



Thirty Days to Forever

HISHAM MOHAMMAD

DEDICATION

*To the woman I saw before the world did... the one who bloomed behind pixels and made silence
feel like company.*

*This isn't a confession. It's a chronicle of what happens when a man believes in a dream... and the
dream turns around and sees him back.*

— H.M.

PROLOGUE

Some stories begin with fireworks. Ours began with a whisper.

Not of promises, but of possibilities.

A screen, a stream, a name that felt like a spell. A few late-night words between strangers... and a silence that didn't push us away — it pulled us in.

In a world where everyone is loud, we became echoes. And in those echoes, we found each other.

This isn't a fairy tale. But it is something rare — a journey stitched from belief, distance, and the courage to step into the unknown... together.

CHAPTER 1: THE GIRL BEHIND THE SCREEN

"Hisham – Late Night, Dubai"

There's a certain kind of loneliness that doesn't feel sad. It just... settles. Like fog. Like background music you've heard a thousand times and stopped noticing.

I leaned back in my old leather chair, cracked at the edges. My office lights were dim. One screen showed lines of code updating a client's server. The other? Twitch.

Her stream had just started.

Alectra.

There it was again — that name that felt like a spell.

She was wearing a grey hoodie this time. Hair tied loose. A cup of tea beside her keyboard. Her voice floated out of my speakers — soft, calm, full of those little Scandinavian rhythms.

"Okay chat... let's pretend I know what I'm doing in Valorant tonight."

A few people typed laughing emotes. I smiled.

"And no, Mariam is not coming over today, she's busy being a normal human and having a social life."

I typed:

DigitalDunes: *"Maybe tonight's the night you carry the team."*

She paused, squinted at chat, and grinned.

Alectra: "DigitalDunes, you liar. But I appreciate the optimism."

She laughed — that light, unbothered kind of laugh.

And just like that, I forgot how tired I was.

[Internal Monologue – Hisham]

What am I doing? She doesn't even know me. Just a name on her screen. I'm 37. She's what... 26, maybe? This isn't real. It's pixels. Streams. Air.

But something in her... feels real. She talks like she's been through things. She smiles like it's a choice.

And I can't help it — I want to give her the world.

Even if I stay invisible while doing it.

Instagram Chat – Later That Night

Hisham had hesitated a dozen times before opening her story — a picture of her setup, captioned:

"Another 2AM stream done. Should I even sleep or just watch the sunrise? lol"

Hisham (DigitalDunes):

"Sunrises are just rewards for the ones who dared to stay awake."

He didn't expect a reply. But she did.

Alectra:

"Ooooh that's poetic. You always talk like a mysterious fortune cookie 😊"

He stared at her reply for a long time. And typed back:

Hisham:

"Just a tired man with a dream folder on his desktop."

No reply this time.

But that was okay.

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

The window was open. The rain had started again — soft, slow, polite. The way Bergen always rains. She shut her laptop, slipped off her headset, and pulled the blanket tighter around her.

She opened her phone.

Instagram. DMs.

His name popped up again — **DigitalDunes**.

She smiled, just a little.

[Internal Monologue – Alectra]

He's been around for months now. Never creepy. Never flirty. Just... kind. Calm. Feels like someone older. Wiser. But gentle.

That last message though... a dream folder? What kind of man says that?

Is he serious? Or just poetic? Either way... he's different.

Too far away to matter. But still... different.

She stared out the window. Thought of sunrises.

And whispered quietly to herself,

"I hope his dreams come true."



CHAPTER 2: PIXELS AND PAPER MOONS

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra sat back in her chair, the cool blue light of the screen casting shadows across her face. The stream had been going for hours, but she didn't mind. Gaming wasn't just something she did — it was the thing she loved. It was the one thing that made her feel free, that allowed her to escape the everyday grind of being a part-time admin at a small gaming center.

She flicked her mouse lazily as she read the comments coming in. The usual trolls. A few compliments. Someone had called her “a goddess” again, which made her roll her eyes and smile. She didn't take the attention too seriously, but she appreciated the moments where it made her feel seen.

She checked her Instagram. Her screen lit up with notifications. The usual: friends tagging her in memes, work messages, and, of course, a message from **DigitalDunes**.

“Did you watch the sunrise yet?”

Alectra raised an eyebrow. He was persistent, that one. Not in a creepy way, but in a way that made her wonder what he was really like behind the screen.

She tapped out a reply.

Alectra:

“Haha, nope. Still waiting for it to happen. Guess I'll just keep streaming until it magically appears.”

She couldn't help the small laugh that escaped her lips. He had a way of making her feel... different. Not just another girl behind a screen. Not just another streamer chasing views. For some reason, his words seemed to linger longer than the others.

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham had been staring at the screen for too long. The glow of his laptop was the only thing cutting through the quiet darkness of his office. He thought of the trip he'd been planning, the one that seemed impossible just a few months ago. Now? It felt like something he could make happen. It wasn't just about sending Alectra on a trip — it was about offering her something that said, I see you. Something more than just likes or comments. A real gesture.

His phone buzzed. A reply from Alectra.

Alectra:

“Haha, nope. Still waiting for it to happen. Guess I'll just keep streaming until it magically appears.”

Hisham chuckled to himself. That smile — he could almost hear it in her words.

He typed back, not overthinking it, just being honest.

Hisham (DigitalDunes):

“Maybe one day, you’ll wake up to the sunrise — but until then, I’ll keep my fingers crossed for you.”

He paused. His thumb hovered over the send button. For a second, he thought about deleting it. After all, what was he really doing here? He was just a guy on the other side of the world. A guy with big dreams but small means. Yet... something about her kept him coming back, kept him wondering if maybe — just maybe — there was a chance to do more than just watch her from afar. But instead of deleting the message, he hit send.

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

The ping of her phone startled Alectra, and she glanced down. His message.

“Maybe one day, you’ll wake up to the sunrise — but until then, I’ll keep my fingers crossed for you.”

Alectra stared at the words for a moment. There was something so simple about it, yet it felt different from anything anyone else had ever said to her. It wasn’t grandiose or dramatic. Just... sweet. Just there. Like a soft promise without any expectation behind it.

She sat back in her chair, feeling the weight of the night on her shoulders. Her life wasn’t exactly glamorous. She worked long hours at the gaming center, hustling to pay rent, chasing sponsorships, and dealing with the pressure of growing her brand. Being a streamer was a dream, but it was also hard work.

But here, in the quiet hours of the night, she found herself distracted. By him. By the thought that maybe there was more to life than just getting by. More than the small town and the tired streets of Bergen.

[Internal Monologue – Alectra]

Who is this guy?

He’s different. A little mysterious. But he’s not like the others. He doesn’t ask for anything, doesn’t push.

Maybe that’s why I can’t stop reading his messages.

Maybe one day, I’ll figure out who he is...

She closed her eyes for a moment, taking in the soft glow of her screen. She typed one last message before turning off the lights and heading to bed.

Alectra:

“Thanks for the hope. I’ll make sure to keep you posted when the sunrise finally hits.”



CHAPTER 3: WHEN THE SILENCE BROKE

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham stared at the contract. The numbers seemed unreal, flashing in his mind like neon lights. His eyes traced the figures again, just to be sure — but no, it was real.

He leaned back in his chair, heart racing. He had just closed a deal with one of the biggest companies in the region, a partnership that would make him more money than he'd ever dreamed of. The client's demand for his tech solution had catapulted his business from barely scraping by to becoming a key player. His phone had been buzzing all morning with congratulatory messages from colleagues and clients.

But the happiness that should've come with the victory? It wasn't there.

Instead, the silence of his office was deafening. The cold, empty chair beside him, where his wife used to sit when they discussed their future, felt like a reminder of everything that had been lost.

His phone buzzed again. This time, a message from his wife, Laila.

Laila (Wife):

"I've filed for the divorce. It's done."

Hisham blinked. His throat tightened. It felt like the world paused, just for a moment, before everything rushed in at once. There was no anger in her message, no explanation — just a simple, final statement.

The weight of it hit him like a ton of bricks. Their marriage had been broken long before this, but now it was official. A part of him knew it was coming, knew it was over, but hearing the finality in her words still stung.

He exhaled slowly, trying to shake off the wave of emotions. This was the end of one chapter, but perhaps the start of another. The thought of moving on from everything — his marriage, his past — felt strange, almost impossible.

But the new contract... the money... maybe it was time to stop running from the future.

Instagram DM – Later that Evening

Hisham hadn't meant to message her tonight. He had a lot on his mind. The business deal, the divorce... it was all too much.

But when he saw her Instagram story, his fingers moved without thinking. She was streaming again, just like always. The usual relaxed vibe. The same hoodie, the same smile.

He typed quickly, wanting to bridge the distance between them. He didn't know why he did it, but he couldn't help himself.

Hisham (DigitalDunes):

"I finally did it. Closed the deal. Things are changing."

A few moments later, the notification popped up: Alectra had seen the message.

There was no reply right away, and part of him wondered if he'd crossed a line, if it was weird to reach out in such a moment. But then, the message came.

Alectra:

“Wow. Congratulations! You’ve worked so hard for this, you deserve it. What does this mean for you?”

Her reply was simple, but it felt like something she genuinely cared about. It felt real.

Hisham (DigitalDunes):

“I don’t know. It’s like everything’s changed at once. My life... it’s different. More opportunities. But it’s also strange, you know?”

There was a long pause, and he almost regretted sending it. Then, her reply came, thoughtful and calm.

Alectra:

“Life is always strange when we try to figure out the next step. But I think that’s where the magic is.”

Hisham smiled. She had no idea how much her words meant.

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra sat in her dimly lit living room, looking at the screen. The rain had started again, tapping softly on the window like a quiet rhythm. Her phone buzzed.

Hisham’s message.

She read it again. She knew he’d been struggling lately — a small businessman trying to make it big in the world. He had mentioned it in passing once before, how he was on the verge of something big. But hearing that he’d actually done it was different.

She sat there for a while, staring at the words.

[Internal Monologue – Alectra]

He did it. He really did it.

I always knew he had something special, even though he’d never said much about it. There’s something about him that makes me believe in the impossible. Maybe that’s why we talk so often — he makes me feel like anything’s possible.

I wonder... what happens next for him? What happens next for me?

If he can make the impossible happen, maybe I can, too.

Maybe we both can.

Her phone pinged again.

Alectra:

“I’m happy for you. It’s not easy to get to this point. Whatever comes next, you deserve it.”

She didn't know why she said it. It was more than just a compliment. It was an acknowledgment of something deeper. A shift. She realized she didn't want to just watch him from afar. Maybe it was time for both of them to figure out what came next — together, in some way.



CHAPTER 4: PLANS WITHIN PLANS

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham sat at his desk, his mind racing. The business deal had secured his future. The divorce was now behind him. But there was one thing that had occupied his thoughts more than anything else — the 30-day trip he had planned for Alectra.

The idea had started as a distant dream. A "what if" scenario in his mind, something to hope for when life got too mundane. But now, with the financial freedom to make it happen, the dream felt more real. It wasn't just a pipe dream anymore. This was a possibility, an opportunity to show Alectra that he saw her, that he wanted to offer her something that went beyond just words on a screen.

His phone buzzed. It was Wassem, his best friend, the one person who had always been there through thick and thin.

Wassem:

"You up for a call? Need to talk to you about the trip plans. I think it's time we make this real."

Hisham smiled. Wassem was always the practical one, the one who grounded him when his ideas got too big. Hisham knew this trip would be complicated — but with Wassem's help, he was ready to tackle the logistics, the details, the things that would turn this dream into a tangible reality.

He hit call and waited.

Wassem's Call – Dubai, UAE

Wassem's voice came through the phone, clear and excited.

"Hisham! So, it's really happening, huh? You've sold the idea to yourself?"

Hisham laughed, feeling the excitement rise in his chest.

"I've sold it to myself, my friend. Now I just need to make it real."

Wassem:

"Alright, let's talk details. You've got the money now, but let's not rush. You want this trip to be perfect for her, right?"

Hisham:

"Exactly. I want her to feel special, like this is something she can't turn down. But at the same time, I want to make sure it doesn't seem like I'm overcompensating. It needs to feel natural, like something she'd want to be a part of, not a grand gesture just to impress."

Wassem paused. "I get it. You're thinking about her, not just about your feelings for her."

“I am,” Hisham replied. “I mean, of course, I want to make it clear how much I care about her. But I don’t want her to feel overwhelmed.”

“Okay, let’s break it down.” Wassem leaned back, clearly planning in his head. “First things first — locations. You’ve got the four destinations. Do you have everything mapped out, or are you still on the fence about a couple?”

Hisham sighed. “I’ve got some ideas, but I haven’t locked it down yet. I want each place to feel significant, like a chapter in her story. Not just a checklist of cities. Something that makes sense for her personality, her dreams.”

“Got it. Let’s start with the first location. Where are you thinking for the big reveal? The first place where it all starts?”

Hisham smiled, his fingers moving to his laptop to pull up the travel options. “I think I want to start with something unexpected. Maybe Japan. She loves anime and gaming, so I think it’d resonate with her. A place that blends the futuristic with tradition.”

Wassem grinned. “That’s perfect. A mix of old and new. What about the second destination?”

“France,” Hisham said confidently. “Paris. It’s cliché, but I think it’d be a perfect romantic stop. I want it to be unexpected for her, you know? Something that says ‘I see you’ in a way that’s not forced.”

“Paris. Classic. I like it.” Wassem scribbled something down on his notes. “Okay, third destination?”

Hisham paused, thinking. “I’m torn. Maybe something adventurous. I was thinking of somewhere like New Zealand — something spontaneous. A mix of adrenaline and relaxation. I think it would push both of us out of our comfort zones.”

“That’s bold,” Wassem replied. “But I like it. If you pull that off, she’ll never forget it.”

“Exactly,” Hisham said, his excitement growing. “The last destination, though... I want it to be something unforgettable. Somewhere where we can really seal this trip with something special. Maybe the Maldives. The idea of paradise. The idea of a new chapter.”

Wassem’s voice softened, impressed. “You’ve thought this through, huh?”

Hisham chuckled. “I had to. She deserves this. She deserves a trip that’s meaningful, something that represents everything I want to give her.”

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra sat on her couch, her phone in hand, absentmindedly scrolling through her messages. She had just finished another long stream and was starting to wind down. The screen of her phone lit up again — a message from Hisham.

Hisham (DigitalDunes):

“I’ve been thinking. About this trip. I want it to be perfect for you. I want it to feel like something you can’t say no to.”

Her heart skipped a beat. There it was again. The feeling that something was shifting between them, but she couldn't quite place it.

She tapped out a response, careful not to sound too eager.

Alectra:

“You're making it sound more and more like a dream. But I trust you, Hisham. Whatever you plan, I know it will be amazing.”

She put her phone down, a small smile playing at her lips. She had no idea what he was planning, but she knew one thing for sure — this was going to be a trip she'd never forget.

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham leaned back in his chair, looking over the notes he and Wassem had just worked through. The plan was coming together. But there was still a long way to go. He didn't just want this trip to be an extravagant getaway. He wanted it to be the beginning of something more. Something that would change the course of his life, and Alectra's life, forever.

He looked at the clock. It was late, but he wasn't tired. He couldn't be. Not with everything on the horizon.



CHAPTER 5: THE HIDDEN INVITATION

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham leaned back in his chair, staring at the calendar on his screen. The days were ticking by, and the trip was growing closer. The planning was nearly done, but there was one thing left — the invitation.

Alectra had to be surprised. He couldn't just send her an ordinary message or email. He wanted it to feel personal, something that would leave her speechless, something that would feel like it was meant just for her.

He picked up his phone and dialed Mariam, Alectra's best friend, and waited. The sound of the phone ringing felt like the seconds dragging by, each one building his anticipation for what was about to unfold.

Mariam's Call – Bergen, Norway

Mariam's cheerful voice broke through the silence. "Hisham! How's everything going? Getting closer to the big surprise?"

He smiled, hearing the excitement in her tone. "That's exactly what I need to talk to you about, Mariam. The invitation. I need your help."

There was a slight pause on the other end, then the sound of Mariam moving around. "You know I'm always up for helping you out. What do you need?"

Hisham took a deep breath. "I want to send Alectra something that will completely blow her mind. It's not just a trip; it's something more. But it has to be special. Not just a message — something that feels like... like a dream, a promise. Can you help me make that happen?"

Mariam's voice softened, sensing the seriousness in his tone. "I get it, Hisham. You want this to be unforgettable. I think I know exactly how to do it."

Mariam – Bergen, Norway

Mariam sat on her couch, staring out at the quiet evening in Bergen. She knew how much this meant to both of them. Alectra had been so focused on her streaming, her dreams of something bigger, but there had always been this subtle longing in her eyes, as if she wanted something more — someone who understood her.

And Hisham? She could hear the care in his voice whenever they talked about Alectra. She knew this wasn't just about a grand gesture; it was about showing Alectra that she mattered, that someone saw her for who she truly was.

Mariam sat up, typing a message to Hisham, ready to help make this invitation something unforgettable.

Mariam's Message – Bergen, Norway

Mariam:

"I've got an idea. Let's do this right. Let's send Alectra something special. I'll make sure she gets it — and when she does, it'll be something that she'll never forget. I'll make sure it feels personal. Something real."

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham's phone buzzed in his hand as Mariam's message came through. He read it, feeling a surge of excitement. This was exactly what he needed. He smiled, knowing that he could count on her to make this dream a reality.

He quickly replied, his fingers moving with purpose.

Hisham:

"Thank you, Mariam. You have no idea how much this means to me. When you send it, make sure it's from the heart. I want her to feel it."

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra sat by her window, sipping a cup of tea. She had just finished streaming, and for the first time in a long while, she found herself thinking about Hisham. Their conversations had been light-hearted, but something about him felt different. There was a sincerity to his words, something that set him apart from the usual noise.

As she leaned back, a message notification popped up on her phone. It was from Mariam.

Mariam:

"Alectra, you know I love you, right? So I've got a little surprise for you. Trust me on this, it's something special. Just wait and see."

Alectra raised an eyebrow, puzzled but curious. What could this be about?

Mariam – Bergen, Norway

Mariam felt a rush of excitement as she prepared the last details for the invitation. She had coordinated everything with Hisham — a beautiful, hand-crafted scroll, sealed with gold, and carefully packaged with a personal touch. It wasn't just an invitation; it was an experience. A message that would captivate Alectra's heart.

Mariam smiled as she prepared to send it, knowing this would be the beginning of something monumental for both Alectra and Hisham. The trip would be their shared adventure, and Mariam would play her part in making sure Alectra felt as special as she truly was.

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham sat back in his chair again, reflecting on how far he'd come. From watching Alectra on Twitch to planning a trip that would change their lives — it felt surreal. The invitation would be the first step. If she accepted, everything would fall into place.

He looked over at Wassem, who had been quietly listening while Hisham spoke on the phone with Mariam. "It's in motion now," Hisham said with a sense of finality. "I've set the plan in motion. We just have to wait and see how she reacts."

Wassem raised an eyebrow, impressed. "It sounds like you're really putting your heart into this, Hisham. Don't let fear stop you now. This is your chance to do something real."

Hisham nodded. "I'm not afraid, Wassem. I just hope it's enough."

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra's phone buzzed again. This time, it was from Hisham. She smiled before reading his message, which was simple but warm.

Hisham:

"I know this sounds strange, but I'm hoping you'll say yes to something important. I'll be waiting."

The feeling in her chest grew. Was this the moment? Was he finally going to reveal the big surprise he'd been teasing?

She couldn't help but wonder what was next. What was it that he was planning?

But for now, she could only wait. And hope.



CHAPTER 6: A HIDDEN TRUTH

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

It was a quiet evening, the kind where time seemed to stretch endlessly, and Alectra felt herself at ease for the first time in days. The soft hum of her computer's fan and the fading light outside the window made the moment feel serene. She had just finished a stream, and her thoughts wandered to Hisham, as they often did.

She was about to check her phone when a new notification caught her eye. It was from Mariam.

Mariam:

"Alectra, you know I love you, right? So I've got a little surprise for you. Trust me on this, it's something special. Just wait and see."

Alectra raised an eyebrow, confusion flashing across her face. What could Mariam possibly be up to now?

Before she could overthink it, another message came through — this one from Hisham.

Hisham:

"I know this sounds strange, but I'm hoping you'll say yes to something important. I'll be waiting."

Alectra's heart skipped a beat. What was he talking about? The ambiguity of his words left her intrigued but uncertain. She opened her chat with him, rereading his last few messages, searching for any clue, any hint of what was coming.

Just then, Mariam walked into the room, her face holding a grin Alectra couldn't quite read.

Mariam – Bergen, Norway

Mariam couldn't hold back her excitement as she pulled out a beautifully wrapped package from her bag. She held it out to Alectra, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Here. I have something for you. Don't open it yet," she teased, watching Alectra's confusion grow.

Alectra raised an eyebrow. "What is this?" She held the package carefully, the delicate weight of it in her hands. "Is this for me?"

Mariam nodded, a secret smile playing at her lips. "Yes. It's from someone you've been talking to... for a while. Someone who knows exactly what you need."

Alectra glanced at her, unsure of how to respond. She was curious, but also hesitant. "Mariam, what's going on? What is this?"

Mariam sighed, her expression softening. "Trust me, Alectra. You'll understand soon enough. Just... open it." She gave her a gentle push.

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra stared at the package, her heart racing slightly as she untied the ribbon. The delicate wrapping fell away, revealing an intricately designed box. The moment she opened it, she gasped.

Inside, there was a scroll, wrapped in deep blue fabric with a gold seal. It looked old, almost otherworldly, as if it had traveled through time to find her. She traced her fingers over the seal, noticing the careful craftsmanship.

“This...” Alectra’s voice faltered. “What is this?”

Mariam watched her carefully, knowing the effect the invitation would have. “It’s from Hisham. He’s planning something big. Something... you’ve been a part of from the very beginning.”

Alectra’s heart pounded as she slowly unrolled the scroll. The elegant handwriting on the parchment took her breath away.

The Invitation – Handwritten Message

"Alectra,

The world of possibilities is as vast as the sky, and like the stars that light the night, you have a way of shining brighter than anything else. It's time we turn dreams into reality.

You may not know it yet, but you've already begun to walk this path. All that's left is for you to say yes, and everything will fall into place.

The adventure awaits you. A journey that promises not just memories but the beginning of something even bigger.

I will be waiting.

With anticipation,

Hisham"

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra’s breath caught in her throat as she read the words. There was a warmth to them, a sincerity that felt almost too real. Her fingers trembled slightly as she held the scroll, her thoughts swirling. She had spent so much time focused on her dreams and dreams of something bigger, but this—this felt different.

Mariam stood quietly, watching her, but there was no judgment, no pressure. Alectra knew this was something that wasn’t just about a surprise or a grand gesture—it was a turning point.

“I—this is... wow,” Alectra whispered, her voice shaky. “I don’t even know what to say.”

Mariam sat down next to her, putting a hand on her shoulder. “You don’t have to say anything right now. But know this: you deserve everything that’s coming your way. Hisham’s not just someone

you talk to online. He sees you for who you really are, Alectra. And this invitation? It's more than just a trip. It's the beginning of something real."

Alectra looked at her best friend, the weight of the words sinking in. Her heart fluttered with a mix of excitement and uncertainty. Could this really be the start of something?

She looked back down at the scroll, still unsure of what the next step would be, but feeling the pull of something much bigger than herself.

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Back in Dubai, Hisham paced around his office, his eyes glancing at the phone that sat quietly on his desk. It felt like an eternity had passed since he sent the invitation, and he had no idea how she would react.

He picked up his phone, checking for any messages. Nothing. He sat back in his chair, running his hands through his hair. Was she overwhelmed? Did she understand what he was trying to say?

His phone buzzed, startling him. It was a message from Mariam.

Mariam:

"She's opening it. And I think she's speechless. Give her time, Hisham. It's a lot to take in."

Hisham exhaled slowly, feeling a weight lift off his shoulders. The first step had been taken. Now, all he had to do was wait.

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Alectra sat back, still holding the scroll in her hands, her mind racing. She had a lot to think about, and now the reality of it all was starting to settle in. This was no longer just a dream or an idea—it was real. She had been invited on an adventure, one that would change everything.

But even as her heart soared with the possibilities, a sense of doubt lingered. Was this the right choice? Was she ready for what was ahead?

She closed her eyes, feeling the weight of the decision ahead of her. It wasn't just a trip. It was a new chapter.



CHAPTER 7: THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

Hisham – Dubai, UAE

Hisham stood at the edge of the massive event space, watching the crew from Live Nation finalize the setup for the pre-launch showcase. The floor sparkled with new lights, screens displayed the custom trip branding, and everything was moving like clockwork.

His phone vibrated — another email from the concierge team confirming the final booking for the last destination. Everything was falling into place.

He whispered to himself, “This is really happening... she’s coming.”

Wassem, sipping on an energy drink, leaned over a tall black speaker. “Man, are you nervous or excited?”

Hisham turned toward him, half-laughing. “Both. I’ve handled business deals worth millions without blinking, but this? This is different.”

Wassem raised a brow, smirking. “Because it’s not just business. It’s personal.”

Hisham nodded. “It’s everything I ever imagined... and a little more.”

Alectra – Bergen, Norway

Back in her apartment, Alectra sat on the floor with Mariam, her suitcase half-packed and her hands trembling.

“This doesn’t feel real,” she said, picking up a passport-sized travel pouch. “I’ve never even been to Dubai.”

Mariam folded one of Alectra’s signature streaming hoodies. “Well, you’re going to four countries. Not just Dubai. And this time, you’re not just visiting — you’re the center of the story.”

Alectra looked at the scroll again, still resting on her desk. “He called it a dream turned real... but why me? Why now?”

Mariam gave her a long look. “Because you’ve always been you. Honest. Real. And maybe... maybe because you touched someone’s heart in a way you never realized.”

Alectra blinked fast, her voice dropping. “What if I mess it up? What if he’s expecting someone I’m not?”

Mariam knelt beside her, grabbing her hands. “He’s not expecting anyone else. He already knows you, El. Maybe even more than you know yourself.”

Hisham – Private Office, Dubai

Hisham's desk was covered in checklists. Custom gowns from Beirut? Ordered. Concert stage logistics in Tokyo? Finalized. Personal translator for Prague? Confirmed.

Live Nation's coordinator walked in, clipboard in hand. "We're ready to push the teaser campaign. Final approval?"

Hisham gave a firm nod. "Do it. Let the world know something special is coming."

His assistant popped in right after. "Sir, Emirates Airlines has delivered the upgraded first-class packages. The rose gold invitation suite is included with the boarding pass. Should we send the welcome gift now?"

He thought for a second. "No. Wait until 24 hours before her flight. Let her heart race a little."

He smiled to himself. Let the countdown begin.

Group Chat: "The Trip Crew"

Wassem:

"Mariam, she's confirmed, right?"

Mariam:

"She said yes. But she's scared. It's big for her. She's never been seen like this before."

Hisham:

"Let's make it easy for her to say yes again, every day of the trip."

Wassem:

"Now that's a line worth stealing."

Alectra – Bergen Airport Lounge

Holding her boarding pass, Alectra stared out the window at the plane. Her heart felt like a warzone — excitement and anxiety colliding.

She opened Instagram and clicked on Hisham's profile. His most recent story was vague: just a sky, the caption read, "The stars aligned the moment you looked back."

She smiled. Her fingers hovered over the reply button, but she didn't press send.

Mariam was right — she was scared. Not of Hisham, not of the trip. But of how real it was becoming.

Hisham – At Home, Late Night

Alone on his rooftop, the city lights of Dubai glowing below, Hisham looked up at the stars. He thought about the quiet moments between the planning — the silence, the dreams, the months of working for this moment.

He whispered to no one, to her, perhaps:

"You don't know it yet... but this trip isn't just for you. It's for me too. To prove something I lost in myself. Maybe you'll help me find it."

His phone lit up. A message from Alectra.

Alectra:

"I'm packed. Mariam says I look like a superstar. I'm... scared, but I'm coming."

Hisham didn't reply immediately. He just closed his eyes.

Then, he typed:

Hisham:

"Superstars only shine when the night is darkest. I'll be waiting, Alectra."

The Countdown: 24 Hours

- Custom vinyl set: Delivered.
- VIP airport welcome team: En route.
- First concert surprise setup: 80% done.
- Surprise #1 for Destination One: Hidden perfectly.
- Hisham's tailored suit for her arrival: Pressed and ready.

Everything was in place.

And now, it was time for the skies to carry her toward the unknown.



CHAPTER 8: THE FIRST ARRIVAL

“Sometimes, the first step isn’t on the ground—it’s off the edge of your comfort zone.”

Alectra – Dubai International Airport

Alectra stepped off the plane, the desert warmth gently hugging her skin even through the jet bridge. She didn’t know what to expect—maybe flashing lights, maybe a quiet car, maybe nothing at all. What she didn’t expect was...

A private Emirates escort holding a sign:

“Welcome, Cherry Queen. 🌸”

Her breath hitched.

The escort smiled warmly. “Miss Alectra, we’ve been waiting for you. If you’ll follow me?”

Still holding her backpack tight, she followed silently, her mind racing.

Cherry Queen... that name...

At baggage claim, she was handed a rose gold envelope. She opened it slowly.

“Destination One: The Blooming Start

*Welcome to the first chapter of your dream. No cameras, no filters. Just your heart,
and this city, and the one watching you become everything you’re meant to be.*

–H’

Her cheeks flushed. She turned the paper over—there was a petal from a real cherry blossom tucked into the fold.

Hisham – Waiting outside the VIP Terminal

Wassem leaned against the matte black Bentley, grinning like he was watching a movie unfold.

“You sure you don’t wanna meet her at the gate?” he asked.

Hisham shook his head. “She needs to land first. Not just in Dubai, but emotionally. Give her space. She’ll walk out of that door on her terms.”

Wassem nodded, impressed. “You’re a poet when it matters, huh?”

“I’m not trying to win her,” Hisham replied. “I’m trying to witness her.”

Alectra – En Route to Her Surprise

The Bentley's windows were tinted perfectly. She sat in the backseat alone, fingers brushing over the envelope in her lap. The driver had offered her silence or music—she chose silence.

She wanted to feel this moment.

Dubai passed like a blur of gold and glass—luxury malls, Arabic calligraphy across buildings, glowing minarets, the desert dust floating in warm air like suspended magic.

Then the car slowed...

To a building unlike anything she'd seen.

A modern palace in the heart of the city, its entrance covered in fresh cherry blossoms, flown in from Japan.

Hisham – Watching From Afar

He wasn't at the front door. Instead, he stood inside, on the upper floor balcony, behind shaded glass. Watching.

She stepped out of the car. She looked up.

She felt him.

Even though she couldn't see him, something in her eyes changed. Her lips parted slightly, her hand brushed a lock of hair behind her ear.

Mariam had told him: "She notices the little things. Don't overload her. Let her process."

So he waited.

The butler handed her a new scroll and gestured toward a curved white staircase.

She took a deep breath and entered.

Inside the Blooming Start Suite

The lights were dimmed, candles flickered softly along the hallway, and her favorite game soundtrack was playing — Zelda's Lullaby, re-orchestrated with oud and violin.

A cherry blossom-shaped note was on the bed:

"Your room for tonight.

Tomorrow, your journey begins with a concert... and a question.

Tonight, rest.

You've traveled far—let your soul catch up."

She sat on the bed, tears threatening her eyes—not from sadness. From how much care had gone into this.

For the first time in years... she felt seen.

Later That Night – Rooftop Balcony

Alectra stood wrapped in a silk robe, looking over Dubai's lights. The city sparkled like a galaxy flipped upside-down.

She held her phone.

Instagram DM

From: **@alectra.gg**

To: **@hisham.mhd**

"I don't know what to say. Everything feels... delicate and deep. Thank you."

Moments later, the reply came.

"Some moments aren't meant to be spoken. Only remembered."

She smiled. Whispered to herself, "Is this really my life?"

Then she turned and walked back in. Her cherry queen story had just begun.



CHAPTER 9: THE STAGE AND THE FIRST SPARK

“In a world of noise, sometimes the clearest voice is the one you didn’t expect to hear.”

Live Nation Private Venue – Day 1 Evening

Alectra sat front row in a venue unlike anything she’d ever seen. It wasn’t massive—it was intimate. High-end acoustics, a floating stage, cherry blossom projections on the walls. The space held maybe fifty seats, but tonight, only two were occupied.

Hers.

And... his.

He wasn’t next to her yet.

Instead, on stage, a female emcee with a sleek headset stepped up. “Good evening, Miss Alectra,” she said with a knowing smile. “Tonight’s performance is just for you. A voice, a message, and maybe... a confession.”

The lights dimmed. A single spotlight lit the stage.

Hisham – Backstage, Heart Racing

Wassem clapped him on the shoulder. “Bro. You wrote the lyrics. You picked the song. Now go sit and breathe. No backing out.”

“I’m not backing out,” Hisham said quietly. “I’m stepping in.”

He took a deep breath, walked around the side, and slipped into the empty seat beside her just as the first notes rang out.

A live band began to play—soft, moody, cinematic. Then... a voice.

It wasn’t a known song.

It was his.

The Lyrics (Performed by a Male Artist on Hisham’s Behalf)

*“She blooms where no one’s watching,
In pixels, in sparks, in silence.*

*I watched you not like a fan,
But like a soul finding its echo.*

*You don't know what you gave me—
Not attention. Not reply.
But the hope to become
The kind of man you'd never expect...
Yet maybe one day, say yes to."*

Alectra – Her Mind During the Song

She didn't blink. She didn't breathe. The voice wasn't his, but the message was.

She turned slowly to him—Hisham sat beside her, his hands in his lap, eyes forward, not forcing the moment.

Inside, her thoughts screamed.

"Is this real? Did he really write this for me? How long has he... thought this way?"

She didn't reach for his hand.

She didn't run either.

She just let the song wash over her, heart pounding against her ribs.

After the Song – A Conversation, Finally

The emcee bowed out. The lights rose softly.

Hisham finally looked at her.

"I didn't want a grand gesture," he said softly. "I wanted a true one."

She stared at him, a thousand thoughts swimming.

"...How long have you been planning this?" she whispered.

"Since I realized... watching you smile made me smile too."

Silence stretched.

"Did you expect anything from me?" she asked.

"No," he said honestly. "Just wanted to be a chapter in your story. Maybe one you reread someday."

Her lips parted, then curled up... just a little. "You're impossible, you know that?"

"I hope not completely," he said, smiling gently.

Later That Night – Two Conversations, Two Cities

Alectra & Mariam – Video Call

Alectra lay on her bed, laptop on her chest.

Mariam: “YOU’RE KIDDING. A private concert? And he wrote the lyrics?”

Alectra: “And he didn’t even look at me once during the song. He didn’t push. He just... let it land.”

Mariam: “Girl. That’s either dangerous... or beautiful.”

Alectra: (softly) “Maybe both.”

Hisham & Wassem – Rooftop Lounge

Wassem handed him a drink. “So. That looked like a spark.”

Hisham: “It wasn’t a fire.”

Wassem: “Yet.”

Hisham looked out over the skyline. “I’m not trying to ignite her. I’m trying to give her a safe space to be flames if she wants.”

Wassem chuckled. “You’re dangerous, bro.”

Hisham took a sip, smiling to himself. “I hope... I’m unforgettable.”



CHAPTER 10: THE POOL, THE STARS, AND THE FIRST TOUCH

“Some moments don’t need labels. They just need silence, moonlight... and a heartbeat that’s not alone.”

Destination 2: Maldives – Day 3

They arrived by seaplane, the turquoise ocean below whispering of secrets yet to unfold. Alectra stepped out onto the floating dock of their sea villa, the horizon melting into lavender clouds.

Inside the villa, everything was pristine, open, glowing in soft hues of beige and rose. But the real treasure was outside—an infinity pool that looked like it kissed the ocean.

“This place...” Alectra whispered, her bag forgotten on the floor.

Hisham smiled. “It’s not about the luxury. It’s about the silence it lets you hear.”

That Night – The Pool

The stars were dripping overhead like diamonds flung across velvet. Alectra, in a soft robe, stepped outside. The pool lights shimmered beneath her, glowing blue. Hisham was already there, leaning against the edge.

She slipped into the water without a word.

They floated in quietness. No waves. No forced talks.

Then, she broke the silence.

Alectra:

"You know what scares me, Hisham?"

Hisham:

"...No. But I’d like to."

Alectra:

"That you’re... too good. That you’ll vanish. Or worse... that I’ll stay, and you’ll realize you want someone else."

Hisham: (softly)

"I'm not here because I want someone. I'm here because I saw you... and I didn’t want to look away."

She looked over at him, water droplets on her lashes. Her mouth opened, then closed again.

Then she swam to him.

The First Touch

They didn't speak.

She reached, slowly, and placed her hand on his chest—right over his heart.

It was the first physical contact they'd ever had.

She didn't pull back.

Neither did he.

He raised his hand and rested it gently on her waist, keeping enough space not to scare her, but enough closeness to say... I'm here.

Her forehead touched his shoulder. Not a kiss. Not a plea. Just... closeness.

And the world stopped.

Later That Night – Private Journals

Alectra's Diary

"Today I touched him, not by accident. My hand fit right where his heart beat. I didn't want to run. I didn't want to speak. I just... existed there. I'm not sure what I'm becoming around him, but it feels like something safe... and dangerous. At the same time."

Hisham's Notes

"She didn't say she loved me. She didn't have to. That moment... I felt the walls fall. Not all of them. But enough for me to see the girl I watched through a screen... was real. And maybe... starting to see me too."

The Next Morning – Over Breakfast

Wassem (on voice call): "DID SHE TOUCH YOU?"

Hisham: (laughs quietly) "Yes. But it wasn't like that."

Wassem: "Okay poet, how was it then?"

Hisham: "...Like the moon trusted me enough to land on my chest."

Meanwhile – Mariam & Alectra

Mariam: "You touched him?"

Alectra: (grinning while hiding her face) "Shut up."

Mariam: "Okay but like... accidentally or—"

Alectra: "Deliberately. I wanted to."

Mariam: "Well damn. You're falling."

Alectra, staring out her villa window:
"...I think I already started."



CHAPTER 11: THE FIRE IN KYOTO

“Some confessions don’t come in words—they come in the way someone holds your hand a second longer... or doesn’t let go at all.”

Destination 3: Kyoto, Japan – Arrival Day

The city buzzed with quiet reverence. Wooden buildings, paper lanterns, the smell of matcha, and the hush of centuries-old temples. Kyoto was a different rhythm—calm, deliberate, eternal.

Their hotel overlooked a cherry blossom garden, the petals dancing in the wind like memories. It was traditional—sliding doors, tatami floors, and the soft scent of incense.

Alectra opened the window and stood in silence, letting the breeze lift strands of her hair.

Hisham watched her from behind.

Hisham (monologue):

“She’s the type of woman temples would be built for—not because she asks for worship, but because she naturally silences the noise in your soul.”

Afternoon – A Tea Ceremony

The host taught them about stillness, precision, and intention. Every movement mattered.

Alectra was focused, calm, radiant. She bowed. She smiled. She poured. And then she glanced at Hisham—eyes locking for just a breath too long.

Alectra (monologue):

“How does someone become this familiar when we’ve only been real for days? He doesn’t chase. He doesn’t flirt. He just... sees.”

That Night – Fire Garden Dinner

He had arranged it—low tables under a maple tree lit with hanging lanterns. A private chef. The sound of a nearby stream. Flames flickered in glass bowls along the path.

They ate slowly, barefoot on warm mats. Between courses, they talked. Deeper than before.

Hisham:

“You always imagine someone like you would have a crowd chasing after her. Fame, followers, brands. But no one really gets... you, do they?”

Alectra (softly):

“They don’t look past the noise. You did. From the first day.”

Silence.

Then—she leaned forward, brushing a speck of rice from his lip.

Neither moved back.

Midnight – The First Night

The garden behind the suite was softly lit. He sat beside the koi pond, barefoot, wine glass in hand. She joined him quietly, now in a soft cotton yukata.

Alectra:

“Are you scared of what this is becoming?”

Hisham:

“Not scared. Just... careful. This isn't a moment thing for me.”

Alectra:

“Me neither.”

She touched his hand.

He turned it over and laced their fingers.

There was no need for more words.

The Moment

They entered the room in silence.

No fireworks. No clichés.

Just two people, walking toward each other without resistance.

He kissed her slowly. Carefully. The way you'd kiss someone you respect too much to rush.

She responded with equal weight—not passion, but gravity.

Clothes slipped away not in haste, but reverence. Touches were mapped like stories. Eyes remained open longer than usual.

And when it was over... they didn't pull apart.

After

She lay against his chest, tracing the edge of his tattoo.

Alectra:

“Why didn't you ever say anything before this trip?”

Hisham:

“Because I never wanted you to feel like you owed me something.”

Alectra: (whispering)

“I don't. But I still gave it. All of it.”

He kissed her hair.

And they fell asleep.

Private Writings

Alectra's Diary

"Tonight wasn't passion. It was something heavier. We didn't say 'I love you.' But I think... if we had, it would've felt small next to what this was."

Hisham's Notes

"She gave me her trust before her body. And then she gave both. I've never known anything so soft and so certain. It didn't feel like winning. It felt like coming home."



CHAPTER 12: CROWNED IN THE CLOUDS

“Some love stories don’t need a wedding. They need a vow only the sky can hear.”

Destination 4: Switzerland – The Last Stop

The helicopter blades sliced the air as they rose above Lucerne, climbing toward the hidden gem of Mount Pilatus. Snow sparkled below like a field of crushed diamonds. The air was thin, crisp, and silent.

Inside the cabin, Alectra’s hand rested quietly in Hisham’s. No words. No music. Just breath and heartbeats.

Alectra (monologue):

“Every part of this trip felt like a dream someone built just for me. But this part... this feels like the ending of a fairytale I didn’t think I deserved.”

The Summit – A Private Ceremony

A lone chalet perched near the peak. Red roses and white silk danced in the wind. There was no crowd—just Wasseem and Mariam, quietly waiting near the edge.

Alectra stepped out wearing a long, deep burgundy coat over her dress. Hair pinned back. Eyes full of glassy emotion.

Hisham waited near a stone archway shaped like a crown—custom-built, carved with her name in Norse runes and his in Arabic script.

The music was live—just a cellist playing under the open sky.

Mariam handed Alectra a scroll.

Mariam (softly):

“He wrote it this morning. Told me to give it to you right before.”

She opened it with trembling fingers.

The Scroll – Hisham's Vow

"To the girl who streamed into my world from behind a screen...

I offer you this sky, not as a promise, but as proof.

Proof that I crossed oceans for your smile.

Proof that even silence speaks, when it's with you.

I do not ask for forever. I ask for real.

*And if real means a lifetime, then let's start with today."**

Tears spilled from her eyes.

She didn't wipe them.

She walked to him slowly, breath catching. The wind blew her coat back, revealing the soft blue of her dress—like a glacier meeting the sky.

She stood in front of him, placed a hand on his chest.

And whispered...

Alectra:

"I'm ready for the real."

The Crowning

Hisham took the silk ribbon Wassem handed him and tied it around her wrist.

He whispered something only she could hear.

Then she did the same—taking a cherry blossom-shaped pendant and placing it around his neck.

They didn't kiss.

They didn't need to.

But their foreheads touched, and the cello played louder.

And it was more intimate than any kiss ever could be.

Journal Entries

Alectra's Diary

"I didn't need a ring. I didn't need a label. I got a crown made of moments. He looked at me like the whole world had paused. And in that moment—I think it did."

Hisham's Notes

"I built a world for her. But somehow, she made it feel like it was always ours. Today wasn't a ceremony. It was a confession. The kind that doesn't need to be spoken out loud anymore."

That Night

They sat outside the chalet wrapped in one blanket. Snow fell gently. Stars pulsed above.

She leaned on his shoulder.

Alectra (softly):

"What happens when we go back?"

Hisham:

"We don't go back. We build forward."

She smiled.

And this time—she kissed him first.



POST-TRIP – PART I: THE SILENCE BETWEEN ECHOES

“Sometimes, silence says more than the loudest goodbye.”

Back to Their Worlds

Dubai glittered under the morning sun as Hisham stepped off the plane. His phone buzzed with messages, business emails, project updates... but nothing from her.

Norway greeted Alectra with gray skies and drizzle. The bus ride home was quiet. The gaming center looked the same. Her chair, her headset, her chat window—all untouched.

Hisham (monologue):

“The trip ended. But my mind... it’s still on that mountain. Still holding her hand in the snow.”

Alectra (monologue):

“I unpacked everything. Except him.”

A Week Later – Texts Left on Read

Hisham sent her a message.

"Hope the landing wasn't too rough. I miss the sound of your laugh."

She saw it. But didn't reply.

She typed... then deleted.

Streaming Again

Alectra returned to Twitch. Her smile was there—but faded, like she was borrowing it.

Mariam watched from the door of the center.

Mariam:

“You haven’t told him why you’re not answering.”

Alectra:

“I’m scared if I talk to him... I won’t stop.”

Mariam:

“You think silence protects you?”

Alectra:

“No. But it delays the fall.”

In Dubai

Wassem sat across from Hisham in a café.

Wassem:

“You alright, man?”

Hisham:

“She’s gone quiet.”

Wassem:

“Maybe she needs time.”

Hisham:

“Maybe I gave her a crown... and she didn’t want to be queen.”

Wassem:

“You didn’t give her a title. You gave her a truth. That’s harder to accept.”

A Missed Call

Late at night. 2:43 AM.

Alectra stared at her phone. She called. He didn’t pick up.

Then she wrote something in her notes app:

“You made everything feel like a beginning. But now I’m afraid I wasn’t meant to be in your middle or your end.”

She deleted it.

But the pain stayed.

One Month Later

The silence still held.

But inside it, both were screaming.

Hisham focused on work. Project after project.

Alectra turned to music, streaming less, writing more.

Yet every city light reminded him of her eyes.

And every snowfall in Norway felt like the crown she never took off.



POST-TRIP – PART II: THE ACCIDENT

“Some distances aren’t measured in kilometers. They’re shattered in seconds.”

5:47 PM – A Thursday in Dubai

The rain was unusual for this time of year. Just a soft drizzle over Sheikh Zayed Road. Hisham’s car glided through traffic, his playlist looping quietly.

Then—

Brakes squealed.

Metal screamed.

Glass exploded into stardust.

Emergency Room – Dubai Healthcare City

Hisham was stable. A concussion. Two fractured ribs. A long, quiet gash across his cheek.

Wassem sat beside him, shaken.

Doctor:

“He’s lucky. If the pole had been a meter closer...”

Mariam’s Message to Alectra

It came in the middle of her shift. One message from Mariam:

“Hisham’s been in a car accident. He’s okay. But... he asked for you when he woke up.”

Alectra froze.

Her headset dropped.

She didn’t say a word. She just walked out into the snow.

The Flight to Dubai

Booked in under twenty minutes.

Mariam didn’t ask. She just handled it.

Alectra barely packed. She only took the pendant he gave her... and her notebook.

Reunion

She stepped into the hospital room quietly.

He was asleep—bandages over his chest, IV humming beside him.

She walked to his side. Sat. Watched.

His hand moved.

Eyes slowly opened.

He blinked once. Twice.

Then smiled, weakly.

Hisham (softly):

“Did I... dream you into this room?”

Alectra (whispers, eyes full):

“If this is a dream... don’t wake up yet.”

He reached out. She held his hand—tightly.

No more silence.

No more running.

That Night – Two Diaries

Alectra’s Diary

“When I saw him lying there... every fear I had about ‘us’ melted like snow on skin. I wasn’t afraid of being too close anymore. I was afraid of never getting close again.”

Hisham’s Note to Himself

“She came. From a thousand miles away. And in that second, I realized... maybe the crown wasn’t on her head. It was in her heart all along.”



POST-TRIP – PART III: THE BUSINESS PROPOSAL

“Sometimes, a partnership starts with a question. But it ends with a promise.”

Dubai – A Week Later

The city felt different now—familiar but not quite. Hisham's recovery was swift, but his mind was heavier than it had ever been. The accident wasn't just an event. It had cracked something open.

And now, in the quiet of his office, he couldn't stop thinking about the future.

The Meeting with Alectra

Alectra had stayed in Dubai for a few days after the accident. She was at Hisham's apartment, sitting across from him on the couch—quietly reading a business proposal.

Alectra (smiling):

"You really think this could work? An international gaming startup?"

Hisham leaned back, his thoughts all tangled between personal and professional. He wasn't sure which one of them—business partner or something more—he was hoping for. But he knew that this wasn't just an offer for a company. It was a chance for them to create something together.

Hisham:

"Not just 'could work,' Alectra. It will. We've seen it happen already. You've got the audience. I've got the business side. Together, we can build something massive—something bigger than either of us ever imagined."

Alectra:

"You mean... work together? Like a real partnership?"

The Proposal

The plan was in front of her. A sleek, simple document with clean graphics. A venture that combined gaming, streaming, and live events—something she could thrive in and lead, and something he could manage and grow.

It was about reaching gamers worldwide, bringing them into a community that felt personal and real.

Hisham (grinning):

"Think of it like this: You bring the fans, the passion, the streams... and I bring the business, the strategy, and the capital."

She ran her fingers over the document. The words danced like they were speaking directly to her dreams.

Alectra's Reflection

Alectra (monologue):

"I had dreamed of this. Of building something bigger than my streams, my small world. But with him? There's something more... something real. We've been through so much, and now, maybe we're meant to be more than just a story. Maybe we're meant to build it."

Dubai, The Next Morning

Alectra took a walk outside his apartment, the city's morning hustle pushing against the calm inside her.

She knew the choice was bigger than business. It was about everything.

She returned to the apartment, the scent of coffee greeting her.

Alectra:

"I'll do it. Let's start this... together."

The First Meeting

It wasn't romantic, not exactly.

But the chemistry was undeniable.

Hisham:

"I've got some calls to make. Some contracts to sign. You just say the word, and we're in."

Alectra:

"And if we fail?"

Hisham (smiling):

"Then we build again."

They sealed the deal with a handshake. But it wasn't just a business partnership. It was the first step into a new world—a new future where neither of them was running from anything anymore.

Two Diaries – The Same Promise

Alectra's Diary

"I gave him my 'yes.' Not just to the company, but to us. I think he knew I was still holding back. But he didn't push. He just offered something solid. Something real. And I'm finally ready for it."

Hisham's Notes

"We started as strangers. Then, a crown. And now, we start again. This time, it's not just a dream. It's our future. Together."

Late Night in the Office

Hisham stood by the window, overlooking the city. The night sky felt vast, full of endless possibilities.

Alectra (walking in, looking at the skyline):

“It’s amazing, isn’t it? How we went from ‘what ifs’ to ‘this is it.’”

Hisham:

“Yeah... and I think it’s just the beginning.”

She looked at him—no walls. No distance.

Alectra:

“You really believe in this, don’t you?”

Hisham:

“I believe in us. Not just as partners. But as more than that. And maybe, someday, we’ll say it out loud.”

The Future Ahead

Plans were being made. Contracts were signed. Flights were booked for their first big business trip together—an international gaming event in the making. They were building something far beyond what either of them had imagined.

But amidst the work and the ambition...

They were still discovering each other in small, tender moments.

And though the words still hung in the air—the unspoken truth—they didn’t need to rush.

Not yet.

