

## Forbidden Love

### Episode 23

After taking my eyes off Uncle Sam with the anger that was boiling up in me, I looked back at the lady who was standing in front of me with a smiley face. There was an awkward silence for a few seconds before she broke the silence.

“Uhm Meso, why don’t you go and wash up, then come and have lunch. There is enough food to get everyone really tired.” the lady said.

I didn’t want to seem rude or anything so I smiled and replied with an “Okay” before heading back to my room. I washed up, got dressed and decided not to go out. I was really pissed so I laid on my bed and played with my phone. As I was playing with my phone, I got a message from uncle Sam saying to please come outside and behave properly, that he was going to talk to me about the whole thing later. At first, I hesitated and wanted to be stubborn but I didn’t want his fiancé to feel like I’m unnecessarily stubborn so I left to join them outside. She asked me to dish out what I wanted. From the vegetable soup to the jollof rice to the fish stew to the fried chicken. I couldn’t understand why she had to cook this much but I went to the jollof rice pot anyway and dished out a little portion. I was about to head out of the kitchen when she called me back and said to take chicken and meat from the small cooler. I did as she said and I was called back again but by uncle Sam who asked if the food was enough for me. I let him know it was very okay for me without trying to express any feelings or emotions, then I left the kitchen for my room. I was hoping they wouldn’t call me to join them at the dining table since they were going there to eat. I stayed in my room and ate my meal all by myself. It was actually really delicious and I began to think Uncle Sam was getting tired of my cooking. I knew he wouldn’t get married to me but I also knew that most of the

attention he had been given to me would be given to his soon to be wife. Each time I thought about it, I became so sad.

A month later, I felt like I was forgotten because uncle Sam barely spoke to me or say the sweet things he always said. He didn't sneak up on my bed in the night like he used to or even kiss my forehead goodnight. He was always busy, coming home later than usual and I began to get worried. You know at a very young age, when you lose the attention that you were once given, you feel less loved. I only consoled myself with the fact that uncle Sam had promised to take me to Port Harcourt to see my sister after my junior WAEC. Uncle Sam finally came to talk to me one night about everything that was going on. He said he still loved me but he had to get married and move on with his life like I would move on with mine. He explained a few other things that I obviously knew and understood but I wasn't willing to accept the fact that he was right. I knew he was my uncle, my late dad's brother. In fact, I knew whatever feelings I had for him or vice versa was absolutely wrong. But I didn't see it as anything anymore, not after he was the same person to take away my virginity at a very young age. This weird feeling got weirder every day and I got to live like that.