

Diary of

Forbiden Love

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# Dedication

To my dear sister,

Khawla Ben Hida,

my companion on this journey and my beloved.

#### Introduction

In a world divided by distance, culture, and circumstance, two hearts found a connection that transcended the boundaries of reality. Leila, a young woman from a quiet village, lived a life shaped by simplicity, nature, and the unspoken rhythms of her world. Alexander, a man from a bustling city in the developed world, navigated the chaos of modern life, surrounded by technology, skyscrapers, and endless noise.

Fate—or perhaps chance—brought them together on a platform meant for fleeting interactions, yet their connection quickly became something far deeper. Through screens and typed words, they discovered each other's worlds, sharing secrets, small joys, and the fragile intimacies that make life meaningful.

These daily exchanges became their diary, a chronicle of longing, discovery, and the delicate dance of two hearts learning to exist in each other's thoughts. In every message, a bridge was built; in every reply, a world unfolded—one that neither distance nor circumstance could fully contain.

This collection of diary entries captures twenty days of an extraordinary bond—a bond that begins with curiosity, deepens into affection, and blossoms into a quiet, luminous love. Within these pages, the reader will witness the tender, unspoken emotions, the shared dreams, and the daily rituals that bind two souls across continents.

Here begins the journey of Leila and Alexander—a journey of words, emotions, and the timeless human desire to be seen, understood, and cherished.

## to Day 1 - Seila to

The morning air was sharp, brushing against my cheeks as I walked past the fields that had seen every season of my life. The village was waking slowly—roosters crowing, women sweeping the dusty courtyards, and children chasing after goats. Everything was familiar, predictable, almost comforting. Yet inside, I felt a strange restlessness, like a quiet whisper I couldn't ignore.

I sat at the old wooden table near the window, my laptop open, half-heartedly scrolling through messages. And then I saw it—a message from a stranger. Alexander, he called himself. I didn't know why, but I clicked.

"Hello, I hope this message finds you well."

His words were simple, almost plain. Yet there was something in them that made my chest tighten—a curiosity I could not explain. Who was this man from a world so far away, who dared to reach into the quiet corners of my life?

I stared at the screen, imagining him: a stranger with a life I could barely fathom. And for the first time in a long while, I felt the stirrings of something dangerous, beautiful, and utterly forbidden.

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#### Day 1 – Alexander

I never expected to feel anything when I sent a simple message to a girl I found through a random mutual friend on Facebook. But there was something different about her—Leila. Her words in the chat were plain, yet they carried a sincerity I had not encountered in years.

She spoke of the sun, the village, her small routines. And yet, in those small descriptions, I saw a universe untouched by my wealth, my travels, my power. A universe I wanted to know, desperately.

I closed my laptop that night, the glow fading, but the weight of anticipation remained. Who was she? Could someone so far removed from my world understand anything of me? And yet, I could not shake the feeling that this connection—this fragile thread—was the beginning of something I could not yet name.

## to Day 2 - Seila to

The sun was higher now, and the fields shimmered with the heat of the morning. I tried to lose myself in my chores, sweeping the courtyard and tending to the small garden, but my mind kept returning to his message.

I opened my laptop again, hesitating before typing. What could I possibly say? Was it safe to reply? And yet, something inside urged me to respond.

"Good morning, Alexander. Your message... it surprised me. I didn't expect to hear from someone like you."

I paused. My fingers hovered over the keyboard. What did "someone like me" really mean? A simple girl from a village, a life so ordinary compared to his? I pressed send, heart hammering, as if the click alone could betray me.

And then, like a whisper through the wind, I felt it—a thrill, a fear, a secret I was only beginning to understand.

#### Day 2 – Alexander

Her reply arrived almost immediately. "Good morning, Alexander..."

Simple words. And yet, the way she phrased them—the hesitation, the surprise—made my chest tighten. She was cautious, guarded, a product of a world I could never fully enter. And still, she answered.

I typed slowly, carefully choosing words that might not frighten her away:

"I didn't mean to startle you. I... I just wanted to know you, if that is allowed."

I stared at the screen, imagining her reading these words in the quiet of her courtyard, perhaps glancing at the fields beyond, wondering if this connection was right—or impossible. The distance was immense, but somehow, in that moment, it felt smaller than ever.

## to Day 3 - Leila to

The morning air was heavier today, thick with the scent of freshly tilled soil and the faint sweetness of jasmine from the courtyard. I tried to immerse myself in my routine, but every sound seemed to pull me back to the small screen of my laptop.

Alexander had sent another message, longer this time. His words were gentle, inquisitive, almost reverent. He asked about my day, my life in the village, the small details I had never thought anyone outside would care to know.

I felt a strange warmth, a fluttering in my chest. Was it foolish to feel this way? A stranger from a distant world, someone whose life I could barely imagine, was showing an interest in me—truly in me, not in a story I had to tell.

I responded, cautiously, carefully choosing each word.

"Today was quiet. The goats wandered lazily, and I helped my mother in the garden. Nothing exciting... but it feels different now, writing to you."

And as I pressed send, I realized that these small exchanges were beginning to matter more than I had ever expected.

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### Day 3 – Alexander

Her reply arrived while I was staring out at the city skyline, a sharp contrast to the fields and quiet life she described. I read her words slowly, savoring them:

"Today was quiet... it feels different now, writing to you."

A thrill ran through me. She was cautious, yet she was opening a small door into her world. My mind raced with questions, curiosities, and the impossible hope that this connection could endure the distance, the differences, the inevitable barriers.

I typed back, my fingers trembling slightly:

"I imagine your day as if I were there, walking among the goats, smelling the earth, hearing the quiet of your village. Somehow, I feel closer to you already, though I am so far away."

The send button felt heavier than usual, yet liberating. For the first time in a long while, I felt that the walls around my world were beginning to crack, letting something fragile and dangerous slip through.

## to Day 4 - Seila to

The day began like any other, but the familiar sounds of the village—the bleating goats, the creaking wooden gates, the distant laughter of children—felt different today, heavier somehow. My thoughts were not in the fields or the garden, but hovering over the glowing screen of my laptop.

Alexander had sent a message early in the morning. It was not long, but the words carried a weight I could not ignore:

"I keep thinking about you. About your day, your life, the quiet strength I sense behind your words. Do you ever wonder if we are meant to meet, despite everything?"

I stared at the screen, heart pounding. Meant to meet? Could such a thing ever happen? Could someone from my simple, contained world ever truly meet someone like him? The thought thrilled me, terrified me, and yet, I could not resist replying.

"I do not know... I try not to think about it too much. Sometimes, the idea is too large for me to hold. But yes... I wonder. More than I should."

Even typing those words, I felt a shiver. Each message was a thread pulling me toward something I was not sure I was ready to face. ---

#### Day 4 – Alexander

Her reply came just as I was leaving the office, walking through the crowded streets that never slept. Her words were brief, hesitant, yet they carried a sincerity that struck me like a warm, unexpected light.

"Sometimes, the idea is too large for me to hold. But yes... I wonder. More than I should."

I smiled, feeling a mix of relief and longing. She was aware of the impossibility, and yet she still allowed herself to hope. That delicate balance—between desire and restraint—was what made her so extraordinary.

I wrote back, carefully, almost reverently:

"I understand the weight of such thoughts. But perhaps the very impossibility is what makes this... extraordinary. I would risk the distance, the difference, for the chance to know you more."

And as I pressed send, I realized how dangerous this feeling was. Yet there was no turning back now; the connection had taken hold, threading through our days and hearts like a secret lifeline.

### to Day 5 - Leila to

The morning sun felt unusually warm today, as if it was trying to chase away the thoughts swirling in my mind. My mother called me repeatedly to help with the chores, her voice full of routine and expectation, yet I could not focus.

Alexander's message had arrived early, and I opened it with trembling fingers:

"I think about the moment we could finally meet... though I know the distance and everything else stand in our way. Do you ever dream of it?"

I stared at the words, feeling both a rush of joy and a pang of fear. Dreaming... yes, I had dared to dream. But my world had rules, boundaries I could not ignore. What would my family say if they knew my thoughts were elsewhere, with a man I had never met in person?

I typed cautiously, my heart hammering:

"I... I do dream, sometimes. But the reality here... it is different. There are things I cannot ignore, people I cannot disappoint. Still, I cannot deny that I want to see you, even if it is impossible."

I pressed send, feeling a mixture of exhilaration and guilt. The danger made it all the more thrilling, all the more forbidden.

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#### Day 5 – Alexander

Her reply came as I was finishing a late dinner in my apartment. The glow from the city lights outside mirrored the warmth her words brought:

"I want to see you, even if it is impossible."

Impossible. The word echoed in my mind. Everything about our connection was impossible—the distance, the worlds we came from, the social expectations, the risks. And yet, nothing felt more real.

I typed back slowly, choosing each word like a careful brushstroke:

"I know it is impossible... yet somehow, that makes every thought of you more vivid, every message more precious. I want you to know, even across this distance, I am here. I am trying, every day, to bridge the impossible."

And as I sent the message, I realized that this bridge we were building—thread by thread, word by word—was delicate. But it was ours, fragile and daring, and I would guard it fiercely.

## Day 6 - Leila

The village felt smaller today, almost suffocating, as if the walls themselves whispered warnings in the wind. My mother had noticed my distracted mood, and her sharp eyes held questions I could not yet answer.

While folding freshly washed clothes, my phone buzzed. Alexander. Another message.

"Leila, I cannot stop thinking about you. Every detail you share paints a world I long to be in. Do you ever feel the same about me?"

I froze. Feel the same? How could I admit that my heart had already begun to respond? That even amidst the expectations of my family and the judgment of the village, a secret excitement grew whenever his name appeared on my screen?

#### Carefully, I typed:

"I... I do feel it. I try not to, but your words... they stay with me long after I close the laptop. Sometimes I imagine your world... and it frightens me, and excites me all at once."

Pressing send, I felt a shiver of both delight and fear. Each message was a step closer to a reality that might never be allowed.

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#### Day 6 – Alexander

Her reply arrived while I was walking along the balcony of my apartment, the city lights sparkling below.

"Sometimes I imagine your world... and it frightens me, and excites me all at once."

I smiled, a bittersweet tension tightening in my chest. She was both cautious and daring, aware of the dangers yet unwilling to close the door. That delicate balance was intoxicating.

#### I wrote back:

"I understand that fear. And yet, it is proof that what we feel is real. Distance, differences, all the barriers—none of them can change that. I want to be part of your imagination, if only for a little while each day."

Sending the message, I felt the invisible thread stretch between us—a fragile connection, shimmering with hope, tension, and the impossible desire to bridge our worlds.

### 💠 Day 7 - Seila 💠

Today, the village felt unusually quiet, but not peaceful. My aunt, visiting unexpectedly, commented sharply on my distracted behavior. Her words, though casual, carried suspicion:

"Leila, you seem... elsewhere. What occupies your mind so much these days?"

I forced a smile, hiding my racing heart. I could not tell her about Alexander—not yet, maybe never. The idea alone was dangerous, even in thought.

I retreated to my room, shutting the door gently, and opened my laptop. His message was waiting:

"I wonder if you are safe. I know your world has many eyes watching. Are you managing?"

The concern in his words made my chest ache. Safe... what did that mean in a place where a wrong look, a word, or a secret could change everything?

I typed carefully, heart pounding:

"I am managing. But it is difficult. People notice things, even when we think we are careful. Your concern... it comforts me more than I can say." Pressing send, I felt the weight of both worlds pressing upon me—the duty to my family and village, and the forbidden pull of a love that spanned continents.

#### Day 7 – Alexander

Her reply appeared while I was in the office, reviewing documents, yet unable to focus on any of them.

"Your concern... it comforts me more than I can say."

A pang of longing struck me. She was navigating dangers I could scarcely imagine—from eyes that judged her every move to expectations I would never fully understand. And yet, she still chose to reach out, to connect, to allow this thread to exist.

I typed slowly, each word deliberate:

"I wish I could protect you from all of it. From the eyes, from the whispers, from anything that could harm the world you live in. If I could, I would be there by your side."

Sending the message, I felt a hollow ache. The distance was cruel, a barrier neither wealth nor desire could overcome. And yet, for the first time, I understood the fragility and beauty of longing—that it could be dangerous, painful, and utterly necessary all at once.

### Day 8 - Leila

The morning sun spilled golden light over the village rooftops, yet I barely noticed. My thoughts were already far away, carried by the memory of Alexander's messages and the quiet anticipation of the one I had yet to read.

When I opened the laptop, his words greeted me, simple yet tender:

"Leila, I wish I could make your world bigger, so that fear and judgment could not touch you."

A shiver ran down my spine. Bigger... safer... the thought that someone far away cared so deeply about me, about my small, ordinary life, was both comforting and frightening.

I typed slowly, feeling every word as if it were a confession:

"I wish that too... to feel free, if only for a moment. Your words make it feel possible, even if only in my heart."

Pressing send, I leaned back and closed my eyes. The gentle hum of the village seemed distant now, replaced by the invisible connection we shared. Each message was a thread, delicate yet strong, weaving a world that belonged only to the two of us. ---

#### Day 8 – Alexander

Her reply arrived while I was staring at the city skyline, the lights reflecting in the glass like scattered stars.

"Your words make it feel possible, even if only in my heart."

I felt a mixture of longing and tenderness. She allowed me into her private thoughts, even amidst a world that demanded caution. That tiny permission was more precious than any grand gesture.

I typed back, choosing my words carefully, as if each one could bridge the distance between us:

"I will be there, in every word, every thought. Even if we cannot change the world around us, I hope to make our moments here—these small exchanges—as real and alive as your heart allows."

Pressing send, I felt the invisible thread tighten, fragile yet undeniable. Our worlds were still apart, but in these messages, we were closer than either of us had ever imagined, building a secret place of intimacy, understanding, and longing that no distance could erase.

## 💠 Day 9 - Leila 💠

The morning air was soft, almost hesitant, as if it knew the tension stirring inside me. I moved quietly through the courtyard, pretending to focus on the chores, but my thoughts kept drifting to Alexander.

His message had arrived before sunrise:

"Good morning, Leila. Did you sleep well?"

The simplicity of it made my heart flutter. I smiled softly and typed back:

"I slept... though my dreams were filled with thoughts of someone far away."

Even writing those words, I felt the thrill of sharing a secret with him, a secret that belonged only to the two of us. Each message was a thread weaving our worlds closer, even when the miles stretched between them.

### Day 9 – Alexander

I received her reply just as the city began to stir. The glow of the morning sun reflecting off the glass buildings seemed muted compared to the warmth her words brought me: "My dreams were filled with thoughts of someone far away."

I imagined her lying in her small room, sunlight filtering through a window, her hair loose, eyes closing on dreams I could only guess at. My fingers hovered over the keyboard, unsure how to capture the longing that knotted my chest.

Finally, I wrote:

"I hope your dreams were kind to you. I find myself wishing I could be in them, walking beside you in those fleeting moments before the day begins."

Sending the message, I felt both the ache of distance and the beauty of a connection that no one else could touch—a fragile, perfect world of words we created for ourselves.

## ♦ Day 10 - Leila ♦

The village felt quieter today, the usual morning sounds softened by the gentle warmth of the sun. I wandered to the small garden behind the house, my hands busy with planting, yet my mind was entirely elsewhere.

Alexander's message appeared on my screen:

"Leila, I wish I could see the world through your eyes. Tell me something only you notice."

I paused, thinking. Something only I notice... the way the wind bends the wheat in the fields, creating waves that shimmer gold in the morning sun. My fingers hovered over the keyboard, then typed:

"The sunlight dances on the fields, and the wheat sways as if the earth itself is breathing. I notice it because it feels alive, welcoming the day. I wish you could see it too."

Sending it, I felt a flutter—a connection stronger than before, as if a tiny part of my world had reached him, bridging the impossible distance.

#### Day 10 – Alexander

I read her words slowly, imagining every detail. The dancing sunlight, the golden waves of wheat, the quiet breath of the earth itself—her world was alive in ways my city could never be.

I typed back, trying to capture the longing in my chest:

"I can almost see it, Leila. I can feel the wind through the wheat, smell the warm earth, and hear the quiet rhythm of your morning. You've shown me a world I could never imagine, yet I want to live in it, if only through your eyes."

Sending the message, I leaned back, realizing that the distance had never felt smaller. Through words, we had begun to share not just thoughts, but experiences, small slices of our separate worlds now intertwined in the fragile intimacy of letters we wrote every day.

## 💠 Day 11 - Leila 💠

The morning air was crisp, carrying the faint scent of dew and freshly tilled soil. I wandered to the edge of the fields, my hands idle as my thoughts traveled far beyond the village. Alexander's messages had become a rhythm in my life, a heartbeat I could not ignore.

Today, his words were different—more intimate, more daring:

"Leila, I keep thinking about the smallest details of your life... the way sunlight hits your room, the sound of your morning chores. I want to know everything, if you'll let me."

I felt a rush of warmth and vulnerability. Could I really share these things? Could I let someone so far away see me so completely? My fingers hovered over the keyboard, then typed, almost in a whisper:

"You already know more than you think... just by listening to me. But yes... I want to share. It feels right, somehow, to let you in."

Sending the message, I felt both fear and exhilaration. Each exchange was no longer just words; it was a bridge spanning our separate worlds, fragile yet undeniable.

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### Day 11 – Alexander

Her reply reached me as I walked along the quiet streets of the city, the evening lights casting reflections on the wet pavement.

"It feels right, somehow, to let you in."

My chest tightened. She was opening herself, cautiously, trusting me with the hidden corners of her life. I imagined her standing in the sunlight, the fields stretching beyond her, the simple beauty of her world glowing in my mind.

I typed back slowly, savoring every word:

"I promise to hold every detail you share with care. Every sound, every scent, every quiet moment you give me... it becomes a part of my world too. We may be far apart, but I feel closer to you with each message."

Pressing send, I leaned back and closed my eyes. Across continents, across worlds, a connection had grown—a delicate, living thing, as real as it was impossible, as thrilling as it was forbidden.

## 💠 Day 12 - Leila 💠

Her words lingered in my mind long after the screen went dark:

"I hope that in your imagination, it becomes real, even for a moment."

I closed my eyes and pictured the fields, the light, and her gentle presence within them. I felt as though I was walking beside her, though thousands of miles separated us.

I typed back slowly, deliberately, every word carrying my longing:

"I can see it, Leila. In every sentence, in every description, I step into your world. And though I cannot be there physically, I feel closer to you than ever before. You make distance meaningless."

Sending the message, I leaned back, a bittersweet ache in my chest. Distance could not touch the bond forming between us; it could only heighten its intensity. Each day, each word, drew us deeper into a connection that neither time nor space could erase.

## 💠 Day 13 - Leila 💠

The morning light filtered through the small window of my room, painting soft patterns on the floor. I carried a cup of tea to the balcony, letting the warmth seep into my hands as I thought of Alexander.

His message appeared, gentle yet filled with longing:

"Leila, I wonder what small joys your day holds. Can you tell me something that made you smile today?"

I paused, reflecting. The laughter of the children in the village, the scent of fresh bread from the baker's oven, the soft sway of the trees—these small moments had taken on new meaning because I wanted to share them with him.

#### I typed carefully:

"Today, I smiled at the sunlight through the old oak tree, and at the sound of children running through the fields. It felt peaceful, almost like they were laughing with me. I wished you could hear them."

Sending it, I felt a delicate thrill. Sharing these fragments of my life made the distance feel less insurmountable. ---

#### Day 13 – Alexander

I read her message slowly, savoring each word:

"I smiled at the sunlight through the old oak tree... I wished you could hear them."

I imagined her standing in the golden light, the trees casting soft shadows, the distant laughter mingling with the quiet rhythm of the village. My heart ached with a longing I could barely name.

#### I typed back:

"I can hear them, Leila, in my mind. And I can see the sunlight dancing through the leaves, feel the warmth of your day. Even from so far away, you have let me step into your world, and it feels like I am closer to you than ever."

Pressing send, I felt that invisible thread between us tighten—a bond woven from small joys, shared visions, and the tender intimacy of two hearts learning to exist together across impossible distances.

## Day 14 - Leila

The village was bathed in a soft afternoon glow, the kind that made the dust in the air shimmer like tiny stars. I sat under the old oak tree, letting my fingers trace the grooves of its bark as I thought about Alexander.

His message arrived, gentle as a whisper:

"Leila, if you could show me one thing from your world, what would it be?"

I closed my eyes, imagining the answer. The winding paths through the fields, the small stream behind our house, the laughter of my younger siblings—pieces of my life that seemed ordinary to me but precious in their simplicity.

#### I typed slowly:

"I would show you the stream behind our house. The way sunlight dances on the water, and how the frogs sing in the evenings. It is nothing grand, but it is mine... and I wish you could see it."

Pressing send, I felt a warmth, a sense that a small piece of my world was now shared with him, a bridge of intimacy spanning the miles. ---

### Day 14 – Alexander

Her words appeared while I was sitting in my office, the hum of the city around me unnoticed.

"The stream behind our house... sunlight dancing on the water... the frogs sing in the evenings."

I pictured her there, the golden sunlight on her hair, the gentle ripples of the stream, and the quiet symphony of nature she so loved. My chest tightened with longing.

#### I typed back:

"I can see it clearly, Leila. The sunlight, the water, even the frogs' song—they all feel alive in my mind. Thank you for sharing this with me. Somehow, I feel I am standing there beside you, even if only in imagination."

Sending the message, I leaned back and closed my eyes, feeling closer to her than ever. The world between us remained vast, but in these small exchanges, we had begun to inhabit a shared space, tender, fragile, and entirely ours.

## + Day 15 - Leila + →

The evening sky was painted with soft streaks of pink and orange, blending into the deepening blue above the village. I perched on the edge of my small balcony, feeling the warm breeze brush against my cheeks. My fingers fidgeted with the edge of my shawl as I thought of Alexander, wondering what he might be doing at this very hour, thousands of miles away in his busy city.

His message appeared gently on the screen, almost as if it had been waiting for me to notice it:

"Leila, do you ever wonder what life would be like if we were closer? Could we walk together in the fields or see the sunset side by side?"

I paused, letting the words sink in. The thought of walking with him felt impossible and thrilling at the same time. I imagined the village paths beneath my feet, the golden wheat swaying in the evening light, and wondered if he could see it in his mind the way I saw it.

#### Slowly, I typed:

"Yes... I imagine your city, the streets, the lights, the sound of your world. And I wish I could show you mine, the small joys that make my life feel alive. Sometimes, it feels as if you are already here, walking beside me in secret."

Sending the message made my heart race. Every word was a step closer to him, yet also a reminder of the distance separating our worlds. I closed my eyes, letting the warmth of the evening and the thrill of connection fill me, wishing the moment could last forever.

#### Day 15 – Alexander

I received her message as the city lights flickered on, reflecting off glass towers and wet streets from an earlier drizzle. Her words resonated through the hum of the office, making the distant sounds fade into insignificance:

"Sometimes, it feels as if you are already here, walking beside me in secret."

I closed my eyes, picturing her in the soft evening light, her hair catching the sun's last rays, the fields stretching endlessly behind her. My chest ached with longing, the kind of ache that made every breath sharper, more vivid.

I typed slowly, each word carrying the weight of my desire and admiration:

"I wish I could walk there with you, Leila. See everything through your eyes—the golden light, the swaying fields, the small joys that fill your world. Even for a moment, I would step into it and never want to leave."

Pressing send, I leaned back and let the city fade. The distance remained, but for the first time that evening, it felt almost irrelevant. Through our words, through this delicate

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## ♦ Day 16 - Leila ♦

The morning dew sparkled like diamonds on the grass, and I wandered to the small stream behind our house. Its water flowed gently, reflecting the blue of the sky and the golden rays of the rising sun. I sat by the edge, letting my toes touch the cool water, and thought of Alexander.

"I sometimes imagine you here, beside the water," his message read.

A smile spread across my face, warmth filling my chest. I typed:

"And I imagine you listening to the frogs, imagining the same sky as me. The wind carries the scent of flowers, and I wish you could feel it too."

Each word was a whisper of intimacy, a shared secret across continents. Even though he could not see the stream or touch the water, through these messages, he was part of my world.

### Day 16 – Alexander

I read her message as I sat by the office window, the city bustling below, yet all of it felt distant.

"I wish you could feel it too."

I imagined her standing at the edge of the stream, her hair moving in the gentle breeze, sunlight dancing across her face. Her words created images that were vivid and alive in my mind.

I typed back, letting my longing show:

"I can hear the frogs, Leila, and feel the gentle sway of the water. I am there with you, even if only in my imagination. Your world feels alive to me, more alive than anything in my city."

Sending the message, I leaned back and closed my eyes, picturing the scene in vivid detail. Every day, every exchange, was building a bridge between our worlds—a bridge made of longing, imagination, and tender affection.

## 💠 Day 17 - Leila 💠

The afternoon sun filtered through the olive trees, casting dappled shadows on the ground. The village seemed quiet, almost as if it was waiting, like I was, for something unseen. Alexander's message arrived, gentle and curious:

"I want to know your small joys... the things that make you laugh."

I thought of the children playing in the dusty paths, their laughter ringing like tiny bells. I thought of the smell of fresh bread from the village baker, and the soft songs of birds perched in the trees.

I typed slowly, feeling each memory as it came:

"These simple things make me smile... and now, I feel you smiling with me. Even from so far away, your presence makes them brighter, as if the world is sharing its joy with both of us."

Pressing send, I felt a thrill of warmth. Every small joy I shared was now a shared moment with him, a thread that drew us closer.

#### Day 17 – Alexander

Her words made the office around me dissolve.

"Even from so far away, your presence makes them brighter."

I imagined her standing there, sunlight on her hair, the children laughing around her. Every detail she shared became a treasure in my mind, a vivid piece of a world I could only enter through her eyes.

#### I typed:

"I can feel it too. Your laughter, your joy, your simple moments—they reach me across the miles. Even the smallest details make me feel closer to you."

Sending it, I leaned back, heart racing. Distance could not diminish the intimacy we were building—it only heightened it, making every word, every image, every shared moment more precious.

## Day 18 - Leila

Night had fallen, draping the village in deep shades of indigo. Stars blinked softly in the clear sky, and the moonlight spilled over the fields, turning the wheat into a silver sea. I sat by my window, a shawl wrapped around my shoulders, staring at the sky and thinking of Alexander.

His message had arrived earlier, waiting patiently for me:

"Tell me something secret, something no one else knows. I want to understand the parts of you hidden from the world."

My fingers trembled slightly. Could I share this with him? Could someone so far away feel what I feel in these quiet, lonely moments? Taking a deep breath, I typed:

"I sometimes talk to the stars, hoping someone, somewhere, is listening. I whisper my dreams, my fears, and the small hopes that I dare not share with anyone else... and somehow, I feel like you are listening."

Pressing send, I felt a mix of vulnerability and exhilaration. Sharing this secret was like opening a window to my soul. And though the distance was immense, I sensed him there, silently listening, sharing this fragile intimacy with me.

Day 18 – Alexander

Her words glowed on my screen, delicate yet powerful:

"I feel like you are listening."

I imagined her sitting by the window, the moonlight spilling over her face, her hair catching the silver light. My chest tightened. She was opening herself to me in a way that no one else ever had.

I typed back carefully, each word carrying the tenderness I felt:

"I am listening, Leila. I hear every whisper of your soul. And I hope the stars carry my thoughts to you too, so you know you are not alone, even in your quietest moments."

Sending it, I leaned back, feeling the invisible thread between us grow stronger. Through our words, we had begun to share a world of secrets, dreams, and delicate emotions—one that belonged only to us.

## 💠 Day 19 - Leila 💠

The village woke slowly to the scent of flowers and fresh earth. I wandered to the small garden, letting my hands brush over the petals of blooming jasmine, lost in thought. Alexander's morning message arrived, light yet intimate:

"I wonder if the wind ever carries my thoughts to you, as I imagine your words reaching me."

I smiled and typed, imagining him standing far away, reading my messages, feeling a connection across continents:

"Today I felt the wind and thought of you... as if it carried your words to me. It brushed my face softly, and I wished you were here to feel it with me."

Sending it, I felt the thrill of shared imagination—a small, magical bridge between our worlds, fragile yet undeniable.

Day 19 – Alexander

Her words made the office around me disappear.

"I wished you were here to feel it with me."

I imagined her standing among flowers and sunlight, the wind caressing her face. The thought of her alone in that serene world made my heart ache and soar at the same time.

### I typed back:

"And I imagined the same wind, carrying your thoughts to me. I felt the warmth of your presence in the breeze, the quiet of your world mingling with mine. Somehow, we are together, even apart."

Pressing send, I closed my eyes. The distance remained, but the connection was tangible, real in its fragility and beauty.

## Day 20 - Leila

Sunset painted the fields in a golden glow, the colors spilling over the horizon like molten light. I sat on the edge of the hill behind the house, the world quiet, except for the soft chirping of birds returning to their nests. My final message for the day lingered in my mind, tender and full of gratitude:

"Even when night comes, your words stay with me, like a light I can carry."

I sent it, feeling as if a piece of my heart had crossed the miles to him. The words were simple, yet heavy with meaning—they carried warmth, longing, and the promise of continued closeness.

### Day 20 – Alexander

Her words appeared as the city lights began to sparkle below me.

"Like a light I can carry."

I felt a profound tenderness. Across continents, across worlds, she had given me a light—a connection that outshone any physical distance.

I typed back slowly, savoring every word:

"I feel the same, Leila. You are the light in my days, even from afar. And I hope we continue to share it, one message at a time, building a world that belongs only to us."

Sending it, I leaned back, heart full. For twenty days, we had woven a fragile, beautiful tapestry of words, thoughts, and dreams. Distance remained, but in these messages, we had created a private universe—intimate, tender, and eternal in its own quiet way.

### Conclusion

Twenty days. Twenty days of letters, words, and whispered secrets carried across continents. In that time, two lives, so different in circumstance and world, had intertwined in ways neither could have imagined. Leila's quiet, sunlit village became more than a place—it became a world shared with Alexander. And his bustling, distant city became not just a backdrop, but a living, breathing presence in her imagination.

Through every message, they had discovered not only each other but themselves—the fears, the hopes, the small joys that often go unnoticed. What began as curiosity evolved into understanding; what began as admiration grew into affection; what began as longing became a bond stronger than the miles that separated them.

Their diary was more than a chronicle of days—it was a testament to the resilience of the human heart, the beauty of connection, and the power of words to bridge worlds. In these exchanges, distance lost its weight, silence was never empty, and the simplest moments became profound when shared with someone who truly listens.

And so, as the twentieth day closes, the story does not end. It lingers in the spaces between messages, in the echoes of laughter and whispered thoughts, in the quiet certainty that two

hearts, despite distance, have found a way to meet, to care, and to remain luminous in each other's lives. This is the story of Leila and Alexander—a story of distance overcome, hearts entwined, and a love nurtured through the gentle, persistent power of connection.

In a quiet village, Leila lives a life mapped by duty, expectation, and the boundaries of tradition.

Across the world, Alexander exists in a realm of freedom, wealth, and opportunity—a world she can only imagine.

When fate—or perhaps chance—brings them together through messages and fleeting conversations, an impossible love awakens.

Across continents and social divides, they navigate desire, fear, and the courage it takes to choose oneself.

Diary of Forbidden Love is a diary-novel of longing, awakening, and resilience.

Through day-by-day reflections, it explores the weight of love that cannot always be possessed, the beauty of human connection, and the quiet heroism of living truthfully.

Sometimes love is not about holding on. Sometimes it is about learning what endures.