

Forbidden Love. Episode 19&20

Forbidden Love
Episode 19 & 20
Two years later

After the death of Mesonma's parents, their relatives came to a conclusion on who would be responsible for both Mesonma and Esther. As much as they didn't want them separated, Esther was to move in with one of their aunties while Meso was to move in with uncle Sam in order to reduce cost and reasons only known to them. Things were not so smooth the first few months after the death of Meso's parents because there were a lot of changes and transition. She was separated from her sister, separated from friends and her old life basically. She also had to change school where she eventually lost contact with Anabelle, her close friend and Daniel, her school father.

Meso's pov

It was a Sunday morning and there I was in the arms of a man who I thought I loved and cherished. Uncle Sam who had crept into my bed the night before held me close to his chest as he kept snoring. He had made love to me and filled my ears with nothing but love words the previous night. This was my father's brother. Yes! You are about to say how wrong and filthy it is but at that point in my life, he made me as happy as I could be. He made it seem right, so I thought anyway. When I look back, I wish I hadn't allowed it.

At the age of 14, I was already experiencing the things I never thought I would at such a young age. Uncle Sam had promised to love me forever no matter what. He had mention so many things I always wanted to hear and he succeeded in winning my heart

over with them. I was so young yet I knew what it all meant. This was the phase of my life when I thought I wouldn't be able to live without my uncle.

It all started a few months back when I had been seriously down. I had been feeling down because I felt like my world was turning upside down. I was being bullied at school and called ugly several times. I was missing my parents and my sister. I was never just in a good mood. This particular Friday evening, uncle Sam came back from work and I didn't go out to greet him as usual. I was actually just sitting down on my bed in my room with only a towel wrapped around my body. I sat at the edge of my bed crying silently. I was drowned in my own thoughts that I didn't realize uncle Sam had been calling out for me.

I recall uncle Sam coming into my room like he had just seen a ghost. He came and sat close to me trying to get me to say what was wrong with me. He had said he was calling out my name but because I didn't answer, he decided to come check me in my room. I remember that the stench of his breath was very discomfoting. He had had a few drinks again. Even though he wasn't usually drunk, he wasn't still in his full senses. I didn't care at that point, didn't care about anything. I was just very upset with life. He held me close, still insisting that I tell him what was going on. So I finally spoke up and told him about everything. How much I was being bullied in school, how much I missed my sister, how much I missed my parents and how upset I was at life itself. He only consoled me and made promises. Promises to make it up to me, promises to always make me happy, promises to do what ever it would take to make me see life as meaningful again.