

The early morning sun gradually rose from the horizon, shining serenely across the rocky plain.

The sun serenely shines through the windows of the bedrooms of the wooden base, which is where the Scout's room is.

Inside the room was Scout, lying still in bed on his back, snoring moderately, while his right hand was on top of Stephanie's back on his chest.

Stephanie had her left hand on the Scout's thumb while curling in a small ball, snoring quietly underneath his palm.

Strangely, Scout did not move in his sleep except for his left arm and legs, all sprawled out with the blankets barely covering the lower half of his body.

Neither did Stephanie, as she was relaxed and able to sleep without squirming around to get comfortable or waking up in the middle of the night.

In the distance of the wooden base, a military trumpet sounded like it was from the military campground her Grandpa told her about back at her home, and Stephanie was the first one to wake up from the sound of the horn.

She yawned quietly as she gently stretched out her arms and legs, careful not to rouse him up by moving too much in his blanket-like hand.

Stephanie glanced at the hand covering her and looked at the Scout, still seeing him asleep with his mouth open, as she giggled a little at how *strangely* adorable it was.

Then she heard knocking from the door, and she stiffened a bit, worried that whoever was on the other side of the door would open it and see her in the Scout's hand.

This seemed to wake the Scout up from his sleep as he snorted, blinking awake as he slowly shifted in his bed.

The Scout curled his fingers around Stephanie's middle as he stretched out his body, yawning widely while blinking awake.

He then got up from bed with his hand against his chest with Stephanie underneath, moving it underneath her as she slid into his palm.

She stood perfectly still as he moved her from his chest and placed her on his bedside table on her knees, right next to his alarm clock, and luckily, he had it off when he got into the room.

The knock on the door continued as he sat up in his bed, groaning to himself and gently rubbing his left eye with the bottom of his left palm.

"Okay, okay!" he called out to the person knocking on the other side of the door.
"I'm awake!"

Stephanie could hear stomping feet leaving the door and walking down the hallway after he called out to the person who was knocking.

She felt nervous and worried about who was behind the door knocking to wake the Scout up.

"Uh, Jeremy?" Stephanie asked, sounding worried.

"Yeah?" the Scout answered, glancing over at her, slightly dazed from getting up in the early hours.

"Who was that at the door?" she politely asked, still staring at the door.

He glanced at the door and answered, glancing back at her, "It was da Soldier."

She cocked one eyebrow in confusion and then remembered how the Soldier was screaming at the Scout about 'Lieutenant Bites.'

“Oh, that Soldier,” she remembered the man before shivering in fear at the memory in her head. “He is scary.”

“Yeah, he is scary,” he began before pulling the covers off his body. “But dere is somethin’ ‘bout him.”

Stephanie stood up to her feet after she was placed on the bedside table, turning away from Scout as he stood up from his bed.

“He’s not dat scary if you get to know him,” the Scout assured her.

“Are you sure about that?” she curiously asked.

“Yeah,” the Scout shrugged his shoulders. “He might be scary and loud, but he’s just a guy who sometimes throws a fierce temper fit when somethin’s outta place or protectin’ ya from somethin’ he knows ‘bout.”

She picked up her glasses from the top of the pile of her clothing and carefully put them on her nose bridge, gently nudging them upwards into place.

“Alright, if you say so.” She sighed, before warning him, “But if I do get hurt by him-”

“I know, I know,” he gently chuckled, interrupting her in the middle of her sentence as he moved his right hand up slightly. “You’ll kick mah ass.”

Stephanie paused a little after the Scout interrupted her, slightly confused about how he could tell she was going to beat him, but shrugged, knowing he had been threatened a lot when she hid from them.

“Maybe,” she replied gently, leaning down to get her blue jeans closer to her body. “That’s a maybe.”

Stephanie was about to start to get undressed when she glanced back at the Scout over her shoulder.

“Are you watching me?” she cautiously asked.

“Nah, I’m just gettin’ into my clothes.” the Scout responded, as he had his back facing her and getting his work shirt on.

She shrugged and went back to change into her casual clothes, although she was not keen on changing in front of him.

It felt *strange* for her to be in someone’s room with them in with her... but, on the other hand, it is *their* room, so Stephanie is glad that she has a roof over her head.

So Stephanie politely ignored the thought of social awkwardness and put on her other long-sleeved blue shirt that reached down to her hips, covering her privates, and was over her hands.

It was huge on her, so Stephanie made a mental note to go to a mall to change her clothes... *if* there was a mall around where they were.

She reached over, picked up her blue jeans, as her black underwear was inside, and put them on, buttoning them up in the middle and gently pulling up the zipper.

Then, Stephanie grabbed her shoes with her socks and placed them on socks first and then shoes, after tying them a bit from being loose.

But before Stephanie could carefully put on her sweater, she paused a little as she noted the sweater’s looseness, noting that she needed a new garment too.

So Stephanie put her sweater to the side later and picked up a dark green belt next to her shoes.

She tightened her belt around her waist after putting it through the loops, reached down again, picked up her blue cameo sweater, and put it on, zipping it up too, after moving her hood down and her hair from behind.

Stephanie then picked up her dark blue backpack and put it on her back while thinking about the rest of the team members and how they reacted to her roaming around in the base.

While pondering to herself, she finished getting dressed in her clothes, and the Scout was done with his changing but not wearing his hat yet.

He glanced back at Stephanie, who was not paying attention to him as she was busy thinking.

An idea popped into his head, so he reached back over to Stephanie, and he gently picked her up by wrapping his hand around her body as her arms were poking out from the top.

He accidentally startled her as she yelped, snapping back into reality from her thinking.

“Hey!” Stephanie cried out as she was moved away from the counter and towards his body. “What are you-?”

When she was moved up to his head, she yelped again as she landed in his hair.

After landing on top of his head, she moved her head up after spitting out some hair strands from her mouth.

His hair was thick underneath Stephanie’s hands and even looked like long grass compared to her height.

Then he placed his hat over her head, concealing her in darkness and hidden from sight.

Outside his hat, the Scout had dog tags around his neck because the light tinkling noise stopped, then his headphones, which made the top of his hat a little heavy.

He felt Stephanie moving around from underneath his hat, noticing she was confused, so he reached up with his right hand and moved his hat slightly as she pushed up, looking confused.

“Jeremy, why am I on your head?” she asked, sounding confused as she poked her head from underneath. “Am I going to be safe here?”

“Sure, your gunna be safe.” The Scout responded, assuring her as she glanced down at him. “I couldn’t just carry ya around in mah pocket during da battle, hmm?”

Stephanie paused to herself from his reply before nodding her head slowly in agreement.

“Okay, true.” she nodded. “But, couldn’t I just stay here? I-I don’t think I want to be out on the battlefield.”

“And let some Spy enter here and steal ya, nope.” He stubbornly declined, picking up his baseball bat from the ground and putting it over his shoulder.

“There are Spies around here?” Stephanie shivered, imagining herself getting killed or kidnapped by one of them.

“Yep, dere’s two of them, and they both are assholes.” The Scout continued, sounding irritated when he mentioned the Spies.

Stephanie fell quiet as she thought to herself, feeling nervous both ways.

Stay in the Scout’s room and get kidnapped or killed by a Spy without anyone noticing?

Or go with him and get killed on the battlefield by someone mistaking her for a BLU?

So, she decided to go with him since staying in his room will double the chances of getting killed or kidnapped.

“Okay.” Stephanie agreed as she gently grabbed two handfuls of his hair, but not too much hair to accidentally yank too much off. “I’ll go with you, but please be careful.”

He nodded his head in knowledge after she had agreed and moved his hat back down over his head, covering Stephanie as she went down to his head, laying perfectly still on her stomach.

The Scout walked over to his door while Stephanie slightly tightened her grip on a handful of hair, nervous about falling off his head.

He unlocked the door to his room as Stephanie carefully gathered another small handful of his hair, not too much to make him cry out in pain from the hair tug.

Stephanie felt him walk into a room and overheard him talking to someone else from the other side of the fabric.

“Yo, what’s up?” The Scout spoke as Stephanie felt him gently nod his head, not using too much of his nodding to make her either dizzy or sick.

“Good morning, Scout!” a gruff American voice greeted him, sounding precisely like the same voice she heard from the back in the base’s garage.

“Yeah, mornin’ to ya too, Solly,” The Scout replied to his welcoming greeting.

‘That must be that Soldier.’ Stephanie thought to herself as she shivered at the memory again, reminding her of her father when he was angry.

She felt his body sitting down on a chair while talking to the Soldier, teasing him a bit while getting some warnings from him.

Stephanie felt... like she was safe with him, neither in trouble nor in danger while being around him.

He was not using too much movement or head movements, just talking to people.

Some voices sound familiar, but at the same time, some of them she does not know about, and other sounds piqued Stephanie's curiosity about whom the user belongs to.

She scooted closer to the Scout's head to be more protected and hidden instead of on her hands and knees, feeling like she was a lioness, hunting for warthogs hidden inside the grass.

Except the grass surrounding her body is short brown hair of a human that she is hiding with.

"Mission begins in thirty seconds!" the same voice replied through the speakers, speaking through the fabric of the Scout's hat, alerting everyone outside, including the Scout himself.

Stephanie glances up slightly towards where she thinks the speakers are, thinking to herself about who is the voice behind the speakers.

She felt the Scout standing up from the chair that he was still sitting on and walked for a few moments, and entered a room where Stephanie could hear guns clicking and something sharpening.

'That must be a knife.' Stephanie thought to herself before shivering slightly at the explicit image of her being stabbed.

Next, she heard the Scout pick up something metallic by the way the sound came from it.

It was a soft clunk when it gently hit against the metal locker, as there was some metal noise.

Stephanie guessed the noise was from a baseball bat by how the noise dulled when it hit something.

She remembered the first time she held a baseball bat in her hands when she was much younger.

Stephanie did not like the tryout, but she did have a good catching and throwing hand when she threw the baseball.

“Mission begins in twenty seconds!” the voice repeated through the speakers.

He finished gathering his weapons and closed the locker door before walking away and heading towards a spot where he could enter the battle.

She mentally wanted to abort the mission, but she calmed herself down, assuring he would keep her safe from anyone, any being, or anything.

After walking, he stopped at a spot and got ready as Stephanie clenched handfuls of hair in her hands, not too tight, but just right enough to keep her intact.

“Mission begins in ten seconds!” the voice repeated through the speakers, counting down to the last number.

The Scout walked for a few minutes before stopping, getting into a position as the countdown continued.

Stephanie’s heart was beating faster against her chest as each minute passed, rethinking her decision.

“Five, four, three, two, one!” When the countdown finished, the Scout ran out of the door, heading towards the battlefield as Stephanie softly hissed nervously through her teeth.

He ran away from his spot as Stephanie gripped tighter, feeling more worried about falling off his head and out of his hat.

She felt him run for a long time, turning tight corners, stopping a few times, only to almost fall forward before placing her elbows to the sides to keep herself still.

When he stopped again, she sighed in relief and glanced down at her hands, seeing that her knuckles had turned white.

‘Well... now I know why some people hate roller coaster rides...’ she thought.

Suddenly, she overheard something whistling in the air, heading towards them.

She accidentally released Scout’s hair as she gasped, noticing the noise getting closer to them.

Before she could warn him about the noise, the object landed and exploded, causing the Scout to disappear, except for his hat and Stephanie.

They were tossed to the side as Stephanie released a startled scream, falling to the ground.

She landed roughly on the ground front first, giving out an “Oof!”

After she had landed roughly on the ground, Scout’s hat covered her body as she jolted from the sudden darkness.

Using her right hand, she gently lifted the hat to see what happened, only to see the Scout was gone!

‘Oh, crap!’ She cursed, worried about being stuck on the battlefield and killed by someone. ‘I have to get out of here!’

Moving the hat down from looking, she pushed the hat upward on the top and started to run straight blindly, not knowing what was going on outside.

She thought she was heading for the wooden base to hide somewhere no one could find her, and no other people would catch her.

But she went to the wrong base without noticing that she was heading for the enemy’s base.

After she had gone to the wrong base, she gently raised the hat slightly to see her surroundings and noticed the place looked unfamiliar from the wooden structure.

Everything inside was created in concrete and filled with new machines rather than built-in wood and old-fashioned devices rather than the wooden base.

Everything inside the other base perked her interest but, at the same time, confused her.

Where did she appear at?

She glanced around for a moment, curious about the base she accidentally wandered into and what team was in this base.

After a moment of looking around, she suddenly heard footsteps walking towards where she was and gasped quietly in fear when she realized what they were.

Someone is in the base now!

Panicking, she carefully placed the hat back over her body and zipped it underneath a table.

Once she got underneath the table, she peeked underneath the hat slightly to see who was inside the base.

As the footsteps got closer, she ducked down a bit as she watched a pair of boots walk in front of the table before stopping.

Her breath hitched as she patiently waited for the figure to disappear, as the boots stayed as they were.

Daringly, she decided to see who the figure was, so she moved the hat up slightly, only to see the same person in front of her.

The Pyro!

Stephanie was about to duck underneath Scout's hat when she saw the figure standing in front of the table, but something else caught her attention that stopped her from hiding.

The Pyro was wearing blue, not red.

Then could *this* Pyro be a member of BLU?

She remembered back in the Medic Bay that she encountered Pyro wearing red, which terrified her, but they did not cause any harm to her and muffledly asked Medic questions.

Somehow, she felt calm around the Pyro wearing red, but she did not know if the Pyro standing in front of her wearing blue would react the same way the other one did.

Her stomach twists at the thought of being burned alive by the BLU Pyro standing in front of her.

Or worse, being mistaken as one of theirs since she is wearing blue and taken away from the Scout.

After the BLU Pyro glanced around for a moment, checking for anyone dressed in red, they left the spot where they were standing and went elsewhere.

As they turned the corner to walk into another corridor, the smell of charcoal trailed behind them from behind.

After the BLU Pyro left, Stephanie gently sighed in relief after they disappeared, as her stomach untwisted.

She carefully walked out from underneath the table she was hiding underneath and glanced side to side for any incoming people dressed in blue.

Stephanie carefully placed the Scout's hat back over her head and continued cautiously down the hallway.

She did not notice she walked the wrong way down the hallway towards where she thought the exit was.

As she walked down the hallway, she suddenly slammed into something hard that caused her to fall backwards.

She collapsed to the ground on her bottom underneath the Scout's hat and winced from the impact, rubbing her face with her right hand as her glasses tilted off to the side.

After she had rubbed the feeling off her face, she suddenly overheard a familiar gruff American voice reply, "Hmm? What's this?"

Stephanie started to panic after hearing the voice speak and was about to get up to her feet to make a getaway when Scout's hat was suddenly picked up from around her body.

A second man stood before her, but instead of wearing a red uniform, he wore a blue one and was dressed in the same color as the Pyro.

And it was a Soldier like the other one she saw back when she first saw the Scout!

He even has a sharp shovel covered in a fresh coat of blood in his right hand that was almost near where she was.

It instantly made her go into flight mode when she noticed the smell of blood and the sight of the soldier wearing blue.

Panic flowed into her veins as she gave out a panicked yelp, quickly scrambling up to her feet as she turned the other way, trying to escape from the BLU Soldier.

As she ran, she overheard something tossed to the side, so she glanced over her shoulder at a running pace, noticing the BLU Soldier was grinning wickedly, with a smirk of amusement, as the Scout's hat was tossed to the side.

She continued running as fast as she could manage as she glanced back in front, escaping from the giant BLU Soldier, as he held up his shovel in his hand, ready to attack her when he was closer to her.

“Come back here, you rat!” he bellowed out at her as he got closer, stomping all the way while he had his shovel over his head.

That made Stephanie run faster than before as she sped down the hallway as if she was in a race.

She suddenly tripped over something and fell onto her front, luckily not chipping a tooth during the process.

Before scrambling up to her feet, she heard something thwacked across something, making a dull noise and a *crack*!

She jolted from the sudden noise behind her back, and before she could look at what made that sound, something massive struck the ground, causing it to rumble from underneath her body.

She glanced over her shoulder to see what landed on the ground, only to notice the BLU Soldier's corpse on the floor.

Noticing someone was over the corpse, she glanced up at the figure, only to see the other Soldier wearing red.

The same one she saw earlier with the Scout back in the garage.

In his hand was another shovel, decorated in fresh blood from the dead BLU Soldier underneath him, and the front of his uniform coated with dark red blood.

"You better hope there's hacky-sack in Hell, hippie!" the Soldier wearing red taunted.

All the color on her face drained when she saw the RED Soldier, seeing that the RED Soldier was more terrifying than the BLU Soldier.

He sighed after killing the other Soldier, stepping over the corpse and repositioning his uniform, although covered in blood.

The RED Soldier looked at Stephanie briefly from underneath his helmet, then a second time after his mind registered what he had seen.

As they stared at each other, Stephanie's eyes were filled with fear as she was shaking from head to toe, afraid of being killed by a RED Soldier instead of a BLU Soldier.

Without warning, he marched over towards her after the body of the BLU Soldier disappeared into thin air as Stephanie hastily tried to scramble up to her feet to escape from him.

But he was quicker than her, and she had no time to react as he was close to her and knelt on one knee.

With one hand, he quickly wrapped his hand around her body as her arms were out of the top and her legs pinned together.

Then he grabbed her in his hand, oddly, without hurting her, and lifted her from the ground.

Her stomach twisted again nervously as she watched the RED Soldier, not even thinking he could see her from underneath his helmet.

Just as Stephanie was eye to helmet with him, she felt like she would pass out in his hand because she was terrified.

But she tightened her grip on one of his fingers, worried about being killed, stomped on, ripped, or anything that could kill her instantly.

She was hyperventilating as she started back at the RED Soldier, her heart beating as the knuckles of her hands were turning white.

He stared thoughtfully at her for a moment, as she was nervous about what he could be thinking of.

Without a word, he carefully placed her in his pants pocket, and she tumbled deep inside.

She frantically thought of another way to escape the overwhelming problem she had gotten herself into.

Outside his pocket, the RED Soldier looked slightly worried and confused from underneath the helmet he was wearing, instead of a dominant expression that he had captured a ‘team member dressed in blue.’

The speakers turned on after a clicking noise came before it, and the RED Soldier glanced up from his pocket, and the voice called out, “*You failed!*”

The RED Soldier sighed in relief after the victory call, knowing they had won the battle against the BLUs.

He marched out of the concrete base, across the wooden bridge between the two, and headed back toward the wooden fort.

He entered the base and walked right by the Scout without his hat on, and the RED Soldier noticed he looked worried as he ran past him, heading back outside.

It looked like after being eliminated from a missile from the BLU Soldier during the first wave of the battle, Scout had accidentally left his hat outside after dropping it.

He continued walking down the hallway of the RED base until he approached a door with a missile symbol above it that matched the same logo as his uniform.

The Soldier unlocked the door and entered the room before closing the door behind his back.

The interior almost looked like the Scout’s room, with the clothes dresser and the bed placed in the same position and the room’s size.

But the decoration inside the room is different from the Scout’s.

An American flag was hanging on the wall above his bed, with the window right next to his bed.

On the left-hand side of his bed and the wall is a shelf filled with magnificent trophies of military goals, with medals hanging on the walls.

On the table on the other side of the room is another helmet, except this one has a green ribbon around it, with a visible bullet hole on the right side of the temple, piercing through the thickness, and black straps to hold the helmet down on the user's head.

The Soldier walked over to another table rather than the other and reached into his pocket with Stephanie inside.

They were a little thicker than the Scout's fingers and short but had small scars here and there on his palm.

When Stephanie noticed his fingers were reaching back into the pocket that she was inside, she panicked and curled herself back towards the bottom of the pouch, trying to escape from the fingers that were reaching for her.

Unfortunately, they reached close to her and were too close to her for her comfort.

Stephanie gently slapped the finger with her hand out of fear, which was too close to her body.

The Soldier, outside the pocket, felt her direct slap on one of his fingers, but he ignored the slap and continued reaching for her.

Once he is close to her, so he can feel her against his palm, he gently and oddly wraps his entire hand around her gently, carefully raising her out of the pocket that she is inside while hearing a muffled yelp.

When he lifted her out of his pocket, the Soldier noticed her shaking from head to toe while staring back at him.

Kneeling on one knee, he knelt to the table's height, so he could see her easier without having to lean over a bit.

The Soldier placed his right hand with Stephanie on the table but then thought about what would happen if he had nothing to support her.

Then, he placed his left hand down near her hand as a wall where she might fall, allowing her to lean against it without getting hurt.

He opened his right hand to let her out as she tumbled on the table, as some of her long brown hair covered her face, and she had both hands on his left palm.

Using the thumb of his right hand, he gently moved some of her hair from her face, startling her as she flinched, glancing back at him.

"Alright, cupcake," the Soldier spoke oddly in a low voice as Stephanie flinched. "What were you doing in the BLU's base? Are you a member?"

"I-I'm not a member," Stephanie stuttered, still shaking like a leaf and curled close to the Soldier's palm. "I only got-got lost after being car-carried into battle by Jeremy."

The Soldier cocked his head to the side a little after Stephanie stuttered, asking, "When and how did you get here?"

Stephanie paused a little after the Soldier asked, before answering his question, explaining how she was running away from a metal thing before tripping over something that knocked her out.

She showed where the bruise used to be as it had healed over time, but it still hurts whenever she taps it with her fingers.

Stephanie explained everything to the Soldier in great detail, even explaining how the Medic, the Heavy, the Scout, and the Pyro were aware of her.

She soon finished her story to the Soldier and waited nervously as he thought about what she had told him.

Stephanie could not tell his expression through his eyes other than his mouth with his helmet.

“So,” the Soldier slowly spoke as Stephanie listened to him. “You were bought here by a strange device and somehow was shrunk by it?”

“Yes,” Stephanie nodded, deciding to go truthfully instead of trying to lie her way out of trouble.

The Soldier went silent again after Stephanie answered before asking, “Did you try to find a way back home?”

“No,” Stephanie sighed. “I don’t know *how* to, to start with.”

“I got an idea,” the Soldier perked. “We can ask the Engineer to help you!”

“The Engineer?” Stephanie asked, remembering the team mentioning an ‘Engineer,’ but she did not think there was an ‘Engineer.’

“Yeah, he knows a lot about creating devices!” the Soldier continued, grinning widely as Stephanie listened to him. “If he can make a teleporter and a sentry, then he can make a device that can regrow you and get you back home!”

Stephanie stayed silent after the Soldier explained, still confused about the ‘sentry’ and the ‘teleporter.’

Is there such a thing as a ‘sentry’ and a ‘teleporter?’

Then the Soldier scooped Stephanie into his palm, startling her slightly, saying as she grabbed his pinky with her arms, “We can visit the Engineer at 16:00 since we were attacking today!”

“Th-That’s great!” Stephanie exclaimed as she held onto the Soldier’s pinky. “Just warn me before scooping me into your palm, okay?”

“Sorry, cupcake,” the Soldier apologized as he lifted her to his half-covered face. “What is the little private’s name?”

“Stephanie,” Stephanie answered. “You?”

“Classified,” the Soldier answered, confusing Stephanie with his answer. “But I prefer being called the ‘Soldier.’”

“Okay,” Stephanie nodded. “Solly too?”

The Soldier cocked his head after Stephanie asked as she explained, “Oh, before meeting you, I used to hide behind the walls because I needed some time alone. So... I sort of learned some of the nicknames.”

“Like a Spy?” the Soldier asked.

“No,” Stephanie sighed. “Since I am shorter than before, I can squeeze through narrow gaps, like a mouse, not a Spy.”

“Really?” the Soldier ‘blinked.’

“Yes,” Stephanie nodded. “You can too if you were any my current height too.”

“And I can ride Lieutenant Bites like a horse too!” the Soldier grinned.

“Who is Lieutenant Bites?” Stephanie politely asked since she kept hearing the name repeating.

“Lieutenant Bites is my pet raccoon!” the Soldier mentioned with a bright grin.

‘So those raccoons I saw belonged to *him*?’ Stephanie thought with a silent surprised expression.

Then the Soldier’s room opened and startled them both from the sudden bang of the door.

The Soldier looked at who entered his room as he exclaimed, “Screaming eagles, if you’re going to slam my door open, at least knock!”

Luckily, Stephanie was holding onto his pinky finger with her arms, also startled by the bang.

But then he paused after seeing the Scout standing at his doorframe, seeing Stephanie in his palm.

“You found her?!” he exclaimed in shock and relief. “Oh, thank god!”

“Yes? Why?” the Soldier asked in confusion as he turned slightly towards the Scout.

“I was worried she might get killed by one of da BLU bastards back on the battlefield!” The Scout exclaimed, walking into his room without closing the door behind his back.

“Duh, because you dragged her ass on the battlefield!” the Soldier roared angrily as he pointed at him with his free hand.

“Solly, it was an accident!” Stephanie spoke up as the Soldier glanced at her. “He did it so a Spy wouldn’t catch me.”

Then she turned to Scout and frowned, “But it would be better if I would instead be somewhere else instead of being dragged into the battle with nothing to protect myself!”

The Scout went silent after Stephanie frowned at him before turning to the Soldier and asking, “Solly, can I please be let down? I need some time alone.”

The Soldier nodded and put his hand down on the ground with his palm up, allowing Stephanie to step off and onto the floor.

“It wasn’t mah fault dat I almost got her killed!” The Scout exclaimed as Stephanie walked away from the two, trying to defend himself from the Soldier’s rage.

“‘Almost got her killed,’ my ass!” the Soldier roared angrily as he stood back up. “You dragged her to the battlefield!”

“I was tryin’ to keep her safe from the spies!” The Scout defensively yelled. “You know they lockpick the locks!”

Someone came down the hallway as Stephanie hid against the wall and headed towards the room, as a voice snapped in the distance, “Vhat on earth es going on here, Soldier?!”

So Stephanie ran in a different direction as she went into a small hole of the right size to fit through, squeezing through and disappearing.