

Gross Cycle

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Gross Cycle

by [NymphoLady](#)

Summary

Himeko is jealous of Yuzu and Mei for having such a cute relationship- that should be her. So she figures if she gets Yuzu to do something gross, Mei won't like her anymore. Weirdly enough, it backfires in her face despite her efforts.

Notes

Huh...didn't write notes for this one. I think I was tired. But this is the second out of two citrus fics Baom wanted me to write for him!

Anyone is allowed to message me on my twitter ([@GassyNympho](#)) to request things, talk, or whatever. And if you want a story of your own, my comms are open.

And as always, you saw the tags. If it's not your thing you don't have to read it, just move along if these kinks aren't your thing. However, if you're morbidly curious and want to read anyway, go ahead even if you're not into it. I'll delete any toxic comments if it isn't constructive.

Himeko's eyes narrowed as she watched from across the student council room.

Yuzu and Mei sat side by side, heads bent over some papers, Yuzu giggling softly at something only she seemed to find funny. Mei didn't smile, of course—Mei never smiled—but the faintest crease at the corner of her lips betrayed her patience. That patient look was reserved for Yuzu alone.

Himeko gripped her notebook so tightly the corners bent.

Why does she get to be so close? she fumed. *She's sloppy, childish, completely unworthy of Mei-sama. And yet—!*

It wasn't fair. Himeko had worked for years to stay near Mei—studying diligently, taking on endless responsibilities, maintaining her perfect composure. And then Yuzu Aihara had walked in, all sunshine hair and scatterbrained energy, and somehow Mei gravitated to her like a moth to flame.

“Unbelievable,” Himeko muttered under her breath, her nails biting into her palm. “If Mei-sama saw her for what she *really* is, she wouldn't waste her time.”

And then it struck her.

Yes. That was it. If she exposed Yuzu—showed her at her most ridiculous, her most pathetic—Mei would realize her mistake. She'd see that Yuzu wasn't worthy of her. And when that happened, Yuzu would be out of the picture. Mei would finally give her the attention she deserved.

A slow, triumphant smile spread across Himeko's lips. “Perfect.”

The opportunity came faster than she expected. That afternoon, while everyone was gathered in the cafeteria, Yuzu bounced up to Himeko's table, all sunshine and oblivious cheer.

“Himeko-chan! Wow, you've got extra pudding? Can I have it?”

Without waiting for an answer, Yuzu snatched the unopened cup, flashing her trademark grin.

Himeko blinked at her... then smirked. “Go ahead. I don't mind.”

What Yuzu didn't know was that the pudding wasn't ordinary. Himeko had “seasoned” it in the council room before lunch, crushing a mild laxative into the creamy sweetness. Nothing dangerous—she wasn't that cruel—but enough to guarantee a few hours of squirming misery.

And Yuzu had just eaten the entire thing in three happy gulps.

Hook, line, and sinker, Himeko thought, adjusting her phone camera as she tucked it discreetly into her bag.

By the time afternoon classes rolled around, the medicine was working its magic.

Yuzu squirmed in her seat, one hand pressed subtly against her stomach. She shifted her legs beneath the desk, trying to focus on the lesson, but her eyes darted toward the clock every other second.

Himeko, two rows behind, watched with gleeful anticipation. She could almost see the tension written across Yuzu's back.

Then it happened.

BrrrRRrpppppttt!

A loud, sputtering fart burst from Yuzu, vibrating against the wooden seat. Her shoulders shot up, her whole body stiffening as her face went red. A couple of students snickered, but the teacher droned on, oblivious.

Yuzu hunched forward, mortified, gripping her desk. *No no no... just hold it in... nobody really heard that, right?*

Sprlllrrrbbt!

The next one was wetter, more insistent. Yuzu squeaked, covering her mouth as if that would hide the sound. Heat flooded her cheeks, her legs crossing tight.

“P-please, just a few more minutes,” she whispered to herself, rocking slightly.

Himeko bit her lip to keep from laughing out loud. Her phone camera was angled perfectly.

Another cramp tore through Yuzu's stomach, sharper this time. She shot to her feet, nearly knocking her chair over. “T-teacher! May I please go to the bathroom?!”

Her voice cracked, desperation thick in her tone.

The teacher frowned, irritated by the interruption. “Class is almost over, Aihara-san. Sit down.”

Yuzu's eyes widened in panic. She hovered uncertainly before lowering herself back into her seat, trembling.

FRRRppppptttthhhhhrrrblblbl!

The chair vibrated beneath her as the fart ripped free, and Yuzu buried her face in her arms on the desk, praying she could disappear. Laughter bubbled around the room now, muffled behind hands, but still cruel.

Her stomach gurgled ominously.

“No... not now, please not now—”

But it was too late.

Splllrrrrtttchhhhhh!

Her body betrayed her, a wet, messy rush filling her panties in one humiliating burst. Her panties expanded, the wet, brown mush exploding outward and filling her panties, leaking down her legs. The brown mush plopped onto her chair, and onto the floor. Yuzu gasped, hands clamping over her mouth, tears springing to her eyes. She felt the heat spread, soaking into her clothes, sticking unpleasantly against her thighs.

She whimpered, shaking in her seat, the smell already creeping into the air.

The class went silent. Then, slowly, whispers rose, tinged with disbelief.

Himeko snapped picture after picture, her phone capturing Yuzu’s mortified expression, the telltale stain spreading across her skirt. Triumph surged through her chest.

This is it. Now Mei-sama will see how disgusting she is. There’s no way she can come back from this.

That evening, Yuzu sat curled up in her futon, face buried in her knees. Her phone buzzed on the blanket beside her.

She picked it up with trembling hands—and nearly dropped it when she saw the image.

It was her. In class. The accident plain for the world to see.

Her blood ran cold as a new text appeared.

“Obey, or everyone else gets to see this too.”

Her stomach flipped. Who could’ve—? Before she could even think of replying, another buzz came. A new text, this time from Mei.

“Yuzu. Come to the room.”

Her heart stopped. Mei... Mei had seen it?!

Yuzu dragged her feet across the hall, every step heavy with dread. She knocked weakly, then slipped inside.

Mei stood by her desk, phone in hand, her sharp eyes lifting to meet Yuzu’s.

“I... I can explain!” Yuzu blurted before Mei could speak. Her hands flailed desperately as her voice cracked. “It—it wasn’t my fault! Someone must’ve put something in my food, and

then in class I—I couldn't hold it, and—!”

Her face burned hotter with every word.

Mei cut her off with a raised hand. “Yuzu.”

Yuzu froze, lips trembling.

Mei's gaze softened—only slightly, but enough to make Yuzu's heart ache. She set her phone aside and crossed the room, stopping just in front of her. “It doesn't matter.”

“...Eh?”

“I don't care about something like that,” Mei said simply. Her tone was calm, even gentle. She reached out, brushing her fingers lightly against Yuzu's cheek. “You're still you.”

Yuzu's breath caught. Tears welled in her eyes, hot and overwhelming. She choked on a laugh-sob, flinging her arms around Mei's waist. “You're way too nice to me, Mei! I'm so gross and you're—”

“Quiet,” Mei murmured, resting her chin atop Yuzu's head, holding her firmly.

From outside the window, Himeko crouched in the shadows, phone clutched in her hand. She had been ready to gloat, to savor the moment Mei cast Yuzu aside.

But instead—

She could see them. Yuzu sobbing into Mei's chest. Mei holding her close, calm and steady, a faint flush on her cheeks.

Himeko's blood boiled.

“What... what is this?! She's supposed to be disgusted!”

Her nails dug into her palm, trembling with frustration.

Why... why does Mei-sama look at her like that? Even after something so humiliating...! No matter what I do, she—!

Her teeth ground together, rage simmering hotter than ever.

“This isn't over,” she hissed, her phone camera still flashing. “Not by a long shot.”

Himeko sat in the empty hallway outside the classroom, hands gripping her phone so tightly her knuckles were white. She had spent the entire day watching from the shadows, witnessing Yuzu's mortifying accident in class—the very one she had orchestrated with painstaking care

—and yet Mei had simply... *hugged her*. Calm, steady, affectionate. Not disgusted, not horrified, not even slightly embarrassed by the mess Yuzu had made.

Himeko's chest burned with frustration. Her meticulously laid plans had completely backfired. Instead of humiliating Yuzu in Mei's eyes, she had only made Mei's attachment to Yuzu stronger.

Why? Why does Mei-sama look at her like that? she muttered, pacing in place. *It should be me! I've done everything right! I should be the one she's doting on, not that scatterbrained... that... that girl!*

By the time evening rolled around, Himeko had made a decision. She wouldn't give up. Not now, not ever. If the first prank hadn't worked, then she'd escalate. And if she had to, she would do it in front of Mei herself, making sure that this time, Yuzu's humiliation would be inescapable—and unmistakable.

The perfect opportunity came sooner than she expected. Yuzu and Mei had decided to go on a casual date, wandering the streets near the local festival. They laughed quietly as they shared cotton candy and small snacks, Yuzu chattering a mile a minute while Mei's cool, composed demeanor only made Yuzu's giggles more frequent.

Himeko had followed discreetly, keeping a safe distance but always within sight. She had prepared a small, easily concealable laxative—just enough to ensure discomfort without causing real harm—and slipped it into Yuzu's drink while she wasn't looking, a few sips at a time.

Yuzu had no idea. She drank happily, thinking nothing of it, her eyes sparkling as she turned to Mei and tried to tug her along to the next festival stall.

“Come on, Mei! I want to try that taiyaki over there!” Yuzu's enthusiasm was radiant.

Mei smiled faintly, letting herself be pulled along, and Himeko's chest tightened with envy. She was just a few steps behind, camera ready, phone hidden in her hand.

Soon... soon she'll finally see her for what she really is... Himeko whispered under her breath.

It started innocuously enough—a slight squirm as they walked down a crowded street. Yuzu's hand clutched her stomach briefly, but she smiled through it, masking the discomfort with her usual cheer.

Then came the first audible warning.

BRRRRPTTT!

Yuzu froze mid-step, eyes widening. A loud, sputtering note escaped from her backside, echoing faintly through the festival crowd. She gasped, hands flying to her cheeks.

“Y-Yuzu?” Mei's voice was calm, concerned. She reached for Yuzu's hand, steadying her.

“Uh, I—I’m fine! Just... just a little stomachache, I think!” Yuzu stammered, face burning. Her skirt shifted wetly with a second, smaller sound— *Sppprrrllrrt!* —and she froze, mortified.

The crowd seemed oblivious, but Himeko’s eyes gleamed behind her camera lens. She snapped a picture, grinning at Yuzu’s panic.

Yuzu tried to walk faster, hoping to make it to the restroom, but her body had other plans. Another spasm hit, more urgent, more insistent, and she bent over slightly, clutching her stomach.

“Oh no... not now...”

Fffrrrrpppttt!

A wet, squeaking fart slipped free, followed almost immediately by another, louder and more desperate. Yuzu’s face crumpled in horror as the warmth spread, soaking her panties. Her cheeks flared red as the sound and sensation confirmed her worst fears.

“Y-Yuzu?” Mei murmured again, this time closer, brushing a strand of hair from Yuzu’s damp forehead. “Do you need help?”

Yuzu buried her face in Mei’s chest, shivering. “I-I... I can’t—oh no, it’s—ugh! It’s happening!”

Sprrrrrrtttchhh!

The final, inevitable accident happened. Yuzu’s legs quivered, her skirt and panties fully compromised as wetness and warmth spread uncontrollably. She squeaked, burying her face against Mei, who simply tightened her embrace.

Himeko’s triumph surged. She snapped photo after photo, her mind racing. *This is it. Now Mei will finally be disgusted...*

Except Mei wasn’t disgusted.

Mei’s eyes were soft, almost... protective. “It’s okay,” she murmured, brushing Yuzu’s hair back from her face. “I don’t care.”

Yuzu’s cheeks burned hotter. She had expected scorn, ridicule, maybe even anger—but not this calm acceptance, this... affection.

Himeko blinked, stunned. What? Mei was... leaning closer, holding Yuzu’s hands, wiping a few stray tears from her cheeks. Her expression softened as if Yuzu were the most precious thing in the world.

What the—?! Himeko hissed, fists tightening around her phone. How?! How is she... happy? She should be—!

Himeko refused to give up. Over the next several weeks, she upped her schemes.

She slipped small doses of laxatives into snacks Yuzu shared with Mei during council meetings and casual outings.

She engineered situations where bathrooms were blocked or locked just as Yuzu's stomach betrayed her, leaving her trapped and desperate.

Public gas incidents became frequent—wet, embarrassing, impossible to hide.

Each time, Yuzu's mortification only grew. Her squeaks, squelches, and fumbling movements were more pronounced, her face more red, her body tensing with each spasm.

BRrrrpt!

Sppprlllt!

Fffrrppptt! Spllrrrttt!

Yet each time, Mei's reaction defied expectations.

She scolded anyone who laughed or whispered, glaring with icy precision.

She held Yuzu close, sometimes wiping tears or wet spots with calm precision.

She murmured small confessions of care and love in Yuzu's ear, brushing her fingers lightly across her damp hair or warm, sticky clothes.

The effect was cumulative. Every accident, every humiliation, drew Mei closer to Yuzu—affection, protectiveness, and even attraction growing stronger.

And Himeko... Himeko grew more and more desperate. She muttered to herself constantly:

“Why? Why is Mei... looking at her like that?! It should be me!”

Her pranks became increasingly elaborate and ridiculous. She lurked in the shadows with her phone, seething as she watched Mei tenderly wipe Yuzu's tears, as Mei glared at Himeko for even the smallest smirk, her composure perfectly intimidating.

The festival approached, a perfect opportunity for the ultimate humiliation. Himeko had prepared a feast of spiked food for Yuzu, ensuring she would be completely helpless. She had hidden herself in the crowd, camera ready, ready to capture every detail.

Himeko crouched behind a stack of festival tables, phone clutched in her trembling hands. She could see Yuzu and Mei ahead, weaving through the crowded streets, the soft glow of lanterns bouncing off Yuzu's golden hair. Yuzu's laugh rang out, cheerful and oblivious, her ponytail swaying as she tugged Mei from one food stall to the next.

This is it... the ultimate humiliation, Himeko muttered under her breath, adjusting her hidden camera. She had spiked almost every snack Yuzu had dared to eat today: candied apples, taiyaki, festival soda, even a small cup of sweet dango. The mild laxatives had been carefully measured—enough to guarantee inevitable disaster, nothing that would truly harm her.

Yuzu bent over a stall, eagerly reaching for a sweet dumpling, her cheeks flushed with excitement. She didn't notice the first subtle twinge in her stomach. Mei, meanwhile, was calm as always, eyes half-lidded, letting Yuzu chatter and pull her along. Himeko's chest tightened with envy. Every time Mei looked at Yuzu with that patient, protective expression, Himeko felt her carefully constructed jealousy ignite hotter and hotter.

The first incident came as they wandered past a crowded food area. Yuzu's steps faltered slightly, a faint hand moving to her lower abdomen.

"Uh... I feel a little funny," she muttered under her breath, blinking at Mei.

Mei glanced at her, concern flickering briefly in her sharp eyes. "You're okay?"

Yuzu nodded quickly, forcing a smile. "Yeah! Just... maybe a bit too much cotton candy."

BRRRRPTTT!

The sound echoed embarrassingly through the festival crowd. Yuzu froze mid-step, eyes widening in horror. A faint warmth spread, dampening the back of her skirt. She gasped, cheeks flaming red. Mei's expression didn't change, only her hand subtly reached for Yuzu's shoulder, a quiet anchor.

Yuzu pressed a hand to her mouth. *No, no, no... don't let anyone notice...*

Another, wetter sound came—*Sppprlllrrt!*—and Yuzu's legs stiffened. She tried to walk faster, clutching her stomach, her body quivering with rising panic.

Himeko crouched lower, eyes gleaming. Every squeak, every shiver, every blink of mortified awareness was being captured. *Yes... yes, this is exactly what I planned.*

But Mei only reached out, brushing a strand of Yuzu's hair from her face, murmuring, "It's okay. We'll find somewhere quiet."

Yuzu's chest heaved with a mix of relief and mortification. Her body trembled as the warmth spread, sticky and humid, soaking the thin fabric of her panties and skirt. She clutched Mei's arm, trying to keep herself upright as her stomach churned violently.

Himeko had anticipated the next move: Yuzu would naturally seek a restroom. But every possible escape route had been subtly blocked or delayed. One public restroom had a locked

door, another's line stretched impossibly long, and the nearest alley was filled with festival-goers.

Yuzu's pace became frantic. Her footsteps faltered on uneven cobblestones as she tried to weave through the crowd. Each movement produced faint, embarrassing noises:

Fffrrrrpppttt!

BRrrrppptt!

Spllrrrtttchhh!

She pressed her thighs together desperately, trying to contain the inevitable, but her stomach betrayed her. Cramp after cramp ripped through her, wetness spreading further, the smell beginning to drift faintly through the air around her. Her face was crimson, and she trembled with panic.

Mei noticed every small sound, every strained movement. She tightened her grip around Yuzu, murmuring soothingly, "You're fine. I've got you."

Yuzu clutched Mei's arm, burying her face in her shoulder. "I... I can't... oh god, it's happening!" she gasped, tears pricking at her eyes.

The next release came suddenly, a loud, wet gush.

Spllrrrtttchhhhhh! Fffrrrrpppttt!

Yuzu's legs wobbled. Warmth soaked through her underwear, skirt, and onto her thighs. Sticky, wet, humiliating. She stumbled forward, Mei's steady hand preventing her from falling entirely.

Himeko's breath caught in her throat. She snapped photo after photo, her heart hammering with the thrill of victory—but it was a bitter thrill. Mei wasn't disgusted. Mei was calm, protective, almost... tender.

What the—?! Himeko muttered. Her hand tightened on the phone. Why is she... holding her close? Hugging her?

By now, Yuzu was barely standing, her movements slow and faltering. Her stomach churned violently, cramping and gurgling with each step. She pressed her hands against it, wobbling as another squeak escaped—BRRRRPT!—her eyes wide with terror.

"Yuzu!" Mei's voice was sharp now, protective. She pulled Yuzu closer, steering her away from the crowd, murmuring encouragement. "It's okay. No one will hurt you. I've got you."

Yuzu's knees buckled, and her body finally gave in completely. She let out a high-pitched squeal of mortification as her stomach surrendered to the spiked snacks and laxatives.

Fffrrrrpppttt! Spllrrrtttchhhh! BRrrrpppttt! Sprllrrrt!

The warmth spread fully, soaking her underwear, her skirt, running down her legs. The smell was unmistakable, but the crowd largely turned away, either confused or polite, while Himeko gawked, camera flashing relentlessly.

Yuzu clutched Mei's shirt, trembling and crying. Her face was buried in Mei's shoulder, warmth sticky and humiliating against her body.

Mei's hands were gentle but firm, brushing damp hair away, steadying Yuzu, whispering, "It's fine... don't worry. I don't care. I'm not disgusted."

Every word drove a mix of embarrassment and relief through Yuzu. She was utterly mortified, wet and sticky from head to toe, yet safe and adored.

Himeko's jealousy ignited into pure, unfiltered fury. Her phone was still recording, yet every shot of Mei cradling Yuzu, brushing her hair, murmuring soft reassurances, felt like salt in the wound.

Why?! Why does she keep holding her like that?! It should be me!

Even amid the chaos, Mei's attention never wavered. She wrapped an arm around Yuzu's waist, shielding her from curious onlookers. She whispered calming phrases in her ear, fingers tracing lightly across Yuzu's sticky hair. Every movement was deliberate, protective: a towel offered discreetly, a hand over Yuzu's damp thighs to shield her from view, even murmured words like, "You're mine... I don't care what anyone else thinks."

Yuzu shivered, a mixture of mortification, relief, and strange warmth spreading in her chest. Each touch, each whisper, made the embarrassment almost... bearable.

Meanwhile, Himeko seethed from the shadows, muttering and pacing. Every flash of the camera she held captured Mei's affection and Yuzu's mortified reactions in excruciating detail. She had aimed for humiliation, and instead she had created an intimate spectacle of attachment and tenderness.

Later, back in their dorm, Yuzu collapsed onto the futon beside Mei. Her skirt was wet, her underwear saturated, her legs still sticky from the warm flow. She buried her face in her hands, shivering with lingering embarrassment.

"You... you must think I'm the grossest girlfriend ever..." Yuzu whispered, voice quivering, cheeks flushed deep red.

Mei's arms wrapped around her, holding her close. "You're mine, no matter what," she said softly, brushing damp strands of hair from Yuzu's sticky cheeks. She pressed a gentle kiss to Yuzu's temple, murmuring, "You're perfect to me."

Yuzu squealed, flinging her arms over her face, embarrassed beyond words, but the warmth and safety of Mei's embrace made her pulse quicken in delight.

Outside the dorm, Himeko groaned into her pillow, phone clutched to her chest. She had captured everything, yet nothing had gone as she planned. Harumin, walking by, smirked. “Face it, Himeko—your little tricks are just making them cuter together.”

Himeko buried her face further into the pillow, screaming silently, utterly defeated yet unwilling to give up. She was her own worst enemy, trapped in a cycle of jealousy and comic despair.

And as Yuzu nestled against Mei, sticky, embarrassed, but loved, the cycle that Himeko had tried to create in reverse reached its perfect, ironic conclusion.

Himeko sat cross-legged on the floor of the dorm, her phone buzzing with images of Yuzu’s latest mishap and Mei’s unfazed, tender reactions. Her fists were tight at her sides. *Why is she always so calm? Why is she always... doting on Yuzu like that?*

The thought hit her like a lightning bolt. A ludicrous, reckless idea: *Maybe Mei doesn’t just like Yuzu... maybe she... likes girls who have accidents?*

Himeko blinked, her chest tightening with a mix of envy and foolish excitement. *Well, if that’s true, then I can show her I’m worthy too!*

By the afternoon, Himeko had set her plan into motion. She had, quite deliberately, swallowed an excessive number of laxatives—far more than anyone sane would—and paired them with a small mountain of festival snacks: sticky cotton candy, fried dumplings, and a generous helping of festival soda. Her stomach churned immediately, but she gritted her teeth and squared her shoulders.

“This is for Mei... for *finally* showing her who’s really worthy,” she muttered to herself, patting her bloated belly. Already, subtle cramps knotted through her abdomen, and she could feel the first ominous rumblings of a disaster in the making.

Himeko marched toward the living room where Mei was sitting calmly, reading a book. Yuzu flopped nearby, lazily scrolling through her phone. Both of them glanced at her curiously as Himeko approached.

“I... I have something to show you,” Himeko announced, chest puffed out. She tried to hold her composure—but her stomach betrayed her instantly. A gurgling growl rose sharply, and she staggered slightly, pressing a hand to her abdomen.

BRRRRPT!

Her eyes widened. Her cheeks flamed crimson as she realized the first unmistakable, wet release had already begun. The warmth spread quickly, soaking the thin fabric of her skirt and underwear.

Himeko froze, face a deep shade of red, trying to act composed. She had intended this moment to be controlled—calculated humiliation meant to impress Mei—but the laxatives

had a mind of their own.

Fffrrpppttt!

Another squeak escaped, damp and sticky. Himeko bit her lip, swallowing down a gasp as the wet warmth ran down her thighs. She attempted a small bow, hands pressed delicately to her stomach, trying to play it off like a deliberate act.

Yuzu's eyes widened. "Uh... Himeko... are you okay?" she asked, tilting her head. Her voice was soft, unsure, but tinged with that casual disregard that made it obvious she didn't see it as a big deal.

Himeko's glare could have melted steel. *Focus, Mei! Look at me! See me! Admire me for this...!*

She straightened, trying to stand tall—but another wet *Spllrrrttchhhh!* erupted from her backside. Her skirt and underwear were thoroughly compromised now, warmth sticky and unmistakable, and the smell began to waft faintly through the air.

Mei blinked once, calmly closing her book. She didn't flinch. She didn't blush. She didn't even seem slightly phased by the sticky, wet mess Himeko was now painfully aware of on her legs.

"Okay," Mei said, her tone flat but practical. "Go clean yourself up."

Himeko froze. *Wait... what?*

"Clean yourself," Mei repeated, standing and brushing past Himeko, already turning to grab a towel. She didn't look horrified. She didn't look disgusted. There was no soft whispering, no tender cradling, no "It's okay, I've got you."

Himeko's jaw dropped. Her meticulously staged humiliation had been completely, utterly ignored.

"W-What... I... Mei, I..." Himeko stammered, flailing slightly as the next round of wet warmth spread, her cheeks burning hotter than the summer sun.

BRRRRPT! Fffrrpppt! Spllrrrt!

Yuzu glanced up from her phone again, tilting her head. She gave Himeko a faint smile. "Uh... maybe... you should grab some towels?"

Himeko's brain short-circuited. *That's it? That's all? No oohs, no gasps, no tender concern?!* She stomped one foot weakly, slipping slightly in the mess.

Her stomach convulsed violently, pushing her past the point of control. Another loud *Fffrrpppttt!* and warm splash left her kneeling on the floor, skirt and panties fully saturated. She scrambled to stand, but every step was accompanied by a wet, sticky squelch.

Himeko's face was bright red, eyes flashing between Mei, Yuzu, and the expanding disaster between her legs. She had envisioned this moment as *her triumph*, proof that she could rival Yuzu. Instead... Mei simply reached for a towel, glanced at her once, and said:

“You really should clean yourself up. It's going to get worse if you don't.”

Himeko flailed in disbelief. “B-But... I... Mei! I did this for *you!*”

Mei raised an eyebrow. “Yeah... okay.” She shrugged, efficient and practical, already dabbing at the wet mess with a towel. “Do you want me to get more towels?”

Yuzu, for her part, muttered, “Uh... I guess maybe get some paper towels too?” and returned to scrolling through her phone, perfectly unconcerned.

Himeko's brain short-circuited entirely. Her own self-inflicted humiliation had backfired spectacularly. She was sticky, soaked, and utterly mortified—and Mei didn't care at all.

Himeko huffed, trying to wipe herself off with the towel, but every movement only spread the wet warmth further. Her skirt clung to her thighs, her underwear soaked through, the lingering smell a constant reminder of her failed experiment.

“This... this is impossible!” she squeaked, glaring at Mei. “I... I... *looked disgusting!*”

Mei gave a small, amused smile, brushing a stray damp strand from Himeko's flushed face. “Yes, you did. Now clean up.”

Himeko blinked. Her mouth opened, closed, then opened again. Her knees buckled slightly as the reality sank in: she had humiliated herself for Mei's attention, and Mei had literally not cared in the slightest.

Yuzu peeked over her phone. “Uh... maybe just, like... a shower?” she offered meekly, as though it explained everything.

Himeko groaned dramatically, slumping into a corner of the room, tangled in wet clothes, towel in hand. Her phone vibrated—probably more evidence of her failed experiment, maybe another reminder of Yuzu's previous accidents that had elicited affection from Mei. She buried her face in the towel with a scream muffled against the fabric.

Mei chuckled softly, kneeling beside Himeko. “I don't know why you thought that would change anything,” she said quietly. “Just... clean up, okay? You'll feel better afterward.”

Himeko groaned again, rolling her eyes so hard it nearly hurt. *The humiliation... the effort... all for nothing!* she thought. Yet somehow, seeing Mei's calm, unwavering demeanor—and Yuzu's complete disregard—made the situation *even funnier* in a tragically ironic way.

By the time Himeko had shuffled off to the bathroom, leaving a trail of wet, sticky footprints, Mei and Yuzu exchanged a glance.

“You okay with that?” Yuzu asked, eyes wide.

Mei shrugged, an amused smirk tugging at her lips. “She’ll survive. Probably.”

Yuzu giggled quietly, shrugging and returning to her phone. The chaotic, sticky, and utterly humiliating scene Himeko had orchestrated had failed spectacularly—and the absurdity of it left both girls laughing quietly at her expense.

Meanwhile, Himeko, in the bathroom, sat on the edge of the tub, towel draped over her shoulders, muttering curses under her breath. *I cannot... I absolutely cannot believe this... I did all that... for nothing...*

And somewhere in the back of the room, Mei shook her head with a tiny, bemused smile, the calm eye in the storm of Himeko’s self-inflicted chaos.

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