

Dreams Come True

Storyteller: K W Sercombe

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John Morey writing as Kenneth William Sercombe

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Dreams Come True - Storyteller K W Sercombe

Chapter One - She's Just A Dream

The old, dusty six-string hung on the wall of my small, one-bedroom apartment, a silent companion to a life that felt as though it were perpetually on hold. I'd bought it with the intention of learning to play properly, to craft stories with chords and melodies, but it sat there, mostly for show. A monument to the dreams I chased but never quite caught.

Nothing was happening in my life.

My apartment was a testament to that state of being—a bachelor's cave of functional mediocrity. The scent of stale coffee and old books mingled in the air, a scent I'd grown used to, a scent that now felt like a second skin. I'd been riding this road for a thousand miles now, a road that wasn't paved with asphalt, but with lonely days and even lonelier nights, chasing after something that felt lost to me. Or someone.

Who was she?

I hadn't even met her, and yet, she was everywhere.

I had yet to find her yet I could feel her whisper on the wind-swept plains of my imagination, a soft, ethereal touch that made the hairs on my arms stand up. It was a phantom caress, the ghost of a love I knew was meant to be, but that felt a world away. I'd see her silhouette against the setting sun, when the rain would fall, and the world would turn to shades of grey and gold. She was a constant presence in the landscape of my mind, a ghost of a person I was sure existed, somewhere out there in the real world. My heart had been saving every beat just for her, a rhythm playing on repeat, waiting for its

counter-melody. Or was it purely my imagination.

Every Saturday night, I'd find myself alone, a whiskey glass in my hand - one of my few comforts - staring out my window at the city lights. They twinkled like distant, unattainable stars. I could hear the faint murmur of life outside, a cacophony of laughter and music that seemed to mock my solitude. In my mind's eye, I'd see her. I'd see her dancing in the pale moonlight, her boots kicking up dust on a moonlit country road. She wasn't wearing fancy clothes; just a worn-out pair of jeans and a simple shirt. Her joy was a tangible thing, a force that reached through the haze of my loneliness and touched my soul. Her hair would be like a river, dark and flowing, and her eyes, the colour of the sky on a clear summer day, would be full of a quiet fire. She was a little wild spirit, and I couldn't deny the pull I felt toward her. It was a yearning so deep, so profound, that it felt as though it were a part of my very soul.

Except it - or 'she' - was all in my mind. Up until now.

We'd share a whiskey, a laugh, share a song I hadn't even written yet. I'd ask her to tell me all the stories of where she belonged, what she loved, what made her come alive. Her voice would be a low, sweet melody, and her stories would unfold like a treasured map. I imagined her telling me about her favourite book, the best day of her life, the one time she got lost on a road trip and found the most beautiful little town. And then, we'd lay down under a blanket of stars, so bright and so big they would make us feel small, and she'd finally be there, right by my side. But it was just a dream.

The thought alone was enough to make my chest ache with a bittersweet longing, a deep, painful need for a reality that felt so close, and yet, so impossibly far.

No. She wasn't real. Not yet. Surely that would change?

Yes, she was a dream, a whispered hope, a faded photograph in a scrapbook I hadn't yet started. She was the missing piece that I knew was waiting on a path, somewhere out there, for me to find. I was ready to live, ready to ride, ready to embark on the journey that would bring us together. I yearned to feel the warmth of her hand in mine, to hear her laugh echoing in my home, to finally feel the quiet peace of being truly seen. But she was still just a dream, and I was so tired of waking up in this lonesome stream called life, a river of solitude that seemed to have no end.

I used to spend hours dreaming about what we'd do together - taking her back to my home town, showing her all the sights. I'd walk her down Main Street, a quiet stretch of brick and history, and near forgotten schooldays. We'd go to the old creek where my friends and I used to fish as kids, and I'd show her the perfect spot where the water was so clear you could see the rocks on the bottom. And our reflection.

I'd tell her about the fireflies that lit up the night like a thousand tiny stars, and how we'd spend hours trying to catch them in jars. I'd take her to the old swing on my parents' porch, where I'd sat countless nights dreaming of her even back then, and I'd tell her how every one of those dreams had her face in them. I'd introduce her to my mama, my dad, my old best friend, and show her the place where my wild road came to an end. It was the place where the search for her would finally be over, where my restless heart would finally find its peace, its true blessing.

“Come on, darlin’,” I'd say to the empty air, the words a desperate whisper in the silence of my apartment, “wherever

you are, won't you hurry up and find me?"

I was a lone wolf, tired of chasing shadows and feeling so empty. I'd been ready for her my whole life, ready for the feeling of being full, of being complete.

I knew she was out there, a real, living, breathing woman, but she was still just a dream. She was the whispered hope that kept me going, the promise of a future that felt a thousand miles away. I'd hold onto her like a faded photograph in my mind, the one of the two of us, finally together, finally home.

The six-string on the wall seemed to shimmer in the late afternoon light, and I swear I could hear a soft strum, a distant melody. Like an answer to my inner thoughts. A melody that was just waiting for her to come along and make it a duet. I was a man waiting for his life to begin, and I knew that when it did, it would be with her. She was the end of the road, the final destination, and the most beautiful of all the dreams that had ever come true. I just had to find her. But how? Where?

The search, I knew, was not just for her, but for a part of myself I hadn't yet found. A part that only she could bring to life. My life had been a prelude, a long, drawn-out introduction to a story I was desperate to start. My heart was a map with only one destination, and the roads I had travelled were all leading to her. The city lights outside my window no longer felt so mocking; they felt like a beacon, a guide pointing me in the direction of a future I was so close to touching. I took a sip of my whiskey, the amber liquid burning as it went down, and a strange calm washed over me. I wasn't giving up. I was just waiting for the next song to begin. And I knew, with a certainty that reached into the depths of my soul, that I wouldn't be singing this one alone. But when?

Chapter Two - She's No Dream

My favourite band were playing in town.

The air throbbed with a physical weight, a living, breathing thing made of electric guitar riffs and the guttural roar of the crowd. I stood near the back of the stadium, a lone island in a sea of faceless people, all of us bathed in the hazy, chaotic glow of the neon stage lights. The band was a cyclone of sound, and I was lost in the rhythm, lost inside the sound, letting the thunder and the guitars wash over me. I had no way of knowing my world was about to turn around, no premonition that the quiet, solitary life I had built for myself was on the verge of being shattered and rebuilt in a single, heart-stopping moment.

And then I saw her.

It wasn't a slow, gentle discovery. It was a flash of lightning across the maddening haze, an instant that froze time.

My breath caught in my chest, a sudden shock that stole the air from my lungs. My heart, which had been beating in a steady, monotonous rhythm for years, suddenly took on a new life, a frantic, desperate rhythm on a clock. She was standing about twenty yards from me, a part of a small group of friends, her face illuminated by a stray stage light.

She wasn't dancing wildly or shouting lyrics. She was simply laughing, her head thrown back, a flash of a beautiful, genuine smile. Her hair, which was darker than I had imagined, fell like a curtain around her shoulders, and for a second, a fleeting moment, I saw the colour of her eyes. Not the sky blue of my dreams, but a deep, earthy brown, full of a

quiet warmth that felt more real. Yes, definitely real.

And more comforting than any fantasy.

My feet were rooted to the ground. My mind screamed at me to move, to go to her, to finally bridge the gap between dream and reality. But I was a statue, frozen for a while, a victim of my own disbelief. It was her. The girl from my dreams. The one from the faded photograph in my mind.

She really did exist.

As if sensing my gaze, she looked up, her eyes scanning the crowd. For a single, breathless second, our eyes met. I swear she looked my way. I swear she saw me too. A little head tilt, a little look so new, a flicker of something in her expression—curiosity? Recognition? I'd never know. Not right away, because just as quickly as it had begun, the moment ended. Her friends laughed again, one of them tugged on her arm, and she turned away. She disappeared into the crowd before I could move, swallowed by the waves of people, her silhouette fading into the haze.

My feet came unstuck, but still felt heavy, clumsy. I started pushing, started fighting my way through the bodies. "Excuse me, sorry, pardon me," I muttered, my voice lost in the roar of the music. I craned my neck, trying to find her again. I caught glimpses of dark hair, a similar-coloured shirt, but it was always a stranger, a cruel imitation of the one I sought. The panic was a cold, bitter taste in my mouth. Had I lost her? Was this my one chance?

Why had I been too paralysed to take it?

I kept pushing, kept searching, until the concert was over, the crowd began to disperse, until the last of the roadies were packing up their gear on the now-silent stage. I waited and I

watched 'til the last light went out, standing alone in the vast, empty stadium. The silence was deafening, a stark contrast to the thunder that had filled the space just a short time before. The empty stage echoed with my doubt. Was that her, the one from my dream? Just a shadow slipping out of the stream?

I stumbled out into the cool night air, the concrete lot feeling like a desolate plain. I walked to my truck, my mind reeling. I had been so sure. And now, she was gone. My dream, my phantom, had briefly taken form, only to vanish again, leaving me more alone than I had been before. I was slowly coming to me senses, now conscious of the sound of the band that had been invading my ears for nearly two hours. My ears were ringing and it was then I did the dumbest thing: immediately I closed the door of my pick-up I rolled down the window - not for the air, but to let the sound ringing in my ears to escape the confines of my head.

How stupid was that? I had to laugh at myself, almost a relief and a brief moment of lightness in contrast to the disappointment of finding her. Then losing her again.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the stadium she, as I found out later, Sarah, had no idea she was the object of such a frantic search. She was laughing with her friends, a group of five of them, as they made their way toward her car.

"Did you see the drummer's solo?" one of her friends, a girl with fiery red hair named Maya, shouted over the lingering noise in their ears. "He was incredible!"

"I know!" Sarah laughed, her head tilted back. Her eyes, a deep, warm brown, were still adjusting to the darkness after the barrage of neon. She'd had a great time, but a quiet feeling

of restlessness had settled over her a little while ago. For a fleeting second, she'd looked out into the crowd and seen a lone man standing still, his eyes fixed on her. It was a strange look, an intensity that was unsettling and yet, compelling.

But she had dismissed it as a trick of the light, an illusion.

"Hey, are you coming?" Maya asked, pulling on her arm.

"Yeah, sorry, I was just spacing out," Sarah said, turning back to her friends and pushing the image from her mind. They all piled into her beat-up old sedan, and Sarah turned the key, the engine sputtering to life. She was looking forward to getting home, to the quiet comfort of her apartment. She didn't know it, but she had just walked away from her entire future.

Unless...

I drove home on autopilot, my mind a storm of questions. I was back in the familiar landscape of my truck, the lonely space I'd occupied for a thousand miles as I drifted from job to job, town to town - looking. I was still chasing her in a sense. I thought about that moment, the vision of her. Her eyes weren't the colour of the summer sky, but they held the promise of it, a reflection of a future I'd only ever dreamed of. I could see that future reflected there, in the fleeting instant our gazes had met.

I knew I had to find her. I had to see her face again. All those years of lonely Saturday nights, all the dreams, all the waiting—it hadn't been a lie. Now I knew she was real, and so was I. This wasn't a shadow. This wasn't a ghost. The town I was now in held a secret. My secret. But for how long?

Finally, this was a real person, and I had to find her.

I pulled into my apartment complex, the city lights feeling less like a mockery now and more like a challenge. The search

for her, I knew, was no longer a beautiful dream. It was a wild, desperate quest, and I was just getting started. I had to know if this feeling would ever truly end. The dream was gone, replaced by a tangible hope, a fierce determination. I had chased shadows and dreamed a lie for far too long. Now, a glimpse of reality had set me on a new path, and there was no turning back. How do I find the one I need the most? That question was a constant, nagging rhythm in my mind, a beat I had to follow, a melody I had to complete. Was it a moment, a second, my imagination? Or was it my future walking by?

I wouldn't rest until I found her.

Chapter Three - Seeing Her Face

Another Tuesday morning dawned in a haze of grey light and the persistent, low hum of the city. I woke to the same old grind, the familiar routine of brewing coffee, pulling on a work shirt, and stepping out into the cool morning air. The memory of the concert, of her face, was no longer a beautiful daydream but a sharp, painful reality that followed me everywhere. It was a phantom ache in my chest, a reminder of what I'd lost by not acting. I drove through the streets, my mind a million miles away, still seeing her face in the rear-view glass, a haunting vision I couldn't shake. I was a ghost myself, a man moving through the motions of his life, hoping that the moments with her vision before me, that one single, fleeting glimpse, wouldn't fade into nothingness.

I didn't expect a thing from that day.

It was just another Tuesday, another eight hours of toiling away for my meagre pay, another chance to get lost in my own head. My boss called me around noon, an urgent delivery I couldn't refuse. He needed me to pick up documents from a client on the other side of town, normally a place I never went. It was a minor inconvenience, a twist of fate that felt like nothing more than a new wrinkle in my monotonous week. I grumbled to myself, turned my truck around, and headed into a part of the city that was completely foreign to me.

After the delivery, I had a half-hour to kill before I had to be back at work. I passed a small, independent coffee shop tucked between a book store and a florist. The scent of roasted

beans and warm pastries drifted out the open door, a welcome invitation on a chilly afternoon. I hesitated, my hand on the handle of my truck door. I didn't usually stop for coffee. It was an unnecessary expense, a luxury I told myself I didn't need. But something—an impulse, a tiny, almost-silent voice in my head—told me to go in. I shrugged, figured I had time to kill, and pushed open the heavy glass door.

The bell above the door chimed, a small, soon to become familiar sound that was completely ordinary, and yet, in that instant, my entire world spun around. I stood just inside the threshold, my eyes scanning the small, bustling space.

How did you guess? There she was, standing at the counter, her back to me, her dark hair a familiar curtain. My breath hitched. This wasn't a daydream. This wasn't a phantom. This was real. Just like she was real.

My head snapped up, and the world seemed to hold its breath. *It was* her, standing right by the door, just like in my dream, and so much more attractive than I could imagine. My heart was a wild, reckless drum against my ribs, pounding out a rhythm so frantic I thought everyone in the shop must hear it. This was the moment. Was this my chance? Had my time finally come? The past week of searching, of doubting, of pushing through crowds, had all led to this?

All I had to do was... to walk across the room.

But I couldn't.

My feet were planted to the tiled floor, my body a statue made of stone. A cold, paralysing fear seized me. It wasn't a fear of rejection, not yet. It was the fear of losing the dream. Of walking over, saying the wrong thing, and seeing the light in her eyes go out. I had built a beautiful, fragile world around

the idea of her, and the thought of it shattering in a real-world interaction was terrifying. I was scared of losing what I'd always known, even if what I'd known was lonely. I had never 'been' here before. What should I do?

Before I could move, she had her coffee, and with a soft smile at the barista, she turned and walked toward the window. My feet still remained stuck. I watched her sit down, alone, her face in profile against the backdrop of the street. I could so easily have walked over. I could have sat down. I could have said something. Anything.

But I didn't. I just stood there, witness to my own failure.

She took a sip of coffee, her gaze lost in thought. A gust of wind rattled the windowpane, and a stray ray of sunlight caught her hair, making it shimmer. I saw the quiet joy in her face, the perfect stillness of her moment, and the contrast to my own inner chaos was stark and painful. I took a single step forward, then another. My hand went up, a half-formed wave that could have been aimed at anybody. Why did I do that?

Before I could get across the room, she finished her coffee.

She stood up, and with a quiet sigh, walked out the door and into the afternoon light. Just like that, she was gone in a flash, another moment, another wild, hopelessness - dashed.

I sat down at the table she had just left, the ghost of her presence still hanging in the air. The coffee cup on the table was still slightly warm. I ran my hand across the wood, feeling the faint warmth that was already starting to fade. Now I was having this weird, random conversation.

With myself!

"I should have gone to you. I should have said something. I should have fanned the embers of that moment into a flame."

I sat there in silence, surrounded now by the murmur of others' conversation and the clatter of plates, feeling more alone than I had in the empty stadium. I had watched her walk out the door; I was left totally alone. Just like before.

How stupid was I?

My mind raced, a painful loop of "what-ifs."

"Did I just lose her forever? Lose her for good? Was it a sign that I didn't quite get, that she was meant to remain a beautiful figment of my imagination?"

The despair was a crushing weight. The dream had been so simple, so perfect in its distance. But now that she was a real person, a person I had seen and lost not once, but twice, the pain was unbearable.

A waitress came by and started to clear the table. I mumbled something about staying a while longer. She gave me a kind smile and walked away, leaving me to my thoughts. The taste of my own failure was bitter on my tongue.

But then, a flicker of something else took hold.

It was a cold, hard resolve. I had been a coward. A statue. And because of it, I had let her get away. I couldn't let it happen again. I couldn't. I had to know. The search, I realized, was no longer a whimsical fantasy. It was a mission. And I would not fail. I *would* find her again. And this time, I wouldn't freeze.

This time, I would be ready for my own reaction.

Chapter Four - Looking For You

Seven days passed.

A whole week since that coffee shop door had swung shut on my hopes. A hundred and sixty eight hours since I had stood there, a statue made of stone, watching my one chance walk out into the afternoon light. It was a failure I couldn't stomach, a moment of cowardice that had haunted me with every passing hour since. My new routine was a kind of penance. Every day, on my lunch break, I'd drive the fifteen minutes across town to the little independent coffee shop, just me -and a dream. I'd order a coffee I didn't want, find a table by the window.

And I'd wait.

My boss, a perpetually stressed man named Frank, called me into his office on Thursday. "Look, Johnson," he said, pushing his glasses up his nose, "I don't know what's going on, but you're racking up more mileage than all our other delivery drivers. You going on a secret holiday in the middle of the day or something?"

I mumbled something about needing fresh air, but the lie was as thin as a single sheet of paper. My friends were no better. "You've lost it, man," my best friend, Mike, said over the phone. "You're chasing a ghost. One glimpse in a crowd and you've gone full-on crazy. Give it up!"

He was right, of course. My boss thinks I'm crazy, my friends think I've lost it. But they didn't understand. She wasn't a ghost. I'd seen her, felt the pull, and now I was driven by a new, more dangerous kind of hope. Every day I'd return, just

hoping to find her, like a forgotten package I was meant to pick up, but had missed on the first delivery.

I had come to know the rhythm of the coffee house, the comings and goings of the regulars. The old man with the newspaper who sat in the corner, the young woman with a laptop who typed with a relentless fury, the group of high school seniors who came in every day at 3:15, loud and boisterous. My face was a fixture to them now, a silent, grim-faced man who just sat and stared out the window. The barista, a girl with a nose ring and a warm smile, had stopped asking if I was alright after the third day. She just handed me my coffee with a knowing, sympathetic look. As if she knew.

It was Tuesday again, a week to the day since I had seen her last. I walked in, the bell chiming its familiar song. The scent of a rich roast filled my lungs. I ordered a coffee, paid, and went to my usual spot, my heart a dull, heavy stone in my chest. This was it. One more day, and then maybe, just maybe, I'd have to accept that she was, in fact, a dream after all. My mind was already starting to prepare for the inevitable disappointment.

Then the door bell rang again.

I didn't dare to look up at first. My mind had played tricks on me before, seeing a flash of dark hair or a similar-looking pair of boots and sending a jolt of panic through me. But this time was different. I felt the air shift. I felt the light change. My gaze was pulled away from the street outside and back to the door. And there she was.

She walked in so easy, just like before, her head turned slightly to the side as she looked at the menu board. She had on a simple black jacket and jeans, and she held a book. She

ordered her coffee, black, no sugar, and my mind started racing. She didn't see me. She was just looking at the street, a small, content smile on her face. This was it. This was my chance. I wouldn't freeze this time. I was so ready for this. My heart was no longer a frantic drum but a steady, resolute rhythm, a steady drumbeat for a new, beautiful song.

I stood up, my hand on the back of my chair. My legs were a little shaky, but this time, they moved. I took a deep breath, walked up to the counter, and in a quiet voice, told the barista I needed one more cup. I waited until the girl walked away from the counter, holding her coffee cup, and found the same little table by the window. My heart was pounding, back to a wild, reckless drum. Was this the moment, the dawn of a new day? Was this my chance, had my time finally come?

I walked toward her table, the distance feeling like a million miles. I had run this moment through in my head so many times, yet I still felt unrehearsed. She was already lost in her book, taking a sip of her coffee. I stopped next to her table and cleared my throat. She looked up, startled, her eyes wide with surprise. She looked at me for a long, silent moment, and a flicker of recognition passed over her face. My mind went blank. I had a whole speech prepared, a well-drilled line about coincidence and destiny, but all I could manage was a stammering, heartfelt truth.

"I know this is crazy," I said, my voice suddenly sounding a little too loud in the unusually quiet cafe, "but I think I saw you. Last week at the concert and later in the coffee shop."

Her eyes got so wide then, such a relief, she gave a shy little laugh, a sound that was sweeter than any melody I had ever heard. "Yeah," she said, "that's right. Small world."

I felt a rush of calmness so powerful it almost knocked me over. "Well, I'm the same guy - and I froze last time before I could get the courage to talk to you. I guess you noticed. I couldn't find anything to say, but I'm so glad you came back."

She smiled, a genuine, beautiful smile that reached her eyes. "Ahh, I remember now. You're the guy who was staring at me all the time," she said, her voice soft. "It freaked me out at first, then I thought you were going to come over, but you didn't. I was wondering what happened."

My heart felt like it would burst from my chest. I had been so convinced that I was a failure, that I had lost her forever, but she *had* noticed me after all. The hope that had been a dull ache in my heart was now a blinding, brilliant light. Is that what hope feels like? I sat down opposite her without thinking, without asking. Then I felt calm again. For the first time in a long time, I felt truly at peace. She was having that effect on me. I'd finally found my voice.

"You... you didn't mind? Think it weird or anything?"

"Uh, uh." She smiled as she said it. "I get it all the time." It was a self-assured response I guess. Confident, without being overly... whatever. Cocky?

"So, tell me your name," I said, a grin spreading across my face this time. "What's your story? I ahve to know, 'cause it already feels like I've been lookin' for you, my whole life."

Such a lame line. I regretted it immediately.

It might have sounded stupid, but she didn't seem to mind. Quite the opposite. Little did he know, Sarah's heart had just started to beat again, too, a little bit faster - in a way that *she* wasn't used to. She had come to the coffee shop on a whim, needing a break from a particularly challenging chapter in her

novel. She loved this place. It was her sanctuary, a place where she could sometimes write for hours, losing herself in as yet undiscovered, imagined worlds. And then something else turned up. So she *had* seen this man at the concert, a man with an intense look that had made her uneasy and intrigued at the same time. She had also seen him in this very coffee shop a week ago, standing by the door, and had wondered what he was doing there. Just standing. Without a coffee. Waiting. For what? And now, when he approached her table, her heart had hammered against her ribs, a mix of fear and excitement.

What was he going to do? She was confused.

Then he spoke, and her fear instantly vanished, replaced with a warm curiosity. He was nervous, that was for sure. He fumbled his words, his face was flushed, but his eyes were so honest. She saw the relief in his expression when she admitted she remembered him. It was a funny story, really. The man who had been struck by her presence was now sitting across from her, a mix of hope and desperation in his eyes that made her heart ache. Later, she realised, it was the first time ever.

"My name's Sarah," she said, her smile widening. "And I'm a writer. A very bad one, at the moment. And you?"

He laughed, a rich, warm sound that made her stomach flutter. "I'm Adam. And I... I'm not sure what I am. A man who drives a truck, plays the guitar - badly - and thinks about a girl he's never met, I guess."

There it was again, another lame, so-obvious 'line'. But she still didn't seem to mind. They sat there for hours, the afternoon gone in a blink. They talked about everything and nothing. They talked about her new novel, his dusty six-string guitar, the band at the concert, their home towns, and shared

their dreams. He told her about his vision - his dream - always of seeing her dancing in the moonlight. Then she unnerved him when she told him about her own strange feeling - something about to happen, a sense of a fate she couldn't see.

Suddenly, he looked at his watch, a look of horror on his face. "I should have been back at work hours ago," he said, a panicked look in his eyes. He started to stand, but his gaze was still locked on her. He had to know. This was his one chance. His voice was a little shaky but he gave it a shot. "Would you like to grab dinner with me on Friday?"

A wave of warmth washed over her. She had been hoping he would ask. She knew there was something out there waiting to happen, but couldn't put her finger on it. Now it was proving true, she still had her doubts, wondering if this was 'it'. Was this conversation just a random moment in her life, or something more? She looked at him, his face open and vulnerable, and a twinkle appeared in her eye. "Yeah," she said, a soft smile on her face. "I was wonderin' if you'd ask."

They exchanged phone numbers and he promised to call, to decide on a time and place. She watched him walk away, a spring in his step, and she couldn't help but smile. The book she'd been reading, research about a story about a man on a journey, was sitting open on the table. But she was no longer interested in its pages. She was ready to start her own story. She was ready for her own adventure. And it felt like it was just beginning.

Chapter Five - Home Is My Heart

We pick up the story in Adam's own words.

The sun was a warm, hazy orange as I drove to her apartment building. My hands were gripping the steering wheel a little too tight, a new kind of nervousness I'd never felt before. This wasn't about a distant dream any more; this was about a real person, a real date, and a very real chance of screwing it all up. I had spent the last twenty-four hours agonizing over what to wear, what to say, and how not to freeze up again. I had finally found her. The thought was a prayer, a mantra, and closure to a dream.

I couldn't lose her now.

I pulled up to the curb, a nervous lump forming in my throat. I saw her walk out the front door, and my breath caught all over again. She was wearing a simple blue dress that seemed to make her eyes shine, and for a second, I was back in that stadium, seeing her for the first time through the haze of the neon lights. A shy, beautiful smile was on her face as she approached the truck. I had to remind myself to breathe.

"Hey, Adam." She climbed into the passenger seat.

"Hey, Sarah," I replied, my voice a little rougher than I intended. "You look... great."

She laughed, a genuine, warm sound that instantly melted my anxiety. "You don't clean up too bad yourself," she said, nodding toward my freshly ironed shirt.

As I drove, the usual silence in the cab was replaced with a comfortable, easy conversation. The truck windows were rolled down, letting the warm air rush in, and the radio was

playing a soft, melodic tune. We talked about her work, the novel she was writing, her old, beat-up car that was constantly on the verge of breaking down. I told her about my job, my love of old country music, and the dusty old six-string hangin' on the wall that had been waiting for a new song. The miles flew by, and soon enough, we pulled up to the old diner on the edge of town, the neon sign buzzing a warm, inviting welcome.

We sat in a worn-out booth, the kind with red vinyl that stuck to your skin, but we didn't care; we talked for hours. It felt like we'd known each other for years, not just a few hours. We shared a plate of fries and laughed at our own stories, weaving them together like an old quilt. I told her about my home town, about fishing with my dad in the creek, and the fireflies that lit up the night like a blanket of stars. I told her about the girl in my songs, the one I had been looking for, and how I finally found her.

By the time we came to that final revelation, she was listening intently, her eyes filled with a quiet understanding, and when I was done, she reached across the table and placed her hand on mine. Her soft fingertips brushed the hard callouses on my own.

"I think I was looking for you too," she said, her voice soft. "I just didn't know it. 'Till now."

From her perspective, the first date felt like coming home. Sarah had been on plenty of first dates before, but they had always felt like an audition, a forced conversation where she had to perform a version of herself she wasn't sure she even liked. With Adam, there was none of that. His honesty was

disarming, his vulnerability an open door she felt safe walking through. He was so much more than the man who had stood rooted to the floor in the coffee shop, or the man she'd seen distantly in the crowd at the concert. She could feel how he was a kind, gentle soul with a latent wildness she instinctively recognized and responded to. His fingers were calloused from hard work as well as guitar playing, and the way he looked at her when he spoke about his dusty old six-string was with an almost boyish love. It was the kind of passion she shared.

She imagined herself in his dreams, saw a life she had only ever written about reflected in his eyes. There was no pretence, no games. He was simply a man who had been searching, and she was a woman who had been waiting. When he told her about the old creek where he'd fish and the fireflies at night, she could picture it perfectly. She could see herself there, with him, sharing a life that was both simple and profound. She had always felt a little lost, a little untethered, and as they talked, she felt a quiet peace settling over her heart. Contrary to the impression she gave on the outside, of being 'one of the crowd', in her eyes she was a woman who had always been on the outside looking in, observing life to write about; but now she was a participant.

And with Adam, the world was no longer a place to be observed. It was a place to be lived.

The weeks turned to months, the seasons flew by, and their lives began to intertwine seamlessly. Inevitably.

It was a quiet wedding. They already had a place to live. His. They painted the old porch on his small house, laughing as they got more paint on each other than on the wood. He

taught her how to play a few chords on his six-string, and she would sit beside him, her head on his shoulder, as he sang her the songs he had written about her before he even knew her.

They got a dog, a goofy golden retriever mix they named Waylon, who brought a little bit of chaos into their lives, but who was a perfect little sketch of the happy, messy life they were building. He met her friends, her family. She had met his and warmed immediately to his mom, his dad, his old best friend. Their stories, once separate, became a single, interwoven narrative. The kind dreams are made of.

"I can't believe I found you," he said one night, as they lay on the back porch under a blanket of stars so bright - just like he had dreamed. "I was scared I never would."

"I was always here," she replied, snuggling closer to him. "You just had to swing by - and do something about it."

Their relationship wasn't a typical whirlwind romance. After the initial flash of realisation of what they had, it was a slow, steady burn, a quiet fire that gave off a comforting warmth. They had their disagreements, their moments of frustration, but they were all part of the process of building a home, not just a house. Once the search for her was over, his wild road had come to an end. His restless heart finally felt truly blessed. He was no longer chasing a ghost, but living with a real person, a woman who brought colour to his world and a melody to his soul.

Their wedding was a small backyard ceremony, surrounded by their closest friends and family. Those years that followed were a series of moments, both big and small, that solidified their bond. They even travelled, they worked hard, and they created a life that was uniquely theirs. From a glimpse in a

crowd to a life they now shared, the journey had been long, but every moment was worth it. The whispered hope had been answered, the promise in the air was fulfilled. She was more than just a dream; she was a beautiful, living, breathing reality. The girl in the song, the one from the start, was now his wife, the one he would always consider the home in his heart.

The search was over.

Chapter Six - You Were The Dream

The journey - the dream - lasted another forty years - until she passed. We rejoin him now, alone again. But not quite.

Adam takes up the story.

The old porch swing creaked in a rhythm I'd come to know by heart, a familiar, slow complaint against the passage of time. The sun was setting, painting the sky in a soft, hazy orange, the same colour it had been on that first date, all those decades ago. I was greying now, a few more wrinkles had found their home around my eyes, and my hands, once so restless and eager to grip a steering wheel in search of something more, now found a quiet comfort in the simple act of holding a coffee mug.

Another little girl sat beside me - our daughter, and no longer 'so little' - her head in my lap, her hair the colour of the sunset's last flame. It was the same shade of deep, rich brown as her mama's. A familiar and profound ache settled in my chest, a bittersweet pang that was a constant companion these days. I had to squint a little to focus my eyes, but in the soft evening light, I could see it—the unmistakable light in her

eyes, the very same one that had caught my attention from across a crowded stadium all those years ago. And I got lost in the memories of a life in a snap. The photograph on the mantel, a beautiful, faded image of a vibrant young woman, Sarah was a constant reminder, but my daughter - all 35 years of her - was a living, breathing one.

I often go back to remember the concert, the thunder and guitars, the roar of the crowd, the sea of faceless people. But her face had shone like a beacon through it all. It had been a flash of lightning that had caught me in a daze, a moment that had felt so impossibly random, so completely out of place. I had walked away from that stadium feeling like I had seen a ghost, a whisper from the wind, a shadow slipping out of the stream. But it was no ghost.

It was the beginning of my entire life.

I told my daughter about the coffee shop as soon as she was old enough to understand, about the second chance. It was a story I was called upon to repeat many times. I described the way her mother had walked in so easy, so unaware of the man - me - who had been sitting there for a week, a man who had lost his mind trying to find her again.

"I almost didn't go in that day," I told her, my voice a quiet rumble. "I just had a feeling I *had* to be there."

My daughter, who was so much like her mother in both looks and spirit, listened intently, her face full of wonder. She'd heard the same story so many times before, of course - but pretended she hadn't. It seemed so natural and, whether it was me who never tired of telling it, or she who loved to be reminded of such a special moment we all shared, doesn't matter. Some stories get better the more often they are told.

"So you just... knew?" she asked, her voice soft.

She'd asked the same question many times.

"I knew," I said, a slow smile spreading across my face. "Your mother was the dream I had been dreaming my whole life. The dusty old six-string hangin' on the wall was waitin' for a song, and she was the melody. My heart was savin' every beat just for her."

I told her about the first date, about the old diner with the red vinyl booths. We talked for hours, I explained, reminding myself how it felt like we'd known each other for years, not just a few days. How we shared a plate of fries and tons of laughter, our stories weaving together like an old quilt.

Sarah had told me her story, and I told her mine, the lonely heartaches and the roads I had known. "She told me she was a writer," I said, a wave of nostalgia washing over me. "And I was a man who drove a truck and thought about a girl he'd never met. We were so different, and yet, we were the same.

"Both looking for something."

"Or someone," she added, with a familiar smile.

I told my daughter - Melody, we called her, not hard to guess why - about the simple things, the quiet moments that had built a life. I reminded her of how her mama often had a mischievous glint in her eye if she was up to something, or trying to get me to do or agree to something she knew I wouldn't like. I told her how she would sit on the back step, listening to me play a few chords on the six-string, her head resting on my shoulder as I sang the songs I had written about her - *before* she was even a part of my reality.

"Mom was magic," Melody said, her voice a little choked up. "I miss her so much."

The words were a quiet, painful echo of my own thoughts, and a single tear traced a path down my weathered cheek. I had been blessed with Melody. My sweet girl. She had been so young when her mother's journey had come to an end, a cruel, sudden illness that had taken her away from us in a flash. My heart was broken, a shattered rhythm of a song I no longer knew how to sing. The search was over, the journey was done, but now I was totally alone again - almost - the quiet of the house a constant reminder of the 'other' melody - the one that was gone. I felt my wild road coming to an end, but in a way I never would have imagined.

But just as I might be losing faith in it all - in life - my daughter would look up at me, a flash of light in her eyes, a reflection of the one who had given me a lifetime of peace. It would all of a sudden make sense, all over again, and I would listen to myself as I spoke the words that just as well might have come from a book she had written.

Talking to you again, across the divide.

"My thoughts and words live for both of you now. Sarah, you were the dream, the girl from my song, my sweet, wild spirit, where I always belonged. And I'll miss you forever, a tear for the past, but the love that we built was too strong - I know I'll never feel really alone.

"After all, I see you every day in the eyes of our own sweet Melody. A beautiful part of you still runnin' wild. She has become a living legacy, a testament to the fact that our love was not just a fleeting moment in time but a force that had created life, that had created a future. And when she would ask me about her mama, I would tell her stories. I would tell her about the girl who had eyes the colour of the summer sky, who

had laughed in a way that had made my heart feel like it would burst from my chest. I would tell her about a love that was a slow, steady burn, a quiet fire that had given off a comforting warmth that I still felt in my soul.

“The sun has finally dipped below the horizon, the sky now a deep, rich indigo. I look at my daughter - *our* daughter - her face a pale oval in the fading light. She’s more than just a memory; she’s a living, breathing promise, a reminder that the dream had come true and has given me a gift to last a lifetime. The pain of the loss is still there, a constant companion, but it’s no longer a crushing weight. It’s now a part of the song, a melancholic, beautiful verse that exists as a part of my story.

“You’re the girl in the song and you’ll always be the home in my heart. The whispered hope has been answered, the promise in the air fulfilled, and though the road has taken an unexpected turn, I’m not alone. The dream came true, and I was blessed to be the man who found you for all eternity. And now, in the quiet of a Tuesday afternoon, as I watch our daughter’s face in the rear-view glass of my life, I know with a certainty that can only come from true love, that I will see you again, that our love will never die.

“You will always be the beautiful dream come true in my heart...”

It’s never the end.

~ *** ~

*Take a breath... there's more... on the next page and
a [SONG to listen too, here...](#)*

Further Reading by John Morey

For readers who have enjoyed the storytelling and themes first explored in "[Lakota Whispers in the Wind](#)," - AI assisted - the author, John Morey, previously also penned a diverse range of fiction under his own name, available on Amazon in eBook and printed format.

The following are NOT AI assisted.

The series '[Love Should Never Be This Hard](#)':

- **Book 1: The Sign of the Rose**: Step into a world of tangled emotions and unexpected connections. This captivating romance introduces characters grappling with past hurts and the daunting prospect of opening their hearts again. When fate throws seemingly incompatible souls together, they must navigate a landscape of misunderstandings, vulnerabilities, and the undeniable pull of attraction. Can love truly conquer all, even when the signs point to anything but a happily ever after?
- **Book 2: The Black Rose of Blaby**: Journey deeper into the complexities of love and relationships. This instalment explores the shadows that can linger from past experiences and the courage it takes to confront them. Amidst the charming backdrop of Blaby, characters face difficult choices, testing the boundaries of trust and the resilience of the human heart. Can a love forged in the face of adversity truly blossom, or will the darkness of the past prove too strong?

- **Book 3: Rose: The Missing Years:** Unravel a poignant story of separation, longing, and the enduring power of memory. This emotionally resonant novel delves into a period of absence and the profound impact it has on those left behind. As the years pass, the characters grapple with unanswered questions and the hope of reunion. Can lost connections be rediscovered, and can love withstand the test of time and silence?
- **Book 4: Finding Rose:** The culmination of the series, this book promises a journey of discovery, healing, and the ultimate triumph of love. As characters confront their deepest fears and navigate the final obstacles in their path, the possibility of finding lasting happiness hangs in the balance. Will they finally find their way back to each other, proving that even after the hardest trials, love can indeed find its way home?

Modern Westerns (set in Wyoming):

- **Wild Hearts Roam Free:** Experience the rugged beauty and untamed spirit of Wyoming in this contemporary western. Follow characters who embody the independent and resilient nature of the West as they navigate modern challenges against a backdrop of breathtaking landscapes. Expect tales of adventure, romance, and the enduring connection between people and the land.
- **Wild Hearts Come Home:** Return to the captivating world of Wyoming where the bonds of family and community run deep. This instalment explores themes of homecoming, forgiveness, and the challenges of reconciling the past with the present. As characters grapple with their roots and the meaning of belonging, the wild heart of the West offers both solace and unexpected turns.

- **Wild Hearts Bright Stars**: The saga continues in Wyoming, where new journeys unfold under the vast, starlit skies. This novel delves into stories of hope, resilience, and the unexpected connections that can illuminate even the darkest trails. Expect a blend of compelling characters, dramatic landscapes, and the enduring spirit of the American West.

Other Titles:

- **Those Italian Girls**: Escape to the sun-drenched hills of Tuscany in this evocative novel. Immerse yourself in the beauty of the Italian countryside and the lives of compelling characters as they navigate love, loss, and the rich tapestry of Italian culture. Expect a story filled with passion, picturesque settings, and the timeless allure of Italy.
- **Blaby - The Lost Village**: Growing up in a typical Leicestershire village in the 1950's and '60's.
- **Wood-Spirit - an anthology of poems about trees**: Discover a collection of poems that celebrate the majesty, mystery, and profound connection between humanity and the arboreal world. Through evocative language and imagery, this anthology explores the beauty, resilience, and spiritual significance of trees.
- **Love Can Be The Death of You**: Available on Amazon, this title delves into the darker complexities of love and obsession. Expect a gripping narrative that explores the dangerous edges of passion and the devastating consequences when love takes a perilous turn.

Readers are also invited to visit the author's website: newnovel.co.uk for more information and updates.