**Mountain View, United States of America**

As the dim light that passed through the blinds enlightened enough the room to let Rebecca's eyes to see, the newcomer's face took shape a few feet far from her almost lifeless body.

She stood still, her limbs placed erratically laid over the body.

Her eyes were tired, her make out washed out by the long rest and her blond hair, that she kept with such a great cure,  fell floppy on her shoulders instead of being joint in graceful curls.

"Becky..?"

Having heard the faint whisper near her face, she turned her body on the other side, trying to avoid eye contact with the person who sat on the bed near her.

It wasn't the right moment.

Her head was fulfilled with too much thought, too much things to take care of, too much data to keep trace of and too much details that slipped out her brain like soap on a wet surface.

"Go away, Miyuki, I don't feel like chatting right now..." - She replied, trying not to be rude yet persuasive enough.

Miyuki stood up, but instead of leaving, she pulled the blinds and let the light spread in the whole room, making Rebecca's disaccustomed eyes shut up.

Once her eye pupils could get used to the daylight, she gazed at her.

The girl had short black hair, her skin was paler than milk, and her small sized brown eyes completed her thin face. Her glance stood still on her slim body, so flawless and maidenly...

Miyuki's voice distracted her - "Mind telling me what bothers you?

No replies came from the other one's mouth.

"Becky, I am your girlfriend..." - The Japanese girl told her harshly - "Whether you like it or not, I have the right to know what bothers you and I won't let you starve in your bed, ok?"

Rebecca sighed.

She gently patted the younger girl's cheeks, gazing directly into those brown eyes. - "Myuk, I've always told you I would end up hurting you and this moment has arrived. We are not meant to be together"

"I can bear this..." - Miyuki said - "Your absence, your never ending work, I can bear it all... I love you and I won't give up because of your damn career" - She continued.

"...I just would like to know what does your work imply, Becky... I have started developing the feeling that you're not a journalist. You follow people, don't you?"

Rebecca stood up and started walking back and forth around the room.

"It started out when I quit my job as a translator for the national TVs. Coming back from Korea, I found a totally different America than the one I was used to..."

Miyuki assumed a questioning face. - "What do you mean?"

"I started writing news when I was in the college, and it was all because Iwas in love with the truth... back in the States, I found out how the entire nation had broken its love for the freedom and had fallen for money, instead..."

Rebecca opened a closet and took out a folder.

"This folder is the main reason why I can't tell you what I do during the night and what I think about during the day..."

Inside of the folder were photos of various kinds, documents and even death certificates. Miyuki shivered more as she stared at the papers.

"All these people you see in there are artists. Whether actors or actresses, writers, singers or painters, their first artwork didn't sell as expected" - The blond girl explained.

"If a book, movie, paint or song reveals to be a bad business, Hernandez Entertainment, a perhaps unknown yet powerful holding company, just erases them using journalists like me..."

The younger girl was shocked.

"So what do you exactly do?" - She asked.

"Most of the times, I just search in the archives for police records, anomalies and so on... which is perfectly legit." - Rebecca specified - "Sometimes, though, I seep into their private lives to find gimmicks to break their contracts..."

The blond-haired girl closed the folder and put it back in the closet, locking it with a small key.

Avoiding eye-contact with her girlfriend, she went further with her speech - "There is more, though..." - She faintly revealed.

"I am so ashamed for this, but if I didn't tell you I'm sure I would make things worse..." - She said, holding back the tears from falling on her cheeks. - "Because of this work, I had to sleep with someone else, Myuk..."

Miyuki widened her eyes, as the pain invaded her head to toe.

This couldn't be real; their relationship had worked fine for months, why would Rebecca assume such a hurtful behavior towards her?

"Please, don't cry... I had to do it!" - She pleaded - "I can't afford stumbles, or else I will be deleted just like those artists... do you want me to leave?"

Miyuki stared at her - "No, I don't... I love you"

As she walked towards the exit door, she turned, facing her girlfriend. - "What is their name?"

"Gayoon".