

Written by :
The boy who loves you most

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Rabat , Morocco

TO THE WOMAN THAT MADE ME WHOLE

To Soumaya,


I've written this not because I had the right words, but because you deserve more than silence. More than a few paragraphs sent late at night. You deserve something you can hold. Something that will never fade, never disappear into a chat history. Something that says:

You are deeply, wildly, permanently loved.

This isn't just a book.

It's a collection of my feelings, my thoughts, my dreams— All tied to you. Every page holds a piece of my heart, and every sentence is written with a kind of love I never knew existed until I met you..

Forever yours,

Taha 

A testament to
My love for you

INTRODUCTION :

A LOVE THAT
DESERVES A BOOK !

They say love can be summed up in a few sweet paragraphs, but I saw a video once that made me pause—a reel that simply said, “She doesn’t just deserve paragraphs; she deserves books.” That sentence echoed in my mind, and in that moment, I knew this book had to exist.

Because my love for you, my wife, cannot be confined to brief texts or whispered sentences before sleep.

It needs pages. It needs breath. It needs ink and space to run free.

You deserve to be written about.

When I think about you, my world transforms. The grey turns to color.

You don’t just make my days better—you make them beautiful.

Your smile isn’t just something I admire; it’s the sun that rises inside me each morning.

And your eyes... they’re not just pretty. They are my compass.

When life grows dark, and stress closes in like fog, your gaze becomes the lens that guides me through.

You’re not simply someone I love.

You are my joy.

My peace.

My motivation.

You’re the one who pulls me back to life when the weight of the world tries to drag me under.

To say you “mean everything to me” would still fall short.

Because without you, even the word meaning would lose its meaning.

You are what gives my life its shape, its color, its depth.

My love for you is like the universe—already too vast to grasp, yet growing still.

No edges. No limits. Just an ever-expanding devotion.

And I realized this fully in one simple, painful moment:

We had argued, and I felt your absence like winter feels the absence of the sun.

It was like my soul had been silenced. My day turned cold.

That was the moment I knew—this isn't just love.

It's life itself.

And so, this book was born—not just to tell you how much I love you,

but to show you.

In every story.

In every page.

With every word pulled from my heart and placed here for you, forever.

CHAPTER 1 :

THE DAY WE MET

It was April 3rd, 2025. A date that will live forever in the calendar of my heart.

The sky was just as it always is—but I wasn't.

Because that was the day she stepped into my life.

We met at the tram station of Ibn Khaldoun, right next to Arribat Center. It wasn't anything fancy—no music, no violins. Just two souls awkwardly meeting for the first time, unsure of what to say, how to move, or what to expect. But in that awkwardness... something beautiful was already beginning to bloom.

We walked around together. Quiet. Nervous.

But somehow, it was the most fun I'd had in forever.

I wasn't with a stranger.

I was with someone I already somehow trusted—someone whose presence felt like it had always been meant to be there, even before I knew her name.

Later that day, we ended up at Mega Mall, trying our hand at bowling.

And to be honest... we were both terrible.

But you know what? We sucked together.

And that made it perfect.

We laughed—not because of skill, but because of us.

There was something light and childlike in the way we played that day.

Like the world had stepped back and given us space to be silly and unfiltered.

Then came the moment I still dream about.

I had to get her home.

So I pulled out my phone to check Google Maps for her address—and she leaned in.

Close.

So close.

Her head was right next to mine, and in that tiny second, my heart started sprinting.

I could feel her warmth.

Her scent wrapped around me like a blanket I didn't want to leave.

And for a split second, it felt like time slowed.

It felt like we might kiss.

Like maybe the whole universe wanted us to.

But it was our first time.

And I was unsure.

So we didn't.

But that moment stayed with me—burned into memory like a photograph, the kind you never forget even when you're old and grey.

And then, she said something that made me laugh later when I was alone:

“You don't speak much... I thought you'd talk more.”

Oh, if only she knew.

I wasn't quiet because I had nothing to say.

I was quiet because I was in love.

Because being next to her was like standing in front of something too beautiful for words.

How do you speak to the one you've been waiting for your whole life?

How do you form sentences when your heart is screaming, “It’s her—it’s really her”?

That day was the start of everything.

It was soft and awkward, funny and romantic, unexpected and unforgettable.

And as I walked away from her that evening, I knew something had changed.

I had met someone who made time feel different.

Someone who turned an ordinary tram station into the place where my story truly began.

She didn’t just meet me.

She rewrote me—from the very first day.

CHAPTER 2 :

FALLING IN LOVE

They say you don't choose the moment you fall in love.

It just... happens.

Like breathing. Like a heartbeat.

And for me, it happened on our first date—the moment it was time for her to leave.

As she turned to go, something inside me cracked wide open.

A reel of memories started flashing in my mind, even though we'd just met.

How could I have met such a person?

How could someone so graceful, so pure, so angelic—be real?

Her calmness, her delicate voice that sounded like softness made audible, her smile that could heal any wound without trying... and her presence.

Oh, her presence.

It doesn't just fill a room—it fills me.

And right then, I knew.

I wasn't just enjoying her company.

I was falling.

And it didn't stop there.

Every time I dropped her off after our dates, I'd sit in my car and feel this unbearable stillness.

The kind of silence that screams.

The seat beside me would still be warm, but my chest would be cold.

Sometimes, the emptiness would hit so hard I'd just sit there and cry.

Because that's how much she meant to me, even in the early days.

It's not that I wanted her—I needed her.

Not like air, not like water, but like truth.

She is my truth.

I love her smile. Not just the way it curves—

but the way it moves.

It dances, like sunlight skipping over the surface of water.

And she smiles a lot.

But what destroys me is the tiny little changes in her face right before she smirks.

Like she's about to light the world on fire with one glance.

Sometimes I catch myself just staring at her like a madman.

Not because I'm lost, but because I've finally found what I'd been searching for all my life.

I look at her the way a poet looks at the last perfect word.

The way a blind man might look at the first sunrise he ever sees.

I stare because I want to stretch every second with her into eternity.

This is love.

Not made of lust.

Not made of selfishness.

But of devotion.

Of purity.

Of her.

And love tested me early on.

We had our first real argument—something small, but it cut deep.

She was rightfully upset with me, and gave me the silent treatment.

And in those moments of stillness, I felt like the only person who mattered in my world had disappeared.

I was spiraling.

The light she brought into my life flickered, and I was afraid it would never come back.

I apologized. I acted. I tried.

Because when someone is your everything, you don't just say sorry—you do sorry.

And she, in her softness, forgave me.

She looked at me and said something I'll never forget:

“We're not made for fights.”

And just like that, the sun came back.

Her forgiveness felt like life being breathed into me again.

One day, we were just having lunch at a restaurant—nothing fancy, just us.

But while she talked, laughed, and ate, I drifted.

I started imagining:

Our home.

Our mornings.

Our children.

Our evenings under one roof.

Our future.

And for once, the future didn't scare me.

It looked beautiful.

It looked like her.

And in that moment, I knew—I wasn't falling anymore.

I had already fallen.

Completely.

CHAPTER 3:

HER MAGIC

People talk about magic like it's something out of reach—wand-waving, star-chasing, fairy-tale dust.

But I've seen real magic.

I've held it.

I've kissed it.

I've laughed with it, and cried with it.

And that magic is her.

She doesn't try to impress the world, but she ends up enchanting it anyway.

The first spell she cast on me was unintentional—her walk.

There's something impossibly cute about the way she moves—like her legs are playfully crossing and uncrossing in rhythm with a song only she can hear.

And then there's this thing she does at crosswalks...

She steps only on the white stripes, carefully avoiding the red, like it's a secret dance choreographed by her inner child.

I swear, every time I see her do it, I just want to scoop her into my arms, kiss her forehead, and join in her game.

It's in these little moments that I realize I've never wanted anyone so much—not just as a partner, but as a lifelong best friend in silliness and sweetness.

And then there's the hair.

Oh, her hair.

She's always fixing it—like it's out of place, even when it's already perfect.

She'll run her fingers through it or smooth it down without thinking.

But every time she does, my heart stutters.

Because it's not just about the hair—it's about her little rituals, her soft habits, her quiet presence.

She has no idea how beautiful she looks to me when she's doing absolutely nothing but being herself.

There's a moment that lives rent-free in my heart:

When she wraps her hand around my bicep.

It's such a small gesture, but it makes me feel like the strongest man alive.

Like I could take on the world and win—because she's there.

And when she kisses it?

It's like my soul jolts awake, like I've been in hibernation and her lips are springtime.

She has a power to lift me that no one else holds.

When life brings me down, she doesn't just offer comfort—she pulls me up.

She leads us with love and hope and softness.

She's always pushing us toward something better—towards a life full of peace and ambition.

During my exam periods, she prays for me.

She closes her eyes, folds her hands, and whispers my name to the heavens.

And in that moment, I don't just feel loved—I feel blessed.

It's the kind of love that goes beyond words and deeper than any surface-level romance.

And her body—my God.

Every single detail of her is etched into my memory like art that the universe took its time creating.

Her height, just a little shorter than me, is perfect—every time I hold her, it feels like home.

Her smile is enough to make angels jealous.

Her tiny face, those soft, fluffy cheeks that beg to be kissed or gently pinched...

Her waist is a masterpiece—elegance wrapped in beauty, and her makeup?
Always so delicately done.

She glows. Always.

But it's not just her looks—it's who she is.

She's calm, collected, quietly confident.

She's an introvert, like me—someone who doesn't need the noise of the world to feel alive.

She finds joy in little things.

She listens deeply.

She speaks thoughtfully.

She loves truly.

She cares about the things that matter: love, trust, loyalty, peace.

No games. No masks. Just truth.

She's the opposite of toxic—she is healing.

She is safe.

One day, we were in the car and the adhan began playing on the radio.

Without saying a word, she turned it off and sat silently in reverence.

And in that second, I fell in love all over again.

Because her heart belongs to Allah—and so does mine.

We're walking this path of faith together, step by step.

And I couldn't be prouder.

She is not like other girls.

She is her.

She's shy and sweet, sometimes reserved—but when she loves, oh... she loves.

Warm. Unfiltered. Real.

The way she loves me isn't loud—but it's deep.

It wraps around me like the softest blanket, and I never want to crawl out of it.

Her love isn't something I just feel—it's something I live in.

Like the air I breathe.

Like the pulse in my wrist.

It surrounds me, fills me, completes me.

There are a million little things she does—

The way she tilts her head when thinking.

The soft way she calls my name.

The tiny laugh she does when she's embarrassed.

How she always makes space for me—not just beside her, but inside her heart.

And every single one of them adds up to a kind of magic the world rarely sees.

She is my miracle in motion.

My heaven on Earth.

My favorite chapter in a life I never want to end.

CHAPTER 4:

LIFE TOGETHER

We're not married yet,
But in my heart, we already are.
Soumaya is my wife in every way that counts—
In loyalty, in feeling, in soul.
And even if our time together is limited to dates and meetups for now,
It already feels like we've lived lifetimes in every hour we spend together.

Most of our dates stretch to around four hours—short in minutes,
but eternal in feeling.
I always drop her off by 8 p.m., and every single time,
it's like tearing out a piece of my heart and leaving it on her doorstep.
I sit in my car afterward, sometimes just frozen,
thinking, "How did I get so lucky?"
Other times, I feel like I'm crumbling inside from missing her the moment she
steps away.

Our dates aren't always flashy.
We've gone bowling—both of us sucked, but we sucked together.
We've seen Final Destination in theaters, both screaming and laughing in the
dark.
We've eaten by the water at Marina, and I've walked beside her along the
corniches of Assabah and Harhoura,
feeling like the ocean itself was watching two soulmates unfold.

Sometimes, I take her to her exams at la fac,
and it's such a simple thing—just a ride.
But it fills me with this quiet pride.

Like I'm not just her man, but her protector, her partner in the little battles too.

No matter what we're doing, if I'm with her, it's a perfect day.

Now let me tell you about our "sense of humor"...

It's not for everyone—and we like it that way.

We judge people. A lot.

And it's hilarious.

We joke about memes, reels, influencers, and especially that one fat acceptance guy who always shows up on our feed—

We send each other clips, laugh uncontrollably, and sometimes we both say,

"We're going straight to hell for this."

But that's the thing—our humor is just ours.

Unfiltered. Honest. Slightly savage.

She also loves to mess with me about my favorite football team, Barcelona.

She's a Real Madrid fan, and it's a betrayal that cuts deep.

Especially when they lose and she flashes me that smug look.

But lately, she's been softer about it,

because she knows it actually stings.

That little understanding? That's love.

A perfect day with her?

It doesn't need to be packed.

It just needs her.

I love it when we hug.

Not just a quick squeeze—but long, soul-restoring hugs,

the kind where our hearts slow down and sync.

If we could spend the whole day lying down, wrapped in each other's arms,
kissing gently,

with nothing but love flowing between us...

That would be everything.

Sometimes we walk together, hand in hand,

laughing, talking, doing those cute couple activities that make strangers on the
street smile at us.

Other times, we just stare at nature.

Quiet.

Present.

Together.

But what truly makes her the one

is how she changed me.

Before her, I was doing life.

Now, I'm living it.

I wanted to be better—for her.

I started working out more seriously.

My body changed. My strength grew.

I became healthier—not just physically, but mentally too.

I wanted to be a man worthy of a woman like Soumaya.

And so I rose.

She even pushed me without pushing—

I began studying harder, focusing more,

And now I'm on the verge of validating my first year at EMI.

Because of her.

Because I imagined her watching me succeed.

And that image alone gave me strength on my hardest days.

She even changed my music.

I used to be all rap and rawness.

Now?

It's a mix of soft melodies and emotional songs that remind me of her every time.

Now, when I listen to music, I don't just hear sound—

I hear us.

Soumaya is not just a chapter in my life—

She's the entire plot twist.

She's where the story got real.

Where the boy grew into a man.

Where I stopped drifting and finally found home.

I don't need a house or a wedding ring to call her mine.

She already lives in the safest place I have—my heart.

And this life we're building, moment by moment,
will one day become the life we live together, forever.

She is my reason,

my rhythm,

and my reality.

CHAPTER 5:

FUTURE

I don't just love her in the now.

I love her in every tomorrow my heart can imagine.

And when I close my eyes and picture the life I want—

She's there. Always.

I dream of marrying Soumaya, not in a grand palace or with a thousand guests,

but in a ceremony just big enough to say we did it,

and just small enough to save for something even better—

our honeymoon.

We both want that: to take the money and create a honeymoon so full of joy,

so packed with memories and fun and wild laughter,

that we'll still be telling our kids about it years later.

Maybe we'll go somewhere exotic, or maybe just somewhere peaceful.

But wherever we go, we'll go together.

Hand in hand, like always.

And then, the real life begins.

I see us in a cozy home—

the kind that smells like cinnamon in winter and carries the sound of laughter in every hallway.

Four children—each one a piece of her and a piece of me.

Two cats—one white, one black.

Balance. Peace. Joy.

I want to wake up every single day and see her sleeping beside me.

To kiss her forehead before I get out of bed,

and to walk out into the world with the feeling that I already have everything I could ever need.

Her presence will be the reason I work hard,

the reason I come home early,

the reason I smile when the world tries to weigh me down.

Of course, I think about the births.

Especially the first one.

I won't lie—I'm scared.

But not because I doubt her.

I just can't bear the thought of seeing her in pain.

But I know we'll face it together.

I'll hold her hand, wipe her tears, and whisper over and over that she's the strongest woman I've ever known.

And I'll remind her—this is our baby, our beginning.

I dream of us raising those kids with love and laughter and discipline that feels like guidance, not fear.

Of teaching them the value of loyalty, faith, and love—

The kind of love that built their parents' story.

The kind of love they'll see in us every single day.

I imagine us walking through the streets of New York City and Chicago,
the noise and the lights reflecting in her eyes as she points out funny ads or
random dogs in outfits.

We'll eat at too many restaurants, spend money like we just got rich,
and take photos of every little thing, just to say we were here, together.

And then maybe we'll go again.

And again.

Because with her, the world becomes worth exploring.

To Soumaya,

I want to make promises that matter.

I promise to love you the way I love you now—
but more.

With depth. With maturity. With growth.

I know you might fear that I'll change someday.

That I might become someone you don't recognize.

But I swear to you—if I don't get better, I will never become worse.

Because you already deserve the best version of me,
and you always will.

I promise to put your happiness above mine,
to value your comfort above my pride.

To protect you not just from the world,
but from any sadness that might try to touch your heart.

Your words will always be the ones that matter the most.

Your tears will always be the ones I rush to dry.

And your smile?

That will always be my favorite sight on Earth.

And if one day you were gone...

No.

I won't even finish that sentence.

Because the thought alone feels like tearing the air from my lungs.

You bring so much joy, so much light,

so much life into my world

that the idea of saying goodbye isn't just painful—it's impossible.

So I choose to never let you go.

Not in my actions, not in my heart, not in any of my tomorrows.

You are my everything.

And the future I dream of?

It only begins with you.

CHAPTER 6:

WHY ?

If they ever ask me why I love my girl so much
They'd expect me to say something big—
like her beauty or her kindness.
And while those are true,
there is more to our love than just looks and personality
there is a far softer,
and a lot more real side of things.

I love the little things.

The quiet details.

The small, unconscious habits she does when she thinks no one's paying
attention.

But I'm always watching.

Always falling in love again.

Like how she rubs my hair sometimes,
even though I almost always have a cap on.

It's not about the hair—it's the gesture.

The comfort, the affection in her fingertips.

The way she reaches out and says "I love you"
without saying a word.

Or how she overthinks the tiniest things when it comes to my well-being.

If I wait for her too long in the sun, she worries.

If I wake up early just to take her to class on a Saturday,
she tells me I should sleep more.

And even though I'd do it a thousand times over—

without hesitation—

I still find it beautiful that she thinks of me that way.

That my health, my rest, my comfort... matter that much to her.

She cares in the ways that count.

Sometimes, I drive with one arm.

Not because it looks cool,

but because my right arm is resting on her thighs.

And she's playing with it—holding it, caressing it,

claiming it like it belongs to her.

And it does.

In that moment, everything feels so perfect, so peaceful,

that I could drive for hours without needing a destination.

She holds my arm when I drive.

She holds my peace, too.

There's more.

The way she casually confessed that she likes e-books,

and that she listens to Taylor Swift and soft, girly music—

you know what?

I love that.

And if that's what fills her ears with happiness,

then I'll gladly sit beside her and listen along.

Every song becomes better when I hear it through her smile.

She could play anything—if she loves it, I'll probably end up loving it too.

She's also... oddly passionate about my biceps.

It's so funny and adorable.

Sometimes I catch her staring.

Sometimes she kisses them.

And in those tiny moments,

I feel like the strongest man alive—

not because of the muscle,

but because I'm loved by her.

And then there's her style.

She doesn't dress up for the world.

She doesn't need layers of makeup or fancy outfits.

She comes as she is—calm, casual, naturally beautiful.

And every single time,

she stuns me.

Her look is effortless, but never forgettable.

And when she wears just a little makeup—soft touches, subtle glow—

she doesn't just look good.

She looks like home.

Like a woman who doesn't need to impress anyone but still ends up dazzling everyone.

But maybe no one notices it the way I do.

Maybe no one else sees how beautiful she is when she's just being herself.

But that's okay.

Because I do.

And that's more than enough.

CHAPTER 7:

A LETTER

To Soumaya,

If I could compress the infinite weight of my love for you into a single letter, this would be it—though I already know that no page, no paper, no alphabet will ever be enough to hold what you mean to me.

You are not just the girl I love.

You are the color injected into the black-and-white film that was once my life.

You are the light refracted through my soul,

a soft prism bending every ache, every sadness, into a spectrum of hope and joy.

Soumaya, you are my pulse,

my breath,

the warmth I feel even in the absence of sunlight.

Your smile doesn't just brighten my days—it ignites galaxies in my chest.

And your eyes?

They are more than beautiful—they are telescopes into the divine,

lenses through which I see a gentler world.

Your gaze dismantles every stress and worry within me,

as if your very existence reprograms the universe to favor my joy.

Every time we meet, I feel gravity shift.

Not the gravity of Earth—no.

The gravity of the soul.

The pull that reminds me that my heart has already chosen a home,

and it has settled in you.

In your soft laugh.

In the way you crosswalk-hop like a little girl, avoiding red lines with sacred precision.

In the way you fix your already-perfect hair while I sit there, stunned, that someone like you even exists.

You once held my bicep.

And to the rest of the world, that might be nothing—

but to me, it was immortality disguised as touch.

A thousand-year slumber lifted in a second.

You, casually, just being the reason I feel alive.

And the way you care for me?

It makes my knees weak.

Not because of romance clichés,

but because your love is so pure, so selfless,

it feels like I'm holding a piece of something heavenly.

You tell me to sleep, not to worry, to eat, to stay out of the sun.

You think you're just caring.

But what I see is a guardian angel,

disguised as a girl I get to call mine.

I know you love e-books and Taylor Swift, and I'd sit and read a hundred pages of pastel-colored heartbreaks and dreamy metaphors with you if it meant being closer to your world.

I'd listen to girly music on loop and sing the wrong lyrics just to make you laugh.

Because every song is about you now.

Even silence sounds like your name.

And when we argue?

Even then, I find myself more in love with you.

Because you love with grace.

Because even when hurt, you come back with softness and strength.

You forgive, you lead, and you remind me that the foundation we're building isn't just made of passion—

it's made of patience, trust, and a thousand silent acts of choosing each other.

I dream of our wedding, not for the celebration,

but for the moment you're finally my wife.

I dream of four kids and two cats—white and black, like a yin and yang cuddled into our living room.

I dream of laying next to you each morning,

whispering “good morning, love” with sleepy smiles and forehead kisses.

I dream of you walking across the house with your sleepy steps,

fixing your hair in that same mirror,

while I stand behind you in awe... still not believing you're real.

You are the only prayer I never had to speak aloud.

The only wish I didn't blow candles for—

because life somehow gave me more than I knew how to ask for.

If I ever fall in life, I hope it's always into your arms.

If I ever cry again, I hope it's from the weight of how much I love you.

And if this world ever dares to take you from me,
I swear I would rewrite the laws of time, of space, of life itself,
just to find my way back to you.

You are not just my love.

You are my revolution.

My rebirth.

My eternity wrapped in soft skin and wild eyes.

I love you like oceans haven't learned to stretch for.

Like galaxies haven't dared to orbit.

Like poets haven't begun to describe.

Like God must have smiled while making you—knowing you'd save someone
like me.

Forever and impossibly yours,

Your future husband.

Conclusion :

Soumaya,

This book is not the end of anything it is only the beginning of everything.

These pages were written from the deepest parts of me, not to impress you, but to immortalize you. To take your smile, your love, your essence, and let it live on paper the way it already lives in my soul.

I know we're not married yet, but my heart already speaks of you as my wife, because loving you has become my most natural instinct.

A habit I never want to break.

A forever I'm already living.

Thank you for being my reason. My peace.

My story.

This was our first book. But I promise it won't be our last.

With all that I am

Your husband in heart, soul, and future.



~ you know where to find me 9e



: = and i know where to look . . . ,