

Platonic

Platonisch ist genauso gut wie romantisch

Von Oogie-Boogie

Kapitel 7: What's up Doc?

Maniak: Hey guys. So, before we get started, I want to personally thank everyone who enjoyed chapter six. I wrote that chapter back in December while being sick. And I had to listen to a lot of music, some good and some not so good, just to get the right ideas of what to use. But I guess it was worth it, considering the feedback and new readers we got. So thanks.

Oogie: And it seems some have finally learnt, that this story is entering yandere territory.

Maniak: Anyway, lets go on. After all, this story arc is slowly reaching its last part. And you read that right. This is just the beginning of something.

Oogie: You haven't seen anything yet. (sinister smile) But first, lets see how Lincoln is doing.

P.S.: This chapter was proof-read by ultrablud2.

Chapter 7: What's up Doc?

The darkness is a merciful mistress. It gives people peace, silence, solace and balance. Lincoln couldn't ask for more. In darkness he had forgotten his troubles, his worries, his identity, even what oblivion was.

Nothing could be so sweet. He didn't even know why he preferred this condition so much and he didn't care. He felt good here.

Suddenly a bright blinding light like from a nightmare-ish bad outfit was suddenly filling the darkness.

"Come to the light, Lincoln," a voice boomed into the darkness. "But don't take it

lightly. Get it?"

The thought that the one true lord being as bad with puns as somebody Lincoln knew was frightening.

His vision became clearer and he beheld somebody in a physician's garb shining a bright light into his eyes.

"Stop that, Luan!" Lincoln shouted, pushing the light away from his face and getting up just to notice that he was still too weak from his blood loss. So he fell back into the bed.

"Don't strain yourself, Lincoln," Luan advised. "You lost more blood than what would have been bloody good for anyone," Luan explained and giggled. "Get it?"

"My sense of good humor must be broken too," Lincoln responded dry of any emotion. "Wait, no, it still works."

Luan just laughed in response. "Oh, our brother. What a comedian. But now get ready for your examination by one of my colleagues."

Luan left the room and Lincoln wondered what she had meant by "colleagues".

Shortly thereafter, she came back. She looked taller than before, her face looked part always annoyed, part always sarcastic and her hair looked unkempt but stayed on her head and didn't fall around her face.

"Okay Linka, your test results are in and I think I know what your problem is," she said in a nonchalant tone. "You are stupid, your hairstyle is a mess and you don't have any taste in movies. Fix any, or better yet, all of that, and you should be fully recovered even before the end of the day."

"What kind of doctor has such terrible bedside manners?" Lincoln asked in disbelief.

"The best, Liberty," Luan explained in character without any hint of sarcasm. "But for some reason your birdbrains of sisters want more opinions. I don't know why they flip so out about a minor case of blood loss, but I guess they don't have anything better to do with their meaningless existences. I would rather spend time with Carol than with an overdramatizing bunch of overreacting weirdos that your family is made of."

"Okay, first, you are also part of this family," the white haired boy reminded her.

"Second, I want to see your references!"

"Yes, yes, whatever," the unfriendly doctor said and left the room.

Another "Doctor" came into the room. This time with the mask of a crab on her head, tentacles put under the chin and gloves resembling crab claws over her hands.

"So, let me see you are a... human?" the thing said with a Jewish accent while looking at a clipboard. "Hmmm.... No, this can't be right. I know my humans and you can't be one."

Lincoln wanted to tell her to cut it. But a part of him wanted to see where this was going, so he played along.

"But I am!"

"Whatever. Now let me see... Oh, you lost four of your kidneys and only have two left. My condolences to your loss."

"I only have two," Lincoln explained with a groan. "I never had more and I don't need more."

"Really?" the strange doctor expressed in surprise. "Then please turn around so I can examine your noses on the occipital."

Lincoln could hardly believe his doctor would know any medical terminology and

responded: "I only have one nose, the one on my face."

"Stop with the nonsense," The alien doc ordered. "Now lay back. I have to open your head to have a look at your brain."

"Out," Lincoln ordered. "Right now."

The doctor left, mumbling something about eating his animals and his trash in revenge.

Lincoln rubbed his eyes. This was so annoyingly Luan, he could at least be certain that she was normal again.

The next doctor wore a grey shirt and grey trousers. He had prominent facial ridges running down either side of the forehead to the cheeks, an enlarged brow ridge under a high receded hairline, a vertical crevice in the center of the forehead, and a ridged chin. This doctor had all the animals of the Loud Household with him, including the ones Lana had gathered over time.

"Hello, my dear young human," he greeted the boy in white. "Your results look good but I have to put these animals on your body."

"I don't need animal therapy, I feel fine," Lincoln assured.

"No, not therapy," the Doctor corrected him. "They will heal your body. The bird on the head, the cat on the belly, the frogs into your ears, the snake around your legs, and I will shove this hamster right up your-"

"Out, out, OUT!" Lincoln shouted.

"But I washed the hamster beforehand."

"Do I look like Richard Gere? OUT!"

After this doctor left, Luan came finally back as herself. Only that she now wore a nurse outfit. He didn't know if that was supposed to be sexy or not, but he didn't really care anymore.

"Anything else I can do for you?" she asked him in a good mood.

"An opinion of a doctor who isn't so insane!"

"Of course!"

Luan pulled her puppet Mr. Coconuts who was dressed like a doctor too out of her back.

"Oh, please no..."

"I diagnose a broken funny bone," Mr. Coconuts said. "I prescribe a five hour session with the best comedian in the house."

"I don't know if Leni has that much free time today," Lincoln countered smugly.

The ventriloquist dummy looked evil and angrily in response at Lincoln which made him cringe and a little ice run down his spine.

"Wait, where are the others?" Lincoln asked, finally noticing the lack of other Louds in the room. They were normally all over him when he was hurt or sick and if he was taking their clingy behavior into account, they should outright fight over taking care of him after his little nose-incident.

"I may have told them that we needed something from the cellar to help against your bleeding nose," Luan explained. "Then the basement door suddenly slammed shut and only I could take care of you."

Lincoln just gave her a stern stare in response and sighed. Maybe his sister wasn't acting so normal after all.

"Don't give me that look, mister, or I will have to lock it up," Luan laughed out loudly over her own bad pun. "Get it?"

Or at least what you called normal in her case.

Down in the cellar, Lori, Luna and Lynn tried to break open the door with everything they had. The three looked pretty pissed while the other Loud children searched for other possible ways to escape.

"Well, this is just great," Lori said rather overdramatically while watching Lynn run against the door again and again like a very stubborn battering ram in the hopes of breaking it open. "I am stuck in the basement with all of you guys, and meanwhile my dear Linki is up there in need of my care."

"Oh, shut it, Lori," Luna said uncharacteristically annoyed, sugarcoated clothes still stuck to her body. "You are not the only one worried about our brother."

The oldest kid in the house gave her a dirty look. "You shut your pie-hole."

"Excuse me?"

"If it wasn't for you, Linki would not be unconscious now!" she explained, leaning in closer. "What the heck even happened in the garage, Luna?"

While this was going on, Lincoln had a hard time to keep his calm at Luan's attempt to take care of his wellbeing. She may have stopped her bad impersonations of different doctor archetypes she could think of, but at the same time she was now busy actually trying to perform tests on him. Badly.

"Okay Lincoln, now take a deep breath," she asked him, while holding the other end of a stethoscope on his chest. He did as told.

"Well, this is weird," Luan suddenly stated.

"What?"

"I think you dropped a beat."

"Well... I promise you that whatever we did in the garage, it was nothing naughty," Luna said nervously to her sister. Lori, who knew her siblings well enough to identify an obvious lie, was not amused.

THUCK!

"Dang it. I almost had it," Lynn stated. She had tried her best to break the door open, but ever since her dad tried to turn the basement into an April Fools' Day secured safe heaven, that thing had been a metal enhanced defense wall.

Making another attempt, she went further down the basement, before running up the stairs and hitting the door.

THUCK!

Meanwhile within the furnace, Lana was trying to open up a grid, hoping she could crawl through it out of the basement into the ventilation shafts.

"Are you done there?" Lola asked, sticking her head into the furnace.

"I think I almost got..."

SPLASH!

Lucy, busy trying to open up one of the basement windows, turned around. Paint was now spread around the furnace's hatch, as well as over Lola, who just stood there in shock rigor. "What just happened?"

"I think I found a left over April Fools' Prank by Luan," Lana's voice stated from within the furnace.

THUCK!

"No!" Lincoln declared with crossed arms.

"Not even if you get a lollypop for it?"

"Even if you promise me a statue of Ace Savvy made out of Turkish delight, I am not going to give you an urine sample."

Luan opened her mouth.

"And don't even ask for number two, I already get enough of that from Lisa."

"Don't you dare lie to me, Luna!"

"Okay, fine. Perhaps Lincoln and I had a bit of fun..."

"What sort of fun involves you getting all sticky in coke and him having a nose bleed that's worse than Clyde's?"

THUCK!

"Perhaps if I use some kind of battering ram..."

"I don't know," Luna said sarcastically. "What kind of fun did you have with him, that he got angry at you and ordered you to delete all of your Visagebook pics?"

Lori blushed. "That literally has nothing to do with what I am asking you."

"Now, I want you to relax...", Luan stated professionally, as she hit her brother's knee with a toy rubber hammer. Then, much to her shock, his left arm shot upwards.

"... Okay Lincoln, no joke, I think you should get someone's professional opinion on that."

For the first time since that examination started, he agreed with his sister.

"Oh, it doesn't matter? It doesn't matter that our oldest sister was taking a bath with our little brother?"

Everyone suddenly froze in what they were doing and looked toward Lori.

"Ehm... I was just having some quality time with him."

The stares intensified.

"I was wearing my underwear!"

Mr. Coconut (or Professor Dr. Coco from Nuts, as he preferred to be called) held up a stick against a poster full with letters of different sizes. "Okay, Mr. Loud, would you please read what I am tapping on?"

Lincoln just sighed and put a hand over his left eye.

"E....T....G....2... B...D....B....Z....4...E....I...M....AN IDIOT IF I DON'T GET THAT MY SIS- LUAN!"

"Well, congrats Mr. Loud," Professor Dr. Coco from Nuts exclaimed. "Your eyesight is 100% A-Okay."

Lincoln was getting seriously angry.

"But your self-awareness seems to be lacking."

If this continued, he was sure to blow a blood vessel.

"Girl, that is creepy," Lola, covered in yellow paint, stated towards Lori.

"Pot, meet kettle," she could hear Lana mutter from within the furnace, which was reason enough for Lola to grab a crowbar and hit it hard against its surface. Before she had a chance to hit a second time, though, Lynn snatched the crowbar and went on to assault the door with it.

HNNNNNNGGGGGG!

It didn't take long for the crowbar to suddenly break into half, making Lynn wonder how of all the things in this house, the freaking basement door was the one thing that could be certified as Loud-proofed.

Luan was genuinely worried as she looked at the blood pressure gauge's display.

"I think you really need to relax more. Your blood pressure is extremely high."

"Jeez, I wonder what could cause that," Lincoln snarled. At the same time he was biting on a thermometer Luan had shoved in his mouth. At least he hoped it was a thermometer. He still could see the thermometer fluid and the scale, but at the end of the thing was something resembling a party blower that you would find at a little kid's birthday party attached. And every time he sighed in resignation, the little paper part would stretch out.

"Luan, are you sure you really know what you are doing?"

"Of course, Lincoln," she reassured him. "Considering all the prank falls I have suffered, I had to learn a few first aid tricks out there."

"I just think that is rather unprofessional, to say the least."

"Oh relax. Trust me. I am almost as good as a pedophile with that sort of thing."

Lincoln let the last sentence hang in the air for a couple of seconds, trying his hardest not to accidentally swallow the thermometer-blower hybrid.

"I think you mean pediatric," he eventually managed to say.

Leni Loud knew she was not necessarily the smartest in the family, but even she was aware that the situation in the basement had gotten ridiculous. The twins, both covered in paint and soot, were arguing with each other, with Lana shouting as she was trying to overcome a ringing noise in her ear, Lynn tried to karate kick and chop open the door, Lucy said she attempted to separate her soul from her body so that she could open the door from the other side as a specter and Lori and Luna were arguing who embarrassed/harmed Lincoln more over the last hours.

"Guys..."

THUCK!

"Dang it! I think I broke my hand!"

"Oh, dear friends from the other side..."

"I am not a creep, you underwear sniffer!"

"WHAT? YOU ARE NOT ASLEEP?"

"Guys?" Leni said again.

THUCK!

"I was just rocking out with my little brother. And based on the standing ovation he gave me while still sitting, I think he enjoyed my little show more than your bath."

Lori's jaw almost dropped at that statement.

"What are you meaning by that?"

THUCK!

"GUYS!"

Everyone turned to Leni. "WHAT?!"

She took a deep breath. "May I try?"

She didn't even wait for the others to answer, as she went up the stairs. On her way, she pulled a hairclip out of her hairdo. Pushing Lynn gently aside, she inserted the clip into the lock. Within a matter of seconds a soft click could be heard and the door opened.

"Ta-da!"

Leni expected her siblings to be grateful for finding a solution to the problem. As such, she was rather confused about the angry looks on their faces.

"What?"

"You could have opened the door the entire time?" Lori said, pinching the back of her nose hard and trying anything she could to contain her anger.

"Well... Like, yeah."

"Why didn't you do so in the first place?"

"No one asked," was the simple answer.

Before anyone had the chance to give into their tranquil fury and strangle Leni, they heard a commotion from upstairs.

Around the same time Leni opened the door, Luan finally finished the examination on her little brother.

"Let's see," she said, looking over a piece of paper with made up results. "Your blood pressure is a bit high, you are a bit paler as a result of the blood loss and whatever is going on with your reflexes needs to be looked over again. But otherwise you are normal."

"He still needs a funny bone transplant though," Professor Dr. Coco from Nuts argued, only to be silenced by the Jokester.

Not that Lincoln cared about the joke. He was just glad that this little comedy routine with him as the butt of the joke was finally over.

"I only suggest that you take some vitamins and iron to compensate for any signs of tiredness."

He had to admit, that sounded like very solid advice. Perhaps he could ask one of the less crazy siblings to fetch him some fruits and a ham sandwich for that.

"Thankfully I have just what you need for a case like this," Luan then stated and pulled a bottle out of her skirt's pocket. Shaking it slightly, an egg sized pill fell into her hand. Lincoln's eyes widened in shock.

"You expect me to swallow that?"

"Of course not, silly. That thing would be a jo-king hazard. Get it?"

"Haha," Lincoln laughed in defeat. He was tired and as such decided to no longer sit up, instead letting his head fall on the cushion.

Of course she would not want me to swallow that, Lincoln thought, closing his eyes. *That was just another stupid pun of-*

"It is a suppository!"

His eyes shot wide open.

At this point, another short lesson in biology. The blood pressure can rise up for different reasons. Like arousal...

"Lincoln, why are you looking at me like that?"

...Or blood boiling rage.

"What are those sounds?" Lucy asked no one in particular.

"Sounds like one of our arguments," Luna speculated. "Only angrier than usual."

"Maybe Luan has clogged the toilet?" Lana assumed. "I will get big Bertha!"

"Whatever," Lori chimed in. "We have to look for Lincoln like literally now!"

They all wanted to go up the stairs at once in best Loud Style, as something came flying down, landing before the entire family. It was Luan, looking like she got into the brawl of her lifetime.

"So, how is Lincoln doing?" asked Lynn with not much sympathy in her voice.

"Based on the strength of the kick in my tushy he just gave me..." Luan started to explain and moved into a sitting position on one of her whoopy cushions. "I say he is A-Okay again."

"Serves you right for locking us up in the cellar" Lola snorted.

"Did you fear to catch a sickness based on cell-ulose?" Luan asked and laughed afterwards.

"You will get my booth right up your-" Lori tried to threaten but stopped midsentence when she heard something from upstairs. She and the others looked up, only to see Lincoln coming out of the twins' room, his victory undies in one hand.

"Lincoln?" she asked the boy, who looked at them in surprise.

"Are you alright, dude?" Luna wanted to know. But instead of answering, he ran back into his room. The last thing the eight girls heard was his lock being turned.

The mysterious person on the laptop, who from now on shall be referred to as "The Observer", let out a sigh, as it watched the other Loud Siblings storm up the stairs and knock on Lincoln's door, begging him to tell if everything was alright. It had hoped that the others would take the necessary care of him to assure that things went more according to the plan again. Unfortunately, Luan's unexpected move seemed to have jeopardized everything even more.

"That dumb, unfunny little psycho," it muttered in defeat. Admittedly, the Observer's plans for her were a bit muddier than for the others, but the way things worked so far, she seemed to function just well enough for what was planned in the long run. It couldn't even complain about her actions in the room, as so far they were falling into something it was aiming for. Still, things did not look... "Good", to say the least.

Lincoln was obviously angry and it couldn't think right away of something to change his mood for the better. Even worse, if the interaction between Lori and Luna was any indication, there was a risk of some unwanted conflict.

The Observer grabbed a phone it had in its pocket.

"We have to do some... Adjustments, it seems," it said to no one in particular, while activating an app on it. "They will thank me later."

Oogie: We hope you guys had fun with our chapter. I know I had fun making jokes of a couple of fictional doctors.

Maniak: I am just surprised if anyone gets the third, really.

Oogie: We also decided to insert our mysterious watcher a bit more prominently within the next chapters.

Maniak: But who it is, you will not learn at least until chapter... (looks over the first drafts for the next 12 ones) Well, if we insert the dates all in one chapter and separate that draft into five... well, dang it. I would say at least chapter 20.

Oogie: ...well, a lot of time to guess who it is then.

Maniak: Lets at least try to update a bit more till then.

Oogie: Is that even possible with your job interfering with our writing time?

Maniak: ... We will see.