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moradeke

Moradeke - The Intro

Here's how it all began. I am a huge Denzel fan. Oh shucks, where are my manners? My name is Moradeke Badmus, the only girl in a family of five. I have an older brother; Jide, and a younger one; Tomiwa. But this story is not about my brothers, it may scarcely mention them.

There. You've met me so I can continue.

I am a huge Denzel fan. He is the cutest man on the earth and I have nursed a crush on him since I was sixteen. When my friends were getting boyfriends, I was dreaming about Denzel. Yeah, Jide teased me to no end. Eventually, he got bored.

When I was eighteen, I was admitted into the university to study civil engineering after waiting for eighteen months. Dad took matters into his hands and as they say and I was offered admission in a private university. That was the genesis of my troubles, but I digress.

Damilola (my boyfriend) and I decided it was the wise decision to take some time off and see how the separation would affect us. That way, we would know if our relationship could survive distance. I was going out of Lagos whilst he was a day student at Unilag. So we kissed goodbye and parted ways.

I left Lagos to do my registration at the school and get my hostel allotment. After a couple of weeks there, the matriculation date for Jambitos was set. I called home and told my parents ecstatic, they were happy for me. They promised to come and I looked forward to seeing them again.

The day arrived. Dad drove everyone - mom, Jide and Tomiwa to the school. The car was loaded with refreshments and I was jumping and dancing when my brothers found me. Mom was smiling proudly as she embraced me. Then it happened.

Out of the crowd dad was strolling towards us. He had a certain new swagger I couldn't place, something different I had never noticed. Distracted, I smiled at Jide's derogatory joke; sometimes I wish I was older than him. Then dad got to us and spoke in his usual baritone.

'Congratulations 'Deke,' he hugged me, then asked, 'where can we sit?'

It suddenly hit me in a wave of realization. Dad looked a lot like Denzel, walked and talked like him. Uh oh, I hadn't been crushing on Denzel all the while. I was secretly in love with my own father, and I didn't realize it until he hugged me and I jumped as though I'd touched a livewire.

Throughout the ceremony, I couldn't concentrate on anything else. It finally made sense. All the times when I declined offers to date boys who were really cute; those times I got angry at my father being friendly with other women or their daughters; it was pure jealousy.

I was in love with my father, and looking at him smile easily with the other members of the family made me love him more. I knew what I had to do. The question was, was I ready to do it and move us into another era, or need I just ask to be placed in a deliverance session of any church that would have me? I sat there thinking, studying each member of my family. That day was about me, maybe the family would also be about me, we'll see.

The die was already rolling...

Moradeke #1

Three years passed before the realization of my desire. Three long harrowing years, I remember avoiding the house during school breaks, opting to spend it with other families. I wasn't sure of myself around my own father, I wanted him, and I wanted him bad, so it was best to avoid him I reasoned. The desire would pass.

I was a fool. My father is a handsome man, wealthy by Nigerian standards and he aged gracefully. So instead of the desire abating, I found myself longing for him more. Once I saw that avoidance would not help, I gave myself freely to any and all takers. Don't judge me, I tried the relationship run in my freshman year and it crashed woefully during the sophomore year (if you're wondering, that's just year 1 and 2, olodo) when I caught dear boo kissing and getting steamy with a supposed friend. I ended it right there, I cried for days then made up my mind; I was not going to invest anymore emotion in the hoax called relationships.

There's a saying, 'never make life decisions when you are reeling from hurt'; well I couldn't care less. The man I loved was somewhat unavailable and a girl always has needs. So I went with Dare, he seemed like a good date. I showed him around for a month before dumping him. I reckoned it was a mutually benefiting relationship. He took it in stride and moved on. He is the only guy who never came back to beg and ask for a second chance. I remember his philosophy ***life is about letting go; if a thing is yours, it would doubtless find you***. So, Dare was annoying in that he took life easy.

After a year of playing the school slut, I made a turnaround and got my act together when I noticed that somehow, I was losing touch with myself and life didn't seem as fun as it used to be. I decided I was going home to be with my family, I had been on too many tours and I was coming back home. Unfortunately, what I thought and what happened were two different things.

I got home and met my mom packing for a business trip. Jide had gone to Abuja on official business for the week and Tomiwa as always was at Uncle Ayoade's. I reckoned there was a lady there who was the main reason he went there. So my planned reunion with my family had to wait a while; everyone was going away save for daddy and me.

I spent the day with mum; she was travelling the following morning, so I helped with packing and in her uncanny way, mum looked me over.

'When I get back in a week's time, I want to see the boy.' She said, back turned to me.

I continued packing pretending I didn't know she was addressing me.

She turned round. 'Young lady, did you hear me?'

Of course I heard her, but which boy would I bring home to her? The only person I could present is Dare and he has since been snagged up after I let him go. Besides, anyone who heard mum would think she was looking to meet my boyfriend, far from it. So I deflected. 'What boy ma?' I prayed I hadn't lost my innocent look.

She studied me for a while. 'I hear stories about the girls in that school of yours; please steer clear of bad company okay?'

I nodded and we complete the task at hand in silence. If she knew then I had devices on her husband, I am sure I would not have made it out of the room alive, but I did. That night we had dinner together as a family, just the three of us, Abdul – the driver had been told to come pick mum as early as 6a.m. the next day. After dinner, I did the chores and went to bed.

The following day mum left. Dad, though he didn't really need to went to work and I was left by myself at home. At first I thought the cinemas might be a good distraction until I found the new adventure games Jide had bought. Of the lot, I picked 'God Of War III' and that was my companion the whole day. Dad called during the day that he might be a while getting home. He was going to hang with the big boys. That was when it first occurred to me that I would be alone with daddy in the house. Daddy and I all alone...

It is said, 'an idle hand is the devil's workshop' I swear, the game I was playing was too interactive for the devil to use my hands. But as I thought about the idea after I paused the game, it made sense. I went into my room to check if I had some of the pills from school left, I did, I smiled. No matter, this would be the night. I put my plan in motion...

Moradeke #2

Daddy got home fairly early; I think it was because of me. The time was ten thirty and he was mildly drunk. Seeing me with the video game, he shook his head, 'I thought you'd be asleep.'

'I was waiting for you,' I replied.

'Keeping tabs on me eh? Did your mother put you up to this?' He was already switching the channel to CNN.

If anything, my parents trusted themselves. I had never heard of any case of infidelity between the two, so for daddy to ask that question I knew he was just playing with me. I smiled.

'Since you are here, please help me bring wine from the kitchen. And don't forget to bring a glass too.' He called after me as I left.

When I got into the kitchen, the wine was there all right, chilled and waiting to be consumed. I stood there contemplating on whether or not to follow through with my plan. I was there a while because he called out from the living room. 'On my way,' I answered and dropped two pills in the bottle.

I met him focused on the news on CNN. I shook the bottle well, and poured him a generous drink. He didn't look my way once. And why should he? I am his daughter and he is a good father, too good. I wanted to make him my lover. I left the sitting room, feigning tiredness.

'I'll see you in the morning,' he said sweetly. If only he knew, he would not touch the drink. But he didn't, and whilst on the stairs I watched him carry the glass and empty its content into his mouth, bingo!

I went into my room, and showered lazily. Earlier in the day, I had picked out the perfect lingerie and panties. Victoria's secret is not hidden wala, the lacy pant revealed almost everything. And the lingerie? Let's just say very few men would have the power to resist.

I looked at my wall clock, twenty minutes had passed since he took the first gulp, it normally took five minutes for the pills to take effect on my school mates, but I realised that my father did not have the same metabolism as them, hence the time wasting. I started out of my room. This was the tricky part.

He was having trouble sitting still; as though something was not right with him. I went into the kitchen not minding him and I took out a glass. Counting slowly to ten, I exhaled deeply and dropped it. Its report jolted dad and he was in the kitchen within seconds.

Y'all know that kitchens have bright lights I hope? You didn't?

'What happened here...' his voice trailed off as he looked upon his stark naked daughter.

He could not tear his gaze away from my boobs. Slowly, his eyes roved all over me and he saw everything. Victoria's secret ba? I laugh.

The drug had taken effect; daddy was looking at me like no father should ever look at his daughter. He slowly walked into the kitchen, put his arm around me and led me away from the broken glass.

His hands failed to stay on my shoulders as it dropped off. For a second, I was afraid he was onto me, then, his hand landed on my waist. Ah! What was that song title again? Your waist? Oh well...

'I'm sorry sir I'll clean...' I turn around apologetic, my innocent face activated. Daddy would have none of it. It was too much; he grabbed me and carried me to the sofa. I didn't realise my father was that strong, he threw me down and there, under the influence of my drugs and with my permission, my father desecrated me.

That night, I learned two lessons, one: daddy was an insatiable lover - I understood where I got my mojo from - and two; he was a fiercely loyal husband who hadn't cheated on his wife prior to me. How did I know?

After almost two hours and the effects of the drug waning, his brain began to assert itself and he looked me in the eye and said to me: 'Tinuke grab the wine, let's make a toast before sleeping.'

It made sense then, all those times he asked mum to raise her glass and toast something, it was something they shared. My parents had a strong bond, and I had just weakened it. I left him there in the living room and went to my room weeping. I felt like a cheap whore that I was, and decided that having stoked the fire, I could sleep with the warmth it gave. It was a delusion of grandeur, and some dark gods were having a laugh at my expense.

Moradeke #3

I seduced him two more nights in a row, I'm sure you do not want all the juicy details as you are not as perverted as me, right? Well, maybe you were hoping for a little Victoria secret, well there's none. Let's just say for three consecutive nights, I had the bliss of knowing my father as a lover. There, that wasn't all that bad eh?

The second night, I used the trusty drugs, but for the third, I was sure somewhere in his mind, he knew about us, so I just sat there naked, waiting for him to come home to me.

He did. He went straight up the stairs and whilst I was berating myself for not having supernatural powers, he called out to me.

'Deke, come here.' Then as an afterthought, he added, 'I'm in the guestroom.'

My heart leaped for joy. We had done it on the sofa on the two previous nights. Now, I was sure daddy wanted a bed. Since he couldn't desecrate his matrimonial bed like he has done me, the guestroom could serve as a perfect place to carry out our ungodly act. If our next guest(s) had nightmares, who cared?

He was sitting on the bed, in his boxers when I got into the room.

'Close the door behind you,' he said and I wondered if anyone else was going to hear what he was about saying, we were the only ones in the house duh!

I did as he asked and he started right off.

'Have you no shame? I am your father. How could you do this?'

Of course I was at a loss for words, totally confused at what daddy was implying. I mean, I was wearing that demonic lingerie again with nothing underneath; I couldn't bother with Victoria so I stood there innocently perturbed.

'Are you going to say something?' I could see he was angry.

I studied the surrounding; he was in his boxer shorts which meant he was ready and willing to get it on, all that talk, and bravado. I became defiant as I declared solemnly. 'I love you daddy.'

His jaw hit the floor. I wasn't sure he would recover in time to pick it up. He just kept staring at me and I stood there wondering what was going on in his mind. I shifted from foot to foot and waited.

'You cannot make such declarations you hear me? It's bad enough we have already spent two nights together, but this is not right. Please 'Deke, you are my daughter, what would the world say about me, and you? Don't you want to get married?'

'I love you daddy. It's all that matters to me now.' My chest was beating fast, if with his lucid mind, and daddy called it off, then, all my groundwork would have been in vain. Not that I would hold it against him or anything.

I stood there and he sat still on the bed. Minutes passed, both of us lost in our thoughts, or was it a mind game we played? I can't bother with that now, I just knew I was not ready to capitulate, I wanted that night.

You can always depend on a man's tool in moments like that, where you are having a stand-off with a lover, his bulge and eyes are the two things you need to focus on. His mouth and whatever words were coming out, they don't mean a thing.

So we waited. Then, unconsciously, he patted the space beside him. Of course, y'all are grownups; I don't have to tell you what that means.

I stood still, if we were doing this, I needed to hear him say it.

'Come here, sit with me.' He patted the spot again.

I didn't need much prodding after that.

'No one can know, no matter what! You do not call asking me to come out to your school; you don't make outrageous demands on me. We will find the time and place, is that okay by you?'

He was oozing warmth and desire, I wanted to jump on him, and get it on, but first I had to know. 'Does this mean we are lovers? Not just adults scurrying about trying to take off each other's clothes?'

He nodded, 'yes.'

'Good, then you will get home on time and allow me make dinner for you, then, we can come here okay?'

He agreed and needless to say, if I thought the first two nights were steamy, I found that nothing compared to the third. It was divine!

The fourth day I went about my house chores like I couldn't care less, Jide had called to say he would be extending his trip to sometime in the next week, mum wasn't due for another three days so all was well in 'Deke land. I had my man and he had finally acknowledged me. So I

prepared a lavish dish for dinner and made plans on just how things would go, I forgot one small detail.

That night, whilst waiting for daddy to get home to his surprise meal and meal (winks)... I distracted myself with the video game; I still hadn't completed the 'God of War III' story. At about eight p.m. the door opened and my heart leapt, I was about throwing down the game controller when he called out.

'Deke, I'm home!' Tomiwa had cut short his visit, oh oh!

Moradeke #4

I was a junkie. I was hooked to daddy, I wanted more of him after each encounter (er, there's no pun there) and I made sure he knew. On his part, he made concessions, compromised like I had never seen him do and we carried on for a year. Oh, what a glorious year that was, then it began.

My friend Funmi's mum was celebrating her fiftieth and I was invited to the thanksgiving service. In hindsight, maybe I shouldn't have gone, see, Funmi's mum attended Cele, and though I got to the church around one p.m. the service was still on.

I sat outside of course (can't be taking off my shoes and doing all that... no offence to members of the church) under the tent chatting with friends from school and other acquaintances I made there. That was when it happened.

She was gyrating like a chicken that had lost its head. I watched with disdain as she made her way towards our table. Her antics captivated me so; I couldn't tear my eyes off her. Then she stopped in front of me, tapped me on the shoulder and turned round to leave. I sat still whilst the people around advised me that I was supposed to follow the prophetess inside the church to hear the message from God, obviously, she was in a trance and could hear God directly. I laughed at them. That one can hear God? Abegi!

I was fixing to leave when she came back again. She stood in front of me and our eyes locked. No way was I capitulating to a deluded woman who thought she could see God. That contest lasted less than a minute and she realized she was no match for me, so she used tact.

'You are being stubborn, instead of coming to privately hear what the spirits have for you...' she was glaring. Didn't I say she couldn't hear or see God? 'Spirits' what spirits exactly I wondered. I was lost in the train of thought when she completed, '... I will deliver the message right here.'

My eyebrow arched. 'What message? Please carry your drunken self away from here.' I had carried my bag now and was ready to push off the lady if she would not get out of my way. Needless to say, the people around were all scandalised and viewing our exchange with rapt attention. No one made any move to come between us.

She stepped off ever so slightly. 'Listen good,' she called after me. 'You have a special relation with your father that you need to end. Then you will need to confess to the other parties involved – your mother and brothers. If they forgive you, then your life may still head in the way the creator desired, otherwise, not only will you bring untold hardship to your family, your end will be most grievous. There, I have said what the spirits asked me to say to you.'

I was fuming now, I turned round enraged, I was going to kill the lousy prophetess. The people around saw the look in my eyes and stepped between us. 'If your father doesn't love you, how is

that my business? Stop trying to project your woes onto other people by claiming to be a prophet. I have a wonderful family and my father loves all his kids the same.' Having said my piece, I disentangled myself from the people holding me, turned round and left. I did not care one bit how that incident would affect my relationship with Funmi.

The onslaught didn't end there. A week later, I was strolling to my car after shopping. The man who had been preaching there by the roadside suddenly stopped his message. 'There's a young lady passing by now who can hear my voice. You are sleeping with your father; the Lord says you should stop this atrocious act, repent and confess to members of your family. Their decision whether or not to forgive will determine how long your walk to redemption will take. I say again, desist!' then he went back to his original message.

All through the drive home, I kept thinking. The same message from two different people in the course of a week directed at me. Maybe if I get the same message once more within the next week, then I may start considering seriously the implications the message carried. Meanwhile, my phone was ringing; daddy had gotten to our rendezvous and was getting antsy that I was late. Time to go give the piper his due...

Moradeke – Conclusion

Like I said, my story started well, I have a very good family, the best in the world. And for selfish amorous reasons, I tore it all apart. Yes my family is torn now and it's all on me. I had a swell time with daddy at our rendezvous after the preacher's warning, and drove home. Daddy came home later. My mother not suspecting anything, had made dinner and prepared the table. That night, we all ate dinner – as a family – oblivious of the storm that was headed our way. If only I had opened my mouth and fessed up right there, blown open the can that I had kept closed all along, maybe. But then again maybe the knowledge would have destroyed us faster, who knows?

I can't say how it happened exactly, but daddy started having loads of troubles. It seemed everyone was out to get him – the banks wanted to recoup their money, business partners wanted nothing to do with him, even dubious EFCC and the Police were on his case haba! Apparently, he had done a deal that went sour, actually it sank – the vessel he had invested so much in. Unfortunately, he had been warned severally not to invest in the venture, he took the risk and as karma would have it, he lost. That was the reason for his troubles, I convinced myself.

I finally told mum about my illicit affair with her husband. She took it in stride and informed me that her husband – my father – had already called a closed door meeting with all the members of the family excluding me and confessed his wayward ways. Of course Jide took a job in the UK and was out of the country before you could blink. Tomiwa followed Jide and where he went, I don't know. It made sense then, why my brothers had avoided me and left the country unceremoniously.

Then mum smiled and informed me that to crown dad's troubles, he had a medical condition. No, it wasn't a sexually transmitted disease; daddy had a disease whose name I didn't get as everything became a blur when I heard he was dying. My eyes stung as tears filled my eyes.

Mum smiled, 'I'll take care of my husband, nurse him the best way I can, but know this; though you are welcome to stay in our house, you have ceased to be my daughter. I only have two sons and they are doing well where they are.' Her smile was icy and I realized that it was over between us, I had crossed the line and though she had found it in her heart to forgive us both, she would have none of me. Her husband she had a 'till death do us part' contract with, so she stayed.

That was months ago, I finally moved out of the house as daddy's case worsened; he even would have nothing to do with me. I have a good job now, having graduated with good grades and a strong network. I long for family to be the way it used to be, stand with daddy as he battled death. What I have instead is loneliness. I cannot remember the last time I felt heat from a man's body warm me, it has been over a year and every day that passes creates a new

record. I'm constantly in fear of the words of the prophetess. I practically spend my all my money now buying gifts for men of God imploring them to pray with me. I know it's coming for me, but when karma gets finally finds me, I want it sufficiently placated.

'Your end will be most grievous...' the words of the prophetess are the first and last words in my head daily.