

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

Kapitel 1: Not your average Kind of sister Lincoln Loud

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

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

Chapter 1: Not your average Kind of sister Lincoln Loud

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

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

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

"Hi everyone, what is..."

"BROTHER!"

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

He did not expect that.

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

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

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

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

„Okay, this is weird.“, Lincoln said to no one in particular, as he got hugged even tighter by his second oldest sister. With a swift push he managed to free himself from her embrace, ready to ask her what the matter was. Only that the white haired boy

didn't even have the chance to land with his feet on the floor, before he found himself again in her arms, his cheeks pressed against her face like he was some sort of cute little puppy she wanted to cuddle with.

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

„So...Leni?“

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

„Why are you hugging me like this?“

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

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

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

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

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

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

„Is this a prank?“

Leni blinked. „Pardon?“

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

„You listen to Lady Gaga?“

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lincoln was already expecting this to grow into an argument between the oldest siblings, but before Leni had even the chance to retort, Lori grabbed her at her arm. "Now come on", she said. "Didn't you want me to take you to the mall?"

"Oh yeah, that's right", Leni said, any desire to argue with Lori evaporating instantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hi Linki", she said.

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

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

"I may have eaten the last", Lincoln replied in passing, his attention rather being stuck on Leni, whose unsettling smile had slightly faded the moment Lori had pushed him aside. Unfortunately the look in her eyes had also slightly changed and in such a

manner that she looked way more unsettling than before. Though he didn't have much time to focus on this either, as almost instantly after he said these words his brain caught up with him, reminding him off the fact that admitting to eating the last chocolate in this household was equal to committing high treason in Russia.

"You what!"

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

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

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

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

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

"Excuse me?"

"Look what I have for you!"

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

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

"Do you like it?"

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

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

"Oww, look at you..."

//I rather wouldn't//

"...You look so cute."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I am so glad you like it".

She grabbed her bags and was on her way, declaring she had to get her other stuff set

up before dinner. Lincoln was just glad he didn't have to smile anymore in the reassuring yet false way he did, the moment she was out of the kitchen.

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

"Too late"

Lincoln jumped in reflex and turned around.

"Hi Lincoln."

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

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

"Thanks, I know."

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

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

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

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

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

And they were gone. Into the bathroom.

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

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

"Lincoln!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lincoln immediately felt relieved. That and glad that somebody else saw through

Leni's behavior. "So it's not just me who thinks that."

"Excuse me?"

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

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

"What did she say?"

"Well..."

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

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

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

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

"Let's just not talk about it."

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

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

"What do you mean?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Third: Don't touch her phone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Still, we would enjoy some comments and constructive criticism.