

Stephanie was lying on her bean bag again, sulking a little to herself as she laid there.

She stared up at the ceiling of her house, as she held her phone in her right hand as she stared at the screen.

The phone she has in her hand is an Apple iPhone 11, which was a previous model.

It has a phone case on it that is dark blue, as the phone inside was black.

Dangling from the phone case is a crescent moon charm, with a Tanzanite gemstone in the middle of the metal moon.

Stephanie wore her long-sleeved light blue shirt that reached down to her hips and wore blue jeans and white socks.

Her light pink shoes with sky blue shoelaces were by the front door, looking like they were not used for a long time.

Since there was nothing else to do, Stephanie looked through the pictures of her past life, looking at who she was before the incident happened.

It was years back before 2020, looking like it was already an eighteenth-century picture of her as she flipped through it calmly.

Her heart aches as she stares at one of the pictures after stopping for a moment.

This version of Stephanie is shorter than everyone else and has a chubby appearance.

Stephanie, however, had a thinner appearance than her double in the picture.

Her left eye is scarred from the bottom of her eyebrow to the middle of her cheek.

Stephanie's left has a steel-blue eye, as her right eye is hazelnut brown.

Her body is athletically thin but looked a little much to be an athletic person, but she is still the same height as the girl in the picture.

Subconsciously, she reached up with her left hand and gently touched the scar underneath her glasses, feeling her scar aching as she stared at the picture on her phone.

But it continues to make Stephanie's scar ache every time she stares at the picture, her expression saddened.

Deciding that was enough of staring at pictures, Stephanie flipped on something else and started texting, leaning a little back against her bean bag.

It had been years since she had spoken to any of her friends or leftover siblings after the incident, wondering how they were feeling.

She first tapped on the tiger icon in Messenger, seeing the texts she sent to someone by the name of 'Beck,' and none of them were replied to.

Her expression faded slightly back to the gloominess as she typed the words, "Sis, please answer back."

She sends it to Messenger, whom she called 'Sis,' and exits out of the icon before switching to a different app.

Stephanie tapped on the app 'Docs' and tapped on a blank template to start something new.

It was lonely inside her two-story-tall house of her own, with no animals inside, no relatives, no one else, except her.

After typing for a moment on the template, she stopped for a moment, thinking to herself about what is the next line she is going to type next.

But before Stephanie could go back to typing when an idea popped into her head, something landed on her stomach with a soft thump.

Stephanie flinched when the object landed on her stomach, sitting up slightly from the sudden appearance of the thing.

From the back of her head, Stephanie thought it could have been a bat that landed on her stomach or a massive spider, but when she looked away from her phone and glanced down, Stephanie was taken aback at what she saw next on her stomach.

There, laying on her stomach, was a small man, but about the size of her hand.

She could not see his face, but she could see the back of the tiny figure instead.

The figure has shoulder-length, semi-messy, dark brown hair and fair skin, as Stephanie could feel the small person shaking like a leaf against her flesh.

He wore a long-sleeved apple-green jacket with a collar and a short-sleeved white shirt.

He also wore a pair of black pants with black shoes.

Stephanie watched silently and with awe as he carefully but shakily got up from laying on her stomach before glancing up and noticing her phone in front of him.

If she was his size, she would be worried and terrified too.

Nervously, Stephanie waited as he slowly turned around to see who he landed on, only to pale when he made eye contact with Stephanie, who looked curious and awed.

Stephanie was worried about the next reaction that would come after he had made eye contact with her, getting ready for the next thing to come.

But, since he had turned around, Stephanie could see that he has a hazelnut eye color like her.

He also has a red tie around his neck with the number three pin on the collar.

Just as she predicted, the young man panicked when he made eye contact with her and scrambled backwards using his hands and feet.

This startled Stephanie as she quickly took action, dropping her phone to the ground over the beanbag and using her hands.

She carefully grabbed him gently around the middle as he instantly started squirming in her grip.

Since she was not that tall compared to others, he was not that small compared to her.

He freaked out when Stephanie automatically grabbed him out of curiosity and worry, squirming in her grip to get out.

Since he had fully turned around after seeing her, she could be seen wearing a green shirt underneath with the number three.

“Hey, hey,” Stephanie softly spoke as she fully sat up from her beanbag chair, holding him in her hands as he shook with fear, holding onto her thumb with his arms. “It’s okay, little one. I’m not here to hurt you.”

A slightly confused expression came to him through his fear, still holding onto her thumb with his arms and slightly hyperventilating.

Stephanie was half excited about what she had discovered, and the other half of her was concerned about him as he continued hyperventilating slightly, shaking like a leaf and gripping onto her thumb for dear life.

Deciding to help him instead of doing a one hundred question game, Stephanie used her foot to move her phone out of the way, so she would not stomp on it when she got up.

While carefully holding him, Stephanie slowly got up onto her knees, knowing that getting onto her feet would likely give him either a heart attack or pass out in her hands.

She could feel the poor man's heart beating fast in his chest as she carefully went up to her knees while holding him in her hands as she inched herself away from her beanbag, over to the closest wall there is, knowing that he is a borrower.

When she was close, Stephanie placed him down on the ground near the wall before standing back up to her feet and walking away, sitting down on her beanbag, and picked her phone up, acting as nothing happened.

She did not want to keep him as if he was some pet to her or make him feel uncomfortable and under her control.

Pushing her glasses into place, Stephanie texted the empty document with the start of the story before pausing a little at the thought of the borrower.

Glancing over with her eyes, Stephanie notices the borrower was missing from where he was.

She sighed with relief and smiled a little to herself.

He must have gone into the secret hatch where the door is.

Stephanie went back to what she was doing and continued texting on the document, writing out the story.

---

Meanwhile, the borrower continued running through the hallway in the wall of the large house.

He continued running and running until he reached the middle of it and stopped, placing his hands on his knees.

His heart is *still* beating against his chest, even still shaken up from the fact that he was *picked up by a human*.

A shaky sigh came from his voice as he placed a hand on his chest until hearing a voice that spoke, “Henry? Are you alright?”

He flinched when he heard someone’s voice and glanced up, seeing someone standing on the other side of the hallway.

“I...” he paused from answering the other man’s question, thinking about what would happen, but answered, “I-I just had a close encounter with the human. I didn’t get captured by her.”

The person standing on the other side of the hallway looked confused for a moment after he answered but nodded slowly and said, “Come, we’ll have some tea to help with your nerves.”

He nodded his head after the man spoke and followed him, still having guilt inside his stomach about lying to him about what truly happened.