

## Forbidden Love Final Episode

As scared as I was, I told the truth. I told her from the beginning to the end. The first time I was raped by uncle Sam to what had been going on between us. She couldn't believe her ears after I stopped talking.

“Mesomma, tell me this is not true. Ewo oooo. Ewo ooo. Àrù (abomination in igbo language). How can Samuel do this? Ahh Samuel! ì na-adighị egwu Chineke (Samuel, you don't have the fear of God in igbo language)” I watched as my aunt cried while lamenting. She was an older sister to uncle Sam who were both from my paternal side. My mum had no sibling so I had no aunts or uncles from my maternal side.

My aunt could only shed tears. Now that uncle Sam was dead, it was too late. Too late to prevent all that already happened. I kept mute and watch my aunt cry in pain.

The next minute, aunty Jennifer walked in. She entered and met aunty Mary crying so she asked what happened. Nothing could come out of our mouths. Aunty Mary suddenly stopped crying, looked up at aunty Jennifer and said;

“Sam is responsible for Meso's pregnancy.”

“Which Sam?” She asked looking confused and when none of us could speak, she got very angry.

“You're telling me Samuel, my husband, impregnated Mesomma eh aunt?” She said looking at aunty Mary, then glanced at me before bursting into tears. She immediately left the room and aunty Mary followed her behind I guess trying to calm her down. My heart was racing; I don't know why. I wanted to just be dead

that moment. Things were going to get worse, I knew that for sure.

A week later, I was discharged from the hospital. Aunty Mary had spoken to me concerning my pregnancy and moving to Port Harcourt with her. Nobody spoke plenty about my pregnancy even relatives that visited me during my stay at the hospital. There were times they spoke to me about certain things and spoke in private amongst themselves but nobody ever mentioned uncle Sam. I didn't even see aunty Jennifer after that day at the hospital. Everyone now knew that uncle Sam was the father of my unborn child which was regarded as foul, an abominable act. Many couldn't believe it and some even denied him as a relative and friend. You could tell from their faces and behavior that they were all disappointed in both of us. I saw it coming so I always tried to hide my face from the shame. I was never beaten or anything but I was counselled several times. Things were definitely not the same again.