

The sun filtered through the window, but for Elara, the day was just beginning. In her mind, a bittersweet melody echoed: "**She loves me, I love her.**" It was the simplest and most complicated truth of her life. Last night, a stupid argument had broken that harmony. "I'm sorry," she had whispered, her eyes filled with tears. "**I apologize.**" He, in his pride, had only thought: "**I am better than you.**" What a monumental mistake.

"**Now I'm here,**" Elara thought, staring at the ceiling, the loneliness of the room palpable. "**Now I'm not,**" she whispered almost at the same time, referring to his presence that, though not physically there, filled every corner of her mind. "**What are you thinking?**" she wondered, as if her mind could connect with his miles away. Was he regretting it? Or did he still believe he was right?

Suddenly, a thought struck her: "**Are you crazy?**" Why was she clinging to a man who could be so arrogant? Then she remembered the good times, the laughter, the way he looked at her as if she were the only person in the universe. It was true that "**he is rich,**" a detail that sometimes bothered her because of the stigma it carried, but that wasn't what had made her fall in love.

"**Imagine,**" she told herself, closing her eyes. "**Can you imagine?**" A world where pride didn't exist, where words were never misinterpreted. A world where love was enough to overcome any obstacle. She opened her eyes, with new determination. She couldn't change the past, but she could change the future. Perhaps, just perhaps, there was still hope for their "**She loves me, I love her**" story.