked out of the prosecutor's office, her father wondered whether she would be willing to cooperate with the police as the prosecutor had advised. Tiffany had been rebellious enough to take orders from anyone. "What is the worst case scenario if Tiffany became hostile to the investigators?" Tiffany's father asked her lawyer. "The police can maliciously decide to charge her with drug trafficking and drag her through the rigorous court process, sentencing her to many years in prison or a very hefty fine even though they may not have the evidence to do so," her lawyer responded.

"Isn't that illegal? What would be the essence of doing that? Wouldn't that be a waste of time as the police would eventually lose the case?" Tiffany's father asked. "The police use that as a way of punishing an uncooperative suspect whom they fail to get enough evidence to charge. It all boils down to malice and that is why it is important at this point to make sure that Tiffany cooperates with the investigators and spill the beans," her lawyer replied.

"Dad, have you seen this?" Favor asked her father, waving the day's newspaper to him. The headline of the paper read, 'A PROMINENT PASTOR, A DAUGHTER AND A DRUG CARTEL; THE MYSTERY OF THE DARK DEALINGS OF THE NOT SO HOLY MEN OF THE CLOTH' His heart sank. He knew the members of the press would try hard to get a catchy headline from the story to make their paper sell. Tiffany's story was now tarnishing his name, a name that he had worked so hard to build. He couldn't believe that his family was now being associated with drugs. He had never

tasted any hard drug in his entire lifetime let alone alcohol. Apart from Tiffany, none of the other members of the family had ever known the taste of alcohol.

Back in the courtroom, the press broadcasted the court proceedings live. After two hours of fierce exchanges between the prosecution and the defense lawyers, the court adjourned for the rest of the morning to allow the magistrate to write his verdict. The prosecution had asked the court to allow them to continue holding the suspects for fourteen days as they concluded their investigations. The defense team had fiercely opposed this request arguing that the presumption of innocence until proven guilty still applied to the suspects. The defense team had further argued that fourteen days was a long period of time in detention and this was being used by the prosecution as a way of prematurely punishing the suspects. The final ruling lay in the hands of one man, the magistrate. The time for the delivery of that ruling was set at 3pm.

"After careful consideration of the submissions made by both the prosecution and defense teams, I find that fourteen days is an unnecessarily long time to continue holding the suspects pending formal charges. However, due to the intensity of the matter before me, I grant the police authority to hold the suspects in custody for five more days to enable them complete their investigations," the judge ruled. The ruling was met with mixed reactions. Although it was not what the defense teams had anticipated, the magistrate had definitely considered their submissions and shortened the period of detention. After this, the suspects

were ushered out of the courtroom into a waiting police car and driven to the police station.

Tiffany's family followed her to the station and handed over to her the few items they had brought her. "You will have to be strong and kindly cooperate with the investigators. Your lawyer told me that the only way to your freedom is by cooperating with the investigators and disclosing to them all that you know about this matter," Tiffany's father told her. "We are praying for you and you can count on us as a family," he continued. "Please my daughter, you have always been an honest child although sometimes you can stubborn but I know you are a good child, before man and God, kindly what I beg of you is to spill the beans to the police and everything will be alright." Her mother said. Her sister, Favour, continue to plead with her to be truthful to the police as that was the only thing that could ensure her freedom in the long run. As her family left, tears rolled freely down her cheeks. To some extent she wanted to protect Kelvin since he was still the father to her son, but also on the other hand she desperately wanted to get out of those pathetic cells since she could not imagine raising her son in that filthy condition

Back in the cells, Kelvin tried hard to persuade Tiffany not to reveal what she knows about the whole saga promising her luxurious gifts and hefty amounts of money. "For how long do you think I will give you the chance to mess up with my life? Do you think I deserve to be in this situation right now? I will have to cooperate with the investigators this time round come rain come sunshine," Tiffany told him. His

pleas fell on deaf ears and he knew that this time round he had lost the grip he had on Tiffany. "You raped me, became violent on me and now I am in detention because of you. What more can I expect from you? Death? Forget everything that ever happened between us," Tiffany continued.

Tiffany disclosed everything that she knew about the drug deals of Kelvin to the investigators. To prove her point, she revealed to the investigators the contents of the secret deed she had earlier signed with Kelvin and where it had been deposited. The officers went to the bank and retrieved the said deed.

Tiffany had for once felt a sigh of relief since keeping so much to herself was taking a toll on her mental health. After the 5 days of detention, the duo was presented to the court again. Deep anxiety gripped everyone in the courtroom as they waited anxiously to know the fate of Tiffany. Had the investigators decided to charge her with drug trafficking or had they exonerated her from the same? If they had exonerated her, would they use her as a state witness? Tiffany wished that the investigators would let her off the hook completely. She never wanted to ever appear in court again, whether as a witness or a suspect maybe as a lawyer.

"Your honor, after the conclusion of the investigations, the prosecution has decided to charge Kelvin, the first accused, with the offense of drug trafficking," the state prosecutor began addressing the court. "However, we didn't find enough evidence to charge Tiffany, the second accused with any offense. We also concluded that her statements were not critical in determining the facts of the

case against the first accused hence we have decided not to use her as a state witness," the state prosecutor concluded. The court was dismissed and as they walked out, the family was super elated to receive the news. Her eyes were filled with tears of joy. Her facials were enough to tell the excitement. Her father was super excited, her sister, Favour, was joyful as she embraced her tightly. "God has been on our side, let us glorify his mighty name." Her mother shouted with overjoy and all that could be seen on her face was a sigh of relief.

There was a huge sigh of relief on the members of Tiffany's family as they left the courtroom. The preceding five days had been torturous to them. How they wished that the members of the press would retract the story they had published in the newspapers earlier on. The image of Tiffany's father had been greatly damaged.

"Where do you choose to go this time round? Are you going home with us or are you going to Kelvin's house?" her father asked her. "I am going home," she replied hesitantly, defeat and shame written all over her face, "I only need to pick up my belongings from Kelvin's house." As they went home, Tiffany knew that her affair with Kelvin was over and never wished to associate with him again.

"Tiffany, all this has happened because you chose not to listen to us. You thought that your sisters and I were against you. The more we tried to correct you, the more you hated us but when your world came down crumbling, it is us you saw by your side all along. We were always by your side," Tiffany's father told her. "I want you to re-examine your life

and make a decision about your future. God has given you a second chance and it is my prayer that you won't squander it," Tiffany's father continued.

All this while, Tiffany was silent and in deep thoughts. "Where do I begin life? Will I be able to survive these lectures from my parents and sisters? How about my friends and partying lifestyle?" she thought to herself. As they drove back home, Tiffany badly craved for a drink. How she wished she could get hold of one of the whiskey bottles at Kelvin's house and help herself to it. The possibility of turning back to Christ didn't cross her mind. She was deep into the world she had chose and it was only a matter of time before she got back to her ways.

The following day Tiffany decided to go pick some of her and her son's belongings from Kelvins house. Since the car that Kelvin had previously gifted her was confiscated, she had to take use public transport to get to his place. She was not used to traveling in a matatu as she used to either her boyfriend driving her around or driving herself. Tiffany found the condition pathetic and weird since the matatu she traveled in was very stuffy and overloaded. Other passengers had to sit on each other and she began to wonder how her life would progress without Kelvin who provided her with a lavish and lucrative lifestyle. Everything seemed to have happened so fast and in Tiffany's mind it seemed like a movie. All that remained of her was to accept the reality and move on with her life. As she traveled she reminisced of the sumptuous delicacies she used to eat while still with Kelvin, the expensive drinks that they took and the forever partying

life that they had lived. All that was in her head was the big magnificent mansion that they used to reside in. She alighted the matatu and went straight into the house since she had her spare keys. As she opened the gate she felt the opulence of peace hit her face, the air suddenly changed as she felt a cool breeze on her.

In front of her stood a huge mansion that she had called home for a while. Before the house was a very beautiful lawn that was filled with smooth grass and to the far end was a tree and below it a rocking chair. From where she stood she could see the flowers that were well trimmed and surrounded the grass lawn and partially the house. As she walked to the front door she stepped on a well done pavement that didn't even have even a little dirt as compared to the environment at her parents' house that was pretty muddy when it rained.

She proceeded to open the front door and there lay a very neat and organized. Everything was just in place and this brought back memories of the days she, and her son had spent in that place. Everywhere she looked she could see herself seemingly enjoying life. She turned to the kitchen area and her eyes fell on the expensive liquor that was on one of the shelves, she could not avoid the temptation of picking one of them and carrying it home. She quickly packed one of the bottles and headed upstairs to their previous bedroom. There was a huge bed at the center, some coaches at the sides and a wardrobe to the other end. She sat on the bed and that made her think of the day that she woke up to Kevin having raped her, this spiked a bit of anger in her but

she was still envying her previous life with Kelvin. She went ahead to the wardrobe, packed some clothes to her suitcase and hesitantly left.

One day after the incident with the police had settled down, Favor walked into Tiffany's bedroom to find her totally drunk and unable to control herself. The cries of the baby had aroused her curiosity and made her want to see why he was crying and where his mother was. She nodded in disbelief, took the baby and walked out of the bedroom. "Dad, Tiffany is drunk to a palp. She can't even control herself," Favor told their father. "Drunk? Again? When will Tiffany ever learn?" her father asked, evidently disappointed and bitter. "When will she ever learn? Hasn't the world taught her enough?" Her mother continued.

"When will you think about your future Tiffany? Just the other day you were almost being jailed for the rest of your life for involving yourself with people of questionable character and now you are back to your wayward ways again?" her father asked her when she sobered up. "Dad, I am an adult right now and it is not right that you want to control every bit of my life. Just leave me alone. When the time comes, I will make a decision that will be the best for my life but right now I am going through a lot," Tiffany responded. "That can't be a justification for you to continue destroying your life Tiffany. I have severally told you that God has placed the choice of death and life in your hands, it is upon you to make a choice," her sister Favor interjected. "You are not welcome in this discussion, when will you learn to mind about your own business?" Tiffany rudely

responded. "Your actions are bringing shame to the whole family. It is our name that you are tarnishing. You have injured the character and moral standing of our father by your wayward behavior. We may not take this for long," Favor replied. Their father intervened in the altercation before it almost degenerated to a cat fight. The next few months were hard for Tiffany since she was still coping with the 'boring' life at home, no partying or drinks, just always being idle.

Chapter Four

JOINING CAMPUS

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Time finally came for Tiffany to join the university. Her father was glad that she had been selected to pursue the course of her choice. Tiffany had all along wanted to become a lawyer since childhood. Her incidence with the police rekindled this interest. It always amazed her seeing young advocates handling concrete legal matters in court and articulating them correctly. She couldn't wait to be admitted to the bar and start her own legal practice.

"Tiffany, now that you are going to the university, I humbly request you to heed to my advice as your father. You will be alone out there, neither Favor whom you have a deep hatred for nor me and your mother will be there to correct you. It is upon you to make a decision on how you want to lead your life," her father told her as they took breakfast, ready to head to the university for Tiffany's admission. "It takes godly character for one to see them through university. There are so many university dropouts around, not that they lacked fees but because their character couldn't sustain them in class. Your intellect is a waste if your character is rotten. You have been a bright child, all I request you is to work on your character," her mother continued. "After much discussion with your father we have decided that you will leave Leon behind so that you can fully focus on your academics. We'll take care of the baby as long as you promise not to get another one before you finish school and also

work hard in your academics to achieve your goal." Her mother added. All these seemed to fall on deaf ears since Tiffany was just gazing at the ceiling with a blank face.

All this while, Tiffany was upbeat about the idea of regaining her freedom. She was too excited to even take heed to the advice her parents were giving her. Her cousins always told her about how sweet campus life was and she couldn't wait to enjoy life at the university. All this while Tiffany reflected about the captivating stories of campus life told to her by her favorite cousin. Her mind was carried away as she was flashing back about the stories. "Let me tell you Tiffany, at the university, there is a lot of freedom, leave alone freedom, a lot of freedom is what I'm talking about. No one monitors your attendance of classes. Parties carry the day, you will never get bored once you reach there. You will meet your lover there and once you get there, just explore and be keen, on the contrary; there are exams which you are expected to pass and if you fail to meet the quoted pass mark, you get a supplementary which you will be required to fund or a retake which is expensive. There are a lot of academic tours, you will even visit places outside the country and enjoy the beauty of nature. There lots of handsome lads present. You will make many friend with whom you will enjoy life together with. But what I ask of you is just to be keen and take care." These words by her cousin had always swayed her off and her mind was carried away by the imaginations and fantasies about how it would turn out to be after joining campus. The fact that she wouldn't have her son in tow as her family had accepted to take care of him as she schooled excited her more as there would be no one to slow her down.

Once again, she would be free to attend late night parties and sample the city's night life.

After her admission, Tiffany met her new roommate who seemed to be more religious and things did not go well between the two. It happened that when Tiffany went out for a part, her roommate would get angry at her they ended up being at loggerheads. Tiffany's roommate also used to criticize her dressing and used to condemn her for the same. Tiffany seemed overwhelmed with joy as the dressing code of her new roommate pretty matched with hers. Apparently she had requested for her roommate to be changed. That was the first impression she found of her new roommate. The roommate smiled broadly as she got into the room. After exchanging pleasantries the roommate introduced herself as Julia. They then proceeded to exchange a warm hug. Days passed as they got used to each other, Tiffany explained to Julia about her love life. She went on to explain that she had tried to hook up romantically with several guys within the campus but they all did not entice her since they were mostly after her body.

Most were predators searching for preys to feed on. She went on and said that her love life was a stake and abstract. Julia cut her off by consoling her and gave her hope that all will be well. Julia went on and explain that her love life too had also been a mess and had decided not to love again but instead use her body to earn some money from random individuals. After chit chatting for a while, Tiffany explained that her academics were great and she was doing well in class. Her graded of the previous were excellent.

Tiffany went out of her room to get some fresh air and by coincidence she met her old friend who they had not been in touch for a really long time. Keziah almost bumped into Tiffany. "Keziah!" Tiffany shouted amused. They hugged each other, exchanged contacts and Keziah went ahead since she was already late for her class.

At the campus, Tiffany would find herself dead broke after a month. She had spent all the money she had and was barely struggling to survive. Tiffany always wondered where her roommate, Julia, always got the money to party from. Julia was in her third year of study but she barely attended her classes as her party lifestyle ran almost daily. Tiffany had mostly taken her meals in the school's cafeteria since the food there was way much cheaper than that of other vendors within the school. On the other hand, Julia, her roommate had always ordered take away meals from the nearing KFC outlet. This came as a shock to Tiffany who had never seen someone spending so much just on one meal. Although Tiffany saw that her dressing was way modern than that of her previous roommate, Julia's dressing code came as a shock to her. She could put on designer clothes, which according to Tiffany may have costed a lot more than her school fees. Julia also had in possession one of the most expensive and stylish makeup kits in town. She could spend most of her time in front of her mirror busy applying her makeup and admiring her flawless face. She also had one of the latest designer shoe racks which housed her uncountable pairs of shoes. Tiffany always low key coveted this stylish lifestyle and always wished to live it some day. She would stagger back to the hostel with a bottle of expensive liquor.

Tiffany figured out that this could not be the higher education loans bond funds that every student used to receive as the money couldn't sustain two days of Julia's lifestyle after paying school fees.

"Where do you get all this money from Julia?" Tiffany asked her one day. "You have to be smart in this city or else you will leave campus the same poor village girl. You are a very beautiful girl and that is a goldmine, only if you know how to convert the same to money," Julia replied. "How do I do that? Please guide me," Tiffany pleaded anxiously. "Let's have this discussion some other time. My cab is already here," Julia replied while hurriedly picking her handbag and phone and stepping out. Tiffany wished she could own just a clone of the phone Julia was using.

"Prepare yourself, tonight you can accompany me to a party in one of the upmarket city estates if you are willing," Julia told Tiffany one day. "I am ready even right now," Tiffany replied while literally jumping out of the bed. "Hey girl, easy. The party starts at 10pm and it is still too early. Remember you have a CAT today in the afternoon. Let's talk at 8pm," Julia replied. Tiffany couldn't wait for the set time. She was willing to forego her CAT if she had to. "Okay then, where will we meet?" Tiffany asked Julia. "I will wait for you here. Just go sit for your CAT then come back and dress up," Julia replied. That seemed a brilliant idea to Tiffany.

After sitting for her exams that afternoon, she headed straight back to her room to freshen up. Tiffany found Julia already dressed up and waiting for her. "You can't wear such a long dress Tiffany. Are you a nun? We are

going for a party, not a mass," Julia shouted at her sarcastically. "This is the shortest dress I have," Tiffany replied. "Have this," Julia told her while handing her a crop top and a pair of booty shorts. Tiffany hesitated. She had never worn such clothes. "These will expose too much of my body Julia," Tiffany asked her. "I told you that you can only make money in this town if you know how to convert your body into money. If you wish to dress as a nun, the party is canceled," Julia responded. "No, am sorry, let me dress up," Tiffany replied.

Together they hopped into a cab and headed to one of the upmarket estates in the city. "We are going to meet some very senior government officials. You need to behave yourself and keep your mouth shut. Whatever happens there remains there and no one is allowed to take photos," Julia told Tiffany. Tiffany wondered why Julia had to tell her all this. "Am I risking my life in this? How will it turn out to be? Supposing the deal goes sour or one day we fall out of love, what would be of us?" Tiffany had so many questions in her mind. "I hope my life is not at risk here," she responded to Julia. "Life itself is a risk. Nothing comes easy. Just please the men there and you will get all the money that you want. These guys are very friendly but they never forgive any betrayer so if you ever expose them on social media it is up to you," Julia continued. "Who are we talking about here?" Tiffany asked. "Relax girl, we are almost there, in less than ten minutes you will have all the answers you need," Julia replied. "I really hope I am safe, that is all that matters," Tiffany said. "I have been doing this for the last two years now, have you ever seen me come back to the hostel injured?

There is nothing to worry about here. These are men who only need satisfaction and they are so wealthy that they got no use for their money. All they do is get university girls to entertain them at their private parties. Chop the money and go," Julia responded. "Okay girl, I trust you," Tiffany said. "Tonight you will be chilling with the big boys," Julia quipped.

The car stopped in front of a black gate and after Julia took out a one thousand shilling note and handed it to the cab driver. "Keep the change," Julia told the cab driver as the two young ladies stepped out and pressed the doorbell. Tiffany was shocked at the magnificence of the house. The opulence that the mansion oozed was a level that Tiffany has never experienced. The passage to the house was well paved with lights illuminating the way. The house was well lit and had lights all over the exterior. Looking at the parking she couldn't help but just gasp in awe at the kind of cars that were parked there. Kelvin's wealth didn't come close to this. "I must be one lucky girl to be invited to such a place," Tiffany thought to herself.

The house had a huge clubhouse with all manner of assorted and expensive drinks for that matter. Inside the clubhouse sat five men and three other skimpily dressed young girls. The men in the house were familiar faces of senior government officials. This got her quite tensed. Tiffany had never thought that she would be interacting with the kind of men in the room. "Try and relax girl, there is nothing to worry about," Julia whispered to her, sensing her apprehensiveness.

"Welcome beautiful ladies," one of the old men in the room said to Julia and Tiffany. The three young ladies in the room introduced themselves as Trizah, Shirley and Judy. They were busy cuddling three of the men in the room as they took their drinks and shisha. "Thank you darling," Julia responded as she proceeded to take her spot next to one of the men who had no companion. Taking the cue, Tiffany proceeded to take her spot next to the other man in the house who had no girl in tow. The man introduced himself as Mike.

"Ladies and gentlemen, meet my friend and roommate. Tiffany is the name of this beautiful girl who has intruded your privacy," Julia introduced Tiffany. "Does she know the rules of the game?" one of the men asked. "Yes of course. I briefed her to detail," Julia responded. "Very well then, welcome aboard," responded the man. "You can help yourself to your favorite drink and feel easy," Mike said to Tiffany. It had been long since Tiffany had attended a party. She was glad that Julia had introduced her to the life she used to lead with Kelvin before hell broke loose.

The drinks continued to flow and as the night grew, clothes began to fall. The couples began to get cozier. At some point, Mike stood up and ordered everyone to switch off their mobile phones. "You all know how we do things here," he said. By this time, Tiffany was close to coming to a full realization of what was in store for her. By 2am, the party scene had turned into a sex orgy, every man in the room was having sex with any girl he wanted. Tiffany had all along thought that these were personal girlfriends to each one of

them. Although Tiffany had exposed herself to wayward behavior before, she had never been into a sex orgy. The only partner she had had was Kelvin. The girls in the house were too intoxicated to even worry about STDs or unwanted pregnancies.

The following day, Tiffany woke up in one of the bedroom with Reuben. "Where is Mike?" Tiffany asked Reuben. Before she lost her senses the previous night, she had been on Mike's laps. "Mike is in one of the bedrooms with Julia," Reuben responded. Tiffany could still remember the orgy that had happened the previous night and had many questions in her mind. "What if I got pregnant again? What would I tell my parents? What would they think of me? What if I contracted an STI?"

At this point, the only thing that would ease her nerves was a bottle of whiskey. "Can I have a few shots of whiskey kindly?" she asked Reuben. "Sure, there is enough stock in the clubhouse," Reuben responded. At the clubhouse, Trizah was helping herself to a glass of wine. "Where are the rest?" Tiffany curiously asked her. "They are sleeping in the bedroom here," Trizah responded. "It is now a few minutes to noon, what time will we leave this place?" Tiffany asked. "The chef is preparing lunch for us and after that we will have a few drinks and leave," Trizah responded.

By 2pm, everyone had woken up and freshened. "I hope you all enjoyed yourselves," Mike asked the rest as they settled down for lunch. "We surely did," they all answered in unison. After lunch, they proceeded to the clubhouse. "You know we won't be here for long," Julia told Mike. "It is okay,

you are free to leave any time you want," Mike responded. At 4pm, Mike handed each of the girls an envelope and Julia called a cab to take them back to the university. "See you next time guys," Julia told Mike and the rest of the guys as she left with Tiffany. "Don't leave Tiffany behind the next time you come," Reuben quipped. "You can be sure I won't," Julia responded, closing the door behind them.

"Make sure you take an emergency pill," Julia told Tiffany. "What of STIs?" Tiffany asked. "Forget about that that is the last thing on my mind right now. My mind is set on making money right now. The reason I told you to take an emergency pill is that a pregnancy will definitely slow you down," Julia responded. Tiffany curiously tore the envelope she had in her hands to know how much she had made that night. "Hey girl, curiosity killed the cat. Just be a little patient we get back to the hostel then you can open your envelope and see what you got," Julia told Tiffany.

Chapter Five

DIVING DEEPER INTO THE PARTY LIFE

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At the hostel, Tiffany found out that the men they had entertained the previous night had gifted her forty thousand shillings. The look on her face showed a young village girl who couldn't believe her luck or so she thought. "That is just a start. Tomorrow we have another party to attend on the other side of the town," Julia told Tiffany. "Wow, am so happy and grateful for the kindness you have shown me," Tiffany responded. Tiffany was amazed by the band of money in her possession. All that lingered through her mind was how she could buy herself expensive clothes and high end fancy dresses. "I am going to buy myself expensive makeup that will make me look hot and attractive." I will save some of the money for my child and will live a soft life here in school. She marveled as she repeatedly counted her money joyously. She was fathomed and all that was now on her mind was a lucrative lifestyle without much struggle.

The happiness was short-lived as the thought of contracting an STI still tortured her mind. "What's wrong? Why the sudden change of moods?" Julia asked Tiffany, reading her mind. "It's nothing just that the thought of contracting an STI keeps on ringing in my mind" Tiffany responded. "Don't worry girl. You will be okay. I was equally troubled when I was starting out but with time you will get used to the city life," Julia responded, patting her back

reassuringly. "You will need this," Julia continued, handing Tiffany a glass of whiskey.

"So, tomorrow are we still going to meet Mike and his friends?" Tiffany asked. "No, we are going to meet a new set of guys. We will be meeting Mike and his crew on Fridays only," Julia responded. "How many parties will we be attending in a week?" Tiffany asked. "As many as you are able to," was the reply that Julia gave her. "Why can't we have these guys tested before we engage in anything? Don't our lives matter here? Supposing one person had HIV from the group we had yesterday, are you aware we would all be infected? To the very least, can't they use protection?" Tiffany asked. "Tiffany I had all those fears that you are expressing when I was starting out but with time, I threw caution to the wind. Besides, you can't control these men; it is their terms that we follow. We are in this for the money and so we have to abide by their rules," Julia responded. "Is it possible for me to stick to one man?" Tiffany asked. "No. These men don't like being caged. We will be going to Mike's place every Friday, who do you think they are with these other days? Definitely another set of girls but that is the least of my worries right now," Julia responded. Tiffany had never thought she would ever be in the situation she was in; having to involve herself in prostitution. The more she had this discussion with Julia, the more her guilt conscience was triggered so she thought it wise to let go of the conversation.

"Tiffany, the cab driver is here," Julia told Tiffany while waking her up the following day. Tiffany had drunk to a stupor the previous night and was still asleep. "Hurry up

and freshen up or we will be charged waiting fee by the cab driver," Julia continued. "Oh, and I never took those emergency pills!" Tiffany exclaimed while jumping out of the bed. "Don't worry about that, you still have more than 24 hours to do that. We can pass by a chemist you get some," Julia responded. "Okay, give me a few minutes and I will be done," Tiffany responded. "Another sex orgy again? Another night of partying and drugs? Would my parents be happy with me if they found out what am doing at the university right now?" Tiffany had so many questions in her mind.

After a few minutes, they hopped into the cab and headed to the party. Julia instructed the driver to stop by a chemist so as Tiffany could get the emergency pills she needed. "Wow! That is so kind of you. I thought you had already forgotten about that," Tiffany told Julia. "You know I care about you, there is no way I could overlook such a thing," Julia responded. Tiffany got back to the car and they proceeded to the party scene. "So who are we meeting this time round?" Tiffany asked Julia. "Relax. Curiosity killed the cat. We are almost there and in a few minutes, you will have all the answers you need," Julia responded.

Their cab pulled over in front of one of the mansions in the estate. As usual, Julia handed the cab driver some money and told him to keep the change as they stepped out of the car. "These girls of nowadays....." the cab driver thought to himself as he left. As the gate opened, Tiffany and Julia were ushered into the same opulence they had experienced at Mike's place. "How did you come to know

these people?" Tiffany asked Julia curiously. "You must be smart in this city," Julia responded.

"Good evening beautiful ladies," one of the men in the house greeted Tiffany and Julia as they entered. The men here were visibly older than Mike and his friends at the previous party they had attended. Tiffany figured out that they must have been way above sixty years of age. They also seemed wealthier than Mike and his friends going by how they conducted themselves. There were two other ladies in the room. "Good evening too," Julia responded, proceeding to give the man a tight hug.

"Please have a seat. Julia, would you mind introducing your beautiful friend to us," the man continued. "Oh, meet my friend Tiffany, she is such a jovial soul and a party girl that is why I tagged her along," Julia responded. "My name is George, pleasure meeting you," George said to Tiffany. He went on to introduce the other people at the party and after exchanging of pleasantries, Tiffany and Julia joined the party.

"What are you girls taking?" George asked Tiffany and Julia. "Am forever a wine girl as always," Julia responded, "But my friend here is a whiskey person," she continued. "Alright then, you guys serve yourselves and join in the party," George responded. The men here seemed naughtier than Mike and his friends although they were way much older. With the flow of alcohol and shisha, Tiffany figured out that it was just a matter of time before the party turned to a sex orgy.

As the party started Tiffany had several question in her mind. "How many men will Julia introduce to me to be

having sexual relations with? How many times will I be taking contraceptives? What if these guys end up infecting us with HIV/AIDS?" Tiffany thought to herself. Her mind wandered back to her life with Kelvin and what it had resulted into. "In the event I contract HIV/AIDS and die, my son would literally become an orphan in this world as his father is already serving a life imprisonment for his crimes."

"Julia, let's have a brief talk outside," Tiffany told her roommate. "What is the matter? Is everything okay? We hope you are enjoying yourself and that our presence doesn't annoy you," George interjected. "Not at all. Just some private girl talk, that's all," Tiffany responded. "Let me hear her out, we will be back in a few," Julia told George as she stepped out together with Tiffany. "What's the matter?" Julia asked Tiffany once outside. "Forgive me for my concerns but I just wanted to ask you how well you know these people. I have a young child and his father is in prison. If I contracted HIV/AIDS and died, that boy would be left in this world literally an orphan. I hope I am not offending you. Besides will I be taking emergency pills daily? Don't you think that is harmful to my health?" Tiffany asked Julia.

"How long will we have this stupid discussion? Daily? I thought you requested me to show you how I make money?" Julia angrily responded. "Do you have an idea of the thoughts that came to the other guys in the house once you called me outside here? You can't come in to my life to ruin it. You either behave or get a cab, go back to that dingy hostel room and sleep!" "Enough of this nonsense! Who do you think you are that I can't question the decisions you are

making for my life? A Benito Mussolini perhaps?" Tiffany angrily responded. Sensing the agitation in Tiffany, Julia calmed herself down. "Okay, what do you want? Rather what do you suggest we do?" she calmly asked Tiffany.

"I only asked you how well you trust these guys with our lives before you decided to be rude to me. I am an adult and besides that I am your friend, you shouldn't take offense if I raise a concern. It is our lives at stake here. These old men have already lived theirs," Tiffany responded. "I understand your fears Tiffany. With time you will get over this. Tomorrow I will take you to the hospital so that you can choose another method of family planning. I hope that solves the issue of having to take emergency pills every time we go to a party," Julia responded. "What of contracting STIs or HIV/AIDS?" Tiffany asked, seemingly in deep thought. She really needed the money as it would greatly improve her lifestyle and she would once again be able to give her son the life he had lived before Kelvin got imprisoned but was this the right way to make money? "I trust the men that I have been introducing you to. Besides these are people who have families and big plans for the future and they strongly love their lives as much as we do," Julia responded. "These men might have contracted HIV/AIDS years ago and decided to transmit the same to innocent girls using money as a bait," Tiffany replied. "I don't think so. We have had girls who used to do this while they were still in the university and they are now happily married. Besides, you have a choice to always request a man to use protection, and you should be aware that in that case, they will definitely pay you less. Some other men will not

invite you to their parties with those kinds of demands," Julia responded.

"That is solved. My other worry is our safety in the hands of these guys. You have definitely heard numerous stories of young girls being killed in these kinds of situations," Tiffany asked. "Come on Tiffany, these are respectable men in the society. They would never do such a thing. You very well know that most of these guys are senior government officials," Julia responded. "Kelvin was also a respectable man in the society until one day the police officers stormed our house," Tiffany told Julia. "You can't compare Kelvin with these men Tiffany. Kelvin was a drug dealer, these men are senior government officials and successful businessmen," Julia responded. "Okay then, let's go back to the party," Tiffany responded.

After two hours, clothes began to fall as usual. Everybody in the house was visibly inebriated. By this time, Tiffany had thrown caution to the wind and was busy cuddling in one sofa with George. Julia and the other girls present were busy with the other men in the house. As time progressed, the party turned to a sex orgy. All the old men in the house were busy exploring their own sexual fantasies with the young university girls who Julia had recruited for them. The difference between their ages was shameful. These were 'respectable' men in the society, the age of the young girls' fathers abusing them to satisfy their sexual fantasies. Everyone knew that this was wrong, and probably this was the reason phones had to be off immediately one stepped into the house. Not even the young girls could stand

a leaked video of what used to happen in these parties. The bait that kept the young girls coming back was the huge sums of money dished out and the expensive liquor and lifestyle that came with associating with these men.

"Good morning, I have a bad hangover," Tiffany told George while waking him up. She had ended up in George's bedroom but she couldn't figure out how or even know how many men she had slept with that night. "An orange and a glass of water will be of great help," George responded. "The chef downstairs will help you with that." "I think a glass of whiskey will do for my case," Tiffany replied while dressing up. "Okay girl, the clubhouse downstairs has more than you need, enjoy yourself," George replied.

Tiffany had woken up way earlier than the rest. By the time the other guys were joining her at the clubhouse, she was already drunk, playing loud music and dancing, evidently in a party mood again. Julia was amazed. She had expected Tiffany to be pestering her wanting to leave as had been the case at Mike's place. "What time do you want us to leave baby girl?" Julia teasingly asked her. "I don't want this to stop, let's party," Tiffany responded. "Alright, but remember you have an exam tomorrow morning," Julia said. "That shouldn't worry you, besides I can skip that and request the lecturer for a makeup CAT at my own convenience," Tiffany responded. "Don't play that trick on Prof James, you can be sure you will have to retake the whole unit," Julia warned Tiffany. "There is no man who is a hard nut for a beautiful girl," Tiffany responded. Both girls burst into laughter as they

joined the others at the table. By this time, a sumptuous meal of *nyamachoma* was served.

After some hours of binge drinking, the young girls readied themselves to leave. George handed Julia five envelopes for the five girls that had 'entertained' them that night. "See you same time next week," Julia said to the men as they stepped out of the house. "Remember to tag Tiffany along next time," George responded. "I sure will," was the reply that came from Julia as she closed the door behind them. Tiffany had become the center of attraction in these parties. The men kept asking Julia to tag her along in all parties she attended. She was a new girl and all the men wanted to have her.

"This is my time to make all the money I want," Tiffany thought to herself. "Utilize this season well, a time will come when a new girl will join us and you will not be on demand as you are right now," Julia told Tiffany, reading her mind. "But you have been doing this for the last three years and yet you have never fallen out of favor with these men," Tiffany asked Julia. "Remember I am their link to university girls so they can never throw me under the bus. I am not saying that you will not be going to these parties once a new girl comes but rather you can make any demand to these men right now and they won't have a problem fulfilling it," Julia told Tiffany. "Reuben and Mike have shown special interest in me, I think that is where I should start," Tiffany replied. "Good girl, now you are thinking. You can't be chilling with the big boys in town and still lead a squalor life. You need an iPhone 13 pro

max and that's like buying a candy to Reuben," Julia said. Both girls laughed.

The taxi driver pulled over at the ladies hostel and both girls alighted and headed back to their hostel room. Tearing her envelope, Tiffany found that she had made fifty thousand shillings that night. "Oh my God, I can't believe this. All this money in one night?" Tiffany shouted. "That is what you wanted to lose last night by insisting on leaving the party," Julia responded. "I just don't know why those thoughts keep coming back to me," Tiffany said. "With time you will be okay, that is very normal," Julia responded.

"Hey it is almost time for your exam," Julia told Tiffany while waking up. "I don't think I will make it to the examination room today. I will sort this with Prof James within the week," Tiffany responded. "Hey, professor James is one of the toughest lecturers around, no one messes up with his units unless they are prepared to retake the whole semester," Julia told Tiffany. "Aaah leave that to me. I will handle him," Tiffany responded. "Okay girl, I wish you well," Julia told Tiffany. This was the first examination that Tiffany was missing without a sufficient reason.

After two days, Tiffany decided to go and try her luck with the professor. She put on a pretty short dress, a top that exposed her cleavage, high heels and applied a lot of makeup. "Are you sure you are going to walk into professor James' office dressed in such a manner?" Julia asked her. "Why not? When I was signing the university admission form I didn't see any rules or guidelines on students' dressing mode," Tiffany replied. "Wow, I thought I was the most

daring person around but you are proving me wrong. All the best girl," Julia said. Tiffany had dressed in one of the skimpy outfits she wore while attending the night parties with Julia. As she stepped out of the hostel room, she knew that she had to win this, otherwise she would be jeopardizing her university education. Professor James was not only her lecturer but also the faculty dean.

"Come in," professor James called out from his office. "How may I help you?" he asked Tiffany. "Eeeeh ummmh Professor I have a small problem. I didn't sit for my exams and am requesting you to kindly avail a makeup test for me," Tiffany replied. "Why didn't you sit for your exams? I bet you know that I don't give out makeup tests. You will have to repeat the whole unit next semester," Professor James told Tiffany. "I was sick sir, please help me out," Tiffany responded. "It is against my principles to give a student a makeup test without a valid reason. If you were sick, please provide a signed letter from the university's medical doctor then we can pick up this discussion from there," professor James replied while lifting up his eyes from his computer.

There was a long silence in the office. All this time, the professor hadn't looked at Tiffany. He sat on his chair dazzled. Meanwhile, Tiffany was busy crisscrossing her legs and from the professor's body language, she knew she was winning him over. "Help me out sir," Tiffany broke the silence in the office. "Hmmm, let me think about it, you can call me on Friday. I will have made a decision by then," the professor told Tiffany, handing her his business card. "OK sir, I will

greatly appreciate," Tiffany responded as she strode out of his office. She knew she had won the professor over.

"How did it go? I hope you have not earned yourself a disciplinary proceeding," Julia curiously asked Tiffany on her coming back to their hostel room. "I definitely won," Tiffany responded, waving the professor's business card to Julia. "Wow, so Professor James actually gave you his business card?" Julia asked. "Yeah, he actually said that I call him on Friday afternoon and that he will have made a decision on my request by then," Tiffany replied. "You have won this one. Professor James has never done such a thing. Now go ahead and get yourself all the grades you need girl. I am happy that you have learned the rules of the game pretty first," Julia said to Tiffany.

"Good afternoon sir. This is Tiffany. Am calling to find out your decision about my request for a makeup test," Tiffany said over the phone. "Oh how are you Tiffany?" the professor answered. From the tone, Tiffany figured out that this was not going to be a formal talk. "I am fine," she responded. "Let's meet in one of the nice hotels in town we discuss this after working hours. I will drop a message with the details," the professor dropped the cue that Tiffany had been waiting for. "I told you I was going to win this," Tiffany happily told Julia.

"So what's the plan?" Julia asked. "I only need him to give me a makeup test, that's all," was Tiffany's response. "Come on girl, you deserve more than that. Don't ask for a makeup exam that will gobble your time rather request the old man to award you the grades that you want. In any case,

he won't be doing this for free," Julia quipped. This made more sense to Tiffany and got her thinking. "So I can actually buy myself any grade that I need." She got up and got skimpily dressed, ostensibly to provoke the professor to the moods. "See you later on," she said to Julia as she stepped out of the hostel room.

The professor had texted Tiffany his hotel room number and she proceeded to the reception to ask for directions to the same. "Take the stairs up to 2nd floor then turn to your left," the hotel receptionist told her. As she took the stairs, the receptionist shook her head, "these university girls and old men..... but then it is none of my business." She said to herself. Meanwhile, Tiffany proceeded to professor James' hotel room.

"Oh am glad you were able to make it on time. Most of you girls don't know how to keep time," Professor James told as he ushered her to take one of the chairs in the room. "I couldn't keep you waiting," Tiffany responded. "How about a bottle of whiskey as we discuss this?" Professor James asked. "Am very much okay with that but I hope we will discuss the important matters before people get drunk," Tiffany responded. "We can have this discussion as we make merry then," Professor James responded, handing Tiffany a glass of whiskey.

"Sir, you know why am here. How can you help me out?" Tiffany asked. "Please drop the titles, just call me James," the Professor responded. "Do you need the makeup test or should just award you the grades?" he continued. "I was actually thinking, awarding me the grades saves me a

lot," Tiffany responded. "That's okay, but I hope you understand the principles of this capitalist society we are living in. Scratch my back I scratch yours, I hope you understand what I mean by that," the Professor responded. "Definitely, I am a grown up," Tiffany replied.

As they settled for their drinks, Julia initiated a chat with Tiffany over the phone. "How is it going?" she asked. "According to plan. He has agreed to award me the grades instead of giving me a makeup exam," Tiffany responded. "That's okay then. Make sure you take some nude photos of the old man, you may need them in future" Julia told her. "Why would I need to do that? The old man has agreed to my request, don't you think taking such photos of him would be wickedness?" Tiffany asked. "When you have a chance of using blackmail, use it otherwise you will become a sex slave to that old man for as long as you are in this university. Am I making some sense? Now be a good girl and do the necessary," Julia responded. "Okay then," was the response from Tiffany.

"So, will you award me the grades right now?" Tiffany asked the professor. "Of course yes. I have my laptop here and that is a matter of seconds," the professor responded. "I hope you will also meet your end of the bargain," professor James asked Tiffany. "And what is my end of the bargain," Tiffany asked teasingly, waking up from her chair and sitting on Professor James' laps. She then proceeded to give him a lap dance. "Whatever you are doing...please keep going," the professor implored. "Not yet sir, you have not done your end of the bargain," Tiffany responded, waking up from his

laps and resuming her chair. "Give me a minute I will be done," the professor replied. He hurriedly took his laptop, opened it and filled in her marks.

"You can now check your portal, the grades have been posted," Professor James told Tiffany. "Thank you so much, we can now turn the attention in meeting your little demands," Tiffany seductively responded. The duo continued with their drinking and rendezvous till late into the night. Tiffany was able to take the nude photos of the old professor and some point when he was intoxicated and out of his senses. The following morning, they parted ways after having their breakfast. Professor James had an appointment with the university senate that was due so he hurriedly left. "It is not yet check-out time. I can finish the bottle of whiskey and catch some sleep before the room service comes calling," Tiffany told Professor James. "That's fine, only that I have to leave. I hope you understand that," the professor responded while handing Tiffany some notes. "See you some other time," he continued. "Thanks for everything sir," Tiffany responded. After the professor had left, Tiffany counted the money that the old man had given her and found that it was twenty thousand shillings. She excitedly decided to check out of the room and go break the news to Julia. Tiffany also knew that they had a date with Mike and his friends later in the day.

"Guess what girl, the old man gave me twenty thousand shillings on top of awarding me the grades," Tiffany told Julia once she got back to the hotel room. "Am so happy for you. Did you manage to take the photos?" Julia

asked. "Of course yes. You know I couldn't fail to, "Tiffany responded." Keep them safely. You can actually copy them to a flash disk as a precaution. You must never lose those photos as long as you are in this university," Julia replied. "Today we have a date with Mike and his friends, what are the plans?" Tiffany asked. "We will definitely have to go. We have no choice. Get some rest, am sure today will be a hectic night with Mike and his friends," Julia responded.

Chapter Six

ALL HER FRIENDS SHOT DEAD

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All this while, Tiffany had forgotten about her family. She had gotten into prostitution ostensibly to provide for her son but rarely found herself bothering about him. Her family would severally try contacting her but she ignored the calls most of the time. Tiffany's education had also greatly suffered. She rarely had time for class as most of the time she was either at a party or back at the hostel room, drank to a pulp. The parties and rendezvous kept on coming and this meant that she was constantly on the move. Living life on the fast lane was all that mattered to her at the time and anyone trying to break that could easily be thrown under the bus.

Later that day, Tiffany and Julia were in a cab headed to Mike's place. The party had already begun by the time they arrived. "Hey guys, sorry we were held up by the traffic," Julia told Mike and his friends. "No problem. We are glad that you were able to tag Tiffany along," Reuben interjected. "Man, you are so obsessed with this girl, give her a break, we also need her," Mike responded to Reuben. "Can't you see her beauty?" Reuben asked Mike, while motioning to Tiffany to come and take a seat beside him. "Okay big boss, you win this time but the next new girl that comes around is mine," Mike responded. "Hey guys, stop fighting over Tiffany. Next weekend I will find a way of solving this," Julia interjected.

The party continued. As usual, by midnight clothes had started to fall. The more they drunk, the more they

turned the party into a sex orgy again. This time round, Tiffany didn't have to worry about emergency pills as she had already done family planning. "Today is my only chance to get the best I can from Reuben. Once Julia brings in the new girl, who knows how things may turn out to be?" She thought to herself. As they were getting cozy with Reuben, Tiffany managed to sweet talk him into transferring 6000 US dollars into her account.

"Morning dear, how was your night?" Julia asked Mike. Apparently she had ended up with Mike for the night. "Sweet as usual," Mike seductively responded. "I think I will need to freshen up and have some drink downstairs to cool my nerves," Julia told Mike while getting out of the bed. "OK girl, enjoy yourself. I will rest a bit and then join you downstairs," Mike responded. Julia proceeded to the clubhouse after freshening up. Tiffany joined her after a short while.

"Guess what?" Tiffany told Julia. "My dear, am not good in guessing, just drop the news now please," Julia implored her. "Reuben transferred six thousand US dollars into my account yesterday and I asked him in the morning if it was a mistake and he said no. The money is mine," Tiffany told Julia. "Good girl, I can see you are learning the ropes of this game pretty fast. Won't we toast to that?" Julia asked. "Sure" Tiffany responded.

After lunch, Julia informed Mike and his friends that it was time to leave. Mike handed Julia the five envelopes for the girls. "See you next weekend and don't forget to tag a new girl along now that Reuben here has decided to take

Tiffany for himself," Mike told Julia. "I will find a good fit for you don't worry about that," Julia responded. "I will greatly appreciate," Mike responded. "What if the new girl chooses me?" Reuben interrupted. "You know how we do things here bro, you are not a stranger to the boys club," Mike responded. "Okay guys, see you next time. Six days is a enough time for both of you to solve that small beef between the two of you," Julia told them while stepping out of the house. On their way back, Julia's mind was racing among the friends she had on who to recruit this time round. For a new girl to be brought on board, one the five that already existed had to be thrown under the bus and this decision also fell on Julia. At the hostel, they paid their cab driver and alighted.

"I think we will have to let Trizah go. She has been here for a while now and she doesn't get along well with Mike and Reuben," Julia told Tiffany. "This means if I ever fall out of favor with the guys I will also be let go?" Tiffany asked. "Definitely, remember it is their money and they choose on who to spend it on," Julia responded. "So who do you have in mind as a replacement for Trizah?" Tiffany asked. "I really don't know. I don't think I have a friend who fits in the bill," Julia responded. "I think I have a friend who can blend in so well," Tiffany replied. "Let me see her pics," Julia said. Tiffany showed Julia some pics of her friend Keziah. "Wow, where does she school? Do you think she will be interested to do what we do?" Julia asked. "Leave that to me, I will talk to her within the week and give you a feedback by Wednesday," Tiffany replied. Keziah had been a party girl just like Tiffany but she didn't know whether she could agree to sleep with

men in exchange of money. For her to come on board, she had to play some high level mind games on her. Tiffany called her friend and asked her if they could meet in town one of the days that week. "We can do this on Tuesday, I have no classes on that day," Keziah responded. "Okay girl, see you then," Tiffany told her over the phone. "She has agreed we meet next week on Tuesday," she told Julia. "Does she school here?" Julia asked. "Yeah, Keziah is in the medical school," Tiffany responded. "Okay Tiffany, do your best to bring her on board," Julia told Tiffany.

When they met, Keziah was taken aback by the expensive lifestyle that Tiffany was leading. It had been long since they last met and with Kelvin out of the picture, Keziah didn't expect Tiffany to be leading such an expensive lifestyle. "Hello girl, how have you been," Tiffany said to Keziah while giving her a warm hug. "Been well, just the hustles of this town," Tiffany responded. "I see you have grown out of the shell of Kelvin, tell me the secret. Who is funding this lifestyle?" Keziah asked. "No one, I just hustle for my money here and there," Tiffany responded. "Really? Would you be willing to teach me how you make all this money? Am tired of living a village life in the city," Keziah told Tiffany. At this point, Tiffany went on to explain to Keziah what they did to earn their lifestyle in the city. Keziah was visibly shocked. She had most likely never imagined leading such a lifestyle.

"Well girl, that is how we make money around and to me it makes more sense than sleeping around with young boys who can't even afford a meal for themselves," Tiffany

told Keziah. "And how much do you earn from all this?" Keziah curiously asked Tiffany. "The least amount I have ever got on a single night was twenty thousand shillings. Last weekend, one of my guys transferred six thousand dollars into my account," Tiffany responded. "What? You want to mean there are people who can pay you six thousand dollars for sleeping with them a single night?" Keziah asked. The amounts that Tiffany was mentioning had gotten her thinking. She had been in a financial quagmire for a while now and really need to break out of that mess. "Maybe I can give this a try," she told Tiffany.

"Very well then, see you on Friday. You can drop in at my room as from 4pm. This is how we dress but if you don't have these kinds of clothes, don't worry, I will sort that out," Tiffany told Keziah, showing her some of the photos in her phone. "Do you walk in town while dressed in such a manner?" Keziah asked. "There are plenty of cabs in this city to move you from one place to the other," Tiffany responded. "Oh that's okay. I hope these guys use protection on you, right?" Keziah asked Tiffany. "No they don't. It is upon you to do family planning on your own or take emergency pills after the party," Tiffany responded. "What about STIs? How do we go about that?" Keziah asked. "Don't worry about that. With time, your worries will be a thing of the past," Tiffany responded. Keziah didn't look convinced by Tiffany's response but she really needed the money. She was at a point where she was willing to do anything to solve her financial mess. She had not paid her rent for three months and her school fee had also not yet been paid, most

of her clothes could not fit her since her body had grown rapidly.

That Friday, Keziah was at Tiffany's hostel room two hours before the agreed time. "Wow, am glad that you were able to come, meet my friend Julia. Julia, this is Keziah, the girl I told you about," Tiffany said while introducing the two. "It's nice meeting you Keziah. I hope Tiffany briefed you on the rules of the game," Julia asked Keziah. "Yes she did," Keziah responded. "Well, you will have to change into these," Julia told Keziah while handing her a new pair of the skimpy outfits that they used to wear at the parties. By 4 pm, the three girls were ready to head to the party. The two other girls would be joining them at Mike's place as they schooled in the other side of town. Keziah was shell shocked at the opulence of Mike and his friends. She had evidently never been at such an environment not even in her imagination.

"Oh welcome girls. Am happy that you were able to meet my demands," Mike said as he stood to welcome the three girls. "You know I wouldn't have failed you," Julia responded. "The new girl is mine," Reuben interjected. "Just who do you think you are? What makes you think we can allow you to be taking every new girl that joins us?" Mike retorted. "You have no right to talk to me in such a manner! This is my house remember," Reuben angrily responded. "It is only a fool like you who thinks we are homeless. We are transferring this party to my place and we are leaving with all the girls," Mike said as he stood up to leave. The altercation almost degenerated to a fist fight. After being separated, Mike left with the three other guys and the ladies. Keziah was

confused. She hadn't expected such an ugly scene to happen on her first day here. Tiffany wanted to be left behind with her man but she knew that she had no choice but to accompany Keziah to the new place otherwise she would leave the party and spoil things for her.

"What was that? Was it even necessary? I thought you guys were friends? I thought you two had resolved your differences during the course week, or you didn't?" Julia asked Mike. "Reuben is just a self-centered fool who thinks that he deserves all the good things in life," Mike responded. "Let us leave that and concentrate on our own issues now that he is no longer part of us. Keziah am sorry that you had to witness such an ugly scene on your first day here," Mike continued. "By the way, Julia should call the other girls and direct them to your place, or what do you think Mike?" one of the other gentlemen asked. "Sure, there is no way we are leaving anyone to that fool," Mike responded. By the time they got to Mike's place, the other cab with the two other girls had arrived.

Inside the house, the party began in earnest. Everyone badly needed a drink to calm their nerves. With the free flow of liquor, it didn't take long before the happenings at Reuben's place were forgotten. As time progressed, things started getting thick and clothes started to fall as usual. Taking the cue, Keziah took her place next to Mike and joined in the flow. From the look of things, she figured out that it wouldn't be long before the party turned to a full blown sex orgy. She had never attended such and was anxious. The other girls in the house seemed relaxed.

Meanwhile, Reuben was still trying to come to terms with what had happened. He had lost his friends and a girl who he wasn't ready to lose. "There is no way Mike is taking Tiffany and Keziah away from me," Reuben said to himself while taking his pistol and cocking it. Moments later, he was on his way to Mike's place, driving his car at a very high speed. All this while, Mike and his team were not aware of what was happening at Reuben's place until he stormed his house and shot in the air.

"What makes you think I can let you take Tiffany and Keziah away from me?" Reuben thundered. "Because I am a better and well cultured man than a charlatan like you," Mike rudely responded. In a fit of rage, Reuben started shooting indiscriminately at everyone while shouting loudly and by the time he came to his senses and realized what he had done, all the party lovers lay down in a pool of blood. This was a sight Reuben had never witnessed before. In the state of confusion, he turned the gun on himself and took his life. What a tragedy!

"These two are alive, call in the ambulance urgently," one of the police who had arrived at the scene told his colleagues. The ambulance arrived at the scene in a few minutes and the doctors were able to ascertain that in deed Tiffany and Mike were not dead. They were rushed to the hospital as the police officers made preparations on how to ferry the bodies of the rest to the mortuary. "Where is Keziah, I hope she survived that beastly attack," Tiffany asked the doctors while struggling to wake up. "Hey relax, what matters most at this moment is your life. The more you

struggle to talk, the more you put your life at stake," one of the doctors told her. All this while, the victims had little or no clothes on them. "It is evident that this was a sex party," one of the officers said to his colleagues. "It is such a sad story. I can't stop thinking of thinking of the families of these young girls and the pain this will bring to them. These are university girls whom their parents sent to school to study and here they are," the other officer responded.

‘In the Name of Lust; Jilted Lover shoots dead seven, Injures two before committing suicide,’ read the headline of the day’s newspaper. This aroused the curiosity of Favor. "Where is Tiffany? How has she been? Is she okay? It has been a while before we last heard from her," she thought to herself while dialing Tiffany’s number. "Dad, have you seen the headlines of today’s newspapers?" Favor asked her father. "No, what does it say?" He responded. "Have a look dad." Favor to him while showing him the newspaper "Tiffany’s phones is off and I have a bad feeling that she might have been at this party. It has been a while since we last heard from her," Favor continued. "Let me try and contact the university," Favor’s dad told her.

"Hello, I am calling to inquire about an incident that happened around the school and some of the students were involved. My daughter’s name is ‘Tiffany,’ would she be one of those who were affected?" Tiffany’s father asked.

"There was an incident at a certain party outside the university and some of our students were involved. I can confirm there is a student by that name," the caller on the other end told Tiffany’s father. "How is she? Did she survive

the shooting? What was it all about?" Tiffany's father inquired further. His body language was enough to tell anyone else in the room that Tiffany had been involved in the incident. "Yes she survived. She is in the hospital in a stable condition but unfortunately all her friends didn't," the caller replied. "Which hospital is she in? Why didn't the university inform us when the incident happened?" Tiffany's father asked. "Sir, we were in the process of doing that. The incident happened in last night" the caller responded.

"I am going to the hospital to check on the condition of Tiffany," her father told the other members of the family as he prepared to step out. "I am going with you dad," Favor responded. "Okay, you can accompany me but the rest will be left behind to cut on the expenses," her father said. Tiffany's mother could only sit back and pray that Leon's mother would be well. As they traveled to the city, their minds were caught up in the drama that had become of Tiffany's life. "What did we do to Tiffany to deserve all this? Can't she see that it is her life she is destroying?" Tiffany's dad thought to himself. Tiffany's family had done their best in having Tiffany change her mind, but she had proven to be a truant child, she couldn't listen to either her parents or siblings.

Meanwhile at the hospital, friends and family were trying to come to terms with what had happened. "Doctor, how many people survived the incident?" Tiffany struggled to speak to her doctor. "I was not at the scene but please stop struggling to speak. You are worsening your situation," the doctor responded. Although he knew that majority of the

people at the scene had died, he understood that Tiffany was not in the right condition to receive the news of the demise of her friends. Keziah's parents and family met with Tiffany's dad at the hospital. "Pastor, our daughter didn't make it." Keziah's mother told Tiffany's dad as she broke down. "It is well my sister, may the Lord comfort you," Tiffany's father responded.

Tiffany's dad proceeded to the ward to see her. "You can see her but don't ask her a lot of questions. You also need to refrain her from speaking too much as this will affect her internal organs. Lastly, Tiffany doesn't know which of her friends perished in that shooting incident and you must not disclose this to her however much she insists. We are trying to stabilize her pressure so that she can go to the theater tomorrow to have the bullet lodged in her body removed and if you destabilize her this jeopardizes all the medical efforts being made," the doctor told them. "Okay doctor. What is her condition though? I am her father and maybe you can brief me of her condition," Tiffany's father asked. "Tiffany is lucky to be alive. She was shot in the abdomen but luckily the bullet didn't touch the vital organs," the doctor responded. "Will she be able to lead a normal life again?" Favor asked the doctor. "Yes, once the bullet is removed, she should be able to resume her normal life in a month provided you guys don't stress her," the doctor responded. "You may now go in and see her," the doctor continued.

Tiffany's father was shocked at the sight of her daughter. It reminded her of the situation his first wife had been in before she passed on. He had never thought he

would ever see Tiffany with so many tubes in her body. "No it's okay, don't strain to say anything Tiffany. You will be fine," her sister Favor told her once she noticed her struggle to utter some words. "Father we pray and commit Tiffany's life unto you. We pray that you show her mercy and as she goes through this, we pray that you may change her heart," Favor started praying for her sister.

Tiffany's surgery went on well the following day without major complications. Within 2 days, she had been moved from the intensive care unit to the high dependency unit. With her condition improving, she was able to gain full conscience in a fortnight. All this while, everyone who visited her evaded the major elephant in the room, whether Tiffany's friends survived the incident or not. "Did Keziah survive the shooting? What of Julia? Did Reuben lose his life in this?" Tiffany asked her doctor. "I don't know the people you are asking me about but I will call in your family members to have this discussion with you," the doctor responded. That evening, he gave Tiffany's family the green light to break the news to Tiffany. "I think she is now in the right state of health and mind to receive the news, you can go ahead," he told Tiffany's father and sister.

"Tiffany, I know this is painful but your friends Keziah and Julia didn't survive the shooting incident. Keziah was buried last weekend while Julia's funeral is this coming weekend," her father told her. Tiffany remained silent for a while, tears flowing down her cheeks. She blamed herself for Keziah's death. "Had I not invited Keziah to this party she would be alive and by my side today," she thought to herself.

She thought of the friend Julia had become to her. They had grown to become more like sisters over the period they had known each other. Although Julia had influenced her in the wrong direction, Tiffany had grown to greatly treasure and adore her.

"What of Reuben?" Tiffany asked her family. "Reuben turned the gun on himself after committing the heinous act. Only you and Mike survived the incident," Favor responded. "How is he?" Tiffany asked her. "He is still in the ICU. The doctors said he may never be able to walk again the bullet ruptured his spinal cord," Favor replied. "Why this entire God? Why do you always take away the people that matter to me? Have you not been satisfied that you took my mum and that it still pains me to date? Why add me all this?" Tiffany shouted, amidst tears. "Try to relax Tiffany. We know this is too painful but everything happens for a reason. God has a reason why he has spared your life on these two occasions," Favor told Tiffany. "Don't tell me anything about your God. Where is he when all this is happening to me?" Tiffany shouted at Tiffany. "Let her be, we will have this discussion once she gets well," her father intervened in the altercation.

"Dad, I must attend Julia's funeral," Tiffany told her father. "You can't leave the hospital against the doctor's advice Tiffany," her father replied. "The doctor told me that I can attend the funeral as long as the vehicle am traveling in is modified a bit and am accompanied by a medic. I will have to attend this burial. Make those arrangements for me please, I need closure," Tiffany replied. "It is okay. I will liaise with the doctors on the same," her father responded. "Yes

she can go. You can hire the hospital's vehicle to transport her. That way, she will be accompanied by medics who will be at hand in case of any emergency," the doctor responded to the inquiry of Tiffany's father. At the funeral, Tiffany reminisced on the good times she had with her friend who now lay in a casket. "What is life?" Tiffany asked herself. Julia's funeral was the last one of the victims of the shooting and she knew she would never forgive herself had she not come to see her friend off.

Chapter Seven

BACK TO HER OLD WAYS

BACK TO HER OLD WAYS

It took Tiffany three more weeks before she was discharged from the hospital. The God she badly loathed had healed her completely and she was now able to walk and resume her normal life again. "Tiffany, you will be going back to university tomorrow. A lot has happened and you are aware about it. You are no longer a small child and you know the things we have had to go through because of you. I do not want to judge you or anything but I request you to rethink your life. Are you living a life you are proud of? You have greatly embarrassed us as a family but we have since forgiven you. All we are looking forward to or praying for is that you change your ways," her father told her. As usual, any advice given to her was never taken kindly.

Tiffany found it hard to go to school since all her school mates had seen her all over the papers and she wasn't ready to become the new center of attraction in school. She at one moment wished that she could just change her appearance so that people could no longer recognize her. All that gave her hope was the fact that she was living a life that was way out of her league, she was hanging around with the purported big boys of the city. She found herself smiling as she reminisced the seemingly good life they had lived together with her friends.

At school, Tiffany found the going tough. Within a short period of time, she had exhausted all the funds that she

had earned. Tiffany had grown into a party lover who could easily blow a thousand dollars on a night. With Julia gone, she found her going tough. She lacked the connections to these old men who had been sponsoring her lifestyle. The only link Tiffany had was Mike but with him being paralyzed, he was the last person she could go to. With debts starting to pile up, Tiffany knew she had to find a way of earning money.

"What if I design a website where I can be advertising my services and have a house outside the university where men can always visit me in case they need them?" Tiffany thought to herself. This seemed to be a brilliant idea to her. She had one IT guy who she could trust with that kind of job and this was James the professor. She knew that the professor ran an IT company and she could easily manipulate him into doing the job for her. "Perfect, I will go see the old man at his office tomorrow morning so that we can have a tete-a-tete on this," Tiffany thought to herself.

"Hey professor, how are you? It has been a minute," Tiffany said to Professor James. "Hey Tiffany how are you? Sorry for what happened," Professor James responded while offering her a seat. "It is well, am fine now," Tiffany responded. "That's good. How may I help you? I hope this is not a case of a missed exam," the professor asked. "No it's not about a missed exam, well professor, since my friend passed on, I have found her going tough. Nevertheless, I have to find a way to survive in this city and I came up with an idea which only you can help me actualize it," Tiffany responded. "What idea is this? You know that I can always do

anything within my reach to help you out," Professor James responded.

"Professor, there has been a demand for high end escort girls in the market. There are lots of affluent men out there who need these young beautiful girls but they can't access them. I want you to create for me a website that will bridge this gap," Tiffany calmly briefed the professor. "Are you out of your mind? You are requesting me to create a website for young girls to be selling their bodies online to old men?" the professor roared, almost jumping out of his seat. "These young girls are doing this offline in any case sir so failing to create this site for me doesn't make any sense," Tiffany responded. "Do you understand that I have young daughters who could easily find themselves in this site? Now get out of my office and I don't want to see you ever again," Professor James angrily told Tiffany. "Well sir, you may need to have a look at this. If you see the need for us to meet, you have my number. You have two days to make a decision," Tiffany told the professor while handing him one of the flash disks containing the nude photos she had taken of the professor during the night she spent with him. "Remember I also have other copies of the same," Tiffany told the professor, showing him some other two flash disks and storming out of the office.

"What could this flash disk contain?" the professor asked himself while plugging in the flash disk into his computer. The professor trembled while going through the contents of the flash disk. "Whaaat! This girl can't do this to me," Professor James shouted in his office. "Sir, is anything

the matter?" his secretary asked him. "No, just mind about your work," the professor responded. "What did I get myself into?" Professor James thought to himself. That afternoon, the professor spent his entire time thinking about how he would handle the situation. "The only way out is doing what this stupid girl wants. With this flash disk, I have become like a slave unto her," he thought to himself.

"When do you want this done? What are the details that you want captured in the same?" the professor asked Tiffany over the phone later that day. "Oh boy, am glad that you have come back to your senses," Tiffany responded. "I don't have all the time here for your stupid gimmicks, respond to what I have asked you!" the professor thundered. "Hey Mr., you have no right to be rude to me! You either be a good boy and play along or let me do my thing, the choice is yours," Tiffany responded. "Okay, what do you need done here?" the professor calmly asked, realizing that his temper was doing more harm than good in the circumstances he had found himself in. "Good, we can meet later on in the evening at our hotel and have this discussion," Tiffany told the professor. "Not in a hotel room again," Professor James responded. "Sir, I have no need of any more nude photos of you, I already have enough," Tiffany responded. "We can meet in the hotel, sit in the VIP section and discuss this. The truth of the matter is that I will never get into a hotel room with you again," Professor James responded. "Very well then, we meet as from 7pm," Tiffany replied.

That evening, Tiffany gave the professor all the details that he needed to give him regarding the website she

needed. "I will only design the website for you. After that, you will have to find someone else to be offering support. I don't want to get involved in this whole thing after this, are we together?" Professor James asked. "No! You will have to handle the maintenance bit for me as long as am doing this! I am not going to involve any other person in this. This will be our little secret sir," Tiffany responded. "What did I do to you to deserve all this? Is this how you repay me for helping you with your missing marks Tiffany?" the professor asked Tiffany, almost being moved to tears. "That is not important right now. Once you do this for me I will never come back to you with any other demand apart from this. That is the promise I can give you," Tiffany told the professor. "Do you understand that this is putting at stake all that I have worked for all these years? That I can be stripped of all the academic accolades and honors that I have earned should this ever come out?" the professor asked Tiffany. "No one here is in the business of destroying your life. This will be our secret and you have my word on this," Tiffany replied. "When do you want this website up?" the professor asked Tiffany. "In two weeks it should be up and running. You need to make a provision for girls to be able to advertise themselves here and add raunchy pictures. This website should be designed for the big boys only so make it as professional as possible," Tiffany responded. "Okay then, let's talk when am done with the designing. You will need to pay for the hosting and domain though," the professor told Tiffany. "That's Okay. Here is the money for that," Tiffany replied, handing the professor an envelope.

During the two weeks period, the professor mulled around the idea of dropping the whole project altogether but he couldn't find a way to implicate or blackmail Tiffany into dropping the whole idea. He knew that he had brought this to himself all in the name of lust. "How I wish I had not given into this lady. How I wish I hadn't spent that night with her," the professor would severally find himself going through the events that had led to the situation he was in at that moment. "The two weeks are almost over and I need to finish up with this immoral project lest this girl gets on my neck again," the professor thought to himself. He did all his best and managed to finish it within the said time. He tested it and confirmed that it was functioning well, as he had been instructed. He later organized a meeting between him and Tiffany so that he could hand the website over to her.

"Oh wow, this is so nice. How do I add an advert here?" Tiffany asked the professor. "Here. You will need to click on this and add the brief description then after that you will be able to add the photos you were talking about," the professor responded while showing Tiffany. "Okay let me try with my own advert and see how it goes," Tiffany responded. She went on to put up an explicit advert on the type of services that she was offering. She stated in her bio that she charged a minimum of ten thousand shillings. As they were still conversing, her first client called. "Hey am not available this evening, maybe we can do this tomorrow?" Tiffany said over the phone. "That's fine, I will give you a call in the morning. I hope the photos you have posted are yours," the caller responded. "Yes that is me. Let's talk in the morning," Tiffany replied and hung up the phone. "See what you were

almost making me lose! The website has been up for just an hour and the first client has already called," Tiffany told the professor. "Well, is this the kind of life that you want to lead? Are you proud of what you're doing?" Professor James asked her. "I am in this for the money and you know that," Tiffany responded. "Then you should have done it alone. Why give other naive girls a chance to sell themselves online? Am sure this will lure so many of them into the world of prostitution," the professor responded.

"On the issue of maintenance, you will have to be patient with me as you very well know that there are so many times that you will need me but I will be unavailable due to my office engagements. You understand that this is a role that I can't delegate to any member of my staff. Nevertheless, I have made this website in a way that it will have very minimal technical hitches," the professor told Tiffany. "It is okay, I understand sir. What time do you think you will be offering technical support to me?" Tiffany asked. "As long as am free, I will always handle any technical hitch that you will be having. When anything comes up, all you will be doing is dropping me a message and then I will be sorting you when am free," the professor responded. The two exchanged very uneasy goodbyes and parted ways. Tiffany was happy that her idea had materialized. She was glad that she had taken the nude photos of the professor and that the blackmail had worked. "My girl Julia must be smiling at me in heaven," she thought to herself. On the other hand, the professor knew that she had walked himself into a trap that would last as long as Tiffany needed to use the website.

The story of the website spread like wild fire. Within a few hours, Tiffany had over one hundred subscriptions to her website. She had set four thousand shillings as the subscription fee for anyone who needed to advertise their services in her website. "I can't believe that I was able to make four hundred thousand shillings so easily. I think I may actually not need to do the escort services myself," she thought to herself. The traffic to the website was huge. "I will find a way of making more money out of this website, seems that I just dug myself a goldmine," Tiffany thought to herself.

The following day, her first client came back calling. "Where can I meet you?" the caller asked over the phone. "I have a place where we can do this on the other side of the town. I can as well come to your place or you book a hotel room," Tiffany replied. "A hotel room is a neutral place and I think that works best with me," the client responded. The caller then went ahead to give Tiffany the address to the hotel. "See you in an hour's time," Tiffany told the caller over the phone as she got up to prepare herself.

"Hey, my name is Melissa," Tiffany said to the caller once they met. She had chosen to use the name Melissa in her dealings in order to disguise herself. "Hi Melissa, I am Ryan," the caller introduced himself. "So how much will you charge me for your services?" Ryan asked Tiffany. "Thirty thousand shillings only," Tiffany responded. "Okay that's fine with me," Ryan responded. Tiffany was amazed at how she was able to make so much money over such a short period of time. "I should have started this way before instead of

wasting my time with the useless parties that eventually led to my friends death," Tiffany thought to herself.

"I hope I will be seeing you once or twice a week," Ryan told Tiffany as they left the hotel room later that evening. "It all about your money sir. We can do this every day as long as your pockets don't run dry," Tiffany responded. "You can't exhaust my funds girl," Ryan told Tiffany. "Oh great, so I was chilling with one of the big boys of the city?" Tiffany teasingly asked. "Rightly so, try me in this," Ryan responded. "Okay sir, see you some other time," Tiffany told Ryan as they parted ways.

Tiffany went home thinking of how she could maximize her earnings from the prostitution business that she had started. Within no time, she had opened a bureau that purported to be offering massage services yet in the real sense, it was a brothel. Young university girls would throng the place in a bid to earn some money from the ungodly venture. Tiffany's life had now degenerated from being a pastor's daughter to owning a brothel business in the city. Her business was doing well according to her terms and what mattered to her is whether she was getting money or not, not the process.

Meanwhile, the professor got wind of this illicit venture by Tiffany and thought that this was the opportune time to exact revenge on her. He called in the police and shared the details of the same with them. One Friday night, the police stormed the brothel in the wee hours of the night and found young girls naked and in very compromising situations with old men enough to be their fathers. "Who

owns this place?" One of the police officers thundered. He was evidently the senior most cop. "That lady over there," one of the ladies responded while pointing at Tiffany. "Madam, show us the license for operating a brothel," the police officer said to Tiffany. Meanwhile a cameraman in tow was busy filming the scenes. He was evidently a news reporter and Tiffany knew that this would be the headline for the newspapers the following day. "Please Mr Officer we can talk about this privately," Tiffany pleaded with the senior officer in a bid to avert what was coming. She had always found a way of bribing police officers to keep their mouths shut and she thought this was one of them.

"We have nothing to talk about!" the senior officer thundered. "Are you not ashamed that you are destroying the lives of young girls whose their parents struggle so hard to have them in school only for you to introduce them to prostitution? Do you know that prostitution is illegal in the country?" the police officer continued. "I am sorry sir, please forgive me. I am also a student and we have always done this in a bid to earn a few coins. Life here is hard," Tiffany pleaded. "There is no justification for destroying the lives of young girls with a promising future by introducing them to prostitution in the name of making money," the senior officer responded. "Arrest everyone here," he ordered his colleagues. Most of the young girls were arrested in skimpy outfits they would be ashamed being seen in them in public.

At the police station, the police officers pressed charges on the girls and men found in the brothel. Tiffany was charged with running a brothel contrary to the laws of

the land. The police officers also involved her university of the same. The following day the newspapers headlines read: A PASTOR'S DAUGHTER TURNED BROTHEL OWNER. When Favor got hold of the newspaper, her heart sank. She knew that the person in question here was her sister. She had never thought that Tiffany would sink to those levels.

"Dad, see what Tiffany has gotten us into this time round. She is ever soiling our family name and reputation for no reason. I wonder what we did to her to deserve all this," Favor said to her father while handing him the newspaper. "This time round, she will have to figure this out for herself. I will not be involved in this anymore," Tiffany's father replied. His face showed a man resigned to fate; that his beloved daughter had chosen the path of destruction. "I have brought all of you in a God-fearing manner. I have taught you everything that a father needs to teach his child but Tiffany has decided to go contrary to everything that I taught you. It is about time she took responsibility for her actions. It is my prayer that no other child turns out to be like her," Tiffany's father continued.

Back in the cell, a lot of question were running through Tiffany's mind. "Why am I always this unlucky? Every time I find a way of making money God always comes in my way and cuts short my plans. This isn't fair at all" She thought to herself. "Why hasn't my Father come to rescue me? Hasn't he seen the newspaper? Is he ashamed of me? Will he be present in court on Monday?" Such questions raced through her mind all through the weekend.

The weekend was over, Tiffany and everyone who had been arrested at the brothel were hounded into a police van and driven to the courts. As they sped off, Tiffany said a short prayer that the magistrate would be fair to them. She knew that her charge carried greater consequences than those of the rest of the people who had been arrested at the brothel alongside her. "Why would such a young girl like you decide to run a brothel of all things in life?" the police officer escorting them asked Tiffany. "Officer, please mind your own business. Is it not enough that you chose to take us to court?" Tiffany rudely responded. "Perhaps you should also know that we have reported the same to the university," the police officer told her. Tiffany's heart skipped a bit. She had never been at loggerheads with the university and didn't know what would become of her at the university disciplinary proceedings.

Back to the courtroom, Tiffany's girls and clients were charged and fined two thousand shillings only. They hurriedly paid the fine and left the court precincts while trying to cover their faces. On Tiffany, the magistrate fined her three hundred million shillings or serve ten years imprisonment for running a brothel contrary to the laws of the country. She was further ordered to pull down the website where she used to advertise her prostitution ventures. Tiffany's heart skipped a bit. This was almost the entire amount she had saved from her business. Now the magistrate was ordering her to surrender the same to the government. It was a painful moment but she knew there was no way she was going to allow herself to be dragged into prison. "Your honor, I plead with this court that I be escorted to the bank

so that I can withdraw the funds. I have no one who can do the same for me," Tiffany pleaded with the court. The judge granted her plea and ordered the police to escort her to the bank to withdraw the funds and pay her fine.

Tiffany tried to plead with the officer to take her to the bank that same day but her pleas fell on deaf ears. She had been rude to the officers and it was payback time. Her rudeness made her spend the night behind bars again. The following day the police reluctantly escorted her to the bank for her to pay the fine. By the end of the day, she was done with the court case and was now headed back to the university. She knew that she had one more hurdle and that was the disciplinary case before the university. She had already received summons to appear before the disciplinary committee the following Monday at 9:00a.m and she knew that this was her date with destiny. Her parents would be hugely disappointed in her should she be discontinued from her studies and she knew she would have to stage a spirited fight to win this.

That Monday, Tiffany walked into the disciplinary committee hearing venue to a rude shock. Professor James was one of the panels hearing the matter. She hadn't expected such and her mind raced on how she could manipulate that to her own advantage. Tiffany quickly took her phone and texted professor James saying, "You either get me out of this or we go down together." The professor read the message and chose not to reply, to the amazement of Tiffany. She had expected the professor to be a little terrified by that text but he acted calmly. Apparently, the

professor had planned his revenge on Tiffany very well and he was executing it bit by bit. He had destroyed all the evidence that existed between them since he knew that Tiffany might use the same to get her way out of this.

"Tiffany, I guess you know why we are here," the chair of the panel, Prof Eric started. "We want to find out why you chose to operate a brothel and lure young and innocent students to the same contrary to the moral code and guidelines of this university," Professor Eric continued. "Sir, I am sorry about this but I was not in this alone," Tiffany replied. This got the attention of Professor James but he remained silent. "Who were you running the brothel with?" Professor Eric asked. "This was a business jointly owned by Professor James and I," Tiffany responded. This statement sent shock waves throughout the entire panel. "Are you sure of what you are saying or you are just dropping names here to clear out your name?" Professor Margaret asked. "Yes I am. I have enough evidence to prove the same," Tiffany responded. "Please table the evidence," Professor Eric told her.

Tiffany went through her phone trying to retrieve her communication with Professor James in vain. All the chats and nude photos of the professor had been deleted from her phone. "Oh this fellow tried to outsmart me? Maybe I shouldn't have pulled this card at this time," Tiffany thought to herself. At this point she remembered that she had another flash disk in her hostel room that contained the same x-rated photos. "I seem to have lost the same in my phone but I have back-up in my room. If the panel gives me

20 minutes I will be able to rush to my room, retrieve the same and table it here," Tiffany told the panel. She was determined not to go down alone now that the professor had decided not to play along. "Okay, the panel adjourns for thirty minutes to allow you to rush to the hostel and bring us the evidence to support the allegations you just made. I hope you understand the gravity of the statement you made and the repercussions therein," Professor Eric responded. "Yes I do," Tiffany told the panel as she stood to leave. "Okay then, see you in thirty minutes," Professor Eric responded.

Unbeknownst to Tiffany, the professor had organized the police to ransack her room while she was still in custody and cart off all the evidence she had with her. The police had also deleted all the data about the same from Tiffany's phone. After frantically searching her room in vain, she dejectedly returned to the panel. By now she knew that things were about to turn ugly for her and that the professor had been very crafty in executing his revenge.

"Sir, it seems someone accessed my phone and deleted the evidence I had and also gained access to my house and carted away copies of the same. I had enough evidence to show where all this started, from the time this womanizer seated here demanded for sex from me in exchange of my missing grades to where we are now," Tiffany told the panel. Dead silence in the room. For a few minutes, the panel members stared at each other without uttering a word. "Which unit is this? May be that can help us get to the bottom of this matter," Professor Margaret asked Tiffany. "Cybercrime law," Tiffany responded. "But there is

no grade in your portal for that unit" Prof Eric interjected. Tiffany was taken aback. Professor James had actually gone ahead and deleted the missing grades he had awarded her. The world was crumbling right before her eyes.

"I don't understand this. This bastard seated right here knows that what I am saying is the true and knows what he has done to destroy the evidence against him," Tiffany thundered. "Young lady, exercise decorum. This is a disciplinary panel and anything you say can be used against you," Professor Eric warned Tiffany. "This lady texted me while she was seated here trying to have me bail her out of the problems she has brought to herself," Professor James broke his silence, showing his colleagues the message that Tiffany had sent him. "Professor, why do you think the young girl chose to send you this message and not any other member of the panel?" Professor Eric asked his colleague. "I don't know. She is better placed to answer that question. Are you now investigating me?" Professor James asked his colleagues.

"I think it will be fair to both sides if we investigate Tiffany's allegations in order to get to the bottom of this matter," Professor Margaret suggested. "That's agreed. What do you think we should do?" Professor Eric asked her. "We can write to the director of criminal investigations to help us unravel this matter. I bet they have a Cybercrime unit that can be able to retrieve all the data that was deleted. Both Professor James and Tiffany will have to surrender their phones and computers. The same will be returned after the investigations are concluded," Professor Margaret

responded. "No! There is no way I am being turned into a suspect here," Professor James protested. "Well, you will have to cooperate with us lest we forward the file completely to the DCI to take over," Professor Eric responded. Professor James knew what that meant and that he would be better off facing a disciplinary action from the university rather than having the DCI fully take over the matter. He dejectedly handed in his computer and phones. Tiffany did the same. "This hearing stands adjourned for one week to allow the DCI to file in their report," Professor Eric said as he dismissed the panel.

"What the hell was that?" professor James shouted at Tiffany when they caught up in the corridors of the university. "You better tell me. I am sure that you are responsible for what has been happening to me but I just want to let you know that we are going down together," Tiffany rudely responded. The professor was a disturbed man for the next couple of days. He tried hard to manipulate the results of that investigations but he couldn't get hold of the officer carrying out the same. "Maybe I should not have started this. Maybe I should have let that stupid girl go on with her business," the professor thought to himself. He was staring at losing all that he had worked hard for and being disgraced. Sexual immorality had led him to this point. "If only I had been faithful to my wife as I have always been all those years, all these could not have fallen upon me" professor James thought to himself.

After the panel heard each person's petition, the fellows had to go and wait for a period of one week after

which they would come back after the panel had gotten an official report from the DCI. The DCI officers ran some sophisticated programs on all the devices provided and true to Tiffany's word, the evidence was found. It all lay down for the whole world to see. Everything was brought in black and white. The officers later wrote a report about the information they had retrieved from the devices. They handed over their findings to the Chair of the disciplinary committee who after going through the whole report could not believe his eyes since all that Tiffany had insinuated turned out to be true, only that this time there was sufficient evidence.

The disciplinary panel was called to order the following Monday at exactly 9:00am. The chair of the panel, Professor Eric, had a big envelope that contained the findings from the Directorate of Criminal Investigations. Everyone in the room waited anxiously for the reveal of the findings. Tiffany knew that this was the only chance she had to have Professor James pay for his actions in as much as she knew she wouldn't escape being punished for admitting to running a brothels against the university's moral code and guidelines. For Professor James, his stunning academic career was at stake, staring at a disgraceful end. He knew that the story would be published in the local dailies and his marriage would also be at stake. Besides, he had been a deacon at his local Methodist church and he was also staring at being disgracefully banished from the church. He had also been at loggerheads with Professor Margaret over his appointment as the dean and this indictment would mean

that the lady professor would take over from him. A lot was at stake for him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are here to discuss the results of the DCI investigation and carry on with this hearing. I would like to reveal that the allegations by Tiffany on Professor James have been confirmed by the directorate of criminal investigations. I will share with each one of you a copy of the damning findings from the DCI," Professor Eric broke the news to the panel while handing each one of them a copy of the findings. Professor James physiognomy fell. He was unable to even utter a word. What he had always feared had come to happen. On the other hand Tiffany was over the moon; at least she knew that she was not going down the drain alone. "As a result of this, Professor James ceases to be a member of this disciplinary panel with immediate effect. We have forwarded these findings to the university senate for further action. This panel is adjourned for five minutes to allow the professor to vacate his role," Professor Eric announced as he stood up. "I knew all along that you were a womanizer and a predator who was not worthy of holding the office of the dean at this university," Professor Margaret said to James. This statement elicited a hard slap from Professor James which almost brought commotion to the room. The university guards had to be called in to escort the disgraced professor out.

"We resume the hearing of the matter at hand," Professor Eric told the panel. "Tiffany, although our allegations against the professor have been substantiated, this doesn't exonerate you from the fact that you ran a

brothel against the wishes of the school. The elephant of this matter is that you chose to recruit young and innocent university students into this trade, ruining their lives. The expose has also greatly tainted the image of this noble university much to the chagrin of everyone associated with it," Professor Eric told Tiffany. "Sir, I am truly sorry about this and I accept my mistakes. Please forgive me for this and I promise to change my character," Tiffany pleaded. "In as much as we would wish to forgive you for this, the matter before us is gross and if overlooked would introduce a bad precedence in the university. We have taken into account your pleadings and this panel has decided to suspend you from school for three academic years," Professor Eric made his ruling.

As Tiffany walked out of the panel, she knew her world had crumbled. Her education had ended in disgrace. Three years would be a long duration for her to wait. As if this was not enough, the newspapers carried the story as their headline the following day; A BROTHEL, A PROFESSOR AND A UNIVERSITY STUDENT; DAMNING DETAILS OF AN UNHOLY ASSOCIATION BETWEEN A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR AND A STUDENT RUNNING A BROTHEL. Their photos were flashed on the front page of the newspapers and the finding of the directorate of criminal investigations laid bare for all and sundry. "Why would these fellows carry these story as their headline?" Tiffany thought to herself. She had become a darling of the scribes. To them, she was a modern twilight girl and everyone wanted to tell a story about her at the earliest opportunity. That aside, Tiffany was faced with one headache; vacating the university hostel and looking for a

house to rent in the city's suburbs. Ever since she had come to the university, Tiffany had always stayed in the university hostels and had not known the hustle people faced in the city rentals out there.

Chapter Eight

SUFFERING IN PARIS

SUFFERING IN PARIS

Back at home, her family got the news of her suspension and the story carried out on the local dailies with disappointment. Tiffany had been a bright child and her father had really hoped that she would finish school and change her ways. Her only undoing had been her character and disdain for instructions and correction. "If only this girl had listened to me for once. All this would not be happening to her right now," Tiffany's father thought to himself. "What is the way forward dad? Should we go and get her back home?" Favor asked her father. "Do you think Tiffany will even accept to accompany us back home at this point? That will just be a waste of time and resources," her father responded. "All we can do now is keep praying for her, let us not give up on her despite the shame she has brought to the family," he continued.

Meanwhile, the university senate met to decide the fate of Professor James. As he stepped into the room, he knew his fate was as good as sealed. There is no defense that could avert what was coming. It didn't take long before the university senate delivered its verdict on him. "The university senate has unanimously voted to have you dismissed from your role with immediate effect for gross misconduct. You have also been stripped of all the academic accolades bestowed to you by this university," the university chancellor delivered the ruling on Professor James fate. "You have

fourteen days to appeal the ruling should you be aggrieved by it," the chancellor concluded as he dismissed the sitting. Professor James knew that appealing the ruling would be a waste of time and that this would give the public a chance to know the finer details of the damning revelations by the directorate of criminal investigations, something he was not ready for. "What is the use fighting a case which I know the facts of the same are true anyway?" the professor thought to himself. Within the next few days saw his wife file for divorce on the basis of the revelations by the DCI. The church also banished him for his not so holy dealings. James, his professor title has already been stripped, regretted falling into Tiffany's trap. The decision to call in police on Tiffany also haunted him.

"Justice has been served at last. This stupid professor thought that setting me up was a brilliant idea," Tiffany thought to herself as she packed her belongings into a waiting pick-up truck. She had gotten a house within the suburbs of the city. Her grace period to stay in the university was over. As she got into the pick-up truck, she looked back at the institution that she had called home for the last two and half years. Memories of her life there flashed through her mind. "I have made a few bad decisions over time but I will be back to complete my degree course," she sighed to herself, resigned to fate.

Tiffany was presented with a chance to re-look at her life. She however chose to go on with her wayward ways. "I need money to survive in the city and there is no way am going to sit down doing nothing," she thought to herself. She

went on to hatch a plan on how she would land her clients now that her website had been pulled down and there was no way she would blackmail the professor into doing the same for her again. "I think it is time I started partying at the joints where the big boys of the town party," she thought to herself. "Sounds a good plan" her mind continued racing as she googled the spots where she could find the targets she was looking for.

As she was going about her errands, one of the men she had gone out with in the past called looking for her. "Argh! This is not the time to play games with Ryan. I need a man who can suffice my monetary needs for a lifetime not these young boys who just want to waste my time," Tiffany thought to herself as she disconnected the call. Tiffany has made up her mind that she was done dating black men. She had seen on social media pictures of young girls her age leading happy lives with their white partners abroad and she thought that was the way to go. Her mind was set on getting one of the expatriates who worked in the country or the white retirees who would relocate to Africa to embezzle their pension while preying on young African girls. Her lust for money overruled the means by which she got the same.

Within no time, Tiffany had made up her mind to relocate to the coast. This was the main attraction of the white men she was looking for and she knew she could easily get herself one there. She went on and put up all her household stuff for sale on social media at a throwaway price. Within a week, she was on a flight headed to the coast. Tiffany had also changed her contacts so that her family

would not bother her any more. It had been two good years since she last saw her son but this was the last thing in her mind at this time. "After I succeed, my son can have all the life he wants. Otherwise if I choose to go back to the village he will have to settle for a mediocre life as that of his grandparents," Tiffany thought to herself. At the coast, she quickly found a house near one of the beaches and rented it. "This is a prime location for me to get what I want with ease," she thought to herself. She would then take a week or two learning the ropes of the coastline and observing how people went about their affairs.

Within a month Tiffany had gotten what she had come to the coast to look for. Greg was his name. He was a French retiree aged sixty five years and had just gotten to the coast two weeks prior to Tiffany's arrival. He seemed moneyed to Tiffany and that's all what mattered to her. Greg had won the Tiffany's heart by the amount of money he used to splash on her. "This is the kind of life I have always wanted," Tiffany thought to herself.

Within two months of being together, Tiffany and Greg moved in together. She sold all her belongings again in order to make the move. Life seemed good or so she thought. During her birthday, Greg gifted her a new Mercedes Benz S-class. Tiffany was over the moon. The only other man that had come this close was Kelvin her first lover who had since been imprisoned. Apparently, he was the only man that she had genuinely loved. All the other men that she had been with was in pursuit of money and Greg seemed to be well oiled enough to fund the lifestyle that she had always

dreamt of. "For the first time in four years I will be able to drive myself around, ooh God is so good," Tiffany thought to herself. It was laughable that she was thanking a God she had grown to loathe so much to a point her bitterness had taken toll on her and controlled the trajectory her life had taken.

"Babe do you have a passport?" Greg asked her one day. This had been her dream and she had waited for this moment for so long. "No dear, what do you have in mind?" Tiffany replied. "My stay in Kenya should be coming to an end in nine months' time and I was thinking maybe we can relocate to France after that," Greg replied. "That's nice but I have a child hear. I have always told you about that," Tiffany responded. "That's not a problem. Once you settle down in France, we can always organize for the young boy to join us there," Greg said. "In that case then, I can apply for a passport as from Monday. What else do I need once I have the passport?" Tiffany asked. "Just apply for the passport; I will help with the rest. I know a few people at the embassy who can process the visa for you with less hassle," Greg responded.

That following Monday, Tiffany was among the first people to arrive at the immigration offices. She was not taking chances and there was no way a mere passport would become a stumbling block in the realization of her dreams. She had envied the lives that young girls married to old white men used to flaunt on social media. Unknown to her, most of this life was fake and these young girls went through pain away from the cameras. When the process of getting a passport was not going according to her plans. Tiffany opted

to bribe one of the immigration officers to hasten the process.

Within a month, Tiffany had gotten her passport. What stood between her and relocating to France was the Visa now. Greg had promised to take care of that and she trusted him fully. "Where do you live in France?" Tiffany asked her old *mzungu* lover one day. "Paris. But my rural home is in Nice," Greg responded. Tiffany would find herself fantasizing about life in one of the most romantic cities of the world. "I am sure I will be the envy of many of my friends once I start posting my photos on Facebook," she thought to herself. "It is now my turn to enjoy the good of the land."

For the journey back to the capital city for the Visa interview, Greg hired a chopper to drop them. "How much does the chopper cost?" Tiffany would find herself asking her man. "About three thousand dollars per flight hour," Greg responded. "So this cost us twelve thousand dollars? That's too much money to waste dear. That's a whole new car," Tiffany exclaimed. "Well, I got the money and I can do anything for you," Greg responded. "I must be that one lucky girl. I can't wait to get to Paris and explore the world," Tiffany thought to herself.

The visa application process took them two months after which Tiffany was called to go collect the same. With the visa at hand, all that was left was to arrange the nitty gritty and time. Greg had three more months before his stay in the country expired. "Is there a possibility of joining school in France? I would be glad if I could get credit transfers to complete my degree in France," Tiffany told Greg. "Of

course yes. France is home to some of the best universities in the world. All you need to do is get your transcript from the university here. We will choose the university you will join once we get to France," Greg responded. Tiffany was over the moon. Although the deal seemed too good to be true, she was so much caught up in her fantasies to even notice the red flags in it.

A month prior to the travel dates, Greg booked their air tickets. They would be traveling first class! What an experience that would be! Tiffany toyed with the idea of informing her family of her plans to relocate from the country but dropped it in the end. She knew her dad would question the move and she wasn't in the mood for an argument at this point. What mattered to her was getting to France. Nothing else made sense to Tiffany at this point, not even her own son. She couldn't spare even a day to go bid him good bye although she hadn't seen him for the last two years.

Time moved fast and before she knew it, Tiffany and her man were on a flight to Paris. Within 9 hours they were landing in the country of her dreams. Paris was extremely beautiful to her eyes. As the chauffeur drove them to Greg's residence, she couldn't help but marvel at the magnificence of the city. "Thank goodness I am finally here. Within no time, my friends will be getting the vibe on social media," Tiffany thought to herself. Unbeknownst to her, she was in for a rude shock. Greg had not been a retiree as she thought. He was actually a wanted human trafficker on inter-pol's radar. He had serenaded her with an expensive lifestyle while in

Kenya to win her trust. This is what he always did to girls in several African countries before selling them off as sex slaves in France. Tiffany had walked herself into this trap due to her greed for money.

Once they arrived at the residence, Greg turned against her. She confiscated her passport and travel documents and handed her over to three men who would go on to repeatedly rape her that night. "Greeeeg! Why are you doing this to me? What did I do to you to deserve this treatment?" Tiffany asked Greg amid sobs. "Shut up whore and do as you are required. You think there is free money in this world? If I were you, I would have been satisfied with that Mercedes Benz I bought for you while in Kenya but you wanted more and here you are. Enjoy yourself girl," Greg ruthlessly told her. "Please don't do this to me Greg. In the worst scenario just give me back my travel documents I go back home," Tiffany pleaded. Greg heard none of this and instead slammed the door behind him as he left the premises. He had accomplished his work and he had evidently been paid well.

The next couple of months turned to be tragic for Tiffany. She lived to regret making this decision to relocate without even telling her family of her plans. No one knew where she was, or what she was going through in France and she was not allowed to communicate on phone lest she call out for help. The old white men in the room would take turns in sexually abusing her daily. Tiffany longed for a day she would be able to escape all this. "How I wish I just went home and waited for the three year suspension so that I could be

readmitted back to the university. How I wish I listened to my father's advice," she found herself thinking about all the mistakes she had done in life, amid sobs.

Tiffany felt strange all along and all that in her heart was sorrow and grief. She tried to scheme about how she could possibly get herself from the trap that she had brought unto herself. All her schemes did not seem to work. One of the vagabonds dashed into the room and grabbed her by the waist and violently carried her to the next while uttering indistinct chatters to her ears. Tiffany got shocked beyond words and all she could do was try to resist the pleas of the man. This seemed strange as she rarely got some rest. Different men entered the room and commanded her to give in but this time she resisted, she received a very hot slap from the man and this made her stop resisting and this could only cause more harm than good to her wellbeing. She had to give in to the desires of the man as not doing so could only make her life be easily terminated. One of the other vagabonds walked in on them and found that there was a tussle going on in the room. He inquired why there was a commotion in the room and the first vagabond responded that Tiffany had refused to give in to his demands.

Tiffany was helplessly laying on the ground. All that was in her mind was how her selfish desires of getting rich quickly had landed her into a lot of trouble. This was traumatizing to her and what brought her back to reality was a hot slap that landed on her cheeks thunderously. She unleashed a loud scream but it was all to no avail as one of the men covered her mouth with a piece of cloth. The man

told her that she brought all these to herself. She wished for the world to open and swallow her a whole.

Tiffany later came to learn that most of the girls who found themselves such situation that she was in, would end up being killed by their masters. She would find herself praying to God to help her get out from her situation. "Lord save me from this. I have learnt of my mistakes and will gladly serve you if you deliver me from this," Tiffany found herself saying this prayer daily for months. She always hoped that one day, something would happen and that she would be delivered from the slavery she had walked herself into in pursuit of money.

One day, one of her masters got excessively drunk that he left his mobile phone unattended. He was the only man left in the house at the time as the others had stepped out. "This is the chance that I have always waited for. If I mess up with this one I may never get the same," Tiffany thought to herself as she dialed the emergency number on that phone. She went on and explained her story on what had happened to her to the caller on the other end. "We are extremely sorry for this madam. Do you have any idea of where you are?" the recipient on the other end asked her. "No sir. I was driven straight to this place from the airport and I have never stepped outside the house ever since. The person who lured me into this confiscated my travel documents and vanished," Tiffany replied amid sobs. "On behalf of the French government, we are very sorry about what happened to you and we will try and locate you and rescue you. In the meantime just remain calm so as not to

arise any curiosity about the captors," the person on the other end of the call told Tiffany. "Okay sir, I will greatly appreciate your help. I really want to get out of this captivity and go back to my country," Tiffany replied while hanging up. She went on and deleted the call record to destroy any evidence.

Two hours later, the police forced their way into the house. By this time, both Greg and the other two men had gotten back to the house. "Hands up everyone!" one of the police officers ordered the group. "What have we done?" Greg asked. "You are under arrest for human trafficking and luring young girls from Africa to come and sell them off as sex slaves here," the police officer responded. "Tiffany, pick up all your belongings in the house. We will sort the rest at the police station," the police officer told Tiffany.

Freedom at last! Tiffany couldn't believe that she had been able to see the light of the day again. It had been six months of slavery inside this house as she wasn't allowed to step out not even to bask in the sun as the rooms were very cold. "I can see you are on Interpol radar Greg, we are going to hand you over to them as we deal with the rest," the police officers told Greg. All this while, the men were too shocked to utter a word. They couldn't understand how their racket had been busted or who betrayed them. "Where are the travel documents for this young girl?" the police officer asked Greg. "Inside that bag," Greg responded, pointing at a small black bag that he always carried around. The police officers headed on to handcuff the men and arrest them.

Tiffany was supposed to go on and record her statements and would then be taken to the Kenyan embassy in Paris. "You will have to stick around for a few days so that we process the documents that will allow you give your evidence in this case via a video link while in Kenya," the person handling the case told her. "Meanwhile the embassy will make arrangements for your air ticket towards the end of next week. We should be through with these other processes by then," he continued. The duration of time that Tiffany would spend at the embassy didn't matter to her. She was glad that finally she had been rescued from the trauma that had been her stay in France.

"Greetings sir. We are calling you from the Kenyan embassy in France to inform you that your daughter has been rescued from a human trafficking cartel that had lured her to France only to sell her off as a sex slave," a caller told Tiffany's father one day. The embassy had inquired of her family's contacts in order to ascertain the authenticity of the information that she had given them. "My daughter in France?" Tiffany's father thought aloud. "Sir, do you know anyone by the name Tiffany?" the caller asked. "Yes, she is my firstborn daughter but am shocked to hear that she in France. As a family we have always known that she is still in the country," Tiffany's father responded. "Well am sorry about that but someone lured her to France in the name of love and turned against her. She is lucky to have escaped that cartel and she is currently with us at the embassy here in Paris. The police are preparing documents to enable her testify in the case against her captors via a video link when the matter comes up in court while she is still in Kenya. After

that, we will put her on the next available flight back to Nairobi. We will only cover costs from Paris up to the airport in Nairobi and as such we expect the family to arrange to pick her up at the airport," the caller told Tiffany's father. "Okay sir, thank you for the information, we will make the necessary arrangements as a family," Tiffany's father responded, while hanging up on the caller as he headed to break the terrifying news to the family. "What pain will Tiffany possibly not cause us?" Favor wondered. "If she hasn't learned from this one, then she is beyond help," her father responded.

Chapter Nine

CHANGES AND BECOMES SUCCESSFUL

CHANGES AND BECOMES SUCCESSFUL

Within two weeks, Tiffany was on a flight back to Kenya. This time round, she flew economy class. The flight was less glamorous than the first one that had brought her to Paris. Nevertheless, it oozed great joy as they took off. This signified the permanent end to her ordeal. The eight hour journey presented a chance for Tiffany to rethink about her life. "Is God as bad as I have always thought? If it wasn't for God's help, would I have we ever escaped from my captivity?" Tiffany thought to herself. She went on to think of the pain she had caused her family over the years. "I owe these people an apology for the shame that I have caused them over the years. If only I had listened to my sister at some point in life, then all these could not have dawned unto me." Tiffany thought to herself. She thought of how her school life had been greatly affected. Her pursuit of money had ruined her life. She would get the money only to lose it either paying court fines or find herself in situations like the one she was in at the time. "It is time I made a decision to change my life before it is too late. I may not be so lucky next time," she thought to herself.

At the airport, her family warmly welcomed her back contrary to her expectations. Tiffany had always known Favor as one who never minced her words but this time round, she held back. "Welcome home Tiffany, we are glad

to have you back alive," Favor told her sister as she warmly hugged her. Tiffany went on to kneel in front of her father. "I am so sorry for the pain I have caused you over the years, dad. I have realized my mistakes and I acknowledge that all along I was in the wrong," Tiffany told her father amid sobs. Tiffany's dad couldn't hold back his tears. He had waited for this moment for so long; the day Tiffany would realize her mistakes and change her ways. "It is well my daughter. I and the entire family forgive you for everything. We are happy that you have finally realized your mistakes," Tiffany's father told her. The whole family hugged her in a warm embrace.

The journey back home was the most joyous one Tiffany had made with her family ever since she had transitioned to adulthood. This was a typical prodigal son moment. Her father threw a big party to celebrate her return. "I am glad that you have seen the light Tiffany. May God lead you in the next chapter of your life," Favor told her sister. "Thank you Favor. I always viewed you as my worst enemy but I came to rethink the words you used to tell me during my entire journey back home and I am truly sorry for failing you as your big sister," Tiffany replied. "It is well. Life is a learning process. I am glad that God opened your eyes before it was too late. Nothing is lost yet, you can still be all what you have wanted to be in life," Favor reassuringly told her sister. Their father beamed with smiles from the driver's seat. He had longed for this for so long. His two daughters who never used to see eye to eye were now reading from the same script; this was a dream come true.

"I am ready for church," Tiffany announced to the family as they were taking breakfast that Sunday morning. This caught everyone by surprise. The girl who loathed God so much was now the first one to get herself ready for the service. That Sunday, the sermon resonated so much with Tiffany's situation. The pastor, her dad, preached about God's restoration from Joel 2:25-28. At the end of the sermon, the pastor called an altar call for anyone who wished to give their lives to Christ. Tiffany stood up and walked to the front without a second thought to the applause of the congregation. She had been a good music minister in the church before she left to pursue her worldly desires. Everyone was happy to see her rededicate her life back to Christ.

Tiffany knew that she had made a tough decision but was very much ready for whatever consequences that would come her way because of the same. "Do not struggle to leave anything that you have been taking or doing Tiffany. Just immerse yourself in the reading of the word of God and listening to the teachings that your father teaches here in church and the Lord will help you. The past life and worldly desires will fade away within no time," Paul, one of the church deacons told her. "Only remember that reading the bible and listening to the right doctrine is key to your deliverance. The only way you can be guaranteed that you will not go back to the life that you used to live is when you become fully indoctrinated with the doctrine that your father preaches here. The Lord will help you to not only regard him as your biological father but also the spiritual leader covering over your life. He has been of great help unto us and

I am telling you this out of love, listen to his words and you will forever live to be grateful," Paul continued. "Thank you so much Paul. I really appreciate your advice and I will keenly follow what you have told me," Tiffany calmly responded. "That said, one of the best ways to grow spiritually is you having an accountability partner. This can be someone you fully trust with you secrets but who will hold you accountable for all your actions," Paul told Tiffany. "No one else can play that role better than my sister Favor," Tiffany replied.

Tiffany and Favor crafted a favorable plan to read the entire bible in six months. They would each read eight chapters individually and meet for one hour to discuss what it is that they had learned that day. This initiative greatly opened Tiffany's eyes to the mysteries of God that she had not known. It also grew her prayer life as they had made it a norm to pray for one hour after their bible study. Tiffany's total deliverance would come several months later. The Holy Spirit rested mightily on her during one Sunday service and she was filled with the Holy Ghost and began speaking in tongues. Tiffany's encounter with God was so intense that it changed her life forever. Her struggle with alcoholism and prostitution was over. Her struggles keeping up with church programs were over. She found herself effortlessly being found in every relevant church meeting without any coercion. Everyone around her glorified God for the change and the person that Tiffany had become. "This is what Satan had always fought to prevent her from becoming," Paul thought to himself. "She is now free of all the bondage." He continued.

"Tiffany, everyone is very happy with the change and the decisions you have made in your life. My advice is that you should never look back. The journey may not be smooth, but it is easier knowing that you are walking with God. The other thing you need to think about is rebuilding your life," her father told her. "What became of school? We have never discussed that," he asked. "Well I was suspended for three academic years," Tiffany responded. "It has been two years and four months now so this means in eight months' time you will be legible to return to school?" Tiffany's father asked her. "Yes dad, I will be resuming classes in eight months' time. My resolve to become a lawyer has been greatly aroused by my ordeal in France. I must be at the forefront fighting for young girls and busting these human traffickers," Tiffany replied. Her zeal was equally visible. "Very well then. Time is always relative. Don't consider yourself to have lost anything in life. With God, he will restore the lost years," her father concluded.

The period preceding her reinstatement at the university also offered enough time to bond with her son again. For the past four years, Tiffany had been caught up with life on the fast lane to even have time for her own son. She had become a stranger to him. Tiffany dedicated Sundays afternoon to be her bonding time with the young boy. With time, she was able to win back his love and trust and this was a source of great joy for her.

"Tiffany, you may need to see a counseling therapist and have some sessions with them. Gladwell is a good therapist in church and can be of great help. I feel there is so

much anger in your heart and that you need a therapist for you to be able to forgive the people who have wronged you in the past," Favor told her sister one day after their bible study sessions. She was right. Tiffany had always angered deep bitterness and resentment against Kelvin the father of her son. He was the first man to rape her. She also carried bitterness with her against Professor James as she felt he was solely responsible for her suspension from school. Although the old man had been disgraced from the academic profession, she was yet to let go of all that he did to her. The last man who had gravely wounded her heart was Greg. She had loved him so much and never thought he could betray her in the manner he did. "You are right, I will engage Gladwell soon and see how we can go about that," Tiffany responded.

As part of her healing process, Tiffany visited Kelvin in prison. This was the first time they were meeting since his conviction. She took her son in tow. "Kelvin, I have come here to tell you that I forgive you for everything you did to me, more so the rape incident," Tiffany told him, tears flowing freely. "I have brought our son with us so that he may see his father. God has been gracious to me and he is turning out to be one bright young man who fears God. I pray that God gives me the grace to raise him to become a God-fearing man," Tiffany continued. "Thank you Tiffany. Thank you for choosing to forgive me. Prison life has given me time to reflect on my past and my mistakes and I take responsibility for what I did to you. As part of my rehabilitation process, I joined the prison school and I was able to pass my form four examinations well. Am waiting and

trusting God to open doors for me to further my education beyond that," Kelvin responded. Tiffany was amazed by the transformation that had taken place. She had known Kelvin to be a man who never had any reverence for God and it amazed her to hear him acknowledge God. "May God continue perfecting His work in you. I am now a born-again Christian. God remembered mercy on me and saved me with an outstretched arm and my heart is forever grateful for his mercies. How is your court case?" Tiffany asked. "Well, my appeal has dragged for year now but I still remain hopeful that it will be heard and determined soon," Kelvin replied. "May God remember mercy on you. I see the wardens are signaling that my time is up, I will have to be on my way now," Tiffany told him. As she left the prison gates, she felt great peace engulf her heart. Tiffany was glad that she was able to do this.

Tiffany continued with her therapy sessions with Gladwell. She was able to let go of the anger and bitterness in her heart. It was during these process that she came to realize that she had never accepted that her mother had died and that this was the cause of all the bitterness that she had against God. This was actually what made Tiffany depart from the presence of the Lord and she was glad that she had been able to deal with it fully as part of her healing process. By the time she was concluding her sessions with Gladwell, she had gotten over the trauma that Greg's betrayal had caused her. Tiffany was also able to forgive Professor James for all that he did to her.

Tiffany also saw herself read the entire bible for the first time with her sister. The bible study they used to have had great impact on her. Within no time, Tiffany had gotten a deeper understanding of doctrine and had grown a more intimate relationship with her maker. She found her way back into the church's worship team in her last two months before rejoining campus. This is where she had all along belonged. In spite of Favour and Tiffany bonding spiritually they were also academically gifted. Favour as well as her sister had attended many academic events in their high school which made their father very proud. She grew to become one of the best students in her school and as her exams were approaching she had no fear prior whatsoever, she was definitely sure that she would pass and possibly join her sister in campus. She sat for her exams and the results were out. She was hesitant at first to check the results via SMS but after much convincing from her parents she was very delighted to find out that she passed the exams with flying colors. She carefully selected her courses and to her delight she joined her dream career Journalism in the university as her sister Tiffany. Tiffany too was delighted and proud of her sister and as her days for rejoining campus neared, Tiffany was glad that her sister had been admitted to the same university. This meant that they could relocate the bible study and fellowship they had at home to school as they could easily stay in one hostel room.

"I am happy that you two have grown to be the best of friend over the last eight months. My prayer is that you continue with what you started here at home once you get back to the university. Remember you will be out there as

Christ ambassadors, represent Him well," Tiffany's father told them as they prepared to leave for the university. "I am glad that you chose to be accountability partners for each other, may God perfect what He has started in both of you," their father continued. "We promise not to let you down this time round," the girls responded in unison.

Tiffany and her sister, Favour, were escorted by their father to the bus stage where they boarded a bus to the city. Tiffany helped her sister all through the admission process. She then went ahead and booked for the same room that she resided in. After a few days of their stay in the school, she showed Favour around the school, she showed her the different offices around the school. Tiffany was later that week summoned to by Professor Margaret to her office. She was pretty anxious at first but got some energy to face the professor since she knew she had already changed her ways and became a better person.

"Tiffany, we hope that you were able to reflect on your life and change your ways during your period of suspension," Professor Margaret asked her. "Yes madam. I am actually glad that the suspension happened as the events thereafter made me rethink about my life and molded me into a better person," Tiffany responded. Her response came as a surprise to Professor Margaret. This was certainly not the Tiffany that they knew. "Wow, I am very happy to hear this from you. So many students never return back to campus after their suspension and those that do come back in worse form than they were when they were suspended. We will closely monitor you and should we be satisfied with

your behavior, we won't hesitate to give you a leadership role as a change ambassador in the university," Professor Margaret told her. "Challenge accepted. You can have my word that I won't disappoint you this time round," Tiffany said. "Alright then, I wish you well in you academics. Remember that all is not lost and that you can always become what you have wanted to be," the Professor told her.

Tiffany and Favor were able to get a room for themselves which enabled them to continue with their bible study. That Sunday, Tiffany showed Favor where the university Christian Union used to hold their services. Most of the students that knew Tiffany were surprised to see her carry a bible and walk into a church service at the university. "What is too difficult for God if this is Tiffany in church," one of them thought to themselves. It didn't take long before both of them were able to blend well into the Christian Union programs.

Tiffany founded a group in school to reach out to young men that were battling things in their lives with the gospel. This gave her a good platform to share her story and also win souls for Christ. Within the first year of her resumption, she had worked herself into the leadership of the Christian union at the university. Tiffany had been a talented music minister and she effortlessly blended well with the union's praise and worship team. One day, the Union leadership gave her the opportunity to preach during a Sunday service. The presence of the Lord rested so mightily in the church service that the union made a unanimous

decision to make her their leader. This was the first time a union leader was making a voluntary decision to step down in favor of someone else.

Professor Margaret called Tiffany to her office one day. "I am so happy about the person you have become and as I promised, I have talked with the vice chancellor and he has agreed to appoint you the change ambassador of the university. There is so much that you can achieve Tiffany, the world is before you," the professor told Tiffany. "I am so thankful of the recognition and the opportunity that you have offered me. I will forever remain grateful to you," Tiffany responded. "One more thing, I was thinking that maybe you can write a book to tell your story. This would have a huge impact on people and would be of great help. Besides it will also be a source of income for you as you will be earning some money from the proceeds of the sale of the book," Professor Margaret told Tiffany. "What about the publishing costs? I am not sure I would be in a position to finance that at this time," Tiffany responded. "You don't have to worry about that. I can help you with that. I will also help you in organizing the book launch so that you can get some sponsors to your event for you to be able to reach a large audience. We can have the event streamed live in one of the leading media stations. This will also help you clear your name out there as the same media stations have written a lot about you concerning your past life and people seeing the person you have now become is enough to trigger change in someone," Professor Margaret told Tiffany. "Thank you so much madam. I never thought that you would come to so much believe in me knowing my past and

everything I have been through. Yes am ready for this challenge. I can have the book ready for submission to the publisher in two months' time," Tiffany responded. "It is okay. Back then we were only correcting a mistake. Take your time and put together a good book that will have a great impact on young girls out there and leave the rest to me," Professor Margaret told her. "I sure will, you can trust me on that," Tiffany responded, standing up to leave the professor's office.

Over the next two months, Tiffany dedicated her time fully to writing her book. She had discussion with her sister for scripture backing and to hear her opinion on each input every step of the way. "Don't you think this book is telling so much about your dark life Tiffany?" her sister asked her at one point. "It sure is but then again the news reporters have always carried this story in their headlines so basically there is little to hide. The ending of the book will now carry the new Tiffany who has been able to overcome all that she has gone through and worked through herself to become the person she is right now," Tiffany responded to her sister concerns. "Oh it's Okay. I now understand. You will then have to have some distinguished people who have known you over time to forward the same as a validation of what you have written or what do you think?" Favor asked her sister. "Sure. Dad can do that in his capacity as my father and pastor too. His name was also on the line when I was in the other world. Professor Margaret can be the second voice to this," Tiffany replied. "That's a brilliant one Tiffany. Am so happy for you," Favor told her sister.

"Here is the book madam, I am through with it," Tiffany told Professor Margaret, handing her a flash disk containing what she had done. "Oh that's nice, please have a seat and give me some time to go through the book and see what you have done," Professor Margaret told her. "That's okay madam. You will see that there is a part I have left for you to add your voice. I opined that having you and my dad validate what I have written here would make the book more authentic," Tiffany replied. "Oh that's very true. I had actually not thought about that," Professor Margaret said. She went ahead and skimmed through the book quickly and was done within a short period of time.

"This book is so nice Tiffany. I am glad that you were able to capture what I had in mind when I was floating this idea to you," Professor Margaret told her. "My pleasure. Thank you for the compliments," Tiffany responded. "Welcome. We now move forward to the other elephant in the room; what date is convenient for you for the launch of this book? That's what determines the speed we will move with while doing these other things like publishing and outsourcing for sponsors," the professor asked her. "I think we can have the same at the end of this academic year as I don't want many engagements during my final year of study," Tiffany responded. "That's agreeable. In that case, I will forward the book to the publisher immediately. I will also book you an appointment with them next week on Tuesday for you to be able to go there and oversee the entire process. They should also be able to give you one copy to proofread before they do bulk printing," Professor Margaret told her.

"Thank you so much madam and thank you for believing in me," Tiffany responded.

Back to her Christian union affairs, Tiffany was overseeing a move of God in the university never witnessed before. What had begun as small steps of faith was fast metamorphosing into a full blown ministry. It never dawned on her that she would have to go into full-time ministry at some point in her life. Through her, many students had given their lives to Christ. She had led countless students to deliverance. Tiffany marveled at how God had been using her to deliver many to the kingdom. She drew great joy and satisfaction seeing young girls being delivered from the bondages of sin. Within no time, her ministry had enlarged to other campuses and also to high schools.

"Do you see what Satan was fighting all along?" Favor asked her sister one day. "Yes I do. I am grateful to God for the mercies he has shown me," Tiffany responded. "I always knew that you were cut for greatness and given over to the Lord and that's majorly the sole reason I never gave up praying for you," Favor told her. "Thank you for playing the role of a big sister even though you are younger than me," Tiffany responded. "That's what siblings are made for," Favor replied while hugging her sister.

Meanwhile, the book launch was fast approaching. Professor Margaret had been able to outsource all the sponsors that were needed to make the event a success. One of the leading TV stations had accepted to air the event live for free. Many sponsors kept coming in day by day until they had to close that window for them. "How many books do you

think we should publish for the first instance madam," Tiffany asked her professor. "I think we can have twenty thousand copies for the launch then we see how it goes from there," Professor Margaret responded. "I also hope that you have put mechanisms for deliveries of the same across the country. You can have your sister managing the same for you and also the contact that you will put out there for callers," Professor Margaret advised. "Oh I get this. Thank you for the advice madam," Tiffany responded.

"You are welcome. Next week you should be signing the sponsorship deals with the event sponsors. I have roped in my husband who is a lawyer to assist you in that for free so that you don't get shortchanged along the way," Professor Margaret continued. "That is so kind of you madam. I will forever remain indebted to you," Tiffany responded. "Lastly, the vice chancellor and I tried to get the president to be the chief guest of honor at this event but it was impossible due to the short notice. In lieu of that, we will have the education cabinet secretary as the chief guest. This is still a win for us as this is a man who fears God," Professor Margaret told Tiffany. "That's very kind of you madam. I am amazed at how meticulous you have been in the planning of this event. It is as though the event were yours," Tiffany responded. "We will always be at hand to support any good cause," Professor Margaret concluded.

Tiffany went on to break the news to her father and family back at home. Her parents and siblings were elated. "Thank you God for perfecting your work in this girl," Tiffany's father thought to himself. "You will have to be at

the event dad. You will be among the main speakers and it would also be nice you witnessing the next phase of my life as I will be commissioned to steer the intra-universities Christian council that day," Tiffany told her father over the phone. "We will definitely be there. We can't miss out on such an occasion," Tiffany's father responded. "Okay, see you then and remember to tag my Leon along. I would want him to witness this important transition in my life," Tiffany told her father. "We will definitely come with him," her dad responded.

The day of the book launch came. Everything went on as planned. Tiffany was elated to share a podium with the education cabinet secretary. This was a moment of great honor to the family. Speaker after speaker heaped praise unto Tiffany and thanked God for the transformation of her life. "It brings immense joy to my heart seeing a young girl realize her mistakes and change her way to become a useful resource in the society," the cabinet secretary said in his speech.

"Today we are gathered here to give glory to God and marvel at the transformation process of a girl the society had written off, as the father, let me say that am delighted and it is with much joy that I am talking right now about the triumph of my own daughter. This academic journey has not been a walk in the park. There have been obstacles, ups and downs but am glad that she was able to overcome them and emerged victorious. I think this is what we call 'True definition of a journey to success.' I just want to wish my daughter well in all her endeavors and may the almighty God

guide you my daughter" her father said in his part, as he was finishing tears of joy rolled down his cheeks since his daughter had made him proud.

"We are gathered here today to celebrate a girl I sat at her disciplinary proceedings three years ago. I remember having a discussion with my colleagues back then that we be a bit lenient with this girl since I had seen a seed of greatness in her. When she resumed school, I shared with her this idea of telling her story so as to help other girls out there. Today, I stand here not only a proud professor but also a proud mother. My belief in you Tiffany has been vindicated, since the time I knew Tiffany through the disciplinary committee, I observed a seed of greatness so we decided not to expel her but allow her to come back after a while, having made up her mind to change. Although this was all in the past and she is all transformed now, let me congratulate her for the success. Bravo! And continue with the same spirit" Professor Margaret said in her bit.

"This university is proud of you. We have decided to give you a full scholarship for your master's degree at any university of your choice around the world," the Vice chancellor made his remarks.

"Am overwhelmed as I stand in front of everyone. It's a great honor to address you all. I wrote this book as an inspiration to the youths. Thank you. Thank you everyone for believing in me. Thank you dad for not giving up on me. Thank you professor Margaret for believing in me. Thank you God for saving me. Thank you for the mercies you have shown me," Tiffany concluded.

