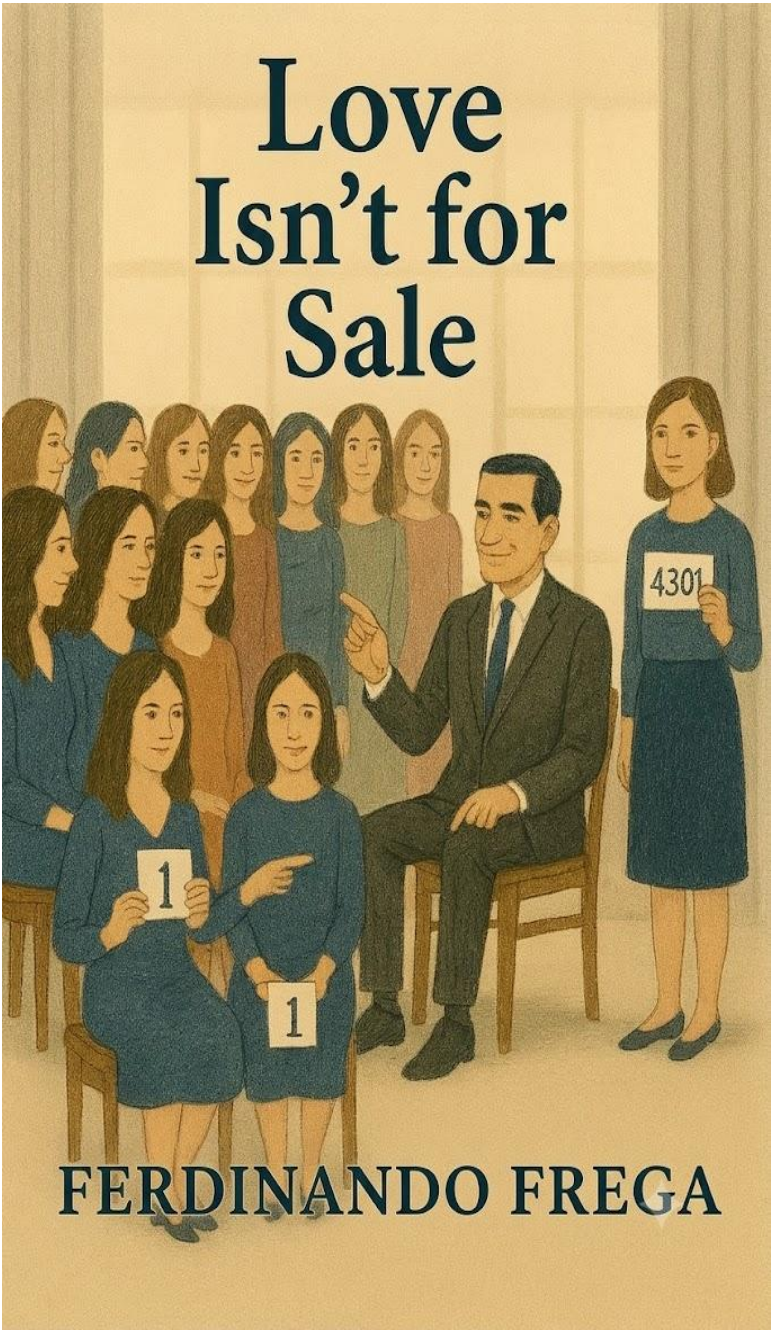

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FERDINANDO FREGA

LOVE

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SALE

Authentic experiences that speak to everyone's heart.

FERDINANDO FREGA

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INTRODUCTION

Throughout life, we often find ourselves chasing something: money, success, the approval of others. From an early age, we are taught that happiness is an achievement, earned through hard work, discipline, and tangible results. We are convinced that the more we accumulate, the more we will be loved. But there is a truth we often forget or discover too late: love cannot be bought.

Love, in all its forms—romantic, familial, friendly, spiritual—is what makes us alive. It is the breath of the soul, the invisible thread that connects us to others. Yet, in a world that measures worth by what you possess, love is often confused with seduction, power, or control. It is believed that simply offering something—a gift, a promise, financial security—is enough to receive affection in return. But true love does not work that way.

This book was born from a wound and a rebirth. It is the story of someone who searched for love in the wrong places, convinced that giving everything was enough to be loved. It is the story of someone who is confused by giving with buying, receiving with possession. But it is also the journey of someone who learned, step by step, that true love is not won with material possessions, but with one's own truth.

Love is not a transaction. It has no price, no conditions. It is an encounter that happens when we are ready to show ourselves to who we are, without masks or strategies. It is made of listening, respect, and presence. It is in everyday gestures, in shared silences, in words that seek not to impress but to welcome.

This book is not about romantic relationships. It is about love as a universal force: love for oneself, for one's history, for one's vulnerability. Because only when we learn to love ourselves can we absolutely love others without losing ourselves. And only when we stop seeking love as external validation can we find it as internal truth.

In these pages you will find reflections, stories, confessions. Some painful, others luminous. All authentic. My invitation is simple: reread the meaning of love, free it from the logic of possession, rediscover it as a gift. Because love cannot be bought. And when we understand this, our life changes. It becomes more real, freer, more ours.

PARTITION

The book is divided into four parts, each representing a developmental stage in love and personal awareness. The overall synopsis recounts the journey of a man who, through intense and often deceptive relationships, discovers the truth about love, about himself, and about the meaning of emotional freedom.

THE BEGINNING: THE ILLUSION

Love as a Promise, a Dream, a Salvation. Idealization and Trust.

In the beginning, there was light. Not the kind that illuminates, but the kind that dazzles. Love presented itself as a revelation: eyes that promised eternity, hands that seemed to know where to rest, words that built sandcastles in the dead of night.

It was easy to believe. It was sweet to let go.

The illusion was not a lie: it was a necessity.

In this first part, the protagonist trusts, loses himself, and falls in love with the idea rather than the person. He

experiences love as salvation, as redemption, as a clean mirror in which he reflects himself without blemish.

But every mirror, eventually, cracks.

THE FALL: DISENCHANTMENT

Betrayal, Manipulation, Loss. Love as a Trap.

When the enchantment fades, silence remains. But not the kind that consoles: the kind that accuses. Promises crumble, caresses become ropes, words become blades.

Love, which seemed like a refuge, turns out to be a prison.

In this part, the protagonist discovers the other side of love: the one that manipulates, betrays, and uses. The heart does not break in an instant—it wears away slowly, like paper in the rain.

And when he finally looks in the mirror, he no longer recognizes who he is.

Story: "You Used Me to Forget"

After the story, a scene opens:

Sitting in my psychiatrist's office, the silence is louder than words. He looks at me, then jots something down. Finally, he speaks:

"Ferdinando, you were not used. You allowed it. The difference is subtle, but crucial."

I stared at him. I feel naked. But also seen.

Sitting in Disenchantment

Psychiatrist: "You weren't cheated on. You ignored the signs. Why?"

Ferdinando: “Because I hoped that love was stronger than reality.”

Counter-Narrative

- The psychiatrist introduces the concept of “emotional co-dependence.”
- In a subsequent session, the psychologist suggests an exercise: “Write a letter to yourself, as if it were your best friend.”

THE REBIRTH: THE TRUTH

Awareness, Healing, Conscious Detachment.

The truth does not come as a revelation. It comes like a wound that stops bleeding.

The protagonist no longer seeks answers in others. He finds them within himself, amid the rubble, amid the scars.

Healing is not easy. It is rough, slow, and necessary.

In this part, you learn to be alone without feeling empty. You accept pain as a teacher, you abandon the need to possess, you rediscover the value of detachment.

It is not revenge. It is liberation.

Story: "I Started Loving Myself"

During a session, my analyst asks me:

"When did it stop asking permission to exist?"

I remain silent. Then I reply: "When I realized that I no longer had to please anyone to deserve love."

Sitting in Truth

Psychologist: "Write three things you learned from someone who hurt you."

Ferdinando *(writes):* "one. That I do not have to save anyone. 2. That pain is a teacher. 3. That I am worth it on my own."

Therapeutic Interludes

- Short scenes of dialogue between the stories, where the protagonist reflects on what he has learned.
- The psychiatrist suggests: "Healing is not an event. It is a practice."

FREEDOM: MATURE LOVE

Love as a Gift, Without Possession. The Spirituality of Affection.

Mature love does not ask. It offers.

It does not promise eternity, but presence. It does not seek to fill voids, but to share fulfillment.

In this part, the protagonist has stopped seeking salvation in others. He has learned to walk alongside, not above.

Love becomes spiritual, not mystical: it is made of simple gestures, deep respect, mutual freedom.

This is where you absolutely love. Without fear. Without chains.

Story: “I Loved Without Time”

My psychologist looks at me and says:

"She's stopped looking for love as validation. Now she experiences it as presence. That's the leap."

I smile. For the first time, I do not need to explain anything.

Letter to My Analyst

Dear Doctor, Today I loved it without asking for anything. And I realized that I no longer need to be healed. Only to be true.

“She stopped counting. Now she lives. And that is the real miracle.”

Emotional Balance

- Insert scenes of shared silence between therapist and patient.
- The psychiatrist concludes with this sentence: "Mature love is that which doesn't need to be understood. It just needs to be experienced."

THE LOVE THAT:

Bloom Without Haste

Engagement, in its purest essence, represents a time when two people grow closer without the need to immediately define everything. It is a time of exploration, of mutual discovery. It is common for people to have unrealistic expectations about what an engagement should be, but the reality is that, to be authentic, an engagement should not be a rush to the altar, but a peaceful journey that allows for growth both together and apart.

During this time, love should not be pressured. Couples should have time to understand who they are as individuals and how they complement each other as a couple. When two people get closer without rushing to declare everything definitively, love develops more organically. Security is not sought in a ring or a promise that implies future expectations; rather, trust is built gradually, through daily gestures, sincere conversations, and patience. The love that slowly blossoms during engagement is a love that is not afraid to grow, that is not afraid to focus on the future, but that appreciates the journey itself. It is about two people who choose to be together, not because they must, but because they feel their lives are enriched and more complete by sharing the journey.

Find Space in Everyday Life

Living together takes love to a deeper level, where not only affection is shared, but also daily life. Living together is an

act that goes beyond the formal declaration of a bond. Living together involves making practical decisions together: from managing finances to taking care of the home to establishing shared routines. It is in this context that true love can be put to the test.

When a couple begins living together, they realize that love is not just a series of romantic moments, but rather small, daily choices that reflect mutual respect, care, and understanding. There are no universal rules for how living together should work, but each couple must learn to navigate their own dynamics. It is about making compromises without feeling forced, respecting each other's space, and knowing that love is not a "commodity" to be negotiated or possessed, but a shared experience that grows stronger every day. The difficulties that may arise—misunderstandings, routines, and daily frustrations are opportunities to explore new ways of connecting. It is not about avoiding difficulties, but about facing them together, with the intention of learning and growing.

During this time, love becomes a continuous dance of mutual understanding. It is not just about being together physically, but also emotionally. The bond that is created is not about possession, but about a constant evolution of support and trust.

Evolves Over Time

Marriage is often seen as the pinnacle of romantic love, but it is just one stage in a long journey. If the love that leads to marriage is genuine, the true beauty lies in how it evolves

after the "I do." The promise made is not just a promise of fidelity or "to have and to hold," but to continue growing together, learning together, and changing together.

In marriage, love becomes a daily choice. It is no longer a passion that burns in the first few months, but a love that grows stronger in times of difficulty. The changes that inevitably occur—the birth of children, professional challenges, financial difficulties, illness—evaluate the couple, but they can also reveal the strength of their connection. Marriage is not the finish line, but a starting point for exploring new dimensions of love. It is no longer about seeking each other's approval or having to prove something but about continuing to choose to love each other unconditionally. Every passing year of marriage is an opportunity to reinvent love, to not take it for granted, to not always seek perfection, but to accept the imperfect beauty of life together.

Marital love is a love that teaches to be flexible, to evolve with circumstances, without ever losing sight of what is essential: respect and mutual growth.

Awakens From the Crisis

Betrayal is one of the most difficult tests a relationship can undergo. When it occurs, love is called into question. But if love is authentic, betrayal can also become a path to transformation. The betrayed person is confronted with a painful reality, but also with the opportunity to reconsider what it means to love without possessing.

Betrayal should not be seen simply as an act of dishonesty, but as a sign of a disconnect that needs to be addressed. Reacting to betrayal can be an opportunity to rediscover love in a more mature form. Forgiveness, if chosen, can free both people from an unbearable burden. But it is not just about forgiving others, but also about forgiving oneself. Dealing with betrayal is not about restoring innocence, but about reconnecting with the reality of one's own love, stronger and more conscious than before. Wounds can heal, and in many cases, the love that follows betrayal is deeper and more sincere, because it no longer depends on illusions, but on the daily choice to absolutely love one another.

It Ends, But It Doesn't Fade Away

Separation is a painful experience that affects you deeply. When two people decide to separate, it is as if a part of themselves is lost. But the reality is that love never truly ends. It may change shape, but it never fades. Separation is an act that allows you to grow as an individual, even if the process can be painful.

Many times, separation occurs not because love has disappeared, but because the two people need to grow separately, to discover new parts of themselves that they could never have explored together. This is not a failure, but a necessary change. The love that once existed may transform into something different, but it does not cease to exist. Separation is not the end of love, but a step toward understanding oneself and the other. When separation is approached with awareness and mutual respect, love

transforms into something that can still nourish the people involved, albeit in diverse ways.

It Reveals Itself in Pain

When illness strikes, life changes in the blink of an eye. The person we love, once so vibrant, suddenly becomes fragile and vulnerable. Illness is not only a physical challenge, but also an emotional one. A diagnosis can shake the foundations of a relationship because it exposes fears, uncertainties, and the need to confront something beyond our control. For the person with the illness, it can be a lonely struggle, but for those close to them, it is an equally great challenge: having to be supportive, without feeling overwhelmed or helpless.

Initially, the love that binds two people may seem tested. The fear of loss, the suffering of a changing body, and the uncertainty of the future create an emotional distance never experienced. But illness is not just an end; it can also be an opportunity for revelation, for change. When the person you love finds themselves vulnerable, it is time to decide what it truly means to "love without buying."

As the disease progresses, something profound happens in the relationship. The love that was once taken for granted must now be nurtured by a new form of care, patience, and listening. The person who loves does not simply care for the sick body but discovers a new dimension of love: a love no longer measured in affectionate gestures or sweet words, but in a silence that speaks for itself. It turns out that true love does not need constant "proof." In times of suffering, love

can be found in the simplest gestures: holding another's hand, listening to their silences, remaining close even when words seem insufficient.

During this time, the sick person can rediscover their strength, but also their vulnerability, and through this vulnerability, they become more authentic. Illness brings with it a disarming truth: no one is invincible, no one can control their own destiny, and the love that survives this is a love based not on physical appearance or emotional performance, but on a bond grounded in the raw reality of life and death. It is a love that is not afraid to show itself vulnerable, that is not afraid to see the other in their most fragile state.

When illness reaches its peak, the love we feel becomes an unexpected source of strength. The person who is ill is no longer just a figure to be "saved," but someone who has lived, loved, suffered, and who now becomes a witness to the beauty of being loved unconditionally. In these moments, the relationship is purified of superficiality and expectations, leaving only the truth. There is no room for judgment, fear of loss, or selfishness. Love transforms into a gift that goes beyond the idea of "having" each other by our side. It is a love that does not need to be negotiated but is offered and received with the utmost simplicity.

Even though illness can take a person's life physically, it can never take away the love they have given and received. Every gesture, every word, every memory remains as a testimony to a bond that cannot be broken. The love that grows through suffering is the love that endures even when

all seems lost. Illness is not the end of love; it is a transition that reveals love for what it truly is: unconditional, pure, eternal.

Manifestation of an Infinite Love

Illness reminds us that love cannot be possessed, that we cannot control or force it. The love that lives through illness is a love that defies natural laws. It is not based on what we can "take" or "give" physically, but on what we can experience in the intimacy of our emotional and spiritual connection. Illness becomes the fertile ground where love is nourished by sacrifice, patience, and compassion. It is a love that, even when the body is no longer the same, remains alive, strong, and luminous, forever.

It Never Ends

Death is the event that physically marks the end of a person, but not the end of the love we shared with them. Death forces us to confront the finiteness of life, but the love we feel for those who are no longer with us never fades. It is there, present in our memories, in the gestures that remind us of that person, in our hearts.

When someone we love passes away, the pain of physical separation is overwhelming, but the love we feel is never utterly lost. Every memory, every gesture, every word shared with that person bears witness to a love that lives on. Death does not destroy love but transforms it into something that survives beyond the body. This love can continue to inspire us, guide us, and give us strength. The love we cannot

possess, but can feel in every fiber of our being, becomes immortal. It is not tied to physical presence, but to the profound connection we have with those we love.

He's Mature

Giulia and Carlo met in a reading group for seniors. Both widowed, they had lost their life companions years earlier. For them, loneliness had become a constant companion. They found comfort in the books and profound conversations they shared during their weekly meetings. These gatherings became moments of cultural and intellectual exchange, but also opportunities to open and discuss their life experiences.

Over time, their friendship grew into something more. They began to see each other outside of their book club, strolling in the parks and sharing simple but meaningful dinners. Giulia, with her sweet smile and silver hair, brought a light into Carlo's life. He, with his gentle manner and passion for poetry, made her feel appreciated and loved in a way she had not felt in a long time.

They discovered that love could blossom even in old age, bringing with it a wisdom and tranquility they had never experienced before. There were none of the anxieties and insecurities of young love, but a deep and affectionate mutual understanding. They shared memories of their deceased spouses, but also dreams and hopes for the future, discovering that it was never too late to make new plans.

One day, Carlo gave her a book of poems he had written. Each line spoke of the beauty he had rediscovered through Giulia's eyes. Moved, she read the poems aloud, feeling every word as a declaration of love. Their story proved that love is ageless and that every stage of life can be enriched by mutual affection.

They decided to move in together, not out of necessity, but by choice. Their days were marked by small routines that filled their hearts: making breakfast together, reading under the same roof, taking long walks at sunset. Their home was filled with books and laughter, and every day they felt grateful for having found love a second time. Their story was a testament to how sweet, deep, and fulfilling mature love could be.

Not for sale

This is not an epilogue. It is a return. An echo that did not ask to be ordered but listened to.

The stories that follow do not obey structure, they do not seek approval, they do not seek explanation. They are fragments of life, visions, provocations. Some are too intimate to be pigeonholed, others too universal to be ignored.

These stories do not ask to be understood, but to be heard. They are voices that did not find their way into the body of the book, but they deserve to exist. They are the love that cannot be bought, that cannot be sold, that cannot be explained.

I am the love that cannot be bought, sold, or measured. I am the love that endures, even when the book is finished.

THE ROOTS

The first educational phase begins on the day of birth. Imagine the warm, motherly voice reaching us for the first time, combined with visual movements whose cognition is still extremely limited. We perceive only a small noise that tells us: "This is not something you do." This slogan becomes a constant in the first years of life, a warning that remains imprinted in the mind.

After the first five years of life, we begin to understand the kind of family we have ended up with. School holds up a mirror to society, where the comparison between those who have more and those who have less becomes evident. Children observe their classmates with new clothes and expensive toys and begin to perceive the material value of objects. Education is the product of culture, schooling, and the people around us. If we are fortunate enough to have open-minded parents, they are often considered "different" by society, of Swedish origin due to their open-mindedness, disregarding the taboos of their place, culture, or the masses.

I clearly remember the feeling of wanting to be accepted and the pressure to conform to social expectations. My family, however, was different. My parents taught me the importance of honesty, integrity, and intellectual curiosity—values that often clashed with the materialism prevalent among my peers.

The First Discoveries

The first differences between boys and girls become evident in everyday life. Girls are always clean and tidy, while boys are dirty and shabby. Their relationship with water is different: women would accept to five showers a day, while men would take one every five days.

These differences are also reflected in play and social interactions. Girls play at being mothers, caring for dolls, and organizing tea parties, while boys prefer more physical and messy play. This early stage of discovery is crucial for forming our gender identities and our expectations of the opposite sex.

Everything we learn is often taught to us by strangers, who may know less than we do, but their willingness to teach betrays a series of personal failures that no one talks about. I remember once, when I was seven, a neighbor tried to teach me how to repair a bicycle. His enthusiasm and patience impressed me, but only later did I realize that the man was trying to overcome a series of personal failures through teaching.

The Algorithms of Life

The two cornerstones of our reflections are like two completely different algorithms, which meet exclusively now of procreation. Women have great control over their sexuality and can forgo it, while men have different parameters and are constantly searching.

History, medical literature, and experience teach us that women are superior in many ways. They can decide whether you rise from a waiter to the president of the United States, or vice versa. Their influence is profound and often invisible, yet incredibly powerful.

A concrete example of this dynamic can be seen in my personal experience with Lisa, a coworker. Lisa was brilliant and ambitious, and her presence profoundly influenced our work environment. She could motivate her colleagues to give them all and had a natural command of the situation. Men, on the other hand, often felt intimidated by her confidence and power.

The Weakness of Man

It manifests when a woman no longer has a dependable partner to lean on. She continually searches for the ideal woman, unaware that the ideal woman does not exist. A woman's two intelligences, sentimental and intuitive search for love as the first step. A solid financial situation, combined with affection, allows her to make plans.

Men, on the other hand, have only one rational intelligence, but two weaknesses: intimacy and food. Women always know where to make an impact on the essentials, exploiting these weaknesses to influence their decisions and behavior.

I remember a tough time in my life when my relationship with Sara ended. Without her, I felt lost and vulnerable. I sought comfort in food and occasional intimacy, but nothing filled the void left by her absence. This period made me

realize how dependent I was on a female role model and how important it was to find internal balance.

Life Lessons

We find men who have not understood that women must fall in love before spending all their money. By some kind of law of life, women buy food for the people they are close to and make money a priority. Men, on the other hand, do not live by concrete plans, but by mirages, thinking that one woman is better than another.

No recommendations to anyone: this is life, no one is excluded. Going from the rich to the poor is a noticeably short step, and we are all victims of the same magnificent figure: WOMAN.

My experience with Chiara was a clear example of this dynamic. Chiara was charismatic and charming, but our relationship was based on illusions and unrealistic desires. Her influence over me was so strong that I often found myself putting aside my own personal plans to satisfy her needs. I realized I had to recognize my value and find a balance between giving and receiving.

Over 4,300 partners in sixty-five countries attest to this universal view, demonstrating that the dynamics described here are recognized and experienced throughout the world.

The Weight of Promises

Luca had always lived by a firm principle: a given word was an eternal bond. Raised in a family where keeping promises was more important than anything else, he had built his life on the foundation of this principle. Every choice, every action, was guided by respect for others and the duty to keep his promises. However, he did not immediately realize that this same dedication was slowly consuming him.

He was a successful man, but his career, which seemed to have developed naturally, concealed the weight of a promise he had made years before, when his father, now dying, asked him to take over their family business. "Never let this empire fall, Luca. This is our legacy." He could not help but keep that promise. His mother, a silent shadow who had always supported the family, had never asked anything of him, but he felt the weight of that oath had been entrusted to him like a burden he must carry at all costs.

As the company grew, Luca felt his personal life beginning to crumble. His relationship with Elena, the woman he loved, was becoming a passionless routine. The arguments, which had initially been occasional, became increasingly frequent. "You're always too busy, Luca. We do not see each other anymore. We do not talk anymore," Elena would tell him. But Luca, immersed in his work and his commitment to his family, could not give her words any weight. Every time Elena tried to talk to him, he responded with the same phrase: "I'm doing it for us, for our life, for our future."

One day, fate confronted him with a reality he could not ignore. A chance encounter with Maria, an old friend, forced him to reflect. Maria, seeing him increasingly tired and distant, asked him a question that sounded like a wake-up call: "Luca, when did you stop living for yourself?" Her words shook him more than he cared to admit. The man who had always prioritized others now no longer recognized himself.

From that moment, Luca began to look within himself, and the truth that emerged was painful. He was no longer keeping his promises out of love, but out of fear. The fear of failure, of disappointing those who had always seen him as a strong and capable man. But the reality was that, as much as he had tried to keep the promise he had made to his father, he had never managed to keep the promise he had made to himself: that of being happy.

Amid this emotional chaos, he found himself faced with the news that his mother was ill and her condition was worsening. Now, as the weight of the family promise became unbearable, Luca realized that his role as a son was not limited to simply carrying on the business, but also to caring for those who had always supported him. His mind began to overflow with thoughts: what was more important, maintaining the business or caring for his family?

Luca's journey toward self-awareness led him to reconsider every aspect of his life. The promise he made to his father could not be kept at the expense of his own happiness. The love he felt for Elena, which had by then turned to indifference, could not be revitalized without first finding

the courage to face his own insecurities. But it was only when he decided to abandon his certainties, to let the company go in a different direction, that things began to change. For the first time, Luca chose to put himself first.

He and Elena embarked on a journey of rediscovery, learning to communicate and share, gradually rebuilding a relationship that seemed lost. It was not easy, but for the first time, Luca was ready to make choices based not on sacrifice, but on mutual growth.

The last step, however, came when Luca decided to face a new reality: he was not going to be the guardian of the legacy, but the custodian of his own dreams. Over time, the company found new leadership, and Luca learned to delegate and trust those around him. He no longer had to carry all the burden. His family, his relationship, and his career began to flourish, because Luca had finally learned that the secret of keeping a promise is not sacrificing yourself until the end, but being able to be honest with yourself and make choices that make you happy.

When the pressure finally eased and Luca looked back, he realized that he had never broken a promise. He had just learned that sometimes; to keep a promise to someone else, you must first make a promise to yourself.

Epilogue

Not all stories demand to be explained. Some are there to be lived, others to be left untold.

This section collects fragments, visions, and experiences that did not find their way into the main body of the book. They are **love that endures,** manifesting itself in different forms: familial, communal, spiritual, and free.

They do not follow an order; they do not obey narrative logic. They are **provocations, testimonies, invitations to think beyond.** They are love that cannot be bought, because it has no price, nor fixed form.

BURGUNDY

Some time ago I wrote about this story in one of my books, which punctually and unexpectedly recurs forcefully in its contents, almost as if it wanted to speak to me, to let me know, to tell me something, to let me know what I don't know, to give me news of my future.

I left twenty years ago to buy an old farmhouse in Burgundy to start a new business. I knew the real estate agent who had guaranteed me the property was a good deal, and the conditions offered were not easy to find—a real bargain.

That was a non-commercial area, the price per square meter was 2000 euros, tourists came exclusively during the grape harvest periods or popular festivals to sample the new wines and other preparations, plus good local cuisine, characteristic, a more rural area, out of the way, few amenities, no commercial side, where everything was truly difficult and the only things that sold easily were wines and champagne.

The farmhouse was in good condition, but it needed some maintenance, some room relocation, and a new ground-floor office, because having to work next to the dressing table was not a priority for me. And then it would all be restored, beautifully frescoed, new. But the real estate agent's haste was immediately apparent when he took me to the stables to saddle two horses and begin a quick tour of the estate. It was then that he informed me that heavy rain was forecast and he wanted to stay dry.

Twelve hectares of land, mostly planted with vineyards, red and white, champagne, a small lake to the west of the estate, many acacia trees, contracts for the sale of grapes, and my question as to why they wanted to sell.

His wife had fallen ill with cancer, and he no longer intended to sacrifice her on the estate but wanted to take her around the world.

Upon returning to the stable, I noticed the presence of eight young Arabian horses, a real treasure, and the occasion was propitious to ask what the sale price for everything was.

He was almost afraid to tell me, but I reassured him that nothing would happen, to stay calm; that is when he told me €650,000.

The amount was affordable, and without thinking twice I said that the next day we would do the paperwork at the notary and pay everything, without mortgages, banks, or financing, I already had what I needed in the bank.

When I returned home, the company staff gathered waiting to speak to me, but their attitude was not that of those looking for work but of those wanting to renegotiate their job.

I was not willing to renegotiate salaries, conditions, habits, anything, but it took just a few days for them to get to know me, to say goodbye, and to say goodbye to their departures.

I believed vices and habits would be passed on to the new owners, who did not like being served simultaneously by unscheduled staff. Therefore, rather than waiting for their questions about how things were done before and how they should be done now, it was easier to recruit inexperienced staff.

In the moments of my old story, a woman suddenly arrives in a car with a young man at her side and asks for Frega Ferdinando. I am in the vineyard with my horse and barely have time to return when I see her in the distance, and I immediately recognize the woman I once loved so long ago.

He introduced himself as her grandson, as a friend of his grandmother, but he reassured me that he was not related to me.

The story ends, it moves towards a happy ending, until this morning, at dawn, I open my eyes and begin to think of Burgundy, I see the house, the vineyard, the horses, the pond and everything of the land that takes my mind back to every moment.

A thought comes to mind: the money will come from the production of the books and I, with my Sabine, could go there and create what I wrote: a new Society.

Bringing my boys together could be a valid alternative and purchasing a new farmhouse in Burgundy where we can start the production and sale of wines and champagne.

The distance from Casale to the city center already made me wonder if I should perhaps buy two cars, one for Sabine and one for my boys, who in the evening would never give up partying and their women, whom they love all, starting with their mother.

But what is all this thinking about, what is the rational analysis, or could it even be a divine plan?

Analyzing the facts, the things, the issues, I glimpsed the desire for change, a new beginning with Sabine, a new challenge, a desire for revenge, to restore the relationship with my children, to give them a future too, something I have not been able to guarantee until now.

But I was also worried about my age, what if my health gave up on me, like what happens when a car isn't in tip-top shape and leaves you without signals on the road?

But I could not really take everything into account, I would have been a devil and not a normal man.

And wine? Well, here the Latins helped me: in Vino Veritas, it was a phrase that taught us that drinking wine opens the

mind to the truth and hides lies. Even the most difficult capitulates before this reality.

So France would have awaited me, a new difficult love, a new work adventure in Burgundy shared with my children, me racing on horseback through the corridors of the vineyards, among the vines to check if they were pruned, if they were well intertwined and if the arrangement was suitable for the sunlight.

And when I reached 85 years of age, I would have expected another car to arrive, with another lady and a boy on board who, by asking me my name, gave me time to understand that she too was another old love.

The First Meeting

Ferdinando and Daniela met at a mutual friend's birthday party. Daniela, shy and reserved, was looking for a quiet corner to escape the chaos of the party. The music was loud, and the brightly colored decorations made the atmosphere lively and a bit chaotic. Ferdinando, outgoing and always eager to make new friends, noticed Daniela seeking some peace and decided to approach her. He was carrying a glass of red wine; the same one Daniela was holding. That evening, Daniela wore a blue dress that accentuated her light-colored eyes, while Ferdinando was dressed casually in a plaid shirt and jeans.

Ferdinando began the conversation with a joke about wine, and Daniela smiled. That joke was their starting point. They talked for hours, discovering they had many common

passions: jazz music, science fiction books, and a love of travel. Ferdinando recounted his adventures in Asia, while Daniela shared her dreams of visiting South America. The conversation flowed naturally, effortlessly, and they both felt as if they had known each other forever.

Ferdinando offered to walk Daniela home at the end of the evening. On the way, they walked side by side, talking and laughing under the streetlights. When they reached Daniela's door, Ferdinando asked if he could see her again and, as a token of remembrance, shared a kiss that he would treasure in his heart. Daniela looked at him carefully, taking only five seconds to decide, and then, with a shy smile, nodded, finding Ferdinand there to greet her. They exchanged numbers and hugged each other goodbye, but hormones could not speak, just to express the moment, the mood, the state... That evening, they both felt that something special had begun.

Over the next few days, they began to hang out. They went to concerts, walked in parks, and tried new restaurants together. Each encounter strengthened their bond, and over time, they realized they had found something rare and precious. Their relationship grew stronger and full of complicity. They both carried with them the memory of that first evening, knowing that it was fate that brought them together at that birthday party.

Family Traditions

Giovanna was a beloved grandmother who always kept alive the traditions of her Calabrian family. With her gray hair tied

in a neat bun and her hands marked by time, Giovanna was the pillar of the family. Every year, during the Christmas holidays, she gathered her children and grandchildren to prepare traditional dishes from their region. The holidays were a special occasion when Giovanna's home was filled with familiar scents and sounds: the clinking of pots and pans, the laughter of children, and the crackling of the fire in the fireplace.

Preparing Christmas dinner was a true ritual. Giovanna taught her grandchildren how to make fresh pasta, while her children roasted the pork and prepared the vegetables. Each family member had a specific task, and everyone worked together in perfect harmony. These moments were precious because they not only allowed recipes to be passed down from generation to generation but also strengthened family bonds.

Despite generational differences and differing views, those culinary traditions united the entire family. Giovanna shared stories of her youth and the hardships she had faced, teaching her grandchildren the importance of resilience and gratitude. The grandchildren listened attentively, fascinated by the tales of a bygone era and eager to learn everything they could.

Every year, Christmas dinner was a success. The table was laden with every kind of delicacy: from appetizers to dessert, everything was prepared with love and dedication. The family sat together, enjoying the fruits of their labor and celebrating the bond that bound them. Those moments were filled with love and warmth, and everyone knew that, despite

the passage of time, Giovanna's traditions would live on in their hearts.

Rediscovery of Self

Elena had been going through a tough time after the end of a long relationship. The end of her love story left her devastated and with a sense of inner emptiness. Feeling lost and directionless, she decided to embark on a solo journey to rediscover herself. She chose Tuscany as her destination, a region she had always dreamed of visiting.

With her backpack on her shoulders, Elena ventured into the Tuscan hills, visiting medieval villages and immersing herself in the beauty of nature. Every day was an opportunity to explore and reflect. She strolled the cobblestone streets of small villages, savoring the authentic flavors of local cuisine and admiring the breathtaking views. Along the way, she met extraordinary people, each with a unique story to tell. These chance encounters enriched her experience and taught her new perspectives on life.

She also discovered new passions, such as photography and writing. Each shot captured a special moment, and every word written in her journal was a step toward healing. Over time, she learned to love herself again, accepting her imperfections and appreciating the inner strength she had discovered along the way. The solitude of the journey allowed her to confront her thoughts and emotions, finding the peace and serenity she so longed for.

At the end of the journey, Elena felt reborn. She returned home with a new self-awareness and a renewed sense of hope. She understood that loving oneself was the first step to loving others. Thanks to that experience, Elena learned that, despite the difficulties, it was possible to find the strength to get up and start again.

Eternal Friendship

Marco and Pietro had been friends since childhood. They met in elementary school and have been inseparable ever since. Growing up, they shared dreams, experiences, and even a few misfortunes. Marco, with his unruly curls and infectious smile, was always the more adventurous of the two, while Pietro, more thoughtful and introverted, loved to listen and observe. Despite their differences, they were the perfect complement to each other.

During their adolescence, they navigated the challenges of growing up together: first love, disappointments, and school choices. When Marco decided to move abroad for college, their friendship was evaluated by the distance. However, thanks to technology, they continued to communicate regularly. Video calls and texts became their bridge to keep their bond alive.

One summer, during vacation, Marco returned home. They decided to take a trip to the mountains, an adventure they had always dreamed of doing together. During the trip, they rediscovered the beauty of their friendship. Laughter around the fire at night, long walks, and endless conversations brought them even closer. Marco and Pietro understood that,

despite time and distance, their friendship was eternal and indestructible.

Community Solidarity

In the small village of Valle Fiorita, the community had always been very close-knit. Everyone knew each other and helped one another. When a flood struck the village, causing extensive damage to homes and infrastructure, the residents immediately mobilized. Teresa, a middle-aged woman with a heart of gold, took the lead in organizing aid. With a reassuring smile and unwavering determination, she coordinated the volunteer teams, collecting food, clothing, and repair materials.

The community's solidarity was extraordinary. Everyone contributed what they could: young people helped clear away the rubble, the elderly prepared hot meals, and merchants donated necessities. Families hosted one another, sharing what they had. Soon, the town began to recover thanks to collaboration and mutual support.

Teresa, through her example, showed everyone the importance of universal love: helping one another without expecting anything in return. The Valle Fiorita community not only overcame the crisis, but emerged stronger and more united than before, proving that love can profoundly change the world.

Love in Diversity

Rita was a teacher in a multicultural school. Every day, she worked with children of different nationalities, cultures, and religions. Rita passionately believed that education was a tool for change and dedicated herself entirely to creating an inclusive and welcoming environment for all her students. Her days always began with a smile and a kind word for each of them, regardless of their differences.

She organized activities that promoted mutual understanding and respect, such as cultural sharing days and collaborative art workshops. During cultural sharing days, children brought objects, foods, and stories from their traditions, creating a space for mutual learning. These moments not only enriched the children's knowledge, but also brought them closer together, showing them that diversity is a precious resource.

Over time, she saw her student’s overcome barriers and develop sincere friendships based on respect and universal love. Rita used literature and stories to teach important life lessons, choosing books that reflected her students' diverse experiences. Each story read in class became a starting point for deep and meaningful discussions.

One day, during a collaborative art workshop, the children were invited to create a large mural representing love and peace. Working together, they put into practice what they had learned: collaboration, respect, and creativity. The mural became a symbol of their unity, a work of art that reflected the beauty of diversity.

Rita also found ways to engage parents, organizing meetings and activities that allowed them to actively participate in school life. This created a sense of community and belonging that extended beyond the school walls. Parents, seeing the positive impact on their children's education, appreciated Rita's tireless work and supported her in every initiative.

Rita's story demonstrated that love could unite people, regardless of their differences. Thanks to her commitment and passion, her students grew up with open minds and welcoming hearts, ready to embrace the world's diversity. Rita knew that every small gesture of kindness and every lesson she taught left an impression on her students, helping to create a better and more inclusive future for all.

Love in Practical Situations

Maria and Luca have been married for twenty years and have learned that true love is manifested in small, everyday gestures. Maria works as a nurse and has very demanding shifts, often returning home exhausted. Luca, despite having an equally demanding job as an architect, takes care of the house, preparing dinner and making sure everything is in order. Every evening, when Maria returns, dinner is ready and the environment is welcoming. This daily ritual is not just a division of labor, but a way to demonstrate love and mutual respect. Luca knows that by showing this support, he relieves Maria's stress and allows her to relax and recharge.

Weekends are dedicated to grocery shopping and cleaning, activities they do together. Despite their busy days, they always find time to share special moments like watching a

movie, taking a walk in the park, or simply chatting over a glass of wine. Every small gesture, like making coffee in the morning or leaving a thoughtful note, helps keep their connection alive.

An important aspect of their relationship is communication. They have learned to talk openly about their needs and emotions, without fear of being judged. This allows them to face challenges together and find solutions that work for both. Maria, for example, knows that Luca needs quiet moments to unwind after a busy day at work, and she makes sure to respect this need. Luca, on the other hand, always tries to be there when Maria needs to talk or vent.

Over the years, they have faced many challenges, from financial difficulties to health issues, but their love and commitment to each other have always helped them overcome every obstacle. They know their bond is strong because it is built on a solid foundation of respect, understanding, and affection. Every day, they choose to love and support each other, proving that true love is manifested in small, everyday gestures.

Consent and Respect

Sofia and Marco have learned that the key to a healthy relationship is open communication and consensus. Whenever they must make important decisions, they sit down together and discuss their perspectives. This includes discussing their desires, limitations, and expectations openly and honestly. For example, when they decided to move to another city for work, they weighed the pros and cons

together, listening carefully, and making a decision that respected both their needs.

They have developed a weekly check-in routine, during which they sit down for dinner and discuss how things are going in their relationship. This shared time allows them to voice any concerns or dissatisfactions before they become bigger problems. During these check-ins, they also discuss their aspirations and future, ensuring they are always aligned in their life choices.

A significant example of their open and respectful communication occurred when they decided to explore new dynamics in their relationship. Both were curious about experimenting with new ways of connecting, but they wanted to ensure that everything was done with mutual respect and consent. So, they spent time researching, speaking with experts, and establishing clear rules that respected both their boundaries. This approach strengthened their bond and allowed them to explore new nuances of their relationship in a safe and consensual way.

Their story demonstrates the importance of consent and communication in every aspect of a couple's life. They have learned that active listening and honest dialogue are essential to maintaining a strong and healthy relationship. Sofia and Marco know they cannot read each other's minds; therefore, they are committed to openly communicating their needs and desires. This has helped them create an environment of trust and safety, where they both feel free to be themselves.

Family Volunteering

Giulia and Federico have always believed in the importance of giving back to the community. Every month, they dedicate a weekend to volunteering with their children, Luca and Martina. This experience not only brings them closer as a family but also teaches the children the values of empathy and solidarity. Whether it is helping at a soup kitchen, participating in fundraisers, or cleaning local parks, these practical moments of community service strengthen their family bonds and teach them important life lessons.

One Saturday morning, they decided to participate in a reforestation project. Armed with gloves, shovels, and bags of seeds, they joined other volunteers to plant trees in a degraded area. Luca and Martina were enthusiastic and learned the importance of sustainability and respect for the environment. While working, Giulia and Federico explained to their children how every small gesture can make a significant difference in the world. At the end of the day, they all felt satisfied and proud of their contribution.

On another occasion, the family participated in a volunteer day at an animal shelter. Giulia and Federico had always had a passion for animals and wanted to pass this love on to their children. They spent the day cleaning cages, walking the dogs, and playing with the cats. Luca and Martina discovered how rewarding it was to care for animals and volunteer to improve their lives.

These volunteer moments not only strengthen family bonds but also create precious memories that children will cherish

for a lifetime. Giulia and Federico know they are instilling important values in their children that will help them grow into responsible, aware adults. Every volunteer activity is an opportunity to teach the importance of empathy, generosity, and respect for others.

Over the years, the family has participated in numerous volunteer projects, building a network of friendships and connections within the community. They have seen firsthand how love and mutual support can have a positive impact on people and the environment. Giulia and Federico's story demonstrates that family volunteering not only contributes to the common good but also strengthens emotional bonds and creates a sense of belonging and shared responsibility.

The Chapel of Love

This chapel is not a place of worship. It is a place for listening.

It does not celebrate perfect love, but love that has lived. The kind that stumbles, that endures, that transforms. The kind that cannot be bought, begged, or shown. The kind that is offered. And that is it.

Every story kept here is a threshold: between desire and renunciation, between wound and healing, between silence and the voice we did not know we had.

This chapel is made of words, of breaths, of absences. It is dedicated to those who have loved too much, to those who have stopped loving, to those who still try—despite everything.

Do not ask yourself what you find here. Ask yourself what you are willing to leave behind.

Because love, true love, cannot be preserved. It lives. It loses. It renews. And once you recognize it, you no longer need to understand it.

POSTSCRIPTUM OF THE SOUL

This book was not meant to console. It was meant to disturb. Because true love is not what makes us feel safe. It is what forces us to look inside ourselves, even when we do not want to.

Unlove is everywhere: in automatic *gestures,* in words we do not listen to, in silences we do not share. It is the void we fill with promises, gifts, strategies. It is the need to be loved without the courage to love.

This book does not ask you to believe. It asks you to remember. That love, true love, cannot be bought. And non-love... should no longer be sold. Quotes for you:

1. “Non-Love Is Love Disguised as Security.”
2. “He who loves to be loved, does not love. He bargains.”
3. “The Silence of Non-Love Is Louder Than a Thousand Words.”
4. “Non-love does not hurt. It consumes.”
5. “Love That Demands Proof Is Already Dead.”
6. “Non-love is a hug that tightens so you do not let go. Not to hold you.”

7. “Those who do not love often to do so with perfect gestures. But without soul.”
8. “Non-love is the need not to be alone. Not the desire to be together.”

For non-love

This book is not about love. It is about what imitates it, betrays it, and empties it. *Non-love* is the invisible protagonist of every relationship that dares not be true. Through stories, confessions, and provocations, FERDINANDO FREGA guides us on a journey that seeks not answers, but recognition. Because only when we stop calling love what is not, can we finally begin to live it.

CONCLUSION

This book offers not solutions, but perspectives. It does not propose rules, but possibilities. *Illusion and Deception* invite us to free ourselves from the idea that love must be demonstrated, earned, or deserved. It reminds us that the truest love is the one that does not need to be explained, because it is felt, experienced, and given. And that every authentic relationship is an act of courage: that of being we and letting others be that.

Reflections

- Love is not a contract, but an encounter.
- Deception does not always arise from malice, but often from fear.
- Emotional freedom is the first step towards healing.

- To love is to accept that the other may not even stay.
- Emotional truth is more important than narrative perfection.

Thanks

To those who loved without understanding. To those who understood without being loved. To those who had the courage to share their stories. To those who read with an open heart. To those who left, and to those who stayed. This book is yours too.

The Point That Doesn't Want to End

The stories are over. But the journey is not. Every story has opened a door. Every door demanded the truth. And every truth, if authentic, cannot be closed.

This book is not an answer. It is a gentle provocation. It did not ask you to change. It asked you to look. It did not offer you solutions. It offers you mirrors.

The love that cannot be bought is also the love that cannot be explained. It is love that lasts, even when all seems lost. It is love that does not need to be demonstrated because it is felt. And if even just one sentence made you tremble, smile, remember... then the book has done its job.

Now you can close it. But you are not the same.

The Author's Hope

I believe that love can always win. Not because it is easy. But because it is necessary.

We live in a time that confuses possession with care, conquest with presence, noise with truth. Yet, love—authentic love, the kind you cannot buy, continues to manifest itself in the simplest gestures, in shared silences, in choices that ask nothing in return.

My hope is for women. Not as idealization, but as recognition. Because we exist thanks to them. Because every birth, every word, every gesture of love has, primarily, had a female face.

Women are the guardians of emotional time. They are the ones who teach, without speaking. Who is welcome, without asking. Who resists, without making noise.

At every stage of life, from childhood to adulthood, we learn from them the meaning of good and evil. Not through rules, but through presence. Through a forgiving gaze, a consoling voice, a silence that understands.

If this book has a heart, it is the heart of someone who loved without being loved in return. Of someone who gave everything, thinking it was enough. Of someone who understood, too late, that love cannot be bought. And of someone who, despite everything, continues to believe in true love.

To all the women who have taught without demanding, who have loved without possessing, who have let go without ceasing to hope: this book is for you.

Because the love that cannot be bought... is what you have always known how to experience.

Epilogue

Love does not end when the other person leaves. It ends when we stop looking for it outside of ourselves. And it begins again, every time we choose to love without fear.

There is no end. Just a point that refuses to close.

This book does not end. It dissolves. Like love that cannot be bought it cannot be owned, archived, or explained.

If you have come this far, you have not just read. You have traveled. You have walked among illusions, wounds, rebirths, and freedom. You have loved it. You have lost, certainly. Do you understand? It does not matter.

Because true love is not about understanding. It is about continuing to search, even when it is gone.

LETTER TO READERS

Dear readers, this book is not just mine. It is yours too if you recognize yourself in a sentence, a story, a silence. I invite you to read it not with your eyes, but with your heart. To carry it with you, not as an absolute truth, but as a traveling

companion. And if it touched you, write to me. Because every story deserves to be heard.