Name: Angeles Belen Yach Ramirez

A sad smile comes out of her before speaking.

"Your eyes are red and swollen," he says, squatting next to me - sorry, for not arriving as soon as possible, the restaurant was full of people - his eyes begin to crystallize, I know very well that he tries to be strong for me , but of the three it is the one that falls the fastest to my harsh reality and who knows that I live in my abyss of pain - seriously, forgive me.

I bring my finger to her lips to shut her up with the typical "Shh."

"It's not your fault, you're here now." My tears fight to keep from coming out.

She tilts her head before settling on my bed and giving me her sisterly warmth.

"I'm here," says the redhead, entering my room. "I brought black tea, your favorite," she says, curving her lips in a smile.

Put the small cup on the table next to my bed.

And like Gen, he sat next to me on the bed. They both hold me in their arms, Gen on my left side and Nailea on my right side.

His warmth emanates from me, his breaths matching mine as the three of us stare at the ceiling. I try not to let another tear come out, this moment does not deserve tears. They move in place to cover themselves with the sheets and to accommodate better.

"I want to distract you from whatever you are thinking," Gen says after a long moment of silence. "I don't have a great idea, but what counts is the intention." He begins to babble the rhythm of a song.

"For God's sake, tell me this is a joke," the black-haired woman complains.