

A soft groan came from the empty room, as there was shifting coming from the bed in it, as eyes blinked a few times into the room.

“Dè-Dè an-?” the same male’s Scottish voice went through the air as a figure rose from the bed, looking confused as the blankets fell off of his body.

Reaching over to the side of him to the bedside table, he ‘felt’ around for a candle to see where he was.

Even with some matches to light it after finding it, thinking his crew must have found him.

But to his confusion, he felt nothing there, even when he reached as far as his ‘hand’ can.

“Och, càit a bheil an coinneal?” he mumbled softly to himself in Gaelic, continuing to feel around for the candle.

After a few minutes of searching, he moved his ‘hand’ away from the bedside table, feeling more confused about his *different* surroundings.

It was not like his own bedroom.

Checking for anything that is off about him, he went to check by feeling around with his ‘hands.’

He even feels underneath his ‘hair’ too, if there are any pieces of it missing.

To his relief, there was nothing off about him... nor any position of his clothes out of order either.

Deciding to get out of bed, he pushed the blankets off his body and hopped off to the side, only to pause a little when he noticed that it was a little... *bigger* than what he remembered his bed like.

Did one of his crew members decide to prank him?

“Hilarious.” he scoffed as he turned around after glancing back over to the bed. “A forgot tae lauch, now, where’s...”

He drifted off when he looked in the mirror, seeing that it *was* him in the mirror with no unexpected changes to him to his relief.

He has a thin appearance and is tall, with short, red leaves from his head that acts like 'hair,' slightly wavy and pulled into a low ponytail at the back.

The Scotsman even wore a dark green captain's jacket with Robert's symbol on the collar, with a white shirt underneath and, like every Scotsman should wear, a kilt around his waist with *nothing* underneath it.

He smiled with pride after looking at himself in the mirror, before pausing a little when he noticed that his belt around his waist... does not have his trustworthy sword on him.

'Thon's richt,' he thought to himself as he turned around. 'Where's thon sword?'

He hopped around as he searched for his sword, but to his confusion, the Scotsman could not find it as he continued searching.

To his more confusion, he even found out that his 'room' also has curtains that do not have his sword behind it.

Taking some time off from searching, he peered through the window before realizing that the entire time he was in the room, *he was kidnapped and taken captive onto a different ship.*

'Whit am A doin' *here?*!' he exclaimed to himself as he hopped away from the window. 'A have tae find a way oot o' this place!'

He reopened the window, letting some light inside his 'prison' and tried opening the window to swim back to his ship, only to pause when he noticed that the window could not open.

He gently shook the window a little to make it come loose before starting to yank upward, struggling to open it as he muttered to himself in Gaelic.

As he continued struggling a little, he successfully cracked it a little before it collapsed and caused him to be flung backwards, skidding across the ground as it was closed.

“BLIMEY!” he groaned in frustration, smacking his single leg against the ground.

Suddenly, the doorknob of his ‘prison’ clicked a little, taking his attention as he turned to the door, seeing that *someone* or *something* was coming into his room.

Even in the worst part, he was unarmed.

Standing up and muttering something in Gaelic, he glanced around for anything to attack but only found a book on the bookshelf.

So he took the book that was the heaviest from the shelf and held it in his ‘hands,’ moving it over his head as if it was a club.

He was positioned to strike whoever was coming into the stranger’s room, thinking it was an unexpected attack or a cruel prank.

As he was waiting, his ears eavesdropped on a conversation on the other side of the door, perking his attention more.

“A-Are you certain that you will take care of this ruffian?” a British voice asked, stammering a little in his words, to his confusion.

When did a British man come onto the ship?

...Unless he could be on a more *different* ship than the ones he was suspected.

His stomach clenched at the thought of being on *his* ship, paling from being *beheaded* by *him* for being in Robert’s crew, but did not drop the book.

“Yes, I am sure.” his mind stopped when he heard the oddly *familiar* female’s voice from the other side of the door, making him drop his guard a little. “Besides, he’s staying in my room to make things safer. I escape-proofed the whole place, so he wouldn’t cause havoc or spill secrets out to Robert about what we are doing.”

“Are you sure *that* is hospitalizing?” The British man asked again. “H-He will hurt you, even though-”

“I am taller than him, different from him, and have more experience,” the female sighed. “I know, I know. Archibald, I will be fine. Why don’t you have some tea to calm your nerves down a little? Try using chamomile tea with a bit of sugar. It’ll help.”

A pause came from the conversation before the British man said, “Oh, alright. But be *very* careful with him! He’s one of the *Raiders of the Dead Sea*.”

‘Yep, that’s me.’ he jokingly thought to himself with a gentle smirk.

Another pause came from the other side of the door before the female’s voice said, “I understand. I’ll let you know if something happened, okay?”

A pause came again before footsteps left the door, as the doorknob started turning, making him lift his guard back up, holding the book over his head.

The door only opened a little before the female’s voice said, speaking in a different language, “*Rigéscunt*.”

A confused expression appeared on his face after she had said that, thinking he was moving his ‘hands’ slightly.

However, when he glanced over, he was surprised when he noticed that his hands were in the same position they were before.

He tried moving his ‘hands’ down with some struggles but still could not budge his ‘hands’ even if he could.

Slowly, the door opened after he struggled to move his ‘hands’ down from holding the book over his head, but when he glanced over, his face went pale when he discovered *who* it was.

It was a being he has never seen before, with long thin strands of *hair* instead of leaves like him, and has fair skin!

The left-hand side of her head was covered in many thin wires that are each in different colors, as her left eye was replaced with a metal one.

But the most part that freaked him out was that she had *limbs*!

She had two arms as the right one was made of silver metal and two legs that are covered in blue jeans and shoes, including *feet and fingers*.

She looked like a creation that Robert had created from his laboratory.

For the first time, he started shaking from head to toe, watching as it walked into the room and sighed, closing the door behind her back as she reached up, pushing back a strand of wire from her face.

His mind switched from her alien appearance to her sweater, remembering seeing that from somewhere when he was intoxicated with caffeine...

Instantly, it clicked when the memory came back to him, showing the same face as hers.

She was the one who kidnapped and made him drink *Noble's Delight* in the challenge after he told her to sit down with him to drink!

The being reached over with a hand and took a chair, pulling it forward and sat down in front of him as he was still stuck in the position he is in.

Despite seeing all the chairs around that seemed to be in her size to sit comfortably.

To him, it looked like a stool from the pub where you have to use your upper body strength.

...Could he be in *her* room instead?

"I'm sorry that I had to keep you in my room." she apologized as she placed her hands together. "I can't allow you to roam around the ship freely since you are one of Robert's crew members."

She pointed at the collar of his coat, indicating that he is a part of Robert's crew, which caused him to frown, knowing that he had been tricked and kidnapped.

"Sae?!" he snapped at her as she had a straight face. "He will come here an' rescue me!"

“Are you a hundred percent on that?” she asked, mentioning a hand to him. “Most of the villains I know from my encounters leave their minions behind like pawns and only focus on the main point.”

A long pause came from him after she explained, asking, “An’ which is?”

“As usual,” she sighed, rolling her eyes as she sighed. “Taking over the world and take all the riches.”

“An’ true!” he snapped as she crossed her arms over her chest while cocking an eyebrow. “The best way o’ bein’ a pirate is rulin’ aw seven seas and-”

“Bringin’ aw terror across the countries an’ act like A am a princess.” she mocked, speaking in an excellent Scottish accent, moving her hands up and shaking them slightly, crossing her eyes a little.

He frowned as he blushed from the mock, snapping something in Gaelic at her, which she cocked her eyebrows more with amusement.

“Cànan mas e do thoil e,” she spoke in Gaelic to him, surprising him. “Tha cluasan neo-chiontach timcheall an seo.”

He stammered a little after she spoke in Gaelic to him before exclaiming, “Wh-WHEN DID YE SPEAK GAELIC?!”

“I just do,” she responded in English, shrugging her shoulders. “It’s a little talent I have.”

“A know it’s a talent wi’ excellent training, but...” he paused a little as more confusion came over him. “Which mother did ye have tae teach ye thon? Ye have tae be half Scottish!”

She gently giggled after he exclaimed, before saying, “Well, every human in my realm and like every century, era, and universes, they have a purpose, and every purpose must come with some hard training and patience.”

He went silent after she explained, glancing away from her in thought, noticing that he was not even holding the book anymore to attack but still could not move his ‘arms’ down or hop.

“So,” she mentioned to the book in his hands as he glanced back up at her. “Were you about to read that, or were you going to attack me?”

“Attack ye, o’ course!” he snapped as he bared his teeth at her. “Ye kidnappit me from ma crew an’ is holdin’ me prisoner i’ yer room!”

She paused after he snapped at her before saying, “Do you remember that you passed out in the open outside of Jolly Joe’s?”

He paused a little after she asked, before saying, “Ay, A remember... why?”

She smiled gently and mentioned over to him with a hand again, answering his question, “Well, if we abandoned you there, someone else who is from the prince and princess’s father’s crew might see you as a chance to attack.”

He paled a little from her explanation, gulping once thickly as he shook a little as she removed her hand from him.

“Now,” she spoke as she moved her leg up, placing it over her right as she locked her fingers together with her hands. “Are you or are you not going to use that book to attack?”

He glanced over at the book in his ‘hands’ with his eyes since he could not move his head to look.

Then, he glanced back over at her as she patiently waited for him to respond to her question.

He is stuck between a rock and a hard place.

Deciding to risk his life with her unusual trust, he responded with, “Na, no whit A think o’.”

She smiled after he responded and lifted her hand, snapping her fingers as she said, speaking in the same language as she said before, “*Dimittere*.”

The book fell out of his ‘hands’ after she said the word, as she instantly got up from the ground and swooped over, catching the book before it could land on the ground, as he went stiff when her metal hand was against his chest.

It looked a hundred percent made of metal in his eyesight, but to his more confusion and wonder..., it felt like an actual *human*’s hand.

Once she had caught the book, she moved back up to her height and sighed, removing her hand away from his chest as he sat back down on her bed, placing the book back.

“Please be careful,” she warned him as he felt confused. “You might accidentally rip one of these books.”

He nodded his head silently after she warned him, still thinking to himself about how *realistic* the metal hand felt against his chest.

It is not like the ones Robert has back at his base since it does not look like the one she has on her arm.

“Anyway, that aside,” she spoke as she placed the book down on the coffee table next to her. “Let’s trade names, okay? My name is Stephanie, Stephanie Nova Rose Allen. You?”

He hesitated again after she asked, not wanting to say his name to get himself turned into the Navy or getting into more trouble with Robert.

“A’m no tellin’ ye ma name.” he snapped at her as she still had a straight face.

“Is it because I might either tell the Navy or bust your butt to Robert?” He instantly went pale in the face when she pointed out his mental thoughts, feeling like he was sweating bullets.

How did she know what he was thinking in his mind?!

Unless... she must be very good at body position, facial expression, and temperature he is in.

“H-How did ye know whit A wis thinkin’ o’ thon?” He nervously spoke, not making eye contact with her. “Thon’s stupid, we Scottish arenae afraid o’ bein’ i’ trouble wi’ Robert or the Kin.’ We-”

“Only dae whit other Scotsmen dae.” Stephanie, his kidnapper, spoke again in an excellent fake Scottish accent, surprising him with the last words he was thinking of saying next.

Right now... he is *very* stuck in a rock and a hard place, with a mind reader that makes things *worse*.



“Now,” Stephanie spoke again as she cracked her knuckles, clearing her throat a little. “Changing the subject a little from names.”

He nervously gulped as he sat on her bed, shaking like a leaf in front of her.

Half of him was berating himself for being afraid of a *human* that can *read minds*, but the other half of him was telling him he was in deep horse manure.

“About that blueprint,” she spoke as she reached into her pocket, taking out one of Robert’s blueprints to his surprise. “Do you know where the pieces of this machine is?”

“HOU I’ THE NAME O’ GOD DID YE GET THON FROM ROBERT?!” he exclaimed with surprise.

“Pay attention, please.” Stephanie politely responded, showing the design on the front. “Do you know where one of the pieces is?”

He paused again after Stephanie asked, feeling like he wanted to rat Robert out for abandoning him like that and wanting to get himself out of the situation he was in.

So, without having a chance of trying to escape, he finally fussed to her, “A dinnae know much o’ thaim, but A dae know ane o’ thaim.”

She gently smiled after he confessed, asking, “Which one?”

“The ane i’ the richt,” he answered, slumping on the bed. “Thon ane is somewhere i’ Rome, but A dinnae remember where he placit it.”

Stephanie glanced at the blueprint and nodded her head, rolling it back up and placing it back into her sweater pocket.

She stood back up to her feet from the chair she was sitting in, towering a few feet or more over his height, which seemed to creep him out a little.

“Thank you for having this conversation with me.” she thanked him, bowing slightly to him to his confusion. “I’ll talk to you later once we get there... and you have to lead us where you think he placed it.”

He went silent after she thanked him, turning around and opened the door as he called to her, “Ye’re awfully kynd for a villain.”

She stopped before exiting out of the room and glanced over her shoulder at him, responding, “Yes, I am. But sometimes the villain is the one who cares the least, rather than the one who takes care of others.”

A perplexed expression appeared on his face after she spoke to him, entering the hallway and closing the door behind her back, locking it behind her back, so he would not escape.

Once she was out of the room, he hopped off the bed and walked up to the window, clicking it a little to see if the ‘escape-proof’ thing had worn down a little from his struggle.

But, to his surprise, he had managed to open the window a little, letting in the fresh air and listening to a conversation outside that had Stephanie’s voice in it.

“Hey, Norman!” Stephanie called, confusing him slightly. “Can’t hear you, peach!”

“Sorry!” another voice called back to Stephanie as he continued listening to the conversation. “Forgetting about the window!”

“It’s alright, Norman!” Stephanie called Norman. “I got the first clue to where the first piece of Robert’s Rubik’s Cube is!”

“Where?” another voice asked, sounding confused and surprised at the same time.

“Rome!” Stephanie called.

“Rome?!” Norman exclaimed. “That’s around fifty or eighty miles away from where we are now!”

“I know!” Stephanie called Norman as he listened to their conversation. “But which point of the compass should we take, Norman?”

Silence went into the air briefly, before Stephanie called again after a minute passed, “Can’t hear you, peach!”

“Sorry!” Norman called again, as Stephanie exclaimed, “I thought they fixed that window!”

“Must be the wind!” Norman responded before explaining, “All we need to do is head west-east from where we are, and like I said before, head around fifty or eighty miles until we reach to Rome!”

“Thank you, Norman!” Stephanie called him as he attempted to open the window a little more to see better. “Captain! West-east, please!”

Sighing, he slumped against the window with a huff, seeing that he *still* could not open the window as he used to in most of them.

It was *still* escape-proof even after the conversation he had with that... human.

Giving up trying to escape again, he closed the window after overhearing the conversation, huffing as he hopped around Stephanie’s room, deciding to figure out *another* way out of this situation he had gotten himself into.