



A Spark in Rome

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Martina walks along the cobblestone streets of Rome at sunset, her soft curls catching the golden glow of the autumn light. As she stops near an ancient fountain to admire the twilight reflection, a sudden breeze blows her sketchpad pages into the air. Alex steps into view, reaching out effortlessly with his dark hands to catch a fluttering drawing before it hits the fountain water.



When their eyes meet, time seems to stop completely under the warm streetlight. Alex hand-delivers the sketch, his dark curly hair beautifully wild in the evening wind and his rich brown eyes shining with immediate warmth. Martina blushes, struck by the instant, undeniable electricity that arcs between them in a single breathless second.



They stroll together down the glowing alleyways, discovering how effortlessly their conversation flows despite coming from different corners of Europe. Alex shares warm stories of his vibrant home in Southern Spain, while Martina speaks fondly of her picturesque towns in Slovakia. Every shared laugh under the ivy-draped balconies feels like finding a piece of home in a foreign city.



Later that night, they sit on the marble steps of a quiet piazza with gelato melting in their hands, lost in deep conversation. Alex gently tucks a wild ringlet of Martina's dark curly hair behind her ear, his lingering touch causing her heart to beat wildly. The chemistry between them is magnetic, making the rest of the bustling city fade into quiet background noise.



The next morning brings a golden sunrise over the river Tiber, where they meet again as if drawn by an invisible thread. Walking hand in hand along the stone bridges, they exchange secrets, dreams, and deep hopes for the future. Martina realizes that in less than twenty-four hours, this handsome Spaniard with his warm dark complexion has become her entire world.



Over a candlelit dinner in a hidden trattoria, Alex gazes at Martina with an intensity that leaves her utterly breathless. He reaches across the rustic wooden table to fold his hand firmly over hers, promising that distance could never undo what they have found. The air around them crackles with undeniable passion and a deep, soul-stirring romance.



As a sudden rain shower begins to fall over the piazza, instead of running for shelter, Alex pulls Martina into a swirling dance right in the middle of the rain-slicked stones. Raindrops glisten on his dark skin and Martina's dark curly hair as they laugh with pure freedom, holding each other tightly against the chill.



Standing together on a panoramic overlook as dusk settles over the city's ancient rooftops, they look out at the endless sea of warm glowing lights. Martina rests her head comfortably against Alex's shoulder, feeling the deep, steady rhythm of his heart beneath his coat. They both realize that this is not just a fleeting holiday romance, but the beginning of forever.



Under the magnificent canopy of stars, Alex turns Martina to face him, looking into her eyes with unwavering certainty and devotion. He whispers that his life only truly began the moment he caught her falling sketch, promising that wherever she goes, he will follow. Martina's heart swells as she kisses him passionately beneath the romantic glow of the lantern.



As dawn breaks over their final morning in the romantic city, they walk side by side toward the cobblestone avenue, hands tightly intertwined without any intention of letting go. No longer strangers from Spain and Slovakia, they step forward together into a shared future, bound by an eternal love that changed their lives forever.