

It seems to be hours have passed since the last time they had stopped.

Buzzy was still thinking to himself about Stephanie, as she continued walking up a different hill than the ones that they have climbed up on, as he was relaxing, but feeling bored too.

Nothing was going on between both of them, as they were silent, as Stephanie was focused on walking to the base, as Buzzy was thinking about Stephanie.

Wondering about her claws, her fast running abilities and not being able to be tired.

Were her parents from the military?

Mentally, Buzzy felt nervous about meeting the parents since they could be from the military, but he felt curious.

Who else could be in Stephanie's family?

But where did she get the claws?

Was she born with them before that kidnap?

Or was it like what happened to her?

As for Stephanie, she was focused on walking up the hill, while carrying Buzzy on her back, not minding the fact that he was quiet and thinking to himself about her.

When she got up to the top of her hill, she decided to check on Buzzy and was not breaking a sweat from her walk.

But when she glanced over her shoulder, she noticed he was thinking to himself, guessing he could be thinking about her in general.

"Bee in your bonnet?" she gently asked, startling Buzzy as he slightly finches, snapping into reality from his thoughts.

"Hmm, what's that?" Buzzy asked, glancing up at her from looking down.

"I asked if you have something that you kept thinking about it again and again," Stephanie spoke, explaining what she was talking about, as Buzzy listened to her.

"Oh..." he trailed off, unsure on how Stephanie will react if he said about her. "Just thinking about my home."

She chuckled softly and said, "You really got a big bee in your bonnet about that."

Buzzy did not understand what she meant by that and said, as he pointed at himself, "I don't wear a-Oh, it's an idiom. I thought you were saying I am wearing a bonnet with a bee in it."

Stephanie giggled and curled a bit forward more as Buzzy froze, as she moved him up more from accidentally sliding off.

"Nah, remember what I said earlier," Stephanie asked, slowly moved back up.

Buzzy remembered she explained what she asked earlier and now understood what she meant.

"Yes, I remember," Buzzy responded, sounding a little distant and a little irritated at himself for not knowing it earlier.

Stephanie noticed the sound of his voice and moved her hands from underneath his bottom, as one was behind his back, and keeping him in place, as her right hand gently touched his hand that was on her shoulder.

"Don't worry about it." Stephanie sighed, as Buzzy is now confused about why she is doing that. "I get the same thing too, when someone says an idiom in front of me."

Buzzy paused for a moment when she assured him, as his slight confusion disappeared.

He glanced at Stephanie's gaze, noticing how soft she is, since how much she is acting around him.

Buzzy oddly felt... calm around her.

Before he could ask a question about why she is acting like this, and telling him the truth, a loud thunderclap went through the air, making both of them jump from the sudden noise.

Stephanie glanced up in the sky to see where did that noise come from, as Buzzy shuddered.

"Wh-What was that, Stephanie?" he stammered, a little shaken up from the sudden noise.

Stephanie did not respond to his question and started to get a little worried.

"Uh, Stephanie?" he questioned, squirming up a bit to see what she is doing.

Since that chase from that beast back at that wasteland, he was not too sure that either Stephanie was pranking him or something is going on.

Before another word comes out of his mouth, something dripped on his nose, which was wet.

A confused look appeared on his face as he wiped the drop off his nose, before glancing up at the sky, wondering what is going on.

To Stephanie, she continued staring up at the sky, not noticing that Buzzy was watching too, until a familiar smell hits her nose.

She paused and took a couple of sniffs, before something dripped in the middle of her forehead, as she glanced up a bit.

Before long, more drips came out of the sky, soaking Stephanie's clothes and Buzzy on her back.

Buzzy, on the other hand, was startled at the sudden water dripping out of the sky, was panicking slightly.

"Uh, Stephanie?" Buzzy asked her, as she sighed softly. "What's going on?"

Stephanie glanced back at Buzzy, as her glasses were covered with water drops, and she chuckled, taking them off and placing them into a bubble, and tapped the top, making it disappear.

After making her glasses disappear, she placed her hand back as Buzzy looked a little confused, but startled at the same time.

"Nothing," she responded, as she glanced back up in the sky, watching and feeling more rain poured on the both of them. "Just enjoying this moment."

Really confused, he glanced back at Stephanie, as she glanced back up at the sky, closing her eyes as she calmly sighed.

Buzzy had been in the rain a couple of times, but since he was busy working in the base, he hardly had time to go outside and enjoy the rain.

Mostly to add; he was locked away for so long that he hardly remembered the feeling of rain against him.

But now free and outside of his prison, he glanced up at the sky, feeling more of raindrops land on the both of them, he felt more relaxed and calm.

He moved his arm out to feel the raindrops land on his hand while remembering back when he was little, he was outside in the backyard.

Buzzy was in his rain gear, happily laughing as he went through the puddles and enjoying the rain.

A sad look appeared on Buzzy's face after the memory disappeared, as he moved his hand away, looking away from the sky and down to Stephanie's back.

Before long, another thunderclap went through the air, startling the both of them again as Stephanie glanced over her shoulder, noticing that thunder was coming closer and getting colder.

"Hold on, Buzzy," Stephanie spoke over her shoulder, as Buzzy glanced over at her, shaking head to toe. "I'm going to run and find a cave as quickly as possible, okay?"

Buzzy quickly nodded his head yes, as he tightened his grip around Stephanie a bit, feeling cold and scared at the same time.

Stephanie acknowledges his nod and started running, heading up the hill and searching for a cave to be inside for the moment, that is not having any bears or any creatures inside.

As she ran through the forest, her entire body was soaked to the bone with water.

Buzzy was soaked too, his glasses were not, but he was shaking from head to toe, cold from being outside with Stephanie too much.

She kept running up the hill, still carrying Buzzy on her back as he was getting cold, his teeth now chattering, as Stephanie was perfectly fine, even though she is soaking wet.

As she ran through the forest, her entire body was soaked to the bone with cold water drops, as she does not seem bothered by it.

Just as things were about to be worse, she noticed an empty cave and quickly entered it, just as another thunderclap went through the air.

Stephanie stopped as she was inside the cave, glancing around for a moment, until the grip of Buzzy's arms around her neck tightened a bit, as the shaking grew more, which confused and startled Stephanie.

"What's wrong?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder to check on him.

No response came from him, as he started to shake from head to toe uncontrollably.

Panicking slightly that he might have gotten hypothermia, she quickly took him off her back, placing him in front of her to check on him if he is okay and was about to release him, when he grabbed her right hand, tightening in his grip, as he was shaking from head to toe, with a terrified look on his face.

"D-Don't leave me here!" Buzzy stammered, shaking uncontrollably as his grip on Stephanie's wrist was tight, as she just stayed, watching him looking terrified. "I-I don't want to be left alone!"

Stephanie flinched when he cried out in fear, feeling sorry for him to be this scared of being inside something this dark.

"P-Please don't leave me in here!" Buzzy continued panicking, as Stephanie placed her left hand on his shoulder. "I-It's too dark here!"

"Buzzy!" Stephanie gently slapped his cheek with her left hand, snapping him out of his panic, as he released her wrist he was gripping onto in nervousness. "Calm down!"

His hyperventilating died down after she slapped his cheek, feeling it with his left hand.

"I'm not going to leave you alone in here, and we are only staying here until the rain died down!" Stephanie snapped, as Buzzy listened to her. "I'm staying here with you and will make some fire unless you calm down, okay?"

Buzzy paused for a moment, thinking to himself for a while as he slowly rubbed his cheek, glancing away from Stephanie, before glancing up at her, nodding his head once.

Stephanie sighed and released his shoulder, stood up to her feet and walked 4 inches away from him, before going down on her knees and reached into her sweater pockets.

Buzzy glanced away from Stephanie again, feeling a bit angry at himself for panicking like that and getting Stephanie angry.

A few minutes of silence passed between the two of them, except the sounds of the rain outside, along with a few thunderclaps making Buzzy jump from each noise.

He had once heard thunderstorms from inside the house with his mother back when he was much younger, but being locked away in the "prison" for almost forever seemed to make him more scared of the thunderstorms, except muffled and sounding like they could strike it at any minute.

The sound of snapping fingers caught his attention, so he glanced over at Stephanie, wondering if she was snapping her fingers to get his attention.

Just as he glanced over at her, wondering if she was getting his attention, while he was shivering from being cold with his arms wrapped around him to keep the warmth to himself, she was actually snapping her fingers in front of herself, sitting down on her bottom and halfway kneeling.

But something else about that caught his attention, stopping himself from asking Stephanie what is wrong?

Every time she snaps her fingers, away from Buzzy and towards a small pile of firewood, tiny blue sparks flickered from her fingertips.

She looked concentrating, focusing on something that she is doing, not even noticing that Buzzy was staring at her, with a confused look on his face.

Then, she snapped a hard snap, and after her fingers finished, a small blue flame appeared in the middle of her palm, only not burning her hand.

Buzzy's jaw dropped when he witnessed Stephanie, making a small fireball in her palm.

Using her first finger of her right hand, she took half of the fireball in her other palm, as the color of the fire turned from blue to a reddish glow.

Buzzy only stared in awe, watching as Stephanie looked at the blue flame in her left palm and the reddish fireball in her other hand.

With her left hand, she extinguished the blue flame in her palm, as the reddish fireball in the other was still there.

She placed her hand in the middle of the firewood and waited for a moment.

It gradually lit up in fire, as she moved her right hand away from the slowly burning firewood, as she extinguished it with a single blow of her breath.

She shook her hand to get the rest off, taking a glance at Buzzy for a moment, before taking a second look, noticing he was staring at her, with a disbelieving look on his face.

"You... saw that, did you?" she slowly asked, looking hurt and worried.

He did not answer to her question, just memorized by her magic of making that fireball.

She sighed and turned towards his body, as she looked slightly embarrassed and nervous at the same time.

"Buzzy?" she asked, placing her right hand on his shoulder, shaking him slightly to snap out of his daze.

It worked as he blinked once, noticing a light warm feeling from her palm.

"Are you okay?" she asked, as he glanced up at her eyes, as she shut his mouth with her left hand.

"Y-Yes, I'm fine." Buzzy stammered, sounding a bit startled, but not scared. "You have pyrokinesis?"

"Yes, I do," she responded, snapping the fingers of her left hand, and showing him a small blue flame on the tip of her first finger, before extinguishing it.

Buzzy was impressed, as Stephanie was a little confused at why he was not scared of her.

"So, not only that you have claws, but you also control fire?" he curiously asked, as Stephanie looked confused.

"Yes, and you're not scared of me?" she asked, gently rubbing her right hand in thought.

A confused look appeared on Buzzy's face, noticing her worry.

"Why would I be afraid of you?" he asked, cocking his head to the side slightly. "You didn't attack me or kidnap me from home, although I was away from home for a long time, but why?"

Stephanie paused for a moment, gazing down at her hands, as she looked unsure and hesitant.

"I... have more than that." she slowly spoke, glancing back up to Buzzy. "I... was born, how you would say, differently."

Buzzy felt more curious, puzzled at how Stephanie was born 'differently.'

"I don't know how, but..." she paused and glanced away from his gaze as there was a slightly hurt look in her eyes.

Buzzy was going to say that he did not mean to ask that question, but she continued, despite the look of her eyes.

"I was born with many powers, even ones that are not supposed to be used or not used at all." she softly spoke, sighing softly.

Buzzy looked surprised as she continued talking, sitting and halfway kneeling in front of him, as he was back first against the wall, listening to her.

"My... parents were really shocked about this when I turned 5 years, showing my first powers to them." she continued, talking about her past to him.

"D-Did they do something about it?" he stammered, feeling worried about her.

"They did." Stephanie sighed, rubbing her right arm gently. "They trained me."

Buzzy blinked once, his worries disappearing after she assured him.

"They helped me train my powers, even controlling ones that others couldn't." Stephanie continued, telling him more. "I even loved using them at home than outside."

"What was it like out there if you have powers?" Buzzy asked, sounding curious than worried.

She paused again and glanced away from him to the side, thinking to herself for a moment.

"It wasn't the same like home..." she softly spoke. "I became an outcast when I accidentally used my powers to save someone from falling out a tree. It reacted badly."

Buzzy looked shocked when she answered his question about outside.

"I was not used in any games or anything since I had powers and could cheat easily." Stephanie softly spoke. "But, it didn't seem to stop me."

She glanced back at Buzzy, with a ghost of a smile on her face.

"Even though I did have some teachers that did push me away from anything and bullies because of my strange habits," Stephanie spoke, as Buzzy matched her with him, feeling almost like she is identical like him.

Somehow, he felt sorry for her, being different from others and being treated differently.

"But, I wasn't that too emotional for that." Stephanie sighed, as Buzzy looked confused. "I was optimistic."

"Yes, I can cry when someone else fights with another verbally, and be really weird," Stephanie smiled, before placing a hand on his shoulder. "But, being different is better than being the same."

Those words somehow lighten Buzzy a little.

"I remember what my momma always says to me whenever I am down, 'Everything happens for a reason, live it, love it, learn it! Make your smile change the world, but don't let the world change your smile.'" Stephanie beamed, chuckling softly, before a sad look appeared on her face, looking away from him. "I wish I could do it, momma."

Buzzy remembered the day when Stephanie told him about her tragic past, where that crash changed her and made her more different from who she was before.

Looking at Stephanie like that made him feel sorrier for her.

"Stephanie, I-" Buzzy spoke, before Stephanie sighed, glancing back up at his eyes.

"It's okay, Buzzy." Stephanie softly spoke, as Buzzy listened to her. "A few of my friends looked past my difference and noticed I was just the same."

"Like that?" Buzzy asked, feeling curious about what she meant by that.

"That I was human," Stephanie answered, smiling sadly, but softly. "We may have wings, powers, size, and many other things, but we are the same. We all have ourselves, and we are happy to be different."

Buzzy was silent as she spoke those words, feeling more and more lighten, although he was a little dark earlier, he seemed to be gathering his old self back.

A soft smile appeared on Buzzy's face, and he reached over, placing his hand on her shoulder, feeling a little happier now.

"Thank you, Stephanie." Buzzy thanked as Stephanie giggled.

Until, a cold breeze went into the cave, as Stephanie glanced over, and Buzzy shivered, placing his hands on his forearms and curling slightly to be warm.

"Oh," Stephanie noticed, feeling a bit sheepish that she was talking too much again.

Without warning him, she reached down to him with both of her arms and scooped him up from the ground cold rock ground.

Her right hand was behind his back, to keep him upright from drooping over the side of her arm, as the other was underneath his legs.

She picked him up to her chest, before slowly getting up to her feet, carrying Buzzy in her arms as he just stayed still, although trembling a bit of being a little cold.

Stephanie walked over to the small fire she had created and sat down, before placing Buzzy in her lap, as if she was holding him as her own doll.

Except, she could see that this 'doll' was human and does not belong to her.

Buzzy, on the other hand, was still as he sat there in her lap, warm from the fire Stephanie created, and a little blushing at the same time.

He did not expect her to cradle him in her lap.

Buzzy thought that she was going to sleep separately from him, like how she did once when they first met each other.

He wanted to ask Stephanie what she was doing, when an unzipping noise caught his attention, noticing that she was unzipping her sweater.

He had never seen what she could be wearing from underneath that sweater Stephanie wears.

But now that she is unzipping it right now, he expected she could be wearing a short-sleeved shirt.

Instead, she was wearing a long-sleeved light blue shirt, which absentmindedly made Buzzy rolled his eyes in slight amusement from the color.

She always wears blue.

But it somehow made him feel a little suspicious and curious at the same time.

It is unusual for someone to wear something long-sleeved underneath their sweater.

Would that person be hot wearing those layers of clothes over their bodies?

But, it did keep her from being cold from the wind from outside.

After she had unzipped her sweater, she carefully wrapped him in it, as she was just down to her shirt, and held him close to her body, sharing her warmth to him.

He was quiet for a moment, as she wrapped him in it, before zipping it back up, letting him wear it around him.

After wrapping him in the sweater, she gently hugged him as she sat there, her eyes closed while cradling him.

The whole time, he did not say anything to her as she gave him her sweater, feeling warm and protected by her.

Nothing dangerous seemed to be happening between the two of them.

So, he fell asleep in Stephanie's arms, waiting for the storm to die down.

But, after a few hours or more have passed, Buzzy heard something land on the ground with a thump noise and Buzzy woke up from the noise.

He sat up slightly to see what was that noise when he noticed a small black and yellow being, that was on the ground, huddled up in a small ball.

A curious and confused look appeared on Buzzy's face, feeling perplexed a strange object was inside the cave, although without anyone noticing.

He glanced up at Stephanie, hearing soft snores from her, seeing she had fallen asleep during the time that has passed.

Without waking her up, he slowly inched himself out of Stephanie's grip, which was loose and stood up, as the hood of her sweater covered his head and his eyes.

With his right hand, he moved the hood up, before noticing it was really, really large on him as if he was wearing a nightgown.

The sleeves were also large too, going over his hands and covering his legs too.

It seemed like he was wearing a dress.

He shook off the embarrassing thought and pushed the sleeves up, before, grabbing the bottom of the sweater, and started to walk over to the black and yellow object, feeling like he was wearing a dress.

But, he ignored the thought and continued walking, before stopping in front of the creature and dropped the sweater, letting it fall over his legs.

He carefully knelt down on one knee and reached over to the object, his palm gently brushing over the top, before noticing something odd.

The object was covered in fur.

Since it was dark inside, except the still lit up fire, he could not figure out if the object was an animal or just an object that was tossed into the cave.

With both of his hands, he slowly picked the object up from the ground, before hearing a quick buzz noise.

He stopped picking the object up and glanced around with his eyes, wondering where that noise was coming from.

The buzz went on again like last time, a quick and short buzz and this time, he noticed the noise sounded like it was right in front of him.

He glanced down at the object in both of his hands at what he was holding, noticing that it looked... realistic.

And those black and yellow stripes looked oddly familiar.

Then, the moon peeked from behind the clouds, and in the moon's light, he noticed he was holding an enormous bumblebee!

Startled as he yelped, he dropped the bumblebee to the ground as it landed on its front as it buzzed once after the impact.

He wheeled backward, but tripped over the sweater he was wearing and fell, landing on his bottom.

His outcry of startlement somehow did not wake Stephanie up, as she continued sleeping, unmoved from her spot.

The huge bumblebee was about the size of Stephanie's forearm, from the wrist to her elbow, as the wingspan was about the size of two L of both hands.

The bumblebee was not like the others, not by size but by the looks.

Yes, the bumblebee has the black and yellow stripes, but, it was fluffier than having less fluff.

It also acted strange too.

After Buzzy dropped the bumblebee, it shook its body and tried to fly, but it wobbled in midair and fell on its side.

Buzzy noticed its wings were covered in water, maybe drenched from the rainstorm outside.

It tried again to fly, but landed back down on the ground, shaking its body to get the dust off.

Suddenly, a thunderbolt went through the air, causing Buzzy to jump from the noise, and the bumblebee to give out a startled buzz and quickly crawled over to him, getting underneath the enormous sweater he is wearing.

Immediately, he froze, unsure that if he moves, he might accidentally hurt the bumblebee, or it could bite him or sting him.

So, he stayed at where he is, frozen on the spot, as he felt the bumblebee trembling from head to toe.

Confusion replaced his worry, confused about the strange feeling, so he slowly moved the sweater up from his collar, seeing the bumblebee, right on his stomach, shaking from head to toe, as its front legs were over its eyes, as if it was scared.

Buzzy glanced side to side for a moment, before slowly placing a hand on the bumblebee's back.

When his palm first gently touched the back, it gave out a small and quiet buzz, as he moved away, before placing his hand on it, noticing it did not sting him when he touched it, seemingly to let him hold it.

He waited for a few minutes, waiting for any reactions from the bumblebee, but only got nothing from it, as it stayed on his stomach, shaking slightly from underneath his hand, not even biting him with its pincers.

So, he just stayed there for a moment, waiting for any other reactions, but nothing happened, except that the shaking from the giant bumblebee was dying down.

It looked like it was slowly calming down after that thunderclap went through the air.

Still, Buzzy is not sure to move since he knows that the bee stings are painful, and does not know if this one is poisonous.

But still, nothing happened.

Then, it moved away from underneath Buzzy's palm, poking its little black head out from the collar of the sweater, noticing Buzzy was staring at it, as he moved his right hand away.

He gulped nervously, feeling unsure about what it could be thinking about.

But its little black antennas started to tickle his cheek lightly, as he stiffened, his eyes shut for any biting.

The bumblebee continued tickling his cheek with its antennas, smelling him as he just stayed still, not sure to move away from the giant creature.

After a few minutes, the bumblebee stopped smelling his cheek and started to buzz, as the buzzing this time was longer than the shorter ones that it did, and rubbed against his cheek as it climbed onto his shoulder, the same one that it smelled with its antennas.

The fur covering the bumblebee was ticklish, so he chuckled a little, as it continued rubbing against his cheek, acting like a cat to him.

He slowly reached up to it with his right hand, going to pet its head, when it gave a buzz again and started to lick his hand with its tongue.

The tongue was ticklish too, and Buzzy felt calm now, seeing it does not seem to want to hurt him either on accident or on purpose.

So, he stood back up to his feet slowly, while the bumblebee was still on his shoulder and picked up the bottom of the sweater again, walking back over to Stephanie as she was still sleeping, which amazed him that she also slept through his outcry of startlement.

He carefully climbed back into her lap, without accidentally hurting her and when he was comfortable, he pulled the collar of the sweater over him and allowed the bumblebee to climb from his shoulders to his stomach, curling up a bit to get comfortable like him.

After both of them are comfortable, they both went back to sleep, sleeping through the rainy and stormy night.