

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

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 poisonous 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 duffle 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 dizzier.

"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)
