

THE EXTENDED EPILOGUE

TITLES BY CAMAA PEARL

Lagos Lovin'
Gaga Crazy (Zoya & Manir)
Bottom Belle (Chiluba & George)
Goody Bag (Zena & Lekan)

Standalones
Call Me Jemila (Jemila & Jidenna)
Escape (Lola & Onahi)
**Nine Hours Till Five (Funmi)

All of Me
*Every Move I Make (Summer 2023)

Flawed Perfections
** First Impressions
** Crossroads
** Romantic Illusions

** - Dates are susceptible to change*
*** - writing as Margaret Adetimehin*

PRAISE FOR CAMAA PEARL'S BOOKS



"Get Ready for a roller coaster ride of emotions!"
Maggie Smart, Author of Beyond Now

"…flaws and all, I need a Manir in my life."
L. Leigh, Bestselling Author of The Lekki Club

"Read it in one sitting."
Glory Abah, Author and Creative Writing Coach



"Love this story a lot."
Grace Omojola, Goodreads Reviewer

"Just one word: mind-blowing."
Ejuh Rejoice, Bambooks Reader

"Splendid!"
Temitope Adeniran, Book Critic & Goodreads Reviewer



"Jemila and Jidenna's story will get you on different emotional stages."
Aderonke Olubanjo-Adestosoye, Bambooks Reader

"I loved it a 100% and will definitely recommend."

Aminat Sanni-Kamal, Author of The Smith Women Series

"Jemila and Jidenna's story is that of a love that is enduring. So happy that they were able to work out their differences by giving love a chance."
Yetunde Ebosele, Goodreads Reviewer

Escape

"A breath of fresh air."

Stanley Umezulike, Author of Ties That Bind

"An awesome read."
Youcee Anaekwe, Goodreads Reviewer

"This book got me out of my reading slump."
BooksXwine, Book Reviewer & Bookstagrammer

HELP!

Have you read any of my books? Please drop a review on all platforms (My Website, Goodreads, Amazon, blogs, Instagram, Tiktok, Twitter, Facebook, YouTube, etc) let other readers know what you think.

Thank you!

Stalk me on social media

Blog
Instagram
TikTok
Twitter
Website
YouTube

Join my Camaraderie

Get intimate details, chat with other camaraderie & book lovers, and… read my books before others, for free!

Telegram
Newsletter

Copyright
Published Irinajo House
irinajohouse.com

Goody Bag Extended Epilogue © 2023 by Camaa Pearl
The right of Camaa Pearl to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with the copyright laws.

All rights reserved. No part of this ebook may be used or reproduced or transmitted in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the copyright holder, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, organizations, places, events, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

For more information, kindly visit irinajohouse.com

First Edition: June 2023

To you, for cheering me on this journey. I whipped this together and didn't get my editor to sign off on it 😊
I hope you love it.

BEFORE YOU READ

If you haven't read Goody Bag, the main book of how Zena and Lekan rekindled their love, this extended epilogue might not make much sense to you. It might make sense… but it's going to be more fun if you've read Goody Bag.

So if you want to read the book that started tells their love story, click on this link **HERE** and have a go!

If you have read Goody Bag, please take a break to drop a review **HERE** and other platforms of your choice.

And now, I present to you, Zena and Lekan's Extended Epilogue!



EXTENDED EPILOGUE

ASSET

Zena

"Hello?"

I look over my shoulder to confirm who owns the voice. Through the white picket fence of my client's garden, I see that it's a random lady in her early fifties—I'm presuming. She smiles and I return the gesture. *Why isn't she moving along?* I pull out my earpiece to respond. "Hello…"

Her smile widens to a conspiratorial grin. "I'm sorry to interrupt."

Shrugging, I get up, taking off my gardening gloves. Inwardly sighing as fresh air kisses my sweltering fingers. "It's no problem. How can I help?"

"I knew Claudie wasn't working up this garden herself." Although she sounds flustered, she's still holding her smile.

"She could have but… I do a better job."

We both chuckle.

Lekan is rubbing off on me.

Following her admiring gaze, I look around the gardening project I've been working on in the last two days. Today's the last day of turning the garden around and I'll be back in two weeks to check the progress.

“Not to sound spooky, but I’ve been observing how you garden, and I must say, you do a terrific job.”

“Thank you.” If she is this chatty about my gardening skills, perhaps she might have friends that need my services. “I worked on,” I point to where the house sits on the street, “23578.”

“You did?” her eyes go round.

It’s my favorite project so far. The owner’s budget was open, so I enjoyed trying out new and amazing stuff on his turf.

She presses her lips together, the lines of her face stretching with the endearing act. “You’ve got magic fingers. I live down the street, about three blocks away and I was wondering… any chance I can get on your calendar? How do I book your service?”

“She has a website,” Lekan’s voice takes us by surprise because we both whip our head around to find him standing under the warm spring sun, a tall mug in hand.

“Hi…” the lady says.

“Hello,” Lekan smiles, and it causes my insides to tingle. “I live over there.” He points to the building with the numbers 23578.

After all these time spent together, his smile and voice still has that effect on me. Will it ever stop?

My classes used to hold Monday through Wednesday and I spent the remainder of my week at his place. At first, I didn’t want to visit regularly, but then he got me addicted to his presence and also enticed me to convert his smooth lawn into a garden. With no budget. How could I miss that opportunity?

“You know something funny? Every time I drive by, I see something blooming in your front yard but never see anyone at work. And then my surprise when I pass by Claudie’s to find a fairy at work.”

A fairy? Okay… that’s a new one.

Lekan laughs, asking me if I want her to know more and I share more information about my business and that I just graduated from school, studying landscaping and design. The lady introduces herself as Rory. She collects my information, promising to book my services before I get tied up.

“Pardon my nosiness, are you siblings? You look so much alike. Except maybe your complexion, but really, you could pass off as siblings. Oh, I’m sorry. I was assuming again.”

Lekan wraps his arm around my waist, pulling me closer. “I don’t think our parents would be proud of the things we do together if we were siblings.”

Flustered, Rory fans herself. “My, I shouldn’t have pried. But I love it. I’ll leave you two to it. Thanks for…” she hesitates, looking at anywhere but at Lekan, “beautifying our neighborhood.”

“I’m happy to,” I respond.

With that, Rory bids us farewell, hurrying away.

The laughter I’ve been holding back leaves my mouth in tiny chuckles and I lean into LK. “Why did you do her like that?”

“She wanted to know, and I was happy to educate her.” Grinning, he tweaks my nose.

“How is Yeni?” He was supposed to entertain her while I work his neighbors garden. Thanks to the work I did on his, I’ve been getting offers from neighbors. Rory is one of many.

“She’ll be fine. She sent me out here to give you this.” He lifts the cup between us.

“Oh thanks.” I accept it, lifting it up to my nose. “What’s in it?” I cringe, hoping it’s not one of Yeni’s YouTube exploits.

Lekan winks. “Cranberry juice.”

I chuckle. “I hope you’re not thinking what I’m thinking.”

He balks, acting suspicious.

“Your little sis is around. You don’t want us—”

“If you were my wife, it won’t be a problem telling her we want to go do husband and wife stuff.”

I tap his chest. “Eww.”

“Not kidding. These kids know everything they shouldn’t.”

“Still…”

“I bought that ring about two weeks ago and I’ve been racking my head on how to propose to you.”

“LK—” you’re not supposed to tell me.

“No, no. Don’t LK me. Really, let’s do this. Princess, let’s get married.”

“Says a man without a ring on a patchy garden.”

“A desperate and excited man.”

“Are you sure? I’m still trying to get settled. My business is just kicking off and—”

“I’ll survive. I just want to know that we’re doing everything right. Everything your way.”

“But I don’t care about marriage anymore.”

He leans back, raising a skeptical eyebrow as he observes me. “You’re sure about that?”

Recalling Zoya’s wedding and how emotional it made me, including the promises I made to myself—perhaps I want a wedding. An expensive intimate wedding. It could become an Ainabe family thing.

“Umm…” A wry grin twists my lips. “Maybe not so sure.”

He smirks. “I thought as much.”

“I can’t believe I’m about to become a bridezilla like Zoya.”

“Who said that?”

“Who? Nobody, I’m simply thinking out loud.”

“I don’t think I have proposed yet.”

I groan, pulling myself from his arms, wagging a finger at him. “If you’re pulling my legs…”

He grins, moving towards me like a predator. “I’m not. I don’t want to loose you again. I’ve been hinting at this since like forever, why would I want to pull your legs?”

“As payback for leaving you hanging?”

“Oh EZ. You’ve never left me hanging.” Back in his arms, he whispers in my ear. “Not when you ride me the way you do.”

I gasp, sucking air in and looking around to confirm we're alone. Thank God my client is not home so they don't have to see our PDA on their lawn.

"You know that's just because I like sex."

"With me." he affirms.

Chuckling, I lean further into him, welcoming his body's heat. *How hard would it be to leave Yeni alone with her video games while we lock ourselves in his cozy master bedroom?* "With you."

"So what do you say about marrying me? My assurance to you, that you never have to worry."

"Are you sure?"

"After all I've been through for you?"

Oh Lord… "Putting all your cards on the table, ehn?" I squint, suddenly feeling self conscious because of everything that went down. It feel like ages ago.

He winks. "I need to play dirty."

"Hmm."

He must have guessed my feeling because his next statement is, "I'm doing this for myself, thank you."

"You're so sweet."

He chuckles. "I love you EZ." Then places a kiss on my cheek. "I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Say yes, I'll plan a proposal that'll blow your mind, no one would know you've said yes already."

"You're a clown." I chuckle, nodding.

"EZ?" The tension in his voice sends sexual tremors down my spine, having me wishing I hadn't agreed to Yeni spending time with us today.

"Yes—I'm saying yes."

His eyes twinkle with mirth. "Just wanted to hear it." Then he claims my lips in an earthshattering kiss that leaves me breathless.

"Good girl." He winks, before walking away with a swagger, fist punching the air.

Thanks for reading!
Catch up on other available Lagos Lovin' Books

Goody Bag, *Zena & Lekan's story:*
bit.ly/readgoodybag

Gaga Crazy, *Zoya & Manir's story:*
bit.ly/gagacrazy

Bottom Belle, *Chiluba & George's* story:
bit.ly/bottombelle

Please drop a review on all platforms (My Website, Goodreads, Amazon, blogs, Instagram, Tiktok, Twitter, Facebook, YouTube, etc) let other readers know what you think.

Stalk me on Social Media

BLOG
INSTAGRAM
TIKTOK
TWITTER
WEBSITE
YOUTUBE

Join my camaraderie, get intimate details, chat with other camaraderie & book lovers, and… read my books before others, for free!

TELEGRAM
NEWSLETTER