

The next day, Buzzy slowly woke up from his slumber.

He was a bit groggily as he woke up, feeling like he was sleeping for more years.

But, he was inside someone else's bedroom.

He remembered what happened earlier in the night and sighed gently to himself.

Buzzy expected Stephanie was not right next to him, but he noticed his right arm was extending out from the bed.

Maybe he was moving around on the bed in his sleep?

But how come he is holding onto something warm?

Confused, he glanced over at what he was holding onto, although his glasses were off, he could see a blurred figure dressed in blue sitting on a chair.

The figure has their left arm out, as it was holding his wrist, as quiet snores were coming from the person.

Puzzled, he flipped over to his front, as his right arm reached over to the bedside table, blindly reaching for his glasses.

He missed a couple of times as he placed his hand on the table until his fingertips felt the edge of his glasses, so, he gently took them and carefully pulled it back to his body.

He flipped back over to his side he was sleeping on after getting his glasses and placed them on his nose which is perfectly balancing on his nose.

After he put his glasses back on, he was shocked to see that Stephanie was sleeping on an uncomfortable chair, her head back against it and snoring quietly.

He glanced down at his hand and noticed she had his hand, and throughout the whole night, she let him hold her hand, without moving back to get away from him.

Did she know he was afraid of being alone again, since what happened 15 years ago?

He felt confused, and startled, about her strange behavior, as he continued lying there on the bed, watching her as she slept.

Buzzy laid his head back down on the pillow, thinking to himself about the strange action she did, expecting her to be not in the room and place him down on an uncomfortable chair in a cold spot of the room, making him miserable again.

But, he got the opposite instead.

He got her comfortable bed as she took the uncomfortable chair to sleep in, and her blankets as she still was wearing her clothes to be warm.

Buzzy felt concerned about her, but he still does not trust her with her trust.

However, she did rescue him from being stuck in his prison forever.

After a few minutes or more has passed, as Buzzy stayed at where he was, still thinking to himself about why was acting like this to him, she finally woke up from her slumber, looking groggy, blinking a few times slowly.

She moved her head back from against the chair, as she winced slightly from the discomfort of her muscles aching.

Stephanie notices Buzzy was awake as he was staring at her, looking confused as he has his glasses on and still holding her hand.

Instead of being disgusted and immediately releasing his hand, yelling at him for being a pervert, she gently smiled at him, which puzzled him more.

"Good morning, Buzzy," she smiled, releasing her grip around his wrist, which he did not to hers. "Uh, you can release my hand now."

He glanced down at his hand from her eyes, noticing her grip on his wrist was released, instead of his.

"Oh," he released her hand and moved it back towards his body, feeling embarrassed he was holding her hand in his sleep. "S-Sorry."

"Nah, it's okay." she shrugged, still smiling gently at him. "A few people who I know of sometimes do the same. Although why are you sorry?"

He glanced away from her, unsure how to explain what his thoughts were towards her or her actions.

She noticed the look on his face and decided to get up without saying another word to him.

Stephanie placed both of her hands on the chair's arms and pushed herself up, until a quiet crack noise came from her bones, causing her to sit back down.

Buzzy almost jumped out of bed when he heard that, coming from her bones.

"Sorry." It was her turn to apologize to him as he looked worried and horrified. "It sometimes does that."

"Doesn't it hurt you?" he asked, his face slightly pale.

She thought to herself for a moment, before shrugging her shoulders, wincing a bit as her back muscles ache too.

"Nah, not much." She responded, hissing a few times through her teeth. "There are a few twinges here and there, but not too much to be painfully hurting."

Buzzy was disbelieved after she had responded to him.

It does not hurt her that much?

It sounded like it does hurt her too much if he was in her shoes.

She tried again to stand to her feet as there were a few small cracks of bones and as she moved her left arm.

Guiltily, he felt sorry for holding her hand through the whole night.

After getting up, she turned her body towards the door, as she wobbled a bit and placed her hand against the dresser, before going back into place, after shaking her head.

He watched as she walked away, feeling alone in her room, as he pulled the blanket up to his face, feeling small.

"Ey, uh, about your jacket 'n all, they are in the washer," she called from the different room, catching his attention. "They needed a wash because of how smelly they are."

He had to agree with her; they did smell musty from being in that prison for a long time.

Buzzy glanced down at his shirt in thought, smelling it once, before looking disgusted.

It reeks of the same musty smell from his other clothes.

"If you are curious, there's a shower for you to bathe," Stephanie called again. "And I'll gather some clothes for you to wear until your clothes are dry and clean."

An awkward expression appeared on Buzzy's face after Stephanie said she will gather some clothes out for him to wear that could be in his size.

He expected she could pick out some girl clothes for him since her gender is a female or something cute that he could wear for a while.

"Uh, I think I could stay in the shower for a while," Buzzy suggested, feeling uneasy that he could be wearing an awkward outfit.

"And walk around butt naked as there are people in the motel that could see you? Fluck no." Stephanie objected his suggestion. "To add; you could accidentally get something hot that could really burn them."

His cheeks turned a light red color when she mentioned them, feeling embarrassed.

So, he decided to get the humiliation from her.

He pulled the blankets off of his body and got down on the ground, as his bare feet gently landed on the carpet.

Buzzy checked for his headset and made sure that it is in the same spot when he comes out of the shower.

After checking his headset, he walked out of the room, noticing that everything inside was oddly quiet, except the noises of something baking from a different place.

He decided to go see where that noise is coming from, so he wandered into the dining room, connected to the kitchen.

Standing in front of the oven is Stephanie, as her long brown and wired hair was pulled up into a low ponytail, cooking some breakfast to eat.

He felt confused about what she is cooking, though.

She felt the presence that she was being watched, so she glanced over her shoulder, noticing Buzzy.

"Hello." she smiled. "Breakfast is almost done."

A confused look appeared on his face, as Stephanie turned back to see what she was cooking in front of her on the oven.

Was Stephanie cooking breakfast for him?

Even though he does not expect any gratitude from her?

He walked over to the chair that was right next to Stephanie as she was cooking and climbed up onto the seat, sitting down as he patiently waited for some food to come, as he was thinking to himself about the strange ways she was acting.

Although he does not trust her, she was kind enough to give him her bed as she took the uncomfortable chair to sleep in.

She continued cooking for a moment, as Buzzy was still thinking to himself, running his right hand through his hair.

When he ran his hand through his hair, expecting some bald spots on his head from stressing in his prison, but stopped when he noticed there was none.

Confused, he placed both of his hands on top of his head, feeling all the hair on his head that suddenly grow overnight, all at the same length and thickness.

Pushing his glasses up slightly, he felt his left eyebrow, expecting hair to be not there since only his head has hair, but there was hair like his head.

He was stumped as he was thinking to himself, feeling disbelieved and confused.

All of his hair was suddenly grown overnight, without him noticing!

Not only that, his left eye is open instead of being closed since it became lazy.

"Buzzy?" Stephanie's voice drew him away from his panicked thoughts about his hair and eye, noticing she was standing in front of him, her left hand on the table, as her right was on his shoulder. "Are you alright? You looked like you saw a ghost."

"No, it's my hair," he responded, mentioning to his hair. "I-I thought I had bald spots because of my stress. A-And my eye! I could see without having to see through one eye!"

"And, is that a problem?" Stephanie asked, sounding confused.

"No, it's... unusual for my hair to sudden grow like this," Buzzy responded, after pausing. "And it is not usual for my eye to sudden heal like that either."

A concerned look replaced Stephanie's face, as she moved her right hand from his shoulder.

"Buzzy, I..." she spoke before drifting off, glancing away from his eyes.

He noticed her eyes were filled with worry and sadness, before glancing back at him, sighing gently.

"I'll explain everything after you eat." Stephanie finished, gently pushing a plate of perfectly baked waffles in front of him.

Buzzy was confused about her worried and sad look on her face, before turning his attention to the plate of waffles in front of him.

"The eggs, bacon, and sausage are almost done," she explained, before turning back to the oven. "But, I'll serve the waffles first."

Buzzy glanced up at her with confusion and awe on his face, startled that she made food for him, which he expected her to cook her own food and leave him nothing.

But this was absolutely out of what he was thinking of about her.

He picked the fork up from the plate, and hesitated for a moment, feeling unsure about what she could put into the waffles that he would not notice while he was eating.

But the smell was too delicious to resist, so he decided to take a small bite, just in case.

After slicing a slice off, as Stephanie was busily cooking some more food, he took a nibble of the waffle, before tasting bits of chocolate chips inside, instead of what he thought could be inside.

And the flavor of the waffle was perfect to have.

As for Stephanie, she was cooking some more food, while she was overhearing Buzzy eating, feeling slightly proud of herself that he is slowly trusting her.

But, he needs some time to trust her fully.

As Stephanie turned around to serve him another cooked waffle, she noticed he was done with the first one.

"Whoa!" she remarked, startled at how fast he ate. "I barely finished cooking the eggs, and you finished a waffle in one second!"

He sheepishly glanced away, rubbing the back of his head with his left hand, as he wipes some chocolate smear from the corner of his lips.

"But, it doesn't matter." Stephanie gently sighed, as she gently shrugged her shoulders. "You were hungry for a long time since you were locked away for a long time."

He glanced back at her from looking away, feeling confused about why she kept doing this to him.

She understood what he felt and does not feel angry at each little thing he does.

Why is the question?

Stephanie shook her head once and placed the waffle down and turned back to the rest of the breakfast.

"Just let me know when you are full, okay?" she spoke to him from over her shoulder.

Buzzy only replied with a nod of his head and started eating the next waffle, knowing she did not put anything inside that would kill him.

She gently smiled as she went back to cooking, before finishing, placing the eggs, bacon, ham, sausages, and hash browns on a spare plate.

After she had placed them on the separate plate, she turned back around and placed the dish down right next to Buzzy, who already finished the second waffle.

Then, she walked back to the kitchen and served him the next waffle, feeling a bit tired from walking back and forth.

But she was determined to cook him food until he was full and healthy.

After a while, he finished his food on his plates as Stephanie glanced over at him, looking concerned.

"Are you full?" she asked, panting slightly.

He only replied with a single nod of his head.

Buzzy is full and felt like his stomach is going to burst any minute.

"Okay." she smiled. "Rest a little until your stomach digests some food inside, and then take a shower."

He glanced away with an uneasy look on his face, feeling uncomfortable he is going to wear girl's clothes.

But, she was right about walking around butt naked, people could walk into her room and notice him walking around, looking disturbed.

He shivered at the thought of being tossed out after taking a shower.

Stephanie cleaned up the mess in the kitchen and walked into a different room, as Buzzy turned slightly to where she entered, worried that she might show him something that she has.

"Is green or black okay for you?" Stephanie asked as a slightly confused look appeared on his face.

"Uh, black?" he confusedly responded, although worried what decoration on the shirt might look like.

"Okay!" Stephanie happily chirped.

He paused for a moment, thinking she might have chosen a large shirt for him to wear that is like a nightgown to him.

"If you were curious;" Stephanie spoke, catching his attention. "I actually have some clothes left over from years ago that might fit you, and they are not girly."

His thoughts stopped when she said that.

How on earth did she know what he was thinking of and how did she know what he was feeling?

Before he could ask another question, Stephanie came out of the room, carrying some clothes in her arms, before standing in front of him.

"Okay, I'll gather some clothes for ya that I have so far, and show them to ya, and from there, you could pick `em." she smiled, which confused him.

Why is she so perky all the time?

She placed the clothes down on a table right next to her and held out the first shirt, which is entirely black and his size.

"Is this okay?" She asked, showing him the shirt.

He paused for a moment, before nodding his head, answering her question.

"Okay," she granted, placing the shirt right next to her, which is on another table and picked up a pair of pants, his size but gray. "What about this one?"

Buzzy thought to himself for a moment, before Stephanie said, "It has pockets on the sides if you were curious."

He glanced back at the pant, before responding, "Yeah, I think those pair of pants are okay."

She smiled and placed the pants with the picked shirt on the other side of her, as she took the other picked clothes and carried them to the room she entered.

After she had left, he thought to himself for a moment, thinking about why she is so perky all the time and why is she helping him?

Does she want him to be happy and be like himself again?

Then, she came back, sighing as she ran her hand through her hair, thinking to herself for a moment.

"Okay, what else?" she mumbled to herself, glancing side to side. "Oh, yeah! Getting ready for leaving."

Buzzy's heart sank when she said she was going to leave the hotel with him inside.

He was beginning to trust her, and now that she is going to leave him here.

"Maybe packing some food for us could work, but we might have to get used to the cup of noodles." she continued mumbling.

'What does she mean by us?' Buzzy thought to himself, feeling both confused and curious. 'Is she married?'

He looked all over her for any signs that she is married, but there were no rings nor any signs that she was married.

Then, Stephanie noticed he was staring at her, as she nervously chuckled.

"Is there something wrong?" she nervously asked.

He snapped out of his focus and noticed she saw him staring at her, and glanced away.

"Oh, you are probably thinking I might leave you behind." She chuckled, as he glanced back at her as if she read his mind. "I wasn't. I was thinking of a way to get some things so that both of us could go to where you were from."

Buzzy felt like he was hit in the face with a book when she said that to him.

She was going to take him home so that he would be safe?

He felt more unsure about her, but he felt a bit of confidence in his heart that she could take him back without lying to him.

"Now, I think a shower first could work." She spoke, smiling gently. "And while you have a shower, I could gather up some things to go along the way."

"Are we going to take a car?" Buzzy asked.

"Why a car when we could walk?" Stephanie objected. "Besides, I don't own a car in the first place."

A feeling of uneasiness washed over him as confidence went away again, as he grimaced a bit.

He has a feeling that he and Stephanie are going to be lost in the woods without a map.

"Anyways," Stephanie spoke, changing the subject from her plan. "The way to the shower is down the hallway on the left and the door on your left."

She pointed to the hallway to her left, as Buzzy listened to her.

"I'll wait for you after you are in the shower and wash the rest of your clothes," she explained, before placing her left hand on her chest and bowed slightly. "I'll see you soon, Buzzy."

After she had bowed to him, she moved back up and went to the right, heading towards a different room to gather some things.

Buzzy hesitated for a moment, thinking to himself for a moment about her trust towards him and his towards her.

She seems to be confident to take him back home, even though he does not fully trust her.

Deciding to take a shower instructed by Stephanie, he got down from the chair he was on and walked over to where Stephanie was standing, glancing over to the left.

So, he walked down the hallway, before reaching a door to his left.

When he reached the door, he stood up to his tippy toes to reach the knob and turned it, opening the door open.

Inside was a bathroom inside, with a toilet and a shower.

"Thank gosh." he sighed, as the door closed behind his back. "No more having to use a cup."

As for Stephanie, she was gathering some clothes to change during their adventure, before hearing the toilet run, as she smiled.

She shrugged to herself and went back to what she was doing, gathering some clothes from the dresser and folding them into squares.

After she had folded the clothes into squares, she placed them in her sweater pocket, disappearing inside and not making any visible signs that they shrunk down when they entered.

She folded the last pants and placed it into her sweater pocket, and walked out of the cleared room, with the blankets neatly folded back to where they were, and the dressers empty.

As she passed by the bathroom door, she heard the shower running, and she smiled, feeling slightly proud of herself that he is slowly trusting her at every inch.

Using her powers, she made his clothes appear in front of her, unharmed from the teleportation and caught them in her hands.

The musty smell came from them, so she wrinkled her nose a bit in disgust, trying not to gag.

Without any words, she marched herself into the washing room and placed his clothes inside, starting the machine up.

After letting his clothes wash alone, she walked back over to the door and gently knocked with the back of her fist.

"Yes?" Buzzy's voice called over to her from behind the shower door.

"I'm just letting you know I placed your clothes in the washing machine and going to put your clean clothes inside," she responded to Buzzy.

"Okay, just don't come into the bathroom, okay?" Buzzy spoke.

"Okay!" she happily chirped, before using her powers to teleport the clothes into the bathroom, on the side of the sink where he could reach them.

After she had teleported the clothes, she went back to collect objects, grabbing objects that belong to her from her pockets.

When she finished collecting objects, she heard the shower stopped from the bathroom, and she gently smiled, feeling happy that he is clean and full of food.

Somehow, it reminded her of herself, before she was transformed into a cyborg.

"Uh, Stephanie?" Buzzy's voice snapped her out of her thoughts, as she glanced back at the way of the bathroom. "Do you have a towel I could have?"

She mentally winced to herself about the lack of having a towel to dry himself.

"Yeah, I have a towel," she called back to Buzzy. "Sorry for not giving you one when you are going to shower!"

A moment of silence and he responded, "I-It is okay! Can you bring one to me?"

Stephanie paused for a moment, before gently smiling and said, "Alright, just one minute."

She reached into her left sweater pocket and pulled out a rolled up towel in her hand.

After she had pulled out a rolled up towel, she walked back to the bathroom door and knocked on it with the back of her fist.

"Okay, I'm here." She spoke, letting him know she is ready.

"Uh, could you open the door slightly?" he asked, as Stephanie's cheeks blushed a light neon pink color.

"S-Sure." she stammered, as she slowly turned the knob and only poked her hand in, that is holding the towel. "H-Here."

He took the towel from her hand from the other side of the door, as she quickly moved her hand away and closed the door.

After she had closed the door, she sighed and leaned her back against the door, feeling uneasy and embarrassed at the same time.

She does not want herself to be seen as a pervert to him.

And she does not want to break their trust in between both of them.

As she was waiting until the sound of the door knocked from Buzzy, she thought to herself about their friendship along the way, feeling like she is not going to be good enough for him.

Soon, the door knocked from behind his back, and she glanced over her shoulder, thinking to herself for a moment.

"Are you done?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," Buzzy responded. "Can I come out?"

Stephanie paused for a moment, thinking to herself for a moment, before answering, "Yes, you may come out."

Noticing he could not open the door if she is in the way, she stood up from the ground, turning her body around.

The door opened after she had moved, revealing Buzzy with his hair wet, messy and down, almost down to the tips of his ears, as he was wearing the black shirt and gray pants he picked.

Buzzy also is wearing his glasses too, that is perfectly balancing on his nose, which made Stephanie curious.

He does not have any socks on, so he is barefoot.

"How are you now?" Stephanie asked, hiding her nervousness from him.

"I feel a bit better now, but I'm fine," Buzzy responded, not looking at her in the eyes. "So, what are we going to do?"

"Wait until your clothes are washed and dried, of course," Stephanie responded, sighing gently. "I cleaned up the whole place until the next people come, and I checked the food too, so we have plenty until we reach the next motel."

Buzzy listened to each word Stephanie spoke as he gazed at her eyes, but looked away to the side, as her voice drifted off as he thought to himself.

He thinks she might leave him when they are in the woods.

"And maybe..." Stephanie trailed off when she noticed that Buzzy was not looking at her, but looking away, as a sad look was on his face.

She knelt down on one knee slowly and placed both of her hands on his shoulders, looking worried for him.

"Hey, what's wrong?" she asked, noticing the look on his face. "Is there someone you miss?"

When Stephanie asked about who he misses, he glanced back at her, before glancing down at the ground.

"I miss my mom..." he softly spoke.

It hit Stephanie hard in the heart as a shocked and hurt expression appeared on her face, replacing her confusion.

His mother is still alive and must have been worried sick of him!

Worried, she asked, "Is your mother still alive?"

He did not look at her eyes when she asked, as he was quiet for a moment.

"I don't know..." he softly spoke. "It has been 15 years since I last saw my mom..."

Stephanie's heart sank to her stomach, as she listened to Buzzy talking.

"I want to see her again," he continued, his right hand clenching into a fist. "I want to see her and tell her I am still alive. I want to go home..."

Stephanie felt like she was destroyed.

He misses his mother and wants to go back home to see her again.

Without a word, Stephanie moved her hands from his shoulders as he glanced up at her, his eyes filled with sadness, thinking she is going to leave him alone.

But, she did not leave him alone as he expected.

She knelt down on one knee to his height and gently wrapped her arms around his neck.

He looked confused after she gently had wrapped her arms around his neck, being careful with him.

"Buzzy," Stephanie began, as he listened to her. "I understand you miss your mother, but I miss my momma too."

He lightly gasped when she said that she missed her mother, although he has not seen any pictures of her family around.

"I can promise you this;" Stephanie continued, as he listened to her.

Buzzy perked a bit when she promised him.



"I'll take you back home and make sure that no one else will hurt you during the adventure." She continued, slightly tightening her hug around Buzzy.

"I can't guarantee we would survive through this though," Stephanie added as Buzzy listened to her, slightly confused but mildly shocked that she is assuring him. "But we will make it through because I still have hope in my heart and won't let that go nor letting you go either."

She paused for a moment, before sadly smiling at him.

"I love you, Buzzy." His heart skipped a beat when she said she loved him. "I love you as a friend and won't abandon you for anything."

Everything around him seems to slow down, after she spoke, feeling less and less insecure.

Was she being true to herself?

Everything she was doing was not a lie?

Without a word, he wrapped his short arms around Stephanie's neck, as she glanced over at him.

He was glad that someone was being honest with him, and does not want to abandon him.

"Thank you..." Stephanie blinked once, and before she asks a question, his hug around her neck tightened a bit. "Thank you for not abandoning me and forgetting me."

She stopped herself from asking and gently smiled, accepting the thanks.

"You're welcome, Buzzy." she smiled, moving her hands down to his back.

After a quiet moment of hugging, Stephanie glanced up slightly, before remembering the washing machine that is washing his clothes and gently patted Buzzy's back.

"Buzzy, uh, I think I might want to look at the washing machine for a moment." she softly spoke. "I think your clothes might go to the next machine."

"A few more minutes?" Buzzy asked.

Gently sighing, she chuckled and went back to hugging.

"Alright, a few more minutes." she chuckled, hugging him gently.

After a few minutes had passed, the washing machine's alarm went off, startling Buzzy as he jumped, releasing his hug around her neck.

Stephanie softly chuckled after he released her neck.

"Now could I go check the washing machine?" Stephanie asked, gently pointing in the direction.

Buzzy nodded his head, answering Stephanie's question, although a little startled and confused about the noise.

Stephanie moved her arms from around his neck and slowly got up from the ground, as Buzzy took a couple of steps back.

After she had got up, she walked over to the room where the washing machine is, as Buzzy felt curious about the inside of the motel room.

He only has been inside Stephanie's motel room, the kitchen and dining room, and the bathroom.

So, he decided to adventure around.

While Stephanie was busy moving laundry in the laundry room, he went into the living room and noticed that everything inside was large.

He felt like he was tiny compared to the objects around.

"Buzzy?" Stephanie's voice called him, sounding a bit worried. "Where are ya?"

He turned around to her and called to her, "I'm in the living room."

A soft sigh came from her as she turned around the corner, seeing him in the middle of the room.

"There you are." she sighed, as she moved a wire strand out of her face. "You gotta tell me where you are going next time."

He felt like he wants to ask her questions, but he stopped himself, thinking his inquiries would be rude to make her angry in an instant.

Stephanie somehow noticed the look on his face.

"Do you have any questions about me?" she asked, startling Buzzy as he flinched.

"H-How did you know what I was thinking?" he stammered, asking the first question.

"I could understand through body language and facial language," Stephanie smirked. "And if you don't feel comfortable about asking a personal or seems to be a rude question, you don't have to say it."

He was silent for a moment, glancing away from her for a moment, before glancing back at her and asked, "Why are you so nice to me?"

After he had asked, Stephanie started giggling, her shoulders twitching as he looked embarrassed and nervous about what he asked.

"That's the same exact question that some people who I have met asked." she chuckled, walking past Buzzy and sat down on the couch. "But the reason why I am nice is that being nice could either let you do things that others can't or make friends out of random people or enemies."

Buzzy listened to each word she explained, feeling less insecure than before, and he asked, "Why are you acting like a mother figure to me?"

She sheepishly chuckled as she glanced away, her cheeks blushing a light neon pink color, which intrigued Buzzy's curiosity.

"Since you are a child, I seemed to be really attached to you, Buzzy." She sheepishly explained.

"How are your cheeks blushing that color?" Buzzy asked, shifting to a different question.

Stephanie blinked in confusion and felt her cheeks, noticing the light warmth.

"Oh, this is normal." she smiled. "Not all visitors can blush this unique color, though. Seems like I was the only one with this talent."

Buzzy felt more curious about her, so he got up right next to her on the couch and sat right next to her.

She turned her body towards him as a polite way to talk to him face to face.

"How old are you?" Buzzy asked, before instantly regretting what he said mentally to himself.

It is rude to ask someone about their age!

He expected an angry expression appears on her face, but she instead responded to his question, without any signs of anger on her.

"I am 20 years old," Stephanie calmly responded, as Buzzy mentally sighed to himself in relief.

"You don't look 20 years old," Buzzy spoke, looking all over her body.

She shrugged her shoulders as if she does not know about this.

"Everyone seems to say I am 13 or 15 years old." she shrugged. "But, I'm 20 years old."

She giggled to herself as she glanced away from him.

He did not take his eyes off of her arm, feeling curious about it.

"Did you go through a car crash?" Buzzy asked, mentioning to her metal arm.

Stephanie glanced down at her arm, moving her fingers of her hand, as she was quiet.

The expression on her face was quiet too.

Immediately, Buzzy started panicking, thinking that he hit something harsh, "I-I'm sorry! I didn't mean to-"

Stephanie placed her first finger against his lips, shushing him.

"Ease up, Buzzy." Stephanie sighed, chuckling gently at his reaction. "It's okay. I did go through a car accident."

Buzzy looked shocked as he glanced up at the wires of her hair, thinking that half of her head was bald.

Stephanie noticed his eyes drifted off to her hair, and she moved a wire stand to her face.

"And these wires are actually permanently connected to my head," Stephanie spoke, before yanking the wire stand in her hand, mentioning it did not come off.

"So, it's not a wig?" Buzzy asked.

"Nope," Stephanie responded. "It is really a part of my hair after I went through the surgery."

Buzzy shivered to himself if he was like her, going through a car crash and only to be put back together by metal.

"Okay," Stephanie smiled, drawing Buzzy's attention from his thoughts. "It's my turn to ask 20 questions!"

Buzzy shrugged to himself, deciding that her asking questions to him are not that all bad.

"Alright, question #1;" Stephanie smiled. "How are you freakishly cute?!"

Buzzy's cheeks went a little red after she asked that, embarrassed to answer that question.

"Uh, well," he stammered, not looking at her in the eyes. "I'm always like this?"

He shrugged his shoulders when he glanced back at her as Stephanie shrugged along with him.

"Okay, I can take that." she chuckled. "Question #2; why are you so insecure?"

Buzzy opened his mouth to answer her question, but stopped as he shut his mouth, feeling uncertain about what he could say to her.

"I'm insecure because I don't know who to trust." Buzzy finally answered as she listened to him, with a worried expression on her face. "Ever since I was abandoned in that... prison, I grew unsocialized, even the outside world too."

Stephanie looked hurt after he had explained.

"Aw, Buzzy." she softly spoke. "I trust you."

Buzzy glanced up at her, looking confused and shocked at the same time.

"I trust you." Stephanie continued talking, as Buzzy listened to her. "And I believe everyone still remembers you."

Buzzy had an unsure look on his face as he replaced his shock and confusion, as Stephanie sheepishly chuckled.

"Alright, maybe I went a little too far there." Stephanie sheepishly sighed.

Buzzy fell quiet for a moment, as Stephanie rubbed the back of her neck with her right hand, not glancing at his eyes either as she looked out to the side.

"Uh, Stephanie?" Buzzy asked, glancing back at her as she glanced back at him. "Are you always this alone?"

She glanced away from him for a moment, before glancing back at him, answering, "Yes, for 2 years."

Buzzy looked shocked that she was alone for 2 years, as he was alone for 15 years!

"But, I managed to keep my sanity together," Stephanie smirked. "Maybe let it loose a couple of times, but I let new neighbors in my house to have some pies as a welcome gift once a while."

Buzzy felt a little confused as she continued talking, although she is a fast talker, he could understand what she is saying.

Then, the buzzer to the dryer rang, and Stephanie perked.

"Alright, let's see if your clothes still smell musty or probably shrank." Stephanie smiled, before looking sheepish at the end of her words.

Buzzy felt nervous, but she stood up from the couch and walked over to the washing machine room, and Buzzy patiently waited for the news.

"Good news!" Stephanie called out to him, as he nervously listened to her. "The smell is gone and not shrunken down to nothing!"

Buzzy sighed in relief and got off the couch, walking over to where she is.

When he got over to where Stephanie, she smiled and showed his clothes, luckily they were not worn out, and they looked good as new too!

Including his hat too, which went through the washing machine along with his clothes!

"Alright," she spoke, as she handed the clothes to Buzzy, as he took them into his arms. "I'll go get the headset and check if they work, while you change, okay?"

Buzzy nodded his head, as he went into the bathroom, disappearing for a moment.

Stephanie walked back to the room where the two of them were sleeping in earlier.

She entered the room and picked up his headphones from the bedside table, staring at them for a moment.

Stephanie checked the antenna to make sure it is attached and gently wiggled it.

It was still attached to the headset after she gently had wiggled it a couple of times.

Stephanie gently sighed in relief, relieved that it did not pop off.

Then, she checked the microphone, wiggling a bit as she waited for it to pop off.

Luckily, it did not pop off as she expected it to be.

She sighed after checking the microphone and decided to use the headset, checking if the strength of the headset to the control area is still intact.

Although she was not too sure of herself to use them since they were his.

But, confidence was in her heart, so she gently pulled them over her head.

When she placed them over her ears, she gently two of her fingers against the side of her head, clearing her throat.

"Base, this is Buzzy Cortex calling over from an unknown area, come in please," Stephanie spoke, sounding like Buzzy as she talked.

No response after she reported, talking in Buzzy's voice.

"Base, this is Buzzy Cortex calling over from an unknown area, come in please," Stephanie repeated, in Buzzy's voice as she waited for any response.

Nothing came through the headset after she waited for a few more minutes.

She sighed and moved the headset off of her head, looking unsure and worried about what Buzzy's expression would be like when she gives the bad news to him.

But, she took a deep breath, and exhaled slowly, gathering her courage to explain to Buzzy.

She walked out of the room as she closed the door behind her back, as her left hand was holding the headset by the band.

Stephanie turned around and noticed Buzzy standing in front of her, with a worried and confused look on her face, as he was wearing the same clothes from earlier.

"What's wrong?" he asked, noticing the look on her face.

She sadly sighed and knelt down on one knee to his height, as she pulled the headset over his head and his ears.

"Buzzy..." she started, before trailing off, but continued, "The headset doesn't connect to the base anymore."

Buzzy's heart sank when she gave the bad news.

The headset does not work anymore?

"But that does not matter." Stephanie objected as Buzzy perked a bit. "Headset or not, we need to find that base. No matter if we either use the headset or not."

Buzzy had nodded his head, agreeing with Stephanie, before she reached over with her right hand, as he stayed put at where he is, looking confused.

"But one more thing;" She spoke, as her fingers tapped his earpiece, as he looked confused.

Using only his eyes, he looked at what she was doing, when he saw a cybernetic blue glow pulse once from underneath the sweater sleeve's hem from her wrist and to the tips of her fingers, zapping his headset, including his ears.

The shock from the zap was enough to make him cry out, but not barbecue his ears to a roast color.

"Ow!" he cried out, as Stephanie moved her hand away, looking startled, as he landed on his bottom, taking his headset off. "What was that?!"

"Sorry, sorry, sorry!" Stephanie apologized, taking his face in her palms. "Did I accidentally cook your ears?"

She worriedly checked his ears as a mother would to their child when they got hurt.

"I don't feel pain from them, but it did hurt a bit," Buzzy responded, gently pulling her hands away from his face after she checked, as he rubbed his right ear. "Although what was that?"

"I should've explained about what my metal arm does too." she nervously smiled. "My metal arm helps me as a part of me, but it also has some hacking in it to hack into things."

"So you hacked into my headset?" Buzzy asked, looking nervous.

"Yes, but it is the only way to talk to each other if we both accidentally separated," Stephanie explained, moving his headset back up over his ears.

"But, you don't have a headset, Steph." Buzzy pointed out.

"That's where you are wrong." Stephanie objected as a confused look appeared on his face.

She moved the wires that was covering her left ear with her hand and revealed that it was replaced with metal too!

Buzzy's jaw dropped to the floor when he saw that.

"About 95% of my body is metal, and my ear is apparently the percentage of the metal," Stephanie explained, before moving her left hand over as her other was holding the handful of wires, closing his gaping jaw with her fingers underneath his jaw. "And it seems to be pretty normal for me."

"H-How is that normal?" he stammered, sounding disbelieved as she moved her hand away. "'95%?' That's almost half of your body!"

"Yes, but I am still alive am I?" Stephanie asked, pointing out the obvious.

Buzzy opened his mouth to object, but nothing came to his mind, so he shut his mouth.

Stephanie softly chuckled and reached back up to her ear with her left hand and pressed them against the side of her ear.

Buzzy waited a few minutes, wondering to himself about what is going on next?

Maybe another unexpected shock?

Instead, she moved her fingers away from the side of her ear after a few more minutes has passed and said, quietly to him, "Wait right here."

He felt unsure about what she is doing, but followed along with her, nodding his head as he understood her.

Stephanie smirked slightly and turned around and walked away, as Buzzy stayed at where he is, feeling uneasy.

After she was away, someone spoke into his headset, startling him as he jolted.

*"Buzzy, can you hear me?"* And the voice sounded like Stephanie's voice.

Pulling the mic over to his mouth, he responded, stammering a bit.

"Y-Yes, I can hear you." he stammered. "H-How did you connect to my headset?"

*"Bluetooth of course!"* Stephanie smirked. *"I have connected to your headset since the base you came from does the same thing!"*

Buzzy nodded his head in response, mentally agreeing with her since their base does use radio waves to connect with each other.

He felt curious about where she is because he felt like she is outside of the motel.

"Stephanie?" he asked, as he got a *"Hmm?"* in a response. "Where are you?"

*"I'm in the living room waiting for you to follow me."* She answered. *"I decided everything was ready to go for the adventure! Stephanie, out!"*

The headset clicked off, and he sighed, still feeling confused about why she is so perky all the time.

He moved the mic up from his mouth and followed after Stephanie into the living room, wondering if she is either waiting for him patiently or impatiently.

When he entered the living room, he saw Stephanie waiting patiently for him as she has two of her fingers where her ear is, before moving them away.

"Ready?" she giddily asked, opening the door, making a mention to follow her.

He felt nervous at first to follow her, but gather his courage and nodded his head, ready to go to the outside world.

Stephanie gently smiled at him, feeling a bit proud of herself that he is slowly trusting her.

Buzzy walked past her, as she still has the door open for him to step out first, and he went outside, stepping into a long hallway.

Stephanie stepped outside along with him, as she closed the door behind her back and locked it by using a key card.

After Stephanie locked the door with the key card, Buzzy followed right by her side, as he felt uneasy about what could be lurking outside.

But, he was confident that nothing outside would hurt him, right?

As they exited out of the long hallway, the manager of the hotel noticed her and smiled.

"Ah, hello Stephanie," he greeted before noticing Buzzy, who hid behind her leg. "I didn't know you have a child in your room?"

"Well, he is just a friend of mine's child." she smiled, lying to the manager as Buzzy listened to her. "I'm just babysitting him until we get home."

The manager understood her and Buzzy mentally sighed, feeling relieved that she told a white lie to him.

"Alright, are you letting me know that you are staying a bit longer or signing out?" he asked, mentioning to the large and thick book in front of him.

"I am signing out," Stephanie responded, as Buzzy slowly moved from behind her leg.

"Okay," the manager nodded his head, before holding out his hand for the key card.

Stephanie gave him the key card and patiently waited for the pen, as Buzzy curiously glanced around.

Everything inside the room seems to be looming over him, as he felt his stomach twisted nervously.

After a while of waiting patiently for the manager to come back, he returned and gave Stephanie a pen, as she gladly took it from him.

"Thanks." she smiled, as he nodded his head.

She signed her name on the sign-out area of the page while Buzzy was distracted by looking around at his surroundings, before finishing.

"Thank you and make sure you return someday!" he smiled as he waved to her goodbye, as Stephanie turned around and walked towards the entrance door, while Buzzy followed along with her.

"I will!" Stephanie called back to him, as they exited out of the motel.

After they stepped out and the automatic doors closed behind her back, Stephanie sighed and glanced down at Buzzy, who was glancing around, as his right hand was over his eyes.

"What do you think of the outside world?" she smirked, placing her left hand on her hip.

"Bright," Buzzy responded, as she rolled her eyes in amusement. "But, beautiful."

Stephanie smiled and knelt down on one knee to his height, playfully pushing his hat down over his face.

"Well, let's see what else might happen," she smirked, as he pushed his hat up by the rim.

He glanced up at her, before smiling too.

"Sure, let's see." he smiled, as she stood back up.

Then, they walked away from the motel, as Buzzy felt confident, but still nervous mentally.

What horrible things might happen to them unexpectedly when they are in the woods?