

A story of healing, joy and hope...

ENIOLA

HEPHZIBAH FRANCES

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CONTENT

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

The scars

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Healing

Chapter 7

Chapter 8

Restoration

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

THE BEGINNING...

Chapter 1

"Eniola, where are you going to?"

Eniola looked back and saw Sam. Sam had been her long time lover for a while. They were both secondary school students at the Ama Grammar School Ote-edo and she loved Sam with everything in her.

"Come to my house and let's talk awhile".

Eniola smiled. Spending the time at Sam's place after school wasn't a strange occurrence but what was this foreboding she felt in her heart?, she thought.

"Not today Sam, maybe tomorrow".

Sam looked at her and cocked his head in that special way she liked.

"No nah Eniola. I miss you bad. I couldn't even sleep last night. I thought we would have time to talk today but classes were just back to back. Pleeese". He added a smile and the pleading eyes for extra effect.

Eniola stood for a moment, still disturbed by the strange feeling in her heart. Her heart was beating wildly and she didn't even understand why. Was it from passion or from fear?

But this wasn't the first time she would be getting an invite from Sam to come to his house and she loved him. She truly did.

She stood for a moment.

"Okay Sam".

They walked along the path to Sam's house and it was strange but even the birds on the pathway were not chirping loudly as usual.

"Sam what's today in Umauhia's calendar?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"It would seem that the weather is kind of dull today and I wonder why".

Sometimes the day in Umauhia's calendar had been known to affect the mood of the day.

They got to Sam's house and the place was empty.

"My mom went to buy food stuff from Agu village", Sam explained. "She will be back soon and Papa went to Anu to tap some palm-wine. He won't be back till tomorrow".

Palm wine tappers had been known to stay days in the interior villages trying to make the most of their trips.

"Nne come and sit here beside me". Sam tapped the spot by his bed and Eniola willingly went.

For a moment he stroked her hair lovingly and whispered love wordings to her.

"I can't wait to marry you..."

Eniola looked up at him and the kiss began. Long and soft..tasty and true.

But as Eniola made to pull away, Sam stopped her.

"Ah but Eniola why nah. I have missed you"

"Okay, just a little more.."

Eniola continued for a moment but kept feeling increasingly like this would get out of control so she pulled away again.

All of a sudden she heard a loud piercing whistle in the air and 3 strong senior boys appeared in Sam's room.

She looked at Sam not comprehending what was happening.

"What are they doing here?"

Sam merely smiled.

He had wanted Eniola for a long time but she hadn't made it easy.

He had told the boys that if she refused today they should come in and open the way so he could have the sweet free entrance after that.

One of the boys silently came around and tied Eniola's mouth. Her hands were bound too and her skirt pulled

down gently. When he got to her panties he tore them off roughly.

She looked to Sam again in her tears and silent screams and he smiled.

As the first boy tore into her, she heard Sam say "I love you..."

Somewhere in Okrika Town the owls were hooting. And with the hooting of the owls, Gloria knew it was a signal for her dad to open her door and come in.

He had been doing so for the past three weeks.

At first Gloria thought it was to pray with her and wish her goodnight like he always did. But for the first time three weeks ago he had slipped his fingers beneath her panties. It hurt but it was also sweet. She liked it and she hated it.

For a week after that he had done the same thing and the second week he brought the pomade mommy bought to rub on her down there. He said it would make their games easy.

But this week he had proceeded to showing her his own game machine. Daddy said she had her game machine and he had his and when the two came together they would make the ultimate game noise she had never heard before.

Mommy had traveled to see her sister last night and now the owls were hooting. The clock said 12am and she knew that daddy would soon come.

The door creaked and Gloria was scared.

She tried to burrow deeper into her covers but she was 13. Far too big to be able to hide under the bed like she used to do.

"Hey baby...", she heard her dad croon.

"Ready for me tonight? Tonight is when we make the ultimate game noise..."

Daddy smiled but it wasn't a full smile any longer.

She wondered if he really loved her and she asked: "daddy do you love me?"

Daddy smiled and said, "Of course, that is why I am playing

this game with only you".

Daddy rubbed vaseline on her bom-bom and under there and rubbed vaseline on his machine tool too. When he took her hand and placed it on his machine tool, she saw smiles on his face and she thought "maybe daddy really does love me".

But when daddy laid her down and rubbed his machine tool against hers, she wondered how the scream that came from her could be the ultimate machine noise.

No one heard her.

No one came.

Daddy finished, smiled at her and said, "I love you baby".

Somewhere in Imo State, a girl named Lyna was scared. Her uncle had taken to touching her inappropriately and every time he did, he would call it their special game.

The other day Nnamdi had also come visiting and after he and uncle watched a movie with her in the room, they placed her on their laps and Nnamdi had used his fingers to touch her backside. But he didn't just touch her, he licked her bom-bom too, the way she had seen his tongue lick mama's bitter-leaf soup.

The licking tasted sweet but Lyna was scared. She had heard mama's priest talk about hell fire before and she wondered if this was part of what would make one go to hell fire. Uncle and Nnamdi didn't seem scared and any time they called her into the room she pretended that she wasn't scared too.

The only person she could talk to was NdidAmaka.

She recalled their conversation from yesterday after school.

"NdidAmaka, Nnamdi licked my bom-bom again oh."

Ndidi squealed, "Was it sweet?"

Lyna tilted her head for a bit and replied "It's always sweet but I still fear hell fire".

"But I have told you that your priest was lying nah. There is

no hell fire..if it was sweet, then continue".

NdidiAmaka and Lyna were both J.S. S. 3 students in Onwuchi Grammar School Imo State.

When Lyna was looking for someone to tell about what Uncle and Nnamdi was doing to her, she had told NdidiAmaka but to her surprise Ndidi wasn't surprised.

Ndidi said her father's brother Chinedu and her had started touching since when she was in J.S. S. 1.

She had simply replied "It's sweet Lyna. Continue".

Lyna thought she could continue but sometimes like now, her heart would beat so fast as she waited for the door to creak as Nnamdi or uncle or both of them came to call her from her room.

Mama always travelled to Nkwucha to buy things to stock up her shop and she travelled every four days. The night she travelled was her and Uncle's night.

Tonight uncle had said that she was ripe.

For what she wondered?

She sat on the bed waiting as she heard footsteps draw near.

She was scared but she wouldn't show it.

She looked up as the door opened. Uncle was standing there with a huge grin on his face.

"Lyna baby, tonight is our night"

She looked up him pleadingly. Uncle was a big man. She had thought of screaming many times but she couldn't. She had never known anyone who could beat uncle.

"Ready for me baby?"

He untied her wrapper and turned her over on his legs, then he proceeded to open her legs and use his tongue to lick her as Nnamdi did.

Lyna thought of what Ndidi said. It was sweet she nor go lie.

Suddenly uncle put his finger there and she shivered.

"Come on baby... don't worry".

Uncle continued massaging her and lay her face-down on the bed.

She closed her eyes... waiting. All of a sudden she felt

something hot close to her bom-bom. She wanted to turn but she couldn't. Uncle held her head down.

The next scream she heard came from her own throat even as uncle grunted "there's my baby. There's my baby. There is my baby.... you are ripe. You are indeed ripe".

The next morning when mama came back home, she was limping.

Mama squinted her eyes and looked at her upclose, "Lyna bia. What happened to you?"

She thought of telling mama the truth but uncle was so big. She was scared that he would no doubt beat both her and mama together if she said anything.

She sighed and swallowed the tears in her heart.

NdidiAmaka had said it was sweet but yesterday night she had seen blood and uncle had not let her go till she felt something hot run down her legs.

She sighed again in her heart as she replied "nothing mama.

I fell from the mango tree at school while trying to pluck some mango".

"Okay oh Lyna. Come and follow me to arrange the shop"

As mama turned the corner to go into the kitchen, Lyna died a thousand deaths in her heart.

Frances looked at her mom as she walked away. She had come to tell her that she and her dad were finally divorced. She cried.

"Frances, Mama Obus is calling you".

She looked up and saw Oke her friend.

"Okay".

Mama Obus was sitting outside her house washing clothes when she saw her.

"Good afternoon ma"

"Good afternoon Frances. What's happening? Why were you crying?"

At mama Obus' question, Frances started to cry again.

"It's my mommy..."

"What happened to your mommy?"

Frances felt as though she would faint from the pain. Her tears flowed deeper from a place she didn't understand.

Her voice bumped from her hiccups.

"She said that my daddy threw her out of the house..."

Mama Obus looked at Frances in sorrow. She was also taking care of her children all alone.

She gathered Frances in her arms, wiped her tears and said the only thing she could say to her, "Be strong ehn. Be strong".

ABOUT ENIOLA

You just read the first chapter sneak-peek of “Eniola”.

The fiction story 'Eniola' came to me as a work originally intended for the “Gtbank Dusty Manuscript contest” but I didn't meet the deadline. Months later and the vision grew bigger to include my work with girls in secondary schools based on my NGO [“Awakening Youthful Seeds For Christ Initiative”](#).

The bigger vision is to have the book available for teenage girls in secondary schools (we will begin from Lagos) in a conference where older women who have been abused will share their stories of healing. I currently have three speakers lined up in my head for this; and all copies of 'Eniola’ are meant to go out for free.

One of my hurts is feeling the pain of abused young girls. Its a pain I carry deep on the inside of me. Many older women

too are damaged, too damaged to speak out of the shame and hurt that has trailed them for yeas. This – healing for both the old and young is why 'Eniola" exists.

If you would love to be a part of this project, we do need support and funds or grants. Please email awakeningyouthfulseeds@gmail.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Hephzibah Frances is a child of God and the Lord’s delight. She has a background professionally as a Lawyer. She is an author and Christian Blogger.

As a Social Entrepreneur, she is the founder of Awakening Youthful Seeds For Christ initiative (AYSCNIGERIA - www.ayscnigeria.org)

She is also the founder of “The Women At The Well Ministries” a

Christian ladies ministry based in Nigeria, passionate about raising women filled with Jesus.

She is the owner of “Beautiful Feet Publishing” (@beautifulfeetpublishing, Email: beautifulfeetpublishing@gmail.com) a publishing house that exists to help aspiring authors’ birth their books to life.

She believes that she is a scribe for the Lord and her writing gift is meant to be used for Jesus.

She enjoys travelling and sight-seeing adventures and hopes to travel the world in an all expense paid trip someday.

If you are a woman passionate about growing in Jesus, feel free to join "The Women At The Well" at www.4thewomenatthewell.com

Visit Hephzibah’s website at www.hephzibahfrances.com

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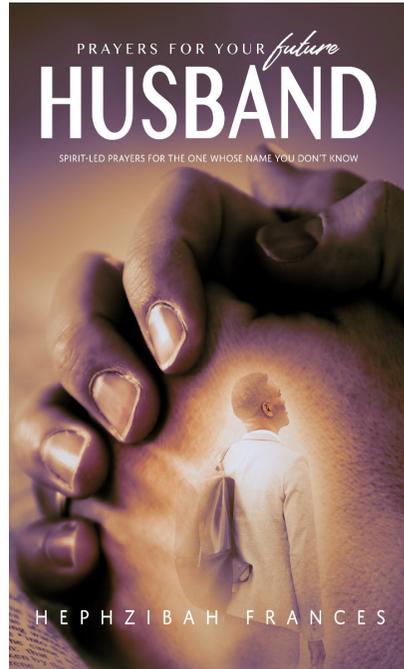
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