

A Siren's Song

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A Siren's Song

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Lincoln falls for an ASMR creator with a bewitching voice. Little does he know, the object of his affections is actually his spookiest sister!

Chapter 1

Lincoln let out a sigh of relief as he finally closed the door to his room. His day had been far too long, even for someone used to dealing with a family as crazy as his. He winced as he thought once again of the torture of Lynn's "training camp," and all the scrubbing he'd had to do to get the residue of Lisa's latest experiment off of him. None of that could hurt him now, though. With a tired smile, he slipped out of his pants, yanked off his shirt, and collapsed onto his bed. He had only one thing left to do before he could take his well-earned rest.

Lincoln nestled himself into his comforter, letting his body heat soak into the cold blankets. He grabbed his trusty laptop off the ground and navigated to ForTube, his favorite video sharing website. His eyes instinctively drifted to the sidebar that alerted him to new videos. His only subscription, GhostVampASMR, had a circle beside it. It seemed that today was his lucky day! Lincoln reached under his bed and grabbed a pair of Luna's old headphones. Another dose of that tingling feeling was exactly what he needed right now.

Lincoln had recently become enamored with ASMR videos. When Clyde first told him that listening to whispers on the internet could "make you feel like you were being tickled by an angel," he was incredulous. How in the heck could listening to some weirdo talk over headphones make you feel good? He had tried several different channels, looking for something that would elicit the mythical "auto sensory meridian response," but the most he had ever mustered was a little shiver.

His doubts melted away, though, when he found the channel he was currently browsing; There was something about the muted rasp in GhostVampASMR's voice that calmed him and made him feel flush at the same time. Her videos never failed to coax that phantom lightning sensation out of him. He just couldn't get enough of them. He had even gone to the trouble of making a ForTube account just to keep better track of her new uploads.

The weary boy fluffed up his pillows and found the most comfortable position to lay in. He wanted to get the most out of this. When he was settled nicely, he placed the oversized headset over his ears and clicked the play button. The familiar black screen and white text greeted him. Tonight's video was another poetry reading. He would have preferred another vampire roleplay, or perhaps a scary story, but he was happy with whatever he could get.

"Hello, internet strangers" the intoxicating voice whispered in his ear. "Welcome to another poetry session." He could already feel a shiver creeping up his back.

"Tonight, I'm going to cover some pieces about the futility of existence. So, languish as you find yourself the length of one ASMR video closer to death. Or, sit back and enjoy. Whichever you prefer." Lincoln decided that he would sit back and enjoy.

Lincoln closed his eyes and let the sounds of the strange girl's voice wash over him. He admitted that he never really grasped the meaning behind her poems, but the subject matter was immaterial compared to the delivery. Even as he listened to her talk about withering away, and the death of the universe, a warm fuzzy feeling grew at the base of his spine. This

girl could whisper the phone book at him while raking her nails on a chalkboard and Lincoln would still love every second. She rasped something about planets dying, and he was in heaven; The ghostly tingling ambled its way up his spine, and back down again.

The middle Loud let out something between a contented sigh and a yawn. He was already in tingly throes, and his spooky friend had barely even scratched the surface of her queue of poems. Normally let himself fall asleep to her videos, but he felt like he had earned the tingly relaxation that her voice brought him. He had gone through hell today, after all. Lincoln steeled himself against the sleepiness that his supremely relaxed state had invited. He deserved to make it through the whole thing. Paper shuffled in the background of the video, as GhostVamp reached for her next piece. "I call this next one 'Falling in Love with a Ghost.' It's pretty heavy stuff." For once, Lincoln thought he might be able to relate.

Lincoln lay there, in contented, comfy bliss right up until his mysterious benefactor rasped out her last poem. "And, that's all I have for today. I hope you were mortified by those depressing truths. Or that you had an ASMR experience. Either one would be fine. Tune in in the next few days, and I may have something new for you."

Lincoln grinned a particularly sleepy grin, to himself. He hoped "a few days" meant "tomorrow," but that was probably a little greedy of him.

He clicked the like button and was about to close the lid of his laptop when a thought struck him. He should leave a comment, for once. To tell the girl who made him so many nice videos what he thought. He chased the thought from his mind. That would be weird. But the thought returned. What was the worst that could happen, after all? No one would ever know it was him. Before he could think better of it, he drafted a quick comment.

"You have the prettiest voice I've ever heard! I love your videos."

He clicked send before he could second-guess himself. There, now he had shown the mysterious girl his appreciation. He just hoped she wasn't weirded out. Trying not to pursue that line of thinking any further, Lincoln removed his headphones, set his computer down, and gave in to the sleep that had been trying to swallow him for so long.

Lincoln peeled himself out of his warm little nest to hit his alarm clock. Despite all the tribulations yesterday had brought, Linc had slept like a baby. With a spring in his step, he donned his favorite clothes and went about his morning routine to get ready for school.

"Why are you so happy, this morning?" Lori narrowed her eyes in suspicion as he crammed himself into the car.

"Oh, no reason, really," he replied nonchalantly. "Just a really good night's sleep, I guess."

Lori seemed satisfied enough, if not a bit jealous that he was in such a good mood.

Just as they were pulling up to school, Lincoln felt a tug at his shirt sleeve. He fought the urge to jump, as he turned to see Lucy holding on to his shirt.

“Lincoln, does the name 'Savvy_Fanatic_05' mean anything to you?”

Lincoln blinked in confusion.

“Uhhh, yeah. It's my ForTube account name. Why?”

Lucy let go of him, as the world's tiniest smirk formed on her lips.

“Just wondering, is all. Have a good day.”

Chapter 2

Lincoln squirmed in place, as he searched yet again, for a comfortable position on the couch. No matter how he draped himself on the ratty old sofa, he could lay for no more than a minute before the urge to shift and turn barged into his mind again. He tried to focus on his rerun of ARGGH!, but even that was proving to be an impossible task.

His favorite ASMR creator hadn't uploaded anything in nearly a week. Gaps between content weren't unusual for her, but such a lengthy pause was perplexing. Although logically he knew better, a certain part of Lincoln couldn't help but wonder if his comment had something to do with her absence. The first time in months that he decided to pipe up and say something just so happened to mark the last time the girl with the pretty voice decided to upload a video.

He knew he was giving himself too much credit, though. Someone as talented as GhostVampASMR likely received hundreds of comments; It was incredibly unlikely she even read his words, let alone that she was spooked away because some kid said he liked her voice. Lincoln shook the ridiculous idea from his head. He had a more important problem than a pretend vampire on the internet, anyway.

A real life pretend vampire had been acting strange around him, lately. More strange than she normally did, at least. By his count, he was over a week overdue for "Lucy's Creepy Poetry Night," and she still hadn't approached him about having a reading. In fact, she hadn't approached him at all. He worried that the little goth was avoiding him, since he had initiated every one of their brief interactions for the past few days. Worse yet, every time he tried to speak to her, she found a reason to slink off and leave him with only a few mumbled words.

He reckoned that she wasn't mad at him, at least. The smirking told him that much. Although, the smirking unsettled him more than any other part of the Lucy situation. His dour little sister fixed him with a smirk every time she thought he wasn't looking, and Lincoln had no idea what to make of it. What could she have known that amused her so much? Did it have something to do with why she wouldn't talk to him, or read him any poems? How on Earth did she know his ForTube account name out of the blue?

"What are you broodin' about, bro?"

Lincoln nearly shot off the couch, as he suddenly became aware of Lynn looming over him.

"Lynn! What are you doing out here!?" he squeaked, his heart hammering in his chest.

"The big fencing tournaments about to start, dude. I need the TV." Lynn did a poor job keeping a giggle out of her voice after his little outburst.

"The real question is, what are YOU doing staring at the ceiling and not even watching your dumb ghost show?"

Lincoln's voice leveled out as he calmed. "I was just thinking about stuff, is all. Is that a crime?"

“It is when you're getting' in the way of my saber rattling. And what do you have to think about, anyway? How wonderful your big sister Lynn is?”

“Ugh, no, Lynn.” That came out a little more indignant than he'd intended. “I was just thinking about-”

He was cut off by a vibration in his pocket. Without a second thought, he gave it a look. It wasn't a text message, it was an email notification. “GhostVampASMR has uploaded a new video!” it read. His eyes lit up, and his heart thumped out of his chest.

“Hellooooo, I was talking to you. Don't go all Lori on me.”

Linc shook his head to bring himself back down. “Sorry, Lynn. You can have the TV. I've gotta go!” Without another word, he dashed to the stairs.

“Whatever, dude!” She called after him. “Go fantasize about me in your room, then!”

Lincoln closed the door behind him, and stripped down to his victory undies at a record pace. Spooky vampire ASMR, like any true art, was best enjoyed in the buff. He hit the lights and scooped up his computer. His excitement neared a fever pitch as he crept into bed, found the prime snuggling position, slapped his headphone over his ears.

Whatever she had been working on for so long was bound to be amazing! Lincoln navigated through his browser like a pack of virtual dogs had been set on him, until he finally arrived at GhostVampASMR's channel. Her latest video, “Vampire Thrall Roleplay” sat right in the middle. It was nearly an hour long. She really had been busy. Without a second's pause, Lincoln clicked on the video. The familiar black title card greeted him, and he tucked his arms under the bed. He tried to let the excitement over the new video drain out of him. It was time to relax, now.

Instead of the voice Lincoln had grown so fond of, the high-pitched squeal of a closing door greeted him. Lincoln quirked an eyebrow. That squeak was oddly familiar. Must have been a stock effect. Regardless, he appreciated the production values she tried to add to the roleplay scenario.

“Well, well, well, it looks like someone just can't keep away from me, can they?” the lovely, scratchy voice murmured in his ear. Already, he shivered, as his muscles began to unclench.

“Just look at you,” he could practically hear the smug smirk on her face, “You seem to be hanging on every word that I say. Why, if I didn't know better, I'd say that you're completely under my spell.” She punctuated the line with the faintest of giggles. Already, he could feel a few ghostly tingles building in his back. The sound of her laugh was a new one.

“I knew you would give up on that ridiculous notion of escape. Why would you ever want to escape from me, darling?” Lincoln's heart skipped a beat, and his face grew warm. He liked the way that last word sounded coming out of her lips. Hopefully, she would call him that again. Or, that she would call the “victim” in her story that again. That was what he meant.

“You're going to be mine forever, you know. If you can't even tear your eyes away from me now, darling, then I doubt you'll ever muster the will to try and leave me again.” He melted into his bed, as the Lincoln never remembered one of her roleplays making him feel so warm, before.

“I'm sure all the other girls,” she spat the words “will be so disappointed that you'll be staying home with me, from now on.” Something spiteful had crept into her rasps. “I'm sure they'll forget about you when some other pretty face comes calling.”

Lincoln came out of his tingling stupor to ponder the person that his pretend vampire mistress was talking to. He must have been an insufferable idiot to try and run off with some lady, when he had a pretty vampire girl who wanted to spend time with him. Well, he didn't actually know what the girl behind the microphone looked like. But someone with a voice as entrancing as hers had to be pretty, right?

“I'm sure you won't be too heartbroken, though, will you? Why would you need anyone else, when you have me?” she crooned. Something decidedly sweeter had replaced the venom. “Who needs to go out, when there's all sorts of fun we could get up to at home?” He heard a string of faint taps, slowly growing in volume; The stereo effect of the headphones gave the illusion that she was approaching him. That was new.

Bedsprings creaked a short distance away. Wait, they were on a bed? His flush grew deeper. Had his bed been this warm when the video started? The creaking approached where his feet would be, and kept heading forward. “I'm sure you can think of all sorts of fun things to try, right?” Every syllable sounded closer than the last, as the audible illusion of the girl crawled up to him.

He let out a little gasp, as she whispered directly into his left ear “I know that I have all sorts of things in mind.” Her voice had shifted from her normal hushed rasp to a husky groan. Despite his love for the rasp, Linc didn't mind the change. Had his pants always been so tight?

He was sweating, now. She let out a little sigh, and his left ear burned at the phantom sensation. His whole body was warming at illusion she had created. He didn't fully grasp how she did it, but he didn't care. It sounded like she was actually in his bed with him. Like her hot, choppy breath was actually in his ear. His hand slid under his blanket and idly rested on the waistband of his underwear. He had no idea that her little roleplay was going to go this direction, but he was glad it did.

Then, she kissed him. One wet smack right below his ear. His face was on fire. He could feel the ghost of the kiss right at the bottom of his left jaw. “Is this what you want, too?” she cooed in his ear, ever so softly. He didn't think her voice had ever sounded so beautiful.

“Good answer,” she purred, before planting another kiss against his neck. And another. And another after that. Lincoln let his fingers slip under his waistband, as the illusion of a pretty vampire lavished him with kisses. He knew that ASMR could evoke strange sensations, but he never thought arousal would be one of them. He grasped the tented erection that had been bothering him. This was most likely going to be a quick one. The kissing sounds were driving him utterly mad.

Lincoln felt a tap on his right shoulder. He froze. He hoped he had imagined that. He removed his hand from his underwear as stealthily as he could manage, and slowly peeked on eye open. Nothing. He let out a sigh of relief.

And then he was tapped again. His eyes shot open, and he bolted upright, jerking his head around to see who was there. His headphones slid off his ears in the commotion. In the darkness, he couldn't see anyone, but he was sure that he felt another tap that time.

“Lincoln.”

“AAAAUGH!” For the second time that night he catapulted out of his seat in fear.

“Lincoln, it's just me,” said Lucy, with just a hint of concern.

“Lucy! Don't do that! And, what are you doing here!?” Lincoln squealed, a little louder than he probably needed to.

As his eyes adjusted a bit to the darkness, he was finally able to make out the form of his eldest younger sister standing at the side of his bed.

“I wanted to ask if you were feeling up to hearing some of my poems. I feel like I'm overdue to share some with you.”

“Well, couldn't you have knocked first?!”

“I knocked for a very long time, actually. Eventually, I worried that you had died, so I just came in. What were you doing, anyway?” Lincoln couldn't quite place the tone that had crept into Lucy's voice when she asked that question.

“I wasn't doing anything! I was just, uh, j-just relaxing. Nothing major.”

“So, do you want to listen to my poems, then? Since you're not doing anything.”

“I, uh. Well, I'm a little, uh... A little busy, at the moment, actually.”

“Busy doing nothing?”

“Yes, actually. I'm, uh, right about to go to sleep. That's it. Sleep. I'm tired!” He forced a yawn. “So, how about you come back tomorrow, and we can have poetry night then?”

“Sigh. I should have known we'd need to plan in advance. Alright, tomorrow night it is, then.”

“Yep, tomorrow night! Bye, Lucy!” Linc nearly shouted, giving her a big, exaggerated wave.

Lucy simply nodded and turned away. Mercifully, she shut the door behind her. Lincoln waited until he heard the tapping of her shoes grow faint, and the high pitched squeal of Lucy and Lynn's door being closed. Lincoln frowned. Even in the dark, he could make out that smirk. She wasn't even trying to hide it, now.

Later. He could worry about that later. Lincoln grabbed his headphones and clicked back to the point he was at before. As weird and terrifying as it was, Lucy's interruption hadn't actually done anything to scare away his erection. As the audible illusion of the vampire girl turned her attention back to him, he began to stroke himself.

The phantom sighed, and giggled as she trailed kisses down from the tip of his ear to his collarbone, and back up again. Linc could already feel the thin, watery substance leaking out of his tip. He was amazed that just sounds could do this to him. He hadn't looked at a single lewd image recently, and he was already about to finish.

“You know, darling,” the husky whisper broke his rhythm, “all of this playing is nice, but I'm starting to desire something... more.” There was something MORE? How far was GhostVampASMR willing to go?

He did a double take when he heard the first slurp. Close to his right ear, he heard an unmistakable, sloppy wet slurping, followed by a faint gulp. No, she couldn't possibly be doing that, could she? She slurped, and sucked, and gulped again. Lincoln could hardly believe his ears. The eloquent, thoughtful, raspy girl that made him shiver was making sloppy blowjob sounds.

His hand redoubled its previous efforts as his imagination ran wild. He tried to picture how she would look, sloppily sucking on a dick. On his dick. How warm, and wet, and soft it would feel to have a beautiful girl trying to please him.

Lincoln didn't manage to imagine for very long. With a few final, rough strokes Linc let out the searing frustration that had been building for what felt like hours. He didn't bother to stifle a groan as he drained himself onto his belly, and sprawled out on his bed in relief.

The sucking sounds didn't subside, though. As Lincoln enjoyed the warmth of his own seed spreading across his belly, he wondered how much stamina the pretend guy in the roleplay could possibly have. He supposed he'd need to work on that, if he was ever seduced by a vampire with a cute voice.

After another few minutes of lewd sounds, GhostVampASMR finally let up. Lincoln smiled, as he fought once again to stay awake to the end. What could she possibly follow that up with?

Bedsprings creaked, as he could only imagine the specter of the girl getting up. “Oh dear, I didn't suck up too much, did I? It's so hard for me to keep track when your blood tastes so delightful.”

Oh. Lincoln slapped his face. Right. Vampire. Blood sucking. That's what she wa-

“But since you were such a good boy today, perhaps there might be another sucking in your future.” She giggled again, as her footsteps clicked against the ground, headed away. “I think we've had enough fun for today, though, big brother.” The door squealed. “I'll leave you to your pitiful little human rest. Try not to get too lonely without me!”

As the video finally reached its end, Lincoln scratched his head. He had certainly enjoyed GhostVamp's new offering, but it felt like a tease, to him. She had to know what those sucking noises sounded like. She even broached the subject at the end, so why even subvert expectations-

Lincoln's eyes snapped open. Did she say big brother? Did she want to keep her big brother trapped in her house with her? Did she kiss her big brother's neck? Did she offer to suck her big brother's dick? Lincoln's heart raced, and a myriad of feelings started to swirl in his mind. His slowly softening penis twitched back to life at the notion, but he did his best to pretend it didn't.

He needed answers, here. What in the heck was this video supposed to be? He scrolled down to the description, which simply read:

“A spooky vampire spends some time with her favorite thrall.”

Lincoln rolled his eyes and groaned. Could there have been a more vague description? Then, he remembered that video descriptions came in two parts. Lincoln clicked the button to expand the description. After a string of blank lines, he found one final bit of text:

“Dedicated to my biggest fan: Savvy_Fanatic_05”

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lincoln's eyes drilled a hole in his uneaten sandwich, as he willed himself not to think of incest. He kicked his feet and shifted in his seat. He reached around to his back to scratch a nonexistent itch. His eyes tried to find something in the kitchen worth looking at, before settling back on the staling stack of bread in front of him. His sandwich provided as little distraction as it ever had.

Lincoln knew incest was gross. It was a thing reserved for hillbillies and royalty, and Lincoln was fairly certain that he was neither. The very thought of doing adult stuff with a member of his own family made him shrink inside.

And yet, when he was... enjoying himself last night, the incest element of GhostVampASMR's roleplay had only aroused him more.

He tried to tell himself that he was simply enamored with the girl and that he would have been titillated with any risque content that she had produced. It was somewhat true, after all; He had often caught himself daydreaming about the girl whose voice mesmerized him. Though her identity and appearance were an enigma, he relished the idea of meeting her. He wondered what her voice would sound like, saying his name. How the lips that delivered that intoxicating rasp would feel.

He shook his head. None of that absolved him, though. He might have enjoyed every minute of her oddly intimate roleplay by virtue of wanting to experience it himself, but he couldn't deny that the incest element made him enjoy the video more.

Why was he so excited by something he knew was wrong, though?

Perhaps it was the forbidden nature of the steamy encounter that appealed to him. Maybe it was the paradoxical purity of the vampire character's love for her brother that made his heart flutter. He supposed it didn't really matter. A pervert was a pervert, either way.

Lincoln felt dirty.

“Are you on, like, a no-carb diet?”

The white-headed boy perked up and turned to the source of the noise. Leni stared back at him, cradling a bundle of fruit in her arms.

“You've been staring at that sandwich like you hate it since breakfast!”

Lincoln blinked. It hadn't really been that long, had it?

“No, Leni, I'm not on a diet. I've just been thinking about stuff.”

“Must be something really rough, then,” she mused out loud. The airhead's face softened, as she plopped an apple in the blender. “Do you want to talk about it?”

Linc sighed. Talking to his sister about his incest dilemma was probably the last thing he should do. “I don't know, Leni. It's sort of... personal.”

Leni drooped slightly and turned her attention to the blender. “That's totes alright. I hope you feel better, though!”

Lincoln watched his older sister peeled a banana. Leni wouldn't understand how he was feeling. How could she? She probably didn't even know what incest was.

Gears began to turn in the back of Linc's mind. No, Leni most certainly wouldn't understand.

It would be such a relief to let some of the storm that had been swirling around his head all day. To be able to hear someone's opinion on his predicament. He could tell Leni all about his problems if he could think of the right way to phrase his thoughts.

Lincoln's gears spun into overdrive.

“Leni?” he asked, finally.

His sister spun on her heels, her eyes brimming with anticipation. “Yes, Linc?”

He paused one final time, to make sure that he had his Leni-speak straight. “What if- what if you knew it was wrong to wear socks with sandals, but you secretly really liked the idea of doing it, anyway?”

Leni's face screwed up, and her hands shot up in front of her face as if to deflect the very notion. “Bleugh!”

Lincoln's face fell, as he turned back to his sandwich.

“Wait! That's like, not what I meant to say!” Leni squeaked out, a little too quickly. Lincoln stirred as he heard the approaching swoosh of flip flops. He looked up just in time to see the mellow green of Leni's dress press against his face, as his sister pulled him into a hug.

“Linc, it doesn't matter if you want to wear socks with sandals! I mean, I think you'd look weird, and so would most other people, but, like, who cares about that?” Leni gave her brother a pat and pulled back to meet his eyes. “If it makes you happy to look like a huge dork, then you should! You're not hurting anyone, or anything. The fashion police aren't going to come and arrest you, you know?”

Lincoln turned Leni's words over in his mind. She wasn't wrong. He could fantasize about all the sultry-voiced vampire incest he wanted, and no one would be hurt. Heck, no one would even know.

Lincoln felt lighter. A smile crept onto face for the first time that day, as he grabbed his sister in another hug.

“Thank you for that, Leni.” He practically beamed as he pulled away. “I think that's exactly what I needed to hear.”

Leni matched her brother's enthusiasm, and then some. “I'm super glad I could help, Lincy.”

She ruffled his hair, before bouncing her way back to the counter. “Totes let me know if fashion is making you sad, again.”

Lincoln maintained a grin. “I totes will, Leni.”

Linc stood with purpose and grabbed his sandwich. He reckoned that he had beaten himself up enough for one day. Enough for several days, even. He had important things to be doing! Lincoln snatched a bite from the haggard old pile of bread, as he bounded towards the stairs.

He failed to clear the kitchen door before he gave in to the urge to spit out the woefully stale bite of pickle and peanut butter. He tacked “make a sandwich and eat it instead of glaring at it” right onto the top of his list of important things.

Lincoln tapped his foot as he pulled his phone from his pocket. It was 6:30pm, meaning that he had been standing, towel in hand, outside the bathroom for nearly 45 minutes. Whoever had been hogging the shower had been in there for over three-quarters of an hour. How could they even stay in there so long without extreme pruning? Lincoln had no idea.

He knew that he really needed a shower, though. He was going to have a poetry night with Lucy for the first time in far too long, and he needed it to go well. Something strange had happened to their relationship recently, and tonight he was hoping to mend it. It wouldn't behoove him to try and smooth things out with his sister with a greasy head and a body that reeked of his... indiscretions, from the night before.

Lincoln tried not to think too hard about what Lucy may have seen, lest he spiral into another miserable stupor.

Lucy always had her hair in her eyes. How good could her vision possibly be? Especially in the pitch black darkness of his room. It wasn't like she had night vision. And even if she could see, she wouldn't possibly have understood what he was doing. If she did, she wouldn't have agreed to come back and read to him.

Lincoln felt safe. By his airtight reasoning, he was convinced that he wouldn't have to explain jerking off to his sister tonight. That was a blessing.

The shower stopped. As Lincoln gathered up his towel and change of clothes, he tried to peg who would step out. There had been no singing, so it probably wasn't Luna. He didn't hear any fighting, so it couldn't have been Lola and Lana. Lori was out with Bobby, and Lynn was still at practice. Leni had been nursing her shake when he had started waiting. As the door creaked open, he hastily settled on Luan.

To his surprise, though, he was greeted by his eldest younger sister, wrapped in a black towel and a steamy pall.

“Hello, Lincoln.” She turned to him without missing a beat. “I forgot to ask last night: How does four hours till midnight sound for a poetry reading?”

“Sounds good to me,” he replied cheerfully. That would give him more than enough time to shower and get everything ready.

“Good,” she said simply, before strolling off to her and Lynn's room. Lincoln didn't catch it for sure, but he'd bet that she was wearing that little smirk of hers. He couldn't wait to find out what that was about.

The squeaky clean boy drummed his fingers against his mattress. According to his phone, it was 7:59. Almost showtime. He couldn't wait to sort things out with Lucy. He hated how distant they had been, over the last week. He glanced at his reflection in his phone's darkened screen. He looked downright dapper in his tuxedo-ified shirt, and he had finally managed to get his cowlick to sit down for a minute. He wondered what Lucy would think of his formal attire.

A thunderous string of knocks interrupted his vanity. Lincoln trotted over and opened his door. Before him stood the little goth, clad in a black nightgown that ran past her knees, hemmed in white lace. She clutched a thick stack of papers.

“Nice dress, Lucy!” he blurted out as he waved her inside.

“Thank you, Lincoln. That's a nice suit.”

Lincoln blushed, and scratched the back of his neck. “Thanks, Lucy. Oh, and good job on the knocking, this time.”

“Good job with the answering, this time,” she said flatly, as she glided over to his bed.

Lincoln followed her, as she hopped up onto the mattress and rested her back against the wall.

“Hey, Lucy,” he started, summoning some confidence “before we get into poems, tonight, can we talk about some things?”

Lucy quirked her head to one side. “What sort of things?”

“Like, the way you've been avoiding me.” Lincoln was oozing boldness. ”Or, how you get that smile on your face whenever you see me.”

Lucy didn't even flinch, as she raised a dismissive hand.

“Actually, Lincoln,” she said matter-of-factly, “I think it would be better to talk about that after a few poems.”

Lincoln thought for a moment, before nodding. He was eager to mend things with his sister, but he supposed that he shouldn't rush it.

“Alright, Lucy. Let's get to it, then.”

The white haired boy sat on the edge of his bed and kicked his feet. He looked over at his sister, waiting for her to begin her first poem. Instead of reaching for a paper, though, Lucy patted her lap.

It was Lincoln's turn to quirk his head.

“You should come lay your head on my lap.” Her voice was as flat as ever, even as a faint blush played across her face.

Lincoln remained quirked. “Why's that?”

“So you can experience the bleakness on a more personal level.” She quickly added, “Also, it's more comfortable.”

Lincoln shrugged, mentally. He supposed if he wanted to smooth everything out, he could indulge her a bit.

Lincoln crawled up, to her left. After some consideration, he carefully laid his head against her legs, facing her stomach. He twisted his body around, trying to find a comfortable way to lay. When he was satisfied, he cast a glance upward.

“Alright, Luce, I'm good.”

“Good,” she replied with the faintest hint of cheer. “I'll start with 'Getting Sucked into a Black Hole. Together.'”

Lincoln closed his eyes and began to listen.

“When you and I went into space,” she murmured softly, “Who could have thought we'd be in this place.”

Lincoln nestled his head into Lucy's lap. He hadn't been expecting her to whisper her poems to him, but he wouldn't complain. As she whispered out her little tale about two astronauts enjoying each others company past an event horizon, Lincoln relaxed further. He knew he should be paying attention, but she was unknowingly exploiting his weakness to whispers.

Lucy didn't help matters when she punctuated a line about caressing in a tesseract by running her fingers through his hair. He never thought that his normally brooding, intense sister could be so relaxing. As he laid against her legs, he could faintly feel her pulse coursing through her veins. And, was he smelling lavender? Where did Lucy get perfume? As he drank in the comfortable scene, he failed to notice the silence that had set in.

“Lincoln,” she deadpanned, at a normal volume.

Lincoln's eyes drifted up to his sister's face.

“What did you think?”

He supposed it wouldn't do him any good to lie. “S-sorry, Lucy. I guess I got a little too comfortable, there. I didn't quite catch the last part.”

To his surprise, Lucy simply nodded. “That's alright. I think my delivery was a little weird, anyway.”

The hand resting in his hair nudged him further down her legs.

“I'll try to do this one more justice. But really pay attention. I think this is the best one,” she chimed, with a little smirk.

“Don't worry, Lucy,” he declared, full of determination “I'm going to give you my full attention!”

“Good,” said his sister. “This one is called 'A Siren's Song.' I hope you like it.”

He was sure he would. Lincoln adjusted himself in his new resting place, as Lucy cleared her throat.

“When I saw you sailing against the brine,” she whispered, in a low rasp, “I knew I had to make you mine.”

Lincoln shivered at the new stimulus. He didn't know that Lucy's voice could be so... haunting. And so oddly familiar. Lincoln caught himself before he drifted off; He had promised to focus on the poem!

“I sang to you, and hoped you heard, And I saw you hang on my every word.”

This was an oddly upbeat poem for Lucy; No one had even died yet. And, if Lincoln didn't know better, he'd have sworn that her voice was getting closer.

“I watched you fall for my little ploy; And now you're here, my sailor boy.”

Linc flushed as he felt her hot breath graze his ear. Lucy's delightful rasp was starting to sound a bit more familiar.

“I helped you climb onto my stone; And now we lie here, all alone.”

She was inches from his ear when the realization hit him. It sounded so different without the headphones, but he could recognize it anywhere.

“I offered to take you back to the docks; But you'd rather be here with me, on the rocks.”

As if to punctuate her poem, her mouth pressed against the shell of his ear in an innocent little kiss. Lincoln watched her pull away, leaning against the wall once again.

The white haired boy raised himself off of his sister's lap and fixed her with a wide-eyed stare. A brazen smirk was her only response.

“L-Lucy?” he managed to stammer.

“Yes, Lincoln?” she replied, resuming her normal tone of voice.

“You wouldn't happen to make ASMR videos, would you?”

Lucy's smirk widened into the most self-satisfied grin Lincoln had ever seen; Right now Lucy could have put Lori to shame.

“Yes, Lincoln.”

He had never heard the goth sound so amused.

“I run a channel called GhostVampASMR. Maybe you've heard of me?” She was giggling, now. He hadn't ever heard her giggle, either. At least not in person.

Lincoln slunk away into the corner with a groan, as his mind tried to process a million new implications. His internet crush was his own sister. Lucy's voice had made him shiver and tingle and feel like he was floating. The girl he had imagined kissing for weeks now was related to him.

Lucy's giggling faded, as she saw the look on Lincoln's face.

“I knew you'd figure it out eventually,” she offered from across the bed. “I probably should have just told you last week, but I thought I could make it into a mystery for you.”

“I know you're into mysteries. I left clues, and everything.” Her voice faltered a bit. The levity she had spoken with earlier was all but gone.

Lincoln stifled his guilt when he heard the tone of her voice. He could beat himself up later.

“Clues? What do you mean?”

“Well, for one thing,” she began, perking up a bit, “I knew your ForTube account name, despite you not using it for anything but watching my videos.”

Lincoln nodded his head. He supposed he should have caught that. It wasn't as if Lucy could have heard his username somewhere else.

“And, in the video yesterday,” she went on, “I used the sound of my and Lynn's door opening at the beginning. I thought maybe you would recognize it.”

Lincoln's eyes widened at the mention of yesterday's video. He only registered a drone as she rattled off the rest of the breadcrumbs she had left him. He had begun piecing together another mystery.

“Lucy,” he said carefully, “those weren't the... only clues you were leaving for me, were they?”

She went silent for a moment, as she thought to herself. “Well, there might have been a few minor ones, but-”

“No, no Lucy,” he said, with a growing certainty, “You were trying to clue me in to something besides your identity, weren't you?”

Lucy paused again. “What do you mean?”

“At the end of yesterday's video, you said that the character you were talking to was your older brother.” Lincoln looked her dead in the face.

Lucy flinched.

“What exactly did you mean by that?”

His sister's face developed into a lovely shade of pink, and her jaw hung open.

“I-I didn't really... say that, did I?”

“You definitely said it, Lucy. You said that the person you wanted to be with forever was your older brother.”

Lucy squirmed in place. “I- no. There's no way I would-”

“You did, Lucy! I know you did, because I've been feeling weird and awful about it all day!”

Instant regret washed over Linc, as he watched his sister crumple.

Lucy's face burned. She turned away from him.

“I must have misspoken...” her voice trembled, “It must have been a mistake, for that to be in there.”

The little goth got up onto her feet.

“I think I should go.”

Instinct fired in the back of Lincoln's mind when he saw his sister make a dash for the door. Faster than he could have imagined, he sprang from his bed and caught her by the wrist.

Lucy fruitlessly yanked against his grip, struggling to inch her way closer to the door.

“Just let me go, Lincoln!” she squealed, her voice in tatters. “Let me go be a freak by myself!”

Lincoln's heart sank, as he considered his options. If he let her slink off like this, he could kiss any pretense of a normal relationship with his sister goodbye. If he hung onto her much longer, she might clobber him, or worse yet, have a breakdown.

But how could he defuse this situation? What could he say to comfort someone who just found out they outed their incestuous crush?

A light bulb flickered on.

'How much worse can things get, if this doesn't work?' he thought. 'I have to at least try.'

"Lucy," he piped up, carefully, "can I tell you a secret?"

Lucy ceased her struggle, though she wouldn't turn to look at him. He took that as enough of an affirmation.

He took a deep breath. 'You can do this,' he told himself. 'You've got to do this.'

"When I was listening to your videos..."

He summoned all the courage he could manage.

"I sort of... started to have a... a crush on you."

His sister's back straightened, and her arm went slack in his grip. He hoped that was a good sign.

"Sometimes, when you would perform those roleplays, I would imagine that you were talking to me, and not some character."

Even with the stakes as high as they were, Lincoln felt relieved to air some of this out.

"I'd even imagine what it would feel like to kiss you. Or how nice it would be if you were really there."

Lincoln scratched the back of his neck with his free hand.

"When I said I felt weird and awful, it wasn't because I thought the whole brother thing was gross. It was the opposite, actually. I really liked the idea of those two characters being related." Lincoln was sure that he was a thousand pounds lighter.

"I've been trying to figure out if that makes me a weirdo, or not."

Lucy lightly tugged her arm away. Lincoln let her free.

"Well, what did you decide?" she intoned with a tremble.

Lincoln shifted in his seat, as his older sister's words came back to him.

"I decided that.."

He thought carefully about his next words.

"That maybe I was a little weird, sure."

He could practically feel his sister wince.

"But that doesn't matter! I'm not hurting anyone by liking what I like, so it shouldn't be anyone else's business."

Silence hung over them, for a moment. And then, Lucy finally turned to face him. God, her face was red.

“So, you don't think I'm a freak, then?”

“No, Lucy,” he said in the most soothing tone his frayed nerves would allow, “I would never think you're weird.”

She took a step towards him. “And, you're not just saying this to make me feel better?”

Lincoln opened his mouth to reply, but thought better of it. Words could only reassure her so much. He had already gone all-in with his confession, and Lucy wasn't repulsed by it. He might as well try his luck a bit further.

Without a word, Lincoln inched his right hand towards his sister's face. She didn't even flinch as the tips of his fingers grazed against her hair, pushing it out of the way so that his hand could cup her cheek. Lincoln's thumb idly brushed away a tear it had found, as Lucy's face burned. She unconsciously leaned into the touch.

“Lincoln... What are you-”

Her mumbling was cut off by his left hand following suit. Lincoln could see the realization dawn on her, as he gently pulled her face closer to his. Lincoln held his breath when she was inches away.

Lincoln closed his eyes and leaned in at an agonizingly slow rate. To his surprise, though, he felt his sister push against his hands and snatch up the remaining distance herself.

Her lips felt softer and sweeter than he had ever imagined. Something sublime coursed through him. He dully registered the taste of grape lip gloss, as goosebumps formed on his arms.

Lucy grabbed fistfuls of his formal wear, tugging him closer. He was all too happy to oblige. She pressed her mouth against his, greedily trying to enjoy as much of the moment as she could. Eventually, though, she pulled away from him, to take a breath.

Lincoln fixed his sister with a content smile. Unsurprisingly, she met him with a satisfied smile of her own. One that quickly widened into the biggest, toothiest grin he'd ever seen his dour sister make. His thumb brushed away a new tear.

Before the silence could grow awkward, Lucy pulled her face free of his hands. Lincoln rested them at the edge of his bed, as he looked at her expectantly. Lucy opened her mouth, and then closed it. A familiar smirk tugged at her lips.

Before he could even react, she had him pinned to the mattress. How could such a slight girl be so strong?

Lincoln blushed as her face descended towards his. He could just barely make out her eyes under her hair at this angle. They seemed to be smiling, as well. Lincoln fought the urge to

giggle as her bangs brushed against his nose. Mercifully, she distracted him from the sensation with another, deeper kiss.

Lincoln snaked an arm around her and earned a little gasp as he pulled her flush against him. Lincoln's heart thundered in his chest, and lightning coursed through his veins, yet he had never felt so at peace.

The two made a game of seeing how long they could go without pulling away for air. Thirty seconds became a minute. A minute became two, and then five. The pair rolled, twisted, and ever so rarely giggle as they took turns pinning each other down with a kiss.

After an all too brief round of their little game, she pulled away again and rested her head in the crook of his neck. Seeing an opportunity in the calm, Linc shifted himself so that the two of them were laying comfortably at the head of his bed. Lincoln's hand traced hearts onto her back, as the pair started to recover.

Lincoln marveled at how delightful it felt to have his sister lay top him. Something about the way he could feel her chest expanding and contracting and the way her heartbeat thumped against him just felt right. He felt the urge to kiss her again, but he didn't want to disturb the snug atmosphere that had fallen over them.

Lucy nearly made him jump when she cleared her throat. Lincoln shuddered as he felt her creep upward, and brush her lips against his ear.

In the same intoxicating rasp that he had become so enamored with, she murmured "I love you, Lincoln."

Lincoln shivered, as a content smile drifted onto his face. His suspicion was confirmed. That voice sounded even prettier when it was saying his name.

Linc tilted his head until his mouth was somewhere in the vicinity of her ear. "I love you too, Lucy," he whispered.

With that, the little goth melted against him. She slid down to rest her head on his chest and let out a decidedly non-angsty sigh.

"Do you think I should go back to my own room?" she reluctantly inquired.

Lincoln quirked an eyebrow.

"Why?" he responded, incredulously.

"Well, what if someone sees us like this?"

Lincoln pondered the issue for an entire second, before simply declaring "Who cares? We aren't hurting anything."

Lucy simply nodded against him. Apparently, that was good enough for her. Lucy reached her left arm up and laced her fingers through his.

“Goodnight, Lincoln,” she whispered, in a voice tinged with the rasp he loved so much.

“Goodnight, Lucy,” he replied, wrapping his free arm around her back.

Within minutes, he could feel her deep, rhythmic breaths against his chest. He supposed that today had been just as draining for her as it had been for him.

As he let himself drift off, he replayed the day's events in his mind. He would never have guessed that he would have ended today snuggling with the girl that he had been so fond of. He also wouldn't have guessed that he'd ever have a consanguine girlfriend. 'Is she my girlfriend?' he wondered to himself. 'Could your sister even be your girlfriend?'

He didn't know. He'd worry about it tomorrow. In any case, he had had a very confusing, very tiring, very exciting day. His mind was frayed, but he was glad things had turned out the way they had.

He took one last peek at the mop of black hair nestled against his chest, before closing his eyes.

The words to that last cheesy little poem meandered into his mind.

Although he had drifted well away from any socially acceptable course, he was happy to be stranded out on the rocks with her.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Originally published for a secret club under the name "Lucy's ASMR" or "Lucy ASMR Fucking WHEN?"

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