

Bullied To Love

18:56 

Chapter 35 CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

I am standing outside Papa's hospital room, praying and hoping for him to get better.

"Mama is papa going to be okay?" I ask with tears running down my face.

"Yes, honey, all we have to do is pray and hope for the best. Baby girl you don't have to cry anymore, papa is going to be fine," Mama says, picking me up off the ground and placing me on her hip while hugging me close to her.

"Why is mio angioletto (my little angel) crying?" My uncle Carlos says.

"Uncle Carlos!" I say quickly getting down from mama's hip.

"Uncle Carlos, why is daddy not waking up?" I say hugging him tightly.

"Don't worry little one, everything is going to be fine."

"Camilla, what happened?"

"We were celebrating Val's fifth birthday party when gunshots were fired from nowhere. They were aiming for Val, but Marcus got in the way and saved our little girl." Mama says tearing up a little.

"Does that mean it's my fault, mama?" I say tearing up more, thinking maybe if I was not born nothing like this would have happened.

18:57 

"No, love, what is happening is not your fault. You should not think that." Uncle says hugging me close to comfort me.

"Are you sure, Uncle Carlos?" I say trying to stop crying.

"Yes, Mi amore."

I am hugging my uncle profoundly trying my best to stop crying when everything around me changes. I grow into my ten-year-old self, training with my uncle on hand-to-hand combat.

"Uncle Carlos, I am tired, can't we continue tomorrow. I feel like fainting."

"That's good, that means your training is working well."

"UNCLE CARLOS!" I say getting really tired.

"Fine, you can rest after you shoot from 50 meters away and make a clear shot."

"Alright," I say smiling.

Uncle Carlos is about to hand me the gun when suddenly everything becomes dark around me. I am standing in front of Uncle Carlos, who has a gun pointed at my head. I am my actual age this time, wondering what in God's name is going on.

"Why are you doing this, Carlos?"

"I don't know, maybe because I can and I feel like it."

"What did we ever do to you to deserve such hatred from you?" I say struggling with the ropes around my hands. I look down to see I am sitting down and I am tied to a chair.

18:57 

"TELL ME, WHY!?" I scream in his face.

He is about to reply when I hear someone calling my name from a distance.

"Katherine, Katherine, you need to wake up. You are having a nightmare." the voice says. I realise it's Enzo, and suddenly it comes to me that I am dreaming.

"Enzo," I say opening my eyes and pulling him into a deep hug.

"Mi amore, you had a nightmare," Enzo says rubbing soothing circles on my hair and kisses my forehead.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Yes, but not now, maybe later in the day."

"Alright, any time amore," Enzo says laying us back down on the bed.

Later in the day, I decide to tell Enzo about my dream over breakfast, as I'm feeling a lot better. I tell him how everything played out in my head.

"Now that I am telling about the dream, I realize the whole dream was not a dream at all, but rather a memory from the past."

"From everything you said, it seems like you and Carlos were really close."

"Close is an understatement; I practically looked at the man as a second father to me. I loved him so much; he taught me everything I know about life. He was a great uncle before everything happened. I just don't understand why he changed.

18:57 

"I wish I knew why, maybe I could save him."

"I am sorry you feel this way."

"It's fine, amore everything happens for a reason."

It's been a week since the whole incident. I am recovering fast. But to Enzo I still need rest, because if it were up to him, I wouldn't leave the bed for another week. He has become more possessive and caring. There was a day he almost bathed me, because according to him, I need all the rest I can get. Even so, Enzo makes sure to take me everywhere he goes. He said he would never let me out of his sight again because he can't bear to almost lose me again.

For the past week, we have not heard or seen Carlos, which I am not happy about. Every time we get a lead, something always happens. It's like he is always one step ahead of us. I started to think we have a spy among us, but I don't know for sure. Enzo and I have a plan to find out if we really have a spy among us, I pray it works.

This morning Enzo and I had a meeting with some members of the gang, updating them on our plans to find Carlos. But the real idea is to track everyone who was at the meeting's phone and see who will call someone and give out the information we gave out today.

Enzo did not trust anyone, so he had one of his friends who works in a call centre help us. It's evening, Enzo and I have spent the whole day waiting for anyone of them to call someone and give the information out. When Enzo and I want to give it a rest for the night, the spy finally rats himself out.

18:57 

"Where is he?" I ask Enzo's friend.

"He is at Alamy."

"Alright, thank you, Luca. Please send all his information to my phone."

"Alright, I will and hurry; it looks like he is on the move."

"I will call the guys on the way," Enzo says.

We step outside and get into Enzo's car. While I am driving Luca sends all the information on him.

"His name is Leonardo Gabriele, he is thirty years old, he is married, but he has no kids," Enzo says.

"Is there anything else of importance?"

"Yes, and you will be happy to know this."

"What is it?"

"He has a scorpion tattoo which means..."

"He is part of Carlos's gang." I finish Enzo's statement for him.

We arrive at the street in time before he leaves. He does not know we are coming, so capturing him was easy.

We take him back to the headquarters, where I begin my interrogations.

"You are the reason I was kidnapped, almost lost my life and my love. You are going to pay for it" I say, giving Leonardo a few punches in the face.

"How did you find me?" he says laughing.

18:58 

"That is for me to know and for you to worry about."

"Nice, you are actually smarter than you look," he says with sarcasm dripping from his voice.

"I could care less what you think of me and enough playing around; I want to know everything you have told him."

"I am not talking; kill me for all I care."

"Really, you want to play that game with me? Bring her in," I say to one of the guys in the room with us. He walks out and comes back with a girl not much older than me.

"Really, you think bringing my wife here to blackmail me will make me talk, when you can't even kill a Dog. Nice try, but try again."

"Are you daring me?" I say with a wicked smile on my face while releasing the safety on my gun.

"You can't do it," he says laughing.

"How little you know me," I say while shooting into her leg. She screams in deep agony, almost breaking the windows with her scream.

"The next one goes to her heart."

"Please don't shoot her; I will only talk if you get her help," he says with worry in his voice.

"I promise once I have the information I want, I will give her the best treatment."

"Okay, here goes nothing..." He says and gives me all the essential information about Carlos's gang.

18:58 

The next day I call everyone for a meeting to provide them with good news. We are sitting down waiting for William and Joan to join us before I start; they arrive after a few minutes.

"Good morning, everyone," I say while standing up to walk to the centre of the room. A few greetings go around the room before I continue speaking.

"As all of you know I mentioned last week that there was a spy in our midst. I was right; yesterday, Enzo and I were able to catch him. He works for Carlos, and I was able to get some good information from him. He said Carlos has about a hundred men and he has enough weaponry. The place where he is staying currently is a two-story building. I feel we have more men and enough weapons to take him down."

"Since it's a two-story building, I think we could divide into two groups. Each group will take a part of the house. I think the groups could be Katherine, William, Antonio and myself. The other could be Uncle Marcus, Aunt Christine, papa and mama." Enzo says.

"Is that fine with everyone?"

"Yes!" everyone says in union.

"We will take 150 men, 75 will take upstairs while the other 75 will take downstairs. Everyone should have at least 12 men with them. I think we could attack in three days. Is that fine with everyone?" I ask.

"Yes!" everyone agrees.

"Alright, everyone should meet at the new base in three days at

18:58 

5 p.m."



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