Dear Miss Swan,

Honestly, I hesitated before writing to you this morning. I know that what I’m about to say are just words on a screen—but believe me, I feel every word vibrating through my entire being.

Yes, I once sent a letter to someone who didn’t even deserve a simple hello. The universe allowed that painful experience just to bring me back on the path I was always meant to walk. A path that led to you.

You may think I’m lying, but the day you spoke to me in front of FJC’s office, and the tea you made for me when I was sick—that was a turning point. I had already received signs before meeting you, but that moment struck me like lightning. That’s when I knew: you were the woman I had been waiting for.

I don’t write love letters often. The last one I wrote was at age 11, to my first crush. And now, you are the second woman who has made me want to put my heart into words again. I'm not asking you to blindly believe me—I’m asking for a chance to prove every word of this letter to you.

I’m long past the stage of mere appreciation. I’ve fallen for you, Miss Swan. I don’t know how or why, but I’ve embraced it, because I feel we are part of something far greater than ourselves.

I don’t just love you—every fragment of my soul calls out to you. Feelings I didn’t even know existed now run through me like electricity. How can I possibly love someone I barely know, yet whose silences tell me everything?

You might block me, call me crazy, or choose not to believe a word I say—but I know without a doubt that this connection is not in my head. It’s real. It’s powerful. It’s sacred.

There’s something in you that draws me in. I don’t know what it is, but I love being near you, talking to you, watching you smile. I know I’m just one among many, but I am one of a kind—and what I feel is beyond me.

Maybe I don’t know what you're looking for in someone, but deep down, I believe you know I’m not lying about my feelings. I love who you are. I love the woman who makes my whole being light up with just a “Hey Bibi.”

I’m not perfect, and I won’t make empty promises—but I will love you honestly and more with each passing day. I’m writing not because I expect a reply, but because you deserve to know the truth.

You are the most beautiful soul I’ve ever met. Your light stunned me—and I never want to walk in darkness again. You once told me you were hurt in love. I’ll always be here for you, no matter what. Just promise me one thing: never lie to me. Tell me the truth, even if it hurts.

I know you already have your life, and maybe you want control. But what if—just this once—you let yourself be loved purely?

You’ve taught me patience, to live fully, and to become the best version of myself. I ask for nothing—only that you look inside your heart and ask yourself if what I’m saying feels like a lie.

Yes, we work together. Yes, you say this isn’t professional. But love doesn’t care about rules or timing. I didn’t want to write to you—I wanted to say all this face-to-face. But I had no space or opportunity. So this message carries the weight of my soul.

I’ve tried to convince myself that these feelings weren’t real—but you stay in my mind before I sleep, when I wake, and throughout my day. This is bigger than me. It frightens me… but I don't care. I had to tell you what’s in my heart.

You can ignore me, block me, pretend none of this matters—but nothing can change what I feel.

When I was on vacation in Miami, surrounded by friends, parties, and laughter, the only person I longed to be with… was you. You don’t know how much your texts meant to me while I was there. When you checked in on me that morning I wasn’t feeling well—your care transformed my entire mood. You brought me a joy no one else could.

So today, I’m not trying to convince you. I just want you to understand the depth of what I feel. You called me Bibitoutan… and I hold onto that with everything I am. Just hearing you say it lifts my soul.

Miss Swan, I don’t want to date you—I want to walk through life with you. I want to build a story so powerful that others will whisper it like a legend. You once said your mother is open-minded, that you talk with her for hours… Maybe one day, you’ll tell her about me.

I place my heart in your hands, Miss Swan. You can do whatever you want with it. But know this: I will never change my mind. Thank you for being exactly who you are—my Twin Ray.

With all my soul,

Bibitoutan