

Fixing the Past

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Fixing the Past

by [GamerBearMira](#)

Summary

After Mirabel gets yelled at by Pepa and Alma the day after the proposal, she runs to the edge of town, where Antonio and Bruno comfort her, Strange things happens. The candle burns bright, Abuelo appears but leaves again, and Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio have been reverted back to their younger forms!

With 13 year old Bruno, 11 year old Mirabel and infant Antonio, will the other Madrigals be able to fix all the damage they've caused the 3, or will they be stuck like this forever?

Join them on this adventure!

NOT BETA READ.

COMPLETED! :)

Notes

My third work! This is gonna be a book of the Madrigal's fixing what they've done to their 3 most forgiving members ♥ Chapters are short but get longer, I promise!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Mirabel was 10 years old when Antonio was born. She remembered that day like it was yesterday.

The thunder and lightning, the sleet, the hail. She stayed in her room, hiding under the covers. She hadn't actually seen Antonio until a week later, when he had officially moved to the nursery. Usually, the baby would stay with the mother, but Antonio was a bit of a whiner, which kept Pepa up and caused storms.

Mirabel was sleeping peacefully when Antonio let out small mewls of hunger in the dead of night. Tired and annoyed, Mirabel hopped out of bed yawning while putting her glasses on.

Her Tío Felix had told her that when he whines, give him his bottle. So, grabbing the bottle off of the dresser, she picked up the small newborn, cradling him gently and sitting in the the rocking chair.

She wasn't paying attention, and just automatically started feeding him. He quieted down, drinking the milk from the glass bottle.

Mirabel burped him, and he soon got more tired and sleepy. She looked down, a light scowl on her face. Antonio made a sound, causing Mirabel to frown more.

"Are you here to take my place?" She mumbled, poking his cheek.

Antonio didn't answer, he only grabbed her finger in his chubby baby hands. As Mirabel was about to pull away, Antonio did something he hadn't even done to his own mother or father yet.

He smiled.

At Mirabel. Her eyes widened, watching the baby fall into a quiet slumber.

'Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.' She thought as she rocked the small baby.

Bruno was hidden away. He was about to head to the kitchen when he heard the small cry of Antonio.

"Do I really need to do this? Mirabel is there...but she's been so tired this week and shes only 12..." Bruno shook his head and made his way towards the nursery.

Creeping in, Bruno saw the 2 year old, standing in his crib. He was whining while holding his hands up to his estranged Tío.

"Me?" He whispered in a soft voice. He picked up the toddler, who cuddled into his soft and somehow familiar ruana. He calmed down, slipping back into sleep.

Bruno smiled. He didn't see Antonio often, and even when he did he was asleep. It wasn't often he got to hold his youngest sobrino.

Kissing Antonio, he was about to put Antonio back into his bed when the little boy awoke slightly, whining.

"Mamí..." He said reaching out.

Bruno looked where his chubby hands was reaching and saw Mirabel.

"Mamí...Mamí" he whined a bit louder.

Bruno quickly put Antonio into Mirabel's bed. Instead of waking up, Mirabel stirred, feeling the new weight and warmth next to her. She hugged the toddler who happily, hugged back, smiling.

Bruno looked at the two when hit him like a bus.

"Oh, Mirabel, mí mariposa..." He whispered while walking out the door.

She was raising Antonio. This 12 year old, who should be living her childhood to the fullest, was raising her 2 year old primo.

It shouldn't have come to that, but it did.

He decided that he (and Casita) would help Mirabel when they could. She shouldn't have to raise Pepa's kid. He thought his hermana was better than this, but he was wrong.

"Buenos noches little ones." He whispered before heading back on his mission of getting more food.

Antonio had been with Mirabel as long as he could remember.

Even now, after his ceremony, Mirabel was around him more than his own mother, Pepa.

Antonio looked back at the years.

Since he was an infant, Mirabel had been there. She had fed him, bathed him, brushed his hair, helped him get dressed.

She had also taught him a lot. She was there for his first steps. His first word was "Mibel." She taught him his ABC's, how to count, read, write. Everything.

When he was little, he remembered he used to call Pepa "Mamá" but called Mirabel "Mamí." This lead to him spending more time around his actual parents, much to his unhappiness.

He also remembers a man, somehow familiar to him, but he never could place his name. He would only come at night, and he stopped coming when he turned 4. (Who he later learned

after his ceremony that it was his lost Tío Bruno. The rats told him, a little after Mirabel found him.)

When he was nervous for the ceremony, it wasn't his papá who calmed him down. It was Mirabel. When it was time to walk the steps and he was scared, his mamá didn't offer her hand, but Mirabel took his.

Mirabel was the best prima...so why was she treated so badly?

Chapter 2

The family was at dinner, the night after the proposal. It failed, much to the family's dismay. (Sans Mirabel, Isabela, Dolores and Antonio. Mirabel knew Isabela didn't wanna marry Mariano and Dolores likes him. Antonio was happy if Mirabel was happy.)

The air was tense. Really tense. You could take a knife through the air and it would be difficult. While everyone was sitting down, Antonio came into the room on his jaguar.

"Mirabel! Look!" He exclaimed, hopping down and walking over to his favorite prima.

"I drew a picture!" He showed it Mirabel.

It was him, her and Bruno riding his jaguar. Bruno had his hood on, so no one recognized him in drawing form. Mirabel smiled, ruffling his curls.

"It looks wonderful primo, I'll be sure to hang it up." She sat back down, in front of her food. "Now, go sit down in your seat, and maybe we can play when your done!" Mirabel winked at him, hoping to lift the tense room.

"Ok Mamí!" He said happily, rushing over to his seat.

The whole room, FROZE. If the atmosphere was thick before, it just got unbelievably thicker. A loud thunder storm was over Pepa, who was staring directly at Mirabel.

"A-Antonio, hijo..." She muttered, her sharp, angry, jealous gaze not leaving Mirabel's scared one. "Did you mean to call her...prima?"

Antonio looked at his mother innocently. "Nope! You're Mamá, and she's Mamí!" He smiled.

Pepa snapped. The wind picked up, and she screamed.

"MIRABEL MADRIGAL." She stomped over to the 15 year old, who backed away. Casita launched a chair between them. "How dare you! How dare you!" She seethed.

"T-T-Tía, I...I didn't mean it, I didn't know he..." Mirabel whimpered.

"Mamá, stop! Your gonna hurt her!" Antonio said. Felix pulled Antonio back, who in return started kicking and screaming.

"You ruin everything!" Pepa went on, hail coming onto her and Mirabel. "You stole him from me, you have NO right!"

"Pepa! Don't talk to my daughter like that!" Julieta jumped in.

Pepa snapped her head towards Julieta. "How would you feel if one of your children called your sobrina Mamí," she snapped.

"Silence!" Abuela cut in. Both backed away, Mirabel still behind the chair. Abuela's cold and heartless gaze shifted to Mirabel.

"Mirabel. I think it's best you turn in." She said simply.

"But I-" Mirabel was cut off again when Alma made a swift movement with her hand.

"No! First, you ruin the proposal. Then you send Luisa's gift in to a fit, Isabela is out of control, and now, you have the audacity to brainwash Antonio into thinking he's your son? Unacceptable." She continued. "I don't know why you didn't get a gift, but it is not an excuse for you to hurt this family!" Alma yelled.

Mirabel teared up. She couldn't do this anymore. "I will never be good enough, will I?" She muttered, staring at the tiles below. "I do all I can for this family, and I don't ask for anything except love. But I can't even get that can I?" She looked up, glasses crooked and eyes getting puffy.

Antonio was still kicking and crying against his father, saying he wanted Mirabel.

"I RAISED Antonio. You all were too busy to look after him. Tia Pepa and Tio Felix dumped him on me when I was 10. 10! I raised him like he was my own! Because he basically was! All day, for 5 YEARS, he was with me. Do you know how many countless nights I was up with him, feeding him, changing him? Huh?" She snapped. The family flinched. "I taught him to walk! Did you know that? And news flash, his first word wasn't 'mama'. It was my name."

Pepa had tears in her eyes. "You...you took him from me.." She said in a low voice.

"No! You gave him to me and I raised him. You only took him when it was absolutely necessary! Any other time it was: Mirabel take him. And I did! I love him! I'd do anything for him! And I didn't forget what you said to me about his party. I wasn't trying to take away attention, I wasn't jealous, I was WORRIED." She broke down.

Mirabel sobbed harder and ran out of the room.

"No! Lemme go!" Antonio screamed. He finally managed to get out of Félix's grasp, running towards the door.

"Antonio, hijo, wait--!" Pepa was about to grab him when he spun around, flinching away.

"No!" He cried, big fat tears pouring onto his face. The family could feel their hearts wrench at the sight. "Y-you all are so mean! Mirabel didn't do anything wrong, and she's really nice and she's my Mamí!" He yelled. His jaguar came in, Antonio climbed onto it while grabbing a rat. He whispered something and the rat nodded and ran off.

"Antonio, where are you going?" Félix spoke up.

"To Mamí! If y-you guys won't, I will! I like her and I w-won't let you guys hurt her f-feelings anymore!" He hiccuped. Abuela tried one last ditched attempt to grab the boy but the large animal he was on bared its teeth before running off.

The room was silent. A storm was raging above, but Pepa was silent.

"They will be back. Their punishment will be discussed when they get back." Abuela said simply. As much as the others wanted to object, they sat down and began to eat.

Mirabel had run, she was on the edge of town now. It was cold, and there was a slight drizzle, thanks to Pepa. She huddled close to herself, sitting in the open grass, facing the thick forest.

Mirabel didn't care. She couldn't after all she'd done for them, THIS was the thanks she got? Yes, she loved Antonio like he was her own son. But she never intended to take him from her tia. In the past, she actually encouraged Pepa to take Antonio for the day, but that idea was also pushed away.

Pepa never really spent time with Antonio. She's only just recently getting close to him, after his ceremony. But Mirabel has been with him his whole 5 years of living.

She clenched her skirt as if it was the only thing keeping her stable. "What did I do wrong?" She asked herself.

"Mirabel!" Antonio yelled. He came flying around the corner on his jaguar, hopping off and running over to his prima.

He hugged her tight, afraid she could disappear again if he let go. He started crying into her shoulder. Mirabel, now worried for the younger, cradled him in her lap.

"I-I thought you...you ran away!" He cried harder, burying his face into his chest. "They were s-so mean! And I-"

Mirabel brushed his hair, effectively calming him down. "Shh...it's ok...I'd never leave you, you know that." She whispered.

Antonio looked up. "Really?" He asked with giant watery eyes.

"Really." Mirabel answered.

As if on cue, Bruno came out from a nearby alley, spotting the two and rushing over.

"Are you ok?" He asked, sliding through the mud, uncaring if his pants got dirty.

Mirabel looked up, Antonio still sniffing into the crook of her neck as she held him.

Was she ok? Was she really ok? No. She wasn't. 10 years of neglect, snide remarks, being pushed away, and being made fun of, it all came flooding back.

Mirabel began to cry, tears pouring, her wailing voice let out.

Bruno scrambled over, grabbing Mirabel and hugging her. Antonio was in between them, and seeing Mirabel cry made him cry harder.

"I'm not ok tío! Not at all! I'm so tired I just..." She let out another sob. "I just wanted make my family proud of me..." She sobbed more.

"I-I'm proud of you Mirabel! You're the most hard working! A-and kind, and your like my other mamá!" Antonio said between cries.

"Shhhhh...." Bruno held the two youngest members, Mirabel crying into his shoulder as she held the wailing Antonio.

The two cried to their tío, him simply sitting there while whispering reassurances that neither of them did anything wrong.

Once they calmed down, Bruno took off his ruana and covered the two from the drizzle still coming down. Antonio's jaguar, Parce, came down and settled between the three, giving much needed warmth.

"Ay ay ay...you two must be so tired..." He said, looking at Mirabel and Antonio. Mirabel was petting Antonio curls, while Antonio curled into her chest, getting sleepy.

Bruno leaned his head back and fell backwards in the grass, not caring if he got dirty. He'd shower later.

Mirabel was now laying on his stomach, looking up at the sky. Antonio fell asleep on top of her, Parce still cuddled around them providing warmth from the cold air.

Bruno decided to stay there for a while, he knew they weren't ready to go back.

Not yet.

Chapter 3

The family was gathered in the courtyard.

"Mamá, they aren't back yet and it's late! We need to go look for them!" Julieta said, worried for her hija and sobrino.

"Very well. We will split up. Pepa and Felix. Agustin and Julieta. Isabela and Dolores. Luisa and Camilo." Just as Abuela began to walk away, Luisa pointed at the candle.

"Look! The candle, it's...it's glowing brighter!" She backed up.

Suddenly a bright light enveloped them all, and shot into the air to some unknown location on the edge of town. Everyone was on the ground, feeling extremely tired. Before anyone could protest, they all fell asleep.

Pedro came down the stairs. He couldn't have his family awake for this. He look at Abuela, sighing softly.

"Oh Alma...what have you done?" He whispered. Pedro walked out of Casita, who gently closed the doors.

As he walked through the town, he looked around. His family had truly help these people from the ground up. So why couldn't they do the same for themselves?

He watched the lights in the town flicker off. The drizzle in the air came to a stop and the moon was shining brightly.

He came up to the edge of town, he looked out towards the empty fields. Walking off the path, he spotted the pile.

Pedro walked up, staring down lovingly at the 3. Parce awoke, and looking at Pedro, gave a simple purr. Pedro helped the three onto Parce, and with that, they made their way back to Casita.

Pedro hummed a song, the ones on Parce's back smiling gently at the sound, cuddling closer, as much as they could while on the back of a big cat anyway.

Casita opened the doors, and Pedro walked in. Parce had followed him to a couch that Casita had brung to the courtyard. He could see that the house had also brung in pillows and blankets, covering the family.

First he sat Bruno down, and grabbed Mirabel, who was still holding Antonio. When he sat down, Bruno leaned onto his padres shoulder, and Mirabel layed out across his lap, Antonio on top of her, curled tightly to her chest.

He started petting Mirabel's curls, still humming "Dos Oruguitas".

Pedro sat like that, Parce still by the couch, curled in himself sleeping. It was quiet in the house, expect for the quiet purr of Parce, the soft snores of the family, and the gentle humming of Pedro.

As the sun shined high in the sky, the family began to wake and stir, sun kissing their skin.

Pepa was the first up, a cloud already forming. "It's day? Wh--?" She shook her husband, who shot up. "EVERYONE WAKE UP! ANTONIO A-AND MIRABEL--!" She screamed.

Everyone was up now, freaking out that it was day.

"Calm down, por favor. They're sleeping." A male voice came from behind them.

Everyone snapped their heads towards the voice. Silence. They were looking at the one person they never expected to see.

"P....Pedro?" Alma's throat dried up, and she stood in absolute shock.

"Hola, Alma." He smiled softly. He still looked young, the same way he did 50 years ago.

"Wait...th-that's....papa?" Pepa whispered, a large cloud forming. She quickly spotted the three sleeping on him, and tried to run over to Antonio.

Pedro help up a hand, and Casita pushed her back. After a few more futile attempts from her and some other family members, they stopped and Pedro had their full attention.

"Pedro...wh-what are you doing here, you're not...your supposed to be..." Alma stifled a sob.

"I know mi amor. But...its gone too far. I couldn't watch any longer." Pedro said looking down at his youngest.

"Abuelo." Isabela shifted uncomfortably. "Why are they...well, so young?"

Pedro looked up again. The family took in the features of the 3 sleeping.

Mirabel looked no older than 11. She was holding Antonio, who, based on Mirabel, was probably only about 1. He was cradled in a orange baby sling, held close by the older.

Bruno, was young by a LOT. He looked what, 13? Definitely younger than Camilo. His ruana was in a much more pristine condition.

Pedro sighed.

"You all must be confused. I will explain. Please sit." He asked politely.

Alma was the first to sit, and the family seeing their matriarch sit down, they followed. No one had seen Abuela so vulnerable.

Pedro looked at them all, love in his eyes, but also sadness.

"You all have done...damage. And these 3 were the main victims." He started.

"But how?" Julieta asked, pleading.

"Ah mijá...that's the problem. None of you know why. Which is why this happened. You see, humans can only take so much. Humans can only hold so much in, so much damage. We have a limit. And when that limit is reached, people can change."

His gaze looked back down. "Take Bruno...mi hijo...my poor son. The town degraded him, took his energy, and his vigor. That bright yet shy 5 year old I watched grow up from above in the heavens. It was something I loved. He did all he could, for anyone. And his limit was reached when Alma asked for that vision. What he saw scared him so much, that he didn't feel safe enough, protected enough...to tell any of you. So he did what he knew." Pedro looked at the others, eyes glassy, but tears never falling. "He hid away. In the walls. My poor boy, he was so lonely. He only wanted to feel apart of the family. He'd pretended to sit with you all, I heard him every night. He always loved you and yet, you didn't love him back."

"Pedro, of course we loved him! I-I've always loved him." Alma looked at him sadly. Had he really thought that?

"Did you?" Pedro asked gently. "Did you really?"

Alma flinched. Of course she did she...she...

"And Mirabel...my poor nieta. She felt so neglected, so unloved. All too similar to mi hijo. She went through the same treatment. And after Antonio came along and he was under her care...it got worse. She stayed up countless nights, caring for the poor boy. So young. She was so thin, so malnourished. Unkept. Tired. Mi nieta thought what she was doing was going to make you all love her, after going so long without that love. Love that she should have had unconditionally. And the only ones who gave her that true, familial love, was Bruno and Antónito. But after Bruno was forced to leave, it was just her and Antonio. And you all, you ignored her. And she raised this boy for 5 years...its no wonder he thought of her as her madre." Pedro made eye contact with Pepa and Félix.

"You two can not possibly be mad at the girl. You both never spent time with your own son. I saw how whenever he would reach for one of you, you would turn away. Dios, I saw it all." He breathed.

"But...we did all we could and loved them all. W-we loved them a lot we just..." Pepa tried to defend herself.

"No, Pepa, mijá. I love you. But you need to understand...these 3 have just reached that limit that humans have, and I've come to help you see that. To help you understand. I will not stay, but they will. And they will stay this way until you fix what was broken."

"¿Como?" Alma spoke up, looking into the eyes of her husband.

"You must bond with them. Treat them how they should have been treated. Love them. I can't say how you'll do that, you must decide yourselves. But I must say, before I go: They only

have memories up until their physical age. But they will know each other like they've known each other their entire lives. Like siblings. Looking at it now, Bruno may be protective of Mirabel and Antonio. He's shy, but he won't let you all..." Pedro trailed off. "Anyway. You must fix this. Before it's too late."

Pedro stood, walking over the family, a faint golden glow over taking him. He kissed Alma's head, and hugged Julieta and Pepa. He walked back over to the 3 children, kissing their foreheads, earning smiles in return.

"I must go back now. But hopefully, you can help these poor babies." He waved, and hesitantly, the others waved back. Pedro then faded away, gold particles left in the place he stood.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The family stared the the spot he previously was. It was dead quiet.

Antonio, now a baby, began to mewl and whine. This caused Mirabel to stir, gently sitting up, eyes still closed and she rocked the baby.

"Shhhh...hush Toñito..." She yawned. The noise jolted Bruno awake; he had always been a light sleeper.

"Eh? What time is it?" He looked tiredly at Mirabel and Antonio.

"M-Mirabel? Do you want me to take him?" Bruno asked.

"Are you sure? He might be hungry." Mirabel said. On cue, Antonio's mouth started opening and closing, asking for food.

"Por favor, I'll take him while you make him a bottle." Bruno said.

Just as Mirabel was about to hand the infant to her tío, she froze, staring at the family in front of her.

Bruno was about to ask what was wrong, when he followed her gaze. On instinct he moved in front Mirabel, despite being scared out of his mind.

"Wh-who are you people?" Bruno said. He only (barely) recognized Pepa and Julieta. But his mamá was old and withered; at this age, he remembered seeing her age to be about in her late 30's to early 40's. Now she was at least in her 70's or 80's; something he couldn't comprehend at only 13. The rest of his family, he couldn't even begin to recognize.

"Bruno..." Mirabel back behind him, tighten her hold on Antonio, who was still whining.

"That's Abuela. A-and Mamá, and Tía Pepa. But the others look so much older I don't..." She back away, clutching Antonio like he was her lifeline.

"Abuela? You mean..." He turned to look at Alma. "Mamá?"

Alma flinched. She hadn't heard his voice in over 10 years, let alone his child voice.

"Brunito...We..." She stopped.

How was she gonna explain this to them?

"I think, we should all talk at breakfast." Julieta sighed.

This was gonna be a long day.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter is so short! Hopefully I'll have a longer one out tomorrow.

Chapter 5

As Julieta was cooking in the kitchen, the others had sat down.

While the others had sat down in their usual seats, Mirabel (who was still cradling Antonio) sat a little ways away.

Bruno had just walked back in the room and sat next Mirabel, holding a bottle filled with milk that he dug out of the storage closet earlier with Casita's help.

Pepa was just staring at Antonio, Felix by her side trying to calm her down but also trying to figure out his own emotions.

"So...You're Mamá. And I can tell you're Pepa, and Julieta is in the kitchen." Bruno said pointing to the mentioned.

"Yes." Abuela said.

"And these guys as my...nieces and nephew? I-I knew Antonio was my nephew and Mirabel was my niece, but for some reason, I can't seem to remember the rest of you all. I sort of recognize Agustin, since he was always coming by to be healed. Felix, I don't know him at all."

"That's strange." Felix said.

"Yup." Bruno said.

More awkward silence.

"Sooooooo..." Bruno sighed. "Do you know why we're here?"

"Kind of? All we know is that we need to help you." Isabela explained.

"Help us how?" Mirabel perked up, still feeding Antonio.

"We need to...apologize." Alma started. She looked between the younger ones. "We all have come to realize that the 3 of you have been neglected, unloved and, ignored. And because of that, this happened." She looked up. "Can you forgive us, and let us make it up?"

Bruno and Mirabel exchanged glances. They knew that their family loved them. It might not be easy to forgive them, but they can try.

Mirabel smiled softly, and held up Antonio, who was awake and staring at her. "What do you think, Antoñito?"

Antonio giggled happily and began clapping.

Bruno sighed and looked back, giving a small smile as well. "Of course, that's what family does right?"

Alma breathed out a sigh and sat up proudly. She would make sure her son and grandchildren would be properly loved now and forever.

"Can someone help me carry the food out?" Julieta yelled from the kitchen

Bruno, out of instinct, ran into the kitchen, Luisa and Augustin following behind.

As they brought food out, Julieta was talking to Bruno, who was still a bit confused, but none the less still loved talking to his sister.

When the food was set down, Bruno took Antonio, strapping him to his back as he went to make himself a plate.

Until he realized his plate wasn't at the table.

"Hey um...Wh-where's my plate at?" He asked to no one in particular.

Everyone save Mirabel and Antonio flinched. After Bruno had disappeared, Alma had hid his plate so no one would question it. But she never told anyone where it was and her memory had failed to tell her where it was. They all exchanged glances.

"I know where it is!" Dolores piped up. She quickly left the room after setting her plate down. A few moments later, she came back in with a dusty glass plate.

Bruno grabbed it gently out of her hands, wiping the dust away.

"Why is it so dusty?" He blew away the dust, leaving it shiny in the sun.

"U-um..." Alma stuttered.

Mirabel walked up to Bruno and whispered in his ear for a second. When she backed away, Bruno looked at the family, tears starting to hit his eyes, and Mirabel had a deep frown.

"Y-you..." He sniffled. "I didn't think you would..." He wiped his eyes. He wasn't gonna cry, not in front of Mirabel and Toñito.

He simply walked up to the table and piled some food onto his plate.

"Bruno, I didn't-" Alma tried to explain herself, but Bruno only put his hand up and mumbled a quiet, "It's fine," before walking back to the table and seating himself between Mirabel and Luisa.

They were already off to a bad start to this fixing the past thing.

Casita rolled in an old wooden high chair, placing it next to Mirabel. She thanked the house while putting Antonio in and handing him an arepa to chew on. When she sat down, she placed a hand on Bruno's back, and gave him a smile.

"You ok?" She whispered.

"I will be," Bruno said, smiling back weakly.

Dolores gave a sad look, hearing their small conversation. She decided that she would speak to them after breakfast. For now, she would let them eat and gather their thoughts.

"So, where are we gonna sleep?" Mirabel asked, chewing on an empanada.

"Well, Bruno can sleep in his room, and we can bring out the crib from storage for Antonio." Agustin said.

"W-wait my room? Is it still covered in sand?" He winced at the thought of sand getting everyone. He hated waking up to sand everywhere.

"Yeah, I think so. Why?" Agustin asked.

"Then I'll just take the other nursery bed. I don't...Well, I don't really like my room. There's just sand everywhere and it gets on everything. And I don't wanna be too far from Mira and Toñito. I-If that's ok with you all." He knocked on the table, ending with a knock on his head.

"Of course that's ok! We'll even move the desk to the end of the beds so little Tonio is next to you guys." Abulea said, trying to lighten the mood.

Bruno smiled, happy that he can still watch over Mirabel and Antonio.

"I might be able to find some of Antonio's old baby clothes as well! We might have some in the wardrobe. Bruno, I think there are some of your old clothes too, but I'll have to check. As for Mirabel, some of your old clothes should be in the wardrobe as well, but if not, we'll search around." Dolores smiled.

"Alright! I can help you find them, if you want." Bruno perked up a bit.

"Well, now that that's settled. Time to eat. La Familia Madrigal!" Abuela exclaimed.

"La Familia Madrigal!" Everyone followed.

It might take a while, but they're getting there.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When breakfast was finished, most of the family stayed in the dining room to discuss, and Julieta took the 3 younger out.

"Alright niños. Casita has moved the crib into the nursery. I'll be back to help you in a second, just let me grab some things. You guys head on up." She explained before walking off.

"Ok mamá!" Mirabel smiled.

As Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio headed to the room, thoughts ran through their head.

Why had they come here?

Why was everyone so much older?

Are they going to be here forever?

Were they really going to love the?

By the time they were yanked out of their thoughts, they had come into the nursery. Casita waved a window blind at them.

"Hola Casita." Bruno said.

Looking around the room, they took in their surroundings.

Where the (apparently older) Mirabel slept, the bed was decorated with magenta sheets and there were pictures decorating the walls. Several hand sewn stuffed animals were there as well. On the desk next to the bed, there was a sewing machine with several fabrics strewn about, and, a project looked to be in the works.

Julieta mentioned the crib, and it was there; though it and the other 2 vacant beds weren't dressed in sheets.

As Mirabel looked at her side of the room, she felt a pang of hurt in her heart.

Had she still been in the nursery? Even after all these years?

She fell onto the bed, breath taken away. Bruno, already worried, rushed over and knelt in front of her. Antonio who was strapped on his back reached at her and tried grabbing her.

"Mirabel? W-what's the matter?" Bruno asked, worry laced in his voice.

"I'm...I'm still in the nursery...They never built me a room...they said they would, I thought..." She stopped herself, holding back quiet sobs.

"Mibel?" Antonio babbled quietly.

Bruno sighed, sliding Antonio to his front and sitting next to the 11 year old.

"They didn't make you a room out of the nursery...did they?" He asked.

"No..." Mirabel said into her hands.

Bruno didn't know what to do. He couldn't relate to her on that level. But he could try.

"I can't imagine what that's like...well...maybe. I had asked years ago if some of the villagers could help me build a closed off path to my bed so I wouldn't track sand everywhere." Bruno sighed. "But, it never happened."

Mirabel looked up at him. "Really?" She sniffed.

"Yup!" He bounced Antonio on his knee, causing the infant to giggle. "I attempted it myself, but it didn't go over with with mamá."

"What did you do then?" Mirabel asked, head perked up.

"Nothing. I had given up. But that doesn't mean you should. We'll ask them to make you room, and they don't then I'll build it myself, with my own hands." Bruno huffed.

Mirabel giggled. She loved her tío, he was always so kind and helpful.

"Thank you." She smiled. Antonio clapped his hands and reached for her.

"Aweeee, did you wanna make me feel better too?" She oicked him up and spun him around. "Yes you did! You and Bruno help me feel better!" She tapped his nose, causing him to giggle more.

Bruno smiled at the sight. He loved seeing his family happy. And he would do anything to make that happen. He may not know anything about construction, but he sure can learn.

"I'm back!" Julieta walked in. She was holding some sheets and blankets, along with some spare pillows.

Julieta set them down onto the bed, and turned towards the 3.

"Alright. I'll let you all get settled. We'll have to hold off finding you all some clothes till later, unfortunately. Agustin has gone into town to buy some diapers for Antonio, so that's done. You guys get everything set up here, and I'll be downstairs in the dining room with the others. Call us if you need us," Julieta said.

"Ah, ok. Uh, hermana?" Bruno said.

"Yes, hermanito?" Julieta said with a gentle smile.

"Thank you," Bruno smiled.

Julieta smiled back. "No problem Brunito."

Julieta walked out of the room, leaving the ones in the room to their own devices.

As she made her way down the stairs, she thought about the conversation she heard from them.

Had Mirabel really asked for a room?

More importantly: Had she forgotten?

Julieta sighed. She hated how her youngest daughter was suffering so much, and she had done nothing to stop it.

And her brother. Her poor sweet brother. She remembered when their mamá had apprehended Bruno for trying to shovel some sand out of his room.

And then there was Antonio. She was never that close to him, but she saw how close he was to Mirabel and how distant he was to Pepa.

Julieta walked into the dining room, and sat down with a frown upon her face.

"Mija, what ever is the matter?" Alma said, turning to the upset woman.

"Mirabel...asked for a room." Julieta said. She regretted out she didn't specify a second later.

"But she already has a room?" Isabela spoke up.

"No. She asked for her own room. Apparently years ago. And looking back I remember her asking that, we had even promised her." Julieta put her head in her hands.

Luisa put her hand to her mouth. "I-I said I'd help with supplies but instead I pushed her away..."

"A-And remember how Bruno wanted a path leading to his bed so he wouldn't track sand throughout Casita or get it everywhere?" Julieta looked up.

Alma clutched her shawl. "I...I snapped at him when I found out he was shoveling sand into buckets and dumping them outside, and he walked off with tears in his eyes...I didn't even apologize."

"We have to make this right! We-we'll build Mirabel her own room, and we'll fix Bruno's sand situation!" Julieta said.

"Yeah! And we'll decorate it with tons of cool things too!" Camilo piped up.

"We'll cross that bridge when we get there hijo; let's focus on actually making some plans for these things." Felix said.

"They're coming! Shh!" Dolores squeaked.

Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio came into the room as if they could sense their conversation.

"Hey, we finished setting up the beds!" Mirabel said happily. "What are you guys talking about?"

"Nothing! Why would we be talking about anything, we weren't planning anything." Luisa said a but too quick. Her eye started twitching, which lead Mirabel to raise an eyebrow at her.

"O---k. Well, We we're wondering if we could get our hands on one of those diapers?" She asked, hold Antonio who was babbling away with Bruno.

"Ah, Agustin should be back right about...now," Julieta said. On cue, Agustin walked in with a bag.

"I'm back! I got the diapers and a few onsies for little Toñito," Agustin said, poking Antonio's cheek causing him to squeal.

"Thank you papá!" Mirabel said ,taking the bag and moving ti the bathroom to change his diaper.

Bruno sat down at the table. "So, Uh, any plans for tomorrow?" He said, looking around.

"Well, Julieta actually wanted you all to help her bake some things in the kitchen," Alma.

"If that's ok with you and Mirabel," Julieta smiled. "I was going to make some doublechocolate chip cookies!" She clapped her hands together.

Bruno whipped his head in her direction. Double Chocolate Chip? His favorite?

"Of course!" He exclaimed.

Mirabel walked in with a newly changed Antonio. "What's going on? She said, sitting down and bouncing the toddler on her leg.

"We'll be helping Julieta make cookies," Bruno said with joy.

"Oh! I wanna help too!" Mirabeo leaned foward with a happy grin. Sometimes the family forgot that Mirabel was still only a child because she acted so much more mature when she was with Antonio.

"Of course you can, you both can!" Julieta clapped her hands. "Now that that's settled, how about we look for some of your guys old clothes?"

"Alright!" Bruno and Mirabel (who had strapped Antonio to her back) hopped up, following the now walking Julieta out of the room.

For the rest of the afternoon til dinner, the 4 looked through old storage closets, finding old clothes. Julieta had fond memories, seeing the youngers clothes made her realize how much time she had truly missed with her relatives.

After they had all their clothes together and had ate dinner, Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio said good night before heading to the nursery.

As Mirabel rocked Antonio to sleep, she started thinking.

"Hey Bruno?" She said, looking at her older tío.

"Sí?" Bruno looked up at her after adjusting his bed sheets a bit more.

"Do you...do you really think they'll help us?" She asked.

"Of course, I mean they promised they would!" Bruno looked at her confused.

Mirabel looked out the window. "I know it's just...Well, they've made so many promises and yet, they break them. And I just don't this one to be another empty promise."

Bruno sighed. "I know what you mean. I've definitely had my fair share of empty promises. But they're our family. A-and they seemed genuinely serious this time. I've got a good feeling about this."

Mirabel stood and laid Antonio down, giving him a kiss on his forehead, the infant giving a smile in his sleep at the feeling.

"I guess your right. We'll just have to wait and see. Buenos noches, Tío Bruno," she said laying down, putting her glasses on her bed side.

Bruno laid down as well, pulling the covers up. "Buenos noches, sobrina."

Tomorrow is a new day. They had faith in their family. They promised to help, and they believed in them.

Who better to start off that promise than with Julieta, the gentlest Madrigal?

Chapter End Notes

Character chapters after this one: First up Julieta!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Julieta gets to spend time with her hermano, mija and sobrino! Join them as they bake delicious cookies!

Chapter Notes

Sorry for taking so long! I wanted this chapter to be long and school kinda caught up to me, but we're good now!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Day came around quickly.

Mirabel got up early, seeing as Bruno and Antonio were still asleep, she quietly went out of the room. Casita clicked its tile as she made her way down the stairs.

"I'm just setting the table Casita, like I always do," she smiled. Grabbing the plates, she set them in order, leaving silverware as well.

Julieta walked in just as she was finishing up. "Mirabel? Mija, what are you doing up so early?"

"Ah, Buenos Dias mamá. I was just setting the table," Mirabel set the last plate down.

"You didn't have to-" Julieta stopped her self. She saw how Mirabel had sunk into herself. "I- I mean, gracias, I appreciate it. Would you like to help me with breakfast?"

Mirabel perked up happily. "Really?!" She squealed.

"Of course mija," Julieta smiled.

Mirabel jumped in excitement and bounced into the kitchen. Julieta followed slowly. As they were gathering ingredients, she thought about the whole situation.

Mirabel, Bruno AND Antonio were younger. And then there was her papá, Pedro.

Thinking to the past, she had come to find that she didn't have many memories with Mirabel as much as she had with Isabela or Luisa. Had she really failed to love her daughter properly? Did she really just...push her aside?

But, Julieta has always shown love to Mirabel right? She'd always told her how much she loved her, and how special she was, even without a gift. So what went wrong?

And then there was her brother Bruno. When they were younger, she would often find herself standing up for Bruno. The villagers would always get mad at him for his prophecies. And Julieta knew that she had made it well known she loved Bruno.

But then she realized something: While she had loved Bruno as much as possible and protected him from the village, she had never stood up to her mamá. She was always much too scared of Alma to do so. And because of that, the village continued to villainize him. Made him believe he was always at fault and that he was "bad luck".

Julieta's heart broke at the thought of her two family members experiencing such...trauma. And while she had never been that close to Antonio, she saw how the boy would light up at the sight of Mirabel.

"Mamá?" Mirabel asked.

"U-Uh yes?" Julieta shook herself from her thoughts and looked at her youngest.

"The stove is done preheating," Mirabel pointed to the now hot stove, the fire burning underneath leaving a small and comfortable warmth in the room.

"Ah, gracias mi corazón," Julieta smiled, grabbing some of the sausages and placing them in the stove.

As they were cooking breakfast, Mirabel talked with her mother, and for the first time in years she felt loved. Truly loved.

The family began to trickle into the dining room when Mirabel and Julieta started bringing out the food.

Bruno had a now babbling Antonio, and was happily "talking" back to the 1 year old.

Julieta smiled at the sight. She had forgotten long ago just how doting her hermano was towards his sobrinas and sobrinos. How he would play along in their games and help them with their troubles. She had forgotten how much he truly loved his family.

After everyone got their food, Abuela spoke up.

"Alright. Today, everyone will be doing their regular chores. Julieta, you will take Bruno, Mirabel and Toñito, correct?" She looked at her eldest.

"Yes, mamá, they'll be helping me bake today," Julieta smiled at the thought.

"Alright then, that's settled. La Familia Madrigal!" Everyone followed, and began eating. The conversations were mainly just talking about what they were doing for the day.

No one had the guts to mention how 3 of their family members had become younger or how their Abuelo appeared out of nowhere.

Not yet.

Soon after breakfast was done, everyone scattered, Leaving Julieta and the 3 youngest ones to clean up.

When they had gotten to the kitchen and set the pkates in the sink (Casita had already run water,) they could see the ingredients for the cookies already set out.

Mirabel out Antonio into his high chair that they brought with him, giving him a jaguar stuffie they had found in the nursery. (Later they would find out Mirabel made it.)

"Ay, Casita. Always the helper, gracias," Julieta smiled, making her way over to the water basin to quickly wash the dishes.

Within 10 minutes, the kitchen was now clean and set for baking.

"Alright, who's ready to bake cookies?" Julieta turned towards the children in the room.

"Me!" Both Bruno and Mirabel excalimed, Antonio letting out a sound of confirmation, despite not fully knowing what was happening.

Julieta laughed at the trio. "Ok, ok, calm down. Bruno, I want you do measure out the flour and sugar, alright hermanito?" Bruno gave a salute, a serious look crossing his face before he ran towards the counter and started strategically measuring the flour into a bowl.

"Mirabel, you handle the milk and eggs. Make sure to avoid any egg shells," Julieta pointed at Mirabel.

"Ok mamá!" She bounced over to the second counter, cracking eggs and pouring milk.

Julieta shook her head in amusement. This whole situation was confusing, she'll admit. First her daughter expressed how she felt. It broke her heart to learn that her daughter was in pain, and she didn't try enough to help her mija. Then her papá came and only solidified that. And while she stood up for her hermano when they were younger, she knew that they had slowing drifted, her no longer standing up for him or even comforting him like she used too. And little Toñito. She never spent much time with him.

But all that was gonna change! Her and her familia were going to make things right. One step at a time.

As she bent down to heat the oven, she heard a squeal. Snapping her head in the direction of the noise, she saw Bruno throwing a small pinch of flour at Mirabel. She had throw a bit back as well, and Antonio somehow managed to get some on his face, which is why he squealed.

"Brunito, Mirabel!" Julieta gave a mock angry face. Mirabel and Bruno froze, flour in hand. They glance at each other, then mischievous smiles crossed their faces. They faced Julieta, who was still looking at the two, slight concern on her features.

And then? Chaos.

Bruno and Mirabel threw the flour in their hands, successfully covering the older woman in it.

She looked shocked for a minute, but quickly grabbed her own handful of flour and throwing it at the two. It became a whole flour fight, the white baking ingredient flying everywhere.

Everyone was laughing happily, Julieta had missed this. When she could play with her hermano or giggle with Mirabel.

"Alright, alright, let's get the dry and wet batter mixed," Julieta laughed, ushering the two towards the counter.

They started arguing over who got to mix, Mirabel obviously winning. As she mixed, Bruno huffed.

"Well, I get to put them on the baking pan!" He stuck his tongue out. Mirabel only stirred harder as the dough thickened, sticking her tongue out as well.

Julieta took the bowl and took out a bag of chocolate chips, causing Bruno to get excited.

"Chocolate Chips!" He yelled, pumping his hands in the air.

Julieta held in a laugh, remembering how much Bruno love chocolate.

She poured a ton in, and Bruno held his hands out just as she was about to out the rest away.

"Can I have some?" He looked up at the older woman.

How could she resist that face?

Pouring some into her hand, he quickly scarfed them down, a genuine smile crossing his face.

Mirabel asked for some too, and she ate them just as quickly. Seeing everyone eating the sweet chips, Antonio raised his hands and shouted, to which Julieta poured some into his high chair.

"There you go Toñito," she said, pinching the baby's cheeks, causing his to go into a fit of laughter.

Going back to the counter, she saw Bruno taking out a couple baking trays.

"Alright Brunito. Take the dough like this," She picked up a small handful and held in her hands. "And roll it into a ball like this," she quickly rolled the ball, forming a near perfect sphere.

"Sí, sí, I got this. Watch and learn," Bruno bumped Julieta out of the way and began balling them up. They weren't very even, some bigger then other, and some ovals, but Julieta said nothing. Baking with her brother was something she didn't get to do often, and in her eyes, they were perfect.

When Bruno finished, he crossed his arms in victory. "See? I told you I could do it."

"Yes, I see. Great job," Julieta ruffled his curls, to which he swatted her hands.

Carefully, Mirabel helped her mamá put them in the oven.

"Ok, now, go to the sink and wash off all the flour, I'll get little Tonio," Julieta ushered the two to the sink, before picking up Antonio.

"How are you my little sobrino," she said, picking up the flour and chocolate covered baby. Antonio giggled and put his hands in Julieta's cheeks.

"Tía!" He exclaimed.

Julieta froze. She had never heard him say that, let alone to her. Tears pricking her eyes, she cuddled the toddler.

"Yes little Toñito, I'm your tía," She sniffled. Grabbing a wet cloth she cleaned off the boy. Bruno and Mirabel came over, with smiles on their faces.

"Mamá, when will the cookie be done?" She asked, grabbing Antonio and bouncing him.

Julieta wiped her own face and hands, thinking. "I'd say about...15 minutes?" Bruno groaned.

"15 minutes? That's so looonng," he dragged his feet as he walked and leaned on the counter, looking out the window.

"Oh, it's not that long," Julieta smiled. "Oh, by the way, how are you all settling in?"

"Oh, great! We got the beds together and we put up the clothes we found. Antonio sleeps surprisingly well, only waking up once when he was dirty," Bruno explained.

"That's good. Although, I was wondering, Mirabel, do you...do you want your, um...own room?" Julieta turned towards her, fiddling with her hands a bit.

"What do you mean? I do have a room," Mirabel looked at her curiously.

"No I mean, your OWN room. Not the nursery," Julieta looked at her daughter.

Mirabel stood with a blank expression for a minute. "You mean, my own room? Like, I sleep there alone and all my stuff is there and I don't have to share?" Mirabel looked up at her mother with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, of course! Me and adults were talking and we remember you had mentioned it. You'll have a bigger bed, much more space and-" Julieta was cut off by Mirabel launching herself into her mother's apron, with soft sobs and tears of happiness spilling from her eyes.

Mirabel really got so emotional over something so basic? Her mother hugged her back, rubbing her back. They really had a lot to make up for. Mirabel looked up at her mamá.

"You really mean it?" Mirabel sniffled.

"Of course míja. We'll build you the best room of all," Julieta brushed back Mirabel's curls, a soft look gracing her face. Bruno watched the scene. He was happy Mirabel was finally getting her own room. After all she'd done for the family, she deserved t more than anyone.

Casita clicked its tiles, bringing a timer from the counter. Had 15 minutes really passed that quickly?

"Alright, alright, I'm coming," Julieta giggled. Grabbing her oven mitts, she tooked the cookie out of the oven, they were perfect. Bruno, being impatient, tried to grab one, only to be met with the scalding hot burn of the pan.

He winced, pulling his hands back. "Ay!"

"Ay, Bruno," Julieta quickly grabbed his hand, rushing him towards the sink to run ut under some water. While he was sticking his hand under the water, she brung a leftover arepa from breakfast, and shoved it in his mouth. "You're just the same as before," She sighed.

Bruno laughed nervously, eating the arepa, the pain going away quickly. "Sorry hermana, I was just a bit excited.

Julieta couldn't stay mad, she really couldn't. She picked up her brother, swinging him around while hugging him tightly. "Oh, how could stay mad at my youngest hermano?" She laughed.

"H-hey! You're only older by 10 minutes!" Bruno blushed slightly, Julieta put him down. "And besides, I'm the one with the brawn," he huffed.

"That would actually go to Luisa," Mirabel snickered from the counter.

Antonio squealed, holding his hands up. "Tía!" He yelled. Julieta walked over to him, picking him up.

"Awe, does little Toñito want to spin too?" She laughed some more, spinning Antonio around, the infant giggling like crazy.

Julieta cuddled with Antonio. Sure, she loved huggubg Mirabel and Bruno, but little Tonio just had those chubby little cheeks and was like a teddy bear, she missed hugging him.

"We're back!" Luisa yelled from the courtyard.

"Oh, lets give them some of our cookies!" Mirabel clapped her hands. Julieta nodded, passing Antonio to her. She carefully took the cookies off the oan and placed them onto large platter. (Careful not to burn herself like Bruno did.)

Bruno grabbed one, and shoved it in his mouth before running out the room before Julieta could swat her hand away.

"Bruno!" Julieta shouted, but not in anger, more in a motherly way. She could hear Bruno laughing from the other room. The family slowly made their way into the dining room,

Julieta walking out with the platter, with Mirabel and Antonio close behind.

"We made cookies!" Mirabel exclaimed.

This piqued the family's attention. Julieta brought the platter over, and immediately, people were grabbing at the baked goods.

"These are so good," Luisa slumped into her seat.

"I'm glad! Bruno and Mirabel helped y'know," Julieta pointed at the mentioned. Bruno froze, another cookie in his mouth and 2 more in his hands. Mirabel looked up, mid-chew and handed Antonio one.

"Well, thank you Bruno and Mirabel, they're delicious," Abuela nodded in approval.

Bruno and Mirabel's faces visibly brightened. Both of them said your welcome, day now much brighter. Some of the other family members gave somber looks, had they really not complimented them enough? They got his hooey over such a simple compliment.

"Oh yeah!" Felix spoke up, taking another cookie. "We we're thinking, after lunch, Bruno, would you like to come with me and Agustín? We're gonna out to town for a while and thought you might wanna go," he said, Agustín nodding in agreement.

Bruno looked at his brother in laws. "R-really? You want me to go with you guys?" He said with genuine surprise.

"Of course! We've been meaning to take you out for some fun anyway," Agustín waved his hand.

Bruno sat up straight, smiling brighter than before. "O-Of course! I'd love too!" He exclaimed. Felix and Agustín smiled back, happy they could spend some time with their brother.

Pepa looked over to Mirabel, who was bouncing Antonio on her leg.

"M-Mirabel," Pepa scratched her neck. "Would you and Antonio like to go out to the fields with me?" She blushed lightly.

Mirabel looked over. "Of course!" She smiled, picking up Antonio. "You hear that Toñito? We get to go spend time with your mamá!" Antonio laughed, turning to his mom and pointing.

"Mamá! Play!" He clapped his hands. Pepa smiled brightly, the sun shining brighter than before.

Felix and Agustín were excited to spend time with Bruno, who was probably even more excited than them, if that was possible. Pepa's day was literally brightened by how forgiving Mirabel was and how excited Antonio was to spend time with her.

The most exciting Madrigals were up and ready to spend time with their beloved members!

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all like this chapter! Up next us Pepa, who will spend time with Mirabel and Antonio!

After that, Félix and Agustín, who will spend time with their brother in law while Pepa has the other two! ;)

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Pepa spends some quality time outside with her sobrina and hijo!

Chapter Notes

I am SO sorry this took so long to get out! I went on vacation for a while and then I had to play catnip at school, but we're all good now! Hopefully you all like this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As lunch was being served, Pepa thought about what they should do. She knew Mirabel hadn't remembered their little...argument from the day before. And Antonio, her little Toñito.

"He'll be happy with anything as long as Mirabel is involved..." She mumbled to herself, putting a spoonful of soup in her mouth.

She tried to think back. What was one thing her and Mirabel enjoyed before Antonio, before her ceremony?

She remembered Mirabel had asked her to teach her how to sew, but Mirabel does that all the time. Pepa perked up, the sun shining a bit brighter.

Making jewelry! That's it! She and her sobrina would take her craft basket out to the backyard and make tons of bracelets and necklaces and bands. They could do that!

Pepa smiled at the thought. And her little Tonio could still help too, he loved picking out colors and saying them.

As breakfast finished up, Pepa pulled Mirabel to the side, grabbing Antonio as well. She watched as Félix and Agustín whisked Bruno off, and the other emblems went off to do whatever they had planned.

"Are you ready Mirabel?" Pepa smiled at his sobrina.

"U-Uh..Sí! Sí! I am!" Mirabel visibly brightened. It broke Pepa's heart that it took so little to make the girl happy.

Pepa shook her head, shooing the cloud above her head away. She yanked Mirabel along, Antonio giggling with excitement.

In the backyard, Mirabel was sitting on a blanket, playing with Antonio. Pepa came outside with a small weave basket, smiling.

"Ok! I found the craft supplies!" She said, setting down the basket and sitting next to Mirabel. She picked up Antonio and nuzzled into him, giggles worrying from the infant.

"Craft basket?" Mirabel looked at her tía curiously. "Why do we need that?"

Pepa stopped playing with Antonio and looked at Mirabel, her heart breaking all over again.

Didn't they use to make jewelry all the time? Had she forgotten? Or rather... had Pepa pushed her away each time Mirabel had asked?

"Tía Pepa?" Mabel leaned forward, looking at Pepa innocently.

Pepa shook herself out of her thoughts, smiling brightly at Mirabel. "To make jewelry of course!"

Mirabel sat up and smile brightly. "Really?! Y-You mean it?" She bounced in her spot.

Pepa say Antonio down, giving him a toy to distract himself. "Yup! Now, what colors should we use..."

The mention of colors caught Antonio's attention.

He crawled to where is mamá was and picked up a yellow bead. "Yellow!" He yelled, but his tounge rolled off of his gums, so it sounded more like "Lello".

Pepa smiled and picked up her son. "You wanna use yellow?" She said kissing his forehead. Mirabel giggled.

"He loves to say the colors, its one of his favorite things to do besides lookung at animal picture books." Mirabel picked uo some blue and white beads.

"Really? I knew he like animals but I didn't know my smart little boy loved colors too!" Pepa threw Antonio up and caught him.

Antonio laughed loudly, looking at his mother. "Mamí! Yellow!" He pointed at his mothers dress and clapped.

Pepa's eyes welled up. It was one of the few times he had acknowledged her as "Mamí" and not some ambiguous baby sound. She squeezed Antonio, praising him.

Mirabel clapped her hands as well, spouting compliments.

Antonio turned and faced Mirabel pointing at her. "Mibel! Blue!"

Mirabel poked his cheeks, making him have a fish face. "Yup! I wear blue! And your mamá wears yellow!"

Pepa set down Antonio, giving him a few pieces of spare cloth that play with and point at.

As Mirabel and Pepa began to put beads and charms on their strings, Pepa thought to herself.

When was the last time she spent time with her sobrina? Pepa looked over at Mirabel, who was focused on her weaving. She remembered before Mirabel's ceremony, they would always come out to the back and weave little animals with beads or make bracelets and necklaces.

She missed that.

What went wrong?

"Mamá." Pepa thought to herself. Her mamá had pushed Mirabel away, and so the family followed suit. And Pepa was far too afraid of what her mother would do if she tried standing up for Mirabel. Those days where they would play happily in the backyard were gone, distant memories. The days where Mirabel would simply smile and Pepa's day would be brighter. Where Mirabel would sit in the rain with an umbrella when Pepa just couldn't get out of her feelings.

Pepa's eyes well up. What went wrong? And then there was Antonio. Her little Toñito. She had basically dumped him on her sobrina, and Mirabel had raised her son, it's no wonder he called Mirabel mamá. And she never spent any time with him, despite being his biological mother. Her papá had been right. She had failed them both as a mother and an aunt. Her papá said the cold harsh truth. Pepa's vision started getting blurry and a cloud formed above her head.

Antonio noticed and quickly got Mirabel's attention. "Mibél, Mamí sad!" He said, standing up and pointing at his mamá. Mirabel, worried, crawled over to Pepa, Antonio waddling close behind.

"Tía Pepa? What's wrong?" Mirabel grabbed her tía's hand. Pepa's sad gaze shot up to meet Mirabel's gentle worried one. She also saw Antonio with a saddened look.

"N-Nothing sobrina I just..." Pepa wiped her eyes and shooed the cloud. It didn't go away but it did stop raining. "I was thinking and, I'm sorry." She quietly sobbed, arms slumping in defeat as her handmade necklace fell to the ground.

Mirabel gave a confused look. "Why are you sorry?"

"I-I ignored you for so long all because you didn't have a gift! A-And then I basically dumped Antonio on you and then got mad at you when he called you mamá. I shouldn't have gotten mad when I was never there for him or you..." Pepa put her face in her hands and began to cry. "L-Lo siento sobrina, I...I failed you as a tía..."

Mirabel's surprised face softened to one of understanding. She gently took her tías hands and set them down, enveloping her in a hug. "You didn't mean it tía...I know you still loved me then and still love me now." She whispered, hugging her aunt tightly.

Antonio waddled over to his mamá, joining to hug, squeezing himself between his mamá and prima. "Mamí, no cry!" He patted her cheek, attempting to wipe away the tears her cheek.

Pepa could do nothing but squeeze them tight, sobbing into her sobrinas shoulders. Mirabel and Antonio completely ignored the raining pouring onto them, more focused on the crying adult.

Once Pepa had calmed down, she reluctantly pulled away and looked at her hijo and sobrina. "Lo siento I just...I was just thinking about how I treat you and Toñito in the past and you should have never endured that, especially from me. I should have supported you, gift or not." Pepa wiped more tears from her eyes.

Mirabel gently grabbed her tía's hands, causing her to looked up. Mirabel had a soft and genuine smile on her face. "Tía. As long as you realize what happened and what you did and forgive yourself, I'm always willing to forgive. I'll never not love you. Right Toñito?" Antonio clapoed his hands in agreement.

Pepa smiled brightly, a rainbow forming over her head. Mirabel turned around and grabbed something from behind her. She placed a hand made necklace on Pepa's neck. The necklace was made with yellow and orange beads, and had several weather charms, from clouds, to lightning to rainbows. All the aspects of the weather, good and bad.

Pepa looked down at it, shock crossing her face.

"I-I understand if you don't like it. I just thought that this mught helo you feel better! And Antonio picked out the charms! He was very helpful." Mirabel held her primo.

Pepa scooped up the two once again, the sun shinung brighter and the rainbow getting bigger. "I love you both so much...you guys are far too sweet for me." She nuzzled into them. "I also made you something!"

She turned to the side, scooping uo the bracelets she had been working on. "See! I made us all matching bracelets. Cute, no?" She slid the blue one with butterfly charms attached onto Mirabel's wrist and the yellow one with animal charms onto Antonio's baby wirst. She had her own, which looked to be a mixture of both charms.

Mirabel gasped in excitement, giddily bouncing in her spot, spouting out compliments and how much she loved it. Antonio shook his wrist, enjoying the sound the charms made when they clinked together.

Pepa, overwhelmed with happiness and cuteness, tackled the two in a bear hug, bringing them onto the ground. Mirabel giggled, cuddling next to her tía while Antonio was in between them, reaching at the sky. Pepa had missed when she could just lay down and bask in the sun with her sobrina.

And now she could do it right this time, her son a happy addition, making them a trio.

Hey y'all! Up next are the brothers trio: Félix, Bruno and Agustín! What will this dangerous trio be doing next? You'll find out soon! Hopefully I'll have their chapter out this weekend along with a little angry Bruno chapter afterward.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Félix, Agustín and Bruno go out to the town for some fun!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Meanwhile with Agustín, Félix and Bruno...

Bruno was being dragged away from Casita by his two brother-in-laws. Despite being confused, he couldn't help but be excited. He wondered, where were they going?

"H-Hey, Félix? Agustín? Where are we going?" Bruno asked, jogging to keep up with the two men in front of him.

"To the market! We're gonna buy you some stuff!" Félix smiled at his younger hermano. Bruno perked up, hope in his eyes, with maybe a glint of fear of rejection.

"Really? Just for me?" He said, staring at his brothers.

"Of course! We've actually always wanted to take you out with us but..." Félix paused, as if trying to rearrange something in his head. "Anyway, let's head out to the shops before it gets busy!" He continued to drag Bruno along before he could question his hesitation.

"We've actually been meaning times take you out with us for a while. We've just never found the time and after you—" as Agustín was about to finish his sentence, he saw Félix in his peripheral gesturing him to stop and to not bring up the topic. "You— didn't...uh..." Agustín scratched the back of his neck.

"You were just very busy or weren't in the mood. But now you have time and we're gonna take advantage of it! Let's go!" Félix whisked Bruno off to a shop, ignoring his protests. Agustín visibly relaxed, thankful his brother in law got him out of that conversation. That was a can of worms he didn't want to open.

They ended up in a store that had various clothes choices. The store was owned by one of the seamstresses in the village, who was very well known for her selection in male clothing choices.

"¡Hola Señora Valeria! We're back!" Agustín called out. After a moment, a short middle aged woman came from behind the curtain behind the counter. She was shorter than Félix, but taller than Bruno. She had dark brown hair with stray gray hairs. Her outfit consisted of a

fairly simply designed La Pollera Colora. Her sandals were a warm yellow color, and she wore a light poncho on her shoulders.

“Ah, Agustín! Oh, and Félix too. And is this Bruno?” She walked around the counter, hugging the 2 warmly before turning to Bruno. “Buenas tardes Bruno! It’s been quite a while huh? And it looks like you’ve gotten a bit younger, haha,” she jokingly bumped into him. Bruno laughed quietly.

“Buenas Tardes Valeria. It indeed has been a while, i-it’s nice to see you,” Bruno replied with a small smile. He liked Valeria, as she was one of the few people who wasn’t always wary of him and genuinely liked hanging out with him. She was stern but sweet, he could see why her husband, Senor Felipe married her.

“Well, are you here to pick up your order? Maybe shop around a bit?” the woman asked, going back around the counter and digging through some clothes.

“Order?” Bruno turned his head curiously. “But I never ordered anything?”

“Ah, that was me,” Agustín walked up to the counter. Valeria smiled while handing him a green cloth. He turned around facing Bruno, who still hadn’t picked up on the situation. Félix snickered at his obliviousness. He may have seen the future, but sometimes he was as clueless as ever.

Bruno slowly took the clothing from his hand. Unfolding it, he held it at arms length and took in the features.

It was a green ruana, much like the one he was wearing but much more pristine looking and was a bit longer. The green shade was dark, but it made the light green designs pop. The designs themselves were amazing. On the back of the ruana, there was a particularly large hourglass; it took up most of the back. Along the hem and seams were little stars and lines. He turned it around to the front, and much like the one he was wearing, there were hourglasses lining the sides. The only difference was there were little gray rats along the bottom, seemingly dancing.

Bruno continued to stare at the ruana, unmoving and unspeaking. Valeria leaned against the counter, scanning his face for a reaction. “Do you like it? When Agustín came in yesterday morning asking for one, I was curious as to why, but after hearing that you were here, I decided to take it. I’ve been meaning to make you one anyway.” she said, organizing some fabrics and clothes.

Bruno’s eyes welled up slightly, and he had the wildest smile on his face. “I-I love it! It’s awesome! Are you sure this is for...me?” he held it down, looking at Valeria.

“Well of course!” she said matter of factly. Bruno hugged it tightly, squeezing his eyes and swallowing the lump in his throat.

“T-Thank you! All of you! I love it! I’ll put it on right now—” just as he was about to change ruanas, Félix stopped him.

"Ah ah ah, nope! First, we're gonna get you some new clothes. It's on us, so pick out some new clothes." he ushered Bruno to the teens section, ushering him to pick some clothes as he and Agustín talked and Valeria walked into the back, presumably to work on more orders.

As he browsed the clothes, something caught his attention. A button up shirt, simple. It was a dark maroon and was long sleeved, he took it off the rack and grabbed a pair of pants similar to Fèlix's.

"I got some cl-clothes. Fèlix, Agustín, are sure this is OK? I can—" Agustín held his hand up, taking out a wallet and pulling out pesos.

"Ah, no. We told you. We're treating you. All you have to do is hang out with us and have fun!" He said, handing Valeria the payment. He pushed Bruno into the back changing room. "Now, go change so we can go!"

Bruno changed, walking out with his old clothes in hand. "D-Does it look weird?" He asked, scratching the back of his neck.

Fèlix and Agustín shook their heads, and Valeria clapped her hands together. "You look handsome! I'm glad you found some clothes you liked." She grabbed the ruana, pulling it over his head. He straightened it out, staring at the material with joy.

"Thank you again!" He laughed. After putting his old clothes into a bag, he waved the seamstress goodbye, following Fèlix and Agustín.

They walked around, stopping occasionally to check out some shops. Soon, they came up to a food stand, and Fèlix pulled out his wallet while walking up. "You guys want anything? I'm gonna get some churros," he asked.

"Oh, get me a couple almojábana!" Agustín happily replied. Bruno stayed silent, fiddling with his hands.

"Bruno?" Fèlix turned towards the teen. "Do you want anything?" He asked again.

"U-Uh, well I...I don't want you to spend so much on me..." Bruno stuttered, trailing off and looking away. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and looked up to see Felix with the face only a father could make.

"Bruno. Like I said, it's OK hermano. We're treating you. Besides, it's OK to splurge every once in a while." He gently explained.

Bruno looked up, a slightly anxious look on his face. "Really?" He said quietly.

"Really." Fèlix whispered.

"OK...then can I get some buñuelos with arequipe?" He asked rather nervously.

"Of course you can, that's the spirit!" He patted Bruno's back, going off to order. After handing the men their food, they continued their walk down the square. Bruno smiled to himself as he bit into his buñuelos. Taking some sugar out of his ruana (he had put the salt

and sugar from the other one in it beforehand, he threw it over his shoulder. He wanted this good luck to stay, he liked hanging out with his hermanos.

The sun was setting and people were coming out to the square to dance, music resonating throughout the town. A band of 5 played their instruments, from accordions to maracas to tamboras. Fèlix shoved the rest of his churro in his mouth, grabbing Bruno's hand and dragging him off, Agustín close behind.

While Félix joined the in the band with another tam bora, Agustín took Bruno to dance with the others townsfolk (they stuck to the edges as to not overwhelm Bruno,).

While Agustín was happily joining in the cambia circle, Bruno stood to the side awkwardly. Fèlix noticed this, and while still keeping the beat, he called out to Bruno.

"Ay Bruno, go have some fun! Dance hermano, dance!" He laughed loudly. Bruno looked at him, scanning Fèlix for some negative emotion. Malice. Fear. Anger. But he never found it. He only saw the ever jovial Fèlix, a smile on his face and hope dancing in his eyes. Bruno nodded hesitantly.

Still on the outlines, he slowly began to dance, first side stepping to find the rhythm and beat. He had never been the biggest dancer, but he did still have a sense of rhythm because of his occasional dance parties with his hermanas. He began to dance fully now, trying his best to keep up with the speed. The song was a but fast paced, but he was able to keep up. Eventually he was able to dance more, bouncing and stepping in his small little area.

Agustín caught Bruno in his vision and made his way over to him, still bumping with the rhythm. He guided Bruno towards the center of the circle, the younger seeming to not realizing he was now in the crowd.

When he did realize, he almost stopped, almost freezing in fear. But when he saw that no one was staring at him warily or asking him to leave, he continued to dance, smiling a little bit more now. He and Agustín danced around with the other villagers, everyone laughing and singing along. Fèlix was beating in his tambora, happily bouncing in his seat to the rhythm, singing loudly, his deep and gentle yet strong voice standing out.

They stayed out in the square dancing until night fell, and started their way back to Casita for dinner with the rest of their familia.

"So hermanito, did you have fun?" Fèlix turned to Bruno.

A slightly out of breath Bruno nodded, his smile never falling. "O-Oh yeah! I had a lot of fun today, thank you both!" He huffed.

The two men smiled triumphantly, happy that their plan to get their hermano out worked.

The three continued onto Casita, talking happily and laughing at the antics they had gotten into as well.

Although Bruno had great fun, he thought back to a little earlier when they had first went out. Agustín had hesitated when he was talking about the "older" Bruno. What had him, a usually talkative man, hesitate for so long? Did he do something bad in the future? Maybe it was linked to his plate being put up (for what look like a while based on how dusty it was,). He shrugged it off, he didn't want to ruin the mood by asking such a question. Before walking into Casita, he threw some salt over his shoulder. For some reason, he had a feeling something bad was going to happen soon...

Chapter End Notes

This was originally gonna be a chapter where they kinda just caused chaos, but I wanted it to be a bit of brotherly time together instead. But worry not, next chapter we're going to get some arguing >:)))

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Bruno finds out the real reason his plate was put away.

Chapter Notes

Hey y'all, we're back with a new chapter! This time we got a bit of angst, but some fluff at the end to get out of that sour mood <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Fèlix, Agustín and Bruno walked into the dining room, greeting the rest of their family.

“Hola Bruno, did you have fun with your hermanos?” Abuela asked, giving him a kiss on his cheek.

“Sí mama, it was amazing,” Bruno smiled brightly, taking his seat.

“Oh, did you get new clothes?” Mirabel asked as she noticed his new ruana and clothes.

Bruno rubbed his neck nervously, chuckling a bit. “A-Ah, yeah...Agustín had commissioned Senora Valeria to make me a new ruana, and he bought me some new clothes as well. Honestly, I really love the ruana, I’ll wear it forever.”

Julieta kissed her husband, setting her plate down and sitting next to him. “That was so nice of you. You look amazing Bruno,” Julieta smiled. Bruno squirmed a bit and muttered a thank you.

“B-But what about you Mirabel, did you have fun with Antonio and Pepa?” The teen looked at Mirabel, who handed the mentioned infant to his mother.

“Oh yeah, we made a ton of bracelets and charms! On that topic...” Mirabel dug through her bag, seeming to search for something. A second later, she pulled out a green bracelet. It was made of rope and had some green beads in the shape of an hourglass attached to it. “I made this for you! I made one for everyone, and you know I had to include you!”

Bruno’s face was one of shock as he gently took it out of her hands and examined it. He broke out into yet another wide smile, sliding it on his hand. He practically knocked himself and Mirabel out of their chairs as he hugged her. “Gracias Mirabel,” he said. Mirabel patted his back.

When everyone settled, the family began talking, the conversations ranging from what they did that day to what they'll do tomorrow. Bruno was talking to Pepa about what he did with her husband and hermano, laughing when she said Antonio shouted colors for 5 minutes. But as he talked, a thought came into his head that he had brushed off earlier. His plate.

"Ah, mamá, discúlrame, um, I have a question," Bruno fiddled with his fork.

"Of course, what is it mijo?" Alma turned towards her son, a small smile on his face.

"Um...so about my plate. A couple days ago when I first got it, it was...it was dusty. It looked like it had been put away? W-Why did you put my plate away?" Bruno asked. Suddenly the whole table's conversations ceased. It was dead silent as Bruno awaited his answer. Was what he asked that bad? Did everyone know something he didn't?

Alma froze, the smile on her face quickly falling. Bruno fidgeted some more, quietly knocking on the wood under the table. "Mama?" he asked again.

Alma snapped out of her trace and stared at Bruno for a minute before turning her head to the side a bit, avoiding eye contact. "We-Well...You see, future you...well I put it away because future you...and..." She drew out the last word, trailing off. She was trying to think of a way to explain it to him without making it seem so bad. But there was just no way to do that.

Bruno perked up at the mention of his future self. "Future me? W-What did I do?" He fully turned to face his mother, face filled with determination. She said nothing, which worried him. He turned to the others, who quickly took to looking at something else. "Guys? What happened?" He asked again, this desperate.

Dolores held her breath, but she didn't want to leave him in the dark, she hated keeping people in the dark enough as it is. "Future you leave after having a vision of Mirabel and Abuela gets super mad and puts your plate away and tells us not to talk about you—" Dolores slapped her hands over her mouth, eyes wide. Everyone stiffens visibly.

"Wh...What?" Bruno whispered quietly. "I left...and you...you told them not to talk about me?"

"I had a reason, I put the plate away because I didn't want them to—" Alma was surprisingly cut off by Bruno.

"No, forget the plate. You told my family NOT TO TALK ABOUT ME?" He raised his voice at the end. "Because I left? I don't even know what the vision is, but whatever it was, it couldn't have been that bad." he shifted in his seat.

"Brunito, I just didn't want the town to think bad of us, I was planning to tell them, but I had gotten caught up," Alma reasoned.

"The town? You're worried about the town?! You basically disowned me because you didn't want to lose face?" Bruno looked highly offended. The family still was silent, no one dared to intervene.

Except Julieta.

“Bruno, I think we should calm down and, you know, maybe work this out?” Julieta tried to break them up. Bruno whipped his head towards his eldest hermana, tears brimming his eyes, but never falling.

“Why?” He asked, staring at her.

“W-What?” Julieta tried not to clench her heart as she watched her only brother cry.

“Why didn’t you stop her? Why didn’t you stand up for me, YOU SAID YOU’D ALWAYS BE THERE!” He yelled, shooting out of his seat. “Y-You both...I thought maybe, just maybe it might not be true,” He wiped his eyes. “But I was wrong.” He looked up, eyes watering again despite his best efforts to stop it from happening.

Bruno, we just didn’t know how,” Julieta looked down in shame, not wanting to look at her brother.

“Of course not. Nothing ever goes right for me because I’m Bad Luck Bruno and I always make bad visions,” His arms slumped to his sides in defeat. “I need to go.” He walked off, stopping only to throw salt over his shoulder and cross his fingers.

The whole dining room was quiet, no one knew what to say. Some wanted to go comfort Bruno, but opted not to as to give him some space. Bruno was so kind and caring, and that probably never changed when he left. They, the family (sans Antonio and Mirabel), didn’t really try to stand up for him. He was shunned by the time which caused him to stay inside often. And after he left...Abuela went on a tangent about how he didn’t “care about the family,” and put his plate away and made his name taboo. No one tried to stand up to her. Now it’s gotten worse.

—

Bruno sat on his bed in the nursery, staring out the window. What did he do wrong? He couldn’t believe his mama would take it that far. Hadn’t he been good enough for her? He only showed people good or even neutral visions and he tried not to show the bad ones. And he thought he was a pretty nice person, he didn’t lash out, he didn’t yell...except when he yelled at his mama and hermana...

Bruno threw his face into his hands. “Ay, what have I done...” taking some salt out of his ruana, he took a deep breath before throwing it over his shoulder and standing up. Casita’s tiles flipped and clattered, Bruno quickly calming the house down. “I’ve already been up here for like 10 minutes. I just...needed a breather. Julieta was right, I really could have handled that better. I’ll go down there and talk to them. Also I’m still a bit hungry,” he chuckled. Casita flapped its shutters in approval, sending the teen off.

As he made his way down the stairs, he overheard the family’s conversation.

“I wish I could just...go back in time and stop myself from doing that. I feel like I could have done so much more for him.” he heard his mother say.

“Well we can now. We’ll do it right this time. But you need to talk to him. If he comes back down, we can start there.” Julieta said. Bruno sighed, his sister was always the voice of reason. He didn’t hate her for it though, quite the contrary if anything.

Bruno stepped into the dining room, retaking his seat next to Mirabel. No one said anything as he took a bit of his food, not making eye contact and kept his eyes on his food.

After about a minute of this, Alma spoke up. “Bruno,” she paused as if she was thinking of something. “I...do you wanna talk about it?” she asked. Bruno swallowed what was in his mouth and set his fork down, nodding his head yes. Alma let out a breath she didn’t know she was holding, relaxing a bit. “So...do you have any questions?”

Bruno looked up and opened his mouth, but quickly shut it. He grimaced for a second before looking back up. “Why?” he simply asked. It was a one word question, but Alma knew exactly what he was asking. She took in a deep breath, and looked at him gently.

“Well, you had a vision the night Mirabel didn’t get a gift. I had asked you to. What you had seen had scared you to leaving. Or rather you didn’t feel safe enough to tell any of us.” Alma held her lips in a tight line, grimacing lightly. “And I had overreacted. So, I took your plate and hid it. I told the family not to talk about you because I thought maybe the pain would go away.”

Bruno took a minute to process what she had said. “Mama, I just don;t understand. I thought I did everything right, what happened over the years? Did I do something wrong?” Bruno asked, looking up with a frown.

Alma looked to the side. “No, you didn’t. But I do admit, I never truly stopped the townsfolk from talking about you badly. I wish I did. Then maybe you might have stayed, even if only for a little bit longer. I didn’t know when you’d come back, and eventually I began to hold a grudge, and I don’t know why.”

“You...D-Did you mean it?” Bruno asked quietly.

“No. Of course not.” Alma said gently. “I want to, and I will make it up to you. I don’t know how yet, but I will. It’s not going to be the same as last time, I’ll make sure. I love you, Bruno, please never ever think otherwise.”

Bruno had a gentle look on his face, as he nodded. “Of course mama. I’ll never forget it.”

Seeing as the two had a civil conversation and made up, the family continued their dinner, their past conversations resuming. Everyone happily ate the food deliciously prepared by Julieta.

—

After dinner had ended, Alma pulled Bruno to the side, ushering everyone to their rooms and off to bed, bidding them goodnight. After making sure everyone was in bed, she turned to a slightly confused Bruno.

“Mama?” He looked at her innocently. Alma pulled Bruno into a tight hug. The boy flinched, but quickly reciprocated it, hiding his face in her dress. He started to weep, and Alma did not flinch or pull away. She only held him tighter, rocking him slightly as they stood.

“Lo siento...Lo siento mucho, mijo, lo siento,” Alma whispered, her own eyes becoming glassy. After standing and hugging for about 5 minutes. Bruno (reluctantly) pulled away, wiping his eyes and sniffing.

“I’m sorry mama, I didn’t mean to get your dress wet, I—” Bruno was cut off when Alma gently lifted his face so he looked at her. She held his face in both of her hands, him leaning into her motherly touch.

“You have nothing to apologize for. Nothing. I’m the one that should be apologizing. And I am sorry. I don’t expect you to forgive me, especially right away, but know that my arms are always open for you, mijo,” Alma said. She kissed his cheek, letting him walk up the stairs.

“Buenas noches, mama,” he said, walking to the nursery.

“Buenas noches mijo,” Alma replied, waving him goodnight. As Alma walked into her room, she settled into her bed, happy that she can finally start making up all the mistakes she did in the past, one step at a time.

Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all like this chapter! I wanted to have a chapter where Bruno finds out why his plate was put away, and I didn't want him to put it off. I feel like he needed to confront Alma somehow. I'm happy how this turned out all together. I didn't want the entire chapter to be arguing, so I got some resolve and fluff at the end <3.

Anyway, hope y'all like this chapter. I'm so happy that all of you love it, I love seeing your comments and responding. The amount of kudos and comments y'all give me, it really makes my day. See y'all next chapter!

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Dolores cares for a sick Mirabel. :)

Chapter Notes

Surprise! New chapter today, I was in the writing mood. And since it was revealed that Mirabel's birthday is tomorrow, I decided to do a little early birthday gift chapter with her spending some time with her favorite prima, Dolores. I know it's a bit short, only being about 2k+ words, but I hope you enjoy reading regardless :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Mirabel woke up feeling...sick. Her head hurt and she was sweating like crazy. Everytime she moved, her body ached and her head pounded. Bruno walked over with Antonio, and seeing the girl in the condition she was in, he kneeled next to her bed, Antonio resting on his knee.

"Mirabel," he said softly. "Mirabel, are you ok? You look really sick." He put his hand on her head and felt that it was way too hot to be healthy. Mirabel shook her head no at his question, but stopped and grimaced when her head started hurting more.

Antonio whimpered lightly, reaching for her, only to be held back by Bruno. "Mi'ma sick?" he asked, looking at Bruno. He sighed and nodded yes.

"We're going to go downstairs and get Julieta, we'll be right back," Bruno said standing up. As he walked to the door, Antonio waved at the girl, to which she weakly smiled at.

"I'll get better soon Tonito, but for now you have to go play with Tio Bruno," she whispered in a raspy voice. Antonio nodded and hugged Bruno tightly. The two walked down the stairs and to the dining room where the rest of the family was waiting.

"Where's Mirabel?" Julieta asked as she put down the last platter of food.

Bruno put Antonio in his high chair and sighed. "She's still upstairs. And she's not looking too good, I think she might be sick," he said, handing the infant a plate.

"Sick? Oh, I got it. I'll bring her a plate and make some caldo," Julieta rushed to make her mija a plate, and quickly walked out of the room. The rest of the family made their plates, talking while waiting for Julieta to come back down.

Julieta knocked on the nursery door quietly, cracking it open. “Mija? Are you there?” she said softly, scanning the room for her daughter. She saw Mirabel laying in the bed sweating profusely. “Oh Mirabel,” she sadly muttered, walking over to the bed. She sat on the end, plate in her lap. She set her hand on the blanket, earning Mirabel’s attention.

“Mama?” Mirabel asked, her eyes still half closed.

“Hola, Mirabel. I heard you were sick and I brought some food. I know you don’t feel good, but I need to try and eat some, just a little bit.” Julieta took an arepa con queso and held it up to Mirabel. The girl took it and sat up slightly. She took a small bite, chewing slowly.

“Gracias mama, I don’t mean to worry you,” Mirabel said, taking another small bite.

“Oh, you have nothing to apologize for. Now, I’m going to head back downstairs, but I’ll leave your plate here,” Julieta set the plate down on the dresser. “You eat as much as you feel you can, but don’t eat if you can’t, you don’t have to. I’ll see you later mija.” Julieta waved at Mirabel, who weakly waved back. Julieta finally went back downstairs to the dining room and took her seat at the table.

“So how is she?” Agustin asked his wife, who looked worried.

“She’s sweating and is super warm. I’m going to make some caldo, but I won’t be able to give it to her,” Julieta sighed and put her cheek in her hand. “I have this big order that I have to cater to half way across town, I’ll barely be able to care for her today.”

Dolores looked up. She hadn’t had anything planned today, so maybe she could stay and care for Mirabel, and maybe even get closer to her prima! She hated how distant she had gotten from Mirabel over the years. When they were younger, when Mirabel wasn’t following her Tia Julieta or Tio Bruno around like a duckling, or playing with Camilo, she was reading picture books quietly with her, Mirabel whispering so she wouldn’t irritate Dolores ears. Dolores smiled at that, she missed those days. Now she could return the favor.

“I’ll stay and watch over her,” Dolores piped up.

“Are you sure mija?” Pepa asked, leaning to look at her daughter. “You don’t have to if you don’t want to, one of us could do it.”

“No, I’ll do it. I have nothing planned today, and I want to take care of her.” Dolores thought for a second. “Besides, I’ve been meaning to spend some time with her, this is a good opportunity.”

“Alright then. After breakfast I’ll start the clado and it’ll probably be ready in a couple hours.” Julieta smiled. Dolores nodded and the family continued with their food.

After breakfast, everyone went their separate ways, Dolores meeting Julieta in the kitchen. There was a large boiling pot on the stove, which she assumed was the soup Julieta was cooking. She walked out towards the side door to see her tia loading some food onto a small cart.

“Alright, so I’ll be leaving here now. The soup has been started already, and Casita will let you know when it’s done. I checked on Mirabel and she’s in her room, probably sleeping. Bruno agreed to take Antonio and go with Pepa and Felix for the afternoon, so you don’t have to worry about them.” Julieta sighed, a look of worry on her face that Dolores easily read. “Are you sure you want to take care of her? I-I can always cancel the order for another day and stay—” Julieta stopped when Dolores put her hand on her shoulder.

“Tia. Stop worrying, I’ve got this. I’ve taken care of sick children before, so it’s no big deal. And I want to spend some time with my prima.” Julieta gave a small smile before nodding. Taking the donkey’s lead, she waved her sobrina goodbye, heading off to town.

Dolores left the kitchen and went to her room, searching her bookshelves. She knew Mirabel was more than likely too tired to play or sew, so maybe she could read to her. She took a couple of the storybooks from hers and her prima’s childhood, quietly walking to the nursery.

She cracked the door, and saw Mirabel on the bed. “I should get some damp towels,” Dolores whispered. She quietly stepped into the room, setting the books on the dresser.

“Lola?” Mirabel whispered from her bed. Dolores could hear her slightly uneven breathing and rough throat. Her heartbeat was slow, but steady.

“Hola Mira,” Dolores said. “I didn’t mean to wake you, how are you feeling?”

“I’ve been better,” Mirabel chuckled, which led to her going into a small coughing fit. Dolores patted her back lightly. “Ay, I feel horrible.”

“Well, I’m going to care for you today. I’ll be right back, I’m going to go get some towels and some cold water, ok?” Dolores said quietly. Mirabel only nodded, closing her eyes again and sinking into her pillow. Dolores left the room for about 5 minutes and came back with a small towel and a small bowl of water. “I’m back,” Dolores whispered.

Mirabel hummed, barely cracking her eyes to respond. “I’m going to put this towel on your head, ok?” Dolores wrung out the towel, placing it gently on Mirabel’s head. She could hear the girl sigh and visibly relax at the touch of the cool damp material.

“Gracias Dolores,” she said quietly. Dolores nodded.

“I brought some books, do you want me to read some to you while you rest?” Dolores asked, picking up a book.

“You’d do that?” Mirabel said.

“Of course, anything for my favorite prima,” Dolores said matter-of-factly. Mirabel graciously accepted. Dolores sat in the chair in the corner of the room, opening the book. As she read she could see out of the corner of her eye Mirabel and turned on her side and was lazily listening to her read.

Her face hidden in the book, Dolores smiled again. Mirabel had always been super considerate, and Dolores was no exception. She would talk quieter around Dolores, but never

whispered really low and treated her like glass. She always helped Dolores with her chores, even when Abuela apprehended her. She would sew up her clothes, make new ones. Mirabel was actually the one who made Dolores a new bow, the one she was currently wearing.

Dolores frowned a bit, why had she been so distant over the years? She felt she could have been closer to her prima, she did so much for her and the family. She had practically raised her brother, Antonio. Dolores listened for Mirabel and heard her snoring lightly. She laughed lightly and stopped reading aloud, opting to read silently so her prima could get some much needed rest.

About an hour and a half later, Dolores could hear the tiles in the kitchen rattling, alerting Dolores that the caldo Julieta put on earlier had finished. Has it really been that long? Dolores closed her book and left the nursery, heading downstairs.

She walked into the kitchen, finding Camilo sneaking some arepas con queso.

“Oops,” he said, shoving an arepa in his mouth. Dolores shook her head, grabbing a bowl from the cabinet and removing the lid from the boiling pot. Her face was met with very delicious smelling hot steam.

“Oh, what’s that?” Camilo leaned over, looking into the pot. “Ah, caldo. Did Tia Julieta make that for Mirabel?”

“Si,” Dolores said, spooning some of the hot soup into the bowl. “She’s sick, but after she eats this, hopefully she’ll get better.”

Camilo grabbed another arepa. “I’m sure she will. Tell her I said get better soon. I’m heading back out,” he said, waving his sister goodbye. Dolores waved back and trekked back to Mirabel.

Dolores walked in to see Mirabel still sleeping. She set the bowl down and knelt next to the bed. “Mirabel?” he whispered to the girl, tapping her lightly. Mirabel stirred and looked towards Dolores, smiling and saying a small hello. “I brought some soup your mama made.”

Mirabel sat up, taking the bowl. Eyes still half lidded, he slowly started to eat, Dolores helping her stay awake long enough to eat. Mirabel had managed to eat most of the food, drinking some water Dolores had given her. Dolores went back to her chair, opening her book and continuing to read. She stayed like that until dinner, seeing that the family had all come in at different times for lunch.

At the dinner table, Julieta asked Dolores about Mirabel.

“So how was Mirabel, was she doing any better?” Julieta asked.

“Yeah, she slept most of the day. I got her to eat some soup earlier and right before dinner, so she’ll probably be better by tomorrow.” Dolores smiled.

“Mira better?” Antonio said from across the table. Dolores giggled and nodded her head, earning a clap from the infant. “Yay! Lola best!” he squealed. Dolores only smiled brightly,

happy her brother was so proud of her.

“Gracias sobrina, I really appreciate you doing this for me today, I would have done it if I had the time today,” Julieta sighed. Dolores waved her hand, reassuring her tia that it was completely fine.

Dinner passed by just as fast as it had started. Everyone went off to bed, Dolores following Bruno and Antonio so she could check up on Mirabel. The girl was still sleeping, but she was no longer sweating and her heartbeat had picked up and was beating normally, her breath steady as she snored away peacefully.

“Thanks for looking after her,” Bruno said from behind her, putting a now sleeping Antonio in his crib.

“Ah, it’s no problem. I’m glad I could spend some time with her and help nurse her back to help,” Dolores said. She stayed in the room a bit longer, sitting on Mirabel’s bed. Bruno settled into bed and was soon asleep as well.

Dolores left the room and went to her own. After getting ready for bed, she picked up the storybook she and Mirabel used to read all the time. She was glad she could watch over her prima like she used to, she had missed that.

Climbing into bed, Dolores went to bed happy that she accomplished her goal of spending some time with her favorite prima.

Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed this! I had fun writing it, def something new! This is my first sickfic/chapter, so I hope I did pretty good.

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Camilo is assigned to distract his prima, hermano and tio... and why not hope at the chance to go have fun at the lake?

Chapter Notes

Yo!!! We finally got a new chapter, this time with Camilo, homeboy knows what's up B))

Quick translation of what Antonio said:

“Mibel, ¿comida por favor?” - "Mibel, food please?"

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Camilo woke up and immediately got dressed, throwing on his shirt and hurrying to button it up. He snatched his ruana off of his dresser, speeding downstairs to where breakfast was being served. He was, of course, the first one other than his tia Julieta who cooked, and Mirabel, who set the plates, as always.

He snatched an arepa from the table, Casita pushing him away with shutters as he chuckled in joy at his successful mission of grabbing a few arepas before breakfast actually started. As the family came downstairs, he grabbed his plate, piling arepas, rice, fruits and whatever other food he could get his hands on. Sitting in his chair, he listened absently to the conversations, occasionally joining in.

But his head was really in another place. Today, he was assigned to play around with Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio. Luisa, Agustín, and Fèlix were going to start working on Mirabel's room. Apparently, Casita had fully agreed with the idea of her getting a room. It had a door and rather large room, disguising as a storage room. Everyone except Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio was in on it, even their Abuela. Abuela had seen this as an opportunity to start mending her relationship with Mirabel and proceeded to help in deciding decorations while the others helped in building.

Camilo wasn't supposed to be particularly busy today, so he wondered what he could do. He was going to do pranks, but it may be a bit dangerous for Antonio, so he opted out of that. He could bring them to the lake! He and Mirabel used to go swimming all the time, and occasionally Antonio would join them (if Camilo found the time away from babysitting.)

When they were younger, their Tio Bruno would come along as well, keeping an eye on them until they were old enough to go alone.

Camilo nodded to himself, they'd go to the lake! He hadn't been there in a while, it'd be nice to go after so long. Breakfast had finished up pretty quickly, and was pretty uneventful. The only thing that may have been of interest was when Luisa almost spilled the beans on what she, Agustín and Fèlix were doing while Camilo, Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio were gone.

Everyone was walking out when Camilo called the younger trio back.

"Hey, Bruno, Mirabel, Antonio!" He called, waving them over. The three turned and were met with the 15 year old.

"Hey primo," Mirabel shifted Antonio so he was resting on her hip. "What's up?"

"I'm taking you guys out," Camilo puffed his chest out. "We're going to the lake."

Mirabel's and Bruno's eyes lit up, both of them smiling wildly.

"Really? A-Are you sure?" Bruno said, perking up a bit. "You're not busy today are you?"

Camilo waved off Bruno's concern. "No worries! Abuela said I could take the day off," Camilo smiled. "And I wanted to play with you guys! Besides, we haven't been to the lake in forever."

Antonio seemed to finally grasp what was going on and lit up just as Mirabel and Bruno did before. "Go play water?" He said, bouncing in Mirabel's hold.

Camilo laughed and pinched his brother's cheeks. Causing the infant to giggle. "Yup! We're gonna go out to swim hermano!" Antonio squealed and yelled out happily. "You guys put on your swim clothes. I'm gonna get dressed and grab some towels."

Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio went to the nursery, Bruno heading out a second later, swim trunks and tank top in hand and heading to the bathroom to change. Camilo quickly changed, swimming trunks and a short sleeve shirt, he wasn't too worried about getting his clothes wet.

The 4 met up in the courtyards. Mirabel had on a spare shirt and her swimming skirt, holding Antonio who was wearing a sleeveless onesie. Bruno had on a faded white tank top and some green shorts. Camilo grabbed Antonio while Mirabel put the towels into a bag and packed some of her mama's food.

"Everyone ready?" Camilo said, holding Antonio. Mirabel and Bruno nodded, giving a thumbs up. "Then let's go!" he said, guiding them out the door. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Luisa and Fèlix carrying some spare furniture. Luckily none of the others noticed, so he was in the clear.

While they walked to the lake, Camilo joked around, the others laughing at his jokes and Bruno joining in at one point, making Mirabel and Antonio laugh harder.

Camilo had missed this. When he could joke around with his prima and hermano, or help tell stupid and corny jokes with his tio. But over the years, he had drifted from them. Because of his chores, he was stuck babysitting all the time, or helping someone with something they could have asked another perfectly capable adult for. He and his prima used to be so close... But after Mirabel's ceremony, Abuela sort of left Mirabel to the side, pushing her away when she tried to help. And the family followed.

Camilo frowned. Why didn't he stand up for his prima? He loved her and loved hanging out with her. And his tio, he was devastated when he left. He was on pretty good terms with Antonio, but probably not as close as he should have been. He found it sad how he wasn't as close as he used to be with his family members, he loves all of them and always wanted to hang out with them.

"We're here!" Mirabel yelled, pointing out the lake. She ran down the hill and set the bag down halfway, running to the shore. Bruno quickly followed, shouting protests on how she could have tripped. Camilo smiled. He could still mend his relationship with them, starting here!

Camilo ran down the hill, Antonio bouncing up and down as he bounded towards the water. As he jumped into the foot deep water, the splash of water left him and Antonio wet, but laughing.

"Hey!" Camilo heard a shout from next to him, turning his head, he saw Mirabel's glasses were wet. Camilo laughed at her, apologizing in between the chuckles. Bruno even sorted a bit. Mirabel huffed, taking her glasses off, throwing off the water before putting them back on. "I can play dirty too..." she mumbled.

Within a second, Mirabel had kicked a splash of water at Bruno, throwing him off balance. She jumped next to Camilo, the impact causing water to hit Camilo directly in his face. Mirabel and Antonio laughed at the boy. Mirabel, in a mocking manner, pointed at Camilo. "How do you like it," she giggled.

Camilo pursed his lips, but then looked behind her slightly, then smiled. "Oh, I don't know..." he said, cradling Antonio.

Mirabel was about to question him when Bruno suddenly pushed her, launching her into the deeper water. Mirabel grabbed his shirt in a quick reaction, dragging him with her. Bruno screeched in surprise, Mirabel shouting something unintelligible. Both landed in the water, ducking under for a second. After a couple moments both of them came up laughing, now soaking from head to toe.

"Hey, I was pranking you, not you pranking me!" Bruno said playfully.

"Well, I guess you could call me a sore loser," Mirabel crossed her arms and smiled. Camilo was now next to them, and sat down in the water next to them.

Antonio clapped his hands and stood in the water, it already coming up to his chest. "Water!" He yelled, splashing the water. Camilo and Mirabel laughed, Bruno commented on how cute he was.

Camilo handed Antonio to Mirabel and caught his attention. “Tonito, look at hermano!” He cooed, gathering the 1 year olds attention.

“Play water?” The toddler asked, facing his brother. Camilo nodded and Antonio clapped in delight, laughing out loud. Antonio waited for his big brother's tricks.

“1...” Camilo started.

“2!” Antonio followed.

“3!” Camilo shouted. He ducked under the water, holding his breath. Antonio’s smile slowly faded and was replaced with confusion. Mirabel and Bruno snickered while Antonio reached his hand out to where his brother was just a moment before.

“Milo?” he said, reaching out some more. Antonio stood up from Mirabel’s grasp and waddled through the water. “Where Milo go?” He turned towards his tio and prima. Both of them shrugged. Camilo suddenly shoots up out of the water, happily surprising Antonio.

“Peekaboo!” He shouted.

Antonio whipped around, and at the sight of his brother, yelled out in delight and threw his small body onto the drenched teenager. “Milo!”

Camilo smiled brightly. When he saw his brother before as an infant, Antonio had never really said his name, he sort of just said some baby gibberish that caught his attention. But now he heard it. And he loved it!

“Miss me?” Camilo bounced his little brother up and down in the water. Antonio squealed and giggled, not really seeming to care that he was getting just as drenched as the others. Mirabel and Bruno began splashing again and Camilo joined in, Antonio waddling behind them making little waves.

“Mibel!” Antonio shouted after his prima. The 3 of them stopped so Mirabel could see what the small child wanted. Antonio walked over to Mirabel in the water and pulled on her skirt. “Mibel, ¿comida por favor?” Antonio asked. Mirabel smiled and picked him up, walking to shore.

“Of course! Hey, Bruno, Camilo, you guys want some food?” Bruno and Camilo both nodded, and followed her up to the hill to get some food. Looking at the sky, she could see it was about 1 or 2 in the afternoon, so it was about lunch time anyway. Once they got up the hill, Mirabel put Antonio down onto a blanket and put a towel over his shoulders. The other two grabbed a towel and wrapped it around their shoulders.

“I got some arepas de huevos, pandebonos and cocadas! There’s also some papaya and mangos too,” Mirabel said, handing Antonio an arepa and a piece of mango. The toddler immediately started eating, his cheeks puffing up as he ate the arepa.

“Oh, did you say papaya?” Bruno said, turning his head from the pandebonos in his hand. He quickly grabbed a piece of the fruit, laughing at Antonio when his small cheeks were puffed

out from him eating. Camilo quickly ate through 3 arepas and half a mango, Mirabel scolding him from eating too fast.

“Oh yeah, after this, we’ll head back. I’ve gotta help papa and tio Agustín.” Camilo stuffed a few cocadas in his mouth. “Oh, but Luisa and Isabela said they wanted you Mirabel,” he said in between bites.

“Really?” Mirabel asked with genuine curiosity. It wasn’t often that her sister spent much time with her, let alone called for her specifically. “I-I’ll meet up with them then,” Mirabel smiled.

“I think while you’re out with your sister I’ll take Antonio out to the town. I’m gonna him some sweets, he’s been particularly good lately,” Bruno cooed at Antonio, who smiled curiously.

“Sounds great! Let’s finish up, so we can head back and change,” Camilo said, gesturing to their wet clothes.

They finished up lunch within the hour, and soon packed up, walking back to Casita with towels over their shoulders. They continued to joke and play along the way, and eventually raced the last leg of the way to Casita. After everyone was changed, Camilo waved Bruno and Antonio later and ushered Mirabel to her sister, insisting she’d see him later.

Camilo walked into the kitchen, seeing his Tia Julieta making some kind of bread.

“Did you all have fun?” she said, looking at her oldest sobrino.

“Sure did!” Camilo said proudly. “Not only did I distract them for long enough, but I also won a couple of splash games,” Camilo straightened out his poncho and puffed his chest out. “Call me the splash king,” he huffed.

“Well then ‘splash king’,” Julieta said, shoving a bread roll into his mouth, which he happily accepted. “Your papa and tio are waiting for you. Go,” she ushered him out of the kitchen.

Camilo laughed and made his way up the stairs. He was glad he got to spend some time with his family members. He was already planning the next time he’d spend some time with them. He was definitely going to do this more often. He waved at papa and Tio, grabbing a paint brush.

Camilo was on paint duty, and he was going to do only the best job for his favorite prima.

Chapter End Notes

Hope y’all liked this chapter! Originally it was going to be a prank chapter, but then I remembered how much I used to go swimming with my cousins and wanted to do that instead :)) See y’all later with another chapter!

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Isabela, Luisa and Mirabel spend some sisterly time together!

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long to get out! I had some school work to take care of, among other things. This chapter is 1600+, so it's a bit short, but I hope y'all like it anyway! It's a bit heavy on the talking by the way ;)

I also released a new series, "Generation 31", another Encanto fic! This one is ending soon, so check that out if you want!

Mirabel was following closely behind Luisa, actively avoiding walking next to Isabela. She had no problem with Luisa, but her and Isabela weren't on the best terms.

"Um...where are we going?" Mirabel said, jogging up to Luisa's side.

"You know that old farmer's field we used to go to when we were younger?" Luisa said, pointing at the field not far ahead of them.

"Yeah...?" Mirabel said.

"Well, we're going there!" Luisa laughed, pulling Mirabel into a side hug. She felt Mirabel stiff a little before she quickly relaxed. Luisa frowned.

"Really? A-Aren't you two busy?" Mirabel said, looking at Luisa before glancing at Isabela.

Isabela waved her hand. "Abuela gave us the rest of the day off. We finished our chores anyway...well, for the most part."

Mirabel shrunk a bit when Isabela spoke, hiding under Luisa's hold. Isabela pretended not to notice, but deep down it did hurt. While her relationship with 15 year old Mirabel was mending, 11 year old Mirabel was still a bit on edge.

But could she blame her? Isabela had pretty much berated her and got mad at her for stuff out of her control. Looking back, Isabela could see just how hard Mirabel tried. She would take on house chores for other family members, and she had repaired countless dresses of Isabela.

On a few, rare occasions, Mirabel had even taken Isabela's deliveries. But Isabela ignored that, just because Abuela did too.

And when Isabela was visibly distressed, what did Mirabel do? She told her to let it out and even helped her. When Abuela yelled at her that night, Isabela stood on the side and Mirabel still stood up for her. Isabela winced. She and Mirabel weren't on the best terms when they were younger, and yet, Mirabel still helped in any way she could.

After another 10 minutes of talking and walking, they finally came to the old field, which was a little ways away from the town, so it was quiet.

Luisa dropped down in a patch of grass, breathing heavily as she relaxed. Mirabel sat next to her and Isabela plopped down on her other side.

"It's so nice to be here...nobody asking me for a million things and million times a minute," Luisa mumbled.

"People are still asking you for things that they could do themselves?" Mirabel said, snapping her head to her older sister. Luisa's shoulders hunched up a bit. "Luisa!"

"I-I know I said I'd stop and learn to say no, but they looked so desperate! And they need someone to help them, I've gotta hold them up!" Luisa argued.

"Luisa," Mirabel had a stern look on her face. Despite not wanting to, Luisa made eye contact. She winced at the look. She knew it well. "You said that you'd start taking breaks!"

"I-I know, but they depend on me!" Luisa said back.

"No buts! From now on, you have to take breaks. The town can go a while without you. I don't want you getting hurt because you've overworked yourself. You thought I wouldn't notice your eye twitching? Ha!" Mirabel fell into the ground on her back. "You WILL take breaks. And I will personally make sure you do. No buts, no cuts, no coconuts." Mirabel huffed. She leaned back, and slowly, Luisa relaxed a bit more, leaning on her arms.

"I'll try," Luisa smiled, looking down at Mirabel. "Y'know, cause you're my favorite sister," She said, eyeing Isabela.

"Hey!" Isabela called out.

"I'm just telling the truth," Luisa said, sighing dramatically.

"Well, I must be Mirabel's favorite," Isabela said proudly. She quickly lost her confidence when she looked back at her youngest sister. How could she think that? To think that she, Isabela Madrigal, was Mirabel's favorite. After all those years? 10 years of Isabela being nothing but mean and cruel all because she didn't have a gift?

"I don't have favorites." Mirabel said simply.

"You...you don't?" Isabela quietly said.

“Nope,” Mirabel said. “I may have liked one of you more than the other for a moment because of something you did, but I have never preferred one over the other. I love you both equally.” Mirabel sat up, looking at Luisa and Isabela alternately.

“Well...it’s the same for me too! I love you both equally,” Luisa pulled them into a tight bear hug. “And that’ll never change.”

Luisa liked this. Being with her sisters. Sure, they lived in the same house and saw each other everyday, but she never really got to talk to them; she was always in town. From breakfast to dinner, she was out working, almost never stopping. Especially after Mirabel’s ceremony. That’s when it got worse.

Alma had insisted that she worked harder, to prove that the magic was okay. Luisa almost never talked to Mirabel after that, nevermind spending time with her. And the thing is, she really wanted to spend time with her. She loved her baby sister, and only wanted the best. And she had failed to do even that. But not anymore! She could fix this, and she would try her best, starting with relaxing for the first time in years.

“Hey, Mirabel?” Isabela said, releasing herself from Luisa’s hold. Mirabel did the same, and looked at her older sister.

“Si?” she asked simply.

“Do...” Isabela paused. Tears started to prick her eyes. “Do you hate me?”

Mirabel flinched and was about to speak when Isabela cried out.

“I knew it! I’ve been such a horrible sister, and I-I...” She took in a deep shuddering breath, looking into her hands. “I ignored you for 10 YEARS and you still helped me! I literally pushed you away and you still helped me!” Isabela began to sob into her hands. Big heaving sobs that (the old) Abuela and the family would probably worry horribly over.

Luisa grabbed Isabela and hugged her, letting her older sister sob into her dress. Mirabel frowned at the conclusion that she had come to. Did Isabela really think that she hated her? Crawling over, she sat in front of the two and slowly grabbed Isabela’s hands, pulling them from her eyes. Isabela’s eyes were already red and puffy, and she sniffled as her face scrunched up in sadness.

“Isabela,” Mirabel started. Isabela braced herself for a well deserved berating. But it never came. Mirabel only sighed softly. “I don’t hate you; I never did, and I never will. Sure, there are moments when I didn’t like you, but it never lasted very long. I still love you. Please don’t think I hate you.”

Isabela looked at her and her lip wobbled more and she lunged at Mirabel, engulfing her in a hug. Mirabel noticed that yellow roses, lilies, tulips and daffodils sprout around them. She held Isabela, ignoring how her hair started to dampen.

“Lo siento hermana, lo siento...” Isabela whispered.

After about 5 minutes, Isabela had calmed down, only occasionally hiccuping every now and again. Luisa was now laying in the grass, sleeping peacefully as she basked in the fading sunlight.

“So...” Mirabel trailed off.

“So...” Isabela followed. They both realized how hard it was to bond after one of your sisters just bawled her eyes out.

“So...I see that your dress and hair are different. How did that happen?”

Isabela smiled widely. She turned and made several exotic plants, and threw some pollen into the air. “You happened! I got to experiment and I found out about all these new plants! And the pollen can color things!”

Mirabel stared in awe at the variety of plants in front of her. He touched one, feeling the texture of the leaves between her fingers. “These are so cool...” She mumbled, picking up a cactus.

“I know right?” Isabela stood up and lifted Mirabel off the ground, much to her surprise. Suddenly, a large and colorful tree sprouted from under them. They flew into the air, and were now resting on the top.

Looking over the town, they could see almost the entire Encanto.

“Woah...” Mirabel stared at the sight ahead of her.

“Isn’t it great? And it’s all thanks to you!” Isabela exclaimed, looking at her sister. Mirabel turned and looked at her, before locking her into a hug.

“I’m glad you’re finally not perfect anymore.” Mirabel said into Isabela’s shoulders.

“Wha...?” Isabela hugged her back, listening to Mirabel. The 21 year old sighed, releasing the hug.

“It’s just...you never seemed happy. And while we didn’t really have the best relationship, I still cared. A lot.” Mirabel shifted and looked ahead. “Abuela always had you make the same flowers, and it was so...boring.”

“Hey!” Isabela called out. The 11 year old next to her shrugged,

“It was! Seeing the same flowers for 6 years, it got tiring. Too soft on the eyes. And you look way better in blue,” Isabela flinched when Mirabel said '6 years' instead of '10 years'. SHe had momentarily forgotten that this Mirabel was from this time.

“Gracias, I...I like blue much more anyway...” Isabela trailed off. After about 2 more minutes of silence, Mirabel gave her another hug.

“I’m glad you’re back, Isabela.” Mirabel said.

“Glad to be back,” Isabela said back.

As if on cue, they heard a voice from below them.

“Hey! It’s about time we got back to Casita for dinner!” Luisa shouted, catching the two girls’ attention. Isabela grabbed Mirabel, using a vine to drop them down to the ground. Luisa smiled and grabbed them both, hitching them on her shoulders.

“Shall we go then?” Luisa said. Both girls nodded and the 3 sisters were off, taking the long scenic route back to Casita.

Their relationship was finally mending, and it would only improve from there.

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Mirabel and Bruno get a surprise, what could it be?

Chapter Notes

Hey y'all! Sorry for being gone for so long :(((I was super busy with school and then I had started a new story, Generation 31. But, I'm back! I hope y'all enjoy this chapter, because I worked hard on it! This chapter is longer, 2200+ words, so enjoy.

Only one more left!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Isabela and Luisa giddily walked up the hill to Casita, smiling widely when Bruno and Antonio came into view. The sun was setting and the lights from the town were lighting up. The project should be done soon, they had started painting hours ago—and the paint usually dried relatively fast. And the sand in Bruno's room shouldn't take too long to shovel...

“¡Hola familia!” Bruno said, walking up the 3 sisters. Luisa set Mirabel and Isabela down, greeting Bruno.

“¡Mama!” Antonio reached for Mirabel, who grabbed him and hugged him tightly, giving him a kiss.

“Hola Antonio, how are you?” Mirabel said, hugging him close. The boy simply giggled and clung to Mirabel.

“Did you guys have fun?” Bruno asked, adjusting his ruana. The 13 year old looked towards his sobrinas and sobrino. Isabela nodded happily, brushing a stray hair back.

“Yup! We went out to the outskirts of town and hung out there for a while.” She moved towards Mirabel and Antonio and pinched the toddler's cheek. “What about you two?”

Bruno shrugged, sighing a bit. “We just walked around for a little while, nothing much.”

“Hey, let's head in, dinner's probably ready,” Luisa said, guiding the others in. All 5 of them walked into Casita, greeting the house happily. As they made their way to the dining room, Luisa made sure to keep the younger 3 distracted, sighing in relief as they successfully passed

through the courtyard without them looking at the second floor. Isabela gestured that she'd be in the dining room in a moment, slipping off to the stairs.

Making her way up, she slipped off to the room that was next to the nursery. It was a plain door—the only thing differentiating it from the others was that it was painted a goldish color, Mirabel's name painted neatly on the top, and didn't have a door knob. Jiggling the door, she opened the door and stepped into the room.

Isabela smiled at the family's work. After they had learned how Mirabel felt about not having a room, they got to work on her new room. Casita had helped a lot, opening up an entirely new space for the girl. (The house obviously had a favorite, and the family knew it was Mirabel.)

The room was bigger than the nursery—something that they thanked Casita for, because Mirabel was far too big for that small room. The walls were painted pale yellow and a light blue, which complimented each other greatly. The family had hung paper butterflies from the ceiling, where a candle sat on the butterflies to provide light. In the corner was a large bed, king sized. It had her old bedding from the nursery; the family noticed how much she embroidered on the seat and decided to expand on it and dress her new bed in it.

Around the room was uniquely carved furniture. Opening the closet, Isabela saw that all of Mirabel's (new and old) clothes were placed in the wardrobe. She had a nice vanity that had her hair brushes and combs and lotions lined along the top, a small stool sitting in front of it. On the other side, she saw her sewing area. Her sewing machine was placed neatly on the table, and Mirabel's sewing supplies had been placed in draws and her fabrics on shelves. Other miscellaneous decorations had been placed around, giving the room that 'Mirabel' feel.

Isabela looked around, nodding. This was good, Mirabel would love it! It just needed one more thing. With a wave of her hand, a tall cactus appeared next to the door, sitting neatly in the corner. A small blue flower sat on the top, topping it off. Happy with her work, she left the room, jogging down the stairs to the dining room. The family was seated, and Isabela slid into her seat.

"There you are! Where were you mija?" Julieta said, placing a roll onto Isabela's plate.

Isabela shrugged and picked up her fork. "Just...decorating. Adding one last touch," She smiled. Her mother quickly caught on and nodded in understanding.

"Decorating what?" Mirabel asked, guiding a small piece of beef into Antonio's mouth.

The ones in on the plan flinched a bit. Before resuming their dinner.

"It's a...It's a surprise! Yeah, a surprise, for after dinner." Camilo waved her off. Mirabel raised an eyebrow, but shrugged, putting a piece of bread into her mouth.

Mirabel Bruno and Antonio continued to eat dinner, unaware of the giggles the rest of the family was doing.

Abuela smiled at her familia. This was her family. La Familia Madrigal—she hoped she had been doing everything right. She had apologized to Bruno, and their relationship was mending, and she had been trying to spend more time with Antonio. But most of all? She wanted to rebuild her relationship with her nieta, Mirabel.

She loved the girl. She really did. She was so blind back then, and that led to her making rather regrettable decisions. It would take some time, but she'd mend her family again, even if she had to do it with her own hands. She wouldn't give up, even if it was the last thing she did.

Alma ate her food, smiling and laughing at the jokes Agustín and Camilo were making. Yes, this was nice, she liked this.

The family continued their dinner, eating their food and conversing away. After a while. The family finished and were gathered in the dining room, blindfolding Mirabel.

"S-So, why am I being blindfolded?" She had, folding her glasses in hands as her papa tied the blindfold over her eyes.

"It's for a surprise!" he said, putting his hands on her shoulder and guiding her out of the dining room. Mirabel pursed her lips, but did not object. She felt herself walking onto the tiles of the foyer.

"Stand right here," her father said. She stood still, waiting to take off the cloth covering her eyes. She heard a lot of shuffling, an 'Oh' from Bruno and some more movement. It was quiet for a moment, and then she heard Casita move some stuff around.

"Ok, you can look now!" Dolores yelled from what sounded like...the second floor? Mirabel removed her blindfold and put her glasses back on. Looking up, she noticed her surroundings.

On the second floor, she saw her family all surrounding a door. It was a gold painted door, and lining the top was her name. Her name! Casita had set up the courtyard so it was like her ceremony again, minus the large crowd of people. She stood awestruck, mouth wide with shock and happiness.

"Is this...for me?" She said, breather hitching as tears pricked her eyes. Alma stepped forward and stood near the top of the stairs, holding the candle.

"Si, nieta. Just for you. It's about time you get your own door and room. Gift or no Gift." Alma smiled. She held her hand out, gesturing for Mirabel to come up the stairs.

Mirabel froze. He looked at the door, then her family. They were all smiling, ushering her to come up and open her door. She was scared. What if it disappeared again? Would they stop loving her? She just got them back!

Wait. No. This door is magical. This one was a physical door, a real one. It wouldn't disappear. It would stay, and her family would be there with her.

Her family would be there with her.

Taking in a deep breath, she straightened out her dress and adjusted her glasses. Then, she walked forward. Just like she did the first time, she fiddled with her fingernails, looking around curiously.

It hit Alma in the heart. She looked so similar, so innocent.

Mirabel climbed the stairs slowly, trying to calm her beating heart. As she approached the top of the stairs, she noticed her Abuela was holding something in her other hand. Now standing in front of the door, she says her Abuela moves towards her.

“Mirabel, I want to apologize. I shouldn’t have treated you like I did over the years. It was unforgivable and I am disgusted in my own behavior. And yet, you still tried your hardest, giving you 100% and loving all of us unconditionally, like I should have,” Alma moved forward and placed the object she was holding into Mirabel’s hand. Looking down, she saw that it was a gold doorknob, with a M carved into it. Mirabel looked at it, noticing her reflection in it.

“It’s time for you to open your door,” Alma took Mirabel another hand and placed the candle, shocking Mirabel. She sputtered, quickly trying to reject it.

“A-Abuela I can’t take the candle, it’s—” Alma shook her head gently, silencing the girl.

“No,” She said softly. “I want you to hold it. I want you to hold it while you open your new door,” she smiled. Mirabel hesitated, but nodded, turning back towards the door. Placing the door knob, and she heard it click, finalizing the placement.

Something extraordinary happened.

The door lit up, magic pulsing from Mirabel’s hand to the entire door and pulsating throughout the house. The family watched in shock, awe and happiness as the door glowed brightly, dying down when the door showed the final image.

Etched across the top was Mirabel’s name, glowing brightly as the others, if not more so. The image was Mirabel—It was similar to Alma’s, with the encanto behind her. Her eyes were closed, and she was smiling while butterflies surrounded her, making it out as if they were fluttering. But what truly surprised them was Mirabel herself. It was 15 year old Mirabel, and she was smiling warmly, eyes closed. In her hands, was the candle, which she was cradling gently.

Mirabel was floored, but quickly turned to her Abuela. The elderly woman was smiling brightly, truly happy for her nieta. Alma moved forward to hug her nieta, arms wrapping around the girl.

“I knew it,” Alma cried. “You were perfect. I won’t be here forever and I was worried about it but—I’m relieved, relieved that it’s you.”

The rest of the family joined in on the hug, congratulating Mirabel on her new found role.

“Oh! Oh! Open it, you have to see what it’s like on the inside!” Luisa said, pushing her sister forward. Mirabel giggled as she opened the door, and gasped at the room. It was the same as before, but slightly bigger and the paper butterflies were now real, glowing butterflies that fluttered around the room and provided light. Setting the candle on the new candle stand that was next to her new door, she looked around the room.

“I don’t know what to say, i-it’s amazing! I love it!” Mirabel laughed. She jumped on the bed, flopping onto it. “A bed! A big bed! Thank you” She exclaimed.

“You are very welcome,” Julieta said, cradling her daughter’s cheek. The family let her look around more, before they exited the room, Mirabel grabbing the candle and handing it to her Abuela.

“Oh, I love it, really thank you!” she laughed, wiping tears from her eyes. The family waved her off, saying it was the least they could do.

“Now it’s Bruno’s turn!” Fèlix whooped, pushing the teen to his room.

“Wait–What?” he asked, standing in front of his door.

“We didn’t forget you hermano,” Fèlix said, waving his hand. “Now open the door, hurry!”

Bruno simply shrugged, not bothering to argue with the man. Opening the door, he saw what they had done. First, the sand waterfall had been separated. When he walked in further, she expected a fall down, but instead, he hit solid ground.

“Its...level?” Bruno asked curiously. He looked around, noticing large changes in his room. His vision room didn’t have that many stairs any more. Sure, there was still a lot, but a heck of a lot less than before. Looking to the side, she saw his actual bed and a majority of his furniture was placed in a small lit up cave.

But the one thing he noticed was that the sand was shocked off to the side and there was a sandstone path that was walled off so sand wouldn’t fall in the walkway. Bruno’s eyes lit up, and he ran up and down the path. “No sand,” He said and looked up, looking at his family, who were all happy that he loved it so much. “No sand!” he exclaimed, running around on the path, happy that sand no longer logged his shoes when he walked.

After a few more minutes in Bruno’s room (and about 5 more of him thanking them over and over), the family left the room and went back downstairs. They were talking excitedly, mostly about the new changes to the rooms and Mirabel’s new role, when a bright light blinded them momentarily. When the light died down, they could see that Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio were asleep on the floor, just like they had been when they first came to Casita. Bruno was laying next to Mirabel, who was cuddling Antonio close.

Julieta and Pepa immediately dropped down, fretting over the three. They looked over them, checking to make sure they hadn’t been physically hurt in any way. The other family members looked as well, failing to notice Alma stare at a figure standing in the threshold of Casita’s front doors.

“Pedro?” They heard Alma say. Everyone looked to where Alma was looking, and saw that she was referring too. There stood Abuelo Pedro Madrigal, standing and smiling brightly.

“Hola familia,” he said, a much more cheerful tone to his voice. “I see you’ve made amends.”

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter left, where the younger 3 go home! I hope to get it out to tonight, and finally conclude this story :))

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

La Familia Madrigal has finally healed!

Chapter Notes

Hey y'all! Last chapter! This one is kind of like a chapter-epi mix. Anyway, I hope you like it! It's a bit short and sweet, but I hope you enjoy it regardless. I'm so happy that so many of you stayed with me on this story journey and enjoyed it so much!

Thank you :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Pedro?” Alma said.

“Hola familia,” he said, a much more cheerful tone to his voice. “I see you’ve made amends.”

The family saw the man standing there, smiling brightly. He walked towards them, eyes wrinkling with joy.

“You’ve fixed your mistakes,” he said, looking down at the sleeping 3, where Julieta and Pepa were still huddled over them. “You’ve helped them move on. Fixed the damage you caused. Maybe not all of it, but enough.”

Alma sighed breathlessly. She had repaired the damage she caused. And she would keep doing that. No matter what.

“Wait...so...are they going to turn back to their normal ages?” Camilo asked, pointing to the aforementioned 3.

Pedro nodded, looking down at his son and nietos. “Yes, any minute now. Since you’ve all restored your relationship with them, there’s no need to keep them this way anymore.”

“So...will they remember everything?” Agustín asked, scratching his head. “I mean, we’ve done all of this to help them—and it’d be a bit hard to explain all of this to them.”

Pedro nodded again. “They will remember. Some of their memories might be changed, like how they were suddenly shrunk down to their past ages—but they will remember their time

with you all and each other. They just won't remember how they first got here and how they left."

The family let out a breath they didn't know they were holding. While they were happy to spend more time with them, it would be very frustrating for all of their previous efforts to fall in vain.

As if on cue, another bright light enveloped the 3 sleeping on the floor. They seemed to glow for a moment, and when the light died down, they were finally back to normal.

Bruno was still wearing the new ruana that Fèlix and Agustín bought him, although it fit much better, since before it was a bit big and didn't quite fit his frame (not that that stopped him from wearing it.) Mirabel wasn't cradling Antonio anymore but instead was holding his hand; one thing the family noticed was her skirt—some of the designs had changed, like how the candle that represented Abuela was sided with more butterflies, and that there was a new pattern as well: A large, detailed golden butterfly that sat directly next to the candle. Antonio was tightly holding Mirabel's hand, a smile on his face, contrary to the frown he wore before he turned back into a baby.

"There we go," Pedro walked over and bent down, gently placing a hand on Bruno's shoulder and shaking him. "Bruno, mi hijo, wake up," he said. Bruno stirred and slowly sat up, scratching his head as he looked around.

"Wha—?" He looked around to see his family and then saw his father sitting right next to him. He stared in shock, mouth agape as he stared at his dad. Who was sitting there. In the flesh. Alive. He moved his hand to shake Mirabel, who sat up quickly, glasses falling off and hitting Antonio in the face accidentally, effectively waking the boy.

"Wha? Huh? What happened?" She looked at what she assumed was her tio, squinting. She looked at the figure next to him and cocked her head in confusion. Antonio grabbed the glasses, wiping the lenses before placing them on Mirabel's face. "Ah, gracias Ton-ton," she smiled at him. Looking at the figure next to Bruno, she reeled back as she took him in.

Antonio looked at him and smiled. "Is that Abuelo?" he asked, smiling brightly.

Pedro chuckled, standing up. He helped Bruno up, who was still floored that his father was ALIVE. Mirabel and Antonio stood up, and continued to look at him. "Yes, I am your Abuelo." Antonio clapped his hands and laughed out loud, running to hug Pedro. The man, startled, hugged him back, smiling.

Alma finally took in Pedro's physical appearance. He was still wearing the same clothes from...that day, but his shirt was switched out to match Alma's dress—a deep maroon color. He looked older; at least in his 70's like Alma, give or take a few years. His hair was white and dark brown, and his goatee had traces of gray in it. But overall, he still looked very much like he did before.

Julieta walked over to Mirabel and caught her attention, grabbing her hands. "Mirabel...do you...remember...?" Julieta asked, trailing off. Mirabel smiled and nodded.

“Of course!” She hugged her mother tightly. “I remember everything! A-And thank you! All of you, really. I’m so glad that you guys really cared, I thought that...”

Dolores grabbed her shoulders and shocked her lightly. “No! Never. We will always love you! It’s our fault that we didn’t care enough, and it’s our fault that you felt the way you did. You and Antonio.”

Pepa stopped forward and grabbed her brother's hand, snapping him out of his chance, “And it’s our fault we didn’t stand up for you and spend more time with you. Can you guys forgive us?”

Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio all looked between each other, the family waiting with baited breath for their answer. One of the babies of the family all smiled, the family was relieved.

“Of course we forgive you,” Antonio said matter-of-factly. “We’re family!”

“And even though there were a lot of bad decisions made over the years,” Mirabel said. “We know you guys still love and care about us.”

“And the fact you guys genuinely tried to fix those decisions,” Bruno sighed happily. “Is more than enough,”

The family all hugged each other again, a giant group hug. Alma turned to Pedro, holding her hands in her own. They felt just the same as they did 50 years ago. “Pedro...are you...going to stay?” She asked nervously.

Pedro smiled gently, nodding. “Yes, I am staying here. Because of your guys’ actions and bonds, I was blessed with another chance at life. I’ll finally be able to live out the rest of my days here with you all, thanks to your love.”

Alma’s eyes widened and she held Pedro close. After a minute of hugging, the family decided it was time to turn in for the night. One by one, they all went to their rooms, bidding each other goodnight. Bruno, Mirabel and Antonio were the only ones left beside Alma and Pedro, who were standing next to their now shared bedroom.

“You all get some rest. We’ll talk more in the morning at breakfast,” Alma said. Both her and Pedro gave them all a kiss on the forehead, and sent them to their rooms.

Pedro and Alma walked into their room, sitting on their bed and holding each other. Alma was crying quietly, happy to be in her husband's arms again. Pedro only held her close, humming a lullaby as he did. This whole ‘coming back to life’ situation was new to him. It was overwhelming even. But right now, he has his wife, and that's enough for him. He would deal with the other things in the morning. For now, he would just hold his Alma.

Bruno walked into his room, taking in the new changes once again. He walked down the sand-stone path, once again internally thanking his familia for this. It meant a lot to him. Slipping off his sandals. He flopped onto his (now non-sand covered) bed, seeping into the pillow. A couple rats that were nestled in his new ruana slipped under his hand. As he petted

them, he slipped into a deep sleep, smiling at his rebuilding of his relationship with his family. When he woke up, he'd find a lot less stairs to his tower...

After changing into his night clothes, Antonio used Parce to bind up to his hammock, snuggling under his blanket while the jaguar snuggled down below. Antonio clutched his sewn plush, making sure his familial bracelet his momma and prima made with him. He loved his mama Pepa and he loved his prima-mom as well. Quickly falling asleep, Antonio was content with the new memories he made with his family.

Mirabel closed the door to her room and changed into her nightgown. As she settled into bed, she noticed that the golden butterflies that flew around her room and provided light settled down, resting on various perches around the room and dimming their lights. Mirabel removed her glass, and her eyes fluttered as she was about to sleep. Her eyes landed on the blurry light that was next to her door. The candle. Mirabel smiled, and she finally fell asleep, excited for what tomorrow would bring now that she finally found her role in the family and her Abuelo was back.

As La Familia Madrigal went to sleep, Casita's times and floorboards rested themselves. The house was content with the current situation. Cracks that had appeared days before were mended and no longer there. The house felt stronger, and that was enough. The family was healing, relationships were mending, and everyone was becoming happy again.

La Familia Madrigal was finally acting like a real family again, all because they finally fixed the past.

Chapter End Notes

Did you predict Pedro staying with them? Anyway, I hope you all enjoyed this story! This is my first finished story, and over these past months, I really had fun! This story was something I had on my mind for a while, and I'm glad I finally finished it. I'm so glad that so many of you loved it, and all of the comments, kudos and hits mean so much!

If you want to see more of my work, check out my dash! I've got 2 on-going stories:

- "Generation 31" which is a Mama Mirabel to Antonio AU with a twist.

- The other is "Cocooned", an idea by raefever on tumblr that I decided to turn into a fanfiction; the Madrigal grandbabies are all reborn and the elders are given a chance to re-raise them correctly :)

Again, thank you all so much for reading, it truly means a lot to me that so many of you like my stories. I hope to see you all in my other stories!

End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed this!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!