

## Bullied To Love

19:03 

### Chapter 37 EPILOGUE

#### 10 YEARS LATER

It's been ten years since the war. Apparently, Carlos was making sense the day we were fighting. He is not related to my father in anyway, for which I am grateful. He is the son of my paternal grandfather's enemy. My paternal grandfather killed Carlos' father and carried Carlos away when he was a baby. He raised him but never told him about his true identity, but it seems he found out. He became angry and decided to finish what his father started according to him, but we all know where he ended.

Enzo and I have never been happier in our lives. We have four beautiful children. Stefano, Thomas, Aurora, and Melissa. Enzo loves his children more than anything in the world. Enzo and I moved to Italy after his father retired. Life in Italy is beautiful. Our children are the best thing that ever happened to us.

Stefano is nine years old; he is a replica of his father but has the character of both his parents. He is tall, has green eyes like his dad and practically everything in his physical appearance is from his dad. Stefano wants to be a chef when he grows up. But Stefano knows he has to run his father's empire when the time is right, however that does not stop him from achieving his dream. Sometimes he helps me in the kitchen and also at my restaurant. Enzo had another restaurant built after we moved to Sicily. Stefano is much like his father. There was a

19:04 

time the school called and complained that my nine-year-old son was planning to kidnap a girl from his class because she refused to be his friend. I laughed so much the principal became angry with me and told me to leave with my son. I told my son about how his dad and I met and how he should not make the same mistakes as his dad. Enzo glared at me through the whole story because I made him the bad guy, but I made sure to make it up to him.

Thomas is seven years old; he has my blue eyes but has his dad's colour of hair. He is kind, and not possessive like his older brother and little sister. He thinks like a businessman every time. There is not a time my son is not thinking of a way to start a business at the age of seven. He gave Enzo and me this beautiful idea on how to start a mafia school. It will be a place where children who are born into the mafia won't have to hide the identities of who they really are. It is also a school where they are taught everything a person in the mafia needs to know. From weaponry, hand-to-hand combat, how to make bombs, and so much more. Since it was my son's idea, we named the school after him and decided to give it to him when he becomes of age.

Aurora is six years old; she is a replica of me. She has my blue eyes, brunette hair and all my physical features. Aurora also shares my character, like her brother Thomas. My baby girl wanted to be an actress but changed her mind when she understood what that could do to her family. Enzo and I were heartbroken when we had to make our six years old daughter change her dream of being an actress. We made her

19:04 

understand that becoming an actress was too much of a risk to the family. If she became an actress in the future, it could cause our family to be discovered. We made her understand we don't want any law enforcement putting their nose in our business. A lot of people might think telling her at such a young age is not necessary. But Enzo and I felt if we allow her to grow up with that dream, it will be harder to make her change her mind later in the future. Or worse, make us lose our daughter because we don't accept the type of career she wants to pursue in life, and we don't want that to happen. So telling her now was a good idea because she took it very well. I know with time she will discover another dream of hers she wants to pursue, and hopefully, it will be in the interest of both the family and her heart.

Today is Melissa's birthday; she is going to be four today. She has her dad's eyes and his hair. She is the female version of her father. My princess is a handful but amazing, she loves to prank everyone in the house with her dad. Enzo is practically raising our daughter to become like him. She is daddy's girl, and that's why for the past hour I have been trying to get her dressed, but she has refused to wear anything I picked.

"Mel, dear, please come and try this one out. You might like it" I say for the tenth time today. She has refused to wear anything I have suggested she should wear. The timer on my phone goes off, meaning the cake is ready and our birthday girl is still in her underwear. I call Stefano to remove the cake from the oven. I pick up my phone to dial his number.

"Stefano, could you please remove the cake from the oven for

19:04 

me?"

"Si, mama. (Yes mama)"

"Grazie."

"Mel, sono davvero ottenere stanco, vuoi prendere qualcosa da indossare in modo, siamo in grado di andare al piano terra e iniziare il partito (Mel, I am really getting tired, will you pick something to wear so, we can go downstairs and start the party)"

"What if I help?" Enzo says from the door

"Gladly," I say, stepping out and walking downstairs.

I call the other children to help set up everything before the guests get here. I am icing the cupcakes when the doorbell rings. I wipe my hands on a napkin and walk to the door.

I open the door to welcome my brother, his wife Sofia and their children. Antonio and Sofia had their baby months later after the war. They have two children, Antonio is not really a fan of sharing, but he is the best father there could be except for Enzo. They have two handsome boys, Angelo and Eugenio. They are ten-year old twins. A year after the war Antonio became president, which I am more than happy about.

"Aunt Val" Angelo and Eugenio say hugging me before running inside the house.

"How are you boys doing?"

"We are fine aunt" They shout while running inside.

"Good thing you are here, you can help me finish setting up

19:05 

before Mel's classmates get here," I say pulling Sofia to the kitchen with me.

"It's nice to see you too, sis," Antonio says with mockery in his voice.

"I never said any such thing." I shout back from the kitchen.

"Will you and Antonio ever change and be serious around each other?" Sofia says giggling.

"I doubt that will ever happen. Now please help me by carrying these cupcakes to the courtyard, while I finish with the others."

"Alright"

The bell rings again; William, his wife Joan and their children arrive. William and Joan moved to Spain after the war. Joan gave birth two months after Sofia to a baby girl. They have five children. Valentina, Marco, Andrea, Laura, Rosa. William is running grandfather's empire very well.

"Welcome! You guys are just on time. How was your flight?" I say hugging them both.

"It was good. How are you doing?" Joan says

"I am fine, but where are my nieces and nephews?"

"Already in the backyard," William says walking towards the living room to join Enzo and Antonio.

My parents and Enzo's parents arrive a few minutes after William and Joan. Luckily Enzo and the female version of him, aka Mel, came downstairs on time. We are finally able to celebrate the birthday.

19:05 

Mel had fun with her friends and cousins. We all had fun today. We laughed and played adult games, which Enzo and I won almost all, but his parents beat us to it. We all had a great time.

Our lives turned out well, we have everything we could wish for, and we couldn't be happier.



Send Gift



Comments