

THE BOOK OF LOVE



IBRAHIM

Title: The Book of Love

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Dedication

To Manaim - the light in this tale and the reason it shines. This story is for every soul who has ever loved truly, deeply, and without boundaries.

Chapter One: The Garden Bench

On the quiet bench of a blooming garden, I sat lost in thought - not about the world, but about her.

My story begins in a life that seemed dull despite the unimaginable. I possess powers akin to those of the gods, yet I am not God. These gifts were bestowed upon me, not chosen. I could change my age, height, and appearance at will. I looked between fifteen and eighteen, but my true age was beyond comprehension. With all the power I had, one thing remained missing: love.

Chapter Two: The Girl Named Manaim

It was an ordinary day when everything changed. As I walked into the academy, I saw her - Manaim.

Her eyes met mine, and in that moment, I understood love. She looked around my age, and yet

there was a timeless beauty in her gaze that pierced straight through me.

Our academy had two separate rooms for boys and girls. I often used my invisibility power to see

her from a distance. Her beauty, her presence - it was indescribable. One day, as I saw her walking

home, I was so entranced by her eyes that I lost balance and fell off my bicycle. She saw me buying

snacks for the girls and rushed over to help me up. That moment became my favorite day.

Chapter Three: A Hero's Rescue

The next day, something terrible happened. As she walked home with her sister, a van screeched

beside them - kidnappers. I saw it happen and immediately chased after the van. My bicycle flew

over the road as I gained speed, catching up. In seconds, I leapt onto the van. Trained in both

martial arts and katana skills, I unsheathed my blade and disarmed the attackers in a swift flurry. I

rescued both girls.

Carrying Manaim in my arms, I took her home. Her mother opened the door, panic on her face. I

explained what had happened and handed over her daughter gently. Manaim woke in my arms, shocked and surprised. I told her she needed rest and said goodbye.

Chapter Four: The Rain and the Bond

Later, in the basement of my home, I interrogated the kidnappers. It turned out Manaim came from a

wealthy family - her father owned a car showroom, and her uncle lived with them. Perhaps someone

targeted her for money.

A few days later, she returned to the academy. We were closer now. One day, I asked about her

favorite season. "Rainy season," she said with a smile. It was a dry, hot July day. I

prayed to Allah

for rain. Miraculously, as she walked home, clouds gathered. Rain fell. We stood under a tree, and I

gently pulled her hand, guiding her into the rain. We laughed and danced together under the sky.

I carried her home once again, placing her gently at her door. That day marked the start of

something beautiful between us.

Chapter Five: The Challenge

The day before Eid vacation, Manaim challenged me to a fight against her cousin Shehriyar.

"If you

win," she said, "I have a surprise for you." I accepted with a smile. Shehriyar was big and strong, but

I offered him the choice: katana or bare hands. He chose katana.

He caught the sword I threw him, but in seconds I disarmed him. We fought with our hands next. I

blocked his attacks with ease. I am a master of martial arts, after all. He lost.

Manaim asked everyone to leave the room except her young cousin Sania. She looked at me and

said, "You have forty minutes. Do anything - I won't stop you."

She expected me to touch her, but I only took her hand and kissed it. We talked for thirty minutes. I

told her everything - my powers, my past. Then I gave her gifts: a red ruby ring, earrings, a red bag,

a red suit, and a red-strap Apple Watch Series 8.

"Wear them all tomorrow," I said, "and I will give you another surprise."

Chapter Six: The Revelation

The next day, she wore everything and sat beside me. I told her the truth - the face she saw was not

mine, but a silicone mask. "If you want," I said, "remove it and see the real me."

She pulled off the mask and gasped. I was more beautiful than she imagined. But I loved her, and

that mattered more.

I proposed to her right then, and she agreed. We promised to marry once her studies were complete. And when she turned twenty-three, I fulfilled that promise.

Epilogue: A Love Eternal

Thus ends the story - not of gods or power, but of love that transcends time, beauty, and fate. I, with

powers beyond the mortal world, found my purpose in Manaim. And in her, I found eternity.

The End