

To Protect and Serve (Followup to Moon River)

“H-How did you get this number?!”

It was the only thing Richard could think to even say to a surprise call from his older sister, Andrea. Given the circumstances of why Richard ran away in the first place and Andrea’s sexual exploitation of the younger Solgaleo in Richard’s childhood, Richard had nothing but contempt for his older sister. Hearing her voice again wasn’t like welcoming back an old family member, but like finding out a former abuser is back in his life.

Somehow, Richard had managed to pick up the phone and initiate conversation. Elizabeth, still in bed, had noticed that something clearly wrong was going on, but she had no idea who was on the other end of the line. For now, she decided to stay silent and observe.

“Hey there! How’s my favorite little sex to- I mean, my favorite little bro?~”

“I... I don’t understand... how did you even get my number?”

“How did I get your number? I used the internet. Duh?” said the rather dismissive and somewhat condescending feminine voice on the other end.

Richard grimaced, knowing that his number was obviously out there in the vast realm of cyberspace. His phone number was always a quick search away.

“...You should still be in prison.” Richard said bluntly, not wasting words.

“Oh wow, so observant! Gold Star, little bro. ANYWAY, funny story about that. I got time off for good behavior, and I’m certain that my feminine wiles helped convince the judge and all for a much lower sentence.~”

“You... Y-You have to be... k-kidding...”

“Nope! Lovely justice system you got here in Unova! In any case, I’ve got your address, so I’ll give you a visit sometime in the future. And who knows? Might be fun to use you again. Be a good little toy for me!~”

click

After the phone clicked off on the other end to hang up, he noticed his hand shaking violently, struggling to keep the phone in his hands. It slipped out, but he picked it back up. Even then, his hand shook in such tremors that it fell out again. This time, he didn't bother picking it up.

As if possessed by a zombie, he slowly plods over, past his mirror, and falls into his bed back up, not wanting to even look at his reflection. Not even wanting to make eye-contact with his wife out of shame.

"Why... why does she have to come back into my life AGAIN?! This can't be happening... This has to be a dream... I'm going to wake up, right...? I thought... I thought I was over this... ARCEUS, TELL ME IF THIS IS SOME KIND OF SICK JOKE!"

Elizabeth was unsure how to react to help him as the room went unsettlingly silent. His fur even seemed to look more like a ghostly, dead shade of white rather than its' usual lustrous shine. The silence continued for a few minutes before it finally ended when Richard closed his eyes... sobbing softly.

It was now Elizabeth acted, trying to walk over to comfort Richard, giving him a gentle hug as he sobbed. Elizabeth had known of Richard's traumatic past, even before their marriage. Therapy for it as a child after his adoptive parents gained custody didn't magically make those bad memories go away. Richard was told that he may have to deal with this trauma again in the future... and that's exactly what happened.

"A-Andrea was right... I'm always just going to be her dumb baby brother..." the Solgaleo cried, sucking and biting his thumb as he did as a small child. Fear and despair started to flash him back to his childhood...

"Richard. You aren't back there anymore. You're safe here with me."

Before the Solgaleo could drag up any unpleasant childhood memories, his wife's voice stopped him right then and there.

"Elizabeth... I..."

“Breathe slowly for me. In... and out. In... and out.” Elizabeth asked, keeping a firm, loving arm around Richard.

The Solgaleo’s breaths were shaky and unsteady, but he slowly began to breathe in... and out... in... and out... It took a few minutes, but with Elizabeth’s careful guidance, Richard’s mind was slowly brought out of that dark, evil place that it was nearly sent to.

Richard seemed to be calming down at last, drying his face and sighing in relief.

“Elizabeth... thank you.”

With that, the bat gave the cat a slow yet clearly affectionate kiss on the cheek. Richard slowly recovered himself, still breathing softly as he looked into the mirror. Despite how wracked he had been, there was a fire still burning in his eyes.

“No... I’m not going to let her rule my life. She... she doesn’t control me anymore.” Richard said, starting to regain confidence in himself. “Right... thanks, Elizabeth. I need to get ready for work.”

“Just take care, OK? I’m always a call away if you need me.”

The Solgaleo gave a soft smile. “I will.”

Meanwhile, at Angel Island Prison...

A pair of prisoners were once again out in the courtyard, this time having finished up jogging around the lap track and stopping to sit down at one of the benches.

“One of these days, I will beat you in a race...” Ben the Incineroar groaned, pouring his bottled water over his head to cool down his extreme sweat.

“Heh. Those years on the track team back in high school were pretty useful to have during our drug cartel days.” Chase the Feraligatr smirked, not even having broken a sweat as he merely sipped his water.

Ben chuckled. "I have never seen a Feraligatr run that fast in my life the day the police arrested us. You outran the police car!"

"Yeah... honestly, I probably could've gotten away, but it didn't feel... well, we're basically bros. I couldn't leave you behind when I realized you weren't catching up with me. Maybe some of the other gang members probably saw it as a stupid choice for me to get arrested when I could've escaped... but you're my best friend. I don't think I could've continued on in the gang without you."

"If I could run like you, we wouldn't even be here!" Ben laughed. "But really... that's sweet. Besides, I guess it's not all bad here. 3 meals a day, exercise and some entertainment, lots of kink..."

"I suppose..." Chase pondered. "Still, that Warden... he scares me, not going to lie. And I don't scare easy."

Ben thought about it as well, finally cooling off. "You mean the whole droning and rubbermancy thing, right?"

"Exactly. I get he wants to punish some of the worst of us, and hell, I even understand that. Some of our own gang members went into matters that... I'd rather not discuss. But is it really... right for him to be judge, jury, executioner for all of us prisoners?"

"I mean... we seem to be fine. I don't think the Warden has much reason to drone us. This place is still mostly full of a bunch of prisoners, not a lot of drones." Ben pointed out.

"I've noticed." Chase nodded. "But the ones he does drone typically fall under some sort of category of sexual offender or child abuser. Although knowing his history, it's not hard to understand why. It's personal for the guy."

"Yeah, we're here for a few murders and drug trafficking, yet we get off light compared to guys like Gavin."

"...That's what scares me." Chase confessed. "Having the power to just... rob a living Pokemon of their entire identity, never to be recovered or remembered. That's kinda murder in itself, isn't it?"

Ben shrugged. "Ehh, the Warden's biases aren't really our problem. I guess he doesn't really scare me as much because I know he's not really going to drone you or me. But either way, there's not really anything we can do about it."

Chase sighed. "I suppose that's true..."

"Hey!"

Ben and Chase heard someone calling out to them.

Landon. A Silvally of considerable muscle with a six-pack of abs, he was well-known among the prisoners and the staff as a confident gay 'Mon with charisma and masculinity that could turn even the straightest of them gay. Unlike Richard, who seemed to 'prefer' targeting sexual predators, Landon had a particular disdain for violent homophobes. Part of it was certainly due to Landon's own sexuality, but having nobody help him through his feelings growing up, the Silvally wanted to be the 'Mon that he never had to help him.

Thankfully for the two, neither Ben or Chase were violent homophobes. Of course, given Landon's near-infinite charisma, the two almost blushed as he called out to them.

"Heh, y'all just gonna stand there?" he approached, going shirtless as always. "Physical exercise is over, gotta get you back to the cells. Everybody else is already on the way, saw that I was short two prisoners."

The Feraligatr, Chase, was easily the most flustered. Landon's charisma, his confidence, his pecs and ass...

"Arceus, you really gotta go shirtless?" Chase blushed, compared to Ben's more curious glance.

Landon shrugged. "Unova summers are hot. Better to get that sweat out over it clinging onto a shirt, y'know?"

Ben, on the other hand, recovered from his initial reaction. "R-Right, right. Come on, Chase. Let's get going."

"Huh? Oh yeah, right." Chase followed Ben back to their cells as Landon kept an eye on them... he'd have to see if Chase would take him up on a potential... offer... later tonight.

An offer that the Silvally was confident that the Feraligatr would accept.

"Rough morning?"

Richard sighed, coming into the prison. It was another voice, but at least one Richard infinitely preferred to hear over Andrea's...

"Hey Derek." Richard greeted his Kommo-o coworker as he walked into the secure doors. Derek was a particular individual, though perhaps not as... unique... as Landon. Compared to Landon and Richard, Derek's life was perhaps a bit more ordinary. He had a wife, some kids, pretty much no trauma to speak of... pretty much the only unordinary things about him were his job of choice and (of course) his obvious kinks.

"Heya, Richard." the Kommo-o nods to greet the Solgaleo, a bit of a thoughtful look in his head. "You seem pretty out of it. Something happen this morning?"

Richard grimaced. "Well... that might be an understatement. I don't really want to talk about it now. Maybe with Jacob later."

"Yeah... we'd probably be pretty messed up in the head if it weren't for him." Derek chuckled. Jacob was an Arcanine counselor for the prison. He worked as counseling for both the prisoners and the staff. For prisoners, he helps them come to terms with the reality of their crimes and their sentence at Angel Island Prison. For staff, he makes sure that their jobs don't cause them to either dive into despair or become corrupt and drunk with power. It was a job that required insane mental fortitude, and was arguably the hardest job in the entire prison.

"I do not envy that 'Mon." Richard replied, before addressing Derek again. "But I mean... how's the wife and kids? They doing OK?"

Derek smiled. "Yeah, wife's good. Melissa's more of a stay-at-home mom, but she's happy with it. Cindy's doing well at school while Jack won't stop talking about his favorite Machoke-man action figure as usual."

Richard laughed. "Haha, thanks. That does put a bit of a smile on my face."

Derek nods. "They're great kids, truly. I couldn't ask for a better family. Now, if you don't mind, I gotta get to some paperwork and file it out for new arrivals..."

The Kommo-o heads over to his desk absolutely drowning with paperwork, his desk the ship in an ocean of paper.

Richard didn't exactly envy Derek's job as the prison transfer manager, either. Head Warden wasn't an easy job by any stretch, but he found it generally manageable.

"By the way, a new prisoner came in. Real bastard, a Tauros in Cell 358X." Derek informed the Solgaleo.

"An X cell? That's only reserved for criminals that would be beaten to a pulp by other prisoners..."

"In this case, a dirty cop. None of the prisoners here really like cops in the first place, having them bunk with even a bad one brings in too much tension. And paperwork, don't forget the paperwork when one of them inevitably kills the other."

"How bad are we talking?" Richard queried.

"Well, here's his case file. He was officially transferred in today by yours truly."

Taking the case file from the Kommo-o, the Solgaleo looks over the new prisoner's info... and it wasn't pretty, making even Richard grimace.

"Yeah, that's... That's pretty bad, yeah. A crazy power-tripping bastard of a cop. I hate how often I see guys like this in the news. Usually, they don't even get reprimanded."

Derek smirked at Richard. "I get the feeling this guy isn't gonna be so lucky.~"

Richard chuckled. "You got that right. Time for me to give him a warm welcome.~"

"Gotta thank you for taking my offer. You aren't that bad a guy, really. Plus, I'd love a night of debauchery with you, ha ha.~"

Landon had let himself into Chase's cell. And the Feraligatr had all too eagerly accepted the Silvally's offer to be his eager plaything for the night. It was a way to spend the time that Landon liked to occasionally indulge in, and any prisoner that agreed was in for one crazy ride.

"How we gonna go about this? Lot of different setups we could go with, we could-"

"Kneel."

The statement caught Chase off-guard, with Landon looking at him with a commanding glare. It was clear that he was dead serious. With a shiver, the Feraligatr kneels before the Silvally, already incredibly turned on.

Ben, who had a fantastic view of the whole thing (since it was in his cell), let out a whistle. "Damn bro, it's something else to see you degrade yourself completely into such a horny slut.~"

Landon grinned. "He's definitely right on that." He smirks towards Chase. "And maybe, if you're a good bitch, I could work up a deal with the warden. Your crimes are much lesser than others here, we could definitely work out an NDA of sorts, let you out after a few years.~"

Both Ben's and Chase's eyes widened.

"Y-You're serious?" Chase asked.

"Only if you're a good little bitch for me, like I said before.~" the muscular Silvally taunts.

The Feraligatr stayed kneeling, looking up to Landon eagerly. "Y-Yes, Master! I'll be a good bitch for you!~"

Landon laughed. "That's the spirit! Now...~"

Landon starts to take off his guard outfit, slowly stripping down. He was already shirtless, so it was just a slow and teasing unbuttoning and pull of the pants... revealing his muscular legs and sweaty body. He was clad in nothing but a rubber jockstrap.

"O-Oh my word...~" Chase shivers.

"All fours, my little rubber bitch.~"

The Feraligatr obeys, going from a kneeling stance to all fours, his ass at the perfect position and height for a...

HUMPHUMPHUMPHUMPHUMP!

Landon was grinding his bulge HARD against Chase's ass, with both playmates for the night in absolute pleasure. Landon was careful, not humping too hard to avoid crossing the edge early, while keeping Chase away from that edge.

"You are such a subby little slut of a 'Mon, ain't ya?~" Landon laughed, still humping away, and starting to tease Chase's pecs with a firm grip.

"OHHHHHHH... AAAAAHHHH... YEEEEEESSSSSSS...~" Chase drooled, submitting fully to his Dominant. "Please... I'm a... I'm a good subby rubber slut for you... Don't... stop...~"

Ben couldn't stop watching. "I uhh... Wow. I can't say I expected him to uhh... fall this deep..."

Landon laughed, slightly slowing his humping. "Does it turn you on, Ben? The idea of being played with like this?~"

Ben smirked. "I was thinking more like... ruling over him with you.~"

"Join the fun.~" Landon encouraged, as Ben hops off his bed to lay down under Chase and start kneading his bulge.

Chase whimpered, almost embarrassed to have Ben tease him like this. "B-Ben, I..."

"Shh, shh. It's OK, Chase. I would never judge you for this." Ben said, genuine respect in his voice. "Remember what I said? We're always gonna be bros."

Chase smiled softly, whispering a "Thank you" before more squeezing at his bulge and humping on his ass threw him into a flurry of moans. Landon held Chase firmly on all fours while Ben would grope both Chase's pecs and bulge. The Silvally takes it one step further, securing on some thick shoulder-length rubber gloves, carefully groping and massaging Chase's ass. Every touch, every squeak, every single sensation kept the Feraligatr on the absolute edge without crossing over.

"More... more... please...~" Chase whispers.

The Feraligatr had a long, kinky, and exhausting night ahead of him.

"So... former police officer Maverick Bolvin the Tauros. Male, 37 years of age. Convinced of assault and the murder of Trent Backson, a 17-year-old Toxtricity. Eyewitnesses and camera footage reveal that you suffocated the victim. Found guilty and sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole."

"...What's it to ya?"

Richard frowned, sitting inside Bolvin's cell, having read off the charges to the Tauros. Here he was, with someone that was supposed to be an ally of justice. Now in his prison. He had at least thought the cop would show some remorse for what he had done, but even that didn't seem to be the case.

"What's it to me?" Richard asked rhetorically. "I was shown your report this morning. You don't even have the slightest ounce of regret or guilt?"

"Why should I? Punk defied me. Punk didn't want to get in the police car. Punk wouldn't stop asking for a lawyer. He was resisting arrest in the first place! You should know as a cop, it's our job to stop the bad guys."

"So, defiance to an officer justifies your actions?"

"We have to show those punks who's boss in this region." the Tauros nodded, expecting Richard to agree with him.

"I... I... Have you completely forgotten what it means to be a police officer, Mr. Bolvin?"

"I know what it means. To stop crime and..."

"No. I'm stopping you right there. It's to protect and serve. PROTECT the people. SERVE the people."

"Ain't that a riot, coming from the cop well-known for droning his prisoners?" the Tauros snarked.

Richard was taken back for a moment, caught off-guard by that comment... but he resolved himself and spoke again.

"You think murdering a petty thief is the same thing as making sure a murderer and sexual offender never hurts anybody else again? You think that Toxtricity is in the same league for stealing vegetables and fruits from the grocery store to simply survive and feed himself is anywhere CLOSE to an Arceus-damned child rapist?!"

"Petty thieves. Sexual offenders. They're all the same. Bad guys that don't deserve the time of day."

"...Pardon me." Richard said almost uncharacteristically politely before turning around... and punching the cell wall so hard, several nearby inmates thought an earthquake had just happened.

Richard sighed, turning back around. "I don't think I can possibly say anymore to a bastard cop like you."

Maverick looked bored. "You finished ranting now? I already knew I'm spending my life here. At least the kink will be nice. Wouldn't even be torn up about being a police drone."

Richard grit his teeth... before smirking, getting a wonderful idea. "So, you're quite fond of rubber and dronification then? That turns you on?~"

"Well, hell yeah. Stuff is kinky as fuck."

"If that turns you on..." Richard laughs. "...Then by Arceus, you're going to get it. I'll be right back.~"

It didn't take Richard long at all to come back, and at this point, even the Tauros couldn't deny his own arousal. Though, Richard most certainly could. And WOULD.

Holding some heavy and thick rubber gear, he sets many, MANY different sets of gear on Bolvin's bed. A rubber gas mask, a hypno-visor with audio plug-ins, thick rubber gloves, thick rubber boots, a full-body orange and black latex Police Prisoner Suit, and an odd (and large) Rubber Orb of Richard's creation.

This was going to be one *effective* way of getting Richard's stress about his sister out...~

The Tauros huffed out, incredibly aroused. He knew exactly what was going to happen to him... yet at the same time, Richard's intimidating aura of dominance and the heavy scent of latex made him not care too much about his inevitable fate...

Richard secured his own pair of elbow-length latex gloves onto his paws, the loud squeak and creak of thick rubber turning both Richard and Bolvin on.

"Now... you might think you'll enjoy this." Richard confronted directly. "But Mr. Bolvin, while you will definitely be turned on, I can't say you'll enjoy it."

This caught the Tauros by surprise. "Well... How could you ruin this...?"

Richard laughed, but it was a much more... sadistic laugh this time. "You hate petty thieves so much? You'll be a police drone alright... one that's going to learn just how evil you really are. You are stripped of your badge. You are stripped of your remaining 'honor'. Every day in your hypno-visor, you will be shown a replay of yourself from the victim's point of view. The sight, the sounds, the sensations, everything. You will even feel yourself struggle for air... but you won't die. Not at all. You won't even pass out. No... that's too good for you.~"

Bolvin's excitement went from 100 to the negatives, now that Richard was revealing his true fate.

"You will be shown the point of view from many victims of corrupt cops. Suffocating, drowning, shot... all of these sensations will feel incredibly real once you leave this prison underneath your new caretaker even more sadistic than me. You won't die... and while your body may be aroused, you will remain locked up as a police drone for the rest of your life. This is the kind of trash you are. This is what you deserve!"

Bolvin was gasping, absolutely horrified. "No... No, please! I'm sorry, I..."

"You lost your chance for mercy long ago. Shame, I might have changed my mind had you shown any change of heart. But I might as well have fun with you before I ship you off.~" Richard smirked, tossing the large Rubber Orb right at Bolvin.

Immediately, Bolvin shuddered as the cold latex hit his chest, knowing that he wasn't going to be living a fantasy like he had hoped.

"What... what does this thing do?" Bolvin whimpered as the latex started to slowly spread across his body.

"Oh, just a little optimized design of mine." Richard purred. "It's what I like to call a Drone Orb. It'll delete your mind just like you wanted. You'll be a drone just like you wanted. Suffering in thick rubber for the rest of your days. Isn't that great?~"

Richard grabs the orange and black Prisoner Suit first, unzipping it and letting Bolvin hear every sound of it haunt his ears. With a slick grope and smack on Bolvin's ass, the Tauros tried desperately to fight his horrified arousal... and failing.

"See? I knew you'd love it.~" Richard smirks, now zipping Bolvin in for one... tight... fit. After he was zipped in, the impact of the Drone Orb continued to spread, going around Bolvin's chest to completely cover and seal the zipper in the back. The latex took its' time, as if progressing on Richard's command.

"This... this can't be happening..." Bolvin whispered, horrified and humiliated at his own arousal.

"Should've thought twice about what you did, huh?~" Richard grins, a devious lust in his eyes. When it came to criminals, especially the lowlifes, Richard was a sadist through and through. And he was far from done.

Next were the gloves. Richard poured a particularly strong adhesive into the gloves. It also helped them to just naturally glide onto the Prisoner's hands, which were already in the latex of the Prisoner Suit. While Bolvin tried fighting back and protesting, the Prisoner Suit itself weakened him, making it impossible to fight back as the glue cured and sealed onto his hands.

"And THAT is a very strong adhesive I have in your gloves. Latex glue that's gonna make it damn near impossible to take them off... or at least, not without horribly disfiguring your entire arm.~"

Bolvin looked at Richard with absolute horror, as if he was staring straight at a mad 'Mon. But the Solgaleo only had an innocent smile, as if it was all just a silly little game. And it arguably was... at least, for Richard. He was DEFINITELY having fun.

Richard repeated the exact same process for the rubber boots, making a seductive *squish* as they were secured and locked onto Bolvin. And even now, despite the absolute fear he held, his physical body could not fight his arousal. Richard gave the Tauros another playful smack on the ass, silently commanding the rubber to keep spreading, now going down Bolvin's body.

"Your hands... going down your stomach... hips... thighs... crotch.~"

Bolvin moaned and groaned as the latex started to envelop his crotch, sealing it completely into an absolutely massive null bulge. It was large, filled with sloshy liquid rubber, and absurdly sensitive. Richard softly paws it, sending shivers up Bolvin's spine.

"Y-You're... You're an Arceus-damned sicko, you know that?!" Bolvin screamed. Richard merely answered with a playful laugh.

"Ha! Maybe. But I don't think you're really the one to talk.~"

The latex continued to spread down and down his legs, only finally ending when it sealed itself completely around Bolvin's heavy boots. Richard looked over the Tauros with pride, thrilled at how it turned out.

"Oh, you look outstanding, Drone. Wish I could keep you as a Toy, but alas. But right now, the only thing not sealed in latex is your head. And I'm going to fix that.~" Richard whispered.

Richard picked up the gas mask, the pièce de résistance of the ensemble. Intimidating, heavy, and controlling, the rubber gas mask would soon become Bolvin's entire world. It too, had a special adhesive on it to keep it sealed onto Bolvin's head once it was put on.

"P-Please, no... Not that... please, I don't want to suffer! I'M SORRY!"

"Tell that to Trent in a few decades from now.~"

Bolvin screamed and sobbed for mercy, absolutely desperate as he tried to hopelessly squirm out of Richard's grip. But his fate was truly sealed as Richard tugged the gas mask on, the glue curing. And yet...

"Man, that boner of yours hasn't given in!~" Richard roared with laughter. "See? I knew you'd love this. But you know... I have an even better idea."

Looking at the hypno visor and earphones, Richard picked them up.

"I changed my mind. I won't use these on you. No... I think it'll be more fun to leave you like this, conscious of your fate.~"

Another pang of despair hit Bolvin. He thought he'd at least get the mercy of his brain becoming unaware of his life, but now? Now, there was no such mercy.

"So, I think I'll leave you there for right now. Your new Dom will be here in a few days to pick you up, and he's going to love his new acquisition."

At this point, Bolvin was begging for a mind-wipe, to completely lose it and to not consciously suffer. But Richard just gave him another smile, taking the hypno-visor and earphones out of the cell, locking the cell door, and walking away...

"A business woman's job is never done..."

Elizabeth sighed as she looked over the documents. Unlike her husband Richard, her job was more 'normal' as a financial accountant, often helping clients to wisely invest and save money. She stayed at the house, usually working from home. But every day, there were always papers.

So many papers.

So many papers that Derek would feel grateful for his stack.

Still. It was a job that had to get done.

"Alright Beth, tell me WHY this client spent thousands of dollars on horse race bets BEFORE coming to us?"

Beth, a Wooloo she was talking to via video chat, shrugged her shoulders. "I didn't say this was the smartest Mudsdales we had for a client."

Elizabeth groaned. "I appreciate that he eventually came to us for better investments, but this guy has a serious gambling problem."

"It's always the rush of the bet, the thrill of potentially winning, then going for it over and over..."

Elizabeth had to agree. "So, he wanted to invest this... around 30K, into CDs? Probably a good idea so he doesn't pull it out for more bets."

The Lunala looked over the documents again. "I think I'm looking long-term, maybe 36 months for now. Given a 5.25% interest rate, that'll put him at..."

ding dong!

"Hmm, Richard's not usually back by now. Hold on a moment, Beth."

"Gotcha."

Elizabeth minimized the tab, going off the computer to head over to the front door. It was odd... it was maybe 2:00pm, an unusual time for anybody to come by. At least, in her neighborhood. That said, she didn't think of much of it until she peered through the front door's peerhole.

A Solgaleo.

A female Solgaleo. Elizabeth could only think of one female Solgaleo off the top of her head, and she was desperately hoping she was wrong...

"Who is this?"

She shrugged. "Just a lonely girl looking to chat up some company."

"Look, tell me who you actually ARE." the Lunala demanded through the door.

The female Solgaleo on the other end sighed. "Sorry, just... I wanted to see my brother. I haven't had the chance to talk to him in forever, and it took an eternity to track him down. I found out he lives here. Please, just... do a girl a favor."

Elizabeth's eyes narrowed. She knew exactly who this was now. She was clearly trying to play innocent and was banking on the chance that Richard never spoke about his sister...

"Andrea, get lost."

This caught Andrea by surprise, now realizing that the Lunala did, in fact, know about her.

"So... I guess my little bro blabbed about me, didn't he?~" Andrea giggles, playfully twirling some of her longer fur. "Tell me, how's he doing?~"

"I said, GET LOST!"

"Nah. I don't think I will. In fact..."

With one powerful punch of her paws, Andrea shot a gooey blob of rubber out, knocking the door, and Elizabeth down to the ground. Andrea stood on top of the wrecked door, pinning the bat down.

"I think you're going to tell me EXACTLY where he is."