

# Platonic

## Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

### Kapitel 6: Sis, Coke and Rock 'N' Roll

**Hatoralo:** Both me and Aniki want to thank all our readers so far and inform them, that if you thought it went into Yandere territory already, you haven't even seen crud yet.

**Maniak:** (putting up multiple beat boxes and an electric guitar)

**Hatoralo:** Also, this chapter will feature a lot of lyrics from famous songs, indicating which sister will play center stage today.

**Maniak:** (puts on a wig and looks like a bad eighties rocker)

**Hatoralo:** (putting earmuffs on) The chapter by the way was written exclusively by my partner, who obviously does not have the rights to any of the lyrics used here.

**Maniak:** (playing a few strings and notes)

**Hatoralo:** (slightly in panic) We will listen up the songtitles and singers later on, as mentioning them now, would ruin part of the joke. But till then...

**Maniak:** (Sets on to play the first notes)

**Hatoralo:** DODGE!

(Hatoralo comes back)

**Hatoralo:** "Before I go: This Chapter as well Chapters 4 and 5 were proof-read by ultrablud2. I and my partner thank him for his good work so far."

(Hatoralo dodges out of the way like Gohan is supposed to do)

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## Chapter 6: Sis, Coke and Rock 'N' Roll

In Luna Loud's mind, there was no greater form of art than music. She could also appreciate movies and paintings, but something about music in general was just so emotional, it resonated with the deepest part of her soul. Though it had to be clarified, that when she talked about music, she didn't mean some artificial pop music garbage on the radio or some mindless jingle worthy Christmas song. She was talking about the kind of songs people put effort into. Songs that truly meant to carry some sort of feeling or invoke an emotional reaction out of their audience. And in her eyes, no genre did it better than Rock and Roll!

Luna was pretty much obsessed with the genre that spread by now more than half a century of music history. There was just something in a really good rock song, which managed to ignite a joy for life in her like nothing else. The faithful night in seventh grade, when she first saw her idol Mick Swagger on stage made her realize who she really was and that she had every right to express her emotions the way she wanted.

*On this sinners' night  
Lost are the lambs with no guiding light  
The walls come down like thunder  
The rock's about to roll*

*It's the Arockalypse  
Now bare your soul*

Unfortunately for the rest of her family, she sometimes forgot that others had also the good right for some quiet. As such, soon after she got her first guitar, it was established that if she wanted to rock out HARD, she was only allowed to do so in the garage, which Lynn Sr. had personally made sound proof. The fact that he did a good job was proven by the fact that even now, a couple of years down the line, barely any noise got past the garage door, as she was rocking and singing her soul out.

*All we need is lightning  
With power and might  
Striking down the prophets of false  
As the moon is rising  
Give us the sign*

She was just getting to the best part of "Hard Rock Hallelujah", a song she considered so metal, she felt ashamed she didn't know of it up until two weeks ago. As such, she had decided to put at least 20% more energy in her singing, just to make up for it.

*Now let us rise up in awe  
Rock 'n Roll angels bring that Hard Rock Hallelujah  
Demons and angels all in one have arrived*

She was so into the song, she didn't even hear the door being opened and Lincoln storming in.

*Rock 'n Roll angels bring that Hard Rock Hallelujah  
In God's creation supernatural...*

She was ready to finish the main refrain, when she turned around and became aware of her brother trying to hide behind some boxes.

"Hey dude," she said and interrupted her jam. "How are you doing?"

"May I ask for sanctuary?"

Luna blinked in confusion.

"Lola and Lana have lost it. And I think they are after me," Lincoln explained. He could have sworn that from somewhere in the house, he heard two small but very energetic siblings crash down the living hall. Luna's only reaction to that was a tired sigh.

"What did you do this time, bro?"

"Nothing, I swear!"

He took a quick glance out of the garage gate's window to see if the twins were outside.

"I was just having a tea party with Lola," he said. "And then... well, things escalated. Quickly. Somehow it really got out of hand fast."

Normally Luna would have dug a little bit deeper into what he meant by that. But as this weekend was characterized by his sisters acting affectionate towards him on different, slowly uncomfortable level reaching ways, she just stood there.

"So... you just want to sit some time here out?" she asked in a slightly disappointed manner.

Lincoln didn't like the undertone in her voice much, but still turned around.

"Well, I..."

"Lincoln!" someone screamed in a rather boyish voice from outside.

"Where are you, BBBFF?"

"Dude, I am really sorry. You can have your victory undies back. But please don't hate me!"

Lincoln contemplated his options. Out there with two mad little sisters, or in here with one that just sounded as if her boyfriend had ditched her for another date. He concluded the later was the better option.

"Yeah, kinda," he said. But to make her cheer up a bit, he further added, "I would like to listen to some of your music."

"Really?"

Lincoln nodded. "Of course. I mean, you know I really like your music."

"Thanks bro," Luna said and pulled him into a tight hug. He already expected something bad, but then she just dropped him and started adjusting the strings on her guitar. "Why don't you take a seat next to the ice box over there? I brought me some coke in case I got thirsty."

He took his place. "Can I take one?"

"Of course," she said and jammed the strings once. A very loud bass came out of the nearby boxes. "Now hold on tight Lincoln. 'Cause I am going to sing about the Hard Rock Hallelujah just for you!"

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For the next 20 minutes, while Lola and Lana were both busy turning the house upside down in search of Lincoln and accusing each other of being a brother stealer, Luna decided to take the young boy on a quick acoustic history of rock n roll with her guitar. So far, after witnessing the rest of the Arockalypse, they took, among other things, a ride on the yellow submarine towards the city of Rock n Roll, while listening to Radio Ga Ga and avoiding the traffic on the highway to hell, taking a hitchhiker called Lucy with them. Not the one who was obsessed with vampires, but someone who believed to see diamonds in the sky.

And Lincoln had to admit, unlike the tea party, he really enjoyed this form of quality time.

Partly because Luna just expected nothing else from him but to listen, while she went through different interpreters and genres. And if she was affected too, the music and excitement in itself seemed to cancel out any desire from her to act awkward around him. Heck, Lincoln couldn't stop himself from getting excited and joining her in the one and other recognizable verse. So far he made it abundantly clear that it wasn't him who started the fire; before he and his sister went on to tell the world that whatever higher entity was up there in the universe, he/she/it has put the rock n roll in the souls of everyone.

"Dude, you really know your SMOOCH!" Luna said, after the two wrapped the last one up.

Her voice was getting a bit dry and so she grabbed herself a coke, offering her little brother also a bottle.

"What can I say? I just enjoy good rock," he stated nonchalantly and took the bottle. Luna affectionately ruffled his hair. "Man, it's great spending some alone time with you."

"Yeah..." Lincoln said, not quite knowing how to feel about it, despite having a good time.

He opened his bottle, waiting for Luna to do the same.

"Cheers," he said, clinking his bottle on hers.

"Here is to us," she toasted and emptied the bottle in one go. "Ahh.... Just what I needed."

She grabbed her guitar.

"Want to join me again?"

"Nah," Lincoln stated, taking a seat on a box with tools. "My throat is getting sore."

"Well then, I guess it is up to me to tell you that..." she began, before shredding the first accords of another rock song.

*You got mud on yo' face  
You big disgrace  
Kickin' your can all over the place  
Singin'...*

"We will, we will rock you!" shouted the little boy in unison with his sister.

In a weird way, he was thankful for Luna to be the way she was right now. While she was a little bit cuddlier than he was used to, insisting once or twice to share the mic with her when she sang and putting him into hugs at certain verses, she was overall acting normal. She certainly did not insist on giving him some presents or make pictures of them rocking it out. Rather she was just getting excited about her hobby in a way she couldn't hide anymore, even if he asked her to do so.

*I love rock n' roll  
So put another dime in the jukebox, baby  
I love rock n' roll  
So come an' take your time an' dance with me*

And it was pretty obvious, that she just wanted for him to join in the excitement again, seeing how after declaring her love for rock and roll, she started to go back playing SMOOCH! for him. First she declared how she was going to rock n' roll all night, then she was all about how she was giving it all to him tonight...

*In the darkness  
There's so much I want to do...*

...Wait, what?

*And tonight, I wanna lay on your feet  
'Cause girl I was made for you  
And girl you were made for me  
I was made for loving you baby  
You were made for loving me  
And I can't get enough of you baby  
Can you get enough of me?*

Lincoln, for a few seconds, believed that his sister's face became suddenly more sultry, as she went on the next verse.

*Tonight I want to see it in your eyes  
Feel the magic  
There's something that drives me wild  
And tonight we're gonna make it all come true  
'Cause girl, you were made for me  
And girl I was made for you  
...*

Lincoln almost froze in shock. Did his sister use SMOOCH! to hit on him?  
*No, I must be hallucinating*, the little boy thought. True, those were the lyrics of one of their greatest hits, but...

All of sudden he felt like he should listen closer to the next song. Just to make sure, he was only imagining things. And he should do fast, as Luna was already on the next song's refrain.

*Here I am! Rock you like a hurricane...*

"Are you ready to rock, Royal Woods?!" Luna asked, which managed to calm Lincoln down a bit.

*Here I am Rock you like a hurricane*

After all, that did not sound at all...

*My body is burning, it starts to shout  
Desire is coming, it breaks out loud.  
Lust is in cages till storm breaks loose  
Just have to make it with someone I choose*

Lincoln's jaw dropped at this statement. Something Luna became aware of, but did not complain about. Instead she suddenly switched to another song completely, all the while looking at her brother teasingly.

*You need coolin', baby, I'm not foolin'  
I'm gonna send ya back to schoolin'  
Way down inside, a-honey, you need it  
I'm gonna give you my love  
I'm gonna give you my love, oh*

Lincoln became suddenly very self-aware of the situation. He would have probably run out of the garage already, if his sister hadn't come very close by now, telling him what she wanted.

*Wanna whole lotta love  
Wanna whole lotta love  
Wanna whole lotta love  
Wanna whole lotta love*

Their faces almost touching, Lincoln leaned as far back as he could on the box, till his body hit the wall behind him. Luna meanwhile had the biggest, naughtiest grin he had ever seen on another human being. He gulped, thinking that she was going to do something crazy like giving him a kiss. But then, much to his relief she turned around. Standing away from her brother, she tuned in another song.

*You're a cruel device  
Your blood  
Like ice  
One look  
Could kill  
My pain  
Your thrill...!*

She sang in a surprisingly somber tune, which confused Lincoln. Did she realize what she just did? He realized that his mouth had become surprisingly dry within the last seconds and so he decided to take a sip from his bottle.

*I wanna love you  
But I better not touch!*

The cola didn't even get past his tongue, before he spat it out at the words of the second verse.

*I wanna hold you  
But my senses tell me to stop  
I wanna kiss you  
But I want it too much*

She had turned back again and, in an uncharacteristically twisted way, somehow took the reaction of her brother as a sign that she was doing something right.

*I wanna taste you  
But your lips are venomous poison...*

Lincoln, now all out of coke, coughed.

This got her attention to the point Luna decided to interrupt her little rock show to see if everything was alright with him.

"Hey dude, are you okay?" she asked, getting close to him.

Lincoln looked very pale. His sister's not so subtle singing made it unambiguously clear that Luna was just as badly affected as his other sisters. If not even worse!

"I think I had too much coke," he stated and tried to get up. "I need to go to the bathro-"

He didn't even manage to make two steps, before he stumbled upon a cable on the floor. While he thankfully did avoid falling face first on the concrete floor, the universe itself was cruel enough to still make him experience a rather clichéd and embarrassing moment. Particularly, that he fell into his sister, making both of them fall on the ground, him on top of her. To make the situation even worse, whatever rest of coke he had in his bottle was now spilled all over his sister's favorite top.

Lincoln got up on his feet, before Luna could say anything.

"I am sorry Luna, I..."

"Ehh, no stress dude," she calmly stated and got up. She looked at the damage on her top. Then, to Lincoln's horror, she took two fingers and wiped them over a part of her belly below the top, where some droplets of coke had wandered down, before putting them into her mouth.

"You know, that reminds me of another song," she suddenly said and grabbed for her guitar again.

*Love is like a bomb, baby, c'mon get it on  
Livin' like a lover with a radar phone  
Lookin' like a tramp, like a video vamp  
Demolition woman, can I be your man?*

She sang, all the while giving Lincoln a rather sultry look again. The boy in question was just too confused and shocked, that he even bothered to listen to what she was

singing. Though the melody alone made it obviously clear to him that it was not the sort of song his younger siblings were supposed to listen to. Heck, he didn't even know if he was supposed to listen. The one thing he knew for certain was that he was not supposed to look at his sister's body and the way she was moving it to the rhythm of the song as he did. And yet he couldn't take his eyes away from her.

*Razzle 'n' a dazzle 'n' a flash a little light  
Television lover, baby, go all night  
Sometime, anytime, sugar me sweet  
Little miss ah innocent sugar me, yeah  
Hey!  
Come on*

She suddenly shouted and grabbed for three bottles of coke out of the ice box. She shook them wildly and before Lincoln had even a chance to react, she had put them into his hands.

*Take a bottle  
Shake it up  
Break the bubble  
Break it up*

Almost on command, the caps on the bottles exploded and flew off in the air. The coke inside, shaken up good by Luna, shot out of them in three fountains, pouring down on Luna.

*Pour some sugar on me  
Ooh, in the name of love  
C'mon fire me up  
Oh, I can't get enough*

But instead of getting distracted, the rain of sugared water seemed to only motivate her even more to pull off all her moves and go to the limits of her vocal range.

Lincoln, on the other hand, let the now empty bottles drop on the ground, mouth wide agape, his eyes stuck on his coke soaked sister. And though he knew he shouldn't think of such things in regard of his own family, the first thing that came to his mind at the sight of Luna covered in soda, her wet top stuck against the curves of her breasts, was how attractive the 15 year old tomboy was.

*I'm hot, sticky sweet from my head to my feet yeah  
Hey! hey! hey!  
Huh!*

And that was it. Though the song had in reality at least a couple more minutes to it, Luna decided to end it right here, the message she wanted to get across made very, very clear.

Sticky and wet from head to toe, she put down her guitar and came towards Lincoln. The look on her face she gave him being a weird combination of naughty and affectionate made Lincoln stutter and made him suddenly realize a couple of things



about what words such as "sexy" probably mean.

"Did you like it?" she asked and Lincoln could not sense the slightest hint of the question being meant in a way that could involve a double entendre.

"Luna... I..."

He wanted to ask her what the heck was going on. Or at least tell her that he actually did not like her little stunt right now, despite feeling actually quite hot and tingly in places he never felt weird before, which his primal instincts told him actually should count as a "yes".

But before he could say anything else, she put a finger on his lips, a raspy "shh" escaping hers. Mischievously, she looked at her brother and delightfully discovered that her little act seemed to have quite an effect on the young boy where it counted.

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At this point the narrator considers it necessary to step back from the story, to share some basic biological knowledge and ensure the reader, that this is not going now into the territory he/she/it may think. So if you are reading this d-felipe, put away the tissue box!

The truth about the human body is that it consists of different interacting systems, involving all sorts of nerves, vessels, organs and glands of varying colors and sizes. The hormone or endocrine system in particular, plays an important role as an interface between the neuronal system and the functions of the organs. This comes because an almond sized part of the brain known as the hypothalamus receives sensorial input from different organs such as the eyes, which it then interprets into various commands that tell it, that the body e.g. demands nourishment or is in a dangerous situation it needs to escape.

As a result, the hypothalamus produces a variety of biochemical signal molecules referred to as hormones, which in general order a nearby gland known as the hypophysis (not to be confused with a similar sounding term referring to a scientific yet still to be proven assumption) to produce its own signal molecules, which are released into the blood stream and reach different organs, telling them e.g. to produce certain proteins for a metabolic task, get ready for experiencing a lot of stress etc.

And despite what certain self-help gurus like to preach, it is not possible to consciously control the way your body reacts to a sensorial signal all the time. Yes, you can develop enough self-control or become numb over your fears or little vices, that your body does not produce waste amount of adrenalin when you are facing something scary or tells you to just take a smoke already. But something like that needs a lot of exposure to the stimuli in itself, to ensure that the hypophysis does not interpret the input as important enough. Alternatively, you could of course take a lot of certain pills, but that would open a completely different can of worms.

Anyway, what does all of that now have to do with Lincoln, you may ask? Well, simple. Lincoln, despite acting quite often more mature than other kids his age, was just that: A kid.

To be more precise, he was a boy on the verge of entering puberty. And so far Lincoln Loud had never been exposed to something another person may consider "sexy". True, he had his crush on Ms. DiMartino, whose sight made his brain shut down like the government did the Loud House during the radioactive waste incident.

But at the end of the day, this was a "harmless" crush, making him see Ms. DiMartino with rose colored glasses. It did not stimulate the hypophysis aka pituitary gland to orchestrate the production of larger amounts of testosterone and other hormones that would make Lincoln aware of his gender. But this?

Luna's rather inappropriate stage show, even though Lincoln did not want it, put the little gland that could into a hormone producing overdrive.

And a sizable fraction of those hormones were rather new for Lincoln's body to experience, as they stimulated certain parts of his bodies that made him feel hot in places he knew he was not supposed to feel hot. At least not at the age of 11 and for a sibling of all people.

"So..." Luna said huskily. She leant in closer, her face flushing and one hand rested on Lincoln's chest. "Care for an encore?"

Thankfully another fraction of those hormones produced right now in masse, were also responsible for eventually affecting his blood pressure. And the sheer amount of suddenly overexpressed hormones affected the later just enough for Lincoln, to make the very thin blood vessels in his nose burst. The resulting case of epistaxis, widely known as nosebleed, was so profound, it knocked Lincoln out like Clyde after a hug by Lori, saving him from whatever advances she was going to make next.

And if you thought that was an overly long way to say "Lincoln got an accidental boner and nosebleed" you are right. But if the narrator would have been even more scientifically accurate, it could have been even longer. So, let's move on.

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Somewhere in a dark place with a laptop, a person was looking at what was going on in the garage. And it didn't like what it saw. According to its plan, Lincoln was not supposed to fall on the ground unconscious. If anything, he was supposed to fall on the ground and take a bite out of his sister's sweet cherry pie with a spice of brown sugar.

Instead Luna was now trying to stabilize her brother and went out to get the others to help her.

"Why isn't he following the script?" the person asked no one in particular. Then it touched the screen, stroking it gently. "My poor little Linki," it said in a surprisingly carrying voice, indicating that it felt sorry for the unconscious boy. "I will make sure your sisters take good care of you."

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**Maniak:** I did it! I wrote my first solo chapter.

**Hatoralo:** You also singlehandedly made sure we now have to put a T-Rating on this story!

**Maniak:** As if that wouldn't have happened sooner or later.

**Hatoralo:** Also, did we need that long of an explanation of accidental boners.

**Maniak:** First, I am studying biology. And I tried to be accurate. Second, that is called sophisticated as F\*ck, you know?

**Hatoralo:** (sighs) Lets just listen up every song you just used.

**Maniak:** Fine.

So yeah, We had Lordi with "Hard Rock Hallelujah", mentioned stuff by the Beatles, AC/DC and KISS (or their Loud House counterpart, SMOOCH), just to mention a few, used lyrics from "I was made for loving you, baby", "Rock you like a Hurricane" by the Scorpions, paid tribute to Alice Cooper with "Poison", utilized Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" and finished it up with Def Leppard and his song "Pour some sugar on me".

Hope you enjoyed it all.

**Hatoralo:** I don't know if I can listen to KISS ever the same way again. Or drink Coke.

**Maniak:** How about Pepsi?

**Hatoralo:** ... (flips Aniki off)