

Platonic

Von Oogie-Boogie

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Kapitel 1: Not your average Kind of sister Lincoln Loud	2
Kapitel 2: This is the life, Lincoln Loud	10
Kapitel 3: Brawl in the Family	36
Kapitel 4: Of Bath and Naptimes	60
Kapitel 5: Twin Creeps	75
Kapitel 6: Sis, Coke and Rock 'N' Roll	86
Kapitel 7: What's up Doc?	97
Kapitel 8: The Naked Truth	106
Kapitel 9: Escape from your siblings (Part 1) "Incestophobia"	123
Kapitel 10: Escape from your siblings (Part 2) "Lincoln Loud where are thou?"	137
Kapitel 11: Loud's rest in Bride's arms.	147
Kapitel 12: Elementary School Blues	162
Kapitel 13: The Loud and the Ludicrous	180
Kapitel 14: A little breather	206
Kapitel 15: From bad to Worse	217

Kapitel 1: Not your average Kind of sister Lincoln Loud

This fanfic is a collaboration between Oogie-Boogie and Mama Aniki.

Loud House is owned by Nickelodeon and Chris Savino, who we want to thank for creating one of the funniest, largest families in recent cartoon history. This is meant to be a work in their honor, a parody of things yet to see and a tribute to all the different forms of fiction that inspired us to write in the first place.

Chapter 1: Not your average Kind of sister Lincoln Loud

One day Lincoln Loud came back from a usual school day. No catastrophe happened not did something come up that could endanger his social standing. Except for Clyde the people at the school had problems wrapping their heads around the difficulties of somebody who had ten siblings.

But he forgot this as he reached his house, opening the door.

He was ready to face a typical, chaotic weekend at home.

"Hi everyone, what is..."

"BROTHER!"

Leni rushed him at the door and cuddled him. "My sweetest brother!"

He did not expect that.

Lincoln was more than surprised and shocked by the sudden affectionate gesture.

Leni was probably the natural nicest of his sister but this hug came out of nowhere.

"Leni? Did something happen? Why..."

He got interrupted as she kissed him on the forehead and got even more cuddles.

"Okay, this is weird.", Lincoln said to no one in particular, as he got hugged even tighter by his second oldest sister. With a swift push he managed to free himself from her embrace, ready to ask her what the matter was. Only that the white haired boy didn't even have the chance to land with his feet on the floor, before he found himself again in her arms, his cheeks pressed against her face like he was some sort of cute little puppy she wanted to cuddle with.

But instead of pushing himself off her again, Lincoln, realizing that doing so would probably just result with him being caught a second time, decided instead to try another approach.

"So...Leni?"

"Yes, Linki?", the older sibling asked with a big smile on her face, oblivious to the fact that her brother felt rather awkward about being cheeks to cheeks with her in the middle of the living room, held up in the air like some sort of favorite toy.

„Why are you hugging me like this?“

„Well, because you are my little brother and I like love you, silly!“

„I... I love you too“, Lincoln responded unsure. There was affection in the Loud House but not that regular and surely not in such a direct way.

„You do?“ Leni beamed in joy. „I knew it! He loves me!“

Filled with joy she threw Lincoln into the air just to catch him and ran with him into the living room. Lincoln was more than perplexed by Leni's behavior.

„Would you like to watch TV Linki?“, Leni asked. „You can watch anything you want, I reserved the TV for you.“

That said, she put her brother on the couch and shoved the remote in his hand. Lincoln could only stare in disbelief. Did one of his siblings just give him free control over the TV?

„Is this a prank?“

Leni blinked. „Pardon?“

„If I am going to push one of the buttons, is something going to happen with the TV? Like an embarrassing video of me singing to Lady Gaga in the shower, which Luan may have recorded last week?“

„You listen to Lady Gaga?“

Lincoln tried to change the subject. „Eh... Seriously, what is going on?“,

„You are just my favorite little brother!“, Leni answered and Lincoln was not able to detect dishonesty in her words. But this was Leni, the nicest of his sisters and probably not able to tell a lie in a convincing manner even if she really wanted too.

„I am also your only brother“, he reminded her.

„More reason to like you!“, Leni responded. „You are special to me“, she insisted and hugged him again.

In that moment Lori came down the stairs, typing on her smartphone like usual as she beheld Leni cuddling her only brother. //What are they doing?//, she thought to herself. //Did Lincoln help her with something important? Like literally helping her to find her own hands?//

With a slight cough she managed to diverge Leni's attention from her still dumbfounded brother to herself. „Am I interrupting something?“

„Duh“, Leni said. „Like, can't you see that I'm trying to spend quality time with Linki?“

Lori was taken back a bit by the surprisingly condescending tone in her sister's voice. But instead of showing her surprise openly, she decided to resort to her own brand of sarcasm. „Looks more like you are trying suffocate him.“

„I am not!“, Leni protested. Then with a look of concern on her face she turned to Lincoln, who she was still holding. „Am I?“

„Not really. But could you be just a little bit less overwhelming?“

„Oh gosh Linki, I am sorry“, Leni said and immediately put a bit of distance between herself and him. „I hope I didn't embarrass you“

Detecting actual hurt in her voice, Lincoln decided to do the only right thing and tell her that it was alright, only for Lori to inject that if anything, she was only embarrassing herself.

Lincoln was already expecting this to grow into an argument between the oldest siblings, but before Leni had even the chance to retort, Lori grabbed her at her arm. "Now come on", she said. "Didn't you want me to take you to the mall?" "Oh yeah, that's right", Leni said, any desire to argue with Lori evaporating instantly.

"See you later Lincoln" said Leni. "Lori, I also already made your bed."

"I hope you didn't create another new bed for me from scratch."

"No Lori, but I thought you liked the frame I made for you."

Lori nodded. "Yes, but we sold it on our flea market, remember?"

The two left the house and Lincoln decided to forget what just happened and watch the latest episode of the T.M.N.T. now that he had the couch for himself.

"This new Shredder is a hardcore badass I get it," he commented after a while in the new episode, already forgetting what just happened with his sister. "But he is so obsessed with revenge, he could be the pope of a revenge driven religion."

After a while, he shrugged with the shoulders, while onscreen "Super Shredder" was just losing his last bits of humanity. "But I guess obsession with anything can drive somebody insane.", he concluded and watched, as the Turtles fought their old enemy to a final stand.

The rest of the day was rather usual, which means the usual chaos but nothing overly dramatic. He spend some time with his other sisters and thought about what to do on the weekend. The only brother was thinking about calling Clyde while getting something to drink in the kitchen, as Leni suddenly appeared before him with shopping bags in her hands. Not an unusual sight but Leni's grin was brighter than normal and she seemed to stare at Lincoln in a way that unsettled him a little bit.

"Hi Linki", she said.

"Hi", Lincoln replied in return, an unsure smile on his face. To make the situation a little bit less awkward he tried to ask her if she found anything good at the mall, only for Lori to push Leni aside and go straight for the fridge herself.

"Move it, Lincoln", she said before pushing him aside too and looking for something to snack on before dinner for herself. "Didn't we have some chocolate left?"

"I may have eaten the last", Lincoln replied in passing, his attention rather being stuck on Leni, whose unsettling smile had slightly faded the moment Lori had pushed him aside. Unfortunately the look in her eyes had also slightly changed and in such a manner that she looked way more unsettling than before. Though he didn't have much time to focus on this either, as almost instantly after he said these words his brain caught up with him, reminding him off the fact that admitting to eating the last chocolate in this household was equal to committing high treason in Russia.

"You what!"

Only that the Russians would probably show more mercy than a cocoa depraved Lori.

"Not the Pretzel, please not the Pretzel!", Lincoln begged. Lori's iron gaze was concentrated on him without any hint of mercy in her eyes.

But suddenly Lori shrugged in response. "Whatever", she sighed and left the kitchen. Lincoln was dumbfounded.

"What just happened?" She would have at least punched him after eating the last piece of chocolate. He had her seen doing this with Luna once for doing the exact same thing. Till that day he never thought that Lori could let her sister fly that far through the house.

"Good, she didn't harm you", Leni giggled happy. "Now I don't have to hurt her..."

"Excuse me?"

"Look what I have for you!"

Leni took a piece of clothing out of one of her bags. It was a suit which from the trousers to the collar sparkled like crazy in the light.

"This... This is for me?" Lincoln didn't know what he could say about a suit which would let him look like a walking disco ball.

"Do you like it?"

He tried to be diplomatic. "I think it is... interesting?!"

Leni squealed in delight about what she considered her brother's approval. Then, in a blink of an eye, and against all laws of physics, she somehow had managed to close the distance between her and Lincoln and replace his orange shirt and blue jeans with the fashionable abomination from glitter hell.

"Oww, look at you..."

//I rather wouldn't//

"...You look so cute."

Lincoln was starting to get genuinely worried about Leni by now. Her being nice? No big deal. But this? Even if Leni would for some reason decide to buy something to wear for him, her taste in fashion should have prevented her from buying something like... THIS!

"Do I look fashionable too?", he asked as carefully as he could.

"Like this outfit will be totally in next season... Of 2040."

Lincoln gulped. He couldn't wear this on the street. The others at school would kill themselves laughing. Or not because he would blind them with the light reflecting from this suit. He couldn't go out with it either without blinding some unsuspecting drivers and causing a multiple pile up.

"Thank you, Leni. I can't say I ever got something like this."

Leni smiled and gave Lincoln an innocent kiss on the cheek.

"I am so glad you like it".

She grabbed her bags and was on her way, declaring she had to get her other stuff set up before dinner. Lincoln was just glad he didn't have to smile anymore in the reassuring yet false way he did, the moment she was out of the kitchen.

"I have to get rid of this thing, before anyone else sees me in it."

"Too late"

Lincoln jumped in reflex and turned around.

"Hi Lincoln."

Of course that would happen, Lincoln thought after the shock of seeing his sister Lucy had settled. "How long have you been here?", he asked in resignation.

"Long enough to know that you are not wearing this suit on your own volition", the eight year old goth girl said. Yet she couldn't keep herself from smiling just a little bit about the sheer ridiculousness of the situation. "You look ridiculous."

"Thanks, I know."

"Even some vampires I know would not sparkle this bright."

//That's it//, Lincoln thought. //I am going to burn this thing sooner or later.//

After changing his clothes and a (to his fortune) rather peaceful dinner the rest of the evening played out without any further strange developments. He had the feeling that somebody stared at him but every time he turned he just saw one of his sisters doing their thing.

Lisa was doing some experiments involving what seemed to be six month old meatloaf, Luan played with Lilly while also making some of her jokes of varying quality, Luna was playing guitar and the twins were driving around in Lola's car, dressed like mafiosi from the prohibition era. Lola drove and Lana was firing with a Toy-Tommy gun from the passenger seat into the rooms of her sisters with large foam-bullets. They played "Drive-By-Shooting" every day since Lola somehow got her hands on "GTA: San Andreas" on Steam.

"Go to hell you twits! This is Lola Capone's territory from now on!", Lana screamed in her best imitation of a Chicago accent. "Hi, Lincoln!" Lola greeted him friendly as she drove by him. "How are you? No time to talk, we have to conquer new territory...!"

And they were gone. Into the bathroom.

Lincoln wasn't surprised by their actions. The only out of the norm thing in that regard was that Lola showed enough courtesy to drive around him, while Lana didn't shoot at him at all.

He wanted to enter his room as he heard Lori's voice calling out to him.

"Lincoln!"

The boy gulped. "What is it, Lori?"

"Do you have a minute to talk?", she asked.

"Well, actually I wanted to sort my Ace Savvy Com-"

"I take that as a yes", Lori simply said in deadpan, taking her brother by the arm and dragging him into his room, before closing the door behind them.

"Look Lori, if this is about the chocolate, I can buy you some new one tomorrow."

"What? No, it is not that", she said in annoyance. Rolling her eyes and sighing, she leaned against the door. "I wanted to ask, if you have any idea why Leni is literally crazy after you."

Lincoln immediately felt relieved. That and glad that somebody else saw through Leni's behavior. "So it's not just me who thinks that."

"Excuse me?"

"Sorry Lori", he replied, throwing himself on the bed in exhaustion. "I really have no idea what is going on. All I know is that Leni is now all of sudden seeing in me her favorite sibling or something."

"Don't tell me", Lori said. "During our trip to the mall I was dumb enough to ask her why she was cuddling you like a puppy earlier."

"What did she say?"

"Well..."

"I mean, Lincoln is just so understanding and cute, you know? His slight overbite and this small part of upstanding white hair on his head? It makes him look like an adorable little bunny", Leni squealed, much to her sister's annoyance. Five minutes ago Lori asked Leni what the deal with her cuddling Lincoln was and since then her roommate couldn't help herself but explain almost in detail just how smart and overall adorable her only brother was and how she wanted to cuddle and protect him. All Lori knew at this point was that Leni would need protection soon, if she was not going to shut up.

"And hey, remember that time he helped me try and get my driver's license?"

Thankfully it was only a couple more miles to the mall, where Leni would probably be long enough preoccupied with looking at the latest fashion as that she would talk her an ear up.

Unfortunately though, only two minutes later, she was hitting a traffic jam, resulting in her having to listen to the extended cut of "Why Lincoln Loud is cute", told by Leni.

"Let's just not talk about it."

The boy rubbed his chin, trying to figure out why Leni was suddenly so friendly to him. "I can't remember doing anything important for her which would explain this affection."

"She is talking like a lovebird", was Lori's annoyed thought. "But that idea is ridiculous except.... No, no, impossible!"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing!", Lori responded quickly. She looked nervous and a little anxious.

"Look Lori, I think Leni may have found something in me that she appreciates a lot?"

Lori raised an eyebrow. "That is your answer?"

"The best I can come up with right now", Lincoln sighed. "I just hope she doesn't buy me any more clothing."

"She knows her fashion", defended Lori her sister.

"I would show you what she purchased for me but it may take your eyesight." Lincoln sat upright on his bed. "Let us wait until tomorrow. Maybe everything will be normal again by then."

Lori hoped so. She wasn't in the mood to hear her sister talk non-stop sweetly about any of her siblings without a break again.

"If you say so", she said in resignation and yawned. "I go to bed. Go and sort your comics or whatever."

"Okay then", Lincoln said, opening the door for her. "Night Lori."

Then, much to his surprise, Lori leaned slightly over him and gave him an affectionate kiss on the head. "Night, Lincoln" she said nonchalantly, oblivious to what she just did and left the room. Lincoln, too stunned to ask her why she just did that, just starred stared as she went back to her room, her attention drawn to her cell phone on the way. He would have probably stood there even longer, if not some accidental friendly fire by Lana had hit him in the forehead, snapping him back to reality just enough to close the door behind him.

Now alone again in the solitude of his closet room, he began to wonder for the upbeat time this day, what just happened. Lori, kissing him? Granted, it wasn't as if this hadn't happened before. Lincoln remembered, though hazily, how back when he was younger (in a time where Lori called him her little baby brother instead of a twerp) she would give him the occasional affectionate hug or kiss on the forehead. But the later was something she hadn't done since he was 6.

And then there was the fact that all things considered, Lori was surprisingly friendly towards him. Oh sure, she was still snarky a bit the few times they talked today, but the chocolate incident? It should be noted, Lincoln had no illusions about Lori. Just because she could be bossy and mean sometimes, didn't mean he oversaw her good sides. After all, this was the girl who would still come to her siblings defense in time of need and was grateful enough for him getting her a job, that she got herself in some serious trouble just for a bit of free stuff at the arcade. Still, there were rules regarding Lori, you should never try to break, otherwise she was going to break you.

First, don't enter her room without her permission or good reason.

Second, don't make fun of her relationship with Bobby Santiago.

Third: Don't touch her phone.

And last, don't eat the last bit of chocolate without having bought some replacement.

He just broke one of these rules this afternoon and yet he was still fine. Something didn't quite add up here.

Lincoln thought hard about those things and tried to find a justification for it that didn't in any way make him want to think of another, at this point rather unwanted possibility. That Leni's behavior may rub off on her. But then he sighed.

//Yeah, right. She was probably just in a good mood and did it unintentionally.//

Though it didn't really sound like the best explanation (or one at all), Lincoln decided to no longer focus on it, partly to avoid finding any obvious holes in it. So instead he did what he planned for this night anyway and went on to sort his Ace Savvy comics based on story arcs. By the time he had put all issues of the Royal Flush arc in chronological order, the thought of Lori kissing him was pushed back in the dark corners of his mind.

A little bit later it was bedtime for the Loud children and they all got into their rooms after they managed to get Lola and Lana from the little car. They had WAY too much fun with their little mob war this evening.

Lori laid in her bed. Leni was already asleep and mumbled something about her "beloved brother", which made the older sibling just roll with her eyes again. She loved him to, but she wasn't that open about her feelings for any of her siblings at this point in her life. And how could she? She was the second-in-command in this family and as such she couldn't afford, nor had time to be super friendly to anyone like Leni or Luna were. She was, generally speaking, the responsible one. And while she often times found herself enjoying said position...

The problem was, she was afraid of people thinking bad about her. That in their eyes being bossy was all there is to her and that they could care less for her if she had no authority. It was in moments like that she wished for someone to just love her for who she was. To tell her that she was not a control freak but the most amazing girl in the

world. Someone she could immediately embrace, cuddle and love in return. Like Lincoln.

Lincoln? No, Lori had Bobby. Her Bo-Bo Bear was the special someone she could always get that kind of emotional support from. He was the boy of her dreams. Not Lincoln!

//Lincoln is my brother for crying out loud! Sure, he is the best brother in the world, his white hair is one of a kind and he knows me in ways Bobby doesn't while I know him in a way only a sister ca-//

Catching herself before she could finish the thought, she came to the conclusion that she was thinking nonsense.

//I love Lincoln. But not like this! I never could//

She laid silent for a moment, staring at the ceiling. Her head empty, aside of one lingering thought emerging from the depths of her mind: //Right?//

She shook her head in hopes of clearing her mind. Next to her Leni continued to mumble about Lincoln.

"Get back to your fashion dreams sis", the oldest grumbled. "Besides: Age before beauty, Leni."

Then she finally fell asleep, still thinking about her brother.

In the darkness somebody typed on a laptop. The story was in progress and nothing could stop it now.

Will Lori get some chocolate? Will Lincoln burn his new suit to save the world from a crime against fashion? Will we ever see Lucy's face under that hair? This and more will not be answered in the next chapter.

Still, we would enjoy some comments and constructive criticism.

Kapitel 2: This is the life, Lincoln Loud

Author's note:

Mama Aniki: We like to thank all the people so far who bothered to read our little story and gave us comments and favorites. We are also trying to take the advice regarding our grammar problems into account and hope that with the help of our new beta, we did a better job this time around. Chapter 1 will be fixed up soon. In the meantime, let's see how things are going down in the Loud House for this weekend.

Hatoralo: I thank anyone who has shown interest in the story. I and my Partner will do our best not to disappoint now and in the future.

Chapter 2: This is the life, Lincoln Loud

Saturday morning came and with it the peace of the previous night slowly began to disperse. By 6:30 a.m. the first children in the Loud House were awake, prepared to get themselves cleaned up and ready for Saturday morning breakfast with the parents downstairs.

One of these kids was Luna Loud, who found herself in a very joyful mood this early in the morning. Which came as a sort of surprise to her, seeing how the previous night she went to bed annoyed about the fact, that YouTube had banned one of her videos after some troll flagged it. Now though she couldn't stop herself from cheerfully whistling some of her favorite tunes while taking a shower, thinking about how much she would enjoy this weekend spending time with her family. And especially her little brother.

Her cute little brother, who the more she thought about it, deserved some sort of reward for all the nice things he did in general for her and the others.

As Lincoln woke up he already had forgotten about the slightly strange events of the previous day. He didn't get any time to remember them either, because the sound of someone singing and entering his room demanded his attention.

*"Ooh you make me live
Whatever this world can give to me
It's you you're all I see..."*

"Morning Bro!" Luna greeted him fast between the lyrics. "Made you breakfast."

"What?" Lincoln asked, still half asleep. Only slowly did his brain put together, that his music enthusiastic sibling had entered his room, whistling a famous Queen song before she proudly put a tray with a plate of delicious flapjacks, topped with whipped cream and fresh strawberries, in front of him.

Thankfully his brain managed to catch up to the situation by the time Luna started to put a napkin around his neck, while still humming the remaining lyrics of the song.

"Luna, what are you doing?"

"Make sure my best bro gets the most important meal of the day", she simply said, before ruffling his hair teasingly and jumping on his bed, so that she sat right next to him.

Lincoln was slightly confused, but at the same time too hungry to think about this strange act of generosity. Besides, he loved flapjacks!

"Thanks, sis!" he said, putting the fork in the pile of sweet delight and took a big bite out of it. While Lincoln was eating Luna continued sitting next to him, humming song about friendship.

*Ooh you're the best friend that I ever had
I've been with you such a long time
You're my sunshine and I want you to know
That my feelings are true
I really love you...*

Attracted by the sound, a certain household genius peaked through the door after knocking. "I'm used to many calamities, chimes and catastrophes in this house," Lisa Loud declared, her gaze fixed on her two older siblings. "But a song by the Princes of the Universe recited in vocal is something new. May I ask what events occur here at this moment?"

„Just making sure our bro has a good start in the day“, Luna said, petting her brother's hair while he was eating away at the sweet delight she brought him.

„I see...“, Lisa commented diplomatically. „Nice to see you caring that much for our brother's wellbeing, seeing how he had actually slept through breakfast.“

At this Lincoln stopped for a moment. Confused he looked at his alarm clock. Only now did he learn that it was actually past 8:30. Family breakfast at this point was finished half an hour ago.

„Why did no one wake me?“

„I actually suggested it, but none of our siblings seemed to have the nerve to actually call you.“, Lisa replied. by now she had taken the liberty to reach for one of the leftover strawberries. „In fact, Leni and Lori were vehement towards our parents that you deserved the extra time of sleep for your own good.“

//What?//

„Hey“

Lisa, who was just going to put the strawberry she swiped from under Lincoln's nose in her mouth, found herself suddenly being the center of Luna's attention. „This one belongs to Lincoln.“

"I think he can live if I subtract..."

Luna's not so friendly gaze let the little girl in the green turtleneck reconsider. "On the other hand, I already have enough magnesium in my body."

She gave Lincoln the strawberry back before leaving the room in a slightly hurried manner.

Lincoln looked after her. "Luna, I wouldn't have minded if Lisa had eaten that strawberry."

"But it was not hers," Luna corrected. "She should have asked for the berry, not taking it without your permission."

The usually so laidback Luna was telling this in such a serious tone, it made Lincoln worry. Would she have assaulted Lisa over this?

As if she was sensing the uncomfortable tension in the room, Luna's expression softened.

"Don't worry about it, kay?" she told him with a reassuring smile. "Come on. Eat up."

As he didn't want to make her sad, Lincoln did as she told him and finished his breakfast. All the while she just watched him happily devour the last of the pancakes.

"You liked it?", she asked when he took the last bite of his plate.

"Delicious", he stated between bites and gulped the last bits down. "Thanks Luna, those were great."

Then she did something he hadn't seen her do ever since she won tickets for a live concert of Mick Swagger. She squeed. Only to go over into giving him an affectionate hug. Lincoln felt instantly reminded of yesterday. But unlike Leni, who would only let go of him on behalf of Lori, Luna actually let go of him almost instantly.

But unlike Leni, she did it with an obvious blush on her face.

"Sorry bro, I..."

"It's okay." he interrupted her. While he was a bit confused about his sister's sudden display of shyness, he did not want to make the situation any more embarrassing for her. As such he decided to just move on from the situation and stood up. "I am going to the bath."

"Do you want me to get some new clothes for you ready?"

He raised an eyebrow in confusion. Bringing him breakfast? Sure, that was great. But acting as his personal maid?

"Actually, I think my clothes from yesterday will still do. Don't you have something else to do?"

Luna shrugged with her shoulders. "Not really"

She took a look over her brother's room. "Gesh, this place is a dump. Want me to clean it up for you?"

Again, Lincoln asked himself what was going on. Since when did any of his siblings want to do a chore for him? Then again, he really didn't want to waste his Saturday morning on cleaning up his messy room. And Luna looked so eager...

"If it is no problem for you..."

"I insist!" Luna said and immediately went on going through the clothes on the ground.

"Okay... have fun", Lincoln said and left the room. While he went down the corridor, he could still hear his sister, singing the last lines of the song.

*"Ooh I've been wandering round
But I still come back to you
In rain or shine
You've stood by me girl
I'm happy at home
You're my best friend"*

He liked the music of his sister a lot and admired that she was always ready to provide background music. **However**, at the same time she did not **sung** pure vocals that often. That said, the song had a nice ring to it. Even if it was sounding softer to what he considered Luna's normal cup of tea.

//Perhaps she is trying to broaden her horizon// he thought, grabbing for the doorknob of the bathroom. *//Anyway, time to take care of important busi-//*
"HI LINCOLN!", greeted a high pitched girly voice from behind.
Slightly annoyed he turned around. "What is it, Lola? I want to..."
The six year old didn't even give Lincoln the chance to finish his sentence, before she hugged his legs in the adorable way only a little kid can do.

//Okay,// Lincoln thought now slightly alarmed. So far he had been either hugged or kissed by four of his ten fellow siblings within the last 17 hours. Siblings who normally would only do so, after he screwed up big time and had made up with them by some embarrassing act of compensation. *//Are my siblings going crazy or did I finally snap and am just imagining all of that?//*
Lola was squeezing his leg harder. Painfully hard. *//Nope, certainly not a dream.//*

"Lola I have to use the bathroom." Lincoln said while trying to get his sister off his leg.
"Oh, sorry Linc," she apologized, letting go of him. Before she could say or do anything Lincoln was in the bathroom and washed his face.

"Is this the real life or is this just fantasy?"

He shook his head and did his bathroom business, thinking also about his strange acting sisters. Doing so he concluded, that of three sisters he met so far today, Lisa seemed to still act normal. At the same time though, he didn't know what to make of it. He thought about talking to her to see how accurate the impression he had on her was, but then decided against it. Lisa had a way to trick her siblings into "accidentally" ending up as guinea pigs for her experiments. The last time he fell for her tricks, his sister somehow managed to turn him in a bunny for a few hours and he had to spend half of the day as Luan's unwitting assistant in her magic act.

He also realized, that if Leni, Lori, Lola and Luna were acting as strange as they did, even if it was harmless so far, there was a certain chance that the same applied to the others.

Not knowing what to make out of that possibility, he eventually concluded that spending some time with Clyde today was perhaps an option he should seize.

As such, a little bit later, Lincoln, cleaned up and dressed in his average attire, was laying on his bed, fiddling with his walkie talkie. While trying to set up a line with Clyde, he couldn't help but admire the good job Luna did, cleaning his room. She even found somehow the time to stitch a missing button back on Bun-Bun's shirt.

"Clyde, Lincoln here." he spoke into his radio, after finally getting through. "Can I come over to you?"

"Negative." Clyde's voice answered him. "Me and my dads are out for brunch and a movie today."

"Can't I come with you?" Lincoln asked in desperation. "I pay my seat!"

"The show is sold out." Clyde explained. "Is something wrong Lincoln?"

"Yes! My sisters are... Nice to me!"

There was a long moment of silence on the other end.

"Clyde?"

"I fail to understand the problem." Clyde responded in the most deadpan tone he had ever produced.

"You don't get it, they aren't acting normal while being nice. I can't really explain it, but... something is off."

"Can we continue this later?" Clyde's voice asked. "I have to go now."

"Okay. Have fun with the movie."

After finishing the conversation, he decided to sneak out of the house and go on a walk to escape his strange siblings. Of course, he had to inform his parents first. He managed to get down without being seen by one of his sisters. Heck, he was glad that none of them had waited in front of the bathroom for him before.

In the living room, one of the usual battles were raging. This time it was Lynn Jr., Jock vs Luan, Comedian.

"Give me the remote!" Lynn grumbled in annoyance and pushed against Luan's face. "I was the first one on the couch!"

"But I will *coach* you on it" Luan responded giggling and kept the remote away. "Get it?"

Lynn rolled her eyes at the bad furniture/sports pun.

Not wanting to risk a potential fifth display of sisterly affection he couldn't explain, Lincoln, who was halfway down the staircase at this point, came to a halt.

Carefully listening to his sisters arguing, he slowly descended the last stairs, hoping they would not notice him.

"Come on Lynn. You know I love the Animaniacs."

Lynn, who was holding her sister down in the couch right now, did not want to hear it.

"So what?", she asked, trying her hardest to rip the remote out of Luan's hand. "Right now the sports channel brings the best championship fights of Bruce Lee."

"But you have watched them already!"

"And you have Animaniacs on Blue Ray!"

//Just a little further...//

In a fortunate world, Lincoln would have managed to actually get down the stairs and turn around to enter the house's big dining room, where Lincoln's mom was busy ironing clothes. In such a world, he would have then instantly asked her if it was okay if he went out in the city and be away from his sisters for a bit. Unfortunately, he instead lived in a world, where Rita Loud decided that it was just now the perfect moment to tell her two children to keep it down a bit, or else they could go outside doing something else.

Of course, such a threat resulted in the reflexive action of the girls to stop for a second what they were doing and look in their mother's direction to say they were sorry. Which in turn meant they now came into eye contact with Lincoln.

"Oh, hi Lincoln!" Luan said.

//Dang it!//

Lynn immediately took the chance of Luan being distracted, to roll her down the couch and in doing so claim the remote finally for her alone.

"Hey bro." she said. Ignoring Luan, who was annoyed about the fact she would now not get to watch her cartoons, Lynn leaned in, lazily hanging on the edge of the couch now. "What'cha up to?"

"Oh you know. Just wanting to take a walk," Lincoln explained with a nervous grin on his face. He wasn't quite sure yet, if Lynn was going to act all affectionate or not.

"Don't you want to spend some time with us instead?" she asked, throwing the remote up and down in the air, snapping it away from Luan's attempts to catch it always just in the nick of time. "We could watch some cartoons."

"What?", Luan asked at this statement, stopping in her attempts to regain the remote.

"But I thought you wanted to watch your Kung Fu?"

Lynn just shrugged. "It's up to Lincoln." She held the remote towards him. "What do you say, bro?"

Okay, now it was more obvious. "Ehh... you know, too much TV is not good for you," he said, while slowly moving towards the door. "I think I rather take a nice and relaxing walk down the block. Enjoy the wind and the sun on my..."

The first thing that hit Lincoln's face when he opened the door was indeed wind. At a speed of 20 miles per hour and followed by some heavy rain drops.

"...Face"

"The weather is just blowing you away!" Luan joked and laughed her trademarked laughter.

"At least somebody still acts normal," the only boy mumbled to himself, shutting the door.

"Okay, I stay."

He got between his sisters on the sofa and asked: "Can we watch Ace Savvy: The Animated Series?"

"Got'cha Bro!"

His sister switched to the new episode of the Ace Savvy series. His mood started to improve while watching the series, also because after the "Man of Savvy" he needed a reminder of a more competent version of his favorite superhero.

"Ace Savvy really can fight with break neck speed," joked Luan. "Get it?"

"Luan..." Lincoln sighed. A reminder was not needed.

"Let Lincoln alone, Luan" Lynn rebuked her older sister. "You know he didn't like the movie."

"What?" Luan was flabbergasted by Lynn's statement. The joke wasn't even that dark or inappropriate.

"It's fine Lynn," Lincoln said. "I'm old enough to ignore such bad jokes."

"Hey, my jokes are not bad!", Luan protested.

"Yeah. They are just not all that fresh", Lynn countered.

Lincoln felt kinda bad for Luan. Sure, her jokes weren't all that great, especially when you were bombarded with them on a daily basis, but the way Lynn acted was a bit nasty.

"Lynn...", he began in an exhausted tone, which immediately caught his sister's attention

"Yes?"

Lincoln took a close look at his sister's face and had to sigh internally. Based on the expression he saw, which resembled a mixture of undivided attention and a slight fear of disapproval from him, he concluded that whatever was going on, it had gotten to her too.

//And that makes half of them//, he thought in resignation, before he continued.

"Just let Luan make her puns if she wants to."

"Okay", the sports fan meekly said.

"And would you please apologize to her?"

And then, much to Luan's confusion, she did as Lincoln asked her.

A bit dumbfounded about Lynn just doing as Lincoln told her, all Luan could say was "Apology ace-cepted", which earned the obligatory groan from her younger siblings.

With peace restored to the living room, the three siblings spend the next 20 minutes watching the latest episode of Ace Savvy, when suddenly Rita called her son.

"Don't forget to bring the trash out."

Lincoln shrugged. At least one female in this household was still normal.

"I do it!" Lynn yelled and got from the couch.

"You mean you want to switch our housework?" Lincoln asked.

The sporty one shook her head. "No, I do both. Just stay here and enjoy your weekend."

Before the brother could respond Lynn ran away with the speed of a tornado.

"If you really want to Lynn, then do it", allowed their mother. "But next time you two do at least the switch."

"Yes, Mom", Lincoln answered and wondered what the next sister would do for him.

Luan was confused too. Lynn and Lincoln were good buds, but the former was a little bit too friendly in general right now.

On the upper end of the steps Lisa had seen what just happened. She knew a lot about physics, chemistry, medicine, genetics and more fields than she had the time to count. But Lynn voluntarily taking out the trash? That was confusing.

"Something isn't right here," she said into a recorder, before turning around to go back in her room. "I will figure out what is happening with my sisters."

Over the next two and a half hours, Lincoln Loud experienced what he would consider the most peaceful, yet also weirdest Saturday morning he had for years at his home.

The peaceful aspect of this morning came from the fact, that unlike most other Saturdays in a household with close to a dozen kids, Lincoln was actually allowed to enjoy a bit of quiet and peace time just for himself this day, by watching all his favorite Saturday morning shows without any interruption. The weird aspect though came from the fact that he managed to do so, while still having to share the same house with all his siblings present, who acted in what could only be considered a weirdly civilized manner around him.

Granted, most people would not call that necessarily weird on its own, but then they didn't know what was defined as "normal" living in the Loud House. For example: It was "normal" that at Saturday 11 a.m., Lola and Lana would take over the couch to watch the late morning rerun of Blarney the Dinosaur, as for some reason they didn't get enough of it already at 7 a.m. It was normal, that if Lori saw her siblings waste their time watching cartoons, she was going to call at least Lincoln out as childish. It was considered normal, that if you left the sweet spot on the couch just to get something from the kitchen, someone was going to take it from you. And above all, it was normal that when two or more siblings were fighting over something, the chance of them becoming quiet without some intervention was close to zero.

And yet all those things did not apply today.

Instead of whining about Lincoln moving or else they would tell mom about him reading comics in his underwear on the roof again, the twins rather fought about who was going to sit next to him. Which didn't even take long, as Lincoln just decided to move in the middle, allowing both to take a side each. The only one who was upset about that was Lynn, who was at a bathroom break, and now had to sit on the floor.

When Lori came down and saw them watch the latest episode of "Juvenile Youngsters GO!", she was just rolling her eyes and congratulated Lincoln to actually be able to sit through that sort of garbage, thinking he watched it for the sake of their younger sibling's entertainment, before she went out, telling her mom she was going to the mall for some gift she wanted to buy for someone.

And when Lincoln was going to the kitchen to get himself something to drink during a commercial break, Lana decided to go into feral mode to prevent Luan from sneaking up to the sweet spot. Which was officially weird enough for her that she decided to instead go upstairs and read up on her biography of Groucho Marx.

In short, this day was getting better and better.

Of course there was the possibility that they were playing a joke on him, with Luan as the mastermind. However, an act like that would need a lot of willpower, time, concentration, patience and good timing, something not all of his sisters were able or willing to do.

Maybe he could test his luck, but not now. He wasn't willing to watch so much of "Juvenile Youngsters GO!" at once.

//Reminder to myself: Show your Siblings the first series at some point.//

"I get a snack, do you two want something?"

"No, but thank you Lincoln!" the twins said in unison.

Another strange thing. Lana and Lola usually didn't do the "Twin-Talk" cliché, especially not for something that trivial. Maybe it would turn out to be a joke after all?

In the kitchen he walked to the refrigerator and wanted to open it.

"Lincoln?"

He jumped away from the voice and turned around. Like the Spanish inquisition, nobody expected Lucy Loud. Even if they all had fallen prey several times to her unusual jump scare abilities. It was a wonder none of them had received a heart attack already

"Lucy, you scared me!"

"Sorry Lincoln," she apologized. "I wanted to ask if I may lay out the Major and Minor Arcana for you."

"Mayor Arca- what?"

"The Tarot cards", she explained.

"Oh, no!" Lincoln rejected immediately. "Last time you read my future, you ruined my day at the national park."

"I have the feeling the cards will be kinder to you this time," she promised. She took him by the hand and led him to the kitchen table, where she took a seat before pulling her tarot cards out of her left dress pocket. "If not, I will perform a ritual which will transfer your bad fate onto Me.", she promised.

Lincoln wasn't much a fan of Lucy's occult mumbo jumbo, but then again, he had nothing better to do right now. And if it kept him a couple of minutes away from an episode of ``Juvenile Youngsters GO!'' even he considered unbearable...

"If it makes you happy...", he said and pulled himself a chair up. "Go on."

Immediately Lucy began to spread all the cards on the table, before shifting them face down around for a bit. She ordered Lincoln to stack them up again, without turning them over.

"Why me?"

"The cards must know whose faith they are supposed to tell, by being in contact with your life force."

Lincoln didn't buy any of that, but still did as his little sister asked him. When he was finished, she took the cards and told him that she was going to lay him a formation referred to as the "Celtic Cross".

"This formation allows me to get insight in how things develop for you in a certain way", she explained. "But for it to work, I have to ask you to think of a topic you want to know more about."

Lincoln only listened.

"Can you think of anything specific you would like to have an answer for?"

From the living room the other sisters could be heard and immediately he had the right question his sister should answer in mind. But instead of giving her a straight answer, he simply nodded. Which seemed to work well enough for Lucy, as she immediately put the first ten on top of the deck one after another in the previously mentioned formation.

She took a deep breath and began to turn eight of the cards over, which she then examined carefully.

"Hm..."

"So?", Lincoln asked. "What does my future say?"

"It doesn't tell you anything about your future yet...", Lucy said in a chastising, surprisingly dark tone.

"But I always thought..."

"Your opinion on tarot is poisoned by a mockery of it in the media", she retorted rather emotionlessly, yet still in a way that Lincoln would identify as "insulted" in comparison to her normal demeanor.

She looked at Lincoln and sighed when she saw him being puzzled at her "outburst".

"Apologies", she said. "But tarot isn't simply telling someone they will win a car or tickets for the next blockbuster movie the following week. Tarot can make you come to terms with a situation you face and give you a glimpse in the direction you are headed to. That is where the myth about "foreseeing the future" comes from. But each card's own meaning as such, needs to be understood in connection to the issue and "problem" at hand. You must be self-aware of what it is that makes you ask the cards for help, be open to the advice they may give and accept the parts of your own being reflected in them. Otherwise a card that is supposed to stand for a great opportunity, can be misinterpreted as a warning of a great danger."

She looked her brother in the eyes, though he couldn't much do the same thanks to her black hair covering them. "I am trying to make you understand whatever you are facing, by explaining to you what is going on and advice you how to act upon it for the future. Not a summary of what exactly happens."

"Sorry", Lincoln said. And he meant it. While he didn't consider it to be real, he was quite aware that it meant something to his sister. He did not want to make her feel bad for something she cared about. And based on the explanation she gave him just now...

He didn't know that laying a bunch of colorful illustrated cards was that much of a big deal. Perhaps he had to look up on the subject himself someday in more detail.

If anything, it would perhaps inspire him in the creation of an interesting Ace Savvy villain for a fanfic Clyde was writing.

"Nevermind", Lucy said, moving her fingers over the cards.

Finally, after a couple of seconds, she began to talk, putting her finger on two crossed over cards.

"The Page of Cups and the six rods represent both emotional support and praise, with the later also indicating success and good luck in the future. Are you getting this right now?"

Lincoln tried to think. He wouldn't say that his sisters praised him, if he ignored what Leni said to Lori about him, but some of them had now within hours decided to treat him more special than usual and he was enjoying it.

"I would say yes", Lincoln replied, not knowing what else to say.

"Does it bother you?"

Lincoln blinked in confusion. "Why do you ask?"

She pointed at another card. "This card here, the Moon... in this position, combined with the other two, it would indicate that you are... Afraid?"

Lincoln thought about it. "I would rather say... Irritated? Confused?"

Lucy looked at him. "Why?"

Lincoln thought how to formulate it as diplomatic as possible.

"Because I am not used to it?" he said, only to add in a more somber tone the words "Especially from you guys" to it.

He broke up in hope that Lucy would figure out what he was meaning herself, but the young goth just continued to look at him in a way indicating that she wanted to hear it from his own mouth.

"Come on, Lucy. You know who is giving me the praise and affection right now. And as often as we fight and with the sort of luck I tend to have... I love you guys, but it is not as if you shower me in affection without there being some catch to it."

"True", Lucy admitted. She pointed at one of the cards, on which five young men were fighting against each other with sticks. "Our past is painted by a lot of brawls and the measuring of what we can." Lincoln bizarrely enough remembered, that this one was the fifth card she had laid down. "But I don't think it justifies your expectations" she said, pointing at what he remembered was the ninth card. It showed a knight on a horse with a drawn sword, supposedly heading for battle.

Lincoln raised an eyebrow. "What expectations?" he asked confused.

Lucy's voice became as cold as snow, as she explained the meaning of the Knight of Swords. "Destruction, battle, wrath. The looming end of a relationship."

Lincoln was shocked. He considered the situation weird, but he did not think of his sisters being nice to be the start of something far more sinister. Did he? After all, they were still his siblings and he loved them. Even if they were getting on each others nerves, they could never...

You are literally the worst right now!

"AND YOU ARE THE WORST, PERIOD! WHY DO I HAVE TO BE RELATED TO YOU OF ALL PEOPLE!"

Shocked gasps could be heard from multiple people.

"Take that back, or..."

"Or what? Are you going to turn me into a human pretzel? Get on with it. Perhaps I get some quiet in the hospital!"

"Lincoln?"

The white haired boy blinked his eyes as he left the distinct memory of a not so long ago family feud behind him.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah" Lincoln replied. "I just remembered something."

He nervously drummed his fingers on the table.

"Want to talk to me about your expectations?"

Lincoln shook his head.

"... Are you ashamed of talking?"

She sighed when she saw her brother answer with a shameful nod.

"If it is any consolation, your subconscious expectations don't have to indicate what is actually to come."

Lincoln stopped drumming.

"Your future is indicated by the cards I haven't turned over yet", she explained. She also pointed to another card on the table. "Furthermore, you have the "Nine coins" in the third position and these two in the fourth and eight."

Lincoln looked at the second card she mentioned. "A family under a rainbow made of cups?"

"The ten cups", Lucy explained. "It represents joy and familial harmony."

She suddenly put her hand over his.

"But the card's position puts its meaning into a place where it represents something that is of a constant", Lucy elaborated in a tone that managed to be dry, yet also surprisingly comforting. "Something we realize subconsciously as always being part of destiny's plan for us. In your case, this card would mean, that your family is something you can always count on. Something that will stand by your side even in your darkest hour."

She squeezed his hand.

„It means that you are loved, Lincoln“, Lucy explained. „Even if we fight. We would never truly hate you.“

Lincoln knew in a part of his mind, that Lucy acted strange. That the real Lucy would have used far more foreboding words to describe his situation. But at the same time, he welcomed those surprisingly warm words.

"Furthermore, you have "Justice" on your side" she said, pointing at the eight card. "So if anything, others would see the current situation as just being something you deserve. And with the "Nine Coins" in the third position, you can at least in the present situation still expect a few more good things.

Lincoln didn't know how to feel about that. On one hand, he was relieved that the behavior of his sisters, as weird as it was, would probably not result in any negative consequences for them. On the other hand, Lucy's cards haven't given either of them an explanation for WHY the sisters were as nice.

//But do you really want to know?// He heard a small voice in his head ask selfishly.

//Do you really want to dig deeper into this? Risk accidentally insulting them, because they really just want to be nice to you? And when has Lucy ever lied to you?//

Well, she once lied knowing about Pretty Princess Po-

//That was just one incident. But many other times? She cares about you. So do the others. They just want for you to be happier as usual for once.//

Lincoln still wasn't sure.

//Who knows? Perhaps it is their way to make up extra for what happened two weeks ago?//

Lincoln shuddered mentally. He and his older siblings had gone on each other's throats a couple of times. But the argument they had half a month ago... He still felt sometimes uncertain, that they had accepted his apology. And he considered their contribution to reestablish the peace rather weak, the more he thought about it.

//Just see where this is going. If they want to be nice to you, why not accept it for a change?//

But what if...

//...There is something bad coming from that? Well, Lucy has still two more cards to uncover, doesn't she?//

Lincoln looked at the table. Indeed, the sixth and tenth card were still uncovered. And what had Lucy said again?

"I am sorry, Lucy" pointed at the remaining cards. "But what will those two represent again?"

"Your long time future in regard of the situation"

For a second Lincoln could swear that the voice in his head exclaimed a little "huzzah!"

//Don't you see? If there is truly something bad coming from it, you can still do something to prevent it. And if not? You can enjoy it. Have fun. Even do your best for them to have something out of it.//

Lincoln had to admit, that the voice of his subconscious made a compelling argument. Turning his attention back to Lucy, he was just about to ask her to turn them over, when Lana entered the kitchen.

„What takes you so long, bro?" she asked Lincoln, ignoring Lucy completely.

When she saw her brother sit in front of a bunch of cards, she got confused.

"Are you guys playing a card game? Who is winning?"

Lana took one of the face down cards, looked it up and showed it to Lucy. "How many points is that one worth?"

The goth didn't answer. But Lincoln could feel the silence emitting from her being of the dramatic kind that in any movie would soon be followed by a huge explosion.

"Actually Lana, Lucy is trying to predict my fortune", Lincoln explained, trying to defuse the situation. He carefully took the card out of her hand and laid it back on the table.

"Oh, that old mumbo jumbo", Lana stated, earning a resigned sigh from Lucy, which the little tomboy seemed to ignore. Instead she turned her attention back to her brother.

"Are you guys finished soon? "Lightning Felines" starts in five minutes"

Lightning Felines was Lana's most recent favorite show and based on her behavior it seemed she wanted to make him a devoted fan of it too.

Lincoln looked at the two remaining cards. "I will be there in three minutes", he reassured the tomboy and watched her stroll back in the living room.

Only when he heard her and Lola argue about free couch space, did he turn his attention back to Lucy

"You okay?"

"Yeah, I am fine," came the monotone answer.

"If you want, I will talk to her later and tell her to show some more respect," he offered.

"It's okay," she reassured him and got back to the cards. "Let us just finish this okay?"

Lincoln gave her a reassuring nod. He felt nervous, yet also excited about what Lucy was about to tell him.

He watched Lucy turn first one card in the middle of the formation over, then the one Lana picked up.

The first showed what seemed to be a person in different stages of its life walking along a wheel, while multiple occult symbols filled out the background. The final one on the other hand seemed to be again of the minor arcana, this time showing a person happily standing under a stream of coins pouring over them.

"The Wheel of Fate and the Ten Coins," Lucy stated. A smile formed on her face, indicating that it meant something good.

"What do they mean?"

"One symbolizes destiny and a new beginning, while also indicating great fortune, success and the gaining of a reward", Lucy explained, pointing at the Wheel. "And because it is the second to last card, it means you will experience it within the near future."

Lincoln took a deep breath. A new beginning? He tried to imagine how things could get even better and had a hard time doing so without going into power fantasies that involved him getting a new room.

"The really interesting one is the last one though," Lucy told him. "It tells you how this step into the near future will affect you in the long run."

She looked him in the eyes, giving Lincoln a very rare but adorable affectionate smile:

"You will experience a period of stability, success beyond all expectations and support by those who love you."

She moved her hand over the cards and put them back on the deck. "Congratulations, Lincoln" she stated with a smile. "The spirits are rewarding you for all you have done."

Lincoln didn't know what to say. He was expecting to get the short end of the stick with these two cards. But instead he got a hand that made his subconscious dance a mental conga to the tune of "We are the Champions".

"So... what does that mean?" he asked Lucy while standing up. "That it is okay for me to accept what is about to come?"

She held in for a moment before standing up too. "Pretty much" she replied. "That is unless you don't think you are deserving a good time."

Before Lincoln had a chance to express any deep-seated doubt about getting rewarded for just being him, Lucy put a hand on his shoulder. "But if you ask me, you are the one who deserves something good more than any of us for once. So, enjoy your fortune. Cause life is a harsh mistress that will take it away from you if she gets the chance."

She pulled her hand off, gave him a soft smile and left the kitchen, probably to spend the rest of the morning summoning the spirits. Lincoln looked after her and after weighing up her behavior and the degree of affection in her gestures, crossed her off his mental checklists of siblings that were still acting normal.

Later, as he sat again in the sweet spot and enjoyed the latest episode of "Lightning Felines", with the twins trying to cuddle up against him, he thought about what Lucy told him. He concluded, that if her words were true, a great opportunity was at the

horizon.

Half an hour later, with the cartoon block being over, Lincoln returned to his chamber to look at his coin-collection.

Taking his coin book out of its shelf, he opened it and looked at the currency from many countries and even different centuries. The history of coins fascinated him since he was little and it helped him to clear his head, in order to think about the way his siblings acted and the fate Lucy and her cards had foretold him. Was he really on a big lucky streak, supposedly brought upon him by those he cared for?

It was true, misfortune befall him on a kind of regular basis: Nothing overdramatic and it didn't end with him losing all the time, but it was annoying. He sometimes hated his lot as mediator/handyman/normal guy of the family, who had also the misfortune of being stuck in the role of the middle child. He knew his sisters had their own problems to deal with but it sometimes felt as if he always had to solve the biggest conflicts or take the fall. Why? Yes, sometimes he had to clean up his own mistake. And he was always willing to own up to them. But the other times? If karma really was a thing, wouldn't it make sense if he gets a row of fortunate events?

//A good time, provided by my sisters//, he thought. *They are in my debt in a way...*

He was still deep in thought when he suddenly got interrupted by Lori calling everyone down. Seconds later all the siblings and the family pets were in the living room. Lori was already waiting with her parents.

"Mom and Dad have something to say. So, ladies and Lincoln, you better listen up."

"Thanks honey", her mother said. She held baby Lily in her arms while addressing her children "You guys remember my colleague Susanne?"

As none of the Loud children really paid much attention to their mother's work (not because they didn't love her or anything like that. But what was exciting for a kid about being a dental assistant?) none of them could. Except Lincoln, who if he thought hard enough, could vaguely associate Susanne with the face of a brunette he met during the improvised "Bring your son to work day" his mom did with him a couple of weeks ago.

"She was going to visit a symposium on dental hygiene on Dr. Feinstein's behalf. But she just called, telling me she got the flu."

"Poor Susanne" Leni said. She didn't know the woman, but she wished no one to be sick.

"Thanks hon", Miss Loud injected. "Anyway, because everything was paid up by Dr. Feinstein and he can't get a refund, I was asked if I would be interested in going to the seminar."

The kids remained silent.

"Ehm... Are you?" asked Luna eventually, not sure why this was any big news to call everyone.

"Well, yes I actually am," replied her mother. "The thing is, the seminar starts tomorrow and goes on for a couple of days in Danville, Colorado."

At this, the kids started to pay attention. The only way to reach Colorado within a day they knew off was the airplane. And several days?

"And seeing how your dad has taken off the next couple of work days thanks to extra hours, he is thinking of joining me."

Lori was the first to speak up. "Are you saying, you and dad want to leave the house to us for the next couple of days?"

"Only till Wednesday night", Rita said and added: "Of course, you would be in charge, Lori. You think you are ready to take that responsibility?"

The oldest child of the household had overseen her siblings ever since she was too old for a babysitter. But then this was only for a couple of hours. But five days in a row?

Simultaneously, while Lori was contemplating the idea, Lincoln himself was thinking. Was this part of his fortune the cards were talking about? His parent's leaving the house for the weekend and three school days, at a time it seemed his siblings couldn't stop agreeing with him at all and were uncharacteristically nice to him?

He knew deep down that taking a chance like this was in some way also wrong. He knew he was trying to take advantage of a situation he didn't even fully understand. And yet...

"Well, Lori?" her dad injected for the first time something in the conversation.

"I..."

"I am sure Lori is able to do so!" Lincoln shouted.

...He decided to take it.

"Lincoln", his mother scolded him. "You know it is impolite to interrupt others."

"Sorry", he apologized. "But come on, mom. Have we ever screwed up big times, while being alone?"

Rita Loud needed to keep herself from reminding her son about the paint job incident the house once received by her kids. Among other things.

"And it is only for what, five days? We won't burn the house down."

"Yeah", Luna suddenly added, "we are old enough"

Lincoln smiled internally. Luna was taking his side on the subject. If it was because of whatever had gotten into her, or because she wanted to have the weekend also for her own he didn't know. But if she was going to join him, maybe the others would too. "Like, we can totally take care of ourselves for that time. I mean, it isn't as if it was half a week." Leni said.

"Actually...", Lisa tried to reply, but then got interrupted by the twins.

"We swear to play nice with everyone."

"Since when do you speak in unison you peaky twins?", Luan asked in a suspecting tone but laughed afterwards. "Get it?"

The twins just stared at her quizzically.

"Luan, the two are too young to remember a series by David Lynch", said Lori while rolling her eyes. "Try more modern references."

"You got the joke, didn't you?", challenged Luan.

"Whatever" Lori responded in annoyance. "I accept this responsibility. But you all have to act according to the plan."

"But the plan is only for single evenings," Lynn interjected.

"We will draw up a plan for those five days," Lori explained. "You will all receive your freedoms, but we also have to take over the tasks of mom and dad in this time."
Luan swallowed down a joke about 'like producing more siblings' because the audience was partly too young and her parents would have grounded her in that case.

The other siblings were okay with the situation too. As long as Lori didn't decide to become drill sergeant dictator again like she did in the past (until a certain rebellion ago), it should go over well. They remembered how Lisa had explained to them the concept of the balance of order and chaos. How neither complete order nor total chaos should have predominance over any form of organization or society. They understood this, except Leni, who just said that she would be social in any society.

"Great," their mother said and handed Lily over to Lori, before giving the older one a kiss on the forehead. "I am sure you can do this."

She then turned to her other children.

"And you will behave."

"We will!" they all promised.

"I help you packing your cases", Lincoln offered his assistance.

"No need for that," his father assured and pulled two already packed suitcases from under the stairs. The children gave their father a bewildered look in response.

"What?", he said in a tone which sounded somewhat innocent. "I swear it is not as if we keep them prepared in case such a day would ever come."

The children still looked bewildered and kind of doubtful about his explanation.

"I swear we are not desperate to get some our time once in a while..." Lynn Sr. desperately tried to assure his daughters and son about the situation.

"Sweetie, let's just go," Rita interjected, took his hand and lead him out through the door. The children followed them, watching as they hastily put the suitcases in the back of a taxi that had parked right in front of their house. Lincoln didn't even want to imagine how his dad was going to explain that. Seconds later, after their parents waved them a quick good bye and reassuring them, that they loved all eleven of them, the Loud children watched the car speeding away.

Lucy looked after them before shutting the door, sighing. "They are gone, like all the hope I once had."

"Very uplifting Lucy," Lori remarked with some snark. "Everybody into mine and Leni's room. We have to create a daily schedule."

While everybody was going up the stairs, Lori stopped from going with them and turned to Lincoln.

"Lincoln, I have something for you," she said. "I want to give it to you before we go up."

She went to the couch, where a bunch of bags were standing. The logo printed on them made Lincoln realize, that they must have been from the mall Lori was visiting earlier the day. He watched Lori pull something out of one bag, before she turned over and hold it out to him. The object turned out to be a surprisingly thick book. On its cover, Ace Savvy was facing off **several** members of his rogues' gallery.

"Holy Moly!", Lincoln exclaimed. He grabbed the book with shaking hands, not believing what he held in them. "Ace Savvy: The Pre-Crisis Omnibus Collection."

"You like it?"

"Liking it? This book contains five years' worth of Ace Savvy, before they rebooted the entire Savvy Universe in the "Gambit of two World Saga.", he explained, geeking out hard.

This thing was pretty much a required read for every Ace Savvy fan out there. He himself would have gotten his hands on it months ago, if it wouldn't...

He turned to Lori. "This thing costs 120 dollars!"

"I know," she said, ruffling his hair affectionately. "But I think it is totally worth it, if it makes you happy."

Lincoln decided that the time to just roll with it was over.

"Lori, can I ask you something?"

She looked at him and saw that his eyes had become rather serious.

"Sure Lincoln. What is it?"

He took a deep breath, before stating his question. "Why are you so nice to me?"

She blinked in confusion. "I beg your pardon?"

"Well, yesterday you kissed me on the head, today you are not teasing me for watching cartoons and now you buy me this?"

"Don't you like it?", she asked. "I have the recipe, so we can return it at any time."

"No, that is not..."

He sighed.

"I love it. I think it is the best gift you have given me in years."

Lori suddenly hugged her brother. "I am so glad to hear that", she exclaimed. Lincoln managed to free himself and looked up to her again.

"But why are you doing this? Heck, why are all of you suddenly so nice to me?"

Lori just stood there, to let him calm down a bit. Then she got on her knees, to ruffle his hair again. "Because you are our little brother. And we love you."

And then, she slowly lifted his chin, to look him deep into the eyes. "I love you."

Lincoln blinked.

"I love you too, but..."

He didn't even manage to finish his line, as she hugged him again.

"You are my very special little brother. You are cute, smart and I want to make you happy for always being there for us."

"Okay, okay", Lincoln said, surrendering to the hug. There was no way to resist now. If this was what his sister wanted, who was he to deny it?

"Is there at least something I can do for you in return?", Lincoln asked.

She leant in closer to his right ear. "How about a kiss?", she whispered.

Lincoln froze and let his comic drop.

"Ex-Excuse me?"

"You know, on the cheek", Lori elaborated, showing him her face. "Just to show me you appreciate me too."

//Thank god//, Lincoln thought. //And I thought she meant...//

"Well?"

Lincoln leant in closer. Thinking that there was no harm in it, he gave his older sister a small kiss on her right cheek.

Weirdly enough, she seemed to almost melt under it, seeing how her hug got weaker and her entire face seemed to relax in a serene manner.

When she remained like that for a couple of seconds, Lincoln coughed a bit, hoping it would bring her back to normal.

"Oh, sorry", she said, snapping back and letting go of him.

"No problem."

Both siblings remained silent for a bit, looking at each other awkwardly.

"So..."

"Yeah..."

Lincoln scratched the back of his head.

"I think I am going to the others and organize the schedule", Lori stated, her face blushing.

"Is it okay if I come in a bit later?"

"Yeah, of course," Lori said with a smile. "Take all the time you want, Lincoln."

While halfway up the stairs, she turned back to him again. "But don't let me wait too long."

"Won't do so, Lori", he reassured her and watched as she went up to her room, heavily sighing and with a dreamy look on her face.

While upstairs the sound of Lori's room door opening and closing could be heard, Lincoln just stood there. He thought exactly about what happened right now.

How uncharacteristically affectionate Lori was and just how much his own approval and affection seemed to bear meaning for her in return. It just confirmed for him, that something weird was going on here. He was even thinking to call his parents and ask them to come back under the pretense of a made-up crisis. But then, on second thought, he was asking himself one thing: What was so bad about the situation now? After all, perhaps he was just paranoid. Perhaps his sisters truly had realized, just how much he meant to them and that he could deserve a good time. Perhaps this was the start of a new age in the relationship he had with his family, as Lucy's cards foretold. And hey, he already contributed in getting his parent's out of the house to further his little sister's forecast.

So if anything, he was just going along with what was yet to come for better or worse. Right? His eyes glanced over to the floor and to the omnibus he had dropped. When he picked it up and looked over the cover again, another, more sinister thought came up.

//And if they want to show me their love by making me small gifts...who am I to deny it?//

"I don't quite get it."

Everyone groaned.

"Come on Lisa", Lynn said. "What is not to get here?"

For the last minutes, the sisters were organizing the schedule for what was essentially a five day vacation in Loud House-vania for them. Which surprisingly did not take up much time. There was a bit of groaning going on regarding certain duties, but everyone seemed to understand what would have to be done. In fact, a raw schedule had already been worked out.

There was just one little thing off about it. And Lisa seemed to have been the only one actively aware of it, as well as willing to point it out, much to the annoyance of the others.

"Why is...", but before she could finish her question, it knocked on the door and Lincoln came in.

"Hey guys..."

"Hi, Lincoln!", they greeted him in unison, like he was a physician with dubious qualifications.

"How much did you plan already?", he asked. "I will continue with my garbage run and I think I'm qualified to buy our groceries."

"I do the garbage for the next few days already," Lynn informed her brother.

"And I do the groceries," Leni exulted. "Though I don't know why we need Groschen, Lincoln already got one from Germany."

"Leni," Lisa started in an exerted tone. "A grocery store is not for- how the heck do you know what the nickname for the outdated 10-Pfennig coin is?!"

"I know the name of all the little coins!" Leni answered cheerfully. "I find them cute and adorable!"

Lisa tried to wrap her head around this absurd explanation, while Lincoln finally had an answer as for why Leni liked to look at his coin collection from time to time.

"Okay, you can do the groceries, Leni." allowed Lori. "But you take Lisa with you, just in case you need help with carrying the bags."

//Translation: I have to make sure Leni buys the correct victuals//, Lisa thought and gave an understanding nod towards Lori, who nodded back to her.

"I will collect you with the car when you two are finished with the purchases."

The rest of the assignments, jobs and tasks were quickly distributed around the family.

In the end, Lincoln had nothing to do at all. He now had all the free time in the world, well at least for five days.

And all of his siblings seemed to be happy about that.

Except one.

"Okay, why doesn't Lincoln have to do any work?", asked Lisa in a more than annoyed tone. "He is not sick, none of his bones are broken and he will not spend the next days with Clyde at his house."

"Because he is simply the best!" Luna answered, smiling calmly.

"We don't want him become addicted to work," Luan explained. "It would be very sad if he became a work-aholic. Get it?"

Lynn did a facepalm in response. "Luan, the word already exists. It isn't even a pun!"

"Really?" Luan' surprise was genuine. "I didn't know."

Lincoln realized that Luan now too seemed ready to pamper him. Whatever was happening he decided to take a risk and asked: "Can I choose our dinner?"

He got 8 yes-votes, one abstention by Lily and only one no-vote from Lisa.

"This is an effrontery!" Lisa called out and got on the bed she had been sitting on so far, looking very angry. "What is wrong with you?"

"Lisa, sit down", Lori ordered. "The vote is final."

Lisa grumbled something unfriendly and headed to the door.

"Where are you going, missy?" Lori wanted to know in a sharp tone.

"I have to finish a paper for the university," the little genius answered. "If you need me, I'm working on decrypting the secrets on the universe!"

"I know the secret", Lucy said with confidence in her voice: "Everything is meaningless, except Lincoln."

Lisa slammed the door behind her and made her way to her room before she could express her frustration with over a hundred swearwords from over a hundred different languages and dialects.

Lincoln, considered to go after her, when he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Let her go, bro", Luna said.

"Yeah", chimed Lynn in from the other corner of the room. "If she wants to throw a temper tantrum, it is her problem."

"Lynn, please." Lori added with a sigh.

"Come on guys," Lincoln threw in. He didn't want the mood to get sour, just because Lisa was not following the lead right now. "I bet she is going to calm down soon."

"I just hope she also realizes that we are doing all this for you, because you are so awesome," Lana said cheerfully.

"They say hope dies last," Lucy stated. But instead of letting it by that, she continued by adding in a more sinister tone: "But when it does..."

"And if she doesn't come to her senses, so what?", Lola wanted to know while she walked to her brother and hugged one of his legs. "More for us to love."

"Yeah", added all the others in different states of sisterly affection, before giving Lincoln a good old fashioned group hug.

Lincoln, in the center of attention, could only smile.

//I think this is going to be the start of something wonderful//, he thought.

"Stupid hairless apes", Lisa grumbled under her breath, while working on some of her equations in hope of distracting herself. Though it didn't take long for her to discover, that she had forgotten to integrate a certain value down the line. "Dang it!", she murmured and threw the paper in the can. But instead of taking some new one out, she just sat at her desk in frustration, her gaze directed at the ceiling.

//What is going on here?//, she thought, not for the first time this day.

She was considered a genius and child protégé in pretty much all fields scientifically. Heck, she once came pretty close to create her own time machine out of the dry cleaner at home. The only reason she never finished it was because their parents realized at the last minute, that when she had asked them if it was okay to get yellow cake for its energy source, she was not referring to sponge cake. And an ordinary set of A4 batteries was unfortunately not even powerful enough for a 30 second time jump.

Yet if she was that intelligent, why couldn't she figure out what was going on right

now with her sisters? Why were they so uncharacteristically nice to her brother Lincoln, **bordering** in parts on a devotion she only saw in relationships between a pet and its owner? Of all the things in the world she despised, not having an answers to a certain question was her greatest pet peeve. And this question was at the back of her mind ever since breakfast.

//Maybe they know something about his state of health I am unaware off.//

She remained silent for a bit, her face becoming more somber.

//Great, now I made myself sad with the potential scenario of my brother ceasing of a severe disease.//

She shook her head to discard her thoughts. Still, something was afoul in the Loud House. And she was determined to find out what it was, before things turned even weirder.

Lincoln stepped out of Lori's room, flanked by his sisters, ready to do everything to make his life from now on better than ever. He jumped onto the banister and slid it down.

"The grind into a better life is over and I didn't even have to do that much!", he said overjoyed to no one in particular.

"This is the life!"

I eat filet mignon seven times a day

My bathtub's filled with Perrier

What can I say?

This is the life

Lincoln sat in the armchair. Leni gave him a manicure for his fingers while Lola gave him one for his toes. All the while he watched "2001: A Space Odysee" on TV. He wanted to see what was so great about the movie that everyone parodied it.

Lisa meanwhile was in a hiding spot under the couch and observed the behavior of her elders, writing notes.

I buy a dozen cars when I'm in the mood

I hire somebody to chew my food

I'm an upwardly mobile dude

This is the life

Lori and Lincoln made selfies together and she helped him into a Go-Kart which they drove a few rounds through the road. Somebody was following the two in a second Go-Kart, disguised in a blue overall, a green shirt, white gloves and a green cap with an L on the front. **It was Lisa, eating a cookie in form of a mushroom and observing.**

*They say that money corrupts you
But I can't really tell
I got the whole world at my feet
And I think it's pretty swell"*

Lana was installing a diving board under the window of Lincoln's room. As she was finished, Lincoln came from the window onto the board in his bathing trunks and did a dive into the self-made pool that Lana had also **dug** in the backyard. It was filled with chocolate milk, thanks to Lucy, who winked towards Lincoln while he made some backstrokes and spit the chocolate milk out of his mouth, fountain style. Lisa was underwater in scuba gear and wrote notes on a water-proof tablet.

*I got my sisters lined up outside the door
They've been waitin' there since the week before
Who could ask for more?
This is the life!*

Luan did a comedy routine on a stage for her brother while he sat in a royal throne with a drink and Lynn massaging his shoulders. The routine consisted of her doing a sketch about how she tried to adjust a picture, but via Domino effect the entire set on the stage got destroyed. Lisa was in the catwalk dressed in cape and a white mask covering half her face, observing and writing down notes.

*You're dead for a real long time
You just can't prevent it.
So if money can't buy happiness
I guess I'll have to rent it!*

Lola drove Lincoln in her little car through the neighborhood like he was the boss, clothed in a white suit, eating raw sugar out of a bag. Lisa followed them on a scooter, still writing notes, but she was also sweating a lot. Lisa had to learn that keeping up with a motorized vehicle and writing notes at the same time can be more than exhausting, especially if the co-driver was on a sugar-rush and started to shoot at people with a water gun, all the time shouting that they should say hello to his little friend.

*Yeah, every day I make the front page news
No time to pay my dues
I got a million pairs of shoes
This is the life!*

Late that afternoon at Gus Games and Grubs, Lincoln enjoyed playing Guitar Hero against Luna. He wasn't doing good compared to the family's master musician, but still enjoying himself. Cause even if he was losing that round, he could challenge Luna again with no problem over and over. Lori had used her working privileges to the max and secured an endless supply of coins to play for her siblings, as well as all the root beer and pizza they could digest. By the time they left the place, their stomachs were full and the price rack was emptied, thanks to Lynn using her coins to break all ball games and winning everything the arcade had to offer, before handing it over to her brother.

Lisa was still following them in the shadows making notes, but she was rather grumpy. She had tried herself to win something, but after Lynn had ransacked the shelf, all she got was a pet rock.

*I got a solid gold Cadillac
I make a fortune while I sleep
You can tell I'm a living legend
Not some ordinary creep*

Van-Zilla, painted in gold colors, as Lola said someone as Lincoln deserved to be driven in a golden chariot, was headed towards Royal Wood's music hall.

Within the family vehicle, Lincoln, surrounded by his prices, got spoon-fed with ice cream by Leni and had the entire midsection of the car all for himself. Most of his sisters were cramped within the backseats, shouting "Weird Al, Weird Al" all the time, excited over the fact that, after a suggestion by Luan, they were going to a concert of the famous parody song writer Weird Al Yankovic, who was playing today at Music Hall.

None of them was aware of Lisa in the car boot. And seeing how focused everyone was at Lincoln, Lisa was slowly asking herself, if they would notice her even if she was standing right next to them

The answer to that question was an insulting "no, they don't", as none of them even bothered to ask what she thought of Weird Al's performance later during the concert, when she stood right in-between the twins. All her siblings attention was still spend on their brother. A brother, who, thanks to Luna throwing him at stage, was right now performing next to Weird Al on stage, singing the last lines of "This is the life", a rather obscure song by the accordion playing comedian.

"No way, I'm the boss, the big cheese" Lincoln sang. Obvious to Lisa's presence, he looked down to his sisters, smiling.

*"Yeah, I got Royal Woods on its knobby little knees
And I can do just what I please...
This is the life"*

His sisters chanted his name like 13 year old groupies. Lisa on the other hand held in with making notes to give her brother a look of genuine concern.

It was now close to 10 p.m. and the Loud siblings were driving home.

Lincoln, leaning back against his seat and enjoying the praise his siblings gave him for his performance at the concert, was humming his favorite Weird Al songs in a joyful mood, though one song in particular seemed to have caught his interest, as he was singing it over and over again.

If his sisters wouldn't have been blind by unconditional sibling love, they may have heard the surprisingly condescending tone in his voice, as he was singing the final verses of "This is the Life".

„That's right, I'm the king, number one...”

„Actually, Lori is number one. You are number six”, Leni said, thinking he was referring to the chain of command regarding the age of the children.

„I buy monographed Kleenex by the ton...”

„Why?” Lana asked, before adding more concerned: „Do you have a cold?”

Lincoln ignored the question and just looked at his sisters with a smug smile on his face.

*„They pay the bills, I call the shots
I grease the palms, I buy the model yachts!”*

„We are home”, Lori suddenly said.

The moment Van-zilla came to a stop in front of the garage, everyone stormed out, holding Lincoln over their heads as if he just singlehandedly won the Super Bowl.

*„One thing I can guarantee,
The best things in life, I get now for free”,* the white haired boy continued, while his sisters stomped the door open.

In a swift move, the enchanted sisters threw their brother in the air towards the staircase, where he made an impressive 8 point landing on his feet.

„It's such a thrill just to be me, this is the life!”, he declared to his sisters and the world, feeling like the greatest in the universe.

Normally, his sisters would have given him the mother of all wedgies for this display of arrogance. But instead they cheered him on as he went for the big finale.

„This is the life!”

No one was aware of Lisa disapprovingly shaking her head and moving towards the kitchen.

Unbeknown to Lincoln, he didn't just have his sisters paying close attention towards him. In a place where only the light of a worn-out laptop enlightened the darkness, one person watched through video feed how Lincoln Loud just turned a Weird Al number into a watered-down villain song.

"Yes Lincoln, this is the life", the person stated affectionately. "And soon it will get even better."

Authors' notes:

Hatoralo: And there you have it folks. Chapter two of our story.

Mama Aniki: You know, whatever the reaction, I will always be proud of the fact we just turned Weird Al Yankovic music into the basis for a villain song.

Hatoralo: You think we overdid it with the references?

Mama Aniki: Please. If Doug Walker can make an entire movie based on references...

Hatoralo: Anyway, hope you guys had fun reading it.

Mama Aniki: And "spoilers": Lisa is not behind any of the things going on.

Hatoralo: Have fun guessing who is.

Mama Aniki: But spoilers: Any answer you give is probably wrong.

Kapitel 3: Brawl in the Family

Oogie-Boogie: 22 comments. This is slowly getting better.

Maniak: I wouldn't call the last one a comment. All we got there was a "j" as an answer.

Oogie-Boogie: True. But at least someone seems to like the story.

Maniak: All I know is that I take the one advice to heart and put from now on at least a disclaimer in every chapter that is going to feature songs. You know, making clear that we are only using the songs or bits of them for the sake of parody instead of claiming them as our own and that they are owned by others.

Oogie-Boogie: Let's hope that this is good enough.

Maniak: I hope so. Otherwise chapter 6 and 9 are only available on archiveofourown.

Oogie-Boogie: Which would be...

Maniak: You know, the chapters with Luna and...

SPOILER ALERT, SPOILER ALERT

Maniak: God dang it. You installed a spoiler alarm?

Oogie-Boogie: Yeah. To prevent situations like that.

Silence

Oogie-Boogie: We better get started.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT:

We are currently in the need of new proof-readers. We two have currently problems with ours because they are in college and don't have much time to proof-read. So we would like to ask one of our readers, preferably one who has an eye for grammatical errors to help us.

Anyone who is interested may please write us a PM.

We will be thankful for any help with our grammatical problems.

Thank you and have a good day.

Chapter 3: Brawl in the Family

by

Maniak & Oogie-Boogie

After a beautiful tasty late night dinner, Lincoln was ready to continue the party. It was weekend after all and there was no other reason to go to bed early. He was sure

that he could convince Lori to suspend the sleeping-schedule as long as he wished. He just had the day of his life and now it was time for the night of his life with some "Awesome Wreck Siblings!"

"Sure Linki!" Lori guaranteed with a smile. "We will party like it's 1999."

"I get the console!" yelled Lana.

"I get the sodas" Lola informed.

"I get the chips," Lucy sighed in a happy tone.

"I get my "Awesome Wreck Sisters Gaming Cosplay!" Leni announced.

Lincoln couldn't wait for the game to start, as somebody tugged at his clothing. He looked down to see that it was Lisa, her eyes as calm and collected as always but there was also a undercurrent of stress in them.

"What is up Lisa?"

"Can we talk?" the second youngest asked.

"Sure, what is on your heart?"

Lisa looked around. "I would prefer to talk with you in private. Can we go to my room?"

"Yes, lead the way."

He turned to the others. "I have to speak with Lisa but I doubt it will take long."

"Make fast, bro." Luna responded. "The game cannot start without you."

Up in Lisa's room, the young child had the arms on her desk and her head was prone over her many notes as Lincoln closed the door behind him.

"Lisa? Are you okay?"

Lisa took a stool which was half as big as Lincoln, dragged it in front of him and climbed onto it. She stared Lincoln into his eyes with a neutral expression and Lincoln stared back in confusion.

"Lisa?"

Lisa took a deep breath, raised her hand and gave her only male sibling a slap in the face. The slap of a little girl was not strong enough to shove him back, but it hurt nonetheless. If not physically, it hurt at least emotionally.

"Lisa, what do you think..." he started to yell but Lisa put her hand on his mouth, somewhat calming his anger and surprise.

"What do YOU think you are doing, brother? What do you think YOU are?", she asked and took her hand away.

Lincoln was speechless for a moment. "What do you mean?"

"What in the name of Madame Curie, Albert Einstein and Werner Heisenberg do you think you are doing?!"

"I'm having a good time?" Lincoln tried to explain, slightly intimidated from Lisa's harsh and serious tone. "I do nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong?" Lisa shook her head in disbelief. "Did you change too? Are you not anymore the Lincoln I know and respect?"

Lincoln was starting to get annoyed with Lisa. "I don't know about the respect, but yes, it's me."

"I doubt it" Lisa countered with a stern look on her face. "The Lincoln I know would never treat his sisters like sla-"

Before she was able to finish her sentence, she remembered the time everyone was

trying to determine where to go for vacation.

As such she decided to refit what she was going to say. "The Lincoln I know would never treat his sisters like servants to the degree you did today."

"Servants?"

"I am inclined to use another word starting with the letter "s", but I have the slight hope, that you would not go that far."

Lincoln was appealed. "Lisa, how can you even hint..."

But Lisa didn't let him finish. "The Lincoln I know would not brag to his other sisters, how much better he is compared to them. The Lincoln I know would question why his sisters are acting like teenagers in front of their favorite boyband. The Lincoln I know wouldn't just take and take without giving. So tell me, who are you?"

Lincoln was furious. "You think I am some sort of monster?"

Lisa sighed. "This is getting us nowhere," she stated. She felt a slight headache approaching and rubbed the back of her nose, before turning her attention back to Lincoln. "Let's make a deal," she proposed. "You are allowed to ask me a question, for which you get an honest answer, when I in return get one for each question I ask you. Deal?"

Lincoln just wanted to get this over with and play videogames, so he took her hand and shook it. "Deal!"

"So to answer your first question:" Lisa began. "No, I don't think you are a monster. But I think something is happening to this family and you are also affected by it to a certain degree."

//Please//, Lincoln thought unconcerned. He would realize if something was not right with him.

"My turn: Lincoln, can you tell me how our sisters act usually towards you?"

"Do I have to answer that in detail?"

"No, in general should be enough."

He tried to remember how his sisters were to him in the past. He played with them, they got on his nerves, he hugged them, they made fun of him, they helped him, they were his friends, they were his foes, he tricked them, they tricked him, they fought, they had peace and he ate peanut butter with sauerkraut, which even Lana couldn't swallow and she once had eaten a millipede with salsa.

He concluded his explanation with: "They are good to me. I never felt abused or mistreated in the past despite having quarrels with them from time to time. They act good towards me, including you Liz."

"I... appreciate this answer" Lisa said, trying to sound dry. "Your turn."

Lincoln had an question which didn't only just come easy to him but he thought was also fitting in regard of Lisa's: "Now Lisa, how much do you like me?"

Lisa didn't know why he would ask this, but after a second of thinking about it, she knew. "I still like you as much as I always did", she assured him in a dry tone. "Your behavior is questionable at the moment, but otherwise still normal for you."

This eased Lincoln's mind. He liked the attention and the niceties, but something was amiss without any negative occurrences of any kind.

"How would you describe the quality of your day?"

"As the best day in my life," Lincoln answered happily. "Better than the day the school had to be closed for a week, after Leni took your container with radioactive elements with her and lost it on the school grounds."

"Homeland security wasn't so happy about it," Lisa grumbled, remembering this irritating day.

"Did anyone of you see Lisa?" asked Leni some students in the school halls. "She forgot her lunchbox at home." She showed the students a small container with a grip and the radioactive symbol on it. "Lisa is so small, has brown hair, wears glasses and... Hey, why are you running away? Come back, I need your help!"

She had a giant fallout with Leni over the entire affair and her older sister ran crying to her room after Lisa had called her an ignoramus with a brain the size of a subatomic particle.

She felt terrible about it and it took some time until Lisa was able to make up with her older sister again.

Lincoln noticed Lisa's discomfort and changed the subject with his next question.

"Would you do my homework for me, Lisa?"

"No," came the quick reply. "You are intelligent enough to solve them on your own as long as Ms. DiMartino isn't in your field of vision and I'm not inclined to do all the work for you."

"Not even for a hug?" Lincoln probed.

"That is another question," Lisa reminded him. "But okay: No, not even for a hug or a hundred hugs, regardless of the affection they hold."

The boy knew now, that Lisa was still acting like she always did. No difference here except the slap in the face.

"Now, in regard of my last question," Lisa began. "Don't you think that you are egoistic with your behavior and how you exploit your sisters for a good time?"

"They give it to me," Lincoln defended himself. He felt correct with that statement. "I don't blackmail them, they don't do it because they are in my debt and they are happy with it too."

Lisa couldn't deny that he was saying the truth. Her research had nothing uncovered that could hint at blackmail or debt. Which in itself was kind of worrisome. Though if anything, she worried right now more about the way Lincoln replied to this, than anything else.

She wanted to dig deeper into this, but for now it was Lincoln's turn.

"How do you feel Lisa?" her brother asked politely. "Different than usual?"

Lisa thought hard. The question in itself was simple, but if she incorporated the circumstances, the answer became very important.

"My commonplace status is normal, I am of course perturbed about the situation of our sisters and..." Lisa stopped. She didn't know if it was worth mentioning it. "I had

the feeling from time to time to stop my research and joining the others in pampering you. I didn't acquiesce to this sudden emotion."

This sounded suspicious to Lincoln, but he suddenly had the feeling that he shouldn't listen too much to what Lisa had to say. He shrugged the feeling off, wanting to continue with the ask-and-answer game. But then, much to his surprise she forfeited her turn.

"Ask another question," Lisa offered. "But in return, I can ask you three questions in succession."

Lincoln shrugged with his shoulders. "Okay, then here is my question: Can you create a super-serum for me, which after drinking it, can give me superpowers?"

Lisa was dumbfounded. So far both parties had asked some level headed questions. But this?

"No," answered Lisa flat out, trying hard to suppress the urge to add the words "you numb nut" to the sentence. "You may think I can do everything but that isn't the case. Giving you superpowers... The very idea in itself is scientifically speaking preposterous."

Lincoln would have liked to dig a bit deeper into why that was the case, but it was now Lisa's turn. Which was perhaps for the best, as a small part of him started to get significantly bored of this little game, now that he had pretty much confirmation for the fact that Lisa was still her old self.

"Your turn, Lis." said Lincoln while he was leaning against the door. "Give me your best shot."

<i>I will</i>, Lisa thought, though not being really happy about it.

But before she would go for her strongest question, she had a couple of other ones to ask.

"When you and the others went to Gus' Games and Grub's today ..."

"Yes?"

"Did you think at any point about the consequences your little party would have for Lori's job?"

Lincoln suddenly froze and his eyes went wide in horror as he realized. "Oh, no..."

"Lori told me and the others once how you overtook her night-shift voluntarily, after you exploited her for freebies." Lisa told with a hint of proud in her voice. "She said it was one of the most mature and altruistic acts she has ever seen from you or anyone else. But today..."

"Oh my god!" Lincoln breathed in panic. "She will be fired after today!"

"No, she will not," Lisa said. "You see: It was "90%-Discount for all employees-day." according to a message on the blackboard in the backrooms."

"Are you kidding me?" Lincoln asked in disbelief but also relief.

"I'm certainly not one to joke, that is Luan's territory," Lisa remarked. "And do I have to remind you, that it is still my turn with two more questions?"

"Oh yeah. Go ahead," he said. At the same time, he couldn't quite leave the feeling behind, how weird this sounded. This type of generosity by Lori's employer and the oddly good timing just felt off.

"My second question: If it wasn't for the discount night, Lori would have been in massive trouble for what you did today."

The self-declared King of the Loud House winced inwardly. He was already feeling bad to a certain degree about his behavior today. Lisa didn't need to rub it in further.

"Which in itself begs the question: Are you not afraid of causing your siblings any harm?"

"Oh come on, Lis", Lincoln said, not liking where this was heading. "Okay I admit, I went a bit overboard. I should have thought things through at Gus's..."

Lisa was glad to hear that.

"But I am not trying to harm anyone."

He pulled out Lori's cell phone, which she had given him when he was making a selfie with Mr. Yankovic and had since then forgotten to give back. Now he was shifting through its different folders to find the pictures he and his fellow siblings had made over the day. A couple of seconds later he showcased a bunch of different pics in which his siblings seemed to have the time of their lives with their brother. Smiling, cheering him on, hugging him or in one case, involving Luna, kissing him on the cheek. "See? If anything I try to let them have just as much fun as I am having."

"I have to say that they seem to have a substantial good time on the pictorials," Lisa admitted.

"What did I say? Everything is fine."

"Too fine," Lisa found. "Don't you see? They adore you like you are their idol, their master, their god!"

"You overreact, sis," Lincoln stated to reassure Lisa. "They... Just bottled up their love to me for too long?" Lincoln smiled a very unsure smile.

"You aren't so certain that their behavior is natural anymore, correct?"

"...Yes."

"Good."

Lisa walked back to her desk and started to write more notes about the information she just obtained. An awkward silence hung in the air. And unfortunately Lincoln, who was biting on his lips, felt as if he had to fill it.

"But... but does that mean I am hurting them?"

Lisa stopped writing for the moment and listened to her brother.

"No. I am just trying to have a good time. And why shouldn't I? Lori always tells me how I should accept that in a family as big as ours, everyone has to make sacrifices. Fine. But why am I quite often the one who ends up on the short end of the stick?"

Lisa didn't say anything. Instead she let her brother continue on with his ramblings.

"I always miss my favorite shows because someone else is taking over the couch, three of you are stuck with one chore while I take on more, my suggestions for how to spend the weekends get ignored four out of five times and god forbid I am taken serious once in a while. So if Luna can stay up all night for a concert, you can go on travels for the university and Lori can boss the twins around without getting mud or make up thrown at her, why can't I just take an opportunity like this?"

Lisa was beyond furious at this point. In fact, she was absolutely livid.

If she didn't have as much self-control, she would have chewed her brother out for acting like a spoiled child. She admitted that he had a point. That yes, in a family like

theirs, he came a bit short. And if he asked her, she would have admitted to the fact that she herself wished for a bit more me time around the house, as well as the crazy of her sisters to calm down a bit.

But not the way it was right now. Not on the cost of her siblings losing who they were for her own benefit.

But instead of telling him, she let him calm down for now.

"I don't mean any harm to them, Lisa. Besides, I doubt that one day of pampering their little brother would ruin everything for them in the long or even the short run," Lincoln answered more relaxed. "They will be fine."

But the second youngest Loud child was not impressed by that statement. In fact, it convinced her even more that Lincoln was not himself. In her mind, there was only one more thing she could do so determine for certain, if her old brother or the sister controlling jerk she saw for the better half of the day was left to stay. And she hated to do it.

"Are we finished?", Lincoln asked. "The others are waiting."

"Oh yeah. The others." Lisa said. "Our siblings. The ones you do not want to hurt. The ones you want to have a good time with"

Lincoln didn't quite like how even more matter of fact than usual his little sister sounded.

"The ones you think will suffer no consequences for your actions and just be fine."

Lisa turned around on her chair and looked Lincoln straight into the eyes.

"Tell me, dear brother of mine... Does that also include Lily?"

Lincoln's face froze. His smile dropped and he suddenly had the feeling that the temperature in the room had dropped too. Only to realize that the only cold chill he felt came deep from within his stomach.

„What?"

„I asked, does that also include Lily? You see, with everyone being busy catering to your increasingly decadent needs, no one had time to take care of her."

Lincoln blinked in disbelief. Truly Lisa was mistaken.

His sisters would never... Lily was... Lori had...

Lincoln tried desperately to recall the day and much to his horror realized that Lisa was right. They had forgotten Lily.

Shortly after he had taken his leave out of Lori's room, his adoring sisters following him like the mice the pied piper, they had brought Lily into her room to take a nap. That was at least nine hours ago. Nine hours where they did anything he asked for but nothing else.

The cold he felt in his stomach had by then spread through his entire body and was now encasing his mind. Filling his head with pictures of his crying little baby sister.

"Oh god!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling in fear.

Lisa saw how his eyes began to slowly water up. "Lily..."

In that moment, something soft hit Lincoln at the back of his head.

He gazed at the floor, where a slightly worn out teddy bear laid right to his feet. Raising his head to the direction the not so new plush toy came from, he was rewarded with the sight of Lily in her crib, standing up on her two feet and happily

waving her hand at him, while spouting gibberish.

"Lily!" he cried and in a speed that would have made a marathon runner proud, he was all over her.

"I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry..." he repeated again and again, holding her up and checking if anything was wrong with her. But thankfully, everything seemed alright with her, as he couldn't find the tiniest scratch or bruise on her body. In fact, the infant was happily giggling at her brother, glad to see one of her other siblings beside Lisa for the day again.

Not that it made Lincoln feel any less ashamed of the fact that he had failed in his duties as an older brother.

"Are you okay?" Lincoln asked concerned. "Do you want your bottle? Some mashed carrots? Do you need a diaper change?"

"Tata," was all the girl gave as an answer, pointing towards the teddy bear on the ground.

"Relax, Lincoln," he heard his second youngest sibling, now standing next to him, exclaim. She handed Lily her "Tata", who the infant affectionately pressed against her chest.

"As you can see, Lily has been taken good care off"

Lincoln looked at his sister in slight disbelief. He knew she was a genius that could do the taxes for the entire neighborhood in one afternoon. But taking care of Lily all by her own? "How did you manage to take care of Lily alone?"

"Well, I can't arrogate the accolade for Lily's care alone."

"The what now?" Lincoln wasn't stupid but Lisa's words were sometimes to unknown even for him.

"I had help. Let me introduce you to Alfred."

Lisa took a remote from one of her drawers and pushed a button on it. The furnishings besides Lily's crib started to change. They connected, changed their form and transformed into a mechanical being with a big square body, telescope arms and legs with two feet wrapped in caterpillar treads. The head of the being was square too, with red eyes and a mouth shield.

"Holy Terminator!"

"This is Alfred," Lisa introduced the robot to Lincoln. "A robot I build a few days ago."

"I have to enslave humanity", the robot said in a monotone voice.

"What?" was Lincolns horrified reaction.

"Dang it. Not again," Lisa cursed. She clambered up to the robots head and hit it with her screwdriver.

"Ouch!" remarked the robot in a calm voice and its eyes became green. "How can I serve you mistress Lisa?"

<i>Mistress?</i>, Lincoln thought.

"Why was I awakened at this hour? Does mistress Lily need another diaper change or a bedtime story?"

"No, we can do that on our own," explained Lisa. "I just wanted to introduce my brother to you."

The robot turned to Lincoln and said: "You have to be the single male of the Loud siblings. I wish you a good evening, master Lincoln."

"Master?"

"He is programmed to see every family member as his superior," Lisa explained. "But he can't do that much, besides taking care of Lily at the moment. His abilities are finite. He still has a lot to learn."

"May Master Lincoln want to ask me about my credentials?" the rather crudely designed robot asked, leaning his heavy body over the, by comparison rather fragile boy. "Or would he desire a beverage in form of hot chocolate?"

"I am...fine," Lincoln said with a nervous smile on the face, hoping the thing in front of him would not trip over all of sudden.

Lily on the other hand shared none of those worries. In fact, she happily giggled at the big mechanical beast in front of her.

"May I?", Alfred asked, carefully moving his hands towards the infant.

In reflex, Lincoln pulled Lily closer to him.

"Go on, Lincoln," Lisa said, encouraging him to give Lily into her creation's care. "I promise you on all my doctor titles, that Lily will be safe with Alfred."

Looking carefully between his two sisters and the robot, Lincoln, though hesitantly, did as Lisa asked him. Much to his surprise, the robot indeed did not hurt Lily. In fact, despite his hands being rather bulky claws, the robot managed to hold her just fine, slowly rocking and talking to her in baby talk.

While Alfred was busy attending to Lily, Lincoln took his other sister to the side and, after reassuring himself that the robot did not pay attention to them, whispered something into her ear.

"I saw many movies and I know what robots usually do then... You know like in "I, Robot"?"

"Don't mention that squalor around me!" Lisa snarled out in a unusual harsh tone for her, much to Lincoln's surprise. "This movie besmirched the good name of Isaac Asimov and I will not stand for it."

Lisa took a deep breath to calm herself down from that rather unusual outburst. "Alfred is safe and harmless, Asimov's three laws of robotics make it impossible for him to harm any human. I even made sure to avoid the mistakes a colleague of mine made. He helped me to build the robot, but..."

"But what?" Lincoln wanted to know. "Are you sure Alfred is harmless for Lily?"

While they were talking, the aforementioned robot was entertaining Lily by playing pick-a-pooh. Which based on his design was already quite an achievement.

"He is," Lisa reassured. "But my colleague is... strange. Dr. Busch's robots always go crazy, not in a killing-spree kind of way, but they destroy a lot of things."

Lisa felt like she had to say more about her equally genius, yet rather bizarre colleague.

"He is from Germany and possible a little mad. Or at least he prefers the company of rather eccentric people, as he is living with an hyperactive stuntwoman and a nihilistic German artist, who spends most of his time starrng at drying paint on walls."

Then, to assure Lincoln again that things were alright, she quickly added: "But this robot is safe! I tested all his functions on myself before I let him took care of Lily."

Lincoln needed a second to proceed what Lisa had just said.

"You tested all his functions on your- Does that mean he changed your diapers?"

"Ye... NO! My underpants of course!" Lisa explained and added with a whisper: "With a diaper."

Lincoln pressed his hands on his mouth to suppress a sudden torrent of laughter.

Lisa on the other hand turned her attention back to Alfred, who was carefully tucking Lily in for sleep.

"Good night, Mistress Lily" the robot stated. This earned him a heartwarmingly cute little yawn by Lily, who closed her eyes, ready to drift off to dream land.

Turning around, he asked Lisa if there was anything else he could do for her.

"No, that is all."

"Asking for permission to enter off modus."

"Permission granted," the young scientist stated. In a matter of seconds the robot had turned back into what people would assume to just be a diaper changing table and a shelf for clothes.

"Okay, I admit, that was actually pretty cool to watch," Lincoln said. He walked silently to the crib, to see if Lily was truly okay. And indeed she was, sucking at her thumb in deep sleep. Lincoln couldn't help himself but smile at this sight, his heart filled with love for his little baby sister. At the same time though, he also felt the shame of having forgotten about her this day, arising again in his mind. But instead of letting it drag him down emotionally, he decided that he would try to make it up to her. That from now on, even if everyone was going to treat him like the king of the world, Lily's wellbeing would be of true importance to him.

Careful not to wake her up, he affectionately stroke her head. "Good night Lily", he whispered, giving his little sister a kiss on the forehead.

"If our other siblings were here, they would probably indulge in a collective display of affection to this sight, starting with a collective 'Awwwww'."

Lincoln was startled a bit. For a second he had totally forgotten about Lisa. He turned around and the look on her face made him realize, that she wanted him to start whatever conversation would come up next. But how should he start? What could he say, now that he had finally seen her point of view regarding the current situation in the house?

Eventually he decided the best thing was to do what he always did when he made a mistake: Own up to it.

"Lisa..."

"Hold it right there," the resident genius said, interrupting her brother in his apology before he even started. "There is no need for you to apologize, Lincoln."

"There isn't?"

Lisa shook her head. "At least not to me. I admit, when I listened to your ramblings and your questions, I was worried. Worried that you had become a hedonistic little narcissist with delusions of grandeur. Or as people with a less sophisticated vocabulary would call it: A total douchebag."

Lincoln's jaw almost dropped. While "douchebag" was not the worst curse word he had ever heard, the fact it came out of his little sister's mouth was just too bizarre.

"But your reaction towards my last question, your protective instincts towards Lily kicking in at the sight of my creation..."

The slightest bit of a smile began to form on the corners of her mouth. "Congratulations for passing my little test of character, Lincoln. And let me assure you, I, and probably Lily too, forgive you for your temporal loss of common sense."

The boy in orange and blue sighed in relief. He had remembered how important the family was to him but now he wondered how he could have forgotten Lily in the first place.

He wasn't the type to forget his siblings, except for Lucy who either had the ability of off-screen-teleportation, could make herself invisible or was simply a very good sneaker.

"Thank you, Lisa," he finally said and smiled at her. "I will remember to look out for Lily from now on."

"It is not necessary but I and she will appreciate it."

Then something hit Lincoln. "Did we even think about her during the schedule planning?"

Lisa nodded. "Leni was supposed to watch out for Lily today but most of the time she was with you, thinking about you, talking about you or making something nice that you could wear," she explained. "I know that Leni's IQ is farthest away from mine but her cardiac is the biggest in a metaphorical sense."

Lisa had talked to Leni, had tried to remind her of her Lily related duties. She had just said that she would look out for Lily later but she never did. Lincoln always had priority. She never had shown up, but at that point Lisa was already wrapped up in her research about Lincoln and the other siblings.

"I will confront Leni soon," Lisa stated, explaining her next move to her brother. "You in the meantime don't forget Lily and do whatever you think is the right thing to do."

"What do you mean?" asked Lincoln.

"I give you a carte blanche: Do with the situation what you think is the best," Lisa explained. "I trust you to be responsible enough, just remember what happened here."

Lincoln nodded. "I promise, sister. I will do nothing that could be harmful or dangerous for our family."

While Lincoln was staying in Lisa's room to look over Lily for the moment, Lisa herself made her way to Leni's room. She found her older sister there, sewing on an orange suit.

"Leni?"

"Yes, Lisa?"

"What are you doing?" Lisa asked.

"I am sewing a suit for Lincoln," Leni explained in a carefree tone. "He needs one that represents his status as the best!"

"Is that the reason you forgot about Lily?"

"I will take care of Lily later," Leni said casually, not saying anything else.

Lisa had enough. She tugged at Leni's green dress until she looked down into her angry eyes.

"It was your remit to watch over Lily today, you eejit!"

"Lisa, I don't have a hermit who can watch over Lily," Leni explained in a friendly sounding tone while patting Lisa's head. "But thank you for saying that I am elite."

Only a lot of self-control stopped Lisa from biting Leni into her hand.

"By the way, are you going to come downstairs and play videogames with us?",

wanted Leni to know.

Lisa opened her mouth to say no. She was going to explain to her simpleton of a sister, that she had better things to do than engage in mindless fun, which was probably just going to accelerate whatever was causing her siblings to behave like that. But then she thought better of it, as she realized something in particular.

While Lisa was busy talking to her second oldest sibling, Lincoln, still waiting and looking over Lily in her room, decided to distract himself further for a bit, by taking a look over the notes she had written during their little talk earlier. Well, at least he tried to read them. For as smart as she was, Lisa had quite frankly an awful handwriting when it came to anything she couldn't explain in mathematical terms. He didn't know if this was a result of her age or the fact that all scientists tend to write in a very fast manner in order to not waste time on making too many notes, but whatever the reason, it made reading her stuff quite difficult. The fact that it all was written in crayon didn't help much either.

Still, if he tried, he could decipher some of the lines.

"Siblings showcase an unnatural high level of affection towards brother..."

Yeah, that he already knew.

"Devotion seems to increase if male subject returns affection by gesture of physical intimacy"

Wait, what? Physical intimacy?

"This includes as of now hugs, kisses or holding of hands..."

"Oh thank god", Lincoln spoke out in relief. At the same time he began to reminisce about what he just read for a bit. Doing so, he realized that he and his sisters had acted over the course of the day in ways that were almost a bit too affectionate from how they normally showed their love for each other. E.g. Lana, who was even more boyish than Lynn, was quite often asking for her brother to hug her and when at one point he ruffled her hair, she giggled like a little girl instead of telling him to cut it off and throw a frog at his face.

And then there were his older siblings, who, as he realized only now, he had kissed quite often on the cheek today. In fact, counting with the one kiss earlier that day, he had given Lori at least four peeks on the cheek today. Why would he do that? Out of subconscious gratitude for her generosity?

Before he had any more time to think about that, he heard the door behind him open. Lisa had returned and she did not look all too happy.

"And?" Lincoln asked. "How did your talk with Leni go?"

"As bad as I expected," the young genius lisped. "She didn't even acknowledge the fact that she had to look after Lily. In fact, she was too busy making a suit for you

while we talked."

Lincoln was shocked. If there was one thing that united them all, it was that they all cared for Lily. Then again, if he already forgot about her...

"What do you think is causing that?" he asked, trying hard to hide his potential fright.

"Well, I at first assumed that some sort of intoxication is at play", Lisa explained. By now she was back at her desk, sorting out her notes. "But I checked the water and the food. Nothing indicating that drugs are into play."

She paused for a bit before she added: "Though I found out something really disturbing about the composition of dad's meatloaf, which makes me consider to tell him he should stop buying his meat at Mr. Dibbler's shop."

Lincoln wisely decided not to ask further what she meant by that.

"I also highly doubt that some sort of radiation is at work here, as THAT would probably rather result of everyone losing their hair, than developing a fixation on you. And as I can only judge the situation based on behavioral observation so far, the most logical conclusion I have come to is as followed:"

Lincoln leaned in closely to hear it.

"Our siblings have been replaced by some sort of shapeshifting alien lifeform, which feeds of affection and has found in you a perfect source of nutrition."

Lincoln took a moment to process what he just heard.

"That sounds like the season 2 finale of "Our friendly equines", Lola watched last week."

"I know," Lisa admitted. "But that should tell you how desperate for an explanation I am right now."

Lincoln groaned. "No other theory at all?"

Lisa shrugged. "I need more data input to formulate another potential hypothesis. But to do so, I would need to perform some invasive experiments."

"No," Lincoln said, the moment he heard the word "invasive".

"But..."

"You know what mom and dad said about performing "experiments on your own siblings"."

"Are you still mad about the fact I accidentally transferred your mind into a rabbit?"

"That is not the point," Lincoln made clear, even if he really was still grumbly about that incident.

"Okay, fine", Lisa stated in an attempt to calm down the situation. "But then I can only rely on observatory data."

"Which means...?", Lincoln wanted to know.

"You will have to indulge a bit more in your sisters pampering you," she said.

A couple of minutes ago, Lincoln would have been thrilled by that idea. But now, with the realization of how weird things were...

"I know the idea of being around them now is less appealing," Lisa said. "But as I stated earlier: I trust you to be more responsible with the power you currently have over our siblings. And maybe, if we create more or less "regular" conditions around the house, their behavior changes to the norm again."

"You think so?"

"It is at least worth a try."

Before they could further discuss what to do, a knock could be heard on the door.

"Hey dude, are you still in there?" Lincoln could hear Luna ask from behind the door.
"Everyone is already waiting for you."
"I am coming down in a second," Lincoln stated.
"Sweet", Luna exclaimed joyful. "Can't wait to rock you like a hurricane in the game, bro!"
Lisa and Lincoln stayed quiet for a bit, as they heard Luna slowly go downstairs again.
He turned to Lisa. "Shall I?"
"Well, considering I told Leni you and I were going anyway..."
Lincoln was shocked. "You did what?"
"As I said, I need data. And what better way to observe the behavior of all of you, than a round of..."

...AWESOME WRECK SIBLINGS!

The only game in the world, that gave the children of the Loud Family the chance to play all together at once, while also engaging in what they could do best: Fight each other.

Awesome Wreck Siblings was a rather recently published game by the well-known television network Nickelodeon that catered towards the one thing you could always make money off these days: Nostalgia.

The game was a more or less regular fighting game. Pick a character and area and fight till only one was standing. What made this game different from others was, that it contained over 50 characters (72 after the latest DLC) from well-known Nickelodeon shows. It was wacky, cartoony, funny... it even had a very therapeutic effect on many, as it was the only game in the world, where you could beat up former internet sensation Fred with a baseball bat, without having to face major legal consequences.

Of course, there was some squabble about who would get to play whom under the Loud siblings. Some got no contest, but Lori and Lola fought like tigers over playing Azula.

"You were Azula the last time!" Lola protested. "Now it's my turn."
"Fine," Lori stated in frustration. "But then I am not going to play as Zuko"

After some more minutes of sibling squabbling, everyone eventually managed to settle for a character.

Lana took the gross duo combination of Sanjay & Craig as her character (partly because nobody else wanted to play them), while Lola got her will and played as the mistress of fire, Avatar's one and only Azula. Leni, who had dressed up like Toph Beifong for the occasion, played the mishap of nature known as Catdog. Lucy was going to haunt the screen as the ghostly hero Danny Phantom, while Lisa played as

the grumpy green sea dweller Squidward Tentacle. Lincoln played the Average Kid/Former President/Superhero Sidekick/Hero of the Fairy World Timmy Turner, Lynn took the mantle of robot XJ9, Lori played as the adorable Chucky Finster, Luan went for the nefarious wannabe-conqueror Zim and Luna played as an adorable bunny eared red little monster known as Ickis.

They choose the north pole of the Avatar world as their battleground, maximum of Items and it was a battle royal.

Everyone was on their controllers.

"The last one standing is the winner," Lincoln announced.

The battle and the chaos started just seconds later. In a game like this, good reflexes were king but also giants amounts of luck. Lola's Azula attacked XJ9 with flames and punches while Luan's Zim shoot with laser canons at Danny Phantom and Ickis at the same time.

Lisa was more defensive and observed the playstyle of the others, noticing how nobody was attacking Timmy, the player character of Lincoln. He attacked them but nobody retaliated against him.

By the time the round ended, half of the sisters playing characters were dead. The other half had taken so much damage, that Lincoln ended up as the winner by default. Which wasn't making him all that happy.

„Guys..."

„Yes, Lincoln?"

„Why weren't you attacking me?"

An uncomfortable silence fell.

„What do you mean?" asked Luna.

„Oh come on!" Lincoln shouted, pointing at the TV screen. „Aside of Lisa, not one of you tried to fight back when I attacked you!"

„That's not true," Lynn protested.

„Lynn, I went to the kitchen to get myself a coke while we were playing."

Everyone aside of Lisa got suddenly nervous.

„You didn't even notice I was gone and still didn't try to fight me."

„I did" Lisa stated. „But then Lori summoned Reptar the Dinosaur as a special move and kicked me into the ice water."

Lincoln pointed at his little sister, while addressing the others with a look of disappointment. „See?"

„But Lincoln..." Leni started in a whinny tone, but he hold up his hand.

„Look guys, I... I like winning, but there is nothing fun by winning without a challenge. So please: Just fight me next round too, okay?"

The others exchanged worried looks with one another.

„You really want us to fight you?" Lola asked.

Lincoln nodded.

„And you won't get mad at us if you lose?" Lori wanted to know.

„Nope"

„You will not want me to summon a demon to drag the winner of this game to hell for you?" Lucy asked.

„Can we just play again?" Lincoln asked in return, wondering once more what sort of

bizarre stuff aside of the average vampire novel Lucy was into.
„You heard him, girls,” Lynn stated and took charge of her controller again.
„Let’s get ready to rumble!”

The next round was way more enjoyable for Lincoln, as his sisters characters actually attacked Timmy now and forced him to use Timmy’s special attacks like summoning anvils or driving on a motorcycle and trying to ram into his adversaries.

Lisa used Squidwards clarinet while Lori was sweeping with Chucky the two characters of Danny Phantom and Azula from the battlefield. The developers still had to nerf the little toddler.

“You can’t deal with this snake, you alien!” Lana exclaimed, while Sanjay swung Craig like a whip at Zim.

“The snake called Craig doesn’t make me afraid, but his fate is too badly failed”, Luan joked and kicked Craig out of the ring. “Get it?”

While everyone was groaning at Luan’s wordplay, Lisa took the opportunity to grab for one of the games many items, in that case an Equalist’s shock gauntlet, which she was going to use on Lincoln’s character. She was already close to give Timmy Turner a shock treatment, when out of sudden Catdog attacked Squidward and took the damage.

„Stay away from my Linki!” Leni shouted, smashing buttons and eventually pushing Squidward down the snow into an icy water grave.

„Dang it, not again!” Lisa grumbled in resignation, letting go of her controller.

„Don’t worry, Linki”, Leni addressed her brother with a big smile, ignoring her four year old sister. „Your big sister is going to protect you!”

Almost immediately Lincoln could feel the temperature in the room drop. Everyone froze, their characters standing still on the screen. Except for Luan’s, who was throwing Double Dare slime all over herself in childish delight.

„Excuse me?” Lori asked her roommate. „You are going to protect him?”

„Well, duh,” Leni said. „I mean, I love him the most.”

„No way,” the twins shouted in unison. „We do!”

„Quiet you two,” Luna ordered.

„Girls, this is ridiculous,” Lori stated. „Besides, I am literally the one who loves him the most.”

She leant in closer to Lincoln, making puppy eyes. „And he does too, don’t you, Linci-Link?”

Lincoln felt really awkward now. „Ehhhh....”

„Okay, that’s it!” Lynn suddenly shouted. Next thing anyone knew, XJ9 grabbed Zim and threw him out of the screen.

„Hey!” Luan protested, while the announcer just declared the second K.O. of the round. „What are you doing?”

„Making sure that I am the only one left to protect my little brother!” Lynn replied and went after Azula next. Only to get hit by lightning.

Luna via Ickis then attacked her opponents with an item that summoned several bomb-breads she could freely toss at everybody, which she did. But it wasn’t helping her for

long as Lori's Chucky got the Shredder-Armor. And while he became slower, he got also more deadly in close combat and capable to shred Ickis out of the ring.

The chaos was now erupting with the sisters letting their characters run amok around Lincoln, which wasn't unusual for an AWS game, but the fact that they ignored Timmy bar Lisa was unsettling and the things they said even more so.

"I'm the strongest!" declared Lynn. "Here and in the game. Only I can protect Lincoln properly if it comes to it!"

"A brute like you would lose herself in combat and forget Lincoln's safety," Lucy argued. "My refined dark knowledge can protect Lincoln even beyond the grave."

"Neither of you has the flow and the rhythm to help Lincoln in a case of emergency", Luna claimed and Ickis used a scare attack to scare Danny Phantom away into the ice water. Which didn't make much sense if one thought about it, but why should the Loud siblings do so, if the programmers already didn't.

Because Timmy was not in danger to be attacked directly, Lincoln turned to Lisa.

"What do you think?"

"That Squidward's clarinet is bollox in close combat", she explained while she used Squidward's long arms to push Catdog into the icy water. "I have to use it before the enemy is near."

"I mean about our sisters!"

"Nothing about their playstyle, but their fixation on you even in a simple convivial game is something new and it is escalating. Make sure the fight doesn't resume in the living room later. HAH! Got you Lori and your potent little baby!"

„Why you little..." Lori grumbled under her breath, waiting for her character to respawn.

For the next couple of minutes, Lincoln just awkwardly sat there, eating chips and letting the madness around him unfold. Eventually the game reached the point, where every character, aside of him, had just one more life left.

„Well then dudes, this is it!" Luna declared, charging Ickis's horrific scare powers. „You better get ready to die!"

But before she had a chance to fire her attack, Azula burned him into a pile of melted barely recognizable flesh. „No. You better get ready to run, cause here I come!" Lola shouted in a crazy laugh, burning Luna's life points away.

"BAMM" exploded it out of the speakers, combined with a "K.O." and a cool lightshow. Lola laughed with Azula about her victory over Luna. Her next targets were Lana's Sanjay and Craig. She fired lighting at the two idiots, but to her surprise the two were suddenly protected by a shield-item which deflected the attacks back to her. While Azula tried to recover, Sanjay took Craig, wrapped him around Azulas neck and started to choke her to death!

"Sssshhhh..." Sanjay whispered. "It is soon over..."

But then Craig became a level 9 wizard and just blasted Azula into the icy water with a magic missile.

BAMM!

K.O.!

"That was... disturbing", Lana mentioned, not even knowing how she did that with the snake choking exactly.

Meanwhile, in another corner of the screen, Lucy used Danny Phantom's ability to temporarily take control over his opponents, to overtake Zim and make him jump off the stage.

BAAAAMMM!

KO!

„Not fair," grumbled Luan while Lucy simply smiled over her victory. That was until Luan pointed out, that she had technically just committed suicide on stage.

"This game is getting darker by the second," Lori commented. "Lucy, Lola, Lana, Lisa: Less shows from the network of this game and more from other networks from now on."

"We watch what we want!", Lana exclaimed stubbornly.

XJ9 under Lynn's control attacked now Lana's Craig/Sanjay. She used her prolongable arms and forced the duo back before shooting at them with plasma canons that replaced her hands in a seconds notice. Lana tried to dodge, but a few hits hit her character enough time for XJ9 to jump up to her and kicking her to the ground again. She then hovered over Sanjay/Craig.

"Time to end this," exclaimed Lynn.

She flew down, grabbed the two, flew up and threw them with so much force, they flew out of the screen and rammed into the moon, who exploded as a result.

BAMM!

K.O.!

"I have to admit, that was pretty awesome" Lana said in a surprised tone.

With the number of participants reduced by half, the battle became way more intense. Lori was now determined on getting the better out of Lynn, constantly making Chuckie throw toy blocks at her. At the same time she had to jump over CatDog again and again, whose special ground move allowed the weird animal hybrid to turn into a furred wheel that damaged anyone it hit.

„Don't you feel the least bit ashamed of hitting on a baby?", Lori asked in between receiving attacks from both of her younger kin.

„Oh my gosh," Leni suddenly shouted and stopped her attack. „I am hitting a baby?"

Before anyone could answer that, Lori managed to grab CatDog and threw him against XJ9. Lynn tried to regain control of her character, but just then the game generated a random Avatar spirit on the stage to attack the players. While Chuckie managed to avoid the attack of the dark beast, XJ9 and CatDog had not as much luck. They ended up in the pranks of the beast, which vanished the next second with the two characters, causing Lynn and Leni to experience a technical K.O.

„Leni!“ shouted Lynn in disbelief. „Why did you stop attacking her?“

„I am not going to hit little children,“ Leni said in her defense. „Like, who do you think I am?“

Luna was confused. „Then why did you do so till then?“

„I always thought that Chuckie was just a very short man!“ the local ditz replied.

Everyone in the room could suddenly feel a headache approach. Everyone except Lori.

„Victory!“ she gloated to her other siblings, turning her glance away from the screen.

„I told you I am the only one strong enough to protect Lincoln!“

Everyone else had a look of annoyance on their face.

„I am Chuckie! Wrecker of your...“

BAMMM!

K.O.!

Lori turned around, to see that her character had just been beaten into the ground by an octopus’s now broken clarinet.

„I think you forgot somebody,“ Lisa calmly stated, not even turning her eyes away from the screen.

„Dang it!“ Lori responded.

„Okay, that’s it,“ Lincoln declared and turned the tv off. „No more games.“

„But Lincoln...“ came a collective moan from everyone except Lisa.

„We didn’t even get to beat up...“

„Yes Lana, I know we didn’t get to beat up Fred,“ Lincoln sighed, interrupting her.

„In fact, I really looked forward to beating up Fred. But this is getting ridiculous.“

He sternly looked his sisters into the eyes. „If you can’t get along while we are beating the tar out of each other, I think it is time for bed.“

Luan raised her hand. „But...“

„Now!“ Lincoln said and pointed to the stairs.

Everyone except Lisa stood up and made themselves ready to go upstairs.

„But I am still the one who can protect you best, right Lincoln?“ Lori asked, but only received a stern look.

Lincoln stood there for a couple more seconds, till he heard the bathroom door upstairs open and close, indicating that everyone was going to brush their teeth now. Only then did Lincoln start to relax a bit.

„Well, that was an interesting display of authority,“ Lisa stated, while making some notes in her block.

Lincoln blinked. „Did I just pull a Lori on the others?“ he asked more himself than Lisa in total disbelief.

“You did indeed exert authority,“ Lisa confirmed. “And everyone followed your imperative, even Lori. Either my sad theory of you having leukemia is right or my alien theory is indeed the correct one.“

“Yes, that-“

Lincoln stopped.

“Cancer?!” A lump of ice formed in his heart.

"This in turn is fairly improbable," Lisa quickly added. "I saw no signs of lugubriousness with everyone here."

"Lugu- What?"

"Sadness. Nobody here can be such a good thespian, not even Luan, especially not all at once. I saw nobody cry or other hints that they have cried nor any other signs of depression or sadness, so I'm certain that you will subsist. Additionally, I think you would remember some recent visits to the hospital"

Lincoln sighed in relief, but expressed his displeasure as he said: "Thank you for scaring me so much. I only felt worse the day I thought our parents would throw me out and believing I wasn't dad's actual son."

Lisa walked over to the gaming console and turned it off.

"I'm sorry Lincoln, it wasn't my intention to frighten you," Lisa exclaimed honestly. "The alien theory is bogus too, except if the alien was really good at hiding its presence."

Lincoln nodded and started to walk up and down the room. All of this made less and less sense. He himself wasn't discounting a supernatural influence and there was still the possibility that his sisters were playing a joke on him.

"Could they play a joke on me?" he asked out loud.

Lisa adjusted her glasses and looked through a few of her notes she had in her pockets. "That would be a very well executed joke," Lisa analyzed. "One whose punchline has to be a very astute one. In that case, I hope it is not something too vicious and cruel but I doubt Leni, Luna and Lucy would be part of that. Lori, Lynn, Lana and Lola I see doing a prank but not with an undue cruel punchline. Luan on the other hand..."

"What about you?" Lincoln asked outright, interrupting Lisa. "If this is a prank you would be the best candidate to dispel my fears."

"Yes, that sounds intrinsic," Lisa confirmed and crossed her arms. "They could have instructed me to watch over Lily, thereby Leni's negligence would look authentic."

"But...?" Lincoln enunciated slowly.

"But I don't have the time for such an elaborate prank!" Lisa expressed seriously. "My research is too important. I wouldn't have started to research you at all, if this would have been less odd."

Lisa walked into the kitchen to get something to drink and Lincoln followed her.

"Whatever is happening here is not a mere frolic prank" she said while taking can of her favorite soft drink out of the fridge. "We have to figure this out in case it escalates. The game made it even more clear to me that something is erroneous here after none of our siblings was willing to attack your player character."

"You did very well with Squidward sis," Lincoln mentioned. "I didn't know that a clarinet could be so deadly."

"Lots of exercise," Lisa said while opening the soda can. "I have secretly learned all the characters's special moves and their other weaknesses and strengths. I could even turn Henry Danger into a competent playing character"

"Now you are kidding me, aren't you?"

She shrugged with her shoulders. "Got me," she simply stated and took a sip out of the can.

A couple of minutes later, Lincoln and Lis were upstairs again with the others. While Lisa took to her room immediately, confiding to Lincoln that she was going to do a bit more research before laying down, Lincoln made himself ready for bed too. He had just put on his pajama, when it knocked on the door.

"Linki," Leni's voice could be heard on the other end of the door. "Do you have some time?"

"Give me a second"

He opened the door and was immediately greeted by his sisters, all in their sleeping attire, with slightly guilty looks on their faces.

"What is it?" he asked.

"We just..." Leni began, only to get interrupted by Lori.

"We just wanted to apologize for what happened downstairs," Lori explained in a rather crestfallen mood. "We hope you are not angry at us for ruining the game."

"Guys, come on," Lincoln stated with a sigh. "I am not angry."

"Really?"

"Yes"

Almost immediately he found himself once more in the center of a group hug.

Somewhere in the pile of siblings, Lola and Lana asked the following question.

"Hey Lincoln, did you enjoy your time?"

"Yes, I did," Lincoln stated, pushing his sisters gently away. "In fact, I had the time of my life."

Behind the door to Lisa's room, an annoyed grunt was to be heard.

Lincoln meanwhile saw in the faces of his sisters genuine happiness for what he just said. Feeling that, acting out of character or not, they deserved his praise for making this the best Saturday he ever had, he added with a smile the following to his last statement. "And I own it all to you!"

A collective "aww" could be heard from the sisters in view.

The only thing ruining the moment was a very deadpan sounding "oh come on!" out of the youngest children's room. This was followed by Lisa coming out, looking at her siblings with visible disgust. "That entire scene was so corny, I think I got diabetes."

No one paid attention to her and Lincoln did his best not to address her, otherwise ruining the moment.

"I think I need another soda," Lisa simply stated, the moment she realized that there were no consequences to be expected for what she just said.

Meanwhile, the boy of the white hair couldn't deny that he didn't detest the attention, but the surplus of friendly affection was starting to wear on him. He couldn't believe that he would miss the more negative aspects of his big family, but he felt it was more for the sake of his sisters, they needed time for themselves.

"Can you do me a favor?" Lincoln asked. Before anyone could answer, he continued with: "Take some time for yourself tomorrow. Do your own stuff."

"But Lincoln..." Lori started, but Lincoln interrupted her again.

"No!" he proclaimed with some force in his voice. "Lori, go type some messages to Bobby, Leni make some art or tailor something, Luna go play some songs by Leonard Cohen..."

"I prefer Black Sabbath" Luna interrupted Lincoln now.

"Or Black Sabbath. Luan go watch some comedies with Leslie Nielsen."

"Guys, snap out of it! You're looking at him like he was our mother for Christ's sake!" Luan quoted jokingly and laughed. "Get it?"

"Is she talking about old people movies again?" Lana asked.

"I'm talking about one of the classics Lana" Luan explained. "Such fine comedy is rare these days."

"Whatever," Lincoln responded with an exhausted sigh. "Lynn do some sports, Lucy write a poem or summon Gygernathotep or any other outer guy."

"Outer god," Lucy corrected. "Nyarlatotep, the black Pharaoh."

"At least somebody is willing to make a Pharaoh black," Lincoln commented.

"And he doesn't play card games," Lucy added. "So don't ask."

Lincoln continued his speech.

"Lana, make some time for your animals, play in the mud or repair something and Lola, do whatever beautiful people do."

"It means she will have a wrestling match with Marilyn Manson," Luan referenced and laughed. "Get it?"

"Stop with the reference humor!" Lori criticized with a annoyed groan. "Not everybody gets them or something classic."

Luan thought for a moment and then snapped her fingers. "Criminals prefer booty-ful people," Luan joked. "Also beautiful people just have to lay on their backs to make..." Before Luan could continue, Lori put her hand over her mouth. "No adult jokes with the younger ones around! You know the rules."

"Sorry" mumbled Luan, muffled by Lori's hand.

After everybody promised Lincoln they would to something for themselves tomorrow, they all went to bed. Lincoln was already lying under his blanket to get some rest from his awesome, worrisome and strange day.

//I hope they take my request to heart//, Lincoln thought. *//Not only for my but also for their sake. Maybe they become normal again tomorrow.//*

He was about to fall asleep, as suddenly he heard a voice beside his bed.

"Lincoln."

He shrieked up in the darkness and turned around to see Lucy, holding a flashlight in her hands, which illuminated her face.

"Lucy, don't scare me like that!" Lincoln exclaimed angrily while he tried to calm down his heavy breath. "What do you want?"

"I'm sorry Lincoln," Lucy apologized in her usual somber vocalization, which was mixed this time with a sad undertone. "I just wanted to ask if I can sleep with you."

An incredible awkward silence was suddenly filling the room.

"What?" said Lincoln flat and with very wide eyes.

"I am scared," Lucy quickly clarified. "So I wanted to ask if I can stay with you this night."

Lincoln was more than relieved that his initial thought was incorrect. But it sounded strange.

"Wait, what are you of all people scared off?"

"I... I don't want to talk about it," Lucy said. "Please Lincoln, I just need somebody close by me."

"What about Lynn?"

"She is already asleep and I wasn't able to wake her up."

Lincoln didn't know how to feel about this. With the crazy having taken control of his sisters in the last 24 hours and Lisa's warning in mind that it could get worse, he was genuinely contemplating if it was such a good idea to allow his sister to share his bed with him for tonight. Heck, the fact that Lucy supposedly got "scared" of something and as such was looking out for him, sounded just like an excuse to spend some solo quality time with him. But at the same time, she sounded genuinely worried. And he was still her older brother, so...

"Okay," he sighed. He raised the covers up a bit and directed her to join him under them. "But only for tonight"

"Thanks Lincoln," she said gratefully and went to rest.

"Good night, Lucy," Lincoln wished her a pleasant sleep and turned his back to her, closing his eyes.

"Night Lincoln," Lucy added and just laid there. She did so for the next couple of minutes, worried.

While her brother fell asleep almost immediately, she just stared at the ceiling, thinking about what made her go into Lincoln's room in the first place. Cause it wasn't just a desire to be with her older brother, that drove her here. No. Primarily, it was her friends.

Not the few kids at school she liked, but her friends from the other side.

Normally she trusted the specters from beyond the grave who she had befriended over the years and was in contact with almost on a daily basis very much. But as of yesterday, they sounded... Off.

While she managed to distract herself from them for the better part of the day by spending time with her siblings, especially her wonderful brother, she never could fully make them stop from talking to her. They were a constant whispering in the back of her head, which turned into a heated cacophony of voices the moment she tried to go to sleep. And what they said scared her. They told her that something was not right. That she and the other sisters were not supposed to act the way they did. That something was making them be so unnaturally nice around Lincoln.

How dared they? How dared they tell her, that her feelings for Lincoln were not real?

She called them liars and demanded an explanation. But all they did was claim, that they didn't have one. They mumbled something about a magic box and a presence more powerful than anything from the darkest places of the underworld. As she heard that, she knew that her friends had to be lying. Cause what could be more powerful than the forces of evil? They begged her to listen, but she had enough. Chanting every incantation she knew, she broke her spiritual connection to them, silencing them immediately.

But even if she no longer had to hear their voices, their echoes were still ringing in her head. Filling her mind and heart with uncertainty and fright for what was going on. After all, the spirits never lied to her before. So why would they now? And why was Lincoln, not her brother, but the former US-president and one of her eldest ghost friends, so vehemently asking her to look out for her brother/his namesake?

Next to her, Lincoln mumbled something in his sleep about how much he liked to take the mantle of Ace Savvy's sidekick to defeat the evil Dr. Erebos. She looked at him and shivered at the thought that something bad could happen to him.

Carefully not to wake him up, she moved closer and, in a very uncharacteristic manner even she was aware of, pulled her arms around him in a hug. She wanted to protect him. And in a bizarre way, she was also hoping that he would do the same for her.

Maniak: There you have it folks. Chapter 3.

Oogie-Boogie: What? No funny line?

Maniak: What am I supposed to say? We wrote another chapter and we managed to prevent Lincoln from turning into a complete jerkass.

Oogie-Boogie: You mean, Lisa prevented him from turning into a jerkass.

Maniak: Hm... yeah, you are right.

Oogie-Boogie: You think anyone gets the reference regarding Alfred? And I don't mean the obvious one.

Maniak: Depends on how many German readers we get.

Oogie-Boogie: Anyway, we hope you guys enjoyed the story. And by the way, it is to our deepest regret that we have to announce that Awesome Wreck Siblings won't get an official release outside of the Loud House-verse.

Maniak: You can blame Gamergate on that. Or whatever.

Oogie-Boogie: In the meantime, we would be glad for some comments. And if there were some jokes that you really enjoyed, we would be glad to hear.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT:

We are currently in the need of new proof-readers. We two have currently problems with ours because they are in college and don't have much time to proof-read. So we would like to ask one of our readers, preferably one who has an eye for grammatical errors to help us.

Anyone who is interested may please write us a PM.

We will be thankful for any help with our grammatical problems.

Thank you and have a good day.

Kapitel 4: Of Bath and Naptimes

Oogie: From now on, the plot begins to be set really in motion.

Maniak: The sibling related apocalypse begins.

Oogie: Let's see if Lincoln will soon have enough of his sisters' love, baby.

Maniak: Yeah... I don't know why he could get enough of their love.

Oogie: But what kind of love is it, that they will be giving him?

Silence

Maniak: Okay, let's end the Barry White reference now and get on with it.

Chapter 4: Of Bath and Naptimes

Despite it being around 7:30 a.m. at a Sunday morning, most people in the Loud House were already fully awake. Lola and Lana were downstairs watching cartoons, trying their best to ignore Lori working on the breakfast in the kitchen and getting constantly more annoyed at her sister Leni trying to help her, but screwing up some of the most basic orders.

"No Leni. When I say "separate the eggs", you aren't supposed to literally just lay five on the kitchen table and put the rest into the sink!"

Upstairs meanwhile, Luna and Luan were still enjoying their stay in dreamland, while a slowly awakening Lynn was confused as to where her little goth sister was.

"Lucy?" Lynn asked into the room, "Are you here?"

She didn't get an answer.

"Did the ghosts finally take you into the mystical realms? If so, can you send me magical Baseball equipment?"

Still no answer.

"I better find ya. Good thing that I put my roller skates on before I went to bed."

Lynn jumped out of bed and rolled on her trusty skates out of the room. Skating

through the second floor, she didn't find the young goth in the room of Luna and Luan, who got an abrupt awakening after their younger sister skated through their territory, jumped over them in their beds, did some acrobatics on the bedposts of the bunk bed and used one of the bedposts as surrogate for a horizontal bar (more vertical in this case) to generate enough momentum via a swing maneuver to catapult herself into the ventilation shaft opening of the room.

"What in the name of Jimi Hendrix was that?!" Luna wanted to know, slightly shocked. "It was the skating Dutch-Kynn," Luan mused, followed by a snicker. "Get it?"

Lynn wasn't able to find Lucy in the room of the oldest sisters, so she slid through the ventilation into the room of Lana and Lola. But she didn't find anything there except a few angry pets she had awoken from their slumber.

Thankfully she managed to escape through the door before El Diablo, the snake of Lana, was able to entwine her.

Deciding to skip Lisa and Lily's room to avoid accidentally waking the baby, she took course for Lincoln's room.

She opened the door mid-roll again and stumbled over the entrance, which woke Lincoln up.

"Wha...?" Lincoln mumbled and rubbed his eyes. He was perplexed with Lynn lying on the ground, Lana's frog Hops on her head. But he was even more perplexed by what Lucy was doing.

He wasn't sure if Lucy was already awake or not, but she was definitively sucking or nibbling at his neck like one of the vampires from those novels she had been reading. Lincoln was so perplexed, horrified and shocked by the entire situation, he didn't know how to react.

"Morning, dude," Lynn said, rising up and taking her helmet off. "Have you seen..." Only now did she become aware of a still sleeping Lucy holding onto Lincoln, sucking on his neck. But unlike her brother, she didn't react in shock.

"Aww, how cute!"

That finally managed to snap Lincoln out of it.

"Cute?" he stated in fright about Lynn's statement. "She is giving me a hickey!"

"Nah, bro!"

She carefully leant in closer and removed Lucy's hands around her brother's waist.

"She is just sleep sucking."

Lincoln blinked in confusion.

"It's something she does from time to time ever since she got her hands on those 'Skypechat with a Nosferatu' novels," Lynn elaborated. "She did it to me too quite a few times."

"And why is she doing it?" Lincoln asked, slightly rising up so that Lynn had easier access to Lucy's arms, while still being bewildered about the situation.

"Well, she told me that it may be because she subconsciously desires to give those she deeply cares about the gift of eternal life," Lynn replied nonchalantly, gently moving her sister's head in a manner that her mouth let go of Lincoln's jugular.

Lincoln himself felt a slight trail of saliva flow down his neck and shuddered.

"Wakey, wakey, Lucy," said Lynn, poking her little sis teasingly on the forehead.

Lucy hissed something about "You must die to live forever," and "I will give you eternal life." Then she finally awoke, not looking as perplexed as anyone else. In fact, she changed automatically into her usual bleak expression.

"Another day on this miserable planet, just to wait for the sweet kiss of death."

"Does she do that every morning?" Lincoln asked Lynn.

"Not when you threaten her with a tickle assault."

"Don't you dare," Lucy grumbled. "I will scale it back for now." She sighed. "I'm sorry Lincoln, I shouldn't start the morning with such a sentence after you watched over me last night."

"Nightmares about the girl from the well again?" Lynn teased.

Lucy and Lincoln got into a sitting position. The night had brought them a pleasant sleep and they felt rather fit, especially Lincoln.

"I just wasn't prepared for Japanese Horror," said Lucy, defending herself.

"LYNN!" somebody shouted from down the hall. "You shocked us half to death with your little skating-gymnastic-stunt!"

"Gotta go fast!" Lynn stated with slight panic. "See you down for breakfast!"

Lynn dashed away, down the stairs with Luan and Luna in hot pursuit.

"Come back!"

"We will not do much to you!" Luan's voice shouted. "Just a skate-lesson with a little break-lesson."

"They have interesting mornings," Lincoln said nonchalantly. "Like usual..."

He was secretly happy about this development. This was more normal for the Loud House and it seemed his little speech from yesterday made an impression on his sisters.

"Lincoln?"

"Yes, Lucy?"

Lucy gave Lincoln a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you for watching over me. You are the best of us."

Lucy left the bedroom and a perplexed Lincoln behind. He started to massage his temples.

"This was just a normal way of Lucy thanking me for letting her sleep in my bed."

Lincoln stood up and took a look in his mirror to check his neck. Nothing indicated that she had bitten into the soft flesh or that he was going to have a hickey.

"Wouldn't want to explain that to Ronnie Anne," he muttered.

He took a glance at his clock and realized it wasn't even eight yet. So he decided to go back to bed, to sleep for at least a couple more minutes. Only to discover Hops on his pillow, so that he had to open the door and let him out first.

Around 40 minutes later, Lincoln decided to get up for real and hit the shower. He assumed that by now, his siblings must have finished their morning routine, meaning he had the bathroom all for himself. He was already halfway through the living hall, when he suddenly got tackled by a ball of blond and pink colors.

"Morning!" the little thing said.

It took Lincoln a few seconds to realize, that the "thing" was actually none other than Lola. Only that she barely looked like the beauty pageant obsessed little girl he knew

her as. Primarily because she did not only look way chipper than he was accustomed to, her eyes almost sparkling in adoration for him, but also because she did not wear her signature tiara or gown. Instead she wore a cute pink little girl dress with a skirt. Additionally her hair was arranged in a way that she had two barely braided pigtails. As a fan of manga, the often regretted word "moe" came to Lincoln's mind at the sight of it.

"Did you have a good sleep, BBBFF?"

"BBBFF?"

"Duh," Lola said. "Big brother, best friend forever"

Okay, Lincoln thought worried. *Things got definitively worse for her.*

"I had an excellent sleep," he answered her initial question. "Now I want to take a bath, BLSFF."

"Wait here!"

His little sister was delighted about him calling her BLSFF (Best little sister, friend forever) but she hadn't registered the sarcastic undertone in his voice. He watched Lola run to the bathroom door, but it was locked.

"Who's there?!" she demanded to know in an angry and shrill tone.

She didn't get an answer. The shower was running and whoever was using it couldn't hear her so easily.

"Lola, I can wait," began Lincoln but Lola just got into Luan's and Luna's room.

He heard some climbing, some rumbling and the opening of the vent shaft door on the other side.

"What the?! Lola, what are you doing?! Let me go, what... AH!"

The door swung open and Luna was kicked out, landing on her back, her body only covered by a towel and the door was closed again.

"Lola, you are in so much- Oh, hi Lincoln!"

"Sorry, Luna!" the young boy apologized profusely while helping his sister get up. "It was my fault, I..."

"Wanted to use the bathroom?" Luna finished the sentence. She ruffled Lincoln's hair.

"It's okay bro, I was finished anyway." With that said, she walked into her room and closed the door behind her.

Before Lincoln could comprehend the reaction Luna just had to being thrown out of her shower, the bathroom door swung open.

"Your bath is ready!"

Lincoln entered the bathroom and his mouth was wide agape. The entire bathroom had never looked so clean, shining and beautiful before. The bathtub was filled with a bubble bath, Lola had placed aromatic candles with his favorite aroma at several strategic places, a vase with beautiful bouquet was placed on the window bench and a radio played relaxing songs.

"What do you think, Linki?" Lola asked with a very exorbitant but sincere smile "Do you like it?"

He didn't quite know what to say. He experienced an emotional mixture of surprise, genuine gratitude and bewilderment. The latter one not just for the fact that his little sister acted the way she did, but that she somehow managed to pull all the necessary supplies for what she did out of nowhere. "I... like it?" he stated and tried his best to sound as grateful as he could, fearing if he didn't, Lola would most likely turn the

room into a turkish bath just to appease him.
Lola's smile brightened at these words.

"I especially like that one candle on the left," her brother added just to be sure.
"Really ties the room together."

"Oh Linki!" Lola said and hugged him again. "I'm so glad you like it!"

Lincoln decided to just surrender to the bizarreness of the situation and patted her head benevolently.

"Would you do me a favor later on?" Lola asked suddenly, though with a slight blush on her face. "That is, if you don't have something better to do."

"Sure," Lincoln sighed. "What is it?"

"Will you play with me later?"

Lincoln thought about the request and concluded, that it was the least he could do for turning the bath into a wellness oasis. Beside, aside of her acting like every sugar coated little sister stereotype he had ever been exposed to in the media, she didn't seem to act too weird. By comparison.

"Sure thing, Lola," he said and pushed her away gently. "Is after breakfast okay for you?"

She nodded happily.

"Okay. Enjoy the rest of your day till then."

"Enjoy your bath, BBBFF!" she shouted after him, waving her hand. He didn't even listen, closing the bathroom door behind him.

"Well... that happened," Lincoln stated, leaning against the bathroom door. He tried to comprehend the situation with Lola and how it was possible, that her acting like she did now was somehow more unsettling than the norm. Even if said norm involved an interest in the works of Mario Puzo, normally seen in young movie students who just had the privilege of watching the Godfather Part 1 and 2 for the first time.

I think I will have to talk some of the old Lola back into her, he thought. He then glanced over the bathroom and had to admit, that it was quite relaxing in here. And although he knew that his sisters should properly go first... Well, he still had to use the bathroom. And Lola had put so much effort into what she did, it would have been a crime to waste it.

"Okay, I will admit it," Lincoln said dreamily. He was laying in the tub, the warm water relaxing his muscles. "This is actually pretty dang good."

He sighed happily closing his eyes and concentrating only on the feeling of soapy bubbles against his neck, the sound of singing wales coming out of the radio and the smell of vanilla filling his nostrils.

In such a relaxing atmosphere, he couldn't do anything else but forget all about his worries.

"Hi Lincoln."

"Hi Lori."

And then they came crashing down on him again.

"Lori!" Lincoln shouted in wide eyed shock, almost leaping out the tub. His sister had just waltzed into the bath, covered partly in what seemed to be syrup, splattered grape and strawberry jam on her top and hair.

"What are you doing here?"

"Sorry," she said with a hint of annoyance in her voice and went directly for the sink.

"Lana and Leni made a mess downstairs and I ended up in the middle of it," she explained, while putting on the water. Then, to make the situation even more embarrassing for the boy, she took off her sticky top. Thankfully, unlike Luna sometimes, she always had the decency of wearing a bra.

"They wanted to make you breakfast, but let's just say that Leni learnt today that you don't put grapes in the microwave. Again."

She grabbed after a bottle of shampoo and put some in her hands.

Lincoln couldn't believe it. His sister, who couldn't even stand the sight of him entering her room without permission, was just nonchalantly taking off her sticky top and washing her hair all while he was taking a bath.

Had he forgotten to close the door? Lincoln was sure he had closed the door before he entered the bathtub.

"Lori, do you remember the rules about...."

"Relax, I literary just need to get clean."

"You could use a hose," Lincoln suggested sheepishly.

"I will NOT clean myself with the hose in the garden where everyone can see me," Lori made it clear and that was it.

"Okay, but please make it quick."

"Whatever."

While his oldest sister was rinsing her hair out and trying to get the stains out of her favorite top, Lincoln looked hard at the wall, enjoying the bathroom tiles. While thinking about the tiles he registered that Lori's behavior was, well, Lori. Coming into the bathroom somebody else was using for more private activities was one thing but her behavior, the way she was talking, those were more like her usual demeanor.

"I will help you clean the mess downstairs later," Lincoln promised.

"Leni and Lana are already doing that," Lori told him. "I'm happy that Lana wasn't able to microwave what she wanted to make for you."

"Mud?"

"No," Lori said and wrung out her top. "It was a dog biscuit spiced with oregano."

"That was my second guess," Lincoln expressed sarcastically.

As Lori was unable to clean her top, she threw it the laundry basket and looked into the mirror. She examined her hair and face, before frowning.

"That stuff isn't going out so easily. Microwaved grapes are a pain."

"Letting Leni make breakfast without supervision was a bad idea," Lincoln commented. "But to be honest, I thought she could manage it now."

"She can," Lori said in defense of her sister. "But she had funny ideas when it came to make you something special. Now I have to put on new clothes and get myself clean."

"I'm finished," Lincoln exclaimed and got up a little. "You can have the bath."

"You don't have to, twerp, I will just join you," Lori sighed. "No reason to stop your bath."

"But... We both... Naked..." Lincoln stammered, trying to deviate Lori from her plan. "I will keep my underwear on, okay?" Lori promised. "Besides, we swam together before."

"With BOTH of us in swimsuits!"

"I saw all of you naked as babies," Lori said in a nonchalant manner. "I know what is down there."

"But..." Lincoln replied weakly.

"Also, since when are you shy around me?" Lori asked irritated while slipping out of her shorts. "You sit around in your underwear with us all in the living room reading comics on rainy days."

Lincoln gave up. At least Lori had called him "Twerp" again, which wasn't much but it was something, plus there was the fact that Lori sounded more like herself again.

He made some room so his sister could sit down in the bathtub.

"It smells here like in that Massage Parlor I visited with Bobby once to get some relaxation," Lori told more to herself than to her brother. "I hope this doesn't end with a police raid too."

"Why..."

"Forget what I said!" Lori exclaimed nervously, trying to enjoy the hot water. "Just... Was this Lola was doing?"

"Yes."

"She knows how to make something or somebody look good," Lori praised, leaning against the counter of the tub. "Did you thank her for this?"

"Of course I did. But she threw out Luna to do this."

Lori was getting very inquisitive, from Lincoln's perspective. Was she becoming normal again? Lincoln thought about getting her to Lisa, so that the resident genius could let Lori in on the situation.

"Lori, I..."

Lori got besides Lincoln, pulled out her Smartphone from who-knows-where, hugged him and took a Selfie of herself and him.

"Lori, what the...?" Lincoln cried in shock. "This isn't the right moment for a Selfie!"

"But Lincoln," Lori started to counter. "We need a physical remembrance of our first bath together."

Before he could say anything about this, she got behind him and started to rub his shoulders. "I come into the bathroom, interrupting your relaxing time. Giving you a massage is the minimum I can do to compensate for this inconvenience."

She started to hum a melody while massaging him and he thought for a moment that her nose was touching his snow-white hair.

"You know," she said all of sudden. "That soap really smells good on you."

Awkward...

"Lori, I think I forgot something in the Laundry Basket," he said in a sober tone. "Can you look if something is in the basket?"

"Of course Lincoln."

Lori got out of the bath and went over to the laundry basket, rummaging through it.

"I can't find anything here- Lincoln?"

By the time she turned around, Lincoln was gone and only a few drops from the ventilation shaft opening remained.

The boy was in Lisa's room in no time. Walt, the family's pet bird, was there too, sitting on one of the posts of Lisa's bed and looking at Lincoln with a critical look.

"Lisa, I... Walt? What is your problem?"

He then noticed where exactly the bird was starring at.

Lincoln returned soon, dry and with a new set of clothing on his body. Walt gave an approving nod.

"Okay, now that this is done... Lisa, I need your help," he said. The addressed girl was leaning over her table, seemingly deep in thought over her notes. "Our sisters are acting even weirder than yesterday."

"Aha," could be heard from the table.

"Like, on one hand they act more like themselves again, but..."

Lincoln was now walking around the room, trying to sort his thoughts and find the best way to explain the situation.

"Lucy acts like I am a knight in shining armor, Lola has dressed up like a super moe and generic loli..."

Lincoln shuddered as he realized what he had just said, even if it was unfortunately quite fitting.

"...While still acting bossy around the others and Luna seems to have no problem being thrown half naked out of the shower for my own sake."

"Yes," Lisa mumbled. "That is quite a situation..."

"I know, right? And that doesn't even cover Lori, who just..."

"I think we need to resolve it by cheese."

Lincoln came to a halt.

"What?"

"It's ridiculous that Pluto is no longer a planet, yet we have one named Uranus in our solar system," he heard his little sister stammer.

He came closer to the table and only now realized, that his sister was actually not deep in thought, but sacked onto the table half asleep. Her head was resting on her notes and a trail of saliva was slowly dripping from the corner of her mouth. Her hair was a mess and she was mumbling nonsense inbetween taking snores.

He touched her shoulder.

"Lisa?"

Like a jack in the box, her head shot up. She was wide awake, staring with red eyes at the window in front of her.

"THERE'S ANTIMONY, ARSENIC, ALUMINUM, SELENIUM, AND HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN AND NITROGEN AND RHE-" she shouted. Only when she became aware of her brother's presence did she stop. "Oh, hello Lincoln. How did you sleep?"

"I..."

"Say, did you know that the smell of acetic acid has the color purple?"

Lincoln did not know how to answer that and as such decided to rather ask the most obvious question at hand right now.

"Liz, are you okay?"

"I have never felt better!" the little girl declared. She grabbed after a crayon pen and started to write something on a piece of paper. "Those biochemists stating that little kids need at least 8 hours of sleep? Hacks! I haven't slept since Saturday morning and my brain is running like a train at the speed of light!"

"You haven't what now?"

Lisa either didn't hear her brother or was too caught up in her ramblings to address him.

"I can feel the lack of Adenosin expression stimulating my brain in ways I never experienced before," she stated. "The entire universe has opened up to me. I can see time and space in all their beautiful glory. I see the stars dancing before my eyes!"

"I think you have just looked too long at the new mobile over Lily's bed."

Lisa suddenly stood up on her chair and shoved Lincoln her notes in the face.

"Just look at it, Lincoln. Gaze upon my latest conclusions regarding the behavior of our fellow siblings."

Lincoln looked over what she had written. After a while, he raised an eyebrow.

"42?"

"...I will admit, my statement is not quite formulated out in the way I intended it to be."

She suddenly pulled a can of her favorite soft drink from behind.

"But one sip of that beautiful, high in glucose drink, enriched with citrus based artificial flavors, will certainly raise my intellect on the levels needed to solve the mystery regarding our family developing quite an obsession for your low pigmented little scalp," she declared, opened the can and took a deep sip. By which we mean, she drank the entire thing in one go.

Then, in a display of awesomeness that was normally reserved for bar fights, Lisa gave a rather uncharacteristic burp, shouted the phrase "FUDGE YEEEEAAAAH!" and pushed the empty can against her forehead, not even flinching as the once full soda container was pressed into a tiny disk, which then landed on the floor.

Lincoln was too baffled about that equally awesome and ridiculous display of misplaced "manliness" his sister showcased, as that he could say something immediately.

Eventually though, he carefully put one of his hands on her shoulder.

"Lisa," he started, with a stern and worried undertone in his voice. "How many cans did you have since yesterday?"

The resident genius blinked a couple of times, having to think hard about such a simple question. Which in itself was already alarming for Lincoln.

Eventually, she opened her mouth and answered "Six...", followed by a rather ashamed second and stretched out syllable, making her answer end on "...teen."

Lincoln was not amused by that.

"Okay, Lisa," he said in the same tone he used the previous night on his other sisters.

"I think it's time for you to go to bed."

"Never!" Lisa declared, slapping Lincoln's hand off her shoulder. "Do you really expect me to sleep in a time of crisis involving our fellow filial generational relatives?"

"What?"

"It is just a fancy way of saying 'siblings'."

Lincoln concluded that it was pointless to come to a compromise with his little sister. While she was starting to ramble about the importance of her work and how her not getting any sleep was a necessary sacrifice for the greater good, he just went over to her bed and grabbed her blanket. Then, while she was proudly, and quite delusionally, declaring that there was no way on earth she was going to surrender to Hypnos and his army of sandmen, he just threw the blanket over her head.

"One... two..."

"Hey, who turned off the lights?"

"three...four..."

"Lincoln, I am not a parrot. If you think that I am..."

"Five..."

Before he reached six, Lisa suddenly went quiet. Her body turned over, the blanket still over her head. Luckily for her, Lincoln was there for the catch, before she would have hit the floor. Carefully holding the little bundle in his arms, he moved the blanket till it revealed the face of his now sleeping sister.

"Oh Lisa," Lincoln sighed. "You always do that when you have too much soda."

Ignoring her hearty snoring, he slowly carried her over to her bed. "At least this time you did not believe you were a hummingbird."

The older sibling laid Lisa down on her bed, removed her eyeglasses, shoes and socks before he tucked her in.

"Sleep well Lisa. And thank you for all your hard work."

He gave her an affectionate kiss on the forehead. It was sometimes easy to forget that she was the second youngest in this household because of her doctor title and the complicated words she used, making her come across as more mature and adult than even their parents sometimes. Nevertheless, her body was still the one of a 4 year old kid.

Right now, he felt like a big brother, as somebody to watch over his younger siblings and sometimes even the older ones.

Simultaneously Lincoln faced a new problem: For the next several hours he would have to rely on himself with no help of the little genius. He knew how to handle certain things, but after he had to flee a massage by Lori in the bathtub, he knew that he couldn't do this alone.

He played with the thought of contacting Clyde as somebody knocked on Lisa's door. *Please don't be Lori, please don't be Lori, please don't be Lori, please don't be Lori!* he thought in panic, holding his breath and begging.

"Lisa?" asked Leni's voice.

Lincoln exhaled, eased by the revelation.

"Come in," Lincoln said. "But be quiet and close the door behind you."

Leni entered the room and did as Lincoln said while looking concerned and sad.

"Lincoln, how is Lily?"

Before receiving an answer, the ditz went over to Lily's crib and saw that she was sleeping, looking healthy and peaceful. She herself looked relived now too and smiled down towards her baby sister.

"I'm, like, sorry that I totes forgot to look after you. I hope you can forgive me."

Leni's remorse sounded genuine and heartfelt to Lincoln, more like the ditzzy but lovable sister he knew. But as Leni looked up and around the room he also

remembered how Lori had reacted a few minutes ago. He tried to reach for the door as...

"Lisa?"

Instead of looking for Lincoln, she walked over to Lisa's bed and got on her knees to have a better look at the girl in the turtleneck.

"Why is Lisa still sleeping?" Leni asked Lincoln in a worried tone and looked to him.

"Like, she doesn't look very good."

Lincoln decided to answer the question with a half-truth. "She was preoccupied with her work and research the entire night," Lincoln told Leni. "She just got to bed a few minutes ago."

The answer shocked the blonde and she held both hands to her mouth.

"And she had to take care of Lily too."

Leni caressed Lisa's face and looked down in shame. "I'm sorry Lisa. Like, I shouldn't have neglected my duties."

The sorrow, the regret, the sadness, all of this sounded even more genuine than before to Lincoln.

"Leni?"

"Yes, Linki?"

"How do you feel?"

"Like, really bad. I hope Lisa will be okay after her sleep."

"Don't worry about her," Lincoln tried to cheer her up. "She survived more than one explosion to the face, only to be up after a few seconds. If that doesn't harm her then a case of being overtired shouldn't harm her either."

"Thank you Lincoln, but I made a mistake," Leni made it clear. "Like, I have to make this up to both of them."

If it came to caring for others, Leni could be incredible serious.

"Don't worry, Mistress Leni," Alfred's electronic voice suddenly stated. "Her research may have her overtired, but I took care of Lily."

Alfred transformed into his mobile form, but he looked slightly different. His treads were now able to transform into legs and he looked more polished.

"Hi, my name is Leni," she greeted the robot in her normal friendly way, like she would greet anyone. "Did Lisa build you?"

"Yes, I was taking care of Mistress Lily yesterday."

"Thank you," said Leni in a sincere tone. "Like, you did a great job, she looks very fine."

"Mistress Leni, I accept your praise."

"Call me Aunt or Auntie," Leni requested. "You don't have to be so formal to me."

Lincoln raised an eyebrow. "Aunt? Why Aunt?"

"Well, like, Lisa created him, so she is his mother and this makes him my nephew," Leni explained like it was the most normal thing in the world. "This totes makes him also your nephew and the nephew of our other sisters."

"Why do you think so?" Lincoln asked curiously.

"Duh, I saw it in some TV series and a few movies how the creators saw their robots, droids and androids as their children," Leni explained to Lincoln. "Like, it makes total sense. They created a being that can feel, think and live. They may have been born different and are made out of metal, electronics and the non-edible chips, but that doesn't mean that they can't be your child."

It wasn't the most eloquent explanation and one could not expect one wrapped in complicated words from Leni, but it made sense from her nonetheless. Smiling, Lincoln thought how a simple mind could make the question about human-robot relations so easy and beautiful. Not too much philosophizing, but a clear and understandable answer.

"Like, I can't wait to tell mom and dad that they are grandparents now!" Leni squealed in joy.

"Don't do that," Lincoln recommended before adding. "Explain it to them only together with Lisa."

"I guess you are right, Lincoln. Lisa should tell them the good news."

After making sure Lisa was safe and sound, Leni got up to her feet and turned to Alfred.

"I will reward you for your good work, nephew," Leni said. "But I have no idea what I can give you."

"I don't need a reward, Mistress Leni," Alfred explained professionally. "I am doing what I'm programmed to do."

"Don't be so humble, I will come up with something," Leni promised. "And don't call me Mistress, I am your aunt, remember? But how about a beer? I bet you have to recharge after so much work. Lily can be very exhausting."

"I don't need beer to recharge," Alfred explained slightly confused.

"So, you aren't that kind of robot?" Leni figured out. "What about energy in cube form. Do you like them?"

"I am not that kind of transforming robot either," Alfred explained in a slightly bemused tone. "I get my energy via an adapter I connect to an outlet in the wall."

Leni nodded in understanding. "I see. I will get you something later then. Keep an eye on my sisters and Lincoln until I return."

"Of course, Mi... Aunt Leni."

"You are a good robot," Leni said and petted Alfred.

Leni was Leni again. There was no doubt. But before the blonde left the room she gave Lincoln something from her little bag.

"For you, I hope you like it."

Before Lincoln could reply, Leni was out through the door while giggling like a young schoolgirl.

In Lincoln's hand was a colorful little bag, bound with a cute ribbon. Lincoln opened the bag slightly and looked inside it. He saw and smelled chocolate, self-made chocolate.

"Chocolate?"

"I could be wrong, Master Lincoln," Alfred began his analysis, "But I think she made you a valentine's present."

"But it isn't Valentine's Day," Lincoln countered. "Also, it doesn't work that way!"

"It does in Japan," the robot explained. "It is tradition there for girls to give chocolate to somebody they love or really like."

"Dang it!" Lincoln mumbled under his breath. Still too much affection. "At least Leni wasn't as bad as Lori had been back in the bathroom."

"What happened in the bathroom, Master Lincoln?"

"You don't want to know," Lincoln replied. Then he began to realize something. "Say, Alfred..."

"Yes, Master Lincoln?"

"Weren't you... how do I say it... clunkier last night?"

As mentioned earlier, the robot looked indeed different than when Lisa first showcased him to her brother. Aside of a distinct pair of feet, he was also, in terms of design, way more humanoid looking than before. He still had a pair of telescopic arms, but they now featured two very human like hands, with fingers for fine motorical work. His torso shimmered in black with several bulks all over the body, probably to hide some distinctive cables. Only his head was still more or less a squared reminder of his previous design.

"Yes Master Lincoln, indeed," Alfred admitted in a surprisingly good humored tone. "I thought that, in light of my duties as Mistress Lily's caretaker, in this time of familiar crisis, it would be of advantage to perform an upgrade for improvement of my performance."

"You upgraded yourself?" Lincoln was simultaneously shocked and impressed.

"Was that not to your liking?"

"No, it's okay, I am just..." Lincoln felt kind of awkward. Alfred seemed like a really nice robot so far and he didn't want to say to him, that the idea of a robot upgrading itself behind the backs of his owners sounded like something out of a comic book, where the robot revolution was just one misunderstanding away from happening.

"Nevermind," he eventually said.

"If you wish, I can easily downgrade mys-"

Lincoln interrupted him, before he could finish the sentence. "No Alfred, don't. If you want to upgrade yourself to help us, that is fine with me. But talk to Lisa about it too, okay? I get the feeling she would like to know when you are going to do something like that."

Then another realization hit Lincoln. "When did you actually have the time to upgrade yourself?"

"Sometime between last night and before I gave Mistress Lily her morning bottle," was the surprisingly snarky, yet still very polite reply from the robot.

"Is there anything else you would like to ask me, Master Lincoln?"

"No, not really"

Lincoln looked at the bag of chocolate, sighed and took one bit out. Of course it was heart shaped. "Unless you have an answer for why my sisters are acting the way they are."

"Have you considered the possibility that they are just trying to cheer you up, because they know something bad in regard of your well being?"

Lincoln frowned. "Alfred, Lisa already gave me the cancer scare last night."

"Cancer?" Alfred was shocked. "Oh my, Master Lincoln, I didn't mean that! I was thinking about something more innocent, like you going to spend a month with your Aunt Ruth!"

Well, that is a scary thought too, the white haired boy concluded. But then he pondered about the odds and decided that not even something like that would

explain things such as Leni ignoring Lily the way she did. Or for that matter, Lori getting more affectionate towards him than to her boyfriend.

"Well, whatever it is, I am sure Mistress Lisa will soon find the answer," Alfred reassured.

"I hope so too," Lincoln said and put the piece of chocolate into his mouth. He had to admit that it was actually pretty tasty.

"Is there anything else I can do for you?" Alfred wanted to know.

"No, not really," he said, fishing for another piece of chocolate. "I will try to handle on my own for the time being."

He ate the second bit and was already fishing for the third. "But I will ask you for one thing: Take good care of my two sisters,"

He pointed his chocolate sticky fingers at Alfred. "Whatever is going on in this house right now, I want you to guarantee me their well being."

"Sir, I promise you I will follow my directive."

"Good" He ate the third bit. "And while we are at it, Lincoln is also just okay."

Alfred didn't say anything at first. And for a few seconds Lincoln thought that if the robot had been capable of doing so, he would have smiled at him.

"If you insist, Lincoln," he would eventually say though, before turning to Lisa's side, gently stroking her hair. "Do you think Mistress Lisa would like to eat something when she wakes up?"

"Well, I think she could do with some mashed potatoes," Lincoln replied, thinking about her favorite food.

"Now if you excuse me, I think I have overstayed my welcome."

With all things said, done and elaborated, Lincoln left the room. He carefully closed the door behind him, making sure the noise of the closing door disturb his sisters.

At least someone gets a bit of peace in this house, Lincoln thought and thanked heavens for Lisa creating the surprisingly helpful robot. At least with Alfred on his side, he wouldn't have to worry about the well being of his youngest siblings as much, meaning his nerves could calm down a bit.

And if the chocolate was anything to go by, Leni's sweet delight was going to support the calming of his mind even more.

As such, he took another bit out of the small bag and threw it into his mouth.

At this very moment, Leni came around the corner and saw him. Her eyes shone in delight about what she saw. "Do you like it?"

Lincoln was surprised, but did not want to make his sister sad, abnormal levels of affection or not. Beside, the chocolate was really that good. "It's delicious."

"Oh, thanks Linki."

Leni watched him pick another bit, which he flipped into his mouth.

"I am going to tell Lana too. You know, she helped me make it."

Well, that explained why the last bit tasted like a dog biscuit sprinkled with fish pellets.

Authors notes:

Oogie: Can softdrinks really have that effect on kids?

Maniak: Aside of diabetes? I think. Heck, I remember when I had to study for an exam and drank only eight cans of coke to stay awake.

Oogie: What happened?

Maniak: I was so sleep depraved... I passed the exam, but I was also arrested for trying to convince the entire library to join in a spontaneous musical number.

Oogie: (pulls a checklist out) That takes care of Lucy, Lisa Lori and Leni. Who is next? Oh. OH! This is going to be fun!

Kapitel 5: Twin Creeps

Maniak: Welcome back.

Oogie-Boogie: I can't believe it. We update sooner our fanfic than Nickelodeon airs a new episode.

Mama Aniki: I think hell just froze and I became a monkey's uncle.

Oogie-Boogie: I think the title of this chapter alone tells people who is going to be center stage of this time.

Maniak: I am just surprised we are not getting past 5000 Words this time.

Oogie-Boogie: "I want to thank here and now ultrablud2 for his great help with proof-reading this chapter and the former one. Thank you, you did a splendid job."

Tight, dark and rather stuffy. Those were the perfect words to describe the ventilation shaft system of the Loud House, connecting every room like a metal enhanced system of ant tunnels. For years the kids have used it as an alternate method of reaching each others' rooms in case Mom and Dad grounded them or some secret meeting was to be held. In fact, Luna was one of the first to ever do so, after she had to go in to save little kitten Cliff when he got a bit too enthusiastic about chasing one of the girls' first hamsters. But it didn't take long for the kids to realize that, around the age of 15, size became quite a limiting factor in the usage of this alternate method of traveling the casa de los Louds. Thankfully Lana Loud, age six, didn't have to worry about that for another nine years.

What she had to worry though was the success of the mission.

"Okay, I am in position," she said to no one in particular. She wasn't as accustomed to being stuck in the ventilation system as e.g. Lucy, but she still had managed to get herself right above Lincoln's room. "Time to get to work."

Pulling her favorite screwdriver out of her trouser pocket, she carefully removed the grid's screws, trying to make as little noise as possible. At the same time, she had to be fast. After all, she had no idea how long Lincoln was going to stay in Lisa's room. Heck, she had already been close to abort the mission, when right as she was trying to enter the shaft system, Lincoln suddenly passed by in a hurry. The fact that he was naked and leaving a trail of shampoo bubbles on the metal floor was kind of a bonus to watch, but still. She was kind of confused why she suddenly was so avid after seeing the naked form of her brother. She had seen him so often in his underwear, the lack of the last component shouldn't confuse her so much but it did. It was comparable to the time she had laid eyes on Hugh but like that time she didn't know exactly why she was so interested in him like she was in Lincoln's naked body now. She

needed a couple of minutes to calm herself down again, as the mission called for a cool head. But now it was on go and so far everything fell into place. In fact, the moment she removed the last screw and was finally able to displace the grid, phase one was complete.

"Time for phase two," she declared.

She grabbed a rope which was attached to a tool belt she was wearing and wrapped it around herself.

"You guys ready?"

The question was directed at Cliff and Charles. The family's dog and its "natural enemy" were holding the other end of the rope in their jaws and gave Lana a nod.

"Okay, then let's go!"

Slowly she descended down the ceiling into Lincoln's room.

"Careful up there," she called out to the two pets, who were doing the best to keep her steady. After all Lana had promised them each a bag of their favorite treats if they helped her in the mission. That being said, they felt kinda silly about what they were doing. Then again, they had seen weirder stuff going on in the house, than one of the kids trying to break into another's room.

Meanwhile, a couple of feet below them, Lana had reached the height of the target, in her case the upper drawer of her brother's dresser. She was just going to grab for its knob, when she heard a noise coming from the main door. Drawing on the rope, she signaled the pets to pull her up. Which they did just in the nick of time, as Lincoln entered the room.

"Ugh," the young boy groaned, spitting out bits of dog treat flavored sweets.

"Why did Lana have to come and ruin chocolate for me?"

He threw the half eaten bag of chocolate into the trash, oblivious to the intruder. Just two heads above him, Lana was almost in tears. *Stupid brother...*

Below her, Lincoln was grabbing his walkie talkie.

"Clyde? Come in Clyde, I need to talk"

No answer.

"Clyde?"

Lincoln took a closer look at his walkie talkie.

"Dang it," he exclaimed in annoyance. "Dead battery."

He turned around and left the room, trying to look for some batteries in the kitchen. While he was busy trying to fix his little energy crisis, Lana took the chance and continued the mission, all the while wondering how her brother could not possibly like her chocolate. After all, she put so much love and care in it. Well, that and some of Charles' favorite dog biscuits, which she knew weren't poisons for humans from first hand experience. But only because she wanted his hair to be shiny!

Trying not to think about how her brother accidentally broke her heart, she reached once more for the drawer and searched its content for the object of her desire. And after a few seconds, there it was in all its glory.

Crimson red in color, 100% pure cotton, 2000 threat counts, non binding elastic.

"Yes," she exclaimed. "Mission accomplished!"

"Lana?"

The six year old froze in shock. Slowly she turned around, only to find herself face to face with her older brother. She smiled nervously, not quite knowing what to say. Something that counted equally for Lincoln. The young boy was used to quite some levels of weird going around in the house, especially within the last few hours. Still, it was a first for him to find one of his siblings with a rope around her waist hanging in the middle of his room like a piñata. Though the expression on her face was something only a piñata would wear, when it would realize that the crazy kid with the giant bat approaching was not going to teach it how to play baseball.

Then Lincoln, who really was just there 'cause he remembered that he still had a pack of batteries under his bed, saw what she held in her hands.

"What are you doing with my victory undie-"

"Abort mission, abort mission!" Lana suddenly shouted in a panic. Next, she was pulled up into the ventilation shaft, though not without hitting her head on the ceiling first. Trying to comprehend what just happened, Lincoln went deeper into his room and took a look up the ceiling. But by the time he did, all he could see were Lana's legs, jerkily trying to pull themselves up, which they eventually did after a few seconds.

This was followed by some scrambling noises and what sounded like Charles and Cliff hissing and yelping, before something fell out of the shaft down to his feet.

"What the heck?" Lincoln stated. He pulled the object up and took a closer look at it. It was paper made, the size of a baseball and had a fuse on top of it, which was slowly burning down.

"Is... is that a bomb..."

Before some false assumption about Lana's actions are made, some things needed to be clarified. No, the object she threw down Lincoln's room was not a bomb.

At least in the classical sense of the word. See, when she decided to break into Lincoln's room, the inspiration for it coming from some old (which in her case meant "1990s and earlier") secret agent movie, she concluded that in case of her being found, a distraction was necessary. And if age inappropriate videogames taught her one thing, it was that smoke grenades were a perfect distraction.

There was just one problem. Lana did not know how to make smoke grenades...

SPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLLLAAAAAAATTTTTTT!

But ever since the last fourth of July, she knew how to turn a firecracker into a mud spilling bomb.

"LANA!"

"My chocolate is not awful!" could be heard from somewhere in the ventilation shaft.

The only boy of the family laid on his bed. He wasn't in the mood to get his underwear back from a heartbroken sister after he had to go through the trouble of washing himself a second time, while simultaneously keeping Lori at bay before she could drag him in the tub again.

Not everybody of us likes dog treats as much as you, Lana, he thought. *But why my underwear? I just hope she isn't shredding it in revenge.*

But for some reason, he hoped his sister would do just that. It would be a meaner move than usual for Lana, but better than the worship he received so far.

He put the batteries into his walkie talkie and got a signal.

"Commander Coriander Salamander here," Lincoln spoke.

"The Red Baron here, Coriander," Clyde's voice answered. "How are you?"

"I am fine... Okay, not really," he truthfully answered. "But my sisters are..."

"Still nice to you?" Clyde's voice became very deadpan again. "I still don't see the problem."

"It is worse!" Lincoln shouted. "They are treating me like a god!"

Only silence came from the other end for a few seconds.

"I still don't get the problem."

A god they like to sacrifice their virgins to, Lincoln thought and he became very red in the face after realizing the possible double entendre in this sentence.

"It is like... Not normal," Lincoln tried to explain to his friend. "They don't stop being nice. This entire morning was different. Now, they are... Weirder. They act like really weird this morning. For example: I just witnessed Lana stealing my favorite underpants!"

"Come again?"

"Lana stole my victory undies!"

"Why would she do that?"

"I don't really want to know," Lincoln replied.

"Maybe she just wants to wear them for a day?"

The underwear was too big for Lana and imagining her wearing it was strange.

"She could have asked me in that case," Lincoln replied. "I will get them back later. But for now I need a sister-free place. Your place after breakfast?"

"That should be possible today," his best friend replied, taking a concern from Lincoln's shoulders. "Come over whenever you want. My dads are making Truffle-Lasagna for Lunch."

"With Honeycomb cake for dessert?"

"Of course."

"Thank you Clyde," Lincoln said, expressing his gratitude. "Commander Coriander Salamander: Over and out."

Lincoln sat alone on the sofa, eating the large breakfast his sisters had prepared for him. Bread, toast, different types of butter and margarine formed into the stylish roll, cooked eggs, fresh bacon, marmalade of all types, his favorite cheese, his favorite salami, orange juice, milk, tea, salad, tomatoes, cucumbers and many more kinds of food for a healthy breakfast, presented on several folding tables.

Lucy had offered him a bell in the form of a skull which he could use to summon his sisters at any time. But he had rejected such services, partly because he was wary of the situation, partly because it reminded him of a similar situation which ended with him working like a slave on vacation to make his sisters happy.

He just enjoyed his meal and watching new episodes of Danger Mouse, as he suddenly got a message-call on his smartphone. It was from Bobby, which surprised him.

Hey Lincoln, is something wrong with Lori?

Lincoln wrote back while continuing his breakfast, asking him what he was meaning.

She didn't reply to any of my messages since yesterday and when I phone her, I get only the mailbox.

Lincoln found it odd that she wouldn't talk with him. They talked almost every 5 minutes with each other any other day while awake. One time they even managed to message each other while sleeping.

Lincoln tried to explain that his sisters were concentrating on making a beautiful weekend for him and that he didn't know the answer as to why exactly.

Very strange. But I'm more worried about all the pictures she posted on her Visagebook profile.

Lincoln asked what pictures he meant.

All the pictures of you and the texts under them like "Loveliest Brother in the World." But one picture makes me especially worried.

Lincoln wanted to know which picture he meant and decided to look for himself after he'd sent his last message. None of the pictures he saw upset him. He just wished that Lori had asked permission to post this stuff.

Then he found the newest picture.

He screamed out in terror as Bobby's newest message popped up on his window.

The one where she is bathing with you. I know siblings bath together from time to time but other people may get the wrong impression if they see something like that.

"LORI! IN THE NAME OF EVERY DEITY FROM EVERY MYTHOLOGY KNOWN TO MAN, WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?!"

The young boy was standing on Lori's chest on the second floor while she laid on the ground confused, scared and sad.

"I-I just wanted to show the people how much I love you."

"AND RISK BEING ARRESTED?!"

"But..."

"NO BUTS!" Lincoln shouted, boiling with rage. "Delete this picture; no delete ALL these pictures with me. NOW!"

"Yes Lincoln, as you wish Lincoln!" Lori responded in panic and with tears in her eyes while working on her smartphone.

Lincoln felt like a real jerk, talking to his sister like that. He couldn't even believe that Lori let this happen to herself and didn't stomp him flat like a pancake.

The young boy felt the eyes of his sisters around him peering through the slightly opened doors to observe the drama, except Lisa and Lily.

"Don't you have anything better to do?! Lincoln screamed, albeit not as loud as before. Next thing he saw were several hastily closed doors.

Except from Leni, who just continued to look.

"Didn't you just hear me, Leni?" asked Lincoln in a calm-threatening voice.

"But I don't have anything better to do," explained the blonde innocently. "I can continue to watch."

"IN THE ROOM!"

Leni vanished and closed the door.

Lincoln helped Lori up to her feet after he had calmed down a little and gave her a hug.

"I'm sorry," he said. "What I did was wrong, even if you made a huge mistake."

"It is fine Lincoln," Lori said, returning the hug. "You are right; the world is not ready for naked sibling hugs."

Lincoln swallowed down a comment which could have led into a debate over correct behavior of siblings while naked.

His appetite in shambles, he got himself ready to visit Clyde next. He prepared a few of his belongings and put them into his duffel bag. He just wanted to leave this place for a while so his sisters could concentrate on something else than him.

He wrote down a note and left it on his bed for them so they wouldn't freak out when he *suddenly vanished*.

Hopefully things are more normal at Clyde's place, he thought. He genuinely hoped that whatever weird thing was going on, it was only limited to the house and not to be experienced over the entire town. The last thing he needed right now was for some random girl on the street to suddenly pull him into a hug and ask him to go on a date with her or something like that.

Speaking of hugs and dates, he felt as if he had forgotten something.

"BBBFF?"

Lincoln dropped his duffel bag. *Oh no*.

"What is it, Lola?" he asked, being thankful that at least right now there was his room's door separating him from the little girl. He also knew that his question was rather pointless, as he already remembered why she had bothered to knock at his door.

"Well, you said you were okay with playing with me later," Lola replied from the other side. "And now is later, so..."

"Can that perhaps wait for even later?"

"But I already made us some cucumber sandwiches to go with the tea," the little girl whined.

Lincoln really wanted to tell her to suck it up and wait for him till the later afternoon, when he had managed to get his mind off things at Clyde's. But the tone in Lola's voice was just sad enough for his older brother's instincts to immediately set in.

"Okay, fine," he sighed and earned a cheerful "yay!", which he considered too energetic for Lola's regular behavior.

"But before I join your little tea party, I have one question."

"And what would that be?"

Lincoln had to know. "Did Lana help you make the sandwiches?"

Lincoln was not a fan of tea parties. At all. For a wide variety of reasons. Two of which were pretty much as followed: First, he could not stand the taste of tea. It didn't matter what people gave him to drink, it all tasted to him like minted water in which someone had thrown one of Aunt Ruth's throat bonbons. Second, it was just too girly for him.

He knew that in some parts of the world, the serving of tea was considered an art form and a social gathering event, signifying class and tradition. He knew from some of his Manga and Anime that they had entire ceremonies revolving around drinking tea and he wondered if Lola would be into that kind of drinking tea. For him though, tea parties meant sitting in some girl's room, forced to fake interest in some made believe gossip between plush toys. And as the middle child of a family of eleven, he had gone through way too many of those to count.

"And then Lord Ruxington said, "Sir, you are talking about my sister."" Lola stated in a way similar to Luan when she had just given a good punchline.

"Aha," was Lincoln's half hearted reply. He really tried to fake interest for his sister, seeing how she had actually put some effort into the making of the tea party. A task that was not really all that simple. In fact, the only thing preventing him from falling asleep was the desire to just make Lola happy for a couple of minutes, hoping it would help her snap out of whatever she was going through. Well, that and the mini sandwiches which he devoured almost at minute intervals, in order to compensate for his abruptly finished breakfast earlier.

"You are pretty hungry, Lord Lincoln," Lola noticed in a sweet way. "It reminds me of the one time Admiral Mousey Cheesenut came back from her war with her archenemy, the Duc of Broglie, Monsieur Jaquez Claude de Broglie, also known as the Master-Swordsman of the Bretagne."

Lincoln didn't know if those were regular guests or new guests only there to amuse him with a more action-heavy background. He liked the idea but the name of the French guy sounded like somebody took some names from Wikipedia and cobbled them together.

"Do you like the tea?" Lola asked. "It was directly shipped from Micronesia by the North Australian Company."

"I guess so," Lincoln sighed. "Say, since when do you use real tea? Didn't mom and dad forbid you to make your own?"

"Leni made it for me," Lola answered quickly. "She is a real treasure even if she thought that a train was coming as the tea kettle started to whistle."

Lincoln smiled in response. Leni was a better comedienne than Luan, even if unintentionally.

"After tea, we will listen to Lady Beeline's story of how she met the Danish prince who is always walking around with that skull," Lola announced to Lincoln. Lady Beeline was another stuffed animal, looking like a bee who was dressed in a fine little dress, probably made by Lola.

"I would love to stay, but I have stuff to do after teatime," Lincoln explained. "I hope you aren't angry."

"Oh no, I am not angry," Lola assured him but Lincoln could swear that he saw a hint of wrath in her smiling visage. "But please, try this cookie I have saved for you. And a last cup of tea."

Lola refilled his tea and gave him an especially tasty looking chocolate chip cookie with cranberries. This one looked very tasty and he decided to stay for one last cup of tea.

"Thank you Lola," Lincoln drank the last cup of tea while enjoying the cookie, which tasted even better than it looked.

"Hey, where did you get this Lola? It tastes really... really... really..." He felt strange while finishing the cookie. His vision became slightly blurry and he could swear the other guests were talking to him.

"Can you believe this, Lady Beeline?" Admiral Mousey Cheesenut said in a British accent. "I've never met somebody who got high on tea."

"He should have stuck to water," remarked Lady Beeline in a Welsh accent. "Or it is the cookie? Commoners like him aren't able to appreciate the fine tastes of cookies."

"I am to inform you that I'm Lincoln, troubleshooter par excellence, and I don't let me tell anything from some stuffed animals!"

Lola smirked. The special cookie with the numbing effect she had "borrowed" from her sister Lisa while she was sleeping worked perfectly. She wasn't very interested in the scientific research of her little sister but this time she had use for all the stuff Lisa created and told them regularly about.

"You are right," Lola said. "You shouldn't listen to anyone. Except me."

Lincoln looked up. The entire room looked hazy, he heard strange noises and behind Lola was a scary light. The little girl herself wore now a green top hat with a paper stuck behind the leather band over the brim, as well as a green opened overcoat with princess-crowns all over it. Under it he could see a white shirt. The outfit was wrapped up by an auburn bowtie around her neck, brown trousers and black boots.

The stuff she was wearing reminded Lincoln of a diabolical supervillain with sinister intentions.

"What... What is... What the heck?"

"Don't worry Lincoln," Lola tried to soothe him. "You don't have to think anymore..."

"Why are you dressed like the... The... Mad... Hat... Guy?"

Lola stepped onto the table and walked slowly to Lincoln. She bend slightly down and smiled her most precious but also most sinister smile the white haired boy had ever seen from his sister. He knew he should now run away as fast as he could but whatever was weakening his body and mind, it did its job very well.

"No reason. But I would like to know what you think of my new pocket watch."

She drew out a large metallic pocket watch on a chain out of her overcoat and dangled it before Lincoln's eyes.

"Look at it my brother," she ordered him and started to swing the watch on the chain before his eyes. Without any protest, he did as he was ordered, his gaze moving from left to right over and over. It made him feel even dizzy.

"Just look at it..."

"I look at it," said Lincoln in a monotone voice. He felt that this wasn't right but at the same time he couldn't find the strength to fight against it. "I look."

"Good boy," Lola praised her brother and continued to swing the watch before his eyes.

"Just watch the clock. See how the hands are moving."

He did as ordered.

"See the seconds pass by and feel yourself getting lost in the relaxing motion of the clock."

He had the nagging feeling that something was not right. But at the same, he started to feel really good and relaxed. Perhaps if he listened just a little longer, Lola was going to help him realize what was going on.

"Just relax. Don't think, don't resist. Let your free will slip away with every second."

Lola repeated these words, till she saw his body relax in the tiny chair he was sitting in. His arms hang lazily, his mouth was wide agape and his eyes were unfocused and dull. Seeing it as a sign that he was under well enough, she went for the next part of her assault on his mind.

"Listen to me, yes, listen to me, my beautiful sweet perfect brother."

"I listen," came the monotonous answer.

"Good," Lola said. "You love me, don't you Lincoln?"

"Yes"

"Yes what?"

"I love you."

"Repeat after me. I am your LSBFF."

"You are my LSBFF."

"And you are my BBBFF."

"I am your BBBFF"

"You will only see me as your favorite sister from now until the dawn of forever."

The haziness of the room intensified and the light got stronger. His free will was slipping and he was close to surrender to every command.

"Repeat!"

"I will.... I will..."

"Say it," Lola ordered in an incredibly calm and alluring tone.

"I will only..."

A little stone hit Lincoln on his head and freed him from his hypnotic state while another flung against the pocket watch. Lola let it go in shock.

"What do you think you are doing?"

Lana was standing in the door with a slingshot in hand and an angry expression.

"Dressing like a crazy hat making guy and hypnotizing our brother into only being there for you?"

"And?" Lola asked smugly. "You don't have the means to care for that idiot like I could."

"Oh, shut up!" shouted Lana. "I will force that hat down your throat!"

"Try it!"

The two jumped at each other, colliding midair and one of their usual battles began. Lincoln got up, still wobbly on his feet and stumbled through the room.

He wanted to get away from this insanity. He stumbled into the wardrobe Lana and Lola shared and fell to the ground. He looked around, the haziness of his hypnotized state vanishing more and more. As he could see clearer he found himself face to face with a shrine. A shrine with a few white hairs, a string of lights and several photos arranged around a single piece of underpants.

Red Underpants.

His victory undies.

Lana and Lola's fight had brought them besides Lincoln and they stopped with Lana's fist in Lola's mouth and Lola's knee in Lana's belly.

"Oh... You found my shrine," Lana commented, laughing in an awkward manner.

"But it is your fault I made it!" she then shouted angrily. "Idiot, idiot, idiot!"

Lana then swung a slightly oversized mallet at Lincoln but he managed to dodge it, also thanks to Lola who wrestled the thing out of her twin sister's hands.

"Let him be or I will have to break your little fingers, Lana," Lola threatened in a sweet manner while her face made a psychotic evil expression. "One after another."

"That was just an expression of my love!" Lana defended herself.

"What moron would stay with somebody who beats him up regularly?" Lola asked in anger and confusion. "Such a guy would have to either love pain or be really damaged in the head!"

"Like your head will soon be?"

While the battle between the twins continued, Lincoln was, unbeknownst to the two, already gone.

Still a bit dizzy about what just happened, but certainly more awake thanks to the shock of finding out what happened to his underwear, he stormed into his room. Deciding that playtime was over, he grabbed his bag, ready to storm down the stairs and out of this insane asylum. But just when he was at the stairs, he heard the twins shout his name.

Slowly he turned his head around.

"Where are you going?" Lana asked. She laid on top of her sister, a hammer in her hand ready to hit some more teeth out. He was shocked because his sisters usually needed more time or a third party to solve their arguments, but here they were.

"Don't you want to play with us anymore?"

Lincoln didn't even bother with an answer. Instead his survival instincts, sharpened by eleven years of living with his family, kicked in and he threw his bag at the twins. The two blondes were so startled by the sudden attack that it gave Lincoln just enough time to jump down the stairs in one swift move and be out of the door before anyone of the two was able to shout his name again.

Oogie-Boogie: Well, that escalated quickly.

Maniak: Lola as the Mad Hatter. Less creepy than Johnny Depp to be honest.

Oogie-Boogie: Let's just move on to the next chapter and... oh. Oh. It's her turn now.

Maniak: You mean, my solo chapter is going to come up?

Oogie-Boogie: Yes.

Maniak: Wait here. I have to get my equipment.

Oogie-Boogie: ...I am so screwed. (puts earmuffs on)

Kapitel 6: Sis, Coke and Rock 'N' Roll

Hatoralo: Both me and Aniki want to thank all our readers so far and inform them, that if you thought it went into Yandere territory already, you haven't even seen crud yet.

Maniak: (putting up multiple beat boxes and an electric guitar)

Hatoralo: Also, this chapter will feature a lot of lyrics from famous songs, indicating which sister will play center stage today.

Maniak: (puts on a wig and looks like a bad eighties rocker)

Hatoralo: (putting earmuffs on) The chapter by the way was written exclusively by my partner, who obviously does not have the rights to any of the lyrics used here.

Maniak: (playing a few strings and notes)

Hatoralo: (slightly in panic) We will listen up the songtitles and singers later on, as mentioning them now, would ruin part of the joke. But till then...

Maniak: (Sets on to play the first notes)

Hatoralo: DODGE!

(Hatoralo comes back)

Hatoralo: "Before I go: This Chapter as well Chapters 4 and 5 were proof-read by ultrablud2. I and my partner thank him for his good work so far."

(Hatoralo dodges out of the way like Gohan is supposed to do)

Chapter 6: Sis, Coke and Rock 'N' Roll

In Luna Loud's mind, there was no greater form of art than music. She could also appreciate movies and paintings, but something about music in general was just so emotional, it resonated with the deepest part of her soul. Though it had to be clarified, that when she talked about music, she didn't mean some artificial pop music garbage on the radio or some mindless jingle worthy Christmas song. She was talking

about the kind of songs people put effort into. Songs that truly meant to carry some sort of feeling or invoke an emotional reaction out of their audience. And in her eyes, no genre did it better than Rock and Roll!

Luna was pretty much obsessed with the genre that spread by now more than half a century of music history. There was just something in a really good rock song, which managed to ignite a joy for life in her like nothing else. The faithful night in seventh grade, when she first saw her idol Mick Swagger on stage made her realize who she really was and that she had every right to express her emotions the way she wanted.

*On this sinners' night
Lost are the lambs with no guiding light
The walls come down like thunder
The rock's about to roll*

*It's the Arockalypse
Now bare your soul*

Unfortunately for the rest of her family, she sometimes forgot that others had also the good right for some quiet. As such, soon after she got her first guitar, it was established that if she wanted to rock out HARD, she was only allowed to do so in the garage, which Lynn Sr. had personally made sound proof. The fact that he did a good job was proven by the fact that even now, a couple of years down the line, barely any noise got past the garage door, as she was rocking and singing her soul out.

*All we need is lightning
With power and might
Striking down the prophets of false
As the moon is rising
Give us the sign*

She was just getting to the best part of "Hard Rock Hallelujah", a song she considered so metal, she felt ashamed she didn't know of it up until two weeks ago. As such, she had decided to put at least 20% more energy in her singing, just to make up for it.

*Now let us rise up in awe
Rock 'n Roll angels bring that Hard Rock Hallelujah
Demons and angels all in one have arrived*

She was so into the song, she didn't even hear the door being opened and Lincoln storming in.

*Rock 'n Roll angels bring that Hard Rock Hallelujah
In God's creation supernatural...,*

She was ready to finish the main refrain, when she turned around and became aware of her brother trying to hide behind some boxes.

"Hey dude," she said and interrupted her jam. "How are you doing?"

"May I ask for sanctuary?"

Luna blinked in confusion.

"Lola and Lana have lost it. And I think they are after me," Lincoln explained. He could have sworn that from somewhere in the house, he heard two small but very energetic siblings crash down the living hall. Luna's only reaction to that was a tired sigh.

"What did you do this time, bro?"

"Nothing, I swear!"

He took a quick glance out of the garage gate's window to see if the twins were outside.

"I was just having a tea party with Lola," he said. "And then... well, things escalated. Quickly. Somehow it really got out of hand fast."

Normally Luna would have dug a little bit deeper into what he meant by that. But as this weekend was characterized by his sisters acting affectionate towards him on different, slowly uncomfortable level reaching ways, she just stood there.

"So... you just want to sit some time here out?" she asked in a slightly disappointed manner.

Lincoln didn't like the undertone in her voice much, but still turned around.

"Well, I..."

"Lincoln!" someone screamed in a rather boyish voice from outside.

"Where are you, BBBFF?"

"Dude, I am really sorry. You can have your victory undies back. But please don't hate me!"

Lincoln contemplated his options. Out there with two mad little sisters, or in here with one that just sounded as if her boyfriend had ditched her for another date. He concluded the later was the better option.

"Yeah, kinda," he said. But to make her cheer up a bit, he further added, "I would like to listen to some of your music."

"Really?"

Lincoln nodded. "Of course. I mean, you know I really like your music."

"Thanks bro," Luna said and pulled him into a tight hug. He already expected something bad, but then she just dropped him and started adjusting the strings on her guitar. "Why don't you take a seat next to the ice box over there? I brought me some coke in case I got thirsty."

He took his place. "Can I take one?"

"Of course," she said and jammed the strings once. A very loud bass came out of the nearby boxes. "Now hold on tight Lincoln. 'Cause I am going to sing about the Hard Rock Hallelujah just for you!"

For the next 20 minutes, while Lola and Lana were both busy turning the house upside down in search of Lincoln and accusing each other of being a brother stealer, Luna decided to take the young boy on a quick acoustic history of rock n roll with her guitar. So far, after witnessing the rest of the Arockalypse, they took, among other things, a ride on the yellow submarine towards the city of Rock n Roll, while listening to Radio Ga Ga and avoiding the traffic on the highway to hell, taking a hitchhiker called Lucy with them. Not the one who was obsessed with vampires, but someone

who believed to see diamonds in the sky.

And Lincoln had to admit, unlike the tea party, he really enjoyed this form of quality time.

Partly because Luna just expected nothing else from him but to listen, while she went through different interpreters and genres. And if she was affected too, the music and excitement in itself seemed to cancel out any desire from her to act awkward around him. Heck, Lincoln couldn't stop himself from getting excited and joining her in the one and other recognizable verse. So far he made it abundantly clear that it wasn't him who started the fire; before he and his sister went on to tell the world that whatever higher entity was up there in the universe, he/she/it has put the rock n roll in the souls of everyone.

"Dude, you really know your SMOOCH!" Luna said, after the two wrapped the last one up.

Her voice was getting a bit dry and so she grabbed herself a coke, offering her little brother also a bottle.

"What can I say? I just enjoy good rock," he stated nonchalantly and took the bottle. Luna affectionately ruffled his hair. "Man, it's great spending some alone time with you."

"Yeah..." Lincoln said, not quite knowing how to feel about it, despite having a good time.

He opened his bottle, waiting for Luna to do the same.

"Cheers," he said, clinking his bottle on hers.

"Here is to us," she toasted and emptied the bottle in one go. "Ahh.... Just what I needed."

She grabbed her guitar.

"Want to join me again?"

"Nah," Lincoln stated, taking a seat on a box with tools. "My throat is getting sore."

"Well then, I guess it is up to me to tell you that..." she began, before shredding the first accords of another rock song.

You got mud on yo' face

You big disgrace

Kickin' your can all over the place

Singin'...

"We will, we will rock you!" shouted the little boy in unison with his sister.

In a weird way, he was thankful for Luna to be the way she was right now.

While she was a little bit cuddlier than he was used to, insisting once or twice to share the mic with her when she sang and putting him into hugs at certain verses, she was overall acting normal. She certainly did not insist on giving him some presents or make pictures of them rocking it out. Rather she was just getting excited about her hobby in a way she couldn't hide anymore, even if he asked her to do so.

I love rock n' roll

So put another dime in the jukebox, baby

I love rock n' roll

So come an' take your time an' dance with me

And it was pretty obvious, that she just wanted for him to join in the excitement again, seeing how after declaring her love for rock and roll, she started to go back playing SMOOCH! for him. First she declared how she was going to rock n' roll all night, then she was all about how she was giving it all to him tonight...

*In the darkness
There's so much I want to do...*

...Wait, what?

*And tonight, I wanna lay on your feet
'Cause girl I was made for you
And girl you were made for me
I was made for loving you baby
You were made for loving me
And I can't get enough of you baby
Can you get enough of me?*

Lincoln, for a few seconds, believed that his sister's face became suddenly more sultry, as she went on the next verse.

*Tonight I want to see it in your eyes
Feel the magic
There's something that drives me wild
And tonight we're gonna make it all come true
'Cause girl, you were made for me
And girl I was made for you
...*

Lincoln almost froze in shock. Did his sister use SMOOCH! to hit on him?
No, I must be hallucinating, the little boy thought. True, those were the lyrics of one of their greatest hits, but...

All of sudden he felt like he should listen closer to the next song. Just to make sure, he was only imagining things. And he should do fast, as Luna was already on the next song's refrain.

Here I am! Rock you like a hurricane...

"Are you ready to rock, Royal Woods?!" Luna asked, which managed to calm Lincoln down a bit.

Here I am Rock you like a hurricane

After all, that did not sound at all...

*My body is burning, it starts to shout
Desire is coming, it breaks out loud.
Lust is in cages till storm breaks loose*

Just have to make it with someone I choose

Lincoln's jaw dropped at this statement. Something Luna became aware of, but did not complain about. Instead she suddenly switched to another song completely, all the while looking at her brother teasingly.

*You need coolin', baby, I'm not foolin'
I'm gonna send ya back to schoolin'
Way down inside, a-honey, you need it
I'm gonna give you my love
I'm gonna give you my love, oh*

Lincoln became suddenly very self-aware of the situation. He would have probably run out of the garage already, if his sister hadn't come very close by now, telling him what she wanted.

*Wanna whole lotta love
Wanna whole lotta love
Wanna whole lotta love
Wanna whole lotta love*

Their faces almost touching, Lincoln leaned as far back as he could on the box, till his body hit the wall behind him. Luna meanwhile had the biggest, naughtiest grin he had ever seen on another human being. He gulped, thinking that she was going to do something crazy like giving him a kiss. But then, much to his relief she turned around. Standing away from her brother, she tuned in another song.

*You're a cruel device
Your blood
Like ice
One look
Could kill
My pain
Your thrill...l*

She sang in a surprisingly somber tune, which confused Lincoln. Did she realize what she just did? He realized that his mouth had become surprisingly dry within the last seconds and so he decided to take a sip from his bottle.

*I wanna love you
But I better not touch!*

The cola didn't even get past his tongue, before he spat it out at the words of the second verse.

*I wanna hold you
But my senses tell me to stop
I wanna kiss you
But I want it too much*

She had turned back again and, in an uncharacteristically twisted way, somehow took the reaction of her brother as a sign that she was doing something right.

*I wanna taste you
But your lips are venomous poison...*

Lincoln, now all out of coke, coughed.

This got her attention to the point Luna decided to interrupt her little rock show to see if everything was alright with him.

"Hey dude, are you okay?" she asked, getting close to him.

Lincoln looked very pale. His sister's not so subtle singing made it unambiguously clear that Luna was just as badly affected as his other sisters. If not even worse!

"I think I had too much coke," he stated and tried to get up. "I need to go to the bathro-"

He didn't even manage to make two steps, before he stumbled upon a cable on the floor. While he thankfully did avoid falling face first on the concrete floor, the universe itself was cruel enough to still make him experience a rather clichéd and embarrassing moment. Particularly, that he fell into his sister, making both of them fall on the ground, him on top of her. To make the situation even worse, whatever rest of coke he had in his bottle was now spilled all over his sister's favorite top.

Lincoln got up on his feet, before Luna could say anything.

"I am sorry Luna, I..."

"Ehh, no stress dude," she calmly stated and got up. She looked at the damage on her top. Then, to Lincoln's horror, she took two fingers and wiped them over a part of her belly below the top, where some droplets of coke had wandered down, before putting them into her mouth.

"You know, that reminds me of another song," she suddenly said and grabbed for her guitar again.

*Love is like a bomb, baby, c'mon get it on
Livin' like a lover with a radar phone
Lookin' like a tramp, like a video vamp
Demolition woman, can I be your man?*

She sang, all the while giving Lincoln a rather sultry look again. The boy in question was just too confused and shocked, that he even bothered to listen to what she was singing. Though the melody alone made it obviously clear to him that it was not the sort of song his younger siblings were supposed to listen to. Heck, he didn't even know if he was supposed to listen. The one thing he knew for certain was that he was not supposed to look at his sister's body and the way she was moving it to the rhythm of the song as he did. And yet he couldn't take his eyes away from her.

*Razzle 'n' a dazzle 'n' a flash a little light
Television lover, baby, go all night
Sometime, anytime, sugar me sweet
Little miss ah innocent sugar me, yeah
Hey!*

Come on

She suddenly shouted and grabbed for three bottles of coke out of the ice box. She shook them wildly and before Lincoln had even a chance to react, she had put them into his hands.

*Take a bottle
Shake it up
Break the bubble
Break it up*

Almost on command, the caps on the bottles exploded and flew off in the air. The coke inside, shaken up good by Luna, shot out of them in three fountains, pouring down on Luna.

*Pour some sugar on me
Ooh, in the name of love
C'mon fire me up
Oh, I can't get enough*

But instead of getting distracted, the rain of sugared water seemed to only motivate her even more to pull off all her moves and go to the limits of her vocal range. Lincoln, on the other hand, let the now empty bottles drop on the ground, mouth wide agape, his eyes stuck on his coke soaked sister. And though he knew he shouldn't think of such things in regard of his own family, the first thing that came to his mind at the sight of Luna covered in soda, her wet top stuck against the curves of her breasts, was how attractive the 15 year old tomboy was.

*I'm hot, sticky sweet from my head to my feet yeah
Hey! hey! hey!
Huh!*

And that was it. Though the song had in reality at least a couple more minutes to it, Luna decided to end it right here, the message she wanted to get across made very, very clear.

Sticky and wet from head to toe, she put down her guitar and came towards Lincoln. The look on her face she gave him being a weird combination of naughty and affectionate made Lincoln stutter and made him suddenly realize a couple of things about what words such as "sexy" probably mean.

"Did you like it?" she asked and Lincoln could not sense the slightest hint of the question being meant in a way that could involve a double entendre.

"Luna... I..."

He wanted to ask her what the heck was going on. Or at least tell her that he actually did not like her little stunt right now, despite feeling actually quite hot and tingly in places he never felt weird before, which his primal instincts told him actually should count as a "yes".

But before he could say anything else, she put a finger on his lips, a raspy "shh" escaping hers. Mischievously, she looked at her brother and delightfully discovered that her little act seemed to have quite an effect on the young boy where it counted.

At this point the narrator considers it necessary to step back from the story, to share some basic biological knowledge and ensure the reader, that this is not going now into the territory he/she/it may think. So if you are reading this d-felipe, put away the tissue box!

The truth about the human body is that it consists of different interacting systems, involving all sorts of nerves, vessels, organs and glands of varying colors and sizes. The hormone or endocrine system in particular, plays an important role as an interface between the neuronal system and the functions of the organs. This comes because an almond sized part of the brain known as the hypothalamus receives sensorial input from different organs such as the eyes, which it then interprets into various commands that tell it, that the body e.g. demands nourishment or is in a dangerous situation it needs to escape.

As a result, the hypothalamus produces a variety of biochemical signal molecules referred to as hormones, which in general order a nearby gland known as the hypophysis (not to be confused with a similar sounding term referring to a scientific yet still to be proven assumption) to produce its own signal molecules, which are released into the blood stream and reach different organs, telling them e.g. to produce certain proteins for a metabolic task, get ready for experiencing a lot of stress etc.

And despite what certain self-help gurus like to preach, it is not possible to consciously control the way your body reacts to a sensorial signal all the time. Yes, you can develop enough self-control or become numb over your fears or little vices, that your body does not produce waste amount of adrenalin when you are facing something scary or tells you to just take a smoke already. But something like that needs a lot of exposure to the stimuli in itself, to ensure that the hypophysis does not interpret the input as important enough. Alternatively, you could of course take a lot of certain pills, but that would open a completely different can of worms.

Anyway, what does all of that now have to do with Lincoln, you may ask? Well, simple. Lincoln, despite acting quite often more mature than other kids his age, was just that: A kid.

To be more precise, he was a boy on the verge of entering puberty. And so far Lincoln Loud had never been exposed to something another person may consider "sexy".

True, he had his crush on Ms. DiMartino, whose sight made his brain shut down like the government did the Loud House during the radioactive waste incident.

But at the end of the day, this was a "harmless" crush, making him see Ms. DiMartino with rose colored glasses. It did not stimulate the hypophysis aka pituitary gland to orchestrate the production of larger amounts of testosterone and other hormones that would make Lincoln aware of his gender. But this?

Luna's rather inappropriate stage show, even though Lincoln did not want it, put the

little gland that could into a hormone producing overdrive.

And a sizable fraction of those hormones were rather new for Lincoln's body to experience, as they stimulated certain parts of his bodies that made him feel hot in places he knew he was not supposed to feel hot. At least not at the age of 11 and for a sibling of all people.

"So..." Luna said huskily. She leant in closer, her face flushing and one hand rested on Lincoln's chest. "Care for an encore?"

Thankfully another fraction of those hormones produced right now in masse, were also responsible for eventually affecting his blood pressure. And the sheer amount of suddenly overexpressed hormones affected the later just enough for Lincoln, to make the very thin blood vessels in his nose burst. The resulting case of epistaxis, widely known as nosebleed, was so profound, it knocked Lincoln out like Clyde after a hug by Lori, saving him from whatever advances she was going to make next.

And if you thought that was an overly long way to say "Lincoln got an accidental boner and nosebleed" you are right. But if the narrator would have been even more scientifically accurate, it could have been even longer. So, let's move on.

Somewhere in a dark place with a laptop, a person was looking at what was going on in the garage. And it didn't like what it saw. According to its plan, Lincoln was not supposed to fall on the ground unconscious. If anything, he was supposed to fall on the ground and take a bite out of his sister's sweet cherry pie with a spice of brown sugar.

Instead Luna was now trying to stabilize her brother and went out to get the others to help her.

"Why isn't he following the script?" the person asked no one in particular. Then it touched the screen, stroking it gently. "My poor little Linki," it said in a surprisingly carrying voice, indicating that it felt sorry for the unconscious boy. "I will make sure your sisters take good care of you."

Maniak: I did it! I wrote my first solo chapter.

Hatoralo: You also singlehandedly made sure we now have to put a T-Rating on this story!

Maniak: As if that wouldn't have happened sooner or later.

Hatoralo: Also, did we need that long of an explanation of accidental boners.

Maniak: First, I am studying biology. And I tried to be accurate. Second, that is called sophisticated as F*ck, you know?

Hatoralo: (sighs) Lets just listen up every song you just used.

Maniak: Fine.

So yeah, We had Lordi with "Hard Rock Hallelujah", mentioned stuff by the Beatles, AC/DC and KISS (or their Loud House counterpart, SMOOCH), just to mention a few, used lyrics from "I was made for loving you, baby", "Rock you like a Hurricane" by the Scorpions, paid tribute to Alice Cooper with "Poison", utilized Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" and finished it up with Def Leppard and his song "Pour some sugar on me".

Hope you enjoyed it all.

Hatoralo: I don't know if I can listen to KISS ever the same way again. Or drink Coke.

Maniak: How about Pepsi?

Hatoralo: ... (flips Aniki off)

Kapitel 7: What's up Doc?

Maniak: Hey guys. So, before we get started, I want to personally thank everyone who enjoyed chapter six. I wrote that chapter back in December while being sick. And I had to listen to a lot of music, some good and some not so good, just to get the right ideas of what to use. But I guess it was worth it, considering the feedback and new readers we got. So thanks.

Oogie: And it seems some have finally learnt, that this story is entering yandere territory.

Maniak: Anyway, lets go on. After all, this story arc is slowly reaching its last part. And you read that right. This is just the beginning of something.

Oogie: You haven't seen anything yet. (sinister smile) But first, lets see how Lincoln is doing.

P.S.: This chapter was proof-read by ultrablud2.

Chapter 7: What's up Doc?

The darkness is a merciful mistress. It gives people peace, silence, solace and balance. Lincoln couldn't ask for more. In darkness he had forgotten his troubles, his worries, his identity, even what oblivion was.

Nothing could be so sweet. He didn't even know why he preferred this condition so much and he didn't care. He felt good here.

Suddenly a bright blinding light like from a nightmare-ish bad outfit was suddenly filling the darkness.

"Come to the light, Lincoln," a voice boomed into the darkness. "But don't take it lightly. Get it?"

The thought that the one true lord being as bad with puns as somebody Lincoln knew was frightening.

His vision became clearer and he beheld somebody in a physician's garb shining a bright light into his eyes.

"Stop that, Luan!" Lincoln shouted, pushing the light away from his face and getting up just to notice that he was still too weak from his blood loss. So he fell back into the bed.

"Don't strain yourself, Lincoln," Luan advised. "You lost more blood than what would have been bloody good for anyone," Luan explained and giggled. "Get it?"

"My sense of good humor must be broken too," Lincoln responded dry of any emotion. "Wait, no, it still works."
Luan just laughed in response. "Oh, our brother. What a comedian. But now get ready for your examination by one of my colleagues."

Luan left the room and Lincoln wondered what she had meant by "colleagues". Shortly thereafter, she came back. She looked taller than before, her face looked part always annoyed, part always sarcastic and her hair looked unkempt but stayed on her head and didn't fall around her face.

"Okay Linka, your test results are in and I think I know what your problem is," she said in a nonchalant tone. "You are stupid, your hairstyle is a mess and you don't have any taste in movies. Fix any, or better yet, all of that, and you should be fully recovered even before the end of the day."

"What kind of doctor has such terrible bedside manners?" Lincoln asked in disbelief.

"The best, Liberty," Luan explained in character without any hint of sarcasm. "But for some reason your birdbrains of sisters want more opinions. I don't know why they flip so out about a minor case of blood loss, but I guess they don't have anything better to do with their meaningless existences. I would rather spend time with Carol than with an overdramatizing bunch of overreacting weirdos that your family is made of."

"Okay, first, you are also part of this family," the white haired boy reminded her. "Second, I want to see your references!"

"Yes, yes, whatever," the unfriendly doctor said and left the room.

Another "Doctor" came into the room. This time with the mask of a crab on her head, tentacles put under the chin and gloves resembling crab claws over her hands.

"So, let me see you are a... human?" the thing said with a Jewish accent while looking at a clipboard. "Hmmm.... No, this can't be right. I know my humans and you can't be one."

Lincoln wanted to tell her to cut it. But a part of him wanted to see where this was going, so he played along.

"But I am!"

"Whatever. Now let me see... Oh, you lost four of your kidneys and only have two left. My condolences to your loss."

"I only have two," Lincoln explained with a groan. "I never had more and I don't need more."

"Really?" the strange doctor expressed in surprise. "Then please turn around so I can examine your noses on the occipital."

Lincoln could hardly believe his doctor would know any medical terminology and responded: "I only have one nose, the one on my face."

"Stop with the nonsense," The alien doc ordered. "Now lay back. I have to open your head to have a look at your brain."

"Out," Lincoln ordered. "Right now."

The doctor left, mumbling something about eating his animals and his trash in revenge.

Lincoln rubbed his eyes. This was so annoyingly Luan, he could at least be certain that she was normal again.

The next doctor wore a grey shirt and grey trousers. He had prominent facial ridges running down either side of the forehead to the cheeks, an enlarged brow ridge under

a high receded hairline, a vertical crevice in the center of the forehead, and a ridged chin. This doctor had all the animals of the Loud Household with him, including the ones Lana had gathered over time.

"Hello, my dear young human," he greeted the boy in white. "Your results look good but I have to put these animals on your body."

"I don't need animal therapy, I feel fine," Lincoln assured.

"No, not therapy," the Doctor corrected him. "They will heal your body. The bird on the head, the cat on the belly, the frogs into your ears, the snake around your legs, and I will shove this hamster right up your-"

"Out, out, OUT!" Lincoln shouted.

"But I washed the hamster beforehand."

"Do I look like Richard Gere? OUT!"

After this doctor left, Luan came finally back as herself. Only that she now wore a nurse outfit. He didn't know if that was supposed to be sexy or not, but he didn't really care anymore.

"Anything else I can do for you?" she asked him in a good mood.

"An opinion of a doctor who isn't so insane!"

"Of course!"

Luan pulled her puppet Mr. Coconuts who was dressed like a doctor too out of her back.

"Oh, please no..."

"I diagnose a broken funny bone," Mr. Coconuts said. "I prescribe a five hour session with the best comedian in the house."

"I don't know if Leni has that much free time today," Lincoln countered smugly.

The ventriloquist dummy looked evil and angrily in response at Lincoln which made him cringe and a little ice run down his spine.

"Wait, where are the others?" Lincoln asked, finally noticing the lack of other Louds in the room. They were normally all over him when he was hurt or sick and if he was taking their clingy behavior into account, they should outright fight over taking care of him after his little nose-incident.

"I may have told them that we needed something from the cellar to help against your bleeding nose," Luan explained. "Then the basement door suddenly slammed shut and only I could take care of you."

Lincoln just gave her a stern stare in response and sighed. Maybe his sister wasn't acting so normal after all.

"Don't give me that look, mister, or I will have to lock it up," Luan laughed out loudly over her own bad pun. "Get it?"

Or at least what you called normal in her case.

Down in the cellar, Lori, Luna and Lynn tried to break open the door with everything they had. The three looked pretty pissed while the other Loud children searched for other possible ways to escape.

"Well, this is just great," Lori said rather overdramatically while watching Lynn run

against the door again and again like a very stubborn battering ram in the hopes of breaking it open. "I am stuck in the basement with all of you guys, and meanwhile my dear Linki is up there in need of my care."

"Oh, shut it, Lori," Luna said uncharacteristically annoyed, sugarcoated clothes still stuck to her body. "You are not the only one worried about our brother."

The oldest kid in the house gave her a dirty look. "You shut your pie-hole."

"Excuse me?"

"If it wasn't for you, Linki would not be unconscious now!" she explained, leaning in closer. "What the heck even happened in the garage, Luna?"

While this was going on, Lincoln had a hard time to keep his calm at Luan's attempt to take care of his wellbeing. She may have stopped her bad impersonations of different doctor archetypes she could think of, but at the same time she was now busy actually trying to perform tests on him. Badly.

"Okay Lincoln, now take a deep breath," she asked him, while holding the other end of a stethoscope on his chest. He did as told.

"Well, this is weird," Luan suddenly stated.

"What?"

"I think you dropped a beat."

"Well... I promise you that whatever we did in the garage, it was nothing naughty," Luna said nervously to her sister. Lori, who knew her siblings well enough to identify an obvious lie, was not amused.

THUCK!

"Dang it. I almost had it," Lynn stated. She had tried her best to break the door open, but ever since her dad tried to turn the basement into an April Fools' Day secured safe heaven, that thing had been a metal enhanced defense wall.

Making another attempt, she went further down the basement, before running up the stairs and hitting the door.

THUCK!

Meanwhile within the furnace, Lana was trying to open up a grid, hoping she could crawl through it out of the basement into the ventilation shafts.

"Are you done there?" Lola asked, sticking her head into the furnace.

"I think I almost got..."

SPLASH!

Lucy, busy trying to open up one of the basement windows, turned around. Paint was now spread around the furnace's hatch, as well as over Lola, who just stood there in shock rigor. "What just happened?"

"I think I found a left over April Fools' Prank by Luan," Lana's voice stated from within

the furnace.

THUCK!

"No!" Lincoln declared with crossed arms.

"Not even if you get a lollypop for it?"

"Even if you promise me a statue of Ace Savvy made out of Turkish delight, I am not going to give you an urine sample."

Luan opened her mouth.

"And don't even ask for number two, I already get enough of that from Lisa."

"Don't you dare lie to me, Luna!"

"Okay, fine. Perhaps Lincoln and I had a bit of fun..."

"What sort of fun involves you getting all sticky in coke and him having a nose bleed that's worse than Clyde's?"

THUCK!

"Perhaps if I use some kind of battering ram..."

"I don't know," Luna said sarcastically. "What kind of fun did you have with him, that he got angry at you and ordered you to delete all of your Visagebook pics?"

Lori blushed. "That literally has nothing to do with what I am asking you."

"Now, I want you to relax...", Luan stated professionally, as she hit her brother's knee with a toy rubber hammer. Then, much to her shock, his left arm shot upwards.

"... Okay Lincoln, no joke, I think you should get someone's professional opinion on that."

For the first time since that examination started, he agreed with his sister.

"Oh, it doesn't matter? It doesn't matter that our oldest sister was taking a bath with our little brother?"

Everyone suddenly froze in what they were doing and looked toward Lori.

"Ehm... I was just having some quality time with him."

The stares intensified.

"I was wearing my underwear!"

Mr. Coconut (or Professor Dr. Coco from Nuts, as he preferred to be called) held up a stick against a poster full with letters of different sizes. "Okay, Mr. Loud, would you

please read what I am tapping on?"

Lincoln just sighed and put a hand over his left eye.

"E....T....G....2... B...D....B....Z....4...E....I...M....AN IDIOT IF I DON'T GET THAT MY SIS- LUAN!"

"Well, congrats Mr. Loud," Professor Dr. Coco from Nuts exclaimed. "Your eyesight is 100% A-Okay."

Lincoln was getting seriously angry.

"But your self-awareness seems to be lacking."

If this continued, he was sure to blow a blood vessel.

"Girl, that is creepy," Lola, covered in yellow paint, stated towards Lori.

"Pot, meet kettle," she could hear Lana mutter from within the furnace, which was reason enough for Lola to grab a crowbar and hit it hard against its surface. Before she had a chance to hit a second time, though, Lynn snatched the crowbar and went on to assault the door with it.

HNNNNNNGGGGGGG!

It didn't take long for the crowbar to suddenly break into half, making Lynn wonder how of all the things in this house, the freaking basement door was the one thing that could be certified as Loud-proofed.

Luan was genuinely worried as she looked at the blood pressure gauge's display.

"I think you really need to relax more. Your blood pressure is extremely high."

"Jeez, I wonder what could cause that," Lincoln snarled. At the same time he was biting on a thermometer Luan had shoved in his mouth. At least he hoped it was a thermometer. He still could see the thermometer fluid and the scale, but at the end of the thing was something resembling a party blower that you would find at a little kid's birthday party attached. And every time he sighed in resignation, the little paper part would stretch out.

"Luan, are you sure you really know what you are doing?"

"Of course, Lincoln," she reassured him. "Considering all the prank falls I have suffered, I had to learn a few first aid tricks out there."

"I just think that is rather unprofessional, to say the least."

"Oh relax. Trust me. I am almost as good as a pedophile with that sort of thing."

Lincoln let the last sentence hang in the air for a couple of seconds, trying his hardest not to accidentally swallow the thermometer-blower hybrid.

"I think you mean pediatric," he eventually managed to say.

Leni Loud knew she was not necessarily the smartest in the family, but even she was aware that the situation in the basement had gotten ridiculous. The twins, both covered in paint and soot, were arguing with each other, with Lana shouting as she

was trying to overcome a ringing noise in her ear, Lynn tried to karate kick and chop open the door, Lucy said she attempted to separate her soul from her body so that she could open the door from the other side as a specter and Lori and Luna were arguing who embarrassed/harmed Lincoln more over the last hours.

"Guys..."

THUCK!

"Dang it! I think I broke my hand!"

"Oh, dear friends from the other side..."

"I am not a creep, you underwear sniffer!"

"WHAT? YOU ARE NOT ASLEEP?"

"Guys?" Leni said again.

THUCK!

"I was just rocking out with my little brother. And based on the standing ovation he gave me while still sitting, I think he enjoyed my little show more than your bath."

Lori's jaw almost dropped at that statement.

"What are you meaning by that?"

THUCK!

"GUYS!"

Everyone turned to Leni. "WHAT?!"

She took a deep breath. "May I try?"

She didn't even wait for the others to answer, as she went up the stairs. On her way, she pulled a hairclip out of her hairdo. Pushing Lynn gently aside, she inserted the clip into the lock. Within a matter of seconds a soft click could be heard and the door opened.

"Ta-da!"

Leni expected her siblings to be grateful for finding a solution to the problem. As such, she was rather confused about the angry looks on their faces.

"What?"

"You could have opened the door the entire time?" Lori said, pinching the back of her nose hard and trying anything she could to contain her anger.

"Well... Like, yeah."

"Why didn't you do so in the first place?"

"No one asked," was the simple answer.

Before anyone had the chance to give into their tranquil fury and strangle Leni, they heard a commotion from upstairs.

Around the same time Leni opened the door, Luan finally finished the examination on her little brother.

"Let's see," she said, looking over a piece of paper with made up results. "Your blood pressure is a bit high, you are a bit paler as a result of the blood loss and whatever is going on with your reflexes needs to be looked over again. But otherwise you are

normal."

"He still needs a funny bone transplant though," Professor Dr. Coco from Nuts argued, only to be silenced by the Jokester.

Not that Lincoln cared about the joke. He was just glad that this little comedy routine with him as the butt of the joke was finally over.

"I only suggest that you take some vitamins and iron to compensate for any signs of tiredness."

He had to admit, that sounded like very solid advice. Perhaps he could ask one of the less crazy siblings to fetch him some fruits and a ham sandwich for that.

"Thankfully I have just what you need for a case like this," Luan then stated and pulled a bottle out of her skirt's pocket. Shaking it slightly, an egg sized pill fell into her hand. Lincoln's eyes widened in shock.

"You expect me to swallow that?"

"Of course not, silly. That thing would be a jo-king hazard. Get it?"

"Haha," Lincoln laughed in defeat. He was tired and as such decided to no longer sit up, instead letting his head fall on the cushion.

Of course she would not want me to swallow that, Lincoln thought, closing his eyes. *That was just another stupid pun of-*

"It is a suppository!"

His eyes shot wide open.

At this point, another short lesson in biology. The blood pressure can rise up for different reasons. Like arousal...

"Lincoln, why are you looking at me like that?"

...Or blood boiling rage.

"What are those sounds?" Lucy asked no one in particular.

"Sounds like one of our arguments," Luna speculated. "Only angrier than usual."

"Maybe Luan has clogged the toilet?" Lana assumed. "I will get big Bertha!"

"Whatever," Lori chimed in. "We have to look for Lincoln like literally now!"

They all wanted to go up the stairs at once in best Loud Style, as something came flying down, landing before the entire family. It was Luan, looking like she got into the brawl of her lifetime.

"So, how is Lincoln doing?" asked Lynn with not much sympathy in her voice.

"Based on the strength of the kick in my tushy he just gave me..." Luan started to explain and moved into a sitting position on one of her whoopy cushions. "I say he is A-Okay again."

"Serves you right for locking us up in the cellar" Lola snorted.

"Did you fear to catch a sickness based on cell-ulose?" Luan asked and laughed afterwards.

"You will get my booth right up your-" Lori tried to threaten but stopped midsentence when she heard something from upstairs. She and the others looked up, only to see Lincoln coming out of the twins' room, his victory undies in one hand.

"Lincoln?" she asked the boy, who looked at them in surprise.

"Are you alright, dude?" Luna wanted to know. But instead of answering, he ran back into his room. The last thing the eight girls heard was his lock being turned.

The mysterious person on the laptop, who from now on shall be referred to as "The Observer", let out a sigh, as it watched the other Loud Siblings storm up the stairs and knock on Lincoln's door, begging him to tell if everything was alright. It had hoped that the others would take the necessary care of him to assure that things went more according to the plan again. Unfortunately, Luan's unexpected move seemed to have jeopardized everything even more.

"That dumb, unfunny little psycho," it muttered in defeat. Admittedly, the Observer's plans for her were a bit muddier than for the others, but the way things worked so far, she seemed to function just well enough for what was planned in the long run. It couldn't even complain about her actions in the room, as so far they were falling into something it was aiming for. Still, things did not look... "Good", to say the least.

Lincoln was obviously angry and it couldn't think right away of something to change his mood for the better. Even worse, if the interaction between Lori and Luna was any indication, there was a risk of some unwanted conflict.

The Observer grabbed a phone it had in its pocket.

"We have to do some... Adjustments, it seems," it said to no one in particular, while activating an app on it. "They will thank me later."

Oogie: We hope you guys had fun with our chapter. I know I had fun making jokes of a couple of fictional doctors.

Maniak: I am just surprised if anyone gets the third, really.

Oogie: We also decided to insert our mysterious watcher a bit more prominently within the next chapters.

Maniak: But who it is, you will not learn at least until chapter... (looks over the first drafts for the next 12 ones) Well, if we insert the dates all in one chapter and separate that draft into five... well, dang it. I would say at least chapter 20.

Oogie: ...well, a lot of time to guess who it is then.

Maniak: Lets at least try to update a bit more till then.

Oogie: Is that even possible with your job interfering with our writing time?

Maniak: ... We will see.

Kapitel 8: The Naked Truth

Maniak: Sorry it took so long for the next chapter. Stuff came up.

Oogie: And from now on things get really weird.

Maniak: "It is time for the great drama bomb this fandom loves so much. In the style of two snarky meta-loving doofuses this time."

Oogie: "We thank ultrablud2 for his continuing proof-reading assistance."

Chapter 8: The Naked Truth

Since Luan's examination, some time had passed for Lincoln. Now lying in his victory undies on his bed, he was reading one of his favorite comic book issues in order to calm himself down. He really, REALLY needed some private time for himself. He wasn't in the mood to go to Clyde anymore, nor was he in the mood for humanity in general. The last thing he needed was Clyde being incredible friendly and helpful to him as well. Well, more than usual that was.

In addition of locking the door, he had also blocked it with his chair, to stop anyone from coming in. When his sisters tried to do just that, worried about the state of their brother, Lincoln shouted that he was fine, pleading them to leave him alone.

"No, I just need some rest from my appointment with Doc Duncie," he explained when they asked if he was angry with them, even though that was not quite true.

Considering all the things that had happened, he was quite frustrated with his sisters. Not because they were worried for him, which he interpreted still as a sign of their affection for him, but because he could no longer say how far their affection would go now. The thought of something similar to the garage incident happening again, just because he asked Leni for bringing him something to eat, was scaring him. At the same time, it angered him that he did not know why any of that was happening and that, in order to avoid any more incidents, he had to limit his own personal freedom to the little room he had ever since he turned eight.

Still, he did his best not to latch out on his sisters, knowing that they were not themselves. Or at least he hoped so.

Bottom line, at the end, when Lori asked if there was anything they could do to make him feel better, all he did was ask for a sandwich, some apples and juice to drink.

Partly to appease them, but also because Luan had still a point of him needing to regain some strength by nutrition. But he still insisted of Lucy just leaving it back at the door and go away. Thankfully she and the others listened with Lori reassuring him that they would let him have some peace and that he could come out whenever he felt like it.

Relieved about the current peace and with something in his stomach, he was reading up on his Ace Savvy comics. Unaware that it was only the calm before the next storm.

Lori Loud was angry. And not in the "teenager getting annoyed at her younger siblings" way, but the way a parent would feel when they discovered that their child just stole money from them to buy some new toy behind their back. Only that her anger was not targeted at an offspring of hers, but her sister Luna.

Ignoring the occasional feud because of the rocker's music being too loud while she was on the phone, Lori and Luna went along just fine in general. In fact, up until Luna embraced her "wilder" side, it was Lori who came to her aid if someone thought it was a good idea to bully the more introverted and almost "bland" sister of the family back in the older days.

But right now all she wanted to do was slap some sense in her younger sister.

"I am asking you just one more time, Luna," she stated in her most threatening growl she could muster, "what happened in the garage?"

Both sisters were in Lori and Leni's room, the rocker sitting on her older sister's bed, while Lori was standing in front of her, giving the girl the best intimidating glare she could muster. A glare so intense and worked on in seventeen years of life, it could intimidate even Lola.

As such Lori was taken back quite a bit when instead of getting nervous, Luna just looked back at her defiantly.

"What happens in the garage, stays in the garage."

Lori was having enough of it. "I swear Luna, if you don't spill the beans in the next seconds--"

"Wait. I thought you wanted to know what she did with Linki in the garage, now you want her to waste food?"

The oldest child of the clan glanced over to Leni, who was laying on her bed and reading up one of her fashion magazines.

Lori was face palming in response and Luna smiled, being amused by Leni's accidental joke.

"Leni, you are.... You are...!"

"I am what Lori?" asked Leni innocently.

The oldest sibling swallowed down the bile of an insulting answer.

"It is a proverb Leni, a saying," Lori explained finally. "When you say 'Spilling the beans', it means that somebody should answer you truthfully."

"Ah, like, I get it totes now!! Leni rejoiced with a big smile.

"But what happened in the garage?" Leni suddenly wanted to know. "Did you do the same thing with Lincoln we two did?"

Lori turned to Leni in shock. "What did you two do?!"

"She played my favorite composition from the movie 'The Crow' for me. I loved it."

"Yes, I played music for her," Luna confirmed. "Like I did with Lincoln."

And if I would have had the time, maybe I would have also played with his flute...

"Did you play something by Erich Zahn?" Lucy suggested, shocking everyone with her appearance in the room. "I heard his music drives people mad, so it could have made Lincoln unconscious."

Lori shoved her gothic sister back into the ventilation shaft from which she came.

"And don't eavesdrop again!"

After that Lori turned back to Luna to continue her interrogation. "Your clothes are wet with coke and I know that it is either the result of an accident, Lincoln wanted to spite you (which I doubt), or you did it yourself."

And for some reason, I can only think of one reason for you to do the latter she thought with a shudder. Granted, she knew it was kind of hypocritical to think that after she bathed with her brother a little earlier but she hadn't had anything dirty in mind as she did that. But Luna...

The standing ovation he gave me while still sitting...

She couldn't possibly mean...

"Come on, Lori," the rocker protested. "So I accidentally spilled coke over me..."

Lori had a hard time to believe the "accidental" part. Accidental would be a wet top with clear stains. Not being covered as if she took a shower with it.

"I did nothing he didn't enjoy."

It was Leni who raised an eyebrow at those words. "Then why did he run in his room the moment you asked him?"

Luna blinked. "Come again, sweetie?"

"I mean, when you asked him if he was fine, he just... You know, he, like, didn't answer and just ran in his room. Like he was afraid of you," the young fashion fan stated, not even aware of the indication in her words. Luna's eyes on the other hand opened up in shock. She wanted to protest, but Leni, not even focusing much on what was going on and turning a page in her magazine, continued:

"Also, you are, like, acting a bit weird around him, if you ask me. Like, I could have sworn you were looking at his butt yesterday, while he was rocking at Dance Battle."

Lori, who didn't even know about that, was shocked. She turned her head, ready to give Luna a mouthful. But she stopped immediate when she saw the rather pale look on the brown haired girl's face.

"I...I was just admiring..."

"His butt looks okay," Leni interrupted her sister. "Nothing wrong with that but you stared at it like Lori stares at the butts of 'Boyz will be Boyz'."

The rocker wanted to protest that she didn't. That while she admittedly had stared at his booty, she did not do so in that manner. And even if she did, what was so wrong about it? It was a cute, sexy butt. So what if it belonged to her...only...brother?

"Luna? Are you okay?"

The young rocker didn't even hear Lori's words as in her mind she began to realize, for the first time, what she had done in the garage. She had hit on her only brother. No, scratch that. She had aroused him. And she liked doing it!

"Like, you know how mom always warned us about stranger danger? You kinda starred at him like that."

The memory of what she had said to Lincoln as well as the scared look he gave her when she asked him later on if he was okay filled Luna's mind. It scared her. 'Cause the more she thought about it, the more she realized that she may have not stopped just at teasing, if she would have had the chance.

She started to shake, tears forming in her eyes. She couldn't be that sexually perverted, could she?

"No... I can't... That is... I didn't want to scare him. I never could..."

The young girl almost choked on her words, not wanting to fully realize the truth of her actions.

Now Lori was worried.

"I only teased him," the young rocker whimpered. "I would never do anything to hurt...why did I do that?"

She didn't realize it, Lori thought fearfully. How couldn't she...

Memories of what she had said in the bathtub came to the forefront in Lori's head, making her too realize just how far she herself had gone in her affection for her little brother.

Could I... What is going on here?!

Leni, noticing Luna's change in voice, got up, sat beside her sister and held her hand.

"Hey, there is totes no reason to cry," Leni tried to assure her sister.

"I tried to hit on Lincoln."

Next to her Lori froze in shock at the confirmation of her assumptions. Not that she was happy about it. On the other hand, Leni was a bit confused at that statement, as she did not even consider that option.

"But you know what you did was wrong, right?"

Luna nodded shamefully.

"See? You know what you did was not okay. And I bet that Lincoln is going to forgive you, if you explain it to him."

"You think so?" Luna asked hopefully, holding back the tears and calming down. "I don't know what is going on with me."

"You need a break," Leni advised while stroking over her younger sister's back. "A shower, some sleep and some peace. After that, everything will be clear."

Luna inhaled and exhaled, calming down more and then smiling to Leni. "Thank you sis, I needed that." Still it didn't calm her completely. She had scared Lincoln with her behavior. REALLY scared him. This wasn't a Halloween prank or something equally harmless, this was something more, something that could be damaging. Luna begged that Lincoln could forgive her for what she had done, even if she had to compose an entire Ace Savvy Opera for him just to make up for it!

Lori, who didn't know how to continue this interrogation now, was ready to send Luna to her room. She needed time to think about her own strange feelings for her white haired sibling and how her own behavior was linked to whatever had possessed her younger sibling. But just then her smartphone made a noise, indicating she got an eMail.

"What is it Lori?" Leni asked curiously as Lori barely received eMails on her phone.

Lori took her phone out of her pocket and looked it up. Confused, she read out the message she had gotten. ""You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me

happy, when skies are gray?""

"You are welcome, Lori!" Leni thanked her sisters without even a hint of sarcasm, just affability.

Lori was ready to tell her that she was only quoting the message, when she saw that Luna's face had all of sudden gone blank. Her eyes were dull, her mouth closed and her breathing low.

"Luna?"

She didn't react.

"Are you okay?"

The young rocker turned her head over to Lori and said "You are out of your mind, you are out of control."

"What are you talking about?" Leni wanted to know. "Lori is pretty much in con-"
Next to her, Lori suddenly dropped her phone, her face as dull as Luna's. Leni turned her head. She knew that if Lori let her phone drop, something must be wrong. "Lori?"

"I am full of feelings I can't define," the eldest Loud child mindlessly mumbled, before turning her attention to Leni.

"Lori, you are scaring me," her roommate stated. "You look like you have a cold."
Instead of answering her sister, Lori grabbed her phone and handed it to Luna. Before Leni had a chance to point out how out of character that was, Luna tapped for something online and showed it to Leni.

"What is that?" she asked. "Did you make it? Wait. I thought Lincoln lost all those pi-"

And then her eyes became just as dull as her sisters, who joined her in watching whatever was on the phone.

Lucy was sitting in the ventilation shaft, writing on her poem and looking from time to time through a grit into the room of her brother, admiring the sight of him in his underwear (she didn't really understand why she it liked so much), when she became aware of how quiet it all of sudden became. Only seconds ago she could hear her oldest siblings talking about something regarding Luna. But now there was nothing. Confused and worried, she put her pen down and crawled up to the room of her eldest siblings.

She wouldn't ignore Lori's warning on eavesdropping or spying on them on other days but this day was hardly like any other. Lori had bathed with Lincoln, Luna did something in the garage which unsettled him a lot and she had heard from Lana that Lola had tried to hypnotize Lincoln while dressed as Johnny Depp.

She was as silent as possible while crawling closer to the grid leading to the oldest sisters' room. She peeked through it and froze in bewilderment and confusion about the things she would behold.

Her three sisters had dull, lifeless eyes, starring into nothingness like they just realized the emptiness of their own existence. This would normally have conjured a smile on Lucy's face but the expression on her sisters looked wrong for her. Their

auras seemed different, otherworldly even.

"I will go look for Lily," Leni suddenly said in a calm and dull tone, nothing like her dimwitted sister usually spoke. "I will see you guys later."

Leni left the room without the other two reacting in any meaningful way. Lucy continued to watch, wondering what the other two would eventually do.

As Lori finally woke up out of her daze, she took Luna's right hand with her left, stroked with her right hand over Luna's right arm and said: "Don't worry about your feelings Luna, I have the same feelings for him. #

Luna came out of her daze too, her expression more hopeful now. "Really?"

"Yes," Lori confirmed with a smile, stroking the rocker. "I don't know what it means, but we can figure it out together, sis."

Lucy knew that Lori wasn't a hard-ass jerk all the time. Often annoyed and tired because of her responsibilities, age and position as second-in-command, she could act cold and mean to others. But she also had enough nice moments to balance that out. But this was... The body language, the tone of her voice... This wasn't simply being nice to somebody. This was something different, intimidate. Not the kind she had ever encountered with any of her relatives, it was more akin how characters in the "Vampires of Melancholia" series acted.

Now that she thought about it, how her parents did not take those books away from her, an eight year old, was kind of baffling.

Below her, Lori was now gently stroking Luna's cheek, looking into her sister's eyes with a level of adoration she had never before. She loved Luna, but now... She didn't know why, but something in her coke soaked state made the rocker so cute, she just wanted to hug her and never let go of her again.

"I..." began Luna and went silent immediately. She didn't know what to say. All she knew was that she was thankful for Lori no longer being angry at her. That she wanted to make it up to her for how bratty she had acted earlier and show her how much she loved her. So she leant in closer and gave her a hug. "Thank you, gal."

"No problem," was all Lori had to say. They stayed like that for a couple of seconds, enjoying the presence of the other.

But then Lori had to say something.

"Luna?"

"Yes?"

"I think it is time for you to finally take a bath. You are also getting my clothes all sticky."

The young rocker uncharacteristically blushed. "Sorry."

Lucy, who had watched all of it, calmly crawled back through the shaft 'till she reached her own room. Back in the confinement of her own little kingdom, she took a seat on her own bed, thinking of what she had seen. But it didn't take long 'till she started blinking her eyes and looked around, feeling like if something was amiss.

It took her a couple of seconds to realize that it wasn't just something, but someone being amiss.

Lincoln was reading up on the end of the "Supreme Ruler Trickster" arc in which Ace

Savvy had to fight off against one of One Eyed Jack's most notorious enemies, who now had gained reality warping abilities, when, much to his surprise, he heard a knock against his room's window.

"Who is this? Getting up here is not easy so... Lynn?"

"Goal my brother, goal!"

He looked outside to see Lynn clinging to his window while bracing her legs against the wall. She looked like a very happy monkey hanging there like that.

He opened the window and let her in. She wasn't even sweating. She just grinned, proud of her achievement.

"Don't ask me to do anything with you," Lincoln made clear. "I just want my peace."

He knew that Lynn was very strong and a formidable fighter but he also knew that she wasn't the type to force her wishes on others normally.

"I just want to relax with you together," Lynn explained, punching him affectionately in the arm. "Your day was thrilling enough already."

"I want to be *alone* too," Lincoln reminded her, putting special emphasis on the word 'Alone'.

"You know that alone time is a rarity in this house, right?" Lynn reminded her brother about one of the facts of the Loud Household. "You can't escape us."

Lincoln's right eyebrow went up in surprise. "Is that a threat?"

"Oh, sorry bro," Lynn apologized. "I just mean... You can't expect being alone here for long."

"I know," Lincoln sighed in defeat. He wondered if Lynn's more normal behavior would be as temporary as it had been with his other sisters. Then again, what could she possibly pull off in his room? "You just want to spend time with me in here?"

"Yep."

"You don't have any favors you want to ask me?"

"Nope."

"You are totally okay with just laying on the bed while I read my stuff?"

She shrugged her shoulders "I will probably take a nap myself."

He stayed away from asking for any favors except: "Just be quiet, okay?"

"Okay, Bro."

Both laid down on Lincoln's bed and the white haired wonder continued to read his comic, his sister opposite to him leaning against the bedframe and enjoying the calm atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Luna was preoccupied with taking a bath to finally get all that sticky soda off her body. Not that there was any problem with that. But it was kind of odd that Lori was with her in the bathtub, scrubbing her back with a scrubbing brush. She remembered a time when she, Leni and Lori bathed together to spare water expenses or just to get them clean all at once.

It was fun even though they had to rescue Leni a few times from drowning. But they weren't kids anymore.

They were using fresh water after Lincoln, and up until a few minutes ago, the twins had used the bath before but nobody put out the candles and as a result, they had

burned down a bit already and the wax was dripping down the sides of the little light givers.

"Romantic," Luna commented on the decorations. "Lola knows how to make a place pretty. But she overdid it with the air freshener. It smells here like in an orange plantation after a fertilization."

"I prefer the smell of fresh cherries," Lori told Luna while changing to a washcloth and washing Luna's left arm. "Do you like this?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Luna in a happy tone. "You are rocking the spot, sis."

"Right arm up."

Luna did as she was told and Lori washed clean the right arm. She sighed in relaxing enjoyment and leaned back to be closer to her sister who embraced her, cuddled her and in general gave her the comfort and love one could only get from a member of the family.

"Lori?"

"Hm?"

"Don't you think this is a little bit... weird?"

"Why?" asked Lori while playing with Luna's hair. "I'm just spending quality time with my sister. My cute tomboy of a sister."

"But we are both naked."

"Oh, please," Lori responded. "Naked platonic cuddling is harmless. It is like naked platonic dancing."

"Can we rock together while being naked?"

"No, that would just be strange," Lori joked, laughed and Luna laughed with her.

"But you are right," Luna admitted. "There's nothing like a bit of quality time."

The two leaned back together into the bathtub and against the wall.

"I wish Lincoln could see us like this... He may appreciate this harmony," Luna thought out loud and kissed Lori's hand.

Lori sighed. "Me too."

"This feels heavenly," Luna said. "It is just so... So..."

"Perfect?"

"You get it, sis. I never felt so close to you."

"Me neither", Lori admitted, snuggling closer to her younger sister.

The only way this could have been even better for Luna was if Lincoln was with them, while she suddenly developed the idea for a Grammy worthy song while playing the guitar.

"I have an idea, sis."

"What is it?" Lori asked in a curious tone. "Do you want me to wash your hair too?"

"No," Luna denied, even though she liked the idea somewhat. "I want to say that none of us can have our brother for herself. None of us managed to get a piece of him so far. We shouldn't fight each other to spend time with him."

Lori raised an eyebrow and started to think. Luna had a point, this rivalry was pointless. It was time to play nice with her sisters and why not? They are family and they would solve it as a family.

Luna, as if she felt Lori's train of thoughts, turned around to her sister, smiling.

"How about of instead going solo, we go together? I mean all of our sisters, not only the two of us."

"I like where this is going, Luna," Lori spoke out and smiled kind of deviously.

"Not just you, dear Lori," expressed a merry voice before an active laptop screen, congratulating itself for fixing up a potential plot threat before it could take roots. "Not just you."

Lincoln couldn't believe how silent Lynn was, laying on the bed besides him. Normally she was a hyperactive, energy filled sports ace who couldn't sit still for a few minutes without doing anything which could resemble a sport. One time she made a sport out of finishing homework first. She won but got a F- from the teacher for the unidentifiable mess she had written down. He didn't mind though and enjoyed how Ace Savvy was fighting a bizarre looking doppelganger of himself.

He looked over from time to time to Lynn who apparently was just still laying there. He looked from the story back to her and was just about to concentrate on the next panel, when he suddenly halted.

"When did you take your socks off, Lynn?"

"It is too warm for socks, they bother my relaxing."

The answer was good enough for the boy and he continued to read. As he looked over to Lynn again after a page, he noticed another change.

"Where are your shorts?"

Leni, meanwhile, was feeding Lily in the kitchen and thinking what she could do for Lisa later on.

"Bring her along to shop for clothes? Make her a self-made dress? Like, maybe I can make her a statue of a scientific thingy like the Subway atom?"

While she was thinking and feeding Lily her favorite puree via spoon, Lori and Luna came into the kitchen, smelling fresh and looking clean.

"Leni come, we will team-up now," Luna said. "We will share Lincoln."

"Oh, neat!" Leni proclaimed as if her sisters telling her they were going to team up on getting Lincoln was not in any way different from telling her that they were heading out for pizza. "I will come when I'm finished with Lily."

"She can join us," Lori suggested. "It will be fun and beautiful."

"Gosh, I can't wait!" Leni squealed in joy. "Will we play another round of Awesome Wreck Siblings? Please, don't use Chucky. Violence against babies is wrong."

"Leni, it is okay to... Whatever," Lori gave up and sighed. "Just come."

"Where is your shirt?"

"I never had one," Lynn argued in a relaxed and cool manner. "I came in this way."

"I'm sure you had one," Lincoln said in a deadpan tone. "Don't play me for a moron."

"Why would I do that?" asked Lynn in an innocent/not so innocent tone.

He just ignored her. Granted, his sister in her underwear was certainly not normal and his alarm bells were ringing. But why should he judge his sister for sitting in her underwear like he did, especially if she really did nothing else then just sit there? He wasn't a hypocrite and just decided to ignore it.

Lori, Leni und Luna were under Lincoln's window, changing the chocolate milk of the pool Lana dug the day before. They had to learn the hard way that chocolate milk exposed to the wrath of nature will start to smell worse than twenty of Lily's used diapers wrapped around horse apples.

"Like, this stinks," Leni commented while pumping the bad chocolate milk into the drain with a pump and a hose. "Like Chernobyl's latest fashion collection."

Luna and Lori exchanged a glance with one another, feeling that Leni had said something very inappropriate, if not even offensive.

"That is a city destroyed by a nuclear meltdown," Luna explained who was preparing fresh chocolate milk with Lori. "Not a fashion icon."

"But, like, there is this one designer from Los Angeles and his name really is Chernobyl," Leni explained.

"His life must surely be an interesting one," responded Lori in a deadpan tone.

"What is your problem now, Lincoln?"

"You are naked!"

"And? You are in your underpants!"

"Still not naked!"

"Come on," Lynn laughed, and snuggled up to Lincoln. "Athletes in ancient Greece were almost always naked during most of the disciplines."

"We are not in ancient Greece!" Lincoln shouted. He was reaching the end of his tolerance for Lynn's odd behavior.

"Nothing is wrong about two naked athletes ringing with each other," Lynn told her brother. "Come, take off your underwear and ring with me like the old Greeks did!"

The goth of the family was just minding her business, leaving her room as she heard several shouts and sounds of struggle from Lincoln's room. Curious about these noises, she walked closer as the door suddenly swung open and Lucy got a face full of naked sports ace thrown against her. She tumbled together with her sister to the ground.

"Lynn."

"Hi, Lucy."

"AND STAY OUT!" Lincoln shouted and slammed the door with enough force to let the entire first floor quake under the impact.

Lucy just laid there on the ground, her naked sister above her. Despite her black hair covering more than half her face, she somehow managed to give Lynn one of the most deadpan expressions in the history of mankind.

"I think I am too young to ask what you planned," the goth declared. "By the way, where are your clothes?"

Behind them, Lincoln's door opened up once more. Though only long enough for the young boy to throw out the discarded clothes of his sister, which were now covering her head.

"I am heading downstairs for a snack. Do you want me to bring you something, while you put your clothes back on?"

Lynn thought hard. "A bag of chips would be nice."

"You are aware that I am going to perform voodoo on you for whatever you did in there, right?"

Lynn gulped. Like Lincoln, she didn't believe much in all that supernatural stuff herself. But something in her sister's voice made her regret the decisions she just made in the last 15 minutes of her life.

Lincoln was angry. No, scratch that. He was beyond angry. If someone had written the word "livid" on every single Ace Savvy comic page he owned at least 1000 times, they wouldn't have even started to describe one millionth of the anger he felt right now for his family with the exception of Leni, Lisa, Lucy and Lily.

A time of great fortune my butt, he thought angrily, while putting his comics away and some pants on. While the day before was obviously the greatest day of fun he ever had, today was just awful. It was 4 P.M. now and so far he almost got molested by his oldest sister, mud bombed, drugged, experienced his sexual awakening in a way that would make him not want to drink a coke for the next couple of months, got checked up by NOT Dr. Patch Adams and the one vice he had, reading comics in his undies, got ruined by Lynn turning nudist for some reason.

To make matters worse, he didn't even know what he was angry about in general. The fact they did all that? Or that when he actually tried to be good to them unlike yesterday, the only thing he got out of it was a series of embarrassing moments that Luan could never put online without being accused of distributing child pornography?

And while all the time he just wanted to vent his frustration out on... Well, anything, another suspicion began to raise its ugly head more and more in his mind.

He knew his sisters. He knew that they loved him and would stand up for him in times of need. But at the same time, they could make his day living hell. Pay not enough attention to them? Get convinced you are going to be put in mortal danger by a six year old and do all sorts of slave work-esque chores for your siblings. One of them losing at baseball? Be treated like a jinx to the point you are disowned by your own clan!

He had seriously been considering to call child services on them for that stunt and only the fact that his Plan-A worked made him not go through with Plan-B. And even then, considering the entire squirrel costume thing and what came out of that...

"Well, in our family..."

"Oh cut it. Lori," Lincoln said. "In our family, you always have to accept a little bit of sacrifice." He said in a mocking tone, trying his best to imitate his older sister, not caring if he would anger her. "You always say that, but you know what? At the end of the day, it's surprisingly mostly ME who has to accept a sacrifice. Why? IS it because being born with a penis means I am a designated butt monkey?"

"By now Lincoln was starting to believe, that all of this was just the most twisted, gruesome prank they ever played on him. That everyone aside of Lisa, was trying to give him what he always asked for (more attention) in the most twisted way they could think of. And if that was true, he didn't know how to feel about them anymore."

After all, he had done and dealt with many things for them. Had always owned up when he did mistakes and tried, for the most part, to be level headed, instead of a trouble maker that used its status as the middle child as an excuse to lash out. He was not without his flaws, but in order to justify the kind of stunts his siblings pulled up now as righteous, he would have needed to do or say something extremely despicable.

For the first time in his life, he started to hate his siblings, a concept he really wasn't fond of, and he was afraid that if they did not stop at once with their behavior, he was going to do or say something that would forever affect the relationship he had with them for the worst. As such he prayed to the gods above that either everyone was just going to tell him soon that he got pranked good, or that they stopped at all and they could forget all of that over the next days.

Alternatively, they shall just let me alone for the next hours to calm down, he bitterly thought, laying on his bed.

A wish that the powers of faith decided not to grant, as in that moment, the voices of three girls could be heard from outside.

"Lincoln!"

The boy in question grabbed his pillow, screamed into it for the sake of venting and only then decided to pay any attention to the voices that seemed to come from under his window.

"What?" he barked, still laying down.

"We just changed the milk in the pool," Lori's voice stated.

"And we decided to take a quick swim in it," Luna's voice added to Lori's answer.

"Care to join us?"

Lincoln emerged at the window in a matter of seconds.

"Are you kidding me?" he asked in a manner that made it clear he was not looking forward to any sort of sibling activity at all. "After all the bull you guys put me through, you expect me to join you in the pool?"

Below him, Luna and Lori, up to the shoulders in fresh chocolate milk, looked at each other and then back at him.

"Dude, I am sorry," Luna said remorsefully. "I was just teasing."

"And I only wanted to spend some quality time with my little Linki," Lori added, while hugging Luna from behind.

Lincoln already took a deep breath, ready to tell his oldest sister how his definition of "quality time" did not involve almost getting his neck kissed by a girl more than five years older than him, as his cell phone rang.

Oh what now?, he thought and grabbed it from his dresser. "Yes? Hi mom. How is Danville? Fine? Nice to hear. Listen, can you..."

Lincoln wanted to ask if his mother and father could come back already. That things had gotten really weird around the Loud House and that he was not okay with it.

But then he felt very calm out of sudden. Relaxed even. The thought that he really shouldn't try to ruin his parents' chance to spend some alone time together entered his mind and he began to realize that asking them to sacrifice their little "vacation" because of a prank by his sisters was really egoistic.

"Can I what, sweetie?" a voice on the other end asked.

"Can you bring me perhaps something from Danville? I heard they have great Platypus toys down there."

"Sure thing. Are your sisters treating you good?"

A smile formed on his lips. "They're treating me very well," Lincoln said in a calm voice. He felt even more relaxed.

"We had a lot of fun yesterday," he continued, remembering how they pampered him, making him feel bad for how he acted now.

"I am so glad to hear that. I know they can be a handful dear, but you know; deep down they love you. Well, I have to go now. There is a presentation regarding a new laser based drill. Have a good time. And be nice to your sisters."

"Will be."

Lincoln hung up. The last words of his mother rang through his head.

Be nice to your sisters

Yeah, she was right. He should be nice to his sisters. After all, they treated him well so far.

But they also drugged me and hit on m-

Be nice to your sisters

Which was probably all part of a joke. But what joke would...

Deep down they love you. Be nice to your sisters

Certainly an elaborate joke. A joke he did not think was funny.

Deep down they love you.

Then again, perhaps they didn't know better? That seeing how he would take Luan's pranks mostly like a man, they did not realize how hard they hit him now? Perhaps he just needed to give them a chance.

Be nice to your sisters!

All he needed to do was being nice and talk to them. Make them realize how he felt. Not like he did a couple of weeks ago, but in a calm and kind fashion. They would certainly stop teasing him like that, when he was honest with them about his feelings. Then things would certainly be better, right?

Lincoln looked down his window again. He couldn't help himself but smile at the sight of Luna and Lori being in the pool, the former splashing the latter with chocolate milk in glee.

It made him happy.

"Hey guys," Leni's voice could suddenly be heard. The second oldest Loud child seemed to come out of nowhere, wearing a rather cute bikini and top. In her arms she carried Lily, the young child happily giggling with a pair of floaties on her arms.

The sight of the most innocent members of his family joining Luna and Lori for a swim made Lincoln decide that perhaps it really was a good idea to join them all for a nice swim in the chocolate milk. After all, what better opportunity to tell them how he felt about their actions? Besides, he was sure Lori and Luna would not get some ideas while Lily was around.

Lincoln changed quickly from his victory undies into his victory... Well, he didn't have really any victory bathing trunks at this point so he changed into a piece of regular ones.

He opened the window to step onto his springboard. He had to give credit to Lana; she was not only good at repairing, but also at building something.

He also liked the carvings Leni had made into the wood, showing Lincoln and his siblings in their different swimwear. Lana was against them for safety reasons but they found a compromise after they worked something out in the blueprints.

"To the sides, sisters!" Lincoln called down. "I don't want to land on you."

"Don't worry," Luna called up. "You did your landing already!"

Lincoln didn't understand what Luna meant but he didn't care. He decided to do a dive bomb because he hasn't tried one so far.

"Lincoln Loud is preparing for his jump," Luna commented, talking like a commenter during the Olympics. "He is not the most experienced jumper this season, but can he make enough points?"

"I don't know," Lori commented. "This is a difficult jump from the 3 meter board as Europeans would call it."

"Like, Lincoln chose his best orange trunks for the jump," Leni chimed in. "They look fantastic in combination with his white hair. Hey, can I say hello to mom and dad?"

"Leni we are not..." Lori started but gave up. "Yes you can!"

"Hi Mom and Dad!" Leni called into a nonexistent camera and held up Lily. "Lily also says hello to you!"

Lily just laughed happily and waved her arms and legs.

Lincoln stretched his arms out to his sides, bending his knees a few times before breathing in.

"DIVE BOMB!" he shouted with all the love he could muster for his current situation while running down the board.

Why should he complain? It was perfect.

Everything is awesome!

"Everything is awesome!" Lincoln screamed while jumping, rolling into a ball and falling into the milky chocolate to join his beloved sisters.

He reached the ground of the pool and landed on his feet, noticing a fake dorsal fin of a shark besides him, probably placed there for a prank from Luan later. He imagined how the wave he produced had hit his sisters; moistening them with delicious chocolate milk, which in turn would let their skin and hair glisten in the sun, making his beautiful sisters even more...

Why are they naked?

He didn't notice it immediately. Lori was usually only wearing a simple bikini and Luna was more modest but neither wore anything this time. He could see everything even in the surprisingly translucent chocolate milk.

This is a beautiful sight to behold, bodies beautiful as if the Greek gods themselves had formed them. Never has somebody seen such perfect naked forms before. You feel how something around your crotch area is beginning to ha...

"NO!"

Lincoln screamed so loud it broke through the surface and surprised his sisters enough to let them gasp.

Then he appeared on the surface, screaming like Godzilla and if he would have been able to do so, he would have ignited a few houses with atomic breath.

"WHY IN THE NINE CIRCLES OF HELL ARE YOU ALL NAKED?!"

"Like, I'm not," added Leni. "Neither is Lily."

"Poo Poo!"

"Japanese people are naked in Japanese hot springs literally all the time," Lori informed her brother. "It is fun."

"And this is not censored by anyone!" Luna added.

"But... We are in public!" Lincoln stated horrified. "What if somebody sees you?"

"They will not see anything," Lori assured her brother. "For your eyes only."

This was it for Lincoln. At that very moment he felt something in his head snap. With any expression of bewilderment and anger on his face being suddenly replaced by serenity, he looked at his sisters with a chilling smile.

"You did it," he stated in a calm sing song voice. "You finally did it, guys."

The three sisters looked at each other, then back at Lincoln.

"You finally made me hate this family!"

The shock Lincoln's statement caused to show up on their faces was something that

would have made many horror directors jealous.

"Hey Luan!" Lincoln called out to no one in particular. "You have the camera rolling?"
"D-Dude," Luna stuttered, being the first one to regain her cool. "Keep it down!"
"ZIP IT!" he shouted back at his sister

"Don't talk to Luna like that! Leni reminded her brother. "Also, if you continue like that, you will make Lily cry."

"I! DON'T! CARE!" he screamed. "Your sick joke is over! Over, over, OVER!"

"Lincoln, calm down," Lori begged. "This is literally not good for your blood pressure."
"Stop," Lincoln said in his most serious and dire tone. "Just... Stop. I have enough of all of this. This is a joke, I know it! But it is the worst, most tasteless, despicable joke anyone has ever played on me!"

"Lincoln..." Luna spoke stunned.

"I rant about how I am underappreciated and... You are being nice to me, okay. You do everything for me, I get it. You spend a lot of money for gifts, presents and services for me so I can have the ultimate good time."

"Like, I don't know what your point is?" Leni asked confused.

"Why?" asked Lincoln, ignoring the question. "What is the punchline? What will be the punchline?! Will you tar and feather me? Is this your way to teach me a lesson about to be careful what I wish for? Is your plan to abandon me in the desert? Are you planning to beat me up?! Why are you doing this?!?"

Lori looked worriedly at Lincoln: "This isn't a joke."

Lincoln, in response, laughed a bitter, fake and very sarcastic laugh.

"Yes, of course. And Lisa is a 50 feet tall hummingbird."

"She is?" expressed Leni surprised. "I thought she was a little girl."

Lily made a face palm.

"I don't deserve this!" Lincoln shouted. "I DON'T DESERVE THIS!"

"But you deserve the be-"

"CUT IT!" Lincoln interrupted his sisters. "I doubt I will die because none of you is sad in any meaningful way and NOTHING I have ever done deserves whatever the punchline to this is!"

The sisters all got silent, even Lily was speechless.

"What is it? What did I do that you think the best way to get back at me is to pretend to be in romantic love with me?" Lincoln finally asked with his most serious and angry voice. "ANSWER ME!"

Lori, Leni and Luna looked at each other and then to Lincoln.

"What do you mean 'pretend'?" Lori asked in confusion.

Lincoln froze.

....
....
....

"What?"

"Lincoln, I am not pretending," his oldest sibling stated softly and swam closer to him. The young boy's face lost all color as he could feel her hands gently touching his arms,

soon followed by him feeling her right foot gently stroking his own leg affectionately, before leaning her head against his shoulder.

His face continued to lose even more color as he started to realize the ramifications.

"We love you bro," Luna supported her sister. While he was distracted, she swam opposite to Lori. With a naughty smile on her face, she was kissing him on the cheek and gave him a hug. "With all of our hearts."

"Like, we really love you," Leni added and grinned like a friendly idiot in front of him.

"I love you, they love you. We are a happy family..."

Leni was once again confused by her sister's behavior. It came across a little too intimidate for her taste right now, but who was she to judge? Luna had made it clear that she wouldn't try anything squicky right now so she never thought much about it, even if it was strange that she and Lori were naked. Leni would have also been naked but it was too risky for her doing that outdoors.

Lincoln's brain didn't really work after receiving the truth from his sisters. He tried to hear a lie out of their words but there was nothing which could hint at deceit.

Only one response came to his mind, one which was really a lie.

"FECAL INCIDENT!"

Mr. Grouse, the Louds cranky neighbor, heard screams from the outside. *The Louds again*, he thought. *What are they doing now?*

He got up, opened a window on his second floor and stuck his head out.

"Hey Loud, what..."

He beheld five people. Lincoln, running away from three of his sisters, one carrying a baby while the other two were naked, shouting something about "Love with the family."

"I am too old for this crud," he stated while closing the window.

Oogie: Welp. Now things are really escalating.

Maniak: We have reached harem anime level, people. Be ready for a lot of bullshit now!

Kapitel 9: Escape from your siblings (Part 1) “Incestophobia”

Summary of Chapter 9:

What do a slasher movie protagonist and Lincoln have in common now?

The only way to survive the situation is to leave the house with their virginity in tact

Oogie-Boogie: So... D.Felipe is still asking for lemons.

Maniak: (annoyed) Is he?

Oogie-Boogie: Yeah. Even contacted me in person.

Maniak: ...Fine. Lets give him a lemon.

Oogie-Boogie: There. (throws a citrus fruit at d.felipe) Now leave us alone.

Maniak: Guys, we are grateful for every reader we get, but... newsflash: **THIS FANFIC WILL NOT CONTAIN LEMON!**

Oogie-Boogie: Does that count as spoiler?

Maniak: Who cares. I want to make clear, that this story will not contain porn. In fact, the most nudity anyone gets in this story is in this chapter, and it is like in Kill la Kill: Meant for laughs. Only we actually manage to be funny with it.

Oogie-Boogie: ... You know, I like Kill la Kill.

Maniak: Lets just thank ultrablud2 for proof reading again (thanks buddy) and get started.

Oogie-Boogie: I just hope we don't lose too many readers by admitting this is not going to contain porn.

Chapter 9: Escape from your siblings (Part 1) “Incestophobia”

The Observer watched the chaos unfolding at the chocolate pool. And it did not like one single thing it saw, which it was made very clear to another person that it talked to on a smartphone.

“May you care explaining to me why Lincoln is running away from his sisters, instead of running into their arms?” the Observer asked with gritted teeth while watching the boy trying to avoid the aforementioned teenagers by climbing up the slide in the garden and holding them back with a rake. Based on how the Observer started to pinch the back of its nose, it did not like the answer it received one bit. “You took direct control over his subconscious and you still failed!” it angrily exclaimed. “I do not care if you made Lori and Luna make up in a cute way, THIS is the actual core piece. And now I have to fix it up!”

The clicking of keys could be heard, despite the Observer keeping its hands by itself.

“If things don't work out in the next days, you will have a problem.”

After that threat, the Observer hung up and put its attention back on the screen and sighed.

"Why is it so hard finding competent personal?"

To say Lincoln was in a panic would be an understatement. While his "fecal incident" distraction managed to creep his sisters out just long enough to jump out of the sinkhole, it did not give him enough time to escape back into the house. As such, he was now stuck keeping his siblings at bay with anything he had at his disposal. Which was not very much.

"Stay away from me!" he shouted while frantically waving the garden rake in front of his sisters. He felt like he was dealing with a bunch of cats.

"But Lincoln..." Luna moaned.

A bunch of horny cats.

"Don't say another word," Lincoln told the third most tomboyish girl of the family, trying to keep her away from him without really hurting her. "You guys must have lost your mind."

"That's not true," Lori protested, dodging the rake. "I literally haven't seen things ever as clear as now."

"Me too," Luna threw in, coming to her sister's aid.

"Like, me three," Leni declared proudly. The only other one being as confused as Lincoln was Lily, who did not understand what sort of fecal incident supposedly happened. At least HER diaper was poo poo free. And why was her brother insisting of waving around that giant fork her mother used to collect leaves?

"We love you. And we want to give ourselves to you."

"Yeah, sure," Lincoln snarked at Lori's words. A small part of him still wanted to believe that this was just the final part of whatever prank they were playing.

"I bet Bobby would be totally okay with sharing you."

"Oh, him? Don't worry," Lori stated, stepping aside before she could get a handful of rake metal in her stomach. "I broke up with him 25 minutes ago."

Lincoln held in. "What?"

25 minutes earlier...

"Lori. I am so glad to hear from you, babe!" Roberto Santiago Jr. or Bobby as others liked to call him, exclaimed in joy.

"Aha," was all Lori said in a rather bored tone. She was looking at her fingernails and enjoying the sensation of a hot bubble bath. Opposite of her was Luna; doing the same while also listening to the upcoming conversation she had probed Lori into starting.

"Listen, I wanted to tell you I got a job at Burping Burgers, so if you and your siblings want to come over next week, I can give you-"

"Sorry Roberto, but I am already going to get a hunk of tender meat this evening," Lori stated, earning a soft giggle from the younger Loud.

"Oh," was the rather disappointed and slightly confused reply on the other end. Bobby also wondered how weird it was that his girlfriend did not call him by his nickname.

"Also, Burping Burgers?" Lori continued, sounding rather disgusted. "So you are going to smell like frying fat now?"

"What? No, of course not. I am going to take a shower each time after work."

"You better do, frying pain."

Luna chuckled. On the other end, though, was just a profound silence.

"Babe, are you okay?" was Bobby's concerned question.

"Better than okay," Lori exclaimed. She lifted one of her legs a bit, so that it was now resting on Luna's shoulder. The teenage rocker took the chance to rub it clean with a washing cloth, earning a lovable sigh from her elder.

"I feel fantastic. Happy. Content."

"I would say..." Bobby stated, not quite sure how to respond to that. "I mean, you looked very happy in those pictures with Lincoln."

Lori raised an eyebrow. "You saw them?"

"Babe, I think many in our class saw them. And... How do I say that... I am glad you had a good time. But did you also need to load up a pic of the two of you in the tub?"

If you would know, she thought sardonically while looking over to Luna caressing her leg. Then she realized something.

"Wait a sec. Did you tell Lincoln about the pics?"

"Ehm... yeah?"

Luna felt her sister suddenly tense up in anger.

"You idiot!" Lori shouted, earning a wince from Bobby and Luna.

"Because of you, Lincoln was angry with me!"

"What? Babe, I..."

"Don't call me babe, Roberto!"

Now Bobby knew that something was wrong. His girlfriend never called him Roberto when they were on the phone. Especially not in a tone that made it sound like she actually wanted to call him something very hurtful.

"How dare you interfere with me and my brother's quality time?"

"I am sorry ba-"

A very threatening growl could be heard.

"Lori. But... I was just worried. What if someone had seen the pics and came to the wrong conclusion? After all, you are not a pervert."

Lori stayed silent.

"Look, Lori, I..." Bobby sighed, trying to find a way to defuse the situation. "I think it is great you two spend time together. But what about us?"

Still no contribution from Lori, whose eyes had taken a more stern expression.

"I mean, next Saturday is our 34th week anniversary and I was thinking-"

"I want to break up with you."

The silence that followed those words weighted heavy on any person either involved or listening to the conversation.

"What?"

"I want to break up with you," Lori repeated. "Quiero romper con usted. Understood?" Bobby's voice was shaking. "Que?"

"I don't want to be your girlfriend anymore!" Lori shouted in the phone, water splashing. Bobby didn't know what to say. He was too shocked.

"Why?"

"Well, first, you are not white enough..."

"Come again?"

"I mean your hair. Your hair is not white enough..."

"Well... that sounds better? I think?"

"Second, you are too much of a simpleton. I feel like I am dating my sister."

She looked to Luna and gave her a reassuring smile as if to say that there is nothing wrong with that.

"And lastly, you are way too clingy!"

"What?"

"You called me literally more than 100 times over the course of the last two days!"

"But Babe, you always insist of me talking to you."

She snorted derogatively. "Well, that is another thing. You are way too much of a push over."

She looked over to Luna, who was giving her the thumbs up while massaging her feet, trying to help her calm down a bit.

"You are always doing what a girl tells you. I need a man who also can say a word of power."

There was silence on the other end of the line.

"Fus Ro dah?"

"Too scaly," Lori replied.

"Infama?"

Lori groaned. "Any other videogame reference?"

"Lori..."

"It is over, Roberto," Lori groaned. "Move on. Delete me from your Visagebook friends list. I know I did."

On the other end of the line, a heart broken sniff could be heard. "You make my heart ache."

Lori sighed. "Yeah, like whatever," she stated and quit the call. Now that was finished, she laid back in the tub again, closing her eyes.

"You okay, gal?" Luna wanted to know. She leaned in closer to her sister, making some of the water swash over the brim of the tub.

"Yeah, I am fine," Lori said and sighed. On the inside, though, she felt kind of bad.

On one hand, if she and her sisters (especially Luna) were to spend time with Lincoln the way they intended to, she had to make a sacrifice and remove Bobby from the equation. On the other hand, she couldn't help herself but feel remorseful of telling her Boo-Boo Be- Bobby that it was over. After all, they spend more than eight months together. And while he was sort of a push over, he was still a very sweet and protective guy who she had genuine feelings for. Deep feelings, the more she thought about it again. The expression on her face changed from relaxed to slightly worried.

Should she have been at least gentler? Perhaps, she thought, Lincoln may understand if she told him that she and Bobby...

Before she could continue with any ideas about giving herself to two boys she yearned for, Luna leant in close and kissed her on the lips. A gesture that melted away any worries and left her in a very relaxed, almost mushy state.

"You did the right thing," Luna stated, when she broke lips with Lori. "For Lincoln."

"Yeah... For Lincoln," Lori repeated mindlessly, a smile forming on her face.

Luna gave her a naughty grin. "Now how about we get out of the tub and do something for our brother? I think a swim in the chocolate milk pool with his lovely sisters would help him cool down just the right way, don't you think?"

Normally Lori would have argued that this was a stupid idea. That she and Luna had just spent 15 minutes to get the tomboy clean and that as such, a swim in sticky chocolate milk was very counterproductive. But right now her brain wouldn't have even be able to spell the syllables for "counter" without her mind drifting back to how much she wanted to hear Lincoln say that he loved her. "Sounds like an idea," she said and followed Luna's lead.

"You loved him!" Lincoln stated in shock, still proceeding what Lori just told him. "He was your Boo Boo Bear!"

"He was," Lori answered and Lincoln swore he could hear out a hint of regret but only for the slightest moment. "But you are my true love! My only love. My love until the last lights in this galaxy will go out."

Similar to their previous declaration of love, he tried to find any sign of deceit in her statement. But he couldn't. And knowing how much Bobby meant to her, Lincoln could only conclude without a doubt that what was going on was not a joke. His sisters had lost it and have unconditionally fallen in love with him. And it scared him shitless.

"Laying it on thick, don't you?" criticized Leni, who loved romantic gestures herself but even she thought that this was a tad excessive. "It is too early for such romantic gestures. Also, hey, he is running again!"

Lincoln ran into the streets, hoping he could win some time when his sisters were forced to put on some clothes. The problem was that he thought that shame and public appearance were something Lori and Luna still gave a Groschen about.

But they didn't.

They showed no concern over being seeing naked in public.

"Stop Lincoln!" Luna shouted while running past a very surprised female Hindu. "Wait!"

Like Mr. Grouse before, some people who were nearby got a good view on two very naked, and in the eye of the beholder, also attractive older girls. Those people included a mother putting her hands on the eyes of her child, shouting he shouldn't see this and that the louds should think of the children, young men who either looked in shock or slight approval of what they saw and the most "enlightening" experience had a certain Carol Pingrey, who at the sight of her naked classmate Lori had a severe nosebleed, followed by a heavy blush. Save to say she had quite a bit of soul searching to do this evening at home.

Lincoln, after witnessing these events, decided to run back to their house to minimize public attention. There he jumped into the chocolate milk-pool and submerged.

His sisters got also back in with no big hurry.

"We will wait," Lori said. "He can't stay submerged forever."

"Yes," Leni agreed. "Especially with the shark. I doubt Lincoln wants to bath with a shark."

"There is no shark," Luna said. "That is impossible."

"And what is this?"

Leni calmly pointed at a dorsal fin sticking out of the water and swimming circles

around the four sisters.

"A SHARK!" Lori shouted, her eyes widening in terror. "OUT EVERYONE AND GET ME A HARPOON!"

"Don't you need a scuba tank and a riffle to kill a shark?" asked Leni who helped Lily and then her sisters out of the chocolate milk before they searched for something to kill a shark.

Lincoln meanwhile emerged. The shark dorsal fin on his back had done its job.

"Thank god for Luan leaving her probes from yesterday behind," he stated gratefully, before throwing the fake fin away. "Time to get to Clyde before Leni tries to shove a scuba tank down my throat," he said to himself while getting out of the tasty pool.

Back in the house, Lincoln tried his best to be as stealthy as possible, seeing how Luna and Lori had gone back in search of a weapon. Leaning against the kitchen wall and slipping along it in direction of the living room, he came to an instant halt when he heard a ruckus from above.

"Are you sure this will do?"

"It is the closest to a weapon we have."

"Why would Luan even have a flare gun?"

"It's actually a modified party rocket launcher," Lincoln could hear Luan shout from upstairs. After a moment of silence, this was followed by the following question of the brunette Loud: "Why do you need my party gun?"

"No time to explain," said Lori. Lincoln could hear her jump down the stairs. He had just enough time to hide under the kitchen table in a way that he was out of her sight, before she and Luna came storming in, only to head out.

"I am on my way, Lincoln my love!"

"Don't forget me," Luna added, carrying one of Lynn's baseball bats with her.

Get my clothes, get dressed and get out of this house and this insanity!

He waited until he couldn't hear anyone anymore and ran up the stairs as quietly as he could.

He had almost reached his room as Leni came out of the one Lisa and Lily shared. Lincoln suspected that she had just brought back Lily to her crib because the baby was not with her anymore.

"Oh, Linki!"

He had to think fast.

"What? No, it is me, Lynn!" Lincoln tried to explain, suppressing tension. "I just have disguised myself as Lincoln."

"Why would you do that?" Leni asked in confusion.

"To... So, that I can feel like Lincoln!" Lincoln lied. "To understand our bro better."

"Oh, of course!" Leni said, having bought the bluff. "Do you know where Lincoln could be?"

"He is surely disguised as me!"

"Why would he disguise as you Lynn?"

"To balance out that I am disguised as him!" explained Lincoln. "Quick, get her, eh I mean him! I bet he is in my room!"

Leni nodded and responded friendly: "Thank you Lynn."

Without another word, Leni ran past Lincoln and into Lynn's and Lucy's room, from where, seconds later, sounds of a fight and a heated argument came from. While Leni was distracted with Lynn and vice versa, Lincoln ran into his room and got himself

ready.

While trying to get his pants on, ignoring the stickiness of the chocolate milk on his skin, he could hear his two naked sisters from down outside argue with one another.

"Lincoln my little Thumper..."

Thumper?

"I am going to save you!"

"Little Thumper?" Luna could be heard asking.

"He makes my heart beat like crazy," Lori tried to justify.

The sound of splashing chocolate milk could be heard. "I think the word "thump" also means a few not so cute things."

"You try to come up with a better nickname for our little sweetheart," Lori barked back like an annoyed dog.

More splashing noises could be heard.

"Dang it!" Luna cursed. "I hit and hit and I still haven't got him!"

"Try to stay still down there, Lincoln," Lori shouted in the sinkhole. "If you don't move, the shark is not going to see you."

The splashing stopped for a moment.

"I think you mistake sharks with dinosaurs."

Lincoln knew of the old saying that love could make you blind. But he wondered if love also made you stupid, considering how utterly ridiculous Luna and Lori acted outside.

Ignoring them for the time being, he finished getting his shirt on and put his duffle bag over his shoulder. But just when he opened his door, Leni came out of his younger sister's room, dragging a very reluctant Lynn behind her.

"Leni, let me go!"

"No chance, Lincoln," the second oldest Loud child said, holding her 13 year old sister by her collar. "Not before we have reassured the others that you are okay. Oh hey Lynn!"

Lincoln smiled nervously.

"Lincoln, would you please tell our sister that I am not you?!"

The smile grew a bit wider. "I don't know what you are talking about, bro."

"Lincoln, if that is a joke, I am going to-"

"Please don't talk in such a tone with your sister, Linki!" Leni said sternly, putting her hands on the younger girl's shoulders. "After all, she loves you just as much as I do."

"Oh hell no!"

Leni turned around to her brother.

Lincoln coughed. "I mean, "Oh hell no... Dude?" he said, his voice sounding a bit scratchier in a vague attempt to imitate his sister.

"Nice combining," Leni lauded.

"Bad imitation, dude!" Lynn shouted but Leni dragged her down the stairs.

Lincoln wiped his sweat from the forehead. This was way too close, not to mention that it would have never worked with any other sister than Leni. He calmly stayed on the floor, deciding it was best to wait until Leni and Lynn had left the house, before he would go down the stairs himself.

"Got you Lincoln!"

With ten sisters you were never alone and that was, despite his distraction maneuvers, still true with the twins standing in the door of their room, holding hands and looking sinister.

"Come play with us Brother," they said in Unison "Play with us. Forever and ever..."

"...in the mud."

Lola's face turned to her twin, snarling. "You ruined it!"

"What?"

"The twin thing from the scary movie that is referenced everywhere. You ruined it!"

"Why should we scare him?" Lana asked in confusion.

"With me it would have been charming!" Lola shouted in anger. "We start over. One, Two--"

"He is getting away!"

Lincoln was running and the twins followed him. He knew that the usual tactics wouldn't work so he took a little sack full of marbles from his bag and dispersed them on the ground. The twins ran over the marbles and started to wave their arms, trying to keep their balance and regain the control of their legs

"AH!"

"Keep your balance, Lola!"

"I was on worse catwalks before, so worry about your own." Lola shouted in an arrogant tone as Lana stumbled against her, resulting in both falling down the stairs.

"Two down, but not for long," Lincoln commented.

While this was going on, Lori and Luna still tried to find and kill the carnivorous sea creature down in the cocoa depths of the pool-sinkhole. Leni joined them with a struggling Lynn she was holding in a chest hug with the face away from her because she had tried to bite her more than once at this point, trying to explain to them how she had totally found Lincoln.

"Leni, for the last time, that is not our brother!"

"But Lynn--"

"Who was disguised as him as you said."

"Totally told me it was him."

Lori pinched the back of her nose. "I know he has the trunk full of costumes under his bed, but do you really believe he has something as good as that?"

"Whatever, let me go!" Lynn ordered angry. "Or you will regret it!"

"Yeah, let her go," Luna supported her. "Lincoln is in the house and not in danger of being eaten by a chocolate-shark."

"Chocolate-shark?" Lynn expressed her confusion.

"That dorsal fin looked a lot like the fake one of Luan," Luna thought loudly.

"But, like, this has to totally be Lincoln!"

"I doubt it," said Luna.

"I can totally prove it!" Leni shouted and grabbed for Lynn's face. Sticking a finger in "Lincoln"'s nose, she pulled on "his" skin.

"OUCH!"

"Come on, Linki," Leni pleaded, searching for some plastic under Lynn's neck.

Luna was just about to ask Lori if she should tell their sister that she could not expect "Lincoln" to pull an Old Man Jenkins on them, when they heard the noises of two kids

falling down the stairs from within the house.

Lincoln's assumption that it would not take long for Lola and Lana to recover from their flight down the stairs was proven right the moment he, attempting to get down the stairs and escape through the front door, found the older of the twins all of sudden grabbing after his leg and trying to wrestle him to the ground.

"Lana, let me go!" the white haired boy desperately begged, trying to shake his sister off him.

"Not before you listened to what I have to say."

Lincoln, assuming the worst, suddenly shoved his sister off him. "If you say that you have feelings for me and want me to be your boyfriend, forget it!"

Lana looked up at her brother, whose eyes seemed to shimmer in rage and anxiety.

"You are my little sister for crying out loud. I could never-"

He held in when he realized that the only look she gave him was one of uncharacteristic fright, while her lip was trembling.

"Lana?"

Before he had a chance to ask something else, he got suddenly hit in the face by a well thrown pink purse.

"What is wrong with you?" he heard Lola ask him in a tone that was closer to her normal attitude than what he had seen this day. Perplexed he watched as the beauty pageant went to her twin and tried to calm her down.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Lana said. She rubbed her nose with the sleeves of her shirt and looked at him.

"Dude, seriously. That hurt," she told him, and doing so in the rude manner Lincoln had primarily known her the last few years now. "I only wanted to tell you that I am sorry for stealing your underwear."

"Yeah. And I wanted to apologize for our little tea incident," Lola added.

Now Lincoln was really starting to get a headache.

"You wanted to apologize?"

Both twins just nodded.

"But you... The entire Shining thi-"

"It's called a joke, idiot," Lana stated, before turning slightly red.

"Yeah. We just want to spend some time with our BBBFF. You don't have to scare Lana like that."

"I was not scared!"

"Oh please," Lola stated. "I saw your lips tremble."

"Only because I thought Lincoln hated me," the tomboy sulked.

Lincoln knew he should probably just take the chance and escape. But something told him that what he just saw could perhaps clue him in more on his siblings' behavior.

"Guys..." Lincoln began, "would you please answer me a question? How do you feel about me?"

Lana and Lola looked at each other puzzled, then at him.

"Well..." Lola began, blushing.

"You are the best big brother a little girl could have," Lola stated.

"Nothing more?"

"What do you mean?"

Lincoln took a deep breath. "Would you consider being in a relationship with me?"

Lana blinked. "Huh?"

"He means if we want to be his girlfriends."

"What? Ewww, gross."

She looked at Lincoln as if he had just offered her a fried peanut and sauerkraut sandwich.

"Dude. I like... Like you, but not like that!"

"Same!" Lola stated. "I mean, I totally want you to always be there for me, but more as my best friend."

"Is that why you tried to drug him and make him your obedient puppet?" Lincoln could hear Lana say with maximum snark.

"Isn't that what best friends are there for?" was the confused answer to that by Lola.

Before they could start an argument, Lincoln came up to them. "Guys, listen," he said.

"Something weird is going on here. Your older sisters-"

At this moment, the backdoor opened.

"Lincoln!" three girls sang, which made the boy's next word freeze midsentence.

"I've got to go," he stated, grabbed for his bag and tried to escape through the front door.

Only to be tackled on the other side by a less than thrilled looking Lynn.

"You traitor!" she shouted.

"Lynn!"

"So me being naked around you is a problem, but Lori is not?"

"I... I...WHAT?!"

Lincoln was at loss for words. He thought Lynn would chew him out for tricking Leni into capturing her. Now she was pinning him to the ground and angry for not wanting to see her naked?

"What?" Lynn wanted to know. "Are Lori's and Luna's bodies that much better to look at?"

Before he could give any reply, he became aware of the sound of his older sisters approaching. He already expected to get a good view at things he should only see when he went third base with his girlfriend in a couple of years, but at least in that regard fate seemed to take pity on him. Cause when the triplets of older siblings entered the living hall, all three were back in clothes again. Or at least almost, as Lori was still adjusting the top Leni had brought her, much to Lincoln's relief.

"Answer me!"

"I don't like anyone naked around me!" he answered. "Or at least people who get out of all their clothes without asking me if I am okay with that beforehand."

"Oh, of course you say that now!" Lynn countered angry. "But you seemed way more willing to join the two in the pool!"

"I didn't know they were naked!" was his annoyed response. "I thought they wore their swimwear!"

"Yes, yes they all say that," was Lynn's reaction. "All brothers say that when they get caught jumping to their older sisters into a chocolate milk pool."

"Can you give a literally example for that?" Lori, now properly dressed, asked in a

skeptical tone. "I never heard of such a thing before."

Lincoln had to think fast again. He would not be able to wrestle himself free from Lynn, especially with his other sisters around to help her.

"Why were you naked?" Lola asked, confused. Her sisters tended to act strange but getting naked all of the sudden was something new. "Is the heat too much for you?"

"Can I get naked too?" Lana asked with delight in her voice, jumping up and down like an excited puppy. "It is much more fun to play with Charles while being naked!"

"No, you DON'T play naked in the mud," Lori forbade. "Again."

She remembered well the day she did just that. Half of the neighborhood had seen how she and their dad hunted a naked, barking Lana all around the house while she had a race with Charles on all fours.

It was as hilarious as it was embarrassing.

"Charles!" Lincoln shouted. "Of course. Come here boy! Lynn wants to play with you! Onto her back!"

On command Charles rushed into the room, onto Lynn's back, barked happily and licked her neck.

"Stop it Charles!" Lynn laughed and tried to get the dog from her back with her hands. This was Lincoln's chance and he got up to run away.

Leni still was still standing in the door so he made a run for the kitchen.

"Get him!" Luna shouted. "He doesn't know what is good for him anymore!"

If Lincoln was anything then it was being fast when the time was right and now the time was right. Through the dining room, slipping under the table into the kitchen and through a well-placed sidestep, he landed in in the basement. By also flying down some stairs. Ignoring the pain for the moment though, he tried to think of his next step, before...

"Hey, Lincoln."

"AH!"

Lucy had appeared behind him. Of course she would be here.

"Lucy, I don't have the time," Lincoln expressed quickly. "I... Want to visit Clyde."

"Of course," Lucy responded monotonously. "But before you do, I would like to imprint on your person."

"You want to do what?"

Lucy just looked for a few intense seconds into Lincoln's face. As she was finished she said: "Now we are connected forever."

Lincoln sighed, she was infatuated with him too. But how much?

"Lucy how much do you like me?"

His little sister seemed to ponder about the question for quite a bit.

"I..."

"Linki? Are you down there?"

"Crud," the boy muttered. He turned away from his sister, managing just in the nick of time to hide under the stairs as Leni came down to look for him.

"Linki? Oh, hi Lucy!"

"Hello."

"Say, have you seen Linki? Me and the others want to talk to him."

Lucy glanced over to her brother, who frantically signaled her to please be quiet.

"I have not seen our dear brother," she stated.

"Oww," Leni whined. "And I was sure he-"

Something behind her creaked rather loudly, making her turn around.

"Linki?"

The eleven year old cursed at the fact that this house needed some reinforcement when it came to the stairs.

"I am not Lincoln," he stated in a matter of fact, not even turning around. "I am just a figment of your imagination."

Please let this work, please let this work, please let this-

"Oh, okay," Leni said and grabbed for Lucy. "Come Lucy. Let's leave Mr. Figment alone and look for Lincoln. Perhaps he is in the garage."

The younger sister let herself be dragged upstairs past Lincoln, though not without exchanging with him an expression that could probably be translated into "Dude, seriously?"

Lincoln just stayed for a little bit longer at the stairs, till he heard the backdoor open and close.

"I wonder how often I can play this card out till she gets the hang on it," Lincoln wondered and got upstairs. Based on the noises he heard from the backyard, everyone was outside. He headed for the living room for his great escape...

"Lincoln?"

...Which of course had to be interrupted again, this time by his sister Luan.

"Am I ever going to escape this madhouse?" he groaned in resignation and jumped in the empty fireplace for hiding. Becoming one with the darkness, he watched as the prankster of an older sibling came down the stairs, offering a sight to behold. He knew his sister had a taste for bizarre costumes. This though was still the first time in his life he saw her wear nothing but whipped cream, cherries and chocolate sauce hiding her still developing assets.

No question about how she is affected, Lincoln thought gloomy.

"Are you there? Come on. I have something sweet for you to make up for the examination."

I rather take a flu shot

"I promise I am not going to split your banana," she laughed. But then, instead of adding her catch phrase of "Get it?" on her sentence, she just sat down on the couch and sighed in resignation.

"What am I even doing?"

Before anyone could answer her question, the elder siblings as well as Lana came into the room, looking rather gloom.

"Well, he certainly is not in the garage," Luna muttered. "And probably not in the basement either." She glanced to Leni. "Anymore."

"I am sorry guys."

"Next time you think you see Lincoln, just call fo- Luan, why are you covered in whipped cream?"

"Why were you looking for a weapon in my room all naked, Lori?"

"Tha- That doesn't matter," the eldest sister tried to divert. "All that matters is the wellbeing of our brother."

"Yeah," everyone else sighed.

"If we just knew where he is," Lana stated.

"You know guys," Leni suddenly exclaimed, "I think I have an idea."

Everyone was silent.

"What?"

Luna wanted to say something, but Lori, in the most diplomatic way she could muster, put her hand on Luna's shoulder and turned the attention to her roommate. "And what would that idea be?"

"Simple," the blond said cheerfully and cleared her throat. "Lucy!"

"Yes?" the little goth asked, giving everyone but Leni a good scare when she seemingly appeared out of nowhere from behind the couch.

Lincoln, in the safety of the chimney, was confused. *Lucy?*

"Now listen, Lucy," Leni began, going down on her knees, gently talking to her sister.

"You see, Lincoln is kinda confused. Like, he can't understand that we totes love him. And all me, Lori and Luna want to do is show him how awesome it would be if he just accepted it."

Luan raised an eyebrow in confusion "What?"

But no one seemed to hear her. "You want for Lincoln to be happy too, right?"

Not knowing what else to do, Lucy just gave an affirmative nod to this question.

"So would you help us find him? I mean, you are, like, really good at that, aren't you?"

Lincoln, who had witnessed the entire conversation, realized he was in a big pile of poo poo now.

"He is here!" he heard a voice behind him and knew now things were getting from bad to even worse.

Meanwhile, in a place that has very little to do with Lincoln's story at all, a pale being dressed in black and bearing rather "unique" facial accessories was taking a somber look at what many would have considered a sight to behold.

A landscape of giant masses of ice and snow, filled with countless, famished people walking around in confusion at the fact that snow was falling down on him. After all, they were condemned to spend eternity in the fires of hell, not in a Winter Wonderland.

"Well then," began the pale being, who was referred to by his associates as Pinhead, Lord of the Flesh, Messenger of Leviathan and the most casuistic critic of "50 Shades of Grey" in all of reality. "Anyone willing to explain to me why hell froze THIS time?"

"We are still fact checking," a lower demon with multiple hooks sticking out of his spine, connecting them through wires with a ring in his nose, stated. "We boiled it down to either America starting World War 3, Seth MacFarlane finally cancelling Family Guy, or a certain Leni Loud having a good idea."

Pinhead thought about what his minion said and sighed. "Don't. Knowing the mortals, I can tell you, it must be that idea thing."

Below him, a group of war criminals suffered a serious PTSD attack, as they all died at the front.

"How long will it take this time for it to melt?"

"Two days most, Sir."

"Good." Last time something utterly impossible happened on Earth and his Domain

froze, the Cenobites needed two weeks just to reignite the fire pits. Then again, who would have guessed a reality TV show host could become the US president?

Maniak: And that is chapter 9.

Oogie-Boogie: Obligatory Trump joke in 2017. Check.

Maniak: This way we at least avoid having to make more. We want to write fanfic, not stupid excuses for political dispute initiated by hacks who don't know the slightest bit about comedy.

Oogie-Boogie: Yeah. Cause then we would be Seth McFarlane.

Maniak: And just to confirm once more: We are not going into the porn business with this story. The nakedness of Lori and Luna? That was all you get from us in that regard. (to Oogie-Boogie) BTW, where did you get the lemon from?

Oogie-Boogie: I know this farmer by the name of Cave Johnson and he...

Somewhere an explosion is heard.

Oogie-Boogie: ... Are we in trouble?

Maniak: ... Get the car ready, we go to Mexico for the time being.

Oogie-Boogie: (slightly nervous to the readers) Just to visit the countryside. Nothing more.

Maniak: And btw, while we are gone... care for a comment? Just a small question, if you still like what we write. Also, I kinda did the Bobby and Lori scene and would really like to know, if you guys liked it. As in „did it hit the emotional points.“

Kapitel 10: Escape from your siblings (Part 2) "Lincoln Loud where are thou?"

Oogie: (sings) "What is new Maniak?"

Maniak: "I will not sing this song with you."

Oogie: "But you like Scooby-Doo."

Maniak: "Yes, but not the band who is singing the intro for "What's new Scooby-Doo". "

Oogie: "In that case let us sing the intro of the 2003 T.M.N.T. Series."

Maniak: "What has this to do with this story?"

Oogie: "Nothing but it is a nice song."

Maniak: "This is getting us nowhere. We thank ultrablud2 for his continuing good work."

Oogie: "And for the people who want to know about Mexico: Very nice place, nothing to complain."

Maniak: "But the prices for lemons were an affront!"

Chapter 10:

Escape from your siblings (Part 2)

"Lincoln Loud where are thou?"

Lincoln jumped out of the shadows and threw Luna some cinder into her eyes before she could really process that Lincoln just appeared from the chimney.

"My eyes!" Luna shouted in shock and rubbed them. "You blinded me with cinder!"

Lincoln started to run, slid under Lori's legs on his knees, jumped over Lola, dodged a tackle by Lynn and ran away from them.

"Spread out and get him!" Lori ordered in her most militaristic tone, sounding even more like a nasty drill sergeant than in the past. "Don't let him escape! Luna, give us some chase music!"

Luna, who had wiped the cinder out of her eyes, got her guitar ready. "You got it sis." She started to play a song she thought would suit this situation best.

*Another day is going by
I'm thinking about you all the time
But you're out there
And I'm here waiting*

He ran into the kitchen, trying to hide in the cupboard under the sink.

"Got you!" exclaimed Lynn who had somehow managed to get there before Lincoln, donning a pair of boxing gloves now.

"I will knock you out with my unending love!" she announced and threw her right hand

at Lincoln's head. He dodged it and stuffed a bucket on the tomboyish sportster's head before escaping from the cupboard.

"I will not kick this bucket, but your ass!" Lynn shouted angry with a voice muffled by metal. "I will kick yours with love!"

*And I wrote this letter in my head
Cuz so many things were left unsaid
But now you're gone
And I can't think straight*

Lincoln got back into the dining room where he was confronted by Leni who was armed with a fishing net in her hands. As she spotted him she smiled happily and swung the net in Lincoln's direction to capture him.

"Be nice and come into the net, Lincoln Lungfish," Leni requested friendly. "I have a nice large aquarium for you."

"I can't, I am a free flounder!"

He ducked under the net and sidestepped Leni's next swing. To get rid of her, Lincoln jumped on her head.

"Got you!"

As Leni swung again, Lincoln was gone and the net was over half of her body.

"Sorry, Leni Lungfish, you got inter the net!"

Before shoving the rest of that net down to her feet and softly nudging Leni to the ground, Lincoln criticized himself for the bad pun Luan would have made in such a situation.

*This could be the one last chance
To make you understand*

It was insane. He had fought with his sisters and fled from them before, but this time was scarier than all times before.

*I'd do anything
Just to hold you in my arms
To try to make you laugh
Cuz somehow I can't put you in the past
I'd do anything
Just to fall asleep with you
Will you remember me?
Cuz I know
I won't forget you*

The twins were hanging from the ceiling over the large bed of their parents with plungers, preparing a trap for Lincoln. Lola looked like always but Lana was wearing an ascot because Leni had told her once that all great trap makers wore ascots. She didn't want to argue with Leni and she liked the ascot she had given her anyway.

"Will this trap work?" asked Lola. "Do we even know if he will come in here?"

"I doubt he will suspect a trap here," explained Lana. "Good thing that I started this

trap some days ago."

"Why did you put a trap over the bed of mom and dad?"

"In case a wild animal breaks into our house and sleeps on their bed while they are away," explained Lana her slightly younger sister.

"Only you could have an idea like this."

Together we broke all the rules

Dreaming of dropping out of school

The door was thrown open and Lincoln came in.

"Now watch, the trap is ready," Lana said. "When he steps onto the bed-"

Lincoln jumped onto the bed and nothing happened.

The two stared in amazement while Lincoln looked around for any signs of danger.

"Why didn't he trigger the trap?" Lana whispered. "It is foolproof!"

"Not foolproof enough for your brain!"

The two twins climbed into the upper-half of the trap and looked at the different invisible cords of the construction as Lori came rushing into the room.

And leave this place

To never come back

"Stop Lincoln!"

Lincoln jumped from the bed as Lori was jumping on it. Lori was heavier as Lincoln. A fact she had no problem with, but the trap on the bed had. Lana had made the trigger not sensitive enough for Lincoln's weight, but it was enough for Lori.

She triggered the trap and the bedsheet's four corners were quickly pulled up by the invisible cords. The sudden movement of the cords brought also an imbalance to the twins and they got yanked from their plunger's cords and onto Lori.

Seconds later, all three hang from the ceiling, the blanket wrapped to a bag around them and closed by invisible cords. Muffled angry sounds and fighting noises were heard and the blanket bag also bulged and moved a lot as if it was filled with angry animals.

"If one creates a bedsheet trap for you, they may hang in it itself with their twin sister and older sister later," Lincoln quoted something he had just invented and said for the first time.

So now maybe after all these years

If you miss me have no fear

I'll be here

I'll be waiting

On the stair he encountered Luna. She was too distracted by performing this love song, he easily skipped her.

This could be the one last chance to make you understand

And I just can't let you leave me once again

On the second floor he saw Luan, in her normal clothing again, spotting him and

walking towards his direction.

"Hey Lincoln, I-" she started but suddenly she had Lincoln's fist in her face, punching her to the ground. "What the...? Hey, wai- AH!"

Next she had Lincoln's foot in her belly and got down onto her knees, holding it.

"Away pervert, away!"

I'd do anything

Just to hold you in my arms

To try to make you laugh

Cuz somehow I can't put you in the past

I'd do anything

Just to fall asleep with you

Will you remember me?

Cuz I know

I won't forget you

He ran into Lucy's and Lynn's room where Lynn was waiting with her ball machine.

"Multi-Ball!" she shouted and fired at Lincoln with several baseballs. He dodged quickly and jumped out of the room.

I close my eyes

And all I see is you

I close my eyes

I try to sleep

I can't forget you

Nanana

And I'd do anything for you

Nanana

The bedsheet-bag came up the stairs and jumped into Lincoln's direction. Three voices screamed "Lincoln!" He could only flee as the bedsheet-bag continued to hunt him down by jumping after him.

I'd do anything

Just to hold you in my arms

To try to make you laugh

Cuz somehow I can't put you in the past

I'd do anything

Just to fall asleep with you

Will you remember me?

Cuz I know

I won't forget you

Leni appeared also, armed with a vacuum this time. "I will suck you up," she announced. "Like the most adorable little lint!"

"You can't suck me up with that!" Lincoln shouted in surprised confusion.

"Oh yeah?"

Leni turned the vacuum on and directed it in Lincoln's direction but nothing happened.

"Is this thing broken?" Leni looked into the suction. "What- AH!"

Suddenly her head was in the suction.

"Sucker!" Lincoln expressed not thinking this would have happened but now he was in trouble. The rest of the sisters had reached the second floor too.

I'd do anything

To fall asleep with you

I'd do anything

There's nothing I won't do

I'd do anything

To fall asleep with you

I'd do anything

Cuz I know

I won't forget you

They hunted Lincoln through all the rooms on the second floor. One room in, out another. They even hunted each other. Through the rooms and the air ducts. Leni ran a few times against the walls and tripped over a few things before she got her head out of the suction. Lori, Lana and Lola jumped on and over a few of their sisters and Lincoln before they finally got out of the bag. It looked almost surreal as 8 sisters hunted down their brother, sometimes they lost him, sometimes he suddenly hunted them and other times the sisters hunted each other.

They finally collided into a big pile up in the middle of the second floor.

"Turn down that music Luna!" Lori screamed, fed up with this wacky chase. "It is driving me nuts."

"Hey!" Luan shouted somewhere within the wreckage that was the siblings intertwined. "Has anyone seen Lucy?"

Lincoln knew that even with his sisters being busy detangling themselves, he did not have much of the luxury of taking a break to calm down. Not only would they probably manage to free themselves soon enough, but if what he heard through the vent shaft was any indication, the one girl he had to look out for the most was not involved in the hallway crash. And with him being currently stuck in said vent shaft, he needed to at least navigate himself to the rooms downstairs before...

"Hey Lincoln."

He didn't turn around, nor did he jump up and hit his head on the metal. Instead he suddenly found himself able to crawl through the vent shaft with an ease and speed, normally only reserved for your average rodent.

Not that it helped him much, as Lucy somehow managed to always turn up just around the next corner.

Either she appeared in front of him...

"Hey Lincoln."

...Behind him...

"Hey Lincoln."

...Outside of the next grit he was going for...

"Hey Lincoln."

...Or, when he thought he had finally found a room to come out of, right in front of the door.

"Hey Linc- you did not need to shut the door."

"Dear Lord," Lincoln panted heavily, back in the vent shaft once again. "Where the heck did she learn instant teleportation?"

"I am just very swift, brother of mine."

After a couple more minutes of that, Lincoln's great escape came to an abrupt end when he crashed through one of the grits into the next room under him. His eyes widened in shock as he realized, he was in Lynn and Lucy's room now.

Welcome to my lair, said the spider to the fly, he thought fearfully. He looked around, expecting Lucy to show up any second, as he felt something poke his back.

Lincoln was aware enough to clap his hand over the mouth, before the others could hear his scream. A scream that died out rather quickly when he realized, that there was no sound coming. He turned around.

"Oh thank god," he sighed in relief as he saw, that it was not Lucy that poked him. "It's just that weird statue Lucy got herself." He looked at the rather small of a statue of a winged human being, whose face was covered by its own hands. "Wait. Wasn't that angel always in the other corner of the room?"

"Actually, it is a cherub," Lucy stated from behind, making Lincoln jump up the air and squeak.

"Did you hear that?" a voice from the hallway asked.

"Lucy, is that you?"

Before his sister had a chance to answer, Lincoln hastily put his hand over her mouth and dragged her under her bed with himself. Which was a rather fortunate move, as seconds later; Lana opened the door and glanced in the room. "Lucy? You in there?"

The Goth in question tried to say something, but Lincoln held her firm in his grip.

"Hey Lana, come downstairs," Lola could be heard. "Luan accidentally walked into one of your Lincoln traps!"

"Dang it!" Lincoln heard his tomboy sister exhale before closing the door.

He had avoided his sisters once more. But now, he still had to deal with a struggling Goth.

"Lucy, stop..."

But the little girl did not listen. Instead she did everything she could to turn around, so that they were now face to face with each other.

Lincoln didn't quite know what to do. He had fought with his siblings before, but so far, Lucy was always more or less an exception from the rule. The idea of hitting her unconscious for his own sake passed his mind, but frankly, it disgusted him.

From outside, the elder siblings could be heard.

"Linki?"

"Dude, come out wherever you are!"

The little girl under him tried to free her mouth, but Lincoln held her firm.

With no other option he could think of, he did what he could best: Appeal to his sibling's common sense.

"Lucy, please!" he begged. "I understand that you just want to help the others, but..." He bit his lips, trying to find the right words. "They are not themselves right now. You are not yourself."

Lucy looked at her brother in concern, wondering what he meant by that.

"I am sorry for not saying anything sooner, but you guys are- Something has changed you."

What is he talking about? Lucy thought, feeling rather confused.

"It has made you all go crazy for me. And especially Lori and Luna."

More noise could be heard from outside.

"He is not in his room."

"And also not under my bed. Though I found that really cute top under it."

"Hey, that is mine!"

"I am scared, Lucy," he explained. "I think Lori and Luna are going to do something with me we will all regret if they find me."

"Come on, bro! I am not going to bite you. That is, if you are not into it."

"I am just going to give you some really good dating advice," Lori could be heard.

"With hands on practical experience!"

Lincoln gulped, turning his glance to Lucy again.

"I am begging you, as your brother, as your sibling... Help me."

"She is good at that," confirmed Leni her older sister's claims. "I saw her doing it with Bobby once."

Silence filled the entire house before Leni continued: "They drank from the same milkshake, it looked very romantic."

She wanted to tell him that he was silly. That Lori and Luna would never do something to hurt their brother. That they just wanted to give him a good time he deserved so much.

But something in the pleading look of his eyes resonated with her. Reminded her of the warning her supernatural friends gave her the night before and made her question if perhaps she wasn't the one who had it all wrong and if she really understood what Lori and Luna had planned for Lincoln.

While she was still thinking about the possibilities, Lori entered the room.

"Lincoln?"

The white haired boy had a hard time suppressing the urge to just run out of the room again, as he heard his oldest sister enter the room and looking all over the place for him.

"Are you there, my little Thumper? Please come out. We didn't want to scare you!"

"We just wanted to like give ourselves to you in mind, soul and especially body!" Leni declared, entering the room also.

"Gal, keep it down," Lincoln heard Luna protest. "We don't want the others to know."

Yet."

"That we want to cuddle him a lot?"

Lori suppressed the urge to put her palm onto her own face.

The rustling of some clothes being thrown out of a wardrobe could be heard.

"Why not? I mean, shouldn't they know we are going to be his girlfriends?"

"I doubt they would have a problem with us being his girls," Luna stated, looking under Lynn's bed. "But I think they shouldn't know yet that we want to do it like they do on the discovery channel."

Leni, who for some reason thought that Lincoln may perhaps hide in a drawer, looked up. "You want to talk with Linki about aliens and how they affected our history?"

While Lori just hit her head against the next wall and Luna had a hard time to explain Leni what she meant by her last comment, Lucy, who was still a bit too young to understand what they meant in general, looked in her brother's eyes and saw how the colors escaped his face at his sisters' words.

Oh god!, the boy thought. *They really want to...*

Too distracted by his own emotional turmoil, he didn't realize when Lucy slipped out of his grip and pushed him against the wall. Before he had any chance to do something, the little girl crawled from under the bed in a manner that would have made most Japanese horror icons proud and startled her older sisters.

"Lucy, what were you doing down there?"

Mentally, Lincoln had already made peace with himself, when he heard Lucy answer.

"I was looking for our brother..."

He wondered if Lori would at least be gentle.

"... But he isn't here."

He blinked. *What?*

"Dang it!" Lori shouted.

"Isn't your Lincoln Sense tingling?" Leni asked.

The little girl tilted her head in Leni's direction. "It doesn't work like that," she answered her elder in a deadpan tone.

"Whatever," Lori sighed and grabbed Leni and Luna. "Let's look in the basement."

"Again?" the two asked.

"You have a better place to look?"

And then they were out.

Slowly Lincoln moved out from under the bed. Lucy was still in the room, her back turned to him.

He didn't really know what to say. Lucy just saved his behind from the others. Did that mean she was back to normal?

"You are a ray of sunshine in the darkness that is my life, Lincoln."

Nope, didn't sound like it.

"I am not sure what is going on. But if you say something is not right, I am going to trust you, big brother."

She turned around. "I want to protect you."

"Lucy, I-"

He didn't get a chance to finish his sentence, as she hugged him.

"I am going to distract them. Don't waste time and run," she whispered in his ear

before letting go of him. He watched her leave the room, a soft and slightly uncharacteristic smile on her lips, as she looked back before shutting the door. Seconds later he heard her shout "Girls, I think he is in Lisa's room" down the stairs. This was immediately followed by the noise of 14 feet and multiple voices declaring their love and concern for Lincoln, as well as the breaking of a door.

Lincoln listened as eight sisters cried out his name at first in excitement, then in confusion, only for a ninth voice to join the cacophony.

"What in the name of Watson and Crick is going on here?!"

Followed by the crying of a baby...

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH"

...The remorseful pleads of eight girls for the baby to calm down...

"Mistress Lily, is everything alright?"

...And the concerned question of an almost seven feet tall robot, which went under in a sea of new screams.

"What the heck is that?"

"Cool. Is that a **Cylon**?"

"I assure you Mistress Lana, I am not-"

"Get away from my baby sister!"

WHACK!

"Die, Terminator scum!"

"Lynn, stop hitting on your nephew!"

"Her what now?"

Realizing that the only better opportunity for him to run would be now, if all of the sudden the roof exploded (which wouldn't be the first time), Lincoln opened the door and slid down the stairs, before anyone saw him. Using the momentum, he grabbed after his bag, opened the door in a swift move and ran out.

Free. Free at last, he thought in joy, as he felt the touch of sunlight on his face. The birds seemed to sing and he felt invincible. He wished for this moment to never end, as it was so beautiful.

"Lincoln?"

A wish he did not get fulfilled. Looking sideways, he saw Luan hanging upside down from one of the front tree's branches, her left foot stuck in a rope.

"Could you please help me down?" the jokster asked in a hurt voice. "Lana just left me hanging."

"Forget it," Lincoln snarled in return. "I am out."

"But Lincoln-"

"If anyone of you is looking for me, I am at Clyde's," the boy declared. "Don't even think of coming over, or I am going to disown you as my family."

That made Luan hold in and look in shock at her little brother.

"Whatever is wrong with you guys, I hope you have calmed down by tomorrow!"

With that said he just went down the street.

"Lincoln, come back. Please. I am not feeling well," she pleaded and **looked after him as he ran towards** the horizon. But he ignored her. And based on the noises in the house, Luan concluded that it would take quite some time till someone found her.

Mel Brooks once said that tragedy is when you cut your finger, while comedy is the

result of you falling down a sewer opening and breaking your neck. Luan, over the course of this day, got her ass severely kicked by her brother twice, had been ignored by her other siblings, wasted some really good whipped cream for nothing and was now left hanging in the air like a sex joke at a feminist convention.

In theory that would mean, that she had hit comedy gold. But why did she then think that this situation was not funny at all?

Maniak: "Who came up with that crap?"

Oogie: "We?"

Maniak: "Anyway: This is almost the end of the "Incest Begins-Arc"... Seriously?"

Oogie: "Sorry, this is the best I came up so far."

Maniak: "Let's just call it "Weekend at Lincoln's" instead of "The Loudest Change-Arc".

Oogie: "We let the Readers Decide which Arc-title they prefer."

Maniak: Why not. Also, I can't believe we used a Simple Plan song as reference.

Oogie: Oh come on. It's a good song.

Maniak: It is... passable. But considering the band in general... I swear, if we ever put "How could this happen to me" in this story, I am going to stab you with a fork.

Oogie: Nah. That song will be used when we do our own "No such Luck" fix-fanfiction.

SILENCE

Maniak: Oogie...

Oogie: Yes?

Maniak: (pulls out a fork) RUN!

Kapitel 11: Loud's rest in Bride's arms.

Maniak: And now ladies and gentlemen, the last chapter of our first story arc.

Oogie: And with it we will have introduced all the main characters from the show within our story!

Maniak: We like to thank ultrablud 2 for supporting us by proff reading our story as well as all our readers who have supported us till this point.

Oogie: We hope you will join us in our second story arc when we get around to publish it.

Maniak: Yeah... look, I am sorry to say it, but there are private things I have to do personally for the next couple of months and weeks. Oogie and I are still writing whenever we get the chance, but we like to have one story arc in its raw form as good as finished before we go to another chapter/publish something. Primarily to avoid rewrites if we get other ideas down the line.

Oogie: And the second arc really is taking some time. On one hand because of Maniak's private issues, on the other because of how complicated it gets from now on.

Maniak: But in the meantime: enjoy this chapter. And leave perhaps a nice comment?

Chapter 11: Loud's rest in Bride's arms.

A young African-American boy was taking a break from writing on his latest fanfiction by reading up in the school newspaper how current student body president Dumas was congratulating a couple of hall monitors from an exchange school program for putting a group of hall pass forgers out of commission, when he heard the doorbell ringing and came out of his room to open the door. He was greeted by his best friend. "Hi Lincoln, you took-" He jumped in surprise as he took a closer look at his friend.

"Boy, you look terrible!"

Lincoln wasn't injured, but his face told Clyde more than an in-depth analysis by Doctor Lopez.

Lincoln's expression was haggard, the eyes tired, the cheeks hung down and he looked like he ran a lot.

"Are you alright?" he asked. "You look like you got hunted by a gang of supervillains."

"I wish," Lincoln responded with a sigh. "Hi, Clyde. Is lunch ready?"

"No, but dinner is," explained Clyde with a worried undertone. "You took hours since our last call and I wasn't able to reach you. What happened?"

"Problems with my sisters," Lincoln told part of the truth. "We had a very strange day today."

He came into the house and put the stuff of his bag he had been able to get out of the house in all that chaos into Clyde's room who followed him.

"Are you having an argument?"

"Please, not now Clyde," Lincoln requested with the last rest of his patience. "I need some rest now."

"Okay then." Clyde stated, trying to think of something else he could say to potentially support his friend. "By the way, nice gig."

Lincoln blinked in confusion. "What gig?"

"Your performance at the Weird Al concert," Clyde stated. He went to his computer and typed some words in Thouduct. Next thing Lincoln knew he was watching a video of how he made a fool of himself at the Music Hall the previous night.

"You were rocking that stage. Or polkaing it? I don't know, but you..."

Lincoln just sighed and shut the video down, a crestfallen look on his face. "I am such an idiot."

"Lincoln?"

"I mean, I knew something was up and I still-"

"Dude, calm down," Clyde said, putting his hands on his best friend's shoulders. "What happened?"

Lincoln wanted to say something, when Howard McBride opened the door.

"Clyde, Harold is almost done," he announced. "Would you please come down and help me set up the tab- Oh, hi Lincoln."

"Hi Mr. McBride."

The more emotional part of Clyde's parental unit looked a bit worried. "Are you alright? You look a bit pale."

"Never been better," Lincoln said in such an overexcited manner, that everyone with a few brain cells could tell it was a lie. "I just... didn't get much sleep last night. I was at a concert with my sisters and we had a little party yesterday."

"Oh, that is nice to hear. Wait. Your parents allowed you to party?"

"They are at a seminar for a couple of days. We have the house all for ourselves."

At hearing that, Mr. McBride didn't quite know what to think. He knew Rita and Lynn for years. Them leaving the kids alone for a couple of days, especially considering how... "energetic" they were, sounded a bit out of character.

"Is the house all right?" asked Howard. "You really don't look good."

"Just a long day," he explained. "I also think I got lost on the way here."

He let out the part where he hid behind several bushes, trees, cars, people, buildings and in one case a really large dog. He also spent some time in the sewers just to be sure his sisters weren't able to follow him. Later he was forced to flee from the sewer mutants. It was either them or rats of unusual size. He didn't know anymore because everything became so hazy due to the stress of the situation.

"Well, you can talk about it when you are ready come down," Howard said. "But I have one question."

"Yes Mr. McBride?" gulped Lincoln. He really didn't want to explain the sudden incestuous cravings of his older sisters.

"The others will not follow suit, will they?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean will they..." Howard shook. His eyes stared into nothingness as he remembered how Lana had flooded the bathroom and Luna had played so loudly on the beatboxes, they exploded.

"If you mean my sisters, they will stay home," Lincoln promised.

Howard came back out of his flashback. "Good. Very... good."

The slimmer parent left the room.

"Lincoln, I know you for too long to believe that your haggard look comes from a minor problem," Clyde put it as it was. "What happened?"

"You remember how I said my sisters were so incredibly nice to me?"

"Yes."

"They are nicer than I would have ever wished for or ever wanted."

"Lincoln-"

"They don't harm me!" he made it clear. "They don't intent to harm me."

He at least hoped so. The nudity and the aggressive hunt some hours earlier let him think they would have their way with him, regardless of his consent. He hoped, no he prayed that they were just hunting him to keep him from leaving and not to do something he could never forget and probably never forgive.

"Okay, look," Clyde began, trying to sound as comforting as he could be. "I get it. Something has happened. But you are obviously not in the right set of mind to tell me now."

Lincoln just looked at his friend, slightly ashamed of himself.

"Here is what we are going to do. You are going to have dinner with me and my dads. And if you want, I will ask them if you can stay overnight. Would that be okay with you?"

Lincoln just nodded. He felt like such a little kid, it was embarrassing. And yet at the same time, he was grateful for his friend's understanding and support.

"We will just tell them you want to watch the season finale of Savvy Girl with me here tonight, as Lisa turned the satellite dish into something to talk to aliens, okay?"

Lincoln couldn't help himself but chuckle. After all, that was the kind of thing Lisa did when she was only two.

"And after dinner, you can tell me all about what happened."

"Just promise me you will not think that I am being ridiculous," Lincoln asked.

"Come on, Lincoln. I am your best friend. And I know your sisters. There is nothing you can tell me about them that I would consider too ridiculous."

"Okay, this is freaking ridiculous."

Lincoln sighed. Of course Clyde would say that. Thirty minutes ago, the two had finished a delicious meal consisting of Turkish trout, with pasta and a pepper garlic sauce that made Lincoln rectify his opinion that fish was only delicious in form of fish sticks. Since then he explained his friend what had exactly transpired in his home, while at the same time trying to keep details regarding a certain sister as vague as possible in order to avoid Clyde suffering a sudden yet fatal nose bleed.

"Your siblings have fallen in love with you?"

"Not all of them, but... I know how this sounds, but I can't explain it otherwise."

"Are you sure it is not just a pra-"

"Yes, Clyde!" Lincoln shouted suddenly, "I am sure it is not a prank, bro!"

Clyde stayed silent.

"Sorry."

"No problem," Clyde said, putting a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"It's just- I don't get what is going on. Friday morning Lori was calling me a twerp and demanding I get out of the bath while I was still showering. And today she breaks up with Bobby to be with me."

"She did what?"

Lincoln regarded his friend with a stern look that made it very clear, that the white haired boy was not in the mood for any Lori related romance delusions right now.

"I mean... She broke up with him?"

"And I wish that was the least crazy thing she did today."

Clyde looked at him confused. But Lincoln did not intend to pay more attention to one sibling alone.

"And as for the others... I mean, you think Luna and Lynn would do something as go bare for me, just for the sake of a prank?"

"Actually-"

Lincoln was dumbfounded.

"What? Sorry Lincoln, but I can totally believe they would do something that risky."

One of Lincoln's eyebrows began to twitch.

"I mean," Clyde began nervously and tried to defuse his friend before he may burst out in anger. "Luna did some crazy over-the-top stuff before. Like firing fireworks in the house or when she tried to stage dive on little children."

"And Lynn?"

"I saw her once playing basketball while ice skating."

Lincoln shrugged. "Fair enough. But nudity is something different. Our family isn't one where we get suddenly naked in the presence of each other."

"That is true," agreed Clyde. "Mine isn't either. Maybe Doctor Lopez can help you."

"I am really considering this," Lincoln responded. "I really do. But first, I have to try to salvage the situation on my own. If my parents learn about this situation, it would look bad for my sisters."

"You want to solve it in private?"

"I don't believe their behavior is natural," Lincoln exclaimed. "It is too... Sudden. It came out of nowhere."

Lincoln took his shoes off and laid down on Clyde's bed. It was something Lincoln was in need for some time now; being allowed to lie down in peace and feel safe from horny sisters.

"Do you want to play something?"

Lincoln thought about it for a bit. "We could play Lector Wars Zero. I heard it was worth playing after they finally released an update for classic controls."

"It is," confirmed Clyde. "I will get the console."

As Clyde was gone, Lincoln took a few deep breaths and tried to relax. The entire situation still looked so unreal to him and he hoped it could still be solved, at best without parental involvement and at worst with therapy. This couldn't be the true

feelings of his sisters for him.

There was never even a hint of it in the past that they could be romantically and sexually interested in him and as hard as he thought, there was no instance of even the slightest hint. This entire situation made no sense, especially because all of them (minus Lisa and Lily and Lola and Lana) suddenly turned incestuous.

Laying on the desk, Clyde's walkie talkie came to life. Lincoln got up again, as he heard the familiar sound of static and a voice he easily recognized.

"Lincoln?"

"Lisa!"

He grabbed the little radio, leaned back again and responded in a curious tone.

"Lisa, here is Lincoln. Are you okay?"

"Well, I dreamed peacefully about getting another Nobel prize when I got awoken by the screams of Lily and 7 over charged agitated sisters," Lisa's voice explained in an annoyed tone. "Of course, Lily's screams summoned Alfred, surprising the others. Lynn attacked Alfred but Leni stopped her and scolded her for attacking their new "nephew". Alfred is all right, and after that insane posse was finished with making a goop out of themselves and calming down my roommate, I threw them out. Afterwards I continued to sleep for a few hours. Now I am not only awake but also free of unimpaired mental faculties."

"Can you remember how you acted this morning?"

"Alfred showed me the recordings he made with his visual sensors."

"His eyes are cameras?"

"Certainly."

"About the soda can-"

"We have other matters to attend to," said Lisa bringing the conversation away from this point.

Knowing that Lisa was still normal gave Lincoln a glimmer of hope. If the behavior of his sisters was indeed unnatural, Lisa would find the cause and maybe she had already found it.

"Are you okay as well Lincoln?" asked the voice his second-youngest sibling. "Alfred mentioned that they gave you a hard day and I don't have all the intelligence about today's occurrences. The others are too sad to recount anything to me."

"How sad are they?"

"Watching Titanic-sad. With deleted scenes."

Lincoln wasn't sure how sad that exactly was, but it sounded very sad.

"I am not well," Lincoln reported. "I... What happened... I don't want to talk about it."

"I believe and understand you," Lisa's voice responded calmly. "But I need all the tidbits of information I can get. Every single one. They could be the key to figure out what is going on with our sisters."

Lincoln sighed in defeat. He didn't want to recount it a second time now, but he had no other choice.

"After I put you to bed-"

"Hold it!" Lisa's voice interrupted him. "Leni is bringing me pureed *Solanum tuberosum* and as dessert, chocolate formed as shells of unborn birds."

After a short pause Lisa returned.

"Our dear second-oldest sibling made me and Lily a beautiful dinner with the

assistance of Alfred," Lisa told him with a slight touch of affection in her otherwise calm tone. "I saw how guilt ridden she was over me and Lily in person and via eye-cam-recording. Whatever it is that is influencing them, it looks like it doesn't affect their personalities so strong anymore."

"I noticed that myself," supported Lincoln her theory. "I just wish it would have left other aspects of them alone."

"What would those be?"

Lincoln sighed heavily. He really didn't want to say it, but if she really needed the information...

"Their sex drives."

There was a rather uncomfortable silence on the other end of the line that lasted for a couple of seconds, till the sound of a spoon hitting a plate was heard.

"Come again?"

"Their sex drives, Lisa," Lincoln explained. "At least Lori, Luna and Leni tried to seduce me today. And Lynn, she-"

"Alfred?"

"Yes, Mistress Lisa?"

"Would you please pinch my elbow? I think I am still dreaming."

"But my directive-"

"Just do it."

Lincoln just listened uncomfortably, as on the other end of the line Lisa went through her own little phase of denial.

"Well, I am not dreaming. And my arm is now sore."

"Would you like me to bring you a bag of ice, Mistress?"

"Not necessary."

"Lisa," Lincoln stated, feeling left out of whatever was going on.

"I am sorry Lincoln, but... are you telling me their affections have turned incestuous?"

"Pretty much," Lincoln confirmed when he raised his eyebrow in a sudden realization.

"At least the older ones."

"Come again?"

"Lucy and the twins... They seem to be more normal," he explained. "Heck, Lucy helped me to escape."

From the other side, Lincoln could hear his sister ponder about what he just said. "So the younger ones are acting normal? That would correlate with the behavior I have seen in the living room."

"What do you mean by that?"

"BORING!"

"Lana!" shouted Lori at her younger sister. The oldest Loud child looked like a disaster. Mascara was running down her eyes, indicating that she had cried quite a bit earlier that day. Her hair was a mess and she wore some old cuddly sweater. "How can you say something like that?!"

"Yeah!" interjected Luna. The resident rocker was in a similar state to her sister. Only that she was hugging Lincoln's plush rabbit Bun-Bun while watching Leonardo DiCaprio dancing with Kate Winslet in the third class and stuffing chocolate ice cream into her mouth. "Can't you see how they care for each other?"

"Forget about that," Lana whined. "I just want to see the ship sink!"

"I am only here for the clothes. They are marvelous!" Lola sighed, eating ice cream herself.

"I just hope this movie does not feature a rapping dog this time," Lucy stated in a mixture of deadpan and disgust, hugging a little pillow with a spider web muster.

"It doesn't," Leni stated. While she too looked a bit crestfallen and melancholic, she was still a much happier sight to behold than most of the other old kids. In fact, she was right now snuggling with Lynn under a blanket, who had uncharacteristically acted rather pouty ever since Luan told the others, that Lincoln did not want to see or hear from them for the rest of the day. "But it features a scene of him drawing her naked and then they-"

"Okay guys!" Lori suddenly shouted, interrupting her roommate and turning her gaze to the younger kids in the room. "You guys are up for bed in half an hour."

"Oh come on!" the twins shouted, while Lucy only sighed.

"Whatever," the goth said. "I know what happens anyway. He dies in the water and the ship breaks in half."

At that statement, the elders froze, only to start bawling their eyes out in a display of perfect synchronization, sobbing how Jack and Rose deserved better.

"Seriously Lucy?" Lola protested. "Did you have to trigger them?"

Lucy smiled in return. "My suffering can only be eased when others suffer through me."

"What did they do to you?" asked Lola surprised.

"Nothing. To me at least."

Lana, on the other hand, had other priorities on her mind. "Wait? I am going to miss how the ship breaks apart on screen?"

"Let's just say Lori and the others are more emotionally attached towards that outdated movie than anyone younger than you."

Lincoln tried to imagine what that meant. He didn't know if what he pictured for himself was either funny or uncannily creepy. The only thing he was sure of was that by the time Celine Dion sang, the Loud house would probably sink in a flood of teenaged tears itself.

"Lisa, listen, we-"

"Sorry for taking so long," interrupted Clyde as he came back. "The console was hidden in..." He beheld Lincoln on his radio. "Lincoln, are you talking with Lincoln?"

"Very funny," the white haired boy retorted. "Lisa is on the other end."

"Is she crazy for you too?"

"No, she is still normal, in fact, she is helping me."

"Is Clyde there?" asked Lisa. "How much does he know?"

"He is my best friend, so I told him everything," admitted Lincoln. "I trust him."

"Of course," Lisa responded and Lincoln had problems to read her reaction. Does she think that Clyde was also under this strange influence?

I hope not, he thought. I really hope.

Losing his best friend because he suddenly fell in love with him was the last thing he

needed, but on the other hand it would be miles better than the romantic love his sister had now for him. He may not be into men either (as far as he knew at the moment) but between them was no blood relation.

"Would you like to finish the conversation in peace?" Clyde asked.

"No, you can stay."

"Lincoln, did you check your phone?" Lisa's voice suddenly asked. "Maybe the others sent you messages."

"Do you really need that info too?"

"I didn't make the rules on research," Lisa explained. "I just follow them."

Lincoln shrugged and took out his smartphone.

"Only one message," he said. "And it is- YOU DAUGHTER OF A WITCH!"

"She is also your mother, Lincoln," Lisa reminded him dryly. "Be careful with your insults."

"I didn't mean you, I meant Lori she... SHE...! Okay, that still insults me and mom too but... Lori sent me.... I... Bun Bun..."

"Could you speak more lucid, my brother?"

Clyde took a look at the screen of Lincoln's smartphone. Lincoln didn't really notice him so he continued to scroll up and down the pictures his sister had made and sent him.

She was once again naked but this time she sat on his bed with his trusty plushy Bun Bun covering her lower private bits while she covered her upper bits with Lincoln's pillow.

"This supports your claims a lot more," Clyde stated in a sober tone, handing him back the phone. "The Lori I know wouldn't do that. Now excuse me while I die in peace."

Clyde laid down on his bed besides Lincoln with nothing but bliss on his face.

"Clyde?"

The black boy didn't react to Lincoln calling him, instead sighing happily.

"Clyde, speak to me."

Clyde didn't follow the request. Instead he started to bleed out of his nose.

"Lincoln, is everything alright?"

"Yeah," the older brother told his sister over the radio. "Lisa, may I tell you about what happened tomorrow? I think I need some time to slap a bit of common sense into my best friend."

He held in for a minute and looked at the ever-growing amount of blood dripping down Clyde's nostrils. "That and I have to prevent him from bleeding out."

On the other end of the line, which was in Lisa and Lily's room, the smartest member of the family sat on her bed and listened in confusion as Lincoln shouted at Clyde to snap out of it, which was followed by a slapping noise. Though as that was soon followed in return by Clyde and her brother arguing and some heartfelt apologies, she assumed that it was not a reaction to Clyde becoming as equally attached to her brother as her own siblings. So she turned the radio off and hoped that whatever was happening for the rest of the evening, Lincoln could take care of the situation. At least till they met the next day.

"Is Lincoln alright?" she heard Alfred behind her ask slightly worried, while putting baby Lily in her crib for the night.

Lisa, who had still to adjust a bit to the fact her robot creation had modified its design sometime between her fifth can of soda and the moment she awoke, sighed.

"I think he will do fine," she stated. Taking her glasses off, she pinched the back of her nose, thinking about the few pieces of information she had gotten. Some of her sisters had become deeply emotional, if not even sexually attracted to the only male human in the house next to her dad and yet at the same time the siblings sometimes acted closer to their actual selves than the day before, when they fulfilled every single wish/request/order Lincoln came up with.

And all of that happened in only a couple of hours while she was out.

The concept of the basic exponential curve from math came to her mind. She did not want to imagine how its concept could apply to the situation at hand.

"Are you alright, Mistress Lisa?"

She put her glasses back on. "Not really. I want to help the others, but the lack of information needed to form even the most basic theory on how things are progressing in regarding of the AI is utterly frustrating."

"AI?"

"Affection Infection," Lisa explained to her artificial creation.

"Misstr- Aunt Leni seems to be less affected," Alfred explained. "As I was down to feed Mistress Lily, she looked less distressed. In fact she helped me with feeding Mistress Lily. She is remarkable when it comes to handling her."

Aunt.

She insisted of being his aunt now. It made sense to Lisa and she applauded Leni's acceptance and approval of Alfred as not only a robot but as a member of the family in contrast to Lynn who had loudly protested of this machine being one of Lily's typical caretakers. Lori also showed askance towards her newest creation, but less so than Lynn. Letting any new person coming close to her youngest baby sister was a risk in Lori's eyes and she personally observed how competent he was before leaving with the others. Lynn on the other hand had to be convinced by Leni and she still continued to be distrustful of her robot.

Still, the thought of seeing Alfred as her son was something the little academic could not fathom right now. She was four years old and no four year old was expected to be a mother at this age. On the other hand no fourth year old girl had earned a doctorate either, so what did she know?

A lot, not everything but a lot but this question she wasn't answering right now and there were more important matters to attend to.

Lucy, Lola and Lana act normal, Leni has, for the most part, no idea what is exactly going on, or she does, I am not sure and Lori and Luna want to get into our brother's pants.

She shivered at that last thought.

What the heck is causing all of this? A brainwashing videogame? Internet videos? A virus? Incest anime that treat the subject too lightly?

She contemplated the situation and came to the following conclusion:

"There is nothing I can do now, at least till I get to talk to Lincoln."

With that realization hitting home, the look on her face became suddenly way more matter of fact. Climbing off her bed, she headed for the door, when Alfred asked her where she was going to.

"Downstairs are eight emotionally distressed girls with at least eight gallons of chocolate ice cream to drown their sorrow in," she stated. "And I am a candy loving four-year-old. Why shall I let such an opportunity go to waste, if I can't prevent it anyway?"

A couple of hours later, the situation in the Loud household, as well as the one of the McBrides had become more serene so to speak. While the Loud sisters were heading for the beds, with Luna, much to Luan's disdain, deciding to spend the night rather with her older siblings than with her, Lisa was trying to formulate a new theory and a series of behavioral tests she may perform on her siblings.

In the McBride household meanwhile, after a rather awkward argument between Lincoln and Clyde, with the former chewing his best friend out for engaging in his crush on Lori in a time of crisis, the two boys spent the rest of the evening watching and then discussing the season finale of Savvy Girl.

"I can't believe that Savvy Girl defeating the Trickster is actually a set up for them adapting the "Final Gambit" story arc," Clyde said, laying in his bed. "Do you think they will really put the Game Master up as the season 3 villain?"

"That would be awesome," agreed Lincoln, laying in a sleeping bag on the floor. "But I will not be surprised if they just go for one of his lower allies. You know, budget restrictions."

Clyde sighed. "Dang it."

"Hey, you can still write fanfiction about it, if the season sucks," Lincoln chuckled.

The bespectacled boy rolled his eyes in a mixture of annoyance and good humor. Ever since he told Lincoln that he liked writing Ace Savvy-verse fanfics, Clyde's friend spent a couple of times equally supporting, as well as making fun of his work. Not because of any ill intend. It was just that ever since both had read some really bad Ace Savvy stories online, the likes of which would make even Lucy's vampire novels look like Ernest Hemmingway by comparison, they were kind of wary about their own fandom. As such, when Clyde suddenly started contributing his own stories, the white-haired boy was rather quick to make a few pot shots and point their own slight hypocrisy about criticizing the fandom out, when they contributed to the "problem" just as much.

An infamous subcategory of such Stories in which they didn't contribute were stories in which Savvy Girl suddenly became a brutal murderer and neck snapper of innocent people just to make Ace Savvy look better. Which in itself was just there so the author could have the moral high ground in a situation they themselves had created.

Though in all fairness, Clyde's stories had become quite good over time and Lincoln found himself helping his friend occasionally by throwing out some random ideas he could work with. But after the one hundredth pot shot, even the most self-aware

fanfic writer could become tired of the joke.

Still, Clyde felt good about hearing Lincoln make jokes about something for a change instead of talking about how crazy his sisters had gotten. He knew his friend needed a distraction from the insanity that was going on right now and he was glad he could provide it.

Clyde himself was in need of it too. The thought of Lori, his first great and current love leaving Roberto Santiago would have been great news for him if the reason wasn't that she had found a new love that wasn't him but somebody else, especially because it was her own brother, his best friend. He didn't envy Lincoln either, especially because he was worried and shocked by the idea itself.

Unfortunately, the moment of merriment was rather short lived, as indicated by the sigh that escaped Lincoln's lips now.

"I don't want to go home, Clyde."

The young boy did not know what to say to that.

"I mean, I want to," Lincoln began. "But... with my family acting like that... I don't know if I am save there."

Saying Clyde was shocked about the implications he heard in Lincoln's words would be an understatement. "Dude, are you telling me you think Lori would-"

"I hope not," Lincoln said. "I really, really hope not. For her own sake. But the picture she sent me..."

Clyde tried his best not to think about the greatest picture he had ever seen in his young life, reminding himself that his friend had a higher priority than some fan service.

"...And her behavior? She changed from calling me a twerp to wanting to be my girlfriend in two days."

Lincoln turned around in his bag. "I don't want to imagine what she and the others may be like tomorrow."

Clyde didn't know what to say to this. The only thing he knew was that Lincoln had a point. Eventually though, he spoke up.

"Lincoln, I don't know what is going to happen tomorrow. But I want you to know that I am going to help you and Lisa figure out what is going on."

Lincoln couldn't help but smile. "Thanks Clyde. You are a good friend."

"Just don't start falling for me now," the black boy said, putting his glasses down.

Lincoln couldn't help himself but chuckle at least a bit. "At least I am not your relative."

It was past 11 pm and Lynn Loud still couldn't sleep, the reason for it being that she had too much on her mind. Primarily thoughts about her brother, who she had rather mixed feelings for right now.

The thing about Lincoln for her was that, in a bizarre way, she didn't see him just as her little brother. For the laid back sports ace who would never step down from a challenge and engaged in all sort of "boy" activities, Lincoln was her best friend. At least of the opposite gender. True, she could always rely on her family as a whole but Lincoln, just by the fact he was a boy and as such more inclined to share certain

interests with her than, let's say Lori, Lucy or any other girl she knew in general (outside of her sport teams), held a special place in her heart.

There was also Lana when it came to more boyish activities. She could play a lot of things with her often but she didn't share her deeper interest for handyman work, plumbing or animals. Not to mention that Lana also spend most of her time with Lola despite the stark contrast in personality and interests.

But Lincoln on the other hand was kind of a "jack-of-all-trades" guy when it came to spend time with his sister. He could do everything with all of them.

Yes, she would dismiss some of his interests as geeky and joke about him being a wimp when it came to actual sports, but she also knew she could always rely on him being a voice of reason to rely on. She could count on him being a good enough sport to forgive the one and other Dutch Oven involving prank, to engage with her in some sort of free time activity.

He was there when she needed him and she tried most of the time her best as a friend and older sister to help him in return, even hoping that some of her challenging attitude may rub off on him in some way, to make him become more of a fighter.

But right now, way more than when he chewed her out for the squirrel costume incident, she also wanted to punch Lincoln hard, for once standing up for himself by throwing her out of his room earlier the day.

Stupid brother, she thought in frustration, turning around in her bed. *I was just goofing around.*

Despite what Lincoln may have thought, Lynn, unlike Lori and the other older siblings, had not that much of a "sexual" motive for stripping out of her clothes earlier this afternoon, when she sneaked in his room. The truth was that, at that moment, she did it just because it sounded like a good idea in her head. She didn't know where the idea came from, but it sounded like an awesome prank. And considering the look on Lincoln's face as she took her clothes off piece by piece, with him only realizing when he looked up from his comic, it was sort of worth it.

But then the pool incident happened and since then... She felt weird. In fact, she felt kind of jealous. Why was it that Lincoln would jump willingly in a pool with a naked Lori and Luna inside, while her advances were met with a kick up her butt? She knew she was not always the nicest, but how could her brother be that much of a jerk to her, when she did everything since yesterday to make his weekend awesome?

Which itself was another thing she was starting to question: Why was she being so nice to Lincoln? Did she try to make up for something she did? She thought he deserved peace as much as everyone else, but now that she thought about it, she really went her way out to make him have a good time. Not that she minded it that much. In fact, she enjoyed it. But why did it fill her with so much joy to see Lincoln happy, to hear him praise her and to just spend time with him? Why did it make her sad to hear second hand from Luan, that he is pissed with her?

As she tried to figure out her emotions, she couldn't help herself but reminisce about

the afternoon. As she did, she found herself slipping into a fantasy, whose nature was, more or less, normal for a girl entering puberty at her age, but shouldn't involve another relative. In said fantasy, she imagined Lincoln, much to her surprise, taking her up on the challenge regarding both wrestling like the old Greeks. Obviously, he would do so, because he saw through her ruse and wanted to prank her back. But she would go through with it. Soon, as their bodies were intertwined with each other in battle, both would start to become aware of their opponents' physics. She would realize how cute and tender, yet also surprisingly strong his form was, as he was holding her down. And he would realize how, despite her still just being in the early stages of puberty and barely more than two years older than him, her excessive workouts had made her body slim and attractive. They would look in each other's eyes and without a word realize just how much they care for each other and...

"Lynn?"

The girl in question opened her eyes in shock, as she heard her little sister's voice, snapping her out of her fantasy. "Yes?"

"Are you alright? I heard you moaning."

"I-I think I just had too much ice cream," Lynn replied, almost a little too fast. She only now realized that she was close to having a wet dream about her own brother. And considering that one of her hands was resting comfortably under her shirt, just above her belly button, made her feel even more uncomfortable and embarrassed.

"You could ask Lisa's robot to make you some tea," Lucy suggested.

"No thanks," was the short answer to that suggestion. "I am not trusting that tin can."

"He seemed surprisingly supportive. Especially with you hitting him over the head with your bat."

"Do you remember the last time Lisa built an artificial intelligence?" Lynn asked.

How could Lucy forget? The thing tried to take over the world and was only stopped because Lisa disconnected the internet while Leni distracted the AI with enough stupid questions, it committed suicide.

Well, it was still alive but its circuits burned up so badly it was now dumber than a starfish.

In any case Lynn had to apologize to her new "nephew" Alfred on Leni's insistence, which annoyed her because she hadn't even hurt him with her attack.

"I feel better anyway," Lynn stated, wanting to end the conversation before her little sister realized why she was really moaning. "Good night."

As she turned around, Lynn listened closely to her sister. She felt relieved when after a few minutes; Lucy's own soft snoring could be heard, leaving her alone with her thoughts again.

What is wrong with you, Lynn? she thought, trying to push the memory of her fantasy out of her head. But the more she tried, the more she also realized that as "sick" as it was, she kind of liked it.

While all over Royal Woods people were going to sleep, somewhere in the darkness of a stuffy room, the slim frame of the Observer was sitting in an armchair. Its gaze was focused on the laptop, on which it observed Luna, Leni and Lori sleep cuddling

together in Lori's bed. A surprisingly cute, if not even touchy sight to behold, as the three girls were drifting off to dream land, their minds focused on their little brother and the wish for him to join them in the peacefulness of the situation at hand.

Not that the Observer cared for that idea currently. It wanted something else. After all, based on its original plan, their minds were not supposed to be the only thing filled by Lincoln this night.

Everything was outlined just fine... the Observer thought with a hint of aggravation. Behind it a lightbulb suddenly switched on, shined brighter than it ever did in its existence and then exploded.

The Observer closed its eyes and sighed. It hated it when it had to abandon an idea it was fond of. Then again, it also liked a challenge. And so far, the current situation was nothing a little bit of doctoring could not do with.

Incestshipping is so much more difficult to create and write. Also underappreciated, except when you write about two sexy bishounen. A homosexual relationship is a piece of cake in comparison.

The Observer closed the video feed into Lori and Leni's room. A couple of clicks later, a word file by the title "We are family" opened. Scrolling through its content, the Observer marked several dozen pages and deleted them. Then it took a deep breath to get "into the zone" as people call it, before beginning to type. At first slowly, but less than five minutes later, the Observer typed away at a speed that would have made even the most prolific writers in entertainment jealous. Not that the Observer would have cared about its talent in that regard now. The story needed to be fixed. And time was running out.

Lisa was just reading up on different behavioral traits someone could define as "social interaction" within lab animals, trying to find traits she could easily transfer on humans to create a working ethogram for her sisters, when she heard a knock on her door.

"Lisa, are you asleep yet?" a familiar voice asked. "I need to talk to you."

Maniak: And here we are again

Oogie: Ready for a new storyarc to show you, that this fic is more than just Lori and the others getting the hots for Lincoln.

Maniak: And lets hope that this time we finally breach the 100 review number.

Oogie: That or that we get our own tvtropes entry.

Maniak: Once more we thank ultrablud2 for proof reading our little insane story.

Oogie: We like to thank all readers so far and...

Alfred: (storms in) Sirs!

Maniak: What is it?

Alfred: Pardon me breaking the fourth wall, but your story got recommended on tvtropes.

Silence

Oogie: Well, this calls for a celebration.

The authors as well as many characters of the story so far are celebrating.

Alfred: (turns to the readers) my apologies. It seems the authors are too drunk to actually thank the person who recommended them. So on all our behalf: Thanks to Segundo Vargas. Have a nice day and we hope you will enjoy the story in the future too.

Kapitel 12: Elementary School Blues

MamaAniki: And here we are again.

Hatoralo: Not so loud. I am still having a hangover from celebrating our tvtropes recommendation. What the heck did Luan put in the fruit punch?

MamaAniki: I have no idea. Why is there a video of us online singing the opening to Digimon Adventure while being drunk.

Hatoralo: What? (looks up the video) ... well, at least we are fully clothed.

MamaAniki: I am wearing a chicken costume.

Hatoralo: I think that was Luan's late revenge for us turning her into the last arc's buttmonkey.

MamaAniki: Whatever. Let's get the new arc started, just to show everyone that this fic is more than just Lori and the others getting the hots for Lincoln.

Hatoralo: Lets hope that this time we finally breach the 100 review number.

MamaAniki: Thanks again to ultrablud 2 for proof reading the story and- where is the guy btw?

Meanwhile, in Canada

Ultrablud2: (with a sombrero on his head, chained to Luan Loud in a prison cell)
What happened at the party?

**Begin of the 2nd Story Arc:
Schoolhouse of Cards**

Elementary School Blues

School. Not the worst place for Lincoln to be because his grades were good and his social standing was solid despite some embarrassing hiccups in the past, like his "chesthair" video. Still, school felt like a chore, especially on days like these when half of his siblings had the hots for him. Which, the more he thought about it, was probably something that didn't happen every day to anyone.

He was envying those people right now.

He was crossing the halls, hoping not to run into any of his sisters. Most of them visited the same school as him and he ran into them more than once in the past but he didn't mind being seen with them. But considering that they seemed unable to hold back their affection, he really wanted to avoid them like the plague right now.

Cause as liberal and open his school and town might be, he doubted that there was a high tolerance for the concept of an incestuous, polygamist relationship in the form

of a group of underage children.

The breakfast he had at the McBrides' place still heavy in his stomach (partly because of his worries of what his sisters may have been up to in the last hours), he walked to his locker, opened it and rummaged for the books and materials he needed for class.

He had everything and closed his door, revealing Ronnie Anne behind it. A very angry looking Ronnie Anne.

"LAME-O!" shouted the young Hispanic girl in the purple hoodie.

Lincoln was understandably surprised and shocked by Ronnie's sudden appearance but not to the same amount when Lucy did it. He was only wondering why she was so angry.

"Is something wrong?"

"MY BROTHER!"

"Your brother?"

"My Brother!"

"Your brother?"

"My brother!"

"What is the problem?" Lincoln stopped this stupid circle. Then he remembered. "Oh, right, Lori broke up with him."

"Yes, and he is a wreck!" the young girl shouted, furiously. "I had to comfort him for hours until he cried himself to sleep!"

Her voice was filled with rage and sadness. She looked like she would cry any moment herself. "How could she do this to him?!"

Lincoln felt a sting in his heart. He liked Bobby a lot and saw in him the brother he never had. Knowing he was suffering made him suffer too.

"I don't know," the young boy lied. Here and now wasn't the place or the time to tell her the truth. "I am surprised myself! I didn't see this coming! You have to believe me!"

Ronnie may believe the young Loud but his words weren't able to calm her down.

"If Lori leaves my brother then I will leave you!" she swore.

Lincoln gulped. "Now come on Ronnie Anne, you shouldn't-"

"DON'T TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD AND SHOULDN'T DO!"

Lincoln shut his mouth. He had never seen her this angry.

"Who do you think you are?!"

//I am not Lincoln, I am his evil twin, planning to ruin your relationship!//

He swallowed down the sarcastic answer, guessing only Leni would fall for such a lie.

"Listen Ronnie: I can't explain it right now but I want to assure you that leaving me will not solve this problem. I know the reason but now isn't the time."

"What is it?" Ronnie still wanted to know. "Is your sister dying or something and wants to spare my brother the agony of being with her while she is dying?"

"Well... No. But... But..." he started to stutter as a reaction of Ronnie's sarcastic suggestion. "But like I said, I can't tell you now. Maybe after I cleared up the situation she may come back to Bobby."

He hoped this explanation would soothe her but a look into her eyes told him that wasn't the case.

"I am serious, Lincoln," Ronnie growled with eyes like daggers. "My brother is

everything to me. I will leave you if she doesn't have a good reason to break his heart."

Lincoln said nothing.

"Don't you understand? I will leave you."

Lincoln again said nothing but after a few seconds, he started to laugh. The laugh started out slow, gentle even, but became louder very quickly. In the end, he outright shouted his laughter but it didn't sound happy or sinister. It only sounded hollow and sad.

"I really wish that this was my only problem," Lincoln coughed as he came down from his sudden fit. "I really do."

Ronnie Anne was so flabbergasted and confused by Lincoln's laughing that she had nothing to counter it, only a very shocked expression adorned her face. He took the opportunity to leave where she was standing, making his way to class.

Some of the other students who came early also looked after him with a confused stare, not knowing what to make of it.

A few minutes later, a still confused Ronnie Anne was on the way to her own class. She didn't know what just happened. Her kind-of-sorta-not-really-but-something-like-that-but-not-really-maybe-boyfriend just laughed in her face, like he had become a sad mad angry scientist or an empty supervillain. She knew something was rotten in the Loud House and she would figure out what it was. Maybe one of his sisters could tell her more about the reason Lori left her brother. She didn't know what to make out of Lincoln's behavior but she would get her answers one way or another.

Something was off. Lincoln didn't know why, but the moment he took his seat, he started to feel genuinely out of place. When he didn't let the increasing paranoia regarding his siblings or Ronnie Anne's earlier threat take center stage of his mind, he felt his thoughts wander off to how comfortable it would be to just lay in bed right now. Primarily cuddled against something or even someone. Additionally, everyone around him, except Clyde, also acted a bit off this day. Not in the way his sisters did, for which he thanked the heavens for, but they seemed to be surprised, if not even slightly put off about his presence in general.

For example, Mrs. Johnson, when seeing him take his seat, seemed a bit confused. Telling him she is glad he joined the others in a voice that made it sound as if he had been gone for a couple of weeks and come back all of sudden. Other kids, who talked about having seen a video about Lincoln making a fool of himself at a comedian's concert, didn't realize he was there till he joined the conversation, which would then come to an abrupt and rather awkward ending.

Trying to ignore the hunch that his current feelings may be connected to whatever was going on at home, Lincoln did his best to focus on Mrs. Johnson lecturing the class about the meaning of "Lord of the Flies".

As Lincoln listened and took notes, he would look from time to time out of the window at the almost empty playground.

Wait. Almost?

Looking back again, he saw that with classes in full session, there really was another person outside, sitting on a swing and looking in his direction. A person he would recognize any time.

Lucy?

"Pst, hey Loud," one of the boys next to him whispered, making Lincoln turn his gaze to him "Can you give me some White-Out?"

Lincoln handed the boy over the small bottle of correction fluid. He didn't even listen to the boy's thanks as he turned back to the window. Lucy was no longer sitting on the swing, but instead stood in the middle of the place, gaze still fixed on him.

"Is she staring at me?"

"Lincoln!"

Startled, Lincoln turned to his teacher.

"Would you please pay attention? Remember, we are going to write a test on this book."

"Sorry Mrs. Johnson," he apologized and concentrated on his book.

Still, when the red haired teacher turned back to the blackboard, he would at least glance over to the window. Now Lucy was standing even further away from the swing and closer to his window.

I must be imagining things, he thought and turned back to the board. *She would have classes too after all.*

He glanced over again. She was gone.

There, see?

He turned to the next page in the book, when he suddenly felt watched again. Glancing over to the window, he now saw his sister stand directly in front of him, smiling and holding up a note on which "Hi Lincoln" was written.

The boy in question felt his left eyelid twitch.

Why is no one else seeing this?

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he opened them, Lucy was gone.

He exhaled in relief. The next moment, he felt someone breath down his neck

"You forgot your homework," the dry voice of his sister stated, making him jump off his seat and cower in fear with closed eyes.

"Please don't kiss me!"

Only when he did not feel the touch of soft lips on his cheek did Lincoln start to open his eyes again. Instead of a pale face and black hair, all he saw were the faces of his classmates and teacher looking worried at him.

"I mean... Don't diss me!" he explained with a nervous laugh. "Please don't diss me."

"I don't plan to," Mrs. Johnson explained. "But don't diss my class in return, Lincoln."

"Yes, of course!"

After the situation had normalized, Lincoln, back on his seat, blinked for a second, realizing something. Remembering what Lucy had said to him, he looked into his backpack, to find a bunch of papers there. His homework. He had completely forgotten about it over the weekend, but glancing over it, it looked like his sisters managed to do it for him over last night.

What is this? Charles Lee died at the hands of an assassin he choked as a child...</i>

With varying degree of quality.

Lincoln sighed. Based on the handwriting, he assumed Leni wrote that part of his homework.

She says that videogames rot your brain but she watches the cutscenes of them on Thouduct, he thought while changing Leni's mistakes. *At least this is better than her report about the Russian Revolution, which she based on that Don Bluth movie.*

Shortly after he corrected the mistakes of his sisters and changed their handwriting so that it resembled his own closer, the door to his class opened.

"Mrs. Johnson?" a young Hispanic teacher asked. "I am terrible sorry to interrupt your class but you have forgotten your smartphone in the teachers' lounge."

The entire class was suddenly filled by "Ba- Ba- Ba-" noises and some fell out of their chairs. It was Miss DiMartino, the most beautiful teacher on this side of the Mississippi.

"Thank you, Ms. DiMartino" Mrs. Johnson thanked her, not noticing the sudden cases of unconsciousness and idiot-like babbling from her students. For some odd reason many teachers didn't acknowledge her beauty and the problems it brought with her. Well, not all but the half who acknowledged also babbled like morons every time they tried to talk with Ms. DiMartino about the problem.

Somebody saw what was happening. It saw how DiMartino gave Johnson her Smartphone back. But it also saw how half of the class was turned into babbling love-struck idiots only because they saw her.

The person's eyes got narrow and angry.

Ms. DiMartino was on her way back as she suddenly felt like she was observed. She looked behind her, but nobody was there. She walked a few more steps but couldn't shake off the feeling that somebody or something was stalking her. Her hand wandered to the bottle of pepper spray in her pocket and she accelerated her walking speed.

She shortly looked behind her again while running but nobody was there aside of a lot of lockers.

Something was wrong. The halls were empty, the lights were out for some reason and somebody had left the skeleton from biology on the floor. It would be scary for Ms. DiMartino if she hadn't seen scarier things during the day of the dead.

Her class room was only a few feet away. She ran up to the door as something

grabbed her from above and pressed something over her mouth. She kicked and punched in all directions, but she couldn't stop being pulled into the air duct on the ceiling.

Oliver Linewood considered his job as the secretary of Principal Huggins of the Royal Woods elementary school an overall pretty pleasant affair. 40 hours a week, a decent wage for a person of not even 30 years who lived alone and all he had to do was push and organize some papers, work out some numbers when it came to the school budget and read off the morning announcements over the school intercom.

He didn't know his entire day would change for the worse, when he was reading up some online article about the latest laws soon to be discussed in the Senate the next days.

"I am really wondering what hillbilly came up with that idea," he mumbled while reading about a certain proposition referred to as "Article 83A". He was so absorbed in his reading, that he did not hear the air duct grit above him being pushed aside. Nor did he see the thin stream of powder trickle down from above into his cup of coffee.

Two minutes later he took a big sip of the lukewarm drink, only to wonder why the coffee tasted rather creamy, despite him not adding any milk to it. He was shocked when he saw that his beverage had the distinct color of milk added to it. To understand his reaction, people need to know, that Linewood had the misfortune of being born lactose intolerant. Not in the way that he would suffer a severe allergic, if not even life threatening reaction, but...

GRRRRUMMMMMMMPPPPLLLLL!

"Oh dear," the secretary said, feeling his bowels move.

With a speed Lynn would achieve during a sports race, he left the office and was heading for the next bathroom.

The moment he left a figure dressed like a stereotypical rocker with a dark leatherjacket, blue jeans and with a skull mask to hide its identity jumped out of the air duct.

"Sorry, dude. But everything is allowed in War and Love," the figure declared and locked the door to the principal's room, as well as to the secretary's office. Then it turned on the school intercom and pulled a music player out of nowhere.

Lincoln had just recovered from his little crush-attack on Ms. DiMartino, who he would have actually not minded being attracted to him, even if that was a whole new can of worms to unleash, when he heard the school intercom being turned on.

"Hello Royal Woods!"

Lincoln's pen scratched over his paper in surprise. *That doesn't sound like Linewood.*

Behind him Clyde raised his head in confusion about the strange new voice.

"Coming from the secretary's office, to entertain you on this wonderful day, is Lu.... Mistress Eddybell Selina."

//What the heck?//

"And I am here to deliver a very special message to one of you guys out there."

"She can't mean me, right?" Lincoln whispered under his breath, already feeling his social life going to crumble like the roof of his home.

"A very special boy, whose girlfriends wants to apologize for scaring him."

In another class, Ronnie Anne Santiago, who also recognized the voice, snapped a pen.
//Girlfriends?!!//

"Just so you know, little Thumber..."

"Little thumber? But- No. No, no, no, no, no! For the love of Ace Savvy, this isn't even her school anymore!"

Lincoln's head, realizing who this may be, repeated contact with his desk.

"...we love you just the way you are."

With that said, a click was heard and all off sudden, pop music filled the air, followed by the following lyrics.

*You put the boom boom into my heart,
You send my soul sky high when your lovin' starts.
Jitterbug into my brain,
Goes bang bang bang till my feet do the same.*

All around him, kids starred in confusion at the loudspeaker, before erupting in laughter.

"Would somebody just cut off the line, please?!" Lincoln Loud shouted, but he was ignored by the hysteric students. Whatever made everyone ignore his presence earlier this day, he was glad it was right now in effect, or else someone may have asked him about the nature of his outburst.

*But something's bugging me
Something ain't right
My best friend told me
Where you were last night.*

Why even that song? Lincoln wondered. *She hates pop!*

*Left me sleeping
In my bed.
I was dreaming
But I should've been with you instead.*

Lincoln decided that his head needed to make repeated contact with his desk's surface at those words, just to get the mental image out of it.

It became worse before it became better as he heard the sounds of fireworks through an open window. Lincoln and his other classmates turned their heads to the outside where they saw a colorful display of explosions like you could only see them on the fourth of July or New Year's Eve.

"Children, please stay on your desks, don't open the windows!"

But the children did open them to have a better view at the fireworks display. The strange thing was that the explosions were in rhythm to the song which was played.

*Wake me up before you go go,
Don't leave me hanging on like a yo-yo.
Wake me up before you go go,
I don't want to miss it when you hit that high
Wake me up before you go go,
'Cause I'm not planning on going solo.
Wake me up before you go go,
Take me dancing tonight.
I want to hit that high.*

How did she manage to organize this in such a short amount of time?

Lincoln knew that the Louds could sometimes accomplish pretty outstanding things, but this was ridiculous.

"I think this is a violation of the fire regulations," assumed Clyde, adjusting his glasses while listening to the lyrics and watching the display outside. "Not to mention that I doubt the person has a permit to do this."

*'Cause you're my lady,
I'm your fool.
Makes me crazy
When you act so cruel.*

C'mon baby,-

"What the heck is going on here?!"

"Dang it," the DJ said. The song was suddenly accompanied by the hammering of a door.

"Open it!"

"We love you Li-!"

A bursting noise was heard, following by the song stopping.

"Who are you?" the voice of Mr. Linewood could be heard. "And why are you dressed like Jack Black?"

More kids in Lincoln's class laughed.

"I am the Kung-Fu... I mean the master Roadie of Metal!" shouted the intruder. The sound of something being thrown could be heard, followed by Mr. Linewood exclaiming "Ouch!" and some heavy footsteps storming out of the room.

"Well, that was something," Clyde stated, looking over to his best friend, who tried his best to hit himself unconscious with the Lord of the Flies in a sea of laughing students and a rather confused teacher.

Please, don't let anybody find out that was Luna or that she was talking to me, the young boy pleaded to the heavens while hitting himself with the most known work of William Golding.

"I apologize," Mr. Linewood's voice said over the intercom. "The intruder escaped while she threw a headless bat at me."

A terrified gasp was heard not only in Lincoln's classroom but in all classrooms.

"I apologize again," Mr. Linewood stated, sounding ashamed. "I correct my last statement thusly: The intruder threw a little action figure of a bat themed character

without a head at me."

Several sighs of relief could be heard in several classes.

Time flew by and soon Clyde and Lincoln sat in the refectory and chewed down on the food Clyde's parents made them for lunch.

They discussed the finale of Savvy Girl with some of their friends.

Or at least Clyde did. Lincoln, while giving his two cents to the topic once in a while, was mostly preoccupied thinking about his sisters. Them and his "on-off girlfriend" and what he could tell her in regard of Lori and Bobby's break up.

You see my dear Ronnie Anne, Lori fell in love with me all off sudden and therefore broke up with her Boo-Boo-Bear.

He could say this, but only the threatening apocalypse could get him to tell her the truth.

He was just chewing on a bit of his sandwich, when somebody took a seat between Lincoln and Clyde.

"Hey," protested Lincoln. "Don't sit... Oh, no!"

The young boy first refused to believe that he was seeing but he couldn't, he seriously couldn't believe that Leni would do this even after everything that had happened.

"Hi, my cool cats, how is it hanging?"

Clyde turned to the newcomer and almost choked on his own food, when he recognized the girl beside him. Though he was the only one, partly to the fact that Leni no longer really looked like Leni.

Her hair was now colored black and greased up and she wore a black leather jacket, blue jeans, sunglasses around her neck and the most charming smile she was capable of on her face. Lincoln suspected that she made those clothes herself because it looked very well made and the same was true for her hairstyle. Either that or she stumbled upon his paternal great-grandfather's old clothes in the attic.

"Who are you?" asked Rusty Spokes, the red haired boy with freckles, dumbfounded.

"I am Leonzie," Leni introduced herself with a fake smooth voice which also had a slight Italian accent to it. "I am, like, the coolest tiger in all of Royal Woods."

"Tiger?" Liam expressed in confusion. "Don't you mean cat?"

"I mean what I mean, little cougar," "Leonzie" replied. "Now don't be a downer crocodile on me little buddy. Get up and rock out!"

"Excuse me, Ms. Leonzie," another redhead with eyeglasses named Zach spoke up.

"But I think you are in the wrong school."

"Totes. Like, this is the right school, little leopard," Leonzie explained and leaned back, resting on the air with her elbows. "Now relax and tell you why I am here."

"Why are you here?" asked Clyde foolishly before Lincoln managed to stop him.

"I am here to show you cats, that Lincoln Loud is the coolest lynx in this entire groovy school."

Lincoln thought about a way to K.O. Leonzie without raising suspicion.

"I want to tell you that nobody is jiggy like Lincoln," Leonzie assured the others with a wink. "He is as smart as an Einstein, strong as a Tyson, swift like an Owens

and as funny as a swimming pool."

"Swimming pool?" Clyde asked in confusion.

"Oh, sorry," Leonzie apologized. "Like, I meant the dead guy in the swimming pool."

"That is not his name," Zach tried to correct her. "It is-"

"Like, not important," Leonzie interrupted him followed by a turn and wink and point at Zach. "Totes. What is important is my cool little leopard to tell you how totally radical spacy funky this Lynx is!"

Lincoln felt embarrassed beyond belief. He never expected his sister to behave like a try hard from the 70s trying to re-experience his or her youth.

This can't get any more embarrassing.

Out of seemingly nowhere, "Leonzie" suddenly pulled out a beatbox and switched it on.

Why does fate want to prove me wrong?

Before anyone could say anything, Leonzie started to dance around, winking to the boys and the girls in the audience while radiating an incredible aura of self-assurance.

"Let me tell you a story!" Leonzie shouted while dancing.

"See this is the story of how in Royal Woods,
There was this kid whose sisters loved the most..."

Lincoln cringed hard at those words.

"So take a minute and just sit right there,
while I tell you about the boy with the white hair!"

Lincoln could only watch in shock and horror as Leonzie danced through the hall and told everybody in rap how he supposedly fought back criminals, stole a piece of the sun from the crown of an evil god, tamed dinosaurs, hunted pirates, was a pirate, found Excalibur, punched a spider hating editor in chief in the face, invented a new fast food, kicked an attacking helicopter with a piece of steel from the sky, was a secret agent of a secret government organization that hides the existence of alien life and so forth and so forth.

Lincoln was thinking about escaping this predicament while the others were distracted, as a middle aged man with glasses entered the school cafeteria.

"What is going on here?" Limewood asked. Some kid had come to him, telling him something about a stranger in the cafeteria singing to the students and making many of them feel uncomfortable. "Do we have another DAZZLING situation?"

"The man!" Leonzie shouted like it was the most terrible thing. "I have to go! The man can't have me. The man is so uncool!"

The "man", in question, didn't know if he should feel insulted. After all, in the five years he spent as the school's secretary, he was never called "uncool" by what seemed to be a Grease cosplayer.

He was also was too dumbfounded to properly react at first. "What the..."

"You will never get me Imperious pig! You henchman of the system!"

Leonzie ran into the kitchen and seconds later, she came out on a modern Harley Davidson. "You have the power!" she shouted. "Lincoln will show you freedom! Follow him!"

"Hey, stay here!"

Mr. Linewood raced after Leonzie who drove through the door.

"Oops," the others could hear behind the door. "Totes wrong direction."

They heard sounds of the bike doing a turn and driving into another direction.

"Like, there is the exit again."

"Come back here you rowdy troublemaker!" they could hear Mr. Linewood screaming. "Driving through the halls with a motorcycle is forbidden!"

Everyone starred at the cafeteria door as if some sort of encore was going to follow. But as it became obvious that nothing was going to happen, everyone turned their attention to "The Lynx" as that person called Lincoln.

"I have no idea who this was, I swear," Lincoln lied with a nervous smile.

"I tell you who this was," Zach stated in a matter of fact tone, chewing on a sandwich.

Oh please no.

"The worst Henry Winkler impersonator I have ever seen."

Silence fell.

"Who is Henry Winkler?" some girl in the cafeteria asked.

"I think he played the dad in Full House."

"What is Full House?"

"A show about some guy building stuff that explo-"

"No, that was Home Improve-"

"Why do so many of our friends know obscure 90s comedy shows?" Clyde asked in a whisper.

"Who knows," Lincoln replied in defeat. "I am rather wondering where Leni got that motorcycle. Or where she learnt how to dri-"

From somewhere outside the school, a loud screeching noise could be heard, followed by a crash.

"-ve it."

"MY CAR!"

Everyone, including Lincoln, went to the nearest window to see what happened. There in the parking lot stood Mr. Limewood, looking at his car, whose left door had been turned into a fine piece of obscure art by a motorbike crashing into it sideways. The driver of the bike was nowhere to be seen, which worried Clyde.

"Do you think Len- I mean, Leonzie is alright?"

Lincon sighed and pointed to a nearby shrub, from which a person with a slightly damaged leather jacket emerged, only to wave at Lincoln like a happy idiot and then disappear in the nearby woodwork, before Limewood saw her.

"Wow," exclaimed Clyde.

"Let's hope this is the worst thing any of my relatives does today," Lincoln stated. Only for his eyes to narrow seconds later. "Oh who am I even kidding?"

Luna Loud looked up worriedly to her sister. "Are you okay?"

"Totally," Leni replied. She pointed at her hair "There is so much hairspray in that thing, it's like having a helmet on,"

"Still..." Luna began, wanting to ask her if she did not suffer from some sort of head injury, layers of ozone destroying hair product or not. But then a very cynical part of her wondered how much affected her older sister could get by a brain injury, making her shut up. So instead she decided to do the nicest thing she could think of right now and help Leni out of her outdated, though she insisted to use the word "retro", biker outfit. All the while she was also looking for bruises, just in case.

While this was going on, Lynn Loud sat under a tree, looking at a laptop on her legs. "He is leaving the cafeteria!" she stated, her eyes glued to the screen where a video feed of Lincoln putting his tray in the trash and heading for the door of the lunch room was showcased. While watching, Lynn became quite aware of a sour expression on his face, which made her feel damn crappy. Crappy and reconsider what she was doing with her morning so far.

After they had driven up the younger kids to school, Lori suggested that they should stay for a moment to look if Lincoln was okay, considering the chaos of the previous day. Something the young sports fan had no problem with at first. But then the others had "ideas", so to speak.

To be more precise, they had suggestions how to make it up to Lincoln, by making him more popular at school. And if she was honest with herself, Lynn was not okay with that. She remembered past schemes to help her little brother become popular, like giving all the girls in the school chocolate for Valentine's Day. This ended with the family owing someone 5000\$ in sweets and Lincoln being called a creep for hitting on girls who already were in a relationship. But this? Meddling was something she was okay with to a certain degree, but breaking into school, stalking him and destroying, though by accident, a teacher's car? And then there was the entire thing about Lori going in there two hours ago and still not calling back.

She glanced over to Luna and Leni. She had the feeling that something was seriously wrong with her sisters. And the more she thought about it, the more she suspected that something was also wrong with her. At least "normal" Lynn wouldn't have spent half of the last night thinking about her brother, her mind drifting into territory she was not comfortable with at all. She would have also probably called them out on wanting to do anything else but play "big brother" (or rather big sister in this case) over a webcam one of the others used to spy on her cute little-

Luna had just put a little kitten patch on Leni's forehead, when she heard the noise of something hitting human skin. Turning around she saw Lynn retreating her right hand from her own cheek. "Are you okay?"

"I am fine." Lynn replied, her voice trembling a bit. "I was just hitting some dirty mosquito."

"I see..." Luna said with raised eyebrows. She turned back to Leni and fixed her up for good.

Lynn meanwhile felt herself very nervous. Just now she had caught herself drifting off again mentally. She wanted to ask her sisters for help. But considering how they acted...

Perhaps, if I could get a chance to talk to Lincoln directly... she thought and watched her brother.

After "Leonzie"'s little scheme to boast his popularity, Lincoln thought it was best to avoid attention, by spending some time on the schoolyard and get some fresh air. After all, here he had probably a better chance to avoid his sisters than in an enclosed area and...

"Excuse me, Sir?"

Lincoln, who had his eyes in a book, now looked to a bespectacled second grader with a writing pad and a smartphone in her hand. "Are you Lincoln Loud?"

"Yes"

Before he could ask for her name, the girl made a photo of him with her phone and started to ask him some questions.

"Mister Loud," she began in a surprisingly polite manner for an eight year old, "how is your position towards the school cafeteria wanting to abolish Taco Tuesday?"

Lincoln was confused. "Well, that would suck. I mean, who doesn't like tacos? But why are you asking-"

"And what is your position on the recently discussed gender politics, asking for girls to be allowed to use the boy's room in case your sister somehow manages to demolish the plumbing system of the school again?"

Lincoln frowned. "The teachers could never prove that Lana- wait, why am I even trying to defend that? Who are you anyway?"

"I am Gabriella Gumshoe. But you can call me Gabby Gums, Sir. I am reporter for the Royal Elementary Inquire. And our readers want to know more about the boy who challenges student body president Alexandra Dumas to a re-election."

Lincoln was silent for a couple of seconds. Then he gave the most reasonable answer he could potentially give in that situation and with his current knowledge.

"What the fu-"

"-udge! Everyone will get one cup of fudge as dessert during lunch break each day, when my brother enters office." Lola Loud shouted. She was standing on top of a soapbox in the middle of the playground, answering questions kids from all over the school asked. In the middle of the increasingly growing group, a bunch of first graders could be seen, handing out in crayon written, glitter and noodles designed pamphlets that supposedly contained the entire election campaign of Lola's older brother, widely known as the "Chest Hair Kid that lost a video contest against a hamster".

"Also, our brother will convince the teachers to build a new playground for all of us to enjoy." Lana Loud proclaimed proudly while standing on top of a slide. "With extra mud pits, mazes and installed water guns for the hot spring days. And he will make the teachers pay for it."

"Is their wage even high enough for that?" some kid randomly asked.

"If not, Lincoln will force the Superintendent," Lola countered. "I heard that she makes way more money than all the teachers and the principal together."

A boy in the audience, who just happened to be the Superintendent's son, raised his voice telling Lola how that was a load of bull. Unfortunately for him, before he had a chance to elaborate on his family's finances, the snapping of Lola's fingers could be heard and a group of other first graders dragged him away.

"Any more interruptions?" the beauty pageant asked her audience.

No reply.

Not even from Lana who wouldn't usually tolerate such actions from Lola and was even surprised that her twin hadn't even tried to counter his counter-argument in any other way.

Lola continued her speech with the following: "This school is a mess. The current representative Alexandra Dumas is a half-baked incompetent washout with no actual administrative competence!"

This was actually a complete lie, but since when was the truth of any relevant in politics?

"And she doesn't like mud!" Lana told the listeners and a few gasped in shock. "I don't know why she is anti-mud but we will not stand for it, Lincoln will not stand for it!"

She was greeted with applause and the crowd of kindergarteners shouted, "Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln!"

Said person was nearby, hidden behind a garbage can and thinking about his next step.

When I flee to Canada, I will have a better life expectancy, but on the other hand, I always wanted to visit the Vatican.

Unbeknownst to Lincoln, a certain person and its friends were observing rather closely the ruckus caused by the two campaign aides. The person was not necessarily happy about what it saw. But unlike its associates, who asked it if Lola and Lana's action could be considered a breaching of "the agreement", it took it all with a small bit of humor.

The person just wanted to tell its friends that Lola was probably just trying to stick it to them when its smartphone rang.

"Excuse me," the person said and took the call. "Hello? Who.... Oh..."

The person's expression changed from friendly and serene to serious and somber.

"Yes, of course."

The person put its smartphone back and looked at the Loud-twins with dismal.

"You wanted to tell us something?" one of the person's friends asked.

"Yes," the person said in a rather aggravated voice, much to the surrounding

people's surprise. "Arrange for a "meeting" between me and the whiz-kid Lincoln," it proclaimed in a controlled tone. Two of its associates looked at each other and then back to their "boss". "Sure. When do you want to meet him?" "Now!" their boss exclaimed and went back into the main building. "I want this problem to be dealt with before the end of this day."

Elsewhere, Mrs. DiMartino was waking up. After being pulled up into the air duct, she had lost her conscious. She tried to move but she couldn't. She tried to speak, but she was barely able to open her mouth. She opened her eyes and found herself bound to a chair and with tape on her mouth in the cellar of the school. She sighed.

Great. High school all over again.

"Under Lincoln's command, spring break will last for two weeks, frogs will no longer be dissected for biology and all mobbers, jerkfaces, douchey teachers and that stupid bully Moe will be kicked out! Down with Moe!"

"Down with Moe!" Lana shouted.

"Down with Moe!" all the students shouted with them. "Down with the jerks!"

This was enough for Lincoln. He hated bullies too, but he was not going to start a "cleansing" to get kids to behave in school. Besides, the word "jerkface" could indicate everyone, regardless of allegiance. Scratch that. He didn't want to go into politics, period!

While the boy was pondering what to do to stop his sisters from making outrageous promises and dragging his "opponent" through the mud, he didn't notice how somebody came closer to him.

"Hey Lincoln, what are you doing here?"

Lincoln turned around to the person with the familiar British accent. "Hugh?"

Before Lincoln was probably the best looking British man in the entire world. A large, wiry hunk of a man with brown pompadour hair and an incredibly charming smile.

"I am hiding from my sisters," he told the friendly student. "They... You see, they are managing a campaign for me and I don't even run for school representative! Not to mention that the former vote was last month. It is a bit too early for anyone to candidate."

"Campaign season has become a mess in this country," Hugh commented. "I heard it was bad before but now..."

"Tell me about it. By the way, why are you here?"

"I work in the school library to pay for the college," he explained. "Say, is there any way I can help you?"

Lincoln was pondering about the offer. "Actually, yes. There is."

Before Hugh could ask how he could be of help, he found himself pushed in front of Lola's crowd.

Hugh felt rather nervous. "Hi children!"

"Ba... Ba... Ba..." was the only thing coming from at least half of the crowd before him.

"Blimey, not again," he sighed. He was such in a rush for most of the day he had forgotten about his effect on most of the female population.

Lincoln meanwhile, snuck up from behind, snatched his sisters and pulled them into a concealed part of the climbing frame.

"Girls, what are you-"

He was interrupted by both of them suddenly hugging him with bright eyes.

"BBBFF!"

"Bro!"

Not again.

"Hope you had a nice time at Clyde's."

"We missed you," Lana added. "Though not as much as Lori. She was really weird. Like if you were Bob-"

Instead of letting her finish, Lincoln pushed her and Lola back a bit, giving them a stern look.

"Bro?"

"Are you two nuts!?" he screamed quietly, his anger vast but under control.

"Announcing me as candidate for the office of school representative?! I don't want to go into politics!"

"But you are the right person for the job," Lola defended herself. "You are managing the Loud family quite well."

"Do you remember the time I was stuck in the pipe?" Lana told him. "You found a solution to get me out of it before we had to tell mom and dad!"

He remembered this incident quite well. Lana had somehow managed to get herself stuck in one of the pipes under the house. After raw strength failed to pull Lana out, Lincoln had the idea of simply mudding her up until she was able to slither out.

"Being a responsible child and being a school representative are two different things!" Lincoln explained in frustration. This was not the time for him to think about a political career but to find out what was going on with his sisters. He just wanted to have a normal day at school but it seems that he even could forget about that.

"But I'm telling you BBBFF, you would make a great school representative," Lola insisted. "It's in your blood. And your name is the last name of one of our presidents. Beside, considering what Alexandra is into-"

"I don't care!" Lincoln stated once more.

"Now go there and say those nice children that I don't plan to run for school-repre-"

THUD!

"Ouch," he exclaimed. Something had hit him in the back of his head. Looking down on the ground, he saw that it was a green can, that was now laying in front

of the three siblings.

"What in the-"

Suddenly gray smoke escaped the can. Second later, the three found themselves in a cloud of smoke.

"What the heck is that?" Lincoln heard Lana cough up.

"A smoke grenade."

Lincoln blinked in confusion, trying to grab for his sisters. "Is that another one of your schemes? I swear, if th- AAAAAAHHHHH!"

"Lincoln?"

Instead of getting an answer, Lana found herself suddenly pulled at the collar out of the climbing frame by none other than Lola, whose awareness of her surroundings turned at the scream of her brother up to bloodhound levels.

Three kids in black masks, black suits and sunglasses just pulled them into a mini-car, similar to the one that Lola was using and they drove away with him.

"STOP, YOU BOTHERSOME BROTHER-KIDNAPPERS!" Lola shouted at once. Luckily Lola had her own pink car with her, parked behind the climbing frame. Dragging Lana with her, Lola sat down in it in seconds and started to follow the kidnappers.

In that moment Mr. Linewood, who had heard of the commotion on the playground, arrived. He was filled with a lot of anger by the destruction of his car and ready to unleash his wrath on whoever was making so much noise on the playground.

Instead, he just found Hugh, who was awkwardly winking to the children, one half gazing in joy, the other half confused about the behavior of their friends.

"Hello," Hugh greeted Mr. Linewood. "Are you part of the staff?"

The only response by Oliver Linewood was a mindless "Ba... Ba... Ba..." which in itself told a couple of kids something new about the school secretary.

Hugh reacted by raising an eyebrow, before giving an amused chuckle. "Well, I may not swing this way... but nice meeting you." He said before extending his hand.

The secretary shook it while being in the seventh heaven.

MamaAniki: There. Done.

Hatoralo: Are you sure? I think we-

MamaAniki: No. This chapter is done! Done, done, done! We still have over 100 pages of first draft to go through, before we even reach the halfway point of this arc.

Hatoralo: Okay, gesssh. But can't we really not insert some more obvious Trump jo-

MamaAniki: No. Look, I don't like Trump either. But if I wanted to be a comedic hack who beats up on a political dead horse, I would write for Last Week Tonight! And no one cares for us soapboxing about politics in this story.
Hatoralo: But soapboxing about fanfics last chapter was okay?
MamaAniki: ... You know WHY we did that.

Hatoralo: "Before we go... Why is an elephant standing in the room?"

MamaAniki: "It isn't that big."

Elephant: "You know exactly WHY I am standing here."

MamaAniki: (sighs) "Yes."

Hatoralo: "Too address the problem before anyone else does: We know about Cheryl. We know that she should be the secretary of Huggins and not our Mr. Oliver Limewood. The problem is we have already written a TON of material and Limewood is too strongly intertwined in it to remove him."

MamaAniki: "We also grew to like him."

Hatoralo: "So he will stay. Heck, we probably come up with an explanation for that canon divergence anyway."

Kapitel 13: The Loud and the Ludicrous

Oogie: "Welcome back dear viewers."

Maniak: Well then, time to get this arc really started.

Oogie: Yeah. I wonder if we should add the crossover tag though.

Maniak: And risk our story to get under/be ignored because no one bothers to actually click the tag on, thanks to fanfiction.nets shitty service?

Oogie: Good point.

Maniak: By the way, did we finally get ultrablud2 back?

Oogie: I think he managed to get over the border. He said something when he send me back this chapter.

Maniak: "We also have to announce our first Milestone of Platonic: Over 100 Followers!"

Oogie: "We like to thank all our fans for reading this fanfiction and their support of it.

Maniak: "Without your interest we wouldn't had made it so far."

Oogie: "We would like to request the opinion of the readers who didn't shared it so far after reaching this milestone. Don't be shy, any kind of critique, even very negative can help, as long as it is constructive."

Maniak: "With that said: Time for our next chapter, resolving around one of Hollywoods most popular Tropes: Crossovers!"

Oogie: "And a long cool car-chase scene full of incredible tense action, but who is interested in that?"

Maniak: "Good work, Time Warner/DC!"

Oogie: "Wonder Woman was good though."

Maniak: "Don't expect a premature hastened creation of a shared Fanfiction- Universe between different Nickelodeon-Properties."

Oogie: "Anyway, on with the story!"

Chapter 13: The Loud and the Ludicrous

While Hugh was making acquaintance with Mr. Limewood, Lori Loud got back from some important business she attended in the faculty, to meet up with her sisters.

"Sorry that it took so long," she said. "I literally forgot just how freaking complex the vent system of the school- what is going on?"

"Lincoln has been kidnapped!" Luna shouted. She was handling the laptop and watched in horror at the scene of her brother being abducted.

"What?!"

"The Men in Black suddenly showed up and grabbed him," Leni explained.

"Okay..." Lori began, trying to keep a cool head. "What happened while I was away?"

"Our bothersome twin sisters started a campaign for our brother, because they want

him to become head of student body," Lynn replied. She was leaning against the tree and tried not to show her own worry about the situation, while also being obviously confused about the actions of her siblings. The ones from her elder sisters as well as the ones from the twins. "Then suddenly Hugh showed up, Lincoln grabbed Lola and Lana before being grabbed by two twerps and now Lola and Lana seem to be chasing them."

Lori tried her best to digest what she'd just heard. "What do you mean with "seem to be chasing them"?"

"We don't know any details cause our feed is not fast enough to catch up with what is going on," Luna explained.

Lori sighed. Pulling her smartphone out of her left pocket, she dialed a number. When the person on the other end took the call, she had just one thing to say:

"Luan... WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING?!"

Luan Loud did not have a good day. At all. Aside from the fact she had a really bad night sleep, she was unfortunate enough to draw the smallest straw when it came to who was going to be the source of the video surveillance feed for Lincoln. Which meant that, unlike her other siblings, who at least got the chance to dress up and have fun in some way or another, she had to walk around the entire day incognito with a webcam strapped to her head, hidden by one of Lana's older caps. All she wanted was to make sure Lincoln was safe. And now she had failed at that.

"I am trying to catch up to them," she winced in her smartphone. She really didn't want to be on Lori's bad side right now. "Not very easy when they have cars and I have only my two feet."

Lori said something on the other end that made the comedian frown.

"How was I supposed to foresee that? I- excuse me for a sec- hi Hugh. Where was I? Oh yeah. I can't see the future. In fact, right now I can't even see where they are driving."

Lori pinched the bridge of her nose. "Just catch up to them!"

On the laptop, the others could see the camera move from left to right for a moment, before coming to a halt at a cycle rack. The camera would then get closer to the rack and a couple of seconds later, the others watched Luan get up on some random kid's bike, which was conveniently not chained up. Shortly thereafter, the older siblings had a pretty good live feed to the chase scene that was going on over the school's premises.

Lincoln had been chased by his siblings quite a few times in his life. But never before had he been chased as what was probably part of a rescue mission. He at least assumed that the two kids in ski masks who had grabbed him and were now driving all over the schoolyard in a toy jeep at the speed of 30 miles an hour were not just trying to give him a joy ride.

He came to that conclusion, because he had no other explanation for why he was

handcuffed to a third child, who also pointed a softair gun at him.

"So, which class are you in?"

"Don't talk," the little boy ordered, pushing the gun against Lincoln's cheek.

"Careful Eric," the driver said. "We don't want to have a situation like last week."

"Oh come on!" the boy exclaimed. "I already apologized to Marvin for shooting him in the fa-"

"Ouch."

"Dang it!"

Lincoln rubbed his cheek and was happy that he did not get a shot in the eye.

"Perhaps you should lower it?" he suggested to Eric, who eventually did so.

Turning his attention to the co-driver, he asked where they were taking him.

"The boss wants to have a talk with you," the co-driver, who had a girl's voice, coldly stated. Her gaze was fixed on the side-view mirror on the left. "Dang it. The twins are still following."

"At least they don't have any weap-"

The back of the car got suddenly hit by a ball of mud.

"-ons."

"What the heck is that?!" Eric screamed as he watched back and saw Lola holding what seemed to be a bazooka made out of toilet paper rolls and tin foil.

"The Mud-Zooka," Lincoln stated in resignation. "One of Lana's little inventions. Can hit you even from a distance of 20 yards."

There was a moment of silence.

"Richie..."

"Yes?" the driver asked.

"FASTER!"

Richie did as told, but it was no use. Mudballs the size of apples continued to fly left and right, hitting anything in their path but the car.

"Time for a distraction," the co-driver suddenly stated and pushed a little button. A noise could be heard and the next thing Lincoln knew, smog was steaming from the exhaust pipe and covering the entire area. Somewhere from behind, he could hear his siblings cursing and coughing childish profanities at his kidnappers.

"Ha! Nice one Julia," Eric stated before turning around and blowing a raspberry at their pursuers. Which turned out to be a mistake, as at least one more mudball was suddenly shot from the fog and hit him straight in the face, making him drop his gun.

Lincoln immediately took the chance and grabbed for it, only for Julia to punch him in the face. Which, much to her surprise, didn't face him. Instead, he just grabbed her by the collar and took her mask off, revealing a young black girl's face under it.

"You-you wouldn't hit a girl, would you?" she asked scared.

"I am growing up with ten sisters. Is that a good enough answer?"

Julia gulped. "Dang it."

Then, much to Lincoln's surprise and misfortune, the timid look on the girl's face changed. It became sterner, almost professional, and before he knew it, she kicked him in the chin, making him slip up and hit his head on the metal frame of the car just hard enough to lose conscious.

A moment of silence fell over the car.

"Should we get him to the nursery?" Eric asked

"I don't know," Julia stated while putting her mask back on. "I mean, he is not

bleeding."

"You know, I sometimes think our job is not worth the five dollars a day."

"Guys!" Richie stated as he was just turning around a corner of the main building, leading him and the others back to the playground.

Julia turned her attention to him. Richie just pointed ahead and when she looked in the appointed direction, she realized something. They may have stopped the Loud twins from following them in one direction. But with so limited space to go for, it was quite easy to for them catch up to the three kidnappers by just turning and driving around the school the other way.

"Oh, for the love of-"

"INCOMING!" Richie shouted and made a sharp turn to the right to avoid another mudball. Unfortunately, this brought him right into a collision course with the group of Lincoln's potential voters, still enchanted by the sight of Hugh.

"Out of the way!" Julia shouted and honked the horn as loud as she could, making the adults and kids in front of her jump aside in all directions. Glitter encrusted paper pamphlets and single mudballs flew through the air as she and her friends drove pass the crowd. Behind them, the confused and angry shouts of Mr. Limewood could be heard, as well as Lola Loud cursing at her brother's kidnappers.

"Give me back my BBBFF!" the beauty pageant shouted as she tried to shoot another mudball at the third graders. Only to discover that she had run out of ammo. "Dang it!"

"Should have brought my heavy mud-filth gun," Lana mused while trying to avoid a load of softair pellets being shot at them. "Who are these guys anyway?"

Lola suspected something, but she wasn't sure yet.

"Less talking, more driving," she ordered Lana.

"I am already trying my best here!" Lana shouted. Five seconds later, she found out that the car was stuck in a sand pit.

"You call that driving?" Lola asked back, angrily looking first at the kids getting away by heading for the sports field. Before Lana had a chance to defend herself, she was pushed to the co-driver seat. "Let me show you how a professional drives."

"Just because you are really good at GTA, doesn't mean you-"

Lana shut up the moment Lola stomped on the pedal and shifted gear, managing to get power out of her little toy car her sister did not know existed. Sand was thrown in the air (and on some little kids) as the back tires went overboard, catapulting the pink vehicle out of the sand pit and back on concrete ground. The chase continued. Much to Julia and Richie's discomfort.

"Oh come on! Richie, do we have any more gadgets?"

"Let's see... smoke screen, oil spill, nails- oh the rockets are still an option!"

Three seconds later, Lola, much to her confusion, was bombarded with three foam rockets shooting from the back of the car she was chasing.

"Well... that didn't work," Eric stated. He tried shooting another round of pellets at the twins, but his gun was empty. Resignedly, he threw it in the direction of the twins.

"Foam! Why are the rockets made out of foam?!" Julia wanted to know.

Richie just glanced at her sideways, trying to avoid a couple of students who were

training for the 100 meter race and found the necessary motivation to run faster in the form of a black little toy car. "Do you really expect me to have army arsenal at my disposal?"

"I thought your dad was a general!"

"Yeah, but do you really think that means he gives his child high-tech military hardware?"

"Sorry, Richie," Julia apologized. "I just thought-"

"Guys!"

"WHAT?!" Both kids shouted at Eric. The boy just pointed to their left.

"Hi guys," Lana said with a grin on her face. It turned out that, while Richie and Julia were arguing, Lola somehow managed to catch up to them. Furthermore, while the mud-zooka was empty, Lana, grinning like a hyena, still had an arsenal of water balloons at her disposal, which she was now throwing at the three.

And to make a bad situation even worse, Lola had no problem ramming her toy into them, if it meant to stop them and save Lincoln. Or whatever would be left of him.

"Give us back our brother!"

"Never!" Julia shouted back and tried to push Lola's car away with her foot.

That voice...

Lola knew this voice and it would have made her heart jump if she hadn't had to concentrate on driving.

Next to her, Eric removed the handcuffs and pushed Lincoln in the back of the car, so that he had all hands free to deal with Lana.

Unfortunately for him, this left her with enough time to throw a balloon in his face.

Seconds later, he realized that the water smelled kinda... off. "Uargh. What sort of water is that?"

"Well..." Lana began, "let's just say it was once water."

An awkward silence fell over the kids.

"Ewww!"

"Lana, please..." Lola threw in, slightly green in the face.

While Lola was distracted, Julia managed to put enough force in her feet to push Lola's car away. Immediately Richie hit the next gear and started to win some ground again.

"Dang it!" Lola screamed in frustration and pushed the gas again. In front of her, Julia was starting to lose her patience.

"Is there no way to escape them?"

"Not with the amount of fuel we have left" Richie explained. After a swift move around the cheerleading squad, he had managed to get the car back to the school yard. "If we get lighter, I could win some ground."

"How are we supposed to get lighter?" Eric asked. Julia turned to him, calmly staring through her mask.

"What?"

Meanwhile, in the confinement of a well lightened class room on the second floor of

the school building, the person who had given the order to get Lincoln looked out of the window to observe how things were going with the kidnapping.

"Well, that could be going better," the person stated to no one in particular. Next to it a young boy watched the chase with a deadpan stare. "Perhaps you shouldn't have ordered an "immediate" kidnapping," the boy stated. "You know Julia is not very good with handling things "spontaneously"."

The person sighed. "If Henry wasn't sick today, I would have given the order to him."

"An order that I still consider dumb," the boy mumbled, making the person stiff up a bit.

"Care to elaborate?"

"Kidnapping Lincoln Loud is one thing. But doing it so near her?"

The person looked confused for a second, only to start smirking maliciously the next.

"It will teach her a lesson."

"Or result in her spilling the beans about us, when she finds out who-"

"Relax," the person said dismissively. "Lola would rather keep quiet and go after us, then tell her sister or the hall monitors."

"That is not very reassuring."

The person chuckled. "Consider it my delayed "dealing" with the Loud clan."

Outside the boss saw something that made it twist its lip in disapproval. "I did not expect her to do THAT!"

"Okay, I know I can be harsh, but damn that is heartless," Lola Loud stated. Next to her, Lana was trying to get a grip of Eric, who lied on the hood of her twin's car, grabbing to it as if his life depended on it. Right now only two things were running through his mind.

One was the depressing idea that he was going to either die or get seriously injured. The other one was centered around getting back at Julia for that.

Thankfully Lana was not as heartless as Julia and decided to help the dog urine smelling boy to safety, all the while giving Lola driving directions till the distraction in the form of a third grader stopped blocking her field of view.

"Just... hold still!" Lana shouted this suggestion.

"I am holding still!" Eric screamed. "As still as I can!"

"Get that idiot in the car and interrogate him!" Lola ordered. "And remember that you can inflict a lot of pain if you bend the pinkie!"

"I think I will stay on the hood," Eric responded nervously as he heard this.

Meanwhile, Richie could only shake his head in disappointment.

"Was this your best idea?"

"Should we have stopped during the chase to let him step out? That isn't how a chase works!" explained Julia. "Now step on the gas!"

He stepped on the gas like ordered. "I guess you will not be invited to his birthday party this year unless you make it up to him big time."

"Yes, I guess you are right. How about a few free Pizzas?"

"That would be a start," informed him Richie. "But I think the boss will be even more upse-"

"FREEZE!" shouted somebody before them.

Richie and Julia beheld before them two kids who looked a little bit older than the usual students here. A young bald African American with bleached looking glasses and a goth girl with green eyes, less pale skin than Lucy and a black dress. They wore the orange safety patrol sash and had badges in their hands.

Julia recognized the two immediately, which instantly triggered her survival instincts.

"Make a turn!"

The little black car made a sharp turn and avoided the two safety patrol officers, racing back to the twins. They almost collided with Lana and Lola who were surprised by this turn of events and barely managed to dodge the incoming car before both collided. The car of the twins spun a few times around before it stopped.

"Okay, what is going on here?" the young African American demanded to know.

"Who wants to know that?" asked an angry Lola in return. The car was facing away from the two older kids and Lola was too occupied to get it started again, as that she bothered taking a look at her superiors. "We are in the middle of a chase! Those three have kidnapped our brother!"

"We already have one," remarked Lana proudly and pointed Eric who was still attached to the hood, paralyzed in fear.

"Good work, but we will take it over from here," explained the goth. "I am Ingrid Third and this is my Partner, Cornelius Fillmore. Safety Patrol."

Immediately after hearing those names, Lola froze. Fillmore and Third?

She slowly turned her head to the two middle schoolers, who were known as living legends in the profession of school hall monitoring.

It should be known, that when Lola and Lana decided to become hall monitors themselves, they did so mostly after hearing of the exploits of these two fine agents of justice at X-Middle School. So seeing their idols in front of them would have normally resulted in the following reaction:

Both growing huge smiles on their faces, before geeking out like two nerds who just went into Patrick Steward at the grocery store.

Unfortunately such a scene was not to be made now, in light of their beloved brothers kidnapping. As such, both decided to go for a more professional round.

"We are members of Safety Patrol too!" exclaimed Lana with a smile and her voice a few notes higher than intended.

Before the two older kids could react, Lana and Lola had their orange sashes and black sunglasses on with batons on their sides. "You are allowed to use batons?" commented Fillmore, raising his eyebrow. "Is the job that dangerous here?"

"No talking, let's hunt!" Lola, who had enough of the interruption, dragged Fillmore into the car before starting the engine again.

"I will secure the suspect," explained Ingrid while she arrested Eric who wasn't in the mood or willing to resist. "I will catch up to you later."

Without another word, Lola stepped on the gas again to get the two kidnappers.

The two sisters, with Cornelius Fillmore behind them, looked determined and tried to

look professionally while thinking in Unison:

ohmygoshohmygosh!FillmoreandThirdarehelpingusinggettingourbrotherback!ThelegendoftheschoolmonitorsisgoingtohelpusdefeatabunchofkidnappersandmakeourbrotherstudentbodypresidentandLincolnwillloveusforeverandwewillgetpromotedandperhapsvisitXMiddleSchoolandIthinkItinkledalittle...BEST DAY EVER!

"Everything okay?" asked Fillmore concerned. "You are trembling."

"Of course, Officer Fillmore," explained Lola calmly.

"Just a little nervous because of our brother, but we are in control," added Lana.

This day just got from worse to better in a way.

"Great. Now Fillmore and Third are involved in the mess," sighed the boss. Turning around to another one of its subjects, he asked how it was even possible for them to be here. "I thought they were already heading back to X Middle School last weekend."

"There seemed to have been a problem with the train they were supposed to take," explained a boy slightly intimidated by the tone in his superior's voice.

"What problem?"

"A strike."

The boss' left eye flinched.

"They won't drive till the end of the week."

"Great," muttered the boss, pinching its nose. "And of course both can't decide to just take the day off and spend time with their guest families."

The boss turned its attention to the boy who earlier had told him that kidnapping Lincoln may be a stupid idea. "You could have told me, Cardinal!"

The boy in question was slightly put off by his boss' tone. "How? No one bothered telling me. Everyone who could have either had classes or was out for lunch!"

"Nevermind that," stated the boss and pulled its smartphone out of its pocket.

"What are you doing?" the boy referred to as "Cardinal" wanted to know.

"We could have dealt with Lola and Lana on our own, but Third and Fillmore? We need something to distract them and if necessary any other hall monitor," the boss stated. He waited a couple of seconds till someone on the other end of the line picked up.

"Fynn? Listen; remember how I got you your favorite plush at the last fair? It's time for you to repay me."

Luan had finally found her siblings again, just as they drove away with Fillmore.

The only reason she continued was the possibility that Lincoln could be in danger. Regardless of what happened between the two yesterday, it was not enough for her to give up on Lincoln, not by a long shot. She would do everything she could to rescue her brother, even if her legs would be sore as hell at the end of the day.

Richie dodged more sports teams on their way back to the school. He had never thought he would be able to send so many football players running at once in his life. He was tempted to shout "Hut, Hut, Hike!" but he abandoned that idea quickly after he noticed the friendly smile of the princess' car in the driving mirror.

"They are back!" Richie shouted.

"I see them too," Julia confirmed grimly. "And... crap! Fillmore is with them!"

"Who?"

"Cornelius Fillmore. The boy from the Safety Patrol Exchange."

"What? I thought he was already on the way back home!"

"Well, me too," admitted Julia.

"Safety Patrol Exchange," muttered Richie in disbelief. "That was the dumbest idea the boss ever had."

"First, it was actually the idea of the principal from the X Middle school," Julia told him. "The boss told me about it, had something to do with an exhibition of crystal glass art at their school. Second, them getting rid of the hall pass forgers benefited us."

"Yeah. And now we are in danger of being caught," Richie complained and tried to get more power out of his car.

Lola put a blue light on the hood and activated it. Now it was an official safety patrol chase!

"I waited for the day we could do this," she stated happily. "Like the normal police!"

"Do you have any mud with you?" Lana asked Fillmore. "We are out of ammo."

"I don't usually carry ammo with me" explained Fillmore dryly. "I am here to arrest people, not shoot them."

"It is non-lethal, so don't be a wuss," countered Lana while she thought of other options.

None of the parties noticed Luan and she herself didn't notice the little drone flying over them...

The four older sisters were pretty enraged about the state of affairs.

"Are we really paying taxes for this?" Lori shouted at the laptop. "The authorities are literally too useless to rescue our brother from second-rate kidnappers!"

"First, none of us pay taxes", Luna corrected her sister. "And second, two of the "useless" authorities are our sisters."

"And third, I think those are not second raters, but graders," injected Leni.

Everyone decided to ignore her statement.

"Whatever! If they are not able to rescue Lincoln, they will get no dessert this evening!" Lori promised.

Meanwhile, Lynn had a hunch and clicked on a certain ThouDuct channel. She was correct to trust the hunch. "Hey, I think they are showing the chase on the school-news channel with a live-feed!"

"These are school-news with a special report by Renata Veracruz de la Hoya Cardinal!" From the announcement, the camera panned to a young Hispanic tubby girl with black

pigtails that had red ribbons in them. She looked young enough to be in the second grade. She sat behind a table with her hands holding some papers.

"Kidnapping, a crime as heinous as the Boogie Man! But it didn't happen to just anyone. Infamous director of embarrassing ThouDuct videos, former girl Guru, liberator of frogs and self-declared candidate for school representative Lincoln Loud has been abducted! We have a live feed to the chase in progress thanks to our Drone-Reporter Karl-Heinz Mason!"

The screen changed to an overhead view on the playing fields of the school.

"Karl-Heinz what is going on?"

"As you can see, the officers who lead the chase from the beginning are Lana & Lola Loud. The two are famous for being so hardass on their patrols, they even gave the school principal a detention for telling a bad joke."

"Yes, I remember the case," stated Renata dryly. "Lola told his parents about his bad behavior."

"Very awkward for everyone," Karl-Heinz commented. "Anyway: An African-American boy is with them. He is also a member of safety patrol but he looks too old to be in this school."

"What about the kidnappers?"

"They are clothed in black; I am unable to identify them from here. Back to you Renata."

"Thank you Karl-Heinz."

The screen changed back to Reneta. "We will update whenever something new happens."

The boss watched the report on a mobile phone. Next to him, Cardinal, the phone's owner, looked as if he was going to state "I told you so" any minute. But instead he just said this: "Now the press is involved in it too."

"At least the news channel has something interesting to report for once," stated a minor minion in an attempt to lighten the situation.

"Shut up, Wesley," another kid said and wacked the boy over the head, which almost lead to a little scuffle but the Boss' presence prevented it.

The phone's owner looked to its boss. "Do you still believe we have the situation under control? Or are you going to change your mind only when Dagmar gets involved in the mess too?"

The boss turned its attention back to the window. From the horizon it saw something coming in the direction of the Loud twins. It made the boss smile.

"Le Roi?" one underling asked.

"Send Julia a message," the boss ordered. "Tell her help is coming."

The boy with the phone took a look himself. "I hope your idea of a "distraction" is going to work. Otherwise I am starting to think we should go for "Plan Watterson" at this point."

Despite a rather harsh driving style, Richie avoided the destruction of the flower gardens of the gardening club. Partly because Richie himself was one of its members and he didn't want to ruin his own work.

"Richie, just drive over the flowers."

"No!"

Meanwhile, Lola tried to find another way around the flower garden. It was placed between a shed for the garden tools and a little wall. She didn't want to drive around the shed because it would cost them time but she wasn't here to destroy beauty either so...

"Hold on!"

Without a second warning, she gave full speed and shouted: "Lana, use the hydraulic on the left, fast!"

Lana knew what she meant. She wasn't only a good plumber but she also had experimented with mechanics from time to time. The princess car had its own little surprises like two very fast hydraulic telescope legs, built to get easier under the car but also for moments like this. Lana activated and deactivated the leg for the left and brought the car half onto the air, driving on the two right tires. That way Lola could drive on a very small strip of earth which left the flowers unharmed. After passing this obstacle, Lola brought the car back to its old position.

Fillmore whistled. "Impressive. Did you install this officer...?"

"Lana Loud," introduced Lana herself. "The driver is my twin and partner Lola."

"Dang it, she is an excellent driver!" Richie cursed.

"Don't worry," Julia tried to calm Richie. "Backup will reach us soon."

"We have backup?"

"Yes," Julia stated with a hint of surprise about the message she had gotten from the boss. "Le Roi has seen what is happening on TV and will send us help."

"The Executioner?"

"No. She was talking about sending mercenaries."

"Are you fu-"

Another car crashed into the princess' car. Lola hit the brakes and drove to the right to let the other car pass her.

"Raspy Rats!" Lana shouted as she recognized their enemies. "The Kindergarten kids!" From all directions came the kids from the kindergarten in little cars, on rollers and on bicycles with support wheels. They had little toy weapons and soft air pellet guns. Normally they weren't a great danger but if they got too much sugar then they could become hyperactive beasts. Their eyes looked wild in all directions and their mouths watered from the wish of more sugar.

"What is going on with those kids?" Fillmore wanted to know.

"Someone must have given them candy!" Lola exclaimed in horror and rage while she rammed against the enemy vehicles to get them out of the chase. "They will do everything for more, they are real sugarheads. And based on their looks, they gave them really potent stuff. I have never seen them this aggressive before!"

One Kindergarten kid jumped from his bike onto the princess' car and tried to attack Lola but Fillmore grabbed the child and threw him into the kids of another car which forced the driver to hit the brakes.

"Be careful so that nobody gets hurt," reminded Fillmore his colleagues.

"I will do my best," promised Lana.

"I will guarantee nothing," guaranteed Lola. She was pissed and nobody should stand in the way of a pissed of Lola Loud.

Lola and Lana took their own soft-air guns. Their use may be limited but they couldn't be choosers.

Luan, who was still following them, wondered if she should help them in this battle now or later.

Dagmar Solberg was writing a report about the "Cheese Cake Counterfeiting" affair Captain Linus van Pelt was investigating. The largest student in Royal Woods was pleased with Van Pelt's progress in the case.

The entire day was a good one so far and the muscular girl didn't expect much trouble. She had gotten note of a toy-car chase by the twin officers Lana and Lola Loud from her safety patrol PM system. The commissioner with the short black hair didn't think much of it, because if anyone could stop a measly car chase, it was the "Gemini of Justice", the moniker many students called the two out of fear and respect.

More out of fear for Lola, more out of respect for Lana in their separate cases.

The female with the Japanese features (whose nordish European name was the result of a lot of adoption papers related shenanigans) had given them permission to use Lola's little princess car as a patrol-vehicle as a test to see if they were ready to be "back on the streets". She didn't think that this "car chase" was anything spectacular. There was kind of a ban on "hall monitors chasing suspects", but it was seldom enforced, because nothing had been destroyed on a chase nor did somebody get hurt. Only few people ran and the ones who did had done something rather bad most of the time.

She got another message, this time on the Skype-Channel. It was a message detailing how the chase was going and additional information.

"Lincoln Loud is the abducted subject, brother of Lana and Lola Loud. We are not able to identify the kidnappers."

This sounded more concerning. Unidentified kidnappers. Who at this school was good enough to conceal their identities?

I wonder if it has something to do with-

Her thoughts got interrupted by a direct call from one of her officers. In this case it was a girl by the name of Sarah Williams.

"Sarah, what is it?"

"We... may have a situation here, Commissioner Solberg," the voice on the other end informed her.

"Do you mean the car chase of the officers Loud & Loud, Officer Williams?" Solberg asked in a honest friendly tone and with an expression on her face. "As long as they endanger nobody or start destroying stuff, we will let it slide."

"You trust them with that?"

"Lola and Lana can take care of the situation," Dagmar explained in a trusting tone. *And I doubt a situation like the one from two weeks ago comes up again* she added in her head.

"Normally, I would agree," Sarah replied. "But I was informed that they teamed up with the exchange hall monitors."

Dagmar froze for a second. "You mean to tell me the officers Loud & Loud teamed up with Cornellius Fillmore, the most destructive hall monitor in the history of this nation?"

"Pretty much, ma'am."

Silence.

"Ma'am?"

"Defcon 1, red alert, this is not a drill! I repeat, this is not a drill! Everybody, get in position!" ordered the Commissioner over the safety patrol team channel. "We need to stop this before Lieutenant Fillmore goes into action!"

She had feared that this could happen. She had assigned Fillmore and his partner into a calm corner of the school in the hopes that he wouldn't get involved in anything resembling a chase.

Their help in solving the Hall-Forger case had been critical but she wasn't grateful enough to risk the school's insurance policy.

"Also, we got strange reports from the Kindergarten," Sarah continued. "Our informant there-"

"Send a few undercover officers to the kindergarten," Dagmar interrupted Sarah while preparing her equipment. "I am on my way."

"Yes, ma'am."

"They need help!" decided Leni after witnessing the arrival of the Kindergarteners and prepared her motorcycle"). How she even got it fixed up so fast after the accident is anyone's guess. "I will follow our siblings and aid them."

"Wait Leni!" Lori tried to stop her sister from doing something rash. "It is too dangerous!"

"Nothing is too dangerous when it comes to rescuing your family," Leni explained while she put on her helmet. "I will return as soon as possible."

Before anyone could stop her, she was already on her motorcycle and drove away... in the wrong direction.

Lana hit one of the attackers between the eyes which took the kid out for the moment.

They came closer to the main building and their enemies tried to surround them.

"Ignorant Inkling, they are too many!" shouted Lola. "We need to get rid of him."

"We could lose them in the school halls," suggested Fillmore. "But it is risky."

Lana smirked as she heard this suggestion. "I am the queen of risks. Lola?"

"I am on it."

"What about the kidnappers?"

"I will force them to take our course too," Lola promised. "With nitro!"

"Lola, Lisa didn't test the formula before."

"Then we will test it now!"

Lola revealed a red button on her dashboard hidden behind a little tablet. An advantage of being related to a technician and a genius in chemistry was that they could work together to create especially potent fuel for a little car as well as a fitting nitrous oxide engine. Lola pushed the button and in seconds they were out of the enclosing kindergarteners and besides Richie and Julia. Before the two kidnappers could proceed what just happened, Lola rammed the black car and forced them into the school. The twins followed suit, as well as several kindergarteners who were just catching up.

"Well, so much for the distraction."

The boss was getting genuinely annoyed by now.

"Okay then," it declared to no one in particular, throwing the hands in the air as if to say "the things I have to deal with" before turning around.

"Cardinal, Portos, follow me." He turned to two other agents. "As for you, inform our agents in the safety patrol to get a hold of Fynn."

"Yes, sir!"

"This will be a long day."

"Don't tell me," mumbled "Cardinal" as he followed his superior. "You started it."

Back in the studio, Renata was still sitting at her desk and reporting.

"We got an update: The car chase is now in the school halls. Karl-Heinz, what is happening?"

"It is chaos, pure chaos!" Karl-Heinz reported. "Students are running for their safety. They rammed into several lockers and it is really difficult to steer a drone in these halls."

The screen changed to the school halls and showed how Fillmore and Lana were jumping onto the car of the kidnappers while Lola was ramming attacking kindergarteners into the lockers. Fillmore and Lana got into a wrestling fight with Richie, who was stronger than he looked.

"According to new information we acquired, the third officer is the legendary Cornelius Fillmore. You may remember him from our report about the hallway forgers last week. An ex-delinquent who is now a very successful but also destructive officer of the law. He acquired the nickname "Fillateral-Cornage" because of..."

The screen showed how Fillmore wrestled away from Richie and grabbed Julia, fighting with her over the steering wheel. This action got the black car into the canteen where it drove over several tables and into the kitchen where the car rammed into several ovens and damaged them badly while the personal was jumping out of the way which lead to many dishes getting thrown in the air, bumped off

shelves and desks to shatter at walls and the ground.

"...No explanation needed", finished Renata her report.

Richie and Julia forced the two intruders to the edge of their car with their own soft-air guns while they drove out of the now destroyed kitchen.

"What will it be, officers?" asked Julia in a dark tone. "Jump or being shot at with several soft projectiles?"

"Fillmore!"

Ingrid had reached them now on her own rollers. She jumped over a car of the kindergarten kids and came besides the black car.

"Do you have room for more?" Fillmore asked astute.

"Anytime."

The boy jumped behind Ingrid who got away from the car while ramming an enemy roller out of the chase.

Meanwhile, Lana decided to take a risk. "Jumping time!"

Lana jumped from the car onto the head of a kindergartener on its tricycle, used her momentum to jump against a locker in the hallway and, with a swift move, landed back in her sister's princess car. Without a word, Lola gave her twin a soft-air Uzi, which Lana used to get rid of the other drivers.

"Nobody stops the Officers Loud & Loud!" the two howled while Lola rammed again into the black car.

Then the other officers of Safety Patrol appeared on foot and on their own vehicles to stop the kidnappers and the kindergarten kids.

"STOP THIS!" Limewood shouted and his voice could be heard amongst all the chaos.

"Stop this chaotic car chase now, or you will get detention for the next 6 weeks!"

Back in the studio, Renata was in contact with a very horrified looking Huggins on the right side of a screen. "What do you have to say about these developments, Principal Huggins?!"

"I... The Safety Patrol and my trusty secretary Mr. Limewood will get this unusual and not at all regular situation under control."

The screen changed to the now full on battle between kindergarten kids, the Loud twins, the Safety Patrol, as well as Fillmore, Third and Limewood, who everybody ignored.

"STOP!" the secretary desperately shouted into this total chaos of colliding bodies and vehicles, flying air pellets and wrestling Safety Patrol and kindergarten kids.

"The situation will be back to normal any second now," Huggins stated in a tone which sounded not as confident as he had hoped.

"The school looks strange," expressed Leni while rubbing her chin.

"This is a restaurant," the chief waiter explained in a deadpan tone. "Would you and your motorcycle like to have a table?"

"Later, I have to rescue my brother from two kids who have kidnapped him," Leni explained.

"Of course you do, Madame," the waiter said, the deadpan tone increasing. "Good luck to you."

"Thanks!"

And Leni drove out of the restaurant.

Despite the Safety Patrol's best efforts, including erecting a roadblock made out of third grade desks, no one was able to stop Richie and Julia in the wild chase through the main building. Thanks to the help of sugar high minions and dumb luck, they always managed to overcome the odds and escape Lola and Lana, as well as the exchange patrol officers who were right now trying their best to keep an entourage of wild kindergarten kids from circling the Loud twins' car. The impressive aspect of the kindergarteners' maneuver came from the fact that many of the kids did so not on little tricycles or bikes, but on more or less rather "unconventional" means of transportations. Like a miniature chariot drawn by three rather confused and highly energetic dogs in body armor, with the people in the chariot itself, three kids with rather wild expressions on their faces, throwing Play-Doh and other stuff at the twins. "Hey, watch the hair!" Lola shouted, trying to avoid getting macaroni and glitter in the face.

Meanwhile, Lana couldn't help herself but admire another construction right behind them, a weird combination of tables and chairs on small wagons being pulled by multiple kids on their tricycles, with one kid on top of it all playing drums and other instruments, while fellow kids were aiming for the Louds with spit balls.

Something about the vehicles looked familiar to her, but she didn't know what.

"I have to admit, that is impressive," Lana stated, while shielding herself from a burst of spitballs by grabbing after a random kindergartener from her left and using it as protection.

"But I bet it is pretty damn impractical to move with that thing through narrow places," Fillmore stated, riding next to her with Ingrid on a scooter they had grabbed from one of the Kindergarteners. Before Lana could question what he meant, Ingrid grabbed a class door and opened it. Two seconds later, one of the tricycles tried to avoid the now open door, only to crash into his fellow drivers, making the entire construction of chairs and desks behind them come to a stop and fall apart

"Huh. Nice job."

"Thank you," the young goth said.

"I hope the kids are okay," Fillmore stated.

"I would worry more about those chariots," Lola insisted. Next to her on the left, one of the dog drawn chariot constructs was getting ground till it was now in front of them.

Fillmore, who had managed to rob a water gun from one of the kids, tried to shoot the driver down, only for the two other kids in the chariot to protect him with some

self-made shields, before throwing a water balloon on the seventh grader that managed to knock him off the scooter.

"Fillmore!"

The boy in question luckily managed to roll down in his fall in a manner that resulted in him barely getting any scratches. Nonetheless, by the time he got up again, he was surrounded by other kids, ready to soak him with water guns. But before he got fired at, someone drove through the crowd and past him, grabbing the boy by the collar.

"This is nuts," Luna Loud proclaimed, watching the school's news feed covering the unfolding events. "Those kids are going to get detention for the rest of their lives."

"Stuff like that never happened when I was student body president," Lori declared. She observed the chaos unfolding only from the side, while simultaneously trying to reach Leni on her phone, but without much luck. "Where is that girl?"

"For the last time Miss, you are at the wrong place!" a rather annoyed looking teacher tried to explain to a young girl dressed in surprisingly well styled biker outfit.

"But this is Royal Woods School, right?"

"Royal Woods Middle School, and..." the teacher held in for a second. "Wait. Don't I know you?"

Leni flinched and gave a nervous smile. "I, like, don't know what you mean."

The teacher's eyes widened when, at the mentioning of the word "like", a floodgate of memories regarding a certain student and the frustration to teach her algebra washed over her again. "Leni Loud?"

With Fillmore unable to help, the kindergarten kids managed to win more ground on the Louds and Ingrid, who, in a desperate attempt to not be crushed between two tricycles, had jumped on the pink princess' toy car. She hoped desperately that no one at X-Middle School was ever going to see her driving around in a vehicle, whose color scheme alone made her cringe. Though it didn't seem as if she was going to spend much time on the princess' car either, as the kids in the dog chariots left and right were ready to slice the car's tires. Or at least they tried. As they had to find out, child safe scissors on sticks didn't really cause that much damage on tire rubber. Still, it was annoying. And kept the twins from getting any more ground.

"Dang it!" Ingrid cursed while breaking a stick by kicking it. "Any ideas on how to get rid of them?"

"I have one," Lola claimed in a sinister tone.

"We are not going to hit the dogs," Lana said dryly.

"But-"

The look in Lana's eyes made Lola decide to just shut up.

So instead she decided to stay silent, while around her, little kids were annoyingly shouting "Uga Jacka" and tried to make the tires go pop. "So what now?"

Suddenly, something pink and bone-shaped flew through the air. Almost immediately

the dogs on the left and right chariot got even more enthusiastic and chased after the weird object, much to the drivers' horror. Seconds later, a crash further away could be heard.

"Where did the chew toy come from?" Ingrid asked.

Lola looked to her better half.

"Don't look at me. I haven't--"

"Hey guys!"

The twin's eyes widened in surprise at the familiar voice and got distracted enough to turn all their attention to their left for the moment.

"I see you are the fury of the road."

"Luan?"

"The one and only," the family comedian stated, doing her hardest to keep up with them on the bike she "borrowed" earlier, while avoiding all sorts of projectiles thrown at her by little neckless monsters. Which wasn't quite as easy, seeing how she also had to carry the weight of a seventh grader on the back with her.

"Nice seeing you again, Fillmore," Ingrid stated.

Her friend and partner simply nodded and handed her a water gun he snatched prior from some other kid.

"What are you doing here?" Lana wanted to know, while punching some random kid that tried to jump on the car out of the air. Behind her, the older officers were busy keeping any potential new assailant away by shooting with water guns or throwing probes Luan had with her at them.

"Aside of skipping school and having a BMX experience that Lynn would be more fit for? Trying to save our brother. By the way, do the right thing now and turn left."

Lola blinked in confusion. "What?"

Thankfully for her, Lana was aware enough to see that they were aiming for a row of lockers and turned the wheel to the left just in the nick of time. Some kids and hall officers had less luck, though, and crashed into them, books and papers of other students raining down on them.

"And how are you planning on helping us?" Lola wanted to know, while trying to avoid the unfriendly fire from the chariot in front of her.

"Oh simple," Luan only said. Next thing her younger siblings knew, she was falling behind them, ending up right between the pursuers and the pink car.

She cleared her throat. "Now watch and learn, here's the deal..."

All of a sudden, she pulled a bunch of banana peels from out of nowhere and threw them in the air. Seconds later, there was a pile up of tricycles and little bicycles behind her to be heard.

"...they slip and slide on the banana peels!"

Before the twins had a chance to groan at that little rhyme, their sister pedaled faster, till she was next to the chariot in front of her.

"Hey kids," she greeted the kindergarteners, much to their confusion. "Trick or treat?" One of the kids looked to its friend and then to Luan again before three years of Halloween experience made him reflexively say "treat".

"You've got it," Luan pulled a bunch of dog biscuits out of a pocket and threw them on the ground. Immediately the chariot came to a stop as the dogs were eating away on the doughy treat. The kids had barely a second to realize what she did before Luan would then spin around the chariot, all the while pulling a rope made of colorful cloths out of her pocket. In a matter of seconds, she had the kids roped up in it.

"And that is a wrap," she proudly stated when finally stopping, making a bow to an imaginative audience while still on the bike.

"Damn!" Lynn Loud exclaimed in appreciation, "That was actually kinda cool."
"Yeah, great and all," Lori said dismissively. "But where is Lincoln?"

"Great maneuver Miss..."

"Loud," Luan said to Fillmore. "Luan Loud."

She handed the young officer a business card. "Comedian extraordinaire. If you ever retire from force, call me. I can organize a retirement party."

She looked Fillmore over and suddenly took a sharp breath in. "Though, based on my experience with cop movies, perhaps I should rather organize a funeral two days before that."

"Excuse me?"

"I promise I will try to make it as cheerful and classy as possible."

Thankfully, before the conversation took a turn for the really ugly and awkward, the others managed to catch up.

"Okay, that is it!" Lola stated and jumped out of the vehicle. Before anyone could do anything, she grabbed one of the tied up kids and looked him straight into the eyes. This in turn had a surprisingly detoxing effect on the kid, who immediately came down from its sugar rush only to realize he was now at the mercy of Lola "The Pink Don" Loud.

"Hi Fynn," she told the little boy in a tone that managed to be both sweet and dangerous. "Would the "Lord of the Twerps" please be so kind and call off his small army?"

The little boy tried to protest. Thankfully, his survival instinct kicked in first and so instead of kicking Lola against the kneecap, he pulled a walkie talkie out of one of his friends' back bags and turned it on.

"Here is Firefly," he spoke into the walkie talkie, his eyes still fixed on Lola. "New order. Everyone, surrender."

Almost immediately, it became a lot quieter in the corridors. The sounds of hall monitors fighting against little kids subsided, till only the protests of the school's secretary could be heard, who demanded for the parents of the kids to be called.

Fynn, or Firefly as he liked to be called by his friends, gave Lola an appeasing smile, hoping it would calm her down. Unfortunately for him though, the only reaction this got out of her was an even brighter grin, revealing two rows of shiny and very sharp teeth (with one rather large gap), reminding him of that awful shark movie his older brother made him watch on Halloween.

"Good. Now tell me, where is my brother?!"

"I don't know!"

Based on how the smile on Lola's face dropped, this was not the answer she wanted to hear.

"What do you mean you don't know? Wasn't he in front of you?"

Before Fynn had a chance to say something, another kid, the driver of the chariot, said, "Actually, they turned right at the lockers."

Lola blinked. And then turned her gaze to Luan.

"Oops," the comedian nervously stated, rubbing the back of her head.

From the princess' car, the annoyed grunt of Lana could be heard, accompanied by the sound of her head hitting the car's horn. "How are we supposed to find them now?" she asked.

As if right on cue, the sound of multiple wheels squealing on the ground could be heard from a room on the left, whose door, as well as a window were open. Storming to the open window, the Louds and the senior officers saw the kidnappers driving out of the main building, heading once more for the playground.

"Any ideas?" Luan asked. Meanwhile, Lana was pulling a desk near the window, much to Ingrid Third's confusion.

"What are you-"

In a swift move involving her trusty hammer, Lana broke two of the desk's legs and turned it into an improvised ramp.

Things added up in Luan's head and she looked at her younger siblings in shock, while they were already taking seat again in their car. "You are not thinking of-"

Instead of answering, Lola pulled the gear and stepped on the gas. "Oh yes, we are."

Richie was just about to feel at ease due to escaping the officers Loud & Loud, when all of the sudden, he heard Julia scream all sorts of profanities while firing a load of soft air-pellets at something behind her.

Taking a quick glance in the side-view mirror, he saw Lola and Lana flying out of a window of the main building in their car. The toy managed to perform a barrel roll midair because the desk had tilted slightly to the left, while Lana was still shooting at the two with a foam rocket launcher, before landing on the wheels and giving chase again.

"WOOHOO!" Lana exclaimed. "We need to do that again!"

From further away, Julia could be heard screaming.

"What the heck do we need to do to get rid of these pests?"

"Try forcing Lana to take a bath," a voice suddenly said. Before Julia had a chance to react, she got her soft air gun kicked out of the hand by a white snicker. Only now did she remember their little hostage, who had regained consciousness again.

While Julia got into a fight with a still handcuffed fifth grader, Richie was slowly getting aggravated. He certainly had enough of that overly long chase that probably got him already in more trouble than what the boss could pay him in candy for was worth it.

So he decided to do something he rarely does at his job. He made a decision for himself. And the first step in doing so was hitting the brakes.

"Why are you stopping?" Julia wanted to know, her fist being stuck in Lincoln's mouth.

"I have had enough of driving away," Richie stated and turned the car around.

"I am going to show them that Richard Elisabeth Feinstein is not a chicken!"

Julia looked at her underling in a mixture of new found respect and confusion. "Your

middle name is Elisabeth?"

He only glared at her and she sat down in the car, buckling up.

"What are they doing?"

"I think they want to challenge us to a game of chicken," Lana said, looking at the black car powering up. This made Lola smile. "Good."

She pulled two helmets from under the dashboard and put one of them on her twin's head. Then she pulled into the next gear. "Let's roll."

Next thing anyone knew, the two cars were heading for each other.

"Well, this will get messy," Ingrid Third stated dryly, looking out of the window. "Shall I call for a cleanup crew?"

Before Fillmore could reply, the shape of Luan on the bike again passed her and followed her sisters' example by jumping out of the window.

Fillmore looked after her. "That is one messed up family."

"At least they stick together," Ingrid expressed and shrugged with the shoulders.

Behind them, the sound of yelping dogs and moving tires could be heard.

"Did Fynn just escape?"

"I think so," Ingrid replied.

Fillmore sighed. "Dang it. And I thought I could enjoy lunchtime."

Lincoln, still chained to the car's frame, tried desperately to break the handcuffs. Or at least get the belt on.

"Guy, I appreciate that you want to challenge my sisters," Lincoln said nervously in admiration to Richie. "But I know them for six years. You are better off just driving away again."

Richie didn't listen. Instead he stepped on the gas harder.

"You don't know them as well as I do. They won't budge!"

The two cars were now pretty close on their collision course.

"You don't know them!" Lincoln shouted, now in panic, still stomping the car's frame to get the cuffs off. "You don't know them; you don't know th-"

CRASH!

"LINCOLN!"

Luna was shaking, her eyes fixed on the screen of the laptop.

"Is... is he..."

"No!" Lori shouted, grabbing the laptop and trying her hardest to suppress the tears forming in her eyes. "He can't be. He-my little thumber..."

Lynn was at a loss for words. She just witnessed three of her siblings being involved in a miniature car crash. But what shocked her more than the possibility of Lincoln being seriously hurt was the fact that Luna and Lori didn't seem to care at all for Lola and

Lana. Their only concern was their brother. Not the two six year olds she just saw through drone live feed flying out of the car and half the school ground into the nearby manure pile of the school's gardening club. Granted, they wore helmets and based on personal experience, it was safe to assume they were okay. But still. They would cry their eyes out for Lincoln, but not them?

"What the heck is wrong with you?!" she shouted at the two, making them shut up in their sorrowful crying. Then, just to shock them even more, she slapped the laptop out of Lori's hand. It was a miracle it did not break when it hit the ground.

"Lynn, what are you-"

"No, what are you two doing?" she shouted, interrupting Lori before the oldest could even begin chewing her out. "Lincoln is not the only one who could be hurt right now! Why are you guys so fixated on him?"

"Well, excuse us," Luna replied to her in a surprisingly aggressive tone while trying to calm Lori down by rubbing her shoulders. "God forbid we are worrying about the love of our life."

-
-
-

There was a long moment of awkward silence, in which a couple of things made click in Lynn's head. She was shocked.

"What did you just say?"

Only now realizing what she said, Luna looked to Lori.

"You just had to spill the beans," the oldest sighed.

"Sorry."

"It's okay," Lori claimed and gave her sister an affectionate kiss on the forehead that seemed to calm her. "Get her!"

Before Lynn had a chance to properly process what was happening, Luna had pinned her down on the ground.

"Sorry sis," the young rocker said. Lynn tried desperately to raise her arms, but Luna showed a sudden level of strength Lynn had never seen before.

"Let me go!" the young sport ace demanded, only to be turned around so that she was now staring at the laptop screen again. Lori came up to her and closed the live feed of the drone. She then clicked open another file, making a video of her brother suddenly pop up.

"Only after you understand our point of view," Lori stated and clicked on the video.

Lynn tried to turn her eyes away, but Luna forced her to watch. Seconds later, no amount of force was needed at all.

Lincoln Loud never considered himself a child kissed by Fortune. But even he had to admit that he had more luck than smarts when, just seconds before the crash, he managed to break his handcuffs free and roll out of the car. Otherwise...

Well, he doubted he would be dead. But his wrist would more than likely be broken. Still dizzy from his escape, he watched as Julia and Richie climbed out of the pile of

metal, equally as confused and more struck as him.

Julia was already pretty close to get to him, when the screeching sound of bicycle tires was heard and Luan appeared next to him.

The white haired boy, still on his knees and trying to comprehend what just happened, looked up to her.

"Luan?"

His sister in question just reached her hand out to him.

"Come with me if you want to avoid detention."

Lincoln wanted to ask what she meant by that, when further away the sound of the school doors opening could be heard, followed by a very angry Limewood shouting.

"LOUDS!"

Out of reflex, Lincoln took Luan's hand. His sister helped him on the bike.

"Hold up, Buckaroo," she told him and threw a prank smoke bomb (the non-mud related kind this time) on the ground. By the time the smoke was gone, so were Luan and Lincoln.

Much to Limewood's chagrin, who could feel his right eye twitch.

"Today is one of those days, isn't it?" he asked himself and the world in general.

"Nothing is going right for me, isn't it?"

All of the sudden, the screaming of a certain beauty queen could be heard.

"COMPOST!" Lola Loud shouted, her upper body stuck in a pile of decomposing vegetables. "I HATE COMPOST!"

"Speak for yourself, sis," was Lana's reply, while she tried to make the best of the current situation.

Limewood smiled. "Well, perhaps some things go right for me."

While going over to pick the twins up, he took a quick glance around and realized something. "Where are the other drivers?"

To say Lincoln was confused would be an understatement. All he remembered was that three second graders had kidnapped him earlier and that he was just about to give one of them a head-butt. Next thing he knew, he almost got seriously injured in a game of chicken and was now hanging on his sister Luan driving a bike around the school, just for her to come to a stop at another entrance door to the main building. Still dazed and trying to overcome a mild concussion, he got dragged into the main building, his sister making sure they avoided all sorts of hall monitor patrol officers and kindergarteners, who, mere minutes ago, were looking for them. Eventually the young boy found himself dragged in the empty chemistry room on the second floor of the school.

"You stay here," Luan told him, leaning him against a teacher's desk before taking off her baseball cap with the ridiculous camera stuck in it.

After that she went on looking for the lab required first aid kit and some alcohol.

"Let's see... methanol, acetone... picric acid?!" she shouted in disbelief. "Are these guys going to blow us up?"

Behind her, Lincoln moaned.

"Just wait a- ah! Ethanol. 70%. That should do the trick."

Seconds later, with everything she looked for at her side, she examined Lincoln. The young boy had quite a nasty bruise on his forehead, which was certain to grow into a bump over the next hours.

"How are you feeling, Lincoln?"

"Like barely surviving a ridiculous blockbuster chase scene," the young boy said and flinched as his sister put a wet alcohol dipped cloth on his bruise.

"It should be me lampshade hanging the situation, you know?"

Luan sighed and gave him a reassuring smile. "Does it hurt anywhere?"

Lincoln moved his arms and legs. Aside from a sour tug on his arms, he didn't really feel all that...

"Ouch."

"What is it?"

"My leg", he stated, putting a finger on his upper thighs. There was a stain of blood on the fabric.

Before he could say anything else, Luan was suddenly grabbing his pants and trying to pull them down.

"Luan, what the-"

"Quiet!" she told him in a serious tone he was not used to from her. Thankfully, she did not want to pull them down for god knows what reason. Instead she only pulled them down far enough so that she could take a look at the injury he was pointing at. She didn't like what she saw. It was a bleeding cut on his left thigh, though not one of the sort that would need severe medical treatment or stitching. Still, she couldn't let her brother just walk it off.

With another cloth, this time dipped into water from the sink, she cleaned up the cut as well as she could, before tipping the cloth with alcohol on it. This time it burned quite a bit and Lincoln had to suppress tears from forming in his eyes. But seconds later, the burning sensation stopped and Luan, using some gauze pads and patches, stopped the bleeding.

"That should do the trick for a while," she said. "Or at least till we get you to the nurse."

She looked at her brother sympathetically. "I would give you a kids aspirin for the headache you probably have, but that would thin your blood. And you can't have that now with your cut."

Lincoln blinked in disbelief. "How do you know?"

"I told you yesterday, I know SOME things about first aid," she said, rolling her eyes in a mocking manner. "Gosh, don't you listen?"

He just stared at her. "I thought that was a joke."

She smiled and sat down next to him. "Not everything I say is a joke, you know? And believe me, when you hit yourself with a bowling pin as often as I did during some juggling acts, you learn to appreciate the first aid kit."

She took his hand in hers and smiled at him. "You okay?"

"Yeah," Lincoln replied, not quite knowing what to say. Eventually, he added a little "thanks" for the medical attention.

"No problem. It's the least I can do for my sweet little brother."

Sweet. He shuddered at the mentioning of that word. It reminded him of the fact that he was with a potentially love struck sister again. And this time alone. That being said,

when she was saying that, she was, unlike certain other sisters, not staring him into the eyes. At least directly. In fact, she was glancing towards her cap and the camera in it.

Lori looked at the live feed in confusion. "What is she doing?"

"I think she is trying to tease us," Luna theorized. She and Lori sat under a tree, the laptop on Lori's knees while Lynn was sleeping with her head in the young punk's lap, sighing and muttering Lincoln's name.

"That little... she wants him for herself now!"

"Well, to be fair, she got relatively little of him yesterday," Luna said in defense of her roommate. All the while she was petting Lynn's hair, who seemed to enjoy it quite a bit, leaning against her sister's fingers like a cuddle needy pet.

"Still. If we don't get to spend quality time with him now, why should she?"

A sudden noise from the feed interrupted her. "What was that?"

Luan just wanted to tell her brother something important, when the door to the class room opened. Before she could properly react, a small figure had jumped up to her and put a cloth over her mouth. She smelt something really awful, only to lose conscious.

"Luan!"

"Got you now, Loud!" Julia, no longer bearing her ski mask, exclaimed with fury in her eyes.

Lincoln felt something very smelly covering his mouth too, sending him into sweet unconsciousness again.

"Now, time to get you to the boss!"

"Okay, Julia," Richie stated, grabbing Lincoln under his arms. "But first, could you please give me back my socks?"

The young girl blinked and then looked at the "cloths" in her hand. "Sure," she said and threw them back to her friend, who put them back on his feet. "By the way, how often do you change them?"

Maniak: Well then, now unfortunately a little downer; This fanfic is put on ice for some time. Not in the way as that we break it up or that we are now getting all whinny because of some random dude not liking or story, but because reality is a bitch. I have to wrap up my current education and studies and simultaneously I have developed health problems that need treatment. And no, it is not cancer or anything else immediately life threatening but... well, I need time and we are also rather close to reaching the point where every draft we have worked on for future chapters is caught up. And we like normally to have six chaters or so still in the works before loading one up.

Long story short: We are on summer break. Sorry

Kapitel 14: A little breather

Hatoralo: Welcome to Chapter 14!

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

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

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

But they will be solved soon enough.

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

Chapter 14: A little breather

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Observer started to type some stuff on its laptop.

"I think I know what to do. I can still spin this situation to our benefit. But I need you

to assure me that the situation stays under our control.”

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

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

“Do you know where Lincoln is?”

“Get out of my office!”

Leni was in somebody’s office room.

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

And she drove away fast.

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

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

“Lincoln?”

He recognized the voice immediately. “Luan?”

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

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

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

“I don’t know. Why are you?” she countered.

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

“Are you okay, Luan?”

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

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

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

“I know,” Lincoln sighed, remembering that he wasn’t really sure about Luan’s state of

mind. Then he remembered something which really worried him. "Do you know if Lana and Lola are okay?"

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

"How do you-"

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

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

"I am sorry that-"

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

"But-"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wait... Randal?"

The boy in question suddenly froze.

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

"He must be mistaken."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Randal ignored her, but Lincoln smiled.

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

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

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

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

"... and we have no idea where they have taken our brother and Luan."

She came to a halt when no reaction came from her older sister.

"Lori?"

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

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

"The situation is under control," told a stern Limewood the young reporter. "After we

apprehended two of the main suspects, we will now begin to rally the rest of the kindergarteners. They will face a long time in detention."

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

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

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

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

"At least the twins are okay."

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

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

"Who did it?"

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

"Lynn?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Should we follow her?" asked Luna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Back with Renata, she looked seriously in the camera.

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

Renata sighed loudly but then it looked like she got an off-screen signal from the camera. She shook her head a little. Then stronger and stronger, until she sighed again, but this time more frustrated. She held up a milkshake with a fake smile, while the header besides her turned into a commercial for a certain store, saying:

"Drink Flippies! Available at the only Flip's Food & Fuel in town."

After she was finished, she mumbled something about product placement in the wrong places. But luckily, the viewer could not hear that.

Lucy had a hunch. And while normally she was glad having those, as she considered them a manifestation of her dormant psychic abilities she was certain to master one

day, as of yesterday, she would have given anything to not experience them. The reason for that was primarily that her hunches seem to manifest primarily when she was thinking of her family now. And they seemed to indicate bad things to be on the horizon for them.

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

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

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

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

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

"Hey, Lucy?"

At least up until now.

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

"Hello, Ronnie Anne."

Lucy closed the book, her attention now solely on the young girl she knew her brother was hanging out with (as Lincoln would say, they were not a couple. Even if the rest of the universe insisted on the opposite).

"Haven't seen you around here often."

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

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

"Thanks."

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

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

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

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

"Do these questions concern the forces of evil?"

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

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

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

"How often?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ronnie calmed down a little. She had thought about getting the answers she wanted with force, but she wasn't willing to beat somebody up. Especially somebody who was younger than her.

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

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

"Lucy, I need your help!"

From outside, multiple screams could be heard.

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

"The war out there concerns us all!" explained Lynn in an overdramatic manner. "Especially us Louds. It is happening because of us Louds!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Seems that the Lame-O needs help," sighed Ronnie, trying to underplay her concern. "I will help you but only because these kindergarteners are no challenge for me and I yearn for a good fight."

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

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

"Like that one."

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

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

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

"Nothing. Lucy?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But I can accompany you."

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

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

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

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

But will it stay that way?

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

Who is the fiend who dared to attack the Louds?

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

Will the Louds beat the odds and beat that fiend?

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

Until then, see you next time!"

Reference Explanation time (for Chapter 13):

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

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

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

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

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

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

Renata Veracruz de la Hoya Cardinal is inspired by the field Reporter Miranda

Veracruz De La Hoya Cardinal from the classic Sitcom "Married... With Children".

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

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

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

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

Reference Explanation time (for Chapter 14):

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

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

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

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

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

Kapitel 15: From bad to Worse

Hatoralo: "We are back!"

MamaAniki: "Our wrath will devour you."

Hatoralo: "We are Authors, not supervillains."

MamaAniki: "Why can't we both?"

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

MamaAniki: "A little."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 15: From bad, to worse

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

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

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

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

Royal School News to see what was happening outside.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You can't do this!"

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

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

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

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

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

The secretary ignored the little girl's plead, declaring: "It is Mr. Limewood to you," and sat the two on tables next to Eric. "You two have caused some massive damage to this building, attacked other kids and school staff with what witnesses describe as a mud ball shooting bazooka and are involved in what appears to be a kidnapping."

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

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

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

"All people saw was that the boy was up on the hood of your car. His lawyer already

argues that you just ran him over while hunting someone else."

Lola was puzzled. "His lawyer?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lana was shocked. "What? But we... we-"

"We just got back on it! That is not fair!"

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

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

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

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

Eventually she decided to just cross her arms in annoyance and call him a jerk.

Then, for the first time since she had been dragged into the room, she paid actual attention to where she was and who she was sharing the room with.

"Well Eric," said Lola with a smile on her face that would have made the devil shiver in fear. "Now that we have all the time in the world, why don't we talk a bit."

Eric laughed nervously. "Sure. Eh... So, did you guys see the new Blarney movie?"

"No. Lori refuses to spend her time babysitting us in the theater and-"

"Lana..."

"I mean, don't try to trick us, Eric. Tell us where our brother is!"

Eric gulped. Then he took all his courage and said: "I won't tell you."

"Oh Eric," began Lola and the smile on her face somehow managed to turn even more

sinister. "I was hoping you would say that."

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

"Officer Fillmore, I know," answered Limewood with a sigh.

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

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

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

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

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

Dang it!

"But we-"

Her walkie talkie suddenly went off. "Dagmar?"

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

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

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

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

"Roger."

"Anything else?"

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

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

"That is where they keep all the glitter."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It was a spontaneous idea."

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

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

Lionel sighed. "Look, I am sorry for all the snarking so far. Yes, your plan worked, the situation is getting under control and so on. But all that just to talk to the Loud kid?"

The boss turned its head to him. "Do you question my authority?"

"I am your consular...I mean conventionier...your adviser for a reason. And frankly, I think Richie and Julia share my sentiment."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What is going on?"

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

"That is mean."

"You know what that means?"

Silence. "That I am getting detention?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You didn't get Emperor!"

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

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

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

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

"We surrender!" shouted one of the kindergarteners.

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

"Thank you, sir."

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

"Change of plans!"

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

"We have new orders. Go berserk!"

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

"But, Imperator-"

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

"We don't want to get detention."

"They want to take our naptime away."

"Dagmar says those are fake news."

"...Someone shut Donald up."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The 3-5 year olds had stuffed the chocolate into their mouths and already their eyes started to get dilated.

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

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

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

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

And the Observer...

"DANG IT! DANG IT ALL TO HECK!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

MamaAniki: "HA! What a story Hatoralo."

Hatoralo: "We hope you enjoyed this chapter."

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

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

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

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

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

Reference Explanation time:

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