

Hey buddy. I did the personal request you wanted. Let me know if there is anything I could've improved on.

The city didn't sleep, but Y/N had learned how to. He slept in places where no one looked twice. Behind a bakery's dumpster, under a bridge by the river, inside a cardboard fort patched with tape and a piece of old newspaper. The nights were cold now. He curled up in a hoodie that used to be blue but had faded into gray, pulling it tight around him as his breath fogged the air.

He was ten years old, and the world already felt too big.

The only thing he owned that wasn't falling apart was a creased magazine page folded carefully in his pocket. It was a photo of Jenna Ortega smiling at a red-carpet event. She wore a black dress and diamond earrings that looked like stars. Y/N had found the page months ago in a trash bin outside a store.

When he felt scared, he'd pull it out, trace her smile with his thumb, and whisper, "You look kind."

It made him feel less alone.

That night, Los Angeles was louder than usual. The streetlights shimmered like cold fire, and a row of black cars lined up outside a tall hotel. Curious, Y/N stood across the street, shivering as he watched. People in shiny clothes laughed, hugged, and walked up a red carpet under white lights. Photographers shouted names he didn't know; except for one.

"Jenna! Over here! Look this way!"

He froze. There she was.

Jenna Ortega stepped out of a sleek car, smiling and waving. Her hair was pulled back, her dress shimmered like the night sky, and for a second, Y/N forgot he was cold.

He stayed hidden behind a lamppost, afraid someone might chase him away. He didn't belong there.

Still, he couldn't take his eyes off her.

When the crowd moved inside, Y/N's stomach growled. He hadn't eaten since morning which was a half of a muffin someone had thrown away. He rubbed his chest, staring at the hotel doors. The smell of food drifted out; roasted meat, warm bread, sweet frosting. His mouth watered.

He looked around. The security guards were busy checking cameras and shooing off photographers. He took a deep breath and whispered to himself, "Just a little food. Then I'll go."

Y/N crossed the street, his small sneakers silent against the sidewalk. He slipped behind a catering van, through a side door left ajar. The hallway was bright and clean. He blinked at the chandeliers, the golden walls, the fancy carpet that felt like clouds under his shoes. His heart thudded fast.

He followed the smell of food until he found a quiet room. The crowd noises were muffled through the walls, leaving this room empty except for a long table filled with trays and plates half-finished by guests who'd left to mingle.

His hands trembled as he approached. He stared at a slice of bread, then a piece of fruit tart. He swallowed hard and whispered, "I'm sorry," before grabbing it and taking a small bite.

The sweetness filled his mouth. He closed his eyes, smiling for the first time that day. Then another bite. And another. He ate slowly, afraid someone would yell. No one came.

He sat cross-legged under the table, hiding behind the long white cloth, his backpack beside him. He drank a bit of water from a leftover glass, then sighed in relief. For once, his stomach didn't hurt.

His eyelids drooped a little. The sound of distant laughter from the next room made the air feel warm. For the first time in weeks, he didn't feel scared.

But then, a soft sound. The door opened.

He froze. Footsteps echoed lightly on the carpet; not the heavy boots of a guard, but something softer. He peeked through the tablecloth and saw black heels stop a few feet away. Then a familiar voice, low and gentle.

"Hello? Is someone here?"

Y/N's heart stopped. He knew that voice. He'd heard it in interviews, in that movie once, the one he'd watched from a store window.

It couldn't be.

He backed up too quickly, bumping into a chair leg.

A hand lifted the tablecloth and there she was.

Jenna Ortega.

She blinked, eyes widening slightly as she took in the small boy crouched under the table. His hoodie was torn, his cheeks smudged with dirt, a half-eaten piece of bread still in his hand. For a moment, neither of them moved.

Then, instead of yelling, she crouched down to his level.

“Hey.” she said softly, her voice calm. “It’s okay. You don’t have to hide.”

Y/N’s throat felt tight. He shook his head quickly. “I-I’m sorry. I was just hungry. I’ll go, I promise.”

“Don’t.” she said gently. “It’s alright. You can eat. You must be freezing.” Her tone wasn’t angry, it was the same voice he imagined when he looked at her picture.

He nodded timidly and looked down at his shoes. “I didn’t mean to cause trouble.”

“You didn’t.” she said, sitting cross-legged on the floor beside him. “What’s your name?”

He hesitated. “...Y/N.”

“That’s a nice name.” She smiled, brushing a strand of hair from her face. “I’m Jenna.”

“I know.” he whispered, then instantly blushed, clutching the bread tighter.

Her smile deepened. “You do, huh?”

He nodded shyly. “You’re my favorite actress.”

That made her laugh. “Thank you, little man.” She tilted her head. “How about you sit out here with me? We can share some of this food before anyone comes looking for it.”

Y/N hesitated, then crawled out from under the table. He sat beside her, still looking at the floor. She poured him some juice and handed him a napkin. “Eat slowly, okay?” she said gently

He nodded. For the first time in forever, someone was nice to him.

He didn’t know it yet, but this night would be the night everything changed.