It's You Girls' Fault for These Random Moments

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by Big_Diesel
Step into the world of Lincoln as he is an unlikely participant in a harem. See as his sisters, his mother, his classmates, his teachers, and those around him who crush on the white-haired child go at whatever lengths to capture his heart. Rather if he wants it or not. Alas, it is why they are called random moments. This series is taken from the Anthology of the Loud House.
Luna came to pick up Lincoln from school. She opened the door for him to enter her girlfriend's care before heading home. He sat quietly while Luna gave him an odd look. Did he blame her, he thought to himself. It was not in his blueprint to get detention after school.

"How in the hell do you get detention," she questioned him like a mother would. "Can't believe I have to cut band practice short so I can take you home."

Sam intervened. "Relax, babe," she said. "Let's get him the benefit of the doubt. It was his first time." She turned him, displaying a motherly look. "Right?"

He shook his head. "Yeah, this is my first time getting this."

"Fighting," said Luna. "I never thought to see the day that my brother gets detention for fighting."

Lincoln was silent. He put his head down to look at his hand in between his lap.

"Don't act like that, Luna," said Sam. He could tell that Sam was doing her hardest to calm the situation. "Mistakes happen and give the kid a break."

"Yeah," retorted Lincoln. "I didn't think."

"Exactly," snapped Luna. "As smart as you are, you have to know better. What kind of example are you setting for our younger sisters."

Lincoln scoffed before looking away from his sister. "With the attitude you are giving me, a pretty bad one."

Luna turned red from his response. "Be grateful that we are in the car. Or else, we could have gotten really acquainted with each other. If you know what I mean."

"I am sorry, okay," protested Lincoln. "I am sorry that you have to miss band practice. I am sorry that I got detention. I am sorry in advance that the family van was broke down and that Sam had to go over and beyond to pick me up. Anything else?"

Luna sighed loudly before returning to her seat, folding her arms. The trio remained silent until they made it to the Loud residence.

Sam parked her car in the driveway. She turned it off, leaving nothing but silence in return. Lincoln got out of the car and walked into the house. He knew his weekend was already going to be shot because he knows that Luna is on the phone calling their parents about his detention.

His parents went out of town for a personal getaway for the weekend. Lori and Leni decided to spend the weekend with Bobby in his new town. Luan, Lynn, and the younger Loud sisters were sent to Aunt Ruth's. Luna had an upcoming gig the following weekend, so she was able to stay at home. After plenty of convincing to his parents, he was allowed to stay with Luna for the weekend.

He went upstairs and threw his backpack to the floor. He slammed the door and sat in front of his bed. He wrapped his arms around his knees, trying his hardest to calm down. He was already afraid that Luna was calling their parents for his detention. Even though he had it, but he did not explain the circumstances of it. He rather have kept it to himself and had to take one for the team.
Preparing for his grounding, he went to unplug his laptop and his television. He put his cell phone on the desk, preparing to give it to Luna.

He heard a knock at the door.

He opened and saw it was Luna. Luna's demeanor was different from when they were in the car. She was flustered, her head was down. She appeared embarrassed.

"Can I come in," asked Luna faintly.

"Yeah, sure," answered Lincoln. "I am getting ready to unplug my stuff for my grounding." He extended his hand to give her his cell phone. She stopped him in the process.

"Look, Linc," she said. "I am sorry. Sorry for being harsh with you in the car."

He shook his head. "Don't be. You had every right. You were being a big sister. I didn't take any of that personally."

She kept her head down. "Why didn't you tell me that you were fighting over me?"

Lincoln shrugged his shoulders. "You are my sister. Of course, I am going to defend your honor."

Luna walked across his room and sat on his bed. She pulled out his stuff bunny and held it tightly.

"People think we are strange, aren't we," questioned Luna. "I feel it is never easy when getting something out of your chest. Something that it crept inside of me for these many years. When it is finally released, it feels good. But, it is just worse as it was before coming to terms with yourself."

Lincoln sat beside his sister. She wrapped her arms around him.

"No, I don't think you are strange," responded Lincoln. "I think you are simply Luna. Everybody is quirky in their own way. But, heck, who isn't?"

"It is easy that people around you support you, but why can't everybody else," questioned Luna faintly.

"Well, I can't speak for others, but trust that I support you," answered Lincoln. "Mom, Dad, our sisters, Sam. With us, who gives a care about everybody else."

She pecked him on the cheek. "Thanks, you are sweet."

He blushed. "I am the jack of all trades, remember?" He boasted and stuck his chest out. "Superman or Ace Savvy have nothing on me when it comes to defending those I love."

"I couldn't agree more, Superman," said the voice.

Both turned when seeing Sam standing at the door. She walked to the bed and sat beside Lincoln. She wrapped her arms around him as well.

"Thanks for having our backs, Linc," said Sam. "If there is any consolation, at least you have two lovelies to support you at all times."

He blushed. "Now you are being too modest. You would have done the same for me."

Sam laughed at his response before setting her eyes on Luna. Luna returned her eyes to her before both looking at Lincoln.
"What are you guys looking at me strangely," he questioned.

Sam walked to the door, closing it and locking it. Meanwhile, Luna edged closer to Lincoln.

"In the car, we were honored about defending us," said Sam. "However, punishment still needs to be served."

Lincoln watched as both girls slowly disrobing the clothes. He flinched when Luna started taking off his clothes.

"Luna, Sam," said Lincoln pleadingly. "This isn't really necessary. Have I suffered enough with the yelling and the guilt?"

Luna giggled sensually before pushing Lincoln to the bed. "Depends on how you define guilt and suffering."

Sam appeared from behind. "I hope you have your weekend cleared. Because you are going to be indisposed for the moment."

Both giggled as the girls shared a kiss before setting their eyes on Lincoln. Lincoln looked to the ceiling as the girls relished on him.

I think being grounded is becoming more of a better solution. But, hell, I give. Do what you want.
Another random Lincoln and Luna moment...

It was chore day at the Loud House. The weekly ritual on a Saturday where the children are assigned to a particular task. Patiently, they waited on their mother as she brought the chore wheel before the siblings in the kitchen. The colorful-lighted wheel told every task. The arrows proudly displayed the names of every Loud sibling. Many were praying, holding their hands, twisting their fingers. Lana had a good luck charm as she hoped for the simplest of a task.

"Around kids," said their mother as she had her hands on the wheel. "Here...we...go!"

And they were off, Lincoln eyed the wheel as if his destiny was on the line. He had hoped for the simpler task of taking out the garbage or cleaning the windows. A menial task that did not require much thought. Also, today was the day Clyde had purchase a motorized scooter. And he was sure he was not going to miss today for this.

The sound of the wheel continued until it slowed down. The siblings were murmuring and praying for their chore assignments. Lincoln held his hands together in a praying position for his chore of choice.

"Ok, the wheel has spoken," responded their mother with a hint of sadism in her voice. Lincoln believed that his mother enjoyed this time of the week. It brought the best of sadist in her and the best of the masochist in all of them.

"Well, it is a tie for laundry duty," she said as she extended her finger to Lincoln. "Lincoln and Luna," she said. Lincoln turned as Luna shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, man," replied Luna. "Laundry duty. Really?" She looked at her mom. "Mom, I have plans this afternoon with Sam and…"

Their mother placed her hands on her hips, glaring at the elder sister. "Laundry day," she said with a feigning smile. "Be a dear and you go with your brother to sort out clothes." She looked at the chore wheel, which had an empty spot on mowing the yard. "Or else."

Lincoln put his hands on Luna's shoulder. "Don't sweat it, Mom," he said with a smile. "We got it covered."

Luna turned to her brother with curiosity. She took him by his hand and they led to the laundry room. As they went inside, she closed the door and got Lincoln into her direction.

"What are you aiming," she glared at her brother. "Do you know that this is the worst job? Ever!?"

He shook his head in disagreement. "Relax, Luna," he said. "I am keeping calm as possible. Both of us have plans, so both of us have to work together to get this done."

Luna wasn't going to argue further with Lincoln. A reliant brother, she knew he was the right candidate to get anyone out of tight spot. She calmed herself down and decided to get solution orientated with him.

"What's the plan," she asked him.

"Easy," said Lincoln proudly. "Compact."
"Compact?"

He nodded in affirmation. "You see, sis. The washer gets full because we put things in any kind of way. It takes time and we know it is all day." He put his finger to her lip, promoting silence, telling her that he wasn't finished yet. "So, with resourceful thinking and last minute planning, we just compact our clothes. The smaller we make the laundry, the more room it can be filled."

"That sounds kind of dumb, to be honest," admitted Luna. "Sorry, Linc, but I don't think it is gonna work."

Lincoln kept his smile. "All ye little faith, Luna." He went to the laundry basket. "Watch me compact these clothes and put them in the laundry. Observe."

Luna watched as her brother was compacting clothes to make room for the washer. She was amazed how much of a difference it was making. The first basket of clothes was finished, still leaving room to spare.

"As you can see, Luna," professed Lincoln with certainty in his voice. "Less is best!"

She raised her eyebrow on his bad pun. She shook it off like he was spending a little too much time with Luan. "I can see what you are talking about now."

"Good," he exclaimed with a smile on his face. "The faster we get this done, the more time it is spent on Sam and my hanging out with Clyde."

"Sweet!"

Luna and Lincoln worked together to get the clothes compacted to put in the wash. In the between time of washing, both sat next to the machine playing solitaire and making small talk.

"It is best to keep the laundry room closed, so that way we don't suspect the others," said Lincoln as he placed a card down.

"Smart thinking, Linc," replied Luna. "It is amazing that you don't get awards for your creativity."

"This is nothing," said Lincoln. "I am glad we can just spend some time together."

"Aren't you sweet!" She turned away, displaying her beet red face. "You're not mad about me and Sam taking advantage of you last time anymore?"

He blushed, looking away. "No, not at all. I am fine. A bit surprised to be honest."

"Yeah," she said as she took another card to complete the deck. "Are you okay about us having what we have."

He was quiet.

"Lincoln," she said while resting her hand on him. "Are you okay about the arrangement I have with you."

He looked at her. "I won't say that I don't dislike it. It is just I don't want to be looked at as a toy."

She raised her eyebrows before lowering her chin. "No, no. Don't think like that. I will never see you as a toy. You will always be my little brother. You will always be loved by me." She went closer, nuzzling him on his shoulder. "You will always be my best friend. And that goes before Sam or anything else."
The siblings intertwined the hands together before sharing a kiss. The pair kissed for a few moments before breaking the silence.

"I love you, bro. Never forget that."

"I love you too, sis."

The moment was interrupted when the sound of the washer buzzed, announcing its completion. The siblings put the wash in the dryer before taking the next load.

What would have taken five hours to do clothes and towels only took three hours. The duo managed to finish the laundry with time to spare. The clothes were neatly organized in their respective hamper for each sibling. The siblings were finishing the towels. It was the last thing they had to do before they continue with their Saturday.

Lincoln stepped away as he knocked on the door for the siblings to get their clothes. After the siblings got their laundry, he returned to help Luna with the towels.

"Mom wants these to go to the basement," she told Lincoln. "Dad is going to use these for a project or something."

"No problem," replied Lincoln.

Luna and Lincoln carried the hamper of towels to the basement. Once they were inside, they placed the towels on the spare mattress. Lincoln sat, wiping the sweat from his forehead. He was relieved that his chores were finished.

"Thank God, we are done," exclaimed Lincoln. "Now, call Clyde and the fun can begin."

"Here, here," confirmed Luna as she was sniffing a towel. "God, these smell fresh. This scent was the one Leni picked out at the store. Smells like chestnuts."

Curious, Lincoln wanted to smell the towel as well. "Can I see, Luna," he asked her.

"Sure," she responded.

Lincoln took the towel and began smelling the fragrance. It impacted his nostrils, making him feel dizzy. "My God," he said while laughing. "This towel does….the towel…the…the…the towel." Lincoln dropped to his knees before falling to the ground.

"Lincoln," cried Luna. Luna walked to her brother as he laid flat on the ground. She checked his pulse. It was still beating. She checked his nose, there was still breath. She sighed as she sat on the mattress. In her hand was a small container that resembled something of a fragrance sampler.

She kneeled over, caressing her brother's forehead. She whispered in his ear. "Sorry, big brother." She looked to the closet door adjacent from the mattress.

"You can come out now," she shouted.

The closet door opened and out came her girlfriend, Sam.

"Jesus," cried Sam. " Took you long enough. My legs were falling asleep."

"Sorry, babe," she told Sam.

Sam walked in Luna's direction. She kneeled down to the sleeping Lincoln. She blew into his ear
before kissing him on the forehead.

"That chloroform did the trick," said Sam smiling. "Good thing I did take it from my dad's girlfriend's place of work."

Luna giggled. "I locked the basement door. Mom is going to take the girls shopping. We have the afternoon to ourselves. Me, my girl." She looked at Lincoln. "And our beloved love doll."

Sam smiled as she kissed Luna on the lips. After they finished, she helped Luna place Lincoln on the bed. Sam began taking off Lincoln's clothes.

"I wish you were more forward of your feelings to Lincoln," said Sam. "I have no problem sharing but this is borderline rape."

Luna laughed. "I know, babe. But don't you ever have fun taking advantage of this. I mean, look at him. He is adorable. I am sure as hell not going to pass this up." She turned to Sam. "You got the clothes."

"Sure do," answered Sam. "Wasn't cheap but I am willing to have some fun with this."

"No kidding," she said while she giggled while rubbing Lincoln's hair. She whispered in his ear, inhaling his scent. "Sorry for not doing my end of the bargain. I knew you were hesitant. In time, you will grow to love this." She turned to Sam. "Let's get him set up. I feel like having a lesbian threesome today."

*This concludes another random Lincoln and Luna moment. To be continued until next time.*
A Random Lincoln and Rita Moment

A random Lincoln and Rita moment….

It was early morning as the matriarch of the Loud House was stirring in her bed. She was alone. Her husband was on a business trip, leaving her alone with their eleven children. She nuzzled her nose in the pillow, gripping it tightly as she relished in the afterglow of having the bed to herself. She knew she was not going to have another opportunity in the near future, so she took advantage.

She was rubbing her hair, feeling relaxed in the warm confines of her bed. She licked her lips, tucking it tightly with her teeth as she let out a small moan. Her breath became labored. She was feeling good by the feeling of the silk sheet she put on the night before. She had prepared for this night as she knew her husband hated silk. So, this was well-deserved, she thought to herself.

She was still moaning, the touch of the silk was arousing her in such a way. Or at least, she was telling herself that was the sole reason. The blanket was moving, bobbing up and down in the region where her groin was located. She let out a small laugh as she felt the pleasure of what was occurring down there.

"That's it," she hissed. "Keep playing with my kitty. Make it purr. Make it wet and hungry for your tongue."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the voice that belonged to Lincoln.

Rita pressed her hand to Lincoln to produce pleasure. For quite some time, Lincoln has been her "helper." She and her husband, Lynn, haven't have sex for quite some time. Whenever she was in the mood, her husband was unavailable. Either tired or working. Tired of relying on her husband, she resorted to other measures to fill her needs.

From day one, Lincoln was her target. Her reasoning is that it wasn't technically cheating, for he shared the same bloodline as her husband. So, she was borrowing Lincoln for affection. Lincoln didn't mind. He would do anything to please his mother. Also, she gave him extra money on his allowance to keep him quiet. An additional video game or comic book if he was able to give her an orgasm.

"Stick your tongue further, dear," she said. "I want you to give to me like last time." She hissed. "You almost got me there."

"Yes, mother," he replied as he continued.

I should've used Lincoln a long time ago. He is honestly one cool customer. He doesn't mind pleasing his mother. He has no opposition. And for a few dollars and a few games here and there. I can't be that.

Also, his techniques are getting better. I am not ready for him to have sex. I want to preserve his virginity a little longer. I don't want to wait too long or else some slut will try to take it away. It won't be from that Ronnie Anne chica. I am also very cautious about my kids. Don't think you are slick, Luna. I have been watching how close you are with him. I am going to make sure that Lincoln is for my exclusive use only!

"Mom, mom," he said while muffling. "You are pressing too hard. I can't breathe."
"I am sorry, dear," she responded before releasing her grip on Lincoln. "You can stop for now, just nuzzle next to me. I am in the need for spooning."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Lincoln as he got from the center of the bed and got in front of his mother. Rita tightened her grip around his waist. She bucked her hips to get comfortable. She kissed the back of his neck and rubbed her nose with it as well.

"You know the mommy loves you right," she asked him.

"I know, mother," replied Lincoln.

"Mommy is going to take real good care of you," said Rita.

"I know, mom," said Lincoln. "That is why I have no problem doing this with you."

Rita smiled before kissing his neck again. "Such a sweet boy." She continued kissing his neck until she began pressing down with her teeth. She heard him breathe rough as she indented the skin, puncturing it. "Relax, sweetie. I am making my mark on you. To let everyone know who you belong to."

"Mom," he winced. "Am I just a toy to you."

She giggled. "Of course not, dear. You are precious to me. I just don't want any skank to be in your possession. You need someone that can take care of you, like your mother."

He smiled. "You know I love you, mother."

She smiled back. "I love you, too."

She continued kissing his neck when she decided to play with his penis. He flinched upon contact as she massaged his dick.

"Relax," she whispered to him. "Just close your eyes and relax. Just let this old lady have some fun."

"This still feels funny," he said.

"That is normal, dear," she said. "I make sure that you will feel great. Just close your eyes and let your mother show you her love."

He sighed. "Okay."

She bucked her hips while stroking his dick. She also bitten him where his hickie is showing.

*Until my husband returns, this boy is mine. Nobody can have Lincoln. No sickening whore or some bitch is gonna take that from me. Let me find out some skank takes my Lincoln, I will raise hell. That's for sure.*

"Mom, I am coming," he said while blushing with his eyes closed.

"It's okay, sweetie. Let it out. Let it out for mommy!"

*Lincoln is mine. Let a bitch try to take him away!*

*This concludes a random Lincoln and Rita moment.*
Meanwhile, Luna was lying in bed with Sam at Sam's house. She woke up with a discerning feeling in her conscience. She rubbed her forehead and looked at her phone. On the screen was a picture of her, Sam, and Lincoln. Her first sight was on her lovable brother. She grew concern of him.

"Luna, what's wrong, sweetheart," asked Sam with a sleepy look on her face.

"Something is not right," cried Luna. "My senses tell me that someone is messing with our Lincoln."

Sam got up and laid against the headboard. "You think somebody is trying to take advantage of him?"

"I am not sure, but I hope it is my imagination."

*It better be my imagination. Whoever is thinking about taking my Lincoln away has another thing coming!*
A random day at school with Lincoln….

Lincoln sat at the foot of the school with his backpack in his hand. He didn't get much sleep from the previous night. He had too much on his mind. Despite his mother giving him medicine to aid his sleep, it wasn't enough to suffice. He spent the remainder of the night reading comic books and watching manga. That morning, his mother had given him a cup of coffee. She hoped that it will be enough until he returned home from school.

Lincoln remembered his mother hugging from the back, kissing him from behind his ear, and telling him that she will give him stronger medicine when he returned. He gave her a small affirmation through his nose before walking with his sisters to school.

He told his younger siblings that he would stay behind and to go on without him. He wanted some time to himself before entering the building. He pulled out the latest copy of Assassination Classroom for reading pleasure until he heard the first bell.

He was too in-depth with the story's creative plot that he did not noticed the shadow standing over him. The shadow lingered a strong fragrance. There was a hint of body wash as well. Lincoln stopped his reading, for he knew who was the owner of the perfume as well as the strawberry bubblegum shampoo. He closed his book before looking upward.

She was a tall, attractive brunette who reminded him of Ms. DiMartino, but with no class. She had a nasty attitude when it came to children, which is ironic for an educator. Then yet again, she was not an educator, but the school nurse. Lincoln sighed heavily, but trying his best to not exacerbate the tension that was already thickening the steps of the school. Her green eyes returned him a strong glance. The glance of "you are standing in my way. Why in the hell are you in my line of sight?"

"Good Morning, Nurse Kazami," he said calmly, displaying his awkward smile. She took off her glasses, putting it in between her collar of her blouse. He was grateful that her large bust blocked her face.

She scoffed, kneeling down to take the comic book away from Lincoln. She scoffed again, displaying disgust. "Typical boys," she said to him, breaking the awkward silence. "Always think they are above the law when bringing unauthorized material to school." She rolled his comic and hit him on his head.

"Ow," cried Lincoln. "What was that for?"

"For being a stupid child, Lincoln Loud," she responded, using the latter with such venom in her voice.

Lincoln was not going to talk back. He was going to accept the removal of his book as a loss. He got up from the steps and was going to make his way to the school. She blocked his sight.

"Who gave you permission to leave, Loud" she questioned the white-haired child.

"Nurse Kazami," he said calmly. "I don't want any trouble. You got what you are looking for. I won't bring it again. Can I please go?" He sighed. He really wanted that book. It was a reward from his mother for his extra help around the house.
Nurse Kazami chuckled, swinging the book in his direction. She spotted the principal walking to the front of the school. She waved at him to get his attention.

"Principal Huggins," she said to the principal with a plastic smile. "Can I have your attention for a second."

Principal Huggins stopped right in his tracks. Lincoln knew that a guy like him would ogle over the attractive nurse. Once again, she was the beauty of Ms. DiMartino with no class, but used her sexuality for her disposal.

"Mr. Huggins," she said. "Mr. Loud isn't feeling well." She stepped behind Lincoln, hovering her breasts on his head; while putting her hands on his forehead. "I am going to check him out at my office. Is it okay for me to excuse him. I will notify his parents if things get worse."

Principal Huggins, wordless at the sight and envy of wanting to be in Lincoln's position. He coughed out a "yes" before scurrying away to his office.

She crackled. "It looks to me he will be using me as fuel as soon as he closed those doors." She winked at Lincoln before taking his hand. "Let's go brat!"

She dragged Lincoln to the entrance of the schoolway and into the hallways. Class has already begun, leaving a few students in between classes. The nurse's station was actually a converted temporary building behind the school. On days she had children, she was resourceful with her job. On the days she had Lincoln, she was closed for an indefinite duration of the day.

This was going to be Lincoln's second time having her special services.

He was the first to enter the office. It was a standard office. Two beds and curtains to separate the two. It had a desk for her work and a closet of her materials. She locked the door behind Lincoln. He didn't look, but he knew that Nurse Kazami had hungry meals.

Today, Lincoln was already on the menu.

"Have a seat, Loud," she commanded him to do. Following her orders, he sat at the bed. From his view at her desk, there was a copy of *No Matter How I Look at It, It's You Guys' Fault I'm Not Popular*. It was a gift that he got for Luna as a thank you for being a good brother, or at least he kept telling himself that.

She took calm steps, walking slowly back and forth like she was thinking. Lincoln kept his head down. After a few moments, she sat next to him.

"You must love when I do these things, don't you," she said with seriousness in her voice.

"No ma'am," he responded. His voice was a bit shaky.

"You must love taking things from you, knowing damn well how I feel," she said while gripping his chin. "It is like you are setting me up. Look at you. You give me such a childish look and a beady look in your eye. What is wrong with you?" She gripped tighter. "You are doing this on purpose, aren't you?"

"What," he asked, feeling startled.

"You know how much you are turning me on right now," she said. "Being a bitch day in and day out to protect the fact that I am nothing more than a shotacon. I try calming down with these brats. I tell you guys to follow the rules. Then seeing you around and disobeying me. It is like you are
asking me to rape you."

"No, ma'am," he said. "That was never my intentions."

She gave a crooked smile. Crooked, yet seductive smile. "You must think I am a fool. Knowing you are filling these girls head with perverted thoughts. You act too innocent by being cute. You must love being the fuel of these many girls, including me."

"No, ma'am," he said admittedly. "I just wanted to read my comics."

She went quiet, releasing her grip. She turned and walked to her desk where she has his books. "Do you want these books back?"

He shook his head. "Yes, ma'am!"

"What can you do for me to give you these books?"

He swallowed a lump. He knew the answer. This was not his first time in this position.

"Remember the deal I offered you?"

He was shaking. He began to crack his voice. "Yes, ma'am."

It was about a week ago when Lincoln had his first encounter with Nurse Kazami. She went easy on him. She tied him to the bed where she gave him a blowjob. In return, he perform cunnilingus on her. During that time, she offered a deal that if he submitted to her, then he can be given rights to get his books and some favors of her choosing. He said that he would think about it. Just for assurance, they sealed the deal by exchanging bodily fluids.

He didn't eat any dinner that night. His tongue tasted of their juices.

"Think about Lincoln. Your troubles of being a cherry picker will be over. Submit to me and you will be taken care of," she told him with absoluteness. "You will get permission of toys and comics that I think are suitable for you. On weekends and some nights, I want private time with you."

She returned sitting next to him, leaving little space. "Plus, I will provide books to get better with performing with me. I need no amatuer when performing."

She heard a knock at the door, interrupting her thought. She walked to the door and opened it. Lincoln saw another student. He knew who she was. She and Lincoln had P.E. together. If he remembered correctly, her name was Tomoko.

She was a delicate girl, never really played sports. What she lacked in athletics, she gained in cooking. She was the best cook in home economics. Lincoln enjoyed eating her cakes. He noticed how enjoyable she got whenever he approved any of her dishes. She looked a puppy who was complimented.

"I did not come at a bad time, did I," she asked Nurse Kazami.

She shook her head in disagreement. "No, you made good timing."

Nurse Kazami swayed Tomoko's forehead before enveloping her lips around the quiet child. Tomoko didn't resist. She returned her affection by wrapping her arms around her. Lincoln's mouth was agape to the sight. Nurse Kazami made a look at Lincoln every now and again before breaking the kiss.
Tomoko was still caught in her trance. She then turned to Lincoln. Lincoln tried backing away, but Tomoko caught him by his hips.

"Got you," she said with a sing-song. "You are finally within my reach."

He turned to Nurse Kazami. "What is going on?"

She chuckled. "You see, Lincoln. My appetite is strong. Just because I like chocolate doesn't mean I stay eating it forever." She came from behind Tomoko and began caressing her breast. She moaned in the process. "Tomoko is my pet. She does whatever I tell her to do. She pleases me in any way."

Tomoko looked at Lincoln with stunned eyes before cupping her cheek around his, caressing it.

"Tomoko likes you. She wants to be with you," Nurse Kazami giggled. "I was thrilled because I have been eyeing you for quite awhile. I just didn't know when to strike."

Tomoko stroked her finger to Lincoln's lip. "Mistress isn't so bad, Lincoln. She will treat you right. I can treat you right, my love." She went forward and pressed her lips on his. *They were soft and moist*, thought Lincoln.

Nurse Kazami instructed Tomoko to have a seat at her desk. She nodded her head and gave Lincoln another peck before going to the seat.

"She fills my slot as a pet for a girlfriend," she said while pushing Lincoln to the bed. She sat on his hips, while holding his arms. "Now I need a pet for a boyfriend. What do you say? Do you care to submit?"

Lincoln turned and saw Tomoko with pleas in her eyes. As much as he was becoming confused, he was still in concern for Tomoko. Then he thought about Luna and his mother. His thoughts were interrupted when she began kissing his neck.

"What do you say, pet, she purred. "Do you submit?"

She reached into her pocket and displayed a diamond-studded collar.

"Do...you...submit?"

He sighed while lifting his neck to Nurse Kazami. "Yes!"

"Thank you, my pet," she said while wrapping the collar on his neck. "I am proud of you." She turned to Tomoko. "Get the gear ready. I want to take my time on us giving him pleasure." She returned her sights to Lincoln. "Look at it as a welcoming party to our little clan and a graduation party from her virginity."

"But...," he tried to say before Tomoko returned and placed a kiss on him. Both were engaged to overtake Lincoln.

"You and Tomoko are mine," she said with declaration. "You are my pets."

"Yes, mistress," said Tomoko with pride.

She turned to Lincoln. "You and Tomoko will treat each other as siblings. You will love on each other, even if I am absent. No one, I mean no one is allowed to do anything else. Understand?"

He shook his head. "Yes, mistress!"
There are many things I wish I can tell her. I am not exclusively hers. She needs to take a number. Also, I don’t have the heart to explain that I am not a ….. What is the point? Just let them dream. Do what you will, mistress. Do what thou wilt!

Meanwhile, Rita was cleaning up the house. She had the day off from work and wasn't expecting anyone to come home any time soon. With Lily in daycare, she had the opportunity to catch up on much needed cleaning.

While she was cleaning the living room, she felt a sharp pin in her stomach.

I don't know why, but I feel as though somebody is trying to disturb the family dynamic. Whatever or whoever it is, please believe that I will NOT have my family be in danger.

Her first thought came to Lincoln.

I hope that it is a feeling and just a feeling. I hope no one has their thieving hands on my child. That is reserved for me!
A Random Interlude with Lincoln Loud (Episode I)

Good evening, ladies and gentleman. This is Lincoln Loud. I am a lead character on the television show, The Loud House. You may have also seen me in parodies such as Can’t Keep Myself Away, That One Night in Autumn, If Drowning is Bittersweet, Video Game Girl, The Poison That Sweetens, and The Anthology of the Loud House series. Me and my producer have been talking for quite some time. And we were thinking of having a small series on advice, slice of life, everyday life, and situations I had the pleasure or displeasure to get myself in.

Ladies and gentleman, I want to present to you, The Random Interlude with Lincoln Loud.

[Due to copyright violations, the theme music to this show had to be muted. If you are familiar with It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia, that would have been our opening. If you are an anime fan, then the theme song to Azumanga Daioh would have been used. But, because of the show's low ratings, that particular theme song would have been replaced with Seinfeld's opening. I mean, let's be honest. Azumanga Daioh is the Seinfeld of anime. It is literally an anime about NOTHING!]

Dictated, not read,

The Management]

Let's begin, shall we. On our first ever episode, we are going to talk about a topic that is rarely discussed.

How to Survive When You Are Stalked by a Yandere!

The first thing we should discuss is what is a yandere? We have seen plenty of shows that profiles yandere-like characters. There is Schools Days, Higurashi no Naku Koro Ni. Of course, the infamous yandere that is well-known from the show Mirai Nikki! However, because of an upcoming lawsuit from this character, from this aforementioned show, after I said some things about her on Twitter, I am unable to say her name or bring up the show.

I mean, Twitter fingers can get you in a lot of trouble these days. Ask a certain figure from the head of state.

So, she is suing me and what she is offering is very mundane. Even litigation is questioning her sanity. But, she is suing me for my body. She wants exclusive use of me. Now, let's be honest, ladies and gentleman, in fandom land, she needs to take a number. She is not the only one who is after me and my body.

I have many who wants my virginity, but how can I explain that I have already…. 

Anyway, but to discuss about a yandere. They are very determined characters.

As a matter of fact, I am currently held up in the bathroom of a yandere as we speak. This butter knife wedging the door and my back against the door, with my feet at the cabinet for support is keeping her from opening this door.

So, knowing her strength and her willfulness, it is going to take a few minutes before she opens this door. So, I will have to brief as possible on this episode.
Anyway, back to topic. *How to Survive When You Are Stalked by a Yandere!* The first thing you have to recognize is what is a yandere?

Fortunately, I have an expert who is familiar with the subject on yandere. Joining me via cell phone is my best friend and wingman, Clyde McBride. Clyde, glad you can join us.

Thank you, Lincoln. Clyde McBride, here, to discuss the topics on knowing your yandere. Ok, first thing you need to know is what is a yandere? A yandere is a person, usually female, who is romantically obsessed with a person to the point where violence is often, I mean, often involved. They are psychotic and/or violent when they ponder on their obsession. They go to great lengths to get what they want, even if it involves death of others and/or their target.

Thank you, Clyde, for giving me this definition. If I would have done my homework, then I would not be in this particular position as of now. Now, Clyde, tell me more about signs of knowing a yandere. Is there any look? Any behavior?

There is, Lincoln. Tell-tale signs of a yandere is now an ongoing thing in the community. It is important to know these signs because you never know when you are dealing with a yandere. Well, just like autism, sexuality, love, diseases, and other things, yandere has a spectrum as well. From my research, there are three different kinds of yandere: the one who loves you, the one who loves your friend, and the one who loves you to the point that they want to KILL you.

Let's pause for a second, Clyde. I have to add another obstacle to the door. I am afraid she is getting crafty with this door.

*Lincoln, Lincoln. You can't hide from me, Lincoln. Don't think that this door will withstand longer than our love, Lincoln. I am after you, my darling.*

Ok, Clyde, I am safe for now. So, please continue.

Ok, the first kind of yandere is the one who loves you. Here are the signs:

*S/he hangs out with you too often.*

*S/he threatens your friends and family that are the closest to you.*

*Knows your daily routine, including your private ones.*

*Attacks those who bullies you.*

*Always has plans of marriage and the names of your children.*

*Very distant, always watching you from a distance.*

*Has threatened physical harm on you.*

*Promises you their eternal devotion.*

*FINALLY, your friends and/or family turn up "missing."

The second kind of yandere is the one that loves your friend. Here are the signs:
S/he becomes very distant.
Personality change, very important, especially if you are close to them.
Always on alert and very attentive to his environment.
Becomes introverted and fearful.
Sleep deprivation.
FINALLY, begin to see less and less of your friend.
The third and final kind of yandere is the one that loves you to the point that they want to kill you. Here are the signs:
S/he threatens you with violence at all times.
S/he has done physical harm to you.
Has attempted to kill you on numerous occasions.
There is a weapon with them during your encounters
Always giving you a glare.
FINALLY, there is no peace in your life until s/he kills you.
Very vital information if you want to know a yandere. Something I wish I would've picked up sooner.
It happens, Lincoln. Understand that yandere is the kind of person who doesn't let themselves be known. They walk among us. What used to be a trend in the East is becoming widespread in America. Honestly, the characteristics of a yandere have existed for awhile. It is thanks to Japanese anime/manga who shed the light on this topic.
Annie Wilkes is your classic American example of yandere, if you ever saw the movie Misery. Another example of American yandere is the character from Play Misty for Me.
Thank you for….
Oh, God, she has cracked the door. I am hearing crackling sounds, Clyde.
I told you, darling. No door in the world is going to stop me from our love, Lincoln. I can't wait to smother you with lots and lots of love. I will make marks, Lincoln, darling. Because you are mine and mine alone.
Oh, [censored], Clyde. Time is running out. Back to the subject, how can we survive when we are being stalked by a yandere?
I can hear it in your voice, man. Ok, here are the signs of surviving when being stalked by a yandere:
Never go home alone. Stay with a group of friends when leaving places. Develop a buddy system. Make sure you keep check with each other until you get to your destinations.
If you are walking alone, stay in well-lit places. Never take shortcuts in alleys. Always stay in the open.

If you are walking with a yandere, make sure you walk behind them. One of the biggest flaws I have researched is they turn their back. Keep your eyes on them.

Keep a weapon. If you are a pacifist, still keep a weapon. Keep a concealed knife or a stun gun, something. You don't want to kill that person, but still, have something to stay guarded.

Never answer unknown numbers.

Keep your curtains closed at night.

Keep every window locked and always lock your doors.

I am holding on to the door as much as I can, Clyde. Anything else? Like if a yandere confronts you?

Alright, if you are engaged with a yandere and feel threatened, run and get in contact with the police.

Clyde, sorry to break this up, but she is getting closer to me. We have to wrap this up.

If you have any questions about surviving from a yandere, please contact me on Twitter [wingmannumbertwo] and Instagram [Clyde_dollaz]. Check out my website, .com. Thank you for allowing me on your show, Lincoln. Also, congrats on allowing me to appear on your first episode.

Don't...mention...it...Clyde. It has...been...a...pleasure...myself.

Do you want me to call the police, dude?

It...wouldn't do...any...good. The...sun doesn't...come...up...for...another...eight...hours!

Are you saying that your yandere is a vampire?

She broke the door. She is here! She is here!

Surprise, surprise, darling! I have found you. Don't get scared of me, darling. We are just going to share our love. Who were you talking to?

No one. No one!

Who was she? It had better not been some sickening, wretched whore on the phone.

It wasn't, I swear!

It had better not. Or I would have to go and kill that bitch! Then I would have no other choice but to punish you and you know how I feel about that.

It was no one. I promise, you. It wasn't a girl.

Good, darling. You know how I feel when there is someone eyeing my blood doll. When you run from me, it makes me sad as if you don't want nothing to do with me. I know you, Lincoln. I see it in
your eyes when I feed upon you. Your heart desires me like the air you breathe. From the bottom of my undead heart, I love you. I love you to the ends of the earth.

Yes, ma'am.

I can't wait until you get of age so I can make you my eternal blood doll. Until then, these slight bites will have to do. But, because of your blockading the bathroom, I am going to punish you.

This is all the time we have for today, ladies and gentleman. Please stay tuned next time for the next episode of The Random Interlude with Lincoln Loud.

Until next time, ladies and gentleman. Enjoy your life, even if the moments are random.

Who are you talking to, Lincoln? Doesn't matter, prepare for your punishment!
A Random Lincoln, Lori, and Leni Moment

A random Lincoln, Lori, and Leni moment….

It was family night for the Loud family. Once a week on a weekend, the family would gather together in the living room to discuss their weekly activity. The activity was picked based on the request of the child or the parent. And no matter the request, it was respected and was completed. In the past few weeks, family night has been, in a lack of a better word, odd. Last week, the family went to a coffeehouse to hear Lucy's poetry on the mundaneness of Hawthorne and Poe. The week before last, the members attended a comedy club for Luan. Lincoln still had coconut cream residue in his ears. The three weeks prior, the members abandoned ship when Leni wanted to go to a Sesame Street show. Lincoln was the sole member to attend the concert with Leni.

This week was Lincoln's turn. All were staring at him with the intention of hope and fear. He saw Lucy holding a skeleton in a sense of prayer. Lola took Lana's good luck charm in hope of something great. Luan and her dummy were on their knees praying. The rest were twisting fingers and murmuring on their decision.

Lincoln took a breath before making up his mind.

"Let's go to a drive-in movie this weekend."

The family turned and looked at each other. There was a stale air for the moment.

"No comic book conventions," asked Lori.

"Not wanting to go to the arcade," questioned Lynn.

"No searching for haunted mansions," questioned Lucy while showing her eyes.

"Saving us money," asked his parents in unison, while holding hands.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Nope," he said. "Just want to watch a movie with you guys. That is not a problem, isn't it."

They looked at each other before giving the same confirmation to the white-haired member.

"No!"

"Okay," he said while getting up from the floor. "I will be waiting outside on the porch. When you guys snapped out of your zone, I will be ready."

A few minutes later, the entire family packed the family van. To save money, their mother prepared snacks for the road. Lincoln was grateful for his decision. A simple family night at the drive-in was a great idea. He can relax, watch movies, enjoy his time with his family, and eat his peanut butter and sauerkraut sandwiches. His mother winked at him when she presented not only that sandwich but a sloppy joe as well.

"I made this one special for you," she said while winking, blowing him a silent kiss.

He blushed as he tried to keep his composure. He was grateful that his father was in the car. Another distraction to keep his mother occupied.
Lincoln sat in the back compartment of the van. Although it was not the safest place, he was able to stretch his legs. With the thirty minute drive to the drive-in, it gave him time to relax and enjoy the cruise (as he could with a van full of loud siblings, no pun intended, he thought to himself).

"Care for us to join you, little brother?"

He opened his eyes. He saw Leni and Lori, turning their backs to him. The blondes were smiling from behind their sunglasses. Both were wearing wide smiles on their faces. Lincoln wasn't apprehensive, but at the same time, he was concerned. Swallowing his breath, he smiled and waved his hands for his sisters to join him.

"Thanks for the idea of the theater, twerp," said Lori as she sat back at the window, across from Lincoln.

"Totally cool of you, bro," replied Leni as she sat next to Lincoln.

Lori glared at Leni with a hint of frustration, while Leni replied with a smile. "Let me join you on your side, Lincoln," said Lori. "We need to keep this car balanced."

Lori shifted from the other side and got comfortable as she made move beside Lincoln. The sisters shuffled while they got adjusted. Both of them wrapped their arms around Lincoln.

"It's a little cold back here," said Leni. "A little heat from us wouldn't hurt. Right, little bro?"

He felt the tightness from his sister, Lori. He felt a little suffocated. "So, you have two loving sisters to give you that and watch over you. Consider yourself lucky, twerp."

Oh, Lord, thought Lincoln as his sisters were on each side of him. He didn't look either way and he didn't look at the front as well. He can feel the heat from both sides of him. He can feel the heat where Luna was sitting and he was certainly feeling the heat where his mother was sitting.

The family arrived at the drive-in. According to the man who was giving his father the tickets, tonight was an old school movie night. The movie they were playing was *Dante's Peak*. Lincoln was familiar with the movie. His science teacher played it for him one afternoon. Surprisingly, the family didn't groan. Lincoln thought it was because it was his choosing and many eyed him when learning of tonight's move.

"I like that morning," replied Lincoln. "This should be exciting for all of us."

His older sisters beside him concurred with his statement by rubbing his hair. He blushed by the contact. Once again, he still didn't look at any direction. He felt the warm smiles by Lori and Leni. However, he knew there were flames coming from the "others."

His father parked his car at a suitable location. It wasn't too far from the screen, so everybody had good access. As soon as he was looking for the radio station to connect the movie, many vehicles were gathering around to watch the movie.

The family was getting settled. His mother was passing out food to give to the family. Lori pulled out a blanket for the trio to get comfortable. They all moved against the back so they can have a view of the movie. As Lincoln was eating his food, every now and again, he got glances from his mother and Luna. He wasn't the best at reading lips, but he figured what was going on by their expressions.

They got some nerve to be having their eyes on my Lincoln.
If it wasn't for my husband, it would have been me in the backseat.

Sam is definitely going to relieve my stress after this movie.

Those blonde whores! Touching their hands on my Lincoln.

Better what your backs when you sleep tonight.

Check your brakes before you go anywhere.

He looked down to resume eating his sandwich. He took a few breaths so that he can relax. It is family night, Lincoln. Don't think about the others. You are not going to let yourself or them spoil it for the others. I will play it cool, eat my sandwich, and enjoy the movie. Also, another mental note, I might need to spend the night at Clyde's tomorrow.

The movie was in progress. The van was quiet as everyone was watching the movie. Lincoln was concentrating on the film. It wasn't until he felt the brush of a hand on his thigh. A shiver ran down his spine. He turned and saw Leni licking her lips, emitting a smile. Suddenly, he felt another hand rubbing down his thigh. It didn't take much of a genius to guess it was Lori.

"What are you doing," questioned Lori to Leni while she was whispering.

"The same thing as you," replied Leni with a wink.

"But, you know I have feelings for this twerp, so back off," said Lori.

"No, I won't," said Leni. "You always get what you want! Plus, you have Bobby!"

"He is my boyfriend," said Lori. "But Lincoln is my man!"

Lincoln felt Lori's hand slide into his pocket, massaging his upper thigh. His breath was becoming labored.

"Are you feeling, good, little bro," she said to him. She pressed her hands deeper into his thigh. She started blowing into his ears.

Then, he felt Leni sliding her hands inside of his shirt, squeezing his nipples. "Does that feel good, little bro?"

"I don't know," questioned Lincoln in his flustered state.

"Think you can perform better than me, Leni," questioned Lori. "Watch this!" With her other hand, she unzipped his pants and placed her hands around his dick. She started tugging at his balls until he developed an erection.

"That's right," she purred. "Get hard for Lori. Show Leni how I can make you my man."

Leni became frustrated but smiled as she slid under the covers and made her way to Lincoln's dick. She pulled out his dick. "Thanks for the help, sis." She blew her breath into his penis before putting it in her mouth.

"Oh yeah," she protested. "I can make him come faster than your slow-witted performance." She proceeded forward and Lincoln felt her mouth cupping his balls.

Lincoln covered his mouth, muffling the sounds that they were occurring downstairs. He was panting, feeling the pleasure that he was getting from his sisters. As he looked forward, his
stomach churned. In front, he saw the death glares of Luna and his mother.

Luna crushed the air pick that she got as a gift from Sam. His mother was beet red but was fuming in anger.

He closed his eyes, avoiding the sight of his family, drifting away from the movie. He wanted to be somewhere other than the car.

*How in the hell did I get myself in this position?*

*This concludes a random Lincoln, Leni, and Lori moment. To be continued. Until next time.*

Ms. DiMartino thanked the man for her popcorn before making her way back to the car. It wasn't everyday that she was able to go and see a movie at the drive-in. Her niece was in town and it was from her niece that the drive-in was playing one of her favorite movies. So, the girls made their way to the theater.

Ms. DiMartino stepped inside of the car to give her niece their popcorn.

"Did I miss anything," asked Ms. DiMartino.

Her niece shook her head. "No," she giggled. "But there is some action at the car next to me."


Her niece pointed at the van next to theirs. "In the backseat, see for yourself."

Ms. DiMartino turned to the backseat of the van where she saw three occupants engaging in some action.

"To think they would do it at such a place," she scoffed. "People don't have any decency these days."

"Well, auntie, that is our era," said her niece. "You must of have that in your day."

She blushed. Admittedly, she participated in that when she was a teenager, but the farthest it went was to making out. But she wasn't going to tell her young niece that.

"I think you are too young to look at those things," said Ms. DiMartino with absoluteness in her voice.

Her niece sighed. "Yes, ma'am." She returned back to the movie. "It is a pity. That white-haired boy was cute."

*White-haired boy,* questioned Ms. DiMartino. Making sure her niece wasn't looking, she returned to the van with the three people in question. Her eyes widened when she saw the familiar student she subbed on occasions. It was confirmed that it was Lincoln in the backseat.

She gripped her hands around her chest. Her eyes were watered by the sight.

*Lincoln?
A Random Lincoln Moment with A Married Woman

A random Lincoln moment with a married woman….

My brain feels congested, as if sinuses were filling my brain instead of my nose. Even if I want to produce a thought, the cerebrum was empty of ideas. All I want to do is to get a drink of water and spend my day in bed. Well, that is not going to happen. I sit up against the headboard. I see the television still on. The screensaver of Netflix is presenting upcoming movies on their network. I think I was watching *Okja* last night.

It was not my idea.

I hear the sounds of my two sleeping damsels on each of my sides. Both are naked and have toothy grins on their faces. I forgot that I am not at home. The images of boy bands, riot grrl movements, and anti-establishment posters fit the description of a rocker. On the floor, I see my discarded clothes. Along with panties and shirts that makes a trail from the bedroom door.

Did we try to watch *Okja* last night? I try to recollect my thoughts, but my brain isn't allowing me. Well, judging by the condoms on the nightstand; hickies on multiple places on my body; the stickiness of lubricant on my dick….

Wait a second. Correction, the stickiness of lubricant on my dick and my ass; two teenage girls snugged beside me, with their hands intertwining the other; and a bottle of *Wild Turkey* and some rolling papers, I guess I can say that I had a pack-filled night.

The only thing I want is an aspirin. Carefully, I slide out of bed. I am to be nimble. These girls. Excuse me, Sam and Luna. We share a history. Thankfully, I was awake to have this encounter. Or so I think. She promised me that she wasn't going to spike me anymore. I still don't trust her. If I don't recall last night, then something have to occur. No teenager is going to forget a threesome with two girls. That is one for the history books. While most teens, my age, worry about multi-step equations and soliloquy, my worries are handling myself through sex.

I made it to the floor. A rough landing, but no movement from the homefront. My pelvis is sore. I see a bruise at the left side of my hip. Judging by the discoloration, it is a fingerprint. The girls must have taking turns assisting me thrusting them to their heart's content. Once again, I wish I can describe the feeling if I am awake to witness it. I blur away the vision to avoid another erection.

I find my clothes and slowly put them on. I check that bed every other second. I want no movements. If one of them turns over and hits the missing spot, I am done. I hurry the pace. Success, my clothes are on. I give the girls one last look. They look like angels when they are sleeping.

Can't explain, but I blow each of them a kiss before walking out of the bedroom. A fortress of enchanted pleasures that I know I am condemned to return at some point. Let's just hope I am awake this time.

I leave out of Sam's apartment and went downstairs to the main corridor. Looking at my cell phone, it is nearly seven in the morning. The grass is still wet, the birds are chirping, and not many are stirred. Very typical for a Royal Woods Sunday.

I am in the mood for breakfast. I need some nutrients and most of all, a drink. The least any of these girls can do for me is to have a drink afterwards.
This harem is killing me.

I know what you are thinking? Any fool should be blessed to have a harem. It is true, at first. Having many girls from all walks of life at your fingertips, at your lap, and on my di….

Anyway, when you have girls who love you to the point that they threaten others when they see they are not the only ones, it gets scary. I don't get any rest. Spending the night at Clyde's is not the best method. I feel like a walking target. No, a walking pheromone that attracts women.

Anyway, let me stop.

I kick a rock to pass the time as I make my way to the diner. It is a quaint spot. I love going there when I want time to myself. They make the best apple pie and hot chocolate.

I see the neon lights that welcomes any traveler or local to Magnolia's. A place I like to call my second home. There is no one in the parking lot. So, I know that I will have the place to myself. As I make way, better yet, jettison to my destination, a car stops at the intersection.

It is one of my favorite cars, a gray Audi QR-5. The windows are tinted, the paint job looks recent. Judging by its condition, it is fully loaded. It is the vehicle of my dreams. A car I would like to have someday after I make it rich being a comic book artist.

The Audi pulls the window down, showing the person driving the vehicle. Upon sight, I know who it is. This candid beauty is a well-known news reporter in Detroit. A beautiful brunette. She stands at five foot three inches. She has such strong colored sapphire-like eyes. Her skin is bronze and reminds me of a goddess. Just her shine is enough to blind my vision for such candid beauty. That's right, I have said it twice.

She is in her forties, but appears to be in her late-twenties. She has curvy, but prominent shape. It looks as though she has trainers to keep her in shape. God, I wish I was one of those trainers.

Oh yeah, she is also my neighbor from across the street.

"Lincoln," she tells me in her calm demeanor. Her voice is soothing, like a hot knife on butter. I had the pleasure of hearing her voice on the news at night before heading to bed. I am just going to leave it at that.

"Hi, Mrs. Anderson," I respond back, giving her a wave.

"What are you doing out here by yourself at this hour," she asks me with a motherly tone.

She does have that figure of a mother. Well, she is a mother. She has a daughter in high school and another daughter in college. She had a children young. She and their father didn't last. She has since been in a long-term relationship with her wife over the last several years. As long as I lived on Franklin Avenue, they have lived together.

I don't see her wife as much. She works for the government, contracting with businesses overseas. I don't even have a clue on what she looks like.

"Doing a little morning run," I tell her, obviously lying. "Enjoying the cool air, feeling the breeze on my skin."

She furrows her eyebrows. She scans my attire. She gives a smirk. She knows that I am lying.

"I didn't know that jeans, a polo, and boots were a new trend," she tells me. She puts her car into
park. She goes to the passenger side to open the door. I go inside of the vehicle.

We don't go anywhere. There is no tension. It is very calm. I trust her and I don't have any reason to be scared of her, do I?

"Your nose is showing, Pinocchio dear," she tells me while rubbing her fingers. "You must have forgotten I have two daughters."

"Your daughters," I exclaim. Yes, thank you, Mrs. Tenoh for allowing me to change the subject. "How are they?"

She smiles, leaning back against the seat. "They are well. My oldest is in college in Seattle. The other one is with her dad's for the weekend."

I nod in agreement, showing approval to knowledge of her children. "How is your partner?"

She scratches her chin. That is a tick I notice about her. She does this when something is uneasy. "She is still on leave. She should be coming home soon."

"Good, she must be a good provider for you," I say to her.

"She is," she tells me. She turns to me. "Where were you going?"

"I was planning to get something to eat at that diner," I say to her, pointing at the place.

She chuckled. "Now, Lincoln, you are not going to get any nutrition from eating at those heart-clogging place." She puts the car back in drive. "Are your parents expecting you home any time soon?"

"No, ma'am," I tell her. "They think I am still at Sam's."

She displays a smirk. "Excellent! You are coming to my house. I will make you a meal that will whet your appetite."

I shake my head. I am curious on what meal she does have for me to eat.

"Put on your seat belt," she tells me as we leave the intersection and headed to her house.

Meanwhile, Lucy wakes up from her slumber. The first thing on her mind is to get something to it. On Sundays, breakfast is not served. So, it is up to Lucy to get her own breakfast.

"Sigh," she says, using her usual trademark. "This is a gloomy morning. A very cloudy morning indeed." She turns to her Edwin mannequin head on her bed. "Oh, Edwin. How much I love your lust for darkness, but alas, a new force is within me. Something of a light."

On her nightstand are materials that she purchased from the arts and crafts store. She even has a new mannequin head. Taped to it is a picture of Lincoln.

"Oh, dearest brother," she sighs. "How can an adorably dork like yourself gives me ill feelings?" She takes a breath, still looking at the picture of her older brother. "You give me such a lust for light that it kills me. You make me feel things that wants to brighten my day." She scoffs. "Enough of these damned cliches. Lincoln, I have a thing for you and I won't go."

She get out of bed to put on her slippers. She passes her other siblings to go to the hallway. She is frustrated that she couldn't go with Lincoln and Luna to Sam's house last night. On the surface,
Luna told their mother that she and Lincoln were going to go to the arcade. Unfortunately, a storm happened that night. She watched her mother gripped her cell phone tightly when hearing Luna telling her that she and Lincoln were spending the night at Sam's.

She had a plastic smile and gritted her teeth through the painstaking phone call. Lucy watched from the corner as her mother slammed her fist on the counter.

'Fuck,' she screamed. 'That bitch pulled a fast one on me. Well played, Luna, well played. She gets it from yours truly.' She smirked grimly. 'Since you like pulling heartstrings, Luna. You may want to gain interest in buying a new guitar because this one is going to be so far up your ass that you and that malnourished pasty dyke of yours will have ballads literally out of your ass.'

Lucy kept herself hidden as her mother walked out of the kitchen. 'I thought that tonight was going to be the night I was going to have my way with my lovable, dorky son. If she plans to take his virginity, then she is in a rude awakening.'

She watched her mother go to the living room to put on her raincoat. She opened the door to the basement where her father was working on his work. 'Honey, I am going to make a run. Be back soon.'

'That is fun, Mama Bear,' replied her father. 'Papa Bear loves you.'

'You too,' replied her mother weakly. She grabbed the keys and made her way to the car. She watched her mother leave the driveway and into the darkness.

Lucy feels the same way like her mother and her frustrations with Lincoln. She, too, wants a taste of her brother. Unlike her mother, she doesn't believe that violence is going to solve the matter. Lucy is going to be patient. Eventually, Lincoln is going to need a shoulder to cry on. That shoulder was going to be her shoulder. The cloth that his tears will absorb into. The cloth that she is going to use as fuel for later on in her dreams with Lincoln.

Tonight, she wants to imagine herself as a vampire and he is the victim of a female-dominated vampiric sex. She can't wait.

She walks to the kitchen where she sees her mother lying on the kitchen table. She is sleeping. Her clothes are soaked in water. There is a track of mud coming from the back of the back door. On the table is a pair of pliers, scissors, and a bucket of sugar.

"Sigh," she says quietly. "Mom pulled a bitch move. Either she cut the brakes, scratched Sam's vehicle, or put sugar in the gas tank." She shook her head in a condescending manner. "She is a made bitch." She kisses her mother on her forehead before retrieving the milk out of the refrigerator. "Thank God, I stopped her from using scissors the last time when she pulled that stunt on Lori and Leni," she says to herself. "I told my mother that you don't have to do that to get even. Just exchange dildos. They never clean after themselves."

She laughs to herself. "Maybe I am not so different than my mother. She needs an ally for now."

Corn flakes is her cereal of choice. The living room is her destination to watch television and eat cereal. She flips through the typical programming of infomercials, religious programming, and news before finding something on Investigation Discovery.

"Deadly Sins," she exclaims as she turns up the volume. "My cup of tea for me on this gloomy Sunday morning.

She takes a spoonful of her breakfast when something catches her eye. She puts the bowl down on
the living room table and walks to the window. She sees her neighbor, Mrs. Anderson's car, in the driveway. Normally, Lucy doesn't care about her neighbors. Honestly, she doesn't like Mrs. Anderson. In her opinion, although Mrs. Anderson is in a lesbian relationship, she knows that Mrs. Anderson is eyeing more than just fish.

Last week, she walked across the street when Lincoln and Clyde were lounging in their plastic swimming pool. Lucy watched from her window how forward she was to Lincoln. She offered the boys to come back to her house for popsicles and soda. On the whim, Lucy ran to her mother about the situation.

It was thanks to her quick thinking that didn't allow Lincoln to go to her house. Now, she is watching Lincoln entering the premises.

"She is an enemy," she says aloud. "She wants my Lincoln and I can't have that. She must be stopped."

She returns to the kitchen where she sees the items left by her mother. "I won't be violent, but I didn't say I wouldn't be harsh."
Good evening, ladies and gentleman. This is Lincoln Loud. I want to welcome you to *The Random Interlude with Lincoln Loud (After the Show)*. Once again, I don't have right to any theme music. I am not even allowed to use my own theme song from this show. Therefore, use your imagination on whatever theme song you want it to be. Right now, I am imagining the theme to *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*.

Anyway, from this latest episode, I was telling you guys about a yandere and ways to know one and to prevent one, if one comes your way. I also had my colleague, Clyde McBride, to give you tips on knowing your yandere. Alas, finally, I also have to explain the situation of holding my first show in the bathroom of a yandere. Excuse me, a yandere who is a vampire.

Currently, I am chained in her dungeon. It is not so bad with the exception of the pungent, musty odor. A chain adorned to my neck. Also, the sun has yet to arrive and she is on her way for her feeding.

I am still sore from the last bite she gave me. You get used to the pain as time goes on. Not my first encounter with her. So, today's after show episode is to explain how did I meet this vampire.

Her name is Willow. Unsure if it is her real name, but that is the name the damsel has given me. She looks young. Obviously older than me. She has the appearance of an eighteen, nineteen year old. She has the appearance if Rosario Dawson and Scarlett Johansson had a child. She has the legs of Eva Mendes and the charm of Jodie Foster, I think.

It was on a Friday. Tomoko and Nurse Kazami had some extra curricular going on with me. I took my leave and made my way back to the house. As always, I got to go to Magnolia's to get my fill of hot chocolate and apple pie, but the place was crowded. So, I went to the arcade and get my fill on snacks. As I was approaching the establishment, I saw this girl dressed in black. Cliche, I know. But, wait a second….

*Darling, who are you talking to?*

Nobody, mistress. Just gathering my thoughts.

*Making sure, darling. I will be on my way for my feed. You are not going to thwart anything plans in my face, will you?*

I won't.

*Ok, my darling.*

Ok, anyway. She was wearing gothic lolita clothing. A dress than extended down to her legs. She had an umbrella that was in black. She sat at the outside table. It looked like she was waiting for somebody. I kept my cool and tried to pass her, but I caught her attention.

She asked me if I was familiar with Royal Woods. Figured that she was from out-of-town, I explain to her that I knew about the city. She asked me if I knew any good places that sold good steak. She wasn't going to find any of that here. She had to go into town for some legit steak. Being a good person, I pulled out my phone and showed her some restaurants within the outskirts of the city or within Detroit. She was calm, bidding me a thanks.

As I tried to go into the restaurant, she stopped me again. She wanted to know if I had the time.
Before I could answer, I sneezed. It resulted in a bit of snot to come from my nose. She was tickled; a bit embarrassing for me. She pulled out her handkerchief to help me wipe my nose. I was grateful. I took the handkerchief. She helped me wipe my nose. But, I felt a strange sensation and a funny scent from the handkerchief. Something was wrong. I tried to pull away, but she pressed tighter.

She shushed me. She was telling me I was going to be fine. She was putting me in a temporary slumber. That was all I could remember before going into that slumber.

I don't want to get into much specifics. I actually going to save that part of the story into a random moment. So, stay tuned and be patient. Also, my producer is also telling me to tell you to give him some slack. He is so backed up with other things that material isn't flowing as well. As much as he wants to give you guys good quality, it is going to take longer than it should. So, the management thanks you in advance.

So, a bit about Willow. I want to give you a lowdown about her before I give her a special random moment about her. Willow is possessive. I noticed that on day one when she saw my cell phone. Another thing, she is hypersexual. She is insatiable. Even as she bites me during sex, it is never enough for her hunger. She would "milk" me about six to eight times a day. And sometimes that is within the hour.

No need for condoms. She has been baren over the last...let me see...three hundred years? She had a daughter and a son, but they have passed over a hundred years ago. They were products of vampire and human relationship. I don't know the dynamics of it. I hear different things of it. Chibi Vampire says one thing. Tokyo Ghoul says another. Maybe Rosario + Vampire or Vampire Hunter D or Blood, said something, but I never looked deep into it.

So, if anyone has knowledge on vampires, please let me know. I didn't know they pick Michigan as a hunting ground. I always thought they would go to Louisiana like on True Blood or California. Any southernmost state. Yet again, Vampire in Brooklyn proved me wrong. Funny movie, by the way.

Ok, enough of my random ranting. No wonder why this show has low ratings.

Back to Willow. It is best if I don't ever disobey her orders. Because she punishes very harshly. And not, unlike a yandere, she finds no thrill of punishing. She feels that it is necessary to get her point. On my back, I have a long scratch mark. How did I get that?

After premiering my first episode of this show.

I do have a plan to escape. I hope that it will work this time. I found a bear trap lingering around here. At some point, she lets me go so I can use the restroom. I ask her for privacy, the least she could do for humility. When she leaves me alone, I am going to go for it. I pray that it works.

So, looking now, this after show was a bit about nothing. Way to go, Seinfeld.

So, on the next episode of Random Interlude with Lincoln Loud, we are going discuss topics I can not think about because Willow is staring at me as we speak.

If anybody have any suggestions, please drop a line to the show or contact my producer. Also feel free to contact my loved ones for my whereabouts. I know they are missing me. #freelincoln

Until next time, ladies and gentleman. Enjoy your life, even if those moments are random.
Who are you talking to? There is someone in here, is there?

Not to make knowledge. Just talking with myself to pass...what are you doing?

Since you want to be a tease, I have something to tease you with.

Please, not that device again. It hurts going number one or when I feel aroused.

Tough. Since you won't admit to who you are speaking to, you are going to suffer.

God, not this again.

I was going to feed on you once, but instead I am going further. After I get my fill, down there. I am gonna to seal you with it for a while. But, don't worry, darling. The teasing won't stop here. I have other ways to put you into pleasure.

Willow, you don't mean....

I am unfortunate to learn about my blood doll's virginity being in the hands of some harlot skank. But, there is one area I can make sure it belongs to me.

Oh, hell, not this again. I want to tell her that even that end is...Lord, help me.
A Random Lincoln and Luan Moment

*A random Lincoln and Luan moment…*

It was in the middle of the afternoon where Luan was driving in the family van. She turned the radio dial to a classic rock station. It had to suffice for her parents couldn't afford satellite radio. She couldn't wait until she was old enough to buy a car on her own. She had hoped that if could purchased off of her first comedy gig. The days of birthday parties, bar mitzvahs, and small company events were becoming dull. Although she appreciate the gigs, she dreamed of something more. She had dreams of her name on billboards from the comedy clubs of Los Angeles to marquees off of the Las Vegas Strip. Luan Loud was going to be a household name one day, she boldly declared to her siblings in the kitchen a couple of days prior.

'My name will be on some much billboards that you will get **bored** of seeing them.'

In the end, it was a silent audience; and the crickets weren't even chirping at her. The awkwardness of the kitchen table was a bit unbearable for Luan. As an exit strategy, she tried another antidote for comedy relief.

"You guys are being mean,' she cried. "Then that is why you are all average!" She stretched out her arms, expecting a result or at least a reaction from the family.

Lori broke the silence. 'Listen, Luan. I have to be honest. Your jokes are not funny. They are terrible, I mean, terrible as sin.'

Luan was taken aback from her sister's comment. She stammered but maintained her composure. 'Lori, I don't know what you are talking about. I am like a dentist of comedy. I do have feelings too.'

Lisa came and intervened between the siblings. 'Lori, don't even bother with Luan. If that is her passion, then that is her passion.'

Luan blushed when feeling defended by her younger sister. 'You're sweet, Lisa.'

'Incorrect, my gullible sister,' interjected Lisa while keeping her finger up. 'A comedian is a dime a dozen. There are too many out there who vies for your profession. Let's face it. You remind me of Gallagher in a drunken bender, but at least we had a good laugh every now and again.'

'That doesn't make sense,' said Luan.

'It doesn't have to make sense,' retorted Lisa. 'In other words, pardon my French, you suck!'

A quick burst of laughter hit the table. Luan became flushed. Her eyes began watering and she clenched her heart tightly.

'You are better off starring in a bad, I mean, bad porno,' answered Lisa. 'But look on the bright side you be a coming attraction!'

The sounds of hands hitting the table was a result of the roar of laughter from the siblings.

'That is not true,' cried Luan. 'I don't suck. I am funny. I am successful. You can't beat me on anything!'
'That is not what I heard in the bathroom,' interjected Lori with a glaring smile. 'From what I have heard, you were beating your meat.' Mockingly, she added. 'Oh, Lincoln! Oh, Lincoln! Cream me! Cream me!'

'Fuck off,' cried Luan. 'Don't act like you have a thing for Lincoln. You two blonde sluts were beating his meat in the backseat that night at the theatre. Don't think I was stupid to not hear that.'

'Oh, what's the matter, Luan,' said Lori with a smirk. 'Mad that I have affection for my little brother whereas the only thing you dirtied was your hand. I can still smell fish, Luan. Check your cycle before trying to roast me back with those lame ass puns.'

The siblings laughed as Luan defeatingly left the kitchen table. Before she left, Luan made one final comment. 'To hell with you guys! Plus, Lori, you have no room to say nothing about me. And for the record, when I scanned Bobby's phone. The day you were supposed to visit him, but you were with Lincoln? He had you on contact under Little Caesar's.'

Luan left the house with a trail of tears stemming from her face. She ran outside where she continued running. Where was she going was uncertain, but she wanted to get away from her sisters. She stopped at the foot of City Hall. From the distance, she saw Lincoln sitting at the park.

She blushed from the sight of Lincoln. She hid behind the bench so he wouldn't see her. It was true that she was masturbating to Lincoln. She couldn't get the thought of the white-haired boy out of her head. Every night, her thoughts were filled with Lincoln. She masturbated to the thoughts of him till the point where her sheets were changed every other evening. Often, she used her dummy as a prop to practice oral sex on her. One time, she attached one of Leni's dildos and performed oral sex on the doll, pretending it to be Lincoln.

She was already upset that Leni, Lori, Luan, and her mother already had their fill of Lincoln. She thought how hypercritical of Lori to belittle her like that.

*That fucking cum-guzzling whore. The nerve to talk about me, knowing she is doing the same thing. She hopes I don't film the next encounter and send it to Bobby. I may have played bluff with Lori, but next time, I will be for real.*

She got up from the bench and saw Lincoln reading a comic book. It appeared that he was alone.

*Lincoln loves reading comic books. I know it is Ace Savvy. He also read those Japanese comic books also. I wonder what he is reading. He is at an age in which he should be looking at more risque books. I wonder how he is like when the girls did things to him. Does he squirm? Is he big? Will he resist? How does he taste?*

*How in the hell did those bitches get a fill of his milk before me? They better pray they lock their doors tonight for I might get a pillow on their ass? Mom better check her secret alcohol stash. An extra ingredient might be added. Luna better check her guitar. There might be a malfunction. Lori and Leni? Saying you sickening bitches for last.*

*In the end, Lincoln is mine. I will turn him into a proper playmate. He will drown in my love. Rather he wants it or not. He is mine, you twats. Mine, mine, mine, MINE!*

Making up her mind, she went to the park with the interest of talking to Lincoln. It wasn't until she saw that Lincoln wasn't alone. At the park, she saw another girl approach Lincoln. She knew who she was. This quiet girl was the same girl that has come to their house on numerous occasions. The same girl who she suspected in the lineup of girls who have been with Lincoln.
"Tomoko," she said flatly.

She watched as Tomoko got behind Lincoln. She wrapped her arms around his neck. She was kissing the back of his neck and playing with his hair. She wrapped her legs around his hips. She watched as Lincoln was being taken advantaged.

Watching this made Luan tighten her fist. "Since you want to play like that, we can play."

It was in the middle of the afternoon in the family van. Luan was listening to the classic rock station on the radio. She turned the volume up so that she wouldn't hear the muffling noises in the backseat.

In the backseat were Tomoko and Lincoln. Both had their hands and legs bounded and their mouth gagged. Both were lying next to each other. From the mirror, they could see the smile on Luan's face.

"Tomoko, since you like my brother, then I guess we can play a game," she said. She eyed Lincoln. "Sorry, bro. I have to teach you a lesson. I have to teach you on how to take care of a lady."

Since you and Tomoko want to have fun, then I guess I will have to join you as well. I will let Lincoln know who the main queen in this bitch. I think they are bound to like it.

This concludes a random Lincoln and Luan moment. To be continued until next time. This chapter really got kind of dark. I say this because if she wanted to get back at someone, shouldn't be her sisters? I don't know, I just post what the producer tells me. Even I am beginning to question his sanity.
A Random Moment with a Hikikomori

A random moment with a hikikomori….

In the dictionary, a hikikomori is defined as a recluse who cuts themselves from society. They rarely leave home and they spend their days confined in their room. Most people who identifies as a hikikomori don't have any friends and don't interact with their families. Now, from what I heard of stereotypes, people like them consume their brains into fantasies of grandeur of video games, manga, and anime. In other words, a otaku hermit. Well, that is not always true. From the research I gathered, hikikomori is a person who has a bias between reality and fantasy. Something triggered them to get away from society. Pressures of success, bullying, overall a low sense of self-worth.

People think of hearing the word, hikikomori, and actually assumed that it pertains to the Japanese. Not necessarily. Just because that is a Japanese word, it can reflect upon anyone who is confined into their own shell and labeled themselves as hermits.

My classmate and acquaintance...well let's call her Nory. Funny name, I know. But it is an anagram of her full name. I am disclosing this name because I have my reasons. Part of which is going to be included in this story. Nory and I used to have class together. She sat two rows down from me. She was a quiet girl. A girl who blend into the walls and didn't have a clue who she was until she spoke. She was a pretty girl. Despite the scruffy frizzy black hair, covering her blue eyes underneath her bangs, she can be pretty. She always wore the same kind of clothes. A blouse that she had in numerous of colors. She sported a plaid skirt. Honestly, you would think she was a private school girl or a Japanese school girl. She confined herself in the corner. Always drawing and listening to music. That was her routine until she stopped coming to class. My teacher never bothered her. She did her work punctually and made decent grades. She was the most quiet of the class, so it didn't what Nory did.

However, she was targeted by some. They would throw spitballs, balled paper, and the occasional pen or pencil. Once, one boy poured spoiled milk over her hair and spat at her. His words, "It doesn't matter, she is just trash to be disposed of." That bothered me. I didn't have enough time to let those words resonate. I was dumbfounded on his poor choice of words. Trash, you called her? I showed him what trash was. From what I have collected or what Clyde told me. I swinged my book into his face. I hit him. However, in the midst of my frustration, Nory also became collateral damage.

As I was getting help by the nurse (the substitute nurse while Nurse Kazami took the day off to get some supplies for our next encounter), she told me that Nory snapped. Nory got up and attacked the boy. Then, she went for me. However, she didn't attack me. She came and kissed me. I don't remember any of it, but the taste of spoiled milk was enough proof.

Nory hasn't been to school since. According to my teacher, Nory will be spending the rest of the year homebound. Because of her situation, her assignments are to be sent to her home. However, her only family is her grandmother and she is a shut-in. In result, my teacher assigned me to give her her homework. Of course I was not surprised. She would pick the boy who is the protagonist in this story to do a deed. It is never the secondary character. But, alas, the path would have crossed eventually. Nory doesn't seem so bad. She had a pretty smile. She shared one that day when I was being sent home for my two-day suspension.

Nory lives in the same apartment complex as Sam. fortunately, Nory's apartment block is in front of the complex. Sam lives a few blocks near the back. At some point, I have to face Sam. I hope to
be awake this time for our 2-on-1, hands free catch the quarter, or lesbian. Feeling the aches from my butt, I am certain that Sam and/or Luna has done something. But, they are not the first to do so.

That story I will explain another time. Also, the story when I have lost my virginity. Contrary to popular belief, the girls I have had my encounters with, neither of which have taken my virginity. There was someone else. Hopefully someday I can share that girl to you guys. But, I am not ready to share that. Sorry, people, it isn't Ronnie Anne.

Back to the story, I have my backpack with all of her notes. I am happy that she lives on the first floor. I ring the bell to get her attention. After a few moments, the door opens. It is her grandmother. A very friendly lady. She is in her seventies and confined to a wheelchair. Despite her ailments, she is a highly spirited lady. She is happy that somebody can to see her granddaughter. As she takes in and takes her notes, she offers me tea. As we drink, she explains how Nory used to be outgoing. It shows on her pictures that she used to do tennis, cheerleading, and softball. Her grandmother's voice fades. She says that when her parents and older brother died in a car crash a few years back, she changed.

I remember that Nory was a new student at one point. It was about two years ago. She wasn't in my class back then, but she was gloomy as she is now. Her grandmother tells me that Nory's behavior has recently changed because she kept mentioning my name.

*Lincoln is so wonderful, grandma.*

*He saved me from the stupid dude who poured milk on me.*

*Lincoln is so cute, so smart.*

*I like Lincoln. He is my new friend.*

Flattered with the comments, I am grateful to know Nory and I are in good terms. I don't mention the kiss to her grandmother. Don't want to promote further ideas with this lady. She asks me if I want to visit Nory. Being casual, I insist.

She takes me by the hand to her bedroom. The sounds of speed rock is coming through the thick door. She knocks a few times but no answer. Her grandmother tells me to walk in. She says that she should be decent because it is late in the afternoon. I thank her. She tells me that she is appreciative of my friendship with Nory. She honestly never thought she can have a friend. She tells me that she is going to take nap. And feel free to leave after I finish talking to Nory.

I take my hand and open the door. Upon opening, it is dark, with the exception of the curtain showing the sound and the huish glow from the computer screen. I feel the bass boosting through her speakers. They were *Bose* speakers and looks very updated. Surprisingly, her room isn't a mess. I always thought hikikomori people kept their room music, but it is strangely neat. I mean, there is trash, but it is organized. Her clothes are folded, the floor is clear.

Through the darkness, I see stacks of manga on her bed and on her desk. She had collections of shounen, shoujo, yaoi (plenty of it), yuri, and ero-manga. Let's be honest, there is plenty of ero-manga on her bed. Now, I am not a particular fan of hentai, but she has work from Juan Gotoh, Michiking, and that artist who writes *A Woods of a Thousand Young*. I even see *Sakura Diaries* and *Aki Sora* in her pile.

*Side note, Aki Sora* speaks to me. That comic moved me because I can feel where Sora is coming from. My timidity isn't the same as him, but I felt his emotions with his sisters. I can't stand the younger sister. She was a confused bitch. Excuse me, but I am telling you how I felt. She is a
complete tsundere bitch. I mean why in the hell do you get mad at Sora for your feelings of Kana. I mean, you introduced her to him. What do you think was going to happen? Then you rape him as a result of your ill feelings? I hate when people give orders without taking responsibility. Fortunately, none of my sisters, with the exception of Luna share those feelings. If I were Sora, those scissors….

Ok, enough of that rant. This story is about Nory and not me. I make a reminder to share that in the future.

Back to the story, I see her chair at the center in which I call, The Headquarters. This girl had the most top of the line gear you can imagine. She has six computer screens, three on each side. She had XBOX One and PS4. Her video game collection outshines mine any day of the week. One thing that is hitting me, where in the heck does she gets this money?

I walk closer as she has headphones. As I approach, I hear her making moans. I then notice that I hear soft, but squishy sounds. Now, it doesn't take much of a genius to know that she is masturbating. I am getting used to it. Lori and Leni does it at night when they think no one is listening. We aren't bold enough to go through the door. I use a fan to block the sounds, white noise.

I keep my distance. I am curious. I mean I don't want to surprise her, then yet again, why I am still here? I peep at the screen. She is watching pornography and not any pornography, hentai. I should have known better. However, I am still curious. I see as she rubs herself on her tities. She is wearing a gray t-shirt. If I paid attention, I didn't know she had nice breast. She continues flicking her nipples with one hand and stroking her pussy with the other hand. I can't see her panties, but the musk is apparent. It is strong, pungent. It lets me know how long it has been since she taken a shower.

I see a box next to the laptop. The cover matches the same thing I am seeing in the computer screen.

"School Days," I said aloud.

She stops. She takes out the headphones and she turns her chair into my direction. She doesn't react right away. I see that she is in a daze. Her gray shirt is so sweaty that her nipples are protruding. Her yellow panties are drenched. Sweat stains and spots of her juices are apparent.

Now, I know what you are thinking, How am I so calm with this? A boy should be rock hard when seeing this. I am used to it, for starters. Granted this situation is worthy of it. However, I am not a pervert. I am just in a position in which I have taken more beatings than Rihanna on Chris Brown's best days. Or better yet, I have taken more beatings than D-Day. Point is, I know where this is going and I am mentally prepared for it.

"Lincoln," she cries in shock. She looks at herself as she is surprised to see her in this position.

"Listen, Nory," I tell her. "I am sorry for intruding. Your grandmother let me in."

She stares at me. However, I watch as her hand is extending towards me. Following her hand, she stands.

"Lincoln," she cries. She runs to my direction and pushes me to the bed. I smell the pungent odor as it impacts my nose. It reminds me of onion and three day old limburger cheese. How do I know? Bobby brought some back to Lori when he was visiting France.
She takes my face, feeling the used hand on my face. "Lincoln, you saw me, didn't you?" Her eyes tell me everything. I should have never seen her in this position. I should have never come here. Before I could deduce any more thought, she reaches for my face again and kisses me. My eyes widened as she is thrusting her tongue in my mouth. Meanwhile, she bucks her hips at my groin. She locks grips as she lightly moans at the pleasure she is receiving for herself.

In the midst of this, my dick begins standing at attention. I knew it was only a matter of time.

Once she finishes kissing me, she stands up. "I didn't want you to see me like this. But, since you are here, I might as well continue."

I try to produce a sentence to explain that it doesn't have to be like this. However, she gets a taser and jerks it on my stomach. I am being electrocuted as her face displays nothing.

As I am drifting, I can hear her humming.

_I am sorry, Lincoln. I didn't want to do this. Since you are here, I will be taking advantage. Can't wait to have fun with you, Senpai!_

_This concludes a random moment with a hikikomori. To be continued until next time._
A Random Moment with Leni and Lori

A random moment with Leni and Lori.

Unfortunately, Lincoln won't be featured in this random moment. He is kind of tied up at the moment. He shall return once he loosens up, if you know what I mean. In the meantime, let's take a look on what is going on in the Loud household.

Lori and Leni retired to their rooms for a nap; or at least, that was what they told the others so they wouldn't be disturb. In their bedroom, the sounds of trance music filled the room, covering the sounds of the creaking bed. It was there where the two blonde sisters were engaging in sex. Lori and Leni shared a kiss with one another as they sat on the bed. A trail of saliva bridged the pair.

"I don't like the fact Lincoln is not here, Lori," cried Leni. "I have to resort to this because I am in the mood." She continued fondling Lori's breast, exciting her in the process.

"I know, sis," she replied. "But at least we can take care of each other until he returns." She kissed Leni's neck, making her moan as she continued fondling Lori's breast. Lori licked her chin before edging to her lips. Leni purred as she was becoming more aroused by her sister's touch.

"I want you to play Lincoln this time," cried Leni. "I want his dick so damn bad that it hurts. My pussy is crying of not having his dick inside of me."

She glared at Leni. "Okay, but I want you to be Lincoln afterwards."

Leni shook her head in agreement. The sisters took off their clothes as Leni went to her bed. She lied in waiting as Lori went to get her white wig and their special orange dildo nicknamed Lincoln for the occasion. Whenever Lincoln was unavailable and they were in the mood, they played a game of "boyfriend and girlfriend" to pass the time. It didn't replace Lincoln, but it was a substitute when they get their turn. Something that hurts them to the inner core. Both are conspiring on a plan to get Lincoln to themselves. Rather if he wanted or not.

Lori approached the bed on her knees. Her white hair shining from the sun. Leni was excited by the sight of their Lincoln that her pussy was drooling with anticipation.

"Go on and put it in me, Lincoln," cried Leni as Lori put her dildo inside of Leni's pussy. Leni used her pillow to muffle her moaning as she was enjoying the pleasure of her sister fucking her. "Yes, Lincoln. I love your cock. Fuck me, baby. Fuck me, fuck me. Make me your wife. Make me get pregnant."

Lori began rubbing herself, thrusting at Leni's tight pussy. She, too, was fantasizing having sex with Lincoln. She gritted her teeth at the thought of taking Lincoln in his ass. "Yes, baby. Take that cock. Beg for it like you beg for it. If I could make you pregnant, Lincoln. I could."

Both girls moaned harshly as they cried out for their little brother.

"Lincoln, make me a mommy," cried Leni. "Make my pussy to never forget your shape."

"Become my bitch, Lincoln," moaned Lori. "Make me be a daddy for you."

"Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln." The sisters cried their brother's name before climaxing. Both shivered as they squirted their juices. They were in a daze, but confirmed their climax with a kiss. They shared a kiss for a moment before lying next to each other. Both cuddled on the bed as they

...
were panting from their encounter.

"Lesbian sex is fun," cried Lori. "But it doesn't replace the real thing."

"I know, sis," replied Leni. "I miss Lincoln. I don't know what to do without him."

Lori rubbed her sister's hair. "Don't sis. I do have something to remedy that."

Lori stepped out of bed and went into her closet. When she came back from the closet, Leni smiled widened upon the sight of what Lori displayed.

It was a body pillow with the exact height and replica of Lincoln. "I was saving it for days like these," said Lori. "Now, we can have Lincoln at any time."

Leni screamed. "I am excited, but it is not the real thing."

"Of course not, dear, but even Lincoln needs a break. We don't want to break him. Not yet at least."

"Can't wait until our collars come in for him," answered Leni. "I want to shower him with love with the determination of his submission to us."

"Give it time, sis," said Lori with a grin. "It won't be long until Lincoln becomes our full possession." She smirked. "Not Mom, Luna, or that creamied slut Luan is going to take our Lincoln away. Or any others."

Lori felt a beep coming from her cell phone. She went to it and pull it out.

"What's the matter, sis," asked Leni.

"It is the tracking device I planted in Lincoln's tennis shoes," said Lori. "I want to make sure his whereabouts at all times." She went to the app to see his whereabouts. "I am not getting a signal."

"Why do you think it is not reaching," groaned Leni.

"I am not sure, but I am going to find out," said Lori.

"And I thought I was the only bisexual slut around here," said the voice who turned out to be Luna.

Luna walked in with a toothy grin as she sat at the foot of Lori's bed. "I caught the latter half of the action with you sluts. Didn't think Lincoln got you that thirsty to fuck each other. Then yet again, experimentation is wonderful." She grinned loudly at her embarrassed sisters.

"What in the hell do you want, Luna," protested Lori. "The fact that you boned our brother makes you an enemy. Why should we care of your opinion?"

Luna crossed her arms. "Frankly, I couldn't care what you think of me, but I can help you on his whereabouts."

"Easy," replied Luna. "Do you see the family van anywhere?"

Leni looked outside and saw that the driveway was empty. She turned to the group. "No, I don't see it."

"Just as I thought," cried Luna. "Now, question number two. Where is Luan?"
Lori forgot that Luan left the house not too long after their small argument at the kitchen table.
Luna remained calm, still smiling.

"So, family van is missing and Luan is missing. So where could she be?"

Lori hit the wall. "That fucking bitch! She is with Lincoln!"

"No, no, no," cried Leni. "Not that pasty geek!"

"Relax, blonde," said Luna. "If you makes you feel better, I know where she is going."

"Really," cried Leni. "Then tell us."

Lori intervened. "Wait a minute, Luna. Why are you telling us this info? We know that you want Lincoln as well."

Luna smiled. "Alas, it is true. Me and Sam have done wonderful things with Lincoln. You should imagine how he rocks a schoolgirl outfit."

Lori was unamused. She already was close to fighting her own sister, but she had to keep her composure. She sighed heavily. "What is your price?"

Luna nodded her head in disagreement. "Nothing. I just want us to be allies."


Luna was taken aback, but still remained calm. "Now, listen. Hear me on this. It is best we have some form of an alliance. You have to understand that Lincoln is important asset for all of us."

"Explain," said Lori.

"You guys are not the only ones that want Lincoln. You have me and Sam. Don't forget Mom, Lucy, and Luan."

"Lucy?"

"Correct! Lucy plays deadpan, but she isn't slick. Check her new mannequin when you get the chance. She threw Edwin in the trash. I couldn't believe it."

Lori released her frustration. She became relaxed. She didn't want to trust Luna, but she was willing to hear more of what she wanted to say.

"Lincoln is an item we all want. The names I said is all I know. There are others out there. So, I was thinking we need to form an alliance so we can have the share of the loot of Lincoln."

"Share the loot with you?"

"Why not? Lucy and Mom are allies. Luan stands alone as of now. If we unite, then we can work hard to stop the others from having their way with Lincoln."

Lori put her finger to her lips, trying to think about Luna's request.

"What is your goal?"

"The same thing, I want Lincoln. But, we can share him. I don't have to have him every day, but enough to get my cunt wet."
"I think we should do it," said Leni. "I want to ovulate with him."

Luna wrapped her arms around Leni. "Seems like Leni is on board."

Lori sighed. "Fine, we are allies for now." She scoffed. "Where can we find Luan."

"Easy," said Luna. "Do you like going fishing?"

This concludes our random moment with Leni and Lori.

Meanwhile, Lynn was edging against the wall listening to the conversation between her sisters on plotting to get Lincoln. Lynn gritted her teeth because of her disadvantage of taking Lincoln herself. She took breaths, trying her best to think coherently. She wiped her forehead as she walked away from the scene.

Lynn stepped outside of the house to cool off. Like them, she even wanted a taste of her little brother. And knowing that Lori, Leni, Luan, their mother, and Lucy desired Lincoln, that infuriated her.

Lincoln is too innocent for your damned boards. How dare you enter the race. You guys think you are worthy of Lincoln? He is mine, you fucking twats.

She reached to her cell phone where she contacted one of her skating buddies. After a moment, the phone picked up.

"Hello," answered the voice.

"Hey, it's me," said Lynn. "Listen, can you borrow your dad's car. There is a place I need to go."
A Random (Trapped) Moment at School

It's a trap! An awkward, brief, random moment at school with Lincoln….

Lincoln was muffled in the silence as he was tied to base of the vault in the school shed. The school shed was a location of storage of school equipment and among other things. It included where he was being held hostage at the moment. Meanwhile, he was embraced by a familiar figure that he had known at school. She continued licking his face and laughing at the excitement of the moment. A combination of the coolness of the handcuffs and her hot kisses were driving him nearly insane. He wanted to kick, to resist this girl, but she also tied rope around his ankles and legs, hindering him.

She crackled. "No one is going to find out about my secret spot, Lincoln," she purred as she continued kissing him, leaving a trail of her saliva in the process. Lincoln continued groaning, but that was all he could do. He looked as his captive continued to have her way with him.

Once she pecked him on the cheek, she aimed at his gym clothes. She lowered herself down and began rubbing at his groin. She saw his eyes watered at the sight.

"Didn't imagine your little dicky was up and at it," said the girl.

Her name was Chloe. A wild firecracker to those who have known her. She moved to Royal Woods from Madison Heights. At five feet six inches, she was quite tall for her age. She had a light, creamy complexion that reminded Lincoln of milk. She was a bit chubby, but her breasts and her butt made up for it. She was quite curvaceous. Her chestnut hair hidden her eyes, but those blue eyes turned into heart-shaped pupils whenever she was around.

The producer of this series is going to have a backstory on this character as soon as he can. Until then, enjoy the situation that Lincoln has got himself into. Thanks, the Management.

"Good morning," she told Lincoln's dick as she kissed it through his clothes. Lincoln moaned. His eyes begged her to stop. "Oh, Lincoln," she told him, caressing his cheek. "It's okay, because I won't stop even if your brain tells me to. I am taking you to the moon." She breathed over his dick, rubbing it with her cheeks. She kept tugging and pushing the head. "Aw, it is acting like a turtle."

In this particular juncture, Lincoln didn't know what to do. He couldn't say he was never in this predicament, but under these circumstances, the situation is special. Lincoln's eyes widened when he saw the growing erection coming from Chloe's groin.

It wasn't a rumor. Chloe was transgendered girl. When arriving to the school, she did not hide her pride. She was proud of her situation and wasn't afraid to display her affections. Especially when it came to Lincoln, she was eyeing from day one. She waited for the right moment because she had to wait in line with the rest of the girls.

"It was a great idea to convince you to help me with the gear," she said, while licking his dick. "You are so gullible, Lincoln."

Lincoln felt the surge of energy coming from his dick. He knew that he was going to come at any moment. He groaned loudly to alert her or anybody of the matter. His pleas were in vain as she continued playing with his dick.

"I want you to come in your gym clothes," said Chloe. "I have a strong fetish for that."
You have a strong fetish for everything, you pervert. You are one of the biggest nerds in the entire school. People in high school has heard the name of Chloe Molyneaux.

"Come for me, Lincoln," screamed Chloe. "Let your seed out!"

The pressure of her hands were getting to him. Thus, he released the contents of his semen inside of his gym shorts. He was embarrassed at this particular moment. Not the worst pitfall in his record of this harem, but enough to still call it a low.

Chloe got from Lincoln. She took off her shirt, exposing her breast. She has been to hormone therapy and admittedly to Lincoln, they looked very decent. That thought, once again, awoken his erection.

"Seems like somebody is liking it," said Chloe while smiling. "But, alas, you had a turn." She walked to his direction, swaying her hips as her erection was protruding from her shorts. "Now, it is my turn."

Lincoln squirmed as she pressed forward to his direction. She pulled the gag from his mouth.

"Chloe, are you crazy," he questioned her with a serious tone.

Chloe didn't respond. She pulled out a syringe. "Do you want to make this harder like how I got you last time or make it easier and play with my clitty?"

Lincoln defeatingly got silent.

"That is what I thought," she replied. "I am doing this for us, baby. I don't want to hurt you. I am making my mark so the girls will recognize my scent. They will know you are the property of Chloe." She put her hands around his neck. "Now, it is time to take your temperature. Got to see how my little Lincoln is feeling."

This concludes the awkward, brief, random moment at school with Lincoln. The producer of this random moment is not responsible for the awkwardness of this scene. Please keep an open mind when it comes to people of the LGBT community. Well, except for Chloe. Let's be honest, she is another perverted yandere who is after Lincoln along with the many others.

Random fact: Chloe Molyneaux is the niece of Ms. DiMartino.

To be continued until next time. Seriously, I am really questioning the sanity of this author.

Rita was in Lincoln's bedroom inhaling her son's used underwear. She was playing with her pussy to the thoughts of Lincoln. Once again, her senses were tingling. She knew that somebody in the atmosphere was messing with her Lincoln. She gripped her chest tighter as she continued stroking her pussy.

"I don't know who you are, but I am going to find out," she said to himself. "Lincoln, you have some explaining to do."

As she was close to climaxing, she began raising her voice. "Nobody, I mean, nobody doesn't have any claim to my Lincoln. I gave birth to him, so therefore, he is my property."

She continued moaning her son's name before releasing her juices over his closet floor. She ebbed in the pleasure before returning back to normal. To make her claim on Lincoln, she put some of her juices on his stuffed rabbit, Bun-Bun.
She smirked. "When you sleep at night, my dear, you will have a taste of your mother."

Now a plan on how I am going to take care of these fucking whores. I know I have made an alliance with Lucy, but I still look at her as a threat. But for now, I will play her game. Then once trouble gets solved, then Lincoln is mine for the taking.
This Is Not A Random Moment (Lincoln's Journey)

This is not a random moment. This is a special chapter of Lincoln's departure.

He thanked the clerk as he received his ticket. He put it inside of his wallet for safekeeping. According to the ticket, his bus for Toronto was going to leave in thirty minutes, leaving him a little time to spare. He was grateful when hearing "time" and "spare" coming from his thoughts. He sighed as he crossed the pathway to the terminal where he decided to take a little trip. He looked at the clock on the wall, it was a few minutes after three in the morning. He chose that time because he knew no one was going to look for him in this part of the morning.

Before making the decision to leave, the thought pondered him repeatedly in his mind. A surge of guilt swelling through his body. He didn't have a clue on why he should feel guilty for having a little space.

Because whether he was at home, at school, at the drive-in, at the park, at the fishing hole, he couldn't have any time to be Lincoln. Clyde's place was no longer a haven. Lori and Leni had gotten cozy with the McBrides for beauty tips. Luna went to Clyde's father for songwriting assistance. Even Nurse Kazami made home visits to check on Clyde. Through it all, Clyde told Lincoln with much regret that he, too, needed some time from him as well.

Lincoln laughed to himself about Clyde's request. He should consider himself blessed that his virginity is intact. He doesn't have to worry about multiple girls chasing him on every whim. He doesn't have to worry on which sister is sleeping with him tonight or waking him up in the morning with wet dreams. He doesn't have to worry if his sister is going to chloroform him or a hermit going to tase him.

He rubbed the knuckles of his hand, feeling the dryness. He thought he should moisturize more. I care about each of them dearly. I have strong sincerity and want to keep them happy. But even I have needs. Even I want to make a suggestion or two. Since it is not a factor with them, then I am going to take some time off.

Lincoln left a note for his siblings at his desk. It was addressed to them as a whole.

I am going to have a break for awhile. Please do not look for me. I need some time to figure things out. I will return soon.

Lincoln.

He also made notes for the other girls that were involved in his harem. It was the same message, but designated into different contacts. He tried his hardest to not conflict any other girls if the risk of them knowing each other.

I am taking a break for awhile. Please don't look or try to find me. I need to find myself. As much as you want to show me your love, where do I have a chance for a say?

He left a final message to the entire harem. I am leaving my cell phone. There is nothing of a trace to let you guys find me. That tracking device was discovered and discarded. Please, ladies, what is going on is not your fault. Do not go crazy and go on a rampage. Please, just respect this wish. I will come back soon.

Lincoln.
Before making his departure, he went to the sporting goods store to retrieve some supplies. He was uncertain if he was going to pursue camping or finding a youth hostel, he wanted to safe than sorry. He had over $350 in savings. So of which was from his own collection and the rest was from favors of his mother and Luna. He bought a burn phone from a Dollar General and paid in cash. He disguised himself so the girls couldn't detect a trail. Aside from his clothes, his toiletries, he brought a few comic books and manga to pass the time. He also brought a journal for his journey as well.

He smiled as an elderly woman passed him. He watched a baby laughing at her mother. He was watching a replay of Stephen Curry leading Golden State to the finals. He was waiting for the call to Toronto. He sat back and lean against the seat. He concluded that taking a break was the best decision he had done.

**Good evening Greyhound travelers. The bus departing for Toronto is now departing in ten minutes. Any passengers departing for Toronto, please come to the boarding dock now to take your seat.**

Lincoln grabbed his materials and was heading to the boarding area. He paused. He felt stiff on what he was planning to do. His breath became labored. He felt a chill coming through his spine. In some form, he beginning feeling guilty. He shook that thought away.

_No, this is crazy. Why should I feel guilty? Why am I feeling this way?_

_They are all not that bad. A bit rough, yes. But, they can be sweet._

_My mother keeps me warm at night. Luna and Sam keeps me protected when I am having nightmares._

_Tomoko and Nurse Kazami can be familial, if we didn't have sex all of the time._

"No," he said aloud. A look of passengers stared at Lincoln as he stood at the foot of the waiting area. "No, no, no." He took another breather. "This is what I am going to do. This is a journey to find myself. I can't make excuses for them. I am going to make my stand. Until I feel I am ready to deal with them, I am making my move. Because there is one Lincoln. Because there is one Lincoln. And I am going to make what's best of my life for it, damn it."

**The bus departing for Toronto is now boarding. Any passengers that don't arrive soon will be left behind. So, this is the final call for any passengers going to Toronto.**

He hit his chest. He furrowed his eyebrows. He got his gear and left the station. He went to the bus driver, who was helping those putting their luggage in the compartment. He gave his gear to the bus driver, giving him a thanks. He had his backpack, which contained his comics, his journal, and some snacks for the trip.

He went to the last row of the bus before taking a seat. He wanted a window seat so he could look at the final view of Royal Woods before crossing the border. He pulled out his comic book. Today's choice was _Bokura no Hentai_. He never really read manga of the shounen-ai genre, but Chloe gave him some perspective after introducing him to the comic. He got his mp3 player and was in the mood for Motorhead. He was tired. Only having two hours of sleep so he could be vigilant to leave.

Departing from his home wasn't easy. The night before, he was involved in a threesome with Luna and Sam. Unfortunately, he didn't know what happen. But the hickies on his body, wearing a skirt, and the aching feeling from his ass gave him a hint. When they were asleep, he made his move.
The night before, he left his gear in a bush a few blocks from the house. That even included a change of clothes. He scurried through the basement and ran out of the kitchen door. He kept running and didn't look back. He didn't even look at the trail of tears blinding him as he carried on to his destination.

He rubbed his hair and flipped to the first chapter of the manga before leaning against the window. It was going to be a four hour drive, so he needed to get comfortable. He didn't want to go to sleep. He was waiting until the bus departed. Once it did that, then he could sleep. So, he stared at the front until the bus driver made his departure.

This concludes the special chapter of Lincoln's departure. We wish him well on this journey.

Willow sat quietly on the roof of Lincoln's house as she feasted on an owl. It was a meal she didn't care for, but she needed sustenance. For the last few days, she had to live on rodents, canines, felines, and the occasional drifter before finding Lincoln. She had to keep a discreet appearance. She did not want anyone to know that the presence of vampires still existed in this region.

Willow smelled the night air. It tasted of Lincoln. Ever since the first encounter she had of him, she could never get enough of his taste. In the past, she had numerous of people who she had for her meals. Her preference was males. She had the occasional female if there weren't males available. But to Lincoln, he was special.

Willow has been drifting from city to city, country to country for many years. She has adopted many personas throughout time. She has used her name of Willow for about forty years. Before making Detroit her residence, she lived throughout the midwest, the South, and the West Coast. It wasn't until eighty years ago when she left her native England and moved to the United States. She had meals from all over the world. Her vampiric tendencies has taken her to Rome, Tokyo, Paris, Nairobi, Cape Town, Sydney, and the like. She has dated various men and the occasional woman. She has never married, but had two children in the process. Both were dhampirs. She had told Lincoln that they passed, but she only knew about her son. She was unsure about her daughter. They didn't keep in touch when discovering her mother was a vampire. Part of Willow's reason of relocating was because of her daughter's job of vampire hunter.

When discovering Lincoln that fateful evening at the arcade, her intent was to use him for sustenance until his energy drained. However, with each taste, she began savoring his blood. In her own words, it was liquid platinum. In time, he became more than a meal. He was something she hadn't felt in her undead heart for many, many years. And it was love. She was in love with the white-haired child who she called her precious blood doll.

She used her skin to mash her hate of the humans who were taking control of her Lincoln. The trail of blood dripping down her arm didn't compare to the pain how she was feeling-rage.

I can smell the stench of their blood. I wouldn't feed it to worst of vermin in this wretched earth. The worms have a higher dynasty than those harlots. But I promised my Lincoln to not disturb them. I promise, Lincoln. But seeing them laughing and drugging my dear is making me so hard to break that promise.

Despite the advice Lincoln gave her to not see him, she saw him at every chance she got. She cursed the gods for her inability of seeing Lincoln in the day. So, nighttime journeys had to do. Although Royal Woods was her hunting grounds, her residence is over hundreds of miles away.
She heard a noise. She turned in her bat form as she flew to the source. She saw that it was her Lincoln. She wanted to scream on the inside that her blood doll was running from the house. However, she saw how distraught he was.

Why is my Lincoln crying? Why is he wearing a skirt? What do those sluts do to him?

As much as she wanted to get Sam and Luna, she pursued Lincoln. She followed Lincoln as she watched him gathering his clothes and making his way to the bus depot. Even as he waited, she perched on top of the depot, watching his every move.

She watched Lincoln. From the time he got his ticket to the time he boarded the bus. She flew to the bus where she saw that it was going to Toronto. With her already having his scent, she made her move to outdo him before sunrise.

Thank you for the tip, darling. I will let you keep for a day or so. I can't wait to find you.

She smiled as Lincoln was drifting into sleep. She flapped loudly at the window before being swatted by a passenger. She flew away as she made her way to Toronto before the sunrise.

To be continued until next time. For the record, Willow didn't get the message from Lincoln. She is a technophobe and doesn't like technology. She does have a phone, but it is landline only. Her location of her lair. That is to be determined at some point.
Another Moment of Lincoln's Journey (Part II)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Another moment of Lincoln's journey....

March 23

The bus driver alerts us that we were approaching the city limits of Toronto. The result was a resounding roars of fellow Canadians or tourist who vie for the northern living. I have never been this far north of Canada before. I have traveled to Windsor with my parents. We have a distant relative that stays there. Her house smelled of lotion, pee, and incense. Anyway, that is the farthest of Canada I have traveled. This also marks three hours since I have left home. It also marks three hours without any hands-on contact with any girls. It is amazing because I don't feel like a toy. I can breathe. My middle man thanks me, although he is much of a hypocrite. Anyway, I am testing out this new diary because I want to document my journeys as I am finding myself in this new world of mine.

I know it is so far that the $235.08 I have left can take me. So, I have to find some resources to obtain money. I hope I can be some help to some locals once I find a place to crash for a few days. I found a youth hostel in town that is taking travelers. So, lodging is no longer a problem. Speaking back to what I have written, I am looking to be away from my family for a little while. Enough to know that they will miss me and for me to miss them. Since it is a school day, it won't be for another few hours until they realized I am missing.

Wait a minute, I just sent a mass text. Correction, the family and friends already know of my absence. How long of determining my location is a factor. I can't stay here really long. It would be only a matter of time before escaping Toronto and going somewhere else. I don't know where I can go next. Hopefully, I can find stable employment. I am an expert of cutting yards, working under the table of arcades, and I am a gifted writer. Someone is willing to give this kid a chance, I hope.

Anyway, I had a dream last night. It wasn't a scary dream, but it felt lucid. I have dreamed of Willow. I was sitting in a clear pool in the middle of nowhere. I was surrounded by water. I wasn't scared. I didn't panicked. It was peaceful. I watched the water soothe me, caress me. It was nice. As I played in the water, I noticed another hand intertwining with mine. I turned around and saw it was Willow. She put her finger to my lip. Her eyes tell me that she wasn't going to hurt me. She wasn't in any mood to get my attention through torture or sex, she just wanted to be with me. I had my reservations, but I gave her my blessing.

She allowed her chin to rest on my shoulder. Her body holsted around me, giving me support. The water is deep, but she has me. She didn't speak, but her actions let me know that she is here for me. She rubbed my hands elegantly. She helped me form waves of water. It felt good to know that I wasn't being a toy for a change. It felt good that she wanted my presence. Then I realize something I never thought about when asking the others. What are their feelings towards me? What are you going to gain from me?

She must have read my mind. She whispered in my ear. The vibrations rattled me. She knew because she kept a tighter grip. She tells me that she loves me. She said I was like a son to her. It confuses her because she looks at me as a lover, but wants me to be a familiar. She admitted of being selfish, wanting me to herself. She admitted of her personality, but it is of a defensive mechanism. She tells me that she wants my love, but only if I feel the same.
I choked. Her words caught me in surprise. I noticed. She didn't make any moves. She wasn't forward. She said with her eyes, "I am not going to do anything unless I have the word from you." i yearned for her. I turned and reached out to her like a son would to her mother. For that moment, it wasn't lust. It was pure love. Something I have wanted for a long time.

She told me that I shouldn't rush anything. It was going to be in our own pace. She won't be comfortable unless I was okay with it. Although, the temptation was hurting her pride. I knew she could've forced me to do anything of her will. She is a vampire. But the fact she was asking for permission made my heart melt. I hugged her and I said "thank you."

That was all of the dream I could remember.

I am not even sure if that is the Willow I know. Willow is a hard nut to crack. She is very powerful. Once, I saw her cracked a wild boar's neck without giving it a thought. She sucked the blood as nourishment because she didn't want any of my blood that day. When she took me away in my sleep to her lair, I smelled of my sisters, Lori and Leni. "Your scent makes your blood spicy," she told me with an unamusing tone. "You must shower before I can have a taste." She took me to the bath with her strong grip. She didn't say a word. She appeared upset. Normally, she ravished me without the chance to even unbutton a shirt.

She watched me as I bathed. She pursed her lips, tilting as she looked at the sundial from her candle. She knew time was close. So, she helped me with my bathing until she thought I was ready for her. Even as she checked me, she still smelled me. She didn't like it. She was disgusted. She scoffed and curse the name of my sisters under her breath.

On any given day, I did get punishment. However, none of that happened. She gave me some spare clothes she made herself. She explained that I wasn't going home immediately. I was going to spend the day with her. Nothing more, nothing less.

The entire day was spent in her bed. I was given permission to read comics and to look at television. The only condition was to keep the curtain closed and to return to bed when she asked of me.

Why am I thinking of Willow in this kind of way? Is this dream giving me some kind of strange afterthought? Is the effects of the bites she has given me in the past? I am thankful that the other girls haven't discovered the marks, yet. Willow is no different than the other girls. They look at me as a toy for their pleasure. I am no better. Even sometimes I get gratification. But, now I want solitude.

Let me take my thoughts off of Willow. I don't need to have any idea or thought of regret of taking my leave. The purpose of this trip is to find myself.

Finding myself is what I am going to do. There is a place in Toronto I want to go. I hear that it has the best Indian food in town. According to my cell phone, the place is located in Rexdale. Funny, one of my favorite musicians whenever I am in the mood for hip hop is from there.

Well, the bus is going to stop at any moment. This is the end of my diary for now. When I get the next opportunity, I am going to write more. Hopefully, more interesting things will happen.

Until next time,

Lincoln Loud

Emily discarded the last cigarette pack she said that she was ever going to smoke in her lifetime.
She knew she had said it in the past and this time, she meant that. It was early in the morning as she sat on her motorbike. The bloodshot sky alerted that morning was arriving. She lost count on the days she has lost sleep. It doesn't faze her anymore. When a person has been alive for nearly three hundred years, it was one of the things that went on with life.

She watched the people break out into the open as work and responsibilities were to be attended. She watched a parent walked with her children to school. She watched another man on his phone with a briefcase. It was easy to see those things as she sat behind the counter of the coffeehouse she has ran for five years. She lost count on how many jobs she has established in her lifetime.

Although she was approaching three hundred years old, she had the appearance of a young adult. Her blonde hair was long, reminded people of Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty. Her crystal green eyes were deep, reminding people of deep pools. She had a pristine look of her. She was a beauty, but she never thought of herself that way. She was firecracker she concluded.

She knew at any moment she had to open shop, so she took a smoke of her final cigarette before getting ready for the morning rush.

The sun reflected her red skin, which she adorned. She was proud of her features. Her father's roots were a combination of African and East Asian roots. Her mother's roots came from England. She cringed whenever she thought of her mother. It was a foul taste that came out of her mouth. She wanted her mother to rue the day that she realized there was something different about her. One flaw she couldn't stand. The fact that she was a product of a vampire and human relationship.

It was around the time of her fifteenth birthday when she realized she was different. The yearning for blood was getting to her. One day, she found a rabbit outside of her cottage. She eyed the creature with desires of consuming it that by the time she returned to reality, she was covered in blood. That evening, she learned from her mother that she was a dhampir.

What made her heartbroken of her discovery was that she was a product of rape. Her mother told her, in regret, that she raped her father. That would explain why she has never met her father. That would also explain why she and her older brother looked different. His skin was darker than hers.

Since then, the relationship between her mother severed.

The bell rang, interrupted her thoughts. She went to the counter as a customer was approaching.

"Hi, welcome to Mamono's," she said with a smile.

She saw a small white-haired boy approaching the counter. He looked shy, as if he was a puppy. It sort of made her heart melt at the sight.

"How can I help you today," she said.

This concludes another moment of Lincoln's journey. Until next time.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, I hope you are liking this chapter. I am really enjoying making this harem. I am considering of making Willow and Lincoln's a spin-off from the series. Look to it as a harem route.
As of now, I am unsure. I still have to work on the kinks of the other girls. As of now, he is stuck with fourteen girls (Lori, Leni, Lucy, Lynn, Luan, Luna, his mother Rita, Tomoko, Nurse Kazami, Nory (the hikikomori), Chloe, Ms. DiMartino, Sam, and Willow). Until I get their stories together, they won't be any other girls.

Oh yeah, forget to mention Mrs. Anderson and Emily. Make that sixteen girls.
A Random Lincoln and Sam Moment

random Lincoln and Sam moment….

The following events of this chapter took place before Lincoln's journey to Canada.

Lincoln wasn't sure if it was the new cologne he was wearing or the new Ralph Lauren polo shirt with his orange checkered shoes was catching the attention of the various women around him. He was at the mall looking for some new clothes for the Summer. Summer wasn't until a few months away, but Lincoln liked getting ready in advance. Who would pass up on getting clothes that were discounted before the other revelers get them? Also, he took advantage of any shirt, swimwear, even underwear that were the color orange. His love for orange stemmed back when he was younger. Also, the girl he gave his first time also liked the color orange.

He tried not to pay them no mind as he was listening to Frank Ocean's *Channel Orange* album in his music player. The track "Thinkin' About You" has been looming inside of his head for quite awhile. It was quite ironic because what should have been a ballad about his love was a subject of debate of the multiple girls have been thinking about him. Instead of being the protagonist, he was the love interest. He laughed as he put the song on repeat.

Girls were giving him smiling and winking glances. One girl mouthed something perverted that made him blush. Another girl got too distracted from Lincoln that she landed in a fountain. Another girl, who looked like a second grader, clung to his leg. Her hungry eyes displayed something that should belong with an adult. Her mother came to his aid. As she got the child from Lincoln, she slipped a number into his back pocket before slapping him on his butt. Overwhelm with the laws of attraction, he went to the food court.

It was unfortunate that the food court didn't offer his choice of grilled cheese with jelly or peanut butter and sauerkraut sandwiches. Those are one of his favorite dishes in the whole world. His mother continued making them, if only he gave in to her affections. Last week, she lied naked on Lincoln's bed, covered in shredded cheese and grape jelly. In the midst of confusion, he silently replied, *where is the bread?* She purred and answered, *we are.* So, the rest of the evening was consumed in hot, sticky sex. The session was concluded when she wanted some "milk" to go with their sandwich. The rest of the evening was spent on her licking every nook and cranny of his body. In return, they done the same. As they lied in bed snuggling one another, Lincoln saw Lucy hanging from the window with a nailgun in her possession. She whispered to Lincoln, *just protecting from the others.* She pointed downward to the front yard where he saw Luna loading a glock, Leni with a bow and arrow, and Lori with a baseball bat with nails. He returned back to bed. He didn't want to know about Luan and Lynn. He should because the wheezing he heard in the room did not come from his mother. He should have checked under his bed before locking his bedroom door.

He yawned as he went and purchased a cup of coffee. He had never thought at his age he should be drinking coffee for sustenance. He was losing sleep. Every night, he was somewhere having sex with somebody. Admittedly, he was learning to enjoy, but he wanted downtime to himself. His grades were fine, but still lower than he wanted. He hasn't been reading any of his comics like he should. He and Clyde were taking a break until things calmed down. They still text, but the girls were seeing Clyde as a threat. Every time a text was concluded, he told Clyde to "lay low." After purchasing his coffee, he went to Sbarro and got a double pepperoni cheese pizza with onions. He wasn't done shopping and he was no hurry to head back home. He was grateful that Nurse Kazami lend him her credit card. There was no spending limit, just look sexy were the words from the
nurse as she wanted Lincoln to look good for her. However, part of the bargain that he invest
himself in some manthongs. And she wanted it in every color and she wanted some that were
candied.

He looked at his pants and looked to the sky. "God, I am blessed, but at the same time, I am
cursed. Man, woe is me."

He found a suitable spot by near the comic book store he eyed before going to the food court.
Before he could even say his grace for the meal, here came a factor into his equation of a harem.
She came with her trademark guitar behind her. Her bangs were rainbow-colored. Lincoln thought
she was celebrating pride month a little bit early. She licked her lips and made her way to sit across
from Lincoln. She was rocking a t-shirt that pictured Chance the Rapper from his Acid Rap album.
She wore jean shorts that cut to the thighs, but were very tight. Since he and Sam became
acquainted, her confidence has increased. She is still a tomboy, but has been open to explore more
of herself. That included personality and sexuality.

"'Sup, stud," she gleamed and purred as she laid back at the booth, never taking her eyes off of
Lincoln's sight. "If I would have known you were at the mall, I could have taken you for a spin.
And have a spin of our own."

Lincoln blushed. When Luna wasn't around, Sam asserted herself more to Lincoln. The roles of
dominant and submissive were established. He couldn't say the same thing on the roles of gender.

"I didn't want to bother anybody. You know, just doing this and that. Just getting new clothes.
Something to add to the closet," he said to Sam. Sam observed the bags of clothes beside him.

"Whoa, you have brought more of a wardrobe than a few clothes," she answer while taking a piece
of his pepperoni to eat. "Someone has a liking to you." She said with a sing-song as she poked him
in the nose. "Spill it. Who is she? Don't worry." She whispered, pressing forward to Lincoln. "I
won't tell Luna."

The way she approached Lincoln was draining by the way she said it to him. He knew her
approach. It wasn't the first time she used pickup lines to flirt. Honestly, it was working because
his middle man was standing at attention.

"A friend I will admit, but nothing more, Sam," replied Lincoln as he took a bite of his pizza. He
hoped that Sam would run along, but he knew that wasn't going to happen. As he was thinking, he
was seeing a group of girls huddling at the corner of the food court. They appeared to foreign girls
visiting because judging by their syncing of uniforms and the nation of Malaysia was featured on
their shirts. They giggled, waved, and blew kisses at the shy white-haired boy.

_Hate to sound like the kid from Magic School Bus. I wished I would have stay home today._

Sam laughed. She leaned and made her way beside Lincoln, wrapping her arms around his
shoulder. She smelled of strawberries. Not too expensive, but something a girl could buy at Bath &
Body Works. She pressed her nose at Lincoln's cheek. She eyed the direction of the traveling girls
as well.

"I am quite jealous with you, Lincoln," she purred. "Making me and Luna jealous of the attention
you getting." She added, "fan club of yours."

He shrugged his shoulders. "I am unsure. I have no clue where they came from. Lately, every girl
has been getting close to me. Earlier a woman and child were flirting with me. The mother even
gave me her number."
Sam smirked, pressing her nose further into his skin. She followed by pressing her lips to his cheek. "You know how this is turning me on, Linc. If you want, I can attack you right now. Give our lovely ladies over there a run for their money."

Lincoln blushed as she slid her hand where his crotch was and started rubbing it. He gasp, which made her laugh. "Don't worry, babe, I won't go too far at this moment." She released her grip. The traveling girls looked flushed. One of which was waving a fan from the brief moment they witnessed. Sam looked at her watch. "Time is up. I got to head back to work."

"You work here," asked Lincoln.

"Sure do," she confirmed as she got out of the booth. "My dad works at kiosk here. He sales jewelry. I got a job doing miscellaneous stuff over here. Seasonal work. Sometimes, I work at the music shop. Holidays, I dress up. You should have been here last Christmas, Linc." She pressed her body on his. "I was quite a naughty helper." She winked. "The look of the men and women staring at my goods. My skirt was so high that a bit of my panties showed. How did you think your sister got to me. No dick or pussy can resist my throbbing member." She paused. "Let me stop. I am starting to get kind of wet."

He had to interject. "More information than I need to know."

She giggled. "Listen, before I go, I have a favor to ask you." Lincoln was being prepared for the worst when it came to her favors. It was unfortunate and fortunate he wasn't awake of those favors. However, pictures and videos were keepsakes of those endeavors. One picture of a favor was wearing Sam shoved dick-shaped lollipops into his ass. Another picture of a favor was when Lincoln's tongue was placed into Sam's ass. Another picture of a favor he had was too graphic to discuss, but it included a banana, a chocolate bar, and some jumper cables.

"What is it, Sam. Please, let it be something I am awake for without being chloroformed."

"I promise, this time, it is not there. I am asking you on a date."

"I thought the encounters between me, you, and Luna were dates."

"Those don't count. That was sex. I am asking you out on a date date."

"A date date?"

She blushed. Even Lincoln knew that this request was making Sam somewhat vulnerable. "I am wondering me if you will enjoy the honor of going on a date with me. Wherever you like. We can go to a show, a movie, play mini-golf, a restaurant. Even that carnival they have in Windsor."

"Just a date. No set up? Does Luna know?"

"It is a date. I won't set you up, again. No, she doesn't. I want to spend time with you alone." Her dominant nature slightly faded. This wasn't the cocky Sam Lincoln was accustomed to. This was a girl who was asking a boy out on a regular date. He didn't like turning down people. So, he swallowed his pride and blurted out his answer.

"Yes, I-I would like to go on a date you." He pointed his finger to her. "I want to go to the carnival. I will come and meet you at your place. I am serious, Sam. No funny business!"

"I swear under my honor and the honor of my family."

"Ok, I will see you when?"
"Tomorrow. Tomorrow evening."

"Okay, see you then."

"Later, and Linc, by the way." Sam grabbed Lincoln by the collar and pressed her lips to his. She took both of her hands to grip on his chest as she flicked at a nipple. While kissing her, he heard the squeals from the traveling girls as well as others.

_That bitch!_

_Lucky whore!_

_I wish I was in her position._

_I will kill you, slut!_

The kiss was finished as she bit his lower lip. She licked her lips and rubbed her belly. "Yummy! That should feel me up for the rest of the evening. Later, Linky babe."

She ran off chuckling. Lincoln couldn't help but to see her walking in those jeans. She was getting curvy. Her body let off a scent of maturation. As he turned, he saw the traveling girls surrounding his table. All were in smiles. He watched as they took their cell phones and jammed it to him with information of personal contact infos.

_**I am definitely becoming a celebrity of sorts,**_ he thought as he beginning programming his number to their phone.

That evening, Lincoln and Sam traveled to the carnival in Windsor. She took her father's Audi so she wouldn't attract attention from Luna. Lincoln was glad of the decision of going to the carnival. It was nice change of venue instead of going to coffeehouses, arcades, parks, and comic book stores. Since Spring was approaching, Sam wore light clothing. It was a plain white t-shirt with the logo, **Plain White T's** and she wore khaki capris. Her perfume was lovely and left a scent wherever she went. It wasn't hard to find Sam if they were to get lost.

"You look vintage," said Lincoln. "I didn't think grunge lesbians had anything chic in their closet."

She responded by blushing, followed by a slap to his back. "You never said no," she winked as she pulled Lincoln to the carnival.

The pair had a great time at the carnival. The first thing they did was riding the bumper cars. Lincoln took advantage of the opportunity and bumped into Sam at chance he got. The experience was laughable as they left the attraction in a daze. The second thing that they was ride the large slide. The slide must have been applied with some cooking oil because they were off the slide as quickly as they entered. They went to the hall of mirrors, haunted house. When they took a break, they ate cotton candy and funnel cakes. Sam would take a piece and feed it to Lincoln. Lincoln did the same. They were joking and laughing. They were catching up with the latest on their lives. Honestly, it was the best move for Lincoln. It was the first time in awhile in which he was simply having fun.

"Picking the carnival was a good idea, Linc," she said. "Nice going!"

"Asking me out was your idea. I am grateful that I have accepted."

"See! I am not so bad once you get to know me."
"You are alright, kid. Also, I never said I hated you."

"I know. That is not in your nature. I just wanted you to approve of me."

"I do, Sam, I do."

"Thanks!"

The carnival was drawing to a close. They had a few minutes and a couple of tickets to ride one more ride. As Sam was carrying a stuffed rabbit Lincoln won for her and Lincoln carried a caricature of them eating funnel cake, both awed when seeing the Ferris wheel.

"Last ride of the night," replied Sam with a smirk on her face. She scratched the now chipped painting of a heart on her face. "Wanna go?"

"Hell yeah, I do," said Lincoln as he took her by the hand to go to the Ferris wheel.

Sam walked to the attendant and gave the tickets to him. Lincoln was already seated when Sam entered.

"Hold on a sec, Linc," said Sam hastingilly. "I gotta favor to ask of him."

Sam returned back to the attendant. It was unfortunate that Sam was a bad whisperer. He could hear everything she said to the man. *Stop at the top for me. Here is $15 for your trouble. There is another $20 when I come back. Capiche?*

*No problem, ma'am. Honestly, I have seen you two the entire time and ya'll look like a good couple. I don't want to charge you guys.*

*Look at it as a bonus. I want to look like I am giving off cool points to him.*

*Ok, miss. Thanks. Enjoy your ride.*

Sam boarded the carriage and smiled at Lincoln as she scooted closer to him. She wrapped her arms tightly as the ride commenced.

"Thanks once again on this date, Sam. I am actually having a good time."

"Thank you for being so kind to me, Linc. I am happy that we are doing this."

"I agree."

"I am doing this to let you know how appreciative I am of you."

Lincoln blushed as the carriage continued going until it was a stop at the top of the Ferris wheel. In that position, the skyline of Windsor and Detroit were in full view. It was like staring at a pulse of an awake city. What made it perfect was the moon brightly shined upon the couple. Lincoln's stomach began to churn. He never expected this date to lead to this. In fact, he was prepared if Sam were to set him up.

"Nice move, Casanova. I thank the attendant when we come down."

She blushed. "Am I that bad of a whisperer?"

"Hmm-hmm," he replied nodding his head. He came and kissed her on the cheek. "An A for effort. I am glad to be out tonight with you."
Sam rubbed her face from the received affection. "You are a gentleman, Lincoln. I know you are in quite a pickle with these ladies. I, included. So, these girls are making you quite popular."

Lincoln wavered his hand. "Not really. Plus, I know you are being nice."

"Actually, I am telling the truth." She turned to Lincoln. Anything other than seriousness faded away. She took by both hands, rubbing them affectionately. "Lincoln, I am someone that tells it like it is. It is harsh, never easy, but when I say that I care about you, I really do. When I kiss you, touch you, or be around you, you open up feelings. Or at least on my heterosexual side. I am the kind of girl that displays affection." She stroked Lincoln's chin. "I show it for Luna, my girlfriend." She kissed his lips. "I want to show it for you as my boyfriend."

"Sam."

"If I am going to be in this arrangement, then it means equality. I don't want to have you for just sex. Sex is wonderful, but it has to mean something."

"Sam."

"Lincoln Loud, I want you to know how much you mean to me and Luna. I am sorry for the fucked up shit we have done. I just want you to know that you are meaningful to me." She reached into her pocket and pulled out a small tiny box. She opened it and pulled a small black ring. Lincoln was blushing, at a lost for words.

Sam put her finger to his lips, enticing silence. "I want to give you this. This is promise ring declaring my allegiance to you, Lincoln. I have also given one to Luna. I am devoted to only you and Luna."

"But, but…"

She put her finger to his lip. "I know there are others. I am aware. Just around me, just think of me. Think of Luna. Think of us." She turned away. Her cheeks were reddened by the confession she made. "Promise me with this ring that you love and honor me. That you will love and honor Luna. As I do the same to you and her." She pulled out her ring from her pocket and put it on her finger. "I love you, Lincoln. Can you be mine?"

Lincoln pressed forward and nuzzled his face under her neck. He grabbed his hands to connect it with hers. He didn't say anymore. His actions were implications enough that he approved. Sam kissed his forehead. The Ferris wheel descended just in time.

Sam groaned at the displeasure of the end of the carnival. Lincoln was happy, rather relief of the events that happened that night. He still didn't know how convincing Sam was on being her boyfriend. He still didn't know why he accepted. The couple held hands as they arrived at Sam's father's car.

The ride back was silent. Lincoln was asleep, but Sam kept watch. The pair arrived at Sam's apartment. She woke him up.

"It is too late. You are going to spend the night with me. Is that okay?"

He was still sleepy. He shook his head in approval.

"C'mon, sleepy head."

She took Lincoln by his hand and led him to her apartment. Her father and his girlfriend weren't
home. Knowing for the odd couple, they were probably in Chicago or took an extended trip to Atlantic City. It mattered not to Sam because she could have Lincoln to herself. Her inhibitions were none. This was her first time having Lincoln to herself and she was not going to pass this up.

She took him to her bedroom. Knowing his way around, he went to the drawer where he had pajamas when he spend the night. Sam took off her capris. She kept her shirt on and put on some warm socks. She went to her computer where she turned on some quiet storm music. She also turned on the fan for white noise.

Lincoln was already in bed as she came to join him. She clapped the lights off and nuzzled herself around Lincoln. He didn't resist. He got himself comfortable with Sam. Sam smiled as she gave him a final kiss for the night.

In her eyes, tonight was a success. She was happy to finally establish ground with Lincoln. With the exception of Luna, she knew the other girls were a threat. As she nuzzled and looked to the window, she gave Willow the middle finger before going to sleep.

*Yes, I am aware of you. Fuck off, you fang sucking bitch.*

Her final thoughts were on Lincoln, Luna, the carnival, and a bottle of chloroform in the closet. She had an ace up her sleeve if he had refused the date. However, she was grateful that option didn't suffice.

*That concludes a random Lincoln and Sam moment. Until next time. For the record, no character was harmed in the making of this story. If you honestly think these characters will kill each other, then something is up. I mean, just because they have a heart-quenching crush on Lincoln doesn't mean they would go completely psycho. At least not yet. The management is appreciative of your time to read this story. Seriously, Sam knows of Willow? She is not afraid of attack, that is for sure. Until next time.*
A Random Day with Lincoln

This is a random day of Lincoln Loud….

Once again, the chapter took place before Lincoln's journey to Canada. When we last left off, Lincoln went on a date with Sam to the carnival. Sam made a proclamation of love to Lincoln. Let's see what is happening in this following chapter.

Lincoln woke up this morning feeling very refreshed. He stretched his arms as he greeted the morning sun. The sounds of baby birds chirping was very appealing to him. He can imagined yearning for their mother, receiving the love of their food. It made him think of his mother before she developed a yandere nature. He pondered on his mother, the days where their love was between mother and son and not as lovers. It took him back to a time when he was eight years old. It was a rainy day, but he wanted to ride his new bike that he got for his birthday. Despite the warnings he received from his father, he went on the road anyway. He jumped to his bike and instantly pedaled from his driveway onto the street. It wasn't even a block when he got caught in some mud and fell from his bike. He returned home covered in mud, a scraped leg, a broken bike, and a broken heart. He instantly ran to his mother for affection. She nestled onto him, covering him in kisses out of worry and concern. She took him to the bathroom where she cleaned him up. She changed him into his clothes and took him to bed. She gave him his favorite grilled cheese with jelly and read him one of his favorite comics. What he remembered the most was not the fact of riding his bike without their permission. It wasn't the fact that he knew of his potential grounding. It was the love of his worrisome mother. She spent the entire evening treating his scrape, playing video games, and read him a bedtime story before going to bed.

That memory alone made him nuzzled to his blanket to negate the tears. He felt Sam's breath hovering over his neck. She was sleeping soundly, her hand touching his arm. He nuzzled closer to get some warmth from Sam. He didn't see it, but a smile spread across her face. She took off his shirt and tossed it to the floor. She lunged forward and kissed him on his neck. She rubbed his nipple, flicking it with force to entice moans from her white-haired boyfriend.

"Sam." He mustered while trying to cover his voice. Sam saw his pants as his stomach displayed it. She leaned and licking his stomach down to the navel. Sam was feeling the fire from her loins. She maintained her composure, wanted to wait until the time is right.

"I want to take you away, baby," she said as she slowly pulled down his pajamas and boxer shorts, displaying his member. "You wouldn't mind to have a serving of breakfast?"

He didn't say a word, but let out a small affirmation through his nose. Sam giggled and proceeded on his member. She was slow, laying her tongue on the head. She wanted more pressure on the
phallus until she tasted the precum from his dick. She moaned as she licked around the area. With her free hand, she caressed his balls. Lincoln grabbed the pillow to muffle his moans. This was the first time to experience pleasure of his liking. Not since the first time with that girl. Sam pushed forward. His dick was entering into her throat. She thrusted in a moderate pace. Not enough to make him climax, but for assurance that he was feeling pleasurable. She looked at Lincoln as he was revelled in the pleasure. She was happy. She was enjoying every moment of Lincoln and was making sure he was feeling good. At the same time, it was the least she could do after the times of having sex with him without his permission.

"Sam, this is feeling good," he said. "Sam, I am getting close. I am getting close." Those words were enough to make Sam go faster. Lincoln gripped the covers as he knew he was going to come in her mouth.

However, Lincoln's phone was ringing, interrupting the moment.

Sam released his dick from her mouth. She leaned on it. She was not in a good mood. She was upset of the person who was interrupting their session. She prayed to God it wasn't Luna. She hoped it wasn't any of her girlfriend's sisters either. Frankly, the president of the United States or the Pope could call and still didn't like it. It was a rare moment with Lincoln and nothing was going to mess it up.

"Hello," answered Lincoln. "Hey, Chloe. What's going on? Now is not really a good time."

Sam was going to have her fill of Lincoln. While he was on the phone, she pulled over her panties to expose her pussy. She was wet and the moistness and the dampness of her panties proved true. She pressed her bean to entice her orgasm. She licked her lips and tugged at her breast before careening her valley over Lincoln's.

"I am okay, glad you've asked. Yeah, I am planning to be at school today. Just going to be late."

"Yes, Chloe. I will be there. Can you trust me? I have never let you down."

Lincoln bit his lip when Sam entered his dick inside of her cavern. Instantly, her cavern welcomed Lincoln as her folds tightly covered his throbbing member. She smirked as his entire staff was inside. She squeezed her breast and laughed as she made her way to Lincoln. Lincoln felt her breast touching his chest, tightening his dick inside of her.

"Yeah, I am sounding fine. Just wanted to sleep in is all."

"Lincoln, look at me," cried Sam. "Look at me, baby. Remember what I have told you."

Lincoln felt bad. His eyes displayed as he put his hands around her ass. She yelped when she felt him massaging it. "That is it, baby. Now, you are getting the message."

He mouthed to Sam. Give me a few more seconds and I get back to this. I promise.

Sam winked as she continued having sex with the white-haired boy. Lincoln was feeling her juices landing on his stomach. She bucked her hips profusely, allowing his dick to enter more of a special place. His eyes widened as she did the same. A special place where not many people are fortunate to enter, or at least without a condom.

"Chloe, I will talk to you when I get to school. We can discuss more of the matter then. Okay?"

Lincoln dropped his cell phone and extended his arms to Sam. Sam gladly accepted Lincoln into his bosom. He rubbed her hair, kissing the tips of her dyed bangs. "I have never felt this good, Sam."

She put his finger to her mouth, licking them. "No more words, baby. Just make me cum."

The couple held hands as they exchanged kisses. The bed continued creaking. Drops of sweat were pouring all over each other. They kept their grips so they wouldn't slip from the silk sheets that Sam put on the day before.

Sam was moaning louder, she knew she was getting close. Honestly, it didn't take much for her to climax. Luna was aware of that on the first time they had sex. Their first encounter was in the backseat of her Silver Porsche. She couldn't forget that day as a day for ice cream turned into a bliss. However, she enjoyed her time with Luna. In the back of her mind, she thought of Lincoln. The more time she spend with Lincoln, the more she began liking him. She couldn't imagine a day without Luna bringing Lincoln to her house. She cared for the both of them. She doesn't want to be without them. They were a packaged deal. Despite of slightly betraying her girlfriend, she doesn't regret on what she did. She had a thing for Lincoln and she won't let go.

"Sam, I got to pull out. I am about to cum." Lincoln's eye squinted. He was losing his breath. He was stammering, but his moans were getting louder.

Sam heard him, but refused. No. No, I won't. Not many guys had the pleasure to coat my womb with their milk. I didn't care for those guys. Lincoln, you are special. You are my boyfriend. You are mine. I don't care about the consequence. If I get pregnant, I will take responsibility. I want you inside of me, Lincoln. Please, fill me with your juices. Impregnate me!

She pulled Lincoln and her back was to the bed. She wrapped her legs tightly like a spider does to her prey. She knew Lincoln. The many times she had with him. When he was close, he pumps faster. "Cum for me. Cum for me. Cum for me. Cum for me, Lincoln. Please, please, PLEASE!"

"I don't want to get you pregnant," he cried.

"I am on the pill," she yelled as she was lying through her teeth.

"Sam, please…"

She took his face and kissed him on the lips. She thrusted her tongue inside of his mouth, cleaning anything inside. She broke the kiss and let out a whisper.

I am sorry, Lincoln. Please forgive me. She purred in a hoarse breath. "Cum for your mistress!"

Hearing those words were a trigger as he released his sperm inside of her pussy. She screamed. She tightened her arms around him. She yelled his name a few times as she climaxed herself. The tension lasted a few moments. She finally released her grip and Lincoln lied back to the bed. Sam lied next to him. She felt his contents leaking from her pussy. She had never felt so happy in her life.

I love you, Lincoln Loud. I love you more than you ever know. I hope I am pregnant with your child. Me and Luna would make proud mothers for you, papa.

Sam smiled happily as she watched Lincoln take deep breaths. He pulled a bottle of water and drank it. He gave the rest to Sam for her consumption. They returned back to holding hands and holding each other close. Sam had Lincoln in the front, caressing his arms and kissing his back.
"Sorry, Lincoln, for earlier," she muttered faintly under her breath.

Lincoln grabbed her hand, kissing it where her ring is. He displayed his ring to her as well.

"Ups and downs of a budding relationship," he said to her with a smile.

Sam broke her voice. She felt unworthy of being with a forgivable boy. *He really is a kindred spirit. Thank you, Luna, for introducing me to this boy!*

Sam called Lincoln's school. She disguised herself as Lincoln's mother. She told the school that Lincoln was checking in this afternoon. She didn't bother calling her school. A day off was worth it for her. Her plans were to write some sheet music, spend the evening with Luna, and go to the pharmacy to get a pregnancy test.

Sam was grateful to Luna for allowing her blessing of their polyamorous relationship. Luna knew how much she adored Lincoln and didn't mind sharing the relationship. However, she broke one rule. Neither of them was going to have their way with Lincoln alone without the other one present or without their permission. She pressed her lips to Lincoln's ear.

"Please don't tell Luna where you were last night."

He turned to Sam. "You were with me last night?"

She kissed him. "I love you, kiddo!"

About two hours later, Sam went to the kitchen and prepared Lincoln lunch. She wasn't much of a cook, but didn't believe that a growing boy should go to lunch hungry. She made the typical lunch. She made a grilled chicken sandwich with spinach and tomatoes, a bag of potato chips, a plum, and a bottle of water. She put in a brown bag and put his name along with hearts.

Lincoln walked into the kitchen while Sam was drinking some coffee and looking at a newspaper.

"Is that lunch," he questioned her.

"Hmm-hmm," she responded while finishing her coffee. "Have to keep up with your stamina. So, I made you a balanced lunch. All of your nutrients in all."

He grinned. "You are sounding like my mother."

She put her hands to her hips. "No man of mine is going to get fat. I want you to eat right so you be healthy and stay active." She took another sip of her coffee. "Especially if we continue having sex. I love a man with stamina!"

He giggled as he took his bagged lunch. He saw the coffee pot and desired a cup. He was aiming for it until she grabbed his hands.

"We have to go. I have to drop you off to school." She took the keys. She and Lincoln were out of the apartment and headed to her father's car. About ten minutes later, she was in front of his school.

"Have a good day, stud," she teased as she patted him on his back.

"Later, Sam," he said as he was walking out of the car.

Sam blew him a kiss as she drove away. Lincoln groaned at the thought of coming to school in the middle of the day. It was easier if he just stayed over at Sam's. However, that was going to be risky. He was grateful that he had another friend, Rusty, to cover for him. He didn't want much.
Just a signed autographed copy of *Ace Savvy* that Lincoln cherished. He made the deal and put it inside of Rusty's locker before his date with Sam. He shrugged his shoulders and entered the school.

He was grateful that the latter half of the day was P.E. and Art. Today at P.E. was free choice. Their teacher gave them permission to roam to the field at their own volition. As long as they were at her line of slight. That teacher should have paid attention more. For the few minutes her eyes were on her cell phone, two students went missing.

Behind the tennis courts is a shed where they harbor gym equipment and gardening tools. The shed wasn't used as often, with the exception of lawn care and field and track events. Inside of the shed was where Lincoln and the second student, Chloe can be found.

Chloe pinned Lincoln against the wall. That resulted in the rakes and shovels falling to the ground. Chloe looked at the front door. She was certain they were far enough they wouldn't be disturb. Also, she paid a student to keep watch so she could have the allotted time available to have her way with Lincoln. Lincoln didn't budge nor resisted. He knew if he wanted to survive this time with her, then he would do her bidding.

Chloe Molyneaux is a textbook example of prissy and pampered. The product of Peruvian and Franco-Japanese parents, she was unfamiliar of living in modesty. Her parents were diplomats, working for the United Nations. It was because of her parent's line of work that she was able to be spoiled. She was raised by her maids. Those who managed to stay took care of whatever interest she desired. By the time she entered the fourth grade, she has been kicked out of many prestigious private schools from Tokyo, Geneva, Hong Kong, London, and New York City. Tired of her nonsense, her parents send her to America to live with her aunt. She stayed in Philadelphia for a while until her aunt, Ms. DiMartino came and made her live with her in Royal Woods.

Out of the many people who have been through her, she was the only one who maintained her grip with Chloe.

Since arriving to Royal Woods, she didn't like the boring lifestyle of a commoner. At any moment's notice, she teased and bullied people. Of course, she had retaliation, but she was quick to bounce back. What amazed many people was her openness in being transgender. It didn't matter to her when they called her names, she was proud and unashamed of who she was. Because of her proud orientation, she was afraid of displaying herself in provocative clothing. Her looks became the desires of many boys and including girls to the school.

It made many boys questioned themselves when seeing her. She find it a joy when she received love letters from numerous boys and occasionally girls. Not only did she reject the letters, but openly displayed it to the class the following day. Because of her reputation, she was known as Queen Trap.

The Queen Trap had her eye on one boy that never once made a move. He waved to her in passing and helped her with schoolwork, but never took any of her advantages. It irritated her. *No boy can't resist my charm. How in the hell does he not try to make a move.* It was because of his dense nature that made him more desirable. Every day, every minute, every second her thoughts were filled with Lincoln. Every time she saw a girl even make a vowel to him made her cringed in frustration. Then one day, the queen trap made it in her mind. *I am going to get that boy and make him mine.*

Chloe had Lincoln in her grasp. She kissed his neck, releasing a slight moan under his breath. Lincoln closed his eyes, but it mattered not to Chloe. "You can keep your eyes closed. You can keep your mouth shut. You need to save your voice for me when I…" She giggled. "Have our fun."
Their hands intertwined with each other as they lingered in the air. The hot shed wasn't making it easier for Chloe as she was in heat. She kissed his lips this time, biting him at the lip. He winced, but it gave her opportunity to swap tongues. Lincoln moaned as he was trembling. She broke the kiss and let go of his hand. She backed away.

Lincoln saw her sit on the ground. Something have to be wrong. On any given day, she continued until she began playing with his dick. Feeling a bit relieved, but concerned, he pressed to her.

"Is something the matter, Chloe," he asked with a hint of concern.

She blushed. She didn't want to look at him in the eye. "I saw you kissing her this afternoon."

"Kissing who?"

"The girl. The one with the rainbow dye in her bangs."

"Yeah, that is Sam. A good friend of mine."

"Why is she kissing you?"

"I...I...I shouldn't have to explain is all."

"Yes, you do," she snapped. "I am your queen remember? Whatever or whoever interrupts my kingdom is perceived a threat." She pressed forward. "Once again. Why was she kissing you?"

"Because I am kinda seeing her." He was slow with his response. He had never seen Chloe this offensive before. "Actually, I am seeing her."

She was silent. As if she was thinking. Then she stood up. She pushed Lincoln to the floor. Lincoln hit the ground hard, but he was fine. However, he saw Chloe had frustration in her eyes. She was blushing hard. She was flustered. Her sights were still on Lincoln.

"She can't make her mark," she said faintly. "She won't. She won't."

Lincoln took a look of the girl. Her chestnut colored hair was frizzy, probably due to the heat. Her brown eyes were beady, but glimmering at the same time. Her white freckled skin was beautiful, especially when she was in this condition. She sighed as she took off her uniform. She took off her shirt, exposing her breast. She slowly took off her gym shorts and her panties, exposing her dick. It was smaller than Lincoln's, but capable of stimulating anyone she wanted. She made her way to Lincoln's direction. She kneeled down and stopped beside his legs. She immediately took off his gym shorts and his boxers. "I think you can do the shirt by yourself, can you?"

He didn't deny her request. The shirt was feeling sticky anyway, he thought as he took it off. Now, both of them were in their nakedness. They looked at each other. Chloe took her hand and put it on her chest. "This is the first time I really took a gander of your body, Lincoln. Without rushing that is."

He questioned how gentle Chloe was as she gently rub the ridges of his pecks. She took her time as if she was painting a picture. Her hair was touching his dick. Every time she moved it, his dick twitched. "You have great muscles, Lincoln. Do you mind?"

"Even if I didn't, I don't have a say."

"Good day. Now stay!"
She spooled saliva into her palms. She rubbed it like it was lotion and applied it to his chest. "I am marking my mark on you. I can smell her stink." She flicked his nose. "Next time shower before seeing me."

She continued spooling her drool onto his stomach. She lathered him in her saliva until she put her hands around his dick. She cradled his balls, giving it a pat before putting more saliva around his now erect member. "She probably put her nasty open scab around you. Didn't she?"

She was smiling, but it was about that smile that discern Lincoln. He knew behind the smile was a frustrated and hurt woman. He knew by the way she was panting. That was girl who knew her territory was violated. And she was reclaiming it.

"Tell me, Lincoln. I know your body is reacting to this. I can be twice the girl than she can. I might have a body of a boy but I know more than a woman. I know what turns you. I know what men want. It takes a man to know a man." She rubbed the phallus of his dick.

"I know how your head is sensitive when I rub it like this," she said as she pinched it, making him flinch. "Your balls are swelling. God, you are a quick shot. At any moment, I move my hand to the shaft where you welcome your seed to the world." She giggled. "You go fap fap fap squirt squirt squirt. What turns me on is the amount you release. You can definitely make a girl pregnant for sure."

She rubbed her chest, giving it a slight pinch. She winced by the pain, but loved it. She loved putting a man in his place. It gave her a power trip. Lincoln was no exception. However, out of the many guys she has dominated, Lincoln was her favorite. It gave her life, purpose, a reason to live. In truth, she didn't feel alone. She wanted a friend. But she wasn't going to let him know that.

"You are getting stiffer," she said while she was laughing. "You like when I play with my tits?"

Lincoln remained quiet, looking away.

"Why not be honest? Your son is. It wants to go squirt squirt squirt with my hand pussy."

Lincoln was feeling good, but it felt strange that Chloe, who is technically a boy, was doing that. Her words were harsh, but he was turned on. However, he refused giving her that satisfaction.

"C'mon, dog. Go squirt squirt squirt so you can feel refreshed. Let it out for me, dog. Spill out your pitiful seed."

She gripped the shaft faster. She applied more saliva to not cause friction. It was not because of sparse feelings. She didn't want LIncoln out of commission if his dick were to be sore. "We don't have much time left. I have something to goose you up." She put her fingers in her mouth. She thrust quickly as if she was giving oral sex. Lincoln watched as she was thrusting her fingers and drooling all over it. Lincoln was turned on by it. She saw his expression.

"That is how a woman performs. Not that little girl that made her mark." She said as she lifted his balls, rubbing around his rosebud. "I would be a poor master if I don't punish my pet." Without warning, she shoved her finger to his ass. Lincoln moaned as he felt her fingers entering his ass. A feeling he was unfortunately familiar with.

"Harder," he muttered to her.

"What was that," she said while winking.

"Thrust harder, please mistress."
"Wise choice, dog."

She continued playing with his ass. He was near climaxing, but she stop. "What's the matter, Lincoln. For a second there, I think you were enjoying this."

"Look, I am doing what you want. I want to cum!"

She scoffed. "Tisk tisk tisk. Giving me orders. You must have forgot who you are talking to."

"Please, mistress. I want to cum."

"Promise me this."

"What is it?"

"Submit to me."

"Submit? You are serious."

"Submit to me as your mistress. From the point on, you must serve under my command. When I want and where I want. I am acutely aware of the other whores, but around me, I am your one and only. Hopefully soon, I will be your one and only."

"Okay."

"Okay, what?"

He shouted. "I submit to you, Mistress Chloe. I promise to obey whatever order you give me. Please make me feel good. Please make me cum, please as your loyal servant and pet."

She grinned. She peered over here and kissed him on his nose. "Wise words, dog. Now cum!" She gave the final push before he released his seed. The seed spilled all over his stomach. Some got on Chloe's hands and face. She felt the hotness of his sperm. Yes, I got him. I got him. I have broken him. He is going to be mine. You belong to me, Lincoln Loud. I will be sure of that. I will be sure!

She pulled some semen from her face. It reminded her of cobbled webs. She licked her fingertip with his sperm. She cooed and judging the expression she was making, Lincoln guessed she was approved.

"Delectable." She continued licking his contents until her fingers were wiped clean. Seeing the mess on his stomach, she reached for a towel on the rack above them. She went down and wipe his stomach. "Be grateful I am doing this." She tossed it back to the rack. "I don't want to hear her name or anyone else's around me. Understand?"

He shook his head. She lied beside him. Her body language told Lincoln to cuddle her as she rested on his chest. She placed her hands on his chest. He went through her hair. She was making pattern around his chest. That was what they did for the remainder of their time together.

They had a few minutes before they had to return to class. They put on their clothes in silence. They made glances at each other but neither said a word. Lincoln was the first to be finished. As he was making his way to the door, she called his name. "Wait!"

He turned to Chloe. She was halfway putting on her shirt before getting her chance to speak.

"My parents are coming to see me this weekend," she said.
"Okay, that sounds great."

"It would be if I didn't have to go to this stupid masquerade ball with them." She scoffed. "Why do they have to make time for everything else but their daughter?"

"I am sorry?"

"Anyway, I told them that I want to bring a guest. So, wear your best tux and meet me at my aunt's on Saturday at six, you dog."

*So whimsical of her.*

"I don't have a tux."

She slapped her head with her palm. "Jesus, do I have to do everything?" She sighed loudly as she pulled out her cell phone. She waited a few moments before someone answered. "Javier, this is Chloe. Can you meet us at the mall this afternoon. I have a friend who needs a tux by this weekend. Can you make it work?"

She waited for a moment while tapping her shoes. "Thanks! You're the best! Smooches!"

She turned to Lincoln. "Problem solved. Don't worry your peasant, commoner head about the price. It is on me." She walked away and walked out of the shed. "Make sure you clean that mess before they find what you did, you dog!" She smirked and closed the door behind her. He swore under his breath as he began cleaning the shed.

When school concluded for the day, he waited at the front entrance. Earlier, he told his sisters that he had to work on a project for his English class with Rocky and Clyde. Believing their brother, they departed to go with their older siblings. He decided not to send them off. He did not want to look at Luna in the eye. He was sure that she would reasonable of the circumstances, but he wasn't ready to take that route. He waited a few minutes before he thought it was safe enough to go outside.

Chloe send a text saying to meet her at the entrance to go to the mall.

A limo arrived at the entrance. He was thankful no one was around to see this. He heard the loud tapping sounds of hard shoes exiting. It was no surprise it was Chloe. Chloe swooped her hair and pushed Lincoln aside. The driver quickly ran to the limo to open the door. She walked in without saying a word. He thanked the driver before entering.

A gothic beauty was walking with her umbrella to the mall. She attracted the attention of those who gave her mixed feelings. They either gave her a look of disgust or a look of wonder. It didn't mattered the black-haired lolita girl as she made her way to the mall. She wasn't a big fan of the mall. She preferred second hand mom-and-pop stores over national distribution of merchandise made by the hands of small children overseas. She cringed at the thought of children pricking their fingers, showing those sorrow and pain of misery; working under oppressive circumstances.

*Lucky bastards!*

She left her umbrella at the entrance of the mall. She had a special lock that locked the umbrella in place. She was certain that it will be there when she returned. That special lock was a gift from her mistress. She was very fond of her mistress. A couple of years ago, she had an encounter with her mistress one evening as she prayed for the dead.
The mistress presented herself as the queen of the night. She admired how dedicated the gothic lolita was dedicated to her work. Since then, the vampire took her as her ward. She has taught her potions and spells; the joys of gothic literature under Hawthorne and Poe. Occasionally, she taught her ways on making a boy happy. The vampire thought she was too young to know how adults love, but taught her on how to lure boys to get whatever she desired.

She had expressed to her vampiric mistress that she desired to become a princess of the night. She wanted so badly to become a vampire. Pleased, she told the lolita that she was too young. It had to be a few years until she can become one. Until then, she settled for the bites of her mistress.

One day, the lolita was presented with a special assignment. The mistress expressed her strong feelings for a boy she had caught one evening at an arcade. She admitted that she initially wanted to drain his energy, but his taste captivated the mistress. Curious, she asked of his name. When she voiced, "Lincoln," it made her stomach churned.

She knew the white-haired child through her best friend. Her best friend was Lincoln's sister, Lucy. Since their encounter at the Sadie Hawkins dance some time back, she couldn't get him out of head. Any occasion if presented, she come over to Lucy's and gawked over him. One day, she took an article of clothing from his room. With the spells she learned from her mistress Willow, she performed a spell on claiming his love. However, the spell didn't work. One, Willow was present, which infuriated her, especially after knowing her ward was after her blood doll. Second, the clothing in question didn't belong to Lincoln. It belonged to one of the girls who were apart of his harem.

Willow was disappointed and banished the lolita from her domain. A few weeks later, she had a change of heart and returned her back to her domain. However, there is one condition.

*Haiku, you have no rights to have Lincoln under your domain. He is under my dominion and he is mine. You are free to choose whoever else you desire, but if I catch lay one paw on my Lincoln, then there are severe consequences. You know my wrath. You have seen it with the slaves I have encaptured. You have seen it with the drifters I have consumed and killed. Unless you want to suffer under that fate, please stay away from Lincoln. Understand?*

Haiku defeatingly bowed and kissed her mistress' ring. She vowed to never touch Lincoln. However, she did have one request.

*Can I be present whenever you have your way with him?*

Willow didn't deny her ward's quest. Hidden in the darkness of her lair, she watched her mistress having her way with Lincoln. Day after day, she watched Lincoln under Willow's embrace. She envied in being in Willow's position. She was rough with Lincoln. She was soft with Lincoln. Rough, passionate sex was a must for Willow. There were times where she got wet watching Willow getting a fill of Lincoln. His ghastly moans was the fuel whenever she got off to him. Seeing Lincoln in a position of submission. The way her mistress bitten him. Seeing the blood dripped from his neck to his chest. Her breast perky and covered in his blood. Willow always told Lincoln that he was hers. Even under Haiku's breath, she mouthed the same thing.

She panted as she knew she was aroused at the thought of her consummation with Lincoln. She was even turned on of seeing her mistress in that position. She wanted to treat the both of them with her love. She hoped that one day she could convince her mistress in having a threesome. She may not have Lincoln to himself, but at least she can bask in the pleasure.

She licked her lips at the thought. She can't wait for the day when she became the princess of the night. It would be at that moment she would have to challenge her mistress. Something she didn't
like, but she wanted Lincoln as well. She didn't know when, but she had to be ready. Until then, she was going to play it cool.

The reason why she was at the mall because she was on assignment for Willow. With obvisosity of her being a vampire, she was unable to come out in the day. Her assignment was grunt work. Willow came to Haiku upset with seeing Lincoln with Sam. In her fierce anger, she wanted to attack Sam. But in compensation, she tortured a slave. She told Haiku to keep watch for Lincoln. 

Now, she was on pursuit as she saw Lincoln walking with Chloe inside of the mall. Haiku had Willow on speed dial. Willow sacrificed sleep, waiting on the moment Haiku made the call. She wanted results on the hour. Willow's objective: finding the girls who were apart of Lincoln's harem. 

Haiku kept her distance. She didn't want to raise suspicion, since she herself and the clothing was not enough. She smiled as she watched Lincoln. She liked how he walked. She shook those lecherous thoughts. She was on a mission. 

She kept going until she saw the pair enter a clothing store. It was a men's fashion boutique. It was called Javier's. Haiku was familiar with the place. Her father went there when he wanted high quality clothes. The place was expensive and the ambiance displayed that not everyone is welcomed. When they were finished, they left. Deciding to gather some evidence, she went inside of the store.

She overlooked the smudgeness and the expression the clerk gave her. She was here for business. She asked the clerk on the reason Lincoln and Chloe were in the store. She wanted to know for a friend. The clerk didn't budge until Haiku pulled out a hundred dollar bill. The clerk changed his tune and explained that the pair were preparing for a masquerade ball. The clerk included time and location. She thanked the clerk and exited the store. 

It wasn't a few seconds later until she got a phone call from her mistress. She answered the phone. 

"Was Lincoln alone?"

"He wasn't. He was with a girl."

"The wretched bitch with the dyed bangs?"

"No. A different, um, I am going to be honest. She is one way on the outside and another on the inside."

"A boy? Don't care, that is a threat. Who is she?"

"Her name is Chloe Molyneaux. A nerd, but a very prissy bitch."

"She hasn't met a bitch until she met me. What reason does she have of my blood doll."

"I gathered intel on their whereabouts. It appears that they are going to a ball this Saturday."

"A ball. Where?"

Haiku told where the ball was taking place. She included the address and the details about the ball.

"Thank you, my ward. You have done your job well."

"No problem, mistress."
"Okay, return to the store. Use my credit card and purchase yourself a dress."

"Any particular reason, mistress?"

"Do you want to join me or not."

"Sorry, mistress. Sorry for questioning you."

"Thank you. So, find a suitable and presentable dress. We are going to this ball. And guess who is uninvited."

"For what the man told me, it is very high-end. Very exclusive!"

"Child, let's not forget about the queen of the night of a thousand young. Have you not practiced your spells?"

"Sorry once again, mistress."

"Thank you. Leave the way of entering to me. Just look good and be ready for this Saturday."

"Yes, ma'am"

"Be grateful. I might approve of your request."

"What about Chloe?"

"Never you mind. I have something in the works for her. Talk to you soon."

Haiku hang up the phone and return to the store. She pictured wearing a dress that shined like her white-haired knight. She was excited and looked forward to this Saturday.

This concludes a random day of Lincoln Loud. To be continued until next time.
Good evening, ladies and gentleman. This is Clyde McBride. This here is my co-host, Rusty Spokes and welcome to the *Random Podcast*.

*Due to technical difficulties and the fear of being sued by ESPN for the use of the theme music for Sportscenter, the theme song won't be playing at this time. Thank you for your cooperation and sorry for the inconvenience.*

*Dictated, not read,*

*The Management*

Clyde: Alright, ladies and gentleman, welcome to our show. Tonight, we are going to talk about the latest on what is going on with this crazy harem my dear best friend has got himself into.

Rusty: Couldn't agree any more with you, Clyde. Lincoln has created a stunning upset as he is diving into deeper relationships with the women of this harem. The numbers are growing.

Clyde: It has, Rusty. Since the last random moment, Lincoln is at a total of about seventeen girls.

Rusty: More than we'll ever have in our lifetime, Clyde.

Clyde: That is right, Rusty. Our life sucks. Anyway, on the last random moment, we saw that Lincoln willingly accepted Sam as a girlfriend. That is a very pivotal moment.

Rusty: That Sam character, a remarkable player in the league. She has the charisma, the guile, and the aura to attract people of both sexes. A very remarkable team player.

Clyde: Agreed. She is versatile if you get the hint, Rusty. At seventeen years old, she has played the game and walked the line with relationships. With her fair share of dating, she has only been committed to two girls and one guy. She believes in longevity here, Rusty. The last girl she dated last for eight months.

Rusty: Ladies and gentleman, eight months is like two years to high schoolers. Now, Clyde, back to Lincoln. Sam made the move of asking him on a date. She displayed no ulterior moments. She did all of the necessary things to take Lincoln on her side. Rides, candy, and finally the carousel.

Clyde: A pivotal moment. Slipping the attendant some money? Bold, but a class, Rusty. Then, she did the thing to seal her fate with Lincoln. She gave him a promise ring.

Rusty: For those who aren't familiar with a promise ring. It is like you are engaged to be engaged. You can see it on her face when she confessed to Lincoln her true feelings. And seeing Lincoln caressing under the cute rocker, I am jealous of this [expletive] right there. Very [expletive] jealous.
Clyde: Don't forget the final play she committed that evening. She did not take Lincoln back home, but instead to her home. They went to her bedroom and closed the door. They weren't out until eleven o'clock in the morning and that is on a school day. Lincoln is the king of kings. Or at least the king of the teens. I am saluting my dear friend for the job well done.

Rusty: We really have to give Sam the praise for tonight. She played an awesome approach on getting Lincoln. Then, not telling Luna about her brother? She loses some point, but that promise ring still breaks the curve.

Clyde: I don't know. That lunch of hers honestly breaks it for me. She made a balanced meal. If a girl takes out her time to make a balanced meal without dialing those digits to a pizza or Chinese take-out, then she is a winner in my book. Right now, I call Sam a team player. She is definitely taking the lead in this harem. She made an approach that many have yet to try.

[ Goes to the widescreen television ]

If you can see in our point of view, here are the top five girls advancing on Lincoln.

#5 Rita

#4 Luna

#3 Chloe

#2 Willow

#1 Sam

Rusty: My colleague and I chose this ranking after many observations of our subject, Lincoln. Out of the many girls, these are the ones who are progressing in obtaining Lincoln's heart.

Clyde: Now let's be careful on the term of obtaining a heart, Rusty. In my book, these girls are making proper textbook cases of love and lust. Not everyone is making the same path of love as others are not making the same path of lust.

Rita is a perfect example, in my opinion, of lusting for her son. She is a middle aged woman who is at a point that she wants to be desirable. A mother of eleven children, married, and an aspiring writer can create friction. Especially if she is not fulfilled in her life. If we can go back to the random moment when she and her family went to the drive-in, we can see how much she was craving for Lincoln. Roll the clip.

We are fortunate of having the vantage point of viewing behind the scenes that many don't see. I want us to go to the kitchen at the moment she was preparing the meals for her family.

Rusty: I want you to pause that scene. What Rita is doing is spiking her son's sandwiches with crushed "spices." My sources told me that she obtained those "spices" from a erotic shop in Canada. If we didn't know better, she added a new flavor to his sandwich. Yes, an aphrodisiac.

Clyde: Her intention was to heighten his sexual drive and take advantage of the boy, despite the intensity of volume she put in there. He was fortunate that Lori and Leni were there to numb the boy, or else he would have been in serious trouble. Thankfully, we have an expert who is a perfect example of being in a harem. Ladies and gentleman, I want us to welcome to the Random Podcast, Negi Springfield.

Negi: Thank you, Clyde and Rusty. I am fortunate of being on this podcast. Congrats on your first
episode. I have been watching your minisodes before it became a series.

Clyde: Thanks, Negi. I am excited that you are apart of this show. Now, Negi, you have been apart of one of a well-known harem in your studies in Japan. Can you tell us the difference between love and lust in a harem?

Negi: Gladly. You see, when a girl loves a boy, she pursue greater methods of getting his blessing. She is more subtle, stays behind the scenes. She is not too aggressive. She is like a turtle slow and steady. Sam is a perfect example of love. She had a very rocky start. She and Luna were chloroforming him constantly. One has to be careful on how often you do that. You can suffer brain damage.

Back to my point, Sam picked up the pace as she remained confident on her pursuit with Lincoln. She did surprise me when she asked him on a regular date. She didn't pull any move of exposing her body. She didn't provoke him with her body. Even her attire told it was casual. She wanted to earn Lincoln's affection the right way. She asked him out, she asked for a relationship, and they consummate their relationship. For now, Sam is in the lead of this harem.

Rusty: I couldn't agree more. Sam is definitely has shown some growth over the last few random moments.

Clyde: Yes, yes, back to Rita. Negi, what can you say about a girl who lust a boy?

Negi: One has to be careful when it comes to girls who lust. She goes to great lengths of achieving her target. Most girls who lust don't care for the boy, but the thrill of taking advantage of his mind. You can take a heart, but the mind is the biggest challenge in the factor. Girls like Rita knows that Lincoln can be weak minded when seeing their body in display. Exposing her breast, showing her [expletive] (especially when she wears provocative and alluring panties), and showing more skin. I know it is in the same factor, but girls like Rita is aggressive and won't stop until their target is achieved.

Rusty: Is there a possibility that Rita can change?

Negi: At this point in time, no. Rita is cutting corners to get other girls out of the race. She sees these girls as competition. Therefore, she is going to sabotage. You saw in the clip that she spiked her son's food to get what she wanted. What makes her incapable of going to measures of moving girls out of the way? Take it from me, the struggle is real when girls come. Ask Evangeline McDowell when she attacked me a few weeks into my arrival from England.

At this point, Rita displays yandere tendencies. She is willing to cause harm and that can damage some point if she wants Lincoln to accept a relationship, or submit. So, Rita is definitely last in my book.

Clyde: I couldn't agree more. Let's get to our next person in the run-in, Luna Loud.

Rusty: What makes Luna special is the fact that she is the first girl to start this harem. The harboring feelings of her sexuality and those of incest was too much she could bear. She is the first to set off events into creating this harem. She was very smooth with it. She uses Sam as her catalyst to take advantage of her brother. She cares for her brother, but is unsure of its reciprocation.

Clyde: Do you think that is the reason of her drugging him?

Rusty: Probably. Then yet again, she could look at it as a thrill. Remember, she is rocker. Excitement is her middle name. She walks a fine line between lust and love because she cares for
Lincoln, but enjoys the thrill of using his body at her disposal. Lucky [expletive].

Negi: I have dealt with two girls in the past of harems who shared the same experience. [Censored] and [Censored] had budding feelings for each other. Both of them liked me, but they enjoyed the companionship and vied for each other's affection. Bisexuality is definitely a line many have to bear, but I respect wherever decision one makes. Back to Luna, she cares for her brother. She does her best to take care. What I don't like about her is the constant drugging. Call it what you want, but that is pure and simple rape. I admire Sam for the lead, but she is not exempt for she is involved. She did apologize, but she has to make improvement if she wants to stay #1.

Luna and Rita shared a yandere side. Both are competing and look at each other as threats. I am not even sure how she was able to obtain a glock. She has even threatened her sisters. We are unsure if she knows of the others. Understand that if Luna wants Lincoln to submit, she must calm down her volatile nature and keep the peace. That's at least how I feel.

Clyde: I respect your point of view, Negi. Now, looking at number three, Chloe Molyneaux.

Rusty: [expletive] [expletive] [expletive]. She is a [expletive] in my [expletive]. The vein of [expletive][expletive] for the sake of [expletive] [expletive]. Sorry. She really [expletive] with me. The least favorite of my rank in the harem. The very bottom of the pyramid.

Clyde: Chloe Molyneaux is not the people's champ. A study by anonymous user explains that Chloe is one of the least favorite character in the harem. Negi, can you have this in a harem?

Negi: Certainly! Every harem is going to have its share of girls that are prissy and pampered, for a lack of a better word. Those girls are selfish and think of themselves. They don't value the boy because she thinks of the boy as a possession. As if he should be appreciative that she likes him. Under Japanese terminology, she can be classified as a tsundere or a kuudere.

Clyde: I am familiar of those terms. Both kind of meaning the same thing. Cold, but warm at heart, if I remember correctly.

Negi: Yes, sir. Chloe is perfect in the role of this harem. She acts as the antagonist. Not every harem is going to have likeable characters. Each person is going to find a girl to relate and root for them. That is the point. There are people who are going to support Chloe. They might share qualities. I am unsure of what. Chloe plays the role of poor little rich girl. She has neglectful parents. She was raised by her maids. She has a nasty behavior and she looks at Lincoln as a target of her behavior.

Chloe wants to be seen. She wants to be heard. When a child doesn't receive that love, of course, she is going to act up. She gets everything she wants. When she realized that Lincoln didn't accept her advances, she wanted Lincoln. And she is going at great lengths to get what she wants.

Rusty: Another reason that many may like Chloe is also the fact that she is transgendered.

Negi: Transgendered girls in harems are a special thing. They are not rare, but they are delicate. Traps, or otokonoko, are crossdressing boys. One must be mindful when knowing your traps. You have traps that enjoy the pleasure of dressing in girls’ clothing while acknowledging that they are men. The other part of the spectrum is shemales, or newhalf. Those kinds of girls are similar to traps, but most encounter some kind of transition to become women. Once again, be mindful because there are shemales who still recognize themselves as men.

Now, you have traps who are in transition to become girls. They engaged in hormone therapy and try their hardest to become girls.
Chloe is an example of a boy who wants to be a girl. She is transgendered for that reason. Most traps tend to be reserved in a harem. They vied for the boy's love. They feared that they won't be accepted, but hoped he keeps an open mind.

The reason she advances in the rank because she is making the most effort in gaining Lincoln's affection. Of course, she uses lust to get his attention. What I like about Lincoln is that he is not disgusted by her body.

Rusty: Will that make people question Lincoln's sexuality.

Negi: Yes, but Lincoln doesn't display qualities of being attracted to men. Let me explain, Lincoln is an open-minded person. He is unopposed of the fact that Chloe is technically a boy. Chloe's personality is of a girl and that is what registers into Lincoln's head. If it was the other way around, then Lincoln wouldn't go for it. In harems, most men are acceptive of the girl's extended member. Some are either way in her keeping it or not.

Clyde: What made Chloe immediately progress was the ill feelings and jealousy of his dating Sam.

Rusty: Chloe taking the time out during school and engaged in their encounter. She uses her body and dominance against him. At the same time, she shows feelings that she does care for Lincoln. A big evidence was the invitation of going to the masquerade ball.

Negi: That is tricky, Rusty. A tricky move because she has to make important decision on the direction of her fate with Lincoln. In harems, balls are important. It is the time to display public affection with dancing and interacting with people. Balls attract people from all walks of life. So, girls and guys are there to take their dates or find dates.

If Chloe wants to make it work, she needs to make her move there. She keeps casual and tries her best to get Lincoln on her side. She may have used this as an excuse to make her mood. Sometimes, girls are afraid to show their true selves for obvious of reasons.

I have a colleague named Junichiro Tachibana who can testify the numerous of characters in his harem. [Censored] with the half-British mother and [Censored] who had political connections. Chloe reminds me of [Censored] with the political connections. She was bossy and quite a [expletive]. She had a mouth and wasn't afraid to use it. Also, she was quite fond of the master and pet relationship.

Rusty: In my experience of seeing scenes, foreshadowing is important. I say that because of Willow. I might as well bring her to the subject for she is our number two. Willow is aware of the ball Lincoln is attending. Knowing she is bringing her ward, Haiku to the party lets me know that something is going to be up.

Negi: It is in the air. Anything goes at those functions. We won't know until we find out.

Clyde: We are let the viewers to decide on what is going to happen on the next random moment.

**Will Chloe use this ball as an opportunity to make her move to Lincoln or Will Willow intervene and progress herself to Lincoln?**

Rusty: Willow, in my opinion, is the most special character in this harem. She is really my favorite. I hope to see her as the fan's favorite and the lead contender in this harem.

Clyde: Willow is a true example of being a tsundere. At over four hundred years of age, Willow has experience that we can never fathom in our lifetime. She is a stunning beauty, a tough as nails
kind of girl, and from day one, an active member in pursuing Lincoln.

Negi: Willow is a lead contender in my book. She is a classic example of a yandere with the combination of a tsundere. She is aggressive and desires what she wants. She is relentless. She doesn't give up. She is what an example of a great harem.

Willow sincerely cares for Lincoln, but like a tsundere, it takes time. There was lust in her eyes when she craved for Lincoln's blood. I still think she desires the blood of Lincoln, but the more I see her, the more I think her lust is fading away.

Rusty: Willow is a special case. She isn't like Sam. Willow has a history of many generations. Also, vampires are stereotypically cold, prideful, and look down upon lesser beings.

Negi: Take it from me who shared an experience with a vampire and the same vampire who yearned for my father. Willow has that option to be cold and look at Lincoln nothing more than a good meal. Then, you see how jealous and cautious she is around Lincoln. She does not want another woman around Lincoln. Unlike Sam who is willing to share, Willow is not. She does not want Lincoln with anyone but her.

Willow is for the sure in of taking Lincoln for the win. Hands down, she is my favorite.

Clyde: Same.

Rusty: Same.

Clyde: I say that for now because remember, there are twelve to thirteen more girls who can climb and take away somebody from the top five.

Rusty: I can see Rita fading away from the top five. Luna might disappear if she doesn't take any action. I know Chloe needs to be careful. I can see Nurse Kazami replacing her instantly.

Negi: As of now, Willow and Sam are safe. I do not see them leaving any time soon. As I look at this harem, here are the girls to look out for. I am certain that Lucy is going to make it. Tomoko is going to make it. I even think Nory is going to make it. We can't be certain.

Lucy is playing the perfect role in this harem. A sworn underdog and playing pacifist. In her eyes, she doesn't have to do anything while the other girls fight. She is looking for a weak point and she is aiming to the top spot. My eyes are on Lucy.

Tomoko had some bumps, but another girl to watch out for. She makes sweets. She gets a plus for that. A harem is incomplete without having a baker in the fray.

Nory is another girl to look out for. She is borderline between love and lust. She is a yandere, but I guaranteed that she has a few tricks up her sleeve. Well, in my opinion.

Clyde: True, but I am looking forward to see more of Luan, Lynn, and especially Mrs. Tenoh-Anderson.

Rusty: Ms. DiMartino. That one for sure. Nurse Kazami also because she is playing Cool Hand Luke. Would you get involved in the shambles or wait until they finish each other?

Negi: Seems like Lincoln won't be having any other plans this time soon. This harem is going to be quite a while.

Clyde: Very true. Well, Negi, thank you for taking out your time to come here and share to us your
Negi: Charmed. Thank you, gentlemen.

Clyde: Well, it is time to wrap up our podcast. I am Clyde McBride.

Rusty: I am Rusty Spokes.

Rusty and Clyde: This is the Random Podcast. Until next time.
Lincoln's father Lynn takes Lincoln for a check-up. Is he growing suspicious of Lincoln's behavior?

This is a random doctor's visit with Lincoln….

The following chapter occurred the day after going to the mall with Chloe and before Lincoln's journey to Canada.

Going to the doctor's office was not Lincoln's favorite thing to do for an activity. But it was through the urging of his father if he go for a check-up. His father grew concern of his son. Over the last few weeks, he has been observing his son's behavior. He hasn't be home as often because of his business trips, but he has kept tab of his son. He hasn't called them on it, but he hoped the doctor would help. For starters, he knew that Lincoln hasn't been home all of the time. His excuses are valid, spending the night at Clyde's; allowing permission to stay at Sam's with Luna with parental supervision; or sleeping with his sisters. However, he couldn't count for the other nights. At times, he would come into his room and he was gone. Instead of confronting his son, he went to his wife. She jolted whenever Lincoln was on the subject. Her response was that she was going to talk to him about it. It has been a few weeks since their last conversation and has not displayed any change.

Speaking of change, he has been concern about his family. In particular, his wife. They were not as passionate as they used to be. What used to be a weekly thing turned into a monthly thing. Whenever they had sex, he felt it was more out of marital obligation versus passion. Sometimes, he could hear her moaning another person's name. He wasn't sure of the name in question because she tend to mumble in her sleep. He hasn't been bold to talk to his wife about their marriage. Their pet names were barely mentioned. Their holding hands were nonexistent. When they sleep, she turned over without even a kiss or a "good night." There were nights when she would be up and talking to someone. Sometimes, she would sleep with Lincoln. It wasn't just his wife, but his daughters as well. They have exhibited behaviors that concerned him. Of course there were constant nagging between sisters, but they made up. Now, they constantly fought and displayed hatred towards each other. It worried him so much that he knew it was time for action.

He explained to his boss that he doesn't want another business trip for at least a month. He wanted some personal time with his wife. Unbeknownst to her, he has scheduled a weekend trip to Minneapolis at a spa. Knowing her fondness for spas, this trip will help release some tension and hopefully open up his Rita. Following the weekend trip, Lynn scheduled a trip with his children to an amusement park in Atlantic City. When both trips were done, he wanted a family discussion on their welfare. He had also talk to some therapist for a meeting.

He looked at his son while he was reading a magazine. He just couldn't help but to observe him. Lincoln was his son, the pride and joy and sole male of the Loud siblings. He looked to Lincoln as the future provider of the household if he passed. Although a teenager, he gave Lincoln credit on many things to keep their family together. So, it was concerning to see his son not being himself. He was seeing bags in his eyes. He hasn't been sleeping well. The consumptions of coffee he has
consumed was a growing factor. He has noticed scratch marks on his body, including bite marks. What worried Lynn the most was seeing a bruise around his son's neck. He felt guilty, better yet a coward. Because he has never once asked any of the family was something wrong. He didn't know why. At least, he could start with his son.

"Lincoln Loud." The voice of the nurse called Lincoln's name. Lincoln put down the magazine and followed his father into the doctor's office. The nurse asked Lincoln to step to the weighing scale.

She wrote notes on her notepad and led the father and son to a room. The nurse asked Lincoln to sit on the bed. Lincoln extended his arm as he knew the nurse would ask for his blood pressure. Lincoln watched his nervous father. His eyes showed worry which made his worry. His father may have been gullible, but he wasn't surprised if he was raising suspicion of the events unfolding in the household.

The nurse took some notes on her notepad before alerting them that the doctor would come shortly. The door was closed, leaving them alone.

Both of them kept their eyes on each other. Neither had blank. A small bit of tension was occurring in the doctor's office. Lincoln tapped his fingers on his pants. His father coughed a few times. Both were waiting for their next move.

Lynn broke the silence.

"It seems like I don't see much of you these days, kiddo." His father chuckled, but it was disguising the pain in his voice. "School and friends are keeping you very busy."

Lincoln laughed. "You can say that. Working on special projects with many people this year. I don't want to let them down."

"When was the last time you had spend some time with your old man?"

"We had time to ourselves? I mean we had ten sisters to block that time."

Lynn laughed of that particular truth. "Agreed. I just don't want you to be a stranger is all." He looked at the window before returning to Lincoln. "Tell me about the new friends you are making."

Lincoln looked away, but didn't want to trigger any suspicion. He had to be fast on his feet with responses. "Just a group of kids that are interested in working with me. They are admiring my skills with the art I draw."

"I keep forgetting you draw anime."

He laughed. "It is manga, silly dad. I draw more than that. I draw art. I still have dreams of being a comic book artist."

"You still have that dream? Ever since you were young, that notebook has never left your side."

"Of course not, Dad. You gave it to me on my seventh birthday."

"You remember that."

"Why wouldn't I? Anything of significance I will never forget. Dad, believe it or not, this notebook is important to me because you believed in me. So, getting this from you comes from the heart."
Lynn nodded his head in agreement. "Just wanted to know how much I love you is all."

"I love you, too, Dad. I know I have been busy with things. I know this family has been kind of off."

"Kind of?"

"Ok, really off. I can't explain how and why? But, I want to return to the old dynamic. I miss it."

Lynn sighed. "I am grateful that I am not the only one noticing that. Thank you, son."

*I won't say any more, Dad. There are things that are beyond description. You can't know that the dynamic of our family is in shambles is because of me. Your older daughters are fighting over me and hurting each other to gain me. Your wife is sleeping with your son. There is so much going on that I can't explain it. Dad, forgive me. I love you so much. I don't want seeing you hurt. But, I am quite happy of your naivete. You deserve something worthier than us.*

The door opened and in came a doctor that looked like a soldier. Every action, every step looked methodical and purposeful. Lincoln was relieved that the doctor was a male. The doctor gave the duo a smile, but it appeared as a professional smile. Like it was out of courtesy. He closed the door and observed the notes that the nurse gave him earlier.

"This is Lincoln Loud," answered the doctor in a pleasant voice. "I am Dr. Kanaye and I will be serving you today."

Lincoln shook his head as he shook the doctor's hand. The doctor began with his procedure. The doctor asked the routine if he took any prescription drugs or vitamins, which he denied. He asked if it was the first time visiting the doctor's office. Lincoln answered that it was the first in awhile. The doctor took notes of whatever Lincoln answered and then turn to his father.

"Dr. Kanaye, I brought Lincoln here to see what is going on with him," said Lynn.

"Any symptoms or odd behavior with him," asked Dr. Kanaye.

Lynn explained to the doctor of the odd behavior that has been occurring with his son over the last couple of weeks. Each time the doctor scribbled any notes, it made Lincoln's stomach churned. He was worried that his father was catching on with the incestious rendezvous with his family. Honestly, he knew it was a matter of time before his father found out, or at least catch on.

The doctor put a stethoscope on Lincoln's chest. He asked him to breath a few times before completing the process. He checked on his reflexes, used a tongue depressor, and observed his eyes. He scribbled some more notes on his notepad.

The doctor returned to face Lynn. "You mentioned to me that he had a bruise on his neck?"

"Yes, sir," answered Lynn. "Also scratch marks and bite marks also."

The doctor went around and observed the marks in question. With his gloved hand, he put it around Lincoln's neck. He asked Lincoln to take off his shirt. He inspected it and wrote a few notes before closing the file folder.

The doctor took off his glasses and sat on the counter. He let out a little smirk at the duo. "I don't see anything serious with Lincoln, Mr. Loud. I can explain with the minor debacles that are going on with your son. For starters, the bags under Lincoln's eyes is due of lack of sleep. Does he have a curfew?"
Lynn shook his head. "Yes he does. However, he does spend the night with others."

The doctor hummed. "Reduce the overnight stays and make sure that he gets eight hours. After a while, the bags will fade."

"What about the bruise," asked Lynn.

Dr. Kanaye smirked and turned to Lincoln. The smirk he displayed to Lincoln worried him because he knew what direction is going. "Pardon me if I sound rude, Lincoln. Is there a girl you are talking to right now?"

Lincoln turned red in result made Lynn's eyes widened. Lincoln played coy and went along with it. "I am talking to a girl, yes."

"Mr. Loud, there is nothing to worry about with the bruise. Just a common teenage love bite."

"Lincoln," said Lynn. "You are letting girls do that to you?"

The doctor intervene. "This is a typical teenage act. I am not surprised. He is young. Exploration is common. Don't know why it is still taboo." He put back on his glasses. "If you don't mind, Lynn. I want to have a little private time with Lincoln. There is nothing to worry about."

Following the doctor's orders, Lynn stepped out of the room. The doctor observed a few notes before turning his sights on Lincoln. "Lincoln, I have a serious question and forgive me if I approach this with strong urgency. Are you sexually active?"

Lincoln didn't say it, but his body language gave it away. The doctor nodded his head.

"I see. Lincoln, I say this because when seeing your body, I noticed that these marks are common when one is engaging in sex. Let me ask you something, are you staying protected?"

"Not all of the time."

"Ok, Lincoln, I am not going to stop you from having sex. However, you need to wear a condom at all times. You are aware of the diseases and risk of pregnancy?"

"Yes, sir."

"The moment I pinpointed this was when I saw the marks. Looking at you, these sexual acts is making you lose sleep. Am I correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"How often do you have sex?"

"Almost every day. Maybe twice a day."

"Okay." The doctor returned his file folder and scribbled some notes. "Another question and pardon my rudeness. Is that your only partner?"

"Doctor, I rather not say. You are right about I being sexually active. You are right that I am not getting any sleep because of I having sex. I have been sore of the constant sex I am getting. It is getting to me, doctor. My father has been the only person being concerned about it. Please don't tell my dad. He doesn't need to know right now."

"I won't. Everything is here is strictly doctor-patient privilege. However, I do recommend at some
point to discuss to your family about sex. Not stopping you, but you are too young to engage in such acts." He took a breath. "I ask people like you this because I check for things like STDs or other hidden diseases. If you are having sex with multiple partners, you have to be weary of these things. STDs or other health symptoms like AIDS or HIV don't show right away. That is why I encourage you wearing condoms so that you won't get burned, if you know what I mean."

Lincoln nodded his head.

"Another thing I should tell you is that constant sex can lead to having serious problems like pelvic inflammatory disease. It leads to infertility, which means you can't have children."

Lincoln was feeling drained, but grateful at the same time.

He went to the counter and wrote a prescription to give to Lincoln. "Here is a prescription for your soreness. Here is another one. It is a sleep aid. I also recommend to take a break from sex."

"Taking a break," asked Lincoln with curiosity.

"Your body can take a toll if you don't give yourself a rest. Sex is an exercise, but like any exercise, too much can lead to troubled grounds. If I were your son, I discourage you to do it. However, I suggest cutting the days. Say instead of every day, maybe two to three days a week." He pulled a card from his wallet and gave it to Lincoln. "There is a teen counselor who is very helpful with these kinds of things. Give her a call. Don't worry, your father would think it is teen talk. Her name is Susan Kazami. She is an expert on solving problems."

Lincoln had a self-deprecating look on his face. "Thanks," he said as he took the card.

"I want to schedule an appointment with you in the next few months. I will send your father the details."

Lincoln shook the doctor's hand and walked out of the room. He and his father left the doctor's office and were headed for the elevator. Before entering the elevator, he threw Susan Kazami's card in the trash.

This concludes a random doctor's visit with Lincoln. Until next time.
This is another random moment with a hikikomori.

This chapter took place a couple of days before his date with Sam and before his trip to Canada.

Lincoln was in a good mood this morning. He plugged his cell phone to his speaker and turned on his YouTube app. He searched for 1980's R&B. He was pleasantly surprised to see the S.O.S. Band's "Weekend Girl" appeared first. He turned it on and began humming with the familiar beat. Whenever he was in a good mood, he played that song. It was carefree and laid back. The lyrics didn't match him, but the tune kept his spirits up. It was hard being a teenager. It was harder to be a lover of these many girls. He thought he should see a doctor for a check-up. He didn't have the courage to talk to his father about it. His mother was no help. She would automatically assumed it had to deal with her. Honestly, she was part of the equation of his stress. He couldn't go to the school nurse for obvious reasons. The school counselor was no help because she and Nurse Kazami were allies. He wouldn't dare talk to the principal because the last thing he wanted to do was get them into trouble.

He turned on the cold water from the faucet and let it flow into the pot. He turned on the oven where he had apple turnovers to be heated. He looked to his laptop and saw that it was at the appropriate temperature for cooking. The carrots and the potatoes were already chopped and seasoned. The rice was cooking in the crock pot. He prepared the beef and chicken the night before. The only thing he had to was to go to the grocery store to get some soda and some wine. He was fortunate that Mrs. Tenoh-Anderson or by now he called her, Miki, can help him with that.

The kitchen was feeling and smelling lively. He was feeling accomplished. He couldn't helped but thank Miki for helping him learn to cook. She made a gourmet like meal when he came to her house. He didn't guess that how simple ramen noodles, peas, carrots, and filet mignon can taste. After breakfast, they went to the fireplace where she read stories to him. He was enjoying the company until the inevitable happened. He closed his eyes as her body enveloped his body. On the bear-skinned rug, they engaged in sex. Miki showed him experiences that she only displayed with women. He didn't like her assertiveness, but admittedly that she was good. Afterwards, she prepared dessert for them. He sat in the kitchen wearing her bathrobe. She, however, was wearing nothing but an apron. She finished the batter and brought the spoon to LIncoln. She thrust it to him, stimulating each other. While the cake was baking, they had sex in the kitchen.

He put the pot on the stove and turned on the fire in the stove. He poured the stew mix and put the potatoes and the carrots in the pot. He knew it was going to take awhile for the food to cook, so he had time on his hands. He went back to his cell phone and turned it to another song. Frank Ocean's "Bad Religion" came on into the kitchen. He began singing it as he was experiencing some of things that he was feeling at that particular juncture. He couldn't vocalize to the girls that he wanted some space. He couldn't vocalize that he wanted the girls to get along without hurting each other. It was getting to the point if he was either craving it. Each of their touches were distinguishable. Be it were soft or hard. How they kiss, how they moan, how they laugh, he knew them all. The anatomy of a women was self-taught in his book. No health class or science class or even psychology class was going to tell him on pleasing a woman. He left them satisfied, but at his expense.

He stretched his tired arms and walked into the living room. He knew to keep quiet as he looked through the channels on the television. Nory's grandmother is still sleeping. At any moment, the smell of the food was going to draw Nory of her headquarters, her hidden fortress, her sacred temple. The place where she took advantaged of the white-haired child. Lincoln still felt pain from
the taser every now and again. But he couldn't be mad at her. Nothing happened that day. When he came to, he heard the sounds of her masturbating. He watched her playing with her pussy. The sounds of her soaked cavern along with her hands. Her slight, but playful moans filled the room. He was on the floor, but her eyes were on him. She called his name a few times while watching hentai on the computer screen. Lincoln saw the clock and knew he has been out for some time. Also, the scent of the room smelled differently than when he entered. Also, her juices made a small path next to Lincoln. The scent of her cum and urine were strong. Being familiar with the woman's body, she was a squirter. Also, her panties were very damped. He concluded that she liked masturbating with her panties on. He didn't want to disturb her, so he let her continued. It wasn't until another two hours when he finally got up. Nory was alarmed and had her taser on standby. Lincoln convinced her that he wasn't going to tell or hurt her. The only thing he wondered if she had anything to eat. That evening, Lincoln went into the kitchen and made her a small dish. Her grandmother was overjoyed to see Lincoln make something for her granddaughter. He took the dish into her bedroom. He put it in front in her. He had a towel to clean her hands. He also said that he didn't poison her. He just wanted her to eat. Nory slowly took the bites of Lincoln's dish. Quickly, she ingested his meal.

Since that incident, Lincoln made weekly visits to Nory's house. She has not done anything to him since. She was still afraid to leave the bedroom, but Lincoln was welcomed to come inside. He brought her homework, he made her meals, and often read appropriate comics to her. Some days, he even helped her grandmother on small tasks. Slowly, but surely, Lincoln suspected that Nory's layers were shedding. He knew that last week when she stepped out into the hallway on her own.

Cowboy Bebop was his drug of choice today. He had a pleasure in watching the joys of space cowboys searching for criminals and getting involved in their misadventures. He also appreciated the diverse cast of characters. He felt involved in the storyline, the plots, and the character development. He was watching the episode when the crew got stranded and were starving. The crew got entangled on ingesting some wild mushrooms. He lowered the volume and reached for a magazine. He knew at he had an allotted time before he had to check on the food.

He heard the door opened in the hallway. He heard slow, but steady footprints. Apprehensive at first, but continued the path until it came into the opening. Lincoln didn't look because he knew the grandmother didn't wake up until after noon. He knew it was nobody else but Nory. Nory's frizzy hair covered her eyes. She was wearing a Himouto! Umaru-chan t-shirt. It was loosed fitted and he can see her bra strap. She was wearing pants today. They were grey jogging shorts. They were loose-fitted, but he grateful she was wearing something other than panties. Her smell was not as unpleasant this time. According to her grandmother, she had began taking showers again. Not as often, but she was making effort.

"Go into the kitchen, Nory. I made you breakfast while I am preparing for dinner." Lincoln didn't look. He learned not to give her direct eye contact until she initiated first. She went into the kitchen and went to the microwave. She grabbed her breakfast and stepped into the living room.

"Get you a fork and a napkin this time," demanded Lincoln. He was sounding more of a parent than a classmate. Nory returned to the kitchen to get the items. She returned to the living room and sat on the floor next to Lincoln. She ate quickly. Lincoln knew that she was enjoying it. Whenever Lincoln cooked, she quickly ate his meals. She was delighted and felt loved with every bite.

"When you are finished, go and wash your hands," he said. Nory followed his directions and went into the kitchen. When she returned, she rubbed her stomach. "That was yummy, senpai."

Lincoln smiled without looking at Nory. "Anytime, Nory. It was nothing a little bit of seasoning can do to toast and eggs with some jelly. Your grandmother tells me you like jelly on your eggs. I
prefer having it on my grilled cheese." He put down the magazine and looked at Nory. "Next time, I can make it for you if you like."

She shook her head. "I would love that, senpai." Nory returned to the couch and sat beside Lincoln. Despite her shyness, she wasn't shy of sitting beside Lincoln. "What plans are we doing today?"

Lincoln laughed. "For starters, I am still in the middle of cooking. I have to go and get your grandmother's prescription filled at the grocery store. Also, it is good timing to get the soda and wine for tonight."

"You are staying for dinner, senpai?"

"I am, I am. Your grandmother is going out tonight. She and a few friends are going to the casino. I told her that I had no problem watching you. I think you are safe enough to not tase me again."

She pointed her fingers together. "Sorry, senpai! I was scared. I never had a boy before in my room."

He shook his head. "It's cool, Nory. Just next time, give a gentleman a proper introduction before setting us ablaze."

She giggled. "I promise."

Lincoln turned off the television and returned to the kitchen. He had to put the meat and the rice into the pot. He checked his phone and knew it would take another hour or so before the meal was to be finished. He also had to make cornbread in replacement of bread. He also had to make a side salad. He would enlist Nory but neither him or her grandmother trust her with a knife. There was an incident a few months prior. Nory sat at the bar and watched Lincoln cooked. She was sniffing the scent and the sounds she made displayed she was happy to have company.

"Once I get this cornbread and salad ready, then I am finished." He felt accomplished. He has done more than he usually had. It felt good to do something other than being a love doll for the others. As soon as he put the cornbread in the oven, he began making the salad. It was a simple salad that consisted of spinach, tomatoes, almonds, cranberries, and walnuts. He made the dressing optional because Nory didn't like dressing on the salad unless she did it herself. He put the salad in the refrigerator. He sighed with relief. "Finished! Thank God." He rubbed his wrist. He was feeling like a husband than a kid right now. It made sense because Nory's eyes were wide like saucers.

"It feels good to see a man cook around here, senpai!" She was smiling. A first in quite awhile. She didn't look like she was a hikikomori, but a regular girl. The Nory Shishani he saw in the classroom was a different Nory Shishani he was seeing now. Her face was glowing again. He covered his nose. Now, he had to get her adjusted to the shower.

"Nory, forgive for being blunt. You smell quite mature." His voice was apologetic, but he was insisted in getting Nory into the bathroom.

Nory sniffed her underarms. She too was appalled by the smell. "I guess it wouldn't hurt to wash off." She left the kitchen and went into the bathroom. With the door closed, Lincoln went to her bedroom to find some clothes. Lately, she has been keeping her room organized. A few weeks prior, Lincoln put a scented candle to cover the smell. He invested in a hamper to blockade her dirty clothes. It was a work in progress, but he had to start from somewhere. He went into the drawer to find some suitable clothing. He overlooked the vibrators, the plugs, and thongs before finding some clothes. He hoped to take her shopping when she got the confidence to return to the
outside. He closed the drawer and went to the bathroom.

He knocked on the door. She slightly opened it to give him the old clothes. She thanked him before
Closing the door. He covered his nose to hide her mature womanly scent. He spotted blood on her
Panties. When putting the clothes into the hamper, he went into restroom cabinet to get a tampon.
Once again, the versatile role of father and husband was damning, but nevertheless rewarding. He
gave her another knock and slightly put the tampon on the sink. She thanked him before he
returned to the living room.

He already knew her grandmother left him some money for the grocery items. He made a list to
ensure that he wouldn't forget. He was going to leave, but decided to wait. He needed a few more
minutes before Sam left for work. He was unsure if Sam knew about Nory or his visiting the
complex with her or Luna's knowledge. It was something he wouldn't risk. He waited an additional
fifty minutes before seeing the rocker enter her Porsche and leave the complex.

He was fortunate that Nory had a bike. It cut his trip by ten minutes. As he prepared to leave, she
stepped out of the shower. A scent of pancakes and bubblegum from the shampoo she had entered
his nostrils. A better scent from earlier. Her hair was straight. Her clothes were colorful and bright.
She was wearing a yellow t-shirt and thigh-cut jean shorts. For a moment, he couldn't tell if that
was a hikikomori standing there.

"Well, don't you look refreshed?" He threw her the peace sign for an approval.

"Thank you, senpai!" She returned doing a peace sign. "Where are you going?"

"Shopping," he said. "I have to get some drinks for this evening. Also take care of some small
items for your grandmother. I won't be gone too long. I turned down the heat on the stove. The
food should be fine when I come back. The cornbread is in the oven. It is finished, but don't touch
it. If you get hungry, I made some watermelon and cucumber sandwiches in the refrigerator."

"Wait," she said with urgency. Lincoln's hand barely touched the knob before hearing the
hikikomori. "If it is okay, I want to go with you."

"With me? To the store?"

"Yes, Senpai. It is Saturday. School is out. I doubt I won't see anybody."

"What about your grandmother?"

"She will be fine. She is a late sleeper. Give her a few hours and she is ready. She is really excited
about tonight."

Lincoln didn't have any reservations. He was happy about her progression. He hoped she wasn't
making a move too soon. "Sure, you can with me. I am grateful your bike as additional seating.

"I made it myself. Compliments of the overconsumption of anime."

"Wanted a fantasy of a boy riding the bike as you watch?"

She shook her head.

"Congratulations! Lincoln has granted your wish."

Nory and Lincoln left the apartment with her bike. Once they were on a leveled street, the pair left
for the grocery store. Nory held on to Lincoln's bike as he pedaled to the store. To fill the void of
time, he put on his music player. The sound of System of A Down was traveling music. Nory leaned on Lincoln's bike. Lincoln felt her tongue through her jaw throbbing. He didn't mind. Just seeing Nory with a peace of mind was more than suitable.

A few minutes later, they arrived to the grocery store. Nory went to get a cart. Lincoln pulled the shopping list out of his pocket to get what he needed. He took a few breaths because the first item on his list was not as easy to get. He was still underaged, but he knew Miki was able to get it. Her lunch break was beginning as soon as he saw her leaving the register to clock out.

He looked at Nory; shy but still in a pleasant mood. He told Nory to get the items on the list. He even told her to go to the pharmacy for her grandmother. He knew that the pharmacy was slow on their retrieval of items. So, it gave him an ample amount of time to handle his business with Miki.

As soon as Nory departed, here came the firm touch of Miki's caressing his butt. He remained frozen, something Miki loved when she was in charge of a boy.

"Glad to see you, Linky," she purred. The news reporter often volunteered at the grocery store when she had spare time. She played an active role in her community. With her working there. It gave her points and a nomination for a local Emmy. If they only knew that her working there was a hunting ground for unsuspecting teenagers who scoured the establishment. Lincoln was no exception. Unlike the boys who were one night stands, Lincoln was many, many nights. Feeling the heat from Miki, she was aching for an afternoon instead.

"Hey, Mrs. Miki." He was a bit apprehensive, especially if she was this bold in displaying her affection in public. "On your lunch break?"

"That I am, Linky," she confirmed. She took off her glasses. The ponytail and the pencil behind her ear made her more of a schoolteacher than a news reporter/grocery store worker. "I am on assignment right now. I am here live with the subject in question who is standing next to me. I have exclusive news on certain things that need to be shared between us. Are you willing for an interview?"

Lincoln knew her foreplay of news jargon to get his wine. "I can't be too long. I have company here." He felt her fingers extending to his shoulder, giving him a slight massage.

"I saw as I clocked out earlier." She wasn't upset. Her tone was alluring as if she wanted to include Nory into the fray. "It won't be too long."

Lincoln left with Miki to outside where she had her other vehicle today. She and Lincoln were inside of her Chevy Impala as she drove a few blocks into a wooded area. The area was hardly used. What should have been a future site of a megastore turned back into a forest where nature reclaimed its lost seeds. It was also the location where she and Lincoln engaged in their encounters.

It took no time for Miki to take off her clothes and her pants. Lincoln was already in the backseat prepared for her encounter. Her eyes were focused on his lips as she came to give him a rough kiss. He muffled his voice by her mouth. She gripped his shirt as she took it off. While kissing, she took off his pants and his boxers. Instantly, the duo was naked.

She pulled a condom from the console and placed into her mouth. She told Lincoln to lie down as she used her mouth to put it on his dick. The sound of her mouth making strange noises while putting on his condom made him feel funny.

"Do you always do this to boy you screw?" Lincoln asked her which gave her her attention. She smiled while caressing his balls.
"Only to the boys I like. But you are very special to me." She pulled down her panties and put it inside of Lincoln's mouth. "Let me shut that pretty mouth of yours for talking too much. Just relax and enjoy my pussy." She quickly open her folds to enter Lincoln's dick inside. He quickly moaned by the contact. His hips were sore from the last encounter he had with Luan, Luna, Nurse Kazami, and Tomoko. All of them were on the same day. He knew he had to take it easy, but he had a hard time telling the girls "no."

She was rough with her thrust. She groaned loudly as she was making herself feel good. "Lincoln, you have a great dick. You have a gift. You should make this a living. You know how to be a great lover to the girls." She was tickled. She rubbed her breast, squeezing her nipples to further arouse herself. "If I wasn't married, I would have you all to myself." She was purring. She squeezed Lincoln's face to open his mouth. She pulled her panties from his mouth and replaced it with her saliva. She closed his mouth and made him swallow it.

"You are doing an excellent job, baby. Work that dick for me," she was getting rough, which Lincoln was feeling. His dick was feeling the friction. It was starting to hurt. He knew he wanted to end it, so he began thrusting to make himself climax.

"My insides are welcoming you, Lincoln. It is telling me you want to come. I wondered if I were to remove the condom?" Miki saw his expression. She was amused. "Don't worry. Even if I wanted to get pregnant, I can't. My tubes are tied. But it doesn't hurt to feel your warm milk." She pulled out and removed the condom. She emptied the precum and licked it before throwing it on his chest. She continued back by putting it in his pussy.

"Oh, my God," he screamed as he felt the pain of his dick inside of her pussy. The multiple times of having sex was taking its toll. He was protesting but it overheard by the sounds of Miki's moans.

"This is much better," she screamed. "Keep pounding my meat, baby. My hips crave you, Linky. My womb wants you."

"It is starting to hurt, Miki," he protested. "Slow it down at least."

"I can't control it, Linky. Your dick feels too good to slow. I am getting close, so it will be over soon enough." She continued gyrating her hips. She was rocking back and forth. The car was rocking. His hips were getting sorer by the minute. Lincoln was in pain.

"Lincoln, your dick loves my womb. It is telling me to impregnate me. My womb wants you, Lincoln. Can you tell how much I am feeling good. Yes, yes, yes!" Lincoln knew she was getting close. With much of his might, he picked up the pace.

"It is hurting me, Miki. I am not feeling good." Lincoln was pleading to her, but she did not receive it.

"Just hold on, baby. My pussy is close to coming. It is, it is. Just hang in there. It can't be helped that your dick is too good for us. Your pretty face entices us girls to do these things. Give me a second, please."

She was getting faster. Each time she thrust felt and sound like someone slapping a dusted rug. Lincoln saw her looking like a beast in heat. She gripped her hands and pinched his nipples. "Come for me. Come for me. Come for me. Come inside of my perverted pussy, Linky."

"I am coming," he said before releasing his sperm inside of her. He squirted much as he could inside of the forceful damsel before his climax subsided. She stayed on him for a few minutes, allowing his sperm to resonate inside of her womb.
She kissed him on the cheek and then kiss him on his forehead. She got from him and stepped outside and put on her clothes. She helped Lincoln put on his clothes. She kissed him a few times on the cheek as they departed and returned to the grocery store. Miki took a smoke as she had a few minutes to spare. She told Lincoln to give her a visit tomorrow evening. He accepted. He returned to the grocery store where Nory was ready with the items.

As they both were preparing to leave, Miki came by and gave Lincoln his bottle of wine. She gave him a wink and swayed her hips as she returned back to work. Lincoln was quiet as he helped Nory with the items in the basket. He thanked Nory for getting the right items. Lincoln was beginning to feel ill. He was stammering and the sun wasn't helping. He turned to Nory. "Would you care to ride this bike home for a damsel like me?" He said jokingly without giving Nory any signs of discernment.

"Sure, Senpai," she giggled. "It is like a reverse shoujo." Lincoln sat at the back as Nory rode the bike out of the parking lot. He took a final look as Miki blew a kiss before licking her lips. He closed his eyes and leaned on Nory. He knew it impacted her because her breathing changed. "Thank you, Nory," he managed to say before closing his eyes in attempts of catching a second wind.

That evening at Nory's apartment, Lincoln and Nory helped her grandmother ready for her evening. Lincoln called Uber to get a driver to take her to the bingo hall. He paid the Uber driver extra if he took her and her friends to a bar. He called the bar a couple of day prior to reserve an area for the grandmother and her friends. It was a surprise and he wanted her grandmother to enjoy her evening.

When the grandmother was dressed, she didn't look that bad. The elderly Chechen was in her formal attire. She look pleased, excited to hang out with her friends that came from Chechnya.

"You look good, Ms. Shishani," said Lincoln giving her a thumbs up while lighting candles in the dining room. Her smile was widened by his compliment.

"Thank you, dear," she said with a toothy grin. "It has been ages since I have stepped foot out of this apartment. I am going to paint the town red, dude!" She gave the rock sign and stuck her tongue out. The teens were amused.

Lincoln got a notification from his cell phone. The Uber driver was outside. "Nory, take your grandmother to the driver." He gave Nory a few bills including tip. "Ms. Shishani, enjoy yourself and khorosho provesti vremya (have a good time)!

Ms. Shishani was tickled. "You know my mother tongue, child?"

He smiled. "No ma'am. Google!"

She bowed. "Well, spasibo!" She blew Lincoln a kiss as she and Nory exited the apartment.

As soon as he closed the door, he gripped his dick. He was in pain. He walked to the bathroom and locked the door. He unzipped his pants to examine his dick. It was just as he feared. It was severely swollen and red. He didn't see anything coming from his peehole, which made him grateful. However, he knew that it was a rash. His worst fear was coming to past. The entire time, he kept his cool around Nory. He didn't want to scare her. He went into the cabinet to get a hand towel. He applied it in cold water. He applied the towel to his penis to soothe the pain. It was temporary until he could get some ointment for the pain. He put the towel in the laundry hamper. In time as he heard the door closed. He put the thoughts of his penis and the anger he had for Miki on hold as he exited the bathroom.
The sounds of smooth jazz filled the room as the duo ate their dinner. They looked like a couple than teenagers. The lights were dimmed, scented candles were looming, and the atmosphere fitted the conditions of a date. Lincoln came up with the idea as a ploy for Nory to open up. An opportunity for her to be herself. It has to be working because she is happy as she ate her food. He decided to put her on focus and her alone.

"Thank you for making this, Lincoln." That was the first time she had said his name in quite some time. "I didn't know there were men out there who still cook."

"Aren't you blessed to have one in handy," he said as he took a bite of his cornbread.

"It is great that you have been helping us a lot. I am thankful for you."

"Think nothing of it. Anybody would have done this. I just happened to fit the description."

"Thank you for being a prince." She put her fork down. "No one has ever treated me this special before." She sighed. "My father left the picture before I was born. I was raised by my mother. Honestly, it was more of my grandmother raising me than my mother. She was there whenever she got a check. When my mother passed away after an overdose, it was me and my grandmother. I have always been recluse. I didn't know how to express myself."

Lincoln shook his head.

"My grandmother did what she could, but she was old school. My clothes were traditional Chechen attire. I was raised to know my heritage. I was picked on in school. My clothes, my hair, my body, everything. I was an awkward kid. My grandmother transferred me to Royal Woods when the bullying at my last school got to bad. The bullying here wasn't as bad, but nothing changed.

I confided myself into the world of anime and manga because I felt that those were the only friends I had, Lincoln. The boys and girls of that world didn't judge me. They would protect me and do whatever they could for me to have fun adventures.

Seeing you from day one made my heart jump, Lincoln. I say that because I saw that notebook of yours. It had drawings of things I like to do. Drawing was my escape. I have pictured myself to be a princess and fly away from this evil world. My domain was in my drawings. One day at show and tell, you told us that you wanted to be a comic book writer and artist. That made my heart flutter because I wanted that too.

You must think I am weird because my dreams doesn't reflect my life in my room. I know I am obsessed with porn. I get lonely. You are not the only one with desires too, Lincoln."

She took a drink of her soda before resuming her conversation.

"The day you saved me from that bully, a switch hit me. You became my prince. I have desired you. You were the fuel I needed to make my hentai sweeter. I was scared when you caught me in the act. In panic, I tased you." She bowed. "Sorry, by the way. Badly, I wanted to rape you. Badly, I wanted to be the type to give femdom and see you to my mercy, but I couldn't. I would have been no better than the bullies that hurt me. I knew if I wanted to have sex with you, I have to do it the right away."

"Nory."

"I felt like shit. Despite what I did to you, you stayed and helped me out. You did my laundry, made our meals, took care of my grandmother, and send me homework? What kind of person who was almost raped do that? Lincoln, Senpai, you are too worthy to be with a girl like me." She
wiped her eyes, trying to stop the tears. "Never once you called me on anything. Even when I was afraid to leave my room, you were patient with me. You believed in me when I didn't believe myself. What kind of angel is patient for that? Making this dish was a recipe my mother made in our good times. She wasn't the best mother, but she knew to get my heart was through this. How did you know?"

"Your grandmother gave me a drawing of you, your mother, and your grandmother making the dish. She gave me the recipe for it. She told me that you made this dish on your bad bays."

She shook her head. "It brighten my day because this dish was a proclamation of better days. Never lose faith in Allah and keep our spirits up." She took another sip of her soda. "This means alot to me, Senpai. I don't deserve a friend like you."

"No," interjected Lincoln. "You do. You do. You do. No one deserves to be treated like trash. Never in my life did I ever make the move of fighting some punk. You are more than spoiled milk, Nory. You are more than just spoiled milk, Ayna Rovzan Shishani."

She covered her mouth. A crackling noise came from her mouth. A rumbling of cry extended out of her mouth. "Lincoln," she cried. "Lincoln." Lincoln came to her and hugged her. She held on to the white-haired child.

"Shh," he told her, rubbing her hair. "Shh, it is okay, Ayna. It is okay." She continued hugging him until the candles faded away. "I won't leave you, Ayna. I won't leave you."

Nory's real name is Ayna Shishani. She disliked her name because many of her peers thought it was a strange name. She also faced prejudice because of her Chechen-Arabic background and of her Muslim faith. Since entering Royal Woods, she removed her hijab and changed her name to sound normal. It wasn't just her reclusiveness that led to her bullying. There were other contributing factors.

After clearing the tables and cleaning the dishes, they straightened out the dining room and returned to its former self. Lincoln called his father instead and told him that he was staying with a friend. He left him contact information of Nory (Ayna) and he would be home in the morning. However, he did not tell him that Nory was a woman's name. He was in Nory's bedroom. He plugged in his phone in the charger and left it next to her computer. The only sound going on in her room was the noise of the computer monitor and the air conditioner.

Nory was taking off her clothes. Nory never slept in pajamas. She slept naked with the exception of her panties. Lincoln blushed how casual she was around him. She left to go to the bathroom. He folded his clothes and left it on the computer. He saw he had some messages. He saw that Chloe, Miki, Luna, Lucy, his mother, and Tomoko left him a text. Not in the mood of reading them, he turned off his phone. He sat on her computer chair as he waited for Nory. He saw her notebook. He was curious and decided to take a gander.

Lincoln was amazed of the beautiful art she had. She was good, too good, he thought. Her works were worthy to be seen and green-lit for an anime or at least a manga. On the last page, he saw a note.

*He saved me on the day I was going to say goodbye to this world. He saved me when I couldn't save myself. Most praise to Allah for sending me a prophet to save me. I have a purpose. I want to see to that purpose. I am unsure what he thinks of me. Even if we don't end up together, I can live again. I want him to love me, but I won't force him. I hope someday we can make manga and anime together. Someday, maybe more. Until then, he has saved me when I couldn't save myself. Thank you, my white haired Senpai.*
He closed the notebook and a tear escaped his eye. He thanked God for allowing him the position to help Nory. He was uncertain if the hikikomori was ready to return to school, but progress is better than no progress. He returned the notebook back to its place and turned. Nory came back and closed the door.

Nory was beautiful. She was wearing glasses. He didn't know she wore contacts. Her body shined the moment she turned off the light. She looked like a complete angel. She slowly walked to Lincoln and sat on his hips. She tilted his chin and kissed his neck. He moaned on contact. She continuing licking until she had her fill.

She got the remote and turned on music. The sounds of slow jams entered the room. As she progressed, Lincoln stopped her. "Before we continue, there is something I have to tell you." He sighed. "Nory, I think you are an amazing girl. You have the potential to do whatever you put your mind to. You are beautiful and damn drive me crazy. But you must know that you are not the only girl I am interacting with."

"I know. Tomoko bragged about it. She and I are acquaintances. I don't care about that. You are here. That is what all that matters." She gave him a peck on the lips, followed by feathery pecks on his nose. "Also, I know what you did with the girl earlier today."

"You did?"

"I am not mad at you. However, I am mad at her. She did something to you. I can smell it."

"Please, Nory, don't do anything to her."

She pressed her fingers to his lips. "I won't. Just kiss me."

Lincoln blushed softly as she took his hands and putting on her breast. They were soft, felt like marshmallows. The more he touched, the more he felt inclined to squeeze them. His touch made Nory tucked her lips in. She hissed loudly. "Lincoln."

Lincoln grabbed Nory, holding her bridal style and carried her to the bed. He landed her gently. He got on top of her. "I can't do anything with sex right now. The least I can do is to make you feel good."

She nodded as he proceeded to lower himself on her. He kissed her stomach. She groaned as he began licking her. She grabbed Lincoln's hair, instructing him to certain spots. "Right there, Lincoln. That is my sweet spot. Go for the navel."

Lincoln kissed her navel. He encircled it before licking his tongue inside of there. It was sheer luck that she cleaned that area. With his teeth, he took off her panties. She was naked and exposed. She covered her hands from her pussy. "Please, Lincoln, it is too dirty there." Lincoln smiled and kissed her hands. He slowly moved them away to see her pussy. It was prickly, but very pretty. Her pubes didn't match her hair. He shrugged and blew into it. She was laughing, inciting that she was ticklish. He did it again. "Stop, Lincoln."

He apologized before kissing at her bean. He licked gently, enough to make her moan. He tugged lightly. It felt good for him to be the dominant one for the night. He kissed it again, which made her folds open. He put a finger there. She squirmed.

"You're getting wet," he giggled.

"Don't say that," she said. "Stop!"
He pulled out. "I will. I won't do anything you don't want."

She responded. "Lincoln, understand that sometimes I don't really mean it by the words. You will know if I mean it. Keep going!"

He understood and entered his fingers inside her. Her folds were tightening around his fingers. It was getting wet. He kept thrusting until he thought she was wet enough. He withdrew his tongue and entered her pussy. It wasn't the first time he had eaten pussy. He had the privilege of tasting his mother, Tomoko, Nurse Kazami, Miki, and Willow. Like all pussy, the juices tasted funny.

Nevertheless, he continued. He lapped it like he was a puppy. His rough tongue and her smooth folds were making Nory more audible. He knew that this was her first time getting oral sex.

"Let me know when you are about to cum," he told her as he continued licking. The more he licked, the more she bucked her hips. He grabbed her legs and scooted her pussy to him. He kept his grips as she was moaning and screaming in pleasure. The slurping sounds made Nory want to cry in pleasure. Lincoln was doing an excellent job. Judging by his experience, it wasn't his first time. Her vibrators and her shower hand were the closest thing to have her pussy licked. She was getting close and she determined it by pressing his hand against her cavern.

"I am coming, Lincoln," she screamed. "I am coming." Her juices sprayed onto Lincoln and to her sheets as Lincoln ingested most of her juices. She trembled and ebbed until it subsided. Lincoln didn't decline the juices that entered his mouth. He swallowed the contents and wiped his face with his arm. He returned to her bosom and gave her a kiss. They intertwined their arms and folded into the pleasure until they stopped.

"That felt good, Lincoln," said Nory.

"Thanks. I hope you were satisfied." He lied on his back staring at the ceiling.

She laughed. She reached into the nightstand to retrieve an item. She gave it to Lincoln.

"What is this?"

"Ointment. I know where you have been several times. Apply it and you will be okay. I want you to be ready for next time."

"Next time?"

"Yes, next time!"

"God, you are too much of a handful." He gave her another kiss.

"And back at you," replied Nory as she gave him a kiss.

Lincoln wrapped his arms around Nory's body as they began to drift into sleep. It felt good to be on the dominant end for once. He knew it won't be long until others succeeded him. Until then, he was going to bask in the moment. He gave her a final kiss on the shoulder before drifting into sleep.

About an hour later, Nory woke up from her slumber. She turned to check on Lincoln. He was sleeping soundly. She thought he looked peaceful when he slept. She was really excited because it was the first time to have a boy in her bed. The many times she had fantasize it while masturbating; drawing it; or writing fanfiction about it came to life. However, she had an agenda. She gave Lincoln a kiss on the lips. She went into her drawer and pulled out some black attire. She put on a black t-shirt and black jogging pants. She put on a black ski mask. She went into the bathroom and pulled out pliers, a knife, and nail cleaner solution. She planned this when Lincoln stepped outside
earlier to take out the garbage.

She put it in a backpack and stepped into the darkness. She pulled out a sheet of paper. It had the whereabouts of news reporter, Miki Tenoh-Anderson.

"So, this bitch had the nerve to touch my precious merchandise any kind of way. Let's see when her precious merchandise gets damaged any kind of way." She got her bike and left for her residence and laughed into the night.

This concludes another random moment with a hikikomori. Understand that it is very important to never mess with a boy she loves. She is kind natured, but she is a yandere nonetheless. I hope Miki don't have any trouble traveling to work tomorrow. Until next time.
March 25

I know it has been two days since my last entry. I have been busy adjusting myself as I made it into Toronto. Since my arrival, I haven't done much. The moment I got off the bus, I was itching for a cup of coffee. Just thinking of coffee makes me think of Magnolia's. That, some apple pie, and hot chocolate is really making me hungry right now. I miss that small town vibes of that restaurant. I wish I would have left the manager a letter. She was really sweet. Every now and again, she came out of the way to give me an extra piece of pie or it would be free. I don't have any fears from this manager. She is happily married and a lesbian. When I say lesbian, I don't mean, I am a girl that happens to be gay. I mean that trimmed crew cut, tight Levi jeans wearing, rug munching type. Pardon my French. Something about my scent that allures many women to love, to lust, to obsession, and to possession.

I digress at this point as my intent is to get away for awhile. It now has been over 48 hours since my last sexual encounter. I feel better already. No withdrawal symptoms. I don't miss it. I can breathe again. My middle man thanks me once again. I am still taking my prescription to aid my sleep and for my soreness.

Anyway, back to the story. The bus driver told me of a nearby coffeehouse around the corner. He said it wasn't fancy, but the owner was friendly. He told me to mention his name and to put whatever I want on his tab. I thanked him and gave him a tip for his troubles. I don't feel comfortable not rewarding someone for their good deed. The coffeehouse, Mamono's, was situated in a quaint, quiet, garden-like neighborhood. It was located in an area consisted of bookstores, small mom-and-pop stores, a bakery, and the like. It was very homely. The smell of butterscotch pie was alluring, but the scent of roasted Americano was stronger. I came inside and I was the only person there. The owner, I presumed, was sitting on her motorbike. How weird. She actually had a motorbike in the establishment. She later told me that the motorbike didn't work. It was her first motorbike she purchased from one of her odd jobs.

She was very friendly. She had a nice smile. Sort of worrisome because her smile reminded me on a person I left behind in Royal Woods. I am wearing a new fragrance to void off my scent. I hope it works. Anyway, she told me that her name was Emily. I explained to her about the bus driver referred me to the place. She laughed as she jokingly described the portly man. One of her best customers she had in the last ten years. Ten years, I thought. She looked very young. She looked like she was near her early twenties. I didn't question it. She told me of her ethnic background and the melanin was starting to make sense.

She gave me the house special. It was dimbula tea. It was good, but it was bittersweet. Once again, it reminded me of a woman I am trying to take a break from. My heart hurts because I do miss her, but it is for my own good for the sake of others. My thoughts were on Nory. I finally made a connection and quickly I broke it. I still wanted to call her, but I was fearful. It wasn't long until Sam learned of her location. She came over and gave Nory some choice words. I was upset with Sam. Upset that the vows we made contradicted her. She, too, was upset at me because of the time I was spending with Nory. I told her that making time for everyone was consuming. She didn't want to hear it. The rest of the evening was consumed with sex. At least I was awake this time to feel it. I was gravely disappointed. I am still wearing our ring. For better or for worse, I am still wearing our ring.
Back to Emily, she sat down with me and gave me a plate of raspberry pie with pear butter. She warmed it up and watched me eat it. I thought it was good. I told her that I could cook as well. She explained that she enjoyed making sweets, but her job was consuming her. I asked her if being an owner was her main job. She said that the coffeehouse was more of a side gig. She said that she had a job that was in the private sector. She didn't say anymore. She helped me finish the rest of the pie.

She knew of my accent that I was American. She had me on my reasons to visit. I told her that I was finding myself. I wanted to get away for a bit. She had mercy on me. She said that I was too young to have worries. If the girl only knew. She asked me where I was staying. I told her of a youth hostel in town I was going to visit. She shook her head in disagreement. She told me that I can stay with her. She had an extra bed upstairs. It was a studio apartment, but it was spacious. I was still worried. Asking, in case of an ulterior motive, did she have a boyfriend. She flicked my nose. She said I was too young to ask her that. I felt safe, for now.

She even asked me if I want to work for her as a cook. She would pay me $8 an hour and I can have first dibs on the sweets I make and free coffee. She even told me I can pay her $15 a week on rent. I was grateful, but I offered her $20 a week instead. I told her I wasn't charity. I was going to pay my way. We shook hands and made our agreement. She took my gear and brought it upstairs. The rest of the day, I was there showing her some recipes on making desserts.

That night, she told me that she had to do some late night work and would return in the morning. She gave me my keys to the apartment and hugged me good night. I lied in bed looking at the ceiling as I realized that I actually made the move to leave Royal Woods.

I was happy and sorrowful at the same time. I lied in bed crying myself to sleep. I miss them. I miss them so much. I may sound like a hypocrite, but I want them to change. I want peace with all of them. Until then, the best solution is to run away.

Last night, I had the dream of that mystery girl. I dreamed about the time we have met. I dreamed about the time we spent. The time we laughed and had a great time. I dreamed about the night she took my innocence.

I met her on vacation at Lake Michigan. We rented a beach house for the summer. It was a six day trip, but we were kicked out after three days. Well, before that fourth day, I was lying on the beach. My feet were in the sand and I was bathing in the sun. The sound of rushing water was all I wanted to hear. I sure as hell didn't want to hear my beloved, annoying family raising hell as they go. It made think if I was Malcolm from Malcolm in the Middle, surrounded by Reese's, Francis', and Dewey's. Anyway, I took off before planting my feet in the sand. I want to pretend I have a solid life for a few moments.

It was there where I met the world. It was there I saw my mystery girl. She was wearing a blue two-piece bikini. She had long, slender legs. She was quite tall for a girl. Her eyes were a solid brown. Her hair was red like the setting sun I was seeing her in. Her smile was picture perfect. Everything of her was picture perfect. She gave me an introduction as the volleyball greeted me in the face. She ran to my aid, laughing and apologizing. She kneeled down and used her spit to treat my wound. I blushed when I caught a whiff of her suntan lotion and a scent of the lake.

She told me that her name was Summer. Such a cliche name for a perfect girl like her.

That is all I can write for now. Emily is calling me down for work. One thing about her is that she is a firm believer in breakfast. We must have eggs, toast, and a meat or fish. She drinks coffee and chews gum afterwards. I know she is trying to quit smoking. I can see the nicotine on her nails. Nurse Kazami is a smoker. Anyway, I will write again as soon as I can. I still want to talk more of
the mystery girl named Summer.

Until next time,

Lincoln Loud

P.S.: I felt somebody was standing over me. I could have been dreaming it, but it was a girl. She looked over me with a sense of wanting. I couldn't see her face, but I smelled her. She smiled of magnolias. Now if you think of it, she wasn't standing. She was hovering. I don't know. I am going to conclude it is from the delusions I get whenever Willow bites me.

Later days!

P.S.S.: I am going to write Nory a letter. Just have to find a way to get it postmarked in America.

This concludes another moment of Lincoln's journey. Until next time....
This is another random day with Lincoln….

The following chapter took place the day before the masquerade ball with Chloe. This chapter also took place before Lincoln's journey to Canada.

Magnolia was the spot where Lincoln can be found. This Southern-style establishment has swerved Lincoln and the community for two years. It was convenient to Lincoln because it was equidistant between his home and school. It was a great afterschool spot for the special of the day. This week, he was trying new pies that Fern has been experimenting. She gave the white haired child the honor of taste tester. Today, he wasn't alone. He held the door for the shy Chechen girl. She blushed and silently thanked him as she entered the establishment. According to Nory, she has been here a few times in the past. This was her first time coming with a boy.

He offered Nory a seat and he sat across from her. Nory observed the menu, but Lincoln knew what he wanted. He was waiting on the owner herself to pop out of the back and give them their order. Nory reached into her wallet to collect some funds. Lincoln wavered his hand. "Don't worry, Nory. It is on me. I want you here for the experience."

She blushed, a bit happy of his chivalry. "You are such a gentleman, senpai." She looked to the table and kept her head down. Lincoln knew the girl was blushing and was happy as she can be. He noticed that as her ears gave it away. He saw that when she ate his meals, complimented her, or the evening he gave her oral sex.

The short, butch owner named Fern approached the counter with two plates of today's special. "This is a raspberry-apple fusion pie. According to my kit, he was a satisfied customer." She grinned as she signaled the waitress for their drinks. She put straws and forks on the table. She scanned at Nory. "This is the delicate flower Lincoln was telling me about."

Nory blushed. "Lincoln." She was becoming giddy. "You have been telling her stuff?"

"Nothing bad. I was telling her that I was bringing a guest of honor to this marvelous establishment. I wanted you to have a good experience on sweets."

"Linco here is quite a charmer." She winked at Nory. "If I were you, I jump on him before any of these other scallywags take him away." She narrowed her eyebrows. "Please don't blame the Molyneaux girl here ever again."

"You don't have to worry about that, Fern," he smiled as the waitress came and got them their drinks. "I hope you didn't mind, Nory. I knew you liked strawberry passion fruit."

"No, no, not at all. Thank you, senpai."

"Enjoy, kids," said Fern as she winked at the pair and bowed away.

The couple said their grace before partaking on their dessert. It took Lincoln no time on consuming the hot pie. Nory took her time, only because she didn't displayed that side in public. Etiquette still meant something to Nory. "This is good, Lincoln." Nory was eating faster as the taste was invigorating.

"Right? I am always here every day, if I could. It is like a home away from home." He blushed.
"Also, Fern protects me from the others. So, this place is an asylum to me." He took another piece of the pie.

She fiddled with her fork. "I must say, I should be envious. I should be. But, it feels as if I am a character in an anime. I am apart of a harem." There were stars in her eyes. "This is like so kawaii!"

Lincoln shrugged. "That makes one of you. This is sort of killing me." He hinted to her about his aching middle man. He hasn't had sex in about two days. He told everyone in a group text that he was not having sex, doctor's orders. His inbox was bombarded with emojis of anger and sadness. People like Nurse Kazami offered alternative options for his stimulation. Lori bluntly encouraged anal sex. Luan was subtle. She wanted to give Lincoln a massage. His mother, on the other land, was looking online for alternative medicines to heal his penis. In his backpack was an onion, celery stalk, and mushrooms. He knew he wasn't getting any sleep tonight.

"I am not surprised, senpai. Most of your heroes were apart of a harem that they didn't like. Many were shy. Think of Amagami, Negima!, Tenchi Muyo!, Kanokon, Love Hina."

Lincoln interjected. "Let me pause you on that, Nory. Love Hina was a harem, but Keitaro had a crush on the heroine, Naru. He stayed at an inn where many of the girls driven him nuts."

She winked at him. "Really? Many of the girls driving you nuts? You don't say."

Lincoln flushed. "You are seriously liking this, aren't you?"

"I like the competition behind it. I like how much these girls, including me, are fighting for you affection." She took his hand and rubbed it. "You are a sweet boy, Lincoln. You are like candy, you're sweet; leaving us with an aftertaste of more after you are gone." Lincoln didn't let go. He continued holding her hand while they resumed to eating another piece of the pie.

"Think about it, Lincoln. The hero of the harem is going to go through trials and tribulations. You meet the characteristics of a harem. You are shy, cute, meek, and a bit timid."

"Your confidence game is on strong, isn't it," he said while raising an eyebrow.

"Helping a girl build their confidence. Another typical plot development in a harem," she smiled. She reached into her backpack and pulled out a sheet of paper. She laid it flat in the middle so she and Lincoln can see.

Lincoln's eyes were widened when he saw the list of familiar names on the paper.

"You may not realize it, Lincoln. Being homebound has many of its advantages when studying and researching others." Nory pulled out her glasses and put her finger on the paper. "As you can see, here are the current girls in your harem. Care to see?" Lincoln took a look at the paper.

**Sam**

Chloe Molyneaux (bitch)

Miki Tenoh-Anderson (double bitch)

Rita Loud

Luna Loud

Luan Loud
"Oh, my God, Nory," said Lincoln surprisingly. "How were you able to get this valuable information. I see girls on here I haven't done anything with them."

"Here is the thing, Lincoln. Girls that you attract aren't as straightforward as the others were. Some are still shy, hiding in the bushes until the coast is clear. Others are aggressive, making sure you are seeing them. Or." She stopped, rubbing Lincoln's hand. "Or, girls like me who stun their lovers for their affection. I have to admit, I am sort of a yandere."

"Why are you telling me that," questioned Lincoln.

"You opened me up, darling. There is nothing to hide. There are no walls around us." She giggled. "You can say, I want to claim you." She then reverted to her shyness. "Another quality of girls in a harem. That combination of shyness and assertiveness. It is there within me. You were the key to open it." She observed more of the paper before pulling out a marker.

"I am making a list of girls that you had encounters with and those you haven't."

_Girls who slept with Lincoln_

_Rita_

_Chloe_

_Luan_

_Luna_

_Lori_

_Leni_

_Nory (technically)_

_Nurse Kazami_

_Tomoko_
Miki (dumb, stupid slut)

Willow

Sam

Girls who haven't slept with Lincoln

Ms. DiMartino

Lynn

Lucy

"The girls in the bottom. These are the ones to look out for. They are growing aware of your harem and are going to strike at any moment. Ms. DiMartino has a thing for you. I have heard her mentioned about in her emails." She looked at Lincoln. "Don't ask. Anyway, Ms. DiMartino is upset of the fact that she couldn't take your virginity. Couldn't blame her, but now she is waiting to strike. I don't know anything more, but be prepared. Lynn is waiting for her moment in the sun. According to Tomoko, Lynn was supposed to arrive when you were kidnapped by your sister. However, the car had a flat and couldn't make it in time."

"How does Tomoko know my sister, Lynn?"

"Tomoko plays in the same roller derby league with your sister. She is the water girl and Derby substitute," said Nory. "Just giving you a head ups for Lynn. Now, my biggest concern is Lucy. Lucy plays dirty, but she waits until everybody destroys each other before she comes and cleans up. Noticed any of your underwear missing?"

He shook his head. "That right there doesn't count. She is one of the sisters who has stolen my boxers."

"Do you know she has a shrine of you and your article of clothing?" She gave Lincoln a part of Lucy's shrine. It displayed religious symbols and articles of his boxers. It included books of kama sutra and a written letter to the god of sex. "Lucy uses that shrine to rub one off on your clothing. Her friend, Haiku, has taught her spells in order to make a curse on you. The point is Lincoln, all of these girls want you. It looks as though they are going to whatever measures to get you." She slid another image to him. "Recognize this?"

It was a picture of Miki's Audi, or what was left of it. The windows were smashed; the car was keyed; the paint job was damaged, and *whore* was spray painted on the hood. "This is a perfect example when someone messes with my man. They will get dealt with."

"You did this?"

She smiled as if she was receiving a praise. "Of course. This is my symbol of my love for you. I wasn't going to hurt Miki. When you make your word, I am all for it. However, you never said about damaging her car."

Lincoln remembered the day when he came and saw the Audi damaged. While wearing her bathrobe, she screamed expletives to the reported officer. She was upset and frustrated. Lincoln didn't investigate further. That evening, he got an earful of it followed by rough aggressive sex.

*Thanks for letting me know now, Nory. But, I can't tell her that. Damn the fact I am timid.*
Nory put the picture away and put it in her backpack.

"Why are you telling me all of this," asked Lincoln while looking puzzled.

"Because there is always one resourceful person in a harem. One that is looking out for your best interest. Finally, I really like you and I want to make you mine." She sighed. "What I like about you is that you are too kindred of a spirit to report this. You believed in a pure heart. You always like giving people a chance. That is what I like about you, Lincoln." She took another bite of the pie. "This is really good pie. Thank you for taking me here." She reverted to her shy side.

Despite the info she had giving him, he didn't let go of her hand. He continued holding it. She was right. He was too much of a kindred spirit. He still gave those girls the benefit of the doubt. In some way, he cared for all of them.

That afternoon, Lincoln returned to Nory's apartment. Her grandmother wasn't home. Lincoln learned that her grandmother has been visiting the bingo hall. Apparently, she has a new beau. They were in Nory's bedroom. Both were lying in bed listening to music. The sounds of All American Rejects were playing in the music player. Lincoln was lying on Nory's chest while she was playing with his hair.

Nory was reading *Aki Sora* and Lincoln was reading *XXL* magazine. He wasn't a huge fan of hip hop, but enjoyed being cultured.

"Nory?"

"Yeah?" Nory put the book down to hear Lincoln talk.

"How do you know about Willow?"

She continued rubbing his hair. He could tell she was pondering on that thought for awhile. "Lincoln, there are certain things I am not ready to explain about myself. I am like layers of an onion. It takes time before getting to know more about me."

He turned over, with his chin on her stomach and looked at Nory. "I am curious. Willow is a vampire. She is the queen of the night, a monster lord. How do you know of her."

She smiled as if Lincoln asked a simple minded question. "Willow checks up on you all of the time."

"Like stalking?"

"If you want to call it stalking, then that is your word of choice. Lincoln, think about a dog and their territory. They leave marks with the hope of returning to it." She kissed him on his forehead. "I don't look at you as if you are a dog, but here it is. You have her scent. She made her mark the moment she tasted your blood. Honestly, there is no place in the world you can hide from her. Once you have her scent, there is no running from her." She sat up and looked at the window. She saw the clock and saw that it was a few minutes after six in the evening.

"Willow is like a dog. She made her territory. She also knows who has messed with her territory." She looked to the ceiling. "There are plenty of girls who has made their mark. I, included. She knows. She knows all of them, Lincoln."

"You're telling me that she comes and see you?"

"Us!" She lied back down. "She watches you every night whenever you have encounters. Willow is
honestly the most determined girl of this harem. I commend her because she doesn't give up. She put her hands on Lincoln's neck. As long as she got you, there is no escaping. But, I do find it funny how much it pisses her off."

"Why hasn't she got after you guys."

"Please believe, she has made threats. Not to me. Tomoko had an encounter. She was shook but she lived." She took a breath. "Her pride wants to hurt them, but she won't do it. She loves you too much. She knows of your pure heart. I won't be surprised if she has others to take out her anger." She giggled as she grabbed her Aki Sora manga. Lincoln looked at Nory. He wasn't finished with the conversation.

"Nory. With you being a hikikomori, was that really you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, your personality, was that really you? This role of yours now is so confident. It is kind of scary."

She put the book down and put her hands on his face, caressing them. "I don't know. When I am around you, I feel like a force. You have boosted me to become more confident with myself. Look, today I went to school for the first time. You saw. The look on their faces when I came back. Even that jerk that picked on me was ogling me." She put her hands on his chest, where his heart was located. "There is something within you that is a powerful force, Lincoln. Me and these girls want it. We are not stopping until we get it." She kissed him again on his forehead. "I like you, Lincoln. Everything I am telling is genuine and out from the heart. However, there is a force within you is that is really attracting attention. If Willow knows, then it has to be true."

It was a quarter past seven in the evening when Nory sent Lincoln to the front door. The duo kissed for few minutes, intertwining their hands. Nory moaned a bit before making herself get off of Lincoln.

"Enjoy the ball tomorrow, senpai," she said. "Let me know how Chloe the Terrible acts with you."

He laughed. "Thanks for the support." He tried to leave, but she pulled him in for a final kiss.

"Can't wait to see you again, senpai," she giggled. "Good night!"

Nory waved Lincoln goodbye before closing the door. She smiled as she knew that she was closer to claiming Lincoln. I have taken his lips. His lips. Can't wait to make him my own. Her thoughts were interrupted. She looked to the ceiling before clapping slowly.

"I know you are in here. I can smell it a mile away. Your energy is high," she said. "Using my vernacular, you are acting really thirsty."

The bedroom door opened and out came a woman covered in a red cape. Her eyes were on fire. Her fist was clenched. The vampire was angry and wanted to give Nory a piece of her mind. As she was approaching Nory, she put her hand to Willow's face.

"Willow, let's play nice, here," she smirked. "The boy just left a second ago. I don't think you need him to come back and see us fight."

"You damned whore," she yelled. "The nerve of you of taking your wretched palms on my Lincoln."
Nory was calm. She walked passed Willow and went to the kitchen. She pulled out two wine bottles and got the bottle of wine Lincoln left. "Come have a seat with me, Willow. It has been awhile since us girls had a friendly chat."

"I wouldn't sit anywhere where you have touched. The floor is even subpar to you," she screamed. Nory was unresponsive to Willow's insults.

"Suit yourself," she said as she poured a glass of wine. She took a sip. "I have to teach Lincoln on getting better wine. This is nowhere near the wine of my olden days."

Willow reluctantly took a seat and took a glass from Nory. She assisted Willow and poured some wine inside of the bottle.

"See, that wasn't so bad. I am not going to harm you," she laughed. "I really don't have any reason to harm you. I mean, you are my familiar."

"It doesn't count if we are related, Ayna" said Willow. "We share the same bloodline."

"True that we have the same father, but false because we have different mothers, Willow," she said. "Your mother's family owe a huge debt. It wasn't my fault she betrayed father. You were just the spoils of war to do at my choosing."

"Hundreds of years and you still tease me, Ayna," said Willow as she took a sip of wine. "You are right. Lincoln does have bad taste." She put it down. "I have to admit that you are hiding behind your disguise very well. You are playing the role of a teenager very well."

"It is not easy," she smirked. "You spend hundreds of years changing names and identities. Fortunately, it is because of my daughter that is slowing me down." She laughed. "I am grateful for Lincoln's care. He is going to make a suitable husband someday."

"Why him, Ayna? Why anybody else?" Willow barked at her sister. "You can choose any boy you want and you pick the one boy I care for."

"Child, please," snapped Ayna. "Like I would've known you have chosen Royal Woods as your hunting ground. If it wasn't for your scent, I would have never known of your whereabouts." She looked at the window. "Lincoln has the right to choose who he wants. At least I am gentle with him. I have seen the marks. A remarkable signature of a Willow original."

Willow blushed. She was put on the spot with the truth on what she does with Lincoln when they are alone. "It is just to show my love," she blushed. "He knows I mean well." She returned her sights on Nory. "What does it matter? I am here to tell you to back off him. He is mine!"

"Sister, sister, sister. First of all, don't tell me what to do. You are my familiar and my younger sister. Second, of all, fighting isn't going to change anything. We are one of many girls in this act. Unlike the others, we happen to be powerful in our craft."

"I am asking you as a favor. Please, let me have him. You know me. The things I do when I want a boy I really like," she said pleadingly.

"Sis, this is not the old days. If you are still out of shape about what happened between that boy, let it go," said Nory. "That was over hundreds of years ago. If it makes you feel better, his energy was horrible. That would have been bad blood for you."

"That is not the point," she barked loudly. "You always took things from me. My toys, my spells, my potions, my slaves, my pets, everything. The moment I relinquished of the debt, I left that
Godforsaken estate. You never let me have anything. Now, I am telling once and only once, back off of Lincoln."

Nory swooped her hair. Her eyes were changing colors. Her nails were growing as if wrapped around the couch. "One must be wise in the next choice of words, dearest sister. Just because you are a vampire doesn't mean you are the strongest. You are in a long line of tiers before you even thought of making it to the highest of echelons." She took a few breaths to calm herself down. "I am in a nice mood today. Lincoln has taken me out for pie. Now, please calm down before I have to destroy my early memory with something I will regret."

Willow stopped and closed her mouth. She sat back on the couch. She had a defeated feeling on her face.

"Listen, dearest sister, I don't want to have any quarrel with you," she said. "What happened in the past was in the past. I am jealous hearted, you know how I am. I must admit that Lincoln is helping me change myself. I sensed his energy since being in Royal Woods. I played the role of hermit girl to get his attention. Like you and I know you, you wanted his energy. However, we have grown to love him. Am I right?"

Willow shook her head.

"So, we both had ulterior moments but had a change of heart," said Nory. "We both want the boy to give us his love. So, why not we become partners in this?"

"Partners?"

"Yes! Lincoln is aware of you. In time, I will display my true form to him. If he learns to accept you, then it wouldn't be hard to accept me. If he could accept a trap, then why not me? We want his love and affection, why not share between siblings."

Willow kept quiet. Her mind was still pondering on Lincoln.

"We share him. He can love us equally. No quarrels, no fighting, just the three of us. What do you say?"

Willow put her finger to her lip. She looked down as much as wanted to attack her sister, but she couldn't. Despite her freedom from that sovereignty, she was still a familiar to Nory. That was the law of ethics. On the other hand, her feelings for Lincoln were beyond measure. She loved him to the point that she was willing to attack anyone. Right now, the ball wasn't on her court. She had to find another alternative. And now, she knew that Nory was after Lincoln, she had to be on her guard.

"Do you have an answer," asked Nory as she sipped her wine.

"I need time to think about it," replied Willow. "I shall get back with you in a few days." Willow stood from the couch and was preparing to leave.

"I wouldn't think too much about it, Willow," said Nory. "Despite our nature, there are other girls in this competition. It is not hard to narrow them out, but if we want Lincoln the right way, then we need to be more assertive. There is nothing wrong with power in numbers."

"I said I will think about it, sis," said Willow while blushing. "I must make my leave. I have to feed." She looked at her sister. "We will be in touch."

Nory raised her wine glass. "I am not going anywhere. So long, sister!"
Willow left the apartment and swore under her breath. If she would have known that Nory was in town, she thought to herself. Why she didn't recognize her aura when coming here, she thought again. She was worried about herself and Lincoln.

*I don't want Lincoln in the hands of Anya. Lincoln, if you know that Anya is not what you think she is. She might play sweet, but that is girl who was powerful over many years ago. Please, God, don't allow this to happen.*

Once she didn't see anyone around, she turned into a bat and went into the night. She decided to feast on some owl and squirrel before making an appearance to see Lincoln. Normally, she doesn't go to his house for their encounter, but she was in dire need to see Lincoln. She wanted to see him. That was the only thing on her mind as she flew.

Lincoln's tuxedo arrived as he made it to his house. His father was kind enough to put it in his bedroom. Next to it was a box that contained his mask. Lincoln was nervous because this was his first time going to a fancy soiree. And not with just anyone, with Chloe.

He had mixed feelings about the Queen Trap. On most days, she was painful as the origin of the word. On some days, she was fairly decent. He shook her out of her mind as he prepared for tomorrow. He needed some black shoes for this event, he decided to give Clyde a call. Also, he needed some advice.

He would normally use his walkie talkie, but he doesn't want any of his family hearing the conversation. He knew it was late but decided to give Clyde a call anyway. After a few moments, he got an answer.

"Hey, bro, what is going on," asked Clyde. "I am helping the cats give a bath. What's the deal?"

"I am calling to see if you have any black shoes to borrow for tomorrow's gig," asked Lincoln.

"Oh, tomorrow's that day with the Queen Trap," said Clyde while being tickled. "You better hope she doesn't poke you the wrong way."

"Shame on you, dude," said Lincoln. "You were supposed to say "I hope she doesn't blow up."" The pair laughed a bit before continuing the conversation. "How soon can I get them?"

"I can come by and drop them off. I need to go over there anyway. Your dad needs some help."

"For what?"

"He didn't say. He paid $100 for it. I am not turning down money."

"I can relate. Anyway, I have something else to ask you." He paused for a moment. "Do you still have the number to your friend in the sticks?"

"Who asking?"

"Who asking, who asking?"

"Oh, that friend. Yeah, I do. What's the reason."

"Homework for the feds."

The phrase "*homework for the feds*" was the saying Lincoln and Clyde came up with the girls of Lincoln's harem.
"How soon do you need it?"

"Now, if you can."

"I am asking you because he is private. Plus his job is not traditional."

"And neither is this harem. I just want consultation is all."

"Sure, I can give you his info. Just give me a second." Clyde shuffling through some papers before returning back to the phone. "You ready?"

"Yeah."

"Alright. His name is Luka Fatelbern. He can give you some valuable info on what you are going through. He is appointment only, but I can take care of that. I can send you info on what days are good for you."

"Good deal."

"He prefers to meet his people at his place."

"No problem."

"Okay, I will give him a call for you. I will send you details later."

"Thanks, dude. See you tomorrow. Oh yeah, thanks for the shoes."

"Anytime, bro. Later!"

Lincoln put his phone up and got ready for bed. To ensure he was getting a good night sleep, he applied a lock to his door. He placed a chair on the knob. He was upset to resort to those measures, but he wasn't in the mood for an encounter.

He decided to sleep in his boxers. He didn't feel like being constricted by clothes. He reached for the lights and turned it off. The moment he shut off the light, the moment he saw Willow in the window.

He was alarmed, just surprised. It was rare to see Willow at this particular juncture. Normally when they have encounters, she would either hypnotize him or carry him. It was always in the open, but never at his house. She pointed at the window, inciting that she wanted to come in. Reluctant, but knowing how powerful she was, he opened the door.

Like a gust of wind, she came and hugged the confused Lincoln. She wrapped around him tightly. She didn't want to let go. She kept mumbling, fidgeting her words. She was caressing his hair. She was acting her usual self. Normally, she was forceful and ready to bite him. She broke the embrace before sitting on his bed.

"Willow, I am surprised to see you here," he said.

"Why? Were you expecting some other conniving bitch to put their paws on you?"

Yeah, she is back to normal.

"No, I was saying that you have never done that." He looked at his shoes. "Do you want me to get dressed?"
"No, don't," she said. "I just wanted to see you."

He thought of what Nory said to him about Willow. Even if he debated with Willow, he couldn't. He sat down next to Willow.

"Let us sleep," she said.

"Willow, what about the sun?"

"I will leave before then. I just want to lie with you."

"Okay."

Lincoln got into bed as he watch Willow undress. He watched disrobe all the way to her nakedness. The moonlight was shining on Willow. She looked like the most gorgeous woman he had ever seen. She lied next to Lincoln. Before he could respond, she got on top of him and began kissing you.

"Don't worry. All we are doing is kissing. I won't do nothing else." She continued kissing him on the lips.

Lincoln muffled as he felt her breast on his chest. He was feeling the pressure and his penis was erect. It was aching, but he could bear with it.

She grabbed his face and gave soft feathery pecks. She stopped.

"What's the matter," asked Lincoln.

"I am trying not to bite you tonight," she said. "I just wanted a normal day with you."

"Willow, don't do this," he said. "I have no problem with the bites. I just want you to take it easy from time to time."

"Are you sure," she asked.

He smiled. "Of course."

She kissed him on the neck a few times before planting her teeth in his neck. Lincoln rubbed her hair as she continued sucking his blood. However, what Lincoln didn't expect was the sound of her tears. He continued rubbing her hair until he drifted into a slumber of his own.

\textit{This concludes another random day with Lincoln. Until next time.}

\textit{I love you, Lincoln. Please be my groom someday. I wish I can show you my true feelings. Please, Lincoln. Accept me.}
A Brief, but Random Lincoln and Lucy Moment

This is a brief, but random Lincoln and Lucy moment….

The following chapter after Lincoln’s kidnapping, before his date with Sam, before his date to the masquerade ball with Chloe, and before Lincoln’s...well, you guys know the rest. The past few random moments has created plot developments and drama within Lincoln's harem. Now, why not have a letter humor in this chapter.

Oh, Lincoln. The son of Rita and Lynn. The white knight of the holy angels from the skies above. The boy who is my snow day to my math class. The boy who is the thickening agent to my fake blood. He is the king of my blackened heart. Trapped in the darkness so long that the light blinds within. How can a boy who gave me such pestilence turned into a savior of hope? How can this boy enlightened me? Let me stop, enlightened. A movement, a birthright. He has transcended me into an era where darkness is now an aberration. Oh, Lynn. Oh, Rita. How did you guys give birth to a boy without any malevolence? He is the truth. He is the way. He is the life.

The many days to protect you from the others at night. Especially when mother takes advantage of you. Woe is me. The things I will do to have her spot. To sleep in your bed. To caress your hair. Seeing the smile with your trademark chip, if you know what I mean. You take steps, you have taken falls. Remember the time you took the fall for me when I clogged the toilet? You made me happy to vouch for me, even where there were days I have done little to deserve it. Sigh, an apology, a penance for my unholliness of sins. Now, I digress, elder brother.

I watch how mother touches you. I see how she makes you squirm. She knows your spots. She took a class in the anatomy of her son. She even enrolled in a curriculum that father haven't met the prerequisites for mother. Seeing your dove-eyed face, seeing your body give in to mother's bidding. Hearing your voice, screaming and yearning for mother. Rather that was to keep going or to stop.

Silly, Lincoln. No matter how much we hear your cries, your son denies any such claim. He betrays and willingly gives mother and the others sustenance. Liquid silver I call it for it turns into gold as it enters our mouths. Unfortunately, I haven't gotten a taste yet. You can say, I have a thrill of watching others before you.

Making my allegiance to my mother wasn't an easy thing. I would rather have you to myself. However, I learn that I get off watching you getting attacked. What fascinated me is that when the others are done and I see you lying in wake, I am turned on. I scoop up whatever remains of you and I consume it for my own nourishment. A bit of darkness, I know, but I felt like a scavenger, if you will. A carrion whose purpose is to wait for the others to be done with you. However, I still want time to ourselves.

I am not ready to have sex. I have a belief system in waiting until it is appropriate enough. My words of wisdom: the weaker the victim, the bigger the thrill. So, Lincoln, I am patient to wait the game of time until the girls have their fill of you. Eventually, they will get tired. And as soon as you are weakened, defeated, and search for the tiniest residue of love, that is where I will come in. I will build you up, redeem you, and turn you into the person of my choosing.

What can I say? I am just that kind of yandere. The bottom feeder who gets off to the thrill of stronger predators. Desecrated I am, but you will be mine in the end.

I want you, Lincoln Loud and there is nothing for you to stop it.
From your darkest, but lively sister,

Lucy Loud

Lincoln had a lump in his throat as he sat on the bathroom rug with his sister, Lucy. Lucy was sitting on the toilet in her nakedness. She displayed a smile of her face. And not only her smile, but she displayed her eyes. It was the first in awhile Lucy ever displayed herself to Lincoln. However, he knew when she showed those feline eyes, she was on the prowl. Earlier that morning, Lucy waited patiently behind the bathroom door for Lincoln to step inside. Since studying Lincoln's routines, she knew that Lincoln was the first to go to the bathroom on Sunday morning. After many weeks of observations, she decided to strike.

The moment Lincoln entered the bathroom on this Sunday morning, he was trapped in a dead end. In Lucy's hands were a straight-edged razor and a bottle of shaving cream. Before Lincoln could speak, she put the razor to his lips, promoting silence.

"Shh, big brother," said Lucy as she let out a smile. She pushed Lincoln against the wall. She kept her eyes on Lincoln. He was turning red, blushing and avoiding eye contact. She knew that he was in her grasp. He was under her control. She relaxed. She slowly took off her clothes until she was naked. She loosen her grip on the razor blade and sat on the toilet seat.

"You're going to help me remove the darkness from me," she said as she handed him the razor.

Before he could respond, she gave him the look of silence. It was not in his position to speak.

"Shh! I don't want a word. It promotes darkness! Just be quiet!" Lucy watched as Lincoln relaxed. She knew he was going to be harmless. She got the shaving cream and began applying it to her vagina. She hasn't developed much hair, but that didn't faze her from appreciating the opportunity.

"The whiteness is covering the darkness, big brother," said Lucy. She took him by his hand to guide him to her vagina. "Please be gentle, big brother. Take your time to revel in this event. You can cancelling my impurities. You are delivering me from this pitch black mind. Don't you see, big brother?" She withdrew a smirk on her face. "I am allured by you. I am consumed by you. I am developing such strange feelings that I know that you must feel the same." She winked. "Otherwise you wouldn't be doing it?"

Lincoln tried to speak, but she kicked his knee.

"No talking. Just let me enjoy this moment," she said as she helped him glide the razor to her vagina. "Cleanse me of this darkness, my white-haired knight."

Lincoln swallowed his pride and began shaving his sister.

At least I am not tied up and bonded to force sex with Tomoko. I mean, Luan bounded us and forced us to kiss while she saw. Then, she pulled out an extra instrument and aimed at my...Let me stop. At least she isn't asking for sex. Thank God.

However, Lucy pulled out a condom from behind her and displayed it to Lincoln. She laughed as much it was to his chagrin.

Woe is me!

This concludes a brief, but random Lincoln and Lucy moment. Be careful around the edges, Lincoln. Lucy is still a delicate creature. Seriously, it is too bad to not see the interaction between Luan, Tomoko, and Lincoln. The management needs to arrange that as soon as possible. Until
It was a typical Sunday afternoon at the Loud residence. Or however a person wants to define typical. The girls were sitting quietly in the living room giving each other glares and stares. Their feline eyes staring like predators on the prowl for their prey. It didn't take a genius to know who was their prey. However, neither parties left each other's sight. They all wanted a taste of Lincoln, but they wasn't going to let the other one taking advantage.

Rita stood in the center of the living room. She stared at the clock with much intention. She knew one of them have to crack. Girls like Lori and Leni wouldn't turn down discount shopping at the mall. She even waved her credit card and shopping coupons, but none avail. Lori was reading an article on free weekend comedy classes at the learning annex, but Luan didn't bulge. Luna was convincing Leni about another cute boy who looked similar to Lincoln in looks and girth. She explained to her that the boy's name was Lost and she should go get him for her. Rita was telling Luna about the upcoming SMOOCH concert and had tickets for her and Sam. Luna gritted her teeth, but didn't make a move. Be as it may, neither were leaving the spot. Their eyes were focusing on making the first move to Lincoln.

Luna scanned the area and noticed something was off. "Where is Lucy?"

The girls looked at each other before darting upstairs to Lincoln's whereabouts.
This is a random moment at home with Lincoln….

The following chapter occurred the day of the masquerade ball with Chloe and before...well, you guys already got that hint. He is already in Canada. It is obvious! It is the mistake of the author to immediately send this boy on his journey. Because of this, the management is filling the gaps of the author. Seriously, how expedient can he be? Anyway, let's move on to the story.

Luna was in the living room looking at television. Honestly, the television was watching her as she was cleaning her gun. The gun itself didn't belong to her. The .9mm actually belonged to her girlfriend's father. An avid gun collector and hunter, Luna stumbled upon the weapon after a night of a blinded threesome with Sam and her brother. The gun was sitting on the bed. It is inviting to her, yearning her to take it and to use it on any whim. Luna didn't like carrying weapons. She had a distaste for guns. However, using the weapon as a scare tactic to deter others away from Lincoln would suffice, then the weapon was going to be in use. Regardless of the drastic measure, the gun was on safety. There were bullets in there, but whatever was leftover in the chamber from Sam's father. To become a threat to the Loud household on defending her honor for Lincoln, she proudly displayed her weapon. It was a symbol, a message to alert the others that Lincoln was hers and Sam's.

Rita sat adjacent to her gun-toting daughter. She recently purchase an arrow gun from a gun show in Windsor, Canada. Lately, she was seeing her daughter with their infantry of weapons. She thought to herself on her reason of staying out of the loop. In her mind, if the girls wanted to play dirty, then dirty was her choice also. Frankly, she didn't want to harm her daughters. They were her flesh and blood. She was using this as a scare tactic to deter them away from Lincoln. She gave birth to him, therefore she gets first pick. She knew she wasn't the only contender in this harem, but she wanted to be first. She was grateful of Lucy's stealth nature, but she knew it was finite. At some point, Lucy was going to fold into Lincoln. She knew she had to prepare to lose an ally. Therefore, she too had a weapon to use if any of the girls wanted to promote violence.

Luna sprayed her barrel with WD-40 before cleaning the inside of it. It was thanks to YouTube on her lessons of cleaning and disassembling guns. She was grateful of being versatile in music and weapons. For a moment, she felt like Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols. She didn't have a knife, but she staring at a negative Nancy.

Both girls have an agenda for their exposure of their weaponry. Word got back that Chloe invited Lincoln to the ball. When the courier arrived with Lincoln's tuxedo, the man explained it was for Lincoln's upcoming masquerade ball. The location was exclusive and both knew that important people were coming to that gala. But, they were upset because they couldn't have their hands on Lincoln. Instead, Chloe Molyneaux was going to have a grab of their Lincoln. And neither liked that.

Neither have interacted with Chloe, but news spread fast in Royal Woods. At some time tonight, Chloe was going to make her appearance to the Loud house. They were making sure they would give her a proper introduction/welcome to the household.

"I see you are cleaning out your glock," mentioned Rita as she used her flint to sharpen their arrows. The tone she gave Luna was conniving. It was predatory, telling her that despite Chloe's role of interloper, Luna was still a threat. Luna was unfazed. She eyed the barrel by cleaning it with a pipe cleaner.
"Thanks. What can I say? Smith and Wesson made my .9 with some compassion," she said while sticking her tongue out, being delicate with the gun. "If I plan to shoot, it will be without a debate. You will definitely see it in my face."

"Charmed," said Rita laughing. "If you live by the sword, you will die by the sword." She blew the residue from her arrow. She smiled, looking at her accomplishment on having a sharp arrow. "This particular weapon is sharper than any two-edged sword. I don't have to worry about having this jammed."

Luna didn't pay attention to insult as she reloaded the parts of her weapon. "I couldn't agree more, but let's see how much a weapon can pack a punch upon impact."

"You act like you are planning to hurt someone," replied Rita.

"Those aren't my words. It is my right as a citizen to protect myself from danger," cried Luna as she filled the bullets in the chamber. "By any means necessary."

"Wouldn't our president and the NRA be proud." She pulled another arrow to sharpen. "Although neither parties support your views of copulation between the fairer sex."

"Look at the women who bestioles family values," mentioned Luna. "I am very certain the parties would be please on your betrothed of someone of the same blood."

Rita swore under her breath. She aimed the arrow at Luna while cleaning its shaft. Luna put the clip in the gun before cocking it. Both stare with an intent of their next move. However, the Mexican standoff didn't last until they heard a knock at the door.

Luna put the gun behind her skirt and walked to the door. She had her hand on the clip. Not only to protect herself from her mother, but to protect herself from whomever was at the door. She looked at the peephole and saw it was Clyde. She relaxed as she saw the four-eyed child. She emptied the clip and put it in her pocket. She opened the door and presented her friendly smile.

"Hey, Clyde, how are you," she said very cheerfully. "Didn't expect you to drop by. What do you need?"

"I am here for Lincoln," replied Clyde with obviosity. "I have his shoes for the ball tonight."

"Of course. The ball," replied Luna with exaggeration in her voice. "Don't stand there. Come on in."

Clyde walked inside and politely greeted Rita and Luna before making her way upstairs. When he was out of sight, Luna set her sights on Rita. "I don't trust him."

"I don't like siding with you, but I am curious. Why?" Rita put the arrow down and stared at her daughter.

"I see him as interference. I know he isn't in the race, but I still see him as threat," said Luna. "Lately, when I see him and Lincoln talk, they are talking strange. Like in codes."

"I never saw it in that perspective," said Rita. "You think Clyde might be in the way."

"I am not sure. I hope not. If he knows what is good for him."

"I hope you are wrong, Luna. I pray that you are wrong."
Clyde made it to Lincoln's bedroom where he knocked on the door followed by three lighter knocks. This has been the signal for Clyde's presence in the vicinity. Lately, Lincoln has been cautious on whoever enters the room. When hearing those knocks, Lincoln unlocked the door and allowed Clyde to enter. Lincoln locked the door and Clyde sat on his bed.

"Here are your shoes," said Clyde as he gave it to Lincoln.

"Thanks! I can't be I am going to a ball tonight."

"Not just any ball. You are going with the Queen Trap!"

"Don't remind me. But anyway, any word on Luka?"

Clyde reached into his pocket and gave a card to Lincoln. On the card, it displayed Luka's information. He notioned to Lincoln to turn over the card.

_We must speak in codes. I know the feds are listening._

Lincoln shook his head in agreement. He mentally prepared himself for the new system of communication he has been practicing with Clyde. After many nights of staying over and watching old mafia movies, the duo were getting the idea on talking in codes.

"I have made a reservation with the prince," said Clyde as he lied on Lincoln's bed.

"Any requirements for this random hero," asked Lincoln.

"The random hero isn't as random, but very designated in his area of expertise," said Clyde.

"Any particular area in his skill of ability," asked Lincoln.

"Mostly crafted in weaponry of wooded armor. Very perfect in that."

"When does he practice his expertise?"

"Before the end of a sennight. However, he is available on the morrow."

"Really? I can make it on the morrow if you willing to lend me a hand with the challenge."

"Is it possible I can make the reservation with you."

"Much appreciated of you, bro."

"Don't mention it. The random hero prefers you to create a theory of your innate skill."

"A theory?"

Clyde nudged Lincoln to come closer. Lincoln pressed his face near Clyde's ear. "He wants to know the history of how this harem of yours function. Sorry, I haven't been practicing codes like I should."

"No problem, Clyde," said Lincoln. "So, he can make this work?"

"Not sure unless we try."

Clyde and Lincoln talked for a few moments before going their separate ways. Lincoln watched Clyde head home. He looked to the clock as he got a couple of hours before Chloe arrived in her
limo. He took a breath as he decided to go to the shower. He had a feeling that tonight was going to be a long night.

*This is a random moment at home with Lincoln. Until next time.*
A Random Day at the Mall with Lincoln

This is a random day at the mall with Lincoln….

This chapter happened before the masquerade ball and Lincoln's journey to Canada.

It was at the Royal Woods Mall where Lincoln could be found escorting the Queen Trap, Chloe Molyneaux. He discarded the empty soda bottle in the trash can before seating himself on the bench. She was still at a boutique making her final arrangements on her gown. According to Chloe, the dress was from the Alexander McQueen collection. The fashion designer made it himself. Lincoln didn't want to questions Chloe's validity on the story. Unless it was made before his unexpected date with a nylon rope, he concluded it was because she addressed its expensive quality. He blew into his hair as he awaited the Queen Trap. Honestly, it felt good to have some time to himself. And with the mall empty on the weekdays, he didn't have to worry or sulked about the womanly crowd. He crossed his legs and took a breather. He thought how something so little and petty could give him the best feeling in the world.

He heard footsteps coming into his direction. He looked and saw it was the clerk at the register. The flamboyant man stood over Lincoln with his agonizing cologne and was in a position as if he was better than Lincoln. He looked up to see what the man wanted.

"Little Miss Molyneaux told me to tell you that this is going to be longer than expected," he said while keeping his nose in the air without giving the commoner an eyeshot. "She says to look around if you please. She will call you when she is finished." He turned and swayed his hips back to the store. Not a goodbye or anything signaling that he cared.

Lincoln got up and began perusing the mall. With his headphones, he pulled his cell phone and began listening to music. Lately, music has been his escape since beginning this harem. It gave him solace, a peace of mind to escape. As much he enjoyed the company of the women and making them happy, lately the white-haired boy began feeling a sense of void in the matter. Green Day's "Wake Me Up When September Ends" was his listening pleasure today. This song was significant to the boy for two reasons: it was the song that he and Ronnie Anne listened to before her departure; and this was the song that was playing when he had his first time with the mysterious Summer.

He hadn't spoken to Ronnie Anne has often like he should. There were days she contacted him on Facebook, Instagram, or through cell phone, but had barely answered. They were one sentence responses. Nothing much. You?; I am good; All good on my end. He can hear it in her voice that she had an earful to say. She should, he thought. How she was making it in Chicago. Her new school, her new friends, her new adventures, her family, and the like. He even encouraged her seeing other people before her departure. However, he has stalled to call her. He shouldn't hesitate, but he was. His biggest fear was to invite her into the fray of this harem; and that was the last thing he prayed he never have to see. Or so he thought.

The last time he spoke to Ronnie Anne was a few weeks ago. She texted him while Sam was cooking dinner for him and Luna. He excused himself from the girls and walked a few blocks to talk to Ronnie Anne. She showed no qualms. They continued like they left off. She was saying how much she missed him. She was saying how she loved being in Chicago. She admired the culture and the ambiance of the city's natural flavor. She talked how on quiet nights, she could hear gunshots from Chicago's South Side. She explained how she was adapting to the music and the atmosphere. She had many things she wanted to say, but condensed them to talk about them. She
told Lincoln that she was in a relationship. Lincoln was happy. He told her that he encouraged it so that she can move on and be happy; so much so that she has his blessing.

There was a pause on the phone. She told Lincoln that she still thought of him for some time. There were nights where she cried herself to sleep with thoughts of him. She began taking up singing and every song was filled with the emotion of Lincoln. Lincoln understood. He said that their love was unconditional and nothing could stop it.

It was there when Ronnie Anne suggested that they should run away. She said that they should go to Seattle and just live off the grid. It would be just the two of them. She wanted things like they used to be. She missed him. She wanted him. She desired him. Lincoln gripped the phone tightly without responding. He feared that the harem was going to get to Ronnie Anne. With a faded voice, he had to decline her offer. Her response was in anger. She questioned him on his loyalty and his love for her. Defensively, he responded that his love for her was faultless; and she shouldn't have any nerve to question it. Instantly, both were exchanging remarks and insults. Deep within, Lincoln was happy and saddened. Happy that the harem effect hasn't got to her and saddened that he was forcing to say goodbye to a true love.

It was until she mentioned some words that made Lincoln's stomach drop. If you are willing to accept the Chloe fag, Tomoko, and that bitch, Sam, why not me? He gripped his phone tightly. How in the hell does she know them, he questioned. Then, he heard snickering in the background. Are you there, Lincoln? I know about them. I can hear in your breath that you know that I know. Isn't it amazing how social media has progressed these days? Isn't funny how people love to send other people content to either please or piss off people. Are you there, Lincoln? I know about those girls because they were in my DMs bragging about it. "You are his ex-bitch and I am his new bitch?" Chloe send me that after taking a picture of you getting jacked off by that faggot. "I am making sweets for my sweet." Tomoko sent me of you guys eating cakes. She had all of those drawings of kawaii and that bullshit. Now, Sam. Sam took the cake on this one. Out of the many girls who sent DMs, this bitch took it. She sent a recording of you guys making a little video. Then showing you engaging in a threesome between you, her, and your fucking sister? Now, Lincoln, I am surprised. I have never thought this could be coming from you.

That is fine. I am okay. Because this means I have to try harder to let those bitches know that you are fucking mine. You are my property and I am the one that stole your lips. I am the one that put in work to have this ass. Now, I am gone and these boards think they own you? Bullshit! They don't own shit but these hands when I come across them. Are you still there, Linky. Are you still there, Linky?

Good! Listen as hard as your feeble ears can. I am dating to fill the void. I couldn't give a damn about this puta. Now, you. You became mine since the day I fucked with you at school. Make no mistake, Lincoln Loud, when you belong to me, there is no in or out. If you want out, it means death. And I have to kill you from the others, I will. But don't worry, sweetheart. Once I dissect the other tramps, then I will join you in the afterlife. I rather be dead if you are not around.

So, this is what you are going to do. I am going to give you a few days to send names. I want address, ID, the whole nine yards. I expect you to send these details so I can make a trip. If I don't have these details before time is up, then there will be consequences. One, I am coming down there and forcefully make you give them up. Two, when it is done, I will have to punish you. Now, Lincoln, I don't like punishing you for being adorably dorky, but I will. It will be painful, but that is to show my love.

Now, you have a few days. Think wisely Lincoln or else Ronalda Anne Santiago is going to displayed herself as the Latin queen of Detroit. Please don't make that happen, Lincoln sweetie.
Anyway, I have to go. Love you.

Lincoln returned back to Sam's apartment drained. He couldn't concentrate on the dinner she made for him. When both girls asked out of concern for Lincoln, he ran to the bathroom where he began retching in the toilet. The girls came to his aid as he was crying and retching at the same time. Sam ran to the other bathroom to give him a towel and some change of clothes. Luna cradled him and cooed him until he calmed down. The remainder of the evening was spent to his aid. Luna made him his favorite soup, chicken noodle soup with shredded cheese and spices; and Sam cleaned him and helped him before going to sleep.

While Lincoln was asleep, Luna went into his phone and saw a message left by Ronnie Anne. Initially, she didn't see the Latina girl as a threat. In her mind, Ronnie Anne was a childhood friend/ex-girlfriend. She lived in Chicago and didn't see any reasoning of her interference in the harem. It wasn't until she left him a list of names and wanted information. Seeing her girlfriend on the list angered Luna to the point where she phoned the police. It wasn't long until the police contacted Ronnie Anne.

Lincoln learned the next morning on Facebook that Ronnie Anne was arrested for making terroristic threats. They even added an attempted murder charge after discovering items in her bedroom. They were a list of supplies to make a homemade bomb. Lincoln had to go to court, but his testimony was via from the Detroit Police Station. Because of her age, Ronnie Anne didn't get a serious sentence. She was sentenced to two years in juvenile detention and five years probation after her release.

Lincoln received a letter in the mail a few weeks ago. It was from Ronnie Anne. He was hesitant to open it, but it was through the advice of Clyde to do it. They were at the park that afternoon when they open the letter. It was short, brief, but have a serious message.

My undying love for you is undying that it will never falter. I will fill the gaps to reach you. Holes will be filled. At the end, a space is reserved for me and you. Side by side until death do us part. Even then, God has a force to reckon with.

Ronnie Anne

Clyde helped him discard the message. He comforted Lincoln as he was crying over his former childhood friend. If he would have known that Ronnie Anne would have set the chain of events that these girls were threatened by one another, he wished he had never answered her call. He wished he had never got involved in the harem. He often wished that he wasn't around. The last thing he wanted was these girls to hurt one another.

He stepped outside in the garden area of the mall. He saw a bench next to the fountain and decided to take a seat. He scrolled to his cell phone to play another song. Eminem's "Stan" was playing as he looked at his photo gallery. He scanned to a picture when the entire family went to the beach in Lake Michigan. It was beautiful day. It was rare to have a family picture without chaos. He saw his mother and father smiling, holding hands, and were very much in love. Luan, Lori, Leni, Lucy, and Luna were arm-and-arm with smiles spread across their faces. He was kneeling in the center holding a peace sign. The other sisters crowded around them in smiles. It was a beautiful day, he thought again. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was a very joyous occasion. He wiped the tears from his eye as he questioned how the family dynamic changed.

It was getting to the point that he was getting too familiar of certain sister's beds. He was getting too familiar with their scent, their taste, their attitude, their everything. For instance, Lincoln would know how long if Luan left her socks she wore from the other day. If Leni would eat a bowl of cereal and leave it on the floor and see the milk solidify. Or, when he lies in his parent's bed and
notices the feel of their sheets. When his mother shared the bed with his father, they were plain sheets. When she was with him, the thread count, the silk sheets were apparent. The girls acted differently when they were in the mood. Lincoln imagined if they made a compromise on who was going to have him. On the surface level, they were being the typical family. If Lincoln pay more attention and read between the lines, there was something more sinister. He knew it, but was not going to participate in that manner.

Lincoln honestly wish he was bold enough to tell them that he wanted to end the relationships. He doesn't like seeing them argue. If severing his ties with them was the solution to end this war, then so be it. He loved them and sincerely cared for them. He was beginning to enjoy the sex and affection he was receiving. However, if the parties, especially his family, wouldn't get along with each other, then that was something he had to do. If the consequences resulted in the method of madness, then he had a contingency plan.

He looked at his online bank account to see his account balance. For a teenager, he was grateful of establishing a bank account. With convincing of his mother and to hide it from her husband, she gave him a bank account to keep his money. So far, he doesn't have enough that he wanted. He needed to get more. His thought landed on cutting yards and doing same tasks to get the money. He logged off and looked at some travel info for youth hostels. Lincoln doesn't like that option, but he needed a plan if the harem were to cave in. He looked at places like Toronto, Vancouver, and even places in Mexico. He knew he wouldn't have enough to travel overseas. He knew if pick either borders, they wouldn't ask questions. He would pre-order and come up with a legitimate excuse for his departure.

He put his cell phone and lied to feel the sensation of the warm sun. The weather was perfect, but peculiar for the latter half of winter. The weatherman said that it was a rare humid day. He didn't mind. He was appreciating being outside. Every now and again, he wanted to be somewhere to stretch his arms and smell nature; hearing the bird chirp; hearing children play. Not making sex positions and hearing the moans of different girls. He rubbed his hips from the soreness he had the night before.

Last night as he was preparing for bed, his mother walked in with a bad mood. She closed the door and automatically pushed Lincoln to his bed. Before he could speak, he was already naked. Her aggressive nature urged her to skip the foreplay and engaged in sex. She had locked the door. She turned on some loud music. She turned off the lights. Lincoln didn't have a chance.

What he remember was her pouncing on him. She was biting and yelling and scratching at the poor white-haired child. She uttered words like "I deserve this" or "He is worth it. I work for him" or "He is my child and no one else's." He was begging his mom to stop, but she refused. Her eyes were not a mother, but a predator. She flipped him over and she began bucking her hips to his butt. He was not enjoying it. He was crying. He was asking for his mother. He continued saying, "I want my mother back. I want my mother back. Don't hurt me, mommy." The pleading words didn't reach to Rita in time. She climaxed all over his back and he came on his bed.

She was panting loudly. Her voice was hoarse. By the time she returned to reality, she was hearing the sound of a wailing child. She looked and saw Lincoln covering his face, defending himself.

_Don't hurt me, mommy._

_Please, don't hurt me. It is not fun anymore._

_I don't want any more pain._

Emotions overwhelmed Rita. She couldn't even think why she was even frustrated at that moment.
Lincoln, I am sorry.

Stay back, mommy.

I am sorry, Lincoln.

Lincoln.

"Lincoln, Lincoln." Lincoln returned to reality when he saw a familiar face standing in front of him. She presented a warm, friendly smile. She wasn't wearing her teaching attire. She was wearing a blue sundress. She looked stunning as the dress matched her tan skin. Lincoln drew his eyes to Ms. DiMartino as she sat beside him.

"I saw you earlier walking. I was trying to get your attention, but you had your music on." Ms. DiMartino placed her shopping bags next to the bench. In her hand, she had a small ball of yogurt from the kiosk at the center of the food court. She crossed her leg and took a bite of her frozen treat. The way she ate it must have been delicious, Lincoln thought to himself. "What brings you down here today," she asked with a look of curiosity.

"Waiting on Chloe to get done with her shopping," he said without looking at Ms. DiMartino.

She slightly chuckled as she resumed eating her yogurt. "That prissy girl of mine. She thinks that she is the most important thing in the world." She lightly touched her cheek. "My sister spoils the heck out of her. She is a tough nut to crack."

"At least you understand," said Lincoln as he put up his headphones. "May I ask you a question about Chloe?"

"Sure?"

"Why is Chloe such a...handful," he asked. He wanted to say "bitch" but caught himself in time. "It seems like you are the only one that has her in your grip."

"Chloe isn't easy. I know what you wanted to say, but don't worry," she chuckled. "Chloe was born with a silver spoon. She got everything she wanted. However she didn't get everything she needed." She stuck her finger out. "Love, protection, her parents, rules, accountability. My sister was always spoiled. With her being the youngest, everything was given to her. I had to work for what I want." She looked around. "My sister had a full ride to college and I had to pay for community college. My sister married a well-known diplomat and lived lavish. She took care of everybody, but didn't give me or my parents a single thought. Even if my parents gave her everything." She sighed. "I am sorry, Lincoln. I think I went too far."

Lincoln smiled. "No, no you didn't. I want to know about her. Why is Chloe the way Chloe is?"

"I can tell you care for her."

"I do, but it worries me on how a girl like that can be so pampered."

"My sister and her husband were too busy being parents for Chloe that they didn't know what to
do. They didn't know how to be parents. It was the maids that knew everything. They didn't know that Chloe was exhibiting transgender behavior until the girl began walking around in a dress when she was four. I honestly think they didn't have clue they once had a son.

I helped what I could for Chloe to have a transition into becoming a woman. I was the only one in my family who actually gave a damn about the spoiled brats. My parents, God bless them, didn't want anything to do with Chloe. If it wasn't their Dalton, then they didn't want anything of her."

She turned to Lincoln and displayed a serious look. "Chloe only displays that side because she is scared. At night, Lincoln, she cries herself to sleep because of her personality. In all honesty, she can be sweet, but she has a hard time displaying herself. And since entering her life, she thinks about you."

"About me?"

"Nonstop." She chuckled. "When her parents sent the invite to the ball, she couldn't stop talking about asking you to the ball. She spent all evening practicing her lines on asking you that it was cute. So trust me, she may act hard, but she can be sweet. So, give her some slack, would you? For me." She took another bite of her yogurt.

"Thank you, Ms. DiMartino," said Lincoln. "Having this info helps me understand Chloe a little bit more. It also helps me to know more about people."

"What do you mean?"

"Sincerity," he said. He paused for a moment, trying to gather his thought. "I think we are all looking for sincere people in this world. Someone that cares about us. Someone that appreciates us. Not at face value." He pointed his finger to his heart. "Somewhere in here."

"Have you been thinking of that for awhile?"

"I have. On many reasons."

"Well, Lincoln. You have always been a smart lad. I have always been fond of you," purred Ms. DiMartino.

Lincoln's eyes widened when she took a spoonful of yogurt and put it in her mouth. She took Lincoln by his face and kissed him. Lincoln didn't flinch. Accustomed to the drill of the harem, he closed his eyes as he allowed his tongue to tangle with Ms. DiMartino's. She poured the yogurt into his mouth. He swallowed immediately. It tasted of peach, he thought. She finished the kiss and slid her finger to his mandible.

"I have never thought you be delectable as that, Lincoln," purred Ms. DiMartino.

Lincoln shook his head. He didn't want to look at her in the eye. She pressed forward and wrapped her arms around the worried Lincoln. Her firm breasts touched his shoulder. Her perfume was impacting his nostrils.

"Chloe won't be ready for another thirty minutes," she said as she planted a kiss on his neck. "There is a closed area in the mall where there are no cameras and nothing can disturb us."

Lincoln didn't respond. He grabbed her hand and followed her to her secret location.

As he was walking with her, the thoughts of Lake Michigan was on his mind. He began to think of the mysterious Summer. Something in his spirit was telling him that the night she stole his
virginity wasn't an accident. That night had a significant purpose.

You weren't chosen by random, Lincoln. There was a reason for that night. It is to the point where the trip to Lake Michigan was no accident. Everything works in the universe by an order of design. People are designated or assigned to certain places for a reason. Something within compelled her to do the deeds that fateful night. Once again, Lake Michigan trip was no accident. The trip had a purpose. Summer had a purpose with you. You had a purpose, but you must know your origin.

It was amazing to Lincoln of his conscience. It was as if his conscience had a mind of its own. He decided to put it on hold as he arrived at the location Ms. DiMartino mentioned. Seeing her grabbing condoms from her purse, he knew those thirty minutes were going to be filled.

This concludes the random day at the mall with Lincoln. Until next time.
Another Random Day at Home with Lincoln

This is another random moment at home with Lincoln….

The following chapter occurred the day of the masquerade ball and before Lincoln's journey to Canada.

Lincoln carefully pulled the vinyl record from his sleeve. He blew the dust from the enlarged diskette, a sign of its lack of use. It was from the Rolling Stones' *Exile on Main St.* It was a gift from his father when he turned nine years old. Wrapped in polka dot wrapping paper, the vinyl record was a gift that his father received back when he was a teenager. According to his father, it was a rite of passage. Unfortunately, he couldn't share a cold one like he did with his father when he was Lincoln's age, but he shared a soda with him on the front steps of the Loud residence. It was to signify his transition into adolescence. Although Lincoln had yet became a teenager, but he wanted Lincoln to understand that life wasn't going to be easy. Sometimes, a person is forced to do things that may look oblique or didn't make any sense, but understood that within every torn fabric, a silver lining exist. Lincoln nodded as they toasted over their generic grape soda.

He pulled the record player from under his bed. He set it on his desk. He tuned it to the position where the track of his choice would began. "Torn and Frayed" was the serenade of the night inside of Lincoln's bedroom. He slowly pulled on his undergarments. He sprayed his best cologne that he obtained from his father. He looked into the mirror. In front of him was a young gentleman. He was a boy who was transitioning to a man. He saw a few pencil-like hairs curling around his chest. He saw a small freckle of a moustache. Last night as he was talking to Clyde, his voice croaked. Enough signage that the inevitable was approaching. However, he did not feel like a teenager. Young teenagers don't have encounters with older women, he thought to himself. Young teenagers don't have multiple partners. Teenagers his age should feel happy of the endless affections, endless gifts, endless love making, but now him. A surge of sadness waved over his body as he was having cold feet of going to the masquerade ball with Chloe. He stood back and sat on the bed. He was careful not to wrinkle his suit. A suit that was worth over hundreds of dollars. A suit that Chloe purchased for this occasion. A suit that was free and at his expense.

For a moment, Lincoln felt like more of a harlot than in a harem.

He was happy that the following morning, he and Clyde were taking the bus to the outskirts of town to see the mysterious Luka. He wanted advice and was in dire need of empathy. Grateful for Clyde, but Clyde didn't understand the ramifications of the situations. In sheer honesty, Clyde only knew a fractions of the women he had slept with.

He questioned the endgame because like in early harem, there has to be a leading contender. Who was the winner in this harem, he questioned. Because he was wondering who was winning the race. Better yet, who does he had feelings for.

He twiddle with the ring that Sam gave him on that night at the carnival. She was the first girl he accepted as his girlfriend. Since then, he and Sam had encounters. With or without Luna. Sam didn't fulfill the end of the bargain. She promised Lincoln that they would share with Luna. lately, she has been making excuses for not seeing Luna to spend time with him. Luna was concerned. But instead of confronting her girlfriend, she used her stress out on Lincoln. In the end, she cradled around him and shed tears. Most of those tears were for Sam.

The Loud residence was no longer a home, but a fortress with woman fighting for his affections.
The siblinghood turned into a rivalry of beast who would stop at nothing to get at him. Lincoln was getting aware of the alignment of parties sticking together. He knew Lori, Leni, and Luna formed an alliance; Lucy and his mother, Rita were an alliance; Luan and Lynn formed an alliance, but was loose because of the common goal of defense from the others. He figured it out on how they were together in packs, like wolves. So much so, that these parties were moving into each other's room because neither parties trusted each other. The younger siblings were becoming fearful. Lola and Lana asked their Aunt Ruth to stay with her for awhile. Lisa and Lily began staying with his grandfather. Even his father began spending more time at the office than at home. There were days when he didn't come home at all.

Lincoln rubbed his arm tenderly. He began gripping it tightly as he tried to hold back the tears. Never in his life did he think that this harem was going to separate his family. There was a divide and he felt responsible.

He made it in his mind that he was planning to leave the residence until things calm down. He just didn't know when. He had enough cash for a bus ticket and camping expenses. He had gone to different places on different days. He went to places on different days to not surround suspicion. He hid the merchandise in different parts of the house, places where he knew that the girls weren't going to notice it. When he felt the time was right, he was going to retrieve the items and make his leave. He tucked in his lip because he knew it was option he didn't think he had a choice. It is for the girls. It is for the girls. It is for the girls. He replayed it in his mind until he felt it sounded believable.

He fiddled with his phone as he saw the message that Chloe left him. She was to arrive in about an hour. An hour for him to think of being in a room of the upper class. An hour to think of dance moves because he has two left feet. An hour to ponder on his future. An hour of possibilities. He was thinking too much again, he thought as he put his phone down.

He still pondered on what Nory told him that day at Magnolia's. Which girl is the right one for Lincoln? He stretched out on the bed to ponder on that thought. Firstly, I care about these girls dearly. Each and every one of them. Then yet, is the relationship we share based out of love or based out of lust? I don't know if my feelings are true love for any of them. Is the love I had for Ronnie Anne should be an example? Is it the love I have for Sam and Luna an example? Better yet, is the love I had for Summer a better example?

She went away as mysterious as she came, that fateful evening. I gave her my number if she wanted to reach me. Her cabin was two streets down from mine. From what she had told me, she came with friends. She says she came from Notre Dame. She was studying Philosophy. I asked what she plan to do with it, she told me to have a career in life. That was fascinating, to be honest. The fact that a nineteen year old girl wanted a time of day with a fragile, meek teenager like myself. Her blue eyes, calm as the gentle sea, lying itself beside the shore, calmed me. It relaxed me. It told me not to worry but to trust myself into her. That was exactly what I did.

I was fortunate that evening that Lori was in charge. My mom and dad went to the lakefront to watch the fireworks show. I knew my sister would spend her free time on the phone with Bobby, so I took advantage of sneaking out. Wanting to be the cool, older kid, I wore my best clothes and wore my father's best cologne. Summer was waiting by the stop sign at the end of my street. She was wearing a pink blouse and white shorts. She had her sweater wrapped in her arms. She had a pristine smile on her face. She was happy to see me. I asked her where we were going. She told me that it was a surprise. Overlooking my judgement, I followed the gentle damsel to parts unknown. We walked through the shoreside. I could still smell her from earlier. She smelled of the lake and suntan lotion. It was a sweet scent. A feeling to remind me of that for many years to come. It wasn't everyday to have this kind of experience. This kind of adventure. This kind of discovery. I
wonder that if that was how the guys my age felt in those coming of age movies? The nervousness in the pit of your stomach. Your brain alerting you to deter, resist, stop. Your heart going into leaps of excitement. Your body was moving regardless of true feelings. A feeling I had no regrets.

She told me that this was her favorite spot because it gave her a good vantage point of the lakefront. There was a festival going on. She could have gone. We could have gone. But instead, she wanted to be alone with me. She told me that she had never done this with a boy before. I was touched, but felt she was lying. Regardless, I was too happy to care as we was approaching her private spot.

Nestled at the foot of the hills and cradled by the soft, white sand, her secret spot that gave us the best view of Lake Michigan. From the distance, I can even see a lighthouse. It was very picturesque. She smiled as she saw how captivated I was of the scenery.

It was beautiful, I told her. I took off my shoes as she told me that it wasn't the only thing to make it fascinating. She pulled aside a blanket and a some branches from the nearby bush. I watched her light a small fire. We sat on the blanket and watched the festivites. We had a perfect shot of the fireworks show.

She poked the fire with a stick to keep it ablaze. She lied down and watched the sky. The crescent moon shined brightly on that night. It was so close to the lake that it looked it was touching it. I joined Summer as we got close to each other. Using each other as warmth for the summer night was cool; not surprising. With the exception of the crackling fire, it was silence. We lied there and looked at the sky.

Lincoln's thought was interrupted by a knock on the door. He sat up and walked to the door. He was grateful that he knew it was only his father. He didn't know where the girls went, but he didn't care. His father was here and that was all the mattered.

"Come on in, Dad." Lincoln showed his father into his bedroom. He sat on the bed as he stared at Lincoln. In return, he stared at his father. His eyes were red and puffy. His face was pale. It looked as if he had been up for a few days. Lincoln closed the door and grabbed a chair to sit across from his father. He lowered the record player so he could talk to his father.

He held the sleeve of the tuxedo. He let out a smile before talking to his son. "I am excited that my little man is going to his first ball with a girl." He coughed. Lincoln knew he was managing the tears. Something had to be wrong, but he, too, was trying to conceal it. "It feels like yesterday that my son was riding his trike and putting on his father's shoes."

Lincoln wore his plastic smile and laughed along with his father's role of being a father. "It doesn't feel that long ago, Dad. Those days feel so surreal. One day I was in diapers and the next, I am a teenager."

"I can hear it in your voice," said his father. "I am happy to see you in a position of being responsible and well-suited of taking care of a lady." He sighed. "Although I don't condone the fact you are having sex, but you are being a gentleman. Let me ask you this? Do you wear condoms?"

Lincoln shook his head half-heartedly. "I do, Dad. I am well-aware of the risk of pregnancy and diseases out there. I don't want to be a father yet and I don't want to get burned."

"Good, because someone in this family have to show resilience." He looked at his feet. Lincoln knew that his father hasn't been himself. It was the first time he had seen his father in a couple of days. He observed his unshaved face and the clothes he had previously wore a few days back. Lincoln wiped his face with the sleeve of his shirt. He cracked his knuckles and returned his
sight on his father. *I want to tell the truth. I have to end this. My father doesn't deserve this. It is my fault and at his expense, he is suffering. This is a man who loves his wife and his family. He doesn't deserve the hell I have caused. I am sorry, Dad.* Those were words he wanted to say.

Bittersweet words to null the pain of his father. Words he knew they would never come out. Because by releasing those words, the dynamic of the family and the relationship of those around him were to crumbled. He let out a smile for his cowardice.

"Dad," said Lincoln before pausing. He trying to capture his thoughts. "Remember the Rolling Stones album you have given me."

"I do," replied his father. "It was a gift from my old man back I was your age."

"That present, that gift. It was meaningful to me. I say that because you show appreciation. You were excited to express that love for your son. It was pure and absolute love."

"Thanks, son. I was very selective on the gift because this album reminds me of you in this time."

"Explain."

"You are at age that changes are going to happen. Good changes, bad changes, changes in general. This album to me shows that life is going to happen. We will face challenges. Joy, pain, sunshine, rain. Life can love you and hate you. It can pat your cheek and slap you with the same hand. I just wanted to show you that no matter how life gets at you, stay strong."

Lincoln got up and move aside his tuxedo. He sat beside his father. It was a welcoming feeling. There was love in the room. Something he haven't felt in awhile. True, unconditional love.

"Seeing you going on dates, hanging out with friends, it is like you are growing up too fast," said his father. "It makes me want to tell you to slow down. There is no rush. Let life take its course. Before long, you will be out of the house and finding your own way of living."

"Yes, sir."

"I just hope that I am doing the best I can to be a supporting father. Even though lately the role hasn't been filled very well."

Lincoln put his hand on his father's shoulder. "You are a great father! You have always been a great dad! I just haven't filling the role of being a good son."

"I know, son. It is just things have been out of whack lately. It is like I don't know my own family." He stammered a bit, trying to combat the tears. "Mama Bear doesn't even notice the pet names and jokes anymore. Luan, Lori, Luna, and the others don't even give me a time or day. Work has been stressing me out. I hardly see you. Where did I go wrong for this family to change?"

Lincoln bit his lip as hard as he could. If he wanted to break skin, he would. He had never felt pain like that. And hearing it from his father was making it worse.

"I pray at night, son. It is something I try to do. I asked God to return my family. That is all I want, Lincoln," said his father as he wiped his eye. "My wacky, extraordinary family. I want it back! I miss it."

"I miss it, too, Dad," said Lincoln. "I miss it also."

"I am sorry, Lincoln. Dad got too caught up with himself. I came up here because I wanted to give you something." Lynn pulled the box beside him. Lincoln didn't noticed it earlier. Inside was a
corsage. "If you are going to treat a woman right, then you must make sure she is feeling right." He handed it to Lincoln. "Give this to her and let her know how important she is to you. Even if that feeling is for a night." He took another breath. "I don't know if you are seeing her or others, but understand Lincoln, there is one girl out there you must treat special. A girl that understands you. A girl that appreciates the imperfections and your blueprint in general. The same goes for you, Lincoln. I know you are too young to understand love. I don't expect to understand. Just know that one of these days, you will have to choose a girl that you sincerely care for."

Lynn stood up and walked to the front of Lincoln's door. "I love you, Lincoln. I love you guys. I am going to do whatever it takes to repair this family. I refuse to quit. You should as well." He had his hand on the knob. "Understand that there are no mistakes if it is a destiny. Everything happens for a reason. I just hope I am following the right course. Have you a good dance and love you, son."

Lynn closed the door from behind him. Lincoln held the corsage gently. He eyed the color and he blushed at its sight. It was a beautiful, delicate flower, he thought to himself.

He looked at his watch and saw that he had twenty minutes. He hurried as he got his tuxedo ready. At any moment, Chloe was going to be at his doorstep.

*Understand that there are no mistakes if it is a destiny. Everything happens for a reason.*

*Your father displays good wisdom, Lincoln. It is really sad to see him caught in a web of this situation. He isn't lying. I am beginning to suspect that he, too, is aware of the role of being an unwilling participant. It is sad, but we must fill the roles in order to serve a higher purpose. There is something in the paradigm, Lincoln. It is coming closer and closer by the minute. Be prepared for the day is approaching. Don't know when, but is happening. Like day follows night and night follows day.*

*This concludes another random moment at home with Lincoln. The plot is thickening and amazing that his conscience is joining this particular adventure. Until next time.*
Hello, readers. This is the author himself and welcome to the Random Moment with the Author. I have hoped you have enjoyed Lincoln and his journey of his harem in It's You Girls Fault for These Random Moments. This has been an exciting opportunity to work on this series and the events that makes Lincoln enjoy or cringe. Anyway, I know there are plenty of my readers who have been having questions about the direction of this story and where it is headed. Like my previous work, These Grey Skies, I didn't think that the story was going to expand in this form of fashion. Allow me to explain.

Earlier this summer, I created these random moments from The Anthology of the Loud House. I called them random moments because the situations were tongue-in-cheek, off-the-wall, whimsical, random moments. They were short, sweet, and to the point. However, my girlfriend has been reading this and she thinks that my stories can expand further into another realm. I credit her for introducing Willow as a character. She is also the reason for the creation of Chloe, Nory, and Tomoko. She described to me the characters and how they should look. I used it to put it in my stories. Honestly, my girlfriend is a combination of Willow and Tomoko. A bit feisty, but filled with compassion.

Anyway, back to the point. I have scanned through the comments and I am loving the praise and the response of this story. This story is my best story when dealing with favorites and followers. Thank you guys so much for this.

Seriously, back to the point. I know you have questions on the direction of this series. I don't want to really get into the meat, but I can touch the surface, if you will.

Am I going to reveal how Lincoln has affected all of these women? Yes, in the near future. I have given subtle hints in the story. Lincoln hopes that seeing Luka is going to explain his dilemma with the women. Also, I have introduce an internal character in this story. It is going to serve as the voice of reason for Lincoln. The internal character is his conscience. I put it as genderless because I don't want to reveal the sex of the character because it will serve a role in the near future.

Why haven't we seen random moments with other characters? It isn't on purpose. I just didn't have a scenario put in place with some of the girls. In my filler chapters, Tomoko, Nurse Kazami, Luan, Ms. DiMartino, and Lynn will have their encounters with Lincoln. I am going to return to Lucy, Nory, Lori, Leni, Chloe, and Willow as well. Although they have engaged in sex with him, but either of them had scenes. They were mentioned, but weren't specified.

Who are the major characters in this harem? Like all harems, every girl is going to serve their purpose. However, not every girl is going to be on top. It is safe to say that the major characters as of now are Willow, Sam, Luna, Rita, Nory, and Chloe.

Who are the secondary characters in this harem? Lucy, Luan, Lori, Leni, and Miki, as of now, are secondary/supporting characters in this harem. They are important, but their roles are just supporting at this time. As time goes on, we will see.

Who are the minor characters in this harem? As of now, Tomoko, Nurse Kazami, Ms. DiMartino, Lynn, Haiku, and Emily. Haiku will be used later in the story. Emily serves as special purpose in the near future.
Are we going to see more encounters with the major characters? I am seeing the huge fanbase with Lincoln and his mother. In my filler chapters, I will have moments between him and his mother. I do want to write another chapter for Luna and Sam, together and alone, respectively. Of course, I want to write a moment for Nory, Chloe, and the others. It will be worth your while.

Your plans for Lincoln's journey in Canada? I am trying to fill much of the gap as I can so I can tie any loose ends. I want the series to be compelling and convincing before Lincoln makes his full transition into Canada. In a way, Lincoln in Canada will serve as a sub-series. An arc that plans to have a few chapters. Emily is going to serve an important role in that arc. Willow will be featured in that arc. Trust me, Nory is going to play an important role as well in that arc. It is also in Canada where Lincoln is going to know more information about the mysterious Summer.

Who is Summer? For now, Summer is a girl Lincoln had his first time. Because she took his virginity, she served as the first girl. Because of little known information, Lincoln is trying to connect the dots with this girl.

How long will this series last? I am not sure. Not until I have connected the dots and filled the gaps. I can honestly see this as an ongoing series. I say that because of my introduction to vampiric characters, I have plans of introducing some other monster creatures. As a teaser, things are going to be eventful in Canada.

The inspiration of It's You Girls' Fault for These Random Moments. The title itself is based off of WataMote. I am a fan of Tomoko and her crazy hijinks; thus, the inspiration of my character, Tomoko.

Are you continuing with the Podcast and Random Interlude? I am. In a way, it serves as comic relief. I enjoy using guest characters from other harem series to discuss crazy topics and the like.

I hope this sums up any questions you are having with this series. As I return back to work in a few days, this constant uploading will become a minimum. My job is more important than this. I enjoy it, but it doesn't pays the bills. Only if Summer could last longer. Anyway, I hope you enjoy the Random Moment with the Author. Until next time, enjoy life. Even if those moments are random.

I do have to go. My girlfriend is giving me that yandere look. It is that kind of night and I can't keep her waiting. Take care! God bless! Happy reading!
A Random Moment to the Ball with Lincoln (Part I)

This is part one of the random moment at the ball with Lincoln….

The chapter that is setting the events before Lincoln's journey to Canada.

Clyde was sitting on Lincoln's bed as he waiting for Lincoln to come out of the bathroom. Clyde was late on his making arrangements with the mysterious Luka. Luka wanted much information on Lincoln as he could. Clyde explained it to him as much as possible for the available details that was given to him. Luka was grateful to arrange funds for their trip to the sticks. It was the least he could do for his pricey consultation fee. Lincoln threw in some funds and Clyde used some of his savings from his therapist funds to contribute to the cause. He has been concerned for his best friend and wingman. The least he could do was play a supportive role. There have been moments in which he wanted to talk to Lincoln about this harem. Initially, he saw the experience as exciting. He had often seen it in anime, manga, and movies. The role of Casanova, James Bond, Negi Springfield, Tenchi Masaki, Tsukune Aona, and Hibiki Tokai wrapped into the one and only Lincoln Loud. A multitude of girls coming at any corner and at any whim with the intent of serving him. He knew of the minor squabbles, but the adventure was presumably excited. The role and supporting role of females searching for the spot of seeking Lincoln's heart. He knew there were one or two girls in the bisexual spectrum, but that was supposed to happen in harems. The girls were to pursue and pursue until one of them could claim Lincoln's heart. In the end, there were going to be two routes: a harem end or the chosen one.

Clyde had gathered research on the girls he knew in Lincoln's harem. He was unsure of the numbers, but he did what he could to provide perspective and information to Luka.

He was reading the Rolling Stone edition of the Boston Massacre terrorist before he saw the door opened. He put it down as soon he saw Lincoln in his evening jacket. Lincoln reminded Clyde of Darrin's role of Tuxedo Mask in Sailor Moon. The white mask in particular. His suit was pressed and crisped; Clyde's shoes were sheen and shiny; and the Ace Savvy cufflinks was a bonus. Clyde blushed at his sight. He was seeing his friend transitioning in a man. An odd combination of being proud and envious was the feeling he was getting.

"Wow, Linc, you are looking good." Clyde stood up to examine more of Lincoln. He came and helped him straighten the handkerchief part of his tuxedo. "If I didn't think you were in such a crisis, I would think you are definitely getting laid tonight."

Lincoln frowned. "Don't wish we that misfortunate. It might come true." His tone was sarcastic. Clyde hit a sore spot. He knew better and was apologetic. "Sorry, man. That wasn't called for. I know what you were saying. Thanks."

"None taken, my friend. I am just happy for you. What I mean by that is that I am seeing you transform." That was a rare moment for Clyde to display his honest feelings. Lincoln knew that he only done that with his parents and his crush, Lori. Clyde was displaying affectionate feelings in a way of close friendship. Lincoln enjoyed those moments. The moments were the love is unconditional and no ulterior moments. Lincoln was happy to have a true ally by his side.

"It shows Lincoln. I am seeing your moustache. Your voice is cracking. Your demeanor is changing. It is like we are not the same Lincoln and Clyde anymore."

"At some point, we are going to change, Clyde. That is the fact of life." Lincoln walked to the mirror where he double checked his appearance. He let out a plastic smile. He practiced that for
Chloe when she arrives. She was coming in a few moments. He was grateful to delay some time for her arrival. He wanted Clyde to be there for emotional support.

"That is true. It felt like yesterday we were in our PJs watching cartoons and drawing comics."

"That was yesterday when we were in our PJs watching cartoons and drawing comics."

"Sour grapes, that is right." Clyde scratched the back of his head. "My point is that we were not the same as we were yesterday. We are going to keep changing to the point we began college. We aren't too far away from high school."

"I agree with you, but let's not worry about high school right now, bro. Let me make it through the night first. With Chloe, I may not even see my ninth grade diploma."

"Tell me more about the dance tonight. If you want," asked Clyde. He was trying to find something to fill the time and out of curiosity.

"The ball is going to be at an estate in Palmer Woods. The man in charge is supposedly a billionaire in real estate. Anyway, it is at his mansion the ball is going to be. As you may know, it is black tie event and I am to dress to impress."

"That you are doing. So, anybody of importance being there."

"Not to my knowledge. Just fancy people who have money and oh yeah, her parents."

"Are you meeting her parents."

"Yeah. We are meeting them at the estate."

"What are they like?"

"If they made Chloe, then I am seeing the trees in action tonight."

The duo laughed at that thought. It was quite refreshing to laugh. Lincoln wiped his eye and began making his way to the closet door. Clyde sat back on Lincoln's bed as he waited. He heard scummiage through some items before making his way back to the bedroom. Clyde saw that he had a box of small envelopes; all of them had names of girls involved in the harem. He put it next to Clyde.

"Clyde, when the time is right, I want you to give these letters to the girls."

"What is it?"

"Don't worry about it. You are in too deep. You don't want to know."

"Listen, Lincoln," interjected Clyde. "I know that sometimes you want to keep things to yourself to not hurt people. But, understand that I serve a role as a friend to help you. I may not have expertise in harems like this Luka, but at least throw me somewhere in which I matter."

Lincoln sighed loudly. "I am sorry, Clyde. It is not that I wanted you out of the loop. It is just... just... just. I did a lot of things that has changed the dynamic of friendships and family. I feel responsible and I blame myself a lot of it. I didn't include you in because these girls are treacherous. This was not a harem I expected in the comics.

The feds are onto you. They see you as a threat. Not for romance, but an interference. I once overheard Mom and Lucy talking about you. I have also heard it from Luan and Nurse Kazami."
They see you in the way. I explained to them that there is nothing to worry about. But we know that is a thin thread."

Lincoln put his hand on Clyde's shoulder. "You are my best friend forever. You are my bro, believe that. You don't need to get hurt. I am losing my family, the girls I dearly love. The other girls that I care about with the sincerity of my heart." He stared at his promise ring before pocketing his hand. "I don't need to lose my best friend either."

Clyde showed a half-hearted smile. He was appreciative and understanding of Lincoln's intention. He stood up and embraced his best friend. They shared the hug for a few moments before breaking it.

"I appreciate it, Linc. But regardless of my protection, I am still your friend. We are ride or die. Remember our motto."

Lincoln smiled. "We started together. We will end together."

"Bros for life," said Clyde.

"Bros for life," confirmed Lincoln as he gave Clyde a dap. "Okay, so it is goes." He scanned the door to make sure it is closed. What he was about to say wasn't enough time for codes. He turned on the radio. Lenny Kravitz's "Always on the Run" was playing. He laughed as the song itself played perfectly for Lincoln's explanation with Clyde.

"I am planning to go away. Each of these letters are specific information I have given to the girls."

"You are going away," retorted Clyde in a surprising tone.

"I am. I have decided to go away for awhile. I need some time to figure things out."

"Where are you going?"

"Toronto."

"Toronto? What is out there?"

"What is out there is none of the harem. What is out there is neither of my relatives. What is out there is peace and solace until I gather things out."

Clyde's brain began to fill in like a swimming pool. This announcement was surprising to him. He knew Lincoln as the jack of all trades. Regardless of whatever situation, Lincoln could think things through. This leaving is something he didn't expect out of his playbook.

"Do you think this is the smartest decision?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is that...what is mean...what I am saying is that." Clyde paused. He wanted to find the appropriate word to not discourage Lincoln. "Do you think that is wise? You are too young. Toronto is a big place. What do you intend to find out there that you couldn't solve here?"

"What I am looking to solve my problems in this harem. Give the girls a break. Have to time to ponder and reflect from me."

"Lincoln. If you feel as those these girls are stressing you out, why not end it with them?"
"I can't!"

"Why can't you!"

"I just can't!"

"Lincoln, if this burdening you to the point you wanting to run away. Then you think that breaking up with them is the best decision?"

Clyde didn't realize that his fist was clenched and his voice was raised. He tried to calm down, but Lincoln was getting flustered. Then, he went faint.

"I still have feelings for them."

"You like them all?"

"I do."

Clyde sighed. He returned to the bed where he sat. He put his hand to his face while staring at Lincoln.

"I feel compelled to them. I feel attached to them. It is like I want to be happy with them, but at the same time I feel detached. I love them all. I want to make it work. I just didn't realize how much of a burden it is on me and on them."

"If you want to feel free, then put yourself first. Love is one thing. Happiness is another. You are harming yourself."

"I know."

"Look, Lincoln. We will talk about this another time. Chloe is closely approaching. Hopefully, Luka could spread us some wisdom about this." Lincoln took the box and put it on Clyde's lap. "I will be sure to hold on to this when the time is right."

"A call is going to be from a different number." He wrote his new number on a sheet of paper. "I got a burn phone with the Toronto area code. You are the only one to have this number. So, don't let anyone know. Not your fathers, no one. *Capiche?*

"Capiche."

"Thank you, Clyde. Seriously, I am of you. You are the only friend left in my corner I can trust."

Lincoln gave Clyde another dap before heading out of the door. He turned to Clyde. "I will call you in the morning when I get back. I already know I might be spending the night with Chloe. If you don't get a call from me by 9 in the morning, you know that I am at Chloe's. If I am, meet me at Magnolia's a little after. If I call you, then I am at the bus station."

Clyde confirmed Lincoln's direction by nodding his head. Lincoln advised Clyde to leave first. Before Clyde went to the stairs, he grabbed a backpack to conceal the letters. He didn't want his mother to raise suspicion. Rita just arrived home a few minutes ago. Lincoln watched Clyde go to the front door before leaving. He went back to his room to turn off the radio.

Lincoln heard the water running in the sink. He knew it was the right time for her drinking chai tea. Even before their encounters, she has been an avid tea and coffee drinker. His mother study aboard in Prague, Rome, and Nairobi during her high school and college days. She collected tea
leaves and coffee beans from her travels there. She once told him that before she met his father, she wanted to be an world renowned author. Her traveling the world was the icing on the cake of inspiration. Her dreams were derailed after becoming pregnant with Lori. Each time she gave birth, the further her dreams of being a world author. Lincoln had found plenty of manuscripts in a box in the basement. When he recovered from Luna and Sam, he took a look at her stories. They were very good. He wished that she didn't feel she had to go to those places to get inspiration. So much came from her head that she didn't need it. However, she has somewhat been selfish. Traveling was her guilty pleasure. Even taking a trip to Canada or Milwaukee or Minneapolis was luxurious to her. For a moment, he actually felt sorry for his mother.

He and Rita haven't had sex since the "incident." He was in denial of calling it rape. They slept together on nights she had availability. She cuddled him, laying her body behind him. She would kiss his neck and rub his shoulder, nothing more. Some nights, he could hear his mother crying for forgiveness. He never responded. Anger seethed through his bones and shame covered his body. He actually felt how David felt after sleeping with the soldier's wife. He was in a war with his mind. Sharing a bed with his father's wife. He was no different than the men who had broken homes. Although he wasn't at fault, he continued it, making him no different than those who encouraged. As she slept, he always kissed her forehead and citing her love. However, was it a love of a mother or of a woman?

The sound of Lincoln's knocking on the kitchen doorway startled Rita. She was too focused on her tea that she almost dropped the pot. She pursed her lips, stroking her hair before putting the pot on the stove. She turned the fire to a low volume. She went to her seat with her cup and sat there. There was silence. Lincoln went to the kitchen table and sat across from his mother. He, too, pulled out a cup. On occasion, he shared drinking tea with his mother. Something he did since he was young. He knew Chloe was going to be there in a few minutes. The cup was on impulse. Regardless, he was alone with his mother.

They stared at each other for a few moments. Lincoln observed the twitching his mother's fingers were being. He knew she wanted to speak, but didn't know what to say. If this position wasn't here, he knew that she would flirt about his outfit before taking him on the kitchen floor. None of that was happening. It was quite odd for the white-haired to have a pleasant evening with his mother for a change. Odd, but nice, he thought.

"You look very good, son." Rita broke the silence, displaying her wrinkled smile. She was getting of age. The grays in her hair was slowly approaching. Her fiftieth birthday was approaching as well. She has been on this Earth for nearly five decades. What has she accomplished thus far? Those were thoughts coming from Lincoln's brain. He often questioned on her reasonings of her having the affair. Maybe Lincoln offered something his father couldn't? Maybe parents drift apart? Those inappropriate, forbidden feelings she had for him were harbored too long that she had to let it out? Those were questions he wanted to ask. But he was too cowardice to explain.

It came to no surprise that Rita was walking into his direction. She didn't sway her hips as she normally did when she was in the mood. She didn't say any flirtatious words to have her way. She just came to his direction. She gave him a good look. It was like a stranger she tried to recognize. Where has she see this stranger? Have they met in the past? Maybe at a library? A bookstore? Neither words were answered as she tilted Lincoln's chin and planted a kiss at his lips. Lincoln became flushed as her lips made contact with his. He didn't denied them. It was the first in a few days since they had kissed. His mind had one thing to say, but his lips were speaking different. His lips wanted more. An unquenchable thirst came as he wrapped his arms and wanted more of his mother's kisses. They took quick breaths before kissing each other again. Tears were pouring down his mother's eyes. It was like a long lost love has return. Something that should have belonged to his father, but instead belonged to him.
Rita broke the kiss. She rubbed his face tenderly. "You know I love you, Lincoln. I mean that. Not only as a mother. I also love you as a woman does for a man."

Lincoln looked away. One of his theories was solved. "I love you, too, Mom. But...but...what about Dad?"

Rita stood back as the thought of her husband's name came from her son's mouth. Rita hasn't engaged in sex or any kind of affections for her husband in quite some time. There were moments where she did her wifely duties, but there was no love there. Rita loved her husband dearly and is in love with him. However, she didn't feel attracted to him physically. The disconnect was there for awhile.

"Son, you know I love your father." She took a seat next to him, holding his hand. "Your father is everything to me. A provider, a lovely man, a husband, a father, things to make a household whole."

"Is it whole, Mom? I mean since I have been involved with you and my sisters and the other girls, there has been a lack of a dynamic. There is no whole household."

"Yes, I would admit we have been acting kind of crazy, but that is because we love you, Lincoln."

"Do you love me for me or is there lust with me?"

"No, Lincoln. We love you. Don't think that lust is the case. Of course, we have crazy sex, but every moment I think about you and what kind of future is there for us. And not only for you, but for my daughters, and your father."

"Mom, this family is going against each other. You are acting like gang members who demise each other in their own set. That is like Black Disciples and Gangster Disciples beefing when they know they are Folk Nation. Or rather, during the Revolutionary War, a traitor appeared. As my mother, you need to make a better way to show these girls that you are better than that. As my mother, I expect better. You should not be going to war with my sisters, your daughters."

"I didn't feel as though you felt that way, Lincoln."

"Mom, I have always felt that way. I knew we were taking risk with Dad. You promised to share me with Dad as long as we didn't get caught. Lately, everything is negating themselves to focus on me. Your normal selves are disappearing. I want this family back."

Rita still held on the Lincoln's hand. She took it and rubbed it affectionately against her skin. It was soft, Lincoln thought. She kissed it a few times. "Okay, for you, okay. I will try to be more affectionate for Dad. I will take it easy, okay? I will have a talk with your sisters as well. I don't want this to end, Lincoln. I love you and that is true. I just don't want to be felt I am left behind."

"Mom, you have Dad for that. He is the one that loves and care for you. Screw the race. Your marriage is on the line. When was the last time you have talked to Dad? Say hello? That you love him? Touch him? Kiss him? Had sex with him?"

Rita was silent and her face was draining at each question Lincoln was asking her.

"Mom, I enjoy what we have. I do. But, it is time to give Dad a shot back. I am not saying this is goodbye or anything, but take it easy on me. Go back and share a bed. I am your son, not your husband."

"I love you, dear."
Lincoln knew that that wasn't the answer she was searching for. Lincoln wish she knew how heartbroken his father was. He hoped that this talk would enlighten his mother and encourage her to return to her husband.

Lincoln kissed his mother's cheek. "I love you, too, Mom. From the bottom of my heart. But if you don't do something with Dad. There wouldn't be a home."

Lincoln leaned in and gave his mother another kiss on the lips. Her lips were softer than usual as she basked in the moment of being with her son. Each time he tried to pull away, she return him to her lips. After a few pecks, he heard a knock on the door.

"Well, that is ride, Mom." Lincoln stood from the chair and straighten his evening jacket. "I will be back later on this evening." He blew his mother a kiss before walking out of the kitchen.

"Son," she said, stopping him in his tracks.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"I will talk to your father about me and him. I will talk to your sisters about mending ties. I just want to have some kind of connection with you. I love you, Lincoln."

Lincoln quickly returned to his mother and gave her a final kiss before hearing the constant blaring of the horn.

"I got to go, Mom."

"Please be back soon, darling."

"I will, Mom. I will. See you later."

Lincoln stepped out of the house and saw the limo in the driveway. Unlike the limo he was driving with Chloe, it had United Nations flags representing United States and France. He saw the elder salt and peppered hair driver standing at the passenger door awaiting for Lincoln. Lincoln spoke to the gentleman and thanked him as he entered inside of the door.

"Took you long enough, you dog." That was the best introduction of a hello he was going to get from the Queen Trap Chloe Molyneaux. Chloe was wearing a black evening dress that was studded in diamonds. Unsure if that was the dress from the Alexander McQueen collection, but she appeared beautiful. Her dress went down to her leg, covering her high heels. Her hair was previously styled. She done a Grace Kelly look. She was wearing pearl, diamond encrusted earrings. It looked like she was ready for the red carpet versus going to a gala.

"I must say. Javier did quite an excellent job to not make people think I am being courted by a poor person."

"Well, fucking nice to see you too, Chloe." Lincoln sat beside Chloe. She leaned in closer so she could be beside him. She hit him on the shoulder. Lincoln didn't flinch. She told the driver that she was ready. The car was in motion and they were on their way to the ball.

"The drive is going to about twenty minutes because of traffic, Miss Molyneaux," said the driver from the intercom.

"Don't care. I am not in too much of a hurry to go there anyway," replied Chloe. "In fact, take the scenic route."
"As you wish, Miss Molyneaux," replied the driver.

Chloe turned off the intercom and pulled up the divider from the front seat. She pushed a button and a television screen appeared. "Pandora," said Chloe. She scanned through the selection. "I want to hear music from Usher." Immediately, Usher began playing in the background. Meanwhile, she reached to the mini-fridge and pulled out a bottle. She got two glasses and filled them with ice. She then poured the bottle into the glasses. The sound of the fizz alerted Lincoln.

"Here, take this," said Chloe.

"What is it," questioned Lincoln.

"My piss and my jizz," she said while laughing. "It is apple cider, idiot. What else would it be?"

"I would think your jizz and piss probably make a killing. I need energy to put it with you." He closed his eyes as he knew he was going to be hit.

Ouch! That one hurt this time!

Haiku was aboard a bus as she too was making her trip to Palmer Woods. Under the directions of Willow, she must wait at a designated stop until she made her appearance. The crowd stared at the gothic lolita girl because her look contrasted her outfit. She was wearing a similar dress like Chloe, but she had a bat-themed bow-time around her neck. She wore a black bracelet and had a black diamond choker. All of which was paid by her mistress, Willow.

Haiku knew of Willow's fortunes. Money she had acquired through the years because of her family background. Despite the fact that Willow is a vampire, she was born into wealth. She never asked on what her family did. Her only response was they did nefarious deeds to acquire their wealth. Haiku never questioned her mistress since. However, she still hoped that she would fulfill her end of the bargain on tonight.

Here is the plan, Haiku. Take the bus at the time when the sun makes its final peak of the day. When you make the designated stop, wait for me. Don't worry, I can sense you if you feel endangered. Yet again, where you are, you shouldn't be in any imminent danger. Anyway, when the sun goes down, I will arrive.

The estate is guarded, but I am capable enough to subdue to guard. When I examined the area, it was only one guard and he covered the entire night shift. So, once I subdue the guard, phase two.

Phase two, a delivery truck is going to be in the back. There are three on board. I can't turn two of them because one of them is gay and the other is a woman. But, there is one I can turn. Once I turn him, you come in. His role is bartender. I will hypnotize the others to convince them of your role as a bartender.

Why not just hypnotize all of them without biting them.

Are you questioning your mistress?

Sorry, Mistress Willow.

Thank you. So, you will play bartender and scope out for Lincoln.

Hold do you know he would show up?
Lincoln secretly likes cheap wine. He drinks it without telling the others. He will show up. So, when he arrives, tell him that there is a visitor who wants to speak with him in one of the private rooms upstairs.

**Not questioning your methods, but he wouldn't get caught? What about Chloe?**

Firstly, these snooty bastards are so consumed within themselves about money and showing off that they wouldn't notice my Lincoln. Secondly, do you want to fulfill your end of the bargain.

**I do, I do.**

Then, stop with the damn questions. Anyway, I will keep Chloe occupy. I learn that Chloe has a strong weakness for a particular thing. Once she has it, she can't let go. The trap will be distracted and unharmed. Anyway, this will be perfect to have my alone time with my Lincoln.

**What are you planning to do with him?**

What I have to do to make my claim. I know he is still too young, but I can't wait any longer. I have made it in my mind. I can't turn him, but they never say I can make him my familiar. Remember my spellbook, Spells and Potions to Promote the Elongation of Eternal Life?

**Yes, mistress.**

I have found a page in which I can use a spell on giving him eternal life. Once I have that spell, then Lincoln is mine for the taking. As to make him my familiar, that task is going to be painful. More for me than it is to him.

**How does that work?**

Lincoln has the kind of blood that if any other vampires know of this, then they are sure to get him in an instant. Lincoln doesn't know the ability of power he has. There are things I am uncertain on who he is. But I do know that Lincoln has such a pleasant taste that the others knew, it would be dangerous.

**You are not worried about Nory?**

I don't give a damn about her or her threats. Lincoln is mine. And she just have to fight me. She may be more powerful, but I have a few tricks up my sleeve. What gives her the better advantage that she isn't a vampire. I know her play and I am scared that it is the very play I am hoping it is not. Regardless, I am going to make this claim tonight.

**If you make this claim, can Nory stop you?**

Once I make my mark, then nobody can stop me. Of course, the council is going to have a word with me, but I don't care. I am going to do it before anybody knows. There is another vampire nearby who has caught his scent. I have met her. She is very dangerous. A very powerful one. Also, she is the leader of a tribe in the Northeastern region of the States. I had to convince her that there was no boy of that caliber. She took the hint, for now.

When I make my spell, I have to brand him. This is the proof I have to do to protect Lincoln from the others.

**That has to hurt, mistress.**
It does to see my Lincoln suffer and the scent of his burning flesh. This is the proof of my love towards him.

So, bring him to me tonight. Let me have my moment. Then, we can share our moment with him. Understand?

Yes, mistress.

Like I said, you can never have Lincoln to yourself. Let this gift be enough for you. Now make haste, my ward. We must be ready to strike.

Haiku pulled the cord when she saw her approaching stop. She took her trademark umbrella and stepped out of the bus. There was a phone booth near the bus stop, which was rare for phone booths to exist these days. She sat next to the booth quietly as she waited for the sun to go down and see her mistress.

She was much excited for tonight as her mistress was.

"Tonight is finally the night I can have my fill of Lincoln. I can't wait."

*To be continued*....
A Random Moment with A Vampire

his is a random moment with a vampire. The management would like to apologize for the author's decision of this being a filler. Apparently his real job is giving him more responsibility than his writing on the chapter of Lincoln's attending the ball and his journey to Canada. However, the author is considerate of giving you a filler until the main storyline commence. Let's be honest. You guys were having mixed feelings of this comedy-melodrama called a harem. Alas, the management concludes this statement by hoping you guys enjoy the story.

The sound of the microwave alerted Lincoln that his popcorn was ready. He pressed the button and grab the popcorn bag. He was gentle because it was still hot. He ran out of his extra butter popcorn, but 94% fat free popcorn was an item he had to suffice. When it was daylight, he made a reminder to go downstairs to get some more. At night, the Loud household became a hunting ground. Legend tells that pubescent teenage girls lurks in the shadows, preying on any unsuspecting boy who is caught off-guard. At any moment's notice, the girls come to attack to their prey. They use techniques to submit their prey. Whether is holding him down to the ground, tickling, or subduing him by covering his mouth and grabbing his special areas, the girls are relentless until the boy submits. Often, the girls would have him on the spot. Or, they will take him to their lair where the attack continues. On the rarest of occasions, the girls come in packs to assist the leader in their prey. Then, you have the girls that serve as carrions, waiting on the others to have their way before getting the remains. Lincoln actually thought of calling National Geographic, Investigation Discovery, Oprah Winfrey, Dr. Phil, or all of the above on his excursion in the Loud habitat.

Alas, he was fortunate to have a microwave and a mini-fridge in his bedroom. It was a gift from Clyde when sleepovers at his house became a house of refuge. Clyde stored the refrigerator with Lincoln's favorite foods and drinks so that he didn't have to leave the room at night. Clyde had the privilege of bolting both items down so the girls wouldn't have any ideas. In addition to bolting the doors, he gave Lincoln a voice-activating lock so the items would have his access and his access alone. Lincoln credited Clyde in much of his aid over the last couple of months. He has really taken his friend for granted and has struck it through with him. He was certain to repay his hardworking friend. Hopefully, he could find free time and spend it with him. As soon as he could figure out the source of this sudden energy. He was still awaiting his call from Clyde to get in contact with this Luka character. He couldn't sleep and tried browsing the internet for him. There was nothing. Not even a mention of an award, a competition, or a bereavement. Luka was mysterious as Clyde made him out to be. He called it a loss.

Lincoln heard Willow walking out of the closet wearing red and black striped pajamas. It was weird to see the queen of the night in regular clothing. Willow didn't dress like the girls of today. She wasn't modern. She protested the styles of modern day fashion. She believed the girls were too revealing. Her clothing style was from nineteenth century England. Granted it wasn't homely, unkempt clothing, but a dress of modesty. Willow never gave Lincoln much of her personal life. Her mindset was that the past only provoked memories she didn't want to relive. The few things he gathered from Willow that she grew up in a villa in Northeastern England. She had two children. Neither of the children shared the same father. She was an only child to her mother. She didn't go into specifics if she had siblings. Lincoln was aware of Willow's name isn't her given name. She felt uncomfortable about displaying Lincoln her real name. Anytime Lincoln tried to bring up further information about her, she became red and shied away; resulting in gut-wrenching, grabbing-gravel-with your knees, intense sex.

Regardless of her discretion of her personal life, Lincoln continued to pique her interest. In his
mind, if she going to partake in his "liquid platinum," at least he should have information about her. But he knew that was a story for another time.

Nevertheless, even in that wear, she was attractive and beautiful. She blushed as she was not used to wearing that was casual. She came to the bed and crossed her legs. She pulled the covers and patted for Lincoln to join her.

"I am not ready yet. Got to get the popcorn in the bowl," he told her as she pouted. She lied against the wall flickering through his Playstation joystick for Netflix. He gave Willow a ten minute crash course on using the device that made her frustrated. "Damn this configurations. I don't see the fuss of these damn devices. What is with these different things? Is there something wrong of basic television and going to the video store?"

He laughed. "We don't live in the nineties anymore, Mom." He got his drink and popcorn while turning off the lights. The room resumed in darkness with the exception of the blueish hue around the television. Willow grabbed the blanket and covered Lincoln. She hoisted him enough to keep him close. With his popcorn in his lap and his soda in hand, they proceeded with Netflix. Lincoln took control of the joystick and looked through the channels. "Don't sweat it, Willow. Maybe one day, I can teach you how to catch up with technology."

"I don't really care for these things anyway," she said while folding her arms. "Kids these days have too much as it is. I wish of a simpler time."

She is such a technophobe, but I am not going to tell her that.

"I don't see the fuss over those damned controls," she said while folding her arms and puffing her cheeks, resulting in turning her face bright red like a tomato. Lincoln quietly smirked as those moments of Willow being cute was such a rarity. He knew that she was already out of her comfort zone. The reason she was wearing pajamas because her cape and her Victorian dress were stained after some of Lincoln's blood got on it. After sucking his blood, she spilled some of it on her clothes.

"What movies are you in the mood for," asked Lincoln as he scanned through the Netflix selections. Honestly, he was in an anime mood. Recently, Lincoln began watching the adapted version of Ghost Stories. He binged watched the first ten episodes; enjoying the hijinks of the protagonist Satsuki and her mumbling, cry baby brother, Keiichiro. His favorite character was the bible thumping Momoko. He also enjoyed the humor of Hajime, Leo, and the possessed Kaya. He was hoping to find the episode where Leo got stuck in the mainframe of the internet. He was fortunate to find it on Netflix.

"Are you in the mood for anime," asked Lincoln.

"I don't mind it," she said. "It isn't really my cup of tea, but since I am in your domain, I am fine with whatever."

"I am impressed that you are allowing me something," answered Lincoln with a grin.

She blushed. "Don't get too comfortable, child. It is rude for a lady to take over the confines of a blood doll." She looked away. "Also, I don't want to wake up the other whores."

"Hey, that is my family," interjected Lincoln. "I am only allowed to call them whores."

Willow scoffed, looking away from Lincoln. "Do what thou wilt, child. Do what thou wilt."

"Good. thanks!"
Both grinned for a few moments before Lincoln clicked on the selection of watching *Ghost Stories.*

Lincoln lied on the bed whereas Willow covered Lincoln with a blanket and lied behind him. She snuggled in front of him. They both got comfortable as they were watching the show.

*Moshi moshi?* I mean, *hello.* *I* *mean,* *sorry* *to* *call* *you* *at* *this* *hour,* *can* *I* *speak* *to* *Tamomi?*

*Tamomi?* Ain't *no* Tamomi girl here *living* here, *so* *what*?. *Get* your crack head *ass* *head* *into* some *rehab,* *I* *ain't* *got* *time* *for* *this* *bull...*  

*Muthafucka!*

Willow covered her mouth to not alert the others. Throughout the episode, she questioned Lincoln on the premise of the show. He explained to her that the series of a comedic adaptation of their Japanese predecessor.

Curiously, Willow took a bite of Lincoln's popcorn. She furrowed of the bland taste. Not to display rudeness, which is something of rarity, she finished the popcorn. "*My God,* *this* *stuff* *is* *tasteless.*"

"Surprised to see eat something other than blood from me or some poor chipmunk," replied Lincoln before being kneed on his butt.

"Take it easy, child," snapped Willow. "*I* *am* much capable of eating regular food like anybody else. *I* *might* be a vampire. *I* *am* not a savage!"

*What about that time* *you* *savagely* *devoured* *that* *wild* *hog?* *Or* *the* *time* *you* *snapped* *a* *squirrel's* *neck* *like* *popping* *the* *cork* *out* *of* *a* *bottle?* *Or* *the* *time* *you* *allowed* *my* *blood* *to* *trail* *through* *my* *body* *as* *foreplay* *to* *lap* *it* *up?* *Not* *going* *to* *lie,* *I* *kind* *of* *liked* *that.* *But,* *I* *am* *sure* *as* *hell* *not* *going* *to* *tell* *her* *that.* *Or* *any* *of* *the* *other* *stuff.*

Willow stared at Lincoln before realizing he was lost in his thoughts. He covered his mouth before returning to watch television. He allowed Netflix to automatically continue with another episode.

"Lincoln?"

"Yeah?"

"What do you like to eat?"

"Well, I enjoy anything."

"Like what?"

"Surprised that you want to know."

Willow blushed, but at the same time became flustered. She folded her arms. "*Do* *you* *think* *that* *all* *I* *want* *to* *do* *is* *suck* *blood* *and* *sleep* *with* *you,* *still?"

"No, it isn't that," interjected Lincoln. "*I* *mean,* *this* *is* *the* *first* *time* *having* *a* *general* *conversation.* *I* *mean* *we* *are* *not* *having* *sex.* *Of* *course,* *we* *were* *naked* *earlier* *making* *out.* *I* *mean* *we* *are* *sitting* *here* *and* *talking* *pleasantly* *with* *one* *another.* *That* *is* *why* *I* *had* *to* *ask.*"

Willow sighed. She took a moment to readjust herself. "Lincoln, *I* *ask* *because* *if* *I* *plan* *to* *continue* this relationship with you, *I* *want* *to* *know* *what* *you* *like.* *What* *you* *dislike. *I* *may* *not* *be* the easiest person to deal with, *but* *I* *do* *have* *feelings.* *I* *do* *care* *about* *you.*" She urged Lincoln to turn around and face her. She caressed his face. Lincoln's breath became labored. "*I* *want* *to* *know
more about you. What do you to eat? What is your favorite place to have fun. Do you like reading? What makes you happy? Sad? Disgusted? Tearful? Excited? Those things. You are more than just a blood doll." She kissed him on his forehead. "I care about you, Lincoln. Sometimes, I can be quite difficult."

"Willow." Lincoln peered forward, leaving them at nose length. He gently touched her face, making her blush. He was coming toward her direction and she closed her eyes, waiting for his kiss.

"You have a popcorn kernel in your teeth," said Lincoln.

She opened her eyes, surprised, taken aback, and chagrin on the failed moment of Lincoln making a move on her. She flushed brighter than a tomato. Lincoln watched her eyes changed colors. "How dare you make me look foolish!" Before she could grab him, he pressed forward and pursed his lips toward hers.

The kiss lasted a few moments before it was broken. She relaxed her demeanor. Lincoln was right. He stuck out his tongue to remove her kernel. He flicked it away. He didn't speak any further. He grabbed Willow's arms and wrapped it tightly around his chest. Willow relaxed as the pair continued to watch more of *Ghost Stories.*

*You are such brave, strong, handsome men.*

*Have you accepted Jesus as your personal savior?*

*No, I am Jewish!*

"I like peanut butter sandwiches with sauerkraut. I also like grilled cheese and jelly. I enjoy pizza and burgers, the usual."

"Good. Thanks for telling me."

*This concludes a random moment with a vampire. The management likes to apologize for this filler. Once the author takes a breath from those snotty-nosed children he teaches, then he can return to his stories. Seriously, what is more important? Knowing what is going to happen next? Or dealing with children for a living? That crazy, deranged author. Someone give him a publishing deal quickly. Oh well, the management thanks the readers for undying support. Let's hope the author gathers inspiration quickly. Until next time, enjoy life. Even if those moments are random.*
This is a random Lynn and Lincoln moment. The management has decided to fill in the cracks and work on fillers for a bit to bring you readers up to speed with the story. The management would like to say that this should be compared to the fillers of Naruto. The management used that example has an excuse for the author. Be as it was to create a deeper plot device or he doesn’t have any ideas with the masquerade chapter because work is really working him right now. Be as it may, this chapter takes place before the masquerade ball and Lincoln’s journey to Canada.

Lynn opened the flask to have a taste of her forbidden nectar. A drink with a combination of tequila, triple sec, and root beer entered her throat and she finished it in a swift pace. This pattern of her drinking began when she went to a friend's party following their win from their latest roller derby game. It was through the urging of Tomoko to come with her to the party. The tomboy initially denied going because she knew that Lincoln was going to be alone tonight; with the exception of Clyde. Where the other girl’s plans mattered not to her. The only opportunity to spend with her white-haired brother was all for not after the begs and pleas of her acquaintance. She heard the stories. Spread from the bathroom stalls, the girls' locker room, and through the grapevine of the cafeteria, Snapchat, Twitter, and the like. She knew that something was occurring between Tomoko and her brother.

Her first hint was following the game. As the girls disrobed in the locker room, Lynn couldn't help but to notice Tomoko wearing a similar orange Syracuse jacket that her brother owned. It was too similar because of the distinctive burn mark on the collar. She knew because there was an incident that involved a stove, a cigarette lighter, and Luan and Lori scuffling. The details didn't matter to her, but the results of the burnt jacket collar were wrapped around the neck of her rival.

She was going to entertain it. This rivalry has been going on for a moment. Despite her position as the water girl, her stats were increasing as the competition arose. Lynn watched Tomoko's pure dedication to the sport. So much so that the coach wanted Tomoko to become a permanent part of the team, which left the others in question of their position. Now, she knew that her spot was in question and her spot for her brother's affection was in question.

She closed the flask and returned it to her hiding spot in the back of her dresser. Alongside with pictures of her brother, her dildo, and a diary of her desires for Lincoln, she let out a slight smile. She desired her brother, but she felt she was out of reach. There was a thin thread as her older sisters were in the lead as they were able to get to him first. Then, her mother was peaking in the lead of becoming the echelon of her brother. She felt reduced to the option of masturbating to the sounds of her brother being handled by the women she called her family.

She stepped out of her bedroom and headed downstairs. She pulled a stick of gum so no one could detect any alcohol. Saturday evening was supposed to be family night. However, there has been a family night for quite a while. She knew that since the family wanted Lincoln, competition and rivalry was present. She didn't think the extent of this was going to separate the family. This should be the one night where we put aside of trifling and spend it as a family. I know we all desired Lincoln's affection but remember family first. Those were the words she wanted to say to her sisters and her mother. Powerful words to remind them of their once unity. Powerful words she has yet to fruitage. She kept them hidden alongside with her possessions in the back of the drawer.

She jumped the third to last step and entered the living room. She saw her younger siblings watching Yuri on Ice. Lisa was glued to the screen as she was holding the remote; captivated in
Yuri's skating. Lola and Lana were drooling as they were wearing the title character's merchandise. Lynn shook her head as they were caught up in the world of bishounen. However, it gave her a sense of relief. At least these girls were not caught in the abyss of the harem, for now.

She walked to the refrigerator and grabbed a soda. She kicked the door behind her as she decided to spend the evening outside to watch the stars. She saw in the newspaper that clear skies was the forecast tonight. A perfect opportunity to enjoy her evening. As she approached the door, she stopped. Her mouth went agape as she saw Lincoln sitting on the back porch. Her eyes were wide as saucers to know that the white-haired child was sitting alone. She was stifled, a tinge of nervousness affected the tomboy. She decided to keep her cool. She knew the rest of the girls weren't home. So, she was going to take advantage of the opportunity.

She thought of ideas to evade herself from the rest of the girls. She wanted to play coy. She wanted to act like that she was spending the evening with her brother. Those were the thoughts of her convincing herself before making her way outside.

"Lincoln." Lynn uttering the name of her brother made him turn around. He had his hand on his cell phone. From her position, it looked like he was on the phone. She hoped it wasn't Tomoko or any other girl. She walked slowly to the steps where Lincoln was positioned.

"Oh, what's going on, Lynn? Didn't think you were home." Lincoln greeted her with a smile. He patted the stoop, allowing Lynn access to sit beside him. Lynn swallowed her lump in her throat and made her way to the stairs.

"Surprise to see you out here, Lincoln," answered Lynn.

"Yeah," replied Lincoln shrugging his shoulders. "It is actually the first night I can have some time to myself." He turned to his sister. "I thought you will be playing roller derby or going to some kind of competition."

"We are in a bye week with roller derby," said Lynn as she sighed. "The other sports are off season until a few weeks from now. I have some time to breathe and spend time with you."

"I appreciate that, sis. Your company means a lot to me."

Lynn blushed. Receiving that compliment implied that Lincoln was receiving her in opening arms. She hoped she was in the win and gaining his affection without force.

"How's school, Linc?" Lynn twiddled her thumbs, asking him the trivial questions.

"Nothing much. Still the same," said Lincoln. "Making the grades, my teacher can be a bitch and surviving the pitfalls of puberty. Aside from that, nothing else new. What about yourself, sis? I feel I don't see you as much often. I was beginning to think you were a blending into the wall." He let out a small laugh.

That is because my face isn't embedded into a pillow every night. That is why. Lynn digressed the thought, but she knew she wanted to be the bread in Lincoln's sandwich.

"Life can keep us busy, little bro. So much goes on with us that things can get us in the way."

"Putting that in perspective, I am acutely aware of it."

Lynn slightly laughed. She wanted to stop the nowhere conversation and honestly ask Lincoln about Tomoko.
The party had already started when she and Tomoko arrived. Nurse Kazami dropped the girls off before departing to her destination. Tomoko took Lynn by the hand as they made their wave through the crowd and beelined toward the house. Throughout the time, Lynn could smell Tomoko’s fragrance seeping into Lincoln's jacket. At moments, she wanted to ask, but the moments faded whenever a friend arrived; talking about their win or the latest in everyday life.

The two story modest suburban home became a cauldron of teenage hormones. An abundance of them drinking until their livers pickled, taking risk of pregnancy or sexual diseases, and embarrassing snapshots that are concealed until one of them became of importance in the near future. The music was loud and the scent of alcohol and cigarette irritated Lynn. She was planning to go until Tomoko offered Lynn a drink.

Before tasting the beverage, she detected alcohol. Caving into peer pressure, she partook from the red Solo cup. The taste impacted the novice tomboy, giving her a newfound experience of her budding adolescence. She took multiple cups of the brown drink until she filled herself into the revelry of Nine Inch Nails, boys, girls, liquor, and foolishness.

"Lincoln, can I ask you something?"

"Sure, what's on your mind, sis?"

"I wanted to know if you are...if you are." She paused. *C'mon, damn it. Just say it. Just say if you and Tomoko are doing it?*

"I want to know if you are looking forward to Atlantic City next month?"

Lincoln smiled. "Yeah. Yeah, I am. I have never been there. I was looking on websites on things we can do out there. It is a great distraction from the real world. A great time to spend with family."

Lynn looked down at her lap. She felt defeated for not displaying the truth of her questioning. She coughed to cover her frustration. *Why is it so hard to be out with this? Are you and Tomoko in a relationship?*

Lynn was on her fifth cup of what she called, "brown happiness," before stumbling to the floor. She had spent half the hour dancing. She went from dabbing to running man to Milly rock before the alcohol took effect. She giggled as Tomoko helped her get Lynn together.

‘I can smell my brother on you,’ answered Lynn as she slurred and releasing her breath on Tomoko. Tomoko blushed before helping Lynn to the restroom around the corner from the kitchen. Lynn laughed harshly as she stumbled through the crowd. If it wasn't for the support of Tomoko, there wouldn't be a clue of what could have happened to the defenseless tomboy.

Tomoko turned on the lights and placed Lynn on the floor next to the bathtub. Tomoko closed the door and sat across from Lynn.

‘If you start vomiting, let me know,’ answered Tomoko. Tomoko waved her hair before holding her knees together.

‘Why are you wearing my brother's jacket?’

‘What again, Lynn.?'

‘Why are you wearing my brother's jacket?’
'This jacket,' questioned Tomoko as she fiddled with it. 'Lincoln let me borrow it. He knew that I like Syracuse so that was why.'

'I scream bullshit, Tomoko,' hissed Lynn. 'I know for a damn fact that the jacket was given to you because you are doing things to my dear brother.'

Tomoko blushed, making her huddled close to her knees.

'Is it true,' asked Lynn pleadingly. 'Is it?'

Tomoko wasn't looking straightforward to Lynn, blushing on sight. Her response was a simple nod.

'How long?'

'A couple of months.'

'A couple of months,' questioned Lynn.

'Yeah,' confirmed Tomoko.

Lynn tilted her head to the ceiling. The bathroom was looking like a tilt-o-whirl at that point in time. 'How was he?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'How was he?'

Tomoko sighed. 'Are you sure you want that answer?'

'I do,' she protested. 'I want to know. How was he?'

Tomoko leaned forward and looked at the disoriented tomboy. She exhaled before talking. "Your brother is a wonderful boy. He is amazing. I care about him. I enjoy being around him.'

'Does he make you happy?''

'He does.'

'He is a good kisser?''

Tomoko shook her head. 'He is great. In fact, he was the first set of lips I was personally glad to take. He was my first kiss. For at least for a boy.'

'So, you are into girls?''

'I can't say that I don't know,' answered Tomoko. 'I know I enjoy kissing and having childish fun with girls, but I really prefer a company of a man.'

'The company of Lincoln,' interjected Lynn.

'Yeah, the company of your brother.'

'Why didn't you tell me?''

'Because I didn't think you would understand.'

'Understand the derby girls stick together and don't keep secrets?''
Tomoko was flushed. She held onto the end of her skirt. 'That the fact I know that you also had feelings for your brother. Knowing that I am with your brother can complicate things.' Tomoko crawled to Lynn's side and sat beside her. I knew from Jump Street of your infatuation with Lincoln. I knew how you adored him at every whim. When you introduced me to him that day at the ice cream parlor, I knew I wanted him to be my man. I knew we had class together, but from that day, I wanted to have Lincoln.' She turned to Lynn. 'Seeing something that many people cherish gave me the urge to go for him.' She sighed. 'Forgive me for this, Lynn. I am crazy about your brother. This jacket was given to me after the forceful encounter I had with him and your sister, Luan. Luan ripped my clothes to shreds and Lincoln gave it to me to keep me warm. I am sorry, Lynn. I am sorry to know I was aware of your feelings for Lincoln and selfishly going for him. It goes against our sisterhood, but I can't let go of this desire.'

Lynn drew her eyes to Tomoko. 'Can you at least tell me if he is good? Is he rough? Soft? Something?'

"Lincoln, do you have any plans tonight?"

Lincoln turned to Lynn. "Nothing to my knowledge. What's up?"

"Do you want to spend the night outside tonight with me? Like we did in the old days?"

Lincoln shrugged his shoulders. "Why not? Plus, it has been a minute since we have spent some time together. A bit of a refresher anyway from the waves of company in my wake." He giggled. "Well, I will go get the tent and the sleeping bags. I will be right back."

Lynn watched Lincoln returned to the house. She turned her eyes to the stars. She sighed as the stars were glimmering bright tonight. She exhaled loudly as she could. She made it in her mind to talk to Lincoln about Tomoko. And if she could, about the other girls.

'Lynn, you know I don't want you to think I have purposefully hurt you,' replied Tomoko. 'I care about you, this team, our sisterhood. But, you can't deny these feelings like you have for him."

'I love him,' interjected Lynn. 'I am in the bottom of the race. I am behind and don't know what to go at it.' She stared at the Syracuse jacket. 'I have bought him that jacket when we went to New York one summer. He loves the color orange and I thought of it being the perfect jacket. Seeing that jacket is a piece of me and him together. But, now that scent is fading away with yours.'

'You really love your brother that much,' questioned Tomoko with curiosity in her voice.

'More than anything else in this world,' answered Lynn.

Tomoko pressed forward and held her hands to Lynn's face. Lynn closed her eyes as Tomoko planted a kiss on her lips. Both were holding each other, pressing themselves together as the girls were embedded in their hot kisses. They broke the kiss, leaving a trail of saliva in the process.

'Now your scent is back on your jacket and you received an indirect kiss from your brother,' said Tomoko while blushing. She rubbed Lynn's forehead. 'Would you like the taste of your brother through me?'

Lynn quickly nodded for approval. The budding teens spent the time in the bathroom making out to the thoughts of Lincoln and the jacket. Throughout that time, Lynn pondered on Lincoln. It didn't matter as she turned out the lights. It didn't matter that Tomoko took off Lynn's clothes. It didn't matter that Lynn was performing cunnilingus on Tomoko. Their hot flesh pressing into each other
on the bathroom floor as they both moaned into the night.

"Lincoln!"

"Lincoln!"

"Lincoln!"

Lincoln returned with the sleeping bags. However, he didn't have the tent. He explained that their father borrowed the tent since he was out on a business trip. Lynn was fine with the alternative. For as long she was by her brother's side, that was fine for her.

He laid out the sleeping bags. Afterward, he went to the shed where he got a small barbecue pit. He went to the tree where he saw some branches. He put them into the pit. He poured a small amount of lighter fluid before lighting the fire. He took a seat so he could watch the fire. He told Lynn to go to the kitchen to get some ingredients for s'mores.

A few minutes later, the siblings were sitting in front of a kindling fire, holding their sticks and waiting on their s'mores.

"We have a nice breeze tonight," mentioned Lincoln as he was turning his marshmallow. "So, sleeping in the bags may not be necessary."

"I agree," replied Lynn.

Lincoln noticed that Lynn has been uneasy for quite a moment; aberrant for the typical, rough, spunky tomboy. He decided to take a shot. "Lynn, are you alright."

She turned to him. "Yeah, I am okay. Why?"

"I have noticed you are kind of off. Is something on your mind?"

"No, no...I mean...there is..." She took a breath before exhaling loudly. She dropped her marshmallow and made her way to Lincoln. She took him by his shoulders and pushed him to the ground. The breeze was giving her tingling feelings. She watched as Lincoln lied motionless under her. She reached forward and started off with his shirt. Once the shirt was removed, she gave him another look. Why isn't he resisting? Why is he allowing me to do this? Why don't you struggle? Do you realize that I am borderline raping you?

"Is this what you want?"

She blinked as she return to reality.

"Is this what you want," questioned Lincoln.

Lynn felt that urge to take advantage of the white-haired child. The same way she and Tomoko did that night at the house party.

"Lincoln, you don't know how much it hurts trying to fight this urge. Trying my hardest to not force myself like the others. Trying to get you the right way."

Lincoln sighed. "I am not going to stop you. If this what you want, then do it." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a condom. He put beside Lynn's hand. "Just be gentle, okay?"

Lynn swore under her breath. This wasn't in her mind as she wanted it to be. She had her hands
around his arm. Her insides were raging, hungry with desire of devouring her brother. One side
telling her to rape him, the other side telling her to stop.

She gritted her teeth before getting herself off of him. She sat up and swore under her breath again.
Lincoln got up and sat beside her. He reached for his shirt and put it in his lap.

"This was not the way I wanted it to be," she said without looking at him. "I love you, Lincoln. I
love you dearly. You mean more than anything else. But, I can't force myself on you. That isn't
right. If I am going to do this, then it has to be willfully done with your permission."

Lincoln put his hand on Lynn's shoulder. "Lynn. Thanks. Thanks for being one of the few that
understands that. Thank you." Lincoln hugged his sister before picking up the marshmallow sticks.
Lynn smiled as they both enjoyed making their s'mores. The rest of the night was spent on catching
up, their personal lives, and the like. They continued talking until the duo feel asleep.

Lynn was unfortunate that she didn't have sex with him. However, she felt grateful that she wasn't
perceived as a threat to him. The rest of her evening was spent on holding his hand as she
masturbated over him. She pecked him on the lips a few times before climaxing in her shorts. She
ebbed in the afterglow, giving Lincoln a final kiss before going to sleep.

_I may have not gotten him this night. I will have my shot with him. Unlike the others, it will
be willfully. Sorry, Tomoko, but I want this boy. He is going to be mine._

Nory was peeling an orange before discarding the remains to the side. She took a bite as she sat on
the roof watching the scene of Lynn forcing herself on Lincoln. She shook her head in laughter.

_Such a pestilent novice. An opportunity to take a bite of the golden apple, but couldn't savor it.
Such petty humans, they are so fucking weak. If you see something that belongs to you, take it.
Fuck having their permission. That is why my slaves didn't have serious problems with me.
Such weak minded fools._

Nory continued watching Lincoln as she originally wanted him earlier that evening. However, she
knew that Lynn was in the way. Therefore, she had to watch from the sidelines until she could
make a move. She sighed that she wouldn't make any moves tonight. Her greatest hope was to
contact her senpai in the morning.

She finished the last piece of the orange before feeling a familiar presence. She let out a slight
smirk. "Well, here is my dearest little sister."

The light footstep drew closer to Nory before she turned to see Willow in her sights. Willow was
not in a good mood. Her arms were folded in a manner of disgust. Nory knew that firstly, she was
in Willow's spot and secondly, her reasoning of watching Lincoln.

"Why shouldn't I be surprised that you will take over this territory of mine as well," spatted
Willow.

"Relax, sis. Just look at it as seeing things from your point of view."

"You have seen enough. Now, goodbye."

"Easy with that tone, sis. I don't think you want to get feisty with this elder sister." She folded her
legs before stretching loudly. "So, I can guess that this is not a social call, isn't it?"

"I have made my decision on what you wanted to do with Lincoln," she said with absoluteness.
"And the answer is no. I don't want to share anything of you. Especially with Lincoln."

Nory shook her head. "Pity, then I guess I have no choice, but to carry out some legal action with this."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, sis. They know he is around here."

"Who know?"

"You know, you know."

Willow stood frozen stiff. Nory smiled as she watched the color of Willow's face drained away. "You wouldn't dare invite them. You don't have the guts."

"Think again, sis. You had one easy option: share with me and there will be no drama. But, you must know that I am the kind of person that wants control." She looked at Lincoln. "And that means having Lincoln to myself."

"You are crazy to think of inviting them here. For one boy?"

"Not just one boy. A force, my dearest sister. Or in your case, your liquid platinum." She kept her smile on her sister. "I think you need some time to make up your mind. I am trying to save your life and his. Those people don't give a damn about your novice ass, but I have connections to keep me in the loop."

"What are they offering you?"

"Easy. Him. All they want is his energy."

Willow stomped her foot. "Damn it, Ayna. You and your selfish pride. Do you ever think of others than yourself?"

Nory came and put her hand on Willow's face. "I am going to say that you were in a bad mood today. I mean I would be if some slut was sleeping with my man. Excuse me, blood doll." She began hovering from the roof. "You have twenty four hours to make up your mind, sis. This is the best offer you got. Share with me and Lincoln and your problems are solved. Don't share, then there will be problems for you. But don't worry, Lincoln will learn to become baptized in the forbidden pleasure."

"Fuck you, Ayna. You are so damn selfish. All you think about is yourself!" She took a breath. "What makes you think these people are going to side with you anyway? Those vampires don't give a damn about non-vampires like you."

"That is why it is called an alliance, sis. They know I am a powerful force. That is why we are working together." She was preparing to fly away. "Twenty four hours, sis. You better make up your mind soon or else they will be coming. Oh I give you a tip, one of them is close by. She has been here for a couple of days. I suggest you see this through. Good night, sis."

Willow watched her sister depart into the night. Willow swore under breath. As much she wanted to contest her sister, but admittedly she wasn't powerful enough to challenge her. Despite being a powerful being, under the ranking of her council, she was a novice.

She tucked in her lips with a sharp breath. She slowly flew down to Lincoln. She furrowed her face
when seeing Lynn. She called Lynn a whore before lying next to Lincoln. She saw him shivering. She used her cape to keep him warm. She put her hands through his hair. She kissed him a couple of times on his forehead. He was murmuring in his sleep.

_Willow. Willow. Would you make my grilled cheese sandwich with jelly for me?_

_You know, you aren't so bad as I thought you were. There is good in you. You just have to realize that._

_You are selfish. But deep down, I know you have a heart._

She held her fist to her lips. She took another sharp breath as she kissed him on the lips.

_I love you, Lincoln. I love you, my precious blood doll. I am sorry for being a bitch. Sorry for being selfish. I want you bad, my blood doll. I want you more than everything. I love you. I love you._

Before departing for the night, she placed a spell on Lincoln before collecting his blood. She cried each time as she consumed his liquid platinum. She gave him a final kiss.

_Lincoln, you are precious to me than anything than you know. But I am afraid that your days are numbered. This harem is bigger than you think. I need to claim you before anybody else does. I will claim you. I will. I will._

_This concludes a random Lynn and Lincoln moment. To be continued until next time._
Hello, readers. This is the author himself and welcome to Another Random Moment with the Author. I know it has been about a month since the release of the last chapter. I have been heavily swamped with real life with my job and returning from summer vacation. I didn't forget about this particular story. However, I would admit that I am at a standstill on the direction of the story. The reason why I am having this is because I have been questioned by some fans on the direction of the harem. Here is the main question I can tell from many of the messages sent to me.

The timeline.

I have realized that there were some confusions on certain chapters of the events leading to the ball. I have been remiss and I am going to set the record straight on this timeline.

Chloe's ball is going to take place the following weekend, Saturday. Around that time, Lincoln has had encounters with many women in his harem. The following events of the harem prior to the ball take place between Wednesday and Friday.

The encounter between Sam and Lincoln after the carnival?

Their encounter took place on a Wednesday.

The encounter between Chloe and Lincoln in the shed at school?

Their encounter took place on the same day of his encounter with Sam. The following afternoon, the duo went to the mall. It was there where Haiku, Willow's mistress, followed the duo and gave Willow their whereabouts.

The encounter between Ms. DiMartino and Lincoln?

Their encounter took place on the same day at the mall while Chloe went shopping. Although their moment was brief, I will return back on a chapter on their encounter.

The encounter between Nory and Lincoln following the chapter, Another Random Moment with a Hikkikomori?

My mistake in this chapter was that he and Chloe were going to the dance the following day. Because of that mistake, the timeline was taken out of proportion. I have decided that the encounter took place on a Thursday evening. The following evening, Willow paid Nory a visit and discussed their issues with each other regarding Lincoln.

When did Willow come to visit Lincoln at his home?

Willow came the following evening after talking with her sister, Nory. She spent the night with Lincoln and returned home the following Friday morning.

The events that unfolded on that Friday?

Lincoln visited the doctor's office for a check-up.

Lincoln talked to Clyde regarding his visit of meeting Luka.
Lynn and Lincoln had an encounter in the backyard.

Willow's final decision on her deal with Nory about Lincoln.

Hopefully, this tract will make sense. My biggest weakness is freeform writing and sometimes I forget the storyline. I apologize. I didn't think that my story would take off like this.

*The events that unfolded on that Saturday, the day of the ball.*

Clyde came to Lincoln's house on two separate occasions. Clyde came earlier in the day to give Lincoln his gear to borrow for the dance. He later returned that evening to help Lincoln get ready for the ball. Lincoln gave Clyde notes to give to the girls when the time was right.

They also plan to visit Luka that Sunday.

Lincoln and his father had a talk about the concerns and welfare of the family.

Lincoln and his mother talked before he went to meet Chloe.

Haiku and Willow were making plans on how they were going to intercept Lincoln and Chloe at the masquerade ball.

*The characters of Random Moments versus their Loud House counterparts.*

This is a work of fiction and the characters from the *Loud House* or any original characters are developed from the view of the author. Often, I get comments on how their personality doesn't match the show. **That is why it is called FanFiction.** Not to rant, but if my characters aren't your fancy, then it is amazing that there are an abundance of stories featuring our loveable characters.

**Who is Lincoln actually dating?**

He is currently "dating" all of the girls, but neither could agree if it is **mutual or one-sided.** Lincoln is currently dating Sam and Luna. He has **submitted** himself as a "slave" to Chloe, Tomoko, Nurse Kazami, and of course, Willow. **Spoilers:** Lincoln has a strong soft spot for Willow and Nory. He can't describe his feelings, but he cares about them deeply. Although he doesn't know that the girls are related. However, nothing compares to his first time with Summer, the girl who got away.

I will continue making fillers for the girls who haven't gotten much of an opportunity with Lincoln. I am still making arrangements with Lincoln's journey to Canada and the adventures that will set forth there. I will explain a bit of I want to release.

**Lincoln's journey to Canada.**

As a reminder, it is going to serve as a sub-series of *These Random Moments*, but will focus more on Emily, Willow, Nory, and the mysterious Summer. This will serve more of the fantasy/mythical side as this arc will feature monster girls.

I hope it sums up any of the confusion I gave you guys regarding the timeline. The harem shall continue soon as I get some free time from my job. Stay tuned. As of now, I am making a Lincoln and Willow spin-off that is unrelated to the story. I am also planning another spin-off about Sam, Luna, and Lincoln that is unrelated to the story; and I have plans with Lincoln and Tomoko. Right now, I have so much ideas that I am uncertain if it follow through or not; depending on it is worth the write. Anyway, I hope you guys continue to support me and my other stories. Looking forward
to seeing more of you readers in the future.

Thanks, God bless, Happy Reading, and enjoy life even if those moments are random.
An Interesting, but Random Moment with a Hikikomori

*his is an interesting, but random moment with a hikikomori. Just another filler for the readers until the author comes up with the plot for the masquerade ball.*

It was early in the morning as Lincoln stepped out of his favorite diner, Magnolia's. In his hand, he had a cup of Fern's world famous hot chocolate. It was a Cajun recipe she inherited from her grandmother in her native New Orleans. As her official certified taste tester, Lincoln had the privilege of tasting her gourmet Southern delicacy. He let out his smile along with a sigh as he knew he had the whole day ahead of him.

He was grateful that Fern was understanding of his situation. Never once had she questioned him about his late night rendezvous, especially for a child his age. Earlier that morning when Lincoln stepped into the diner from his encounter with Willow, Fern happily greeted him with breakfast and hot chocolate. Like a parent, she stood firm before the white-haired child until he ate the last bite. As she took his plate away, she gave him a towel and some clothes to freshen up in her back office. Often, Fern used the quarters if only she had other business to attend or she got into a fight with her old lady. What Lincoln liked about Fern was her understanding and also one of the few girls who isn't attracted to Lincoln. It was a breath of fresh air. Before he departed for the day, Fern left him a word of wisdom. "I won't judge you on the actions that you are doing. You are young and the young will remain novice in the game of life. However, one must be careful as your trade can become a trick. What I am saying is that don't let this game become your life. At some point in time, you have to slow down. A decision has to be made. Because every action leads to a consequence. Not just for you, but for those who are involved in there. I am no parent, but I look at you like a son. I just want you to be careful. Although they are the one that dominates, but you, too, take form of responsibility. Just because they give, doesn't mean you have to receive. In laymen's term, just because the opportunity is there, doesn't mean it is necessary." Fern went from around the table and gave him a strong hug. The smell of maple and firewood filled his nostrils, but it didn't mattered to Lincoln.

He drained his chocolate to the last drop before discarding it into the trash can. He stretched his arm, while feeling the tenderness of his neck wound with the other arm. Normally, her bites aren't as painful, for Lincoln was presently accustomed to her bites. She normally hit the same spot, so his nerves aren't as receptive like they used to be. However, Willow was in a bad mood that night and didn't explain why. The moment he left Chloe's house was the moment she swooped him out of nowhere and carried her to her domain. Without a chance to speak, or to shout, or to move, she ravished him. The clothes were torn as well as hers. She basked in the glow of debauchery as she instantly took his penis inside of her. She had Lincoln wrapped like a spool of thread, leading whatever position she wanted him at her choosing and her pleasure. Along with her neck bites included bites on his chest and his stomach. The constant changing of her eyes depicted the foul, troublesome mood for Willow. The entire was involved in deep, intense, wall slamming, pulling-gravel-with-your knees sex. Once they were finished, she commanded him to stay with her until morning. As he departed, they shared a good morning kiss before Haiku returned him to town.

He pulled out his cell phone as he made it to his bike. He had a few missed calls; coming from the same girls per usual. Tomoko wanted Lincoln to come over and write sex stories about their encounters. Luna wanted to play another game of lesbian with Sam, but only this time, they promised that he would be awake. He doubted that. Lori and Luna sent a text of their having sex, displaying sad emojis, praying for his return. Nurse Kazami took a picture of her fist and a dildo next to it. He cringed as he was well familiar of that. Miki wanted Lincoln over to her home for dinner and of course, he was on the menu and she was presented as dessert. He digged into his
ear as he knew that he had a full day ahead. He was grateful that Clyde has been given him vitamins he got from his father. He was unsure of the full force of the prescription, but he has yet to complain.

He rode his bike into the street. Being early and a Saturday, the town was a ghost town. A flashing street light gave Lincoln a reminder of the past for some reason. He pulled out his headphones and decided that Matchbox Twenty was his drug of choice for the morning. He was heading toward Nory's apartment. She called him yesterday and asked for some quality time together. What he liked about Nory was that she wasn't as forceful as the other girls. Two night ago, Luan had Lincoln tied to the bed where she and her dummy engaged in a threesome with him. The involvement of coconut cream pies, leather whips, whipped cream, and pliers made Lincoln very worrisome and very sticky. What made matters worse for him, but pleasurable for the others, he later was used by Lucy to have a taste of her homemade pie. She borrowed some whipped cream from Luan for flavoring. While engaging in that act, he heard the whizzing sounds of his mother under the bed, moaning to the thoughts of her son.

As he made it to the apartment complex, he was careful to bypass the Silver Porsche. However, he sighed relief after seeing Luna's car behind it. With her sister and girlfriend distracted, Lincoln made it to Nory's apartment block. He hid his bike in the trees and walked quietly to the apartment. Nory trusted Lincoln enough to provide him with a key, sort of. He walked to the potted plant beside the door and pulled the spare key. He slowly opened the door because he didn't want to disturb her grandmother. He walked inside and closed the door. It was silent and dark in the living room. Nory was a late sleeper, so it he knew it won't be for a couple of hours until she stirred. He took off his shoes and put them next to the door. Walking in his socks, he walked to the hallway where he went inside of Nory's room.

There wasn’t an arid, pungent smell like it used to be. Nory has been taking better care of herself. The smell of cherry blossom waxed candle was looming in the room. The computer screen was on, paused on a hentai that Nory was watching. He shook his head and closed the door. He walked to the bed where Nory was sleeping. She was lying on her side. A comic book was beside her. It didn’t take a genius to know that it was a hentai. The moment he picked it up, he felt the encrusted ejaculate on the comic.

She was masturbating to yuri this time, he thought as he put the book on her desk. She coughed before nestling in her pillow. Lincoln was careful not to disturb her slumber. He doesn't know where she keeps her taser, but he doesn't want to take the chance again. He took off his pants and his shirt, leaving him in his undershirt and underwear. He quietly slipped into bed where he got himself comfortable. He took steady breaths, making sure he could align and synchronize his breathing with hers.

One, two, three.

He wrapped his body tightly around Nory. Her pattern changed, but let out a pleasant moan. That signified that she knew who was accompanying her in her slumber. She reached for his hand and put it around her stomach. It was very soft, plush, he thought. He reached higher and realized that she wasn't wearing a bra. She was completely topless. He pulled up the blanket and saw that she was wearing her panties. However, he could smell her womanhood.

I forget that she was masturbating. Plus the dildo next to her can definitely further incite the evidence.

"Lincoln." Nory shifted from her position and turned in front of Lincoln. She opened her droopy eyes, displaying her classic smile and extending her hands to touch his face. She pressed her hands,
feeling every nook and cranny of it. Like Braille letters, she was studying Lincoln. She blew into his face. Of course, he can taste her morning breath, but he didn't mind it. It wasn't the first time he had shared a bed with the hikikomori.

"Give me a morning kiss," she demanded as she pulled Lincoln forward. Lincoln closed his eyes to taste Nory. Nory giggled as their tongues did a dance with one another. Their kiss lasted a few moments before being broken. "Good morning, Senpai."

"Morning, Nory," replied Lincoln. "How was your slumber?"

"Good," she said as she snuggled closer to Lincoln. "But you were missing in my dreams. A empty, cold bed and no sign of my precious Senpai worries me a lot. It really does." She got quieter. "It really does."

"Well, your Senpai is here and I am going to spend some time with you," replied Lincoln as he lied on his back looking at the ceiling. Nory cradled herself around Lincoln's chest, drawing circle patterns.

"It feels like we are really a couple, doesn't it," asked Nory.

"I do what I can to make you satisfied, Nory," answered Lincoln.

"Thank you for understanding," said Nory. She continued drawing patterns as she kissed his nipple. In the process, Lincoln moaned. "Does it feel good when I kiss you like that?" She made light pecks, going around the nipple, tugging it lightly with her teeth. "I read in a book that this is one of the most sensitive part of a man's body."

"Are you sure it was in a book with words or in a graphic novel with characters?" Lincoln couldn't resist. Since their budding friendship, he liked teasing Nory with her profound love for hentai and ero-comics. He told the hikikomori that she shouldn't be ashamed of her hobby. He told her that those comics are just expressive art that depicts the love of sexuality. Nory accepted the advice like it was something she made herself. She took advantage as she got on top of him and continued licking his nipple.

She puffed her cheeks. "A book with words, Senpai. I can read more than just graphic novels, you know."

"I didn't say you couldn't. I was just teasing," he replied as he was covering his moans. She let out a smile as she continue licking around his chest.

"Damn the others that I am forcefully have to share," she cried. "If it were up to me, then I will have you all to myself." She sighed. "But for now, I have you and I will basked in the moment of it. I will also make sure to get the scent of these other girls around you as well."

She sat up and sat on his groin. Lincoln was grateful of his pelvis adjusting to the body weight of these women. She reached over and put on her glasses. She put her hands on his stomach and let out a smirk. "Don't I look like a sexy vixen or a cute neko?"

"I think a cute neko is suitable for your demeanor," he said.

"Then meow," she purred as she pointed Lincoln to the drawer beside the bed. "Go inside. I have the thing I wanted us to practice for today." Lincoln carefully reached the drawer and saw what he shouldn't be surprised to see. It was a long black tail with a detachable plug. She shook her butt with excitement for the sight. She leaned back and pull a collar with a bell from the side of the bed.
"For today, we are going to play cat and master," she smiled. She hovered and swung the tail in front of him. "And guess who is going to be the cat?"

Lincoln's eyes widened. He used his finger to point at himself. She confirmed as she put the end of the tail to his nose. "And guess who is going to where the collar?"

By now, he knew that visiting Nory was going to lead to this. This wasn't his first rodeo with the perverted hikikomori. A couple of weeks ago, Nory invited Lincoln to her apartment after school and she made him lunch. It was packaged ramen noodles, but he was happy that she was getting used to opening herself. They were in her bedroom partaking on the noodles. Lincoln was playing video games and eating her ramen until he noticed something in the soup. Without her looking, he pulled a small patch of pubic hair from the soup. He knew it was pubic hair because of her curls. He turned to see her coyness. *She was playing with herself in my ramen noodles.* She asked if there were any problems with the noodles. He shook his head in disagreement. He swallowed his pride and her noodles until there was nothing left. The rest of the evening was spent watching movies before the pair engaged in sex.

Nory sat on the computer chair as she waited for Lincoln to come out of the closet. She crossed her legs, only wearing her yellow panties. She was anticipating what plan did Lincoln had for her.

"Are you ready, Nory?"

"No," she cried. "That is not what I wanted you to say."

There was silence.

"Are you ready, Nory-sama?"

"Yes, my pet. Your master is ready." She clapped her hands. "Come out and show your master your new outfit.

Lincoln stepped out of the closet and into the open. He blushed as he was wearing the diamond encrusted collar with a bell and the furry tail. He felt odd as the tail was inside of his ass, but it wasn't the first time his ass was introduced to an object.

"Meow," she catcalled. "Turn around so I can see my pet."

Lincoln turned around to showcase his goods to the perverted hikikomori. She told him to remove his hands from his dick. He did. She smiled as she saw his erect dick. She felt the moistness coming from her pussy as she was becoming aroused. The musk of her womanhood was released and entered the nostrils of Lincoln. Lincoln instantly became aroused.

"On your knees."

"Yes, Nory-sama."

Lincoln got on his knees and crawled around the floor.

"Now, I want you to lick your paws, Senpai," she commanded.

"Meow," replied Lincoln as he was licking his hands.

"Very good, my pet. You knew your orders without a reprimand. You deserve a reward." She reached over to the bed where she left her dildo. The dildo was a gift she received from Lincoln. Honestly, she received some money from Lincoln and the dildo was the result of his money. The
end of the dildo had a cat's paw, which suited Nory for this situation. She turned on the dildo and hit it on the chair.

"Come to me, my pet Linky," she said as she patted her hands. "Crawl to me."

Lincoln made his way to the computer chair. Nory used her hands to cradle his chin. She tickled, inciting him to making purring sounds. "Good job, Linky. Excellent job, Linky. Care for her treat?"

"Meow," answered Lincoln.

"On your knees," she commanded.

Lincoln followed her orders. With the vibrating dildo, she planted it on his chest. He jolted.

"No, no, bad kitties don't get rewards if they resist their commands," she purred. "You must remain still." She pressed harder with the dildo on his nipple. She watched as his dick was stirring. "Hop up and down so I can hear your bell ring."

Lincoln shook his ass so she could hear the bell ring. Meanwhile she trailed the dildo all the way to his stomach. The vibration made his ticklish, in return made him laugh. "It tickles," he said.

She led the dildo to his dick which made him jolt, making the bell sound louder. "Good boy," she said. "Good boy, Linky. Are you are thirsty?" She spread her panties, exposing her pussy. Lincoln can see the cloudy fluids leaking from her throbbing member. Her clit was pulsating, knowing at any moment she would come. Reminding himself that she was a squirter, he was prepared for it. "Have you a drink for nourishment, Linky."

"Meow," replied Lincoln as he partook Nory's nectar. The moment his tongue made contact with her pussy, the moan she moaned. She gripped her nipples, tighten it to feel the sensations of her pleasures. It felt like a bolt of electricity, something she has never experienced in the many, many years of her existence. However, that was a secret she didn't want to tell Lincoln.

Lincoln's tongue reached her labia, tasting the fluids that reminded him of a sweet and tangy fruit. He engulfed her juices, taking breaths before returning to the matter at hand. She continued putting the dildo around his ear. She wanted to heighten his sensitivity.

"Right there, Linky. Right there. Make your master purr, Linky," she said as she heighten her voice, but trying to cover her moans to not disturb her grandmother or in actually, her daughter. She bucked her hips, grabbing Lincoln as she knew she was close to climaxing. She needed one more push and she release all of her love to Lincoln. "You know what to do, my pet," she said. "Release me, baby. Press on my bean, Linky. Please, please, please," she cried. Lincoln followed her command and put his teeth around her clit. Suddenly, a floodgate was released. Her dam was breached as all of her contents was released all over Lincoln's face. Lincoln was bathed in her holy water as she cried out his name. She continued to shiver until her climax subsided. She tilted her head as she purred. Meanwhile, Lincoln swallowed the contents before returning to her post. Instinctively, he lied on his back, waiting for further orders. Nory, after basking from the afterglow, returned to tend to the needs of her pet.

"Great job for making your master feel good, pet," she cried. "Now, it is time for your treat."

Nory stood and took off her panties. She came and kneel next to Lincoln. "Sweet, sweet kitty. I am in the mood for this kind of tail to enter me," she said before putting her panties inside of Lincoln's mouth. She patted his cheek before returning to his feet. She kneeled down where she grabbed his dick. She rubbed it a few times before she entered herself inside of her pussy.
Her folds welcomed the return of Lincoln as she took sharp breaths. She let out a small cry as she gyrated her hips to adjust to his girth. "Make me your wife, my pet."

"Meow," purred Lincoln.

Lincoln closed his eyes as Nory thrusted roughly with her pussy. Lincoln felt the contractions and knew that he was entering her special place. She looked with pleading eyes, allowing Lincoln the permission to enter it. Lincoln grunted as he knew he was close to coming.

"It's okay, Linky, release your milk to your owner. Release it to your master. Feed it to me. Feed me your seeds," she cried.

Lincoln was becoming exhausted, but kept his composure as the pair were basking in their own sweat. The duo grabbed each other's hands as they embraced themselves in a kiss.

"Linky, Linky, Linky," she cried. "Fuck me, Senpai. Fuck me, Senpai. Fuck me good." Lincoln knew that she was close to coming when she was breaking character. He thrusted before he cried out to Nory.

"Meow," he cried as he released his sperm inside of her womb. She grunted loudly, gritting her teeth, and releasing more of her fluid around Lincoln's groan. Lincoln put his legs together to support Nory from falling. She continued to stay in the position to allow Lincoln's seeds to resonate within her.

Once Lincoln released his load, Nory pulled out of him, which caused some of his contents to come out onto the floor. She got on top of him and gave him a passionate kiss. She lied beside him and played with his hair.

"That was wonderful, Senpai," she said. "I was amazed that you didn't break character."

"Just wanted to excite you, you cute nerd of a pervert," he smirked as he lied back on the ground. "I am sorry for coming inside of you."

She shook her head in disagreement. "No, I fine. I love feeling your seeds inside of me. It's too bad that I am on the pill. I would have loved to have your children."

"Not at this time, Nory. Parenthood is far ways away. I am still combating fractions," he sighed as he stood up and returned to the bed.

"You're right, Senpai," replied Nory as she went to the closet and got a towel to clean the residue from her pussy. "I am just happy to spend this time with you."

"And same with you as well."

"I care about you, Senpai."

"I do, as well, Nory."

Nory returned to Lincoln's sight where she sat on his hips and engaged in another kiss. It wasn't long until she put his dick inside of her cavern and had another quickie.

Afterwards, Nory and Lincoln went to the bathroom where they were preparing to share a shower. Nory turned on the hot water while Lincoln was sitting on the toilet.

"Your grandmother won't catch us in the act," he questioned her.
"No, she is a very heavy sleeper," replied Nory as she got inside of the tub. "A 747 couldn't wake her up. She will be fine." She took Lincoln's hand as he stepped inside of the shower with her.

She applied soap to her loofah and lathered her pancake bubblegum shampoo to the wash. Lincoln sat on the floor as he received the warmth of the shower. Lincoln was looking at Nory's body. He couldn't help but to admire the curvaceous beauty. Her ass was her best asset and he was fortunate to have a piece of that. He admitted that it was wrong to have these lecherous thoughts, but in his defense, the girls thought the same way of him.

"You know, Nory, you have a very nice body," said Lincoln. "I mean it. Not out of lust, but you are beautiful. To think you never thought like that."

She turned to him. "Sometimes we think so low of ourselves that we don't value it. It takes others to give us a perspective." She continued lathering her breast. Lincoln saw the suds rolling down to her pussy.

"Nory, don't ever let anyone think you are nothing less. I know we engage in sex, but I don't only look at that. You have a marvelous personality. The world has no idea of how much of a force you are."

Nory blushed. "Aren't you sweet, Lincoln. Thanks."

Nory kneeled in front of Lincoln. She wrapped her arms around his neck as they shared another kiss. They tasted their love as he reached her back and tenderly grabbed Nory's ass.

"Sounds like you want a round two," she purred.

"If you are up for it, master," he purred.

About forty-five minutes later, the duo were back in her bedroom. Nory was sitting on her bed working on her schoolwork. Lincoln was tying the last lace of his shoe before making his leave. He reached into his pocket and pulled out some money. "Here are a few dollars to get you and your grandmother something to eat." He pulled out a few more dollars. "Here is another to buy some comics, if you want." Nory came and placed her chin on his shoulder. "Lincoln, you are sweet kid. I haven't met many others like you in my past."

"I just wanted to show you a little token of my appreciation and the affection," he said without looking at her. "Listen, I care about you. I do. So, don't forget that. Okay?"

She kissed his neck. "I know you do, Lincoln. Thank you for being dear to me and my family."

Lincoln gave Nory the spare key and stepped out of the apartment. He gave her one final kiss before making his way downstairs. He looked at his phone and saw that it was twelve in the afternoon. He stretched his arms as he was soaking the afternoon sun. It wasn't particularly cool, which suited Lincoln. He got his bike from the trees and made his way onto the parking lot. He passed by Sam's apartment and didn't see neither cars. He got onto the sidewalk and was making his way back to his neighborhood.

As he got to the corner of Franklin Street, he saw a familiar car at his line of sight. His neighbor and member of the harem Miki Tenoh-Anderson stepped out of her Audi. Since her last Audi was destroyed because of the paper he just left, she got a newer model. His eyes were widen as she wearing a cosplay outfit. He wasn't particularly a fan of this anime, but he knew it came from the renowned anime, *Sailor Moon*. Lincoln watched as he saw Miki displaying herself as the heroine, Sailor Neptune. Honestly, Miki did favor Sailor Neptune in many ways. Miki was a very classical
person. On her best days, she was very subtle, upholding herself in the finest of things. She could play the violin. She was a member of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Also, her wife reminded Lincoln of Sailor Uranus.

His thoughts were interrupted when he saw the intricate Miki waving her hands in Lincoln's direction. Lincoln sighed as he made his way across the street to Miki's driveway.

"Morning, Linky," she purred at him.

"Afternoon, Ms. Miki," answered Lincoln, sort of averting his eyes. "Any particular reason of wearing this costume?"

"Oh," she blushed. "I just finished leaving a function for promoting breast cancer awareness. Me and a few others represented ourselves as superheroes. We decided to go for the Sailor Moon look," she said. "Do I look good?"

He nodded his head. "You look very beautiful, Ms. Miki."

She blushed. "Thank you, sweetie." She scanned the area before returning her sights on Lincoln. "Listen, the misses won't be here for a few hours. And the kids are gone as well." She put her index finger and thumb in a circle and used her other hand to insert it. "You feel like messing around?"

"It doesn't matter if I want to or not, I must do what you tell me, anyway," he replied.

"Good boy," she purred while licking her lips. "Little Linky knows his place." She took him by his hand as he followed her into the backyard. He put his bike on the back porch as he entered the back door of Miki's house.

"I hope your schedule is clear," she told Lincoln. "Because you are going to fill everyone of my needs today."

"Yes, mistress," he replied.

This concludes the interesting, but random moment with a hikikomori. Until next time when the author decides to stop doing filler and return to the main story.

Sam was spending her lunch break at the restroom as she sat on the toilet. She was going through her gallery, looking at the pictures of her girlfriend and her beloved boyfriend. She was rubbing her stomach. She was showing anticipation. She was reading the instruction of the pregnancy test to see if she was doing it right. She was certain with the enough times the duo had sex, she was pregnant. The thought of having Lincoln's child excited Sam.

She pictured herself sharing the baby with her bride-to-be, Luna and her groom-to-be, Lincoln. She pictured a wedding where Lincoln was in the center as she and Luna were wearing matching wedding gowns. She closed her eyes as she tried covering the tears of the love she had for Luna and Lincoln. She loved them dearly, to the point that she prayed to God that she can be with them forever. She has been working hard to save much money so that she can eventually move out of her father's and convince Lincoln and Luna to live with her.

She hasn't told Luna about the pregnancy test yet because she has violated their main rule: they aren't allowed to have sex with Lincoln by themselves unless they each other permission. Lately, the thought of Lincoln was excited Sam and baby fever was occurring as well. She knew she was too young to have a child, but she didn't care. Nothing was going to stop her from being the mother
of Lincoln Loud's child.

She hoped that if she was pregnant, then it would be a girl. The thought of the three catering to their daughter, supporting her in every measure. She shrilled to the excitement.

The phone let her know that time was up. She showed the stick to look at the results. When she saw it, she covered her mouth.

*I'm not pregnant. It means I will have to try harder. I am going to have Lincoln's baby. Luna and I are going to consummate this relationship with Lincoln. He is my husband and Luna is my wife. I will have his baby, damn it. You hear that, God? Lincoln is mine and I will have his seed. Even if it means by force!*
Another Random Moment with A Married Woman

This is another random moment with a married woman. Also known as another filler to take care of the gaps in the story before the author returns to the plot.

If Miki were to describe her fancy in relationships, she had two in particular, the love of domineering women and the love of meek boys. Two loves that contrasted like vinegar and oil, but something she indulges on a normal basis. She never denied her sexuality after tasting the forbidden love of a girl when she was fourteen years old. It was a childhood friend, a neighbor. Both were alone and studying for a Biology test. It was through the suggestion of Miki to further explore the anatomy with her neighbor. Miki couldn't never forget the taste of a rippen flesh. It reminded her of prime meat that was grass-fed and nurtured until it was taken out to pasture. The pleading eyes she gave the girl when the girl found her dominant position. She basked in the moment, gripping the silk sheets on her bed until she moaned the girls' name. Once the job was finished and they bathed in their lust, Miki declared her love for the neighbor girl. However, the neighbor girl concluded that moment was a one-time thing. It was the last time she had spoken to the neighbor girl. Even when they were in school, not even a passing glance was made. Throughout that time, Miki went through the motions of her sexuality. She was mostly attracted to women, but she enjoyed the comfort of a man. She shook her head in disagreement when discussing the latter. She didn't like men. The smell, the arrogance, their jagged personality turned her off. Even in college as she dated a couple from time to time, their appeal never got to her. She could listen to a girl. She understood women. Knowing their likes and dislikes, knowing their best places to feel pleasure, that was her domain. And that domain she wanted to stay.

It was her sophomore year in college when she lost her heterosexual virginity to a boy. And it was boy, she admitted. It was her girlfriend's younger brother that visited her for the weekend. Her girlfriend, at the time, lived in an apartment off campus. Miki was there often, spending time with the love of her life. The moment she saw her girlfriend's younger brother entered the door, time stood still for the curious Miki. He was fourteen at the time. A late bloomer, her girlfriend concluded. She could smell the innocence, the naivety, the novice in his voice, his demeanor, and his personality. He was very shy, hiding behind his sister like a child does to a parent. Her girlfriend told Miki that he was attached to her, clinging at all times when the duo were at home. It was through the urging of her girlfriend to babysit her brother while she was spending the evening out of time. Miki's girlfriend was an engineering major and the internship she worked for was a few hours away.

That day, she toured her girlfriend's brother through town, introducing him to the campus. She showed him the journalism department where she studied; took him through the small mom-and-pop stores in the small town; grabbed a bite to eat at the campus cafe. Miki, to this very day, doesn't remember the event that followed between the restaurant and how she ended on top of him in the forest behind the football stadium. She didn't remember taking off his clothes and pinning him to the ground. No recognition of voices, pleading for her to stop. She didn't remember asking if the boy had a condom. She didn't feel the wincing pain or the blood that was released. Maybe, she didn't want to admit that it was the very afternoon where they exchanged their virginities. She still doesn't want to admit that she actually rape the boy that day.

She still talks to her former girlfriend every now and again. Her girlfriend is married to a man and they have two children. She tells Miki that she is happy, which Miki knows it was true. As for the brother, he came out to his parents a few days after the encounter they shared in the forest. She hasn't spoken to the boy since.
But that was many years ago since that moment in college. Everything to Miki has been a whirlwind. She had relationships with women. The boys she dated were in secret. Most of them were still in high school. They couldn't be any boy. She wanted a boy she could control. A boy she could master. The boy was the bitch and she was his master. This mindset was embedded in Miki's mind since that day. She had hiatus. She married a businessman through an arranged marriage interview. Neither parties couldn't care less for it was through the urging of parents. There was no love in the marriage. The only blessing in the marriage, beside from the cheating, black eyes, and other forms of abuse, her daughters were her rising suns. Those bundles of joy were the sole reason why she refused to end her life on many occasions.

It was thanks to her current wife, Haruka, that rescued her from the marriage. The duo met at a play in downtown Detroit. Miki was playing in the orchestra during the production of *Phantom of the Opera*. She couldn't help but stare at the blonde who glanced her ever so often. She blushed as she continued with her strokes of the violin. Every rhythm, every beat became foreplay as she watched the intrigued woman panting through their private ensemble. It was later after the play where they had an encounter at Haruka’s hotel room.

The women had a passionate, loving affair over the next few months. When they were together, they were like blushing schoolgirls. Talking and laughing and playing and caressing in their newfound love. Haruka told Miki that she never had a girl like her. In return, Miki told the same.

After the next few months, Miki mustered up the courage to separate from her husband and filed for the divorce. The same day their divorce was finalized, the girls wed.

Her daughters loved Haruka as Haruka did in return. They coveted the blonde, often calling her her second mother or another version of their real father. Haruka had masculine traits, which attracted Miki to her. Their love was unconditional. Miki never thought nothing could separate their love. Until the day she met Lincoln.

It began nearly two years ago. The Royal Woods Neighborhood Association through their annual block party and Franklin Avenue was the street of venue. Closely knit, the neighborhood showcased their best display to the neighboring streets. With Miki serving on the committee, it was her purpose and privilege to spread the publicity and influence the other neighbors to join in on the fun. She, her wife, and other volunteers walked the streets to invite and encourage others to participate in the event. It was Miki's job to cover the other side of Franklin Avenue. She made her way to the home where fate made another turn for Miki.

She knocked on the door. Expecting a husband or a wife, instead out came the white-haired child that gave her the same feeling with the boy in college.

**Lincoln.**

She took off her silk stockings she wore to the event. She really didn't care for stockings, so the cool air made it refreshing to her slender legs. She chuckled a little as she lit a candle on her dresser. The smell of lavender entered the bedroom. Lying on the bed was the white-haired child. Positioned in the place where her significant other lied, Miki smirked as she kept the stockings in her hand. She had other plans.

There was silence. She knew Lincoln was nervous, but that was how she enjoyed her boys. Something of dominating a man appealed the bisexual, perverted brunette. She swayed her hips, rocking her skirt to the bed where Lincoln lied. Lincoln didn't put up a fight as she took his arms and tied to the head of the bed with her stockings. With her other stockings, she used them to tie his ankles. She let out a small cry as she went back to the dresser and pulled out a small bandana.
Normally, a ball-and-gag would have sufficed, but it was broken after the last game of Goat and the Stable. It was a few weeks ago and resulted in Lincoln having a sore pelvis and Miki having a sprained wrist. She told Haruka that she hurt it while on assignment with her job. A lie, she knew, but she couldn't help it. Despite her love she had for Haruka, it still didn't compare to a love she had for boys.

"So, you decided to enter my lair with cruel intentions, you tempter!" She spat at Lincoln. Lincoln gave her no response. Regardless, he couldn't because his mouth was gagged and he couldn't move; unless his budding erection could make an exception.

"Oh, you can't talk, can't you," she said while she pursed her lips. "Your many years of tempting me has been long enough. Look at you! Thinking that you can tempt me with your nubile body of yours. Just like a villain to corrupt the good guys." She walked forward. Very delicately, she touched his leg. She wanted him to be sensitive, heighten him to make him feel uneasy. She was fortunate to remove his clothes before or else it would have been difficult.

She knew it was working because he was twitching, but he knew he was in a literal bind. She chuckled as she rubbed his stomach. "Seems like you are sensitive here, villain. Have I found your weakness?"

Lincoln shook his head, flinching every time Miki touched his stomach. Feeling the silky texture of her gloves was arousing him. He didn't want to admit or accept, but being around Miki turned him on. Since the encounter they shared a few weeks before, he felt strange, he felt violated, but in the end, he felt unsatisfied. For the first time, he actually came home and masturbated to the thoughts of Miki. He spent part of the night questioning himself on this direction of the harem. Was it true on Fern was telling him? Was he enjoying the abuse? Was he enjoying the things the girls were doing to him? He was grateful he wasn't wearing his ring. Sam wanted it to be detailed and cleaned. He let out a small whisper of an apology to Sam and to Luna. He let out a small apology to Chloe. He let out a small apology to his mother. To his siblings, to the other girls. Overall, he let out a small apology to Nory and Willow.

He closed his eyes, allowing his body to relax. He took a sharp breath through the muffling of the panties and gave Miki permission to submit. It didn't go unnoticed from Miki and she clapped her hands to the moment of Lincoln's surrender.

Yes, yes, yes. He is giving me permission. He surrenders. He is now under my grips!

"So, giving up easily, you villain," she questioned teasingly. "In the name of Neptune, I shall punish you!" She reached over to Lincoln. She pulled out the stuffed panties from his mouth. She tasted his breath the moment he sighed. It was the same taste she got from the boy that afternoon in the forest. "Glad you finally accepted me, Linky," she said while breaking character. "As the first order of your surrender, there is still a punishment for your times of relentless resistance," she purred.

"Do what you must, mistress," he said. "For I am yours for the taking."

"Excellent," she said as she got on the bed, lying next to him. "As punishment, I am going to make you come in your boxer shorts." She kissed his neck, pressing her breast on his face. Lincoln felt compelled to kiss her uniform. He felt her ribbon touching the back of his neck. He moaned harshly as the Sailor scout caressed his dick. He felt the sensation of her gloves creating friction with his boxers. She pressed her breasts to cover his voice.

"Shh," she whispered to him, biting and licking his ear. "Don't resist. Follow those directions. Come for me, baby. Let Sailor Neptune take you away." She rubbed swiftly on the phallus with her
palms, slowly gripping her fingers on the shaft. She knew his weak spots and knew it wouldn't be long before he releases his load.

"Don't fight it, baby. Just let it out," she commanded him.

"Yes, mistress."

"Mistress what?"

"Mistress Miki."

"Try again."

"Mistress Neptune."

"Close but not quite."

"Then what?"

She pressed her nose to his ear and he felt the hot breath lingering to his ears. "Your God." She used her free hand to cover Lincoln's cries with her breast. Miki felt the pulsation of his dick as he released his sperm through his boxers. Contents were released and absorbed around her gloves. "Yes, yes, let it out. Let out your love for me out." She continued stroking his shaft until his orgasm ceased. Once she felt he couldn't release any more, she released her grip. She saw his sperm and licked it with great intent. She sucked each digit until her gloves were cleared of any contents on it.

"Yummy," she purred. She removed Lincoln from her breast and gave him a forceful kiss. She pushed her tongue to his mouth until the point he almost gagged. She cleaned inside of his tongue until she finished with biting the bottom lip. "You always make things interesting for me, Lincoln. That is why I love you."

Before Lincoln could speak, she put her finger to his lips, promoting silence. "That is okay. You don't have to respond right away. I know you may feel different about me. But in time, you will learn to me. In time, you will accept my abnormality. Because, someday I want you to be involved in this family."

His thoughts were interrupted when he heard the bedroom door open. Miki continued to look at Lincoln's fearful eyes. "And in time, you will learn to accept us." She turned around. "Isn't that right, pudding?"

"I couldn't agree more with you, my dear princess."

Lincoln watched the visitor become closer and saw the missing piece to Miki's puzzle. He saw Haruka with a pleasant smile on her face. She kept a calm demeanor. She sat on the bed and rubbed the chin of her wife.

"I watched the entire thing from the bedroom," said Haruka. "You are right to allow me to enter this game of your debaucherous adventures."

"Ms. Miki. What is going on," questioned Lincoln.

"You see, Lincoln. My wife and I are in a form of an open relationship. She is highly aware of my interest and I have her blessing. At first, she didn't like the idea of me sleeping with boys. However, when she saw how much I put you into the fray; you can say I aroused her curiosity."
Lincoln couldn't register the events unfolding in front of him. If she was saying this right, he thought, the entire time of their encounters were filmed and watched by the very woman he thought he was cheating with her wife?

"So, dear," asked Miki. "Do you care to partake with my pet?"

Haruka let out a devilish grin. "I am not really into boys." Lincoln saw Haruka disrobe and took on the appearance of Sailor Uranus. "I wouldn't mind making him as an exception."

Miki returned her sights on Lincoln. "Don't worry, Lincoln, you are mine. Don't think I am just using you. You belong to me and I belong to you. However, Haruka is also mine." She pecked Haruka on the cheek before returning to him. He closed his eyes the moment she pinched his nipples. "And she belongs to you, too."

Miki moved beside Lincoln to allow Haruka enter the bed. The wedded couple shared a passionate kiss. All the while, it was stirring another erection from Lincoln.

"Miki, baby, I think our pet isn't done yet," cried Haruka.

"Give him a try," said Miki. "I am going to get dinner ready. I mean, he is our guest of honor."

"Do it, babe," answered Haruka. "I will keep this little gem busy."

Haruka blew Miki a kiss and Miki blew both her wife and Lincoln kisses before leaving the bedroom, alone with Lincoln and Haruka.

"So, Lincoln," purred Haruka. "Tell me who is more rougher? Me or Miki? You will be the judge."

Lincoln closed his eyes as he felt the soft lips of Haruka touching his. He kept them closed. He shouldn't feel upset, but in some way, he did.

_I won't judge you on the actions that you are doing. You are young and the young will remain novice in the game of life. However, one must be careful as your trade can become a trick. What I am saying is that don't let this game become your life. At some point in time, you have to slow down. A decision has to be made. Because every action leads to a consequence. Not just for you, but for those who are involved in there. I am no parent, but I look at you like a son. I just want you to be careful. Although they are the one that dominates, but you, too, take form of responsibility. Just because they give, doesn't mean you have to receive. In laymen's term, just because the opportunity is there, doesn't mean it is necessary._

A tear escaped from his eye. Unsure it was because of Miki or something else. Be as it may, he wanted to go home.

_This concludes another random moment with a married woman. To be continued until next time._

Lori was sitting in her bedroom while reading a magazine. It was something to do before she expected Lincoln's arrival. It has been awhile since she, Leni, and Lincoln had their encounters. She couldn't pay attention to the magazine as her thoughts were filled with Lincoln. To compensate for Lincoln's absence, she and Leni had engaged in sex.

Although lesbian sex with each other was fun, it was becoming lackluster. It didn't compare to the nimbleness of their beloved brother.

Leni stepped into the bedroom from the shower. The smell of honeydew shampoo filled the room.
"Nothing like a shower to kill your worries," cried Leni.

"That makes one of us," replied Lori as she flipped through the pages.

"I miss Lincoln, sis," cried Leni.

"I do as well, Leni," replied Lori. "More than you know."

"Granted, I enjoy what we share, but it is not enough," said Leni. "You are no Lincoln."

"And neither are you, sis," replied Lori. "But, I have a feeling he is getting around."

"You do?"

"Just a feeling," said Lori as she closed the magazine. "Call it a brother's intuition."

"Really?"

"Think, sis. Lincoln has been involved with a lot of things right now. At some point, there will be a
decline in the harem, a turn of sorts," she said. "So, I know something is wrong with him as we
speak. So, he is going to need our comfort from his very big sisters tonight."

"I hope you are right, sis."

"I am. Trust me, I am."

Lori pulled out a cigarette and stepped outside of the bedroom to go to the backyard for a smoke.
Meanwhile, Leni stayed behind, going to her drawer for a change of underwear. As she opened the
drawer, she saw a picture of Lincoln. The picture displayed she and Lincoln on the day she
received her driver's license. An unforgettable day, she boasted to herself while laughing.

She sincerely missed her brother and wanted much quality time with him. It didn't have to involve
sex. Sometimes, it didn't have to involve Lori. She wanted Lincoln and she wanted him bad. So for
now, the picture had to do as she returned to her bed and used her Lincoln body pillow to consume
her frustration.

_Come home soon, little bro._

_Come home soon, little bro._

_Big sister loves you._

_Big sister needs you._

_Lincoln._

_Lincoln._

_Lincoln!_
This is a random moment alone with Lincoln. Also known as another filler to take care of the gaps in the story before the author returns to the plot.

He stepped into the shower, toes flinching as they touched the chilled ceramic floor. His mind felt dazed; be as it were going into eight million different directions at once. His tongue was dry. He was having a throbbing headache. He hoped a cold shower could alleviate any tension, at least physically. He turned the dial, releasing thousands of cool drops, hitting his white hair, trickling down to his back. No longer wanting to stand, he sat on the tile, allowing the water to soothe any stress he was currently having on his brain. He eyes closed over and over, each time showing the images of his encounter with Miki and Haruka like photographs.

He didn't enjoy the encounter between Haruka. Lying alone in a room with a stranger. The stranger, wasn't gentle as her wife, was rough with him. Her lips didn't taste of sweetness like Miki, but compensated for strong alcohol. The taste of whiskey and other assortment of distilled spirits camouflaged within her saliva absorbed into his mouth, matching his taste. Her hands reminded him of his father and grandfather, Pop-Pop. They were mannish hands. Hands that were inviting to a wife who believed in firmness and security. Lincoln wasn't a woman, but a man. Or at least that was what he thought until he was painfully reminded that he was still a boy.

Haruka grunted loud like a man. There wasn't any pleasure behind him. She pressed her onto him, thrusting his penis within her vagina that he thought he was the woman in that position. The scrapping of her pubes were rough. Her pressure points were rough. Everything was rough about Haruka that he silently prayed for Miki's return.

After finishing making sex with Haruka, he told the women that he was feeling ill and should return home. Much to the chagrin of Miki and Haruka, but they want to do anything to deter the boy from returning in the future. Through a pinky swear and a kiss between the married women, he promised he would return later in the week. They wanted the white-haired for a welcoming party to their clan. They refrained from saying more, wanting the event to be a surprise. The welcoming party was to be set on a Sunday evening; which was on the same day he had plans with Clyde and Luka.

He bid farewell to the women, hiding his sadness behind his candid smile. The women kissed both sides of his cheek before he made his way to the backyard. Miki couldn't help but to slap the butt of Lincoln as he made his way to retrieve his bike. The couple stayed looking at him until he was out of sight. Lincoln was fortunate that he was across the street for he wouldn't know how longer the tears blinded the white-haired child.

It wasn't that late in the evening. Lynn told Lincoln that he arranged a surprise date with their mother, his wife. Lincoln was there when his father explained the details, but was too concentrated on the innuendos his mother was giving him behind his father's back. Her eyes displayed that she wanted to ravish him, but no opportunity was permitted. Knowing his father was displaying his ill-attempts of swaying the famished matriarch was futile, nevertheless, Lincoln prayed to the most high for success. If anyone shouldn't suffer in this harem, it shouldn't be his father.

His father was a good guy. Not some inconsiderate jerk of a man who was fearful, like his offspring.

He dragged himself to the stairs. Too ashamed to lift up. A heavy weight of guilt carrying his shoulders. Looking in one direction with his destination, the shower. He closed the door, removing
his clothes and discarding them in the hamper shute. He looked into the mirror, eyes reddened by
the tears. Guilt, anger, and shame wrapped into one. And that was the thing, why was he angry?
Why was ashamed? Why is he guilty?

He stuck out his tongue to allow the water to quench his thirst. Something soothing and didn't
come from any crevice of a woman. At least this liquid wasn't salty or acidic to the tongue. Lincoln
wanted to sleep. He wanted to be alone. No woman, no pets, no body pillow. He wanted to be
alone.

Speaking of being alone, he can't remember the last time he was alone. Most nights were filled
with women. He can't remember the time of being by himself. He negate those thoughts and
applied shampoo to his hair. It felt good, knowing that these were the hands of pure intent. They
won't tread to his privates, any of his erogenous zones. Shampoo and get soap to refresh him. He
decided that after his shower, he would make himself a grilled cheese sandwich with jelly and a
glass of soda. He would read some comics and maybe play video games. Afterward, he would
retire to bed.

A plan that he was going to pursue. He was putting his foot down. He wanted a day off from the
girls. He was grateful for plan B to be installed. In the bottom bathroom cabinet were a pair of
spare clothes and nylon rope to sway him away from the second floor.

He credited his best friend, Clyde, to be the jack-of-all-trades. On days Lincoln felt like this, Clyde
made an emergency escape kits for the feds.

Tonight, he was in one of his moods.

Knowing his sisters were in the residence, he had to be resourceful. He knew their prying, preying
hands were wrapped around the door, waiting for the moment the white-haired child left the
bathroom. He kept the shower running, drying himself off and going into the cabinet to retrieve his
gear. Disguised in a box of adult diapers, the sisters and his mother wouldn't have a clue that the
emergency kit was within that empty box. Contained in the box was the directions of Clyde's
emergency tent for Lincoln. From what Lincoln told him, the location wasn't that far. In fact, the
tent could be itself.

He waited five minutes so the shower could disguise his exiting the building. It wasn't hard to
escape his house. The nylon rope was thick and long enough to get him to his destination.

Successfully, he made it along with his gear. He wiped the sweat from his forehead. The only
causality was a dent in their already expensive water bill.

And a tear in his orange shirt.

He jumped to the front yard to retrieve his bike and disappear into the night.

According to Clyde, the secret location was actually behind Magnolia's. Fern was highly aware of
his dilemma with the harem. It was to the knowledge of Clyde to alert Fern and thus, allowing
Lincoln to have a domicile. Fern had a storage unit and Clyde said that it would be unlocked. The
biggest amenity was it was air-conditioned and it also had electricity. Lincoln hid his bike into the
bush and walked to the storage unit.

As Clyde stated, the emergency tent was in the storage unit. The emergency tent was remote-
controlled, which meant Lincoln had to plug in and he was ready for action. Lincoln plugged it into
the outlet. In no time, the tent grew up and filled the storage area.
He closed the storage area and prepare for his night of alone time.

The tent was a basic tent, containing a cot, an electric cooker, a portable DVD player, and a small makeshift toilet area and makeshift shower. In Clyde's note, Fern told him to connect the hose from outside. Clyde mentioned that many people were unfamiliar with the back area of the diner unless they were service workers. Lincoln was grateful for the care of Fern and Clyde, one of the few who didn't have any exposure to this harem.

It was about an hour and a half since being in the tent. He was on his second volume of *WataMote* and consumed over two-and-a-half grilled cheese sandwiches. Fort Minor was playing in the background. His cot was cozy and felt sound relief. For a moment, he forgot about the incident that occurred at Miki's home. He forgot that he was a part of this large harem.

No creampies, no chloroform, no sudden kidnappings, no hypnotizing, vampire bites, no foreign objects, no cosplays, none of that. Lincoln was being a teenager. A carefree, happy-go-lucky teenager. Of course, it didn't say that he enjoyed the moments he shared with the women. Moderation was the key. And of course, plenty of alone time.

He finished his third grilled cheese with jelly sandwich, wiping the crust off with his sleeves. He smiled when witnessing the perverted antics of Tomoko Kuroki. In some way, her lewd ways reminded him of Nory. In a recent encounter, Nory purchased cosplay outfits for her and Lincoln. She purchased the uniform of Tomoko and Tomoki from *WataMote*. She even purchased uniforms of Akira Tsubaki and Mikoto Urabe from *Mysterious Girlfriend X*. It didn't go without purchasing some sex toys and edible lube for their next lovemaking.

Even as he finished his grilled cheese jelly sandwich, it was the first in awhile he made by himself. Willow, recently, has taught him alternative recipes for creating the sandwich. She had told Haiku to acquire the necessary ingredients to make the dish. Their nights, aside from sex, was in the kitchen. Lincoln and Willow making sandwiches, listening to music, and even playing video games. Willow was even getting the hang of handling the remote controls without his help.

His stomach churned for why he should grateful for his aloneness but instead thinking of the harem. The *WataMote* comic was given to him by Nurse Kazami for their weekly anniversaries. Because of his commitment and keeping his silence, as promised, she purchased his comics. From time to time, Tomoko borrowed his comics and among other things. He made a reminder to retrieve a few pair of his boxer shorts.

He closed the comic, frustrated of his confused feelings. He felt hot as if a beam of light was flashing over him. His mouth began to feel dry. The feeling of heat still around him. He stepped from the cot, still feeling the staggering. He was reaching for the sink until he was beginning to collapse.

He caught his fall. His knees hit the cold, hard concrete. On his hands and knees, he crawled to the sink. His eyes were feeling fiery like it was to extinguish something of a huge force. He kept crawling as he began to hear footsteps. Although feeling blinded, he was somewhat vigilant.

*Water, water*, the white-haired child thought and craved. The more he was closer to the sink, the closer the footsteps were. He felt it, getting heavier and heavier. However, he didn't fear any danger for his thoughts were to be filled with water. After a little resistance, he managed to make his way toward the sink. He grabbed himself, exerting a force onto the sink. He looked into the makeshift mirror. When seeing his reflection, he saw something that made his mouth agape in worry and wonder.

A blinding light circling around him. He swayed his arms, checking if it was him. Evident it was
him, but he didn't recognize himself. Surrounding his body was a fiery type armor. It reminded him of movies that portrayed warriors. His hair was long, extending below his shoulders. He appeared older, his face displayed sternness and seriousness. As he looked further, he saw the sweltering source of the footsteps. Her crimson lips smiled behind him. That was all he could see. When he reached forward, the darkness shouted loudly as if God himself touchdown onto this Earth. Lincoln dropped to the ground, feeling whatever force that compelled that temptress spirit.

Lincoln breathed heavily, lying on the cold, hard pavement. He took a few pants before going into a slumber.

---

Lincoln

Lincoln

Wake up, Lincoln.

Wake up, Lincoln.

Lincoln opened his eyes and jumped immediately after hearing his name. He was welcomed into the arms of his sister, Leni.

"Lincoln, sweetie, I am so glad you are awake," cried Leni as she held her little brother tightly in her bosom, which was something she delightfully didn't mind.

"You are...y-y-you are s-m-smothering me, big sis," muffled Lincoln as he pushed back with all of his might.

Leni allowed him space. He pulled his blanket. Suddenly, his mouth was agape. Why in the hell am I at home? Was I supposed to be, well, not here?

Lincoln extended his hand. He used his fingers to pinch himself. "Ouch," he said aloud.

Leni rubbed the back of her blonde hair. "That is strange, silly brother." She rubbed his leg affectionately. Lincoln felt her hands, but that was the least of his worries.

Last night, I made an escape plan to take shelter at the emergency tent. Suddenly, I felt something overtaking me. Then, I am seeing some crazy things in the mirror. Like some warrior like dude with this evil force behind me. Now, I am here.

"We were worry sick."

Lincoln turned and saw Lori standing over the door. In her hand was a tray containing a bowl of chicken noodle soup with shredded cheese and spices and a can of orange soda. "Don't worry, twerp. It is not poisoned. Luna made it because she was worried sick. We were worried sick."

"What happened," questioned Lincoln as he took the tray onto his lap.

"You were sitting in the bathroom for a long period of time," said Leni worriedly. "At first, we thought you were having a bad day. After a hour, we came to answer, but you didn't answer. After another two hours, we were concerned."

Lori pulled Lincoln's computer chair and put it next to Lincoln's bed. "Knowing something had to be wrong, we asked Lisa to get access into the bathroom without disturbing or destroying the door. Lord knows if we need more money spent into these people's pockets."
"We saw you lying in the tub," said Leni while holding her flushed cheeks. "We were scared. Luan came gave you CPR. After a moment or two, we almost called the ambulance, but you pulled through."

"Lynn and I took you out of the shower. You were breathing, but we couldn't wake you up," said Lori. "Thankfully, Lisa knew what to do and she administer much aid." She sighed with relief. "With a good bribe from Lisa, she was able to take care of you."

"We put on clothes for you and put you to bed," said Leni interjectionally.

Confused about their story and his situation, he put it to rest by resting his hands on both of his sisters. "Thanks, Leni." He turned to Lori. "Thanks, Lori. Thanks for being worried about me."

Lori extended her finger before flicking him at his nose. "Don't you ever let us worry like that again."

She pushed herself on the bed and pressed her lips to his. She licked her lips upon finishing. Leni came and proceeded to kiss Lincoln on the lips. After a few months, she broke the kiss and return to his post.

The girls smiled before standing up to leave.

"Where are you guys going," asked Lincoln.

"Luna thinks you might need a day off, so consider yourself lucky, twerp," said Lori was keeping her arms crossed.

"Take a day off and get some rest," said Leni as she stepped to the door. "Because you are going to need it for tomorrow." She winked at the white-haired child before blowing a kiss. "Eat up and rest up. You will need your stamina." She paused before adding, "Don't worry about the other girls. We know how to keep them distracted."

Lincoln waved to the girls as they left his room and closed the bedroom door.

This concludes a random moment alone with Lincoln. To be continued until next time.

Anya, when you get this message, contact me as soon as possible. I have caught sight of the boy you have talked about. You are right. The boy is potent. Please contact me as soon as you can. I think we can make some sort of arrangement with you.
A Random Idiot's Guide to Survive These Random Moments

Are you confused with this harem?

Are you questioning the author's direction of this series?

Don't have a clue who is part of the harem? Who isn't?

What is the plot?

What plot?

Tired of the continuity errors?

Does it irritate you to the point that you want to unfollow or question yourself thus far in the chapters?

If any of you readers have made it this far to read, then you are in luck. The author, his girlfriend, and a few of his friends have come together to create this idiot's guide to Lincoln's harem.

The author, his girlfriend, and a few of his friends present: The Random Idiot's Guide to Survive These Random Moments. Written by the author, his girlfriend, and a few of his friends. I mean, let's be honest, the author's friend is a diverse spectrum of people. He, being African American/Japanese, his girlfriend being white and Japanese, and a few of his friends being white, Asian, black, Middle Eastern, and he wants to say his other friend is a lesbian, Jewish, and transgender? Well, anyway, the commonality of these nerds have come to save this author from losing this series and goes into the bin of confusion. With their help and the promise of pizza, Chinese food, and a trip to the movies, the friends came and read the story. So, here is the Random Idiot's Guide to Survive These Random Moments.

Big Diesel (the author) is here to explain you guys the dynamics and the concepts of It's You Girls' Fault For These Random Moments, or simply known as These Random Moments. As a reminder, when I created the series, I didn't have a plan of turning this into a series. Originally, they were one-shots of random moments with Lincoln engaging (willingly or unwillingly) with his sisters, his classmates, and among other women. As the series grew, I didn't realize that this was going to have a following. I have expected maybe 20 or 30 followers, but not as many as over 130 followers. This story is my most popular story amongst the others I have written. So, there you go. The reason for the plot errors, continuity errors, and background dilemma. I didn't expect it to go popular. So, my friends and I have read through my series to connect the webs, fill the gaps, and to keep you interested until you got your fill and find some other Loud House parody.

Without further ado, here is the Random Idiot's Guide to Survive These Random Moments. Before getting started, I want to thank God for the ability to bless me with the skills of writing in the most unmethodical way possible. No way would God plan this to write these kinds of stories. Or did he?

I want to thank the anonymous writer who emailed me this concern of confusion. Even though I have could been a son-of-a-d…. Anyway, if I would have known this would have going to be popular, then a plot would have sufficed. Which leads me to the first question.
What is the plot of *These Random Moments*?

Until chapter 19, there was no plot. I was being a good writer and wrote this simply out of enjoyment. Much of the chapters before then was pure comedy. The joys of the antics seeing the girls go crazy after Lincoln.

It was through the latter chapters I realized that a plot could be developed from this. I am what you call a freeform writer. There wasn't any plans of making this. It was how the story is-random! As you may know, the series is a comedy-drama series. What began as comedy turned into a drama with some moments of comedy. As it is mentioned, this is one of the few times a series shows a negative side of having a harem. It wasn't planned, but alas, it is here. Once again, didn't plan to have continuity or a plot.

**Here is the current plot.**

What many of my fans have written me is that they believed that origin of Lincoln's harem began after his vacation at Lake Michigan after meeting the mysterious Summer. One of my friends who read this believes that his encounter with Summer served as the catalyst for Lincoln's harem. I am not denying or confirming, but it does make some logical sense. Lincoln wonders why there are a large amount of women craving for Lincoln's affection. Unbeknownst to him, he has a **strong surge of energy**.

The majority of the girls are unaware of their attraction to him, with the exception of two girls: Willow and Nory (Ayna). Nory (Ayna) is aware of Lincoln's energy and has planned to use it against him in return of his affection. Willow is aware, but doesn't have the same motives like her sister. Willow wants his energy, but craves his affection genuinely. Nory (Ayna) and Willow are the only girls of the harem who knows of this.

I have gave certain hints throughout the series. Contacting Luka (from the *Monster Girl Quest* series) to consult him on the attraction of the harem. The latest chapter, **Chapter 33**, gave hints of his unaware, potent energy.

"A blinding light circling around him. He swayed his arms, checking if it was him. Evident it was him, but he didn't recognize himself. Surrounding his body was a fiery type armor. It reminded him of movies that portrayed warriors. His hair was long, extending below his shoulders. He appeared older, his face displayed sternness and seriousness. As he looked further, he saw the sweltering source of the footsteps. Her crimson lips smiled behind him. That was all he could see. When he reached forward, the darkness shouted loudly as if God himself touchdown onto this Earth. Lincoln dropped to the ground, feeling whatever force that compelled that temptress spirit."

There is a spirit guide that feeds into his brain. There isn’t a name, but it has spoken to him a couple of times in the series. Lincoln believes that is coming from his conscience. Here is an example in **Chapter 24**.

*You weren't chosen by random, Lincoln. There was a reason for that night. It is to the point where the trip to Lake Michigan was no accident. Everything works in the universe by an order of design. People are designated or assigned to certain places for a reason. Something within compelled her to do the deeds that fateful night. Once again, Lake Michigan trip was no accident. The trip had a purpose. Summer had a purpose with you. You had a purpose, but you must know your origin.*

The spirit has spoken to Lincoln again in **Chapter 25**.

*Understand that there are no mistakes if it is a destiny. Everything happens for a reason.*
Your father displays good wisdom, Lincoln. It is really sad to see him caught in a web of this situation. He isn't lying. I am beginning to suspect that he, too, is aware of the role of being an unwilling participant. It is sad, but we must fill the roles in order to serve a higher purpose. There is something in the paradigm, Lincoln. It is coming closer and closer by the minute. Be prepared for the day is approaching. Don't know when, but is happening. Like day follows night and night follows day.

**Spoilers:** Because my girlfriend thinks that this will keep readers interested, Lincoln isn't your typical human. Matter-of-factly, he may have supernatural powers that he is unaware of, yet! And that is something he doesn't understand at this time!

**The direction of the plot?**

**Lincoln attending the masquerade ball and his journey to Canada are connected.**

**Spoilers:** Willow, despite her breaking the rules of vampire dynamics, plans to make Lincoln her familiar by using her spells. Her plans is to mark Lincoln to let members of the vampire council that Lincoln belongs to Willow. This was mentioned in **Chapter 27.** Willow's reasoning is because of Nory's (Ayna) plans of using Lincoln. This was mentioned in **Chapter 21.** Nory makes a deal with her sister, Willow, to form an alliance so they can share Lincoln. After taking some time to think, Willow refuses. Because of her refusal, Nory plans to send Lincoln to a rogue confederation of vampires, who were already seeking for Lincoln. In return of sending them Lincoln, she would be given him as a present (or slave) after the confederation is done with him. As she mentioned, they want his energy. She gives Willow another chance to reconsider the option. Thus, that is the reason why Willow wants to receive Lincoln before Nory does.

**Chapter 33** gives hint of their knowledge of Lincoln and their impending strike. **Spoilers:** The events are going to take place during Lincoln's journey to Canada. This is also when Summer makes her appearance.

As for the events at the masquerade ball, that won't be released. I will say that Willow, Nory, Lincoln, and a few others would display their true colors at the ball. This is when Luka steps in and explains to Lincoln about his personality and their attraction to him, following the ball.

**Who in the hell is part of the harem? Who are the main characters? The minor characters?**

My friends, my girlfriend, and I sat down and discussed it. They believed the numbers were too large, thus confusing the readers, including themselves. With much thought and consideration, and also the abundance of the appearances in the series, these are the main characters. **Willow, Nory Shishani, Luna Loud, Sam, Chloe Molyneaux, and Rita Loud.**

**Willow**

Willow is a vampire from England, but settled in Royal Woods as her hunting ground. Her background is of Arabic-Chechen and Anglo-Saxon roots. Not much is told about her family, but she lived in a villa in Northern England. When she became a vampire is unknown, but she has traveled throughout the world and has changed her identity to keep herself concealed from others. She is over four hundred years old and is a mother of two (a son and a daughter, Emily). The fathers of her children were kidnapped by Willow and forced to procreate with her. Both of her children are dhampirs. Her son is deceased, but lost contact with Emily after she discovering about her father. Emily has since became a vampire hunter and currently lives in Canada, unbeknownst to Willow.

She is independent, but needy. She obsessed over anything that stands in her way. She is a yandere
and has made threats to anyone in the way, including Lincoln if he has interactions with the other girls. She has a quick, short temper and is quickly jealous.

Willow isn't her real name.

She is a technophobe and doesn't like wearing modern clothing. She practices magic and has a ward, Haiku, as an apprentice for spells and potions.

She is the younger sister of Nory (Ayna). Although there isn't much explained of their childhood, but she and Nory never got along.

As for her appearance, she looks identical to Mao from the Maoyu (or Archenemy and Hero) series.

Nory (Ayna) Shishani

Nory is a student attending Royal Woods School with her crush, Lincoln Loud. Her background is of Arabic-Chechen and East Asian origin. Similar to her sister, not much is told about her family. Unlike Willow's becoming a vampire, Nory was born as a monster. She has yet to detail what kind of monster she is, but according to Willow, she is a very strong force. She grew up with her half-sister in a villa in England. They didn't get along during childhood and their lack of a relationship faltered after Willow's mother betrayed their father. As punishment, Willow served under Nory as a familiar until Willow made the age of her emancipation.

How she came to Royal Woods is unknown. Although she portrays herself as a teenager, she is over four hundred years old. She has a daughter (who passes as her grandmother). She lives in the same apartment complex as harem member, Sam.

Nory plays the role of an introverted, perverted hikikomori who spends time playing video games, watching anime, and her overly obsession with her large pornography (hentai) collection. She has a large abundance of sex toys and cosplay outfits for every day of the week. She isn't afraid to use those items on Lincoln.

Her true personality is the exact opposite. She is greedy, selfish, jealous, short-tempered, and crafty. She isn't afraid to challenge anyone standing in her way, especially when it is her sister, Willow.

Unlike Willow, Ayna is her real name.

As for her appearance, she looks identical to a dark-haired Fumi from Aoi Hana (Sweet Blue Flowers).

Luna Loud

In These Random Moments series, Luna Loud is the one of the elder Loud siblings. A high school student, Luna is an aspiring rock musician and enjoys the company of her band, her girlfriend, Sam, and Lincoln.

She shares a strong relationship with Lincoln and desires to be more than just brother-sister. She hopes to one day marry her brother and her girlfriend in their personal wedding ceremony.

Just like any harem, Luna is jealous hearted and doesn't like anyone focusing their attention on Lincoln, including her sisters. She does, however, has loose alliances with Leni and Lori Loud.

Her commitment to Sam and Lincoln is equal. She believes in sharing with each other, unless there
is special permission for alone time. Her comical effect is her constant use of chloroform to deter Lincoln from escaping.

Luna hopes to become a mother one day with Lincoln's baby.

**Sam**

In *These Random Moments* series, Sam is a high school student and the girlfriend of Luna and Lincoln Loud. She is aspiring rock musician and enjoys the company of her band, Luna, and Lincoln.

She shares a strong relationship with Luna and Lincoln and expresses desires of a family. Unlike the other members of a harem, Sam is more calm, cool, and collected. She trusts Lincoln and believes in his best interests, for as long he is committed to her when they engaged in sex. She, however, doesn't fill her end of the sharing bargain for she has sex with Lincoln with her girlfriend's knowledge. She has purposely sabotages her birth control to get pregnant with Lincoln's child, but no success.

She is somewhat childish and has a comedic side, which somewhat compares to Luna. She can become jealous when Lincoln gives the other girls more attention than anyone else.

**Chloe Molyneaux**

Chloe Molyneaux is a textbook example of prissy and pampered. The product of Peruvian and Franco-Japanese parents, she was unfamiliar of living in modesty. Her parents were diplomats, working for the United Nations. It was because of her parent's line of work that she was able to be spoiled. She was raised by her maids. Those who managed to stay took care of whatever interest she desired. By the time she entered the fourth grade, she has been kicked out of many prestigious private schools from Tokyo, Geneva, Hong Kong, London, and New York City. Tired of her nonsense, her parents send her to America to live with her aunt. She stayed in Philadelphia for a while until her aunt, Ms. DiMartino came and made her live with her in Royal Woods.

Out of the many people who have been through her, she was the only one who maintained her grip with Chloe.

Since arriving to Royal Woods, she didn't like the boring lifestyle of a commoner. At any moment's notice, she teased and bullied people. Of course, she had retaliation, but she was quick to bounce back. What amazed many people was her openness in being transgender. It didn't matter to her when they called her names, she was proud and unashamed of who she was. Because of her proud orientation, she was afraid of displaying herself in provocative clothing. Her looks became the desires of many boys and including girls to the school.

Chloe is known for her promiscuity with the many boys she has slept with. It slowed down after meeting Lincoln, the only boy who didn't return her affection. Chloe annoys Lincoln at any moment's notice, often serving as her slave or sexual relief. Despite her nature, Chloe is another textbook example for tsundere and she values his friendship. She deeply cares for him, but is too prideful to admit.

As for her appearance, she looks identical to the character Kaname from the *Kaname* series. I never got into the series, but my girlfriend loves it and when she displayed it to me, she fit the character.

**Rita Loud**

Rita Loud, in *These Random Moments*, is a classic example of an obsessed yandere. She
is enamored for Lincoln's affection and does whatever necessary to obtain it. Rita is cheating on her husband with Lincoln and doesn't seem to display any remorse for her infidelity. At any moment’s notice, she was within his reach. Rita cares for her family, including her husband. At the same time, she sees them as a threat and liability. She has formed a loose alliance with Lucy, but with conditions.

Rita is one of the couple of girls who has heighten the level of this harem. There were moments where she has raped Lincoln. Lincoln believes her love for him stems deeper than the harem.

Who are the secondary characters in this harem?

Lucy, Luan, Lori, Leni, and Miki, as of now, are secondary/supporting characters in this harem. As for appearance of Miki, she is compared to Michelle Kaiou (Sailor Neptune) from *Sailor Moon*.

Who are the minor characters in this harem?

As of now, Tomoko, Nurse Kazami, Ms. DiMartino, Lynn, Haiku, and Emily. Haiku will be used later in the story. Emily serves as special purpose in the near future. As for the appearance, Tomoko is identical to Oka (*Mysterious Girlfriend X*); Nurse Kazami is identical to Ryoko (*Tenchi Muyo!* series); and Emily is identical to Karin Maaka (*Chibi Vampire*).

How long will this series last? I am not sure. Not until I have connected the dots and filled the gaps. I can honestly see this as an ongoing series. I say that because of my introduction to vampiric characters, I have plans of introducing some other monster creatures. As a teaser, things are going to be eventful in Canada.

I hope that I was resourceful as ever to cover some ground for this. This guide should better help understand what is going on in this crazy train. If you have any questions, then leave your comments below or message my line.

Thanks for reading the Random Idiot’s Guide to Surviving These Random Moments. Enjoy life, even if those moments are random.
Without further ado, this is part two of the random moment of the ball with Lincoln. A set of events are going to unfold as Lincoln goes to this ball. This chapter is setting the events that are going to make a turn for Lincoln when he makes his move to Canada.

In this chapter, Lincoln has a nightmare that worries Chloe. At the ball, Nory gets a phone call from an important contact.

A/N: This chapter will open some revelation about Nory and her true form. This chapter also features boy x trap content between Lincoln and Chloe. Honestly, I am still having mixed feelings about this chapter. My girlfriend, [the girlfriend of the author] and another writer went through this chapter. They agree that this chapter is suitable. Despite their approval, I am still having mixed feelings.

So, I am going to let you guys decide on what you think of this chapter.

She looks like the devil

It was not the kind of devil that appeared demonic, heavily clad in its crimson skin, horns, and goat skin. It was not either the kind of devil that was in a form of a serpent. This devil was amongst him, hidden deep within the crevices of the living. Casting a shadow in the dark where no one could really see; unless anyone was searching for trouble. Behind such a ominous, detritus being of omnipotence was a human being like him. She shared qualities like any human. She had grey eyes, silver long hair, curvy body, and the like. She was delicate. That was the best way he could describe her, delicate. Her body was build in such a way that he felt the gods sculpted this kind of beauty. Her lips, that looked soft like an infant, spreading her smile that exposed all of her teeth. It was not a smile that greeted others when seeing a friend or a loved one. It was a kind of smile that perceived as threatening. In the back of his mind, something was whispering in his ear to leave. Get away while he still can. Trembling as he stood as the devil made her way to his direction.

When he quickly shut his eyes, no longer was he in his class. However, he was in his class. But there was not any learning going on. No teacher giving him information of the world; no students paying attention to him or being distracted in the typical traps of their budding adulthood. Instead, it was substituted in an atmosphere he can best described as a tragedy. No, he lamented; a massacre. In front of him, he saw the walls heavily coated in blood. Bones and ashes of the formerly living, descreated like garbage. Couldn't tell which one was a friend from an enemy. A figure from anything. He knew in that moment, in that very second, as his breath was giving himself away, that the devil was looming over him. Showing her eyes, displaying such a devilish smile that it was damning.

How can she be this dangerous, but looks so charming, he had explained herself. She tilted his head, lifting to a position where the pain radiated through his skin. She was aware and loved it, keeping her grip; giving him a solemn, but deadly reminder of who was in control of his fate.

"Bathe with me in the beauty of this sacrament or depart like the others," the devil told him in a course, hoarse whisper. "Lay your life with me. Forget those that care about you for they are no longer part of this world. Settle with your inequalities and burn with me with your yolk. It will serve as a burnt sacrifice, lying beneath the quilt of despair. Lie with me and die with me. For we
will be swallowed like the pit, buried in a grave, but you are with me. What do you say?"

Blood escaped from his tear ducts. The devil withdrew a deeper grin. The nail embedding the skin, piercing it, creating a reservoir around her palm. "Lay your life with me. Bathe with me in the beauty of this sacrament or depart like the others. Your final call. Make your choice on what you want, my precious child."

He took deep breaths, closing his eyes. Vacating himself from this world, escaping from the devil that was in front of him. He began screaming such a mighty shout. A shout that can provoke the omnipotent. A shout that can be heard from the heavens. He screamed such a shout that he noticed the spread of a mighty force descending from his back. The devil's face changed, displaying her darkness from her once, lovely grey pupils. He continued shouting, making a declaration of something that he didn't know what to do. He felt a force that needed to be opened.

A force within him that was trapped. It just needed to be provoked was all.

Lincoln

Lincoln

Lincoln

He felt something hitting him. He was feeling dizzy. A tremendous headache throbbed from his forehead. If he were to throw up, this would have been the occasion. "Lincoln, are you okay?" He turned to see that he was no longer in the classroom. No longer was he challenged by the devil. He took sharp breaths, releasing a slight groan. He panted loudly. He placed his hand on his chest. He observed his surroundings. He remembered that he was in a limo. He was getting ready to attend the masquerade ball with Chloe.

Chloe had her hand on the car phone. The moment she saw Lincoln come to, she tightly wrapped her fist. "What in the hell happened to you, you dog," she said furiously. "It looked like you were having a panic attack. And I was this close to calling the paramedics because you weren't going to die in my limo." She snapped her fingers. "Nor you were going to foam or vomit on my Alexander McQueen dress."

"Chloe, listen, I am sorry." He tried to calm himself down. He was getting to explain before Chloe rushed to his sight. She buried herself in his chest. He felt the vibration of her sniffling. He put his chin down, putting his hand through her hair. Chloe blushed, then noticed that Lincoln's nose was bleeding. She reached for her handkerchief and dabbed it on his nose.

"What happened," questioned Lincoln. "I knew we were talking for a few moments and then I, I don't know."

Chloe was still wiping the blood on his nose. "You were talking and suddenly you went blank." She observed his nose, seeing that there wasn't any move blood.

She lifted her face to him. "Don't ever do something like that again, you dog." She wiped her eyes with her hand. "You were scaring me, Lincoln. You were freaking me out. You were mumbling things I couldn't understand. Don't do me like that again. I could have lost you, you stupid dog."

She returned her face to Lincoln's chest. Lincoln rubbed his hands through her hair. "I am sorry for scaring you, Chloe. I didn't mean to put you in harm's way."

She lifted her face. "Yes, you are right. See to it that you don't do that again." She took Lincoln's cheeks and carried them to her lips. She enveloped those lips tightly around hers. Their tongues did
a dance with each other before she released. She gave him another peck on the lips before sitting back on the seat. She looked to the window. "We aren't far from the venue. There is a traffic jam. It may another half hour before we get there. Maybe some time for you think of something from your useless head to talk to my parents...."

Lincoln wrapped his arms tightly around Chloe. He rested his chin on her shoulder. He kissed the back of her neck. He trailed his nose from the shoulder blade to the back of her head. "I am sorry for scaring you, Chloe. I am sorry." He continued kissing her neck. Chloe felt the sensations of his kisses, sending bolts of electricity down her spine. She let out the small moans, not fighting what Lincoln was doing.

"Stop for a moment," insisted Chloe. Chloe clicked on the intercom. "Lincoln and I are going to have a private discussion. Please don't bother us at this time."

"Certainly, Miss Molyneaux," replied the driver.

Chloe took Lincoln's hand. She kissed it tenderly, pressing her lips on each finger. She licked the fingertips. Lincoln extended his hand to where her breast was and grabbed it.

She took a sharp breath, stopping herself from continuing.

"We have to be careful, you dog," she said nervously. "I don't want to wrinkle this outfit."

"We won't do much," said Lincoln. "At least let me make it up to you." He pointed at her obvious erection from her dick. She turned beet red. Before she could obliged, Lincoln was making his way inside of her dress. She tried to resist but felt like melting as she felt his teeth pulling on her panties.

Lincoln tugged her panties until he saw her dick. It wasn't the first time he had tasted her dick. The area was clean shaven. Lincoln blew his hot breath onto her dick, which made her jumped. Lincoln didn't know what caused him to be like this. As if some surge of energy promoted him to do this.

He kissed the phallus of her dick. He put her dick into his mouth cavern.

He tasted the salty contents while using his free hand to caress her balls. She was taking hormone therapy, so her dick and her balls were descending. So, in Lincoln's mind, her dick was nothing more than an extended clit or an extra organ. He secretly joked to Clyde as it was a decoration "for the source of her bitchiness."

Chloe moaned, grabbing hold to the seat as Lincoln continued to applying pressure on her dick.

"Yes, you dog," she moaned. "This feels so fucking good. Right there, baby. Right there. You know the spot."

Lincoln knew that Chloe was quick to climax. He knew there wasn't much time before their arrival to the event, so he speed up the process.

"Yes, yes, yes," she screamed.

Lincoln accepted the contents of her pre-cum entering his mouth. He swallowed as he knew there was more to come.

"Yeah, baby," she screamed loudly. "I am about there, Lincoln, you stupid dog, Lincoln. Lincoln. Lincoln!" She curled her toes. She patted his head through her dress. "You want the cream, you kitty? You want the cream?"

She felt Lincoln's suction of his mouth that she began shivering as climax was approaching.
"Je vais jouir," she screamed in French. "Je vais jouir. I am coming, Lincoln."

Lincoln accepted her milk as she released it inside of him. At each spurt, he took her sperm. She moaned each time she released. He continued until there was nothing left. It wasn't long until he pulled her panties back on and came from inside of her dress. Lincoln stared at the stunned Chloe, swallowing her contents.

Lincoln was greeted with a slap from Chloe. However, Chloe wasn't remotely upset. She let out a smile before kissing Lincoln at the spot she slapped him.

"Ne fais plus jamais autre chose comme ça. C'est mon travail d'être en charge de vous (Don't ever do something else like that again. It is my job to be in charge of you)," said Chloe while wiping the saliva from her face.

"Je ne parle pas français (I don't speak French)," replied Lincoln with a smile.

She put her middle finger to his face. "You can understand that, can you?"

Lincoln took the middle finger and slid it into his mouth. He licked her finger as she began moaning. Her erection quickly returned.

"My God, Lincoln," said Chloe with a hint of concern in her voice. "What's going on with you?"

He stopped, even himself realizing what was occurring with himself. "I don't know, Chloe. I honestly don't know."

Chloe grabbed his hand to get him up from the floor and he sat next to her. Chloe, still blushing, lied on his lap. "Be my resting post, dog, until we get there." I love you, you stupid dog! Even a bitch like me needs something to lie on. Good boy!

Lincoln shook his head in agreement.

A few minutes later, the limo drove into the Palmer Woods subdivision. The Detroit bedroom suburb, Palmer Woods, is known for its elm-lined streets, large brick and stone homes in Tudor Revival architecture, set back from the street behind contiguous uninterrupted lawn.

Lincoln was fascinated as he saw that the lots were large, with ample room for trees, play equipment, and a good expanse of grass. Scottish coats of arms, leaded stained glass windows, and other features, such as a water fountain in some of the homes. Some of the properties boasted more than one structure: He saw additional houses, a guest house, or maids’ quarters. The streets gently curved through the forested neighborhood.

"Don't get used to see these kinds of things, you dog," uttered Chloe. "No doormat in the world is suitable for you there. Be just grateful that I am taking care of this mutt."

Lincoln took another sip of his ginger ale as Chloe explained about where the ball was going to take place. "The house is very huge. It is called the Bishop Gallagher house. Some old padre used to live there. About over 60 rooms. Pretty huge to be honest. I have gone there a few times."

"So, this masquerade ball," questioned Lincoln. "Is this for an event or a party."

"A party," answered Chloe. "A lot of important people from all walks of life are going to be there. Most of them are just people my parents made friends with over the years."

"Who is the host," questioned Lincoln.
Chloe shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. Why does it matter? We are there to have fun, socialize. Is there a problem going with me?"

He shook his head in disagreement. "Excuse me of the questioning, Chloe. I am very curious. I just wanted to know is all. Especially will there be other teenagers or something."

"I know there should be some other teenagers," said Chloe. "I just want to get my hands on some blackjack."

"You gamble," asked Lincoln while raising his eyebrow.

Chloe smiled. "I dabble dabble. From time to time." She let out a slight laughter. "I mean I win some, lose some. Like that time in Monte Carlo, but hey I wanted to go in...."

"I get it, I get it," replied Lincoln. He took Chloe's hand. "Let's just have some fun."

Chloe didn't answer him, but she was grateful that he was with her. She hoped that introducing him to her parents would show that she was doing fine. She was finding stability. She sighed as the limo made the entrance to the driveway of the Gallagher house.

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Nory was parked in a vehicle adjacent from the Gallagher house. She was peeling an orange, discarding the remains in a plastic bag. She saw the limo making the entrance to the mansion. The guard allowed them entrance, watching the vehicle joined the other line of vehicles parked in front of the mansion. Like she thought, she saw the doors opened and there was Chloe and her Lincoln.

Right on schedule.

_Did this bitch actually think she was trying to pull a Grace Kelly look? Faggot ass._

_Now, my senpai. Easy, boy. You are going to make me forget about my objective. You are making your purchase too easily for me. Calm down, Ayna. Don't let your perverted side hit you again._

"The day of reckoning is here," said Nory to herself as she took a bite of her orange. Nory, too, was dressed in an outfit for tonight's masquerade ball. She was wearing a baby blue evening dress. Her mask was in her purse.

And among other things.

Her cell phone interrupted her thoughts. She widened her eyes when seeing the person calling her. She answered the phone on the first ring.

_Hello, this is Ayna._

_Good evening! Is the boy here?_

The deep, heavy feminine voice drew such a fear onto Nory's skin. This was a woman who meant business. Since making contact with her, she has been wanting to know Lincoln's whereabouts. It wasn't too long ago when the woman made her appearance when following Lincoln to the storage. When seeing his energy, she knew she picked the right person. Nory received the phone call from the vampire and knew that it was only a matter of time before the vampire made her move. She didn't know anything more about the vampire, with the exception she is a feared leader of her council.

She also didn't know her real name, but many around her called her Fujiko.
He is, Fujiko. I just saw him enter the mansion.

Fujiko?

Sorry, Mistress Fujiko.

Good! Is he alone?

He is not! He has a guest.

Can that guest be neutralized?

Her? Hell yeah. It won't be much to put her down.

Watch your language, Ayna. You are on assignment.

Sorry, Mistress Fujiko.

Your plan is simple. Get the boy alone.

That can work. However, we have a tail. In fact, make that a pair.

I thought you were going to handle them.

Willow is not a threat. She is a weakling. And her ward is nothing but....

Listen, here, you succubus scum. We told you to eliminate any threats. God, why do we rely on you people.

Because you need "us people" because your pale ass can't do the job in the day, God damnit!. I am minding my tongue because you promised me what I want. The boy is here. I did my part. Now, do your damn part and giving me what I want. Which is delivering the boy to me after you are done consuming his energy.

Mind thy tongue, woman. I would damn if some perverted slut talks to me in such a manner. If I report this to the council, then people will swarm for the privilege of getting you. Then, how are you going to report to your council, Ayna? According to your council rules, any outside consultation without telling your leader is considered one of the worst violations. Do you want to be a traitor to your race, Ayna?

No, I don't.

We will use him to our convenience and when we are done, you are able to have him, you low, bottom-feeding scum. Got it?

Yes, ma'am.

That's a good girl. Now, apologize to me, now!

I am sorry.

Sorry for what?

Sorry for not knowing my place, Mistress Fujiko.
Thank you. Now, eliminate the threat before we get there. If not, the deal is off and we will let our council know about this. Understand?

Yes!

Good to know! The home has several passageways accessible for us. We will come when the time is right. By the time of our arrival, those threats better be neutralized or our boy should be in your hands. Do I make my orders clear?

Yes, boss!

Great! Well, I don’t want to keep you from your work. Be sure to have these goals clear before my arrival.

The phone call ended. Nory cursed under her breath while hitting the steering wheel. She bit into her lip. Her eyes changed color as she looked into the mirror and her nails began to grow. Her frustration caused her horns to protruding from her head. She closed her eyes, trying to take deep breaths. She tried to focus on her plan, anything to fight her pride from earlier. Thoughts of Lincoln ran through her mind.

Listen, I care about you. I do. So, don't forget that. Okay?

You are more than spoiled milk, Nory. You are more than just spoiled milk, Ayna Rovzan Shishani.

I mean, your personality, was that really you? This role of yours now is so confident. It is kind of scary.

I do what I can to make you satisfied, Nory.

No matter what others think of you, I will still be with you to the end. Don't forget that.

I know I don't say it much, but I really enjoy being around you, Nory. I just guess it's weird to say.

Nory allowed her tears to escape her eyes. She rested her face on the steering wheel. Her eyes were returning to normal. The horns were disappearing. Her nails were going back to normal.

"I am sorry, Lincoln. I am sorry for putting you in harm's way."

She gave herself the sign of the cross before stepping out of the vehicle.

"Forgive me, Lincoln. But, the day of reckoning is here. I must give you up if I want to have you," she said as she began letting out a slight sob. "If it means killing my sister and her ward, then so be it."

"It's nothing personal, but the way of how the game is played. Forgive me, Senpai. Please, please forgive me, Senpai. It's for you. It's for us. So, please don't take this likely, my dear Senpai!"

This concludes the random trip to the masquerade ball. To be continued on the next chapter.

A/N: Spoilers: The conversation between Nory and her contact, Fujiko, plays an important role for Fujiko is responsible for arranging the deal of taking Lincoln to her rogue vampire council. As of now, what we do know of Fujiko is that she is the leader of the Confederation
of rogue vampires. In the previous chapters, Nory has told Willow of the council. Nory promised Willow to not bring Lincoln in unless she made an agreement to share Lincoln with her. Since her sister's refusal, she has decided to tell Fujiko about Lincoln. In another chapter, Fujiko discovered Lincoln after following him to the storage unit. As she was trying to reach Lincoln, she saw the amount of energy he produced. That confirmed Fujiko to Nory that Lincoln was the boy she was looking for. Fujiko decided to use the masquerade ball as the place to get Lincoln. Even though Nory is aware, she still has her doubts.

This chapter reveals that Nory's true form is a lilim, which is a form of a succubus.

As for Lincoln's dream, it will serve an importance in the future.

Hopefully, this explains enough details. Excuse me for the confusion, but I am just an amateur writer. For those who have stayed this long through this journey, thank you for your undying support. I hope the next chapter will get heavy into the meat at the masquerade ball.

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