



TWIRLS OF KARMA

Vengeance is a game when
Karma is a player

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DEDICATION

To all those who know the definition of pain by description

About the book

Ifeoma, wife of an oil magnate formerly daughter of a driver of a wealthy family, the Ekeles, is drawn into a legal battle with the Ekeles over the paternity of a child they once denied. Fate crafted it such that they had denied paternity in black and white so even the law and their money cannot help them in their claim of right over the child.

Chapter 1

The Court Case



The murmurs reverberated through the walls of the courtroom. Ifeoma's eyes trailed the walls of the old courtroom. The walls told a story of years of strength and stability, the kind that stood the test of time. It was exactly what she'd felt in the last twelve years of her life, stability. Yes that was exactly the words she was looking for in the midst of all the chaos.

The smile on her face broadened as she threw Mrs. Ekele a sideways glance. She could sense the turmoil in the woman's demeanour. She suppressed a giggle, she was not going to get into trouble with the Judge just because she was catching some fun at the expense of the Ekele family. It felt great to have been the cause of the storm.

What was that idiom about the little shit that spoils the bum? She thought to herself, yes she was that little shit that spoilt the bum, wasn't that what Mrs. Ekele had called her when she had come with her poor father to report to their family that she was carrying the child of their son? Their stupid son, for one thing she was grateful they had thrown her out of their mansion.

Ifeoma heaved, she wasn't going to ask God to bless the soul of Chief Ekele, it was their lot and it served them right. She adjusted her wine camisole to properly cover her cleavage.

Little Ify of yesterday has set a turmoil in the Ekele family, she mused. Payback was a bitch and karma was more interesting. Both husband and wife had insulted her father, called the old man a gold digger and thrown them out of their large exquisite mansion at Osbourne Estate in Ikoyi. Today she had a house in the same Estate and if not because the owner of the house close to theirs had refused to sell she would have been their neighbour. How sweet it would be if she won this case and she was going to win no matter what it cost.

Today she was playing on the same level field as they were, well not exactly, she was a business tycoon and had an amazing husband who was an oil magnate, she had two other beautiful children but the Ekeles', their politician father, Mr. Ekele was dead, yes and very dead too. And as for Ebuka, he was still as useless as he had been sixteen years ago and even worse. At least then he could have hidden under the cover of youthful exuberance but now as a man of forty something years what was his excuse?

"I don't understand your argument Barrister George." The nerdy looking judge said from behind his high desk. "Are you telling this court that your clients are now claiming a pregnancy they denied sixteen years ago?" he quizzed.

"My Lord, we are asking the court to order the defendant to allow a paternity test to be conducted on Master Izuchukwu Jason Modebelu."

"On what grounds?" the Judge snapped, he was getting irritated. "The Respondent's counter affidavit exhibits a statement dated the 12th of January 2002, look at it please."

Justice Wemimo waited for Barrister George to flip through the documents in his hard cover blue folder. He opened the document the Judge had mentioned and peered at it like he hadn't seen it before. His expression was flat because he knew the content of the document and it was not in favour of his case or his client's claim so except he could claim that the document had been forged he was not going to get any success out of this.

For one he had been the family lawyer who had made sure the statements had been written and signed by all parties now it was coming back to bite them. He couldn't lose face with the Ekeles because that would mean losing a whole lot of clients and opportunities. He was their family and business lawyer and over the years he had represented them in practically every issue including issues that a lawyer ought not be involved in.

"Counsel, what does it say?"

"My Lord, we do not dispute the content of the statement dated the 12th of January 2002. Because at the moment we are not contending the veracity or otherwise of the document."

“Counsel don’t get ahead of yourself. This is a counter affidavit opposing your application so it is either now or never.” The judge peered at him. “Your signature is on this document as a witness, so are your clients’, his mother’s and her late husband’s.”

Barrister George sighed in frustration took off his glasses and wiped his face with the handkerchief in his hands. “If my Lord would consider the reply on points of Law of the applicant, your Lordship will see that as at 2002 when the statements were signed, the applicant didn’t have as much information as it does now.”

“Counsel, as a matter of fact it is my opinion that your clients cannot approbate and then reprobate. These statements were made before the police and signed by all parties involved. So you cannot go back after you have knowingly executed it, there is no evidence before me of this new information you are claiming now.” He paused to let the words sink in, his eyes fixed steadily on the applicant’s counsel.

“From the content it is clear that your clients claimed that he never had any intercourse with the defendant. So how on earth does getting a DNA from the offspring of the defendant change that? If he had intercourse with her at the relevant time and accepted it maybe we would be having a different conversation but at the moment I see you wasting the time of the court.”

“If I may your Lordship.” Ifeoma’s lawyer got to her feet. “It is our argument that such an order will violate the privacy of the child and subject him to unnecessary trauma. It would make him start doubting his father’s paternity and to what end? So that some rich family would satisfy a doubt they had cleared before?” She flung her right hand in the air in a calculated show of frustration.

Barrister George dumped himself in his seat deflated.

“The applicant had previously stated that he never had any sexual relations with the respondent and so we maintain that their application is baseless, frivolous, vexatious and a paramount abuse of court process and as such should be dismissed with cost.”

Barrister George flew up again. “My Lord we do not accede to any cost, and if your Lordship is averse to granting cost then it should be in cause.”

“My Lord.” Barrister Camille, Ifeoma’s lawyer responded calmly.

She had a smug on her face that made Ifeoma want to hug her for. She had that look of pride that made Ifeoma’s shoulders go up higher. She felt like gathering mud and smearing it on the faces of the Ekeles and their Lawyer.

“There is no cause for action. And in truth the determination of this application brings an abrupt end to the substantive suit. If the applicant can’t obtain the paternity of the child then how do they intend to apply for access to a child that is not theirs.”

The Judge had his hand under his chin as he looked from one lawyer to the other. He was intrigued by the argument of Barrister Camille and could literally see the despair of Barrister George. He knew just as Barrister George did that the applicant had no case and they were only dangling on a thin rope. He was very sure that the child in question belonged to the applicant but they had by their own hands tied themselves. The document before him was clear proof that they had been the stronger party at the time the document was signed because the defendant didn’t have any lawyer; her father had been her witness.

“Without taking any more time I will adjourn for my judgment. This matter is adjourned to the 20th of November for Judgment.” He said and closed the file before handing it over to the register and instructing him to call the next case.

Ifeoma joined the others to roar the ‘As the court pleases’ she had now learned. It was the ritual whenever the Judge said something that seemed final. She had noticed that rather than argue most lawyers just said it. She got to her feet and adjusted her skirt and jacket, picked her bag and started outside. She saw her lawyer bow and give her a smile. She responded glad that she had chosen the young lady to represent her.

She turned to where Mrs. Ekele was seated and saw the woman avoid her eyes, Ifeoma stifled a giggle before heading out. She was going to wait till the woman came out to congratulate her on her loss.

“Thank you Barrister Camille.” Ifeoma embraced her lawyer.

“I can already see that judgment will be given in our favour.”

“Do we need to appreciate the judge?”

“Well I don’t think there is any need because the evidence is clear. If he gives judgment against us then everyone will know that there was foul play involved.”

“Thank you, but just to be sure. I wouldn’t want that woman winning in any way.”

“Don’t worry yourself ma, I will ask the registrars though.”

Mrs. Ekele stepped out of the court looking sober, the lines on her forehead seemed to have etched deeper since the last time Ifeoma saw her. Well, she didn’t look so bad, at least she still had some expensive clothes on and her jewelleries looked like they were original.

“Good afternoon ma.” Ifeoma greeted her with a broad grin.

Mrs. Ekele saw her and turned her face away with anger written all over her.

“Will you not answer me? You seem to be forgetting you are seeking access to my child. If I were you I would try to be nice, perchance my heart will soften towards an old woman nearing her grave.” She said with her most gentle voice, obviously mocking the woman.

Mrs. Ekele didn’t respond, instead she started moving away from her. Ifeoma ran after the woman.

“But I have a question, why do you think that your impotent son is the father of my beautiful son. I mean you were very clear that your beautiful baby boy could never impregnate a classless girl like Me.” she added mimicking Mrs. Ekele’s voice and followed the woman who was now walking as fast as her frail legs could carry her.

“Mrs. Modebelu, please let her be.” Ifeoma heard her lawyer say but she was past caring. She continued following the woman hurling hurtful words at her.

Chapter 2

The story



“Ifeoma! You have killed me. How can you be involved with my boss’ son? When? How? For God’s sake how will I face my *oga* with this kind of accusation?” Mr. Nwankwo bellowed when he found out that his twenty years old daughter was pregnant and she was levelling the accusation on his boss’ twenty-nine years old son.

Mr Nwankwo was the driver of the Ekeles’ and he and his only daughter Ifeoma lived in the boy’s quarter in the family’s mansion at Ikoyi. His wife was long dead and she was the only family he had left, which was why they had moved into the boy’s quarter.

“I am sorry daddy.”

“You are sorry? Jesus! How will being sorry help us now? Will being sorry undo what you had done?” he was furious. “You know how finances have been tight for us, how will we feed that additional mouth? Oh my God!” He threw himself on the bed in frustration, his hand tapping his head in panic.

Ifeoma went on her knees “Daddy I am sorry.” She was weeping profusely.

She had been sneaking about with the son of the owner of the house because he was giving her money and it was helping to reduce the amount she would collect from her father. She had been surprised that her father had not noticed that she was not collecting as much as she used to. When the guy started to touch her it had been difficult to say no.

“Oh my God, oh my God!” Mr. Nwankwo hugged himself shaking his legs as he did.

Mr. Nwankwo walked into the Ekele’s mansion with Ifeoma following behind after he had composed himself. He was afraid of what to say to his boss but he had to let them know what their son had done.

Without Ifeoma's knowledge he had recited what he would say over and over in his head. His boss was the permanent secretary of the Lagos State Ministry Economic planning and Budget, a no-nonsense man to the core, so going to say nonsense before the man was completely out of the question. Then he had to contend with his boss' wife. A woman whose only soft spot was her son. A boy she had spoilt, at twenty-nine he was doing nothing other than wandering around with friends and girls, drinking and partying. Mr. Nwankwo shook his head over and over at the thought.

He couldn't believe that his daughter had allowed herself get pregnant for that good for nothing boy. He would never allow her marry that boy even though she was carrying his child but at least they had to make provisions for the child. It was their offspring after all.

He timidly entered the seat out where his boss and his wife always hung out every evening, he was sure that they would come out, he only hoped that Chief would come out before his madam. He had barely sat on the cement when the attendant in blue uniform came to ask what he wanted.

"I want to see the boss."

"Oga is resting o. Why didn't you talk to him while you were driving him back?"

"The matter just came up."

"Maybe you should leave it till tomorrow."

"No I will wait till he comes out."

The attendant shrugged and left him to sit at his pleasure with Ifeoma standing dutifully beside him not sure of what fate awaited her. She was shifting from one foot to the other, biting her fingernails unsure of herself. She hadn't even told Ebuka that she was pregnant and was not sure of what his reaction would be.

Fear gripped her heart, what if he denied the pregnancy? They had never been together in public so no one knew about their relationship. Every time they met it had been in private, either outside his home or very discreetly in his room. She started to whimper.

“Will you keep quiet there and let me think. When you were doing what you were not supposed to do you didn’t consider the consequence.” Her father rebuked her sharply.

They had waited for about an hour before Mrs. Ekele strutted into the seat out area, her tablet in one hand and a bottle of water on the other. Mr. Nwankwo jumped to his feet and bowed to greet her. She didn’t look at him neither did she respond to his greetings. Her poise was arrogant and Mr. Nwankwo could sense trouble. He started to leave.

“What did you want to speak to my husband about?” she asked him with her chin raised yet without looking at him.

Mr. Nwankwo hesitated, he couldn’t tell this woman that his daughter was pregnant for her son, she would raise the roof, her husband was likely to be more reasonable about it.

“It is nothing ma.” he responded quietly and started towards the exit.

“Do you want me to repeat the question?” she said through her nose and turned to him, this time really looking at him with anger in her eyes.

Mr. Nwankwo stood head bowed, calculating the number of lines in his palms and begging his creator to help him with the right words.

“Ma, the problem is that err...” he started.

“Mr. man out with it! You want an advance of your salary? You these poor people that want to be like the rich. You can’t live within your means. Do you think we pluck money from the trees? People work for their money and you should learn to do the same too, instead of looking for hand downs. I wonder why my husband still allows you to stay in the boys quarter without paying.” She went on and on without considering that Mr. Nwankwo had not said a word.

Chief Ekele walked into the seat out at the same moment with an aura that left Mr. Nwankwo and Ifeoma gasping for breath, for Mr. Nwankwo had barely recovered from madam’s accusations and now to deal with this? He stammered out his greetings as Chief took his seat.

“Oma, what is the problem?” he asked his wife without paying so much attention to the driver that was standing in front of him and fidgeting like a chicken in the rain.

“Don’t mind these people, your driver is looking for an advance salary.”

“N...no ma.” He stammered out again. “I...I ...came to ...err ...talk ... no... yes...”

“Mr. Nwankwo what is with the no and yes. You are making the good woman lose her patience. Speak and let her know what you want. Time is money son.”

“Sorry sir.” He bowed hoping that Chief would ask him to sit but there was no such offer forthcoming so he braced himself and started. “Chief, the problem is that err... my daughter is ... is... pregnant for ... for your son.”

Mrs. Ekele turned to them sharply, her eyes going over the body of Ifeoma who was by now almost urinating on her body.

She had been hiding behind her father but with his moving closer to be able to speak to the bosses she had lost that cover. She could feel her legs knocking together under her and she wished the ground would open and swallow her. She felt naked before this woman and her husband and for the first time her sins seemed like an open leaf before the world. All the times of sneaking around with the only son of the rich people now seemed like they were written on the wall.

Mrs. Ekele laughed and clapped her hands together in the gossip fashion coming closer to take a closer look at Ifeoma. “I was right after all. You want money so you decided that the best way to eat and still have it was to sell your daughter.”

“Ma, I am not asking you for any money. Your son has impregnated my daugh....”

“Keep your mouth shut Mr. man. What other way do people beg for money other than with the use of gimmicks and tricks? My son, Ebuka, Chukwekeka Ekele is a boy with class! My beautiful boy can never stoop so low to be with this classless low life of a child you brought here, not to talk of impregnating her.”

Hot tear tricked down Ifeoma’s eyes as the words slapped against her. The so-called beautiful boy would never have been her choice if not because she’d

desperately needed money for her upkeep. Her father was not exactly being paid well and she had just gotten admission at LASU.

“Madam it seems you have forgotten your own background.” Mr. Nwankwo retorted, anger slowly creeping into his tone.

“I will not have you speak to my wife with such tone Nwankwo.” Chief Ekele bellowed in anger.

Mrs. Ekele clapped her hands together again “Hmm, what won’t I see? *Obele nsi na emebi ike*. He now has the guts to insult me in my home just because of this little brat that started growing breast and thinks she has now joined the beautiful maidens seeking my son’s attention.”

“I am sorry Chief, I am not here sir to ask your son to marry my child. I just thought you should know that my child is carrying your grandchild.”

“How can I know that it is true Mr. Nwankwo. These days there are so many gold diggers seeking for the easiest way to capitalise on my son’s weakness and ignorance.”

“Chief, there is no way our son will even look at this girl. Look at her now, does she look like the kind Ebuka would hang out with?”

Ebuka bounced into the compound looking all shades of irresponsible; he came towards the seat out. At 29 he was still sagging his trousers, had earrings on his both ears, with bling and rings hanging all over him like some Christmas tree. He had a blue bandana tied on his head.

“Good evening ma, good evening sir.” He greeted his parents, regarded the driver and started into the house just before his father’s voice stopped him.

“Ebuka, do you know this girl?”

Ebuka turned abruptly, his eyes fell on Ifeoma, he hadn't seen her before, she looked like she was in some kind of trouble with her hands interlocked in front of her and her head bowed and focused on her feet. Many questions ran through his mind, but with one look into his mother’s eyes he already knew what answer to give.

“No sir.” He saw her head go up sharply as if his words hit it up.

Her eyes pierced through him causing him to quickly lower his gaze. He could see that she wanted to talk rather than give her that opportunity he directed his eyes to his mother's supportive smile.

"I said it." Mrs. Ekele stated lifting her palms upwards in front on her bosom and shaking her body rigorously. "What did I say? My son, my beautiful boy cannot be ... be involved with people like these.

"Daddy, I swear on my mother's life. He is the one." Ifeoma started to cry, she fell on her knees before her father, pleading with him to believe her. She knew she had disappointed him and had fallen in his eyes but this was just too much. "I swear, there is no other person."

"Shut up your mouth! Shut up your mouth, you pig." Mrs Ekele screamed at her. "Shut up before I kick that thing out of you." She continued to scream.

"Please sir, have mercy on me." Ifeoma wailed, crawling from her father's feet to Chief Ekele's feet.

"Ehnn, stay away from my husband, before you hang it on him too. And don't make his feet wet with your crocodile tears.

"Is this what you call a child? He isn't even man enough to accept his responsibility." Mr. Nwankwo blurted out.

He was both angry and frustrated. He couldn't see how he would feed this extra mouth, if he could he would have walked out and not given them the opportunity to ridicule him. He didn't blame his daughter. He had seen her with this boy on one occasion and he had also noticed that she wasn't asking him for money anymore and had figured she was collecting from Ebuka but at least he had expected her to be more sensible knowing that she didn't have a future with a boy like him. He felt like crying like she was.

"Look at this idiot, arrest these people and lock them up!" Mrs. Ekele ordered one of the security guys who had come closer and had been watching helplessly.

Two other security guys jogged to them and together they bundled both Mr. Nwankwo and the wailing Ifeoma into a vehicle before taking them out.

Two days later they were released on the condition that they would sign an undertaken. With heavy eyes Mr. Nwankwo and his daughter signed an undertaken, which they didn't read until after they had signed and were given their copies of the document. Mr. Nwankwo lost his job alongside with all privileges because of it and he returned to doing the only other thing he knew how to do- carpentry.

Chapter 3

Karma: the best player



Ifeoma sat at the back of her car with her son, Jason all glamorous and sassy, yesterday night she had rested well and her body was ready for today. She had also received news that her shipment had arrived and been cleared. She was in a very lively mood and she was sure that the judgment of the court today was going to be a topping to the cake, like a cherry sitting on the top of a cup of ice cream, or kiwi on top of a red velvet cake iced with cheese. She licked her lips. She would probably order for one before the end of the week and work it out at the gym later.

She breathed in and out, the air seemed to agree with her that she deserved to celebrate. Life had played the game well and truly she wanted to embrace someone. She turned to her Jason and gave him a warm embrace. The boy smiled, he was used to his mother's spontaneous show of affection.

"Mum what are you thinking?"

"That I am lucky that you were the first to open my womb."

"Hmm." He smiled and nodded. He was not sure he understood why she said that but he could live with it.

Ifeoma had made her son her confidant. He knew everything that had happened before his birth and was in court to see his grandmother and possibly his father if Ebuka came to court. As much as Ifeoma did not want to deprive him of the opportunity to know his real father she had made him know that the only reason why they wanted him now was because Ebuka could not father a child.

It was no longer news, as it had become the topic of the town. Ebuka had been married to four different women within a space of twelve years and each of them ended up leaving him, still without a child. His fifth wife was a young Lebanese woman and was yet to conceive.

Ifeoma sighed, she was so sure he had wasted his seed as a young man. To think that rather than asking for forgiveness he was busy dragging her to court. Anyway whether he asked for forgiveness or not, it wouldn't change anything because the evil that was chasing him was probably far more than her and the entirety of her family.

She tapped on the window of the Lexus Jeep and the spy officer opened the door to the car for her. With both legs forward she stepped out of the car. Jason came around and met with her. Together they walked into Justice Wemimo's court followed by her security men.

She sighted Ebuka just before she entered the courtroom, he looked like life had taken twenty years off his face. He looked tired, sober and frustrated. The good side of her went out to him but as quickly as it came it swished away because the memory of his betrayal flashed in her mind's eye. She squeezed her son's hand and entered the court fully. She hadn't set her eyes on him in sixteen years, although she always stumbled on stories about him, so she wasn't sure she was ready to see him or talk to him.

Jason noticed the tenseness in his mother and he squeezed her palm in his assuring her that they were in it together. She smiled up at him gratefully, the boy was the taller than she was and so she rested her head on his shoulder when they had taken their seat in the almost filled courtroom.

She sucked in air when Ebuka entered and their eyes met. She couldn't say if it was fear or anger but whatever it was she was feeling, didn't feel so good in the pit of her belly. Well maybe she should be grateful to him for giving her her own beautiful boy and this time a real beautiful boy within and without. She broke the eye battle to look behind him, her eyes searching for his mother. Maybe she couldn't make it today; it was judgment day after all.

Ifeoma and her son got to their feet with the rest of the crowd present in the courtroom as the registrar announced the entrance of Justice Wemimo. He bowed, adjusted his gown and glasses before taking his seat in front of the court. The congregation bowed along then sat too.

"Good morning. I hope we have all had a good rest?" Justice Wemimo greeted looking through the court over the rim of his big glasses.

Murmurs resonated through the courtroom, while some older lawyers responded clearly.

“I am honoured to be sitting before your Lordship, for me it has been a while since we last saw.”

“Oh really? Where have you been?”

“Ah, my Lord. My body needed some rest so I took a vacation to Rome.”

“Good, good. I am beginning to consider being like you.”

The court roared with laughter before Justice Wemimo tapped on the desk to get the attention of his registrars.

“Please call the first case. We have a judgment right?” The registrar nodded. “Ok, call it first.”

“Suit No. LD/ADR/293/2018, between Mr. Ebuka Ekele and Mrs. Ifeoma Modebelu.” He looked up as he called each name to determine which party was in court.

Ebuka got up at the mention of his name so did Ifeoma.

“My Lord, parties are present in court.”

The Judge wrote in his file not bothering to lift his head before he said “Judgment. This suit was commenced by means of a writ of summons filed by the claimant at the registry of the High Court of Lagos State on the 22nd of January 2018....”

Ifeoma tuned off, her mind taking a tour through the past. It had been a painful time for her and if Ebuka and his mother could turn back the hand of time and handpick all the suffering and pain she had gone through just maybe they would be even. She remembered how she and her father had gone to live with his younger sister at Ajegunle because the Ekele’s had sent them packing from their boy’s quarters. Yes she had slept on the bare floor for two weeks before her aunt finally got some money to buy her a small mattress. Then her father went from one place to the other just to avoid being an inconvenience to his sister who also had her own family.

Ifeoma remembered the taunting of people, the disdainful looks as she went past to beg people to allow her work for them so that she could make some money to help out her aunt. The snide comments when she joked with the neighbours. For five years they fed from hand to mouth. Her son was always beaten and the little boy called a bastard. But that was before she started to work at a construction site, carrying blocks and cement for the man that was now her husband.

She smiled as she remembered how they met. He had been the architect coordinating the work and she'd been one of the builders. Being the only lady on the site in the midst of guys she had faced a lot of taunting and sometimes bullying because she wouldn't back down, she remembered almost fighting one of the guys who had called her a chicken because she's told him that the way he was carrying the blocks was wrong as he would break one soon.

How the young architect had supported her and prevented the boys from further harassing her touched her but she had proved stubborn considering what she had been through. But he had been gently with her, they'd started off as friends and from there he had moved her from carrying blocks to become his office assistant and from there to his secretary and personal assistant. Life had moved quickly for her from then and within two years he married her.

Her mind floated back to the courtroom, she turned to Jason, the boy was so cute and his focus was fixed on the Judge. He looked so much like her father than he did his. No, she didn't blame all those people who mocked her. Didn't blame her aunt either for hauling abusive words at her, if she had been at the other side of the equation, just maybe she would have done worse. Which was why she had an eye on her son and was not going to let him come out like the man whose sperm was the reason he came to being. It was why she taught him values and even though they were rich she made sure he didn't forget where they'd come from. She made sure he had his domestic chores and did them.

"The case of the Claimant is hereby dismissed with a cost of Four million Naira." Ifeoma heard the Judge say at the same time she saw Jason smile broadly.

Her heart melted towards him. Of course she didn't want her son to hate his father, even if Justice Wemimo had ruled in favour of the Ekeles it still wouldn't affect her, no one could take her son from her. Not now not ever. Like her lawyer had

told her, the most that could happen would be that the Judge would grant Ebuka access to Jason, probably that he should be allowed to see him or stay with them intermittently but never to take him away. Besides she knew the child she bore, he was no push over.

“We are most grateful to your Lordship for the well considered and brilliant Judgment. Your generation is proud of you sir.” Ifeoma’s lawyer said with the broadest smile Ifeoma had seen on her.

Ifeoma scoffed at Ebuka’s lawyer when he got up grudgingly to also appreciate Justice Wemimo for the well thought out Judgment. She heard him tell the Judge that they would be going on appeal and she scorned him. Maybe before the appeal would be done with her son would be eighteen and no longer be considered a child for these kinds of senseless cases.

Ifeoma and her son stepped out of the courtroom some few minutes later with Ebuka hot on their heels.

“Ifeoma why are you this wicked? That boy is my son and you know it.” He said through glassy eyes.

Ifeoma turned to him with challenge in her eyes, she was furious and would have slapped him but before she could respond Jason stepped out in front of her standing between her and Ebuka.

She watched his strong back as son looked father eyeball to eyeball.

“I sympathise with you Mr. Ekele for your loss. However you lost the right to call me your son when you betrayed my mother. You will never be my father; as a matter of fact I already do have a father who did not care that my own father called me a bastard. If you would excuse us, we have to be on our way.”

Jason turned to his mother who was word stuck, she was in awe of him as he took her hand, interlocked his fingers with hers and led her out of the court building. Ifeoma smiled when she was seated at the owner’s corner of her Jeep, today she hadn't needed to pay back, life had paid him back in his own coin.

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She is readily available for discussions on her social media platforms listed below and is always open to constructive criticisms and sharing new ideas. Thank you for being a part of her world.

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Chinelo's Books

Novels:

Murder at Dawn, 2013

Behind dark clouds, 2015

The Ivorian Miracle, 2018

Series

Mrs. Unmarried; An Ice for Heart Series 2017

Novellas:

Room 287, 2018

Short stories:

Man of the South, 2016

Beneath this skin, 2017

Cheating on the sidechick, 2017

Just like me, 2017

Dear Jerome, 2017

Help, 2018

Her Royalty, 2018

The cunning beggar with the living imagination, 2018

Gba- the sound of a car kissed, 2018

A trip to La-la-land, 2018.