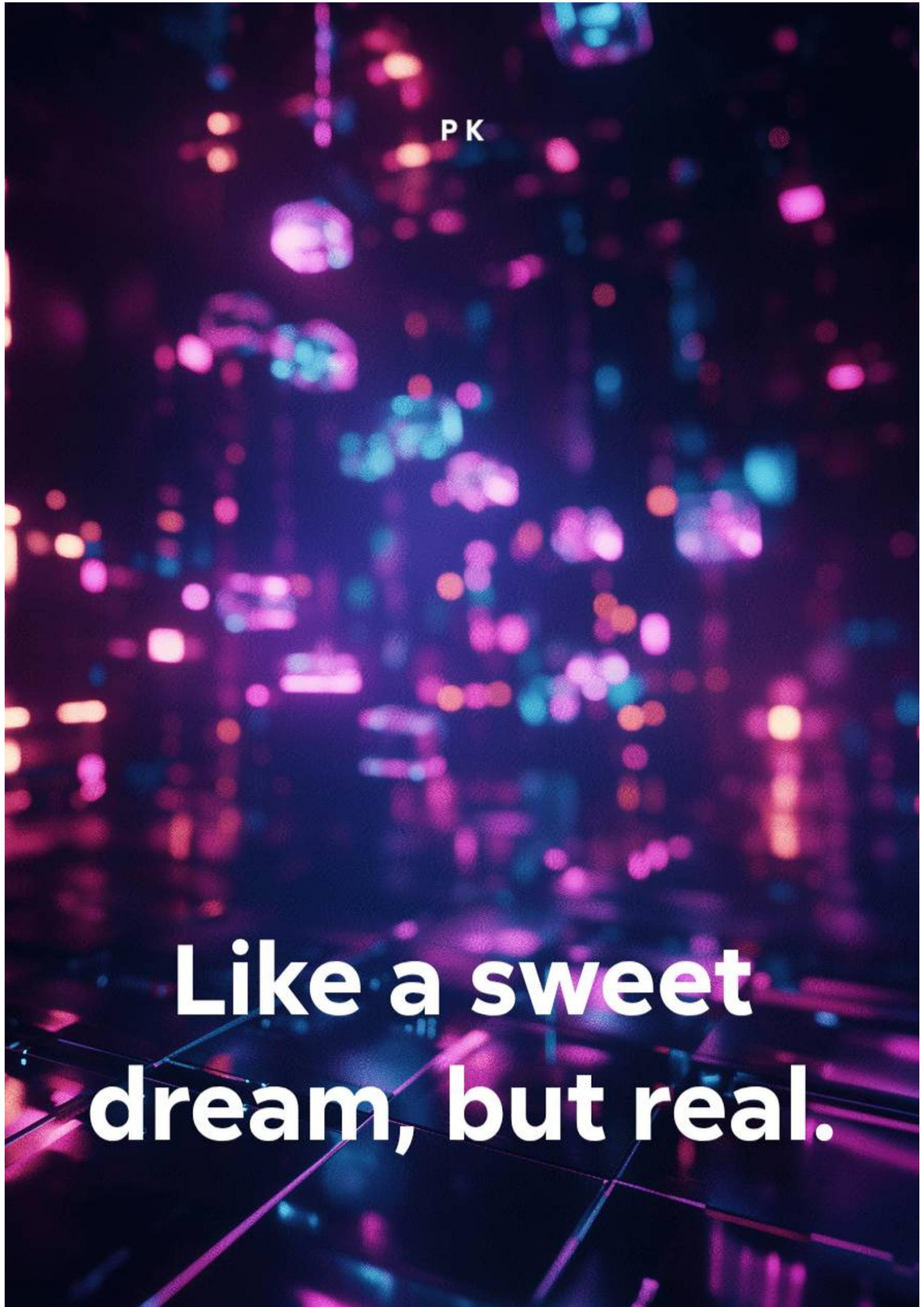




P K

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«Автор»

2026

**K P.**

Like a sweet dream, but real. / P. K — «АВТОР», 2026

Like a Sweet Dream, But Reality is a warm story about faith, love, and family. Follow Nastya from a rainy childhood and her first prayers, through the shy beginning of love and a wedding blessed by both families, to the quiet daily miracles of a shared home — children, grandchildren, hard days and bright ones. Each short chapter is a small moment of life, written with gratitude and hope. A gentle book for evenings of reflection, for readers who believe that ordinary days, lived with kindness and trust in God, can become a dream come true.

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# **P K**

## **Like a sweet dream, but real.**

### **Annotation**

“Like a Sweet Dream, But Real” is a warm story about faith, love, and family. Follow Nastya from a rainy childhood and her first prayers, through the shy beginning of love and a wedding blessed by both families, to the quiet daily miracles of a shared home — children, grandchildren, hard days and bright ones.

Each short chapter is a small moment of life, written with gratitude and hope. A gentle book for evenings of reflection, for readers who believe that ordinary days, lived with kindness and trust in God, can become a dream come true.

## **About the Author**

Rezvan Kastoiev writes warm stories about family, faith, and love. This book was created with the help of artificial intelligence tools.

## **Acknowledgments**

I thank God for inspiration, life, and the opportunity to share bright stories about family, faith, and love.

Special thanks to my parents, my family, relatives, and loved ones for their wise advice, support, and the warmth that helps me continue on the creative path.

All characters in this book are fictional. Any resemblance to real people is purely coincidental.

## **Preface**

Life is an amazing journey, full of joy, trials, and miracles.

In this book, I want to share a story that is like a sweet dream, yet reflects the reality of love, family, and faith.

Each chapter is a separate moment, a small story filled with warmth, care, and gratitude to God for every day lived.

May this story inspire good deeds, strengthen faith, and give a sense of harmony, warmth, and happiness.

## Chapter 1. The Girl in the Rain

Through the gray clouds, heavy and low, raindrops fell onto the narrow streets of the city. The girl walked along the wet sidewalk, holding onto the edge of a bright blue umbrella that barely protected her from soaked hair and a wet back. She loved the rain — there was something mysterious and at the same time calming about it. Each drop seemed like a small story, a tiny miracle that could be caught with hands and felt with the heart.

Her name was Anastasia, and she was only ten years old. She was wearing her mother's slightly stretched sweater, which smelled of fresh laundry and a hint of vanilla, like home comfort. Under her feet splashed an old boot, rusty in places. Her hair, dark like wet earth, stuck to her cheeks, and her eyes shone with curiosity and an inner joy that did not depend on the weather.

She walked past the old park, where the trees stood like silent guardians. Branches covered with droplets trembled softly, and the leaves struggled to hold the streams of rain, as if collecting precious pearls. Nastya stopped on a small bridge over a little stream. The water bubbled and murmured, reflecting the gray sky and rare flashes of sunlight breaking through the clouds. The girl leaned down and touched the cold water with her hand. She marveled at how simple everything around could be alive: the stream was alive, the leaves were alive, the rain was alive. And in this feeling, her small faith was born — faith that the world is full of miracles, even if they are not immediately visible.

As a child, Nastya often dreamed. She imagined that one day she would become someone important — not for fame, but to help people and be needed by those around her. She imagined having a big house with south-facing windows where the sun always shone, and on the table there would be fresh tea and fragrant buns. These dreams warmed her even on rainy days, when wet boots felt heavy and her hands were cold.

That day, standing on the bridge and watching the stream, Nastya felt for the first time a quiet desire to speak to someone who could not be seen but was always nearby. She closed her eyes, and a simple prayer was born in her heart:

“Let my future be bright. Let me be able to do good. Let there be true friends and love beside me...”

Her voice was barely audible, but it did not matter — the words fell straight into her heart, to the place where the most sincere hopes are hidden.

The girl returned home soaked to the skin, but with a smile on her face. When her mother saw Nastya, she shook her head with mild disapproval, then laughed and hugged her.

“You’re soaked to the bone again,” she said, wiping her daughter’s hair with a towel.

And Nastya quietly replied, “Yes... but today the rain was somehow special.”

That night, Nastya sat by the window of her room for a long time, watching the drops sliding down the glass, and thought about how huge, amazing, and full of miracles the world was. Her little soul filled with gratitude for being alive, for being able to breathe, dream, love, and believe. Even in the simplest moments — like a walk in the rain — she found happiness and confidence that everything she loved and everything she expected from life would surely come true.

Thus began her story — the story of a girl with great faith, small dreams, and an open heart that knew how to see miracles in the most ordinary things.

## Chapter 2. Her Parents' Family Home

The house in which Nastya grew up stood at the edge of a small street, surrounded by a garden where apple and cherry trees seemed to reach toward the sun. The street itself was quiet: sometimes cars passed by, sometimes the laughter of neighborhood children could be heard, but overall, an extraordinary calm reigned there. The house was low, with yellow plaster, slightly cracked in places, but with windows that radiated warmth and coziness.

Nastya especially loved entering this house after the rain. When she opened the door, the aroma of freshly baked bread mixed with the scent of soapy water that her mother had just used to wash the floor. Sometimes, when the air outside smelled of rain, the air inside became even warmer, as if the house itself cared that no one felt cold or tired.

Nastya's family was small, but very warm. Her mother, with a gentle voice and bright eyes, always found time to smile at her daughter, cook something delicious, or simply talk about the day. Her father, tall and slightly strict but with kind hands, knew how to amaze Nastya with stories about his childhood adventures, about how he dreamed, and what it meant to live honestly. Nastya loved sitting by the fireplace, listening to his stories, and imagining that one day her own childhood stories would become just as valuable to someone else.

In the kitchen there was always a large table with a carved tablecloth that smelled of bay leaf and freshness. Family breakfasts, lunches, and dinners took place here. Photographs hung on the wall: Mom and Dad when they were young, Nastya with her grandmother, and Nastya's own first steps — she was an only child, yet the house always felt full of love. Each photograph held a moment that would never repeat, but would always warm the soul.

Nastya especially loved the evening hours, when the sun set behind the windows and the soft light of the lamp shimmered on the walls. At such moments, her mother often sat beside her, and they would sit in silence together, watching the rain fall outside or listening to the crackling of logs in the fireplace.

"Everything is fine," her mother would say quietly. "We are together, and that is enough."

Nastya remembered these words like a prayer, because they carried the feeling of safety and love that gave her strength to believe in the future.

The garden around the house was her secret corner. In summer, roses and lilacs bloomed there; in autumn, maple leaves turned red; and in winter, snow covered everything with a soft white blanket. Nastya loved stepping onto the porch with a mug of warm cocoa, wrapping her hands around it, and watching the wind play with the leaves while clouds slowly drifted across the sky. Every sound and every scent was like music: the rustle of leaves, raindrops, the smell of wet earth — all of it formed the symphony of her childhood.

Evenings in this house were never lonely. Her mother cooked dinner, her father checked Nastya's notebooks, sometimes they laughed together, read books aloud, or discussed the events of the day. And even when Nastya was tired, it seemed to her that the house itself was breathing with her — cozy, calm, reliable. Here, in this small corner of the world, she learned to feel love, care, and the joy of simple things.

And it was in this house that Nastya first began to believe that life could be a true miracle. Not a miracle that suddenly comes and changes everything at once, but a quiet, gradual one — like rain that fills the earth with moisture and life. Here she first understood that dreams do not have to be big and loud — it is important to believe that they can come true if the heart is pure and the hands are ready to work.

Her parents' house was more than just walls and a roof. It was the place where faith began, where first hopes were born, where every corner was filled with stories and care. And Nastya knew:

wherever life might take her, this house would always remain a part of her soul, her safety, and her inspiration.

## Chapter 3. The First Prayer for Her Future

Nastya sat on the windowsill of her room. Evening was slowly descending on the city, and the soft orange light of streetlamps filtered through the curtains, painting the room in warm shades. In her hands was a small notebook with a colorful cover, where she sometimes wrote down her thoughts, dreams, and questions she did not dare to say out loud. Today, Nastya felt that the time had come to speak with someone who could not be seen with the eyes, but who was always nearby — with God.

She folded her hands on her knees, closed her eyes, and let her thoughts flow freely. Her heart beat faster than usual — from excitement, from hope, from the feeling that something important was happening.

“I want... I want to be kind, I want to help people, I want those who love me to be close,” she whispered to herself, and then quietly, almost aloud, she spoke the first words of her prayer:

“Lord, help me find my path. Teach me to love, to be honest and faithful. Let my heart always know what is right.”

Nastya did not understand how deep the power of these words was. For her, it was just a quiet request, but in her soul she felt a strange warmth, as if someone was truly listening to her and nodding in response. For the first time, she realized that one could not only dream, but also ask for help in fulfilling those dreams.

After the prayer, Nastya opened her eyes and looked around the room. Books with bright illustrations stood on the shelves, soft toys occupied their place on the chair, and outside the window the lights of neighboring houses were slowly turning on. Everything around seemed ordinary, but something had changed in the girl's heart: for the first time, she felt that her dreams and prayers could be connected, that there was a force helping her move through life without losing hope and joy.

In the evening, her mother peeked into the room, smiled, and sat down beside her.

“You seem especially thoughtful today,” she said.

Nastya nodded without revealing the secret of her inner conversation, but she felt that her mother understood her without words. Sometimes true closeness requires no explanations — a glance, a smile, a touch of a hand is enough.

The next morning, Nastya woke up with a feeling of lightness. She knew the day would be filled with discoveries, that every moment was a small opportunity to see a miracle. At school, she did her usual lessons, played with friends during recess, but from time to time her gaze involuntarily turned to the sky, to the clouds, as if checking whether someone could hear her again.

In the evening, before going to bed, Nastya sat on the windowsill once more. She looked at the city lights, at the dark silhouettes of houses and trees, and quietly repeated her prayer. But now the words were more confident, calmer, as if her heart already understood: the world is full of kindness, and her own life was just beginning. She whispered,

“Let everything be well... let everything be as You have planned, Lord.”

And in this silence, in this soft light, Nastya felt for the first time that her small faith was the beginning of something great.

That evening became special. Nastya realized for the first time that prayer is not just words, but a bridge between her heart and the whole world. That one can ask, dream, and hope — and that all these small steps are like seeds that one day will turn into strong trees.

From that moment on, Nastya knew: wherever life might take her, she would always be able to return to these quiet conversations, to these moments when the heart is open and the soul is filled with gratitude and hope.

## Chapter 4. Teenage Joy and Faith

Time flew by quickly, and Nastya was already a teenager. Her childlike spontaneity gradually gave way to a deeper understanding of the world, but in her soul lived the same joy she had felt under the rain as a child. Now her steps were more confident, and her gaze more observant: she knew how to notice details that once seemed unimportant — sunbeams on the wall, a friend's laughter, the faint scent of lilac after the rain.

Teenage life brought new emotions. At school, Nastya studied well, but her joy did not depend on grades. She loved moments when she could laugh with friends until tears came, discuss books and films, argue about what was right and what was not. Each day was a small adventure, filled with discovering herself and the world around her.

During this time, her faith became more conscious. Nastya no longer just whispered her requests before sleep — she learned to see God's presence in every day. When it rained, she understood that it was not just water from the sky, but a reminder that the world is alive and kind. When she saw the sun breaking through the clouds after a storm, Nastya felt gratitude for every new day, for the opportunity to exist and to create.

Especially meaningful were the morning prayers before school. She would wake up a little earlier, light a small candle on the windowsill, and quietly say,

“Help me be kind, help me understand others, teach me to value friends and family.”

Sometimes her mother joined her, and these shared moments became a real ritual that gave strength for the entire day.

Teenage joys were not without first worries and dreams of the future. Nastya often walked through the garden, talking to herself, or wrote down her thoughts in a notebook. She dreamed of friends she could call true, of having loved ones nearby, of her faith becoming not just a habit, but a real inner strength. And sometimes, in the silence, she felt that someone heard her, someone cared and guided her, even if it could not be seen with the eyes.

One of the brightest moments of that time was her first conscious successes. Nastya felt for the first time that her efforts were bearing fruit: a well-read role at a school celebration, a beautifully completed art project, helping a friend who needed advice. And every time joy flared up in her heart, she quietly thanked God, understanding that happiness is not an accident, but the result of kind thoughts and actions.

At times, Nastya simply sat on the swing in the garden, watched the slowly disappearing sun, and thought about how much beauty still lay ahead. Teenage life taught her attentiveness, patience, and the ability to rejoice in simple moments. She already knew: faith and joy do not always come with bright events — sometimes they reveal themselves in small, almost unnoticed things: in a friend's laughter, in the aroma of bread from the kitchen, in a quiet conversation with her mother at sunset.

And it was then that Nastya first felt that her faith was becoming a part of herself, like breathing or the rhythm of her heart. She knew that new trials, new meetings, and discoveries lay ahead, but her heart was already ready to meet life with joy — to love and believe, to value and dream. Teenage Nastya learned to find light even in ordinary days, and that light gradually became her inner strength — quiet, steady, and reliable.

## Chapter 5. The First Meeting with Him

It was an ordinary spring day: the city was filled with the scent of fresh grass and newly blossomed flowers. Nastya walked along the park alley, holding a book she had recently finished reading. A light breeze stirred her hair, and the sun played with reflections on the pages. She felt a rare harmony — the world seemed calm and ready for small miracles.

And suddenly she noticed him.

He was sitting on a bench under an old linden tree, drawing something in a notebook with a pencil. His movements were confident and focused, and his gaze was surprisingly gentle. Nastya felt her heart beat a little faster, although she did not even know why. There was something in his calmness, in the way he was immersed in his work, that drew her attention.

She walked past, but could not resist glancing over his shoulder. On the pages were sketches of trees, flowers, perhaps the very alley she had just walked along. Every line seemed alive, filled with attention to detail.

“How beautiful...” Nastya thought and smiled quietly.

He raised his eyes, noticed her glance, and nodded slightly, a bit shyly. In that moment, Nastya realized that for the first time she felt the presence of someone who could change her life, even though they had not exchanged a single word. He smiled too — a light smile that could warm even a cold day. Nastya hurried on, but the feeling of gentle excitement did not leave her.

In the evening, returning home, she thought about him. Nastya caught every tiny memory — his look, the way he drew, the light smile that accidentally touched her soul. She did not understand that this was the beginning of something important, but her heart already knew: the world had become a little wider, a bit warmer, and brighter.

The next day, Nastya came to the park again. He was sitting there, on the same bench, drawing once more. Gathering her courage, Nastya decided to speak.

“You draw very well,” she said quietly.

He looked at her, surprised, but smiled.

“Thank you... Do you like drawing?”

Nastya nodded.

“I’m Riz,” he said, closing his notebook a little shyly. “What’s your name?”

“Nastya,” she answered, and the name suddenly sounded softer in the quiet park.

Thus began their first conversation — short, a little awkward, but filled with sincere interest.

In the following days, they began to notice each other more often. Sometimes their eyes met at school, sometimes they ran into each other by chance in the park. Every moment was a small discovery: laughter, an accidental touch of the hand, and shared discussions of books or films. Everything felt light and natural, as if the Universe itself was quietly whispering that these paths were meant to cross.

Nastya felt an amazing joy that came not from loud events, but from simple moments: from exchanged glances, from softly spoken words, from watching clouds together, the sun, the world that had suddenly become brighter. She realized that love can begin with the quiet presence of another person, with attention to details, with small moments that gradually form into something greater.

And it was during those days that Nastya first felt that the prayers she had spoken in childhood and adolescence were beginning to come true — not all at once, not in the form of a grand miracle, but through quiet meetings, smiles, and the care of people who appear nearby. Her heart filled with gratitude and trembling at the same time.

For the first time, Nastya felt that life was ready to open new horizons before her. She did not yet know where this path would lead, but she was certain: every step, every meeting, every glance

mattered. And at that moment, Nastya understood: true joy comes when the heart is open and ready to accept miracles — even the smallest ones, even those that appear in a park under the spring sun.

## Chapter 6. Awkward Conversations and the Joy of New Feelings

Nastya walked along the park alley, feeling a light excitement. Today they met again — he was sitting on the same bench, a notebook resting on his knees. It felt as though the whole world had focused on this single moment. She tried to think of what to say, but for some reason the words slipped away from her mind.

“Hi...” she began, slightly stumbling over the words.

“Hi,” he replied, smiling in a way that made Nastya feel her heart skip a beat. “You’re in the park again?”

“Yes... I just like walking here,” she said quietly, trying to look at the notebook rather than directly into his eyes. Inside, everything was bubbling — joy, shyness, a gentle trembling.

They were silent for a few seconds, listening to the rustle of leaves and the occasional footsteps of passersby. The silence was strange — a little awkward, yet at the same time cozy, as if the space between them had become a separate world.

“What are you drawing?” Nastya finally asked, gathering her courage.

“Trees... and a bit of the park,” he said, lifting the notebook to show her a page filled with precise, neat lines. “I like watching how the light falls on the leaves.”

Nastya nodded. Her eyes lit up. She too loved noticing such little things: the play of light, raindrops, the quiet whisper of the wind. In that moment, she realized that they were comfortable together even without words.

Gradually, the conversation became easier. They talked about books, music, funny moments from school. Nastya laughed more often than usual, catching herself thinking that her laughter sounded louder, brighter than ever before. He joked gently, without any showiness, and that was his special strength — the ability to make an ordinary day feel special.

Every new word, every smile caused a small flutter in her heart. Nastya felt her heart slowly opening to these feelings — new, vivid, unfamiliar, and surprisingly warm. Even the awkwardness at the beginning of the conversation now seemed like part of the magic, because it was precisely what made the first steps toward friendship — and then toward something more.

When the sun began to set, they were still sitting on the bench, silently watching the sky turn golden. Nastya felt a soft breeze touch her cheek and thought how extraordinarily beautiful the world was in moments like this. He noticed her thoughtfulness and said quietly:

“You know... sometimes the most important things happen without words.”

Nastya smiled, because she understood it was true. The joy of their communication, the gentle excitement, and the quiet closeness were already saying more than any phrases could. For the first time, she felt that true feelings are not loud confessions or dramatic scenes, but small, quiet moments filled with attention, laughter, and mutual understanding.

As they said goodbye, Nastya walked home with a smile, and a feeling she had never known before rang softly in her soul. She realized that there are moments in life when everything becomes brighter, when the heart feels filled with light, and the world seems ready for a miracle. And the most amazing thing was that this miracle did not need to be searched for somewhere far away — it was already nearby, in simple glances, first conversations, and a light, almost invisible thread connecting two hearts.

From that day on, Nastya waited for new meetings with excitement and joy. Every moment together was precious, and the awkwardness of their first conversations now felt sweet and familiar. She did not yet know that love awaited them — a love that would change her entire life — but she already felt its first glimmers: quiet, gentle, and wonderfully warm.

## Chapter 7. Their Walks and the Warm Rain

The day was soft and unusually warm for spring. Nastya and Riz met at the entrance to the park, where old linden trees with wide leaves grew, under which one could hide from the occasional raindrops. There was no rush, no worries — only the quiet joy of walking together along a path barely visible among the fresh greenery.

“Do you like the rain?” Nastya asked cautiously, glancing at the bright sky where light gray clouds were already gathering.

“Yes... especially this kind of rain,” he replied with a smile. “It’s as if it washes away everything unnecessary and leaves only what truly matters.”

Nastya nodded, feeling that his words perfectly reflected her own thoughts. They walked slowly, and each drop falling from the leaves seemed like a small gift, a tiny note in the symphony of the spring day. Her hair stuck slightly to her cheeks, but it did not spoil her joy — on the contrary, it added to the feeling of the moment’s reality: genuine, alive, trembling with warmth.

They talked about everything — books they had recently read, music, how beautiful the world looks after the rain. Sometimes they were silent, simply enjoying the walk, the warmth of each other’s presence, and the quiet sound of falling drops. For the first time, Nastya understood that silence does not have to be awkward — it can be wonderfully harmonious when the one beside you understands you without words.

“Look,” he said, pointing to a puddle where clouds and tree branches were reflected. “Sometimes the world looks different when you see it through water.”

“Yes,” Nastya said softly, watching raindrops form small circles on the surface of the puddle. “It feels magical.”

They laughed when one of the drops landed right on Nastya’s nose, making her flinch and get a little wetter. He offered her a handkerchief, but she refused, smiling even wider. These small moments — touches, laughter, exchanged glances — became part of their story, quietly weaving themselves into the fabric of their relationship.

When the rain grew stronger, they found shelter under an old tree. Nastya leaned against the trunk, and he stood beside her, and the world around them seemed so quiet, as if it had deliberately slowed its rhythm just for them. In that moment, Nastya felt incredible harmony: her heart beat in unison with his presence, and all anxiety disappeared.

“I like being with you,” he said quietly.

Nastya smiled, and words were no longer needed. The joy filling her was stronger than any phrase. Every step, every raindrop, every glance had now become part of their shared story.

When the rain gradually stopped, the air filled with freshness, and droplets sparkled on the leaves like tiny jewels. They continued walking along the path, and Nastya understood: these simple walks, the warm rain, and each other’s laughter were the first true moments of happiness that would remain in her memory forever.

And in this small yet incredibly important moment, Nastya realized that love does not begin with loud words, but with the quiet joy of being close, sharing a smile, noticing the beauty of the world — and of each other — in every movement, in every glance.

## Chapter 8. A Declaration of Love

Nastya sat on a bench by the pond, where the water quietly reflected the evening sky. A light breeze rustled the leaves, and everything around seemed to freeze, leaving only the two of them. She held a small book in her hands, but she was not reading — her thoughts circled around him, around the feeling that grew with every day and every meeting.

He approached, holding two cups of hot cocoa. Nastya smiled, and this simple gesture sent a flutter through her chest. They sat down beside each other, and for a moment there was silence — that special silence when words are no longer needed because hearts understand each other without them.

“Nastya,” Riz said softly, not looking away, “I’ve wanted to tell you something for a long time...”

Nastya felt her heart tremble. Her palms grew slightly damp, and her breathing quickened. “What is it?” she asked, trying to stay calm, though inwardly she already knew her answer would be sincere.

He smiled, but his eyes were serious. “I... I think about you every day. I like being with you. You make the world brighter, Nastya... and I want us to be together.”

It felt as if a small light had turned on inside Nastya’s chest. His words sounded like music, every note resonating in her heart. She remembered all their walks, their laughter, the gentle rain, their shared silences, the small joys they had shared. All of it now came together into one word — love.

“Me too,” she whispered with a smile. “I’ve felt this for a long time as well.”

He reached out and gently touched her fingers. Nastya allowed herself to let go of fears and doubts — in that moment, everything around ceased to exist except the two of them. They sat there holding hands, and the world felt soft, safe, and filled with light.

“You know,” he said quietly, “I never thought this was possible... that someone could understand me like this.”

“Me too,” Nastya replied. “And I’m grateful for every moment we’re together.”

The evening slowly descended over the city, painting the pond in golden and pink shades. Nastya realized that this confession was not an ending, but a beginning — the beginning of something important and real, something that would grow stronger with each passing day. Their hearts had opened to each other completely for the first time, without shyness, without fear — only with trust and joy.

They sat there for a long time, watching the sunset reflected in the water, enjoying the silence and the feeling of closeness. Nastya felt that happiness is not a single moment, but a state of the heart that is born when you find someone with whom you can truly be yourself.

And that evening, under the soft light of the setting sun, Nastya realized for the first time: true love is not only about feelings — it is about understanding, attention, care, and the joy of being close, of sharing simple moments and valuing every glance and every gesture. It was the beginning of their shared story — quiet, bright, and wonderfully tender.

## Chapter 9. Wedding Preparations

Spring had fully taken hold: the air was filled with the scent of lilac and fresh grass, and the gentle sun looked through the windows, painting everything in golden hues. Nastya woke up early, feeling unusual excitement and trembling — wedding preparations lay ahead, and every moment felt special.

The kettle was already on in the kitchen, and her mother smiled as she served fresh buns with jam.

“Today is a special day,” she said, placing a mug in front of her daughter. “I’m so happy for you.”

Nastya nodded, trying to absorb every detail of the morning. Her heart beat faster, and her thoughts intertwined — dresses, decorations, invited guests, flowers... Everything felt both important and thrilling. She sensed that every little detail mattered, because each one would become part of their shared story.

First, Nastya went to the bridal salon. The bright room, floor-length mirrors, soft lamp light — everything felt magical. She tried on dress after dress: lace ones, those with delicate embroidery, with light, flowing fabric. Each dress told its own small story, and Nastya imagined how she would move, smile, and look at him on their wedding day.

“This dress is perfect,” her mother said, seeing how her daughter’s eyes shone.

“Yes... it feels as if it was made for me,” Nastya whispered, sensing that it was not just fabric, but a symbol of the happiness awaiting her.

Meanwhile, the groom was choosing his suit. He carefully tried on the jacket, smiling at his reflection in the mirror, and Nastya, watching from a distance, caught herself feeling her heart overflow with joy and love. Every smile, every movement felt like part of a single picture coming together — the picture of their wedding day.

Flowers, invitations, music — everything was chosen carefully so that the day would be special not only for them, but also for those who would be there with them. Nastya and Riz chose colors, details, and small elements together, discussing every idea. Each shared decision brought them closer, showing how important it is to see happiness in details and joy in shared care.

In the evening, returning home, Nastya sat by the window, looking at the garden where the first spring flowers were blooming. She held a small notebook in which she wrote down all the ideas, thoughts, and emotions of the day. Like a quiet prayer to God, she wrote:

“Thank You for this day, for everything that lies ahead, for the love that leads us together.”

Her mother came up and gently placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Are you happy?”

“Very,” Nastya replied. “I feel that everything is exactly as it should be.”

Nastya’s heart was full of gratitude. Every moment of wedding preparation, every little detail, every decision mattered — because they symbolized not just a celebration, but the beginning of a new life: shared, bright, filled with care, love, and faith.

That night, Nastya could not fall asleep for a long time. She lay in bed, listening to the quiet of the house, the rare rustle of the street, and her own heartbeat. Tomorrow would be the day she had dreamed of since childhood, and her soul held both calm and trembling. Tomorrow, their new story would begin — a story of love, trust, and joy that they would create together.

## Chapter 10. The Wedding Day — Like a Sunrise

The morning was quiet and fresh, as if the entire world were holding its breath in anticipation of something important. The first rays of sunlight filtered through the curtains, coloring Nastya's room in soft shades of gold and pink. She sat by the window, holding a cup of warm tea, feeling both excitement and calm in her soul. Today was the day she had dreamed of since childhood — the day when their love would become the symbol of a new beginning.

Her mother entered the room with a smile.

“Nastya, are you ready?”

“Yes... almost,” she replied softly, trying to capture every moment. “Everything feels so magical.”

Once ready, Nastya put on her wedding dress. It gently embraced her figure, the lace sleeves lightly brushing her skin, and the long veil softly falling over her shoulders like a cloud. She looked at herself in the mirror and smiled faintly — this was not just an outfit, but a reflection of her joy, her faith, and her dream of a shared life that she had carried in her heart since childhood.

At the same time, he was getting ready in the neighboring room. The suit fit perfectly, every detail carefully chosen, and his face shone with quiet confidence and joy. He glanced at the mirror several times, then smiled softly, as if whispering to himself, “Soon we will be together.”

The road to the church was filled with the scent of spring. Nastya walked slowly, absorbing every moment: the gentle light of the streets, the smiles of passersby, the light breeze stirring her dress. In her heart sounded a quiet prayer of gratitude — for her parents, for love, for the opportunity to live this day with the man who had become her destiny.

When they met at the altar, the world around them seemed to disappear. The faces of relatives, guests, church candles — everything dissolved into the glow of their eyes, filled with tears of joy and happiness. He reached out his hand, she took it, and Nastya's heart skipped several beats. Their fingers intertwined, and in that moment they understood: no preparation, no decorations, no words could compare to what they felt for each other.

The vows were spoken quietly, but with confidence. They spoke of love, trust, care, and faith — of supporting one another in everything. Every glance, every breath, every smile became part of the new life they were beginning together.

When the priest declared them husband and wife, Nastya felt her heart fill with light. He gently embraced her, and the world returned — but it was different now: brighter, warmer, filled with meaning and happiness.

After the ceremony came flowers, the laughter of guests, and congratulations. But Nastya remembered not the noise, but the silence within her — the sense of wholeness that comes only when the one beside you makes you complete. Her eyes met Riz's, and in that look was everything: joy, love, trust, gratitude.

In the evening, returning to their first shared home, they sat side by side, holding hands. Nastya whispered softly,

“It's like a sunrise... a new day, a new life.”

“Yes,” he smiled, “and we will greet it together.”

The wedding day came to an end, but for them, real life was just beginning — a life filled with light, joy, and faith that love can become the foundation of everything they build together. And for the first time, Nastya felt that her dreams, prayers, and hopes had merged into one great feeling — love, which would now accompany them every day.

## Chapter 11. Parents at the Wedding (Healthy, Happy)

The sun was already leaning toward sunset when Nastya's parents entered the hall. Their eyes were glowing with joy, and their smiles were truly sincere. Her mother, with a slight tremble in her hands, hugged her daughter and quietly whispered:

— My little girl... how beautiful you are today.

Nastya felt warmth spreading through her entire body. She knew that it was her mother and father who had led her to this day, who had taught her to believe, to love, and to rejoice in simple moments. And seeing them happy, healthy, and close on such an important day was both a joy and a source of deep gratitude.

Her father, tall and a little strict on the outside but with kind eyes, put his arm around Nastya's shoulders and said softly:

— We are proud of you, dear daughter. And I am happy that next to you is someone who will protect and cherish you.

Every word they spoke, every touch, was a confirmation of all the love, care, and strength of their family. Nastya's parents were not just present at the wedding; they were the heart of the celebration, its support and its meaning. Their joy was passed on to all the guests, creating an atmosphere of warmth and trust.

Her mother held a bouquet of flowers given to Nastya and, smiling, helped her straighten her dress. Every movement was filled with tenderness and attention. Her father stood next to the groom, quietly supporting him, saying a few words full of pride and kindness. Nastya saw their interaction and understood: these moments were not mere formality, but a manifestation of genuine love and care that had formed the foundation of her life.

During the ceremony, Nastya's parents held hands, their gazes full of emotion — joy, excitement, and gratitude. They followed every moment, every smile of their daughter, every sparkle in her eyes filled with happiness. And every guest who witnessed this felt how the strength of family filled the hall, making the event even more solemn and touching.

After the official part, Nastya's parents approached the newlyweds, and at that moment it seemed as though the entire world stood still. Her mother quietly said:

— We will always be near, to support you, to love you, and to rejoice with you.

Her father added:

— This is the beginning of your story. Make it bright, full of love and faith.

Nastya looked at her parents and felt that every lesson, every prayer, every day spent together had led her to this moment. And seeing them healthy, happy, and close was one of the greatest miracles of her life.

In the evening, when the celebration was coming to an end, Nastya's parents once again embraced her and the groom. Nastya realized that their presence was not just a formality, but a source of strength, confidence, and inner peace. Thanks to her parents, thanks to their love and support, Nastya and Riz felt that a life full of joy, trust, and harmony lay ahead.

And in this happy atmosphere, among laughter, candlelight, and sincere smiles, Nastya once again whispered a quiet gratitude to God: for her parents, for love, for the opportunity to live this day surrounded by those who were closest and dearest.

## Chapter 12. The Blessing of the Elders

After the official part of the wedding, when the guests had taken their seats at the tables, a special moment arrived — the blessing of the elders. Nastya and Riz stood before their parents, grandparents, while the soft light of candles gently reflected in the eyes of everyone present, giving what was happening an extraordinary sense of solemnity and warmth.

Nastya's mother took her hands in hers and said quietly, but in such a way that the words were felt with the whole heart:

— My daughter, may your life be filled with love, understanding, and mutual respect. May you find joy in simple things every day and strength in faith in one another.

Her father added, leaning slightly toward the young couple:

— We bless you for happiness, for patience, for care and fidelity. May your family be strong, like this home that always keeps warmth and safety.

Grandmothers and grandfathers approached one by one, each speaking their own words, filled with the wisdom of lived years, with experience they wished to pass on. Some spoke of how important it is to listen to each other; others spoke of how love reveals itself in small things, in daily actions and care. These words were not just formal wishes — they were genuine warmth passed through generations.

Nastya stood holding Riz's hands and felt tears of joy slowly running down her cheeks. Every word, every look from the elders filled her soul with confidence: they know how to build a life together, how to overcome difficulties, how to rejoice in each day. And now this knowledge, this grace, was being passed on to her and her husband.

— May every step be light, and may your heart always remain open, — her grandfather said, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder. — Love and respect one another. And may God protect you.

Nastya quietly bowed her head and whispered in her soul: "Thank You, Lord, for my family, for their love and wisdom. May everything they bless come true."

This moment was filled with quiet joy, genuine love, and a deep sense of belonging to something greater — to tradition, to family, to a life built on trust and faith. Nastya understood that the blessing of the elders was not just words, but a force that would accompany them every day, helping them preserve light and warmth in their hearts.

After the blessing, all the guests applauded, but Nastya and Riz continued to stand embracing, feeling this invisible support, this flow of warmth filling the room and their hearts. It was a moment of silence and greatness, when past, present, and future intertwined in a single feeling — love and gratitude.

And that evening, Nastya realized for the first time that the true strength of family lies not only in care, but also in wisdom passed down through generations, in a blessing that helps one walk through life together, supporting each other at every step.

## Chapter 13. The First Home Together

When they first crossed the threshold of their new home, Nastya felt a strange yet wonderfully pleasant sensation: the place was still empty, but already filled with future life. Her heart trembled with anticipation: here would be their shared evenings, first breakfasts, first steps of their children, first joys and difficulties they would go through together.

The walls of the house were light, and the floor was warm, as if the house itself welcomed them and promised care. Nastya immediately noticed small details: sunbeams on the floor, the light scent of fresh paint, the quiet creak of the stairs. She smiled, imagining how over the years these little things would become part of their shared story.

— Everything here will truly be ours, — she said softly, looking around the empty rooms.

— Yes... and we will make sure every corner is filled with happiness, — Riz replied, taking her hand.

They began furnishing the house. First came the furniture: a sofa by the window, where Nastya dreamed of spending evenings with a book and a cup of tea; a table in the kitchen where they would have breakfast together; a small cabinet for their first shared memories and photographs. Every item was chosen with love, every corner found its place.

Nastya especially loved the kitchen. She imagined cooking dinner there, trying new recipes, laughing together as they helped each other. Even washing dishes seemed joyful: she did it with a smile, because he was nearby — Riz, her companion, her love.

In the evening they sat on the sofa, tired but happy. Her husband brought two cups of hot tea, and they sat in silence, enjoying the coziness of their new home. Nastya looked around at the rooms, the soft light of the lamps, and the quiet silence that marked their new stage.

— You know, — he said softly, — this place will become a home because we will fill it with ourselves.

— Yes... together, — Nastya replied, feeling that these words reflected everything she had dreamed of.

That evening, Nastya realized for the first time that a home is not just walls and a roof. It is a place where love becomes part of everyday life, where joy reveals itself in small things: shared tea, quiet conversations, laughter, and glances. And she knew: now they had their own place where they could build a life together, support one another, and rejoice in every day.

Their first home became a symbol of their new beginning — warm, bright, filled with attention and care. And when Nastya closed her eyes that night, she whispered: “Thank You, Lord, for this home, for this day, for us.” And the house seemed to respond with a quiet, calm presence, promising to be a witness to their happiness for many years.

## Chapter 14. Prayers for the Future

Evening descended upon their first shared home, filling the rooms with the soft light of lamps and the warm aroma of fresh tea. Nastya sat at the table with her hands folded, and beside her sat Riz. They both felt that they had begun a new stage of life together, and now it was important to turn to the One who is always near, even when He cannot be seen — to God.

— Let's pray, — Nastya suggested softly.

He nodded, and they both closed their eyes. Nastya began to speak her thoughts quietly, almost in a whisper, but every word was filled with sincerity:

— Lord, thank You for this day, for our home, for our love. Help us walk through life together, be kind and caring, learn to understand one another. May our actions be bright and our hearts open.

Riz added his own words:

— Lord, we want to build our life so that there is room in it for joy, patience, care, and faith. Bless us in all the difficulties and joys that lie ahead. Help us raise children in love and faith, and be there for one another in every situation.

Nastya felt a special warmth appear inside — something that could not be described in words. The prayer was not only a request, but also a promise to themselves: to love, to care, to support, to walk together. Every word strengthened the confidence that their shared life would be filled with meaning, joy, and harmony.

— Sometimes I think this feeling is like a small light in the soul, — Nastya said quietly when they opened their eyes. — It reminds us that we are not alone, that there is a force guiding us.

— Yes, — her husband replied. — And that force helps us see the right path even when we doubt.

The evening continued quietly, but their hearts were full of gratitude and hope. They discussed plans: travel, studies, work, future children — and every word was imbued with faith that everything is possible if one walks together, with love and trust.

Nastya understood that prayer is not only a request for help. It is a way to open oneself, to share joys and fears, to strengthen trust in each other, and to prepare the heart for the future. And in that quiet room, in the soft light of a lamp, they felt for the first time that their life had become not only shared, but deeply spiritual, filled with meaning, care, and love.

From that evening on, prayer became a habit for them. In the morning and in the evening, before sleep and after major events — there was always time to turn to each other and to God. And Nastya knew: these moments would become the foundation of their happiness, the strength that would support their family through all joys and trials.

## Chapter 15. The First Journey Together

Nastya sat on the train, watching spring fields and trees covered with fresh leaves flash past the window. Each new landscape seemed like a small miracle to her: sunlight played on river waters, a light breeze stirred the grass, and birds chirped joyfully, as if greeting them.

— Look how beautiful it is, — she said, pointing to a birch grove.

— Yes... it's like an invitation to new discoveries, — Riz smiled. — And we're going there together.

Nastya felt a thrill: this was their first real journey together, without parents, without friends, just the two of them and the world around them. A quiet joy resonated in her heart — the feeling that they were opening a new page of their life, where everything was possible.

Upon arrival, they were greeted by a small town immersed in greenery. Narrow streets, old houses with red roofs, blooming gardens — everything seemed to transport them to another era, filled with coziness and calm. Nastya and Riz wandered the streets hand in hand, savoring every moment.

— I love it when we explore the world together, — Nastya said with a smile.

— And I love watching you rejoice, — he replied. — You make everything around brighter.

They visited small cafés, tried local dishes, and took photos against the backdrop of old buildings. Every moment was filled with the joy of discovery and attention to one another. Nastya noticed every detail: the smell of fresh bread, the soft ringing of bells, sunbeams on stone walls. Everything felt new and wonderful because they were seeing it together.

In the evening they went out to the embankment. The water reflected the city lights, and Nastya felt extraordinary calm. Riz extended his hand, and she placed hers in his palm. At that moment everything was simple and perfect: the quiet sound of waves, the soft glow of lanterns, and the feeling of complete happiness from being together.

— Thank you for us being together, — Nastya said softly. — For every day, for every moment.

— I'm grateful too, — he replied, — for you, for us, for everything that lies ahead.

And in this first journey together, Nastya realized that happiness is not only in special places or events, but in whom you share every moment with, in the sincere joy of discovering the world and each other's hearts. Every step, every smile, and every word became part of their story, which they were now writing together, day by day, moment by moment.

Night fell over the town, and Nastya, lying beside her husband in a small cozy room, whispered a quiet prayer of gratitude to herself: for this day, for his smile, for the opportunity to live together and discover the world hand in hand. And she knew: this journey would be only the first of many, because their happiness lay in the fact that they always walked together.

## Chapter 16. Evenings with Tea and Conversations

The house, filled with the scent of freshly brewed tea and the soft glow of a lamp, became a small oasis of calm for Nastya and Riz. In the evenings, they would sit at the round kitchen table, pouring the warm drink into their favourite mugs. These were simple moments, yet it was precisely in them that true closeness and comfort could be felt.

“Today passed so quickly...” Nastya began, sighing softly as she sipped her tea.

“Yes,” Riz agreed with a smile. “But it’s so nice that we can sit down and simply talk.”

Their conversations flowed smoothly, like a river, without effort. They talked about the small details of the day: who had seen what, what had happened at work, which books they were reading, what amusing things had happened with the neighbours. Yet within these simple words lay a deep joy — they were sharing not only events, but also feelings, thoughts, and dreams.

Nastya felt that these evenings were the foundation of their life together. Understanding was born here, and a bond of trust was built. Every word, every smile, every glance strengthened their love, making it more conscious and more real.

“You know,” she said quietly, “I think it’s evenings like these that make a house a home. Not the furniture, not the walls, but this — conversations, tea, us together.”

“Absolutely,” Riz replied. “And I want us never to forget moments like these, even when life becomes more difficult.”

Sometimes they sat in silence, simply listening to each other or to the rustling of the wind outside the windows. Sometimes they laughed at something funny that had happened during the day or recalled their childhoods. Nastya loved these moments, when it felt as though the whole world narrowed down to their kitchen, their light, their warmth.

On evenings like these, Nastya often felt a quiet gratitude to God — for love, for understanding, for the opportunity to build a life together. She understood that happiness is not always found in great events. Sometimes it reveals itself in silence, in shared tea, in simple conversations where there is no rush — only each other’s presence and the feeling of home.

When night began to fall outside the window, they would carefully gather the cups, yet remain together a little longer, holding hands and discussing plans for the future: trips, new books, ideas for their home, dreams of children. Nastya knew that these evenings were laying the foundation of their family happiness, because this was where trust, care, and true love were born — quiet, yet incredibly strong.

And every night, as she lay down to sleep, Nastya whispered her gratitude to herself: for these moments, for their home, for him, for the chance to walk through life together — day by day, cup by cup of tea, word by word, heart to heart.

## Chapter 17. The Birth of Their First Child

Nastya woke early in the morning with an unusual feeling: her heart was beating faster than usual, her breathing had become quicker, and everything inside her was trembling with anticipation. Today their first child was to be born — a small miracle they had waited for so long and dreamed of together.

Her husband gently took her hand as they drove to the maternity hospital. His eyes were full of excitement, but also strength. Nastya felt that beside her was someone who would support her in everything, and this gave her confidence.

In the delivery room, everything happened quickly, yet every moment was filled with meaning. Nastya felt the warmth of the nurse's hands, the steady voice of Riz nearby, the quiet prayers she whispered to herself, and the soft light of the lamp that made everything feel slightly magical.

And then the first cry rang out — small, strong, and astonishingly pure. Nastya's heart leapt with joy, and Riz carefully reached out his hands toward the baby. Together they looked at this miracle: the tiny body, the little fingers, the eyes just beginning to open to the world.

“Ours...” Nastya whispered, barely holding back tears.

“Yes, ours,” her husband replied, embracing their little miracle. “And he is so beautiful.”

The nurse placed the baby on Nastya's chest. In that moment, everything around them seemed to dissolve — the noise of the corridors, the light of the lamps, the anxiety — and only the three of them remained, united by love, care, and a new meaning in life. Nastya felt her heart fill with light and her shoulders relax: all the years of waiting, all the prayers, all the worries — everything had led to this moment.

Riz quietly whispered the names they had chosen in advance, and Nastya felt gratitude growing within her: for the baby's health, for love, for their new family, for the fact that every step they had taken together had led to this miracle.

When the first hours passed, the three of them sat together, looking at one another, touching the tiny hands, feeling the warmth, the gentle breathing, the rhythm of the little heart that had now become part of their lives. Nastya understood that love could be endless, that happiness sometimes arrives in the form of a small cry, tiny fingers, and little eyes opening to the world.

That evening, when they returned home, Nastya and Riz sat side by side for a long time, holding their child in their arms. The silence of the house was filled with new meaning — care, tenderness, and awe. They knew that everything had changed now, and that this change was the most beautiful one possible.

And Nastya whispered a quiet prayer of gratitude to herself: “Thank You, Lord, for this gift, for our first little world, for the happiness that we now hold in our hands.”

## Chapter 18. Gratitude to God for the Life of Their Child

The morning after returning home was filled with a special light. The sun gently filtered through the curtains, illuminating the room where the little one slept in his crib. Nastya quietly sat beside him, watching every movement: how his fingers twitched slightly, how his chest rose and fell smoothly with each breath, how his little eyes gradually opened to greet the new day.

“You are so small...” Nastya whispered, barely touching his hand. “And so real.”

A quiet prayer of gratitude sounded in her soul — for life, for health, for the opportunity to be a mother. Every whispered word, and yet every sensation, filled her heart with joy and awe.

She remembered all the difficulties of pregnancy, the worries, every day of waiting, every prayer. And now, looking at her sleeping baby, Nastya understood that none of it had been in vain: this little person was a gift from God, the beginning of a new life, a new story.

“Lord, thank You for this gift,” Nastya said softly. “Thank You for health, for joy, for the love that now fills our home. Help us be worthy parents — to care, to love, and to teach him to be kind and faithful.”

Riz joined her, quietly placing one hand on Nastya’s shoulder and the other on the baby’s tiny hand. Together they sat in silence, savouring the moment. Their hearts beat in unison with their child, and it seemed as though the whole world had paused to allow them to feel the fullness of happiness.

Nastya felt that gratitude was not just words. It was a state of the soul — a sense that every day, every smile, every tiny sound the baby made was a sign that life is beautiful and miracles happen here and now. She understood that prayer and gratitude strengthen a family, deepen love, and make a home more cosy, warmer, and brighter.

That day, Nastya and Riz spent hours watching their baby, rejoicing in every movement and every sound. They shared glances, laughter, gentle worry, and immense joy, realising that their life had now gained new depth and meaning.

“This is the beginning of a new story,” Nastya whispered. “A story of love, care, and faith.”

“Yes,” her husband replied. “And we will write it together, with gratitude every day.”

And in that quiet morning, filled with sunlight and the baby’s gentle movements, Nastya felt the fullness of maternal joy for the first time. She knew that every prayer and every word of gratitude were now inseparably connected to this new miracle, to their new family, and that ahead of them lay a life filled with light, care, and love.

## Chapter 19. Parents Come to Help

The house was once again filled with sounds of joy and care. Nastya and Riz were only just beginning to adjust to the new rhythm of life with their baby when the doorbell rang. On the doorstep stood their parents, smiling warmly and lovingly, holding gifts for the baby and bags filled with homemade treats.

“We’ve come to help,” her mother said, hugging Nastya. “You didn’t tell us how hard it is with a small child!”

“It’s not hard, just... a lot of new things,” Nastya replied, barely holding back a smile. “I’m so glad you’re here.”

Her father carefully took the baby into his arms, gently rocking him. Nastya watched as the child’s gaze met the loving eyes of his grandfather, and an overwhelming gratitude spread within her — for her parents, for their care, for the fact that family was near during the most important moments.

Each day while her parents stayed with them became lighter and more joyful. Her mother helped Nastya with cooking, washed the baby’s clothes, softly humming lullabies, while her father helped Riz assemble furniture, set up the crib, and take care of small tasks that seemed insignificant but made life more comfortable.

“Look how he’s smiling,” her mother said when the baby smiled for the first time, stretching his arms toward his grandfather.

“Yes,” her father smiled, “and that happiness is contagious!”

Nastya and Riz often watched these small moments: how the parents played with the baby, how the child’s laughter filled the house, how the care of adults created an atmosphere of comfort and safety. These days became not only a time of help, but also a time of true family closeness, when everyone learned together how to love, care, and rejoice in simple moments.

In the evenings, they sat together, shared stories, laughed, discussed how best to raise the child, and thanked God for having family close by. Nastya understood that parents were not only support, but also a source of wisdom that cannot be learned from books. Every word, every piece of advice they gave was filled with experience and love, making life easier and happier.

“Thank you for being with us,” Nastya said one evening, looking at her parents.

“It’s a joy for us,” her mother replied. “To be close to our grandchild, to help you, to see how you grow together — that is happiness.”

And during these days, Nastya felt for the first time that happiness lies not only in the love between husband and wife, but also in the support of parents, in their care, in shared joys and quiet moments when family becomes one whole. Every day was filled with laughter, warmth, and the confidence that together they could overcome any difficulties, because the love and care of family are the most reliable support in life.

## Chapter 20. Family Walks in the Park

The park welcomed them early in the morning with fresh air and the scent of newly blossomed greenery. Nastya walked slowly, holding the baby in her arms, while Riz supported her, smiling at every sound of nature: the birds' chirping, the rustling of leaves, the soft whisper of grass beneath their feet.

"Look how the sunbeams play on the water," Nastya said, pointing to a small pond with ducks.

"And look how he rejoices in every movement," her husband replied with a smile, as the baby happily reached his hands toward the sun.

Nastya's parents walked nearby, helping to push the pram, picking berries that grew along the paths, and quietly commenting on everything they saw around them. Nastya felt that every glance, every word from them was a small joy that strengthened the warmth of family harmony.

The baby opened his eyes to the bright world of the park for the first time. His laughter rang out like the sound of little bells as he tried to reach a tiny leaf trembling in the wind. Nastya felt her heart fill with happiness: seeing her child's joy, seeing Riz's love and her parents' care — it was true magic.

"It seems he understands that we are together," Nastya said softly, looking at her son.

"Yes," Riz replied. "And he is learning to rejoice in life simply by watching us."

They walked through the park slowly, sometimes stopping to look at blossoming trees, dogs running along the path, children playing on the playground. Every moment was filled with quiet joy and attentiveness toward one another. Nastya understood that this was not just a walk — it was the baby's first lessons of happiness, his first memories of home, family, and a world full of care and love.

Nastya's parents played with the baby, showed him trees and birds, told small stories about nature and life. Nastya smiled as she watched their interaction, feeling the harmony of generations and the warmth that only a true family can give.

When the sun began to set, they sat on a bench by the pond, enjoying the last rays of light. Nastya quietly whispered a prayer of gratitude for each day, for her child's health, for her husband's love, and for her parents' care.

"These walks are little miracles," she said, looking at the baby as he fell asleep in her arms.

"Yes," Riz replied, gently tucking in the blanket. "And every morning with him will be just as special."

And that evening, Nastya felt for the first time that happiness truly lives in simple moments: fresh air, the smiles of loved ones, a child's laughter, and the warm hands of the one she loves. These walks in the park became a symbol of their new life — light, joyful, and filled with love and gratitude for each day.

## Chapter 21. The First Baby Laugh

Nastya was sitting on the carpet in the nursery, holding the baby on her lap. The room was filled with soft light, toys, the scent of clean clothes, and warm care. Today was a special day: the baby laughed for the first time in such a way that his laughter echoed throughout the house, filling the space with incredible joy.

“Look, he’s laughing!” Riz exclaimed as he walked by with a cup of tea. His eyes were shining, and he carefully sat down beside her, watching their son.

Nastya felt her heart overflow with happiness. This laughter was not just a sound — it was a sign of health, joy, trust, and the feeling that their baby was surrounded by love and safety. She smiled instinctively, making funny faces and sounds again, hoping to hear the laughter once more.

“Lord, thank You for this laughter, for this moment, for our family,” Nastya whispered, gently touching the baby’s head. “Thank You that we are together and can rejoice in every day.”

The baby laughed, stretching his little arms toward his parents, his eyes sparkling with joy. Nastya’s parents quietly watched the scene, smiling and sharing in the delight. Her father said:

“Look how life delights us in small things. This laughter is like light in the house.”

“Yes,” her mother added, “and it will teach us to rejoice in simple things every day.”

Nastya and Riz continued playing with the baby, making funny sounds, gently rocking him, showing him toys. Each burst of laughter gave rise to another, creating a chain of joy that spread throughout the house. Nastya felt that moments like these were the true meaning of family life: seeing happiness in a child’s eyes, feeling love for one another, and understanding that all the prayers, waiting, and care had not been in vain.

When the baby finally fell asleep after all the laughter, Nastya quietly hugged her husband and whispered:

“Listen, our home has become complete. This laughter is like music that never ends.”

“Yes,” he replied, holding her by the shoulders, “and every new day will bring us new joys.”

And in that quiet evening, Nastya understood: the first baby laugh is more than just an event. It is a symbol of life, happiness, and love that unites the family, makes the home warm and welcoming, and reminds us that the simplest moments are the most precious.

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