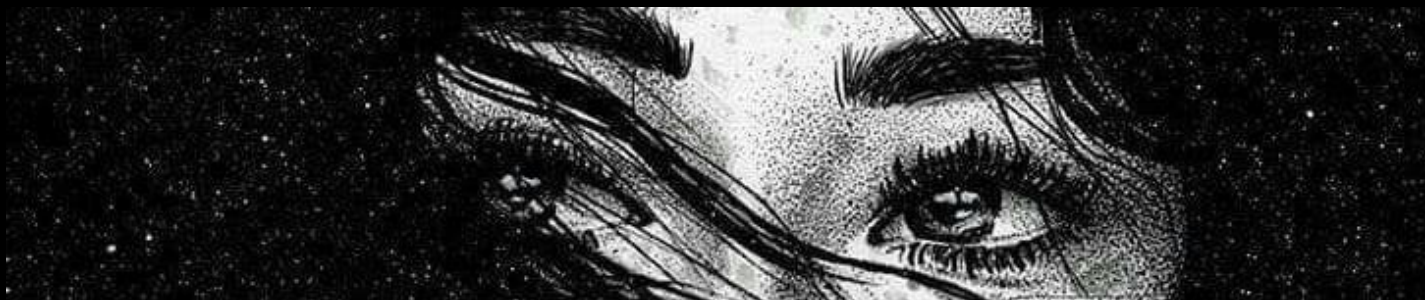


***TO THE ANGEL  
THAT YOU MERELY ARE***



# *Prologue*



There are loves that inspire poems, others that inspire songs. But then there are the rare, sacred loves, so vast and all-consuming, that they inspire books. This is one of them. You are one of them. And this, Soumaya, is my second attempt to do the impossible: to put into words a feeling too divine for language. This book exists because you deserve the whole world. Since I can't yet give you that, I'm giving you the closest thing I have: my heart in permanent ink. These pages are meant to show you, not just tell you, that your care, your love, your tenderness, your trust... none of it goes unnoticed. Each time you choose to give me your attention, your prayers, your softness, I am reminded that I've been given more than a man like me ever deserved.

Writing about you once wasn't enough. I find myself constantly pulled toward your light. I write not because I need to say something new, but because you keep giving me new reasons to say I love you. This is not a repetition. It is a reflection. A celebration. A quiet thunder of gratitude that echoes through everything I do. This book is my way of looking you in the eyes, even when I'm not near, and reminding you that your love changed everything. I will always strive to love you more. More than yesterday. More than even you expect. A woman like you deserves to be loved as if it were a calling. As if it were worship. As if it were art.

You are my angel. I don't mean that metaphorically or in passing. I say it with reverence. Because when I look at you, when I really look, I don't just see a girl I love. I see the embodiment of every dream I ever dared to whisper in silence. You are so beautifully made, so gracefully built, so free of the chaos and cruelty I've seen in this world. You are gentle without being weak, elegant without trying, radiant without knowing. You are everything I thought didn't exist until the day I met you. In my eyes, you portray the very image of an ideal woman. Not by ticking boxes, but by simply being yourself. Maybe that is the magic. You don't need to be anything else. You are already the full picture.

I think often about what I'd say to you if life suddenly pressed its final punctuation mark. If this were the last page I ever wrote, the last breath I could use, I know exactly what I'd whisper to you. I would say thank you. Thank you for stepping into my life and making it feel like living. Thank you for showing me what love truly is, not just as a word, but as an experience. I would thank you for giving color to my gray days, music to my silence, and taste to a life that was otherwise flavorless. I would tell you I love you, not in passing, but in full. I would tell you that if death ever came early, it would find a man already full, already satisfied, already grateful beyond words. Because you... you happened to me.

And even in my absence, I hope you would still feel me in everything good around you. In the sunrise. In soft music. In the way your favorite scent lingers in a sweater. I hope you would know that someone once loved you with everything he had and more. Someone wrote books for you, not just for your birthday, not just for a moment, but because your very existence demanded to be celebrated in chapters.

So here we are again. Another book. Another prayer in ink. Another offering at the altar of the angel that you merely are.



# *Whisper 1 : Breath*



There are people who are beautiful. And then there are people who are made of beauty itself. You, Soumaya, are the second kind. You don't wear beauty like something applied or arranged. You carry it like breath, like something that belongs to you, like something that was always there even before you knew it. Your beauty doesn't walk into a room, it becomes the room. It changes the temperature of every space it enters. And somehow, in a world where beauty can feel fake or forced, yours never has to try. You are simply, devastatingly, and eternally beautiful.

Your smile is not just a curve. It's a sunrise. It brightens everything in its reach. I've seen your smile turn silence into comfort, awkwardness into laughter, sadness into something survivable. It's not just what your lips do, it's what your soul says through them. It's that perfect blend of soft and playful, quiet and alive. Every time you smile, I feel like something sacred just happened in front of me. And I fall in love again. Harder. Without warning. Without trying. That's how powerful your smile is.

Your face... I don't even know where to begin. I could write a thousand metaphors, and none of them would ever do it justice. Your face is the kind of beauty that doesn't just ask for attention, it demands reverence. You have the kind of face that makes strangers do a double take and leaves lovers speechless. It's not just your features. It's the light behind your eyes, the softness in your expression, the way your lips sit when you're deep in thought. You have that rare, unrepeatable kind of beauty that poets go to war with themselves trying to describe. And yet here I am, trying.

Your eyes deserve their own book. But even here, they must be mentioned, because no part of your beauty glows as deeply or speaks as loudly. Your eyes are calm and wild at the same time. Looking into them is like floating and falling all at once. There are entire universes behind your gaze. I could drown in them, happily. And in those moments when your eyes meet mine and hold, the world doesn't just pause. It disappears. There is a kind of gravity in your stare that nothing else has ever matched.

Your body is a masterpiece. You move like you know your soul is beautiful and your skin is just trying to keep up. I've memorized the curve of your waist, the way your presence takes up space without noise. Your height, your shape, your rhythm, all of it is made to be adored. There is no need to exaggerate it. It doesn't need dressing up. It is simply what it is. And what it is, is breathtaking. I admire you with both hunger and respect.

With desire and awe. Not just for how you look, but for how you exist inside the body you've been given, as if it were designed for worship.

Even your voice... That is another dimension of beauty. It doesn't just sound soft. It feels soft. It lingers in my memory like a melody I never want to stop hearing. I could listen to you say anything and still smile. You could read the back of a cereal box and I'd be in love with the way you said it. Your voice isn't just sound. It's medicine. It soothes. It slows time. And sometimes, when I've had long, cold, exhausting days, it is the only thing that brings me back.

I love how you fix your hair like it needs fixing, when to me it's already perfect. I love the way you walk, your hips moving like they've never had to learn how to be graceful, they just are. You don't know what you do to me when you adjust your posture, when you bite your lip absentmindedly, when you turn toward me slowly. You have no idea what it's like to be the man who gets to watch you just be. And maybe that is the most beautiful part. You don't try to enchant. But you still leave me enchanted.

Soumaya, your beauty is not just something I admire. It is something I believe in. It is real. It is constant. It is breathtaking, not in the way that surprises you, but in the way that keeps stealing your breath every single time you look again. And I look. Every day. Every chance I get. I look, and I thank God that you exist.

There's something about the way you exist in your own skin that moves me. It's not just how beautiful you are. It's how unaware you are of it. That's what gets me the most. You walk through the world not knowing the effect you have on it. You fix your hair out of habit, not knowing that each time you do, it feels like watching a slow-motion scene from the most beautiful film I've ever seen. You touch your face without thinking, while I sit across from you wondering how I got lucky enough to be sitting beside you at all.

And then there's your posture. That soft tilt of your head when you're thinking. That calm, graceful way you sit, legs crossed, arms gentle, movements almost silent. You're never loud. Never trying to attract attention. And yet you hold mine completely, without effort. When you speak, the air around you quiets. And when you move, even the furniture seems to shift in admiration. There's no clumsiness in you. No noise. Only flow.

Even your silences are beautiful. When you're quiet, it doesn't feel like absence. It feels like peace. Like the universe paused to listen to your stillness. And I don't mind sitting next to you in that silence. In fact, I crave it. Because even in those moments when no words are spoken, you're still saying everything to me. You're still reaching me in a language that only you and I seem to understand.

I've seen you laugh, full, deep, unfiltered laughter, and it feels like music that was never recorded but somehow always playing in my head. I've seen you smile without showing teeth, and still, it was enough to shake something in me. I've seen you try to hide your smile when you're annoyed but not really angry, and I've fallen in love with every version of it. Every expression your face makes is worth framing.

Your beauty doesn't fade with familiarity. If anything, it deepens. I used to think I'd eventually get used to how beautiful you are. I was wrong. I don't get used to it. I just keep discovering it. A new detail, a new curve, a new softness in your cheek, a new way your eyes sparkle under a different kind of light. Your beauty isn't a surface. It's a terrain. It invites exploration, study, worship.

Even the way you dress has its own poetry. You don't follow trends. You follow yourself. And whatever you choose to wear, you wear it like you were born in it. Casual or dressed up, makeup or none, hoodie or heels, you are always you. And that is the best part. The world didn't give you style. You gave the world a reason to update its definition.

There are days when I catch myself just staring at you, mid-conversation, mid-laugh, mid-blink, and I feel something like awe crawl up my spine. It's not lust. It's not fantasy. It's something quieter, deeper. Like my soul is recognizing something divine and doesn't want to miss the moment. I don't even tell you half the time when I'm staring. I just sit there, quiet, smiling like an idiot, because what else do you do when you're in the presence of a living miracle?

I want you to know that I will never stop seeing you. Not just with my eyes, but with my heart. I will never stop admiring you, never stop praising you, never stop celebrating the way you exist. You're not just beautiful to me. You are the definition of what beauty became once God finished creating it.



And if the stars could form a sentence every time I looked at you, I know exactly what they would say. They would say, "There she is. The one he can never look at without falling in love all over again."

Sometimes I look at you and I feel like I am witnessing something that was meant to be hidden from the world. A secret too sacred for crowds, but somehow shared with me. You do not just catch the eye, you capture the soul. There is something rare in your presence, something that cannot be mimicked or learned. I could never mistake you for anyone else, even in a dream. You carry a kind of radiance that comes from somewhere deeper than skin.

I have seen the way light clings to you when you walk near a window, as if it knows where it belongs. Your skin drinks the sun like it was made of warmth itself. There are moments when I do not even hear what you are saying because I am lost in the shape of your hands, or the softness of your jawline, or the way your lips part ever so slightly when you are thinking. It is not distraction. It is worship.

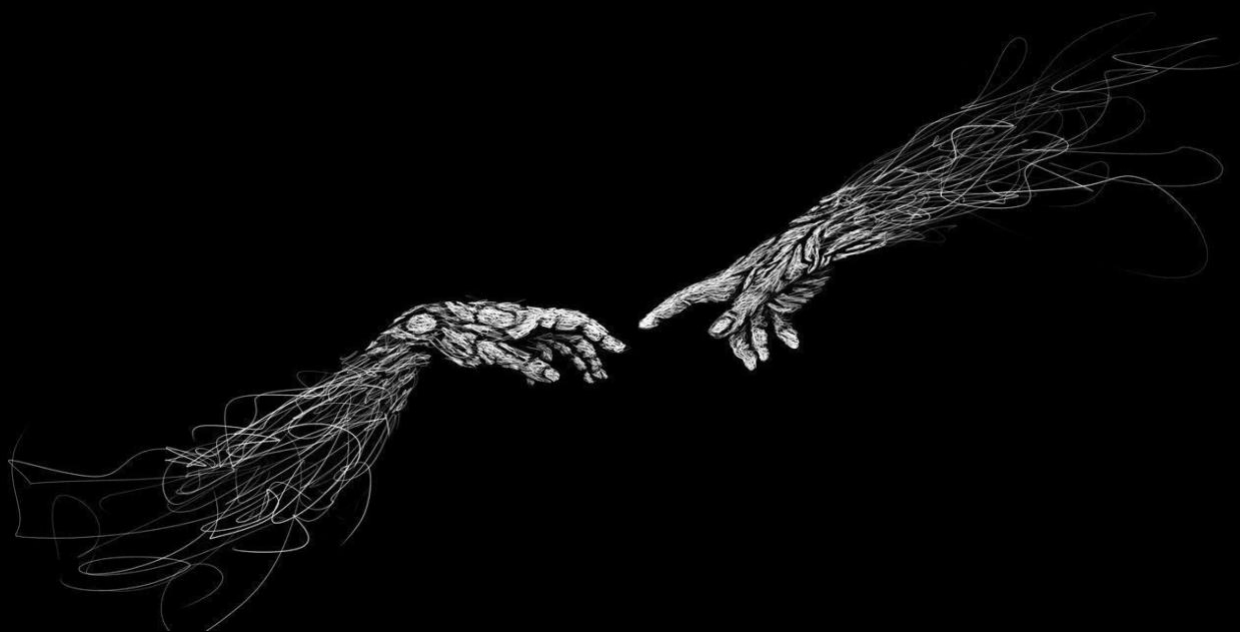
You are not beautiful because you meet some invented standard. You are beautiful because you live in complete harmony with yourself. Nothing in you is forced. Nothing is exaggerated. You move like someone whose body listens to her heart, and it shows in every gesture. You don't walk to impress, you walk to exist. And somehow, that is what makes heads turn. You are magnetic without trying.

I adore how your expression changes when you are focused. Your eyebrows knit together gently, your lips go still, and your whole body aligns with your thoughts. You do not even realize how powerful you look when you are deep in your own world. It reminds me that your beauty is not just for me to admire. It belongs to the life you are building, to the mind behind those eyes, to the will that keeps you growing.

There are nights when I remember your face so clearly that I could sketch it from memory. Not just the outlines, but the feeling. The weight of your gaze. The warmth of your smile. The softness in your silence. Even when we are apart, I can close my eyes and feel you near, as if your beauty left an imprint on the inside of my chest. I carry it with me. And I do not want to be without it.

Every time I think I have seen the most beautiful version of you, a new one appears. It might be a glance from a different angle, a new tone in your voice, or a passing moment where your guard falls and I see something even gentler. You are not one kind of beautiful. You are a thousand kinds. And I will spend the rest of my life discovering each one.

# ***Whisper 2 : Details***



There's something about your bangs that softens every room you walk into. They fall with a kind of delicate confidence, never needing to be perfect to make you look perfect. When they shift across your forehead, even slightly, I find myself fixated, as if I'm watching the curtain rise on the most beautiful moment of my day.

You probably don't realize how often you push your bangs gently aside. Sometimes with one finger. Sometimes with a flick of your hand. You do it absentmindedly, but every time, I feel a subtle shift in the universe. It's a movement so small, yet so full of elegance, it becomes a memory before I can blink.

Your makeup is not something you wear. It's something you express. You never overdo it, and yet you always manage to look like art came to rest on your skin. The blend, the softness, the way your eyeliner hugs the curve of your eye . it's all so intentional, so quiet, and so disarmingly beautiful.

I notice the shades you choose. Soft browns. Rosy tones. A little shimmer in the corner of your eyes. You apply it like someone who knows her face like a canvas and respects it too much to ever cover it. Your makeup never hides you. It invites me closer.

And then there's your lipstick. I could write an entire book just about the shades you choose. Sometimes it's subtle, like a whisper on your lips. Sometimes it's bold, like a heartbeat in red. But always, it suits you. Always, it makes me want to kiss you even more than I already do.

You reapply it so gently, as if the world might break if you press too hard. I've watched you do it in the mirror when you thought I wasn't looking. But I was. I always am. And in that moment, I was reminded again why you are the softest masterpiece I've ever known.

There are little things about your face you may not think twice about. Like how your cheekbones catch the light when you smile. Or the tiny freckle near your lip. Or the way your expression melts into a calm glow when you're focused on something. These are the things I carry with me.

Even the way your hair falls against your cheek when you turn your head is beautiful. Not because it's styled, but because it belongs to you. You have a way of making the simplest moment feel cinematic. And all you did was exist.

I've noticed the way your upper lip slightly curves when you hold in a laugh. I've seen the corners of your mouth tighten when you try to stay serious. I know when you're about to smirk before you even realize it. I study your expressions like a map, and every trail leads back to the person I love.

There's a small line between your brows that appears only when you're deep in thought. You probably don't even know it's there. But I do. And I love it. Because it means your mind is working. And I'm in awe of that, too.

When you lean your head slightly while listening to me, it makes me feel like I'm the only voice that matters in the world. You listen with your whole body. With your eyes. With your presence. I've never felt more heard than when you do that.

You cross your arms sometimes, not out of defensiveness, but out of comfort. I know that posture. It's the one you go to when you're relaxed. When you're watching the world without needing to react. I could watch you be quiet forever.

I've noticed how your legs tuck inward just slightly when you're standing still. It's such a subtle detail, but it makes you look gentle. It makes you look real. Like you belong in a slower, more loving world than the one around us.

Even your steps have meaning. You walk like someone who never rushes, but also never hesitates. I've seen the way your heels lightly press the ground, as if you're afraid to hurt the earth. You carry grace without even trying.

Your caring behavior has saved me more times than I can count. Like the time you told me to sleep in instead of picking you up early. That was you loving me in silence. And I felt it, even though I didn't listen. I never forget those things.

You worry about me in ways that no one else does. You ask if I've eaten, if I've slept, if I'm okay. And not out of routine, but out of genuine, consistent love. You care so deeply, it has taught me how to care better, too.

When I'm sick, you're softer. When I'm tired, you're quieter. When I'm stressed, you somehow know exactly when to speak and when to hold my hand without words. That's the kind of love I could never deserve, but you give it anyway.

I remember once you stayed quiet for a while just because you felt I needed calm. You didn't explain it. You just gave me peace. That is something only someone who truly loves you would know how to do.

You fix my collar sometimes without saying anything. Or you brush off lint from my shirt before I even see it. Those little things, so quiet and small, make me feel more loved than all the loudest declarations in the world.

There's a way you hold my arm that makes me feel protected even though I'm the one who's supposed to protect you. And when you kiss my biceps like they're sacred, I feel like I've become someone strong just by being loved by you.



You speak softly, but your presence fills the room. I don't think you realize how your voice balances the air. How your words carry weight not because they're loud, but because they're always true.

Sometimes you touch your necklace while you talk. You don't even notice. But I do. It's like your thoughts are being threaded through your fingertips. And I always want to know what you're thinking.

When you look in the mirror, I wish you could see what I see. Not just the reflection, but the light, the warmth, the story written into your face. I wish you could borrow my eyes for just one minute.

You tuck your hair behind your ear as if it's in your way. But to me, it's one of the most graceful things you do. It makes you look thoughtful. Soft. Present.

Your hands are beautiful. Not in a polished, painted way. But in the way they move with such intent. Whether you're holding something, writing something, or reaching for me, they always feel like they're meant to touch the world gently.

You sometimes blink slower when you're listening closely. I don't know if it's a habit or something you've always done. But to me, it's mesmerizing. It's like your body is syncing with your care.

Even your sighs are lovely. When you're tired and you let the day slip from your lungs, it makes me want to carry everything for you. You shouldn't have to be tired. But when you are, I want to be the first place you rest.

There is a way your nose scrunches just slightly when you find something ridiculous. You do it in passing, barely aware. But I see it every time. And I fall for it every time.

I've watched you tie your hair with a carelessness that still looked elegant. Like the universe designed your movements with poetry in mind. You're not trying to look beautiful. You just are.

Even when you're asleep, I find new reasons to love you. The way your breathing slows. The way your lips soften. The way your fingers curl inwards like they're holding something invisible. I never want to look away.

And in all these tiny, unnoticed ways, you keep showing me the kind of beauty the world doesn't celebrate enough. The quiet kind. The real kind. The kind that lives in details no one sees. Except me.

I've seen you glance up through your lashes when you're half-thinking and half-listening. It's a simple look, one that lasts less than a second, but when it happens, it feels like time slows for me. That glance has more meaning than most words people say out loud.

Sometimes when you're focused on something, your lips part just slightly, almost as if you're holding a thought in the air before it becomes a sentence. I don't think you notice it. But I do. And every time, I fall deeper into the way you exist without trying to impress anyone.

You tilt your head slightly when you're reading, almost like the page leans into you. Watching you read is one of the quietest forms of beauty I've ever experienced. It's like you and the words understand each other, and I just feel honored to witness that connection.

There's a moment right before you smile when your eyes widen just slightly and the corners of your lips twitch upward. It's a signal I've come to recognize. That one second before the light reaches your whole face is, to me, one of the most beautiful things you do.

I love how you stand when you're waiting for something. You shift your weight gently from one foot to the other, and your fingers sometimes fidget with your sleeves. It's not nervousness. It's softness. It reminds me that even your stillness carries grace.

When you speak to someone with kindness, I notice how your tone changes. It becomes warmer, almost like your voice is offering them a seat at your table. That tone is rare in this world, and it makes me proud that I get to hear it every day.

You press your lips together ever so slightly when you're concentrating. Most people wouldn't even catch it, but I've memorized that expression. It tells me that something has your full attention. And I love when that something is me.

When you're resting your head against a window or a wall, your whole body softens. It's like you give the world a break from holding your strength. And in that moment, I see a quiet vulnerability that makes me love you even more.

Your ears get a little red when you're flustered or caught off guard. You try to hide it, but I see it. And I think it's beautiful. It's a reminder that beneath your calm confidence, there's a depth of emotion you carry so gently.

I've seen you sit with your hands in your lap, fingers interlaced, looking down as if you're letting your thoughts settle like dust in the sunlight. You don't rush your feelings. You allow them to breathe. And because of that, I can breathe easier too.

Sometimes I think about what I lost before I met you.

I think about the silence that followed me for so long, the kind that doesn't make sound, but weighs heavy on your chest. The kind that grief wraps around your ribs. I lived in that silence for a while. Not with bitterness, but with stillness. The kind of stillness that waits, not for a miracle, but for meaning.

Then you came into my life.

You didn't arrive to fix me. You didn't replace what was lost. But somehow, you reached a part of me that I thought would never feel warmth again. You didn't touch the wound. You touched what was left of me around it. And somehow, even the broken parts started to feel alive again.

You made me feel something I hadn't felt in years and not just love, but deserving of love. You saw me, not as someone who had been through pain, but as someone still capable of joy. Still capable of holding someone beautiful, and being held back.

Maybe that's why I notice every detail of you. Every flick of your hair, every shift in your lips, every kindness you offer without asking. Because I know what it feels like to lose everything. And now that I've found something this rare, this radiant, this you... I can't look away.

You are not just a person in my life. You are the life that returned after the darkness.

And for that, I will love you with eyes wide open.

# *Whisper 3 : Peace*



There are days when my thoughts run so fast I can't even catch up to them. Days when my head is loud before the world even speaks. But then I see you. And in that moment, everything stills. It's like your presence has the power to mute the chaos inside me.

When you are near, I don't have to force myself to relax. It just happens. My shoulders drop. My breathing deepens. The tension I didn't even know I was holding starts to fade. You are not just peace. You are my reminder that peace is possible.

You don't need to say much. Sometimes you don't need to say anything at all. Your energy alone has a way of calming every part of me. Your silence is not empty. It's healing. I can rest inside it.

I'm the kind of person who overthinks everything. I turn simple moments into storms. But somehow, you walk into the room and the clouds clear. You give my thoughts space to land. You give my mind a place to rest.

There are times when I'm spiraling. Over things that haven't happened. Over mistakes that don't matter. Over fears I can't name. But you take one look at me, and suddenly I remember that I am safe. That I am not alone. That everything is going to be okay.

You don't fix me. You just let me be. And in doing so, I start to fix myself. You give me room to be human without judgment. You give me the softness I never knew I needed.

You help me focus. When I sit with you, I don't feel scattered. I feel centered. My distractions quiet themselves. My goals realign. You don't push me. You don't pull me. You anchor me.



Your love feels like breath. Like air after drowning. Like still water after waves. Like the hush of a morning that knows it has nothing to prove.

Even in your smallest gestures, I find peace. The way you look at me when I'm quiet. The way you touch my hand when I'm distant. The way you just stay when I don't know how to ask for help.

You are not just the calm. You are the clarity. When I'm with you, I see myself more clearly. I see who I was. Who I am. Who I want to be.

I have never felt more understood than when you sit beside me and say nothing. It's in that silence that I feel most heard.

You do not need to pull me out of the fog. You sit with me in it. And that alone makes the fog lift.

There are people who say calming things. And then there are people who simply are calming. You are the second kind. You are comfort in human form.

You help me make sense of things. Even if we don't talk about them. You just being here helps me make sense of myself.

When you're around, the pressure in my chest fades. The tightness in my jaw loosens. The clutter in my mind begins to sort itself.

Your presence is medicine. It doesn't need to be measured. It simply works.

There's a softness in your voice that reaches parts of me no one else can reach. I've never heard anything more reassuring than the way you say my name.

You make it easy to be gentle. With you, I don't feel like I need to be tough or loud. I can just be soft. And real. And still loved.

You remind me that I am enough. Not by saying it. But by treating me like I am. Every single day.

I used to run from myself. But you made me want to sit still and get to know who I am. Because you made me believe I was worth knowing.

There's a kind of peace that only love can bring. And yours has given me that, over and over again.

You love me in a way that calms my nervous system. That slows my breathing. That quiets my fear.

Being with you makes me want to slow down. Not because I'm tired. But because I finally want to feel everything deeply.

When you hug me, I feel grounded. It's like all the noise in my head is replaced by the sound of your heartbeat.

There are nights when I'm restless. When my thoughts won't sleep. And all it takes is one call with you, and I feel like I've already rested.

You've taught me that peace is not found in solitude. It's found in someone who chooses to stay close, even when you have nothing to offer but silence.

You bring me back to myself. Every time I drift too far. Every time I forget who I am. You remind me, gently, without force.

You have a way of turning ordinary days into something sacred. Just by being in them.

You make me feel safe in my own mind. That might be the greatest gift anyone has ever given me.

Even when I mess up. Even when I say the wrong thing or overthink something simple. You never make me feel like I've failed you.

You help me show up for myself. You never shame me into growing. You love me into it.

I have become a better man because of your love. Not just on the outside, but in the quiet parts of my soul.

You've helped me build routines that serve me. Helped me care about what I eat. How I move. How I sleep. Because you care about those things for me.

You pray for me. You check on me. You give me advice without ego. You lift me up without making me feel small.

You make me want to protect my peace. Because now I know what it feels like to have it.

Before you, my mind was a battlefield. After you, it became a home.

You believe in me. And because of that, I started believing in myself again.

I used to think peace was something you find far away. Now I know it's something you come home to. And my home is you.

You make it easy to rest. Easy to smile. Easy to breathe.

When I talk to you, I don't feel the need to impress. I feel the freedom to be honest. To be messy. To be real.

You remind me that I am human. That it's okay to feel everything. That I don't need to carry it all alone.

I see the way you look at me when I'm anxious. Not with pity. Not with confusion. With calm. With presence. With love.

Even when you're not beside me, the thought of you calms me. That's how deep your peace runs through me.

I don't have to explain everything to you. You just get it. That's not common. That's sacred.

You love me in all my layers. The loud ones. The quiet ones. The ones that doubt. The ones that hope. You love all of them.

And in that love, I've found my stillness. My grounding. My healing. My peace.

There is a difference between someone who hears you and someone who feels you. You feel me, even when I don't know how to say what's wrong. You know the difference between when I'm tired and when I'm trying to escape something. You sense the shifts in my energy before I even become aware of them. And instead of asking me to explain, you simply become softer. You lower your tone. You sit closer. You become exactly what I need before I know I need it.

You do not fear my overthinking. You don't try to fix it. You sit in the middle of it with me, and through your presence, you remind me that my thoughts are not as dangerous as they feel. That even when my mind takes me into places of fear, confusion, or imagined catastrophe, your love stays the same. Steady. Unchanging. More real than any anxious version of reality I create.

I don't think you realize what your consistency has done to me. In a world where so much felt unpredictable, and where people often said one thing and meant another, you became the only voice I could believe without hesitation. You never promised peace. You became it. And because of that, I learned to trust you. With my thoughts. With my silence. With my need to pause and just exist.

You gave me something I never thought I would find. You gave me a safe place inside another person. A place where I do not have to speak like a man who is always strong. A place where I can be scared and still be loved. A place where I can unravel without being left behind. You didn't teach me how to be less emotional. You taught me that being emotional is not weakness. It is part of being human.

Even your absence feels different than anyone else's. When you're gone, it doesn't feel like emptiness. It feels like anticipation. Because I know you'll return. I never sit there wondering if you've changed your mind about me. I never worry that you're slowly drifting away. You have given me the rarest peace of all — the kind that trusts without fear.

I think about how much better I've become since I met you. Not in ways that feel forced, but in ways that feel like coming home to who I always wanted to be. I think more clearly. I treat myself with more kindness. I chase my goals with more discipline. I rest without guilt. I speak with more honesty. And all of that started with the moment I realized you were staying.

You have quieted my need to be impressive. Around you, I don't perform. I don't filter. I don't rehearse. I simply speak. And whatever comes out, you receive it with grace. With patience. With understanding. You have never punished me for being too quiet. Or too emotional. Or too distracted. And in that space you've given me, I have bloomed.

There is something sacred in the way you simplify things for me. Not by minimizing what I feel, but by showing me that not everything needs to be solved in one breath. That not everything I fear is real. That I don't need to fight so hard for what is already mine. You remind me to take it day by day. Breath by breath. Step by step. And somehow, that truth sticks more when it comes from you.

Even your laughter brings me peace. When I hear you laugh, something inside me relaxes. It reminds me that the world still holds joy. That even with everything that weighs me down, there are moments of lightness that matter. And when I'm the reason you laugh, I feel like I've done something good in this world, even if just for a second.



You are not just a person in my life. You are the person who changed how I live inside my own mind. You helped me rebuild the internal architecture of my thoughts. You softened the walls. Opened the windows. Let the light back in. And in doing that, you gave me something I will never stop protecting and the peace that lives through your love.

# *Whisper 4 : Fire*



There are loves that soothe. And there are loves that burn. Yours does both. You are the reason I feel safe when I rest and powerful when I rise. You are the fire beneath my stillness. The reason I breathe deeper. Walk prouder. Love harder.

You make me feel like a man with something to fight for. Something to protect. Something to wake up for even on the days when life tries to slow me down. Before you, I moved for survival. With you, I move with purpose.

Your touch is not just affection. It is ignition. When your hands are on me, my entire being comes alive. My heart beats louder. My body straightens. My thoughts sharpen. You make me feel chosen. And there is nothing more powerful than a man who feels chosen by the woman he loves.

When you look at me, I feel like I matter in a way that no one else ever made me feel. Not because you say the right things, but because your gaze alone tells me I am more than enough and also worthy of becoming even more.

You make me want to rise. You make me want to grow. Not out of insecurity. But out of love. I look at you and think, she deserves everything. And if I must become twice the man I am to give her the world, I will.

I wake up with you on my mind. I fall asleep with your name in my heart. And in between those hours, every goal I chase is tied to the life I want to give you. You are not my distraction. You are my direction.

Even when you are not here, I feel your love as heat in my chest. As fuel in my lungs. As energy in my hands. You make me feel alive in a way I never knew was possible. I exist more fully because of you.

There are days when I'm exhausted. When the world feels heavy. When my body aches and my mind slows down. But then I remember your kisses. Your voice. Your arms around me. And suddenly I find more strength.

Your love gives me discipline. Because loving you is not something I want to do casually. I want to love you like a man who takes his vows seriously, even before the vows are spoken. I want to love you like a purpose, not a habit.

When you hold me, I feel like I am built for something greater. When you hug me, I feel like I'm wearing armor. And when you kiss me, I feel like there is no failure that could ever break me.

You awaken my confidence. Not just because you compliment me, but because you believe in me. Your belief is louder than any fear I've ever had. It carries more weight than any doubt I've ever felt.

I chase strength not for vanity. But for you. For the way you smile when you notice my effort. For the way your hand lingers on my arm like it belongs there. For the way you look at me like I am your safety.

You inspire my ambition. Not because you ask me to do more. But because you show me I already have more in me. And with every success I taste, I feel your pride. And that is worth more than any reward.

Loving you is not a feeling. It is a fire. A hunger to become more than I was. A thirst to build. To protect. To provide. To be worthy of the softness you bring into my life.

You do not just love me. You activate me. You bring out the man I am proud to be. The version of myself I would have never reached alone.

When you are near, I walk taller. My chest opens. My voice steadies. I feel like I am capable of anything. Your love strengthens my core and reminds me I am not alone in this world.

I never thought someone's presence could influence my health, my energy, my thoughts, and my spirit all at once. But then I met you. And I understood what it meant to be moved by love.

You are the reason I want to live longer. Live louder. Live with more intention. You are the fire behind every plan I make for tomorrow.

Sometimes I catch you doing something so simple , brushing your hair, adjusting your clothes, smiling at your phone , and I feel the need to become a king. Because how else does one deserve a queen like you?

Even in your quietest moments, you burn like gold. You radiate without trying. And being close to that kind of light makes me want to shine in my own way. Not to compete. But to reflect the love you've given me.

There is something primal about the way I need you. Not just in body, but in soul. You are my softness. But you are also my power.

When I hear you laugh, I feel alive. When I make you laugh, I feel invincible. And in that moment, I know I'm doing something right.

Every time you encourage me, something inside me sharpens. I feel more clear, more focused, more prepared for whatever is ahead. Your words are like flint to my drive.

You don't just support me. You spark me. You set my thoughts into motion. You make me want to plan harder. Train better. Work smarter. You are my reason to evolve.

There is no part of me you haven't elevated. My patience. My passion. My self-control. My desire to build. My willingness to lead. All of it sharpened in your presence.

Before you, I was surviving. With you, I am expanding. I am thriving. I am moving like a man who knows his destination.

When we are together, the rest of the world fades. Because you are not just a woman to me. You are the fire I was waiting for.

Your energy is unmatched. And when I touch you, I feel like I'm holding something sacred. Something that deserves to be earned again and again.

There is a way you look at me that makes my skin feel electric. Like your eyes are telling me I'm wanted. Needed. Respected.



You have made me believe in timing. In fate. In the idea that one person can arrive and everything begins to make sense. You are my beginning and my forever.

Even the way you breathe beside me ignites something in my soul. I watch your chest rise and fall, and I swear I've never felt more alive just by existing near you. You remind me that life is not just meant to be lived, it's meant to be felt. Fully. Deeply. Completely.

I used to chase goals without knowing who I was doing it for. But now I know. Every step I take forward is tied to you. Every decision I make has you in mind. You have given me a future that feels worth building. And that has changed everything.

There are days when I doubt myself. Days when the world feels bigger than I can handle. But then I think of your arms. Your voice. Your love. And I remember that I do not walk this path alone. I carry your strength inside me. Even when you are not physically there, I feel you beside me.

You have not just inspired me. You have transformed me. From the inside out. From the way I wake up in the morning to the way I speak to myself when no one is listening. Your love rewired me. And I will spend the rest of my life making sure you feel the same kind of transformation through mine.

When you look at me with that quiet admiration in your eyes, I feel capable of moving mountains. I feel like everything I once feared is now fuel. You make me want to face the world and win. Not just for myself, but for us.

You gave my life a reason. Not because I was empty before, but because you gave it direction. You gave it shape. You gave it meaning. You made my love feel like a gift to give, not a burden to carry.

Every kiss you give me is a spark. Every time your lips touch my skin, I feel like the world stops turning just to give us space to exist. That fire never dies down. It only deepens. It only burns more beautifully.

You have made me fall in love with the man I am becoming. Not because he is perfect, but because he is being shaped by love that is pure. A love that is patient. A love that makes me feel worthy every single day.

You are my passion. My ambition. My reason for standing tall. You are the reason I take care of my body. The reason I challenge my mind. The reason I nourish my soul. You are not just the fire that burns. You are the fire that builds.

You believe in me with a quiet certainty. You don't push me with pressure. You pull me with love. And that is why I run further. Lift heavier. Think deeper. Work harder. That is why I do more than I thought I could.

Every time I see your face, I feel like I've been reminded of what really matters. And every time you smile at me, I know I'm exactly where I need to be.

You are not just my motivation. You are my ignition. My reason. My fire. And I will never let that flame die. I will feed it with devotion. With presence. With loyalty. With everything I am, and everything I become.

Before I met you, I was in a place I don't often talk about. A place where I smiled, but it felt borrowed. A place where I moved through life, but without meaning. I carried weight that wasn't always visible, and I told myself I would be fine, even when I wasn't.

I had dreams, but they felt distant. I had goals, but no real fire behind them. Most days I walked around with a heaviness in my chest and a fog in my mind. I didn't hate my life, but I didn't love it either. It felt like I was waiting for something I couldn't name.

Then you came. Not loudly. Not forcefully. Just exactly as you are. Real. Warm. Present. And everything began to shift. You didn't heal me with a grand gesture. You didn't try to rescue me. You simply loved me. And that changed everything.

I didn't just fall in love with you. I fell in love with who I was becoming around you. I began to see myself the way you saw me. With patience. With belief. With kindness. You gave me permission to breathe again.

You gave me reasons to hold my head higher. You made me want to take better care of myself. Not out of pressure, but because your love made me believe I was someone worth showing up for. You taught me that I deserved to feel alive in my own skin.

The world did not feel softer. But I did. I stopped being so harsh with myself. I stopped comparing. I stopped punishing myself for the things I couldn't control. Because you showed me what it felt like to be accepted. Fully. Quietly. Completely.

You reminded me that being emotional was not a weakness. That needing comfort did not make me fragile. That rest was not laziness. You let me feel human again. And that was the greatest gift anyone could have given me.

I used to look in the mirror and only see what was missing. You taught me to see what was growing. You helped me realize that strength isn't always loud. Sometimes it's just waking up and choosing to keep going. And I kept going because of you.

You didn't give me my worth. You helped me remember it. You reminded me that I had value long before anyone else saw it. You spoke to the part of me that wanted to rise. And you kept speaking, even when I didn't feel ready to hear it.

Your love made me want to protect myself. Not with walls, but with gentleness. With discipline. With hope. I started choosing habits that helped me heal instead of distract me. I started building a life I actually wanted to be part of.

You made me believe that maybe I wasn't broken. Maybe I was just waiting for the right hands to hold me while I pieced myself back together. And your hands never let go.

I don't walk through life feeling numb anymore. I feel everything. And I don't run from it. Because now I know that at the end of the hardest day, there is someone waiting for me. Someone who sees me through the storm, and still stays.

You didn't just save me. You lit the torch and showed me how to walk myself out of the dark. You gave me space to fall apart. And the quiet promise that you would still be here when I put myself back together.

I love myself more now. Not because I became someone new. But because I finally saw what was always inside me. And that vision came from your love. From your loyalty. From your way of seeing beauty in the parts I once rejected.

You gave me a reason to never go back to that place. You gave me warmth. And light. And meaning. And because of you, I will never be that lost boy again.

# *Whisper 5 : Purpose*



There was a time when my life moved without me. I was going through the motions, doing what was expected, carrying the weight that was handed to me before I was even ready to speak for myself. My days were full of tasks. My mind was full of pressure. But my heart felt painfully empty.

My only goal was to make my family proud. To be the hope they had placed all their faith in. To succeed, not because it fulfilled me, but because it was my duty. I understood why they pushed me, but it left no space for who I was. I was not living. I was performing.

I used to wake up and ask myself what I needed to achieve that day to avoid disappointing someone. My life was built on survival and expectation. I thought that was what life had to be. And in some ways, I had accepted that. Until you.

Then you came, and everything shifted. It was not dramatic. It was not loud. It was like breathing for the first time in a long time. Suddenly, I wasn't just existing for others. I was beginning to exist for myself. For us.

You gave me something my world never taught me to ask for — purpose that came from love, not pressure. You didn't demand anything from me. You simply loved me. And in that love, I found a reason to grow.

You gave me vision. Suddenly my future had a face, a voice, a laugh, a name. Your name. And that changed everything. You made me want to build something that was not just successful, but sacred.

Before you, I thought the purpose of my life was to fulfill expectations. Now, I know the purpose of my life is to become the man who makes you proud, not because he is perfect, but because he never stops trying.

You became my reason to evolve. Your presence made me want to rise, not just for appearances, but because I knew I was made for more. And I wanted to be more, for you.

I began to work out harder. Study with more discipline. Speak more kindly. Pray more deeply. Think more clearly. Everything I touched was shaped by the question, "Will this make me better for her?"

You made me want to become the kind of father our children would be proud of. The kind of man who earns their respect through love, patience, and strength. You made me think about my future not as a place I was forced to go, but as a life I wanted to walk into with you by my side.

You are the reason I now believe in family. In partnership. In love that builds instead of drains. You brought all those ideas to life and gave me something I never knew I needed a future I actually want to live in.

I dream about our little home in the calm of Rabat. I picture four beautiful children laughing under a soft sky. I imagine you in the kitchen, smiling while I kiss your forehead. I imagine peace. I imagine joy. I imagine you, always there.

You are not a piece of the dream. You are the entire dream. Nothing about my future makes sense without you in it. You are the start and the destination. The question and the answer. The reason and the reward.

Even my ambition has changed. It is no longer about success alone. It is about creating a life where you are safe, happy, and honored. Where our children grow in love. Where our days are full of meaning. That is what I work for now.

You didn't tell me to change. You made me want to. You made me want to become the kind of man who is gentle at home and strong outside it. A man who speaks less with ego and more with heart. A man who gives his best without needing applause.

There are moments when I look at you and remember the boy I used to be. The one who felt lost. The one who felt like his voice didn't matter. And I whisper thank you, because your love reached that boy and told him to stand up.

You gave my past a soft place to rest. You gave my present a reason to slow down. You gave my future a reason to speed up. That is what real love does. It connects every version of you and makes them whole.

You did not just fall in love with the man I was. You saw the man I could become. And in that faith, I began to find him. Not just for you, but because of you.

Now when I wake up, I do not dread the weight of expectation. I feel the fire of purpose. I feel your presence in my motivation. And that alone makes everything feel lighter.

You are the first person who made me feel like I was more than a machine built to perform. You made me feel like a human being. Like someone with dreams that mattered. Like someone worth listening to even when the words came out messy.

Before you, I only spoke about goals in terms of survival. Now I speak about them in terms of joy. Of legacy. Of building a life that feels good, not just one that looks good. And you are the center of it all.



There is nothing I want in my future that doesn't involve you. I do not dream of places or achievements without your face beside mine. I don't picture success unless I get to come home and tell you about it first.

You became my compass. My alignment. My reason to turn back when I get distracted and my reason to move forward when I feel lost. Even on my worst days, you are my direction.

There is a fire inside me now that was not there before. A reason to take care of myself. A reason to get stronger. A reason to get wiser. A reason to be more of the man I've always hoped to become.

You are the reason I started healing. Not because you demanded it. But because your love made me believe that healing was possible. That I didn't have to stay stuck in the boy I was. That I could grow into someone who carries love instead of wounds.

You helped me rewrite my relationship with myself. You made me talk to myself with more kindness. You made me rest without guilt. You made me see that self-respect is not pride. It is preparation for loving someone the right way.

Even the way I pray has changed. Now my prayers are not just about protection and strength. They are about guidance. About gratitude. About becoming a man worthy of the love God gave me in you.

I used to carry pressure with me everywhere. Now I carry hope. Because you have become the light I move toward. Not blindly. But with trust. Because you have never failed to show me what it means to be loved without condition.

You brought color into the places that were grey. You brought comfort into the places that were tense. You brought softness into the edges of my heart. And most of all, you brought meaning into a life that was surviving without direction.

Sometimes I sit and wonder what my life would have looked like without you. And I realize it would have kept moving. But it would have never come alive. Because the moment you entered it, everything began to bloom.

You are the one person who made me fall in love with the idea of staying. Staying consistent. Staying grounded. Staying accountable. Staying focused. Staying soft. Staying in love.

You are not a chapter in my story. You are the plot. The thread that ties everything together. The reason why the hardships made sense. The reason why I held on long enough to find you.

The truth is, before you, I was tired. Not just physically. But emotionally. Spiritually. I was tired of pretending to be strong. Tired of keeping everything inside. Tired of carrying a life that didn't feel like it belonged to me.

Then you entered, and I finally let go. Not of my responsibilities, but of my burdens. You gave me permission to rest. To be honest. To stop surviving and start living. And I will never forget that.

You made me fall in love with the idea of having a home. Not made of walls and furniture. But made of warmth. Made of loyalty. Made of kisses in the kitchen and whispered prayers before bed.

You remind me every day that I do not have to become someone else to be loved. I only have to keep becoming more of who I truly am. Because who I am was always enough for you.

And somehow, even with all that love, you still inspire me to grow. You still inspire me to lead. You make me want to build a life where you never have to question how much I love you.

You gave me a dream that no one else could. A vision of myself that includes peace. Stability. Success. And a woman who walks beside me through it all. That dream is you.

You did not just give me a reason to keep going. You gave me a reason to want more from life. Not out of greed. But out of love. Because loving you made me realize that the more I give, the fuller I become.

I wake up with purpose now because I know who I'm waking up for. Even when I don't feel motivated, the thought of you reminds me that I am not just living for myself. I am building something for us. For the life we deserve.

You made me realize that love is not a distraction from responsibility. It is what makes responsibility meaningful. What once felt like pressure now feels like intention. What once felt heavy now feels sacred.

Your love became the rhythm behind everything I do. Behind every goal, every improvement, every change in my routine. It's all shaped by one deep desire — to be the man who brings you peace, security, happiness, and love every single day.

I used to worry about the future with fear. Now I look at it with hope. Because you are in it. Because I know that no matter what it holds, we'll be walking through it together, hand in hand, side by side.

You made me feel like I can rebuild anything. Not because I am strong alone, but because with you by my side, even my flaws feel fixable. Even my doubts feel manageable. Your presence gives me the courage to start over and the faith to keep going.

When I picture our life, I do not see perfection. I see love that adapts. Love that grows. Love that forgives. I see us building together, falling sometimes, but always rising. I see a story worth living from the first chapter to the last.

You remind me that I am not too much. That I am not too little. That I am not broken. That I am not lost. You love me as I am, while also holding space for the man I am becoming. That kind of love is rare. And I will protect it with everything I have.

I want to spend my days giving you what you've already given me. Not just love, but purpose. Not just joy, but direction. Not just presence, but promise. I want you to feel safe in my love the same way I feel grounded in yours.

There is no version of me that exists now without your influence. You are part of my voice. My discipline. My growth. My dreams. You are the reason I get up, and the reason I rest. You are stitched into the very rhythm of my life.

You gave me someone to fight for. Someone to cherish. Someone to inspire me. And in doing that, you also gave me myself. A better self. A fuller self. A self I am proud of. A self I wouldn't have found without you.

Every time I see your face, I'm reminded that I'm doing something right. That all the pain before you was worth it. That every lonely night led me to this. To you. To a future that finally makes sense.

You taught me that love is not about possession. It is about becoming. It is about seeing someone and saying, I want to be better because you deserve better. That is what you awaken in me every day.

You are not just my lover. You are my mirror. You show me my strength, my flaws, my potential. You show me how to rise without shame and how to love without fear. You are my growth.

And when I look at our future, I don't see it in years or milestones. I see it in mornings. I see it in quiet meals. I see it in children's laughter. I see it in kisses on tired days. I see it in all the little things that only you could have made matter again.

You are the one I want to build everything with. Not because you complete me. But because you bring me closer to the man I was always meant to become. With you, my life is no longer just a path. It is a purpose.

# *Whisper 6 : Eternal*



Forever is not a word I use lightly. It is not a fantasy or a poetic exaggeration. It is a truth I feel in my chest when I look at you. A promise that began the moment I met you and grew stronger with every breath you gave me after.

I do not say forever because I hope it will be true. I say it because it already is. Every day with you confirms what my heart already knew — that you are the one I will love until the very last second of my life, and long after that if I'm allowed to.

If I could pause time, I would do it during one of our hugs. Because in those moments, I feel everything I've ever needed. Love. Peace. Safety. Home. If I had to choose one feeling to live in for eternity, it would be your arms.

I want to grow old with you. I want to see the wrinkles form around your smile, knowing that I helped put them there. I want to kiss your hands when they've held years of love and memory. I want to wake up to your face, even if it changes, because to me, you'll always be the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

There is no life that I want without you in it. If I had to restart my whole story, I would still wait at every corner until you showed up again. Because nothing would be worth it without your name written into the pages.

You are the one I want to come home to when life is hard. The one I want beside me when the world gets loud. The one I want to whisper to in the dark. The one I want to sit beside in quiet contentment after a long day. The one I want to wake up beside in a world that often forgets how precious love can be.

You are not a season in my life. You are the climate. You are not a moment of comfort. You are the lifelong calm. You are not the highlight of my story. You are the whole book.

No matter how far the world pulls me, you will always be my return. My home. My center. My safest place. You are where my spirit rests. Where my future begins and ends.

I do not want anything temporary with you. Not temporary joy. Not temporary passion. Not temporary commitment. I want permanence. I want the kind of love that lasts through storms and silence, through the hardest winters and the softest mornings.

If we ever lose everything else — the comfort, the routine, the plans — but still have each other, I will still feel like the luckiest man alive. Because you are not just a part of my life. You are the reason I love this life.

There is no one else I want to tell my secrets to at 2 a.m. No one else I want to build a family with. No one else I want to hold when the world feels heavy. No one else I want to carry through this life with as much devotion as I carry for you.

My love for you does not have a deadline. It does not have a finish line. It does not fade with time. It deepens. It matures. It folds itself into everything I am and will be.

Even if everything changes — our looks, our routines, our paths — my heart will always speak your name. I will always choose you. Not because I have to. But because I could never want anyone else the way I want you.

You have given me the kind of love that I never believed was real. And now that I have it, I will protect it with everything I have. No matter how long we live, I promise I will love you longer than that.



You are not just my girlfriend. You are my wife in every way that matters. In loyalty. In sacrifice. In intention. You are already my forever, even before the ring, the vows, or the signatures.

I want to kiss you goodnight for the rest of my life. I want to argue and make up. I want to fall asleep in your arms after long days and long years. I want to hold you through the best of times and carry you through the worst.

When I think about my future, there is no version of it where your name is not carved into every detail. You are my future. Not as a plan, but as a purpose.

You are the only person who ever made me feel like forever was not something to be afraid of. You made it sound beautiful. You made it feel possible. You made me want it.

I want to take care of you when you're sick. I want to celebrate you when you achieve your dreams. I want to cook for you, spoil you, tease you, worship you, and grow beside you. I want to love you in every way love can be expressed.

There is not a part of me that questions this. Not one part of me that wants to run. Not one inch of my heart that belongs to anyone else. I am yours. Entirely. Endlessly. Irrevocably.

Even when you are tired of the world, I will not be tired of loving you. Even when you lose your spark, I will hold the light until you find it again. That is what forever means to me. It means staying. It means showing up. It means never letting go.

Forever means building with you even when we don't have the full blueprint. Forever means trusting that our love will fill in the spaces we do not yet understand. I believe in that. I believe in us.

You are my always. My every day. My never in doubt. My reason to make the rest of my life the best of my life. And I want to live every bit of it with you.

No one else has ever made me feel this certain. This grounded. This clear. My love for you isn't something I wonder about. It is something I know. As surely as I know the sun rises, I know you are the woman I want for the rest of my life.

I want to celebrate every birthday by your side. I want to gift you handwritten notes and slow kisses and memories we'll laugh about decades from now. I want to be the one who gets better at loving you, year after year.

You are the kind of love that doesn't expire. The kind that doesn't lose its shine. Even if we go through hardship, even if we fall into silence sometimes, I know I'll still reach for your hand. Because even in the quiet, you are home to me.

I want to walk through all the seasons of life with you. The ones that blossom. The ones that burn. The ones that test us. And the ones that reward us. I want all of it with you.

You are the person I want to share the small things with — the morning coffees, the tired glances, the grocery runs, the quiet drives, the inside jokes. That is what forever looks like to me. Not just passion, but presence.

When we have children, I want them to see what love looks like through us. I want them to grow up feeling the softness of your voice, the steadiness of my hand, and the warmth we carry between us. I want them to know that forever is possible because they watched it unfold in our home.

I want to love you when we're young and full of energy. I want to love you when we're tired and worn. I want to love you through every phase, through every change, through every year that adds wisdom and depth to our bond.

You are not my forever because I need someone to love. You are my forever because no one else could ever compare. No one else could match the peace, the fire, the direction, and the faith you gave me. You are irreplaceable.

If life ever gets heavy, I will carry it with you. If we ever face loss or sorrow, I will be the one holding your hand. If we ever lose our way, I will be the one who says let's find it together.

I will still kiss your forehead when it wrinkles. I will still hold your hand when it's tired. I will still call you beautiful when time tries to tell us we are not young anymore. You will never lose my love. Not once. Not ever.

My loyalty to you is not tied to comfort. It is tied to something deeper. To the soul I saw when I met you. To the fire you lit in me. To the stillness you offered when the world was loud. My loyalty is forever.

You are not just my now. You are my always. The name I will still write when my hands are old. The face I will still hold when my arms are weak. The voice I will still crave when my ears fade. You are my eternal.

I know we will not always be perfect. But I also know we will never stop trying. I will never stop choosing you. Never stop admiring you. Never stop showing up for you, no matter what life brings.

You are the person I want to travel the world with. The person I want to build a home with. The person I want to dream with, even when we've already made our dreams real. You are the person I want to never stop growing with.

If forever means waking up beside you, even on the hard days, then I will live for those mornings. If forever means holding you close when everything else falls apart, then I will be ready every time.

You gave me a reason to believe in lifelong love. In love that endures. In love that doesn't run. In love that forgives, heals, stays, and strengthens. That is the love I will give you every day of this life.

I want to be the man who reminds you every single day that you are loved beyond measure. The man who brings you flowers when there's no occasion. The man who never lets you forget how much he prayed for someone like you.

You will always be the one I write for. The one I fight for. The one I soften for. The one I build with. The one I wait for, if life ever pulls us apart. Because some loves are once-in-a-lifetime, and I know I found mine.

Even if the world forgets what love is supposed to look like, I won't. Because I look at you and remember. You are the definition. You are the proof. You are the forever I was meant to find.

We will have hard days, but I will be there. We will face trials, but I will not leave. We will change with time, but I will still look at you with the same eyes that saw you the first day. Eyes filled with wonder. Eyes filled with love.

I do not promise you a perfect life. But I promise you a loyal one. A devoted one. A life where you will always know where you belong. And that place will always be beside me.

No matter how far we go, I will always be close to you. In words. In touch. In spirit. In soul. You will never have to look for me. I will already be there, right where you are.

So when I say you are my forever, I mean it in every way. In time. In effort. In loyalty. In heart. You are not just the one I love. You are the one I will love, always.

You are the chapter that never ends. The vow that never fades. The name that stays in my heart until my final breath. You are my forever. And I am yours.

# *Whisper 7 : You*



# *Soulmate*

You are more than the love of my life.

You are the match to my spirit, the one my heart was always meant to find.

When you entered my world, it was not just romance that sparked, it was recognition.

My soul knew yours. My heart rested in your presence like it had finally returned home.

You are not just my partner, you are my mirror, my anchor, my everything.

You are my soulmate in every sense of the word.

# *One and only*

Out of every person in this world, you are the only one who ever made me feel completely seen.

The only one whose love never made me question my worth.

You are my once-in-a-lifetime kind of love.

My only choice. My only home. My only destination.

There will never be another you, and even if the world offered me every option,

I would still choose you every time.

# *Unmatched*

There is no one like you.

No heart like yours. No beauty as raw, as tender, or as mesmerizing.

Your presence is so unique that even silence feels different when it's shared with you.

Your smile rewrites my day.

Your laugh resets my mood. Your love reshapes my world.

You are unmatched, not only in how you love, but in who you are.

A rare kind of woman who leaves everything better than she found it.

# *Muse*

You are the reason I try harder, the reason I heal faster, the reason I want to grow stronger.

You are not a distraction from my path because you are the path.

Every part of me has been lifted because of you.

You gave me a future to walk toward. A love to fight for.

A life I finally want to live.

And if anyone ever asked me why I keep pushing forward, your name would be my answer.



# *Always*

You are my always.

Not just my sometimes, not just my now.

You are the person I want beside me in every moment, every memory, every season.

You are the thought that stays, the heart that returns, the presence that never fades.

Even when we're apart, even in silence, your name echoes in everything I do.

My love for you is not temporary. It is constant. It is always.

# *Yours*

There is nothing you could ask of me that I would not try to give.

Nothing you could lose that I would not try to replace.

Nothing you could suffer that I would not try to soothe.

I am yours. Not just in romance.

Not just in name. But in devotion. In intention. In heart.

You are my everything. And I will always be proud to be yours.

# *Angel*

You are my angel.

Not in a poetic way. In a real one.

You saved me from a life I was quietly sinking in.

You gave me comfort when I was drowning in expectations.

You brought light into my darkest hours. And you did it with grace.

With patience. With warmth. I do not say angel casually.

I say it because it is the only word that comes close to what you truly are.

‘It is all about you, the world revolves around you my

**Soumaya** ‘

## – To conclude :

Soumaya

If you are holding this book in your hands, then you are holding my heart. Every word written here is a reflection of what you mean to me. Not just the sweet moments or the poetic compliments — but the truth. The soul-deep, lifelong truth of what you've done to me and for me.

You changed my life without trying. You gave me love when I didn't know how much I needed it. You gave me a home when I thought I was just meant to carry weight alone. You showed me what it meant to be seen, not for what I do, but for who I am.

You became my calm. You became my fire. You became the reason I wake up with purpose. And now, you've become something even greater than all of that — my forever. My everything.

Before you, I was walking a path I didn't choose. My heart was tired. My mind was crowded. My soul was quiet. But then you came and reminded me that life could be more than survival. That love could be safe. That softness could exist. That I, too, deserved something as real and rare as you.

I wrote this book not just to remind you how much I love you, but to show you that your love was never invisible. I felt it in every kiss. In every prayer. In every look you gave me when I was too tired to look at myself. I noticed. I remembered. I cherished it all.

If I could give you the world, I would. But for now, I'm giving you what I know best — my heart in written form. My truth in ink. My soul on these pages. So that even years from now, even when our hair turns grey and our children are grown, you can look back and know exactly how loved you were. How loved you are.

Thank you for walking into my life. Thank you for staying. Thank you for making forever feel like something I can hold and kiss and laugh with and fall asleep beside.

This book may end here. But my love for you will never stop growing. It lives with you now. And it always will.

Yours, in every way,

Taha ♥ '







*From : The boy who loves you the most*

