

April 26th 2025

My dearest Hidayah



Hey you.

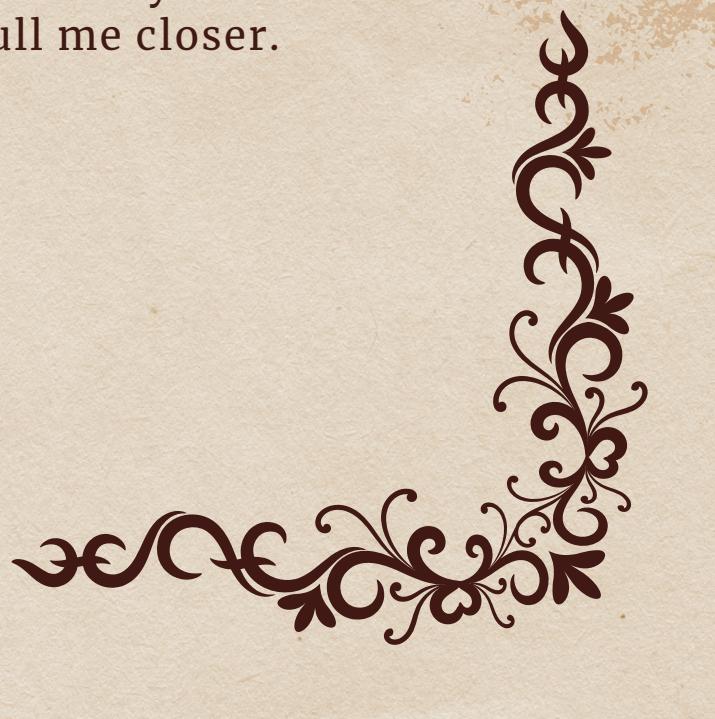
Yes, you — the most beautiful creature to ever exist, the one with the smile that short-circuits my brain and the voice that turns my name into poetry.

Do you know what I've been thinking about today?

You.

Well, more specifically... your face when you try to act mad but end up laughing instead. Your pout that makes my whole heart melt. And the way you say "Amsyar" like it's the only name that matters.





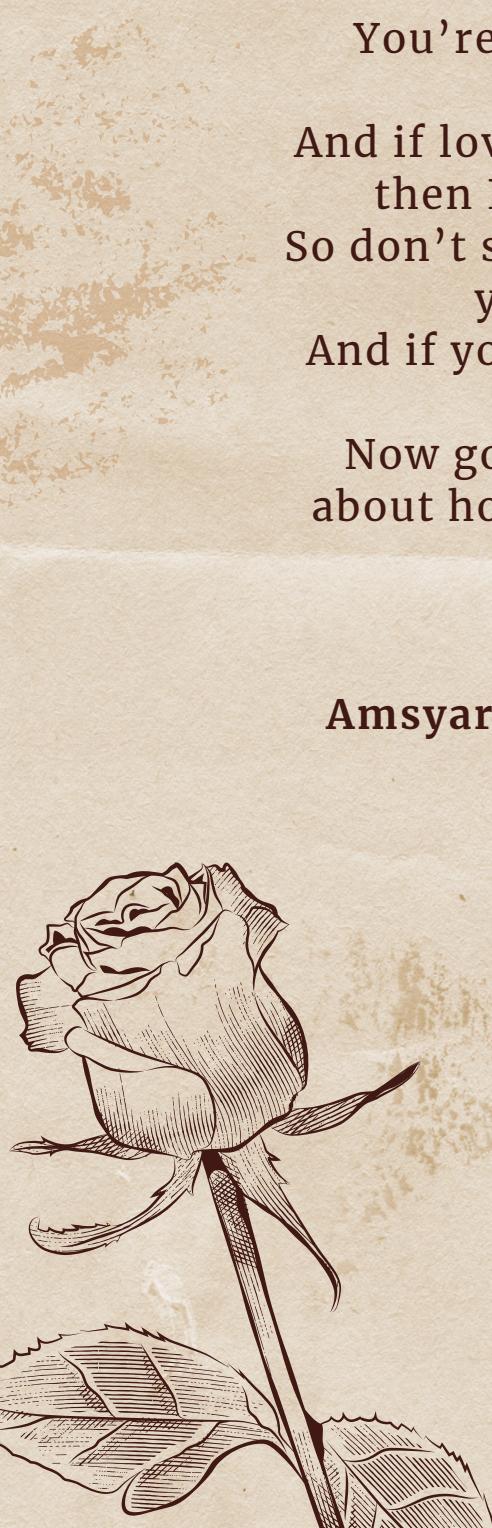
Sayang, you're dangerously cute.

Like, I swear — if I looked at you for too long today, I'd forget how to form sentences. You walk into my thoughts like you own them, flip your imaginary hair, and suddenly I'm giggling like a fool on the inside.

I'm honestly convinced you've got magic. Because one "hi" from you and suddenly my day feels like warm hugs, forehead kisses, and the sweet chaos of being completely in love.

If I could teleport right now, you'd be in my arms in less than a second. And trust me, I'd whisper all kinds of things in your ear — soft things, sweet things, things that would make you blush so hard you'd probably smack me (gently) and then pull me closer.





You're my girl. My sayang. My flirtation
station.

And if loving you this much is a crime, well —
then I'm guilty with no chance of bail.

So don't smile too much while reading this, or
your cheeks might catch fire.

And if you giggle, just know — that's exactly
what I wanted.

Now go drink water, sit pretty, and think
about how much I wanna kiss your forehead
and then steal your snacks.

Forever your man,
Amsyar a.k.a the certified "Bucuk Addict"