

# Platonic

## Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

### 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.

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#### Chapter 9: Escape from your siblings (Part 1) “Incestophobia“

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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?"

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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?"

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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.*

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"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.

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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.

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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?

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**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.“**

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