

Prologue

Road to Abattoir, Outskirts of Abuja. 2024

On a random Tuesday afternoon on the outskirts of Abuja, there is a completely paved private road that supposedly leads to nowhere and which does not exist on any map whatsoever available in Nigeria or the wider world, a three car SUV convoy, all blacked out with hidden plates, tinted glasses and flashing red and blue lights drives at a leisurely pace to a predestined location.

Inside the SUV in the middle of the convoy three people were having a seemingly harmless conversation about nothing but generic talk; a nervous atmosphere had been brewing since they left the capital an hour ago.

On the right hand side of the back seat a healthy north western looking skinny old man with sleek glasses dressed in a starched blue kaftan with a small pin of the Nigerian map on his left chest and a dark blue hula suddenly asked

"Ade how long ago were you detached from duty in the special forces?"

In the back left hand side of the SUV, An elegant dark-skinned beautiful Yoruba young lady dressed in a traditional floral black and yellow abaya, with her hair covered in black scarf and her shoulders draped with a black shawl who was looking at her phone playing sudoku and not engaging in the conversation suddenly looked sideways.

Ade dressed in a black suit, white shirt and blue tie with black glasses on while driving responded

"Four years ago sir"

"Oh that's very interesting" the wizened old man said.

The lady knowing her mentor well, she knew he always had an agenda, after all surviving over 40 years in the top echelons of the Nigerian secret service is no joke.

"Why do you ask sir?" She said

The old man gave a long sigh and breathed in.

"Adeola are you sure you are aware of what we are really trying to do at this place?"

"Yes sir, I have read the brief and the file three times sir."

The old man smiled, *"you may have read the file but I don't think that does justice on this individual. Ade have you heard of the legend called "Danger"."*

Ade suddenly looked back visibly paled. *"Eyes on the road Ade."* Adeola said.

"Sorry Ma."

Silence reigned in the car. The old man with furrowed brows, seemingly lost in his thoughts did not continue his questioning. Adeola confused by Ade's reaction couldn't help but ask.

"What is "the danger" you speak off sir?"

"Not what, who?" The old man replied.

Adeola quickly understood the old man's way of thinking asked. *"Ade who is this Danger person?"*

Ade a former squad captain in one of the most elite special forces in the country breathed in and answered while still driving impeccably. *"Danger, Ghost, Capo, Death. These are names you know immediately you spend some time on the frontlines against those terrorists. They all point to one person madam. This person"*

"Is a popular killer that's it?" Adeola suddenly interrupted.

"If only" the old man said, He looked at Adeola signaling quiet. The old man is intrigued by what Ade has to say. He knew more than anyone in the country what he was dealing with, but more information is never harmful. *"Please continue Ade"*

"Madam if it was just kills there are many who killed more than him but no one is as respected and adored ma" Ade spoke with visible emotion.

"Everyone tells the story of this man, in the army or any of the other forces everyone has heard of his deeds, becoming something like a myth, everyone either wanted to be him or afraid of him"

"You're just saying a lot of nothing Ade, please the point" Adeola couldn't stand it anymore.

"Patience Adeola" the old man whispered.

"Sorry please continue Ade" Adeola responded while frowning.

"Madam to God who made me, the things I have heard this man do cannot be explained in one sitting. If they said God gave anybody two heads I would say it is him. Basically this man tops all the records in NDA, Officers school in the army, the army special forces and the elite team while being the youngest to do it."

Madam when I mean all, I mean all! He got all A's in his WAEC, madam if this man went to university he could have been a professor of astrophysics, if he started a business he would be on Dangote levels, if he was an athlete, bolt's record may be in danger. Madam I'm not exaggerating! I still have seniors who gisted us." Ade responded, speaking with so much vim and passion. He continued.

"Madam the thing about life is perfection should be left for God and that is why I believed God called him early or so I thought." Ade said ending his speech.

"How long ago did he die?" Adeola asked.

*"I retired 4 years ago Ma, during Covid and he was supposedly killed in action three years before I joined the Special Forces. I spent five years in the Special Forces so he should be have been dead
For twelve years now."*

Complete silence again reigned in the car.

"But he only got into our custody two years ago" Adeola said looking at the old man. *"what did he do for ten year?"*

"Adeola and Ade I can trust you but a third person should not know what I am about to say" the old man responded before taking a deep breath.

"What you guys do not know is that this man was the most wanted man in Nigeria on the unofficial channels for more than 8 years, he was more wanted than even shekau. What was his offense? No one knew in the early days. Until prominent big men started dying by unknown circumstances and we always found a whot card with the number 14 on it."

I am talking Generals, Senators, Governors, CEO's, ministers, chief of staff's, parastatal heads; you know what I'm talking about right? Big men who take exceptional care of their health and all these happened before, during the Covid period and just before the election period. You guys recall?"

"Yes sir" Adeola said

The old man who isn't a person that generally speaks a lot seemed like a talkative today.

"What you also don't know is that he is extremely meticulous and when focused on a goal he would achieve it, plus he is very rich, he bet early on Bitcoin and has other investments, but we didn't find out until some people who are now dead threatened to kill his ex-wife if he didn't speak. Bless their souls really" The old man breathed in said.

"This the type of man we are, sorry you are trying to rope in Adeola, so be careful"

Adeola looking a bit pale breathed in and said *"I know sir, it can be done sir. After all, my years of study can't be a waste."*

"Ofcourse I trust you, you just have to convince him that we can give him what he wants" replied the by the old man.

"And what is that sir?" Adeola asked.

"Our main goal, Anarchy". The old man whispered.

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The convoy reached their destination at the end of the long private road with a very long security fence that seemed to stretch a long distance on both sides of the road which had watchtowers at the midpoint and corners which housed men in all black uniforms and holding sniper rifles greeted them.

The gate house was heavily secured but open, letting the convoy pass through seamlessly. On entering the compound, the road continued to a large fortress like building surrounded by low cut grass and large flood lights; everyone seeing this place would guess this place is some kind of maximum prison keeping the worst criminals in the country here.

Everywhere you look in this place seemed to be crawling with uniformed and armed men in all black going on patrols or standing guard at a point or door. The convoy reached the main entrance to this fortress and three people were waiting for it. Secret service agents in suit and tie came out of two of the SUV's and surrounded the Middle one. Ade came out of the driver's seat and opened the door for the old man and Adeola.

"Toafik how are my prisoners, I hope they are not enjoying life?" The old man said to the lead man who came to greet him. Toafik dressed in the same black uniform as the others in the compound but with a noticeable star on his shoulders and a pistol on his hip saluted and responded *"Sir these terrorists would never be allowed peace as far as God and you keep me in this position."*

"Good man!" The old spymaster responded. *"Is the person I want to see ready to be seen?"* He asked.

"Yes sir, this way please." Toafik responded and lead the way indoors.

Toafik lead the group through several gates, check points and finally into a room with seats refreshments and a two way glass mirror. The group entered and immediately went to the glass to have a look at the myth.

"Mr Toafik why is he in a straitjacket?" Adeola who hasn't said a word suddenly asked.

"Madam this man is the most dangerous man I have ever come across, and that is saying something because this place is full of terrorists who have no regard for human life. I'm not exaggerating he has killed a security guard that was taunting him with a spoon. Anytime he leaves his cell we beg him to wear it."

"Did you just say beg?" Adeola asked.

"Yes madam, no one wants his problem, in two years every promise he has made has come through. Everyone he promised harm to, has been harmed. Nobody here wants to deal with him ma, myself included." Taofik responded.

"Alright that enough, Deola are you ready? We don't have all day." the old man interjected.

"Yes sir" Adeola responded after taking a drink from the bottled water.

"Toafik all cameras off and only you may stay." The old man said and turned to Adeola, *"it's your show now, get him for the future of our country."* Then he sat down while Ade made some coffee for him.

Adeola with a lot going in her mind entered the adjacent room and looked at the individual named danger. He was a dark-skinned muscular man who did not have any piece of fat on his body, he also looked tall even though he was seated, had an uncombed Afro and a full beard, and dressed in all brown prisoner uniform and a white straitjacket. He looked up when the door opened, some confusion on his face before he smiled and then looked at the two way mirror and said with a deep and powerful voice *"Took you long enough"*.

"Sorry?" Adeola said while taking a seat on the opposite side of the table.

"Never mind" he responded while maintaining eye contact with Adeola and a smile still plastered on his face.

"Why are you smiling? What's so great about your life right now?" Adeola responded hating his smug look.

He didn't respond this time, but the smile remained on his face.

"I can't possibly imagine why you are so smug Jaja; you are thirty seven years old, locked up in the most secure prison in this country. You're rich but your wealth would end up never being used, because you are stuck here for the rest of your life, you have no living family, an ex-wife who thinks you are dead and has moved on and most of all, your main enemy is still alive and well ruling this country, If I was you I would hate my life." Adeola said while maintaining eye contact also.

Jaja while still smiling said *"That just means you are mentally weak smallie, and to answer your question, it is because you're here, that means things are about to change, and besides I'm on holiday, I could leave if I wanted"*.

"I'm sorry to burst your bubble but you think too highly of yourself" Adeola responded. *"But you are partly correct, things could change, you could leave here, get a new identity, and continue your life"*

"Let me guess, If I work for you? Not interested" Jaja interrupted while still smiling, he looked at the mirror, stood up and said *"Taofik I am leaving, open the door"*.

"Why?" Adeola asked.

"I am not anybodies dog, that part of me died approximately twelve years ago when my brothers were killed, you should know about that right?" Jaja responded while standing and staring at the Mirror.

"What if I can give you what you want?" Adeola said.

"Oh this is getting more interesting" Jaja said while standing. *"What do you think I want? Or did the old man in the other room tell you to say that?"*

"You know what don't answer that; let me tell you what I want. If you can give me that, I am open to working with you and the old man, please note the key phrase" Jaja said while sitting down. He looked at the mirror and said *"are you not coming in?"*

The door opened and Ade came in with a chair, he set it beside Adeola, while the old man in blue kaftan followed and sat on the chair.

"Mr Dss, does your boss know you are here?" Jaja said while smiling, he also looked at Ade and nodded *"Former military? Hope you were not betrayed?"*

Ade responded to his greeting with a nod and said *"No sir"*

"Alright Jaja I am here, speak! What do you want?" The old man said.

"Old man we want the same thing, stop pretending! You know who has caused all my pain. I want death to the mastermind behind the terrorists, I want death to the person behind the rampant drug use in this country, I want death to the undisputed leader of corruption. I want death to the political mastermind who has constantly supported and installed people who just want to steal and not make my motherland great." Jaja breathed in and continued while getting heated.

"Old man I want death to the person who ordered the death of my team, because we found out who he is. I want 001 Dead! Can you and your cabal give me that? No! that's the answer. You need someone like me that's why you kept me alive two years ago against orders. I know you lied, he thinks I am dead, so set me free and I would give you what both of us want. Give me my freedom, stay out of my way and he will die so you and your cabal can continue playing God. I only want my vengeance there is nothing you or the lady beside you can give, I would get it in this life surely." Jaja paused then said,

"So tell me Mr Dss, are you willing to let Chaos reign?"