

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

Kapitel 15: From bad to Worse

Hatoralo: "We are back!"

MamaAniki: "Our wrath will devour you."

Hatoralo: "We are Authors, not supervillains."

MamaAniki: "Why can't we both?"

Hatoralo: "Still angry that nobody asked you about your health?"

MamaAniki: "A little."

Hatoralo: "I will always ask you about your health old friend."

MamaAniki: "Thank you, you are really... I can't say more, or they ship us too."

Hatoralo: "I wouldn't mind, we aren't related by blood."

MamaAniki: "Gay Shipping aside: What else have we to tell?"

Hatoralo: "Too many "No Such Luck" Revenge-Fics."

MamaAniki: "Fascinating. But the number of Fanfictions about "No such Luck" is insane. At this point I want even the good ones to vanish."

Hatoralo: "Me too. They could at least try something new like fixing the episode instead of making Lincoln a suffering messiah and let his family get over the top punishments."

MamaAniki: "We digress. Anyway, enjoy this chapter with no mentioning of "No such Luck" in any way, except this foreword."

Chapter 15: From bad, to worse

The teenager on the motorbike was driving silently on Route 66. Her mind was filled by one goal and one only: To find her brother and rescue him from the clutches of his kidnappers.

But another thing was bothering her in her thoughts, one that could affect her mission if not the destiny of many people.

//This can't be the way to Royal Woods Elementary. Like, I knew I totes should have taken that left turn at Albuquerque!//

Eric sat in the Detention Room, alone with his thoughts. He heard the sounds of the battle even here. He was split on his feelings on the situation. On one hand, he wanted to know what was happening, on the other hand, he was happy to be safe in this room. The Detention Room was one of the best secured areas in the entire school, to ensure that nobody would escape his/her punishment. He alone, a delinquent, was safer than every teacher's pet. The irony was amusing him. He wondered if the safety patrol would get the non-combatants into this room to keep them safe sooner or later. It didn't sound as if the battle would end anytime soon so he took a more relaxed position while wishing that he could at least listen to the Royal School News to see what was happening outside.

"I hope that Loud boy is worth all that trouble."

He shuddered at the mentioning of the word Loud. After all, the moment he joined the boss' group two months ago, everyone had told him to stay away from any member of the Loud family when it came to business. At least up until the order to kidnap the middle child of the clan came around half an hour ago. What confused Eric about the entire thing was the kind of uncharacteristic insistency the boss used when giving it. Normally when the boss wanted to propose a "deal" to someone or just act out of generosity, Eric and the others would get time to develop a plan to make said person disappear for a few hours without it becoming suspicious. Furthermore, mediators would be used to inform the "lucky" person of the offer they received. A precaution, utilized to keep the boss' direct involvement as small as possible in the eye of the school justice system.

But the Loud boy had to be apprehended and brought to the boss immediately.

It was... odd to say the least. Still, Eric was a loyal member and friend of "Le Roi" as his boss was known within the shadowy environment of Royal Woods organized child crime activity and there was no way he would ever betray the "King's" court.

That said, the hateful tone the boss used when saying the boy's name worried Eric enough to wonder what exactly would happen to the fifth grader who at least did not threaten to torture his fingers like Lola did.

While he was contemplating his fate, the clicking of the door could be heard. Bored with his thoughts, Eric turned around, hoping that something interesting was now going to happen.

"You can't do this!"

"We are official school hall monitors and members of the force!"

Unfortunately, "interesting" can mean a lot of things and take many forms.

Such as the form of an overworked secretary pulling two blond haired little menaces, one more proper than the other, into detention hall, despite their protests.

"You are just two first graders who are in way too much trouble for their age!" Limewood declared, annoyed with the situation. He had a really bad day so far and Lana and Lola didn't make it much better.

"Come on, Oliver," Lana begged. "Please, let us go."

The secretary ignored the little girl's plead, declaring: "It is Mr. Limewood to you," and sat the two on tables next to Eric. "You two have caused some massive damage to this

building, attacked other kids and school staff with what witnesses describe as a mud ball shooting bazooka and are involved in what appears to be a kidnapping.”

“Are you nuts?” Lola asked back, “We are not involved in the kidnapping. We tried to stop it.”

“Yeah,” Lana stated, trying to support her sister. “If anything, you should go after Eric. He was involved in it.”

She pointed at the boy in question, who in turn just smiled nervously and hoped that if he kept quiet and did not move, he would be ignored in the long run. Which was not so easy to do, as he had to suppress the urge to just run away really, REALLY hard.

“All people saw was that the boy was up on the hood of your car. His lawyer already argues that you just ran him over while hunting someone else.”

Lola was puzzled. “His lawyer?”

“Some kid from the “Students’ Opinion Deserve Attention” club,” Limewood elaborated. He pinched the bridge of his nose. “We really need to discuss a better regulation of student activity with Alexandra.”

He looked at the confused faces of the twins and cleared his throat. “The thing is, Eric is primarily here because the teachers haven’t decided yet if he is a culprit or a victim of reckless driving. You two, on the other hand, made it into online school news.”

“At least Renata has now something interesting to report,” Lola grumbled under her breath, while her twin tried to defuse the situation.

“But... the kidnapping... someone must have seen Eric take our brother!”

Limewood found himself blushing a bit before he explained that, unfortunately, too many kids were too distracted by the sight of a certain student of British origin.

“Oh great,” Lola snarked. “So because everyone gets distracted by the sexy, this butt trumpet is free to go?”

“Hey!” shouted the aforementioned butt trumpet in protest, only for Limewood to silence him down.

“This is not my decision, but one of the teachers’. In fact, I wish that was my task, because then someone else would have to get a hold of the situation out there.”

From outside the room, a lot of screams, followed by the sound of something crashing could be heard. Next thing Limewood knew, white foam, probably of a fire extinguisher, flew through the hallway.

“You know,” began Lola in the sweetest tone she could muster, “if you let us out, we could help you get the situation under con-”

“Oh no!” Limewood interrupted her. “You are off the force for good this time!”

Lana was shocked. “What? But we... we-”

“We just got back on it! That is not fair!”

“Considering the damage you did, I would say otherwise,” stated Limewood.

“You are going to stay in here till we get the situation out there under control.”

That said, Limewood left the room and locked it up behind him.

Lola was at a loss for words. Normally, if someone talked down to her like that, she would set that person’s world on fire. But this was the first time in her life someone unrelated and older than the age of 20 did it to her. She didn’t know if she was supposed to respect Limewood’s authority, how little he may have, or plan her vengeance.

Eventually she decided to just cross her arms in annoyance and call him a jerk. Then, for the first time since she had been dragged into the room, she paid actual attention to where she was and who she was sharing the room with. "Well Eric," said Lola with a smile on her face that would have made the devil shiver in fear. "Now that we have all the time in the world, why don't we talk a bit." Eric laughed nervously. "Sure. Eh... So, did you guys see the new Blarney movie?" "No. Lori refuses to spend her time babysitting us in the theater and-" "Lana..." "I mean, don't try to trick us, Eric. Tell us where our brother is!" Eric gulped. Then he took all his courage and said: "I won't tell you." "Oh Eric," began Lola and the smile on her face somehow managed to turn even more sinister. "I was hoping you would say that."

"Sir, with all due respect," began Commissioner Dagmar of the hall monitor force as she followed Limewood down the floors. "Lana and Lola only did their job. And the video evidence shows that most of the damage was caused by-" "Officer Fillmore, I know," answered Limewood with a sigh.

The secretary wasn't happy about the entire situation, as well as suspending the Loud kids from the force. But the damage to school property, using a mud shooting bazooka and attacking other students was something that could not be ignored and needed to be punished. And considering the current chaos, he felt like it was needed that actions had consequences. Whoever "started" the fighting (and all rumors indicated it were the kindergarteners), he, she or they had turned the school into a warzone.

The kindergarteners were in the middle of melee-combat with more patrol officers in one of the rooms of the 3rd grade and in the west hall, there was a gunfight between the security patrol and the kindergarteners in progress. Lockers were used as defense walls. The grounds were scattered with water pistols, air pellets and the remains of exploded water balloons.

Limewood had not experienced that much chaos, since student president Sanban's "Prism Ape Appreciation Day" celebration a couple of years ago.

"Please tell me you know anything about where Lincoln Loud is."

"Sorry Sir," said Dagmar. "So far none of the kindergarteners has said anything."

Dang it!

"But we-"

Her walkie talkie suddenly went off. "Dagmar?"

"Excuse me sir," Dagmar apologized. "What is it, Linus?"

"Good news. Fillmore and Third got Fynn. He is right next to me. Want to talk to him?"

"What have you done to my dog? Where is my lawyer? I want to my chocolate milk!" a second voice whined from the other end of the line.

"Not now," replied Dagmar. "But I have a lot of questions for him later. Keep him occupied and ask him about the Loud boy."

"Roger."

"Anything else?"

Limewood waited curiously for a few seconds, while the commissioner was listening to her Captain's latest updates.

"Great. Tell Selena I will be there in a second," she said and put the walkie talkie back in her pocket. "Good news. Most of the kids have been taken in. But a small group of kindergarteners has taken refuge in the arts and crafts room on the third floor."

"That is where they keep all the glitter."

Dagmar nodded. "I know. But not to worry. Lieutenant Moran has them cornered and is trying to talk them into surrendering."

The Observer was annoyed to say the least. Using its viral connection to the laptop of Lori and Luna, he had access to the school news report too. And he didn't like what he saw. Somehow having made one bad call has resulted in beloved Lincoln missing, the sisters being broken apart and the school being stuck in a total chaos even he would have trouble making sense of.

"And this was just meant to be a lazy day to get Lincoln back on track," the Observer muttered in resignation. A Skype channel window opened up. The Observer's partner in crime informed him about the current development regarding the kindergarteners. "Well, at least-

"-the situation is, overall, getting under control," said a young girl to someone sitting at a huge table on which a laptop, a plate with cookies and a lot of paperwork and comics were lying. The person in question, known to its associates as Le Roi, smiled at these news, stroking a small hamster sitting in its lap. "See? Everything worked out." The last line was directed at the boy, which around half an hour ago dared to question Le Roi's authority on the school's second floor.

"Yes. We only have Eric stuck in detention and one of our allies is being interrogated by Captain Van Pelt." The boy sounded rather tired.

"By the way Julia, why did you throw one of our Capos literally under, or rather, on the princess' car?"

Feeling that by kidnapping the Loud boy, she had her work for the day cut out already, Julia didn't even try to sound polite when she gave her answer.

"I couldn't think of any other way to lighten the car."

The boy just looked at her with a raised eyebrow, obviously not amused.

"It was a spontaneous idea."

"Those, kinda like our men, seem to get thrown around quite a bit as of today," he stated, glancing towards his boss, before turning his gaze back on her.

"Relax, Lionel," Le Roi stated, watching the school news reporting about Fynn and his dog Jake getting caught on the laptop. "You know as much as I do that Eric will keep his mouth shut."

Lionel sighed. "Look, I am sorry for all the snarking so far. Yes, your plan worked, the situation is getting under control and so on. But all that just to talk to the Loud kid?" The boss turned its head to him. "Do you question my authority?"

"I am your consular...I mean conventionier...your adviser for a reason. And frankly, I

think Richie and Julia share my sentiment.”

Though Lionel was speaking the truth, Julia decided to be quiet in the hopes that this way the entire thing would wrap up soon. Richie meanwhile couldn't say anything, because he was busy getting his face plastered with Hello Kitty bandages in the room next door.

Le Roi took a pellet from a small dish and fed it to his pet.

“You know me. When it comes to a Loud, I am always taking personal care of business.”

“But not like this,” Lionel reminded him. “Also, out of all of them, I doubt “Growing my chest hair” boy is the one worth all the attention.”

Le Roi put the hamster on the table. While the rodent took the chance to jump in the bowl of pellets, Le Roi gave Lionel now its full attention. “You think I don't know that?”

To Lionel's surprise, Le Roi's voice was uncharacteristically cold.

“Lincoln Loud's biggest accomplishment regarding this school is managing to get everyone united against him because of bad dating advice. He is not a threat to us at all. The rest of his family on the other hand...”

Le Roi moved one hand to the laptop and clicked enter. Immediately multiple videos showing Leni rapping in the cafeteria, Lynn and Lucy accompanied by Ronnie Anne walking through the halls and Lori and Luna sitting on a bench on the sporting field showed up.

Lionel was confused. “When did Lori and Luna Loud-“

“It doesn't matter when they showed up. Only that they did,” explained Le Roi, freezing the frames.

“I have not spent the entire year building up my empire just so now the Loud clan can come back and reclaim this school for themselves.”

Multiple henchmen between the age of 7 and 11 who were listening on their boss' rant felt rather uncomfortable. They never had heard Le Roi that uncharacteristically paranoid and venomous.

“Today we are dealing with a trespassing on our grounds. And I want every member of CDR to stand its ground and be ready to do what needs to be done.”

Lionel looked now sterner than before. “And what do you think needs to be done about the kindergarteners?”

Le Roi just waved its hand. “Let Dagmar deal with that for the moment. Knowing her, she has the situation under control by the time math starts. I want to talk to the Loud boy and his comedic sister to make my point clear.”

“Not before your unleashed kindergarteners have been dealt with and I have assured that no traces lead back to us,” insisted Lionel. All he got as an answer was a grumbled, pouting and rather snarky “Yes “Daddy”.” he didn't even bother to react to.

In another part of the school, someone was sipping on a box of apple juice, while also listening in on the hall monitors' radio on a self-build receiver. What that person heard sounded simply delightful. Fynn was captured and the kindergarteners were in panic. The time had finally come to set Operation “Sugar Rush” into motion.

No longer feeling thirsty, the person grabbed a walkie talkie.

"Imperator, do you copy?" the person asked in a strong British accent.

"No, I am hiding in the teacher's lounge!" a girl's voice replied from the other end of the line. "If you want me to copy something, I—"

"That was just a figure of speech," the person said and grumbled something about having to work with kids of his age, instead of his intellect.

"What is going on?"

"Fynn has been captured. He was just used as a pawn in Le Roi's game."

"That is mean."

"You know what that means?"

Silence. "That I am getting detention?"

"No, it means our time has come to finally play with the big boys. Inform the others. It's time for them to have some candy. Would you kindly do that, please?"

A minute later, the Commissioner and the secretary arrived at the arts & crafts room. The only door was surrounded from all sides on the interior and exterior by armed **security patrol officers behind an improvised table cover. Lieutenant Moran, a 9-year old girl with brown hair in a T-Shirt and Shorts was talking through a megaphone. "Okay you little delinquents, if you don't come out of that room with your hands over your heads or we will be forced to use tear gas."**

Dagmar sighed. "We don't have tear gas," she reminded her Lieutenant.

"Yes, but they don't know that."

"We do now!" shouted one of the kindergarteners. Moran had forgot to use the off-switch.

"Dang it. Sorry boss." Without waiting for an order, the Lieutenant gave her Commissioner the Megaphone who in turn looked to Limewood.

"You try first," suggested the secretary. Dagmar nodded and moved the megaphone over her mouth. "Listen, you are surrounded, outgunned and we have the numbers. We have already captured most of the other children and your leader was captured too."

"You didn't get Imperator!"

"But she isn't there to help you," said Dagmar, making the situation clear. "And even on the off chance she was there, do you think that would stop us?" The kindergarteners on the inside didn't answer immediately. They weren't eager to fight against the security patrol with Dagmar on their side. Many of the kindergarteners had once seen how good she was at ringing at an official event. Her grip was like iron and she had the endurance of an ostrich. She was imposing even for the most daring student. "I know the rumors," continued Dagmar. "I am in close contact with the administration, by which I mean president Dumas and Principal Huggins. Neither plans nor thinks about abolishing naptime."

"Really?" asked a kindergartener still slightly unsure and frightened by the prospect of punishment.

"Yes, now do me a favor and come out," requested the American-Japanese with an empathic tone in her voice. "You are in trouble and you are scared but if you surrender now, I will see what I can do to mitigate your punishment."

The Kindergarteners in the room started to debate. Their leader was captured, their vice-leader was absent and they were tired. They trusted Dagmar because she often made sure that none of the meaner kids harassed them. Limewood looked angry but the kindergarteners feared him less than Huggins. They were united in the idea that Fynn had a LOT to answer for later. He had mobilized them after all and told them that naptime would be squashed if they didn't do something. Surrender was the best option right now.

"We surrender!" shouted one of the kindergarteners.

"Excellent work," Limewood lauded Dagmar. "Your next term is pretty secure right now."

"Thank you, sir."

She gave orders to her officers. "Arrest them and get the bigger fish into the detention room, the smaller ones back to the kindergarten rooms. There we will hold them until their parents arrive." Victory was in the air, Limewood felt that and needed that. After such a terrible day, he needed a positive development. Then the walkie-talkies of the Kindergarteners rose to live.

"Change of plans!"

Imperator? thought Dagmar as she recognized the voice. The voice of another kid could be heard from behind the door, asking its commander what that meant.

"We have new orders. Go berserk!"

There was a moment of awkward silence, which a now slightly less confident Dagmar used to signal her men to ram the door open.

"But, Imperator-"

"What is it?" asked the vice-leader of the twerp patrol over the wave length.

"We don't want to get detention."

"They want to take our naptime away."

"Dagmar says those are fake news."

"...Someone shut Donald up."

There was some noise at the other side of the door. Then some more messages were heard.

"Listen, they want to take away our finger paints, too."

There was a collective gasp to be heard. Dagmar looked over to Limewood. They both knew how easy most little kids could be manipulated by astounding stories and/or the simplest of words.

"That's a lie. We would never-"

"So if you do not want to get your finger paints taken away, shove the chocolate down your throats! Would you kindly do that?"

At the mention of the word chocolate, Dagmar instinctively dropped the megaphone and rammmed the door open herself. What she saw made her shiver. The little children had pulled little chocolate bars out of their pockets. The wrapping was white and red. Black letters spelled the word "Duplo."

"Duplo... this is German chocolate," whispered the muscular commissioner calmly.

Limewood didn't need to hear more. High quality German chocolate and little kids? He could already imagine.

"GET THEM!" he ordered to the other kids in panic, but it was too late.

The 3-5 year olds had stuffed the chocolate into their mouths and already their eyes

started to get dilated.

"Dang it!" mumbled Selena. She pushed a small table to the ground and went behind it for cover. Seconds later, she heard a water balloon and multiple spit balls making contact with the faces of half the hall monitor force.

In three different locations, three different individuals watched on their respective computer screens as Dagmar and her men were attacked.

Le Roi was genuinely complexed, while Lionel was busy giving orders in a mobile phone and demanding to know where the kids had gotten something from the prohibited stuff.

The second individual laughed maniacally in the knowledge that it had finally taken its turn in a game it was set on to win against Le Roi.

And the Observer...

"DANG IT! DANG IT ALL TO HECK!"

...was busy deleting multiple written pages because a very bizarre reality ensued.

Hatoralo: "Do you think the readers will buy this?"

MamaAniki: "I hope they will buy it more than in the story "Singled Out" were Lisa is building mind control chips, selling most of them to a Mexican landlord and trying to take over the world with them or whatever."

Hatoralo: "At least those parts were entertainingly in their weird badness in regards to plot twists."

MamaAniki: "It is still not "The Room" of Fanfics."

Hatoralo: "But I will find it one day and if I have to burn down all of Fanfiction.net!"

MamaAniki: "HA! What a story Hatoralo."

Hatoralo: "We hope you enjoyed this chapter."

MamaAniki: "We try our best to give you the best experience with our stories."

Hatoralo: "Last but not least: Platonic has now a TV Tropes page but it is rather underdeveloped at the Moment."

MamaAniki: "Check it out if you have the time."

MamaAniki: "Well then, this is all for now. Don't forget to fave, review and follow if you didn't do that so far. Any kind of constructive criticism will always be welcome."

Hatoralo: "See you next time to this Loudcest story, interrupted by a kid-friendly version of a war movie/cop drama."

Reference Explanation time:

Not only Leni has problems with Albuquerque, Bugs Bunny has them too.