

## Forbidden Love

### Episode 1

“Welcome uncle Sam!!!!” I screamed as I hugged him after opening the door. “How are you, my dear?”, he had replied. Uncle sam was one of my favourite uncles. He would bring a lot of gifts for me and my sister whenever he came for visits. He would take us out and spend time with us. Some people even started calling him our second father because of the relationship he had with us. He was my father’s only brother. He wasn’t married even though he was about twenty-six years old, but he lived a comfortable lifestyle alone in a very fine bungalow. On the other hand, I lived with my parents, my sister, Esther and the house help, Francis who we usually called Frank.

‘Where is your sister?’ Uncle Sam asked.

“She is sleeping”, I replied.

“And your parents?”, he asked further.

“They’re out”, I replied again.

“And Where is Frank?”

“Uncle Sam, it seems like you missed everyone oo, this one you’re asking about them like this?” I replied.

“Eh! Yes! yes, I did. So where is Frank?” He asked again and so I told him he went out with my parents. Immediately I said so, he smiled.

“So we are the only ones around?” He said.

“Yes and Esther”.

He moved from behind the couch where he had been standing and sat on the couch.

“Meso!!!” He called my nickname just as everyone did.

“Yes, uncle Sam”. “I’ve told you to be calling me Sam, not uncle Sam, you know I’m not as old as your Father”, he said as he winked at me.

“But uncle Sam, you know mama will slap me when she hears me say your name without adding the uncle before it,” I argued.

“Oya, call me by my name only when we are alone”, he said and I nodded in response. I asked him what he had brought for us this time. He simply gestured his hands for me to sit beside him. I skipped happily as I sat down close to him. He gave me the fancy looking bag that he had been holding and I collected it immediately. Excited to see what was inside, I removed the first item my hand was able to grasp. It was a nice looking blouse, I smiled when I saw it, but he said it was for my sister so I reached into the bag to grab something else. This time, I grabbed a blouse again, this one even fancier than the first. He said it was for my sister again. This happened for two more rounds until I spoke up. “Uncle Sam, this bag is already getting slimmer oo”, I squeezed my face, but he insisted that I kept checking so I reached for another item and this time, It didn’t feel the same as the other items I had reached for. Some parts of this item had soft spots while the other parts had a harder spot. I squeezed my face as I brought out the item. Behold it was a bra.