

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

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.

"Mistr- 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.