

The next day, Stephanie was the ‘first’ one to be awake, slowly waking up from her sleep after being calmed down from her overwhelming reaction when she saw the Pyro killed the BLU Soldier twice in a row since the first time was the Soldier.

Even now, she feels somewhat groggy from her deep sleep, along with the lack of strength of getting up either.

But she forced herself to get up, despite the lack.

As she slowly got up from the pillow that she was gently placed on top of, she blinked a couple of times to become used to the sun rising above the visible horizon, shining through the window of the Pyro’s room.

She lifted her right hand up slightly to block the light from her eyes as she blinked a couple more.

She shuffled a bit on the plush cushion, rising up slightly from the fabric cover around it.

Flipping over to her back, she pushed the blanket away from her body, noticing she was still wearing her clothes.

She heard the door open, so she glanced over to the left-hand side of where she is on the pillow.

When the door completely opened, the Pyro came into the room, noticing her fully awake on the plush cushion, looking a little groggily from yesterday.

“Hh! Nhh’rm hwhgm!” they muffled as if they noticed she was awake. “Hm thhhght thht nhh wmmr ghng th flmmp thrhhghhht thm whhlm dhn.”

Somewhat confused and groggily, she gently raised one of her eyebrows in confusion, blinking slightly to get the sleepiness feeling out of her head, as the Pyro sighed through the gas mask that they were wearing.

“Mhnbm nhh hrm trnnng th gmt thm flmmpnnmff hht hf nhhr hmhd?” they curiously asked, noticing she looked groggy.

Maybe it is from sleeping in from the usual time she wakes up.

“Uh...” she paused thoughtfully, unsure about what they said to her. “...Maybe?”

Another gentle sigh came from the Pyro as she got up from the cushion and repositioned herself, as the Pyro watched her preen like a bird, getting her clothes into the position that she had earlier when she first met them.

However, she could not take her mind off the invisible person stalking her in the hallway back at the BLU base.

She wonders who that figure was and what he, she, or they were doing there?

But then her mind went to the familiar smell of cigarette smoke coming from the invisible person.

It reminds Stephanie of her second grandma, who smokes cigarettes from her mother’s side of the family.

She does not remember much of her second grandmother, but Stephanie *does* remember the smell she had whenever she was around.

Stephanie reached up to her face, thinking she was sleeping with her glasses on too but noticed they were gone.

“Anyways, do you know where my shoes and glasses are?” she politely asked.

The Pyro gently nodded yes and mentioned that they had placed the shoes right next to her.

So, Stephanie glanced over to the left-hand side from where she is and noticed her shoes and socks.

Then, the Pyro reached over to the desk and carefully picked up her glasses as she had her hands out, taking them from them.

“Oh, thank you.” she thanked as she put her glasses on.

“Nhh’rm wmlghmm.” they muffled back to her, as if that they granted her thanks.

She translated what they said to her through the mask and smiled at them.

Even though she knows little about words muffled through objects, she can translate a few.

And from behind the mask, she could tell they were smiling back at her too.

She sat down on the pillow and placed her socks on first, then her shoes, not even bothering to tie her shoelaces since they were already fastened.

After putting on her shoes, she was suddenly scooped into a rubbery feeling, so she glanced up at the Pyro, who has her in their right hand, gently holding her like a plush toy, except like what they thought of.

They stood up to their height while carrying Stephanie in their hand as she calmly waited for them to stand up fully, although a smidge worried about being dropped to the ground.

Then, she was placed on top of their left shoulder, sitting right next to their gas mask, in the area where their ear was to hear her talking to them.

But, Stephanie wonders how they could listen to her even though they are wearing that mask.

After she had been carefully placed onto their shoulder, they walked out of their room, encountering Scout and the Soldier at the same time.

Luckily they were not arguing with each other again.

“Oh, there she is,” the Scout sighed, sighing gently in relief that the Pyro had her the entire time. “I thought dat da cat got her or somethin’.”

“Nhh bhth gnhw hmr?” the Pyro muffled in confusion.

“Yeah, of course, Mumbles,” The Scout answered their curious question. “I was da first one dat saw her.”

“Until you hauled her ass outside into the battlefield.” the Soldier mumbled underneath his breath, not letting go of the moment.

Stephanie shivered slightly at the memory she remembered, remembering that it had nearly killed her.

“Dat was one time!” The Scout protested in annoyance.

“That is what you said earlier.” The Soldier argued back, now sounding annoyed at him.

Exhaling impatiently through the mask, the Pyro were annoyed Scout and Soldier’s bickering as Stephanie gripped the Pyro’s collar of the suit, scooting closer as a way to say she was uncomfortable with the situation.

The Pyro noticed the expression on Stephanie’s face, looking like she was scared, shaking slightly from head to toe.

So they pushed between the two without a single word, as they finally stopped arguing, as they turned a corner.

Stephanie sighed in relief after they had stopped arguing in the distance as the Pyro continued walking.

They walked into another part of the base, going into another room, where there is no one else inside.

The separate room looked like the living room, with a large, light pink rug in the middle, a small table sat in the back with chairs along the sides, and it was well furnished with couches and chairs.

Stephanie observed that the kitchen was in a separate room connected to the living room on the right.

The Pyro walked over to the table in the middle of the room and stopped in front of it.

They then glanced over at Stephanie, asking if she was ready, and Stephanie understood what the next step was.

They lifted a gloved hand up to Stephanie and waited for her to disembark their shoulder.

So, Stephanie did and carefully slid into the Pyro's palm as the Pyro removed their hand from their shoulder.

Once Stephanie was in their palm, the Pyro moved their hand down to the table and placed it down with their palm up.

Stephanie got off of Pyro's hand and stood up onto her feet, pushing her glasses into place as she readjusted her clothes a little.

After Stephanie was placed down on the table, the Scout and the Soldier followed after the Pyro, not arguing as they entered.

“So, Py,” The Scout began as the Pyro glanced at him. “What are we gunna do with her? I don’t know ‘bout da rest of the team, but I suppose we three have to keep her here until her parents come to her when she gives da address.”

Stephanie mentally cringed when he mentioned the address as she glanced away from the three without them noticing.

“Hh grhp!” the Pyro exclaimed in shock, slapping their rubber-gloved hand on their forehead as the Soldier flinched slightly. “Hmr phrmntf! Hm fhrght hbhht thmm!”

The Pyro instantly turned the other way around to the Scout from standing in front of Stephanie as they had a ‘concerned’ expression underneath their gas mask.

“Whht hrm wm ghng th dh?!” they worriedly asked Scout through their gas mask, sounding concerned about Stephanie’s parents. “Thmn hrm ghng th bm fh whrrnmd Hmf wm dh’n’t rmthrn hmr bhgg hhmm ht hnn mhmmt!”

“Dat’s da exact problem in my mind!” the Scout agreed with them. “We just need to find da address to her parents.”

“She still has parents?” the Soldier confusedly asked, tilting his head to the side slightly, sounding confused that Stephanie still had parents.

Stephanie, however, was not looking at the three but looked out in the distance.

She was thinking to herself about her parents as the Scout turned to the Soldier.

“Yeah! If we take her back to da house dat she belongs to with her like dis, we get hammered by her concerned parents, thinkin’ dat we did dis crap to her!” The Scout explained, thrusting his right hand towards her, as she noticed something from the corner of her eye and flinched nervously in fear and in startlement.

“Oh, I didn’t think about that.” the Soldier only shrugged as Stephanie looked unamused, now listening to the conversation, although she had missed half of it.

“Frickin’ unbelievable!” The Scout sighed impatiently in disbelief, moving his right hand from Stephanie as she sighed gently to herself.

“Whht hbhht thm Mngnmmr?” the Pyro muffled, catching both of their attention from each other.

Stephanie felt confused about what they muffled about.

“Hardhat?” The Scout asked, sounding confused rather than annoyed.

‘Who on earth is ‘Hardhat?’ Stephanie thought to herself in confusion, confused about the team name they gave this person.

“Of course, Engie got gizmos ‘n stuff,” the Soldier beamed, instantly getting the plan that the Pyro had in their mind. “Maybe he can help her grow back to normal size!”

Stephanie felt more confused and curious about this strange person named “Engie” and “Hardhat.”

“Yeah, he is da smart one ‘round dis place!” The Scout replied to his idea, finally getting the idea that he has.

Stephanie was about to ask something thoughtful about the little agreement that they are talking about between the three of them.

But she instead went quiet, completely shutting down her thought in her mind, thinking that she is only nothing but just an invisible person they have not seen.

The two of them left the room as the Pyro muffled to her to ‘stay put on the table’ if they were accidentally caught by a wandering BLU or worse.

She nodded her head once, understanding the Pyro as they followed after the two, heading towards where 'Engie' might be at.

After the Pyro disappeared, Stephanie sighed to herself and placed her hands behind her back, thinking to herself sadly.

She was thinking to herself about her parents, shaking from head to toe as she had a sad look on her face.

Stephanie remembers her parents in a memory, smiling at her with a happy smile as her little sister waved to her happily.

But the memory faded when something painful and fearful came after that memory that made her shiver in fear at the terrible memory that came into her mind.

Suddenly, a glass sound clanked from the kitchen as she jolted, snapping out of her fearful thoughts of the violent past she remembers, startled at the sudden noise that she heard.

She wondered if it was the BLU Soldier, this time, seeking her to satisfactorily complete the wicked deed that he is desperately trying to achieve.

Or it could be the invisible figure who was observing her at a similar spot where she met the Pyro back at the halls of the base.

She continued standing perfectly still at where she is, fearfully wondering who or what is behind her.

But she stopped herself from looking behind her back, noticing there was no shadow looming over her.

Still worried about who was sneaking around in the room, she smelled the air through her nose, smelling any aromas of smoke.

As luck would have it, she did not smell any cigarette smoke, nor seeing anyone else around in the area where she is, so she sighed gently, relieved that the mysterious figure is not nearby in the area.

But half of her was concerned that there would be someone in the room with her.

Looking down at the floor from the ledge, Stephanie saw no mysterious shadows or anyone hiding.

Before she could tell herself that nothing was inside and decided to wait for them to come back, she heard the same noises from earlier, the sound of glass clinking against the ground.

This time, it was coming from over in the kitchen counters, and soft mumbling too sounded drunk with alcohol that the mysterious figure was sipping.

A brown beer bottle suddenly rolled around from the corner of the kitchen counter, and it looked like it was opened by someone.

There *is* someone behind there who is still there, drunk from drinking all of that alcohol.

“Err...” she began speaking towards the hidden person, worriedly wondering if the mysterious figure is a BLU, but regarding her thoughts, she called out to the being, “Hello? Is anyone there?”

Something gently clicked on the ground, with the familiar sound of something glass too.

It was the same exact sound as the beer bottle she had seen earlier that was rolling in the direction of the table.

There was a sound of something getting up from the ground by clicking its heels, walking towards the voice she called from, as she cursed herself for calling the mysterious figure.

She was fearfully thinking to herself that the mysterious figure might be a drunk BLU team member.

But, to Stephanie's relief, it was a RED team member, except looking different from the other five team members that she had met earlier in the week.

This person has dark coffee skin, black, short, slightly curly hair with a friendly mutton chops beard style, and one eye with light gold eye color.

He looked pretty drunk, as he was slightly wobbling side to side, and in his right hand was carrying a brunette beer bottle, almost like the other brown beer bottle that rolled towards the table.

He was wearing a black beanie on his head that covers most of his hair, a black vest with a front covering the groin area and three red pill-like objects on each side of his chest, a red, long-sleeved shirt with a single bomb symbol on his forearms, and a turtleneck, and shoved into his red pants.

Not only is he only wearing that cherry red shirt, but he is also wearing a white undershirt underneath, as the sleeves are almost down to his wrists.

His pants are shoved into his black combat boots, like how some recent team members that she met have in common.

When they caught sight of each other, Stephanie went stiff with worry, thinking that this team member might be a little... violent.

They were staring at each other Stephanie looked uneasy as he stared at her, thinking he does not notice her because of how drunk he is.

Or maybe he does?

He blinked once in bewildering confusion until he wobbly moved his left hand up, pointing drunkenly at her, and said soberly, in the same Scottish accent that Stephanie had heard while on the battlefield when the Medic saved her.

“Whit is a wee lass doin’ here?” he drunkenly asked. “Dinnae ye know thon wee bairns arenae allowit here?”

She was confused about his question about her size, wondering why he had mistaken her for a ‘bairn.’

And what does ‘bairn’ stand for?

Stephanie was about to go silent after he asked but instead responded to his question, calling him over to where she was standing, although she was mentally worried about his reaction.

“Uh, it is best if you come over here, mister!” She anxiously called over to him as she waved her hand at him. “I’m actually not that big where you are standing at.”

Her stomach twists anxiously, feeling unsure about her slight trust towards him.

Blinking again, he wobbled over to where she was, as she backed up slightly so that he would not collapse on her if he passed out suddenly from all the consumed alcohol.

As he wobbled over to her, Stephanie stood at the spot where she was standing, not fleeing once he got close.

He pulled out one of the chairs from in front of Stephanie and sat down on the seat, noticing she is not a ‘bairn’ like how he pronounced her and looked more puzzled and bewildered, as well as still drunk.

“You’re...” he paused as he blinked in confusion and bewilderment before taking a swig of his drink in his hand.

Now that Stephanie can see him better, he has an eye patch in the color of black.

It was covering his left eye from something that took it out during a fierce battle against someone.

“You’re actually that short?” he finished, taking a swig of his drink.

“Uh... Yeah, I am.” Stephanie nervously spoke, carefully taking a small step towards him, still alert for any sudden grabs coming from him. “Are you... always like this, mister?”

“Aye, lass...” he drunkenly answered, sipping another swig of the alcohol he had in his hand. “A have aye been like this.”

She paused thoughtfully for a moment, thinking to herself as he noticed the expression on her face as he stopped for a bit from drinking his drink.

Stephanie looked... sad because she recalled the tragic memory that came into her thoughts.

Did someone die back at home, or did someone break up with her before coming to the base?

“Lass did somethin’ happenit back at home?” he asked, taking another swig of his drink.

She snapped out of her daze from remembering the memory in her mind, glancing up at him, and gently sighed through her nose.

“No, not really...” she paused thoughtfully, wringing her slightly shaking hands a bit. “Truth to be told, I miss Marysville.”

He glanced down at Stephanie after taking a swig of his drink, looking curious about her answer to his concerned question.

“You live in Marysville?” he curiously questioned, sounding curious.

“Yeah, I am an American,” she answered, gently shrugging her shoulders a bit. “And uh, what’s your name? I’m sorry I haven’t properly introduced myself.”

He gently smiled at her kindness and sat up properly, his beer bottle in his right hand still.

“The others call me the Demoman,” the Demoman introduced himself. “But ma real name is Tavish Finnegan DeGroot.”

Smiling slightly, she introduced herself politely as she placed her right hand against her chest, bowing slightly to him, “My name is Stephanie, Stephanie Nova Rose Allen.”

“It is a pleasure to meet ya, Stephanie,” he replied gently, taking another swig of his drink.

Stephanie cautiously crept closer to him, alert for any sudden grabs from him or from someone else coming out of the middle of nowhere.

She stopped again when getting close enough, holding her left hand as her palm rested against her chest.

“Uh, Travish?” she carefully questioned, feeling curious about what a Demoman is. “What is a Demoman, and what is “Demoman” short for?”

“You’re fou o’ questions, aren’t ye?” The Demoman asked as Stephanie glanced away from him, blushing slightly in embarrassment.

The Demoman placed his beer bottle right next to him, as Stephanie stayed perfectly still, worried about being accidentally harmed by him.

But Stephanie was relieved when he placed it down near where he can pick it up and drink it while talking to her.

“Well, the first ane tae answer thon quaisten is thon a Demoman is short for Demolition Man, sae they’ve shortenit it tae Demoman,” the Demoman explained, as Stephanie listened to him talking, not even looking bored. “Which is the team name thon the Administrator gave me, an’ a Demolition Man is an extraordinary man i’ explosions.”

Stephanie paused for a moment after the Demoman explained what a Demoman does, feeling more curious about the jobs rather than scared all the time.

“So, a Demolition Man is like you, and they are good at explosions?” she curiously asked, explaining what he said in her own words.

“Aye lass,” he answered, reaching over to his bottle and picking it up, taking another swig of his drink.

After taking a sip, he placed it on the table again, away from her and without accidentally hurting her.

“An’ for me, A am ane o’ thae Demolition Mans.” he smiled widely.

“You are?” she eagerly questioned, walking over to his left arm.

Compared to her, his arm was at the size of a tree lying on their side after being uprooted.

She sat down on the table, right next to his wrist, as her knees were up to her chest.

“Ay, lass, A am!” He nodded proudly.

“What type of bombs do you use to fight or destroy things?” Stephanie curiously asked, feeling trusting towards him, although a little skittish from his size and what he could do to her.

“A use sticky bombs an’ grenade launcher tae defeat thae arrogant BLU bastards!” he exclaimed triumphantly, thrusting his right hand up into the sky as his left arm was on the

table right behind her back. “They kept coming, an’ we kept fichtin thaim, while ye gae get the briefcase syne you’re thon small!”

She fell silent after he spoke about her, thinking to herself for a moment, thinking to herself about the BLU team, and felt more curious, as well as confused and embarrassed.

Does he believe she is a new team member of the team?

“Uh, I’m not a new team member, Travish,” Stephanie spoke up as the Demoman picked up his bottle of beer and started drinking. “I’m actually a civilian that is a little lost and got in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

She told him about her correction that she is not a team member; he nearly choked on his drink, spitting out a bit of the beer in his mouth, thankfully, away from her body which is close to him.

Stephanie flinched when the Demoman started coughing, curling up into a ball against his arm to get away from the dribbles of beer.

At that moment, Demoman covered her from behind as if he were covering his sputter with his arm.

Then, he coughed a couple of times, moving her head down and away from the table.

“Ye’re a civilian?!” the Demoman hoarsely asked as he glanced back at her once he had cleared his voice from choking on a couple of swigs of beer.

He moved his arm up a little from covering Stephanie’s back from his coughing as she uncurled herself a bit from ducking.

“Uh, yeah, I am a civilian,” she responded to his confused question while she nervously shrugged her shoulders. “I didn’t sign up for anything.”

“Then whit the bloody hell are ye doin’ here?!” he exclaimed in mild shock as Stephanie jolted from the rise of his voice. “Ye nicht get killit bi thae BLU bastards!”

“I can’t remember how I got here, Travish,” Stephanie explained as she had a worried tone in her voice. “I only remember a little back at home, and that’s all I remember!”

The Demoman fell silent after Stephanie explained and felt confused, so he put his beer bottle on the same spot where he placed it earlier.

The bottle was away from Stephanie where she would not go into it on accident or purpose when she gets up from the table, and it was only at his arm’s length to sometimes drink during their explanation.

Stephanie felt nervous about what he was doing as she watched his left arm come over to his right, blocking the way out.

Stephanie felt trapped like a mouse that was wearing clothes like what humans would wear.

“Alricht, lass,” the Demoman spoke, sitting up straight in his chair where he could observe her and talk to her without having to look down at her at counter length or having to prop his chin on the table to freak Stephanie out more to be worried. “Explain awthing about whit haed happenit before ye came here.”

Stephanie shook from head to toe as she sat there on her spot, her back facing Demoman’s wrist, as she felt her stomach twist nervously.

She sighed through her nose, knowing he would not let her go until he understands what happened to her and how she got here without any signage from the Administrator.

“I...” Stephanie began speaking, pausing a bit in her words and remembering the terrible moment in her mind.

Everything she had experienced was coming back to her, so Stephanie was forced to change her mind about what happened and was about to tell him a lie.

But, Stephanie stopped herself from lying and continued talking, although pausing a couple of times in her sentences.

“I only remember running away from a machine through a green part of the woods of Marysville, just running away from it, as it chased me,” Stephanie shakily explained as she placed her hands on her forearms. “It was trying to see if it could capture me to kill me like what happened to the rest back at home.”

The Demoman listened to Stephanie’s story about her past, his left hand flat on the table as the other was behind Stephanie’s back, his hand propped up.

“I... continued to run through the forest, not even bothering to stop to take a breath or get a drink of water from my water bottle in my backpack.” she shakily continued, mentioning the backpack that she had with him.

But, Stephanie accidentally left the backpack back in the Soldier’s room while arguing with Scout.

The Demoman listened to every word that she explained, noticing she was on the verge of breaking down in fear from the terrible memory in her head.

“Then, I don’t know why, but the machine stopped chasing me in the forest, I think it had lost sight of me, and I was going to stop to take a breath and a drink of water,” Stephanie continued sighing to herself. “When I suddenly tripped over something on the ground and struck my head against something metallic and hard, thus the injury on my head that your Medic took care of on the day when I first got here.”

Stephanie stopped talking as she reached up with a hand to the side of her head, feeling the bruise underneath her thick hair.

“An’ whit day is thon?” he curiously questioned, feeling curious about what day she suddenly came.

“I... don’t know,” Stephanie answered, thinking to herself about what day she came.

Stephanie gently felt the used-to-be bruise on her right temple, right on the same spot where she had hit her head onto the metallic object.

“I think it was a week ago, maybe three days ago?” she guessed, sounding unsure to herself.

The Demoman understood that she could not remember the day she had arrived at the battlefield, so he asked instead, “Can ye continue wi’ the story?”

“Sure, I can finish it,” Stephanie nodded, moving her hand away from the right-hand side of her temple. “Then, I woke up here, in the middle of the battlefield, my temple bleeding slightly and looking confused. Not only that but I was shrunken down at six inches and terrified to death.”

After she had completed the story, she placed her shaking hands together, shaking down to the bone about her terrible memory of the violent past.

“Not only that, I am terrified, lost, and confused,” Stephanie added, ducking her head down. “I feel like I am not around here anymore. Like... no one even noticed me because of the lack of size and bravery.”

The Demoman looked concerned about Stephanie, realizing she had to go through all of that to *survive*.

Stephanie must have been almost scared to death from having to survive from being discovered by both the RED and BLU teams.

Even trying to survive with all the dangers that were happening all around during the battle on the battleground.

Being careful as he could, the Demoman slowly moved his left hand towards her, trying not to hurt her by any chance.

After his palm is behind Stephanie's back, the Demoman gently moves his ring finger and pinky carefully around her front, as his middle digit is right next to her, as a possible way to ease her down from being on the verge of crying.

"It's okay, lass," the Demoman soothed Stephanie, feeling sorry for her. "A understand hou ye felt."

Stephanie glanced up at him in the eye as she placed both of her hands on the tip of his middle finger.

When Stephanie placed both of her hands on his finger, he felt her shaking.

"You are lost and scared." the Demoman softly spoke, feeling the shaking dying out slowly. "We'll help you to get back to Marysville."

Feeling warm and young again, she leaned into his fingers that were gently wrapped around her body as the Demoman moved his palm more into a sideways cup position to take in her body.

She sighed gently, calming down slowly by herself with the help of the kind and gentle Demoman.

"Thank you, Travish." Stephanie softly thanked the Demoman, feeling protected from him.

"You're welcome, lass." the Demoman granted, slightly sounding not drunk.

Soon, the Pyro, the Soldier, and the Scout came back into the room where the two of them were inside, and the Demoman heard their footsteps.

He glanced up from looking down at Stephanie as Stephanie flinched after hearing footsteps, looking over Demoman's hand.

At first, he felt worried about their reactions to him talking to someone 'invisible' and thinks he might be talking to a Spy.

Luckily, Demoman's hand covered Stephanie slightly from being revealed as she looked confused about who he was looking at.

From Demoman's view, Scout noticed him as he mentally cursed at himself in Gaelic.

"Demo?" Scout was the first to speak in confusion, breaking the ice between the two of them. "What are ya doin' here? And where's Steph?"

The Demoman's protective feeling ebbed slightly after the Scout asked, turning his expression into confusion as he perked.

"Ye aw know her?" the Demoman asked, now confused.

"Well, yeah, she wandered into us while in da base." the Scout responded, explaining some of it.

The Demoman was confused to ask another question but stopped himself, deciding to trust the three.

However, the Demoman was alert for any signs that they are not RED team members.

Carefully as he could, the Demoman slowly moved his arms surrounding her body, revealing the small girl sitting in front of him.

Stephanie glanced cautiously over her shoulder to see who entered the room, only to instantly notice the three of them that she met.

“Oh, hi guys.” she greeted, altering her mood from earlier.

“Hi.” the Scout greeted back, sounding perplexed and confused as the Pyro walked over to her, carefully checking if he did something wrong to her. “Demo, did you do somethin’ to her while we were talkin’ to Engie?”

“Na,” he answered as she stood up from the table. “A wis juist talkin’ tae Stephanie an’ she telt me awthing thon happenit before she got her... most o’t.”

“Hghn.” The Pyro muffled, sounding like they understood what he said. “Whht dnd fhm thlg hhhht?”

“She says she livit i’ Marysville,” the Demoman responded to the Pyro’s question.

““Marysville?”” The Scout repeated in confusion and mild shock. “Dat’s in Washin’ton!”

“Then, let’s take her there!” The Soldier spoke, smirking slightly.

“Or we can keep her here until Stephanie is turnit back tae normal after Engie makes the machine.” the Demoman gently prodded, making the gesture of staying here.

Scout winced slightly after the Demoman prodded a little, glancing away from him as he placed the tips of his first fingers together.

““Bout dat...” The Scout spoke, sounding uneasy and nervous at the same time.

Stephanie understood the tone in Scout’s voice after it changed, feeling her stomach clench nervously.

“What?” The Demoman confusedly asked.

“Engineer said dat makin’ a machine to reverse someone’s height will take days or months or years to complete and tested, and probably cause a problem if not tested or made in a single day,” Scout explained, sounding nervous.

The Demoman felt a bit of hope had gone out, but he is still determined to help her get back to normal.

Stephanie gently sighed to herself without anyone noticing, knowing there is no way to reverse this.

“What about this Measermus person?” The Soldier prodded again, shifting the subject of science to a different idea.

The name ‘Merasmus’ confused Stephanie as she listened to the conversations.

“Are ya kiddin’ me?!” Scout exclaimed fiercely in shock, instantly turning towards him as Stephanie flinched.

The Demoman stood up from the chair he was standing on as Stephanie moved away from him, noticing that he looked... slightly angry.

“Dat man dressed in a dress?! Hell no!” Scout snapped. “He is a freak of nature and can make other horrible things dat might give us nightmares!”

“So? He is a powerful magician!” The Soldier prodded. “He can make her big with his magic!”

“Hell no!” The Scout spoke sternly, putting his foot down. “We are not findin’ dat creepy guy!”

Another argument broke out between Soldier and Scout over the ‘Merasmus’ person as Stephanie winced before putting a hand on her face after pulling her glasses up from beneath.

When Stephanie was about to walk away from the argument, Pyro gently picked her up from behind her back.

Stephanie landed softly on the bottom of their palm as they lifted her up to their chest, keeping them safe.

Stephanie was going to panic from the sudden movement from behind her but instead stopped herself after realizing it was the Pyro.

Stephanie quietly changes her posture from draping her legs to crisscrossing her legs in front of her.

The Pyro might have noticed the uncomfortable expression on her face when they started arguing and decided to take her to their room, far away from the arguing group, so that she would not get into one of her emotional breakdowns again.

Now, they need to find out where her home is inside Marysville and who her parents are, and if they are still alive since a ‘machine’ was on the loose back at her home.