

Stephanie was lost and was on the verge of panicking as she twirled around, trying to remember where she *could* remember.

The only thing she recalls is she left the Medic Bay after checking on her healing from all the scratches and bruises before going on an adventure around the RED base.

Then, Stephanie ventured outside to see what it was like outside, only to find out that she got lost on her way back trying to get inside.

She is now in a deserted area, away from the battlefield, and frantically glancing around anxiously, seeking an ally to help her sort out a mysterious puzzle in which she is entangled.

Stephanie came across a large van towering above her, and she felt slightly uncertain about what was inside.

Then, the door creaked open, and she gasped, realizing someone was coming out of the van.

Stephanie has to hide now before she is going to be killed by this stranger!

Remembering she was the size of a doll, Stephanie quickly sat down on the ground and pretended to be a doll, with her hood up over her face to protect her face.

After the door opened, she saw a pair of boots landed on the ground in front of her, causing her body to tremble slightly from the weight as she flinched a little, trying to make her body still.

“Hmm? Wat’s this?” A voice, thick with an Australian accent, spoke from above her.

The tone of voice sounded like someone was looking down at her.

Then, from underneath her hood, she saw a lightly tanned hand reach down to her from above before gently wrapping its fingers around her.

Stephanie had to keep herself from jolting as she was lifted to his middle.

Since her hood covered some part of her eyes, Stephanie could not see the head to see who he was.

Luckily, he did not notice she was alive as she kept being still and had her face covered with her hood.

“Maybe Pyro left this on my doawrstep.” Stephanie heard him mumble to himself as he stared at her.

Then, Stephanie was gently placed into one of the pockets of his pants as she tumbled to the bottom and landed on her side.

Her hood covered her eyes along with her glasses, so Stephanie still could not see what he was doing next but could only stay still, acting like a rag doll to him.

Then, Stephanie felt the body walk back into the van she had seen earlier, and after a few minutes of moving, the movement stopped.

The same hand reached back in as Stephanie remained still as the fingers gently wrapped around her body and gently pulled her out of the pocket, staring at her for a moment.

After a moment had passed, Stephanie was then gently placed onto a counter, right next to a white coffee cup with red words that reads, ‘#1 Best Sniper’ from the left side of her hood, still covering some parts of her face.

As the body looked away from her and turned around, Stephanie reached up with a hand to her hood and pushed it up slightly.

She glanced up to see who had found her outside the van when she was lost.

Stephanie saw a male standing in front of a coffee pot as he had the white ‘1# Sniper’ cup in his hand.

She can see some parts of his body from where she was, but Stephanie could tell he wore glasses with yellow lenses.

He has fair skin and short brown hair, but she could not see the eye color of his eyes because of the glasses he is wearing.

He was wearing a long-sleeved red shirt with a V-shaped collar as the sleeves were rolled up to his elbows and had a sniper logo on the sides of his forearms, dark brown pants with light brown heeled boots, like a cowboy would wear.

So, he must be a member of the RED team called a Sniper.

The Sniper turned back around to the counter where Stephanie was after pouring himself a cup of coffee and staring at Stephanie as she shook in fear but stayed as put as she could be.

She accidentally twitched a bit while he was looking back at her before he could take a sip from his mug.

After he noticed her twitch, he removed the cup from his lips and moved a little closer, gazing down at her in curiosity, as Stephanie mentally prayed to herself that he would not hurt her.

“Did that doll just move?” the Sniper mumbled, speaking to himself and mostly Stephanie. “Interesting little Sheila, ahren’t ya?”

Stephanie mentally felt confused at the name ‘Sheila’ but stayed still while gazing at her with a cup of coffee in his hand.

“Kindah cute too,” he remarked, now taking a sip of the coffee in his cup.

Stephanie's cheeks went slightly pink from underneath the hood.

But luckily, he did not see the doll's strange blushing that appeared on the 'fabric.'

"I wondah wo ya belong ta," he softly spoke again, cocking his head to the side slightly, curious about her 'owner.'

But, being the easy to forget things like she is, she sat up slightly, her hood falling off her head, revealing her face to him, and she said, sounding sheepish and nervous, "I, uh, don't belong to anyone else, sir, but, thank you for the complication of me being cute."

Instantly Stephanie regretted her actions when she saw the shocked reaction on his face as he nearly spat out his coffee.

He scrambled away from her, spilling bits of the coffee in his cup on the ground, while muttering, "Oh bloody hell, oh bloody hell." repeatedly.

Stephanie quickly scrambled up to her feet to escape from the Sniper when something crashed right next to her, and she quickly glanced at her left side to see the remains of his white and red coffee cup right next to her, missing an inch.

He quickly reached into his other pocket and pulled out keys that had some charms.

He tossed them towards her, and Stephanie ducked in time before they could hit her head, and she watched as they landed right behind her.

Now, Stephanie really wants to get out of the van before she can get herself seriously hurt.

Stephanie turned towards the edge of the counter to jump up off until she accidentally tripped over a large piece of the coffee cup he tossed at her earlier.

After Stephanie had tripped, Stephanie turned her body around to not fall onto her front again but fell onto her bottom instead, facing him.

Stephanie stopped for a moment to regain her strength to get back up to her feet, feeling her bottom sting with pain.

She overheard him grab something sharp and metal that quickly scraped the other counter, so Stephanie glanced up to see something silver was heading her way.

Thinking that it was in slow motion, Stephanie recognizes the object heading towards her was in the shape of a *knife*.

She shrieked a terrified scream when she saw the knife heading towards her and scrambled back to get away from the sharp object.

But the blade missed her an inch and landed on the wooden counter where she was sitting.

It got stuck in the wood and wobbled for a moment before stopping.

Stephanie was shaking to death as she was breathing in and out slowly, trying to calm herself down from the scary encounter.

Although the knife was near her, the sight of it made it harder for her to control.

The Sniper blinked once after all the chaos stopped, noticing as her face turned pale as she stared at his knife.

He felt curious, and before he could ask her something, Stephanie's vision darkened, and before he knew it, she passed out.

“Oi! Sheila!...” he cried out before she passed out as his voice trailed, falling into darkness, as she collapsed on a spongy surface from behind her back.

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After what seemed to be hours to her, Stephanie finally slowly woke up, softly groaning as she started to wake up from her unconsciousness.

She slowly opened her eyes, noticing she was placed upon something soft, cushiony, and leathery.

Confused, Stephanie glanced down at what she was placed on top of.

Stephanie discovers she was in a pair of hands cupped around her, cradling her.

She glanced up at who had her in their hand, only to notice it was the same person, looking worried.

When she noticed him staring down at her, Stephanie flinched in startlement and tried to squirm out of his hands when he gently cupped them more around her to stop her from moving around.

“W-Wait, Sheila,” he softly spoke as Stephanie stopped squirming, shaking from head to toe. “Don’t move. Let me see if ya ahah hurt.”

Stephanie obeyed his command and stayed still as he gently moved her into his left palm as his right hand gently touched her sides.

She stiffens when he gently touches her sides with his fingertips but forces herself to relax.

There were no bruises on Stephanie’s body as he gently felt around her body with his fingertips, as she was still but was shaking from head to toe.

After he finishes feeling her around her body to check for injuries from the chaos, the Sniper moves his fingers away from her body, moving it back with his other hand, gently cupping around her shaking form.

“Wh-What are you g-going to do w-with me?” Stephanie shakily asked as she sat up slightly in his palms. “Wh-Whatever I did t-to anger you, I-I’m sorry.”

“No, I’m supposed ta apologize.” he softly spoke, sitting up straight from leaning forward a little. “I didn’t know that ya weah not a doll. I might ‘av reacted a little too much wen ya moved ‘n almost gave ya a heahrt attack.”

Stephanie shakily sighed after the Sniper apologized to her, still trying to get over the scary encounter.

He then moves her up to his face as she stiffens a bit, feeling a little worried about what he was about to do next.

But he did nothing to her when she was up close to his face as Stephanie watched his eyes.

Stephanie noticed his eyes from behind the yellow-tinted sunglasses that the Sniper looked concerned for her.

So, Stephanie relaxed a bit, waiting for something to happen from the Sniper.

He moves Stephanie away from his face after checking if any limbs were missing as she wonders what he was going to do to her.

“Weah did ya come from, Sheila?” He softly asked as Stephanie sat in his palms with her legs crisscrossed.

Stephanie wanted to say she was out of nowhere to keep her safe from him, but he seemed gentle with her and showed no more fear.

“I... came from Marysville.” she slowly answered him. “And... the Medic did say he was going to call Ms. Pauling to return me but has to keep me here until I get back to my normal size.”

The Sniper fell quiet for a moment after explaining why she was there at the base as she felt slightly nervous about what he might be thinking about.

However, the Sniper instead placed her down on the same counter where she was before.

Thankfully, the knife he threw at her in the chaos was gone, along with the broken cup and keys.

“I was lost in the middle of the field and was looking around where I was,” Stephanie explained to Sniper. “I got lost while adventuring around after having a check-up with Medic.”

“Ya ahah lucky I ‘av found ya, Sheila.” the Sniper spoke, standing up from his chair he was sitting in. “Some wild animal might ‘av mistaken ya fawr a rat.”

Stephanie shuddered at the thought of getting eaten by a wild animal, feeling glad he had found her just in time.

The Sniper stood in front of her, as Stephanie just sat there, looking worried but as well as cautious.

“So, wat’s yah name, Sheila?” he asked.

Stephanie blinked in confusion from the nickname ‘Shelia’ he kept saying but said, “My name is Stephanie, Stephanie Allen. Yours?”

“Lawrence.” the Sniper answered. “Lawrence Mundy. I’m called the Snipah of this team.”

““Mundy?”” Stephanie curiously asked, cocking her head a little.

“It’s the last name I got from my pahrents,” he answered.

“Ah, I get it! I was confused at first.” Stephanie quickly added, worried about him getting angry or irritated.

The Sniper fell quiet after Stephanie quickly added her other words, as she felt scared he might be suspicious of what she might be doing.

“And I didn’t mean to cause trouble, though,” Stephanie spoke, shifting the subject from what they were on and gently grabbing her left arm. “I didn’t mean to scare you like that.”

“There’s no need ta apologize fawr that, Steph.” the Sniper explained to her. “It was an accident ‘n it was in the past.”

“Right...” Stephanie nodded her head. “I kept forgetting that.”

The Sniper paused a little after Stephanie nodded her head before scooping her up from the counter.

Once she was in his right hand, the Sniper lifted her up to his chest as Stephanie automatically wrapped her arms around his thumb.

“What are you doing?” Stephanie asked, sounding confused and mostly startled at being picked up suddenly.

“Takin’ ya back in the base,” the Sniper answered. “Ya weah tryin’ ta head back inside, weah ya?”

“Oh, right,” Stephanie nodded. “Can you look for Pyro, though? They may be panicking at the moment that I am missing.”

“Ya ahah roommates with them?” the Sniper chuckled. “I was right in the beginnin’.”

Stephanie nods her head after the Sniper asks before being placed into the pocket of his vest instead.

There was more room inside instead of the pants pockets she was in before.

“Yes, I am roommates with them,” Stephanie nods her head as she pokes out of his flap.

“For some reason against the others, I feel comfortable around them.”

The Sniper nods his head after Stephanie explains before gently pushing her inside his vest pocket.

“Ya might want ta stay down fawr a moment.” the Sniper explained to Stephanie. “I’m garn ta try runnin’ ta the bayse instead of walkin’.”

“Okay!” Stephanie responded muffledly in his vest pocket. “Just be careful.”

The Sniper gave his vest pocket a gentle tap with affirmation and, just to be sure, clipped his pocket to keep her safe.

Once everything was in check, the Sniper opened the door of his van and stepped out before closing it behind his back and locking it with his keys.

After his van’s door was locked, the Sniper headed towards the base, seeing it was sundown over the horizon.

The inside of Sniper’s vest pocket was a little shaky for Stephanie, but two handfuls of the sides of the fabric made it easier for her to say put instead of being tossed around.

Luckily for her, the flap over her head was closed fully, so she was not flung out accidentally and left behind, or worse, injured.

‘Why does everything include me being injured?’ Stephanie thought to herself, grimacing to herself.

The running soon slowed down as the Sniper entered the base, seeing the Pyro looking around frantically.

“Oi, Pyro,” the Sniper called, catching Pyro’s attention.

“Rh, Hnnhmr! Hhmrm mrr rrm!” the Pyro perked.

They ran over to the Sniper and asked, not catching a break in their words, “Hrhm mrr hmmn Hhmhhrnnm? Mmrr, Hhmhhrnnm nh r hmrrr hmrn hhrh mrh hhrnchmn nrmn rhhmr crmnng hmrm rnn hhm mrh mnhh mm nn mm rrrm, hrh hhm-”

“Slow down, Pyro,” the Sniper stopped them as they stopped mumbling. “I’ve found Stephanie.”

“Mrr nnn?!” the Pyro exclaimed.

The Sniper nodded his head after Pyro exclaimed and unclipped his vest pocket, allowing Stephanie to pop out.

Stephanie popped out after he unclipped his vest and sighed, glancing up to Pyro.

“Oh,” Stephanie’s cheeks flushed with shyness and sheepishness after noticing Pyro. “Hi, Py.”

“Nrn’h ‘Hn’ mm!” Pyro scolded Stephanie. “Mhrh mrm mrr hhnchng rh mrnmrnng rrh rh mm rrrm?”

“To start with,” Stephanie spoke but paused a little as Sniper’s hand moved in front of her with his palm up.

So, Stephanie climbed out of Sniper’s vest pocket and went into his palm before being handed back to Pyro.

“I was being bored with just staying in your room while you were out with the others,” Stephanie continued after being handed into the Pyro’s palms. “And I felt hungry, so I went to the kitchen to see what I could eat but encountered Heavy. He took me into his room to read one of his favorite books to me and fell asleep. I left Heavy to check on the Medic to check on my injuries, and after the check-up, I ended up wandering outside and got lost, luckily meeting the Sniper.”

“Quite the bloody adventah ya ‘ad, Steph,” Sniper remarked.

“Yep, even at this height,” Stephanie nodded her head in agreement before turning to Pyro. “Sorry for giving you a scare.”

The Pyro paused a little before muffled, “Nr, N hhrrrn rhrrrghm. N hhrrrn’h hm nrng rhhm rhnng mnhh mm hrnmnnh nnhhmrn rh rhmnnng mrr.”

Stephanie smiled softly and reached up with a hand, gently patting the side of Pyro’s gas mask while saying, “It’s okay, Py. I forgive you.”

Pyro ‘smiled’ after Stephanie accepted their apology, as the Sniper turned around to head back into his van.

But as he walked, a masked figure appeared in a puff of smoke and said, the accent thick with French, “Good idea of taking her back to ze Pyro, Bushman.”

In a moment, the Sniper stopped walking and turned to the masked figure hiding in the hallway, hissing, “Piss off, Spy.”

After the Sniper hissed, the masked figure chuckled as he continued walking away out of the base, as a pair of eyes glanced over to Pyro with Stephanie in their hands, heading back into their room.

A soft smile appeared on their face after the Pyro disappeared before fading into thin air in a puff of smoke again.