



Three years ago, you spelled the beginning of my end. You have destroyed my every freedom and taken away the only thing that had ever meant anything to me. All those years spent becoming the best agent on the Network, and you threw them all to the wind in one day. With this letter I want you to understand what you have done to me. But let's take things in order.

I never wanted the son you gave me. He is nothing more than just another anchor to make me sink with you- the heaviest anchor of all. I've kept my mouth shut all these years, after all I haven't had the right to speak, or to choose for myself, ever since you destroyed my freedom. But now I can finally tell you that your son has been a curse ever since I gave birth to him. A burden I no longer wish to bear.

By your sole choice I, one of the best agents on the Network, have lost everything. Years of expertise, sacrifices, hardships, all to be up to the task, all vanquished by your inability to follow a simple order. Your weakness was the beginning of my end.

I have never told you, but I am gravely ill. That job from three years ago killed me, you just buried me in this mediocre life. The uranium, remember? It poisoned me and I've been dying ever since. I don't have much left to live, the illness has almost finished devouring me from the inside. This is why you're here. Kill me. Set me free.

The letter that brought you here was not written by Serpent. It was me. I took what was dearest to you to make you draw your gun again. I regret nothing.

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You defeated me and imprisoned me, but I couldn't stand and watch you ruin my life forever. All your chains weren't enough to keep me away from the Network. I've been taking jobs and carrying them out behind your back. Even without the freedom I once had, I am still the best. But you... You've grown soft, you're nothing more than the ghost of the Falcon that once was. But I cannot live like you do. I am Lynx.

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The son you've been calling your own for all these years is not your son at all. I became a mother, but you were never a father. Isn't it ironic? What you thought was our deepest bond is nothing more than a lie. On the contrary, my son is one of the few symbols of freedom I have left.

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