

The next day, Stephanie was still staying inside the Pyro's room, with an expression of looking slightly bored and irritated at the same time.

Her face had that expression because Stephanie hates being bored, and it bothers her very much.

Stephanie was sitting on the ground next to the pillow the Pyro loaned her from the previous night, thinking to herself about what she could do.

She was sitting in a crisscross position as she had her right hand on her cheek and the left on her knee.

Stephanie sighed boredly, knowing that thinking in the Pyro's room and waiting for something magical to happen would not help at all, nor would waiting for Pyro to come back would help either.

So, Stephanie decided to do something instead of sitting there doing nothing!

Stephanie stood up from the ground where she was sitting and stretched out her limbs from being stiff.

After stretching out her limbs, Stephanie heard a grumble from her stomach and stopped mid-stretch, glancing down at her stomach as she softly groaned to herself.

Stephanie had not eaten anything yet, and she had left her backpack in the Soldier's room.

But, she does not want to enter his room randomly and grab her backpack without him noticing.

He might accidentally mistake her for a rodent that roamed into his room and kill her, or maybe not seeing her when she entered.

So, Stephanie decided to get some food from the kitchen rather than getting her backpack from the Soldier's room.

She remembered where the room was since she was with the Demoman inside before.

Stephanie wisely decided to adventure around in the base where she was inside, looking out for the kitchen she had not been inside before.

She walked out of the opened door of the Pyro's room, heading for the living room that she was inside before, wondering what was behind those kitchen counters.

However, Stephanie was told by the Pyro to stay where she was to make sure that she was safe from harm.

But Stephanie's curiosity and hunger got the best of her, wanting to see what was in the kitchen.

After running towards that area, Stephanie felt a little tired but continued on her way, deciding to exercise.

She continued running in the direction of the kitchen she remembered correctly, but slightly since she has short-term memory loss.

Stephanie continued searching for the room she was in with the Demoman during a previous conversation.

But Stephanie kept an eye out for any unfamiliar team members she had not met before or any BLU team members that might be lurking around in the base to look for her or look for trouble for the RED team.

Until she reached the living room, recognizing the same table where she had talked to the Demoman earlier.

Stephanie walked past the table and went towards the kitchen, poking her head around, and noticed it was empty and clean with no beer bottles lying around either.

So, she entered the kitchen directly to get something for her to eat, only to unexpectedly go into something rubbery and soft.

Stephanie suddenly wheeled backwards after she went face-first into the strange feeling, landing bottom-first on the concrete floor, softly stroking her face in confusion and rubbing the mild pain away.

Stephanie looked at the object she went into, noticing it was a boot, and it belonged to someone big, taller than what she had expected from the other giants she had encountered.

Slowly, Stephanie looked up towards the person she went directly into their boot, hoping that it would be either Soldier or Pyro.

Instead of a normal glance at the giant, Stephanie had to tip her head back to get a better look at the person.

She felt like she was about to have a neck cramp from moving her head up too high in the air until she finally stopped.

Stephanie imagined she was staring up at a very tall skyscraper in New York.

When Stephanie glanced up to see what or who she went into, she immediately froze, gawked, and shook from head to toe as the pupils of her eyes went inward.

The boot belongs to a *very* tall person, and that tall person was the same man who died on the battlefield when she first arrived.

Luckily, he was facing the counter, looking thoughtful like he was making something in front of him as Stephanie was just standing right next to his foot that she went into, not even bothering to look to the side to notice her standing there and gawking at him.

Feeling her heart beat fast in fear, Stephanie felt worried he might notice her after a few minutes or hours had passed and kill after seeing her, which made her slightly pale.

Until he looked down at the ground when he felt a small pair of eyes was anxiously watching him, just like what her thoughts were thinking about in her mind.

Stephanie flinched when he noticed her on the ground as her pupils dilated in fear, feeling scared to death and was shaking from head to toe.

If she moves an inch to walk away from him, he will instantly kill her at mid-step, thinking that she is a mouse that wandered into the kitchen to get some food.

So, Stephanie just stood there, shaking in her shoes, as she stared back up at him, stiff like a rock as she was mentally and frantically praying to herself that he is not in a bad mood or mistaken for a mouse.

But, instead of getting killed by the giant, he placed something down on the counter and slowly turned around towards her, as she flinched slightly, startled by him suddenly moving.

He slowly knelt down on one knee towards her, as Stephanie's heart was beating faster, feeling like she was on the verge of passing out as she stared back at him, feeling nervous.

They stared at each other in the eyes for a moment as Stephanie frantically thought about what this giant might do to her entering her mind in bunches of anxious thoughts.

She was also wondering how he returned to the living after dying in front of her eyes.

After what seemed to be hours, he made the first move by moving his right hand, startling her as she jumped.

He moved his hand down towards her as Stephanie went stiff, thinking that he might have decided to pick her up from the ground or injure her.

She froze on the spot when she saw his hand move, unable to budge an inch to run away from the being as her hands clutched her sweater, her heart beating fast as she followed his hand, wondering what he could be doing?

Instead, he moved his hand away from above Stephanie to behind her back and carefully, but slowly scooped her from the ground as she tumbled backward into his palm, shaking from head to toe as she wrapped her arms around his pinky finger.

After Stephanie was in the giant's palm, he slowly and carefully lifted her up from the ground to his chest as she felt her heart beat faster.

She tightened her grip around the giant's finger, feeling more and more scared at each moment, thinking she was about to pass out.

When she was up to the giant's chest, he slowly started to rise to his feet as Stephanie tightened her hands a bit more, feeling the knuckles of her hands turning white.

After he had stood up to his feet, he turned his body towards the kitchen counter and placed Stephanie down, as she landed on her feet, while releasing his pinky finger, as the color on her hands turned back to normal slowly.

She did not have the chance to run away, as she just stood there, shaking like a leaf as her hands were together, trying to calm herself down and stop herself.

Stephanie glanced around at her surroundings, wondering what was going on until she noticed he was maybe going into the kitchen to get some food.

More anxious thoughts came to her head, wondering if she is next in line to be in a sandwich or be his little helper, although she is not much of one at this size.

Or maybe devour her as she is?

Stephanie shivered in fear from the random panicked thoughts popping in her head about what could happen to her, so she forced them away, trying to think of something else to calm herself down.

The giant noticed how scared she was by the trembling, so he paid no attention to her and returned to what he was doing.

She glanced at what he was doing and noticed he was making a sandwich, making her feel more scared as she continued trembling.

He first placed down a single slice of bread on the cutting board in front of him and then reached over to her.

She immediately froze on the spot as she watched his large hand loomed over her but went past her and instead picked up the bologna.

After he had picked up the bologna, he placed the slices on the bread slice and folded them halfway.

He put the bologna away after placing the slices on the counter, reached over to the ham, and did the same thing.

Then, he picked up a single slice of Swiss cheese and folded it into two, placing it down on top of the ham slices.

After putting the cheese on top, he took a couple of lettuce slices from a single hand-sized lettuce and placed them on top of the cheese.

He then reached over to a different cutting board and picked up the knife, making Stephanie stiffen in fear as she jumped slightly, paling a bit too.

Instead of using her for his sandwich, he picked up a tomato and sliced it into several slices.

After he sliced enough tomato slices, he placed them on top of the lettuce leaves and put the remaining tomato away.

Then, he picked up another bread slice and placed that on top of the tomatoes, completing the sandwich.

But he picked up the knife again as she flinched, stiffening as she saw the blade in his hand.

Instead, he sliced the sandwich in half, diagonally, without making a mess.

To add, he inserted two toothpicks into the slices before adding an olive on top of the toothpicks, spearing them.

When he was finished making the sandwich, he placed the items away as Stephanie watched, although a little scared about what he could do to her.

After putting away the last item, he went back to the sandwich and Stephanie, as she was just standing there on the counter, shaking like a leaf as her hands were clenched together, trying to stop herself from showing fear to him.

But, she was and could not stop herself, except only to continue trembling, as there was a grumble from her stomach.

She flinched slightly from the noise and released her hands, wrapping her arms over her stomach as she glanced away from the giant, thinking that he was mocking her for her hunger.

Instead of munching the sandwich in front of her to mock her more and make her feel left out, he picked up a slice of the sandwich he sliced earlier and placed it in front of her, as she jumped slightly from the sudden movement of his hand.

She stared at the slice for a moment, as her shaking died down a bit, before glancing up at him, although scared in the first place.

“Leetle mouse may be hungry.” the mighty giant softly spoke, his gentle voice thick with a Russian accent but humble too.

The sound of his voice startled Stephanie as she jolted, frightened that the gentle giant started to talk to her without signs of hurting her.

“Es not kind to eat sandvich in front of friend without manners.” he continued, sounding like he was assuring her of her fear.

Feeling confused, she politely asked, while stammering slightly on her words, “W-Why? I-Isn’t it yours? You made it. You go ahead and eat it.”

“Het.” the giant Russian softly replied, saying ‘no’ in Russian as he gently moved the delicious slice of the sandwich towards her, as she felt like it was the size of a log up to her chest. “You eat. You hungry.”

She went silent after he spoke before asking another question as a grumble came from her stomach as a light blush appeared on her cheeks, wrapping her arms around her belly again.

Although, he was right about one thing though; she *was* hungry.

After hesitating for a moment before taking a small piece of the sandwich, she bit into it.

The flavor was good, and there was nothing inside to make her feel disgusted or poisoned.

So, she continued eating the sandwich but ate it slowly because she was not too sure of completely consuming the whole thing without noticing that it could be inside.

Stephanie ate in silence as the giant Russian watched her, enjoying his slice of the sandwich.

But, he does not look like he wanted to keep Stephanie to himself but looked concerned about her, watching as she slowly ate her slice, not even looking him in the eye.

They both soon finished eating the sandwich together, as the giant Russian was impressed that Stephanie finished the slice without getting a stomach ache.

Once Stephanie had finished the sandwich, she used the sleeve of her sweater to wipe a bit of tomato juice from the corner of her mouth.

“Leetle mouse es hungry.” He softly spoke, sounding a bit amazed as she glanced up at him, although shaking from being scared of him. “Es no surprise.”

“Yeah...” she softly spoke, pausing a bit as she continued wiping some tomato juice from the corners of her lips. “I didn’t get to eat anything after I got here.”

He paused for a moment as he thought to himself, remembering when he saw her, almost dropped to the ground after the Scout picked her up incorrectly.

“When was this?” he asked as she finished wiping the juice from her mouth.

“A week ago, I think, I’m not sure...” she softly answered him, moving her hands away from her mouth.

Feeling curious about her, he gently reached over to the tiny girl without her noticing he was going to pick her up again and scoop her back up into his palm.

Stephanie jolted by the sudden touch of his hand after he lifted her up onto his chest, scooping her up from beneath.

Stephanie wrapped her arms around his pinky again to keep herself from falling off, this time a little tight but not too much to make her knuckles white like last time.

Instead of placing her into a pocket, he carefully and slowly moved his hand to his left shoulder so that she would talk to him through his ear.

Stephanie slowly slid off his palm and landed on his shoulder, releasing his finger in the process and curled close to his neck to be safe, as her right hand gripped onto his vest and undershirt.

After she sat on his shoulder, he walked out of the kitchen and the living room, walking down the hallway.

Stephanie got close to his neck and gripped the collar of his shirt, feeling worried about accidentally falling off.

He walked down the hallway, which has many doors along each side of the corridor.

Above each door, there were symbols related to each team member of the RED team.

He walked towards a door that had his symbol on top as she felt curious about what could be inside.

He unlocked the door of his room and opened it, revealing the inside of his bedroom.

The inside of the room was identical in size to the other rooms she had been in before, but Stephanie felt like it was too small.

The bed and the dresser were the same, except the wardrobe was large for his clothes to be inside without spilling out the drawers.

The bed was massive for him to be on without his feet dangling over the side, and it was sturdy for his weight too.

“Is... this your room?” Stephanie gently asked, curious about the unfamiliar room she entered.

“Да. Es room,” he answered, entering inside the room as he closed the door behind his back. “Small for me, but es good.”

He walked over to the bedside table right next to his bed and gently scooped her up from his shoulder.

After he scooped her up from his shoulder, he placed her down on top of the small bedside table, right next to his lamp.

Stephanie sat there curiously as he took two steps back and started to take off his black vest over his body.

Somehow, the room reminded her of her own room that she had back at Marysville.

It was small like how his room is like, only a bit of the memory, but it was snug for her to relax in.

Her hands clenched slightly against her sweater that she is wearing while thinking about her past makes her feel more homesick and scared.

Luckily, he did not notice her looking sad and scared at the same time.

As she sat there, thinking to herself for a moment, she glanced back up to him, wondering about his name.

So, deciding to break the ice between both of them, Stephanie softly asked, “Mister? What is your name? My name is Stephanie, Stephanie Nova Rose Allen if you are curious to ask.”

He glanced back towards her after hanging his vest up on the back of his door, and answered her question, first speaking in fluent Russian to her, which confused her, but he repeated what he said in English, “Михаил Велес, which mean Mikhail Veles. But called Misha.”

She softly smirked at his real name and said, kindly asking about his nickname in piqued curiosity, “‘Misha.’ That means ‘bear,’ right?”

“Да,” He answered again in fluent Russian. “You American?”

“Yeah, I am,” She answered his question, feeling a bit relaxed as she repositioned herself to be comfortable, halfway kneeling as she sat.

Stephanie paused again as he walked over to his wardrobe and opened one of the drawers before taking out an enormous book that was thick enough to squash her like a bug.

She softly shivered at the scary memory in her mind, forcing the negative thoughts away in her mind, but merely managed to ask a question to him, but pausing a bit in her sentence.

“Do you... hurt people by any chance?” she softly asked, mentally praying he was not someone who could hurt anyone if angry or just wanted to.

He stopped for a moment, gently holding the book in his hand for a moment, as Stephanie felt like she was frozen in the spot, mentally panicking to herself as she thought he was going to get angry at the instant.

As he turned back to Stephanie, she kept her face straight, though her mind was filled with a panicked thought.

Every muscle in her body screams at her to run if there were signs of anger on him.

“Нет, I don't hurt woman,” he answered politely, gently shaking his head side to side, making Stephanie's thoughts stop in mid-run.

He does not want to hurt her?

She glanced up at his eyes from looking away for an instant, feeling relieved wash over her, making the worrying feeling disappear.

“Never hurt woman in life.” He responded before adding, “Hurt baby man instead.”

Curiously, she politely asked, “Who’s the ‘baby man?’”

A soft chuckle came from him, his shoulders gently moving up and down as he giggled softly.

Stephanie wanted to giggle along with him, but she was nervous, so she instead listened to him as she just sat there.

He then walked over to the bed and sat down on top of it right next to Stephanie as it gently creaked underneath his weight.

“‘Baby man’ es lettle Scout,” he answered gently.

“Oh!” Now she understood who he beat up, feeling sorry for him to be picked around by that guy.

Then, she felt confused about why he beat him up.

“Why on earth, though?” she asked, sounding completely confused.

“Make fun of weight,” he answered grimly, sounding slightly grumpy, which made Stephanie flinch from the tone of his voice. “Heavy hates it.”

“I understand.” She softly spoke, understanding about him and his weight. “I was slightly made fun of because of my size.”

He glanced at her with a puzzled look on his face, and she gently sighed, deciding to explain what she meant by that.

“I was not at this size, but your size, except five foot tall.” she politely explained what she meant while he was listening to her, his confusion going away. “My sister was taller than me, so she kept making short jokes and sometimes about my fluffiness too.”

“Why?” he asked curiously. “You should slap your sister for making fun of you. If brother, a punch would work.”

“I never actually have punched anyone in my life. Gently slapped someone, yes, but punched someone? No, not really,” she answered thoughtfully. “I just don’t want to become someone other than myself, and to add, I don’t have a brother.”

He paused for a moment, thinking to himself for a moment, before sighing, glancing away from her, as she looked confused and worried at the same time.

“Имеет смысл.” he quietly whispered, in fluent Russian.

She felt puzzled about what he said in Russian but shrugged it off her shoulders, knowing she could not translate what other people said in their languages.

“Uh, anyway, do you have a team member name?” she asked, asking for his team name.

He nodded his head and answered, “Heavy, Heavy es team name.”

“A pleasure to meet you, Heavy.” Stephanie greeted, making the mood a little lighter.

The Heavy nodded his head once and glanced away for a moment, thinking to himself as Stephanie looked a little curious about what he was thinking about.

Then, the Heavy moved his large hand towards her as she just stayed still.

She mentally assumed to herself that he was going to grab her around her body.

However, Heavy placed his hand in front of Stephanie, acting as a platform for her.

Relieving that she did not get grabbed, she carefully climbed onto the gentle giant’s hand, sitting comfortably in the middle of his palm, as she placed her right hand on top of his pinky finger.

She patiently waited for him to move her where he could keep an eye on her, with no problems of being caught by the BLU Spy or someone that Stephanie has not seen before.

She was carefully lifted from the table and tightened her grip on the Heavy's pinky, a little startled by the sudden movement, but she relaxed, her knuckles' color coming back to normal.

Instead of being placed where he could see her, Stephanie was carefully placed on top of his shoulder again.

She sat comfortably on his shoulder, scooting over to his ear where she could talk to him and not accidentally fall off.

Stephanie glanced over at the book in the Heavy's hands, as the words were in Russian.

She gently sighed, knowing she could not read the words since they are only in Russian.

"Heavy read book for you," he spoke gently, pointing to the book's cover. "Heavy's favorite."

"Really?" she politely asked, sounding curious, but then looked sad and sorry. "But I'm sorry, Heavy. I can't read Russian."

"Нет, don't be sorry." He softly spoke to Stephanie. "Heavy read for you."

She felt shocked when he softly assured her he was about to read the book to her, and she gently smiled.

"Alright, I would love to hear what this story is about," she gently spoke, patting the side of his neck.

A smile tugged against his lips, so he gently smiled, feeling social and happy that he had someone to listen to him reading.

Usually, some team members do not have time to listen to him reading or not understand his broken English.

Others would fall asleep or yell out, “Boring!”

But, she is polite enough to listen to him reading his favorite story in his hands.

“Да, let’s read.” he softly replied, agreeing with her.

Before he starts reading, he reaches over to a small rectangular container while placing the book down on his lap.

He took out a small pair of rectangular glasses from inside the container, placing them on his nose bridge.

Stephanie slightly cocked her head to the side in interest and curiosity, not knowing he needed glasses to read the book in front of him.

After placing the glasses on, he put the container back down on the same spot he had before and picked the book back up from his lap.

He opened the book as Stephanie gently leaned her body against his neck, listening to him talking and reading the story to her.

So, he began reading the first chapter of the story, reading in Russian first, then repeated himself in broken English, speaking the best he could.

But Stephanie understood him as he continued reading.

Even though he struggled a bit with some words, she would help him with his words, saying some he could not say.

He was confused about how she understood him but ignored the feeling, continuing to read the story while repeating in broken English what he said.

She would correct him once in a while when he fumbled, not too much to make him annoyed that she was trying to make him perfect.

She was patient with him, listening to him read in both Russian and repeat in broken English for her to understand what he was saying.

Stephanie listened to Heavy reading the book in his hands, reading a sentence to her in Russian, then repeating in broken English, although stumbling a bit.

But Stephanie was patient with him, correcting him when he stopped, sometimes apologizing for her actions, which he said was okay.

She granted the assurance, and listened to him continuing to read, not even bored after a few minutes or more have passed.

Heavy was happy that someone was willing to listen to him read his favorite book to someone.

Stephanie was happy too, but inside her heart, she was a little sad.

Every time she and her little sister feel bored on a dull, rainy day, their mother would read a story to them.

She would read stories about a brave princess who decided to find a dragon and go on this adventure to save the kingdom from darkness.

Unfortunately, her little sister would interrupt their mother in the middle of the story, complaining that the story is boring or trying to make her change to a different book that would be interesting for herself.

Stephanie wanted to hear what happened next in the story and did not want to change to a different book because it was an intriguing fantasy.

Somehow, it always gets into an argument, and it annoys their mother, always trying to separate the two.

Since neither her mother nor her little sister would agree to anything, she stopped reading books to both of them.

But that was the past.

Now that she has the chance to listen to someone reading a book to her, she could finally hear what could happen next in the story without anyone complaining.

Well, except for the Scout sometimes if he reads the book to the team members.

But, for now, she has the chance to listen without any problems, happily listening to him reading his own favorite story.