

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

Kapitel 14: A little breather

Hatoralo: Welcome to Chapter 14!

It will be a little less action filled, instead it has more plot.

It is also a shorter chapter because the last one was pretty long.

My partner meanwhile has still to take a setback because of his medical and academic issues.

But they will be solved soon enough.

So, sit back relax and enjoy the fourteenth Chapter of "Platonic!"

Chapter 14: A little breather

The Observer was not able to choose its words properly to describe the situation it was just updated on. It wanted a more "action-heavy" scenario for this day, but this was almost too surreal to look at. This wasn't... exactly what it wanted. It didn't know what it wanted for this in the first place, but this wasn't it.

The Observer took its smartphone and chose a special internet app but talked in the smartphone as if it called somebody.

"Yo-Bu," the Observer in an annoyed tone greeted its partner in crime. "What in the name of Mark Twain did you think you were doing?"

It listened to the answer, but its annoyed expression didn't change.

"Generate action? This looked like a movie-cop chase set in a post-apocalyptic movie, during which a movie agent was taken on the ride, before it crashed with a Michael Bay production!"

The Observer started to tap with its fingers on the desk it was sitting on, looking at

the screen of its laptop.

"I know I wanted something exciting. But this generates too many questions. How am I supposed to answer them all? Not to mention the authorities, as soon as reality ensues!"

It nodded in accordance to the next few lines it was hearing.

"Yes... Yes... Yes. Okay, I know I had to take some serious measures for this case. I hope some more to avoid trouble for the Loud Family will not generate too much strain on everything."

The Observer started to type some stuff on its laptop.

"I think I know what to do. I can still spin this situation to our benefit. But I need you to assure me that the situation stays under our control."

The Observer marked some lines on a document file, deleted them and wrote down what it had in mind. "I will give you free hand for the next couple of hours. Don't screw it up. Or I will make you re-imagine the works of Stephenie Meyers for the next year."

The Observer ended the call and continued to type. It had now some great ideas for this chapter.

"Do you know where Lincoln is?"

"Get out of my office!"

Leni was in somebody's office room.

"Sorry, Mister..." she tried to remember what people in office rooms were called. Then it hit her. "Sorry Mister Pointy Haired Boss. I am on my way!"

And she drove away fast.

Once again, he was surrounded by total darkness. But this time it wasn't as liberating and relaxing as last time. Instead, it felt more threatening and, in a way, kind of insane. He tried to remember what had happened. Somebody had kidnapped him. Three wannabe hitmen, then his sisters became cops and tried to rescue him with two more officers, a wild car-battle ensued and something with bananas and a giant monkey being chased by a plumber. He wasn't conscious the entire time, so a few things may be incorrect.

He finally opened his eyes after his memories became more coherent. His vision was still blurry and he saw something colorful before him.

"Lincoln?"

He recognized the voice immediately. "Luan?"

His vision became clear. He was in a room with grey walls, some shelves with boxes on them and only one door in a darkened white. A single bulb illuminated the room to some degree. He heard a buzzing sound, very faint but it came from somewhere, maybe another room.

Directly before him was Luan, bound to a chair like in the movies, legs tied to the chair legs, hands bound behind the backrest.

"What in the- Eh- Why are you tied to the chair with hair ties?"

"I don't know. Why are you?" she countered.

Lincoln realized, after trying to move, that she was right. He was bound into the same position as his sister.

"Are you okay, Luan?"

"I think so," she informed him. "Still dizzy from the chloroform. Are you alright?"

"I guess so. Except for the fact that somebody kidnapped us."

"And with that chaos in the school, it will take some time until somebody notices our absence," Luan stated somberly. "Don't worry, your big sister will protect you."

"I know," Lincoln sighed, remembering that he wasn't really sure about Luan's state of mind. Then he remembered something which really worried him. "Do you know if Lana and Lola are okay?"

"They had a safe landing in the compost," Luan told him. "I know enough about compost to assure you that they are most likely safe. You on the other hand, were in greater danger."

"How do you-"

"Made sketches with compost," Luan told him. "You have to give it back to the owner afterwards, though."

Lincoln sighed. He felt guilty for what happened to Luan and the twins.

"I am sorry that-"

"Cut it," Luan interrupted him. "You have nothing to be sorry for."

"But-"

"Lana, Lola and I wanted to rescue you out of our own free will," she told him with a stern voice and expression. "You don't have to feel guilty. You would've done the same for us."

Lincoln was speechless. He seldom heard his sister speak so seriously about something.

"You are right Luan, but I am their older brother after all. I should protect them, not vice versa."

"You are a martyr for our affection, aren't you?" Luan stated. "But let's get out of here now before our kidnappers come back."

Lincoln gulped. "What do you think they will do with us?"

"They managed to kidnap us, but I think those kids will just nap before doing anything interesting," Luan joked seriously and then laughed. "Get it?"

Lincoln could already feel the obligatory groan form in his throat when the door to the room opened. A third grader with spunky red hair wearing a black suit entered. He was accompanied by two other, much older kids with two dollies.

"Glad you are awake," the kid said. He snapped his fingers and his companions stepped in, putting the chairs with two Louds on the dollies for transportation.

He turned his attention to Lincoln. "The boss wants to talk to you."

"Wait... Randal?"

The boy in question suddenly froze.

"Randal? I thought your name was Reno," one of his helpers said.

"He must be mistaken."

"You were at Lucy's birthday party last month," Lincoln asserted. "You were the kid who gave her that figurine collection of "Last Imagination" villains and-"

"Shut up," the boy said and kicked Lincoln in the leg, which made the white haired boy grunt.

"HEY!" Luan protested angrily about the kick against her brother, trying to free herself from her elastic shackles. "He is already hurt at his thigh."

Randal, or Reno as he preferred to be called when being "at business", looked at Lincoln and saw the cut in the jeans under which bits of Luan's improvised bandage could be seen.

"Oh," he would say, the look on his face becoming more worried and turning to Lincoln with sympathy in his eyes. "Does it hurt?"

One of the helpers felt the need to clear his throat at the uncalled sight of empathy that didn't quite fit the situation.

"I mean... Stop talking!" the young boy said, trying to save face. "At least till we reach the boss."

"What boss?" Luan asked. "Is his name Hugo?"

The kids blinked in confusion. Lincoln, who actually got it (as a result of having grown up with at least two fashion or perfume obsessed sisters), groaned.

"No." Randal/Reno replied confused. "In fact, it's not even a he."

"It is a gender-neutral person?" asked Luan in sarcastic surprise. "Never thought I would see such a person as a boss of something."

Randal ignored her, but Lincoln smiled.

Lori and Luna Loud were worried. No, scratch that. Both were at the brink of losing their minds. Just when it looked like Lincoln was finally safe, or at least as safe as they thought he could be with Luan, those troublesome second graders jumped out of nowhere and kidnapped both of their younger siblings in front of the camera. If they hadn't known any better, they would have suspected that Luan's video feed had turned into a bad found footage movie twist ending. So in other words, any found footage horror movie since 2005.

"Dude, this really isn't fun anymore," Luna said, walking up and down the little path of green she and her other sisters were hiding in. "Lola and Lana are behind detention bars, Leni is god knows where..."

Leni looked around. All she saw was the skyline of Royal Woods.

"Well, even I know I am wrong," the young teen said, scratching her head. She tried to turn her motorcycle around, wondering how she even managed to get it up the fifteen floor high building in the first place, seeing how the building's elevator was out of order.

"... and we have no idea where they have taken our brother and Luan."
She came to a halt when no reaction came from her older sister.

"Lori?"

"Sit down," the eldest told her. "You being nervous isn't helping anyone. Especially yourself."

Luna wanted to protest, but even she had to admit that her sister had a point. She grabbed the laptop and sat down. Trying to distract herself, she opened up the feed of the school news, where Renata Veracruz de la Hoya Cardinal interviewed Limewood about the current development of things, learning that Lola and Lana had supposedly been apprehended and were going to face interrogation any minute. Before that, though, they were going to take a long and necessary shower.

"The situation is under control," told a stern Limewood the young reporter. "After we apprehended two of the main suspects, we will now begin to rally the rest of the kindergarteners. They will face a long time in detention."

"What about the allegation that the Kindergarteners only play riot now because of the rumor that principal Huggins plans to absolve naptime?"

"Those rumors are incorrect," explained the secretary calmly. "We can't say for sure why Kindergarteners would start a riot but we will figure it out. The situation will be under control soon."

A crash is heard and the camera swings to a scene of a weird vehicle looking like a hedgehog with many spikes protruding from its back to all sides crashing into one array of lockers.

"I repeat, it's all under control," guaranteed the secretary. "Now go back to your studio, Renata my dear," he said while a little girl was in his hair and trying to attack him with a plastic spear. "Nothing interesting to see here."

"At least the twins are okay."

"Yeah, great," Lori said slightly dismissively. Not because she had anything against her younger siblings, but because her mind was preoccupied with other things. Primarily coming up with an idea to save her little Thumber. Which was not easy. As Luna had outlined correctly, anyone who could help was out of commission. Additionally, with the chaos that had gone on within the last twenty minutes, there was no chance that Luna or Lori would get back in the building without a high chance of being spotted, probably resulting in multiple questions on what they were doing here at all.

There was only one sister left she could think of and she was currently sitting under the tree, deep in thoughts, after Luna and Lori's shocked reaction to their brother's second kidnapping woke her up in a startle. And based on her quiet, almost frozen, look, it was more likely she was out of commissi-

"Who did it?"

The dark tone in Lynn's voice made her sisters freeze for a second. Being more carefree and casual most of the time, She wasn't the most serious or dangerous sounding in the family. But with just one question, she managed to sound more dangerous than Lori.

"Lynn?"

The girl in question slowly arose from the lap of the rocker. "Who kidnapped our brother?"

"Two goons in black," answered Luna. "They have Luan too. But we lost their trace after they cut Luan's smartphone feed."

"The kindergarteners," Lynn whispered. "Their leader..."

Lori tried to stop her. "Lynn, before you-"

But she was on her legs and running before anyone could do so. In the eyes of her sisters, Lynn could be faster than the Roadrunner and Speedy Gonzales if she wanted. And now she was even faster than that.

"Should we follow her?" asked Luna.

"No," Lori commanded. "We are backup. If even she isn't able to rescue Lincoln, the rest of us will prepare a major offense. I guess we need Alfred's help in that case."

Luna just shrugged with the shoulders. Lynn alone should be enough.

The situation was not serious enough to have an attack of the eleven L.

Back in the studio, Renata was reading more news with a header besides her reading "Kidnapping of Lincoln Loud!"

"The situation is still kind of out of control and the main chase is over. Lincoln Loud has vanished alongside his sister Luan. Lola and Lana Loud, also known as the "Gemini of Justice", are in custody. We now switch to Karl-Heinz Mason on the ground."

The screen changed to a fourth grader with short brown hair and glasses and a drone-controller in his hands. Besides him in the upper left corner was a picture of the drone.

"Renata, the situation hasn't improved," the boy told Renata. "The chase is over but the Kindergarteners are still hyperactive and destructive. A theory mentioned by an expert I consulted said that the children seem to be on a sugar high. We wait for confirmation from the bureau of the principal on that."

The drone-camera picture then filled out the entire screen. It showed patrol officers fighting several kindergarteners on a crashed monster of a vehicle that looked like a fusion of kaijus on steroids. They shot at each other with water guns and air pellets and toy-weapons clashed with toy-batons. Then a vehicle with a drill crashed into the side of the other vehicle. Its driver fired at the officers with a stationary water-gun.

"It seems the battle will continue for a while," assumed Karl-Heinz dryly. "Back to... What is this?"

A red-brown-white flash run onto the tower and grabbed the gunner who looked very pale all of the sudden.

"Somebody unknown came into the fight," Karl-Heinz commented. "Looks like she wants something from the Kindergarteners."

It looked like the kid didn't have any satisfactory answers for the newcomer so she threw him into a garbage can and ran away, giving the hall monitors a serious advantage.

"I will try to follow this quick runner," Karl-Heinz promised. "Back to you, Renata."

Back with Renata, she looked seriously in the camera.

"What happened to this school? Criminals kidnap candidates for school representative in broad daylight and kindergarteners try to install a regime of anarchy in our halls. What has this world become?"

Renata sighed loudly but then it looked like she got an off-screen signal from the camera. She shook her head a little. Then stronger and stronger, until she sighed

again, but this time more frustrated. She held up a milkshake with a fake smile, while the header beside her turned into a commercial for a certain store, saying:
"Drink Flippies! Available at the only Flip's Food & Fuel in town."
After she was finished, she mumbled something about product placement in the wrong places. But luckily, the viewer could not hear that.

Lucy had a hunch. And while normally she was glad having those, as she considered them a manifestation of her dormant psychic abilities she was certain to master one day, as of yesterday, she would have given anything to not experience them. The reason for that was primarily that her hunches seem to manifest primarily when she was thinking of her family now. And they seemed to indicate bad things to be on the horizon for them.

First she had a hunch yesterday while reading a book. Next thing she knew, the others were chasing Lincoln around the house. Then this morning she had a really bad feeling when she looked at her roommate, who looked like she had something troubling on her mind.

And for the last fifteen minutes or so, she felt really weird. Twitchy. Kinda like Lana when someone told her not to go near an animal at the petting zoo. She didn't know exactly why, though, and assumed that it was related to Lincoln. Unfortunately for her, there was no way for her to currently see if everything was alright with her brother.

It was Monday, and like every Monday, she spent her recess in the school library, returning some of the old books she had rented for the weekend while also looking what had come back from other students, just to see if something of interest could be there for her. Additionally she heard rumors that a certain tutor she had a crush on not a long time ago was going to start working here as of today.

Unfortunately for her, Hugh never showed up. Then, just when she was about to read up on a collection of vampire short stories, her hunch set in. At first, she tried to ignore it, but it grew stronger. To make matters worse, by the time she couldn't ignore it any longer and she wanted to act upon it, some commotion started in the halls. No one in the library knew what was really going on. Supposedly, kindergarteners ran amuck and other students had problems getting a grip on them. Bottom line, she had no real chance of getting out there without running into some sort of trouble. So she decided to sit the situation out and then go for Lincoln. But the longer she did, the more intense the hunch got.

She desperately tried to focus on the text in her book, ignoring the sound of worried kids around her.

"Hey, Lucy?"

At least up until now.

The young Goth lifted her head up from the book, only to look into the face of a certain girl that somehow managed to be very familiar, but also alien to her.

"Hello, Ronnie Anne."

Lucy closed the book, her attention now solely on the young girl she knew her brother

was hanging out with (as Lincoln would say, they were not a couple. Even if the rest of the universe insisted on the opposite).

"Haven't seen you around here often."

"Yeah. Normally I am at the yard at this time, teaching the third graders why they shouldn't give the first graders wedgies," the young Hispanic girl explained with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Didn't know you had such a social streak in you," Lucy replied. "Admirable."

"Thanks."

There was an awkward moment of silence between the two girls, who had nothing in common, aside from a liking to a certain boy at the age of 11. Come to think of it, this very moment right now was the first time they interacted in general.

"Look, Lucy," Ronnie Anne eventually began to break the ice, "normally I would leave you alone in whatever misery it is you emos like to bath in."

"I am a goth," injected Lucy slightly aggravated at the mentioning of the word emo.

"Sorry. Anyway, I have a few questions."

"Do these questions concern the forces of evil?"

"Only if this is what you call your family," Ronnie Anne replied, not able to read from Lucy's unmoving face if she was angry about that comment. "Anyway, I want to ask you, what is going on with Lincoln?"

Lucy herself was wondering more about her sisters and less about Lincoln but after yesterday he was probably not at his most normal behavior anymore. But she wondered why he would act unusual towards Ronnie Anne. Maybe he looked worse for wear?

"A lot of things can happen to my brother," replied Lincoln. "He often gets into all sorts of shenanigans and adventures."

"How often?"

"More often than you may think," said Lucy in a deadpan tone. "One or more of my siblings or I can be involved in them."

Ronnie Anne nodded in understanding. "I really should visit more often."

"Just be warned," stated Lucy with a sinister undertone. "It can get very loud and some visitors were never seen again."

Ronnie Anne chuckled for a second but became serious again. "What is happening with your brother?"

"We had... an argument yesterday," Lucy told Ronnie a white lie. "He was so angry with some of my sisters so he went over to Clyde's for a sleepover."

"What was the argument about?" Ronnie wanted to know.

"It is a family matter," Lucy stated a little bit too quick and she scolded herself for that. "I am not authorized to reveal this to anyone."

"Is someone beating him up?" asked Ronnie directly.

Only Lucy's permanent stoic expression was able to hide her surprise. She couldn't deny that it could be rough in the Loud House, but never enough one could call it abusive in her eyes. Except maybe the time they bound Lori to a chair. That could have really gotten them in trouble.

"Nobody is abusing anyone," explained Lucy seriously and naturally. "The issue is just private in nature and I won't discuss it with you."

Ronnie calmed down a little. She had thought about getting the answers she wanted

with force, but she wasn't willing to beat somebody up. Especially somebody who was younger than her.

"Let me ask you something else," she finally said after some contemplation. "Is this reason in any way connected to Lori brea?"

Lynn came flying through the main entrance of the library, by using the propulsion of an explosion behind her. She managed a point-10 landing before her sister and Ronnie Anne, who had forgotten all about her question after witnessing this entrance.

"Lucy, I need your help!"

From outside, multiple screams could be heard.

"Have you started a war with somebody?" Lucy asked calmly.

"The war out there concerns us all!" explained Lynn in an overdramatic manner.

"Especially us Louds. It is happening because of us Louds!"

"What in the name of Santa Muerte are you talking about?" a very confused Ronnie wanted to know. "Also, shouldn't you be in middle school?"

"Shut it Sl... Santiago!" Lynn snarled at Ronnie, which surprised the later. She hadn't often talked to Lynn in the past but this was out of character for the sport protégé.

"This only concerns the Louds."

"Well, if it concerns Lincoln, it should also concern me as his gir- good friend," replied Ronnie weaker than she planned to do.

"Whatever!" grumbled Lynn loudly and turned to Lucy. "You have to get me to Lincoln. He was kidnapped by some gangster looking twerps."

"What did you just say?" gasped Lucy in cold words and a shocked expression.

Ronnie was shocked herself now, any anger over every Loud forgotten. She felt concern, a thirst for action and wrath rising in her heart.

"Seems that the Lame-O needs help," sighed Ronnie, trying to underplay her concern.

"I will help you but only because these kindergarteners are no challenge for me and I yearn for a good fight."

"The ones in the vehicles are more of a challenge," Lynn informed Ronnie. "But only if they see you coming."

Suddenly the door swung open and a burning soap box car with too many spikes rolled into the hall, before crashing against a bookshelf, setting it on fire.

"Like that one."

The entire library was in panic now as the librarian tried to calm the kids down.

"Also, if you call my brother a Lame-O again, I will make you eat those words along with your hoodie..." Lynn whispered.

"What did you say?" Ronnie, who hadn't really listened because of the developing chaos she had just now started to notice more, wanted to know.

"Nothing. Lucy?"

The goth turned her attention from the progressing destruction of the physics section of the library back to her sister. "What?"

"Can you use your creepy teleportation thingy to find him?"

The stern expression on Lucy's face somehow managed to become even sterner, despite no change in her facial muscles at all. "It is not as easy as you think," Lucy tried to explain without rush while one bookshelf after another behind her started to burn.

"I need at least an idea where Lincoln could be and it helps if the area is smaller. The school is too large for my "creepy teleportation thingy" to work."

"So, you can't appear behind Lincoln and slaughter his kidnappers like in a splatter movie and massacre them?"

Lucy sighed in annoyance. "First: Yes, I can't just appear next to him. Second, I have no intention in becoming a stupid slasher. My goal is eternal life through vampirism. Not to maim a few dozen teenagers every few years because of boredom and/or severe psychological issues."

"Well, glad someone has their priorities in life already figured out."

Lucy ignored the quip from her brother's on and off crush.

"But I can accompany you."

"So be it," Lynn approved. "Just stay behind me. Santiago, if you hinder us, you will get left behind."

"Don't worry about me," Ronnie stated self-assured while kindergarteners stormed the library, closely followed by patrol officers. "You could tell me why your ever so lovely Lori left my brother on the way."

Lucy's face changed her expression from somber apathy to honest surprise over this new bit of information, while Lynn just shrugged. The three left the burning library together, not concerned by the ensuing chaos around them.

Hatoralo: "Well, those Santiago's and Louds are difficult to disturb. Ronnie is too much of a hardass to show worry and the Louds are used to general chaos around them.

But will it stay that way?

But what will happen next? The school is a warzone and some mysterious force has kidnapped Lincoln. With the twins under detention, Leni driving around somewhere not finding her way back and Luan being a prisoner along with Lincoln the situation looks bad but not unsolvable.

Who is the fiend who dared to attack the Louds?

Has that fiend something to do with the sisters turning incestuous?

Will the Louds beat the odds and beat that fiend?

Figure out next time, same Fanfic-Time, Same Fanfic Site.

Until then, see you next time!"

Reference Explanation time (for Chapter 13):

Marvin which was shoot in the face is a reference from Quentin Tarantino's Movie "Pulp Fiction", where another Marvin got shot in the face but lethally.

Cornelius Fillmore and Ingrid Third are from the Disney Animated Series "Fillmore."

Captain Linus van Pelt is from "Peanuts", a little comic-strip you may have heard of.

It will not be the last mentioning of a "Peanut".

The Kindergarteners act like "Immortan Joe" and his army from the Movie "Mad Max: Fury Road" but are more progressive when it comes to the treatment of females. The entire scene and the cars of the Kindergarteners are inspired by the movie.

Also the name Fynn is taken from the Cartoon Network Series "Adventure Time."

Renata Veracruz de la Hoya Cardinal is inspired by the field Reporter Miranda Veracruz De La Hoya Cardinal from the classic Sitcom "Married... With Children".

Luan Platter's little song was taken from "We are Number One", sung by the famous Robbie Rotten from "Lazy Town".

The Stunt with the rotating ramp-jump Lola pulled to keep up with the kidnappers was based on one in "The Man with the Golden Gun", a James Bond Movie.

Lola's hatred of compost was a reference to Biff from the "Back to the Future" movies and his famous hate for dung.

And last but not least: The title of this chapter is a pun-reference to the "Fast and the Furious" movies. But our plot makes more sense than the stuff that is happening in the newer movies by far and our scenario is no Rip-Off of the Movie "Breaking Point".

Reference Explanation time (for Chapter 14):

The Pointy Haired Boss is best known from the daily newspaper comic strip "Dilbert".

Plumbers, Donkeys and Bananas? Mario, Donkey Kong and Bananas are from certain Mario Games and the first Donkey Kong Game.

The Name Reno is taken from the Game "Final Fantasy 7".

Santa Muerte is the female Deity or Saint of Death and she is especially famous in Mexico, worshipped as a benevolent being and protector.

And Lucy and Lynn were talking about Slasher villains like Jason Voorhees, Michael Myers and Freddy Krueger as Lynn compared her teleportation ability to them.
