

SCARS OF LOVE

BOOK 1. – BROKEN

ASA – DON'T LET ME GO

I stared at him as he tried so hard to wash the dishes. The plate kept slipping from his hands and his anxiety radiated round the room. He was scared he'd break the plate.

I loved him. I probably knew that a long time ago but in this moment, i realized how much i did.

I chuckled and lowered my head to keep him from seeing me.

"Are you laughing at me?" He asked.

I shook my head to indicate "no" as i tried to stifle my laughter.

I remember when we met. I wasn't looking for him but he found me and here I was, lost in love.

No, not lost. I was anything but lost.

This was where i wanted to be.

"When does your brother arrive?" I asked.

We've been together for a year but I haven't met any family of his.

Well, he had only his brother. His parents died a long time before i met him.

His brother lived abroad and was arriving today. I was finally going to meet someone else that he cared about.

I was scared but i was happy.

"In a few hours, i think" he replied.

"Okay. I have to go now. I'll see you tomorrow then? And him?" I said getting up and packing my stuff.

"Yeah. Your place or mine?" He asked.

"Mine please. I'm too lazy to leave my bed for the second day in a row" i whined.

He shook his head mockingly.

I smiled, moved closer to him and planted a light kiss on his lips.

"See you tomorrow" i said walking away.

"Tomorrow" didn't go as i envisioned. I sat still feeling numb with tears streaming down my face. I pulled my knees in and held it in place with my hands, sobbing. My cries getting louder with each passing second.

"Babe?" Femi's voice is enough to snap me out of pain on a regular day but today wasn't a regular day.

"She's dead" My dad's voice echoed in my head. The memory of me running past the hallway to her room and seeing her lifeless wasn't going to leave my head soon. I begged and begged but she didn't budge.

I don't know which hurt more, the fact that i saw her yesterday morning and I didn't see it coming or the fact that I didn't get to tell her goodbye.

I got back from Femi's house happily because i was going to meet his brother today and we could finally tell my parents about our engagement.

"Your dad just told me about your mom. I called but you weren't picking up so i called your mom and he picked." Femi recounted.

Hearing him say the word 'mom' was an undoing for me.

"Come here" he said pulling me in and letting me ruin his shirt with my tears.

A week passed and i hadn't left my room. For the first time since i met Femi, I didn't want him around and it had nothing to do with him. I was a mess and i needed time to mope over my mom's death.

Of course, he understood and he gave me space. I just hope his brother did.

The door to my room swung open and i didn't have to look to see who it was.

"Tara" my bestfriend, Mary called sympathetically. I stared at her waiting for her to go on.

"This isn't meant to come off as insensitive but you need to get up and leave your room" she said. I knew where she was going with this.

"Living like this won't help your pain." She continued.

"Clubbing wouldn't too" i retorted.

"But it would take your mind off it." She said.

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I sat up sleepily and yawned, trying to get a grasp of my surroundings. I looked down and i was naked. I was naked and the man beside me wasn't Femi.

I tried to think about what happened but all I remembered was getting to the club with Mary. I covered my face in shame trying to think of what i had just done when the door to the room opened up.

"Tara?" The voice said.

"Femi?" I thought. "Femi?" I kept saying his name in my head.

I uncovered my face just to see Femi standing there looking confused.

The man beside me squirmed and finally sat up. He looked at Femi and smiled.

"Oh hey bro. Sorry, i'll be with you in a minute"

I should be scrambling to get up but i was naked and confused.

"Why are you naked in bed with my brother?" Femi asked.

He didn't wait for an answer. He walks out leaving me there.

His brother stared at me confused and quickly put on his shorts, following Femi.

I sat there teary eyed, thinking about how my life went from a 10 to a 0 in less than a week.

Should i be sorry that i cheated or sorry that it was with his brother?

Should i be defensive and say I didn't know it was his brother?

Or use the death of my mother as an excuse for my bad behavior?

BOOK 2 – CAN I BE HER?

JAMES ARTHUR – CAN I BE HIM.

I wanted to be her. I wanted it so much. I didn't care for a lot of things but this? It was one of the things i cared for.

To be loved the way he loves her.

To be supported the way he supports her.

To be touched the way he touches her.

To be looked at the way he looks at her.

And not just her for anyone.

I wanted to be her for him.

I don't remember when my heart started to beat solely for him but it did now.

The news of her death was awful but a part of me couldn't help but be happy.

I didn't want to be happy, i felt terrible but I couldn't help it.

I had no chance if she was breathing.

Now i do, now he'll see me.

I stared at him across the table as he recounted how hard his life was without her.

I smiled sadly at him, i tried to.

"I'm sorry" i said, not knowing what to say.

He looked up at me and i was enthralled.

How could someone's eyes hold so much power to affect another?

"You don't have to be. I'm better now. It's been almost a year." He said

"And now i have you. That is in the past" he continued.

I smiled and looked down at my cup of coffee.

"Let's go" he said.

"You'll drop me off?" I asked.

"I actually need you to see something" he answered.

My heart was happy. I've had my fair share of surprises since we got together and i was about to get another one.

The drive was quiet but i had no problem with that. I was happy to just be next to him.

"We're here" He said, turning off the engine of the car and getting down.

The house was beautiful. We were standing in front of a house. It didn't look new but it was beautiful.

"It's beautiful" i breathed.

He smiled, took my hands in his and we walked into the house.

I looked around and took in the fact that nobody was living there. It was obvious.

I turned to him, my eyes shining brightly.

"Why are we here?" I asked.

"I'm sorry" he said.

I raised a brow confused.

Before i could process what he meant, i felt myself getting dragged by a pair of hands.

"Daniel? What's going on?" I screamed, the fear in my voice noticeable.

I got no reply.

I got dragged into a room and my eyes widened at the sight of his ex tied up.

"Hannah?" I said shocked.

She looked up at me tired. She looked like she had been tortured for days. Months?

I got pushed down next to her and my mind raced, thinking of everything that led up to this point.

I wanted to be her and now i was.

BOOK 3 - I WAS ONLY FALLING IN LOVE

RY X - ONLY

Letter 1.

"Love is choosing to stay committed" My best friend said to me. I just told her about you. You don't know but we met a week ago.

You were breathtaking. I tried to search for a word that would properly describe your essence but i realised that the word was made more beautiful because i was using it to describe you.

Why didn't i see you sooner? I kept thinking to myself as my bestfriend lectured me on staying committed to my present relationship.

Letter 2.

I see you every morning, when you take a jog around the estate. Everytime, i hope you'd catch a glimpse of me but you don't. Am i invisible because to you because someone currently holds my heart?

Notice me once and i'd gleefully take my heart back and give it to you.

I think, would i disgust you if you knew me?

Would you think i was a bad person for loving someone else while in a "committed" relationship?

Letter 3.

I heard your name today. Someone called out to you.

Zain.

It makes a lot of sense that you have such a name.

Now i can start every letter i write with your name, even if you'd probably never get them.

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I stood at the entrance and stared at my boyfriend, in bed with a woman that wasn't me.

Why wasn't i hurt?

I could feel my face begging to break out into a smile.

I gently retreated and closed the door.

"Amanda" he kept calling but the happiness i felt drowned out his voice.

I stopped at the mirror in the hallway to check that i looked good. I did.

I walked calmly, trying to hide my joy until i got to the frontdoor of Zain.

I knocked on the door, a gentle smile playing on my face.

The door opens gently and the calmness which with it opened filled me up.

"Yes?" A foggy voice answered.

A pair of brown eyes that was filled with tears stared right at me.

I stared back.

"I'm.. I'd like to see Zain please", i stammered.

The woman burst into tears.

"He's gone". She said, tears falling down her face.

BOOK 4 – A LOVE LOST

BIRDY – NOT ABOUT ANGELS

It didn't take me a long time to realise that i could somewhat control the future.

I couldn't do it intentionally but i could.

I'd have a dream that would later become reality and whatever decisions i made in the dream would have an impact on the future event.

I hadn't put so much thought into it honestly. It felt like luck, like there wasn't more to it and it was just pure coincidences because I haven't been in enough scenarios to come to the conclusion that i could control the future.

It started with a dream about my sister then my mom, a friend. People i knew.

If they survived in my dream, then they would when the situation comes up in reality.

I closed my eyes and called on sleep as i hoped I wouldn't have any dreams today. It didn't happen everyday and that was a good thing. I didn't want to be responsible for anyone's life.

I opened my eyes rapidly and i stared at my ceiling confused. I had a dream but this time I didn't know the person.

I didn't save the person either because it seemed like God was trying to tell me that my dreams and reality clashing were just coincidental. She was beautiful though and it was a hard decision.

I got up from my bed and prepared to leave for school. I had a class soon and i was going to be late if i wasted any more time pondering.

"Hi, I'm sorry but do you have any idea where the bursary office is". I raised my head up at the voice that just spoke to me.

I was sitting in one of the school lounges trying to complete my assignment when the voice distracted me. I liked her voice.

I looked up and i stared deeply at her, giving no response.

She stared at me confused and waiting.

She was the girl from my dreams earlier this morning.

Only now, she wasn't in a wedding gown and she wasn't in danger.

My heart rate increased because in that moment, i knew that i let my wife die.

On our wedding day.