

Redactor: Laura Nicolescu
Tehnoredactor: Ameluța Vișan
Coperta: Monica Balaban
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Gabrielle Cassia

NOTHING BUT YEARS OF LOVE

Geea did not lose anything. She carried both loves with truth.

Love never disappeared from her life. It only changed its form. And in that change, she found peace.

Not perfect—but enough to keep going.

And perhaps that is all that matters: *not how much we love, but how true we remain after.*

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Motto:

*If, while reading, you feel—even for a moment—
that you are Gee... then I have reached your heart*

PROLOGUE

Some loves do not begin when two gazes meet. They begin later, when life forces you to understand how fragile everything you once believed to be certain truly is.

The story I am writing is not an invented one. It is lived. A story stretched across years, across silences and regrets, across light and loss.

I carried it within me for a long time without daring to put it on paper. Perhaps out of fear. Perhaps out of respect. Perhaps because truth, once spoken, becomes irreversible.

I loved a man who taught me to look at the world with clarity and courage. Costas had the mind of a man who built solid ideas, but his heart knew how to love without noise. Beside him, I learned what it means to feel the security of a love that seems unshakable.

Then life did what it always does: it changed everything. Illness entered our lives without asking for permission. The years that followed were years of struggle, of hope, of exhaustion, and of a love that never withdrew.

During those years, I met Tahir. He was the surgeon who operated on and treated Costas. A discreet man, attentive, who spoke little and listened a lot. At

that time, I did not know that life was already preparing another chapter. Because sometimes love does not come only once in a lifetime.

Sometimes it returns, at another time, when you believe your heart no longer has room for anything else.

This is not only the story of love. It is the story of a woman who learned that love does not disappear when someone leaves.

It remains. It transforms. And sometimes it returns, in another form, when life decides that you are ready to receive it again.

A LIFE WITHOUT LOVE IS LIKE A CENTURY WITHOUT SUN

The world is full of love stories. Some are happy, others painful, and many remain untold. Most often, true stories are not perfect ones; they are the ones that change our lives forever.

This is my story. It is not a simple story. It is the story of two loves who lived within the same lit, in two different times. Loves that do not exclude each other, but mirror one another, each with its own truth.

For a long time, I believed that a heart can truly love only once. Life showed me that love does not follow rules. Sometimes, a heart has room for more than a single light.

I lived my life, I followed my happiness, I crossed walls, wings grew within me and I flew. My life has been about trying, about the courage to do things without waiting for a guaranteed outcome. Every day was a journey, a discovery, a redefinition of who I am.

I often felt like a prisoner in my own life, as if every choice was dictated by circumstances and not by my real desires. Sometimes, freedom means having the courage to rewrite your story and to leave behind the invisible walls you built yourself.

With each day, I understand that I must reclaim my own identity, to discover who I am beyond fear and beyond the expectations of others.

Writing is my vessel. Through it, I fly through my own heart. It is refuge, it is magic, and above all, it is the silent friend who does not judge me. In the unwritten pages of my life, I lose myself and find myself again, free, yet sometimes wondering if I am truly happy.

I ask myself questions to which I do not always find answers. But I know that the path to freedom begins with a single decision: to live authentically.

I have always felt different. Alone, but not sad. Perhaps withdrawn, but with a mind and heart full of dreams. This solitude gave me time to seek truth and to keep my curiosity intact.

It was not just a change in my life, but a revelation. A story that for a long time I was only able to imagine, without daring to tell it.

Have I overcome the stage of fear? Can I write about who I am? About who I was? Yes. I certainly can.

I have been and will remain in love with life, with nature, with flowers, with the Sun, with the light and warmth of every day. Just as I have been in love with you all my life.

Where are you now? In what world is hidden from my eyes and beyond my understanding?

I will never be able to answer. But I will imagine.

November 1984.

The second great love or the first? I do not know. I loved you both — perhaps at the same time, perhaps in different times. I adored each of you. Is it possible? Yes. It certainly is. When I do not sleep, I think of you. And when I sleep... I still think of you.

COSTAS AND THE ROSE

Costas did not seem calm. He seemed certain. He stood in a crowded room, explaining something with energy that filled the space. He did not raise his voice. He did not gesture excessively. But when he spoke, people listened. Geea looked at him for the first time then.

It was not love at first sight. It was admiration. And the admiration grew. She does not remember exactly what he was saying. It did not matter. It was not the words that remained, but the way he spoke to them. The clarity. The certainty. The calm with which he made complicated things seem simple.

Around him there was noise. Within him, order. Geea did not approach him immediately. She was not the kind to be drawn in without understanding. She watched him from a distance, with that quiet attention that does not ask, but notices everything.

She already knew he was different. Costas did not try to impress. And precisely for that reason, he did.

He had a rare kind of presence, the kind in which you do not feel the need to prove anything. People did not follow him because he raised his voice, but because they trusted what he said. Geea was not fascinated by

him as a man. She was fascinated by the way he was. They grew closer without realizing it.

There was no clear moment when everything began. It was not a decision. It was not an intention. It was a slow, natural slipping into each other's presence.

They talked. Then they talked more. And, without noticing, they had already become two.

Costas did not look at her as a woman to be conquered. He looked at her as a person to be understood. And for Geea, that was the beginning.

The amphitheater was full. Students were talking among themselves, laughing, taking their seats in a hurry. It was the usual agitation before a lecture, nothing that would suggest that day would become one of the most important in Geea's life.

She was sitting somewhere in the middle, leaning slightly against the back of the chair, looking ahead. Costas was explaining. He had his own way of speaking clearly, certainly, without raising his voice. He did not try to impress, but he did so effortlessly. The young people listened to him.

Geea watched him carefully. She was not yet in love with him. But she was fascinated by the way he chose his words, the way he supported his ideas, by the calm within him.

At one point, Costas stopped explaining.

— One minute, he said, smiling slightly.

A few students laughed, thinking he was taking a break or changing the subject. But he did not turn back to the board. He slowly walked down the steps.

Geea followed him with her eyes, not understanding why he was coming in her direction. For a moment, she thought he wanted to ask someone something from their row. But he did not stop. He came straight toward her.

Her heart skipped, for no clear reason.

— You... he said, stopping in front of her.

His voice was not hesitant. But it was not usual either. It was different.

Geea looked at him, surprised.

— Me?

Costas smiled slightly.

In his hand was a rose. She did not know where it had come from.

— Yes, you.

He paused briefly, as if he wanted to be sure she was truly there, in front of him.

— I don't know how to say this any other way... but I am in love with you.

The room gradually fell silent, without realizing it. Not because anyone had asked for silence, but because the moment had caught them all. Geea did not answer immediately. Not because she did not feel it, but because she felt too much.

— You don't even know me... she said, almost in a whisper.

Costas smiled again, but this time his smile had a certainty that disarmed her.

— I know you enough to know I can't leave here without telling you.

He extended the rose toward her.

— And honestly... I don't really like wasting time.

Geea laughed softly, without meaning to. Emotion mixed with something warm, unexpected. She looked at him for a few seconds in silence. Then she took the rose.

— You are very sure of yourself, she said.

— No, he replied. Just of the rose.

He made a brief gesture, almost imperceptible, as if he wanted to say something more, but stopped.

Geea felt something within her settling. Not suddenly. Not violently. Naturally. And, without knowing why, she knew that moment was not accidental. That was not just a gesture. It was the beginning.

"He never told her that he loved her with all the love in the world. But Geea never needed to be told."

Costas was one of those people who do not go unnoticed. Not because he seeks attention, but because his presence fills the room with light before he even says anything.

He spoke with passion, with a clarity that made complicated things seem simple.

— There are no complicated things, he would sometimes say. There are only poorly explained things.

He had a natural certainty, almost magnetic. Everyone listened to him.

And I felt, without realizing it, that in his presence the world took on a different shape.

— You look at me as if you're trying to decipher me, he told me one day.

— I'm not deciphering you. I feel like you.

— That's more dangerous, he said, laughing, holding me in his arms, kissing me.

It was not love at first sight, as stories say.

It was rather a quiet fascination. A curiosity that grew with every meeting, every conversation.

And so, my life began to change. Brilliant and eccentric, Costas was irrevocably charmed by Geea.

— You are not predictable at all, he told me.

— I don't want to be.

— Then it will be complicated.

— Or very simple.

What began as a complicated adventure gradually turned into the first great love story of his life... and of Geea's.

The breeze touched her cheek, and for a moment Geea no longer saw the sea.

Before her eyes, another afternoon opened — one once lived in Monaco.

Costas, in love, was beside Geea, with that same calm gaze, with that quiet way of making complicated things seem simple.

THE FIRST NIGHT

The night had come quietly. It hadn't been planned, nor prepared with words or promises. They had simply arrived there.

The room was silent. Geea stood close to him but not pressed against him. There was no distance between them, yet no haste either.

Costas looked at her. Not like a man who desires, but like a man who understands what stands before him. She was so fragile. So slender that it almost seemed he could hurt her just by touching her too firmly.

He reached out his hand toward her... but stopped before touching her.

— I can't love you... he said softly.

Geea looked at him, surprised.

— Why?

Her voice wasn't upset. It was simply... open.

Costas took a deep breath.

— I'm afraid I might break you.

The words remained between them. Not as rejection, but as a care so deep it almost became painful.

Geea felt something she had never felt before. Not desire, not emotion—just safety.

Costas moved closer to her slowly. Without forcing anything. And he took her hand.