

The next day, Stephanie decided to visit the Medic to do a late thank you for aiding her with her wounds from that escape from that metal giant that chased after her back at her home.

Of course, Stephanie had stayed over in the Engineer's room since she had passed out from being tired of working with him.

After Stephanie had stayed over in his room for the night, she thanked the Engineer for his hospitality.

The Engineer granted Stephanie's appreciation before showing her the work he had done.

She said that the design on the blueprint was astounding and could not wait to see what it could do after it was finished.

Stephanie flattered the Engineer as he blushed, looking shy about the compliments he was getting from her.

After she had flattered the Engineer, she excused herself to go look around to see what else was in the base.

He accepted the excuse and allowed her to leave, although he was mentally worried about what could happen to her if she was not too cautious.

After she had walked out of the Engineer's room, she wandered through the hallway, looking around for the same Medic Bay's door to look for the Medic.

As she turned around the corner, she saw the Medic Bay's doors, as there was the same hallway that the Medic walked through.

She walked over to one of the doors and hooked her fingers into the corner of the door, using her strength to pull it open.

When Stephanie got a few inches from the door almost open, she got it just enough to fit through the gap.

Still holding the door, she eased herself through the gap and reached the other side, popping out and letting the door close.

When she got to the other side of the doors, she was in the medical room, as she felt a wave of uneasiness over her.

The way the room seemed to be, she felt like she was in someone's medical chamber of torture.

Goosebumps rose on Stephanie's skin from the thought of it as she shuddered to herself.

Stephanie then heard sharp yet light footsteps coming towards the direction of the Medic Bay as Stephanie panicked, thinking that a different doctor was coming.

Panicking, she ran underneath one of the rolling trays to hide from the incoming person coming over to where she was.

She nervously waited for the person to stop and turn around, walking away from the doors and not seeing her hiding.

But the footsteps got closer and closer to the door as Stephanie winced at herself at the thought of seeing Medic.

The Medic Bay's doors suddenly slammed open, causing Stephanie to flinch from the sudden noise.

From the back of her mind, Stephanie thought that it was from the Scout, knowing that he does that when he runs into the Medic Bay.

But... Scout's footsteps are not stomping.

Stephanie heard the same sharp but quick footsteps heading somewhere else as she peeked around the leg of the moving tray, curious and nervous about who was inside the Medic Bay.

Just as she peeked around the corner to see who came into the Medic Bay, Stephanie noticed that it was the same Medic that saved her.

But he had an annoyed expression on his face with a mixture of frustration and dismay.

Stephanie winced when she saw him with an angry expression, scared to come out and say hello to him.

He got over to his desk as his red rubber-gloved hands gripped the edge, ready to explode at any minute.

Now Stephanie wants to get out of the room, not wanting to hear him screaming out loud that could hurt her ears.

But, he instead sighed, placing his right hand against his right temple, mumbling something in German which, luckily, Stephanie could not translate with her own mind.

Until the Medic's hand clenched into a fist again and *slammed* it against the desk, causing Stephanie to flinch.

“Warum habe ich mich für diesen Job entschieden, obwohl diese dummen Idioten nicht wissen, wer ihnen mit ihrer Gesundheit geholfen hat?!” he suddenly snapped in German out loud. “Das nächste Mal, wenn ich ihnen geholfen habe, werde ich ihnen eine gute Operation geben, wo sie nicht direkt sehen, wenn sie angreifen!”

After he snapped, the Medic sighed as he placed his hands back down on the desk's side, sighing to himself to calm down from his frustration.

Stephanie wanted to escape from his anger, but something inside her stopped her from going away and deciding to stay inside, wanting to see more of him.

So, being cautious of his awareness, she slowly moved to a different spot, still out of his sight and hiding underneath a medical bed.

She peeked over from the side of the spot where she was and noticed that the Medic was positioning himself for something until he started to do something that made her shocked.

He started singing a song!

None of the team members have sung before in the RED base or with other people.

But now the Medic is singing, right in front of her!

“♪Zhere’s a certain hellish realm,♪” he sang. “♪Reserved for everyone vho yells zhey need the Medic!♪”

Stephanie listened to him singing, her jaw halfway dropped, peeking around the corner of the leg that she was hiding behind, maybe a little too much to let him see her.

“♪Every evening vhile I sleep,♪” the Medic continued singing. “♪Vhile I’m busy counting sheep, they all bleat ‘MEDIC!’ ♪”

Stephanie watched as he sang and moved around in the Medic Bay, hiding from him as she watched from where she was.

“♪Vhile I’m eating, vhile I’m reading, or excreting on zhe John,♪” he continued singing, turning around from the desk that he was standing in front of. “♪Zhere’s no hiding from zhe screaming en my mind!♪”

The Medic walked away as Stephanie snapped out of her shocked gaze and hid in the spot where she was standing, hiding from the Medic, as he continued singing.

“♪Zhere’s no place en heaven high, vhere I can crawl away und die,♪” he continued, as he picked up his bone saw from his other table right beside him. “♪Zhe only real solutions absolutely homicide!♪”

He paused as he stared at the reflection on his bone saw for a moment before sighing.

“♪All zhe wounds I’ve ever sealed, und the boo-boos zhat I’ve healed, I’m a changed medic!♪” he sang as he turned around to the front, waving his bone saw, making Stephanie feel slightly nervous about getting sliced by that steel blade of his own if she was too close to him. “♪Now, zhesse enjuries can stay vwhile I blow some noobs away! Beware zhe Medic!♪”

He placed his bone saw down on the desk and turned back around as Stephanie hid again, but slightly.

“♪Zhe Soldier und zhe Sniper, I’m afraid zhey’ve not got long!♪” he sang. “♪Zhe Demoman und Pyro quickly fade!♪”

He picked his bone saw back up in his hand from the desk he had placed on top of earlier.

“♪Und zhe medic vill just laugh vwhile zhe Heavy’s torn en half, by zhe Medic und his bone saw’s gruesome blade!♪” he sang, pointing his bone saw in his hand towards an X-ray of Heavy with a missile inside his body.

Stephanie shudders in worry, concerned to be surgically opened by him for science.

“♪Now zhe Sniper has jars of jarate, clear glass bottles he fills vwith his piss,♪” he sang, as Stephanie made a slightly disgusted face about that sentence. “♪VWhen he hits all of his foes, he crits all of his blows!♪”

He paused for a moment, straightening his body up slightly, before holding up his bone saw, triumphantly smiling as he could.

“♪He has zhat, I have zhis!♪” he continued, before turning back around, luckily not seeing Stephanie hiding. “♪Zhe Engineer has electronics, und zhe Spy’s got disguises und tricks!♪”

If Stephanie moves from her spot, he might notice her and might catch her as she shudders quietly to herself at the thought of being caught by him as he was holding that bone saw in his hand.

“♪Und zhe Pyro’s ensane!♪” he sang before adding, “♪Eh, zhe Scout’s kind of lame.♪”

Stephanie quietly giggled at his response about the Scout, half feeling bad for him having to always be put under the bus.

“♪Zhey do zhat, I do zhis! I do zhis~,♪” he paused again, laying back first on his medical bed, staring directly up at the ceiling as he stopped singing.

Stephanie peeked around the corner of the table leg, deciding to move now.

So, she quickly moved, as he sat up from laying on the bed as she went underneath a chair, hiding behind another leg.

She carefully peeked around the corner to the Medic, as he glanced over at the Medic Bay’s doors, as he frowned, clenching his fist in anger.

“♪Ef jou’d like a reason vhy my entire team should die!♪” he sang, the tone of his voice changed into slight anger. “♪Zhen, play zhe Medic!♪”

“♪Vell, my friends, zhe doctor’s out,♪” he paused, striking his fist down on the desk, making Stephanie jolt from the impact of his fist. “♪Of his whole mind! So go on, shout! Jou’ll get no medic!♪”

“♪I don’t care about points or payloads, only psychopathic sprees,♪” he sang, pointing at some papers of points before picking up a spare red glove of his and a blue glove of the BLU Medic. “♪Nor which color team jou’re playing, RED or BLU!♪”

Stephanie listened to him sing, hiding a few times as he moved around, wondering what he could be doing as she felt interested.

He might not be a dangerous doctor, even though he did save her from danger and kept her safe during the battle.

“♪Und ef I see just one more hat, I’ll tear jour ensides out like zhat!♪” he sang, waving his bone saw in front of him to make a mention of cutting a person’s insides out. “♪Like Saxton Hale on a safari at zhe zoo!♪”

Stephanie slightly cocked her head to the side when he mentioned someone, feeling confused about that person.

“♪I’m a physician on a mission, und contrition esn’t my style!♪” he continued singing, as he picked up a light cyan blue bottle with his red symbol on the label before slamming it on the desk, as Stephanie slightly jolted again. “♪Am I a monster or a man? I cannot say!♪”

He mentioned with his body and the hands of his MediPack that he continually carries with him on the battlefield as Stephanie watched, luckily not being caught by him.

“♪All I know es zhat my über’s locked und loaded like a trooper! Medicare’s one shot away!♪” he sang before positioning himself to his heroic pose, still holding his bone saw in his hand. “♪Jou zhink I’ve arrived bearing safety, but I come not vith peace, but a sword!♪”

“♪Zhere’s a high price to pay for the health I’ve purveyed!♪” he sang, before placing the bone saw down on the desk, then his hands, shaking slightly. “♪All I do, zhey’ve ignored!♪”

He then turned around from his desk as Stephanie hid again, trying not to be caught by him.

“♪All I do, I’m abhorred!♪” he sang out loud before quieting down slightly.

Stephanie peeked around the corner slightly, watching him as he turned slightly to the side.

“♪I once was a man who was valiantly healing everyone crying, ‘MEDIC!’♪” he gently sang. “♪I once healed a Spy who zhen knifed me goodbye!♪”

His tone changed from quiet to frustration as his attitude shifted to slight anger.

“♪Zhat’s vhen I learned to let people die! Let zhem die!♪” he sang as Stephanie quietly shuddered at the thought. “♪Leave zhe Demoman for dead! Let zhe Heavy fill vith lead!♪”

Stephanie’s face turned pale when he sang about the Heavy filled with lead, remembering the time he was shot in the chest by a scattergun when she had first come to the battlefield.

“♪Meet zhe new Medic! May zhe Pyro be enflamed!♪” the Medic continued singing as Stephanie listened to him. “♪May jou loathe zhis wretched game vithout zhe medic!♪”

Then, he snatched a couple of his blank papers from his desk and pushed them away from his body.

“♪May all jour papers be stolen! Jour intelligence be lost!♪” he continued singing, not even noticing someone was listening to him. “♪May jour sanviches be full of rancid meat!♪”

Then, he turned back around as Stephanie hid again, peeking around the corner slightly.

“♪Und zhe first fool zhat I hear vho calls for Medic gets zheir rear rent surgically...!♪” He drifted off when his anger that he had vanished.

He was already tired from moving around in his room and swinging his bone saw around a lot.

So he leaned against his desk and placed both of his palms on his desk behind his back.

Stephanie waited for a moment, wondering what happened to him, and thought that he was about to have a heart attack since he is old.

But, he instead was panting slightly to himself as he wiped one of the loose locks off his jet-black hair off his face, pushing it back into place.

So, Stephanie decided to allow herself to get caught by him, but only a little, not much make things go out of hand.

Turning slightly around from the chair leg, she cleared her throat from being quiet the whole time, to listen to him singing and singing, completing his song for him, “♪By him, your friendly PH.D., the Medic.♪”

Her voice captured his attention, so he glanced up from looking down at the ground, curious about who sang it.

While still alert, he removed his hands from the desk behind his back and glanced around the room, looking for the person who sang it.

Noticing that he looked alert when she peeked around the corner, she hid again and decided to sing a song that could catch his attention and maybe ease him from his anger and alert.

She sang a song from one of her favorite TV shows, except the lyrics were changed for him to hear.

When he heard her vocalizing, he turned his head towards the noise but saw nothing.

His hand reaches over to the bone saw but stops, thinking twice about attacking his intruder.

So, he moved his hand away, deciding to look for the intruder rather than just to randomly attack.

“♪Why, would you want to be here?♪” she sang, as he glanced around in curiosity, wondering who was singing the song that had just started. “♪What do you ever see here?♪”

“♪That doesn’t make you feel worse than you do?♪” she sang as he listened. “♪And tell me, what’s the use of feeling, blue?♪”

He slightly tilted his head to the side in confusion when he heard that sentence, wondering to himself about what the person meant by that?

“♪Why, would you employ them?♪” she sang, making a gesture to the doors of the Medic Bay. “♪Subjects that destroyed you?♪”

“♪Why keep on giving, hope, oh tell me,♪” Stephanie sang as he took two steps forward towards where she was singing. “♪What’s the use of feeling blue?♪”

The Medic continued listening to Stephanie’s song as he continued searching for whoever was singing but listened to the melody.

“♪An army has a use,♪” Stephanie sang, not noticing that he was searching for her. “♪They can go fight a war! A Scout has use, and he can tell you what it’s for.♪”

Stephanie twirled a little as she mentioned a Pyro with the flamethrower and then what she *thought* Spy would look like.

“♪A Pyro terrifies, a Spy terraforms.♪” she continued singing while he was walking towards where she was. “♪Where’s their Medic when they need him? You’ve got to be a Medic!♪”

He looked confused when the person said he needed to be a medic but continued with what he was doing.

He looked at every nook and cranny around the Medic Bay, looking for the person responsible for the singing.

“♪Yes, of course, we still hate it, and we’re always thinking about it,♪” she sang as he got close to her. “♪But now there’s nothing we can do, so tell me, what’s the use of feeling, what’s the use of feeling, what’s the use of feeling blue?♪”

He continued listening to her singing, feeling confused but relieved that someone else understood that he was frustrated.

Although alert for the intruder, he wanted to catch the person instead of harming, so he looked down on the ground, knowing someone smaller than anyone.

“♪Oh, how can you stand it to be here with it all?♪” she sang as he got closer to where she was. “♪Drowning in all of this rage! Wouldn’t you rather forget, oh?♪”

Medic thought to himself after Stephanie mentioned his anger about what the team members were doing to him but listened to her song.

“♪Won’t it be grand to get rid of it all?♪” she sang. “♪Let’s make a plan of attack! Start looking forward and stop looking back, well!♪”

He got closer until he caught sight of her, standing there singing to herself, not noticing the shadow looming over her.

“♪Yes, of course, we still hate it, and we’re always thinking about it.♪” she sang, not noticing him peeking around the corner of the chair’s leg, seeing her standing there, singing her song for him. “♪Don’t you know I hate it, too?♪”

That sentence made him feel both confused and shocked.

She hates it too?

“♪But, tell me... What’s the use of feeling...?♪” Stephanie slowly trailed off when she noticed there was something off. “♪What’s the use of feeling...? What’s the use of feeling...?♪”

Turning around to Medic, Stephanie was now facing him under the chair, causing Stephanie to jolt when she saw him gasping slightly.

Since she was afraid of doctors, she wanted to run away from him but was frozen to the spot as she shook from head to toe.

Then the Medic remembered the song she was singing as he stared at her with a confused look on his face but changed to calm.

So Medic finished the song for her, finishing the melody she started.

After Medic finished the song that she was singing, Stephanie felt that she was about to be in trouble or punished.

“Jou vere zhe one zhat vas singing zhat song?” he instead questioned her, startling Stephanie as she flinched from the sudden sound of his voice.

She paused for a moment, gathering her courage to speak, and stammered, “Y-Yes, I was. And I... was listening to your song too. It is good.”

He slightly blushed at her response to his song as she glanced away from his gaze, looking embarrassed that she was caught singing one of her favorite songs and felt like she was not supposed to be here either.

Suddenly, she was gently picked up from her hiding spot from where she was without her noticing.

The object that lifted her up was red and had a rubbery texture as she jolted from the sudden grab.

She glanced down at her waist to notice she was gently grabbed by his rubber-gloved hand, getting picked up from where she is.

A rubbery surface was placed beneath Stephanie, which provided a stable platform to stand on.

After she was placed into his other hand, she was not doing anything but was trembling a bit, still trying to get used to being picked up all the time when they want her around.

And maybe trying not to be terrified of him?

She was lifted to his chest and gently placed against it as Stephanie felt a little more relaxed than nervous.

Stephanie absent-mindedly placed her head against his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

He did not mind her leaning her head against his chest to listen to his heartbeat, so he just slowly stood up from kneeling down on the ground, as Stephanie hunched up a bit but relaxed slowly.

When Medic got up from the ground, he walked to his desk and carefully removed her from his chest as she moved her head away from his chest.

He gently placed her down on his desk as she wobbled a bit when she was placed onto, before turning around to him.

Stephanie watched him walk around his desk to his chair and sat down as Stephanie stood there politely.

“So, what brought you here?” he politely asked as he walked around the desk, sitting down on his black wheelie chair and picking up a white cup of coffee with his symbol on the side.

She remembered what she was doing and answered his question, “I was just coming here to do a late thank you for saving me on the battlefield.”

He nearly choked on his coffee after he had taken a sip.

Startled that he nearly spews his coffee out of his mouth, she backed up slightly to not get any coffee all over her and trying not to trip over anything.

But only a few came out instead of a lot of what she had expected.

After he unexpectedly spat out a bit of coffee, he placed the cup down right next to him, but away from where Stephanie is.

“Wie bitte?” he politely asked, in fluent German, slightly clearing his throat from the leftover coffee.

Understanding what he meant in German, she answered, repeating her words to what she said to him, “I said, ‘I was just coming here to do a late thank you for saving me on the battlefield.’”

He felt slightly surprised, as Stephanie mentally felt worried about what he was thinking about.

She came to him to thank him for saving her on the battlefield when she first arrived.

No one had thanked him before and only appreciated his work quietly.

He felt confused about why she decided to thank him?

“Vhy zhanking me?” he asked, sounding confused.

“Because without you, I wouldn’t be here talking to you about why.” she softly explained.

“And, you are the most amazing person that ever had come to my rescue.”

He slightly blushed as he glanced away from the remark, as Stephanie mentally giggled at his slight blush.

“And, to let you know, I’m not flirting,” she added. “I’m telling the truth.”

“Understand,” he acknowledges, as he takes a sip of his coffee, his time, not choking.

Stephanie gently smiled to herself as she walked over to his left arm, walking around the arm and sitting down right next to his thumb, where he could see her without having to look far away from him of where she was standing at.

He did not do anything when she sat down right next to his hand as he placed his cup down, deciding to let her sit there.

But, he was confused about why she seemed to be hesitant a few times?

“So,” Stephanie spoke, glancing up at his gaze. “How are you?”

“Eh,” he responded. “I have a lot of vork to do und I don’t have anyzhing else to do since I have already finished zhem.”

“You do?” Stephanie asked, sounding confused.

“Ja, of course,” he responded to her question. “Ever since I haven’t gotten ento my vork, I have less paperwork to do.”

“Maybe all the stress is doing that?” she suggested, gently shrugging her shoulders.

“Ja, zhat could be et too.” he agreed, nodding his head gently.

Stephanie paused for a moment, glancing away from the Medic, as he noticed her bandages around her palms, remembering the time that he mended her wounds.

“Er, ma’am?” He questioned as Stephanie glanced back over to him, snapping out of her thoughts. “Are you also here for a checkup too?”

She was going to reject that she was not here for that because of her fear of doctors, but stopped herself, remembering the wounds might get infected if she refuses.

Stephanie glanced down at her hands for a moment before responding, “I suppose that too.”

She felt hesitant to be examined by the Medic since what had happened to her when she was born.

Stephanie mentally pushed the memory away as the Medic placed his left hand down in front of her as Stephanie got up from the desk and slowly climbed onto his palm.

After she climbed into his palm and sat down, the Medic raised her to his face.

Stephanie mentally felt like she wanted to back out of the offer but stopped herself, despite shaking.

The Medic noticed her shaking and felt confused about it but felt concerned about her injuries.

Stephanie got some medical treatment to keep it from infecting, but since she had been inside the walls, she might have picked up some dust while walking.

Stephanie slowly eased herself down, mentally repeatedly telling herself that he would not cause any harm to her or try any medical treatments on her.

Stephanie pushed the thought out of her mind as she pushed her sleeves up, including her pants.

Medic patiently waited for her to push her sleeves up to show him the bandages, but mentally questioning himself why she was shaking at this moment.

And why is she hesitating at some moments?

Did something happen to her in her life to fear a medic?

Randomly guessing, he chose that she was scared of medics because of the needles or surgeries.

She then pushed her sleeves up to her elbows, along with her pant legs to her knees, revealing the bandages that he had wrapped after their last appointment, not touched either.

“Gut, gut,” he softly mumbled to himself as he stood up from the desk, carrying Stephanie in his hand as she wrapped her arms around his thumb to be safe as he walked. “Jou didn’t mess with zhem.”

Stephanie glanced away for a moment, looking a little sheepish about if she did, he would be angry at her for what she did.

He walked over to one of the medical tables and placed her down before kneeling on one knee and staring at her, his chin resting on the tabletop.

Stephanie felt nervous about what he was doing as she stared up at his eyes, noticing he was observing her as she sat there, mentally feeling uneasy.

She watched as his steel-blue eyes glanced around her, looking at every detail on her.

Stephanie felt like she wanted to tell him she was not comfortable with him staring at her but kept it in her mind, deciding that asking him would make him irritated.

After a few minutes of observing her, he got up from kneeling down to her level as she flinched slightly but relaxed.

“Zhe scratches jou have luckily has healed, but I don’t know about the bruise that you have,” he spoke as Stephanie listened to him. “Did et heal?”

She reached up to the side of her head, feeling where she had an impact of the strange metal object, noticing it did not hurt anymore, even when she poked a little too hard.

“I think so,” she answered, moving her hand down from her temple. “It doesn’t hurt that much anymore.”

He slightly nodded his head in understanding and picked Stephanie up again before placing her in his left hand as she just sat there in the middle of his palm.

“Zhat’s gut.” he sighed, lifting her up to his eye level as she absent-mindedly pulled her sleeves back down over her arms. “Es zhere anyzhing else jou feel?”

“Truthfully...” she drifted off, glancing away for a moment. “I’m a little scared.”

A confused look appeared on his face after she had responded to his question, as she felt more uneasy about him.

“Vhy?” he asked, moving his hand over to his shoulder. “Vhy are jou scared?”

He gently placed her down onto his shoulder as she moved over to the side of his neck, taking two handfuls of his collar.

“I, uh, well...” she stammered, shaking a bit as the memories of the doctor that scared her half to death haunted her mind.

Stephanie did not feel comfortable explaining what happened to her fear of doctors when she was little and did not want to explain why because of how scary it was.

But, she wanted to tell him to get it off her chest, so she decided to tell him why.

“After I was born, I was taken from my mom for a moment,” Stephanie explained, as the Medic sat back down on the chair, listening to Stephanie’s story, as he was patient with her, allowing her to take some time. “To be cleaned.”

“But, after I was washed,” she paused, shaking a bit before Stephanie sighed. “I was covered with a towel, and instead of trying not to scare the baby, this nurse was being careless with me.”

She recalled the memory when she was little, her mother telling her the story about what happened to her and why she was scared of doctors.

“And, I was wrapped with the towel around my body, not being careful about scaring me, and I was terrified,” Stephanie explained as it got off her chest. “And, another reason why I am scared of doctors is not because of needles,”

She paused as she chuckled softly to herself from the ridiculous fear of needles as the Medic rolled his eyes in slight amusement.

“I, uh, am scared of being opened up for getting surgery and many other things that I am scared of.” Stephanie finished, sounding sheepish and a little uneasy.

The Medic stared at her for a moment as Stephanie felt more sheepish before he glanced away, chuckling softly.

“Jou’re not zhe only one vho es scared of needles.” he chuckled, as Stephanie’s sheepish turned to confusion.

“Who?” Stephanie curiously asked.

The Medic glanced over at her with a smirk on his face and answered Stephanie’s question: “Et es Scout.”

Stephanie paused for a moment, thinking about his answer, before softly giggling.

“Scout’s afraid of needles, too?” she asked, sounding a little amused about Scout’s fear.

The Medic nodded his head and smiled, chuckling at himself too.

Stephanie softly chuckled along with him before thinking about something else.

“Hey, uh, I didn’t get your name,” she said, glancing over at him. “But, my name is Stephanie, Stephanie Nova Rose Allen.”

He glanced over at her and responded, “Augustus, Augustus Ludwig es my name.”

“Is it okay if I call you Dr. Ludwig then?” Stephanie asked, mentioning his last name.

“If jou vant.” The Medic responded. “But, I prefer to be called zhe Medic.”

Stephanie nodded her head and glanced away, thinking to herself for a moment, as she gently rubbed her left arm, which is not covered in bandages anymore.

The Medic glanced back over to his papers, thinking to himself for a moment, as Stephanie continued to rub her left arm, looking a little awkward.

Then, the Medic Bay’s doors opened, revealing to be the Scout coming in.

Before he could say something, he noticed Stephanie on the Medic’s shoulder, looking calm while looking at him.

“Ja?” the Medic asked as Stephanie listened to the conversation between the two. “Vhat es et, Scout?”

The Scout turned his attention to the Medic and answered his question, “I just came here to get a checkup since ya always ask us to get one.”

The Medic rolled his eyes, and Stephanie continued listening to the conversation, not even bothering to ask them a question.

They both calmly talked about their appointments and mostly about battle positions and the Soldier.

Something from the back of Stephanie's head told her she might want to meet the Soldier once more and try to get her backpack back before things might get worse.

But, she did not feel like this time was not the perfect time to get her backpack back from the Soldier's room.

So, she decided to wait for the right time.