

Stephanie soon started to slowly regain consciousness from being knocked out, noticing something warm and soft surrounding her body.

It felt good around her that made her turn over onto her side and wrap her hands around the warm feeling... only to notice it felt... strange.

It was covered in a strange cloth-like feeling and had a... fleshly texture as Stephanie felt around it with her hands.

Deciding to look at what she was hugging, Stephanie slowly opened her eyes as she blinked a few times, at first seeing something blurry, but then, after the second blink, Stephanie saw something black in front of her.

A confused expression appeared on her face when she noticed the back object in front of her as she released the item... but then realized what she was hugging.

She was hugging *someone's thumb*.

A bad feeling sat in Stephanie's empty stomach as she glanced around at her surroundings as she sat up a little.

She noticed she was sitting in the *palm* of someone's *hand* as there was a black wall on the left-hand side of where she was lying.

Slowly, Stephanie glances up at the black wall with a slightly confused expression on her face... but instantly realizes *whose* hand she was lying in.

She was lying in *Captain's* hand.

While seated in a chair, he had his hand close to his chest as he looked down at her.

When she realized whose hand she was in, Captain gave off that *canine* smile that made her shake.

“Hi there.” Captain greeted her and gave off shudders down Stephanie’s spine from how off his tone was.

Rather than trying to get out of his hand, Stephanie stayed in his palm as she stared back at him with a nervous expression.

Instead of being at King Pig’s mercy for ‘stealing’ his food from one of his stores, Stephanie is now at the Captain’s mercy for stealing *his* tank.

She flinched when Captain moves his hand to the table and places her down as she collapses onto her bottom.

After Stephanie was placed on the table, Captain sat upright as the door opened, causing Stephanie to flinch from the sudden noise.

Just as she turned around to see who it was, Stephanie noticed it was Steve as he walked into the room while shutting the door behind his back.

“Hey, Capt’n.” He greeted before noticing Stephanie was awake. “Oh, the human is awake?”

“Yep,” Captain nodded his head as Steve walked over to him and sat next to him. “She passed out from being so dizzy from the wild ride in the tank.”

‘Oh, the tank,’ Stephanie thought to herself as she bit the bottom of her lip.

“Speaking of the tank,” Captain remembered as he turned around to her as Stephanie shuddered at how *scary* his gaze looked from behind the goggles he was wearing. “What *were* you doing in my tank, though?”

After Captain had asked her the question, Stephanie remained silent for a moment as she thought about what might happen to her if she answered.

However, if she does not, they will torture her into answering their question without shame.

“Captain,” Steve spoke as she flinched. “I don’t think she can talk since there are no schools around. Judging by her age, she must’ve been born a long time before we came here and learned little about speaking.”

Stephanie felt a little irritated by how he thought she might be ‘stupid,’ but not wanting to make him angry at her, so Stephanie instead spoke, “You’re right, but I learn how to speak by teaching myself on the internet using *Duolingo*.”

Both Steve and Captain glanced down at Stephanie after she spoke as she flinched from their gazes but then remembered the question asked by Captain and slowly answered truthfully, “I... was stealing your tank, mister.”

““Stealing it?”” Captain repeated with a confused tone in his voice as Steve looked confused like him. “Why were you attempting to steal something that you can’t even drive?”

Stephanie paused as she wrapped her arms over her chest and hugged herself, shaking like a leaf as she slowly answered, “I got caught by one of the gang members after I got into one of the stores.”

As their expressions became more confused, she asked, “Do you want me to explain everything at the beginning since I am only confusing you?”

They both nodded their heads after Stephanie asked, and Stephanie pushed a hair back from her face as she began telling them her story.

*The ‘gang problem’ started after meeting Captain and telling me that ‘it was alright’ to be around him and Steve, letting me go, asking no other questions, or keeping me.*

*I became hungry from thinking about what Captain had told me, only to realize that I was low on supplies.*

*So, I started looking for the supplies I needed to help me survive and found a shop called ‘The Corner Store.’*

*As soon as I got to the Corner Store, I started collecting the supplies I needed to survive, including other necessary items I needed.*

*To keep from being hungry constantly, I have even collected some gum to help stabilize the hunger pains.*

*...I soon discovered too late that it was one of the stores overtaken by the Warrior Hogs.*

*““Warrior Hogs?””*

*“Sounds kind of kinky with how it sounds.”*

*Uh, there is a reason why, but may I continue my story, please?*

*“Oh, sure, sorry!”*

*It’s okay, no reason to apologize for that!*

*Anyways, after realizing the store belongs to the Warrior Hogs after seeing the symbol, I tried to get out of the store before they come... but the gathers had already appeared and discovered me standing outside the store.*

*I thought they were supposed to kill the people who got into the store, but I was lucky they did not decide to do that.*

*Instead, the leader of the gathers took me over to see King Pig, the leader of the entire gang.*

*And now, here comes the reason why he is nicknamed 'King Pig.'*

*King Pig was fatter than the rest of the gang members, ate the food by himself, and sat in the middle on a throne surrounded by piles of unopened food, chickens in cages, and money.*

“Damn, that is one big fat cock eating all the food for himself and having all the money for himself!”

“And surrounded by cocks too!”

“...Captain, now is not the time to make a cock joke.”

*No, it's okay with the cock jokes.*

*I was going to make a dick joke about King Pig, but someone already beat me to it.*

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Captain began to laugh as Stephanie smirked a little, watching him place his right hand on the table as the other was against his chest.

“I-I can't breathe!” Captain wheezed between laughs as Steve had an unamused expression on his face. “That was a good one!”

After Captain commented on Stephanie's joke, Steve rolled his eyes before asking, "Can we continue talking about King Pig now?"

Stephanie nodded her head after Steve asked and went back to her story as Captain's laughter died down a little.

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*Okay, King Pig went into a rage after realizing I had 'stolen' his food and was about to either throw me into the dungeon or have my head chopped off, but I instead quickly proposed a deal with him.*

*He took the thought and was thinking about what deal I should do with him... but his friend instead whispered something in his ear that perked his interest.*

*I was hoping to get him something more delicious than chicken or any other food in the garage, but he instead told me to steal a goddamn tank from your field!*

*He wanted me to steal your a hundred something foot tall tank so that he could sell it on the black market to make money!*

*I tried to tell King Pig I couldn't drive something that massive and operate it since I had no clue how to do it in the first place!*

*But that stubborn bastard told me that if I did not get what he wanted, he would have me for breakfast if I came back empty-handed!*

"HE CAN FUCKING EAT HUMANS?!"

*Yes, and the last person who tried doing the same thing was eaten when he came back empty-handed!*

"UGH!"

“That is fucking disgusting!”

*Yes, so I had to steal your tank to not make myself a pig’s meal for some whiny king!*

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Stephanie groaned as she grabbed the side of her head with her right hand as she continued, “If I do nothing to finish the deal with King Pig, he’ll keep my backpack for god knows how long.”

“He is keeping your backpack?” Captain asked after Stephanie mentioned her backpack. “The same one that you use?”

“Yes,” Stephanie nodded her head. “It had everything I needed in it to survive, and he decided to keep it to make sure I would do the deal or else!”

Stephanie groaned again as she gripped both sides of her head and lamented, “What am I supposed to fucking do?! I can’t worm myself out of this deal with him, I don’t know how to drive it, and I might have pissed you two off by stealing your tank.”

Captain and Steve paused for a moment after Stephanie finished her story to them, seeing how stressed Stephanie looked as she ducked her head while clutching it in her hands.

A faint growl confused them from the sound, but they watched as Stephanie groaned and wrapped her arms around her stomach.

“Are you okay?” Steve asked as he was about to reach over with his hand to pick her up.

“No, I’m starting to get stomach pains,” Stephanie answered as she winced again. “Usually, whenever I am very stressed over something, I eat food to help with it.”

Steve removed his hand after Stephanie explained to them before Captain said, “I think I just know the right person to help with that! And do you mind if Steve and I step outside?”

Stephanie looked confused for a moment before nodding her head and groaned when her stomach growled again.

Captain and Steve stood up from their seats after Stephanie nodded her head and stepped out of the room.

Captain closed the door behind his back and placed a hand on Steve’s shoulder, saying, “Steve, I think we should help with her problem.”

“I agree with you on that, Capt’n,” Steve nodded in agreement as they walked through the trench. “She is *very* stressed over the dangerous deal she made with that ‘King Pig.’ Because of how dangerous he is, she *might* become his breakfast if we do nothing about it.”

Captain nodded his head in agreement after Steve agreed with him and soon entered a different room that looked like the kitchen.

Different smells of spices were lingering in the air, and cleaned pots and pans hung from the ceiling in the middle of a counter while a different Tankman was standing and cooking something in a pan.

Instead of a helmet, he wore a black chef’s hat with rectangular goggles that looked like glasses.

The Tankman also wore a thin black jumpsuit with a chef’s symbol on his biceps and black boots.

He was a little shorter than both of them and had a darker white skin color in the mixture of gray and white.

“Hey, Cookie?” Captain spoke that caught the Tankman’s attention.

He glanced up at them from the pot and responded, as he had a New Orleans accent, “Hey, Captain and Steve! What brought you here to Cookie’s Kitchen? If you are wonderin’ ‘bout what to have for lunch, it’s gonna be a few hours or more until I tell ya.”

“Nah, it’s not that, Cookie,” Captain spoke as Cookie cocked his head with a confused expression. “We have someone who needs some snacks because of a little stress.”

“Really?” Cookie spoke as he placed his hands on his hips. “Who’s the ‘newcomer’ though?”

Both Captain and Steve glanced at each other after Cookie asked, as Captain said, “First grab something for her, and we’ll show you, okay?”

“Sure,” Cookie nodded his head. “Just give me a minute to finish this soup before I grab somethin’, okay?”

They both nodded their heads after Cookie asked and watched him add in a few spices, chop some vegetables, and add them to the pot.

“There,” Cookie nodded in satisfaction before placing the lid on the pot. “Now all we have ta do is keep this on and let it simmer for a while.”

He clapped his hands together after speaking and walked over to the pantry door, picking up the lock that kept the door closed.

Cookie placed the code into the lock, unlocked the knob, opened it, and looked into the wide pantry.

“Alrighty,” Cookie mumbled as he looked through the items. “What is in here that is suitable for a snack?”

He looked through the shelves thoughtfully and looked at each item before coming across a packaged item with cling wrap over it.

“Ah, here we are,” Cookie smirked as he took the plate out. “My hand-made beignets!”

After finding the beignets, Cookie stepped out of the pantry and placed them on the counter before closing the door and locking it.

Once he had locked the pantry door, Cookie scrambled the code before picking the plate up from the counter.

“Alrighty,” Cookie smirked. “Where is the newcomer that wants a snack?”

Captain silently made a ‘follow me’ mention with his hand and walked out of the kitchen as Steve followed him by his side.

Cookie followed behind the two with the plate in his hand with a slightly confused expression on his face.

“Are you sure that she can eat those beignets, Capt’n?” Steve whispered. “She’s nearly up to my knee!”

“Well, she ate nothing for an entire day, Steve,” Captain whispered back as Cookie continued to follow them. “That incident happened yesterday, and all her snacks were in her backpack after being caught.”

“Oh!” Steve realized what Captain said before silently adding, “That’s fucking cruel!”

Captain nodded his head in agreement as they returned to their room but paused when they noticed the door was *slightly open*.

“What the fu-?” Captain instantly opened the half-open door and looked inside, only to see most of the Tankmen flocking around the table as some were in the background.

But the most part was Stephanie in the middle of the table looking nervous as she glanced up at the Tankmen around her.

Some members looked the same as the rest, but the others looked different, like Steve, Captain, and Cookie.

The first was a female as she had a broken heart symbol on her biceps and stood with her arms crossed over her chest.

The second Tankmen’s visors contain green glowy eyes with a sniper rifle attached to his back.

He had both hands on the table as if he was looking down at the human before they got in before looking over at them with one hand off the table after Captain opened the door.

“What the hell are you all doing in our room?!” Steve exclaimed as his face turned slightly red after he stepped into the room with Captain.

“Whoa, chill out, Steve!” the Tankgirl spoke as she moved her hands up. “We are only looking at her!”

“Yeah, we are just curious,” nodded one of the Tankman. “She’s tinier than what we thought she was.”

The green-eyed Tankman with the rifle on his back instantly walked over to Captain and asked, pointing at the human behind him, “Why is there a fucking human here?!”

“She was in Captain’s tank earlier, Sniper,” Steve responded as Cookie walked around them, staring at the human with a shocked expression on his face. “Besides, she has no home to go to, right?”

Steve glanced around Sniper, the green-eyed Tankmen, to look over at the human as she nodded her head, still curled slightly into a ball.

“Wow, that’s harsh,” one of the Tankman remarked as she glanced up at him.

Sniper huffed after Steve pointed out being homeless before saying, “Well, *it* does not belong in a battlefield or an army camp, Captain! What if that fucking thing gets us into more trouble or makes us lose to the fuckers?”

“Sniper,” Captain sternly spoke as he looked over at the human as she was hunching her shoulders while looking nervous about how he was mentioning her. “*She* is staying here since she has nothing with her or has a shelter to stay in and did not harm anyone when she was driving the tank. No arguments.”

Sniper snarled a little after Captain put his foot down and opened his mouth to speak, but closed it and added, “*Fine*. But it will fucking stay here in your room, right? I don’t want it to be fucking around me during or off the battlefield.”

With that, Sniper exited Captain and Steve’s room as the human shuddered, not liking Sniper and how he was talking about her.

“Damn,” Steve huffed as he crossed his arms after Sniper left the room. “What a fucking prick.”

Captain nodded his head in agreement after Steve huffed and turned around to look at the human.

He was surprised to see her munching on a beignet while her sleeves were rolled up to her biceps.

She was even holding it in her hands as she was eating the corner halfway, even having some parts of her hands covered in the sugary powder.

“Whoa, she is *that* hungry?” Steve remarked as Captain ‘blinked.’

“Yeah,” Cookie nodded as he lightly chuckled. “So the species are called ‘humans?’”

“Yes,” Captain nodded. “We are also called humans, but a little different from how they look.”

The human stopped eating the beignet in her hands after Captain explained, looking up at him with a confused expression on her face as she had some powdery sugar on the corner of her mouth, but nods her head in agreement.

“She can even understand us?” one of the Tankmen asked after she nodded.

“And speak,” the human added after finishing a bite of the beignet. “I’m not a mouse, you know.”

Impressed expressions appeared on the surrounding Tankmen as she continued to eat the beignet as Captain said, “Oh, one more thing; we can help you with your problem with King Pig.”

Instantly, the human almost choked on her bite after Captain remarked but gulped and whipped around at him, asking with a shocked expression on her face, “REALLY?!”

Captain nodded her head after she had asked, saying, “Of course! Since you helped us get out of a problem from the battle, we can help you with your problem!”

She blinked a few times after Captain had mentioned the battle, asking, “How did I help you with the battle? I just drove the tank like a drunk maniac.”

“And your drunk maniac driving has helped us a lot!” Steve remarked. “We could’ve lost the battle without your help.”

She blushed a little from Steve’s remark before asking, “But... you both are not angry at me for stealing it in the first place?”

“We are annoyed,” Captain spoke with a shrug of his shoulders. “But we are not completely mad at you. You did nothing wrong or tried to harm us but are trying to repay your debt with a problem you have. If you were, we *would* be mad at you.”

After the Captain had explained, she stared at him for a while with a thoughtful expression on her face.

Then, she placed the halfway eaten beignet on the plate and stood up to her feet.

She brushed the powder off her body with her hands after standing up and stepped off the plate, landing on her feet.

Then she walked over to one of Captain’s fingers of his right hand and wrapped her arms around his first finger, catching him off-guard.

“Thank you so much!” She thanked him with slight tears in her eyes.

Captain smiled after she had thanked him and carefully wrapped his fingers around her body, returning the hug to her.

“Oh, I didn’t get to know your names,” she remembered as she glanced up at him. “What is your name?”

“Captain,” Captain answered as he smiled, this time, not scaring her as she noticed his teeth. “My name is Corporal Captain.”

“And my name is Steve,” Steve responded after she had asked.

A confused expression appeared on the human’s face for a faint moment after he had answered, but then smiled and responded, “My name is Stephanie, Stephanie Allen!”

Captain smiled more after Stephanie, the human, had given his name as she hugged his fingers, deciding to allow her to stay in his camp... even if that meant going against Sniper’s wishes.