

The next day, Stephanie was still staying inside the Pyro's room, looking slightly bored and irritated at the same time, as she has her right hand on her cheek, her arm propped up against her leg, as her legs were crisscrossed in front of her, as her other arm was on her other leg, not propped up.

Clearly, she hates being bored, because the annoyed look on her face means that it bothers her very much.

So, there she is, settling down comfortably on the floor right next to the pillow that the Pyro loaned to her for her to sleep on, looking annoyed.

She boredly sighed, knowing that pouting in the room while waiting for something magical to happen would not in fact help at all.

Nor waiting for the Pyro to come back would not help either.

She stood up from the ground at where she was comfortably sitting, gently stretching out her limbs from being stiff.

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

Stephanie has not eaten anything yet, even after she had already reached the base after running away from that monster a week ago 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, she decided to get some food from the kitchen she saw the Demoman inside before.

Stephanie wisely decided to adventure around in the base she is inside, looking out for the kitchen she has 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.

Although she was told by the Pyro to stay at where she was, but her curiosity and hunger got the best of her and wanted to see what is in the kitchen.

Stephanie felt slightly tired from running towards that area, but, she continued her way.

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

Stephanie carefully continued searching for that same room she was with the Demoman, keeping an eye out for any unfamiliar team members that she has not met before or any BLU team members that might be lurking around in the base to look for her or look for trouble to cast on the RED team.

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

She walked past the table and went into the kitchen, noticing it was empty and clean.

So, she directly entered the kitchen 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 ground, softly stroking her face in confusion, gently rubbing the mild pain away.

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

Slowly, she looked up towards the person that she went directly into their boot.

Instead of a normal glanced up at the giant, she had to tip her head back more to get a better look at the person.

She felt like she is going 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 skyscraper in New York.

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

The person that she went into was the same exact man, who died in front of her when she first got on the battlefield, towering like a giant building before her.

Luckily, he was facing the counter of the kitchen, looking thoughtful like he was making something in front of him, as she 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, gawking at him.

Feeling her heart beat fast in fear, she felt worried that he might notice her after a few minutes or hours has passed and kill her 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.

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

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

So, she just stood there, shaking uncontrollably in her shoes, as she stared back up at him, stiff like a stick as she was mentally and frantically praying to herself that he is not in a bad mood or mistaken her 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 her heart was beating faster, feeling like she is 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 she frantically thought about what this giant might do to her entering in her mind in bunches of anxious thoughts.

Not only she was thinking of that, but she was also wondering about how did he returned to the living when she saw him die in front of her eyes.

After what seemed to be hours, he made the first move, startling her as she jumped.

He suddenly moved his hand down towards her, as she slightly flinched when he started to move.

She thought 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 moved, 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 she 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, as she tightened her grip around the giant's finger, feeling more and more scared at each moment, thinking that she is going to pass out.

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

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

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 is going on until she noticed that he was maybe going into the kitchen too to get some food.

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

Or maybe could 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 is by the trembling, so, he paid no attention to her and went back to what he was doing.

She glanced at what he was doing and noticed that 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 picked up the bologna, he placed the slices on the bread slice and folded them halfway.

He put away the bologna after placing the slices down, and then reached over to the ham, doing the same thing like the bologna.

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

After placing the cheese on top, he then took out a couple of lettuce slices from a single hand-sized lettuce.

And then placed them on top of the cheese.

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

Instead of grabbing her to be used for his sandwich, he instead picked up a tomato and slice that, making a couple of slices.

After he had 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 watched 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 to in the first place.

"Leetle mouse may be hungry." the mighty giant softly spoke, his gentle voice was 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 friend without manners." he continued, sounding like he is assuring her from 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."

"Нет." 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 that, before asking another question, 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; she was hungry.

So, she got up to the giant slice of sandwich in front of her, hesitating for a moment, before taking a small handful of the bread, and bit into it.

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

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

So, she 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 for himself but looked concerned about her, watching as she slowly ate her slice, not even looking at him in the eye.

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

With the back of her hand and using the sleeve of her sweater, she wiped a bit of tomato juice from the corner of her mouth, without looking up at him.

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

"Yeah..." she softly spoke, pausing a bit as she continued wiping some tomato juices from the corners of her lips. "I didn't get to eat anything after I had 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 to him, moving her hands away from her mouth.

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

She jolted in startlement from the sudden touch of his hand from underneath her, lightly scooping her up from the kitchen counter to his chest.

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.

She slowly got 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 had been comfortably seated onto his shoulder, he walked out of the kitchen and the living room, as Stephanie was close to his neck, feeling worried about accidentally falling off and to her death.

He walked down the hallway, that 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 has 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 like the other rooms she had been inside before, but, she felt like it was too small for his size.

The bed and the dresser were there like the ones in the other rooms, except the wardrobe was large for his clothes to be inside without spilling out of the drawers.

The bed was massive for him to be on it 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 just 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, 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 to 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 or Misha."

She softly smirked at his real name, and said gently, 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 when he walked over to his wardrobe and opened one of the drawers, before taking out an enormous book that is 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 that he is not someone that 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 that he is going to get angry at the instant.

But, he turned back around to Stephanie, as she luckily has a straight face, but a panicked thought in her mind, as the muscles inside to her screamed to run when he is angry.

"Нет, I don't hurt woman," he answered politely, gently shaking his head once side to side, making Stephanie's thoughts stop instantly.

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 worried feeling disappear.

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

Curious, 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 to, so she instead listened to him as she just sat there.

Then, he 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 beats up, feeling sorry for him to be picked around by that guy.

Then, she felt confused about why he beats 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 slightly 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 5'0." 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 makin' short jokes, and sometimes about my fluffiness too."

"Why?" he asked curiously. "You should slap 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 else 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 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 is thinking about.

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

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

But he instead placed his hand right in front of her as a platform for her to climb carefully on top of, his palm up.

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

Instead of being placed somewhere he could see her, she 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 to 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 that 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 apologetic. "But, I'm sorry Heavy, I can't read Russian."

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

She felt shocked when he softly assured her that he is going 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 has someone to listen to him reading.

Usually, some of the team members do not have any 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.

But, before he starts reading, he reaches over to a small glasses 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 that he needs glasses to read the book in front of him.

After he placed the glasses on, he put the container back down on the same spot he had set them 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, reading the story to her.

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

But, Stephanie understood him, even though he struggled a bit, she would help him with his words, saying some of the words he could not say.

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

She would correct him once 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 repeats in broken English for her to understand what he is saying.

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

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

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

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

Stephanie, on the other hand, was happy too, but inside her heart, she was sad.

Her Mother had once read a story to her and her little sister, whenever the two feel bored on a dull, rainy day.

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

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

Stephanie, on the other hand, wanted to hear what happened next in the story and does not want to change to a different book.

So, she stopped reading books to both of them, since neither her mother or her little sister would agree to anything.

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.

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