

After a while of walking down the path through the forest, Buzzy continued to feel more and more worried, believing they are going to be lost.

Stephanie kept glancing at the sky a few times after some hours had passed, checking the sun if it is over the horizon or still in the spot, it is at.

Buzzy noticed she was checking the time as they walked through the forest, checking if it is nighttime or still daytime.

Then, they came across a bridge across a large vast of a roaring river, and Buzzy shivered in fear.

He does not want to get pushed off or accidentally fall off either.

Stephanie walked over to the bridge, as Buzzy slowly followed after her.

"Uh, Stephanie?" Buzzy spoke, as Stephanie stopped at where she is and glanced over at him from her shoulder. "Maybe we could go around the river?"

Stephanie thought to herself for a moment, before responding, "We can't get around the river because it'll take more day than usual. We need to go across it."

Buzzy looked uneasy when she objected the suggestion from him.

"It does not look stable!" he protested. "One of the wooden beams might crack underneath your weight!"

A soft sigh came from Stephanie, as she glanced back at the bridge and then Buzzy.

"Is it because of you're afraid of heights?" she asked, mentioning to the bridge.

"No, I'm just a little uncomfortable about being on a rickety old bridge over a roaring river!" Buzzy confessed, watching as the water roared and went over the waterfall.

"Come on, Buzzy, I'm right beside you," Stephanie assured, as she has her right hand on the rope, waiting for Buzzy to follow her. "For emotional support. We'll just tackle this thing together one baby step at a time."

She gently pushed Buzzy forward as he stepped onto the bridge, looking uneasy, but trusting towards Stephanie, as she moved behind him, her left hand on the other side of the bridge's rope rail.

"Really?" Buzzy asked, glancing over his shoulder to her.

"Really, really." Stephanie smiled.

"Okay, that makes me feel much better." Buzzy sighed, although looked unsure about crossing a wooden and rickety bridge.

"Just keep moving," Stephanie spoke from behind his back, slowly following after him as he slowly walked, before warning, "And don't look down."

"Okay, don't look down, don't look down," Buzzy repeated to himself as Stephanie patiently and slowly walked behind his back. "Keep on moving and don't look down."

Suddenly, when he stepped on a board, it snapped underneath his foot, as he glanced down, gasping in startlement.

Stephanie quickly reached over with her right hand and grabbed the back of his aviator coat, just in case he fell through the hole.

"Stephanie!" Buzzy panicked, as Stephanie nervously listened to him, her hand still holding onto the back of his jacket. "I'm looking down!"

He jumped back with a terrified scream as Stephanie released the back of his jacket, as he quickly turned around.

"Oh gosh, I can't do this!" he panicked. "Let me off of this thing, please!"

"But, you're already halfway!" Stephanie objected.

"Yes, but I know that half is safe!" he pointed, thrusting his right hand behind Stephanie, mentioning to the other side of the bridge from where they came from.

"Okay, you go back, I'll just keep going." Stephanie sighed, trying to move forward.

He tried to move past her as she was moving forward, but the size of the bridge was a little too tight for people to walk side by side.

"Wait, let me-!" Buzzy spoke as he tried moving forward, but Stephanie was blocking the way from each side.

"Buzzy, wait-Buzzy!" Stephanie called out before she shook the bridge a bit too much with her weight.

It caused him to jump back, crying out in fear, as he hopped over the gap in the bridge.

"Don't do that!!" he yelled, his tiny hands gripping onto the ropes.

"Do what?" Stephanie asked, before recognizing something that she did earlier. "Oh, this?"

She shook the bridge again, as he yelped, gripping the ropes with his hands.

"Yes! That!" he panicked.

"Yes?" Stephanie smirked, before glancing over her shoulder to nothing behind her. "Yes, do it."

She shrugged to herself as she glanced back at Buzzy, as he looked terrified.

"Okay." she smiled, as she continued shaking the bridge by using her weight.

Buzzy yelped, as Stephanie continued shaking.

"No!! Stephanie!" Buzzy cried out. "Stop!"

"You said, 'don't do it!'" Stephanie smirked. "I'm doing it!"

In his panic, Buzzy backed up as Stephanie continued shaking the bridge, as she moved forward.

"Oh gosh, I'm going to die!" he panicked, as he had his eyes closed. "Stephanie, I'm going to die!"

When he reached land, he opened his eyes to check, before seeing he reached solid ground, without noticing.

"Oh..." he trailed off, feeling confused as Stephanie walked over to him, kneeling down on one knee to his height.

"That'll do, Buzzy." She smiled, as she gently patted his cheek with her left hand. "That'll do."

Stephanie stood back up to her height after gently patting his cheek and walked away from him, heading to the other side of the forest.

Buzzy glanced over at the bridge for a moment, then back at Stephanie.

He was confused about how Stephanie managed to get him to cross the bridge without getting angry at him.

She noticed he was not following her from behind, so she turned to him, as he was standing there, with a confused look on his face.

"Buzzy? What's wrong?" she asked, calling him over. "Is there something we forgot?"

He was silent for a moment, before responding, "No, I'm just a little confused."

"Okay, just follow me!" Stephanie called again, making a mention with her left hand, waving to him.

Buzzy nodded his head once and ran over to her before Stephanie turned her body towards the forest, as he got up to her.

After crossing the bridge, they traveled into the other part of the forest, as Buzzy grew more worried, feeling like they are already are lost.

But, Stephanie kept moving deeper into the forest, while Buzzy tagged along with her.

When they reached a tree, Stephanie walked past the tree and was heading up a hill as Buzzy stopped while leaning against the side of the tree.

Stephanie kept going forward, without noticing he stopped.

But when she was far enough, she stopped when she noticed something was off, and glanced over her shoulder, seeing a tired Buzzy leaning against a tree.

"Could we... stop for a moment?" Buzzy asked, between pants. "I... don't think I could... catch up with you..."

Stephanie thought to herself for a moment, before walking back over to him from up the hill and knelt down on one knee to his height.

"I have an idea," Stephanie spoke, as Buzzy listened to her, glancing back up to her. "Can you move your arms still since you are tired of walking?"

He nodded his head confusedly before Stephanie reached over with her arms, as he felt worried and confused at the same time.

She placed her right metal hand behind his back and patiently waited for something.

"Are you going to wrap your arms around my neck, or am I going to pick you up bridal style as if I am carrying you as if your mine?" she asked, smiling gently.

Buzzy snapped out of his confusion and reached up, wrapping his arms around her neck, as he placed his chin on Stephanie's shoulder.

After he had wrapped his arms around Stephanie's neck, she moved her left hand underneath his bottom and carefully lifted him up from the ground, as he kept still, letting her pick him up like a child.

When she picked Buzzy up from the ground, she moved him slowly to her back, as he repositioned his arms from behind to the front of her, as she has her hands underneath his bottom.

"Are you okay like this?" Stephanie asked as Buzzy looked confused for a moment before hearing Stephanie asked a question to him.

He paused for a moment, thinking to himself for a moment, before responding, "Yes, I am okay like this. But please don't drop me."

Stephanie nodded her head in understatement, and Buzzy noticed that her hair was getting in his face, so he instead went quiet, although wanting to say it was getting in his face.

Somehow, Stephanie noticed while she was glancing over her shoulder to check Buzzy if he was comfortable.

Being careful as she can without accidentally dropping Buzzy, she moved her right hand to the middle of his bottom, as he was confused.

Stephanie slowly and carefully moved her left hand up to her hair and wires, as Buzzy noticed her hand.

She missed Buzzy an inch and moved over to the other side of her hair and wires, gently gripping it.

Being careful of accidentally scratching Buzzy, she moved her hair out of his face, pulling it over her shoulder in front of her.

"Is this okay now?" She asked as Buzzy looked confused.

"Y-Yes, I am." he stammered, as she placed her hand back in the spot it was in.

She softly smiled towards him and continued walking, while carrying Buzzy on her back.

After a while of traveling deep in the woods, Buzzy was quiet along the way, feeling curious and confused at each time, wondering why she is so patient.

Even if the littlest things could make her a little annoyed or irritated, it seems to roll off her shoulders and continued with what they are doing or starting over.

"Uh, Stephanie?" Buzzy questioned, as Stephanie kept walking.

"Hmm?" Stephanie responded.

"Are we going to be lost?" Buzzy asked, finally spilling out what he was holding in the whole time.

"Lost?" Stephanie repeated, glancing over her shoulder once before glancing back in front of her. "Nah, we're just adventurin' around the forest until we find that base."

"So, we're going to be lost?" Buzzy asked, sighing.

Stephanie sighed and stopped for a moment, glancing over her shoulder to Buzzy.

"I'm not sure about that but... there is more to me than what meets the eye, Buzzy." Stephanie softly spoke to him, which confused him.

He thought to himself for a moment, before asking, "What happened to your parents? Are they worried about you being missing?"

She paused for a moment, glancing away from him, as there was sadness in her eyes.

Buzzy felt confused about the look in her eyes, and before he could stammer out an apology, she responded to his question, after a long pause, "They also died from the car crash..."

Buzzy's heart dropped to his stomach when she finally answered his question after a long pause.

"I was the only one who survived the crash." she continued while walking, as Buzzy listened to her. "After waking up from a coma and getting used to my body in recovery, the doctor gave me the bad news that they couldn't find my sister... She had disappeared..."

She paused for a moment, thinking to herself, before glancing back at Buzzy, with a soft and sad smile on her face, replacing her sadness.

"But, I have high hopes that she might be alive." she smiled. "Someday, when I am ready enough, I might be able to find her and apologize to her for the death of our parents."

Buzzy was quiet for a moment, thinking to himself for a moment, as Stephanie continued walking, still carrying Buzzy on her back.

"But what about the rest of the people?" Buzzy asked feeling more and more worried for her than being lost. "They might have seen her before she disappeared!"

Stephanie paused for a moment, thinking to herself as Buzzy waited for a response from her.

"Well..." she trailed a bit, think of the people she knew of. "No, not many people knew where she went to..."

Buzzy fell quiet for a moment after she responded to him.

He wondered to himself about where could she be?

She adventured deeper and deeper into the woods, as nightfall came over them, and he felt like they are really going to be lost in the woods.

But, Stephanie avoided trees, anything that could make her trip and fall.

During her walk, Buzzy felt tired from staying up late through the night, so, he fell asleep, curled up against Stephanie's back.

She did not mind him sleeping on her back as she wandered through the forest, still carrying him as he slept.

The next day, Buzzy woke up to the smell of something cooking, noticing he was not on Stephanie's back, but against a tree, covered in a blanket.

Instead of sitting down on the grass, his bottom was covered with another blanket, to keep himself from being wet.

He glanced over at where the smell is coming from to see Stephanie kneeling over a fire, as she was boiling water in a pot.

She looked once over to Buzzy, before a second time, noticing he was fully awake.

"Oh, good morning!" she happily chirped. "I was making some breakfast ramen for us to eat."

"You were?" Buzzy groggily asked, moving up slightly from against the tree and sleepily rubbed his eyes, pushing his glasses up slightly.

"Yeah," she shrugged her shoulders. "I was."

She hears the water boiling, so she pulled the lid over and without thinking to herself, she grabbed the handle of the pot with her left bare hand and placed it down on the ground next to her.

Buzzy was startled when she did that, so he crawled over to her on his knees and checked her left hand.

"Why did you do that?!" he exclaimed as he checked her hand. "You could've-!"

He was stopped when he noticed there were no burn marks on her hand, but normal.

Buzzy fell speechless as he stared at Stephanie's perfectly normal palm with no signs of burning.

He wondered to himself how her hand is okay, although she grabbed the hot handle of the pot.

"H-How? Y-Your hand! I-It's-!" Buzzy stammered, feeling her palm and felt no heat coming from it, nothing at all.

There were no scars either.

Stephanie quickly yanked her hand away from Buzzy as he glanced back up at her with a confused, but slightly shocked look on his face as she has a worried look on her face, as she rubbed the palm.

"Stephanie?" Buzzy spoke, as she stared at him. "Did the doctors do this to you too? Not being able to feel any pain?"

Stephanie opened her mouth to object what he asked her, wanting to snap at him for asking that question.

But, she shut her mouth as she clenched her left hand, deciding to explain everything to him, properly.

"N-No, I..." she drifted off as she glanced down at the ground, feeling unsure of herself by explaining what happened to her in truth.

The memories of what she went through haunted her as goosebumps rose on her skin, causing her to shiver a bit.

"I..." she drifted again, shaking a bit as she clenched her left hand with her other. "I can't explain..."

Buzzy looked confused when she refused, wondering what made her silent when he asked her how her hand did not burn.

He was about to ask why she avoided the question, but stopped himself, noticing that asking another question would make things worse.

"Anyways," Stephanie spoke again, as Buzzy glanced at her, picking the pot up again, with her right metal hand. "The water might be cooled down a bit, so, we'll wait a bit until the ramen is fully cooked."

Buzzy nodded his head in understanding, and Stephanie carefully poured the hot water into the cups, using her left hand, which made Buzzy feel suspicious.

After she had poured the next ramen cup, she placed the pot down and placed the lids back on, clipping them to the outside, as she patiently waited.

"How long we wait?" Buzzy asked, breaking the ice.

"For 3 minutes." Stephanie calmly responded, although shaking a bit.

"Oh, okay..." Buzzy responded, before tailing off, glancing away from Stephanie for a moment.

Then he glanced back at Stephanie feeling unsure to ask her a question, although she was glancing down at the cups in front of her, not even bothering to look up at Buzzy.

He glanced away from Stephanie, before hearing a loud roar in the distance, making him flinch from the sound.

Stephanie glanced up in the air from the cups, as Buzzy grabbed the blanket that was over his body and covered himself.

She glanced back at Buzzy and softly chuckled, smirking slightly, not shaking anymore.

"Don't worry," she assured Buzzy, as he peeked from underneath the blankets. "That was a bear."

He flinched when he heard the word "bear."

"B-Bears?" he stammered, paling a bit. "Th-They don't e-eat people, r-right?"

"Unless you messed with their cubs or invade their spots, then yeah, they eat people," Stephanie bluntly responded as Buzzy shook in fear. "But that roar was far away, and the bear may be looking for some food to gather for the winter or warding off other bears that might be in their personal space."

Buzzy mentally was relieved that the bear might be after something else than them but felt worried the bear might smell the ramen they are cooking and come over to them, eating them along with their food.

"But we might see some deer around," Stephanie remarked, picking up the cup of noodles. "And you may eat your ramen now, Buzzy."

Buzzy carefully picked up his cup and sat back down on the ground, holding his cup for a moment, as Stephanie changed her position that she was in.

She sat down on the ground on her bottom, as her legs were crisscrossed, as she was holding her ramen in front of her.

He had never tried ramen before when he was back at the base or at him, so, he does not know what to do next.

Once a while, he would try the MREs for lunchtime, but the texture, the flavor, and the look of the food was disgusting for him to eat.

It either makes him have digestive problems or puke it all up.

So, he preferably sticks with lunch his mother packs for him, although the bullies bother him about it, mocking him that he was a momma's boy.

Buzzy glanced up at Stephanie for any help, but only to see Stephanie unclipped the clip that was holding the lid to the cup to steam.

Without Stephanie noticing that Buzzy was staring at her for help, she held out her left hand to the side of her body, as her right was holding her cup.

Buzzy felt confused about why she has her hand out like that.

After a few minutes have passed, a bubble suddenly appears from out of the middle of nowhere in the middle of her palm, containing with 4 chopsticks.

Buzzy's mouth dropped when he witnesses a bubble appearing out of the middle of nowhere in the middle of Stephanie's palm.

The bubble pops without her touching it and took the chopsticks, before glancing up at Buzzy, noticing he was staring at her with a gawked look on his face, his jaw dropped to the ground.

She slightly jumped from her spot as she was sitting on the ground with her long legs in a crisscross position when she noticed him staring at her, feeling embarrassed and ashamed at the same time, as a light neon pink blush appeared on her cheeks.

"You saw that, didn't you?" Stephanie asked him, glancing away from him, as her hands contained chopsticks and her ramen.

He quickly nodded his head, answering her question fast.

"H-How did you do that?!" he exclaimed, pointing at her, as his right hand held his cup.

She sighed and glanced away for a moment as the blush on her cheeks disappeared, then glanced back at Buzzy.

Stephanie wanted to explain everything to him, but does not feel like she wanted to tell him the truth.

She does not know if he will take it well, or wrong.

Buzzy noticed the struggling look on her face, as she was struggling between telling him, and not telling him.

"I-I'm sorry." Buzzy stammered as he looked away from Stephanie. "I-I didn't know you could do that, but I was startled that you have powers and-and I thought you were able to hack into computers but-"

"I lied." Stephanie softly spoke, glancing away from him as he stopped talking.

He glanced back at her with a confused look on his face when she softly interrupted him.

Stephanie glanced back at him, with a troubled look on her face.

"I-I lied about being in a car crash, I-I..." she drifted off again, as she glanced down at her hand, feeling her body shake. "I was kidnapped from my home..."

Buzzy almost dropped the cup of noodles in his hand from shock.

His worried and concerned feeling instantly replaced with shock and horror.

She was kidnapped from home and was left behind too?

Why did she not tell him this?

Buzzy snapped out of his shock and was about to ask her why she lied to him and why she did not tell him about this when he noticed the tips of Stephanie's hair was slowly starting to turn purple and blue.

"I-I was kidnapped from home after my 20th birthday and-and I was supposed to get something for my ex-fiancé since we were getting married and... and..." she trailed off, as she placed her left hand on her eye, shaking as she gritted her teeth. "I-It's difficult to explain than to remember."

Buzzy listened to her as she talked a little, glancing down at the cup of noodles in her hands.

"Stephanie," Buzzy spoke, as she glanced back up at him. "It's okay. You don't have to explain everything to me if it's painful to remember and I'm sorry for asking a question."

Stephanie opened her mouth to continue talking, but stopped, while the purple and blue color on the tips of her hair was slowly turning back to normal.

"O-Okay." she stammered, as her hands shook from fear, at the terrifying memories of what she went through. "I... don't want to explain what happened to me."

But, mentally, Stephanie wanted to tell him everything about what happened to her in the past, that gave her grief and pain for as long as she remembered.

But, the lack of trust towards another person she recently met caused her to be quiet as she gave him the other pair of chopsticks as she took the other, placing it in her mouth.

Buzzy took the chopsticks that were handed to him from Stephanie as she took the other pair out of her mouth, and began to eat, using her ring finger and thumb.

He copied her and tried it out, failing a few times, but slowly started to get used to it.

Stephanie glanced up at him to check on how he is doing, only to see he was mastering chopsticks.

She smiled a bit in amusement and said, changing the mood and subject, "I didn't know you are good at chopsticks."

Buzzy glanced up at her with a mouthful of noodles as there was a long string of noodles hanging out of his mouth, with a confused look on his face, with a muffled, "Mhh?"

Stephanie smiled softly and repeated herself, "'I didn't know you are good at chopsticks.'"

He glanced down at the chopsticks in his hand that he was using to eat and glanced back up at Stephanie, as she looked nervous.

Buzzy finished what was in his mouth and said, "I actually learned how to use chopsticks already, Stephanie. I did not know how to use them earlier, but while watching you eat, I quickly learned."

Stephanie understood him, as she mouthed the "Oh" word and smiled.

"Okay," Stephanie spoke while smiling slightly. "I didn't know that."

Buzzy shrugged to himself and went back to eating, while Stephanie went back to eating too.

After a while, they finished eating their cups of noodles and drank the water that was remaining.

"Okay, uh, let me handle the trash, and maybe, just maybe, I would throw the trash away," Stephanie spoke, holding out her hand for the empty cup in Buzzy's hand.

Buzzy paused for a moment, before handing the empty cup to her, as she took it from him, before taking the chopsticks out first.

After collecting the trash, she bubbled the garbage into a bubble like how the chopsticks were, which boggled Buzzy, as she tapped the top, sending it away as it disappeared into thin air.

"Er, I know I have said this before, but, how did you do that?" Buzzy asked as she glanced over to him.

"Ah, well..." Stephanie spoke, before trailing off, looking sheepish and a little uneasy. "I, uh... was born with them or may be given with powers?"

She shrugged her shoulders as she does the same thing again with the chopsticks.

"I usually do this to keep objects or anything safe while adventuring or somethin'." She explained, looking sheepish.

Buzzy looked curious, as Stephanie felt mentally curious and confused.

"So, you are able to bubble anything you could?" Buzzy asked, consuming the whole thing he saw.

"I suppose." she shrugged her shoulder. "I never tried bubbling anything bigger than me."

Buzzy's curiosity grew more about her talents and asked, as he stood up to his feet, folding the blankets while he talked, "What have you been bubbling then? A-And where does the stuff go?"

While he talked to Stephanie, he gave the blankets that Stephanie gave him to sleep through the night, as she stood up from the ground, stretching out a bit then taking the quilts from him.

"Honestly, I don't know where the stuff goes," Stephanie responded to one of his questions while tapping the bubbled blankets as they disappeared. "I can bring them back like the chopsticks I did."

Buzzy thought to himself for a moment as he placed a finger underneath his bottom lip, humming to himself.

"But we need to keep going." she sighed, glancing up at the sky. "By this rate, we are going like this; we might get there after a few more days have passed."

"Is there a different way?" Buzzy asked, after a moment of silence.

"Not what I think of," Stephanie responded, kneeling down to his height. "Even if we did, it might take longer than what we've expected."

Buzzy thought to himself again, before Stephanie picked him up from behind, like last time, except without turning him around and flicking the hair out of his face and over her shoulder to the front of her.

"So, it might take longer by car or taxi, but it'll take only a few days or more by walking?" Buzzy asked.

"Yes, that's what I have been saying so far." Stephanie agreed, as he carefully wrapped his arms around Stephanie's neck.

Buzzy fell quiet for a moment, before asking, "Then, are we going the right way?"

"I suppose," Stephanie responded, shrugging her shoulders slightly. "My metal eyes had scanned the area before we entered the forest and I know the coordinates, but we both have to go through some certain areas that might hurt us or kill us."

Buzzy slightly shivered at the thought of being killed, worried about if they take a wrong move, they might be dead sooner or later.

"But, I'm sure we are safe," Stephanie assured as Buzzy stopped shivering. "I am sure of that. And I hope that I am right too."

Buzzy was quiet after she had assured, but Stephanie continued walking into the woods, as Buzzy had an uneasy feeling in his stomach.