

It was a peaceful night in the woods, with the full moon poking through the clouds far away from the busy cities.

Birds were chirping in the trees and singing to each other as the owls hooted until a loud, mechanical, and bellowing roar echoed through the woods.

All the birds flew out of the trees with panicked tweets following them as all the animals fled into hiding.

Then, the bushes in the woods ruffled a couple of times until a running figure came out from between them and ran as fast as they could.

The moonlight reflected on the running figure as it ran into the grassy plain, and in the moonlight, the figure's gender was revealed to be female, despite being flat-chested.

She had pale ivory skin, long dark copper brown hair that reached the middle of her back, hazelnut brown eyes, and dark blue and black square glasses with round corners.

Over her body is a cameo sweater with the colors blue, white, cerulean, peacock, and sky, with a hoodie and a silver zipper on the front.

It was enormous on her, reaching down to her thighs and draped over her hands, with pockets on the sides and frost hems, as she was also wearing blue jeans and a pair of light pink shoes with white shoelaces.

The woman wore a hood over her head and carried a blue denim backpack embroidered with flowers in black thread on her back.

Despite running between the two sides of the woods, the woman panted after every step, her cheeks flushed, and she was panting heavily with sweat dripping from her forehead.

She ran past the trees, darted from one side to the other of the grassy meadows, and rushed through the plains without stopping to take a break.

The girl tore between bushes in her path, not caring to slow down to check if they were toxic with itching acid or sharp thorns to prick her skin.

Another mechanical roar erupted again as she ran through the forest, causing birds to swarm out from behind her, causing her to gasp in fear when she heard the noise from behind her back.

She slowed her pace and glanced over her shoulder, still running past the trees, dodging them at each turn every time she looked back in front, then back.

Something deep within the woods tore through and mowed down everything in its path, heading towards her direction as a *massive* shape smashed into a tree, but managed to make it fall with one solid hit.

Luckily, the tree missed a few inches from where she was as she jumped over the fallen tree, still running in a straight line.

Behind the woman, an oversized shape emerged from the bushes, and a roar erupted as glowing blue eyes locked on her.

It has a metal jaw and a blue metal ‘undershirt’ with a yellow symbol shaped like a fist on each side of the forearm.

Over its body is a black metal-like bulletproof vest with black metal ammunition over its left shoulder, gray metal-like pants, and dark metal ‘boots.’

The robot was massive, towering over the woman’s height as if standing side by side, and had a body like a bodybuilder.

Once the giant robot’s optics caught sight of the running woman, it bellowed a roar that was the same mechanical roar from before.

It then charged straight towards her with its arms out, ready to grab her once it had approached and even mowed down everything in its path.

When it roared its mechanical roar, the human gasped in fear and looked back in front, quickening her pace to a running speed.

The giant robot chased her on all fours after giving up trying to grab her, using the upper half of its body like an ape as it pounded against the ground, leaving behind dents and footprints.

But the giant robot's pace was slow because of its weight, largeness, and metal construction.

The human ran faster than before as she weaved through the trees, worried she might get killed if she slowed down.

She did not know the robot was losing vision of her as she raced deep into the dark woods, not caring to stop and take a break from all the running.

The machine suddenly stopped as it started spazzing out before shutting down and collapsing on the ground, its eyes shutting off permanently.

Meanwhile, the woman paused as she ran when she heard no noises of movement or branches breaking behind her.

She was about to glance over her shoulder to see if it was following her, but then she tripped over an exposed root of a tree and was flung forward.

The girl shrieked in surprise as she was tossed forward after tripping over the root, expecting to land on the ground and hurt herself, giving herself more scrapes on her hands and knees.

She reached out her hands to prevent herself from collapsing and grazing her palms rather than injuring herself.

Instead, she noticed a flat piece of metal poking out of the soil, aiming for her forehead to make a dent in her skull.

Luckily, she twisted her body before the metal hit her forehead to not pop out an eye or give herself a bruise on her head, but the metal instead hit the right side of her temple.

Upon direct impact with the metal, she blacked out as a dull *clunk* was heard and echoed through her body, along with a few other strange feelings.

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After what seemed to be hours, she finally opened her eyes, and her ears distinctly heard loud, distorted noises that echoed around her as her vision blurred.

Her eye color somehow turned azure instead of hazelnut, but she did not notice the change as her vision cleared up.

The distorted noises soon became audible as they sounded like loud, angry voices yelling in different locations, followed by earthshaking footsteps that shook her entire body, even the things inside her backpack.

She paused as she rethought the last sentence in her head, feeling a little scared when she first heard those thoughts in her head, which were ‘earthshaking footsteps.’

She jolted to her bottom on the ground after noticing that her surroundings had changed and looked... *enormous*.

The surroundings were replaced with wooden boards made of redwood and concrete to keep them together, along with nails and a dirt floor with rocks towering over her.

The woman rose to her sore feet as her head spun from dizziness, so she slowed her movements to avoid becoming dizzy or passing out again as she crouched.

After the dizziness subsided, she stood up to her full height and stretched out her feet, sighing as she ran through the forest to escape that giant robot.

She started walking away from her spot after standing off the dusty ground, looking for a restroom where she could look in the mirror and mend her bruises and scratches.

Once she stepped forward to search for a bathroom or somewhere shaded to cool down, an enormous *military boot* in a dark color landed right in front of her, inches away from her face.

Immediately, she screamed in shock as she moved backward before panicking and quickly covered her mouth with both hands, worried about who or what owned the giant boot.

Luckily, no one heard her scream after the military boot landed in front of her out of thin air, watching it as it moved away from her.

She noticed that the military boot was attached to a leg, so she turned her head to the sky to see where it had come from.

Looking further up into the sky, she was horrified at what she had discovered, causing her body to shake and her face to pale.

Standing a few footsteps away from her was a *giant* man who towered over fifty or forty feet.

He had Caucasian skin and wore a military helmet from the Second World War over his head that covered his eyes.

It was also lucky that she had not been caught if he was not wearing that helmet on his head that was covering his eyes.

He wore a red jacket with orange rocket symbols on his forearms and a white undershirt underneath.

A black shoulder strap was wrapped around his chest from the right shoulder to the left side of his hips and had two burnt orange striped grenades attached to it.

He wears a belt with two pouches on either side of his hips, and his pants are crow-colored, with the ends shoved into his black boots.

She felt like she would faint at that moment on the spot at the sight of him, but she managed to take it all in her body without losing one inch of the overwhelming feeling.

He seemed angry about something that happened before she got here because he was gritting his teeth, and his face was red, like the color of his jacket.

She was worried about his expression, thinking she had appeared at the wrong time, in the wrong place, and in the middle of a fight.

He yelled in a loud, booming voice that sounded gruff and in an American accent, "SCOUT! GET YOUR FUCKING ASS OVER HERE RIGHT NOW!"

She immediately covered her ears with both hands, attempting to muffle the raging screams that sounded like booming thunder to her.

She had never felt so terrified that she began to shake from head to toe, wishing she could return to the forest.

Wishing it was all a bad dream and waking up in the forest, where she belonged, on the ground and in the grass.

...And bleeding from that strange object on the ground that had also injured the side of her head.

After waiting for a moment, he stormed away from where he was standing, noticing that the 'Scout' he had called for was not coming when he called.

He stomped towards another spot after a few minutes had passed, and his footsteps made the earth rumble, which made her tremble more in fear.

She almost collapsed on the ground from each footstep that stomped on the ground, feeling glad she was not underneath his feet.

He stopped again and was about to bellow out the name again to call when a person poked his head around the large wooden building's corner.

He was a thin young man with light skin, baby blue eyes, and chestnut hair under a crow-colored hat with headphones covering his left ear with a microphone and a necklace with dog tags around his neck.

The giant was also wearing a red short-sleeved shirt with the bottom of the shirt tucked into his crow-colored pants with a belt holding it up and a silver buckle and had the pant legs shoved into his thigh-high tight white socks and dark sneakers with two white stripes on the side with black shoelaces.

On his back, he wears a crow baseball bat carrier over his left shoulder and draped over his chest to the right side of his hip.

Judging by his clothes, he could be the 'Scout,' the scary helmeted man calling for him and standing a few feet from where he was.

“What?!” he snapped, answering the other giant’s call, his voice sounding annoyed and snarky.

Although he is American, like the man who called him, his accent sounds more southern than most other Americans.

Whenever he opened his mouth to speak, she noticed he had buck teeth, almost like a rabbit’s.

“What da fuck do ya want?” he yelled again from around the corner.

The helmeted giant walked up to the other man, looking annoyed with his arms crossed over his chest as he stepped out from where he was.

“WHERE IS THE MEDIC?!” the helmeted man screamed angrily, stomping his foot down on the ground.

She could not help but cover her ears with both hands, using the flat palms of her hands to silence the thunderous shouting and keep her balance as she almost fell over after each stomp of his foot.

“I don’t know,” the Scout scoffed, shrugging his shoulders.

““DON’T KNOW’ MY ASS, WHERE IS HE?!” he screamed.

This time, he grabbed the collar of his short-sleeved red shirt with both hands, almost lifting him from the ground as he uncrossed his arms from his chest.

She jumped in fear when he started getting angry, his face turning red at the moment as he continued shouting at him.

“Well, go tell Hardhat or somethin’!” He growled, trying to get out of his fierce grip on his shirt. “I don’t know jack shit ‘bout where he is!”

“HE’S BUSY, LIKE THE REST OF THE FUCKING TEAM!” he yelled again, almost shaking the Scout like a doll. “DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS, MAGGOT? ANSWER ME, GODDAMNIT!”

Both of them got engaged in a heated argument, the Scout shoving him as he continued screaming in his face, shaking him back and forth, and repeating the same question about the missing doctor.

The surrounding situation made her feel like she was on the verge of panicking as she left the two arguing giants.

She did not understand what was happening around her and felt terrified about it, wanting to curl on the ground and rock herself back and forth to soothe her worries.

When she was far away from the two, she immediately sped up from walking to running, although her legs ached from what happened in the forest.

As soon as she got far away from the two cursing and arguing giants, she sighed and finally stopped to take a breath.

She stopped in a shaded area away from the two giants, inhaling and exhaling as she panted.

Her mouth felt dry from breathing in and out while running away from the brutal monster back home.

She bent down and placed her palms on her knees, taking a moment to get some energy from having to run around.

After a moment of gathering fresh breaths of air to run again, she looked over her shoulder to look back at the two arguing giants, shouting at each other as the boisterous giant had hold of his shirt.

Then something appeared behind them, looming over them like a giant shadow, causing her to gasp in shock.

It was a large man, just like the robot that had chased her before, but this ‘machine’ had light skin, ice blue eyes, and was bald.

He wore a bullet ammunition belt over his right shoulder and a dark vest over a red, rather than a blue, short-sleeved shirt with the same symbols, but in orange rather than yellow.

On his hands were two black fingerless gloves and a pair of crow-colored pants shoved into his dark ankle-high boots.

But instead of having the appearance of a machine, he was human and looked normal... other than being taller than everyone else standing near him.

“Enough!” he scolded as his large hands gripped both of the giants’ heads.

After he gripped their heads with his massive hands, he made them stop their heated argument over a missing medic as the boisterous man’s hands released the Scout’s shirt.

His voice was deep and loud, like an actual giant, but the accent was thick with a Russian accent.

But why would an over fifty-foot tall ‘robot’ say that to them?

Would he kill them on the spot now that he had the chance?

But he did not show any aggression towards them as he held them there, not even using too much strength in his hands to crush their heads and the boisterous man’s helmet.

Once they had stopped arguing, and after he had grabbed their heads, he sighed and released their heads as the Scout was placed back on the ground.

He brushed his shirt back to normal after being ruffled by the helmet man's grip as the two listened to the giant Russian.

"We find Doktor by looking. Not argue like babies," The giant Russian frowned before gesturing towards the garage door of the base with his finger. "Leetle Scout goes there."

Then he pointed at a tower with his other hand as the girl watched them from a distance, looking confused but looking at what he was mentioning.

The tower was extremely tall, like a skyscraper for someone who is merely six inches, but this 'skyscraper' was made of wood like the building and was far away.

"Leetle Soldier goes there," he instructed as he pointed to the tower.

"Why would da Doc be over dere?" the Scout asked, sounding confused.

"That is where he keeps birds," he answered the American with an unamused tone. "I usually see him there after and before battles."

"FINE! I'LL GO OVER THERE!" The American snapped, startling the Scout, who jumped from the sound of his voice.

He was named 'Soldier,' addressed by the giant Russian as he walked away from the two, heading towards where he had pointed earlier.

"Yeah, and I'll go over dere, where ya said it," The Scout said this while walking in the opposite direction of where the Russian was pointing with his other hand.

The giant Russian sighed after the two left, mumbling something in his language that she did not understand.

He sounded relieved that he had to separate the two giants from each other before a hand-to-hand fight broke out, but he was still annoyed.

He moved to the opposite side of the battlefield and left the spot, leaving the small girl alone, feeling confused and scared.

What happened to her after she was knocked out?

Did someone bring her here after she was shrunken?

Or did the piece of metal bring her here after she had gone into it?

She walked out into the empty field with no one noticing her, still thinking about what had happened earlier after being knocked out.

Everything still perturbed her with how *massive* it looked, even how it had *giants* wandering around the place.

She still does not know where she is but will somehow find a map for her to understand.

An electronic screech suddenly pierced the air and caused her to jump, startled at the ear-piercing noise.

She covered her ears once more to block out the noise as it rang until a female voice spoke through it after the slight ringing ceased for a moment.

*“Mission begins in ten seconds.”* A mysterious voice came through the speakers before pausing.

She winced in fear, scared that someone or something might kill her in ten seconds if she did not hide at that moment!

She started running for cover, looking around frantically to hide from the battle that was about to happen.

*“Five, four, three, two,”* the mysterious voice counted, counting down to zero. *“One. Begin!”*

The ground began to shake again after the voice stopped counting down the time, causing her to wobble around every time she stopped and looked around, trying to regain her balance without falling over.

She squeaked in fear as she wobbled side to side, startled at the sudden movement of the ground, watching as giant blurs of *giants* started running around.

To escape from all the chaos, she ran over to a large rock after the rumbling subsided a bit and hid behind it.

Guns fired in random directions, the ground shook as footsteps ran in different directions, and screams echoed through the air.

She peeked around the corner of where she was hiding, seeing splatters of blood landing on the ground, along with pieces of organs.

Luckily, none of them hit her as she dodged the incoming organs, blood, and body pieces, running faster in a straight beeline.

She had never felt *this* scared in her life.

She heard something getting closer in the distance, so she scrambled to her feet and ran away from her hiding spot.

The woman noticed a corner between concrete and wood and sighed in slight relief as she headed towards the spot.

She could hide there until the battle was over and then find a safe place to hide away from the giants.

She ran towards the corner, looking for incoming bullets, feet, or organs flying from all around her.

After a few minutes of running, she finally reached the corner and tried climbing up along the wall by hooking her fingers into the cracks, but it was too smooth for her fingers to hook onto anything.

No holes were available for her to squeeze through the massive building's walls, nor had any nicks for her to climb.

She whimpered in fear and turned around towards the fight, wondering if there was somewhere else to hide instead of the spot she was currently in.

As she thought of finding a new hiding spot, a giant shadow loomed over her, causing her to freeze as she glanced up at what was in front of her.

Standing in front of her was the same giant Russian who split the two arguing giants from quarreling over a missing medic, and he was holding a massive *machine gun* in his hands and firing.

She thought it was loud compared to her ears, thinking she would have been deaf from the noises, but it sounded like a hammer banging against a thin metal sheet.

But she was lucky that he was facing her backwards, or he would have caught her and mistaken her for someone else, or she would have been killed.

Before she could walk away from the giant Russian, a sudden shot of a scattergun echoed through the air, scaring her as she jumped five inches off the ground.

After the sudden scattergun gunshot, the machine gun's firing stopped as he dropped the gun to the ground, starting to topple backwards and causing the ground to rumble.

She scrambled away from the toppling giant as he landed backwards, inches away from her body, as the ground shook again, almost jumping a few feet off the ground.

After the giant Russian landed on the ground, she could see why he fell backwards on his back after the scattergun gunshot.

His chest was wide open with a large hole, and his heart was missing as his organs were showing and bleeding, some of them destroyed by the blast.

She did not seem bothered by the open chest but instead glanced around to see if anyone was approaching.

Then she tried moving one leg to step over the corpse, but his arm pinned her to the corner of the building, leaving only her upper body!

She gasped and placed her hands on the corpse's enormous arm, feeling the cold of death radiating from him, but she ignored it and focused on getting away.

Placing her hands on the corpse's arm, she tried to push to get out of the corner, but it was too large and heavy for her.

She groaned in slight annoyance and fear and was going to try once more to move the corpse away from her body until she heard footsteps again.

They were sharp, light footsteps that sounded hurried as they crunched against the dirt and rubble.

Terrified, she gasped as her pupils went inward while her heart beat faster, realizing another giant was coming towards where she was!

Her eyes widened in horror as she struggled against the giant dead Russian as the footsteps got closer, stopping in front of the corpse.

She glanced up from looking down at the corpse pinning her to the corner, only to see another enormous man.

This man has short, smooth jet black hair, sideburns graying from age, dark steel-blue eyes, and fair skin.

He wore a light gray coat that reached down to his ankles and had orange logos shaped into a plus symbol on his forearms with a circle background.

Underneath his coat is a white undershirt, a red tie, a pair of red rubber gloves that almost reach his elbows, and small round glasses.

He was also wearing crow-colored pants shoved into a pair of black boots up to his mid-foreleg.

The giant man was a *doctor* she had always feared since she was a baby, remembering a story her grandmother told her when she was young.

When she was a baby, after being born, the doctors washed her down but left her alone, wrapped in a blanket that covered her face.

It was the intention of keeping her warm from being cold for too long, but they forgot to come back after they went to see if she was healthy.

As she was distracted by staring at the doctor, the giant Russian's corpse vanished into thin air, finally allowing her to move.

But she did not move from her spot, as she was stuck there, staring at the giant doctor while watching what he was doing.

He was staring into the distance, not even noticing a tiny human in the corner, shaking from head to toe while staring at him with fear in her eyes.

He only stared out of the opening, not doing anything or yelling at anyone fighting in the battle.

Both she and the doctor suddenly heard a loud *bang* right in front of them, as if it came from behind the giant doctor.

The loud and sudden noise startled her as she jumped, causing her to flinch from the noise in the distance as he sighed, sounding irritated.

He lifted his right hand to his face and placed it on the right side of his temple, stroking it with his fingers as he looked annoyed, while his left hand was holding the machine's nozzle on his back.

“Zhis team...” he groaned, as his voice was deep and masculine but thick with a German accent.

She leaned to the side, noticing he did not see her in the corner of the wall against a building.

When she glanced away from the Medic, she noticed that the giant Russian had somehow disappeared into thin air and could finally move!

Instead of staying where she was and getting herself caught by the doctor to be another experiment to be tested, she decided to risk her life to go on the battlefield and escape.

When she moved her legs first to get up from where she was sitting, getting down to her bottom because she could not feel confident enough to get up to her feet.

Before moving her arms to crab crawl away, she accidentally pushed a rock to the side, making a soft crunching noise as it scraped against the concrete wall.

She mentally winced in fear when she heard the noise from the rock and moved her hand away, praying to herself.

But, the doctor heard a faint noise after the noise of the battlefield died a little from all the loud gunshots, explosions, slices, and flames.

The doctor perked up after hearing the noise from the rock and glanced over at where she was as she froze in fear and horror.

She was in a mid-crab position, about to crab crawl away from the corner, but she stopped like a deer in headlights and could not move forward after her eyes fixed on her.

He only looked at her before glancing away from her and staring out into the distance, watching the battle.

Did he catch a glimpse of her in the corner of the building?

The answer is yes.

His mind took a moment to register what he had seen, and he glanced back at her with a somewhat puzzled expression as she squeaked in fear while flinching.

She moved her legs back to her body and tried to make herself small against the corner she was against, scooting closer while her knees were moved up to her neck after moving her legs away.

His dark steel-blue eyes widened in shock to see someone smaller than him sitting near a corner, footsteps away from where he was, all hunched up against a corner of a building.

His glasses only fell off his nose to the tip until he reached over with his right hand to his glasses and pushed them back into place with his index finger, still gazing at her for a moment.

She was terrified of being stared at by a doctor because of how small she was compared to him and others surrounding the area.

Vivid visions of her being snatched from the ground and used for an experiment haunted her memory.

And she thought those thoughts *would* happen at any moment as she stared back at the doctor, millions of thought processes running through her head like a railroad track.

Not wanting to freak out more, she turned away from the doctor, looking down at her knees, hugging them against her body.

She wishes she was back at home, lying in her bed, and wakes up from this horrible dream she is trapped in.

Daringly, she glanced over at the giant doctor, hoping he was still not staring at her after seeing her.

But he was still staring at her with a more perplexed expression as she whimpered a bit to herself, hunching her shoulders up and hugging her legs tighter than before.

After staring at her for a moment, he shook his head and glanced away from her again.

A bit of confusion blended with the woman's fear after watching him turn his head around.

Is he trying to ignore what he sees sitting before him?

When he glanced away from her, it appeared he was thinking about himself as he attached the nozzle to the ghostbuster-like machine, much like what the Ghostbusters did in the movie '*Ghostbusters*.'

He lifted the small round glasses off his nose bridge and examined them to see if they had any dirt or fingerprints.

He placed his glasses back on his face after looking at the lenses, then set his fingers of his right hand against his temple, looking confused for a moment as he thought to himself.

As she stared at the giant doctor, she did not know whether to move to get away from him or stay put and get herself into more trouble.

He glanced back at her from the side, gazing at her thoughtfully as she curled more into her small ball to hide from him.

After a minute, his face looked thoughtful before turning his body away from the battle, causing the woman to perk.

But then she realizes he is *heading towards her!*

She jumped in startlement after realizing this and tried to move from where she was, but she was still frozen in fear.

Although her mind screamed at her muscles to move, her body refused to listen to it, as it was frozen with fear.

When he got close enough to her but not too close, he knelt on one knee to look at her, as she was shaking from head to toe and was slightly hyperventilating.

She placed her right arm on top of her head as she wrapped her left arm around her legs, curling into a somewhat fetal position.

She glanced away for a moment before glancing up at him, noticing how huge he was compared to her newfound height.

At first, she thought he was a little shorter than the others in her thoughts, but the perspective of where she was betrayed her mind.

She was so scared of the situation that she was in that she was close to passing out from this level of fear.

The girl did not know how to react but only froze in her spot, shaking from head to toe as she stared at the giant doctor.

While they stared at each other, she wondered what he would do to her and how she would get out of this mess.

He suddenly reached over to grab her with his right hand after staring at her for a moment, causing her to cry out in fear at the sudden movement of his hand.

She closed her eyes as she waited for the sudden grab, glancing away in fear, hoping all this would end soon, but she felt nothing touch her body, not even a single digit of his hands.

She glanced up in slight confusion and concern, noticing she was not off the ground or in his hand.

The girl glanced over to where his hand was and noticed he had instead grabbed a beetle heading towards her.

To her shock, it was the size of a *dog* compared to her.

After he had grabbed the beetle with his two fingers as it squirmed, he picked the beetle up from the ground and flung it aside instead of crushing it in his hand.

She watched as the beetle landed on its back after being flung, then got up on its feet and ran in the opposite direction.

She glanced back up at him while still shaking as he wiped his hand on his pants, brushing the dirt off his gloved hand.

After he had wiped his hand on his pants, he placed his right hand back on the ground for support as she flinched.

He leaned his body a little for a closer look at her and noticed her shaking as she inched back a bit from him, so he tilted his head in confusion.

Before he could say anything to her, he and the girl overheard a loud voice, thick with a Scottish accent, calling out, “MEDIC!”

He glanced over his shoulder, gazing out at the plain, his eyes glancing side to side for the source of the voice.

She was still petrified with fear as she was still unable to move as her arm was over her head and wrapped around her legs, curling into a smaller ball against the corner.

She continued staring with fear in her eyes, worried about what the giant doctor would decide to do to her.

He glanced back at her, and she jumped when he glanced back at her, cursing herself for jolting every time those dark steel-blue eyes looked at her.

Then, to her fear, he reached over with both hands, and no bug was heading toward her.

She tried moving away from his hands to avoid being picked up or grabbed, making herself small against the corner to make it difficult for him.

But he gently scooped her up with his right hand from underneath as she squealed in startlement and fear as she was in the middle of his palm.

Then he places his left hand behind her back, acting like a protective wall for her if she accidentally falls out of his hand.

She had her hands on his palm, gripping them tightly against the rubber skin in fear as he slowly moved his hands up towards his chest, high in the air, and off the ground.

As she was getting up into the air, she gripped the rubber of his gloves tighter in fear, worried about being dropped to the ground by a single mistake if he moved his hands too fast.

While he stood up from kneeling on the ground, the Medic curled his fingers inward slightly to prevent her from falling off his hands.

She began hyperventilating more in fear as her grip on the rubber of his glove underneath her tightened until her knuckles turned white.

When he was at full height while still carefully carrying the little girl in his hands, she felt like she was on a tall roller coaster, getting ready to go down the next hill.

Observing his surroundings for a moment, he looked for someone else, if they were teammates or someone else.

She looked around, seeing things now that she was not on the ground, but she still did not trust the people in the field.

The land was covered in dirt and rocks, as buildings were on both sides of the place, and there was no sign of greenery or trees growing.

She must be somewhere in a deserted area of any country she has been transported into after escaping from that giant creature back in the forest.

He removed his left hand from behind her as she flinched in startlement, standing still as his hand cupped a little more, acting as a moving seat for her.

Then he pulled the pocket back on the left-hand side of his chest and carefully slipped her into his breast pocket as he heard a soft and startling squeak escape from her, but muffled after she entered.

After he had placed her in the chest pocket of his coat, he gently stroked his fingers on her back, feeling her shaking form from underneath the fabric.

Now that she was in his pocket, he could go back to what he was doing and check on her later.

He reached over his shoulder to his machine backpack on his back, pulled the nozzle out of the backpack machine, and placed his right hand on the handle.

“MEDIC!” the same Scottish man’s voice called to the right.

He glanced over to where the voice came from as the girl inside his pocket curled further down, not wanting to fall out or be discovered if she poked her head out of the top.

“MEDIC!” the voice called again.

“Alright! I’m coming!” He called the Scotsman back as he hurried over to where the voice was coming from.

During the battle, he watched for any incoming missiles or got shot at because he did not want to hurt the small girl in his pocket since she was with him.

As for the girl, she listened to the loud yelling, guns firing in different directions, and the shrill cries of pain when someone got shot at, on fire, covered in something gross, blown up, or on the verge of death.

Sometimes she could smell the strong scent of copper, which made her feel more nervous as she stood still in the Medic's pocket.

She did not feel sick as she sat inside his pocket, although she sometimes gripped the surrounding fabric a few times whenever he started to move around fast, fearing being tossed out by accident.

Then, the Medic stopped running as he was panting a bit, and the little girl in his chest pocket was a little shaken up from all the movement going on.

After the Medic stopped running, the speakers clicked on, letting them know the mysterious voice behind the microphone was about to announce the news.

*"You win!"* went through the speakers after the woman behind the microphone announced the announcement.

He sighed gently in relief after the news came through the speakers and placed the nozzle of his machine over his shoulder and back to where it stayed.

After putting the machine's nozzle away, he looked down at his chest pocket for a moment, thinking about her.

Gently placing his fingertips against the girl's back, he could feel the girl inside his chest pocket, shaking in fear of something that had happened earlier, and even flinched when his fingers brushed against her back.

She must have felt scared from the fight and jostled by his movements when he was moving around.

But he was relieved that she had not fallen out of his pocket during the movements and the attack.

He entered a room while following his team members, as the metal door automatically moved up before closing after he had entered.

The room was filled with many people, large enough for over seventeen or eighteen people to be inside.

The room had a single metal locker on either side of the wall that displayed the doctor's symbol and an ammunition symbol.

In front was a long wooden cabinet with various items in each cubby, sometimes even sharing one.

It ranged from a red rubber suit, a vest, a jacket, helmets, headphones, boots, and an ammunition belt, and in front of the wooden cubbies was a metal bench.

They took their weapons out and checked on them, even cleaning them and placing them in their cubbies, cleaning up some dirt on their shoes and stains of blood on their clothes.

The doctor walked over to the farthest cubby and took his weapons out, seeing each covered and stained with someone else's blood.

He stopped to clean them off after being permanently stained, then placed his weapons inside them once they were finished.

He even took the backpack-like machine off his back and placed it in the cubby, taking off the weapons and objects he carried with him.

As he finished tidying up, the girl's shaking in his pocket slowly stopped, so he cleaned off the blood and dirt from one of his weapons.

After the Medic finished cleaning and placing his weapons away, he left the room and walked down a long hallway.

As he wandered through the hallway, he looked around for everyone either with him or following and sighed gently.

He stopped walking in the middle of the hallway, and with his right hand, he reached into his right chest pocket.

He heard her whimper in fear as she scrambled to the bottom of the pocket, desperately trying to escape from his fingers.

Patiently, he reached further into his pocket to reach her until he brushed his digits over her backpack on her back.

He gently pinched her backpack, not too much to destroy the things inside with his strength, but just enough to hold her.

He hoisted her out of his pocket as she limped, looking terrified of squirming around to escape from him now that she was out.

The Medic had her backpack gently pinched between his index finger and thumb before placing her in the palm of his left hand and releasing the pack.

She looked frightened in front of his face and curled into a small ball in his palm, staring back at him.

Her mind guessed that he considered her perfect for an experiment or, worse, for something to eat since he had eaten nothing.

She watched his eyes look all over her body, noticing slight bleeding cuts on her hands and what looked like very tiny thorns stuck to her pants.

He had missed it a few times, but he noticed that she even had a bruise on the side of her head, hidden underneath her hair.

However, she wore strange clothes and looked different from the woman he had met outside of work.

She *was* healthy, but... he had *never* seen any woman wear those clothes.

The jacket she wore looked almost like she was in the army, but she looked more like a civilian than a member of the opposite team.

He was silent for a moment as he stared back into her eyes, and she glanced away, looking down at her legs in front of her, subconsciously noticing the miniature injuries on her legs.

She did not want to become a lab rat for the doctor to use or be experimented on.

Her stomach twisted as she was worried about being dropped to the ground when her backpack was pinched again and lifted from the doctor's palm.

Instead, she was placed back into his chest pocket, sighing shakily in relief.

After placing the small woman back in his chest pocket, he continued walking through the hallway, heading towards a room as he had his hands behind his back.

Although she was still shaken from head to toe, she did not make a racket from inside or try to get out to escape from him, not wanting to break her bones or get herself into more trouble.

She was quiet to hear the lullaby of his beating heartbeat, amazed at how huge his heart might be compared to hers.

It calmed her fried nerves from being scared all the time, but she was still trembling like a leaf.

As he approached a pair of doors adorned with the doctor's symbols, he opened them with both hands and entered the Medic Bay.

The Medic Bay is filled with IV drip bag stands, medical curtains to cover some space, and several beds for patients to lie on top of.

He also had tables to place his surgical tools on and a desk in the far corner near a window with papers attached to it.

He walked over to a metal counter and reached back into his chest pocket, and, this time, he lightly wrapped his fingers around her waist instead of her backpack.

She collapsed on her back shortly after being gently placed on the counter after being pulled from the Medic's pocket.

Her body screamed with relief that she was out of someone's pocket, but she was still on alert as she was still around someone she did not trust.

She sits on her bottom after being placed on the counter and looks up at the doctor, seeing him semi-covered in someone else's blood but clean.

"Vait right here," he kindly spoke, breaking the ice between the two.

He saw her jolt from the sudden sound of his voice, sounding calm and gentle instead of threatening.

She stared at him in confusion about why he acted non-threatening toward her and was concerned about disobeying him.

Was he trying to assure her he was not a killing machine she saw or heard from inside his chest pocket?

"I'm going to get some medical bandages for jour vounds," he spoke again, mentioning her scrapes.

She glanced away from him for a moment as she looked at her scratched hands, thinking about her trust in him.

Then she glanced back up at him, slowly nodding as she anxiously rubbed her left wrist, which was also scratched.

He understood she was slowly trusting him, deciding not to force her into trusting him instantly to understand her or to heal from any other injuries she had.

The Medic turned around and headed toward a cabinet at the back of the Medic Bay.

He began by opening some cabinets to look for anything to clean the injuries and cover them.

While doing that, the small woman glanced around, noticing something in one of the team members' x-rays.

She flinched when she realized the object inside the body of the x-ray was a *missile!*

She shivered at the thought of having a missile inside her body, worried it might blow up any minute.

While sitting there, she wondered what she had landed on as she felt the bruise on the side of her head sting a little in pain from the gentle taps.

Maybe it was from a sharp piece of metal that smacked the side of her head.

If it had happened, she could have been dead for a long time and would have had some wounds instead of a bruise.

She glanced over at the Medic, noticing he had opened the third cabinet, and looked at its contents.

Inside the cabinet are two jars; the first jar is filled with cotton balls, and the second jar is filled with Q-Tips.

He took out the jars of Q-Tips and cotton balls and closed the cabinet door before opening another.

As he collects the jars, he opens the next cabinet door, as there are many bottles inside, from the bottom to the top of the shelves.

Some bottles were empty, and some were filled with different liquids in different colors.

She does *not* want to know what the substance was made of.

He took a bottle filled with hydrogen peroxide from one of the shelves and placed it on the counter.

She was quiet as she watched him collect several items to help people injured in the battle, even small gauze pads.

As the Medic was collecting items, she took her backpack off her back to let some weight off her shoulders, wincing slightly from the injuries on her body.

Now that she is not running away from something chasing her, her body finally was giving some relief she wanted.

...Until she felt like *someone* was watching her.

Glancing over to her left side, she came face-to-face with a gas-masked figure, staring at her from the table as their chin was on top of the surface.

“Hmm?” the masked figure muffled in confusion when it noticed she was staring at it.

She screamed out in fear at the sight of the gas-masked figure and scrambled backwards, hitting her back against an empty jar and banging the back of her head against it on accident.

She groaned in pain after clonking her head against the glass jar as the gas-masked figure perked up after she collided with the container.

The Medic jumped from the sudden tiny scream and whipped around to see what she screamed about, only to notice the gas-masked figure now did not have its chin against the counter and was standing up slightly.

The masked figure must have been startled by the scream of the tiny human as it looked surprised, confused, and worried from underneath its mask.

It is wearing a black gas mask, a red jumpsuit with orange symbols on the forearms in the shape of a flame, black suspender straps on top of the shoulders, black gloves with yellow tips on the fingers, all around the rim of the glove and over the chest, and black combat boots stained with soot.

“Pyro!” he exclaimed, scolding the masked figure as they glanced over at him. “Don’t do zhat to her! Jou might accidentally hurt her ef jou scare her again.”

She removed her hands from the back of her head, checking if she was bleeding as she rubbed the sore spot gingerly, reached for her backpack, and pulled it towards her.

The Pyro, the gas-masked figure’s name, muffled something to him and glanced over at her for a moment before glancing back at him and muffled, “Mmnnc, mhmrm nnn mrr hnnn hmr?”

The doctor sighed gently in slight annoyance and answered the muffled question from the Pyro, “I found her en an empty corner near the BLU base where I vas standing earlier near zhe RED base. Luckily, I found her before anyone else did. I don’t vant to know vhat zhe BLU Medic does to her ef he discovers her.”

The Pyro gave an “Mmh.” that sounded in acknowledgment of his explanation and glanced back at the terrified girl as they knelt a little at the counter, as she jolted from the black ‘eyes’ staring down at her.

“Mrh hhm rnchm hhnh?” The Pyro muffled again as the figure pointed at her, making her feel nervous about the point.

“Ja, she vas like zhis vhen I found her,” (*Yes*) he explained, answering their questions and taking out some cotton balls and Q-Tips. “I’m not sure how she ended up here en zhis state nor appearing en zhe middle of a battle, but I vill bandage her wounds und ask her questions.”

“Rchrm.” the Pyro muffled again, removing the pointing digit from her.

Although she is relieved not to be pointed at by the Pyro, she still feels uncomfortable with the stares of the empty, black ‘eyes.’

She could see no one behind the lens or see any eyes either... so could the Pyro be a ghost or something else?

Before she could ask the strange being, the doors to Medic Bay suddenly opened, revealing him to be the same Scout as before, albeit with a few scratches, stained in blood, soot marks, and his headphones dangling around his neck.

“Yo Doc, I...” When he glanced at her, the Scout trailed off, then looked back at her after his mind quickly returned to the subject of a tiny person on the counter.

The Scout notices the little human sitting on the counter opposite the distracted Pyro, watching her with curiosity, although in awe of how *cute* she looks.

On the other hand, she looked uncomfortable while staring back at them without noticing the Scout, with her legs close to her chest and against a clear empty jar.

She was quiet for a moment, not even noticing the curious Scout right behind the Pyro after realizing he was sitting on the counter in front of it.

Before she could even look up at the Pyro or greet them, something grabbed her right leg and yanked her up into the air, making her scream.

The Pyro glanced over at who grabbed her while emitting a “Hrh?!” with surprise and startlement.

She was hanging upside down as she was dangled by her leg, feeling a little hurt and worried about having it pop out of its joint as she moved around.

Before she could say anything or tell whoever was holding her to put her down, she was lifted in front of a pair of baby blue eyes, causing her to be frozen in fear as she only squeaked, feeling her heart beat faster against her chest.

Unfortunately, the pair of baby blue eyes she saw earlier belonged to the same Scout she had seen earlier, who was with another man yelling at him angrily.

He had her right leg gently pinched between his first finger and the thumb of his right hand, dangling in front of his face as he had a surprised but confused expression.

“Doc, where didja find her?” he asked, causing her to jump from the sudden noise of his voice as she felt some blood rushing to her head.

“Hmm? Ach!” the doctor’s voice exclaimed on the other side when he noticed the Scout holding her in his fingers.

Then his red-gloved rubber hand quickly reached towards the Scout’s left ear and pinched harshly between his index finger and thumb.

“Vhat vere jou zhinking?!” the Medic exclaimed fiercely in anger.

“Ow! Doc!” the Scout exclaimed in pain, accidentally releasing his grip on her leg.

As the Scout released her leg, she plunged to the ground as she felt her heart stop from the sudden drop.

Expecting to hit the ground harshly, something leathery caught her from underneath her back as it knocked the wind out of her lungs.

Suddenly, she sat up and looked over her shoulder to see the same enormous man she had seen outside.

She thought her heart stopped when she saw the same giant Russian towering over her and did not look like a zombie.

How did he return to the living?

He was kneeling on one knee around the Medic while still holding the Scout's ear, looking down at him with confusion and worry.

She had landed safely in his palm without falling to the ground, and he was using his other arm as a pillar.

She felt slightly protected in his large palm instead of crashing towards the ground, sending her to her imminent death, but she was still worried he might kill her.

After catching her in his large palm, he slowly and carefully rose to his full height while she was at his chest level.

He was much taller than the Medic's height as she curled closer to the middle of the giant's palm, terrified of falling over by accident as her hands gripped the fabric underneath her as her knuckles turned white.

“Enough!” he loudly bellowed, scaring everyone in the Medic Bay.

He shouted fiercely, which startled her as she jumped from the loud and baritone tone of his voice, causing her to cover her head and ears, releasing the fabric underneath her.

The Pyro, the Medic, and the Scout glanced at him after bellowing, interrupting them in the middle of their argument.

Looking down at the little girl in his palm, he saw her trembling like a leaf and covering her head with both hands while breathing heavily, wondering if she would either hyperventilate or pass out.

She was terrified and overwhelmed by the situation unfolding around her, not wanting to be discovered or captured by any more people and worried that she could end up in more trouble or be harmed.

“Look at poor Lettle Mouse,” he spoke, gazing at her with a concerned look. “Scared to death because of you babies.”

“Maybe she’s scared of ya instead.” The Scout sneered before wincing when the Medic’s grip on his ear became tighter.

“No, she es scared of jou because of jour lack of carefulness!” the Medic angrily snapped, glaring at the Scout.

“I was just curious ‘bout her!” the Scout whined, trying to get his ear back from his fingers, as the mark of where his fingers were turning purple. “I didn’t mean ta drop her!”

The Russian growled aggressively at both of them as they stopped arguing after hearing the warning tone in his voice.

The Medic ignored the Scout’s protests and eventually released the Scout’s ear, muttering a curse in German under his breath and tenderly rubbing his ear with his hand.

The little girl gingerly removed her hands from her head and ears, still terrified but mostly having a slight headache from all the yelling around her.

The giant Russian moved his palm down a little toward the Medic, and, using both hands, the Medic gently scooped the small girl out of his massive palm.

She flinched from the softness of his hands underneath his gloves and tumbled into his palm.

She shook head to toe and felt overwhelmed by the giants surrounding her, like a discovered rabbit.

But, she felt relieved to be out of the giant Russian's palm and felt more comfortable in the Medic's hands, even though she was still scared of doctors.

Because she was worried about being accidentally squished by the giant Russian, if not careful, from his anger, or if the argument had not died down from his warnings.

"Scout, zhat vas not a correct vay to pick her up vhen jou vanted to see her again next time jou see her." The Medic replied calmly as he gently placed her against his chest as if carrying a puppy in his hands.

Once she was out of the giant Russian's palm, she gripped the Medic's coat with both hands and moved her head against his chest as if she wanted to hide from everyone.

The Medic noticed the small woman curled up against his chest after grabbing his coat with her tiny hands and said nothing to her, only continuing to talk to the team.

"Now, ef jou don't mind, I have some tending to do vith her vounds, before sending her back to zhe home zhat she lives en." The Medic sighed, moving his hands into a better position than the first one he had held her in. "Her parents or spouse might be vorried about her being missing. So please leave zhe Medic Bay."

The enormous Russian nodded thoughtfully, agreeing with the Medic and not speaking another word to scare the small woman or start another argument.

“Lettin’ her go?” the Scout asked. “What if we did not know anythin’ ‘bout her parents or if she was married or not? What if-”

“Now, Scout.” the Medic calmly snapped, glaring at him as she flinched from his voice, still shaking slightly.

The Scout was going to say something to retaliate against the order when the giant Russian wrapped his arm around his middle, picking him up from the ground as he yelped from the sudden lift.

As he squirmed in the giant Russian’s grip, he shouted at him to put him down, but the Russian chose to ignore him as he left the Medic Bay.

Everyone except the Pyro did not leave the Medic Bay until they knew if she was okay or not.

“Jou too, Pyro,” he replied as he was going to pull the tiny human away from his chest when he noticed she had a grip on his coat.

So, he stopped himself from impatiently trying to get her off his chest and waited for her to calm down as she continued to have her head against his chest, shaking like a leaf from head to toe.

The Pyro gave out a muffled “Hrh...” as a protest against his order but sighed, giving in to his demand.

They turned on their heels and shuffled out of the Medic Bay, following the two other people who had left earlier.

He sighed gently in slight annoyance after hearing the Medic Bay's doors close behind them, mumbling something in German.

She did not understand what his German meant but chose not to say anything about it as she only stayed silent, mentally cursing at her shaking and her anxiety.

Noticing he was waiting for her to let go of his coat, she shookily released his jacket before grabbing her trembling hands together to stop herself from shaking.

He felt concerned about her since she was shaking uncontrollably and not looking at him as she was looking at her scratched hands before wincing when her fingertips brushed a deep scratch on the back of her hand.

Remembering what he was doing before the Scout entered the Medic Bay, he placed her back down on the same counter where the Pyro was, staring creepily at her.

She gently landed next to her backpack and curled up into a ball, slightly hiding from the Medic as her back went against the empty jar.

He returned to her after picking up the items he needed and placed the jars on the counter near where she was as she flinched a little from the gentle clicking of the glass jars.

Before he could do anything after placing the items down next to him, he politely asked, "Could you pull up your sleeves and pant legs? I'm guessing that you went through some prickly bushes and rocks when you were running."

A confused expression appeared before glancing at her hands, noticing visible scratches from her fingertips to the bottom of her palm and bleeding a bit.

She glanced back at him and shakily nodded, trying not to anger him or do anything to make him angry.

So, being careful about her injuries, she carefully and slightly painfully pulled up her sleeves to the middle of her forearm, revealing thin cuts on her arms, along with some visible bruises on some areas where she had collided with some rocks.

She had scrapes on her legs from tugging at the pant legs of her blue jeans after plucking some thorns in the fabric.

Strangely, she even had what looked like scars that covered her leg and were all in different sizes, which the Medic noticed but said nothing.

After she had pulled up her pant legs and sleeves, he picked up a pair of tweezers from the table with the other tools and the bottle of hydrogen peroxide, dipping the tip of the ball into it.

When the cotton ball had soaked a bit of the hydrogen peroxide from inside the bottle, he took the cotton ball out, placed the bottle of hydrogen peroxide down on the counter, screwed the lid back on, and reached over to her with his left hand.

She backed up in fear when he reached over to her with his left hand, worried he might do something worse than what the other half of the team members did to her.

He stopped when he noticed her moving away from his hand, remembering she was scared of him and the others.

Rather than becoming enraged and forcing her to approach him to treat her injuries, he moved his hand behind her back.

She slightly froze as she watched his hand, recoiling a little as he curled his fingers around her body, not trapping her like a bug.

She felt scared when he moved his fingers inward, but she mentally reassured herself that he would not hurt her.

As his fingers encircled her, she moved to the middle of his palm, trying not to get near his digits.

She watched as he started to mend her injuries on her legs, wincing slightly from the faint stinging feeling but watching as he carefully cleaned up her scratches.

Once the Medic finished the legs, he removed the cotton ball and switched to a clean one, repeating the same soaking process and pausing as she looked nervous about why he stopped.

“Could you perhaps move your right arm out?” the Medic politely asked as she glanced up at him.

Nodding her head, she shakily moved her right arm out, her palm down, and her sleeve pulled up.

Using the tip of the cotton ball, he lightly tapped the scrapes on her arm as she gently hissed to herself at the gentle stinging.

But she relaxed as he cleaned her wounds, feeling calm as he treated her injuries without using a syringe.

The memory of syringes makes her shiver because of how long and sharp they are, but she forces them out of her mind to not scare her anymore.

The girl watched as the Medic gently touched her wounds with the tip of the cotton ball, cleaning all the dirt and blood off.

After he had finished cleaning the scrapes on her right arm, she lifted her left arm, as the Medic did the same to her other arm.

When the Medic was done with her left arm, he checked the bruise on the side of her head the best he could without hurting her by accident.

She was still as she watched the Medic check the bruise on the side of her head, although nervous with those *fingers* close to her head.

Strangely, he did not apply pressure against her head as she checked the bruise closely, seeing it looked painful, but did not look so much to even require treatment.

Once her wounds have been cleaned with hydrogen peroxide, he puts the tweezers down and grabs a small roll of white fabric bandages and an extra small gauze pad.

The Medic carefully places the small gauze pads on the visible wounds on her arms as she holds her arm out, a little shaken from what she went through.

He gently wrapped the fabric bandage over the gauze pads on her arms without tightening it a little too tight for her.

When the Medic finished mending her, she had her arms covered with perfectly cut thin fabric, including her palms and the backs of her hands.

Her legs were covered in bandages too, but only from the ankle to her knees.

The bruise on the side of her head was not covered because it was hidden underneath her hair, even though it needed a miniature ice pack.

She reaches up to her sleeves and pulls them down over the bandages, covering them so they will not open by accident.

She did the same to her pant legs, covering the bandages that the Medic had gently wrapped around her.

“Zhere, now zhat jou are healed vithout any procedures nor stitches,” the Medic replied while standing up fully from kneeling to mend her wounds. “Zthough zhe Medigun would not vork either by zhat case.”

She winced and shivered in fear when he mentioned ‘stitches,’ not wanting the idea of getting herself stitched up.

But she did not know what the ‘Medigun’ was, instead guessing it was a machine that could help heal people.

He noticed her cringing at the mention of ‘stitches’ and decided to change the topic to her medical condition during the procedure.

The Medic places the medical tools, hydrogen peroxide, and the other products away in the same places as before, even throwing out the used and stained items.

Once the counter was clean, the Medic paused a little as he looked at the young woman, seeing she was *still* shaking like a leaf.

He thought for a minute before walking over to his desk, pulling back a drawer near his left leg, and taking out a small knitted blanket that someone had made for him.

The blanket’s background is white as the pattern is the Medic’s symbol in the same colors as the symbols on his forearms.

He returned to the small woman and gently gave the miniature blanket to her as if it was a shock blanket to help her calm down from her shock.

She took the blanket from him and wrapped it around her body, hugging it close to her body as she shook and curled slightly.

She wanted to cry it out as she lay down on the desk on her side but kept her emotions together as she only laid down on her side to calm her nerves instead.

The Medic was surprised when she curled near the palm of his hand, knowing she was scared of him.

And it was the first time a patient had curled near him for comfort, other than the Pyro themselves.

He usually knocks his patients out to deal with their emotions later, but this may be the first time someone does this to him.

Aside from her curling near his hand, the Medic could tell she was too scared to speak or answer any questions he had about her.

‘Alright,’ the Medic thought after watching her lie down on the desk, carefully removing his hands from her as she just curled there. ‘Asking her for her address es out of zhe question.’

So he decided to tell the others the news as he exited the Medic Bay, allowing her to take some time to be alone without him looming over her.

Outside the Medic Bay, the Medic explained to the others that his patient was cured of her wounds and had no fatal injuries.

But she was not cured enough to return home because she was terrified of the battles around the bases and the encounter with everyone.

And he explained that she had to stay here for a while until she was ready to return, as the Scout sighed in slight annoyance and concern.

“So, you’re sayin’ she’s gunna stay here for a while until she’s cured?” He explained it in his own words, repeating what the doctor had previously said.

“Zhat es correct,” the Medic nods his head.

The giant Russian placed his right hand on his clean-shaven head, thinking about the Medic’s concerns about his tiny patient.

“How da fuck are we gunna take care of a freakin’ small girl, even though we are freakin’ giants compared to her?!” the Scout exclaimed. “We’re not dat careful, and most of us are careless!”

“Then we be careful with tiny mouse,” the Russian replied in broken English.

“Even though she is gunna walk around her like she gives a crap about what’s gunna happen ‘round here?” the Scout snapped. “Sides, da Administrator might be suspicious about what we are doin’ too.”

The Medic sighed slightly in annoyance and calmly replied, “Ve keep an eye out for her en case she es around here zhen und keep careful about zhe Administrator. Ve don’t vant to make her more traumatized zhan now or make her suspicious. But I vill let Miss Pauling know enstead.”

All three were quiet for a moment before the Pyro muffled, “Hrh mhrh rhrrh hhm rhmhrh? Crn’h mm hmrr hhmm rhrrh hmr?”

They paused after the Pyro asked about telling the rest of the team about the small woman, glancing at each other and thinking to themselves.

If the others find out about her... there will be consequences, and she may be harmed by accident or be kidnapped by the BLU team or someone else they do not know of.

“Ve do not tell zhe others,” the Medic answered after a moment of silence. “Et es best ef ve do not tell everyone about her und keep her safe from harm.”

The Pyro looked slightly relieved that they would not tell the rest of the team about the small woman.

But behind the lenses of the gas mask, they looked concerned about her being alone by herself.

“Et’ll take her a few weeks or more to calm down,” the Medic continued to the teammates. “Even longer ef zhe fewer enteractions are less frequent. I just hope she understands et.”

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Back in the Medic Bay, the girl waited patiently for the Medic to return for any other wounds or anything she had not seen, as she was still trembling slightly from the encounter with the war.

Minutes had passed, and the Medic still did not show up, so she felt concerned and nervous.

Has he forgotten all about her in the Medic Bay?

Half of her wants to leave, while the other half wants to stay put and wait for him to return.

But the wants-to-leave side was more dominant than the other half, so she shakily stood up from the table with the small knitted blanket on her back.

She sighs as she looks down at it on her body with a curious expression, knowing she has to leave the blanket behind without taking it with her.

It is even considered rude to take and keep someone’s items without permission.

She took the small knitted blanket off her body, politely folded it into a square, and placed it on the counter as a silent way of being polite.

After folding the small knitted blanket, she picked up the backpack from the counter she had taken off earlier and placed it on her back.

After she put her backpack on, she glanced over the side of the counter, noticing how tall it was and how she would break her leg.

That would irritate the Medic because she would have to mend her broken leg again rather than recover from her scratches.

She glanced to her left and noticed one of the medical IV poles was near the counter, just inches away from where she was.

Walking over to the medical IV pole, she glanced down at the ground, shivering to herself about falling to the ground if she accidentally slipped.

Putting her hand on the pole, she wraps her arms around it until she wraps her body around it, getting ready to slide down.

Releasing her grip a bit, she slides down the pole as she eases herself down towards the tile-covered ground.

When she reached the ground, she jumped off the pole, landing on the floor on her hands and feet, wincing slightly from the pain in her palms.

After she had landed on the ground, she glanced up at the counter over her head, seeing that it was way up in the air.

She shuddered at herself at the counter's height, mentally relieved that she had survived the fall without making a mistake that could have cost her life.

Then, she glanced at the Medic Bay's doors, thinking about the Medic and the rest of the team as a sad look came across her face as she sighed gently.

As she looked around, she looked for a different way to leave the Medic Bay than through the front to meet the others.

Then she noticed a hole in the far corner of the room, which was the same size as she was and perfectly hidden from sight.

She walked over to the hole on the far side of the Medic Bay and peered inside, noting that the corridor was dark, but not so dark that she felt uneasy.

She knelt in front of the hole as she took off her backpack from her back after looking at the hole's hallway and setting it down on the ground.

Unzipping the zipper, she reached into the backpack with her hands, rummaging through it for something inside, ignoring clothes, some electrical devices, an electric blanket, and a water bottle.

After a few minutes of rummaging through her backpack, she pulled out two white armbands with velcro-elastic black leather bands.

She peeled the velcro off the bands and carefully placed them on the sleeves of her sweater without hitting her injured hands or arms.

Once the band was up to her forearms, she tightened the velcro so they both would not fall off while walking through the dark hallway by the wall.

She zips her backpack back up after she has placed it in her arms and places it back on her back.

When she presses the black buttons on the end of her armlets, they light up in a neon blue glow after the click.

The glow from the armlets was bright enough to shine into the hole's darkness as she moved an arm forward to check.

Before entering the hallway through the hole, she glanced over her shoulder at the Medic Bay's doors, thinking about the team members.

They seemed friendly to her and had healed her hand, arm, and leg injuries... but she was unsure about her trust in them after seeing them in action against another team.

After thinking about having second thoughts, she glanced back into the dark hallway, sighing gently.

She slowly entered the hole and disappeared into the darkness as the light that shone her way faded away as she went deeper.

After she had disappeared into the hole in the wall, the Medic Bay's doors opened, revealing it to be the Pyro.

When they saw she was gone, they emitted a soft, "Mhh..." as if they were sad she had left the Medic Bay with no one noticing.

They turned back around to the Medic Bay's doors, gently closing the doors behind their backs, leaving the room in silence.