

Sunshine

By Sadie Pattison

One week. That's how long we're giving you.

Cam pulled on her boots as her client's words rang through her head. She only had one job, and she had a week to complete it. Five days in, and Cam hadn't even made recent contact with the target. There was a reason for this, and that reason was *definitely* not because she thought the target was stunning. It didn't help that Cam had had a crush on the target since her high school days.

C'mon Cameron. You're a hitman. A little crush shouldn't stop you from completing your job, she thought to herself, slapping her cheeks. Granted, she didn't know why she had to kill such an angel, but her contract prevented her from asking directly. All she knew, was somehow this perfect, gorgeous woman had pissed off some millionaire enough that he wanted her dead. But after two days of watching and learning about this woman, she absolutely could not figure it out. The target did charity work, and was studying to be a freaking nurse. She was literally a ball of sunshine. But unfortunately for her, Cam always followed through on a job.

"Alright, Miss Allie Rogers. Time to say goodnight to the world," Cam muttered, pulling a long jacket over herself to hide her weapons.

Cam readied herself from a rooftop in an alleyway. After five days of observation, Cam noted that Allie took this shortcut home from work daily. So, it was the perfect opportunity to kill her. *May as well do it now, better to get it over with before I'm too attached,* Cam thought. That was her number one rule: Never get attached to people. It's most likely the reason why she was so alone, but it was easier than risking someone she loved getting hurt.

Using a pair of binoculars, she spotted Allie turning down the alley and got as close to the edge as possible. She readied her weapon, and prepared to shoot. But as she went to pull the trigger, she leaned just a little too far, and slipped off the small edge of the building.

CRASH! The noise beside her caused her to scream, jumping in the air. Allie fell backwards, landing on her butt with an *Oomph!*

Allie slowly stood up, and moved towards the large garbage bin where the crash had come from. She peered inside the bin. "...A person?" she

questioned, standing on her tiptoes. The girl had black hair, and pale skin. She glanced up, and saw something peeking over the edge of the rooftop. She decided to ignore it, and turned back to the dark-haired girl laying in the garbage. "Her chest is moving, so she's still alive." Allie thought, "That's good," She spoke to herself. She found a crate nearby, and used it as a step so she could reach in and attempt to pull out the mystery girl, stumbling back as she did. Allie rested the girl on the ground, pausing to regain her breath, then attempted to shake her awake, which seemed to work after a few minutes. A groan came from Cam as she opened her eyes, staring at Allie.

"What... happened...?" Cam groaned out, trying to sit up. Allie moved a hand behind her back to help her.

"Well from my understanding you fell from the sky, and the trash cushioned your fall. My name's Allie, are you alright?" she spoke softly, as not to startle the other girl.

"Uh... yeah... shoulder hurts, but it should be fine" Cam mumbled. *Allie... wait. Crap.* Cam patted around her pockets, and felt the outline of her pistol still in her coat. *Okay, so I can still do this.*

"Oh good, I'm glad!" she smiled. Cam glanced up, and immediately regretted it. *Or not. Why did she need to be so gorgeous up close..?!!* Allie's green eyes met Cam's brown ones, and Allie furrowed her brow.

"You look familiar..." *Shoot, has she seen me this entire time?* Cam panicked, "We went to high school together, right? Cameron, I think it was?" She tilted her head, and Cam simply blinked in response. *Well, that makes everything ten times harder.*

"Um, yeah. You can uh, just call me Cam." She said, still in shock. Allie giggled, stood up, and held out her hand for Cam to take.

"Well, Cam, why don't you come to my place then? It's not far, and I'm in nursing school right now, so I can take a look at your shoulder." Allie smiled, and Cam sighed. *I am so going to regret this later.*

"Lead the way, babes." Allie blushed as Cam took her hand, and the two walked to Allie's apartment together.

Three days later, Cam was still at the apartment. Allie was just so kind to her, and well, who was going to deny service from their crush? The two girls had grown close in such a short span of time, and Cam had begun to see

Allie as her own personal sun. They cuddled, shared kisses, and behaved as if they'd been married for thirty years, despite it only having been three days. After some master interrogation from Cam, she discovered that the reason Allie was a target. She had repeatedly denied the advances of her client's son on account of her sexuality, and it was well known in the crime world that her client's family only knew how to resolve issues with violence.

Cam had almost forgotten all about her mission, the reason she had to track Allie down in the first place, as she had gotten so caught up in her love. She forgot all about her own rule. Unfortunately, this meant she had missed her deadline. So, when she got a phone call at 12A.M. from a blocked ID, she knew it couldn't be anything good. She slipped out of Allie's grasp, and moved into the hall.

"Hello?" Her voice shook as she answered the call.

"It's been more than a week, and that stupid girl is still alive. I thought you were good at your job, but it seems I was terribly mistaken." A gruff voice answered, and she immediately panicked.

"No, no please I need more time that's all, she was so hard to track, you know how those kinds of girls are?" Cam panicked, trying to keep her volume down as she attempted to keep her volume down. She was clearly lying, but she didn't want to fulfill the mission. She couldn't kill someone she loved. Was this truly love? Cam thought so, and that was enough.

"You have 12 hours. If you don't have her gone by then, one of my guys will do it." Cam attempted to protest, but the line went dead. She collapsed on the floor, and shook. Her client had a reputation for being terrifyingly violent with his crimes, she couldn't let that happen to an angel like Allie. She knew what she needed to do.

Cam slowly tiptoed to the front hall, and slipped the gun from her coat pocket. It hadn't moved since she arrived three days prior. Silent tears streamed down her face as she made her way to the bedroom, and raised the gun. Allie looked so peaceful, a halo of bright orange curls spread around her head, and Cam hesitated. Until she remembered the threat of her client. It was now or never. "I'm so sorry Allie," she sobbed. "Goodnight, sunshine. I love you." Cam squeezed her eyes shut, and turned her head.

BANG!

Allie didn't wake up the next morning. She didn't wake up when Cam screamed out, realizing what she had done. She didn't wake up despite Cam shaking her now-cold body, begging her to respond. She didn't wake up when the cops arrived after an anonymous phone call. She didn't wake up ever again.

Cam had looked at Allie like she was the sun. If you get too close to the sun, you end up getting burned. Cam was scorched, and this scar would forever serve as a reminder of her number one rule. Never get close to anyone. It only ends in pain.