

Mutters.

That's all she heard.

That was all Sylvia could hear as her parents paced the jet.

She considered saying something, but eventually thought better of it.

What could she say?

"Todd, listen! Syl..." Her mother turned away from her dad, and instead to her.

"Take this and never, ever let go. If you have to use it, then..." Her dad paused. "Then..."

"Then focus on saving yourself." Her mother finished, with a slight quiver in her voice.

Sylvia didn't know what to say. She didn't understand what was going on.

How could she? She was only a kid.

The jet tilted to a side, slow at first, but nothing can be predicted.

With a twitch, the jet pummeled down sharply, sending her parents into a frenzy as the jet started beeping, the screens flashing red.

Her dad pushed a bright orange backpack into her hands, yelling something incoherent over the noise of the jet.

Her mother started crying, bawling intensely as she grabbed Sylvia's hands, resting her forehead on Sylvia's lap as she too rambled randomly.

Sylvia didn't understand what was happening even then.

Did she forget to do her homework?

Is that why they were yelling?

Sylvia looked down at the orange backpack, instantly recognizing its use.

She had learned how to use a parachute before...

But why would she need one now?

Sylvia tried to make sense of the situation.

Maybe this was a test? Yes, to prove she knew how to use the parachute? Surely it had to be.

Sylvia stood up, much to the surprise of her parents, and smiled.

"Don't worry. I know how to use a parachute."

For a moment in the sharply plummeting jet, there was silence.

Then, Sylvia's dad picked her up, sniffing as he tried his best to smile.

"Ready, Sylvia?"

She nodded, pulling on the backpack and she looked out of the window, the ground seeming to get closer and closer.

Her mother grabbed her hand, whispering prayers to herself repeatedly, voice and knees trembling.

"I love you, Sylvia. Never forget that."

"Me too, mama."

Her dad took a deep breath. "Be brave."

That's all he said before launching Sylvia out of the window of the plane, and for a second, Sylvia was flying.

But then, she was falling. Sylvia quickly pulled her parachute, sighing as it opened without any problems. As she soared slowly to the ground, Sylvia heard something so loud, it *stung* her ears. She looked up, but before she could react, she saw one of the wings of the jet hurling towards her.

And only moments later, it all went black.

It's just a dream.

She had to remind herself of that every time she woke up.

Although, she couldn't really call it a dream.

It was more of a recurring nightmare.

"Sylvia."

She recognized the voice. It was Tara, awake again.

"Can't sleep?" Sylvia said quietly.

"You know me too well." Tara sighed. "And you? How are your nightmares?"

"Better."

"Liar." Tara giggled softly. "You were never good at hiding your emotions."

Sylvia smiled. Tara always knew how to make her smile. That's why they were best friends. In the orphanage, it was either you for yourself, or two of you for yourself.

Suddenly, she heard footsteps, faint, but heading their way.

"Cam's coming." She whispered, immediately pulling the covers over her head again.

"Good ear." Tara whispered back.

They both waited for a moment, and the footsteps got louder, paused, and then slowly faded out.

Sylvia pulled the covers off her head, sighing. "What do you want to talk about?"

"Well..." Sylvia heard Tara shift on the bed as she hummed. "Tell me a story."

Sylvia chuckled, shaking her head. "What are you, a kid? Wanna hear about Goldilocks?" She mocked, grinning.

"Yeah, yeah." Tara became quiet. "Were you always blind?"

Sylvia quieted instantly. What a bold question.

Always? Well, of course not. The jet accident caused her blindness.

"Yeah."

Tara was quiet. Both of them knew Sylvia was lying, but even if there was any doubt in Tara, she didn't show it.

Tara shifted around the bed some more before settling into a comfortable position.

"Good night, Sylvia."

"Night."

"...up! Wake up! Sylvia!"

Sylvia jolted awake, sitting up almost instantly as soon as she heard her name.

"What? What?" She rasped out breathlessly.

"Hi."

"Ugh." Sylvia rolled her eyes and plopped back down on the bed.

"In all seriousness, though..." Tara made an excited sound. "We're having *chocolate* pancakes."

Sylvia's eyes widened.

Chocolate pancakes in the morning meant that someone from the orphanage was now getting adopted. It was a sort of celebration.

"Who?"

Tara became quiet, and there was a sad chuckle from her.

"You."

She sat still, not understanding.

"Funny, but seriously, who is it?"

Gentle hands clasped hers slowly.

"I'm being so serious."

"Tara..."

Unfortunately, there was nothing in her mannerisms that would have pointed towards a fake statement.

Sylvia got up, and sat still for a second, and sighed.

"Okay, so, prove it." She said, unsurely.

Tara grabbed her hand, pulling her off the bed gently. "Let's go, then."

She led her outside the room, and as soon as they walked into the dining hall, the atmosphere she felt was too evident to ignore.

There were whispers from all around, and though if she focused, she'd be able to make them out, she didn't. She decided to leave them as meaningless words.

"Sylvia."

A deep, consoling voice. It was Cam, the caretaker of the orphanage.

In the fifteen years of her life, Sylvia had never once even been *considered* to be adopted.

So, it was natural she'd be skeptical.

"Can I..." Sylvia hesitated. "Can I see them? My...parents?"

"Of course."

Though not many, Cam's words had always calmed Sylvia down.

She followed Cam quietly, not paying attention to where exactly they were going as they weaved through the hallways. Sylvia could only focus on her scattered thoughts. However, through the sea of questions that invaded her mind, there was one that remained redundant.

Why me?

Through all of the girls and boys here that were so much better than her...

She was chosen.

Although she felt grateful, she also felt slightly uneasy.

Even though she'd been at this orphanage for more than 5 years...

She felt as if it was all happening way too fast.

"W-Wait." She said, voice trembling. "Wait."

Cam's footsteps ceased. "What's wrong?"

"Can I say goodbye first?"

Cam sighed. "Of course."

Without thinking, she turned, and began running. Back to the dining room, back into the orphanage, back to Tara.

"Sylvia?!"

She ran into Tara's arms, hugging her deeply as she started sniffing, trying to hold back the sobs that oh so desperately wanted to flow.

"I-I'll miss you." Sylvia managed, burying her head in the crook of Tara's neck.

"Sylvia..."

Tara sighed and pulled Sylvia off of her.

"Did you think I wouldn't miss you?" Tara swallowed, a sudden gloomy aura overcoming her.

"I..."

"Go. Go to your family. And..." Tara choked, also holding back tears.

"And make sure you never come back."

Sylvia started crying freely, without any sounds, just those tears that rolled down her cheeks, soaking her clothes as she sniffed. Nodding as she turned, she ran back to Cam.

As she ran, a voice called out to her.

"I love you, Sylvia!"

There's no way she wouldn't be able to recognize the sweet, playful voice.

She sniffed for the last time, wiping her eyes as she whispered.

"Love you too, Tara."

"Sylvia! It's a pleasure to meet you."

A man's voice sounded, and Sylvia forced herself to smile. "You as well."

"Sylvia, sweetie, we're your parents." A woman with a kind voice shifted closer to her.

She nodded.

"Well, you've done all the paperwork, so you're free to go!" There was a smile in Cam's voice.

"Thanks so much, Cam."

There were a few more words exchanged between the adults, but she didn't pay much attention.

In fact, her mind had tapped out until she got to her parents' car.

"Hop in, Sylvia." Her dad opened the car door for her.

She thanked them and got in, feeling around for the seatbelt.

They *did* know she was blind, right?

As if on cue, Sylvia's mother tapped her knee. "Don't worry Sylvia, our house has Braille plates installed near the doors. We've-

"Thanks." Sylvia smiled. "I appreciate that."

Her mother chuckled slightly. "Of course."

Her mother.

How strange. Even thinking the words to herself, they felt extremely alien and unnatural.

However, they had a certain nostalgic feel to them. Something warm and familiar.

"We're here!"

Already? The drive couldn't have been more than 3 minutes.

The first step she took out of the car had her inhaling deeply as she took in the fresh air.

How many years had it been?

"Let's go."

Her mother took her left hand, and her father her right.

Together, they led her into the house, which would soon become her home.

Before they walked in, she asked a question. "What do you two look like?"

It was indeed true.

"Bathroom..." She whispered as she ran her finger across the textured plates installed into the wall. They had really installed Braille plates into the wall. She felt extremely grateful.

She was about to turn the doorknob when she heard her name.

"Sylvia, please come to the living room!"

"Coming!" She called back, feeling her way down the stairs.

The air hung heavy between the three of them. Sylvia was confused. She had just gotten here, was she already in trouble or something?

"We...think that we should be extremely honest with you."

Sylvia's eyes widened.

What the...

What's just happened with the aura?

From a sunny, light vibe, to a dark, and heavy atmosphere. A change so fast Sylvia couldn't even respond to them.

"We know your parents. Well, your real ones, we mean." Her mother's kind voice had disappeared. Replaced with a cold tone, one trying to be kind, but her mask had already been torn.

Sylvia swallowed. She decided to keep her reactions for later, and decided that now was not the time to freak out.

"Explain."

"Todd and Olivia." Her foster father began, pausing as Sylvia's eyebrows scrunched, trying to figure out how they knew her real parents name. "Dead, from a jet accident on May 27, 2012. One survivor. Their daughter, Sylvia Hemming, who, until 13 minutes ago, lived in Ernest Orphanage." Her father sighed. "I'm sorry it had to come to this."

"W-What do you mean?"

She didn't want to admit it, but she was terrified.

"Do you know what your parents' job was?"

"No..."

"They worked with us." Her foster mother said, just a hint of sadness in her voice. "The best of their kind, really."

"Of their kind? What was 'their kind'?"

The two of them stood up.

"Ex-CIA. They were better agents than the rest."

She couldn't help it. Sylvia barked out a laugh. "Alright, that's funny. You made me laugh. Great joke."

There was a pause.

"You were born January 26, 2010 and were not born blind. You lived happily. Your preschool was Richard's Pre-K, and you were not able to complete elementary school in Baggins Elementary. You lost your vision only before you arrived at Ernest Orphanage, meaning you must have lost it due to the jet accident, but nobody knows that because you tell them you were born blind. Am I wrong?"

Sylvia's smile faded.

"What do you want?"

"Glad we've got to the point. Simply, your parents' death was an unsolved case. We don't know what exactly happened that caused them to...to die, but we have a witness now, and we can proceed further."

Her foster mother sat down. "We want information."

"What kind?" Sylvia was now undeniably alert. All her senses were in full flare, and she was not going to let anything slide. From now, she'd choose her words and actions carefully. From whatever she had just heard, she was a witness. However, from what she understood, she was a suspect. After all, the only survivor in a case like that would most certainly be considered a suspect, right?"

"Well, we want-"

"I know what you're thinking, and you're wrong." Her foster father also sat down. "Even though you were at the scene of crime, we have plenty of reason to believe that you were not the cause."

"First of all..." Sylvia crossed her arms. "You guys are calling it a crime. My parents died in an accident."

There was a soft chuckle. "Alright, let me break it down for you. Where were you going?"

Sylvia racked her brain. "Well, we were taking a trip to Germany."

"Germany." Her foster father made a sound of understanding. "What would be their very last mission."

"You're telling me..." Sylvia shook her head, unable to believe it. "Germany was their *mission*?"

"Of course. Didn't you wonder why your parents would take 'business trips' so often?"

They were right.

Sylvia had always found herself wondering why she would be left to play with her neighbors almost daily as her parents were constantly away.

"They were away on missions. And Germany..." Her foster father sighed. "Was coincidentally the one they brought you on."

"Still, what makes you think it was a murder?"

"Engine failure." Her foster mother tapped the table in front of her. "Your jet was checked, and double checked before we sent you off, and engines don't fail out of nowhere. There was a third party involved."

"Okay, well, who are we thinking? Who's our suspect?"

"There was one other person on that plane, right? The pilot." Her foster mother sighed. "That'll have to be our first shot. However, we have no record of the pilot after the incident."

"Well, probably because he's dead." She heard them shift. "He died along with my parents. They tried to save him, but..."

She shook her head. "I do know he was admitted to a hospital before he died."

"Do you remember the name?" Her foster father asked curiously.

"No, sorry. It was too long ago." She shrugged, still not entirely believing this whole thing.

"Wait." Her foster mother hmped. "Where did you crash?"

"Oh, that was in London."

Sylvia felt the excitement between her foster parents rise. "Chris, run the scans now!" Her foster mother called to her dad. "Quickly, hurry!"

She waited for them to say something, to confirm what they'd found.

There was one thing that didn't make much sense to her.

Why were they so intent on solving this case? It didn't seem right to her.

Even if they were friends, would ex-agents really put themselves through this kind of trouble?

"Ja!" Her foster father yelled in a foreign language. "I found him."

Her foster father sighed. "Our man is Javier Gonzalez."

Sylvia itched her ear.

Here they were, in no less than two days, right at Javier's doorstep.

Sylvia wasn't too sure that she wanted to relive her past like this.

The door opened, and a Mexican woman with a heavy Spanish accent spoke. "Oh, hello! Who are you?"

She heard paper rustling and decided that her foster mother was showing them Javier's photo.

"Do you know this man?"

"Aye...Javier..." She sighed, sniffing slightly. "My son. Died many years ago. Why are you looking for him?"

"We believe he's a potential suspect in the case of Todd and Olivia Hemming's murder. Do you know of anything like this?"

"Never heard those names in his life." She chuckled. "Actually, nobody knew what Javier worked as. Can you tell us?"

Her foster father seemed taken aback. "He...was a pilot for the CIA."

"Oh, wow." She chuckled again. "Good...very good man."

Sylvia couldn't help feeling bad for the woman, as regret filled the air.

"He was." Her foster mother said, surprising Sylvia. "Thanks for your time."

"Anytime. Oh, please do come in. I've just finished the tea."

Sylvia sipped the tea, and smiled. It was sweet. Suddenly her senses kicked in.

"Please stop waving your hand in my face."

"Woah! What are you, Spiderman?"

"No, I'm blind."

"Man, I didn't know." A boy with a mocking tone chuckled as he sat down next to her roughly.

"So you were friends with my dad, huh?"

"Nope. But I guess my parents were." She turned to the boy. "Your...your father was a good man."

"Uh huh. Sure."

"I'm being serious, though." She placed a hand on his knee. "He was-"

He pushed her hand off. "Stop talking about him, okay. Guy walked out on his kids, there's no way you can make me believe he was ever *good*."

There were gasps from the family, scolding him in Spanish.

However, the boy seemed to be completely unbothered.

"I have a request, Mrs. Gonzalez." Her foster mother spoke.

"Yes?"

"Please allow your son to come with us."

There was silence in the room, then whispers. I couldn't make much out but for the most they seemed disapproving.

"Please, take him!"

More whispers, louder and directly talking to Mrs. Gonzalez now, and even the boy was protesting.

"*Abuela*, I'm not going!"

"*Nos vemos pronto*, Miguel." She said with a smile in her voice. "You need to get out more!"

"*Cómo puedes confiar en él y en ella?*" He hissed angrily. "You can't be serious, *Abuela*!"

"No te preocupes. Solo confía en ellos." Sylvia said, trying to calm them down.

Languages came so easily to her. She loved learning from the other kids at the orphanage, and Spanish was one of her favorites.

"Stay out of this!" He barked. "I don't care if you speak Spanish, I'm not-"

"Confía en él y en ella. Por favor." She said earnestly, feeling the whole room get quiet as she spoke again.

Something seemed to change in Miguel. She didn't know why they wanted him to come along, but as long as she cooperated, she figured, she might be able to put her curiosity to rest. And hopefully not get killed along the way.

Someone stood up.

"Te odio, Abuela." He said, sighing. "I'll come, I guess."

"Te amo, nieto." His grandmother said. "Bye, guys!"

"Why am I here again?" He grumbled, annoyed. "Also, when the heck could you speak Spanish?"

"Since I learned, Beautiful language, really."

"I know." He shifted away from her. "Hey, you two. Why am I here?"

"You don't need to know." Her foster father said.

"Yes, I do! You're the ones that-"

"Miguel, shut up and sit down."

He grumbled and obeyed as her foster mother chuckled and shook her head.

Oh my god.

Her eyes widened as she realized why Miguel was coming along.

He was basically collateral. If what Miguel's grandma was saying was really true, and Javier had nothing to do with her parents' death, then he would be returned home safely. But if he did have something to do with it...

She shivered. Why did she even care so much? He was just some kid she met today.

She found herself drifting off to sleep during the car ride. Before long, she was fast asleep, and dreaming again.

"Mommy?"

"Yeah, Syl?"

"Why do you and Daddy always go away like, every day?"

Her mother chuckled, and put a caring hand on her shoulder.

"Syl, wanna know a secret?"

"Yes!" She sat eagerly, awaiting her mother's answer.

"Syl, me and Daddy are superheroes! It's true!" She said when she saw Sylvia's skeptical face.

"But, we're not like regular superheroes. Our jobs are different, and the way we operate is different."

"So does that mean you save people??" Sylvia asked brightly, gasping.

Her mother laughed. "Yes, sometimes."

"That's so cool! I wanna be just like you when I grow up!!" Sylvia pumped a fist in the air.

Her mother smiled warmly. "Are you sure, Sylvia?"

"One hundred percent!"

"Ugh...get this girl off of me. Please. This is so uncomfortable. You two are so-"

"Nngh." She opened her eyes, confused as to why her body was slanted.

"Since you can't see, I'll explain it nicely and simply to you."

Miguel leaned close to her ear. "Get. The. Heck. Off. Of. Me."

She immediately yanked herself off of Miguel and to the other side of the car. "I, uh, I-"

"Woah, don't act like you're all allergic to me now, you were *literally* drooling on me a second ago."

"I'm sorry." She sat normally, feeling a little awkward. "Why...why didn't you just push me off or something?"

"Cause, well, I dunno, maybe you were sleeping?!" Miguel sighed, annoyed. "A-And you looked kinda sad."

She raised an eyebrow. "I looked *sad*?"

"Forget it." He turned away from her.

"Miguel, I wanted to ask before, but..." She shifted closer to him. "Where was your mother?"

He chuckled. "With my dad."

She blinked, surprised by the answer, and let out a quiet. "I'm sorry."

"Stop apologizing. It's not even your fault." He sighed again. "Better together than apart, though. Right?"

"Right..." She said. Miguel was in a similar situation to her, so it was undeniably easy to empathize with him.

"Alright lovebirds, we're here." Her foster father said with a playful tone.

Immediately, the two of them began protesting and sitting as far away from each other as possible.

"Right, right, sure." Her foster father said, chuckling. "Get out of the car."

"Where are we?"

"Well..." Her foster mother sighed. "We're at HQ. We'll be doing most of our research here." She stood up straighter, feeling excited.

She slumped down on the couch. While her foster parents went to do all the dirty work, they made her and Miguel just wait outside and watch them.

"Aye, *tan molesto*..." Miguel said, huffing. "Why am I even here if I'm not gonna do anything?"

She didn't speak. She didn't want Miguel knowing the truth.

He sighed, annoyed. "I-"

"What do you look like?" She asked Miguel, leaning closer to him.

He didn't turn away, only paused in silence.

"Why?"

"I wanna know."

"I dunno." He struggled with his words. "I have black hair..."

"And?" She said, leaning closer. She hated not knowing how others looked, especially when they knew how she looked. She tried to memorize all her friends' features.

"Brown eyes. I-I look like a stereotypical Mexican, alright?"

"I don't know what they look like." She lied. Of course, before her blindness, she had seen all kinds of races. She remembered all of them. But she desperately wanted to know what Miguel looked like. She didn't know why.

"I-I don't know how to explain it. Average looking Mexican." He saw that she was still discontent with his response. "Aye, alright, fine. Gimme your hands."

"My hands?" She tilted her head, obliging, but still confused.

Miguel held her hands gently, bringing them upwards. She tensed slightly. Even though he was being purposefully gentle, she trembled.

Suddenly, Sylvia's hands touched something. At this moment, Miguel's grip shifted to her wrists, so that her hands cupped whatever she was touching.

It was his face.

"If you can't see what I look like," He said softly. "Maybe you can feel what I look like."

Her face heated up, and she instantly dropped her gaze. "T-Thanks..."

He slowly let go of her wrists and waited patiently.

She cupped his face for just another moment, and slowly began to run her hands across his face. His skin was warm and soft.

Every crease, every line, every furrow. She wanted to memorize everything.

Long eyelashes, sturdy nose, soft lips. She wanted to know more.

So, she began to shift her hands upwards, towards his hair.

"Ah, ah, ah." Miguel chuckled as he held her wrists again. "You already got enough today."

"Miguel..." She began, but he shushed her.

He gently lowered her hands back to herself. "You can't learn everything at once, *chula*. Savor what you can."

Sylvia tried to nod, but her mind kept rebounding to what he called her,

She shook it off, thinking it was a joke. Was he really joking?

They sat in silence for another ten minutes, but soon enough, neither of them could take it anymore.

"What if we run out?"

"Guards." She shrugged. "I'm gonna eavesdrop."

Miguel made a hum of approval, and followed her. She heard her foster father speaking.

"...*nein*. It's not smart. For now, I'm just-"

"What are you two doing?"

Her heart caught in her chest as she heard her foster mother behind her.

"When did you..." Miguel said, voice wavering. "When did you leave?"

"When you two were over in the corner, touching-"

"Alright, got it!" Sylvia said quickly, feeling extremely embarrassed.

"So, what were you doing, Sylvia?"

"What's it to you?" Miguel cut in. "You can't just keep us out here, waiting like idiots. Let us-"

"Darling!" Her foster father burst out of his office. "I've got a lead. He lives in Manchester!"

Her foster mother turned to the two with a smile. "Ready to stop waiting like idiots?"

Sylvia nodded eagerly.

"About time." Miguel said, a hint of excitement in his voice.

"Wake up. *Chula*, wake up, we're here."

Sylvia's eyes snapped open as she heard the nickname, and she blushed brightly. "O-Oh..."

Miguel chuckled, acknowledging her embarrassment.

Since they had gotten closer, Miguel was being so bold.

It made her feel so embarrassed, but so happy at the same time. She didn't understand why.
"Sylvia, turn around and hold still."

As soon as Miguel uttered her name, she did as he said, feeling that her face was still warm. Gentle hands combed through her messy hair, untangling it as delicately as they could. As soon as he was done, he tugged at the hairband on her wrist.

"Hold out your hand, *chula*."

Oh god. Oh my god. What was happening to her? Her heart thumped so loudly in her chest, she wondered if Miguel could hear it. She was breathing erratically, and didn't understand what to do. She was feeling things, Miguel was *making* her feel things. Her stomach swarmed with butterflies, and she felt so warm inside.

"Sylvia."

Miguel saying her name brought her back to reality.

"Sylvia, hold out your hand."

She obliged.

He tugged the hairband off of her hand and tied it neatly around her hair, and snorted.

"You sleep so messily."

She huffed. "Wow, I didn't know."

"Okay, lovey doxies, we're here."

Neither of them said anything, and her foster mother chuckled.

They had arrived in England.

"*Bonita ciudad*." Miguel sighed happily. "I wish you could see this."

"Yep." She was trying not to talk to Miguel. Everytime they conversed, she felt butterflies. It wasn't like she hated the butterflies. She loved them. However, she didn't understand them. Sylvia didn't know if she wanted to understand them.

"Sorry, I'll be right back." Her foster father winked at her. "Have fun with your boyfriend!"

"He's not my-!" But he was already gone.

Sylvia felt annoyed. He would always leave. She would love to know what he was up to. So she went to figure it out.

"*Sie wissen es nicht. Nein, das kann ich nicht. Tu es nicht!*"

Sylvia listened as her foster father grumbled, annoyed.

Meanwhile, she was at a loss for words. To translate what she heard, which was spoken in German, she thought to herself.

"They don't know. No, I can't do it. Don't do it!"

She rubbed her eyes. Maybe it wasn't true. Maybe all this time, it was-
The aura changed.

Her father had spotted her.

If she had to run, she had to do it now.

Run.

Now.

Sylvia, run!

Now!

"*Chula*, what's wrong?"

Miguel said as Sylvia grabbed both his and her foster mother's hand. "Forget that, just run!"

"But Chris—"

"RUN!"

It felt like an eternity that Chris chased them. All the while, he called her foster mother's name, "Ashley" the whole time, trying to get her to stop. She never did. All along, Sylvia felt betrayed. So betrayed that she couldn't help wondering if her foster mother was a lie too.

As soon as they lost his trail, she dropped to her knees, heaving breaths.

"What the heck, Sylvia?!" Ashley lashed out at her. "Why were we running from my—"

"S...Stop." She wheezed, completely out of breath, adrenaline rushing through her veins as Miguel held her upright. "I need to...tell you something, A-Ashley..."

So, she explained everything. Chris's words in German, his chase, and why they were here.

"Did you know about this?!" She said to Ashley, voice cracking. "Or—"

"Sweetie, I promise on my life I didn't know anything..." Ashley's voice sounded small, meek. She sighed, trying her best to stay strong. "Forget it. Now that we know, we can—"

"Guys. Don't freak out, but look up."

Ashley cursed. "Jets. They know we know. You two run that way, I'll run this way. Meet at the museum we passed earlier in an hour."

They ran.

They ran like there was no end, and decided to seek refuge in an abandoned building to the far end. Sylvia didn't know if the jets followed them, but nevertheless, she collapsed on the floor from all the running.

"*Chula*, don't worry. We're safe here." Miguel gently intertwined his fingers with hers..

"Miguel..." She said, with tears in her eyes. She didn't know who to trust, who to believe, She didn't believe anything, she couldn't. She felt hurt, tired, betrayed, she felt so—

Miguel shifted, tipping her head onto his shoulder as she felt tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I won't let anything happen to you, *chula*. Trust me."

It was like magic. Miguel's words calmed her down almost instantly, and she felt better. Even though he was a random kid, forcefully dragged on this mission, she trusted him with all her heart.

She just hoped he wouldn't break it for a third time.

A silent hour passed with Sylvia and Miguel finding warmth in one another. No words were exchanged, but their looks and gentle squeezes said everything it needed to.

Miguel helped her stand as they silently made their way to the museum.

As expected, they saw Ashley there. She debriefed them on their escape plan.

She already had people looking for Chris. The truth had been spilled, and everything was out.

"Chris was the one who checked the jet you guys were on. I'm so sorry..." Ashley said, regret tainting her words. "We'll be out of here soon. And Chris will be in jail."

Ashley's tone turned dark.

"It'll be a life sentence. A traitor is never forgiven."

Sylvia felt a large weight being lifted off of her shoulders, and she sighed.

Too much had happened in one day.
So when they got home, all they did was rest.
Her, Miguel, Ashley.
They just went to sleep.
Sylvia's nightmares stopped.
Miguel's anger burnt out.
Ashley's revenge had been taken.

They woke up to wonderful news, each of them too tired to be too enthusiastic about anything.
"Chris was put in jail." Ashley chuckled sadly. "Makes me feel stupid how I didn't know he was a double agent."

Sylvia held her hand, stroking it carefully. "We need to move on. Pondering on these things won't let us live how we should."

Ashley nodded. "You're probably right. And Sylvia?"

"Yeah?"

"Come with me. There's one last thing we need to do."

Sylvia didn't want to let go of Miguel's hand as the familiar voice as his grandma chimed in.

"You're home!"

"Hi, *Abuela*."

I heard them hug, the rest of his family praising him and us explaining the whole story.

The whole time, her hand was firmly set in Miguel's.

He leaned over. "I have a surprise for you, *mija*."

She asked, "Surprise?", even though what she really wanted to ask was, "*Mija*?"

It had been about eleven years. Eleven years since she could see. Eleven years since the world was lost to her, and here she was, undergoing surgery to restore her eyesight.

What actually happened was that both Miguel and his family, extremely grateful towards us, had offered us at least this. His aunt was a surgeon, and they were able to pull a few strings. Since she wasn't born with her blindness, there was a higher chance it would be cured.

Sylvia remembered Miguel's grandmother's words.

"You helped us to be put at peace with my son's death. I cannot thank you enough."

And still, Sylvia felt like this was too much for such a thing.

Sylvia felt like crying. Throughout her entire life, she felt closer to people she'd met for less than a week.

But she didn't mind. It was them that helped her through this.

She was grateful.

"Open them very, very slowly. The lights are off, because your eyes will be sensitive."

She listened, opening them carefully.

And almost immediately, she started sobbing her eyes out.

In front of her, stood three beautiful people.

Ashley. Beautiful blonde hair flowed to her shoulders, and she had warm brown eyes watching her with a smile.

Miguel's aunt. She had a kind smile on, watching her with a proud face. Short brown hair with crinkly brown eyes.

Miguel.

The boy who ran to embrace her as soon as she cried.

Curly brown hair, with tanned skin and pretty brown eyes.

They were all so beautiful. She couldn't help bawling as she hugged Miguel tightly.

"Mija."

"Yeah...?" I said, still crying.

"I love you, Sylvia."

As taken aback as she was, she was still sniffing, and only grasped Miguel tighter in her arms.

"I love you too, Miguel."

THE END