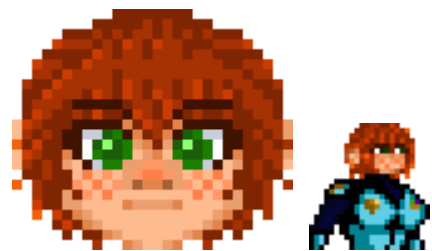


Lylis Sarube

1

-Achyor

A Simian Deputy Chief of Peacekeepers stationed on a U.G.C. capital ship dubbed the *Ebon Kawhk*.



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Stat

- HEIGHT
 - 66 INCHES
- THICKNESS
 - 35
- TONE
 - 35
- FEMININITY/MASCULINITY
 - 80
- SKIN
 - Freckled
 - Pale Skin
- HEAD
 - HAIR / HAIR COLOR / HAIR LENGTH
 - Normal Hair, Light Ginger, Neck-Length
 - EARS
 - Human, Large
 - FACE
 - Simian, Freckled
 - EYES; EYE COLOR
 - Human, Green
 - LIPS; LIP COLOR
 - Lip Rating 2, Pink
 - Nose
 - Flat, Peach Tint
- BODY
 - HIPS; HIPS FLAGS
 - Hips Rating 7, Freckled
 - BUTT
 - Butt Rating 6
 - ARMS; ARM FLAGS
 - Furred Forearms, Freckled Deltoids
 - LEGS; LEG Flags
 - Kui-Tan, Furred Shins
 - TAIL; TAIL FLAGS
 - Monkey, Furred, Prehensile, Long, Thin
 - STOMACH/WAIST
 - Slim

- ANAL CAPACITY
 - Can Insert Up To A 10" Dick Without Lubricant
 - NIPPLES
 - Normal Nipples, Inverted, Decent Areolas, Pink
 - Breasts
 - 1 Row Of C-Cup Mammaries
- GENITALS
- VAGINA
 - 1 Human, Pink, Virgin, Intact Hymen
 - VAGINAL CAPACITY
 - Can Slot In Up To A 10" Dick Without Lubricant
-

Appearance

Lylis is a typical-looking simian standing at a height of 5 feet and 6 inches tall under ancient imperial measurement, or 1.68 meters in the more accepted metric system. She came to the world with pale skin, a peach-hued nose receding to mere two nostrils, big and bright green eyes, light-ginger hair cut to her neck, and a coat of similarly vibrant ginger fur fuzzing her forelimbs and monkey tail. And lastly, the freckled face of a woman who skipped the rules of aging. If it were not for both her cordial attitude and well-cultured mannerism, your visual bias would probably send you behaving more kittenish towards the pretty-faced peacekeeper. Luckily, you are smart enough to know doing that wouldn't earn you any points.

She is wearing a much brighter tint to her peacekeeper uniform, keeping with the chemistry of her hospitable appearance. Sky-blue platings fit over her shoulders, forearms and wrap around her waist like a band or belt. A padded vest protects her cores down to the waist, kept nice and fitting to compliment her natural, C-cup bosom but not so much so for breathing could be an issue in strenuous situations. Honorary medals are pinned on Lylis' vest, blazoning her achievements and title to follow up. To see her fuzzy familiar of curiosity wiggle and bob in its ape-like glory, a small incision in her outerwear must've been just above her tuckus - like how it would be for anyone hauling a length buddy right behind them.

In appraisal to her form, Lylis' svelte and well-fit physique would make her stand out as a potential balot dancer or acrobatics performer were her path of leadership and righteousness not lured her to a badge. Putting intense labor as a reputable space-cop hasn't blemished her graceful portrait figure to the slightest. Honestly, you'd say that's the only unnatural feature about the simii woman.

Surely the simian has one anus placed between her pert-and-perfect buttcheeks, right where it belongs.

Approach

// First Time

You step through the paneless doorway and inside a relatively unremarkable office interior. The only distinguishing decor is the immense confederate emblem looming down the entire area from behind. Looming down upon you and a pale-skinned policewoman who is seemingly busy behind a large desk. She softly hums while sweeping through paperwork with those long and delicate fingers of hers.

You thought she was a redhead from a quick look, but now you take it she is a ginger-head as the lighting above distinguishes the vibrant hue of her ginger hair and freckles sprinkled on soft cheeks.

// If not discovered Simian Race

How strange. You thought the cute-looking officer to actually be a **woman**. However, those big ol' ears obstructing the sides of her loosely curled hair and ginger tinting her far-too-flat nose whispers the opposite. Occasionally, a slender, prehensile tail pops out from behind the officer to either bop her shoulder or the desk she's propped on. It's coated in fuzzy fur, which is hued the same bright ginger as her fair.

There's not much time for you to rub your head until a soft ping is heard down your waist. Your codex murmurs to you of having successfully collated reliable information about a monkey-like race called the simians. You will remember to look over that later.

// If discovered Simian Race

This woman is quite monkey-like in appearance, that is for sure. The more you gander at her, the more simii comes into mind. It's easy to see why, from the wide ears erected to the sides of her head and her peach-tinted nose that appears non-existent without the two small nostrils she breathes through.

It does not take long to confirm your analysis as a fuzzy tail pokes itself into view, wagging its head in a slow, rhythmic fashion. It does what any curious, prehensile companion does and thumps against everything in its immediate surrounding. The officer seems to be zero awareness of her tail's little mischief, or she just could not care.

This peacekeeper is most certainly a simian, a pretty little ginger one at that.

// Merge

Your sudden entrance is becoming increasingly known as the policewoman's big ears nudge upward.

Finally, with a quiet sigh, she puts her writing utensil to the side and lifts her head up to see who came walking into her office.

With her head leveled to see everything except her desk, the lighting now provides a better image of the young-looking freckled face of the ginger-haired peacekeeper while you see her green eyes take in the [pc.race] that is you. Her dour expression stuck for the first 5 seconds of scanning you, but after that, something struck her hard as she shifted back in her rolling chair. A face full of genuine shock exceeds the simple occurrence of a short visit.

Hello.

"Oh my," The simian peacekeeper lightly gasps, green eyes looking straight at yours. "You... you must be [lylis.address]." She stammers as her body nudges upward, ready to move out of her chair. "[pc.name] Steele?"

{pcbimbo: "That's me!" You gleefully thrill out loud. /pcbrute: "Yes, [pc.name] Steele." You grunt in a hardy tone. /pckindmisc: "That would be me." You politely confirm to the simian. /pchard: "Yup, you're looking at [pc.himher]." You declare to the awestruck simian with a hint of self-pride.}

With your attendance visible and verbalized, the freckled officer exhales for a quiet moment, neck-length hair barely blocking her eyes as her head drops low. Something you did obviously has this lady ticked. Nonetheless, she stands up from her office chair and begins to walk over to you, livening her soft, spotted face with a tranquil smile.

"By the stars. I was certainly looking forward to you, [lylis.address], to walk through my office. Though, not without scheduling a meeting at the very least." She brings down her disapproval with a forgiving shrug. "No matter, you are present at last."

Yeah, that would have been a better idea.

"Deputy Chief of Peacekeepers, Lylis Sarube." The officer formally declares herself once those slim boots of hers halt two feet away from you. A dainty hand reaches out for you to shake it, which you politely do as she says. "It is a pleasure to meet you, [lylis.address]."

"Likewise, deputy," You casually respond before unlocking from each other's grip. Whilst glancing at the two stars fixed on both of her bright-blue shoulder plates, you figure to ask, "Was it you who put out a notice of my arrival?"

"Yes, indeed I did [lylis.address]." Deputy Sarube admits, turning around to head back to her work zone. She points an open hand to the vacant seat in front of her desk while sitting back down. "Please, have a seat. We have a **lot** that needs to be discussed. This may come as off - if it hasn't already, but I know much about you, my [pc.aRace] friend. More than you yourself may know."

You assure the peacekeeper that it's not strange at all, telling her how there are more disturbing occurrences of tryhard paparazzi knowing your everyday life like it's their own.

"That's comforting." She happily remarks, the cushions of her chair lightly hissing as she fully seats her butt again. "Now. Care for a very important chat with me?"

[Sure] / [Not Now]

[Not Now]

You apologize to the Deputy and excuse yourself early, mentioning of being a busy { man / woman / person } currently doing hefty things.

"I understand, [lylis.address]." Lylis smiles forgivingly, brushing her short-forgotten paperwork back to her front. "I will be cooped up here when the time is right to return to our pressing matters."

[Sure]

{ifpcbimbobro: "I'm down with some talkin' with ya, Miss." /pckindmisc "I'd be happy to speak with you, Deputy." /pchard "Alright, we can chat for a bit."} You say when going to take your seat.

"Splendid. So first, [lylis.address]," Lylis gives you a sweet smile. "I would like to thank you for being one of the generous patrons and offering funds to our misfortunate carrier fleet. Without your help, most of our valiant servicemen and women would miss out in these last few great undertakings."

"It was nothing really." You awkwardly laugh, scratching the embarrassment stricken on your head. But you figure downplaying your act makes you look more of a fool and continues the statement with, "Well, for someone like me."

As your laughter dies to a faint chuckle, a little something comes to mind as you glance at the simian deputy who is trading a quizzical stare. Something interesting enough for you to impulsively change the atmosphere with, saying with no formula. "The crew running the side operation passed the word to me of them asking for a helping hand from a certain government to get things running again. They told me their voice never came through."

"Stars." Lylis quietly breathes to herself, a self-disappointment briefly sagging her head and shoulders. This definitely touched a sore spot needing explaining from her. She just didn't expect it to come so soon. So, she raises herself up, looking at you with her former proper to admit. "Seems I've caught myself jumping towards the main topic."

"Right now, my conjoined partner," Lylis starts with, her thin tail flings up and points over to the empty Major's office across from her's. "Is missing as she has been lately, which leaves the Reserves Commander and me to fill in her absence. Until there are reports of her whereabouts and return, an operation we're conducting will delay."

"With everything being set back, the council saw no need to hurry draftees aboard the Ebon Kawhk, so the carriers had to wait for us to get our act together. Even if I could provide some aid, I simply do not have time to under the cumbersome baggage I'm carrying right now."

Hmm, that would somewhat explain everything. The council of the U.G.C. are being shadier than they need to be. You wonder why.

"One week, she picks an awful time to go out on reconnaissance, and then her unit returns to say nothing about why she ordered their departure without her." The plainly upset deputy vents, rubbing her brow to the answers she never receives. She ends with shaking her head at the inconspicuous situation, wondering aloud. "When does one learn?"

You express sympathy to The Deputy for her hard times, concurring to the shit she's currently stuck in.

"Indeed. Indeed I am, my friend." Lylis chuckles at your choice of comforting words before returning to the matter with more light. "At the very least, I did send an investigation on the scene - timed plasma charges were the instrument of the sabotage. Still, after questioning hundreds of suspects in the immediate time and area of the explosion, all that came up was the presence of Black Void incognitos. Sadly, that's about it."

That only adds more questions. But a question that's been wrapped around your head is why the carrier crew believes The Deputy has left them in the dark for frivolous reasons. You politely bring this up to Lylis with genuine curiosity. What you get is the simian peacekeeper rolling her eyes off to a direction as an idle muse dictates her next string of words for you to take in.

Lylis indirectly confides once her flexible tail finished rubbing the back of her big ear. "I may have mentioned it as we speak, but something... grandiose is going on behind the eyes and ears of the public, news outlets, needy corporations, and some of our own officers. These great events are classified so that I myself have to pull dastardly acts to prevent info from spreading. The instance you are describing is an example."

You can read the lines in her crafty statement; there's some top-secret business going on here, and folks like The Deputy have to keep it under wraps, even if it means stepping on some toes. Stinks either way for those poor toes.

"You are the adventurous type, correct [lylis.address]?" Lylis suddenly throws out, which you presume to be rhetorical. Though she keeps up with a strange probing. "You have been through many places, seen many things. So I must ask. Have you ever come across individuals who appear as strikingly lifelike androids throughout your travels, but were biologically not? Any of such who share a strong affinity towards cybernetics? Possibly with a violent and/or sexual abandon?"

It takes a moment of strange faces, and head scratches from you before you answer the negative and question Lylis' outlandish curiosity.

"That is precisely what I wanted to hear - they are most definitely hiding as we calculated." Lylis thrills, faintly pumping her hand resting on the table surface. Of course, she knows this means nothing to you and gives a response suited to your hearing. "Ok, straight to the point. Does the name Metanite virus or M-O virus ring anything to you?"

"Metanite... virus?" You enunciate slowly as you mull the two words over. The name does ring a bell in your [pc.ear], **/ifpcTechie**: sometime back when you took a technical repair commission for this cyber junkie who was clearly sniffing too much coo-coo oil. While you were getting to work erasing all the trojans swimming in her outdated device, she was raving nonsense right in your ear. As incessantly mind-numbing as it was, your sponge of a brain did take note of her glorifying this virus of which The Deputy speaks of, given that she explicitly stated that her hot, metal bod outshined your own. Didn't matter much to you. From looking through her Borghub account, she had only thirty followers to boot. **/pcMerc**: a year ago, when you were contracted to safely escort a scientist too skinny to keep his trousers up. He occupied his time by whimpering and fretting of the fear of being captured by a depraved legion. The secret key component and cure to a mutagen he studied were what put a fat target on him. For reasons, he evaded informing you of anything that could make your job any smoother, not that you failed to deliver or anything. Sadly, you never knew what happened to the guy after your contract was over, ditching him to his contractor. **/pcSmug**: recalling the time you were paid to lift a band of all-too-shifty clients off the core planet, Werkan II. You were so antsy to get them off the ship dad lent you, but I do remember them talking about a pandemic they sought to cut away from distributing for a corrupt paramilitary force. They spoke of the effects and dangers of a particular pathogen running rampant in systems you've never heard of. Though, by the time you were

nearing the backwater planet they've set course, all mouths were shut, so that was about all you could hear.}

Given the situation you were in, it all sounded like words with no weight.

Lylis was nodding to your little story. So once you've finished, she breaks it to you with a dead-serious face deserving firm attention. "Well, it is very much real, my friend. What you have heard is true and is no laughing matter - **decades** of galaxy-wide pandemics if that puts a chill in you." She sifts through papers to symbol something you don't get. "The U.G.C. has carefully blanketed this crisis during our constant struggles to eradicate the plague, though that obviously would not prevent everyone from knowing the truth."

"Come on now. This is all a joke, right?" You chuckle nervously, not knowing any other way to respond in such a situation you've literally barged, sat, and talked your way into. This has to be all a joke, a little game, a disturbing game devised by an officer who has lost touch with reality.

While Lylis appears indifferent to what you said, her lifelike tail shakes its head disapprovingly. With that message read, you suspect she's more than ready to unleash a figurative barrage of slaps to get your skeptical mind wide awake.

"I am the Deputy Chief of U.G.C. peacekeeper, conscripted to lead and serve in a fundamental cause to expunge an adversary that compromises tranquility of which we protect. As of right now, I am purposely divulging sensitive intel with a citizen identified as [pc.name] Steele." The simian peacekeeper addresses you, attempting to reestablish the sheer circumstances you are being informed through. Unfortunately, though, she sees in your [pc.eyes] that you are still finding logical reasons not to waver, leading her to deride, "Hello!? You are sitting in a commissioned battleship right now! Has it not screeched wartime to you yet!?"

Yes. Yes! Yes, you are sitting in a spacefaring warmachine that's roaring '*War! War! War!*' in your [pc.ears]! That does not make a bit of this pleasant to know!

[Next]

"This is all very interesting... and bizarre to know," You frankly regard, though feeling discontent with your lack of understanding. "But why go out of your way to disclose such classified information with someone like me? Deputy, I don't understand what you are trying to get at here."

"It's because of your father, [lylis.address]. It's because of Victor Steele." Lylis reveals with the same amount of straightforwardness.

A hollow blink is all you can give.

"You see that armor over there, taking up room in my office?" She asks you. Like that is needed when her tail is giddily stretching out to the obvious elephant in her office. "That armor has long been an heirloom to me from my late grandfather - an inventor of Confederate robotics and powered coverings. He was great friends with a man you know and cherish, telling me stories of his extraordinary first encounter and occasional partnership."

As much as you enjoy playing things off, the ginger simian does seem visibly passionate and genuine, adding more merit as she speaks. "My grandfather once told me of a dark time he experienced near the last annual cycle of the 13th Rush. He spoke of days not of his own, where he was there, but did not consciously experience."

"Religion did not suit my grandfather well, but he was educated and aware enough to peek through the clouds of deceit. A colleague he had relations with came to his suspicion of her being a leader operating a secret religious society. On one day he could remember, he took the opportunity to send a distress message to his 'main man' about a slyveren lover who is playing checkers in his head. His *main man* - your father, of course - took to the rescue on the condition of acquiring his own suit of high-tech armor."

You giggle that your father indeed would be a main man.

"With your father's insurmountable skills and my grandfather's technical expertise, the colleague was brought down. Members of an order I follow were thankfully there to charge and arrest her after a lengthy investigation. Turns out the former scientist was actually the target my order was searching for. What a coincidence."

"Hehe, now I free slip for calling him a champ." You helplessly quip. It's always a touch of pleasant happiness to hear the awesome things your father has done.

"A champion he certainly was, [lylis.address]. Which now brings me back to why I called for you." Lylis says, grabbing your attention a little more. "The specialized armor worn by your father - it is still alive and well. I have it in my possession right now, secured in a private armory nearby. It's been kept and maintained per your father's wishes. He wanted to relinquish it to you from the hands of his friend's kin, where I take the responsibility. Do not ask me why. I am just doing my duty."

There is some skepticism about this free gift that has your head thoughtfully bobbing from side to side. But goddamn, has the idea briefly alight firecrackers of thrill crackling inside you. Nonetheless, there is always a catch when it comes to handovers with your old man.

"I know my dad. There's gotta be something I need to do, right?" You beg to ask.

"Well... yes, and no." Lylis swings an argument, explaining, "We can head to the armory right now and get your hands on a priceless piece of technology. However, your father strongly

desired that acts of epic glory would foretell your new acquisition. My grandfather and I have followed through with his request. I presume his friend's inheritor would do the same."

Acts of epic glory? Does he seriously mean it?

"Uh..." You blurt flatly, already theorizing the immense application of the string of words. "Okay."

An 'Mmmh' is heard as the Deputy idly taps a finger on her desk, passively piecing together what to say without coming off the wrong way.

You don't need it anyway. Everything is bright and clear like a hardlight model's exposed underboob...

[War] / [Virus] / [Religious] / [Anything Else?]

[War]

// Tooltip: Might as well spill it out for her. You know the biz.

"Don't say anything else; I already know what craziness he wants me to do." You interject with a wave of your hands, feeling the need to ease the burden of introduction on the simian's shoulders. "So, tell me all about this war you guys and girls are fighting."

"Huh huh, I was not quite ready for you to dig in so recklessly, [lylis.address]." Lylis nervously giggles, taken back at your apparently good observation skill.

"Come on, tell me deputy. You should know where this direction was headed." You playfully insist, a knowing cordialness on your [pc.face]. But now, this has you feeling that you are taking a closed-off detour.

"I am not denying you, [lylis.address]. It's about knowing just how to broach this direction smoothly." Lylis has to say as she thoughtlessly twiddles a pen, gesturing as if she's jotting stuff down on a journal. A shallow smacking sound whispers in the air, signaling your mind to open for a thorough filling in as Lylis speaks. "Approximately thirty-four years ago, the U.G.C. declared war on a tyrannical body of the [REDACTED] that invaded and plagued a local civilization bordering our core systems."

A subsection of the [REDACTED]?

"Yes, of **those** techno-terrorists, the fanatics who see surgical implants and sermons as weekly chores. But even their commanders shiver when uttering the words 'Metanite Legion' they have had the displeasure of entangling themselves with."

Lylis reaches under her desk and pulls up a document from inside a cabinet, sliding it your way. What it reveals to you is information too lengthy for you to care very much. All that catches your eye is the savage-looking insignia faced above.

"Ever since that fateful day when reports of innocent civilians on Irudice were going mad from a strange goo mutating them into living works of machinery, countless warfare erupted among our forces. Many casualties fell in their hands in the early stages since dealing with an army who appeared to assimilate anything they touched seemed like an uphill battle. However, once we fully understood the fundamental weakness of their bio-weapon, more and more of our victories came at the hands of my grandfather's marvelous piece of ingenuity; Policing Service Androids."

Oh! Her grandfather is also the inventor of the cop-bots scurrying about the place! Well, why hasn't she said anything about that?

"Because that does not pertain much to our discussion right now." Lylis simply explains, seeming focused on formality than personal chatter.

You see that to be fair enough and let Lylis continue, retaining that short mentioning for a later time.

"The leader - warlord sounds more appropriate - of this sporadic army goes by the tall title of General Gisma, a former division commander of the Matisar Colonial Defense. She was confirmed KIA in a quarantine and rescue mission of her people during the initial outbreak, only to emerge from the grave as a corrupted automaton, commanding a rowdy mass of mutants. Many times The General has fallen in decisive landmarks we have paved. However, her tenacity for inhumane acts and existential dogma repeatedly has her bouncing back into existence, continuing our conflict with greater fervor."

This General must be quite the thorn. You question whether the UGC will ultimately be on top of their opposition if they stay headless.

Lylis is smart to argue those words of discouragement, "Oh yes, we'll come on top. As our major recon node, this ship has found and hunted down every active base our opposition has built. All priorities are on pinpointing their main hideout. That is what will bring this war to a swift end. Trust me on that, {Mister / Miss } Steele."

Your senses come to believe the Deputy's confidence. But alas, you and her know that is only half the battle, implying what might unfold in the aftermath.

A meaningfully slow roll of Lylis' green eyes edges to the expression of self-loathing than prideful ignorance to your remark. She surely feels for you and every private citizen, and that's something for any government official.

"Yes, I... **we** all know. Every day, a coin flip decides whether this controversy will take to all of our graves or bite us hard with an insurgence by sensibly hysterical citizens. Hence why every single figure involved has prepared several measures on dealing with possible outcomes."

Lylis leaves it at that, slipping her crucial document back in its safe place.

[Virus]

// **Greyed Out** until picked **[War]**

// Tooltip: Get some more info on the M-O virus.

// Obtains codex file regarding Metanite Virus.

"Could you tell me more about this virus, Deputy?"

"I really wouldn't like to for your sake, [lylis.address]. But I do not have much choice in the matter." Lylis inclines to respond, looking back to experiences that visibly shuddering her very bones in revulsion.

Lylis plucks a holo device from somewhere on her person and activates its projector menu with a soft beep. Rapidly tapping through an array of images too unfocused for you to recognize, she stops on a clear model of a spindly-armed blob for you to observe its undulation during the discussion. It certainly looks... virusy. However, the glossy sheen covering its grey, smooth surface stands too strange to be natural, in your opinion.

**Doctor Dizzy*

"The Metanite Virus is a mutagen artificially crafted by a wanted fugitive known as Doctor Acedara Dizzy. It infects nearly anything that lives, following a script that changes the DNA makeup of an individual to appear as a strange and magnificently facade work of robotics."

You've heard of that quack doctor and how she's best renowned for leading a marketing fiasco. *Metal Miracle Cure* was the product you recall in an old 60s-looking article.

"Correct, [lylis.address]. The virus **was** named Metal Miracle Cure in the distant past." Lylis attests, flashing you a thumbs up. But whether she knows it or not, your vague knowledge proved as solid fact to something being only understood now drives a foolish nod from you, yielding to her further explanation. "Unfortunately, the doctor's failed stunt on distributing her 'cure' only impeded the inevitable crisis our galaxy faces today. With the aid of the Metanite Legion, her dangerous innovation is - and has - been running loose everywhere."

Your gradual comprehension is indicated by your faltering cheek scratches. Still, you can't see how nobody outside of the Deputy's circle knows about this ravenous plague at this point in time.

"Ensuring that any party is not sticking their nose where they shouldn't be is futile. So thankfully, those who do are not taken very seriously." Lylis says, pinching on an imaginary hat too flimsy to stay on her head. She stops after breaking a little smile out of you, though that's short-lived as some coughing has her back on track. "Alright, to real matters; the virus. Our auditors assured us that the public knows little of there being two types of the Metanite virus; Type-S and Type-Z."

"We'll start with the much lesser sibling that is Type-S," Lylis politely begins as she switches the virus replica to a basket-worth of gene-mod cosmetics, all brandish with mighty-fine looking, robot models. Some of them you've definitely seen in small storefronts. The others look like you'd probably find sold in a back alley somewhere. "Since it's about as readily available and consumed by the public as Throbb or Gush is. Unbeknownst to most buyers, the black market has shamelessly been peddling a diluted variant that has been classlessly dubbed the 'Metal-organic Cure.' Willing consumers of this 'product' adopt similar cybernetics cosmetics of its progenitor with the added benefit of retaining their sanity. Any mutations from Type-S are easily treatable by UGC health facilities, at a price, obviously. However, that simply does not wipe it off as being a Class A hazardous agent to the RHA."

Lylis patiently lets you view a couple more sample images until her next presentation flicks over, increasing the intensity a bit further with unfiltered pictures likely photographed in a time of jeopardy. Industrial-sized canisters and modified launchers, to various explicit genitalia and even weird tentacle-like things, are expected on how to obtain a dose of this plaque.

Lylis similarly presents the following rundown, explaining, "Type-Z is the original virus, the true 'miracle cure' you may call it. This is the one that can convert an innocent woman into a metal-like maniac capable of firing lasers out of her very eyes and uh... bosom. Host acquiring strange mutations like a swarm of tentacles or arm-cannons is not out of this realm when it comes to Type-Z. The Metanite Legion uses this virus to cause mayhem as well as acquiring more to their ranks." Her head tilts down in profound shame for the next thing she must say. "There is currently no cure for those whose DNA is severely corrupted by Type-Z. So sadly, quarantining is all that's been done for said victims we have captured."

Some serious stuff, if you were to witness it. Given that you haven't experienced this considerable bioweapon yourself or to those around you, it's 'people are getting sick with Robo-madness' to your ears for now. That being your perspective, you go ahead and genuinely inquire to The Deputy if the lasers are explicitly fired from the nipples.

"Did you understand anything I've told you?" Lylis asks with an irritated look, turning off her projector with a faint beep. You worried that was rhetorical, and she was getting ready to berate you for seeking such childish knowledge. But no, instead, she seems finished with the discussion or has cut herself diving any further. You wonder why. Either way, you peer into those frowning green eyes with a blank look, remaining a silent standstill that lasts for a good five seconds. When that thankfully past, you are gifted with a sassy roll of the eyes, blinking as they do so.

"I believe that is true, [lylis.address]. Have I informed you well on the topic of discussion?" Lylis brings herself to say in the most civil way she could.

{pcbrute: You give an affirmative grunt, looking pleased as you are stern. /pcbimbo: "Yeah thank you!" You blurt loudly, happy to give and receive an answer, a *spicy* reply at that. /pcsoftmisc: "You did, thank you." You smile, having gotten a decent response. /pchard: "Yes, goood." You chuckle all too creepily, wearing an arrogant smirk from getting that much-needed info.}

"Though I appreciate your respectful behavior as I've informed you, [lylis.address], I must stress that Metanite virus is a grave matter the UGC is actively tackling to eradicate," Lylis reminds for extra measures. She then reaches a hand into her desk compartment, digging out a tiny drive, which she begins sliding to you. "Here, an encrypted file detailing everything about this dangerous agent. I am sure your codex can open its content." However, a sudden halt of her hand prevents the piece of intelligence from coming to reach as she heeds, "Do not ever lose or distribute this, or GBI will find out. You do not want that to happen, do you?"

There is nothing to worry about; you know how to keep quiet. Taking a minute for your codex to unravel and transfer the data, you thank the Deputy for passing this info.

[Religious?]

// **Greyed Out** until picked **[War]** and **[Virus]**

// Tooltip: She the religious type?

"From what I've heard through this chat, it seems you're holding some special belief, Deputy."

"Why yes, [lylis.address]. Yes, I am. I do not receive this question very often. Though, I was wondering if you would ever ask." Lylis says with a harmless smile, seeing your observation as a point of interest.

Oh, was she now?

"But of course! It was only a matter of time until the foreseen champion would make an appearance." Lylis happily answers as if the circumstance was all too plainly obvious.

You? A champion?

It's clear that the simian deputy spoke too much and too soon, those big ears nervously twitching the same signals as her fidgeting lips.

"I think too much was spilled in my excitement," Lylis admits in a hurry while relieving her posture. "Anyway, if you wish to know what doesn't fully chain me to the UGC, I was raised in an advanced, virtuous society named The Rhenai Order - rhenai is what knowledgeable folks know us to be. We live within the stars, practicing ancient arts and arcane beliefs. Only rhenai who are mature and educated enough may venture through the outside world, me being a clear example." She motions an arm out to an imaginary group. "Provide the same question to a few other officers, and you will likely get the same answer. And no, I'm not speaking of another secret government conspiracy."

Well, it's not much of a shocker for law enforcers to hold forms of religion. But coming from a unique kind of civilization is intriguing enough for you to want to hear more.

**Overseers*

After giving you a bite-sized summary of her place of upbringing, Lylis goes on to say, "Now. If you'd really like to know about my Order, please do meet with the senior superiors Chief Peaq and General Tempu in the office located up north. They share more passion and wisdom on the topic far more than I do. I am sure the two will be happy to do so."

You'll keep that in mind for later.

[Anything Else?]

// **Greyed Out** until picked **[War]**, **[Virus]** and **[Religious?]**

You let out a lungful of seconds-old air, thinking what other things there are to know about at the moment. Nothing comes to mind since you can do your own research - you are taking up The Deputy's time, after all. But to be sure, you ask her if she has any more to discuss.

"Hmmm," Lylis hums, shuffling around her brain. Then, with a blink, she looks to you and plainly says, "No, I think that is about it. I have let you in what there is to know, and you asked just about all the right questions to keep it running rather smoothly - I thank you for that."

Giving the impression that you are ready to move on to your original duties, you ask if this little meeting is wrapped up.

"Oh no, [lylis.address]. There is one special thing that I delayed for the end of this meeting," she says otherwise, bringing your heinie back in your chair. She waves a finger over to that sophisticated armor capsule again, then retracts it upon further thought. "Well... not **that** armor in particular, but you understand the point."

"Wait, so you weren't kidding about my father's armor - or my armor - actually being here? So, you're straight up giving it to me, up-front?" You question, voiced with more awe than confusion to this circumstance.

"That is not my call. No. I am only pointing out property that is bestowed to you," Lylis shrugs, alluding tastier food for your thoughts. "I see it as safety assurance for you and clearing of my conscience. If you ever - oh, I don't know - tumble face-first into a battlefield engaging in both chemical and mechanical warfare, the armor I have for you would do the absolute trick to keep you from experiencing anything undesirable."

You struggle to see that ever happening. But who knows, maybe you will come across these 'Metanite' assholes in your life. And if you do, whatever tech The Deputy has locked away would do you well by her words. Still, there is a part of you that considers your options.

"If you want to get your hands on a family article, it will take but a few minutes of making our way to the armory and accessing its unit. If not, don't think that I am timing you to get this done. Your father's possession will remain here with me, waiting for you," Lylis weighs in, helping you along with your decision-making.

Uuuh...

[Accept] / [Decline]

[Accept]

// Same for **[Armor]**
// PC obtains Onnac Armor
// PC moved to Inspection Station
// Tooltip: Gimme!
// Tooltip Full Inv.: You're too full up on other goodies.

Power Armor! Free family gift! FROM YOUR OLD MAN!

"Y-yeah!! Show me the way!" You gleefully thrill, springing yourself out of your seat. There is no hiding the anticipation of what you will be greeted by. If you are receiving something passed by your father with an expectation of grandeur, then it's sure as hell gonna be awesome!

"Excellent." Lylis smiles at your enthusiastic response as she slides her chair back to sit up, looking about as ready to leave as you are. She takes a moment to follow protocol, pressing a string of buttons that are fixed on the arm of her chair. "Just a moment - need to let security know who will be coming through."

That's no biggie since you were stretching your limbs and shaking out the excitement that's tickling your body.

"Oookay," is what you were waiting to hear from the Deputy as she finally steps away from her little station, heading over to you. "Let us be on our way."

Yay!

Before exiting, Lylis moves past you and peeks out of her office, checking if anyone is waiting outside for her. You had already done that to feel confident nobody is delaying you from your family gift. So like she sees, it's the typical roaming of civilians, officers, and somewhere in the middle.

That being confirmed, Lylis precedes to stroll through her wing, prehensile tail hollering to you with the flick of its tip. You tag along by her side, watching waves being traded by the simian woman and other fellow peacekeepers while you are approaching the entrance to the main hall.

[Next]

"We are heading that way," Lylis says, pointing to a direction leading to a small open-well stairway zig-zagging downwards. A red sign above warns the area past that point is restricted access. Your carefulness makes you think twice as you walk by it, but you stack that thought with another when you have The Commanding Deputy by your side, and that has a smirk puffing your cheeks.

The stairway down is long and tedious, so luckily, you have someone happily willing to keep your thrill afloat. Lylis engages you with little conversations like how the jet ride was getting here, and you've witnessed any officers acting disorderly. She also points out to the window you passed, showing you the landing stations' structural integrity from below. The less formal interaction being provided by her is something that you can appreciate enough to write a commendation when you have the time.

In between your healthy chatter, you consciously roam your eyes around the ginger officer's form. Why? Because that's what a daring { man / woman } like yourself does when someone is walking a few steps ahead of you. Watching Lylis guide, you can't help but note how delicate yet fit she looks. There's no real definition of any sort that bulges past her form-fitting uniform, especially that fine rear of hers. **Obviously**, you are gazing down there, but strangely it's for comparing the smooth surface of her well-curved behind and the rest of her. Take it for perverse pleasure as you usually have, but the Deps got the body of a pretty-pretty princess.

You get a feeling of intuition coming from the Deputy. Like she is sensing your unwarranted inspection if the squirms of her monkey-tail mean anything. Other than that, she does not appear to care very much, nor does she feel it's time to, as it looks like you are approaching your destination.

You are stopped at a fortified, handleless door set at the halfway point of the staircase. "This is the armory that holds special-made tech for our advanced infantry units." Lylis indicates to you.

Lighting is visibly peering out from the other side of it. Clearly, someone is in there. And knowing that, Lylis taps the intercom built near its side. You both patiently wait until the person - likely security at this point - on the other end calls out, "Yes?"

"Fazon," Lylis announces on the intercom, waiting a second before enunciating, "4-2-8-5. Doobie."

"All good, deputy."

The same fuzzy voice speaks back to her.

In a short time, the door whirrs as it slowly opens for you to enter. What you then find yourself in is a brightly lit checkpoint. Another solid door stands in your way yet again. Blasted doors!



In your mild annoyance, you failed to realize that Lylis is leaning on a countertop, speaking with someone through yet another intercom. Who that person is becomes as clear as the glass wall they are stationed behind. It is a P-2 android lounging inside a cramped office. However, unlike most you've seen skittering around the ship, it, or she if you may, has noticeable height and bulk to her purple form. Her body looks along the line of an athlete than the frail, bottom-heavy siblings she has upstairs. There is still a fair amount of trunk down from where you're looking, but the added size evens out that proportion. With a bit more in-depth inspection as the two officers talk, you make out the codename 'Fazon' and twin silver bars in her uniform. It must be another one of the few high-ranking P-2 officers you've seen around here.

Lylis verifies with the security android that she is the one who called in to access the armory, accompanied by you, of course. Then, with a confirming nod and a barely audible 'beep,' she opens the door obstructing your loot room. Lylis goes ahead and walks inside. You were beginning to follow her but were alerted by a distorted 'Oi!' coming from behind.

You instinctively turn to see the P-2 woman's violet, slitted - or imitations - eyes locked on you.

"You are the not-bastard { son / daughter } of Victor Steele. [pc.name] Steele, right?" She brazenly asks, leaning in to get a closer look at you. Awkwardly pressing the intercom button, you give the answer she was waiting for, then dish back with a 'Why do you ask?', she's all too merry to tell you. "In a battle tha' a good deal of uncultured sorts have forgotten, he saved my arse from an assassination attempt'. And as payment, he took said arse for a rough ride! Bloody wild one I tellya!" Like a bursting pinata, you cry out in laughter at how ridiculous that sounds coming from a peacekeeper, a robotic one especially. An accomplished smirk is peeked past her helm as you thank her for the short and sweet story.

"Now I don't know what the Deputy has you here of all places for, no' tha' I have a snou' to sniff ou' why. So, run along now." The security android polite comments, putting your private business under the rug as she waves you off.

And you hastily do as she says, remembering with a jolt on what you are here for.

It doesn't take much to find Lylis in this spacious room filled with containers; she was standing at a spot you could easily see. When you close the gap, you apologize for the slight hold-up, mentioning that the android officer wanted to know you. You were taken back on how different they were compared to most P-2s you've bumped into.

Lylis jerks her head up as a way of understanding your shock and explains a bit of why. "Indeed, Captain P2-4020 - aka 'Fazon' - is a rare one, not for her being a combat model. They are mainly deployed on the field; you won't be spotting one or two roaming this ship." She beckons you to follow her continuing path as she speaks. "No, it is from a series of disasters when the Metanite Legion mobilizes their special units for the first time. Many of these units had managed to successfully neutralize and..." A harsh flinch of her eyes expresses a feeling of revulsion as she rolls the word, "'Recondition' our fellow bots in arms. Fazon was, unfortunately, one such casualty."

Reconditioning?

Lylis can tell that you want more explanations, so she respectfully states, "I'm not getting into any details of the 'reconditioning' process."

She turns to a positive outlook after the rather harsh actuality of it all, ending it with a, "But let it be understood that whatever unit who 'reconditioned' the captain had somehow hardwired her cerebral chip to perform differently. She is certainly not like any other P-2, and researchers struggle to see the negative effects. For all we know, the 'reconditioning' may have guided her to the rank she is now."

Good thing she did end it on that note because your {ifpctail: [pc.tail] was becoming limp /else: shoulders were dropping} the more she was bringing the mood down, nudging your mind elsewhere. There could be a time to go investigating what 'reconditioning' is in greater depth.

You are guided to the left, right, and left, and a couple more rights until Lylis slows herself in front of a tightly sealed container the size of your refrigerator. Age has dulled the light humming above its keypad and partially oxidized the metal plating covering its surface. The big guy has surely reached the triple digits in terms of age, and you don't need an antique collector to figure that out.

Is this really it?

[Next]

Lylis steps up to the old container and wipes down the keypad to see the buttons better, which shows she has not dared to tamper with what isn't hers. Until rightfully now, that is. Beeps can be heard as she taps a lengthy code, her ginger-tail bobbing like it were a rhythmic beat. In a loud hiss slipping in all corners, the door unlatches, the contents sheltered inside now vulnerable for the taking. A foul chemical smell bombs the air around you and The Deputy. Since she is closest to the source, a harsh cough and covering of the mouth are rewarded for her efforts.

"In... here." Lylis hacks, gesturing a hand to its opening as she paces backward to a stench-free area.

You were covering your mouth from the bitter smell as well, but that does nothing to stop your awe-tensed legs from trekking through, not after that sweet-to-the-ear confirmation.

"It's in there?" You mumble in your [pc.hand], an unbreakable stare fixed on the old box. Of course, the disoriented simian did not hear what you said in your muffling, but that's not a concern. You weren't looking for any more answers - it's definitely in there, and you're gonna get it.

Fighting the scent burst, you yank the hefty door open, triggering a functional sensor light to brighten the inky-black space inside.

What hangs on a hook before you is a suit of power armor that is so stylized, it nearly duped you into believing it was a nerdy cosplay outfit. Light struggles to reflect off the sable-black metal fibers woven most of the suit, creating tiny hexagonal patterns all over. For the trademark steel-colored platings protecting the arms, legs, and shoulders, they are glittering like a jolly christmas tree. A slanted 'S' you know well is smacked on each hip pad for an added touch.

Those explorative grabbers of yours have found themselves being draped over by the sleekness of its new best possession. It's extremely light and flexible for what it looks to be crafted out of. Even the armor plates and weird doohickey bulging out the upper back bear little weight!

"This armor was worn by your father, who tasked my family to hand over to his heir. So, it is yours by right." Lylis reinforces, able to spot the armor in your hands from where she is standing.

You want to try it on. Like right right now. There are some knowing, needy glances flicked at Lylis, signaling your next inevitable action to her.

"Go on. Nothing is stopping you. Not me, for sure." She encourages you with a welcoming smile.

You waste absolutely no time and {ifpcexhibition50+: hurriedly strip yourself bare as you stand. Lylis jumps in shock from your shameless action and darts her sights elsewhere, undoubtedly regretting her decision after instinctively seeing bits of you she didn't expect to. /else: dash behind the forgotten container and out of sole view, removing your clothing as quickly as you can muster.} Once tossing the rest of your belongings, you make a grab for the new - or old - suit and slide that baby on. {ifpcX<2<Yarmslegs: You were initially worried about not fitting into the human-modeled suit with this unique body of yours. But upon accidentally pushing something when you were fruitlessly tugging it on, the evenly-shaped polymers began to bend and distort. In a matter of seconds, the suit pleasantly stretches and contorts around you in an honestly sexy display if you were spectating it in action. After all but your head { and [pc.tail] } is suited up, you notice some parts need more platings. Luckily your father was prepared and had extra stored in the bottom of the container. He probably was facing the same issue at times. /else: Actually, putting it on is kind of difficult for some reason. It's like whatever's made inside of it is rejecting your presence, pulling at your [pc.skin] as you dig even deeper. It is only when a finger thankfully nudges on something hidden inside is when progress finally occurs. You were less than halfway through when the metal nanofibers vibrated for a short second before starting to literally form around you like a parasitic alien. Your instincts sense danger, but as for **you**, the experience is like a sea of feathers slowly swallowing you up to your neck.}

And with that, you comfortably let out a much-needed breath and idly fiddle around with a highlighted touchpad on the waist strap. In doing so, a humming beep is heard, followed by you briefly freaking out as the suit envelops your head, worried you are going to suffocate when it seemingly blocks your airways. Yet, that isn't happening. You are breathing and come to notice that after some grunts in distress. It is a mystery how you are taking in air after getting your face thoroughly covered up. Maybe the suit's respiratory system works similar to a salamander, where oxygen can easily penetrate the surface for your body to breathe.

As for sight, you are viewing out of an active visor integrated with several UIs detailing your current statuses. That knowledge soon accompanies an embarrassing realization.

Goddamn! Of course! The suit is powered on!

Wow! Now that it is on, the polymers covering a great portion of you feel a lot tougher, making it harder to fold from a solid pinch. And geez! You can see quite a bit of definition past the thin sheet of protection. Like the detailed curvature of your [pc.ass] and [pc.breasts]. Let's not forget about the { bulge / flatness } of your [pc.groin] as a prime example.

"Are you accustomed to the armor now, [lylis.address]?" Lylis interrupts, eyeing down your look with a blush faintly tinting her cheeks.

You sure are, strolling to the Deputy with a 'click' and 'clack' of your boots. But not before cracking a [pc.hand] on your tush to raise her blush-meter a midge higher.

"Marvelous, is it not? Still at its prime and ready for use after well over a century." Lylis couldn't help but remark, finger-tracing the cool specs you didn't see. "What you are wearing is a one-of-a-kind power suit that can protect you from harm **and harmers**. Being composed of an incredibly invaluable and versatile metalloid, there is not much of what you **can't** do with this armor. It is what makes it solid, flexible, and airtight, so the only thing you are in contact with is what covers you. Whereas the nanobots embedded in each fiber are what responds to your inputs; if you wanted to know what made the suit envelope you so well."

"Open your [pc.hands] for me, please." Lylis calmly asks, moving up to get a closer look. She safely taps on a [pc.hand] you unfurled, showing you a small, circular gem fixed in your palm. It reveals a dull flicker of light that queues her inevitable tutorial. "Those are your energy busters; they fire high-density plasmablasts capable of serious damage even in this technological age. Though doing so will pack quite the recoil, and that can be taxing to recover from," She flails a limp hand as a message. "Trust me when I say that."

Supercharged, rocking-buster plasma balls can launch out your very hands! Who cares about anything else!

"Now, if you could turn around. I need to see if your scanner is calibrated." Lylis insists, lightly nudging you by the shoulders to face the other way. You can feel her tinkering with whatever is behind you. Finished with a pat on the back, she says, "There we go! Do you have a menu displayed on your wrist?" When you do respond to seeing the bare-bones screen, she while backpedaling a distance away, instructing, "Good. Go ahead and aim your wrist at me, then tap the scan bar."

Uuh, sure.

You tilt your upper wrist at the Deputy and tap away. A soothing voice then softly lulls '*Scanning Target*' in your very soul. That came off kind of creepy at first, but not spook-worthy. What comes popping out of your wrist is a brilliant shower of rays. Each begins to rove all angles of her body, and she's patiently taking it without a hint of shivering discomfort. You really hope you're not sending her to an early, cancer-ridden grave.

Detection: Organic

Construct: Deh Monkee

Brand: Is It Life?

Configuration: N/A

Well, those are the results you were... expecting.

With the array of lights no longer molesting her, Lylis explains, "That is your copy-scanner; it is built with a primary purpose to scan, detect, and receive data containing unique fundamentals of synthenoids. So, for example, let us say you scan a synthenoid who possesses the

specifications of discharging a field of electricity. Your armor will obtain that information and mimic that ability to a less life-threatening degree."

Even after what she said, you comprehend little of what that full entails, but it still sounds like epic stuff you will surely try out in the future.

"That is about everything you need to know and learn. I believe the experience will come in time." Lylis declares, fighting her way to the empty container and locking it close for good. She quickly hops back close to you and officially huffs, "Might I congratulate you on not only your bestowment, but for fulfilling a family duty for both sides, from yours to mine."

You trade her a similar form of appreciation, adding the dedication to her upkeep of the attire for this long.

"Oh dear, no. Your father was the one who knew how to handle his wares, not I. You should really thank him for keeping his things in spotless condition." Lylis humbly clears up, unwilling to take the credit.

That may be the case, but you beg to cleverly remark on her pure-and-pristine face cleansing your skin-tight gear every second she ogles it. That you can appreciate her for.

"You really know how to bring a smile on a rhenai's lips, [lylis.address]." Lylis giggles sweetly, fluttering her green eyes at being caught slightly off guard. Though that's washed away as her eyelids open to an 'Oh!' blasting from her mouth.

She realizes the amount of time being occupied in this room and wordlessly walks by you, urging, "We really mustn't loiter here for too long. I will see to extracting that ancient chest later."

You took the prior statement as a friendly compliment and set about exiting the room with her.

[Next]

When proceeding back to the security checkpoint, Lylis notifies the purple P-2 officer of your departure. But before you can fully exit the armory, another 'Oi!' fools your instincts twice.

In an incredulity you depict to have gone from zero to a hundred, Fazon is leaning in her chair, a hand clamped on her head.

"Wha' is this!? I saw a [pc.race] pass through, and now **The STEELE** comes waltzing ou'!?" She babbles through the intercom, gawking at you. Feeling a sort of appraisal you know little of, you relish in it regardless, throwing the captain a stylish finger-gun for an extra reaction. Pulling out a camera, she takes a quick shot and chortles, "Boy! Are the chums gonna hear abou' this!"

Ooo. Already making a new name of yourself.

Ascending the stairs again isn't as lame when you have a virtual library and settings to mess around with. Now would be the time to astound yourself at how unbelievably sophisticated this tech is; the armor, material, and built-in computer system. It looks way ahead of its time for how old it certainly is. You could probably go decades - even a century - longer with the beauty before technological standards catch up. Your father must've had the best scientists at the time to slap up something he could nod his head at. You are not exactly sure if Lylis shares the same gifts as her grandfather. But maybe she could hook you up the same one day!

Giving Lylis' backside a sly gaze through your visor, you thoughtfully question if there is an X-ray vision you can toggle. But you argue if there is one, it'd probably come with an undesirable filter that'd fuzzy the finer details.

You did have much to reconsider as disordered chores of voices travel in your [pc.ears]. The light at the end of the stairways swamps you fast as you and Lylis step back into the crowded main hall. Walking halfway south to a clearing, Lylis goes to stop and turns to you.

"This is it then. We are all set, { Miss / Mister } Steele." Lylis proclaims, opening her empty hands to you. Tapping the device on her wrist, she goes to admit, "I would lead back to my office, but I was going to cut our time anyway. I am a tad bit late on a scheduled call."

That's fine. You're just glad she took the time out for you to get this officially done.

She steps forward as if to offer you a formal, parting handshake, but then thinks against that knowing what glows in your palms. So instead, that crafty buddy dancing behind her coils around your forearm and humorously wobbles it up and down as she concludes, "You know where my office is if you ever think about stopping by."

When the Deputy steps out of view, your senses are finally awakened to a myriad of eyes raining upon you. Some are only briefly drawn with curiosity of the strange, supersoldier-like person standing in the hall. However, others all but latch onto you, ogling the sexy-in-a-power-suit with a perverse need. They lavish your every detail like this is their sexual-fantasy model come true.

You, on the other hand, take the stares in strides as you nonchalantly saunter your boots through the awestruck crowds. Like the tricky badass who came before, you'll be getting used to this.

[Next]

[Decline]

// Same for **[Armor]**

// Tooltip: Now's not the time for a suit of power armor.

For a once in a lifetime gift that can't be passed by, you argue that it will figuratively always be at your doorstep, so letting it sit around longer wouldn't hurt. At least for now.

Lylis respects your decision and reminds, "In that case, as I stated, if you would ever seek your father's power armor, I will always have it for you." She goes on to add with a point of her tail, "Just know that it may be a tool of interest in situations you might find yourself in."

That'll be retained in the back of your mind.

[Next]

// **Recurring**

"It's a pleasure to see you again, [lylis.address]." Lylis greets you with a friendly smile, putting whatever work she has to a damper.

[Talk]

[Herself] / [Grandfather] / [Peaq] / {[Major] / [Senkou]} / [Jen-Sae]

[Herself]

// Tooltip: How about getting to know the simian officer.

Interested about The Deputy, you ask if she wouldn't mind telling you more of herself.

"Mmh, well," Lylis begins, rubbing a hand over another. "You already know me to be The Deputy Chief. What else of me do you fancy?" Swirling that question in her head, she wiggles those big ears. "Oh, rather I request you venture to your heart's content. I likely know more of you than you of I, so we would be on good terms of understanding each other if you were to inquire about me. Yes?"

Yes. Not what you were thinking about. But yes, that would sound about right.

[Past] / [Present Life]

[Past]

// Unlocks **[Grandfather]**

You look at the simian officer with a face of sincere curiosity. "Could you tell me about your past?"

Lylis' view promptly wanders off to the side, her green eyes falling from focus to you. She hums, head swaying on a hand used as support and illustration of thoughts come together.

"Trying to puzzle the right way about telling this without detailing some facets here and there that you might find foreign or incomprehensive," Lylis states, her low, crispy tone sounding like she was speaking to herself more than anything. You were going to brave yourself and beckon she lay it all on you until a dull finger-snap from her reclining hand has those pretty peepers rotating back to you. Then, casually shifting to her former posture, she returns with, "I guess to the long and simple basics. [pc.name] Steele, here is what I have to amuse you."

"I was born into this world with parents who were feeling lost in their journey. My mother and father saw my birth as a grave mistake, so I decided to be dropped off at the home of my father's father. After that, they freely roamed across to the cosmos and were never heard from again. This is the story that I was told later on in life, about in my pre-teens, when I began forming the thought of exiting the thin walls of my old priory. Oh, and centering around prior-. Wait, wait, I'm moving too fast for myself. Time to take a leap back."

The simian takes a short breath to refresh herself and says, "My grandfather, who I still remember to this day, is Philton Sarube, or humorously known as Dr.Sasa Sarube in the Sphere of Science."

Ooh! Doctor Sarube! You've heard of him, even seen a photo of him with your old man. He was an innovator of robotics and bio-synthetics. Was he a United Confederate scientist, or just heavily leased and contracted by the UGC?

"Heavily leased and contracted, to be precise. An archetype to many of the artificial sentients we see today, he was a great man who boasted an even greater smile if I ever saw one." Lylis' drops her casualness a little. "It is unfortunate that by the time I was born, he was already in the age of dependency and talking of a naturally harsh herald I did not quite understand as a small and naive back-hugger. The day his words finally spoke true, all walks of life who knew and

respected him gathered together to see his ceremonial scattering - this includes the attendance of your father. I was only three years old during that time. Though, I remember every second of it like I was there, bawling and screaming just the night before."

Sounding the least morbid, you point out the commonality between two life experiences, to which the simina peacekeeper subtly nods to.

"Mmh, yes. Yes, we might do. Not that it is something to open a jolly conversation about. I was saddened that day, but not left to comfort myself in loneliness. My grandfather had many he could call his dear friend, and by far, his closest is the one who you might hear humming from somewhere outside my door."

Uhuh, and who's that?

Lylis softly grins.

"Peaq. A being I learned to stand much *taller* than he looks was there to wipe the gloom off my shoulders and take me to a place he believed needed me. He is a wise sage and a special person who watched over me when times my grandfather could not. He was signed as a legal guardian for me, which activated the moment his friend came to pass."

That's good to know someone was there for her if her real parents weren't.

"There, he transported me to a place away from the relentless limelight grandfather had accumulated throughout his time. A place I can call home. For some time, I did not know this place had its own gravity field that was slightly different from what the average individual was accustomed to. First sailing there, I was required to sit in a sealed chamber, wear this clunky and cumbersome suit, and lay flat on my back for several occasions. It took about a week until our destination was met. Finally, I was able to feel real sunlight again. But the sunlight. It was everywhere. Everywhere around me. I literally felt suffused in all the properties of a blue and bright star."

Here's the whole star-society stuff again. Like any of that is feasible in the age we live in.

Whatever your realistic view has to show, Lylis passes you an indifferent look. "Make of it what you believe, Steele. I am simply telling my story; a part of it takes place in the belly of a Blue Giant. You are of the very few outsiders who hear this from me, so I only beg for some respect while I speak."

You swiftly apologize, learning not to be uncourteous in the face of seriousness.

"Thank you." Lylis offers you an earnest smile before continuing. "I got used to the new environment after lengthy exposures and was soon sent to a small priory reclining at the coast, where a bustling township hugged close behind to provide us with generous goods. It was my

new home. I was happy there. Over the years I spent there, I gathered a full basket of close friends I am still in contact with. The Prophet showed up every now and then to share his wisdom, as well as pass memoirs and holo-recs grandfather wished to show me."

Hands shuffling close together on their own, Lylis grabs the stack of documents in front of her, conveying her next thought.

"Knowledge and education is the integral drive in the society I lived in. It builds up a library of information for people to better sculpt their own way of life, and helps prepare those who sought beyond their globe of *life* and *fusion*. The prioress, Sister Millino, knew I was determined for the latter as I grew older, so with a few days of advocacy, she kindly had me transferred to an excellent institute." Her eyes wander just above your head for a second. "A caring woman she was. Oh, do I miss her."

"I was a couple months away from turning twelve, though the academics I focused on usually had me working with peers around my age. About five laboring years of studying, final exams, and class projects solidified my understanding of both my world **and** the outside world I have long remembered. My graduation guaranteed me qualification for the documents necessary to see beyond my big blue. After obtaining all of that, the very last requirement I had to do before setting off was finding a galactic guide who would help in the commencement of my travels." A long blink has her thinking, opening up as she formally maintains, "It is here when I truly visit moments in life I can never forget."

Sharp creaks sneak from behind as Lylis sinks herself deeper in her cushioned chair.

"I was rather amazed when finding a galactic guide in such short order, then absolutely marveled to see she was one of the wisest and prestigious rhenai to touch my homestar. A seasoned sorceress and honest suula Jen-Sae was. Until I hit adulthood, she helped me observe the void I once lived in, testing the waters of careers I eyed, and perceiving the social climate molded by the actions of all walks of life. I had the honor, the privilege to learn much from someone like her. The moment an odd sense of communal duty sparked in me, the moment she would depart me with her final life lesson. No. I'm wrong. More of a waking moment than anything else."

A waking moment?

"It focused on matters of sacrifice disregarded by the notion of *The Self*, stressing the number one exception of this law; life and death." Lylis suddenly pauses for a minute, then lets out a heavy sigh, head dropping back by pressure familiar to you. She falls on the headrest of her chair and solemnly states, "Sorry, Steele. I don't feel this is the right time to discuss this part of my journey. I just don't while I am already dealing with so many other things."

You can respect that. So, does this mean she's done?

"Not at all." answers Lylis in a somewhat bewilder tone of voice. "An equivalent exchange closed my... lesson. The *equal offering* was patting behind a tightly-sealed quarter the entire time." Raising an arm, she points a finger not to you, but to the entrance right behind you. Specifically, she directs you to the {/ifSenkouActive: well-lit office facing hers from the other wall of this wing, just when a spunky-looking cadet comes tottering out the door with an obvious fluster to him. /else: locked and vacant-looking office opposite to hers.} "The officer that should be inside there swiping over paperwork is the exact offering I talk of; an innocent orphan trapped in a place she should not have been."

{/ifSenkouActive: The unreserved kui-tan inside there? What? Is she something to her? /else: There's nobody inside where she's pointing. Not like you don't see a reference where there is one. Does The Major mean something to her?}

The Deputy nods and drops her arm on her chair's armrest. Her monkey pops in to slink around said arm the moment it took. "Yes, The Major was my first pupil and is the closest to what I call family. She was so little back then, with a pair of puffy, dimpled cheeks one could not help but sneak a light pinch. Even in that minute, when painfully cold stones were pelted on my head and shoulders, I could feel a bundle of lulling warmth shaking in front of me, wavering by fear and confusion. The little miss was two when I brought her up. At her age, she was missing the most basic steps of child development, like standing! The Prophet thought I was not up for the challenge of raising such a child in need, but I proudly proved him wrong when he heard of my young pupil attending university at just about the age I began."

That sounds nice. Right there in the heart. You assume The Major was taken in by her?

Lylis' eyes flatten to a fine line.

"Funny you say that, so funny. I have walked that little lady through life. I was the one who sharpened her crafts and the one tirelessly teaching her a plethora of languages and signs of communication. My ultimate rewards are countless missed holo-chats and a barren extramail." She looks onward to you, an acute crook on one eyebrow. "Now, does that sound any bit fair to you, Steele?"

Uuuh. You pick 'I don't know the answer' for this problem.

"Relax, [lylis.address], I am speaking rhetorics." Lylis giggles, probably from seeing the slight nervousness on your face. "After all, it was not keeping me from pursuing the duty I had a touch for. However, I do have to say. If I were not employed in The Prophet's division, the honorable character I gained as a peacekeeper would likely never have existed. You could also say his reputation spilled onto me, which may also explain how Senkou jumped into action without any formal reprimand by anyone besides me. She **did** want to follow close behind me."

Some more room for thought. Does The Deputy have anything else to say?

"No." Utters Lylis in a frank manner.

"A great lot was put on my table, despite much of the finer details I chose not to branch on." Hand raised up, she lazily wags it left and right. "Maybe someday I will, and maybe it will shine light on why some hokey devout is playing a gun-toting, badge-flipping space-cop far away from home."

If that does happen, you'll make sure to slide right to her side, listening to every bit of it.

You think you saw a flush growing as the simian-woman closes her eyes, pulling back to where her stomach almost touches the rim of her table.

Sitting as tall as she can be in her chair, Lylis returns you the bright hue of her green peepers. "I appreciate the sentiment, [pc.name] Steele. Thank you."

Hehe. Always for your ginger monkey.

[Present Life]

How has everyday life been for The Deputy? You're sure reclining behind a desk isn't all that she does.

This was supposed to be a relaxed topic of a law officer's day-to-day work. Now you think otherwise as the petite simii groans weakly with lungs becoming feeble by a figurative toxicity corroding them. A lot must have cropped up from the context you casually explore, meaning there is much to say.

"Finalizing **heaps** of reports, citations, and notices. Taking calls after calls on the latest sweeps and scouting operations. And lastly, sucking up the ugliness of discussing suppressive measures with diplomats doing their fallen homeworlds no good." Lylis gently slumps herself in her padded chair, letting it slowly consume her in its softness. "This is not the actual bad part of what I do. It is what got me to be on this ship and inside this office that I can't get over."

Sooo, the actual bad part. What is it?

"Well, it is about my position. Not my ranking; being The Deputy Chief has been an old milestone of mine." As the monkey-girl explains, that ginger-furred tail of hers nudges the side of her freckled cheek, just time for her to quickly think for a precise phrasing. "It is rather the *other* position assigned solely to me in these current state of affairs."

Ah. Her *other* position. You hear of 'Deputy Sarube' quite often. But there are those conversations out there throwing up 'Commander Sarube' for all to listen to. It doesn't roll right from the tongue. Now you wonder how it'd sound by races without tongues.

"I was initially to stay as a reserve officer like most in my occupation. However, after the High Council abruptly issued an edict mandating all draftees take extensive physicals and comprehensive evaluations, some assessor looked my results over and said something along the lines of, '*You're a wizard Lylis*'. Everyone around basically rolled over, laughing before considering what the man awed about."

A wizard could apply to her in multiple ways. He probably meant genius in nerd terms.

"A couple uncertain days go by, and I receive an announcement that the official roster was altered dramatically. Lots were relocated or outright kicked off the draft. Not for those few who officials stated merely were '*aptly capable*' in reassignment. I am guessing after my last test on tactical intelligence, someone high up believed I could see to victory on any battlefield. So, they must have thought, '*How about we have her lead the way in aerial combat*' without at least skimming through my resume."

Is the simii saying what you think she's saying?

"Not one instance of my career as a peacekeeper have I been in a situation where I am piloting a U.G.C. Star Guppy or Sky Phaser and dogfighting an enemy craft. Of course, I would be trained to perform decently in such a scenario. Though, there is an argument to be made here; I'm not much of the flying type." Lylis gives off this unpleasant look on her face, particularly the faint frown on her tired-looking eyes. "That argument did not stand very well with The Councilwoman on board, which is not much of a surprise given her attitude towards me."

You cringe at how... stupid at how of a decision the U.G.C. has made. Not to bash The Deputy's competence, but any of their lists of superior spaceforce officers would've definitely been better suited than her.

Your mind, racking at how ridiculous this sounds, is pushed aside as Lylis' chair noisily creaks from her sitting back up. Her deep inhalation creates a muted whistle for you to catch.

"Other than my quandaries, things are not **so** terrible where I situate. I can not remember a time where both my colleagues and fellow rhenai got together like this. Yes, it is only like this because we are on the last frontier of a decades-long secret war and shifty politics. But to interact with a friend, knowing he or she is usually stationed galaxies away, is a more thankful boost of morale than you, Steele - a civilian and outsider - might think."

Mmm, well. When thinking about it, if the simian hasn't gotten demoted or the boot by now, she must be doing something Big Daddy Government likes. And it's great that she has folks on *The*

Ebon Kawhk to keep her smiling. Given a distinct fondness restoring a healthy shine in her eyes, you can safely assume you are one of said folks making her day.

[Grandfather]

// Tooltip: Ask what Deputy Sarube can recall of Doctor Sarube.

"Now that I know The Deputy is a descendant of Doctor Sarube, could she tell me something about him?" you carefully question.

Lylis looks fairly exalted that you'd start this type of topic, making you believe she either doesn't talk about her grandfather or is really proud to speak of him once again. This is quite interesting since, for all you understand, he was only there to be with her when she was a toddler. You're beginning to find this notion solid as a stone. The simian deputy had parted her mouth, ready to say something likely pertinent to her delight. Only she locks her lips in place soon after, freckled cheeks shooting up by the puzzled squint slitting her eyes.

"[Lylis.address]. It is a great shame for me to say that in the passing years, I've long lost and jumbled up several pieces of memories I have of him," reveals Lylis. You are quick to feel shocked and disheartened to hear that. However, those two green eyes spring wide open again for a little surprise as she happily continues, "Which is why I am thankful for the old casket of holo-recs and family treasures he left for me."

Really? That's pretty awesome! You've got some of your own pictures and holos left by your old man. A couple of them are lying around in your ship.

Lylis chuckles and remarks, "We together can say that it is a saving grace at least somebody in our lives left a few things to remember them by."

You weren't exactly putting those pieces together. Though, it is something to think about now that Lylis said it. As for this moment, you want to understand the pieces of Doctor Sarube she has on her.

A small nod from The Deputy places the topic back on track. While beginning, she maintains the fond expression on her face.

"In his prime, my grandfather was a scrawny fellow who fashioned radical apparel far past the mainstream popularity of your society. Wearing a labcoat spunking with a floral design, always forgetting Pants Day, and you can not forget the glasses. Ah, his nerdy pair of glasses. You might find it odd for a four-eyed scientist lacking the core criteria that make awkward poindexters, well... awkward poindexters. But grandfather was a funky mixture of all sorts that

succeeded in attracting plenty of wanting eyes; it certainly did for the love of his life. Though, she had to have been different from the rest if I stand as a bit of proof. However, just to point out, the freckles are a chip from a long-abandoned brick."

You take it he was a rad lad in his youth until real life caught up with him, leading the simian to pursue a fitting career. That basis is told similarly by veterans still striking big in the sex game, only this story leads to a different direction. You're now thinking about things you really shouldn't as you listen to the peacekeeper with a straight face.

"From what I recall as a two-year-old back-hugger, he and I would have a table slid to his bed so we could play classic board games like space chess and ooque shoots. Of course, we played using our own set of rules since I was a small and bouncy back-hugger. Every time I was around him, he would act like such a fun and cheery huncher. It was all I knew of him; he wanted me to see, ignorant of the pain caused by his withering age. I try not to let my curiosity ruin the picture of him in my mind."

Just as Lylis says that, she mistakenly scrawls an error on a document. You presume its contents are crucial given the hurried wiping she does with her seal remover.

"Yes. Uuuh, things. Family items. Let's talk about that." Lylis musters, snapping two fingers with the same hand that sent the corrected paper to her dedicated pile. "Grandfather has passed on a lot of things to me. Most were small charms I either remember with nostalgia or never seen a day in my life. Some were priceless materials like files upon files documenting both his finished and unfinished works, designs, and sources. Like his own repository collected in physical papers."

After a delayed blink, Lylis turns both her eyes and focus over to the inconspicuous housing unit. An indiscernible emotion works a plain face to her while she looks, her skinny tail pointing you to her inexpensive property if you have not already noticed the message.

"And the armor locked inside there. That sophisticated piece is his first complete craft of a sparking interest in superpowered protection. It was a special pet projection he had with another mind who booted their one-of-a-kind AI in its mainframe. I honestly believe his prized invention was not intended for me, but for the family bracket hanging just under him. When I later found a small rucksack filled with weathered knick-knacks, I speculated so after seeing each one had the same name scratched into them. It was no-."

"Hey now," you say, stopping the ginger simii right there. "No more bitterness from you. I only want to hear the good things come out of your mouth, deputy."

Plated shoulders colliding with short hair, Lylis jumps up in sudden realization. "Right. Yes, you are right, [lylis.address]. I should stop with that." She then takes a deep breath and loosens herself. "Concentrate only in The Bright Side."

Yeah. Concentrate on... that. The bright stuff.

Lylis crosses her arms with a new thought in mind and hums. "You know. Like how Mister Steele - I'm talking your father - has you searching across deep space for his pods. I could see my old huncher doing just about the same. Not like a quest for inheritance or any of that wild grandeur. Rather, him being delightfully goofy enough to drop random pieces of his tech in areas no one would ever find."

"Oooo! Now that's something interesting to keep in mind," you remark, your [pc.legOrLegs] twitching a bit in intrigue. "I'm all ears for more."

"That is all I feel to divulge while I am well... in the middle of work," the simian-woman frankly states, the tip of her tail prodding at the files on her table. "There is probably a streaming service out there rerunning a slew of autobiographies that dive into the life of Doctor Sarube. But on a deeper note, I am absolutely certain none of them discuss the personnel trials he's had to face. Like his, family instability, uncanny relationships, secret inventions that rose to the level of... pure indecency."

You transfix a longing stare at The Deputy, [pc.eyes] bulging wide and [pc.ears] flexed open for the next string of words to come from her nice lips. Because, of course you would after the massive teaser she so casually revealed.

"No, [lylis.address]." Lylis delivers you the best disapproval she can make on her soft face. "We are finished with this discussion. I don't want any cringeful thoughts of my only known relative to hinder my work."

Lame. Nevertheless, you got to know a lot for the day and are happy with that.

[Next]

[Peaq]

// Unlocked after picked **[Past]** AND met Peaq

// Tooltip: Peaq is quite the interesting little fella with his strange speech and unrelated mysticism. The interest even more so after Lylis described his parentage in her life. If there is someone who can tell you about the little guy, it would be her.

"I'm curious," you start by saying to The Deputy. "So Peaq, that rodent-alien-oldie, he isn't just your direct superior? Or - let me rephrase it - that he isn't just any average work associate to you?"

Lylis blinks, then says, "I guess you are pointing to The Prophet's connection to me, [lylis.address]. Well, what is there to say? My parental guardian is a one-foot-tall sentient of sorts about to hit his eon. The Prophet, or Chief is a... *creature* who is true to last wishes. He took time away from menial chores. And in turn, cut back on his great odyssey to see I had a comfortable life as I grew up." She chuckles to herself. "Now that I say that. In his words, actually raising a youngling as he did me was much more of a challenge than the smaller roles he would often play."

"So you're saying aside from raising you, he is generally like a community guy... thing?" you ask.

"Like how most officers portray in their bright smiles." she cleverly answers, topping it with her very own sweet smile. "In all seriousness, The Prophet is regarded as many things. In his ancient journey, he fostered strong bonds with the communities of rhenai. Soon, letters of entreaty were sent offering him a role as overseer of the Rhenai Growth Committee, specifically the youth development branch. He explained the rise of overachievers by his involvement became too concerning for him to continue with his efforts."

You don't get it. Is the stride for success a bad idea or what?

"Too much of one thing will lead to either too little of another or complete destruction." Lylis isn't yet erasing the weird look you are putting on. "Those are his wise words. Plus, he only stepped out of his chair, not cease from mentoring younglings anyway he can."

"That's... uh... fine? Next." You whip a finger out and twirl it, vaguely pointing it to your clear and healthy eyes. "I'm not willing to ask right in his face with him being the *big* ol chief. But, Peaq's eyes. Are they from age, or did something go down in the past? You don't have to actually tell me if it's the latter."

This is alarming. Lylis seems stumped on answering this one, scratching one round ear with a finger, her thin tail mimicking on the other. It can't be this much trouble for her; she knows the tiny chief like the back of her hand.

"That is a great, great question you ask, [lylis.address]." She shrugs right after. "I do not know."

You frown slightly. "Huh?"

"Again, I do not know." Lylis lightly asserts. She stops the awkward ear scratching soon after. "I learned there were these defamatory rumors circulating a long, long time ago of The Prophet dabbling in the profaned arts of Exousia. It was said that in doing so, he grew gluttonous of its irresistible power and was divinely punished by having his eyes singed white with blindness, where he would then convert his grave mistake as a powerful lesson to learn."

All she got is a myth likely coming straight out of some relic. You do gather Peaq's disability has spanned a large part of his life.

Proceeding with her office work, the freckled peacekeeper calmly states, "We are talking a very long time ago; centuries if you will. I, for one, have known The Prophet for what he is and have questioned nothing of it. So, yeah, I don't know. Probably don't mind much to ever know."

"Eh. That might be for the best." you fairly admit, shrugging both shoulders at the very end.

[Next]

[Major] / [Senkou]

// **[Major]** is unlocked after picked **[Past]**

// **[Senkou]** replaces **[Major]** if Senkou_Is_Active is **true**

// If Senkou_Is_Active is **true**, **[Senkou]** will already be unlocked since she is known by then.

// Tooltip **[Major]**: The simian should have something to say about the commander absent on duty.

// Tooltip **[Senkou]**: The Major has returned and is building her way back up. Does good ol' Lylis have any comments about that? You kind of want to know.

// if [Major]

"So," you drawl, aimlessly dragging a hand across the roof of your chin. "Anything I can know about the missing major. Since I'm basically taking it that you raised them. You are like something of a mother to them, and mothers know it all. Am I right?"

"*Her for them*, [lylis.address] - The Major is a *she*." Lylis swiftly clarifies, having the urgent need to do so. "And *she* is kin to the kui-tan race if that paints a specific picture."

Ah, you see what she means.

"I am sure you do," Lylis says. You are perplexed if her trivial remark is only that and nothing more. "Anywho. Mother? Nn-... nnooo. Yes, I did take care of my former pupil for the majority of her life. However, I did not directly take her **into** my care. That is illegal where I live - the realm of rhenai. There are statutes in my world regulating all minors from infancy to preteen to be placed in a community institute. Whether it be young boys moving to a monastery, or baby girls delivered to a convent or abbey, all parents must part with their younglings. Which is precisely what I had to do with Major Anxing."

"What? That's horrible." you gasp outright, a face of outrage obvious to any eye. "Void. What kind of government do you live under where parents are forced to separate from their children?"

"No, no, no." Lylis calmly repeats, modestly shaking her head to you in response. She is oddly unperturbed by the strong impression you are receiving, likely predicting such a case. "Let's not assume so soon, [lylis.address]. I have not finished yet."

After a faint cough to clear the throat, she explains, "In rhenai culture, a child's needs are not dropped into the hands of his or her parents. Instead, everyone in the community bears that responsibility. To ensure a comfortable environment for our youths, they are moved into local buildings and temples established by devout monks and nuns. Appointed caretakers provide general education, exercise, and nourishments fitting the needs of their younglings. While for people outside their walls - parents as such, public hours are arranged for every third and sixth lumin cycle, opening time for dedicated groups to plan out a surprise visit. I remember some communities out there would bring entertainment like small shows and even an entire fair to the small priory I grew up in."

This is sounding much more sensible, even if you personally don't agree with the practice. Your understanding has you inclined to voice, "I can somewhat get that. So, basically, you are The Major's legal parent. But she - and the kids she lived with - cared for by a communal organization of your religion."

"Exactly. Now, as for a mother, I still say no. I would check on her anytime I was not juggling my reports or investigating wrongdoers. Teaching The Major a few lessons on the rhenai art of harmonious evasion and defensive combat was an absolute must in the mindset I had back then." Biting her bottom lip and humming a telling tune, The Deputy eats her words on the spot and admits, "That was a lie; I zealously, stressfully trained her. Because for some unknown reason, she struggles to distinguish between a decisive riposte I tried getting her to perform, and an unforgiving punishment she has the habit of unleashing when given a chance."

How uncharacteristic. You thought she and her order was geared towards pacifism. Training young children how to fight does not spell with that.

She shrugs your honest criticism off. "I'm not here to preach the justifications of my past actions or the obscenely complex principles of our code. However, to keep it clear, the young major is someone I call close family. A little sister held right beside me and needing to be gripped closer. If ever a moment that harm is in reach of her - and far from me, I want to feel confident she can defend herself no matter the circumstances."

Lylis' eyelids fall down to paint an unpleasant look on her pale face. It was believed she was giving it to you with how long she wears the expression. Once you realize in your concerned scanning that she isn't focused on you, but actually what lies directly behind you, you turn around to see the issue bothering her.

You see the closed office right outside hers, that's about it. "Quite ironic for me to say that when there is a dead office facing right outside my door and I have no way of learning why." Lylis tartly acknowledges.

That is a level of irony you sympathize with an abashed cringe.

"If you are wondering, I am in the dark about the missy's whereabouts. She led a scouting expedition in the Ara Ara system to search for any metanite activity around there. And that is about it for now. The crew had long reported back, boarding without her and having nothing to say for it." Stricken by something troubling deep inside, Lylis intently plants a hand on her mouth and flat nose, letting it limply slide down as she expressively mumbles, "I don't understand anymore, [lylis.address]."

What does she not understand?

"Her. I don't understand my former pupil anymore." Her covering hand falls off from the movement of her jaw, clearing her soft voice to listen better, "Lately - for the past couple of years or so, I started seeing her change from an affable and cool-headed explorer to a tight-lipped and hot-tempered vagabond. It began on the day she suddenly poofed back into existence and flaunting a body:..." An unwanted blush suddenly swells on ginger simii's face as a brief shyness has her eyes wincing. "A body that raises certain suspicions in me. She has been disappearing without word or permission, getting the UGC in messy situations, and overall making herself look unfit for her badge - when I can attest she has proven to make for an excellent peace officer."

"She is alright, Lylis." you soothingly tell her with nothing to back it up. "Your little sister is probably just finding herself before she comes back to do her usual 'majoring'."

Monkey tail tightly wrapped around her bicep, the simian peacekeeper closes her eyes and touchingly states, "I do pray so, [lylis.address]. I do pray so. Right now, only Exousia knows whether or not Major Anxing will end her unhealthy games and return to us... once and for all."

// if [Senkou]

Pitching up a lighthearted smile to start the mood, you casually say, "So, The Major. She's showing herself to be a special addition to the team. Now that she has her troops moving up and around, I see a little drop in your shoulders. How's that feeling like, deputy?"

A pen-tap no less than perfunctory stops Lylis from breezing through a file. The gesture she then sends wishes to tell you the contrary, caving the edge of her lips and grimacing a slight sourness.

"Don't speak of it like that, [lylis.address]. Operations **are** coming through at an optimal pace, and finally, I am not the only leg holding it up. This still does not completely abolish the

reprimandable truth that one lead commander was stuck having her hands full, while the other went inexplicably missing for far too long."

"Mmm. I felt the reason she gave for being away was convincing enough." You lightly argue.

"Then, you must be greener than me eyes can reflect, [lylis.address]." Lylis responds, her long and skinny tail jumping to conceal her decent lips as she chuckles. It's hard to stop your own growing smile, even well after it died now with her formal air latching back on you. "I - and plenty other seasoned officers - know if Senkou is away from her office, she is either up to something unprofessional on this ship or slipped off somewhere in the untraceable void. I wouldn't put it past the rash girl if she has been secretly traveling to dingy cosmo-huts, searching for some cheeky rascal who wronged her."

Woah now. Where is this pessimism coming from? At the very end of the day, the ginger simii should be thrilled to see her so-called sister is now cooped up straight across from her, safe and sound.

"A good point to jab me with; no one would be more glad to have The Major here than I would." Strange. Right after saying that, a mesmerizing vision seems to firmly entangle Lylis in a passionate daydream. She vocalizes vaguely to you, but those two bright eyes stare fondly at a tasteless office light shining above, large splotches tinting her soft cheeks a pretty pink. "It is truly a pleasure to see my young Senkou alive and well, to have her back with me again. She is family in my life, family I simply can't envision losing in an untimely fashion. For each long-awaited return, the swish of that banded tail and sashay of a fully-grown lady is something I... come to... enjoy... seeing. Wait... wait no."

A hand swiftly darts to her mouth, widen eyes aimed at you, her sole listener. "Mmmph. I-I can not cut out that one last part, can I?"

You blink, staring blankly at the petite peacekeeper fixing you her own stare - albeit shaken stare. Some silence hangs in the transparent office, contributed by the sudden muteness diluting your breath.

"No. No, you can't. Not by a long shot," you answer, affording the least quivering voice you can.

"Well... eeeeeh. Well..." Lylis stammers with her face scrunched in, clearly shooting herself in the foot after what she dumbly slips right in front of you. She appears ready to pulverize her poor appendage with how hard her hand is gripping it. Luckily, that does not happen once she comes to hastily utter, "Well, erase it from your mind because I am moving elsewhere."

There is no erasing the knowledge of someone's deep attraction, not when it's obviously kept hidden inside, and absolutely no when it's between two fellow cops. Lylis can go on with whatever she has next. You'll just remember to jot her sisterly *love* down for later ideas.

Once lowering anxiety to a cool notch, the ginger officer relaxes the tautness knotting her muscles, and takes a breath of needed air. "Some time ago, when I was lounging in my campus dorm, I was snuck in a schematic by The Prophet, as he would do from time to time. It displayed a finished build for a mobile canister bot, something I never thought to use and stored it away somewhere. But, until a little over a decade later, when I visited my pupil to continue training from where we left off, I have the same exact blueprint being rudely smooshed into my face. She understood that my birthday was coming on the next lumin - a lumin her abbey is closed on - and decided to celebrate it with an early present. This present she proposed was a fun little project of *'slappin' some things together to make this lil' guy real'*."

Hmhm. Those were her exact words? How adorable.

"I simply could not refuse after the way she said it," she giggles again in the manner you can't dislike.

"The clock seemed short on how long I could spend with her to actually do this build-together. Grandfather's tech is notorious for being composed of rare materials; the list on this blueprint was no different. Out of sheer coincidence, Senkou's homestar housed a trove of the ingredients we needed. All it then took was some old acquaintances to start shopping around for each of them. First, though, let me point out that we had a mere six hours to build a sophisticated, never-before-seen robot from scratch. Four hours once everything was raced over to us."

Four... four hours to construct an operational robot by hand. Does piece by piece not exist to them?

"What I'm about to say is rhenai-world talk." Without lifting her arm, Lylis points at you with her pen. "I will try to explain it in a way an outsider like yourself can comprehend. All the materials were there for little Senkou and me to put together. I had to walk her to a room holding her abbey's *reimaginator*. A nifty machine that concentrates the essence of Exousia, allowing the user to manipulate properties of physical matter and craft some truly wonderful works... if they carry the skill to do it. Think of yourself holding a block of the toughest element there is. Now think of yourself wielding a tool able to mold and cut said block like it was fresh, unbaked dough."

She makes it sound as if that is too far-fetched of an invention. {ifPCHasDongDesigner: Ever heard of a Dong Designer? It can make some pretty unique penises... if used in the right hands.

Before the well-mannered peacekeeper can continue her delightful story, she answers your rhetorical question with a disturbed face.}

"I never quite had a feel for that thing when I was young. Any doll pictured in my head would inevitably mesh into a horrendous blob of clumped fluff, strings, and buttons. Such an experience solidified my case of taking the role as an observer and little Miss Anxing being the

craftswoman on the clock." The cursory jump of a curved eyebrow whispers her concealed truth. "In all honesty, the abbess informed me of Senkou's special knack for making intricate toys the children could play with, so I had to see what her developing mind was capable of."

A moment of profound memory tilts the pretty simii's head back, a hand there to bolster her scenic recollection by rising up and combing her red-hued hair. Her eyelids refuse you access to those vibrant, green irises while she shakes her head dramatically slow.

"It still shocks me to this day. Thirty-three minutes. It took precisely thirty-three minutes for grandfather's drawing to be re-imagined to corporeal reality. I can not tell you if it was the work of a hidden prodigy or an abnormal alignment brought forth by Exousia itself." Finally, Lylis looks at you, albeit wide-eyed in awe that seems too sincere to be faked for the sake of it. "But, my little pupil made it. She just made it. She glanced at the paper a few times and built the entire thing **on her first try**. No questions for me, no stumped pouting from her. She simply had her thoughts narrowed in and put herself to the task."

You nod considerably. "I wasn't there to see this crafting in action, but you're making it out to be pretty unbelievable if really done by a child."

"I do proudly say that my beloved sister has some talent, if not needle-thin focus." The proud and appropriate smile she had is quickly crooked south at the edges. "Sadly, the actual robot himself, he is not exactly to spec; there is this error in his behavior parameters that we can not seem to fix. Senkou always asserts it is a charm to him. She certainly knows a way of selling her own gift."

"But seriously," you mutter, unsure of the accurateness in your ensuing curiosity. "You can't design stuff like your old man? I thought robo-crafting would be passed down or something."

Your uncertainty is rightfully wrong when Lylis plainly claims, "I wouldn't be too sure about that. Grandfather once told me that intelligence runs in the family, not science and technology specifically. If the latter were true, I likely would be at home to work as a techsmith. Less for the passion and more for the benefits like massage therapy; I do enjoy a good foot massage."

It's like she wants herself to lay open for a dastardly attack!

"Oh really now," you mockingly say to the simian, snapping in a confused and defenseless expression that bobs her round ears high up. "If you're saying the UGC isn't giving the type of relief that you need, is someone else covering you? Maybe a curvy girl..."

You strike a bullseye, aligning the pointing of your accusatory finger with where her beating heart would be. "With a bushy ringtail!"

Given the harshly wrinkled frown on her face, Lylis isn't playing any more games with your childish antics, especially if it is personal matters fragile in nature.

"H-hey, I thought I told you to erase those words. Mmmrrrph! You are..." Being fired up at such a degree, she sighs a plume of emotionally hot steam through her nostrils. "You are... oh-so lucky I am not suited up right now, or I would be 'tricking' you out of my office!"

Your super-secret knowledge must be passed around before that time comes.

[Next]

[Jen-Sae]

// Unlocked after picked **[Past]**

// **[Jen-Sae]** will be completely **wiped off** after picked

// Tooltip: Is there something you need to know about this guide Lylis told you earlier?

You recount Lylis telling you of a guide named Jen-sae who helped her get accustomed to the outside world. A suula wasn't she; that race of winged sharks? Could there be more to be told about her time alongside this guide? You are somewhat aware stuff was cut short in her story of old - or young, but you can't help but be curious to know what the ginger simii has locked inside her noggin.

Lylis looks you dead in the eye for a solid second, then lowers them to her desk, sighing a wistful sigh. A glum tension is present around her, you notice by the plodding drop of her fine monkey tail. You weren't expecting her to appear so crestfallen, which is an entirely new kind of paint to tint the picture of her.

"Locked I am, and for reasons I thought to have rung by then." Lylis simply replies with an absence of her usual tone. "There is nothing to say here, [lylis.address]."

Using your closest hand, you slide it over to lay an inch away from The Deputy's. Her eyes still aren't on you even while looking upon her in both sympathy and reassurance. Your benign whispers of encouragement sadly get you nowhere as that petite hand slowly distances itself from yours.

"No, [lylis.address]. No. I mustn't. I can't in a place... at a time like this." A somber heaviness has her green eyes flutter shut as she murmurs, "Please, do not wish me to speak of this... ever again."

Feeling sorry after fully realizing Lylis' hidden *scar*, you pull back and apologize for bringing this up to her. She has clearly gone through something crushing in her life, with this Jen-sae person

being the source to conjure up her feelings of sorrow. You will heed her words if it means not seeing those awful shadows under her eyes.

[Next]

[Chatter]

// Tooltip: Some small talk wouldn't hurt.

// Random - Standard 1 Experiences

"How 'bout some table talk?" You bring up with a carefree smile. "While in uniform and waving a badge, have you come into any calls you won't forget?"

"Hmmm. Calls?" The simian deputy hums to herself. "Mmmno, nothing I can recall that strikes me as memorable. It has been ages since I reported on patrol. All the way back when... what, I was a sergeant filled up on mocha chai and freeze-dried Tahn-Tahns? Mmyeah, those were the uneventful days where half the time, dispatch led me on a spoofed emergency call."

Breaking off from her work to look at you, Lylis explains, "If you really wish to know the fires in my career, my special assignments are what you are looking for. My old department was equipped with an advanced unit tasked with securing high-intensity situations, operatives well-trained in handling combat from all distances, angles, and environments. However, this one was particularly special; it has a historical record of employing rhenai, such as my young sister and I. Back in those times, I ran the operations, while Lieutenant 'I Got This' laid most of the groundwork..." Her eyes swerve off to the side, smiling and shaking her head. "And took most of the cover fire."

She takes an urgent second to sign a letter actively bothering her.

"It was during that division when people started calling me *The Peacemaker* for my habitual practice of Talk first, Ask questions later. I argue that a patient and soothing conversation with a high-priority suspect can go far when moving to engage. Following the questions of who, what, when, and why can precipitate to nothing at times. How, why, when, and what is the method I use - and still use to this day. I can say my talks have made out peaceful ultimatums; no disasters, no injuries, and greatest of all, no precious lives being lost."

Nodding, you remark on seeing how Lylis could pull off a successful peace-talking, given her fluent and catching manner of speech.

"My speech is not to my credit. It's merely a vernacular bleeding off from the hymernic rhenai culture on my homestar," Lylis humbly excuses. Quickly after, her lithe tail loops around her

deltoid, squeezing tightly. "For my practiced dialogue, that was adopted during my late advisory with The Prophet. Always the mind-numbing preaches he would drill into my head. The more excruciating the session, the more I was picking up on what he was putting down. Eventually, he saw that I could nitpick the complexity clouded within his foreign dialogue and subconsciously assume a form of my own. A very clever trick only the old prophet could foresee being worthwhile. Can't say I am praying to return to those days ever again."

You could imagine, spotting the unpleasant quivers of her large ears.

// Random - Standard 2 Age

Holding your chin in your hand, you boldly venture the question of how old Lylis is exactly. Her youthful face and pert, elegant frame honestly doesn't appropriately match with her mature and well-mannered personality.

For a second there, Lylis was aiming a scolding look on her face, just before calmly closing her eyes to state, "I would say it's rather impolite asking a lady of her age, [lylis.address]. But I get it; the enigmatic line between my looks and my age group is truly rattling your perception in a jar."

"So, you'll tell me your age?" you simply ask.

Lylis bursts out laughing in your face, furthermore in your demanding request.

"Oh, heavens no, I'm not telling you a thing!" She giggles, hiding her chastising amusement with a monkey tail to her lips. "*However*, I will provide this food for thought: out in the void, you look to be not much older than a child I cared for like a mother."

Then she is old enough to be your mother?

Hooding her bright eyes, the simii wears a sly, brazen-faced grin. "Hey now. I did not **say** that, did I?"

Nope. It's too late. You already seized the morsel she so kindly dropped on the table.

The simii nonchalantly plays off your cheeky tongue-lolling with a waving her hand, not having the desire to glance at your silliness.

"There is something to explain the facet of your confusion or lead you down a rabbit hole." Lylis sincerely brings up, effectively limping both your tongue and playful demeanor. "In my world, there is a perpetual phenomenon present among all rhenai. It is everywhere, in our food, in our water, and residing inside of us. The effects of artificial gravity fields overlapping to protect our civilizations, Exousia's essence forming such fields, and the monumental time dilation at play is doing something to everyone, everything back home. It is quite simple; time goes by much, much quicker where I live, yet nothing seems to age and deteriorate like the laws of time

uphold. This... *anomaly* seems to persist beyond our bubbles, keeping us alive much longer than our scripted expiration date. Of course, some out-of-touch stars find this idea to be a mere superstition conjured by a group of sorcerers or a facetious postulation strewn about by a couple great minds. But this is very much a reality, and is very well occurring right now for all of our star-settlers."

Alright. So, she **is** older than she looks. Or is she?

Wait? Would Lylis be considered old in the outside world she resides in?

Thinking clearly, you surmise time operates a lot differently for the rhenai. It's not simply like comparing dog years to human years. Instead, there is a far greater profoundness proving time has a weird sort of personality disorder, a profoundness a { guy / girl } like you won't figure out anytime soon.

Void! You don't know what to think now, thanks to The Deputy!

// Random - Standard 3 Armor

The simii possesses her very own suit of power-armor, including its own design uniquely different from the one belonging to you. Finding this somewhat interesting, you question what's the difference between your model and hers.

"Lots are different between our two makes. My grandfather made sure of this." Lylis casually expresses. "For one, yours is built on the emphasis of body morphology, where mine is fitted for only someone with two arms, two legs, and wielding a reasonable bust. Mine is imbued with the essence of Exousia, harnessing its pure elements. While yours... yours can conduct **lethal** doses of plasma bolts and has the limitless potential of copying the trait of those ungodly creations terraforming 'Farmable Planets' and such. Hmm, those are the real specs setting ours apart. There are certainly many more considerable differences that I can't think of at this moment."

Hm. Okay. Neat to know.

Your squint on a spark of strange thought. "So, my father basically wanted a suit to his liking, specifications and all. Why have it built for literal corporate thievery? And why for only synthenoids? Why not something else?"

"What makes you think I would know any of that?" Lylis returns, frowning an eyebrow.

You don't know. Maybe her grandfather said something about it one day.

"Nope," she utters, lightly shrugging. "I am just as lost as you are, [lylis.address]. You will probably have to conduct your own research, which shouldn't be too difficult if looking up a man as well-known as Victor Steele."

Research is boring.

// Random - Standard 4 Nun?

Inhaling and exhaling through your nose, you lean down in your chair, grinning, leering at The Deputy with a wily glint in your [pc.eyes].

"If I'm reading this correctly, rhenais... or rhenai.... whatever," you steadily fumble. Then, gripping hard on the rim of your seat, you clearly say, "The culture of you rhenai originates in a monastic lifestyle, right? Like the whole monks and nuns you have praying, holding sermons, and whatever else it is that they do?"

Evidently finding it odd for you to ask an educated question specific to her order, moreover the unnerving gaze you hold on her, Lylis first response is a slant of her lips.

"Uuuuh. You are correct, [lylis.address]," she awkwardly answers, then asks, "Where was your source?"

Not that it matters to you right now, but regardless you reveal your knowledge was provided by the two unorthodox overseers themselves. Actually, you admit to knowing even more than just that, like knowing there are two defining cultures in her order: the classical Eaterus rhenai, and the tradition Berial rhenai is the other.

"Woah," Lylis gawks, "They must have enlightened on every aspect of our people's lives."

"No, not really," you casually reply. "Just enough to have me thinking about certain... *things*. Like, which are **you**, deputy?" Your foxy gaze does waver as you saucily murmur, "Are you an Eaterus nun or a Berial nun? Because purity lies deep within all rhenai. Am I right?"

Rapidly, two blushes flood the freckles of her cheeks, then spread more and more until about half of her face is overdone with rosy-red makeup.

"Well... well uuh..." she momentarily stammers, staring sheepishly at her paperwork. "If you know, I devote myself to strict abstinence in my way of life. To pay homage to the one encompassing us."

"So you're an Eaterus girl, a purest of the pure kind of sister," you assertively conclude with the simian lady, turning her even more tomato-faced for you to smirk cheekily at. "Great to know."

The poor, shrinking peacekeeper flutters her eyelashes, flicking her green peepers not quite at you, though obviously to you.

"What spurred you on to know this about me?" She murmurs, speaking almost too low for you to catch.

"Oh, I just get curious like always. Try not to see me like I'm prying into you." Bouncing your eyebrows in style, you softly coo, "*Sister Sarube*."

God, does she look so cute when flushed with embarrassment! Watching the tip of her ears start swelling their colorful tint makes you want to ditch the 'deputy' thing, like you should've been calling the pretty simii 'Sister Sarube' for all this time.

// Random - Standard 5 Rhenai Society

"Could you tell me about the life of a rhenai?" You kindly ask, then quickly clarifying, "Of your people, that is. The way they all live. How society goes out there. Or *in* there."

"I assume you are speaking at a broader scope and not the individual star I was raised in," Lylis reckons. She examines your question a second longer, which soon merits a giddy grin. "First, let me proudly announce that my order, The Rhenai Order, has been growing to be at the forefront of colonial expansionism! As we speak, around the beginning of the 14th Planet Rush, my people have successfully settled inside three prosperous solar systems! Understand that I can't inform you of the details of our colonization. Just know we are surely going places in our search for new knowledge, new cultures, and new experiences."

You nod and smile, commenting on how swell that is for the simii and her starborne folks.

"We rhenai situate ourselves inside dwarfs and giant stars, with each centered around what we call 'Interest Zones' - inhabitant planets orbiting around our homestars," she states, air-tracing a circle with the sharp point of her pen. "This way, if our members sought space departure, any nearby neighbors may serve as a rest spot to take during their travels. But anyway, let's get to the brass tacks of things."

Sitting back a bit, Lylis explains, "Every star is different, the socio-cultural bubbles of rhenai are furthermore. One star might have a widely different government structure from another, maybe occupied by rhenai descended solely from the ovir race, or is furnished for all forms of life. If you know of Ficoll VX, we have a rather dizzying and boisterous metropolis booming inside its core. It was primarily constructed to cater towards the traditional rhenai seeking better opportunities or new purposes. While for us classical rhenai, we keep to... yeah, the old and original. Rocky Mountains. Forest glades. Teeming reservoirs. Aaah, and sanding, gleaming coastlines. That is Eaterus life for you."

Wow. This honestly sounds no different than the coalitions you know of. Only her order is seemingly kept firm by a belief system.

"Here is where, as a strong and cohesive order, we rhenai all hold hands as one. No matter your stature, whether you are a techsmith working freelance in the inner cities or a penniless farmer tilling the crop fields and feeding livestock for the next lumin cycle, you had an almost identical upbringing to the person seated next to you. You see, as we were younglings, we all had our fair share of peers to play and study with during the time spent where our spongy minds were being educated in a communal convent or monastery. I could sit down and greet a revered physician for a conversation about our best moments at art class, and worst in the exercise yard. I **am** suggesting something of an umbrella term. Not all youth community programs are similar in practice, infrastructure and procedure, yet they do meet around the same criteria to ensure no youngling burns out of their shell unprepared for the life ahead of them. It's actually legislated to be that way, enacted long, long ago by our Rhenai Council of Representatives."

"Huh," you voice, tapping a finger a cheek. "So if I had my figurative leithan toddler taken in by one of your monasteries, he wouldn't get picked on by his peers for being different?"

Instead of giving a direct answer, the rhenai peacekeeper rubs her chin using the back of her hand, claiming, "Unlike what you outsiders may inflict yourselves on an occasional basis, there is no real concept of obscene negativity in our order. Hate, bigotry, jealousy, and rage, these mental plagues are foreign to us, so experiencing bitter responses, atrocious acts of malice from passion-driven outsiders can pose a significant challenge for rhenai faint of heart."

Even with Lylis' assertion backed by her hokey religion, such a happy, unassuming utopia sounds too good to be true.

Though she can't hear your thoughts, Lylis opens her hands to you, confessing, "Some standardizing taboos are present, however. They are quite convoluted too. One such is the profanity of depriving one's virgin purity, especially with a significant other without a proper betrothment. Nothing about that code specifies on oral and anal intercourse, leaving a potentially huge grey area no philosopher can confidently say yes or no to such acts."

You chuckle, sarcastically remarking, "Oh, what a surprise."

Watching a preacher wheezing and stuttering in the middle of his holy reverence, sweating profusely from the desperately slut gobbling his throbbing stiffness, head diving and reeling from base to knob. Now that is what you're starting to expect to find in one of her 'homestars.'

// Random - Standard 6 P-2 Androids

You remark on the rising number of P-2 Androids in their capital freighter.

"Oh, you noticed?" Lylis sarcastically replies. "We are stocked with these androids, more than ever. You can find them on duty just about everywhere. Pinks can be seen sweeping the halls and corridors, light-blues working the inspection checkpoint, and some purples on surveillance.

"I'm guessing they wouldn't be too abundant at your previous workplace," you say.

"About 50-50," she estimates, gesturing the in-between. "And just the service units too. Since our department had its own special forces, a majority of them were placed in the office sectors. Desk duty, secretary work, those sort of tasks. Rarely did I see a combat variant written somewhere in a report. We never had the need for them in the precinct we covered."

"Yeah, your place needs only the shy big-booty-bots around to fill in the empty seats," you crudely joke, rubbing at your nose.

"Couldn't say you're entirely wrong about... about that," Lylis regretfully chuckles, resulting in her blushing as she shakes her head at you.

// Random - Standard 7 Culture Here?

"How are you blues behaving around here?" You fling with an excessively dirty look wrinkling your face, "The public wants to know."

"Then I - The Deputy Chief of Peacekeepers - am obligated to answer," Lylis says with a cute smile, counteracting your voluntary ugliness.

"Our men and women are conducting themselves as solid, hard-at-work peacekeepers striving for three things; law, order, and a perfect opportunity to kick back and relax. I know that while in uniform, **my** officers are kept in their quarters, trying to match the clues to mysteries our war has piled up over the decades. For those on break or taking time off, they see to their day like any average individual. I couldn't account for the actions of any off-duty peacekeeper, no matter if it's the *thrill-seeker sexcapades* I come to hear about."

Tilting your confused noggin, you question if The Deputy is generalizing every peacekeeper aboard the *Ebon Kawhk*, except the ones she's familiar with.

She responds by shaking her head indifferently, twirling two fingers to effortlessly bend and twist her prehensile monkey-tail. "No. I can not speak for every single person on this ship. If you have not realized it yet, the *Ebon Kawhk* has over twenty-five separate departments based inside her hull, each with their own unique personality."

Then she isn't basically calling out every other department.

// Random - Standard 8 Relatives

A little bold and curious, you ask the dainty simian if she has any blood other than her one of old.

"Yes." Lylis coldly answers, her fuzzy appendage no longer wandering as it did seconds earlier. "Very much likely, [lylis.address]. Probably a bloomed tree branch of kin."

Though you are conscious about the somewhat obvious distaste spilling off the simii peacekeeper, your outgoing interest has you prying her for specifics.

"I don't desire to engage in this topic," she immediately says, dropping a stern frown on her face you don't like one bit. "Apologies, my tongue is feeling a bit sour once you brought blood relations up."

Sure, then. We'll pass on this if she wants.

// Random - Standard 9 Exousia

Scratching your head, you ask, "I hear a lot of this 'Exousia' being thrown around. Do they mean something to you?"

"Why of course!" Lylis overtly thrills, jumping up in her seat like an enthusiastic child on a sunny day. "Exousia is an antecedent of the natural forces in our known universe! It is one of many appearances! A being. an omnipresent entity comprised of energy shapeshifting to anything and everything. Electric, gravity, heat, friction! Oh, I can't POSSIBLY name them all!"

Hm. So, a forerunner of physics than actually GOD itself. Still can't see how she'd be so jumpy about praising something invisible to the eye.

"Why wouldn't I be!" she contends, all brightened with a wide smile. "Exousia is the life-blood of we rhenai. It is the reason we even exist. The reason why we have annual celebrations, seasonal honoring, and millennial offering to its majestic beauty. There has not been a single day where my order has taken Exousia's gift of its life-essence for granted. Our bubbles, our tools, our **homes**, they're all privileged to be a reality by our universe spirit."

"Geez!" you gasp out loud. "Weekly fellatios as well! Like, geez!"

The happy face you were looking at is soundly killed by your insolent quip.

"Very hilarious, [lylis.address], very hilarious," Lylis remarks, nodding derisively at you.

Sorry. Your wit and skepticism align all too well.

// Random - Standard 10 Champion?

Voiced crisp and clear, you bluntly ask The Deputy why she called you *champion* when you first met her.

"Champion? When did that come out of my mouth?" Lylis controverts, blinking, trying to play as dumb as she can. And it almost would've worked if her fuzzy partner was scratching the top of her head.

What? The simii thought you magically went deaf when she said that? You keenly remember her last words, no bother in her denying it when you're only minorly curious.

"Just trying to add a few droplets of mystique on your tongue," Lylis ultimately confesses, smirking skittishly.

Eh, you weren't tasting much.

"Then I will be frank. You are the next destined hero, the runner up to thwart the abominable masters of Exousia's dark arts; its powerful, tantalizing, corrupt, and ultimately mind-altering *back side*," she exhales, taking a second to wipe down her sides and arms.

"Exousia's *backside* you say?" you comment, rubbing your chin in a disingenuous manner.

"We rhenai have more momentous prophecies than we can keep up to date with," the simian claims. "However, this one recurs often enough to stand as a foreground of debates amongst philosophers everywhere."

And that debate would be about you?

"Self-centered much, [lylis.address]. Given that I was going to say *The Prophecy of The Champion*... and not exactly you," Lylis scornfully states. She ends up pointing her tail at you anyway, saying, "Speaking of you, you're a special case regarding Champion Predisposition. It is described that '*The seed of past triumph will rise to the heart-rending trial our ancient adversary beckons in a lover's embrace.*' To dumb it down, your destined enemy to face is also a beloved held near and dear, a double-edged sword my heart can't help but sniffle compassion for."

"Wait! So what!?" You blurt suddenly, voice almost cracking. "You mean I got to **get rid of** a lover of mine!? What!?"

"I don't want to be the one cheering **yes** to you," the simian rhenai murmurs, looking to the side in discomfort. "But yes, nevertheless. I strongly do not believe facing them will not be a frivolous lover's quarrel either. Gazing upon their blackened eyes, you will not see the same person you once remembered, only a nemesis dominating the hivemind of a utilitarian cult, and worst of all, a permanent avatar of Exousia's *back side*."

Lylis couldn't keep her formal attitude steady when watching earnest concern and cold confusion arching your eyebrows inward. As someone from a starkly different foundation and upbringing, she still can see the unknown pain riddle all over you and proceed to sympathize in her own way. Moving her chair close to lean in, placing her forearm on her desk, and covering a hand with the other, she stares at you with soft green eyes.

Once you have the will to stare back, Lylis calmly undoes her hand to lay them stretched out to you, then coos a gentle sweetness in her voice to lull your shaken soul.

"[lylis.address]," she softly murmurs to you, "There is nothing you need to trouble yourself with. I assure you, we rhenai will be at the ready long before our champion is attending [pc.hisher] fateful day. If there is a chance I am present in your climactic confrontation, I will be there by your side. If there is a grave time where you plead of my aid in said confrontation, declining you would be the worst decision of my life. Know there is always someone available to help you face your hardships, in the present or in the aftermath."

You sure hope she will be there for you. If this prophecy were actually true, and you'd be the victim of a sorrowful victory, you'd definitely want a spare shoulder to sink your face into.

Tss! Fighting against a lover. That just sounds p-... **preposterous!**

[Armor]

// If not taken **Onnac armor** yet.

// Tooltip: Approach The Deputy about that suit of armor with your last name on it.

// Steele acquires the **Onnac Armor**

You would like to revisit the suit of armor Lylis insisted has been safe-kept by your old man.

"Oh. Fantastic," The Deputy delights, her tail springs out the corner of her table like a meerkat on full alert. "So you have come to change your mind?"

Well hold on now. You didn't go as far as to say that. There is still some part of you that considers the profound options on your table.

"Remember. If you want to get your hands on a family article, it will take but a few minutes of making our way to the armory and accessing it's unit. If not, don't think that I am timing you to get this done. Your father's possession will remain here with me, waiting for you." Lylis weighs between, helping you along your decision-making

Uuuuuuuuh...

[Accept] / [Decline]

[Conflict Status]

// Tooltip: Get the run-down on the current war progress. Lylis is pretty brilliant and trustworthy in peacekeeper standards; she's a reliable source of info you need.

// A quest/mission bar showing the progress of the war against the Metanite Legion

// Active missions are visible, finished and unavailable missions are **greyed out**

// Once starting a mission, the PC has about **2 weeks** to complete the mission before the battle efforts are finalized, ending it and the quest without their participation.

// Lylis will send Steele coordinates **1 day** after starting a mission. Starting that day, the *Ebon Kawhk* has been stationed near the mission's coordinates and will remain inaccessible for about **2 weeks**.

// If the Steele is present during Deployment Day, they will be directed to a carrier and transported back to Point A.

// To take part in the war without being caught by Big Daddy UGC, Steele must go incognito and travel in a UGC-owned ship. **Not** their own to scurry back into. This urges the incentive to think strategically by taking the necessary gear and items with them and leaving the remaining slots empty for new loot to obtain.

// **Key Item: UGC Guppie Keycard**

// if First Time Picked

"You are probably expecting this already, so here it is." You close your eyes for a moment, organizing your choice of words, then reopen them, sincerity raising your chin. "I'm interested and would really like to know how the great, big, galactic tussle has been going for you guys."

"Hmmm," hums Lylis, squinting and rubbing over her nuzzle-worthy chin. "You would like me to brief you on our current war struggles. Is that correct, [lylis.address]?"

You nod vigorously. "Not just that. Letting in me on the basics of these metanite guys if ever, oh I don't know, *found* myself out in the battlefield. I don't prefer to engage an enemy I know too little about."

"Mmm," hums Lylis yet again, now rocking her head left and right as she ruminates in her seat. It doesn't take long for her to look at you with a slight grin. "Then I have a lot of explaining to do."

Nice. She can lay it on you. You won't be wrenching in the gut.

[Next]

Before The Deputy begins with that, however, she bends back in her chair and pulls open a cabinet, intent on grabbing something to possibly go with her private information. But then she pauses herself in place, frowns in thought, and shakes her head, closing the cabinet with a quiet thump. She comes back to you, starting by folding her forearm over the other, crossing them on her desk and settling with an unsmiling expression, activated once the severe aspects of war and hardship hover in front of you both. Jokes and jibes will be kept at a minimum for right now. This is referring to yourself.

"In our latest large-scale operation before our force's reorganization, Generals *Blah* and *Blah* wired an undisclosed declaration of entente to the resident planets in system *Blah*. Our surveyors of system *Blah* had relayed information revealing our metanite enemies were excavating a number of complex catacombs to utilize as underground fortresses, lying dormant until their munitions were restocked. Before their plans could be achieved, a two-thirds majority of the people of system *Blah* had signed upon the agreement, which helped to further enact a de facto decree of searches and seizures on land sites marked with suspicious borings. Within three months of the enactment, twenty metanite bases were uncovered, hidden deep across twelve unprepared planets."

Oof. Sure must've been devastating to the inhabitants, knowing an untold bunch of psychotic metal-junkies were shacking on each of their planets, waiting for any second now to pillage and plague their people.

"Fortunately, such a grim concern - festering to public outcries - did not live too long." Lylis calmly claims, raising her eyelids just a touch. "The prominent head of the legion was still laid to rest throughout the ensuing battles, leaving only a mindless body of witless strategists and inept combatants to be swiftly swooped off the map and transported to dedicated quarantine stations. Planet *Blah* was the only real threat lasting almost two months. To end it off, a definitive victory, of course, was not expected to come true. That day, the Metanite Legion may have been critically paralyzed in their expansionary efforts. Still, their senseless determination was entirely infringed to the point that a white flag came knocking on High Council's door."

Headstrong and crazy can mix up to something truly fierce.

"Precisely three-hundred-and-twenty days later, and here we all are, meandering, chatting, and waiting," states Lylis, sweeping her gaze to this office, focused eyes penetrating deep to reflect on this capital ship as a whole. "Let's step back five solar weeks prior. Scouts posted in the hotspots of this year's Planet Rush have notified their superiors - who notified us - of suspicious and threatening groups patrolling areas prohibited from public access. We are aware this is the fishy practices of our infected enemies, proven correctly by the banners studied by our investigators when photos were soon delivered. We have a general scope of where each division has split off to. What needs to be done now is thorough studying, planning, and mobilization to end this needless conflict once and for all."

"Mmwow. That last part was a little boost of encouragement your men and women would want to hear," you compliment with a couple few clapping gestures. "But you know, we still gotta talk about the enemies from a firsthand perspective."

"Right, right. Let us get to that, shall we," remembers Lylis. Politely clearing her throat with a hand to mouth, she then describes, "The average metanite soldier is one who typically fights for today instead of tomorrow. It is not easy to encounter a metanite footman who isn't sprinting head-first at you, shooting wildly and hollering obscenities. To put it quite frankly, ask any cadet how they view their common foes, and you'll likely get the response of '*Eh, they're cannon fodder too tweaked out to give us a real fight.*'"

Thinking onward on her experience, she lifts a resting hand up from her desk, bobbing and swaying it as if weighing something. "They do have deadly subunits, such as those cold-blooded commandos and pesky rocket troopers. Those are the type of opponents you will need to keep your guard up for. Agile, quick-thinking, and lethal. The core strengths needed to push our officers back for a clean retreat. Not that it **always** works out for them."

"Mm, dicier units," you say.

That gesturing hand of hers quickly reacts to your comment, flicking open in your direction.

"And I am not finished just yet. Those are merely the basic units, more often mutated with the weakest strain of M-O. The ironclad backbone of the legion are the Z-Type victims brainwashed to serve the cause as specialized spearheaders." Focus shifts momentarily; that hand furls its dainty fingers while saving one to point at you. "I would highly, **highly** recommend you not engage these combatants under any circumstance. As these are the units specifically tasked with field contaminations and 'reconditioning' using their... 'bioweapons' to infect, corrupt, and assimilate our infantries by any means possible."

Yeah, you are heeding her words. No way do you see yourself becoming a crazed metal-junkie.

Lylis stops her hand gestures, redoing her arm-folding and continues on.

"As reports suggested from last year, the legion is carrying out their base building at a super-efficient rate. How? Synthenoids. Those industrial androids are extensively reconfigured, then smuggled to them by an unknown party speculated to consist of a syndicate of powerful crime lords." Unconsciously, the freckled simian drags an arm to the side, lightly nudging her vest-covered breasts. "It's fairly common to find a horde of metanite soldiers being ordered around by their autonomous allies. Rather interesting, wouldn't you say, seeing machines accepting the role as the mastermind with the brains and leading their organic pawns to risk their hide for the cause."

She knows so much for an officer who's been enlisted presumably late in the stages.

"Nooo," Lylis drawls in an almost jovial emphasis. "Let's say sometime before my direct participation, I was assigned a special mission on Belt *Blah* - yes, more blahs. Little did we know, High Council sent my team of novice blues and I right into the secret hideout of The General. Yes, **Thee** General. The apex leader of The Metanite Legion herself!"

Your stomach doesn't churn and shrivel like you boasted it wouldn't, but it does shiver when thinking about what she just said.

"Oh damn!" you holler in thrilled shock.

"Just what I recall hearing from the yellow-bellied rookie hugged on my right," the petite peacekeeper chuckles, looking positively at that funny moment of that awful memory. "Honestly, the fear struck all of us still with an icy arrow to the heart. It was until the hours of silence and inactivity inside the dark bolthole did I finally understand we were conducting a takeout operation. The General... she was asleep, held in stasis inside an Akkadi recharge station. In the artificial body she inhabited, she was **absolutely enormous**. So huge, in fact, none of us could physically touch the top of her head if we tried. No one dared to even come close to her, afraid that the slightest noise would disturb her slumber."

You can see it, the baggage of remorse steadily building up. Not the literal remorse itself, only the effect it is having on The Deputy's shoulders. Her propped elbow can't support the crushing weights sagging her shoulder.

"But the mission had to be completed, with no other option to mitigate the morbid outcome I could envisage. General Gisma never once thought a few small-time peacekeepers would - unbeknownst to even them - discover her in her most vulnerable state. I saw why I had to take my powersuit with me. Oh. And ever since that day, everyone involved with the operation is transferred an undisclosed sum of credits annually into their pension." Without hiding it, she defiantly rolls her eyes. "An annuity 'gifted' by none other than the U.G.C. itself."

How your simian cop said 'gifted' and 'none other' tells you how much bitterness permeates all corners of the situation had unfortunately and helplessly found herself in. Indeed, you are greatly taken in intrigue with the story, even sprouting many more questions dying to be

vocalized. Like who was involved? When and where did this exactly take place? And did The General actually get assassinated? If so, where was she taken?

You sigh silently to yourself, believing it would be best to let this be and move on with your **true** goal in mind.

Okay then. Now to your next question...

[Can I...?]

"Yes."

You blink to the simii woman, blankly watching her recover her senses, fuzzy tail bouncing up to lick the side of her dot-covered cheek.

Mmmwhat?

"Yes," she plainly repeats right back, peeling her green eyes open to gaze at you, "You wish to take part in this war. From the very beginning, I sensed the desire in you, [lylis.address]. And again, yes, you may." While sticking close to its pert owner, her thin tail flops its little tip at you. "I simply can not refuse you; it would go against the obligation grandfather held for Victor Steele, who then passed onto me. Or rather whoever he was addressing to in his holorec."

You don't know how to properly respond to the quick and easy approval, only bubble up inside with giddy excitement. Then, just when your legs feel ready to rocket up and hands clenching for anything to squeeze for a vicious handshake, Lylis' flings her appendage close to you so she can wag it, translating a firm *'Don't!'*

"Ah-ah-ah. Hold on just right there," Lylis stolidly directs before pulling her tail back. Then, she turned her head to the side, eying a candid stony-face at you, putting your jitter self to check. "Understand that I would be putting myself on the line here for you, [pc.mrMs]Glory Seeker. So, let me say that you can thank me for planning ahead if this preconceived scenario ever arose."

"Planning?" You cough, still draining away the jumpiness twitching your body.

"Here is how this is going to work," she begins accordingly. "I will create dummy accounts on the extranet and will use these accounts to PM you details of our objectives, coordinates leading you to a landing zone our units secured, and your assignment for those days. Also, these accounts will appear completely unrelated to the info on display. To know it is me who is writing these messages, **'Bububerries'** - my least favorite fruit - will lie somewhere in each one."

"Okay. I get some info and take off. What then?" You ask with a tilt of your [pc.lips]. "I don't think I can safely fly my ship into peacekeeper lines without becoming a civilian casualty; I'll get shot down by your guys."

Very subtly, her tail jolts, signaling an element she remembers and is straight away revisiting her cabinet.

"Which leads us to the next step," she delights, half focused on you, half on her digging. "When walking to the security checkpoint, you can see the starships docked in our sallyport. As The Fleet Commander doing what fleet commanders do, I have laid out a handful of ships to depots for the reserve flyers dedicated to their posts. It's a backup if our cruisers are being overwhelmed with officers and enemies fleeing from the warzone."

Smart play. So, one of them is reserved for you?

Right on time, The Deputy lifts her hand out for your inquisitive eyes to see what she was searching for.

It is a blue keycard, with a tiny microchip gleaming from a spot not covered by fingers.

"Here," Lylis says, offering the laminated card to you. "A key."

Thinking nothing of it, you take her offer. Once in your hands, you immediately notice the UGC emblem is cut in the outermost edge, then reading a short code placed right below. Other than that, there isn't much to observe, so you pocket it.

After reclosing her desk compartment, Lylis explains, "There is a small array of U.G.C. Star Guppies on Tavro Station. They are in a private sector snuck behind the carrier crew's crafts, but I think you'll spot them when you're there. **Do not** grab the ones stamped with color-coded markings. Those are for the Spacechase Triplets. Grab any of the other ones. The encryption process will take a bit to assign you to your chosen guppy. You will be good to go from there."

Sucks that you can't sail on your girl. Sweet that you have access to a confederate beaut.

"This is the last thing I am going to say, [lylis.address]. Then, you may continue with your day." Sighing loud and clear, The Deputy claps her hands together, holding them up to her chest.

"Please. Please do not jump yourself on the front lines, guns blazing and with little grasp of how warfare looks like in actual effect. I do not know what I would do with myself if I caught word about a random, unidentified [pc.aRace] was instantaneously struck by a mortar when running smack in the open."

Aaaah, you'll be fine! If it's cannon fodder you're dealing with, then you'll be mowing through them like you would your granny's lawn.

"Actually, wait. Sorry. One more thing," Lylis rushes with a lift of her index finger. "**Bring**, I repeat, **bring** your father's armor with if you plan on joining the fight. Its protective qualities can

assure you no speck of M-O fluids will ever be in direct contact. I will be reminding you of this every chance I get. You can love me, and hate me for that."

You assure the good-hearted deputy there will be no hate coming her way and will consider her strong suggestion. For the time being, you can celebrate your future endeavors with a cheery *yahoo*, pumping your fists in the air. Your onlooker isn't too startled by your animated display; actually, she spread a small smile by it.

A key to a lucky guppy, and a pump of excitement to heat you up, you are so damn ready to jump into the fray any day. You just have to ask The Deputy if she needs an extra gun, and you'll be off to the battlefield in no time.

// Recurring

"So uh," you say with an awkward shiver of thrill. "Got any zones of fighting going on, with your boys and girls waiting for Private Steele to turn the tides? Because my keycard is jittering just to know when."

Lylis looks at you seriously and reasonably, entirely halting her work with a slim tail flopped onto her papers. She reaches into a compartment behind her desk and flicks up a hefty-looking binder, the kind of binder you would imagine contains a whole library of classified information.

"Alright," Lylis softly exhales, gently opening her book of documents to flip through pages upon pages, eyes kept locked on to find the latest relevance. "Let me see what I have on the list for you, my new, de facto cadet."

Quests

Infiltration On Myrellion			
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[Nuzzle Legs]

// **Greyed Out** if not picked **[Past]** and **[Present Life]**

// **Greyed Out** Tooltip: It'd be best to get to know the simian before fooling around with her. She will most likely kick you out otherwise.

// Tooltip: Invite Officer Sarube to a special moment swimming with all sorts of pleasure.

// **As of right now, Lylis is not approachable for sexy time.**

// if...

There has been a pressing matter flicking at your nerves, diving your focus inwards, and picking at your nostrils, triggering your sniffer to twitch from left to right. This odd feeling can be easy to explain; you have the hots for the pretty, proper peacekeeper poised and patiently working directly in front of you. However, the problem is that you are basically inside a police department on steroids, with privacy equating to virtually zilch when nonexistent walls are faced behind you. Thus, anyone passing by will be a witness to the provocative advances you are about to unfold on unsuspecting Lylis.

Fucking who cares. Why do you even worry about that?

There will be no bullshit and no hesitation. Stretching your back and arms out, you have an excuse to then lean on Lylis' desk, planting down both elbows to settle into the dubious posture. Under said desk, your [pc.footOrFeet] have already pushed a far foot forward during the transition, so sneakily shimmying closer to the hidden target below isn't too time-consuming.

The desk's frontside barrier is not making your efforts any more manageable. Still, a little stretch of the joints loosens your [pc.legOrLegs] enough for another few inches to slide up, subsequently colliding you into two solid, elbow-high boots, with one idly rocking way above the other. Immediately upon contact, those boots simply reel back, seeing your action as a modest mistake rather than deliberate. In reality, they themselves are mistaken.

Grunting quietly, you extend your lower half a smidge more to pursue your misguided target. Once feeling those hard boots again, you gently prod them, testing their slowness to react in time. Their idle bobbing and tapping is enough confirmation, so you fervently wrench the moment like a predator toggled into [pc.hisher] primal instincts, slithering up, feet to elbow, and intertwining your [pc.legOrLegs] with a pair of helpless prey. Smiling slyly to the slight gasp escaping Lylis' lips, you hook around the one bobbing leg and stroke meticulously across her clothed calves, noting the protective padding can't hide the defined delicateness of her limbs - and overall figure.

Finally, an acute rigidity stiffens the fine pair of legs as a sense of awareness takes form.

"[lylis.address]," blurts Lylis whilst she struggles to realize what it is you are doing. She promptly starts uncrossing her legs, not like your ravenous self is providing her space to do it. "He-. What... what are you doing?"

Not yet. She doesn't get it yet. So, so innocent.

Lylis plainly sees the lustful intent gleaming in your [pc.eyes], yet she doesn't decipher what it means. It has to take a playful pucker of the [pc.lips] and tender nudge to her grounded foot for her head and shoulders to rapidly jerk, blown back by your blatant desire coming to light.

"O-... oh.... oooh," she fumbles, staring at you like a pooch who's been caught up in a nervous moment. Even then, her right eyebrow crooks way up. "You are approaching me, are you, [lylis.address]?"

Feeling this is the appropriate time for your saucy pitch, you go ahead and murmur, "{/pcbimbo: Like, I want funtime with deputy monkey. Can we go to someplace for funtime? /pcbrute: Come on, deys, we can hit it somewhere no dude or dudette can jerk off to. /else: What do you say, Deputy Sarube? We can go somewhere less see-through if you'd like.}"

A low-pitched, shaky, and hesitant "No" tumbles from the petite peacekeeper's mouth. A liking, a connection, is definitely present in her. The kernels of fondness reveal themselves in the center of her catching eyes, dissipating when she flutters them, then reemerging when looking upon you. She does have a particular eye for you, whether it be stifled lust or hidden love, or both.

Your stubbornness refuses to let go of Lylis lower limbs, well past the second when you really should. Ultimately, she comes to her correct senses - which is what you don't like to see - and begins bucking away from your suggestive caresses.

"I... [lylis.address]," Lylis softly utters, kicking her chair back to distance herself from your relentless reaching. "I simply can not do this. I can not partake in such improper acts - whatever improper acts your mind is bent on doing to me. I am very sorry to say this, but I have strict vows to my order, vows Exousia may see to damn me if I had the impiety to not hold and respect." When seeing you calmed yourself down with a defeated pout, slumping back your chair, she shuffles to her desk. As a consolation prize to consider, Lylis trades you a pleasant grin to bounce her big ears, drawing your faintly frowning eyes to her. Something small and fuzzy coyly pokes your [pc.footOrFeet] just once, right when she thoughtfully expresses, "It is very kind of you to view me from such an angle. I do find it juuust a little more than flattering. **Believe** me when I say that."

It was her tail! You know it! Gosh, she's so cute!

You are sort of disappointed about her response, but are miles away from the stings of discouragement. You will work long and hard if it means having this simii tangled up with you, whatever method it takes!

// Recurring - Cycle 1

Grinning, you slide your chair forward, ruffling up your [pc.UpperGarment] for Lylis to catch. And catch she does, with a confused look, that is. Good enough for you.

Wriggling your [pc.legOrLegs] about, you slide your way to those dainty legs once again for a seductive salutation. Bopping both elbows with your [pc.footOrFeet] pushes the expression button connected to Lylis' face, steadily toggling her from a confused cringe to blank awareness with a teasing tap, and lastly, another cringe. This time though, it softens with tolerance, reading

the profane desires of her [pc.race] guest and deciding on letting you do you while keeping up the calmest guise she can. Because that is how good-natured she is in the presence of an honest friend.

"No, [lylis.address]. We... we can't do *this*. We talked about this, I hold vows, strict vows. Plus..." She takes a tiny pause to glance off to the side, blushing greatly with no clear reason. "Were we, say... *intermingling*, I don't believe I would be well-suited for the full experience."

Sucking the refusal up - as well as sucking your teeth, you draw back, allowing The Deputy to return to her desk without being groped from under. You try not to appear upset as you indeed feel, locking your peeve with the giant United Confederate emblem looming behind her.

What now? What does she mean?

"What do I mean?" Lylis responds back to you, climbing her eyes to the other far side, adorably swelling redder in the cheeks. "Uuuh, my vows are not the only fasteners preventing me from sensual intercourse. Instruments are at play here, impenetrable instruments of maidenhood one could not simply maneuver around. You understand, right?"

You don't.

// Recurring - Cycle 2

Tapping your fingers together, acting like nothing unusual is about to happen in a few seconds. From below, your [pc.leg] creeps forward, [pc.foot] actively crawling, sniffing out for a companion to snuggle with - and totally not grope. Once the smallest tip{s} of your sniffer{s} has caught something promising, curl around it ferociously. And much to your knowledge, it's Lylis' legs, both propped straight and pressed together in a ladylike style of sitting. This is neat. You got two for the price of one. Although, a pair of green eyes take not a tick of time to dart straight at you, staring with a faint blush of light red hanging under.

This time and around, the simii peacekeeper isn't in the mood for your sultry shenanigans.

"N-... please, [lylis.address]," gasps Lylis, lightly wiggling her legs to brush you off. "Let's stop what we're doing here."

You childishly pout, and it's not kept quiet on this third fruitless attempt.

Ugh. Rhenai can make no sense sometimes. In the real world we live in, Lylis is quite literally law enforcement cruising across space. Maintaining law and order among violence and disarray is the name of her game. You've never asked this before, but you doubt she hasn't dirtied - or possibly bloodied - her hands in her line of work. Now put that thought on the stand. Is the act of sex **way** beyond her scope of morals? She should really contemplate that for a second.

Her blush dies off, killed off by a genuine and serious matter that must be considered to heart.

"I see what you are saying, and you aren't wrong," she solemnly concurs, placing her pen next to her decorative mug. "For a long time, I have sat down and reflected on the actions I have taken in life, actions not to be discussed lightly. Yes, things... things do occur in moments you will never anticipate. But not for this, not for my devotion. Serious preemptions were put in place to keep me protected." The blush returns, now swelling in quantities that mask her facial freckles. Gaze drawing downward to her lap, with eyes and mouth sketched to portray an uncomfortable shyness, The Deputy states, "*This* has me looking forward to the tomorrows to come. Not worrying about any vile man or woman planning a day where he or she may successfully sully my precious sanctity."

Huh?

"Ever since that fateful phase, when I feared for myself and others I cared for, I made decisions that cannot be reversed. *This* was one of them." Lylis explains, still self-consciously looking under her desk, presumably her groin area. "I don't know what I was thinking trying to build something like *this*, with grandfather's tech of all things. I mean, it fits and performs just as superb as the archives described it would. But... but... grandfather's tech! Why on great daveth would I possibly believe constructing *it* using grandfather's tech was a good idea!? Stars, I am SO naive!"

Helloooo? Clear words, Lylis. What is she trying to say?

To your curious calling, the bashful peacekeeper turns her focus to you. However, either it was your badgering or the fragile minute to herself, she seems a little riled up when observing her inhuman ears flattening and monkey tail arching from behind.

"Can you **not** hear what can't be any more clear!?" Even though the ginger simian sudden snap did not faze you that much, she has the soft sense to chill out to a droopy coldness, creaking her chair as she falls into it. "My... my apologies, [lylis.address]. Whining and fretting about this... *odd contraption* is not what one usually has to listen to. I am sure the exotic and risqué corners of your society possess an invention similar to ours. The problem is the piece I created." While Lylis talks in a casual, quieter tone, her hand limply sinks somewhere down and out of sight. You can't exactly spot where it went from where you're sitting. "Yes, it fits my form quite nicely. Yes, I can mold the material to my liking. Yes, unpleasant intrusions will never be a possibility. **No**, I can't casually place a hand on my hips without blasting a gaping hole in a wall; that is the big problem. You can understand where I am coming from, right?"

Ww... wha-?

My god. To make a sketchy excuse for herself, this simii is turning herself into a bag filled with piles upon piles of wackiness. Okay, next time... you guess.

[Next]

[Address]

// **[pc.misterMiss]** and **[pc.name]**

// Tooltip: Have Deputy Sarube address you differently.

// Tooltip First Time: Enough of the whole [pc.MisterMiss] stuff.

// The PC can decide whether Lylis may formally address them or not

// Lylis will initially address Steele formally

// **First time**

"Hey uuuh, Deputy," you say in a somewhat quiet voice. "I'm fine with you calling me by my name; the formality isn't necessary for me."

Lylis pauses for a moment and turns her eyes downwards, a confused grimace written all over her. When looking back up to you, she awkwardly answers, "Mmmkay. If you want me to."

A little weirded yourself, you question, "Why the funny act? Something wrong with my name?"

"No," She simply and swiftly replies, slowly crossing her arms just under the feminine expanse of her chest. "I don't know. It is just that I have been so used to addressing civilians in a respectful manner that it would be odd for me not to. I kind of have to maintain it since professionalism and courtesy is a serious part of my position. It sets an example for the rookies employed right out of college or worse... high school."

You leisurely wag your hand. "Forget it if it's that big of a deal."

"Oh nonono, please! Don't let me shoo you away!" The work on Lylis' desk is put on hold as she urgently waves a hand positioned parallel to your own gesture. "The same can be said here; by denying an individual's reasonable request, the public servant deems herself uncourteous when engaging in cordial conversations."

"You're talking about your stringent policy, huh?" With a spirited smile, you lean back in your chair and say, "Seriously, you can throw that in the trash when around me."

The sedulous simian finds it challenging to peel off that grimace of hers, but it peels off nevertheless. What you see now is a delightful smile that always seems to bubble up warm in you when it shows itself.

"[pc.name] it will be then," she declares, then smirks, disturbing the freckles on one side of her cheek. "[pc.name]."

Yeah, that. You like that.

// Recurring - Formal

Noisily sighing a faux pain of longingness, you sorrowfully express, "Oh, I so miss my old deputy and her civil mannerism. Could that please, please, please be brought back, as in the mister and misses thing?"

Stopping her work for a second, Lylis shakes her head at you with a humored smile she is clearly stifling back. You know she isn't denying you, just taken back by your sudden goofiness.

"You don't know when to make up your mind," she snuffles in overwhelming mirth, trying and failing to keep her pen on her document to properly check a box off. "D-... do you, [lylis.address]?"

Aaah, there we go. Just how you remembered.

// Recurring - Informal

"Could you return to being a little less formal and say my name from now on?" You politely ask the simian officer.

It takes Lylis time to grasp your request. When she does, the realization taps just a tad bit where her head tilts up, green eyes briefly furled closed.

"If you wish, [lylis.address]." She shoots you a friendly grin before promptly focusing on the file laid in front of her. "Casualness is a privilege to the friends I am happy to have."

You really appreciate that.

Parser / Flag

[lylis.address] is a parser for writing, and **Lylis_Formal_Address** is a unit for flagging.

[lylis.address] = Lylis_Formal_Address True/False

True is formal address, and **False** is informal address.

Lylis_Formal_Address True = [pc.misterMiss]

Lylis_Formal_Address False = [pc.name]

Example breakdown for True value:

"[**lylis.address**]! Could you refrain from tickling my feet! You know I am sensitive down there!"
→ "[**pc.misterMiss**]! Could you refrain from tickling my feet! You know I am sensitive down there!" → "**Mister Steele**! Could you refrain from tickling my feet! You know I am sensitive down there!"

Example breakdown for False value:

"Oo. [lylis.address], there is something on your back. Let me pick it off for you." → "Oo. [pc.name], there is something on your back. Let me pick it off for you." → "Oo. Goobie, there is something on your back. Let me pick it off for you."