Bro and Sis Sleepover Galore

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Bro and Sis Sleepover Galore

by Shena_babeskhaos

Summary

Ludwig and Wendy spend their sleepover in their room to spend more time together as the brother and sister they are, and especially to avoid the Faketok chaos with the rest of their siblings.

The castle halls had finally gone quiet after dinner. Down in the lower wing, Larry, Iggy, Roy, Morton, and Lemmy were already clustered around a cracked handheld camera, whispering about “FakeTok” challenges that involved whoopee cushions, fake moustaches, and something involving a bucket of green paint and a sleeping Goomba.

Ludwig stood in the doorway of the room he shared with Wendy, arms crossed, watching them for a long moment before shutting the heavy door with a soft click.

“They’re going to lose what little common sense they have left,” he muttered, adjusting his blue hair. “And their IQ is already operating on fumes.”

Wendy sat cross-legged on her bed, a small collection of nail polish bottles arranged like treasure on a velvet cloth. She looked up and smiled, the kind of soft smile she only ever gave her brothers when no one else was watching.

“I know,” she said. “I love all of them. You included. But some of them are… a lot. Especially when they start chasing views.” She patted the space beside her. “Come on. Sit. The others can glue their faces together for the algorithm. We’re doing something better.”

Ludwig hesitated only a second, then sat. Wendy took his hand carefully, examining the long fingers that usually commanded symphonies or battle strategies. She chose a deep midnight blue polish that caught the light like polished metal.

“Hold still,” she murmured.

The brush glided over his nails in slow, even strokes. Ludwig watched, surprisingly quiet. Outside the door, they could hear distant shouting and then Roy’s unmistakable laugh, followed by the sound of something heavy toppling over. Neither of them moved to investigate.

“So,” she said, concentrating on the second coat, “did you hear what Larry told Morton about the last time they tried to prank the kitchen staff?”

Ludwig’s mouth twitched. “That the gelatin mould was supposed to be temporary? Yes. The staff is still finding green cubes in the flour sacks.”

Wendy laughed under her breath. “And Roy keeps claiming it was ‘content.’ Content. As if the whole castle needs to see him get chased by an angry Boo in a chef’s hat.”

They traded more stories, little pieces of gossip that only siblings who had grown up together would care about. Wendy finished the last nail and blew gently across them. Ludwig held his hands up, turning them under the lamp light. The blue shone rich and clean.

“I… actually like this,” he admitted, almost surprised at himself. “It looks deliberate. Controlled.”

“Of course it does. I did it.” Wendy grinned, then climbed behind him on the bed. “Now tilt your head. I’m doing your hair.”

She worked carefully, sectioning the long blue strands and twisting them into neat side buns, one above each ear. Her fingers were gentle but sure. Every so often she paused.

“Is this good? Too tight?”

Ludwig glanced at the mirror across the room and gave a small nod. “It’s good. Keep going.”

When the buns were secure, Wendy studied his face for a long moment. “You need a little more,” she decided. “Just natural colours. Nothing loud.”

She reached for her small makeup case: soft browns, a touch of warm rose, and a thin black liner. Ludwig stayed still while she worked, only closing his eyes when the liner brush came close.

Within minutes, the effect was clear: the sharp angles of his face softened just enough, the liner making his eyes look sharper and more deliberate, the soft colour on his cheeks and lips giving him an almost regal finish under the room’s warm light.

Wendy sat back. “There.”

Ludwig opened his eyes and stared at his reflection. For a second he said nothing. Then a small, pleased smirk curved his mouth. He turned his head left and right, examining the side buns and the careful makeup.

Wendy held up an old Polaroid-style flash camera. “Smile. Or smirk. Whatever you’re doing.”

The flash popped bright and white. The photo slid out with a soft whir. Wendy waved it in the air until the image appeared: the two of them, her grinning proudly, him looking almost elegant with painted nails, side buns, and the subtle glam she had given him.

“You know,” she said, leaning her head against his shoulder, “you’ve got a feminine side. It’s kind of nice seeing it.”

Ludwig’s smirk widened just a fraction. “Don’t tell the others. They’ll never shut up.” He looked at himself in the mirror again, then at the photo. “But… I don’t hate it.”

They stayed like that for a long while, talking in low voices about everything and nothing, the latest castle rumours, which brother had the most ridiculous crush, how Bowser still refused to admit that the new Koopa Clown Car needed better suspension. The conversation was so easy and constant that they never heard Roy and Morton in the next room, voices muffled through the wall.

“Look at those two. Makeup and hair buns. What a pair of…”

“Shh, they’ll hear.”

“They won’t. They’re too busy being fancy.”

Wendy and Ludwig never noticed.

Eventually the talking slowed. Wendy pulled out a stack of old fashion magazines and a few dog-eared beauty pageant programs she had collected over the years. They flipped through them together, pointing out ridiculous outfits and arguing (quietly) about which crowns looked the most ridiculous.

The lamp stayed on. At some point Ludwig's head tipped against the headboard. Wendy's cheek rested against his shoulder. Both of them drifted off still half-sitting up, the magazines sliding to the floor.

Much later, the door opened just enough for a thin green face and wild hair to appear. Iggy peered in, saw the two of them asleep with the light still glowing, and padded across the carpet on silent feet. He switched the lamp off with careful fingers, lingered a second longer than necessary, then slipped back out and closed the door without a sound.

Morning light spilt through the high windows.

Larry was the first one through the door, followed closely by Roy, Morton, Lemmy, and Iggy. They stopped short.

Ludwig was still in the side buns. The makeup had softened overnight but was still clearly there. The midnight-blue polish on his nails caught the light when he lifted one hand to rub his eyes.

Roy started laughing first. "Well, well. Look who decided to join the pageant circuit."

Morton grinned wide. "Nice buns, Maestro."

Lemmy bounced on his ball. "Can I do the other side next time?"

Larry just pointed and snickered. Even Iggy, standing a little behind the others, had a small smirk.

Ludwig opened his eyes fully, took in the five of them, and raised one painted hand in a sharp, silencing gesture.

"Be quiet."

The room went still.

"I have an idea," Ludwig continued, voice calm and clear, "for how we finally deal with the Mario brothers. A proper plan this time. No more half-baked schemes."

Wendy sat up beside him, still in her night clothes, and leaned forward with interest. "I'm listening."

The other five quieted for real. Whatever jokes they had been about to make died on their tongues. When Ludwig spoke like that: steady, certain, they usually listened.

A heavy set of footsteps approached from the hallway. Bowser's shadow filled the doorway a moment later. He looked at Ludwig (makeup, buns, and all), then at Wendy, then at the rest of

the group. A slow, proud grin spread across his face.

“That’s my boy,” Bowser rumbled. “Leadership. Actual plans. I like it.” He jerked a massive thumb over his shoulder. “The rest of you…get to the Koopa Clown Car. You’re invading the Mushroom Kingdom. Now. I’ll handle Peach myself.”

He turned to leave, then glanced back once more at Ludwig and Wendy, still sitting side by side on the bed.

“And keep the nail polish. Looks sharp.”

The door swung shut behind him.

Roy muttered something under his breath about “weirdest family ever,” but he was already moving. The others followed, still stealing glances at Ludwig’s hair and the blue polish that refused to look anything less than intentional.

Wendy bumped her shoulder lightly against her brother’s.

“Told you the feminine side looked good on you.”

Ludwig allowed himself the smallest private smile as he stood and began carefully unpinning one of the side buns.

“Don’t get used to the commentary,” he said. Then, quieter, so only she could hear: “But… thank you. For last night.”

Wendy only grinned, already reaching for her own things. Outside, the castle was waking up properly. The Clown Car engines would be warming soon. And somewhere ahead of them waited the Mushroom Kingdom, two plumber brothers, and whatever sharp new idea Ludwig was already turning over in his mind.

For now, though, the quiet between brother and sister still lingered, just long enough to feel like it had mattered.

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