He swore he could've jumped over the moon; he was so excited. "Awesome! I'll send you my address. No, you know what? I'll fly you out here myself."

"Are you serious?"

"As serious as I'll ever be. Really though, you've basically been my best and only friend these past few years; this is the least I could do."

"You're the best, you know that?"

"I do, but thanks for telling me again."

"Oh, shut up, you know I didn't mean it."

"Can't let me have it, eh?"

"Nope! Not until I see whatever you've made."

"Soon. I'm flying you out first thing next week."

"What? But what about my job?"

"What about it?"

"Just kidding, you know I work from home."

"You almost had me there. Now, go pack your stuff, I know how you tend to procrastinate."

"Yes Sir!"

*

Next week. already? Well, it was already Thursday when the message was sent, but still, that went fast. No time to waste then. He packed his stuff, hopped into the car, and drove to the airport where he finally got to see her. He wasn't sure about what to expect. It's almost unbelievable that, in all those years, they never traded even a single picture of each other.

Oh god, what am I going to say? I don't even know what she

looks like. Can she really be as hideous as she says? She seems to think so. Damn it! Don't do that! Always worrying like that. And for what? No, I bet she'll be as amazing in real life as in our chats. And who cares what she looks like? Me? Do I care? Should I care? What is wrong with me. We're just friends. She told me plenty of times already she doesn't care for relationships.

This self-debate went on for the entire journey to the airport. His head spinning from all the thoughts that were, by his own admission, idiotic. It's true, she told him many times that she wasn't the dating kind of girl, but he couldn't help but hope just a little that she might be interested in him. She knew as much of him as he of her, and yet, he felt he barely knew her at all. At least, he wanted to know more. He wanted to know everything.

For a while now, he was pretty sure he could see her there, in his dreams, living in the world he had imagined for ages. A world that should be solitude, now shared with a person he didn't even know how to visualize. He has a vague imagination. A glimpse of what she could be. Just a silhouette of how she described herself. A thin, short physique, long, unkempt hair. But every time he tried to look closer, she hid from him.

It was that image he had in mind when he parked his car and made his way to the arrival gate. With him, he had a sign, and on that sign was the handle he knew her by. He didn't know her name, just that she called herself "HopelessCase96". Her year of birth, perhaps? Three years younger than him. Not that it mattered to him how old she was. If she was thirty years older than him, he'd want to see her just as much.

Then, the people flowing through like cattle, looking for family, partners, friends to meet or meet again. This was it, the moment he was so anxious about for days. Finaly, he'd get to see her. The woman now part of his dreams. A heavy storm of people finding their loved ones, or making it through the front door on their own. The last ones now, older people taking their time, young ones with their heads buried in their phones. And then... no one else. Nobody for him.

Oh, oh god. It's today, right? Yeah, it's Monday, and this should have been her flight. Did she miss me? Was the sign obscured? Why does something always...

A tap on his shoulder. "Uhm... hi."

With a quick swivel on his heel, he came face to face with a young woman who couldn't possibly have been the woman he'd been talking to. "Oh, uhm... hi? You're... are you..."

He didn't need to finish that sentence. She knew what he was asking, and her nodding was unmistakable. Like a bobblehead on a rollercoaster, and with an expression that says, see how ugly I am?

A smile from ear to ear, but with a glimmer of doubt behind his eyes. "But you said you looked... well, not like this at least." Then he noticed her eyes. One greenish brown, the other pale blue. That's so cool!

"Stop! You're looking at me weird."

He saw the glistening tears in her eyes. "Ah, oh, uhm... sorry, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. It's just, you look nothing like I expected. You have heterochromia, is that what you think makes you ugly?"