

ALINA DEL AMOR  
EVERLASTING LOVE



# Everlasting love

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I am using my own name in the book to make it personal.

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*Adam*

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# Prologue

I died and went to Heaven, leaving the love of my life behind. What happened next was astounding.

They say everlasting love hurts, but it's the ones left behind who suffer the most. They live with memories—memories of those they've lost. A boy who loses his girl never truly gets over it. There will always be moments when he longs to talk to her, to see her, to feel her. Nights are the worst, when all the memories come rushing back.

We struggle to accept death, to believe that someone is truly gone. No longer existing—neither in physical nor mental form. It's a truth we resist. Their memories haunt us until our own time comes. We try to replace them with someone else, but it's never really the same. That's when you know you've lost your soulmate.

So, what is a soulmate? How does one come to be? Soulmates are two people drawn to each other, connected by a deep understanding, shared experiences, and an undeniable bond.

Have you ever met someone to whom you felt an immediate connection? A relationship that forms effortlessly, enriched by a common background and mutual understanding? Intimacy feels natural, as if you've known each other forever.

This story begins at first sight—the moment I met him. It was a connection that kept us tied together for decades, until the day we fell in love.

The tragedy? We never had enough time. By the time we wanted to fully embrace our love, it was too late.

I died too soon. I never had the chance to discover what we truly meant to one another. But then, the strangest thing happened. This is where my story truly begins—this is what eternal love means.

## first sight

It was a warm March morning. I was driving my daughters to daycare and school, just as I did every morning.

"Mommy! Mommy!" Jane called out as I opened the car door to let the girls out. "I need to pee!"

"Can you hold it for a moment, *por favor?*" I replied. "Tell Clarita to take you to the loo."

"Okay, Mommy," she said. I had taught my kids to call me "Mommy" the Canadian way, rather than the Spanish way. Jane was my younger one. She had brunette hair like me, and many people said she was my mirror image. She was just four years old.

"*Ma, ¿Cuándo pasarás a recogernos?*", Natalie asked.

"Speak to me in English, please," I reminded her. Natalie, my seven-year-old, took after her father. She was more Spanish in appearance, with features that fit this country more than Jane's. "Your dad will be picking you up today. I need to work late."

I dropped them off and headed to the office, wanting to be the first one in. As the secretary of the head of the Infrastructure Systems Division (ISD), it was my duty to ensure everything was in order before the boss arrived.

I was in my early thirties and had moved from London, Ontario, Canada, to Barcelona, Spain, to work for InterApplications—an IT company specializing in financial and administrative applications. Spain was a natural fit for me. My parents were Spanish, and though I was born in Canada, I knew the language and culture well. Adapting to life here was easy. The goal had been



simple: secure a well-paid job and build a family. Everything seemed to be going my way. I had a beautiful family with two kids and a loving husband—well, at least in the beginning.

At 8:00 AM, I went through my morning routine—checking emails, preparing dossiers, and organizing the day's workload before everyone arrived. It was mid-March, and we were already overwhelmed with projects. This was the early '90s, and much of the administrative work still relied on human intervention.

He arrived at 8:30 AM. It was his first day at the firm. With my personality and experience, I was always the one welcoming new hires. Adam was no exception.

As he walked into my office, I greeted him with a warm smile. He was of medium height, with deep brown eyes, dark hair, and a confident presence. Immediately, I felt a connection.

"Hi, my name is Alina. You must be Adam Aikman. HR mentioned you'd be coming today," I said.

"Good morning, Alina," he replied with a fresh American accent that sent warmth through my heart. Finally, someone who speaks my language! "Yeah, I'm trying to figure out where I'm supposed to sit and where my office is."

"We'll get to that in a second," I said, turning to my computer monitor to check his records. "Let me first see if they've processed your badge and access credentials."

"Are you from the States?" he asked.

"No, I'm Canadian," I said.

"But your name is Spanish?"

"Oh, yeah. My parents were Spanish, but I was born and raised in Canada."

"So, what made you come to Europe?"

"I originally came to visit family, found this job, and the rest is history."

"Ah, okay," he said. "Well, I was born and raised in San Francisco, but I came to study in Europe, got entangled with a European girl, and ended up in this God-forsaken place."

"Tell me about it," I chuckled. "At least I get a break once a year to go back to Canada. That's what keeps me grounded."

"I get you sister!", Adam chuckled.

We had both grown up in North America, and had found our way to Europe, seeking a better life. We shared the same mentality, the same openness that many Europeans lacked. It was like a breath of fresh air that had just walked into my office that day. Someone I can naturally relate to. Someone who understood what it meant to being a foreigner. Despite being of Spanish origin, it never really felt like home. Except for the many friends I had made.

Adam had a family of his own. With three kids and a gorgeous wife who could be taken for a model, he had everything going for him. Highly educated and well mannered, Adam was the perfect gentleman.

Our firm was made up of many young individuals, some with families others who were forming relationships and at the beginning of their careers. We had a lot of social activities and parties, organized by the company as well as private ones. Living in Barcelona was never easy. The world out there was not as efficient as we needed it to be, privately and business-wise. One tended to depend on close colleagues, and specially since we were an international melting pot of workers who came from all over Europe. We

were not just colleagues, but became very close friends over the years. Everlasting friends.

As I got busy with my chores, Juan Carlos Costa walked in. Juan Carlos was the head of division. A tall Spaniard, who had a laid back attitude and likable personality. He made you feel at ease right from the moment you shook hands with him.

“*Buenos dias*, Juan Carlos!”, I said, “This is Adam Aikman. He is starting with us today.”,

“Ah yes.”, said Juan Carlos. “Good morning Adam and welcome to ISD.” Adam and Juan Carlos had already met at the interview.

“Thank you Mr. Costa”, said Adam.

“Oh, please call me Juan Carlos, there are no formalities here. We are all colleagues and friends.”

I could see by the corner of my eyes that Adam was beginning to warm up to the place and would fit in perfectly in our little world. I was happy.

## the first years

Adam was a disrupter.

Born and raised in California, his American confidence and energy made him both admired and resented by colleagues. He brought life into our division with his loud “Good morning!”, often rushing up and down the corridors, always up to something. He despised hierarchy and refused to conform to rigid workplace norms. His approach was refreshing—at least to some.

Juan Carlos, our division head, tolerated Adam’s independent streak to a certain extent. But not everyone was a fan.

Our division was under pressure, struggling to meet the demands we had taken upon ourselves. Roberto’s section handled infrastructure and servers, Ángel’s team managed the networks, and Eric’s group was responsible for applications. Each had a vital role to play.

Adam, however, had been brought in for something different.

He was assigned to a special project—a set of applications intended to boost our division’s standing and potentially position Juan Carlos as the head of IT for the entire company. There was just one problem: the intended users didn’t want it.

The department we were developing the software for was resistant, preferring to create its own solutions. They saw us as outsiders, despite us all being part of the same firm. It was a battle from day one.

As I mentioned before, our company was like a close-knit community. Friendships often formed along nationality lines—the Germans stuck with the Germans, the English with the English, the French with the French.

Adam, being married to a German-speaking woman, naturally gravitated toward the German group.

I, on the other hand, was different. As a Canadian, I wasn't bound to any particular nationality. I created my own circle of friends, embracing people from all backgrounds. That's just how we do it in Canada. And Adam and his family became part of that inner circle.

At this point, there was nothing romantic between us.

We were colleagues at work, friends outside of it. Our families would occasionally meet, and our children would play together. That was all.

As the years went by Adam proved to be a great help at organizing parties and events. Being the Chairman of the Social Committee this meant that he controlled the budget for much of our social events. He got so into this role that he took over the organizing of Christmas parties for the children.

Every year, InterApplications hosted a festive event where employees' children would receive a gift from Santa Claus. We would organize games, food, and entertainment, and Adam would always be at the center of it. It became a tradition for us to work together on these events.

It was during these moments—outside the office, surrounded by laughter and joy—that our bond deepened.

At this time, I never thought of Adam more than as a dear friend. A good friend who always reminded me of home. But people began to notice how he would spend a lot of time in my office, instead of at his desk. He would help me with some of the IT-related issues I was dealing with or give me tips on how to get on to social media by helping me create my accounts. We would gossip about people around us or talk about nothing much really.

Only years later did he confess how much he had been attracted to me all along.

Looking back, I suppose I was oblivious. I knew I was attractive—I had my share of admirers in the company. But most of them kept their distance, knowing I was married and deeply devoted to my family.

Including Adam.

He never once made a move.

Not then.

## the move

The years passed, and we all grew older. Our children, once little, were now becoming independent, shaping lives of their own.

One day, Adam walked into the office and made an announcement to Juan Carlos.

“I’ve applied for a transfer,” he said. “I’ll be moving away from Spain.”

Juan Carlos was stunned.

“What do you mean? And why am I hearing about this now?”

“I’m sorry, Juan Carlos, but I have to move on.”

“Why? Aren’t you happy here? Haven’t I done enough for you?”

Adam hesitated. He didn’t want to hurt Juan Carlos, but he needed to be honest.

“I’ll always be grateful for everything you’ve done for me,” he said. “But my career is in a field that this division just doesn’t cover. I need to grow.”

Juan Carlos sighed, shaking his head. Spaniards valued loyalty above all else. Leaving was often seen as a betrayal. Though I suspected Juan Carlos was putting on a bit of a show, there was also truth in his disappointment. He considered those he hired as part of his “family.” He loved playing the father figure.

“I understand, Adam. I wish you all the very best. You have certainly brought in some fresh ideas into this division that have changed the way we think, and I am thankful for that.”

He extended his hand. Adam shook it firmly.

I sat in silence, my heart sinking.

Adam was leaving.

I was about to lose my best friend—the one person I could talk to without fear, the one who always understood me, who valued my intelligence and respected my work in ways few others did.

He was the only man in the office who didn't see me as just a pretty face.

I knew deep down that I, too, would eventually leave this division. But unlike Adam, I couldn't just pack up and move. My family was here.

Years later, Adam admitted something that changed everything.

He left because of me.

He had been afraid. Afraid that, if he stayed, he would do something reckless—something that would hurt his family and alter both of our lives forever.

At the time, I had no idea.

That year, we held our final Children's Christmas Party together. It was Adam's last. He played his guitar for the kids, as he always did, leading them in carols and laughter. But I knew something was different. This was goodbye.

By New Year's, Adam and his family had moved to Belgium.

Even after the move, we kept in touch. We called each other often, sent messages back and forth. Whenever I needed help with something—anything—Adam was my first call. I knew I could rely on him. But in truth, I just wanted to hear his voice.



I missed him more than I wanted to admit.

As the years went by, dark clouds gathered over my life.

My daughters were growing up, but my marriage was crumbling.

The man I called my husband was about to change in ways I could never have imagined.

And my beautiful family?

It was about to fall apart.

## the resignation

I have always been torn between Spain and Canada. Ever since the company allowed us to visit our home country every two years, I would always grab my girls and go spend time with my sister and her family in London, Ontario. This had a major impact on my final decision to move back.

One day I came home to see my husband Fabricio sitting in the living room with a grim face. He beckoned me to sit down —he had something serious to talk about.

“Alina, you know that I love you very much. I would do anything for our two girls, whom I adore.” I felt a shiver down my spine. “I have to confess to you that I have been seeing someone. It’s not what you think. I really want this family to stick together.”

I was furious. Here I was, constantly pursued by men at work, yet I remained faithful—only to be treated like this by my cheating, lying husband. I was outraged.

“Alina, listen to me.”, he continued, “I swear nothing happened. I was at the gym and she came on to me, started admiring me, saying all these nice things about me. It wasn’t my fault. I swear.”

I just stared at him, tears welling in my eyes. How could he do this to me? What did I do to deserve this?

“Alina, tell me what I can do to prove how much you mean to me.”

“I don’t want to hear another word from you!” I shouted. “After all these years, you’ve betrayed my trust. How do I know this is just a one-time thing? I’ve seen how other women look at you!”

“Alina, please!” Fabricio was trying every possible way to calm me down.

“Leave me alone,” I said firmly. “I need time to think.” Deep down, I already knew where this was heading.

As days passed, Fabricio and I drifted apart. With my kind heart and naive belief in people, I truly thought he would come back. But he didn’t. One woman followed another, and soon, our separation became inevitable.

The turmoil at home began to affect my performance at work. I was no longer the dynamic employee who went out of her way to help others. I had always worked under intense pressure, envied by many women for my career success. I had reached the highest rank in my field and had everything going for me—but I refused to be like the others, engaging in office affairs. I kept my distance, maintaining the image of a loyal, hardworking wife and mother.

I confided in my friends, seeking support. They were all willing to help, but what good would that do at home? Fabricio was unstoppable, and I was growing more miserable by the day.

“Don’t worry Mommy, I am here to comfort you,” Jane said and came to sit beside me one day as she saw me distressed and depressed.

“Thank you, darling,” I said, stroking her hair. “But some things are irreparable.”

“Mom, what do you plan to do?” Jane asked, her voice filled with concern.

“I don’t know. I really don’t.” I hesitated, then asked, “Would you come back to Canada with me?”

“I’ll go anywhere you go Mommy. I love you so much. I want you by my side every moment of the day!” Jane hugged tightly.

“I love you too, Janie,” I whispered, “You and Natalie mean the world to me. I would do anything to keep us together.”

Just then, Natalie came down the hallway, calling out, “Ma! What’s for dinner tonight?” She stopped when she saw us. “Oh! What’s wrong? Is everything okay?”

“Mom is having second thoughts about staying here,” Jane said.

“What? What do you mean? Where do you want to go?” Natalie asked, confused.

“Back to Canada, Natalie,” Jane responded.

“Back to Canada? *¡Estás loca!?* It’s freezing there! You really want to leave this beautiful life to go back to that cold, miserable place?” Natalie protested.

At last I found my voice, “Natalie, would you come with Janie and me back to Canada?”

“What? And leave all my friends and my life here? No way!” she said, crossing her arms.

And there it was —my biggest dilemma. One daughter was ready to leave everything behind while the other, who took so much after her father, refused to leave everything and start all over again. Natalie was about to finish high school and begin a life of her own. Yet, I still had hope that once I would settle in Canada I could convince her to join us.

I spent days reflecting, hoping to persuade Natalie. But I couldn’t bear living under the same roof as a cheating husband any longer.

“Fabricio”, I said to him one day, “I want a divorce.”

He didn’t even flinch.